

# Turn the Tables

by Southern\_Witch\_69

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## 1

Chapter 1 of 1

Harry is disappointed that he'll face possible death while still a virgin. Tonks wants ease this burden for him, but will she be the one who ends up learning a thing or two?

**Disclaimer:** I'm borrowing some of JKR's characters to write up a bit of entertainment (so I hope it is).

This is just a small response to one of the Potter Place Challenge Prompts (info at the end). I couldn't help myself. There's a little bit of dubious consent here by the way.

*Thanks go to CocoaChristy for giving this a read.*

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"Look, mate, I don't mean to rush off... but Hermione's waiting, and if I don't go before she falls asleep, I think she might kick me out altogether," Ron said, patting Harry on the shoulder.

"Go on. It's all right," Harry replied with a fake smile before muttering, "Guess I'm the only one who's not going to have sex tonight or any other night for that matter." He was glad that Ginny was safely tucked away and that nobody could harm her, but for an instant, he longed to have her there with him. Why hadn't he taken what she'd wanted to give him on so many occasions? Why had he been so damn noble? He shook his head and made his way up to his room, not noticing Tonks and Lupin standing in the shadows across the hallway.

After he showered, he undressed and lay down in his bed. Closing his eyes, he slid his hand beneath the blanket and began fondling the flaccid flesh of his cock. Just as he began to harden fully, he heard his door open. He paused mid-stroke to listen.

*Damn, he thought in annoyance. I expected Ron to stay the night with Hermione. What's he doing back in here?*

He startled when he felt his bed dip. "Er... Ron?"

"No," came the soft reply.

"Tonks? What are you doing here?" he asked in horror, realizing she was sliding beneath the blanket with him. "I'm... I'm not dressed!"

"I know, Harry," she said, moving her body to rest against his. From the feel of it, she was just as naked as he.

"What do you think you're doing?" His voice was merely a squeak, and his breath left his chest in a rush as her hand slid down his torso and pushed his hand away, gripping his cock for him.

"Allow me," she said and slid her head beneath the blanket. Her lips moved over his chest and quickly found one of his flat nipples...where she began licking and sucking it until it swelled up slightly.

Momentarily lost in confusion and sensation, Harry moaned slightly and moved his hips in time with her strokes. Thoughts of Ginny and Remus came to mind, though, giving him the courage to move away from her touch. "Enough," he said firmly.

"Harry, just let..."

"I don't know why you're in here, but I'm certain Remus wouldn't appreciate it."

"He knows, and he thinks that it's a wonderful idea," she said quickly, reaching out to pull him back to her. "Just relax."

Harry gasped in disbelief. "He what? Er... but I'm in love with Ginny."

"She's not your girlfriend any longer, Harry." She brought her lips up to his neck and began sucking on his skin much like a vampire would before they bit down with their teeth.

He grasped at a number of excuses he could give her, but he was certain she would find a way to rebuff what he'd say. There was nothing to do except tell the truth. "Tonks, no, I'm sorry, but I don't want to be with you."

"But you'd sounded so dejected when you said that you were the only one not shagging tonight." She used her wand to light the candle next to his bed. When she sat up, he got a full view of her bouncy breasts. "You don't know what tomorrow will bring, Harry. Don't you want to experience this at least once... just in case?"

"Yes," he said quietly. "I guess I always thought that I'd be with Ginny my first time." He gave her a small smile and was about to tell her that he appreciated her attempt, but he really didn't feel right about it, when she flicked her wand towards him.

His hands and feet were instantly tied, leaving him spread eagle on the bed. In horror, he watched as she shook her head, making her short, pink hair lengthen and become red.

"Tonks, untie me," he said.

"Not just yet," she said with a girlish giggle, wriggling her nose to change its shape. When he opened his mouth to speak again, she leaned forward to kiss him, sticking her tongue into his mouth while rubbing her naked body against his and moving to straddle his waist. When she pulled back, words of protest left him as shock settled in. She looked exactly like Ginny. Well, mostly. Her freckles weren't in the same places, and her eyes weren't the right shade of brown.

The moment her hand moved down to stroke him back to hardness, he tried to protest. "No, wait, you..."

She flicked her wand with her other hand, and his mouth was restrained with a soft gag. Dismayed, he knew there was nothing to do to stop her. His hands were tied, his legs were bound, and his mouth was gagged. He tried to arch away and buck her off of him, but she took this as encouragement, never realizing that he truly didn't want her. It didn't help that his cock was as hard as ever and twitching beneath her touch.

He closed his eyes as she began a slow descent onto him, taking his length into her wet heat. He'd never felt anything like it in his life. She was so hot, and her moist flesh seemed to shift and tighten around him, squeezing him as she tried to reach bottom. How could he fight this feeling? How could he will himself to not to stay hard, not to accept what she was doing? It felt fucking wonderful.

*Come on, you dirty bitch, ride me!* he thought, shocked that he could think such a thing. He knew instantly that if he hadn't been gagged, he would have said it aloud. She disgusted him for doing this and not respecting his answer, but he truly didn't want her to stop...not deep down. Yes, he likely would have been persuaded eventually without the binds and gag, but this was beyond ridiculous. She would pay for this...somehow. Pay for making him want her. For making him want to fuck her so hard that it would hurt her.

"Oh, Harry, you're much bigger than I would have thought." She began to move more quickly, trying to keep up with his fast, erratic upward thrusts. "So eager. Slow down. We've all the time you need."

He didn't slow down...couldn't. The sensation, the naughtiness of it all... He couldn't stop or hold himself back. With a deep growl in his throat, he came and began slowing his strokes, savoring the weightless feeling of orgasm.

*So, that's what shagging felt like...*

"Well, that was rather fast," she said, barely concealing her disappointment.

It was then that Harry realized that his legs and hands were free. "Eh?" His mouth was no longer gagged either. As Tonks began to move off of him, he grabbed her firmly and flipped over to where she was beneath him.

"Harry, really, what do you think..."

He kissed her so fiercely that the hands she'd been trying to push him off of her with were now pulling him closer. Still slightly hard, he moved between her thighs in small, slippery thrusts, willing himself to harden completely again. When he ended their kiss, he pulled back to look at her, noticing that her hair was a bit more brown than red. He smirked and felt it served her right to lose her concentration.

Feeling his erection throbbing within her, seemingly begging him to get moving, he pulled nearly all the way out and slammed into her as hard as he could. His mouth found her shoulder, and he bit her as he pulled out again, causing her to shriek a little. He repeated his rough thrusts a few times and looked at her again.

Her hair was now a deeper shade of brown, nearly black, and her eyes were dilated and wide. "I'm going to fuck you until you scream," he said, uncertain where he'd found those words. To drill home his point, he slammed into her again, eliciting an excited moan of approval. "Like that, do you?" he asked, feeling quite powerful suddenly.

"Yes," she whispered, locking her legs around his waist and bringing her hands up to hold onto his shoulders.

With each rough thrust into her, she clawed at his flesh and groaned in both pain and pleasure, urging him on, her insides squeezing him eagerly. "Just think, Tonks, you're fucking the wizard who is going to defeat Voldemort."

"Oh, yes..."

"You're the first one to have the Boy Who Lived... the Man Who Defeated..."

"Oh, God, Harry..."

Speedy, steady strokes against her gyrating hips enabled him to rub against her clitoris as well as reach deeply inside of her, apparently driving her over the edge.

"You can do anything you want to me, Harry... really."

And he did. He bit her, pulled at her hair, rolled around with her a few times, pushing her roughly into the pillows and headboard, never stopping his strokes. "Do you like

getting fucked by me?"

"Y-yes."

"You filthy little whore," he whispered into her ear. "Your werewolf is downstairs waiting for you while you take pity on the poor boy upstairs... and you've found that you like what you're doing. You're a dirty slut who couldn't wait for a chance to fuck someone else, especially me. You like unleashing the pent up emotion, you like helping me prepare myself for tomorrow, and you've wanted to fuck me for a long time now. You've been curious! This is just your excuse."

"Harry, don't stop, yes, all of it. Oh... ah... my God!"

"Of course I'll take what you've thrown at me. Even I'm not able to resist a fuck...even if it is from you." He watched as her eyes seemed to roll back and her panting became indiscernible. "Take all of me, damn it." The sudden scorching wetness that surrounded his cock and her internal convulsions forced him to resume his thrusts and enabled him to come again for a second time. He fell roughly against her, panting in time with her, both trying to get their breathing to return to normal.

Where had that come from? What had he been thinking? He rolled off of her to lie flat on his back, gazing at the ceiling and watching the shadows move in the flickering candlelight.

Finally, she broke the silence as she sat up. "Harry, I don't kn..."

"Just go, Tonks," he said and turned away from her. How would he be able to face her now after all that stuff he'd said to her? How would he be able to face Remus? And bloody hell, did anyone else hear them going at it? He distinctly remembered the thumping of the headboard, the bouncing of bedsprings, and the sounds of sexual pleasure filling the air.

A soft kiss was placed on his shoulder. "It was good, Harry, so much more than I've ever had."

"What's that supposed to mean?" he asked, unable to help himself, though he didn't turn to look at her.

"Remus, he's always so reserved. It's as if he thinks I'll break. Doing this with you... It's just something new for me." She kissed his shoulder again. "Good luck tomorrow, Harry, and please don't regret this."

He closed his eyes and remained silent as she gathered her clothes, extinguished the candle, and quickly left him in peace. Well, that was nothing like he'd expected his first time to be like. Oh, he'd planned on having candlelight, yes, but that was only thing that was the same. The partner was wrong, there were no words of love exchanged, there was no soft music playing in the background, and there had been no drinks to loosen him up and rid him of nervousness.

His frown faded, and a small smile took its place momentarily before he smirked into the darkness smugly. He'd given it to her good, hadn't he? He was uncertain where it had all come from, and he suspected it was all the pent up emotion he was feeling over what would come the next day and the outrage that she'd just gone ahead and done what she wanted without making certain it was what he wanted. She didn't seem to regret what happened, but he hoped that before she drifted off to sleep, she would wonder if he'd truly meant those hateful things he'd said to her. Part of him did.

He scratched sex off of the long list of things he'd not yet been able to accomplish in his short life. However, he strangely felt much more confident that he would eventually get around to doing all those other things on his list.

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**Southern's Notes:** Yikes. I don't like Tonks much, so I was trying to paint her badly here (naughty girl trying to teach him something only to have the tables turned on her). It didn't really go as planned. Ah, well. Hopefully, someone enjoyed this.

This is a response to the Potter Place Challenge Prompt # 28. It's the night before the Final Battle. Harry doesn't want to die a virgin. Tonks offers to relieve him of his onerous burden.