

Seeing Nymphadora (don't call her Nymphadora) Tonks moping around the Burrow, her hair still the same lifeless mousy brown it had been when he first saw her that morning, Harry knew that her mood had not improved any. Though it was selfish of him, he was glad to see it. Tonks still being depressed meant that he could try and follow through on his idea.

"Hey, Tonks," Harry called out, approaching her in the scullery.

"Wotcher, Harry," Tonks said, sticking a hand in the air. It was a common greeting for her, but it lacked any of the easy cheer that he was so used to from her. She didn't even wave her hand. She just stuck it in the air limply and didn't even turn her head to look at him.

"Don't sound too excited," he said sarcastically, stepping deeper into the room with her. Tonks sighed.

"Sorry, Harry," she said. "I've just got a lot on my mind."

"So I've heard." That was the point. "You're really that upset that Lupin rejected you, huh?" That got Tonks to whip her head around toward him.

"How did you know that?" she asked quickly.

"I asked Mrs. Weasley why you were walking around here all depressed," he said, shrugging. "She was happy to tell me about your crush on Lupin, and how he rejected you. She seems to think I might be able to talk him around."

"I doubt it," Tonks mumbled mournfully. "He's too damn stubborn for that. Keeps insisting he's too old, too poor and too dangerous. It's nice that Molly's trying to help me, but I don't think you or anyone would be able to change his mind."

"You're probably right," Harry said. "I wasn't going to try anyway, though. I know you're sad he's rejected you, but I think Lupin's got the right of it. He's not good enough for you." Tonks' eyes narrowed, and she scowled at him.

"Is that supposed to make me feel better?" she asked heatedly. "Because it doesn't." Some life had returned to her voice as well as to her hair. Granted, it was anger that brought her to life. Her irritation was obvious in her tone, and her hair had shifted from a lifeless brown to a short, angry red. Harry didn't cower in the face of her anger, though. He was glad to see some signs of life and emotion from her. He wanted her to be emotional. It would hopefully make her more receptive to what he was going to do next.

"Of course it's not," he said, shaking his head. "I didn't say it to make you feel better. I said it because it's the truth. Lupin *is* too old for you; but not just because he's over a decade older than you are. He's so mopey and downtrodden that he might as well be *thirty* years older than you. I like the guy well enough, but he doesn't have enough life left in him to keep up with you, Tonks."

"Oh yeah?" Tonks put her hands on her hips. "And what made you decide that you're some love guru, huh? You gonna play matchmaker for me? Know some rich younger guy you think can woo me, do you?" She shook her head. "I don't know where the hell this is coming from, Harry, but I don't need your help finding a guy to love." She sighed again, and her hair returned to its previous mousy brown. "I already found him. And he doesn't want me."

The answer to where this had come from could be traced back to earlier in the summer, about a week ago now. Harry had already lost his virginity with Cho back in school, but over the summer, he'd boldly made a move on Fleur Delacour, getting a blowjob in bed from the gorgeous veela. Sticking his dick in the mouth of a woman like Fleur, and after he'd learned she was engaged to Bill Weasley at that, gave Harry the confidence he needed to decide to try and make a move on Tonks when he learned what had her so depressed.

“Who said anything about love?” Harry asked. Tonks blinked and frowned at him in confusion. He stepped even closer to her, standing so close now that their bodies nearly touched. “What you need is a man who can fuck your brains out and make you forget all about that pathetic old wolf.” Tonks’ mouth hung open at his vulgarity, but Harry wasn’t done being bold. He brought his mouth in close, right next to her ear, and Tonks was so stunned that she just stood there and let him whisper right into her ear.

“I can be that man, Tonks,” he whispered. He channeled all of the confidence he’d felt brimming within him since he’d gotten a morning blowjob from Fleur Delacour, using it now to try and make Tonks see that he wasn’t all talk. He was convinced that he could back it up, and he wanted that to come across. “All you’ve gotta do is give me a chance. If you do, I promise that I’ll have made you forget all about him by the end of the summer.”

Tonks said nothing, but he saw her shiver slightly and stare at him as he pulled back. Her mouth was still agape, and her cheeks were flushed. She didn't try to stop him or beg him to fuck her immediately, but he hadn't expected that. Fleur was a veela, a highly sexual being by her very nature, so displaying his burst of confidence (and his large cock) was all it had taken to get her to suck him off despite her relationship with Bill. He'd expected it to take a bit more to get Tonks into bed, so he wasn't surprised that she wasn't immediately throwing herself into his arms. She didn't tell him off, either, so he counted this as a solid beginning to his pursuit of the sexy older metamorphmagus.

--

Harry Potter had turned into a cocky little shit. But as Tonks was now discovering, he had what it took to make good on his boasts, too.

She was still floored by that first time he'd made his intentions clear, coming up on her in the scullery and promising that he could fuck her well enough to make her forget all about Remus. Before that encounter, she would have laughed at the insinuation that Harry Potter could catch her interest. Even if he was an adult wizard and admittedly a pretty cute one at that, she hadn't really viewed him as a man. He was of age, but having a good seven years on him, he hadn't really felt like a man to her.

Tonks still didn't know what had changed him, but the confident wizard who'd approached her in the scullery and promised to fuck her brains out if given the chance barely resembled the young man she'd helped escort to 12 Grimmauld Place the previous summer. That first proposition in the scullery had only been the beginning, too. If he'd hit on her that one time and never brought it up again, she might have been able to put it behind her, forget about it, and return to pining for Remus. But he'd consistently found the time and opportunity to flirt with her when no one else was around to see it or hear it. Try as she might, she couldn't forget about it, nor could she view Harry the same way she used to. With every pass he made at her, Harry invaded her thoughts more and more. It had gotten to the point where she was tempted to dare him to back it up, if only so she could prove him wrong and then ridicule him for his overconfidence after the fact. It was an insane thought, but she was just sexually

frustrated enough to entertain the idea. Dipping into her bag of tricks as a metamorphmagus to strike his weakness, whenever she figured out what said weakness was, would have been a sure way to shatter his confidence. It was a dirty trick, but Tonks had never been above playing dirty, and Harry deserved a bit of humbling, in her opinion. Who the fuck was he, declaring that Remus wasn't good enough for her and boasting he was so good in bed that he could make her forget all about the man she'd fallen for?

Any thoughts of playing dirty and shattering his confidence or ignoring his flirtations outright vanished as of about five minutes ago. Ironically, it wasn't Harry making another move on her that finally caused the dam to break, though she supposed it had contributed to the moment. Between being rejected by Remus and having a horny Harry Potter after her, Tonks was so distracted that she'd entered the bathroom to take a shower without even realizing that the shower was already occupied.

That was how she'd gotten her first full look at Harry's dick. He'd hinted that he had plenty to work with down there and seemed so confident in it that she was inclined to believe him. But thinking that he probably had a big dick was altogether different from seeing his dick right in front of her face when she stepped into the bathroom while he was showering.

He'd taken the interruption in stride, pulling the shower door all the way open and inviting her to take off her clothes and join him. She didn't know if he'd expected her to actually take him up on it, but when she stripped down and hopped in with him, he did not back down. They met underneath the water, and he'd kissed her and grabbed her arse with enough confidence that she'd instantly been able to tell that he was prepared to back up his promises about fucking her brains out.

They'd had sex directly under the water for a bit, with one of her legs wrapped around his hip while he held her around the waist, grabbed her arse, and fucked her good. A dick as big as his would have gotten her to take notice without much in the way of movement, but he'd swiftly proven to her that he knew what he was doing, too. Her first few minutes being fucked by Harry Potter had been enough to make her feel more alive than she'd felt in months.

It hadn't been enough for either of them, though. That dick was nice, but it was giving her so much more to get excited about now that he was fucking her against the shower door. He drilled her wet body hard from behind, and Tonks could hear the slap of his hips smacking against her arse each time he thrust into her. Harry kept up a brisk pace, putting plenty of force behind every thrust, making sure that she never went long without feeling his cock slamming back in deep.

He didn't stop just at fucking her hard, either. His right arm wrapped around her hip, and his fingers toyed with her clit while he shagged her. Of the few partners Tonks had taken in her life, only one had been any good at stimulating her clit, and his cock hadn't been anywhere near as large as Harry's. He'd still given her the best sex of her life based purely on his ability to touch her, but Harry giving her that sort of skilled touch while also slamming that big dick of his deep inside of her was making Tonks feel things she'd never felt before. It would have made a serious impact on her even without all of the heartache and frustration she'd been dealing with over the last several months. For the lonely woman who'd been pining after Remus Lupin for damn near half a year, though, Harry's size and skill changed everything.

She could see her breath misting up the shower door and feel her breasts physically growing as they pressed against the door as well in what was her metamorph skills automatically reacting to the

pleasure her body felt. She'd gone from plotting about using her metamorph skills as a weapon against him to having those same skills escape her control, and Tonks couldn't have cared less.

He was right. This was exactly what she needed. She squealed and came hard on his cock, relying on the sound of the running water to hide the sound of Harry Potter making Nymphadora Tonks come alive again.

--

"Oi, Harry, hurry it up, will you? Mum's on my arse about de-gnoming the garden, and I don't want to do it alone!"

"Just a minute, Ron," Harry said. "I'm almost done in here." He wasn't wrong about that. It was probably only going to take another minute or two before Tonks got off, at which point he would finish up. He'd made it a point of pride to make her cum every single time they shagged, and to Tonks' delight, he hadn't failed yet.

He couldn't really play with her clit in this position, but he didn't need to. Feeling his dick pounding into her, and feeling trapped in the best way possible between his strong body and the wall of Arthur Weasley's garage, was all that Tonks needed. In fact, she had to throw a hand over her mouth to stop from screaming out in pleasure. The last thing she needed was Ron barging in here and seeing his best friend pounding her. Word would inevitably get back to Molly, and then the woman would keep such a close eye on Tonks and Harry that it would be all but impossible for her to spend the rest of the summer getting her brains fucked out while she stayed at the Burrow guarding Harry.

"What're you even doing in there?" Ron asked. "It's just dad's muggle stuff, right?"

"Err, right," Harry said. "Tonks was curious about how some of this stuff worked, so I figured I'd show it to her. You know, growing up with the Dursleys and all."

"Tonks is in there too?" Ron asked. "Is that rubbish really that interesting?"

Tonks, realizing that it would be awkward if she didn't speak now that Harry brought her up, pulled her hand away from her mouth, praying that she wouldn't suddenly break out into moans while talking.

"Yeah, it's great, Ron!" she said. "Sorry; I promise Harry will be out to help you soon. I just need him for another minute or two!" She bit her lip hard, feeling her body beginning to twitch as the ultimate pleasure approached.

"Whatever," Ron said. "You're both mental, if you ask me." Tonks heard Ron's heavy footsteps as he walked away, and she allowed herself a little groan as the light trembling turned into a full-blown orgasmic spasm.

Wanting to make sure that her talented young lover got to experience the pleasure, too, she deliberately morphed her insides, causing her pussy muscles to squeeze even tighter around his cock than she otherwise would have. He buried his head into the crook of her shoulder and hissed her name as his cum pulsed into her pussy.

“See you soon,” he muttered, pulling his underwear and trousers back up after she’d used magic to clean his cock for him.

“I’ll be waiting,” she whispered back. She couldn’t even pretend that she wasn’t going to spend the next several hours waiting for her next chance to get fucked by Harry.

What had started as a very depressing summer was quickly becoming a summer of thrills and sexual satisfaction the likes of which she’d never experienced. Her rejection and heartache felt less significant by the day.

--

The Chudley Cannons might be a failure of a quidditch team, but Tonks had a feeling she was always going to have a soft spot for those losers and their bright orange color scheme going forward. To be fair, that had pretty much nothing to do with the Cannons themselves, and everything to do with how damn well Harry was fucking her while pressing her face into the Chudley Cannons bedspread.

They were at the point now where Tonks initiated their encounters as often as Harry did, and such was the case here. Most of the time, they’d fucked in the second-floor bedroom that previously belonged to the twins, which Harry was staying in over the summer. But there were other Weasleys milling around on the second floor currently, and with the occupant of this bedroom currently outside flying with Ginny, Tonks hadn’t hesitated to drag Harry into Ron’s room on the fifth floor so they could squeeze in a fuck.

It wasn’t going to be long before Molly called the others in for lunch, and Harry knew it as well as Tonks did. He’d wasted little time in stripping her naked, and he had her face-down, arse-up on Ron’s bed, hammering her pussy hard. He was even slapping her bum in between thrusts, really leaning into the intensity of the fuck this time. Harry was a talented lover, but when he set his mind to it, he truly could fuck her brains out, and that was what he was currently doing to her in the middle of the day.

Tonks fucking *loved* it. His ability to please her was nothing to sneeze at, but Tonks had developed a serious fondness for the way Harry could rail her, too. She hadn’t really appreciated how good a bit of bed-shaking shagging could feel before she started hooking up with Harry, and it was no mystery as to why she’d recently acquired a taste for this. She was learning so much about herself over this summer, and it was all thanks to him.

Turned out that she *didn’t* need romance at all, and there were far better ways to spend her summer than wishing that Remus Lupin would stop pushing her away. For instance, there was moaning into the bright orange Cannons bedspread while her talented younger partner fucked her harder and better than any man who had ever come before him, and feeling the thrill that shot through her every time his hand slapped her arse. It wasn’t the summer she’d hoped for, but maybe it was the summer she’d needed all along.

"Lunch is ready!" Molly's voice called out loudly enough to reach Harry and Tonks on the fifth floor, even though he'd delivered another hard spank at the same time. After raising seven children, she'd mastered the ability to get loud enough for all of them to hear her. Tonks whined, not wanting her fun to get spoiled.

Thankfully, Harry didn't pull out of her. Maybe the regular occupant of this room would prioritize food over all else, but Harry didn't answer the lunch call right away. He fucked Tonks even harder, slamming into her with such force that she was surprised the sound of flesh hitting flesh and the rocking of the bed didn't travel all the way down from the fifth floor to be heard by the rest of the Weasleys. She had to bite down on the Cannons bedspread a few moments later, though, not willing to tempt fate by allowing her orgasmic screams to escape. She moaned into the bedspread and shook as Harry fucked her to yet another earth-shattering orgasm. It was so intense that she couldn't even keep up with whether he'd joined her in orgasm or not before he pulled out of her. She collapsed onto the bed, and by the time she'd recovered enough of her senses to be aware of the world around her, Harry was already fully dressed and giving her naked arse a pat.

"You might wanna grab your clothes and get back down to Ginny's room," he suggested. "I'll bring you a sandwich. We both know you're in no right state to sit at the kitchen table surrounded by Weasleys right now."

--

"Harry, dear, have you seen *Nymphadora*?"

Even with so much of Harry's cock in her mouth that her lips were stretched wide to accommodate his size, Tonks made an annoyed huff at Molly's use of the wretched first name her mother stuck her with. Seriously, did she not even spare a thought for all the teasing her daughter would suffer through before she named her *Nymphadora*?!

Her little huff of protest wasn't loud enough for Molly to hear her, but Harry must have felt it around his cock. That, or her annoyance was visible on her face. Whatever it was, she could see his lips quirk as he fought not to laugh.

"Nope," he said, shaking his head. "I haven't seen her. Mrs. Weasley." The large bush in the garden was just tall enough that Tonks could crouch behind it and be hidden from view. Harry was half-standing, half-leaning up against the wall surrounding the garden. Unless Mrs. Weasley came around to this side, it would appear to her that Harry was just relaxing against the wall and reading the potion book in his hand. Tonks doubted he'd read one word on that page, though.

"If you see her, would you let her know that Remus will be stopping by for dinner?" Molly asked.

"I'll be sure to let her know," Harry said innocently, even as Tonks felt compelled to take his cock all the way down her throat in response to the mention of Remus Lupin. To think she'd ever fancied that miserable old fool!

Harry waited until Molly walked away before finally letting out the laugh he'd been holding back. Tonks knew that the laughter was about the situation with Molly and the mention of Remus rather than having anything to do with her performance, but she still was not used to a guy laughing while she was sucking his cock.

"Something tells me you haven't given Lupin a second thought for a couple of weeks, at least," Harry said. He wasn't wrong. Her misery over being rejected was forgotten now, and she was embarrassed she'd ever wanted a relationship with him in the first place. If Molly thought she was going to go running to him to try and convince him to change his mind, she was dead wrong. It wasn't her fault,

though. She had no idea what Tonks and Harry had been up to for most of the summer right under her nose.

“Are we going to keep talking about Remus Lupin?” Tonks asked, pulling her mouth off of his cock. “Because there are few things that make me *less* randy than that.”

“I wouldn’t want to ruin a perfectly good afternoon blowjob in the garden,” Harry said, grinning down at her. “Not another word about him, I promise.”

“Good.” She gave the tip of his cock a quick kiss. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m gonna get back to work.”

“Don't let me stop you," Harry said. Tonks licked her lips, opened her mouth wide, and took him back in.

Tonks had enjoyed her summer at the Burrow more than she’d ever thought she could, at least since she’d hopped into the shower with Harry. He'd promised to fuck her so well that she'd forget all about her crush on Remus Lupin, and he'd succeeded. Now, she wanted to show him a little something of what she could do and flash some of the advantages that came with bedding a metamorph.

Harry let out a surprised groan when her features suddenly shifted into those of Fleur Delacour. Tonks didn’t just have the skill to change certain parts of her body to increase her partner’s pleasure; she could adopt the appearance of anyone she chose. She rarely ever made use of this aspect of her ability during sex. In fact, a guy asking for it was a good way to get his arse tossed right out of her bed. But after all the things he’d made her feel this summer, Tonks wanted to throw everything she had at Harry. In this case, that meant morphing to look like an identical copy of the most beautiful woman she’d ever seen in person. Getting his dick sucked by Fleur had to have been a major fantasy for Harry since his days competing against her in the Triwizard Tournament. Throwing the visual of that beautiful silvery-blond veela’s face bobbing on his cock to go along with the nifty tricks Tonks could pull off with her impossibly flexible tongue was sure to make even Harry’s knees go weak.

That was her thinking, at least, but Harry was remarkably composed about the whole thing. He was still enjoying her cocksucking, but it didn’t feel like her suddenly morphing into an exact physical twin of Fleur Delacour had been as effective as she’d envisioned. After that initial moment of surprise, he smiled down at her again.

“Now that’s a beautiful sight,” he said. He ran his hands through her long, soft silvery-blond hair. “It’s been over a month since I’ve seen Fleur’s head bobbing on my dick.”

Tonks gasped around the shaft in her mouth. She wanted to believe that he was just making an empty boast, but he smiled down at her as confidently as he had when he promised to fuck her heartache right out of her. Had this little shite really gotten Fleur, an engaged veela, to suck his dick?! Somehow, after all she’d experienced with him this summer, Tonks didn’t have trouble believing him.

Well, that shot her plan to surprise him to hell. But it wasn’t like morphing to look like Fleur was the extent of what she could do. The only question was which girl’s appearance would catch Harry off-guard in a way that would hopefully make him snap? After thinking about it for a few moments, she tried again.

Her features shifted again, and Harry growled when it was suddenly the face of his best friend, Hermione Granger, staring up at him from her knees while she sucked his dick.

“Never thought I’d see this,” he said quietly. His hands continued to run through her now bushy brown hair, at least until he grabbed two big handfuls of it. “Can I let you in on a secret, Tonks?” She hummed around his cock. “Pulling on Hermione’s hair while I fuck her face is one of my oldest recurring sex dreams.” She hummed again, encouraging him to use her metamorphmagus abilities to make that sex dream come to life.

Other guys had asked for something like this before, but this was the first time Tonks had actually initiated it. She loved feeling Harry’s hands tug on her currently bushy brown hair and thrust his hips forward, slamming his cock down her throat just as he’d apparently fantasized about doing with the real Hermione. Tonks groaned as his balls smacked against her chin, rested her hands in her lap, and let him fuck her face. She even deliberately held back on controlling her gag reflex. It would have been as easy as a thought to be able to take his cock all the way down her throat without the hint of a gag. But she had a feeling that the real Hermione would do loads of gagging if she had Harry’s big dick pushing down her throat like this, so Tonks refrained from controlling it and gagged each time Harry fed his cock back in.

Tonks’ plan to throw something new at him was working wonders, and she was elated with the results. It was a breathless sort of elation, and she had saliva and even her own tears dripping down her face as a byproduct of the facefuck, but it was very much worth it for her. Harry kept using her, grunting and snapping his hips to bury his dick down her throat until, at last, he pulled out and began cumming all over her face. He kept hold of her hair, clearly not wanting her to turn her head away, but she wouldn’t have dreamed of doing so. If he dreamed of ending a facefuck with Hermione by cumming all over his best friend’s face, Tonks would give him this treat.

“Fucking hell, that’s hot,” Harry groaned, slapping his cock against her cheek after he’d finally finished painting her face with his cum. “Maybe I should try for a threesome with you and Hermione once we’re back in Hogwarts.”

Tonks licked her lips, liking the sound of that very much. Licking her lips also meant she licked up some of Harry’s cum, and apparently, watching ‘Hermione’ lick his cum off of her face was enough to make him groan with desire.

This had been a great summer, but Tonks’ fun would continue even after the summer was over.

--

“Good evening, Dora,” Lupin said, giving her a strained smile. She recognized that smile. He was expecting her to take another try at convincing him to date her.

“Wotcher!” She smiled without any of the longing or desperation that had been there the last several times they spoke, and she could tell he was taken aback by it. “Thanks for coming! I know Harry likes seeing you.” Harry was probably happier because they’d sat down at the kitchen table no less than ten minutes after he’d cum all over her face, but Lupin didn’t need to know that.

“Oh,” Lupin said slowly, at a loss. He cleared his throat. “Yes. Well, yes, I enjoy seeing him, too. You’ll look after him while you’re stationed at Hogsmeade this year, won’t you?”



"You can count on me, mate," Tonks said. Lupin stared, continuing to be surprised at the very platonic and unromantic friendly form of address she had deliberately chosen. If he wasn't getting the message that she was over him yet, it would hopefully sink in soon. "I'll watch over him every chance I get."

*I'll also fuck him during every single Hogsmeade visit and sneak into the castle as often as I can to fuck him there, too,* she thought to herself. Maybe her metamorphmagus skills could help there, or maybe she would just invent reasons for her to visit the grounds in her capacity as an auror stationed in the village. Either way, she would find her way into Harry's bed, or wherever else they could get away with fucking, any time she could.

He'd done his job well this summer, and she couldn't get enough of him now. Somehow, she doubted he was going to complain about the constant demands she would make on his time from now on.