

Tonks and Kingsley Revisited

by Ms_Figg

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Well, Kingsley, they're at it again," Tonks said to the Auror as they sat in the living room at Order Headquarters, Tonks painting her fingernails a bright, shocking pink to match her short spiked hair and Kingsley reading the evening edition of the *Daily Prophet* as sounds of a fierce struggle came from the hallway. Finally, there was a feminine squeal, followed by an irate "Put me down this instant, you bastard!"

"Yep," Kingsley replied, turning a page without batting an eye, seemingly unconcerned as Severus strode by the living room with a grim look on his pale face and Hermione thrown over his shoulder.

The witch was kicking her legs, tugging his hair and beating on his back fiercely, yelling at him as he mounted the stairs that led to the second floor, heading for his bedroom. He had a bruise on his cheek and his lower lip was slightly split.

Shaking her head, Tonks watched as the Potions master stormed up the stairs and disappeared around the corner, Hermione's yells abruptly ceasing.

Silencing spell, Tonks thought with a smirk.

Severus Snape and Hermione Granger had recently become lovers after three years of taunting and aggravating each other as Order members. There had been a number of physical altercations during their "courtship" as Tonks liked to call those tumultuous times before the couple finally figured out they should be fucking rather than fighting.

To say their relationship was stormy didn't begin to cover it. It appeared they were still acclimated to kicking each other's ass on a regular basis and currently their idea of foreplay and after-sex wind-down was to try and knock each others' blocks off.

It wasn't surprising really, considering the first time they shagged, it ended up leaving Hermione with a badly twisted ankle and Severus with a dislocated thumb and a shiner.

But, as volatile as their relationship was, it seemed to work for them. The Potions master never looked happier. Well, happier might have been a stretch. Less sour was a

better description. Hermione was also a lot less explosive. Getting her "vitamin F" injections via the Potions master regularly had done wonders for her disposition, although she still gave the dark wizard what for.

"You know, I'd really like to see those two shag, just once," Tonks said matter-of-factly as she gazed at the second floor landing.

Kingsley looked over at the witch, both eyebrows raised.

"What?" he asked her, not believing what he'd heard.

"I said I'd like to see them shag. I bet they're dead hot when they're going at it," the Metamorphmagus said, her own hazel eyes taking on a bit of a glow.

Kingsley ran one hand over his black, shiny pate and shook his head, not saying anything more. Tonks was a kinky little witch. He returned to reading the *Prophet*.

However, imagining the couple engaged in a bit of hot shagging served to prime the Auror up nicely for a little boot-knocking of her own. Her eyes drifted over Kingsley's muscular frame slowly, resting on his lap for a moment, the outline of his cock clearly visible under the soft fabric of his sweatpants. It seemed he went "commando" today. Tonks loved when he did that.

The slender Auror stood up and stretched, yawning a bit exaggeratedly. Kingsley looked up at her.

"I'm turning in," Tonks said to him. "You coming, Kingsley?"

Kingsley returned to the paper, unaware that Tonks was in sex mode.

"In a minute. I just want to finish the paper, Rabbit," he said to the witch, returning to the *Prophet*.

Rabbit was Kingsley's pet name for Tonks. She had earned it because of her high sex-drive and propensity to try to lure him into fucking like bunnies every chance she got. It was a good thing Kingsley kept in shape. Sleeping with a witch with Tonks' talent of shape-shifting could be exhausting.

"All right. I'll see you when you get there," she said, leaning over and kissing the wizard on the forehead. Kingsley grunted in response, not taking his brown eyes off the article he was reading. Tonks looked at him for a moment, then headed upstairs.

He'd have quite the surprise waiting for him when he got there.

* * *

About twenty minutes later, Kingsley walked upstairs to his bedroom. He opened the door to find the room dimly lit and a shifting form in his bed, completely covered up with the sheet. He scanned the room and saw Tonks' clothes on the chair against the far wall.

The Auror quickly stripped down, getting an erection instantly as he eyed the undulating sheets. Was Rabbit masturbating under there? Gods, the witch was too hot for words . . . and all his.

"Do you have something special for Kingsley?" Kingsley purred, pulling back the sheet with a flourish, then jumping back, his eyes like saucers.

There, lying on his sheets, was a five-foot seven vagina. It was smooth and hairless, with pale fleshly labia, pretty pink inner flesh and an engorged clit.

"Tonks!" the wizard exclaimed.

The lips of the giant, disembodied twat quivered, then began to speak.

"What?" it said, the clit doubling as a tongue. "I just wanted to let you know I'm randy."

Kingsley eyed the talking pussy and shook his head. The things Tonks would do. Merlin.

"Tonks, you are twisted, do you know that? I think you really need to see someone to help sort you out," he said as she transformed back into herself, slender, nude and curled up in the fetal position, hysterical with laughter, holding her stomach as the Auror scowled at her.

Finally after two or three minutes of hysterics, the witch uncurled and rolled to her back, panting and smiling at the frowning wizard until his features softened. How could he stay mad at Tonks when she was so lovely and wild? That was what he loved about the woman after all. Her wild streak. She kept him young.

Tonks held out her arms to him, and Kingsley once again shook his head in resignation as he carefully climbed into the bed, feeling Tonks' arms reach around him as he gently lowered his massive chocolate frame to her body. Kingsley was a big man, standing six-foot four and weighing in at eighteen stones (256 lbs). Tonks was five-foot seven, slender, limber, pale and strong, weighing in at ten stones (150 lbs),

One would think Kingsley had the advantage, but contrary to popular belief, size wasn't everything. Especially when tangling with a witch who could change the shape of her body to fit anything she imagined. Tonks could grow extra limbs, orifices, whatever she wished, or Kingsley wished. The wizard felt that the gods had smiled on him the day he and Tonks decided to become lovers. He knew it would be different, but not HOW different. He and Tonks had to stay together now.

She had ruined him for any other witch.

Kingsley shuddered as he felt a soft, warm hand snake between their bodies and grasp his erection. He let out a groan as the foreskin was gently slid back and forth over his length and a thumb gently spread his leakage over the swollen head of his organ, oiling it. Tonks still had both arms wrapped around him, so that meant she had grown another limb to pleasure him with as she drew him down into a deep, sensual kiss. She tasted like strawberries, the last thing she'd eaten before they had retired to the living room.

As he scoured her warm mouth, Tonks' tongue entwining around his several times as she lengthened and thinned her own, the wizard buckled as yet another hand slid over his muscled buttocks and a finger inserted itself into his rectum, thrusting gently.

"Fuck, Tonks," he gasped, pulling away from the witch's mouth, his eyes blazing. Tonks looked up at him, her face flushed with desire and hazel eyes dark and smoky.

"That's right, baby," she hissed at him, running her tongue over her lips. "But first, give me a bit of that big chocolate bar."

Kingsley's nostrils flared at the witch's naughty request to suck him off. Sometimes Tonks bathed him with her tongue so thoroughly that the wizard half believed he really did taste like chocolate.

Kingsley felt Tonks' extra appendages recede and the impatient pull of her small hands on his waist. She was pulling him upwards. Oh yes. She wanted him to straddle her breasts. Kingsley allowed her to pull him upward, rising to his knees and carefully shifting forward. He was always conscious of how delicate Tonks appeared although the witch was as tough as a dragon. Still, that was when she was in battle mode. But Kingsley cared for her, and his care made him careful.

Tonks' eyes rested on the wizard's long, thick dark organ, engorged with blood from desire and tender handling, thick curly hair at the base and a smattering on his lower belly. His broad chest was rising and falling in anticipation as Kingsley gripped the headboard to control his weight, looking down at the woman beneath him. No one could give a blowjob like Nymphadora.

She grasped the wizard's organ gently, Kingsley expelling a breath as she kissed the tip of his cock, then rolled her tongue around it before sliding her lips just so her mouth covered the flange. She suckled him and he let out a groan, mesmerized by the sight of her mouth around him. She met his eyes, and the wizard's mouth dropped open as she elongated her mouth, wrapping it around all ten inches, her lips pressed against his pelvis.

"Gods . . . Tonks . . . Tonks," the wizard groaned as she tightened her mouth around his entire length and made it ripple in waves over him.

"Shit!" the wizard gasped, beginning to thrust, throwing his head back, his mouth dropping open and staying that way as once again several sets of hands moved over his body, caressing him, grasping at him, playing with his balls as Tonks took him to the edge expertly, the wizard brought to the point of babbling helplessly as the tightness in his balls grew.

His eyes rolled up into his head.

"Stop!" Kingsley gasped. "I don't want to come, Tonks. Stop, Rabbit!"

Shuddering, Kingsley gripped the headboard so tightly it groaned as he felt Tonks release him, again the appendages withdrawing. Panting, the wizard climbed off her and lay down in the bed beside the witch, wrapping his arms around her and drawing her against his body, kissing her deeply.

Tonks tucked into his massive form, so hard but so gentle and tender as his full lips met hers. She sighed as he rolled her to her back and began to worship her body with his mouth, suckling, kissing and licking her flesh until she thought she'd go mad with pleasure.

He was at her lower belly when Tonks couldn't take anymore. She needed some strength, some . . . power. What she loved about Kingsley was he tried so hard to be gentle with her, to take his time and give her as much pleasure as she could stand before sliding his thick tool inside her warm, slick body. But she never let him stay gentle. Tonks had a healthy libido and liked her sex hard, deep and overwhelming. Kingsley was lost to her, and anything she asked of him, he'd do, even if it meant attempting to drive her through the mattress or headboard. He was often amazed at what she could take, but as was said before, Tonks was tough and more than a match for the burly wizard.

"Kingsley, do me now," Tonks mewled at him, running her hands over his bald head.

Kingsley had been running his mouth over her pubic hair, ready to dive for the prize when he stopped and looked up at her, licking his lips.

"Rabbit, just let me . . ." he began, looking down at her pussy.

"Now, Kingsley," the witch hissed, her eyes narrowing with need.

Kingsley kissed her pubic hair with a little sigh, then pulled himself up, feeling Tonks' thighs part wide under him, his cock resting against her hot, wet center.

"You never let me get my fill of you," he complained to the witch before kissing her.

"You shouldn't make me want you so much," Tonks breathed against his lips, working her pelvis against him, rubbing her core against his cock until he let out a growl.

Kingsley shifted back, raising himself up on one hand as he gripped his cock and rested the head of it against her soft pink flesh, loving the contrast between their bodies. Positioned, he placed his other hand on the bed beside the witch, holding himself over her body.

He felt Tonks hands slide over his lower back and muscled buttocks, pulling at him impatiently, and held back, smirking at her as she cursed him.

"Gods damn you, Kingsley," she hissed.

"Say please," he said to her.

Tonks scowled at him and dug her nails into his ass.

"Ow!" Kingsley hissed, then slammed into the witch, making Tonks cry out and buckle as he drove into her brutally, her body checking him with a delicious ending ache.

"Oh, oh, Kingsley," Tonks moaned, her eyes wet as she looked up at him.

"That's my name," the Auror growled, thrusting into her again powerfully, the way she liked. "Say it again."

"Kingsley! Kingsley!" Tonks cried out, her head twisting from side to side as Kingsley began to take her in earnest, his body rising and falling rhythmically as he buried his thickness in her over and over again, groaning as she slid around him wetly, twisting his hips and winding his pelvis the way she loved as her body jerked helplessly beneath him.

He rolled to the side, taking Tonks with him, not missing a stroke, wrapping his arms around her body and feeling the witch sprout limbs again and cover him with caresses, reaching behind and under him, manipulating his balls. The wizard began to cry out almost as much as she did as he stroked her hungrily, sweat oiling his body as he poured it on, battering the witch, her voice becoming shrill as she approached climax.

Kingsley bit his lip. He knew what was coming now . . . Tonks was reaching meltdown point.

Yes . . . oh, yes, there it was.

Kingsley howled as he felt the witch's clit lengthen and spiral around his cock like a vine, clutching him as he continued driving through her, Tonks voice filling his ears as she reached the pinnacle, the friction of his cock against her extended clit plunging her into a place of intense, almost unbearable pleasure as she exploded over him, arching strongly, her body clamping down on the wizard and pulsing like a quasar, sucking at him, pulling at him, drawing his climax through his body as if through a straw.

Kingsley let out a roar as he came, pumping his thick white seed into the witch under him, the room spinning wildly.

Gasping, he fell on Tonks heavily, unable to do anything other than groan his satisfaction and kiss her weakly. He felt her clit unwind as he softened inside her, her many limbs caressing him tenderly. He felt elated . . . and weak. Tonks was the only person on earth who made him feel weak. He lay on top of the witch for several minutes before managing to slide off her and roll to his back, cooling off as she snuggled against him.

"That was good, Kingsley," Tonks said softly, now restored to her usual form, her fingers dancing lightly over his broad chest.

Kingsley smiled, his eyes closed.

"How can it be anything other than good with a witch like you, Tonks?" he replied, turning his head to kiss her damp temple before drifting into a peaceful, sated sleep.

* * *

"Yes, witch! How was that?" Severus gasped against Hermione's temple, spent, feeling the witch shudder under him as he deflated inside of her.

They were in the Order's ROR and had just finished having sex on a pile of mats. Resting on the wall beside the mats were two large Q-tip-like practice staffs, left from an earlier training session.

"I've had better," Hermione panted.

This was part of a little game they played with each other. Both would pretend that they weren't sexually satisfied with the other's performance, not wanting to give praise where praise was due. But the fact was, both were extremely satisfied. Their sex was hot, strong and passionate. They were madly in love, but neither of them would admit it. They still had quite a way to go.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Severus asked her, rolling to the side and sliding out of the witch wetly. "If you've had better, you've had it with me, you little minx. I'm the only wizard you've been with. Of any consequence, that is."

There had been Sergio, but that engagement had been so fast it didn't even qualify as a shag. In fact, the experience had been so unsatisfying, particularly for a first time, that it had put Hermione off of sex for years. However, Severus managed to get her back on point.

"You've had better days, believe me," Hermione replied, secretly reveling in the delicious after-burn she felt from the wizard's ardent attentions.

Severus looked at her, his black eyes glittering. He picked up his wand and Scourgified the both of them, then put it back down on the mat. His face contorted slightly at the witch as his eyes drank in her nude body. Gods, she was lovely, if irritating.

"I think you need to learn a little respect," he said silkily, his eyes shifting toward the practice staffs.

He was closer to them than she was.

But Hermione was on point immediately and tensed.

"And you think you can teach me?" she asked him, slowly sitting up.

"As thick as you are . . . yes," he replied.

Suddenly, Hermione leapt to her feet and ran for a practice staff, her buttocks jiggling and breasts bouncing as she did so. Severus leapt to his feet as well, hot on her heels as she grabbed a staff and swung it at him. He ducked and grabbed the other staff, backing up and smirking at her.

"I'm going to like watching you bounce on your fat little bum," he said to her, feinting with the staff.

Hermione began moving forward, holding her own staff in an offensive position.

"We'll see about that," she snarled, taking a swing at his long legs and trying to sweep him off his feet. Severus danced out of reach, his yummy bits bobbling merrily.

"You're going to have to do better than that, witch," he said, then charged her, bringing down his staff directly at her head. Hermione held up her staff and blocked the powerful blow.

"OW!" a voice screamed out.

Hermione's staff began to writhe and undulate. Shocked, she dropped it and backed away as it slowly began to change shape. It thickened and the tip of one of the pads turned a bright pink. The bottom half split into two parts and little nubs extended from the staff, elongating, forming a stick figure that filled out, the color changing, half white and half black. Presently, Tonks formed, dressed in a white t-shirt and black sweats with trainers.

Hermione was mortified.

"TONKS!" Hermione yelled as the red-faced Metamorphmagus got to her feet. "What the hell are you doing in here?"

Severus stood there nude and unabashed as he studied Tonks, his head shaking slightly. It was easy to see she had wanted to watch.

Before Tonks could answer, Severus said, "I believe she wanted to see a live show."

Hermione's mouth dropped open and her hands went to her hips.

"Tonks, I can't believe you're so twisted!" the witch exclaimed.

"I can," Severus said with a smirk. "So, did you enjoy my performance?"

Hermione snorted.

"Performance? Right," she responded.

Tonks was trying to find something to say that would make this all right. Then she just decided to say what was on her mind and be done with it. Severus was right after all, she had wanted to watch them . . . and did. Nothing would take that away, especially some lame apology. She wasn't even sorry. It had been great.

"You two should make Blue Pensieves. People would pay to see that," she said with a slight grin, looking at Snape's tool. He and Kingsley were about the same size.

"What?" Hermione said, outraged.

"Just a suggestion," Tonks said, heading for the exit.

"Tonks! That's all you have to say?" Hermione asked the witch, who stopped near the door.

She at least expected an apology if not downright groveling.

"Actually, no. You need to put more of your back into it, Hermione," the Auror replied. "Severus had to do most of the work."

"WHAT?"

Tonks ran out of the ROR as Hermione let out a shriek of indignation, then spun to face Severus.

"And what do you have to say about this?" she demanded, her hands on her hips.

Still holding his staff, a rather smug Potions master looked at his irate, naked lover with a slight grin.

"I told you so," he replied.

THE END

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A/N: This little piece is actually the last part of a series. I thought it was strong enough to be a standalone snapshot piece. "The Medicinal Seduction of an Auror" was my

first NT/KS story, with a cameo by Snape. Then I thought it would be interesting to put them together as fellow Order members who resided at number twelve, Grimmauld place, Hermione taking a few years off her further education to serve as a fighter against the cells of Death Eaters that still roamed the wizarding world after Voldemort's death. She and Snape had a number of physical altercations before they realized their attraction to each other, helped by Tonks and Kingsley, both of whom were tired of the small wars going on in Order Headquarters. That story was called "Love Can Be a Battle or a War." Then I wrote this little piece after that. Hope you enjoyed it and thanks for reading.