Constant Vigilance!

by Frumpologist

Summary

Bill and Tonks assist Moody with the final stage of the Tri-Wizard Tournament.

Notes

This little fic was written for the 2014 Smutty Claus exchange for ragdoll.

Tonks crashed into him with flailing limbs and nearly knocked herself out of breath. It barely fazed Bill; he was entirely distracted. Her short, brown hair stuck up in a dozen directions as she tried to hide her embarrassment under thick lashes and sleepy dark eyes. A small, lopsided smile raised her cheeks as she straightened up and muttered a curse followed by a quick, breathy apology. In that moment, she couldn’t possibly know the heat spreading through him when her petite hand rested so gently on his chest, or that the slight curl of her fingers into his white tee shirt was sending sparks of approval up and down his spine.

He was no stranger to the internal struggles that Nymphadora Tonks brought into his life. From the first time he’d watched her cheer on Hufflepuff with bright yellow hair, to this very moment, Tonks was a constant reminder that he was a man with desires. Desires he couldn’t quite sate with anyone else. There was something about this girl, like a piece of her innocence beckoned him to make her dirty.

Bill cleared the lump in his throat, holding his hands steadily behind his back as she fumbled to find purchase in the small hallway around them. It was the smallest space in a very flat they were sharing while attending, and assisting with, the Tri-Wizard Tournament.

Right then, though, Bill would’ve wagered that there wasn’t a room in Scotland big enough to
contain the filthy, depraved scenarios he’d played through his head.

Grab her about the waist, hoist her against the wall, hands up and down her body, worship the curve of her hips and soft skin pressed into him. Call her a dirty girl and hear her purr affirmation around his cock.

“Bloody hell.” Tonks found her voice again, louder now and less like the wind was knocked out of her lungs. “Right. Whose genius idea was it to stick a bloody step down a dark hallway?”

Bill pulled his head back slightly, a rumble of laughter in his chest. “The work of Dark Lords everywhere. It’s right in the Dark Lord Manual. ‘First: create step with which your enemy will trip over and give themselves a concussion.’”

She laughed, a throaty little thing that seemingly escaped her without permission. When their eyes met, something devious shined back at him. A challenge of wit. Something he could only get from Tonks. A cheeky smile replaced the embarrassed one and she placed a finger to her chin thoughtfully.

“And you know this because… you’re currently learning to become the next Dark Lord? Lord William of Ottery St. Catchpole?”

“My mates will call me Bill, though.” He didn’t miss a beat, nor the massive grin that overtook Tonks’ entire face.

“Right then, Dark Lord Bill, we should get to the school and help Mad-Eye. Did he seem more irritable to you earlier? I mean, usually the -” Tonks pointed to one of her eyes that she’d changed to bright blue, “it doesn’t usually go ‘round that much, does it?”

“We’re all on edge a bit.” Just as the words left his mouth, Tonks’ hand slipped from his shirt and dragged down his abdomen like a caress. His whole body, including one very unfortunate part, stiffened. It was almost like she knew exactly what she was doing to him.

“You especially.” Her eyes, both brown again, pinned him beneath their gaze. He bit back a sound that might have been violent, or perhaps bemused. She held out a pale hand and pointed just past Bill’s shoulder. “Door’s that way.”

“We can apparate from here,” he suggested, ready to wrap a hand around her waist for side-along apparition.

“The school grounds are a short walk. I’d like to stretch my legs.”

Without waiting for him to agree, without so much as a breath between her words and her actions, Tonks pressed forward. Her chest pressed to his as he moved to place his back against the wall so that she could squeeze by. Bill could think of a few activities that would stretch her legs, and walking was at the very bottom of that list.

Dishevelled, lifeless branches overhung their path amid overgrown grass and frozen mud, Bill could hardly stand the inclement weather, wondering the perks of a spell to warm Tonks and himself up. A chill wind crossed their way as Tonks wandered ahead briskly, turning to cast back a cheeky grin in his direction.

“How in Merlin’s name can you wear that and not be frozen?” Bill’s teeth almost began to chatter as Tonks halted, hands now clasping her bare hips. It was the first time he’d taken the time to really look over her body and what she’d chosen to wear. When he brought his eyes back to hers, judging by the mischievous glint he found there, Bill knew she’d been watching him ogling her. And she
enjoyed it.

“I’m not sure how to respond.” She supressed a giggle while observing Bill’s plight against the elements. “So you know, I wore this for you.”

Just then, the cloak tied around Tonks’ neck billowed behind her, revealing the black corset and stockings beneath the dim moonlight. Bill’s gaze dipped towards her midriff and the miniscule skirt that also began to flutter slightly upwards in the wind. His hand gripped around the handle of his wand as the thought of a spell that would hasten the gust enough to reveal exactly what was beneath her skirt tempted his resolve to remain platonic.

“Well, I suppose we can wander over to whatever Mad-Eye’s doing for the tournament?” It was the first clean thought he could grasp onto amid a plethora of ones that would no doubt have him carted off to Azkaban if he opted to play them out. With a shrug of the shoulders and a subtle wink, Tonks lowered her head into the wind and headed towards the enormous wall of vines for the final instalment of the Tri-Wizard Tournament.

Several minutes elapsed in uncharacteristic silence as the pair purposefully strode around the grounds to where seating and decorations had been erected. Barely any light escaped the ancient halls of Hogwarts. Despite the deserted nature about them, Bill simply couldn’t shake the irksome feeling that he, they, were being watched.

“It’s a maze.” Tonks had taken a nearby seat.

Bill turned and lowered his eyes, catching her adjusting her breasts beneath her bone-crushing clothing. Perhaps it was a trick of the light but they appeared to have become bigger.

“Might be fun to patrol it… in case there’s… you know, Death Eaters in there lost. What d’you think?”

Bill held out his hand, gesturing her to claim it. With a mock, dainty bow of gratitude they embarked upon their mission.

What they’d anticipated was more enjoyable than they’d actually experienced. Tonks held aloft her lit wand and weaved left and right, back and forth, something that Bill revelled in. The colour in her cheeks glowed as her frustration at being lost bubbled up inside.

“This is… I’m bored.” Resignation and annoyance filled her features.

Bill suddenly felt he ought to act upon his least lewd fantasy. He snuck up behind her, spun Tonks to face him and planted a deep kiss upon her unsuspecting lips, causing her to weaken at the knees and fling her wand sideways into the nearby vines and branches.

“Shit… dropped my… wand.” It wasn’t the sound of someone displeased, far from it.

Bill’s wandering, cold hands slid directly beneath her skirt as his mouth found her bare shoulder. Calling for personal restraint, he gently clenched his teeth, sending Tonks closer to him. A moan of pleasure was coupled with her hands forcing Bill deeper into her flesh, demanding a more savage approach.

“Too much?” Bill recoiled, concerned he’d draw blood if he clamped down any more firmly. There was something that wouldn’t let him stop, even though he knew this was what he wanted. As if the maze itself was feeding off their frenzied feelings.
“Not enough.” Tonks’ voice was breathy, almost desperate.

Bill slid his hands down her buttocks, beneath her skirt and back up, groping her bare arse. Bill’s hand glided gently downwards, curved slowly upwards with his fingers tracing his new target. She flinched, sending her forehead into his collar bone. Tonks stood upright, legs slightly parted in anticipation of the initial flurry of arousal. Bill parted his path before his index finger found the mark.

“This feels – WHOA! You kinky-“

Several things happened within a fraction of a second. Vines and branches contorted and wrapped about her shoulders and wrists, Bill’s wand gave off a faint snapping sound from within his jean’s pocket and Tonks’ expression had changed from pleasure to utter shock.

“Bollocks! Maybe my wand-“

It clearly wasn’t. The branches claimed her ankles and she was slowly being dragged into the maze. Disbelief at what was happening soon became a recipe for disaster. What the hell was Mad-Eye thinking, making the maze a living bloody entity?

“Use your wand!” Bill felt vulnerable, knowing her fate was out of his hands, feeling the broken wand jab into his leg as he thrust himself towards her with outstretched arms.

“No idea where it is!” The panic in her voice was apparent as she was elevated off the ground and writhed to and fro.

The rippling sound of the branches halted. Whatever had caused the vines to ‘attack’ had now passed, although it left Tonks off the ground and entangled in its grip. Looking this way and that for the culprit, Bill gathered his composure and cautiously approached her.

“Seems to have stopped.” He seemed blasé now, brushing the whole incident off as a magical malfunction of sorts “We’ll report this to Moody. Can’t have Harry coming in here and snuffing it.”

Clearly, Tonks was unimpressed at her predicament and her narrowed eyes caused Bill to speed up in his approach. Her expression soon altered as he drew up and blindly ripped at her restraints.

“You know… it might be fun… just a thought.” Tonks bit her lip and tugged at her restraints playfully.

Bill raised his eyebrows until it dawned on him what she was suggesting. She was at his mercy. Legs dangling and parted in an unladylike fashion. His lips twisted in a smile that lit his entire face with wickedness.

He took one step closer and found himself between her legs. A wry smile appeared as his hands rested on her boots before sending them in unison up over the laces towards her knees. A clumsy finger snagged her stockings. With an apologetic exhale, his hands lifted below her knees and slid toward her hips. The vines wrapped about her lay still yet firm; he was in control.

Gently bending his knees, his lips caressed her inner thigh. Small, delicate kisses without threat. Her bonds were tight. Any movement was impaired. She was at his mercy. The previous horror had been replaced by the familiar sexual tension. Nothing else mattered.

Bill’s tongue entered her already dripping quim. Her entire body spasmed; her legs parted more and then his face pressed into her damp skin. The foreplay was well and truly over and the circumstances dictated he’d have to not only pleasure her, but himself too. Keeping a deep rhythm
with his tongue, he fumbled with his right hand down to his zip and the caged erection beneath. His cock barely escaped its confines before he began frantically stroking himself with a tight, aggressive grip. Despite the darkness, Tonks could somehow tell – imagine – what was going on beneath her.

She finally found her voice. “Leave that to me.”

His strokes slowed against his will. He was already on the verge of orgasm and he was reluctant to take orders. Despite this, he withdrew his hand and returned full attention to her cunt with a more feverish tempo. He needed to cum – she had to first.

Now with both hands free to roam, he fumbled about for the laces of her corset that resided between her tits. Tonks was unable to contain her throaty growls and allowed her enjoyment to be heard, if not somewhat pointlessly: there wasn’t anyone within a mile, Bill assumed.

“Deeper… deeper… yes, fuck me, Bill.” Tonks rotated her hips, pressing herself harder into his face. Catching Bill unaware, he lost his hold upon her left buttock and in panic, launched his hand back up to clasp it, causing a large SLAP to echo through the maze.

“Shit!” His exclamation was muffled by her pussy: her response wasn’t expected.

Tonks shuddered under the ferocity of the impact but that merely heightened the intensity of the moment. “Yes, harder. Just like that. Make me cum, Bill.”

Despite being in control, Bill understood this would bring about a more explosive orgasm and without thought, withdrew his hand and repeated the swat, this time with a more deliberate thrust. Again, harder, a small break in proceedings and then several quicker slaps against her arse, and she was putty in his hands.

“Fuck, I’m gonna cum... I... Can’t – fucking hold on… Yes.”

Tonks had almost broken free as if nature or magic itself wasn’t up to the task of deterring her from her imminent orgasm. Bill felt a rogue dribble of cum trickle down his erect cock as he forced Tonks’ pussy even further onto his tongue.

“Grab my tits. Bill. I’m… yes, yes, oh, fuck, yes…”

Bill kneaded her now free breasts, option to tweak her erect nipples hard. That was the final straw. She ground against his face, bucking wildly.

“Yes, yes, yes!”

Her entire body contorted as Bill withdrew his head and slowly made for eye contact. Tonks’ face was flushed, eyes glazed and twigs and snapped vines entangled her hair. Droplets of icy sweat littered her neck and forehead. Suddenly she had a free hand, as if she’d yanked so hard during orgasm that even the living maze couldn’t keep her hostage.

Upright, Bill wedged his hands beneath the remaining branches, allowing both her hands freedom. Now supporting her buttocks with one arm, he ripped aside the left and right legs and gently lowered her to the ground. It was like a sailor who’d not stepped ashore for many months, such was her lack of steadiness. Tonks fell into his arms, cheeks glowing.

“Was that good for you?” Tonks smirked as she gathered her bearings, almost collapsing on him.

“Yeah-” He glanced down at his erect cock. It was good, but far from over.
As if someone was fucking with them, the vines behind Bill threw themselves around his waist, hoisting him backwards and leaving him momentarily spread-eagled on the unforgiving earth. Bill was jolted upright and bound to the wall of foliage behind him.

“Someone’s—”

Bill never finished; once again, the commotion ended abruptly.

“It’s as if…” Her attention wavered and her mind drifted off to Merlin knows where. Removing a twig from her hair and chancing a glance down at Bills miraculously still erect cock, she slowly moved in to engage her prey “My turn…”

Bill hadn’t yet seen any funny side to the recent role reversal that had taken place. However, the mischievous grin now playing on Tonks’ vibrant lips seemed to quell some of his concerns. With a swagger of revenge, Tonks slowly moved in, her eyes fixated on his cock. Both eyebrows quirked beneath her fringe before allowing the tip of her tongue to circle her mouth. Her exposed breasts led the way as Bill, tilted back and off his feet, dangled at a very opportune height.

“Now… what shall we do,” Tonks hesitated inches away from his erection before lowering her head agonisingly close “with you…”

Tonks placed a hand each side on Bill’s jeans and slowly drew them down to his knees. He could feel her warm breath on his genitals. She held her gaze at his, back down towards his cock and then, tantalizingly, cupped both breasts either side of his rock solid erection. Bill instantly forgot about his situation and submitted to her will.

A few strokes in, Tonks changed her plan, engulfing his cock with her hot mouth. A rhythmic, playful speed began as Bill was reminded he was already aroused enough for ejaculation; such was the pleasure he took in hearing and feeling her orgasm. An unsuspected tug on his testicles sent Bill closer to his desired location. Desperate to claim some form of control, Bill wriggled and writhed his right hand, which instantly gripped Tonks’ hair, resulting in even more of his cock disappearing inside her mouth. Her speed quickened with Bill’s breathing and approval. Wincing and desperate to maintain some composure, Bill spoke.

“I’m gonna…:

Tonks threw her head back, glared at him with impishness in her eyes and quickly wedged his cock between her tits again. A few, sporadic jolts and Bill bucked forward in release and his cum shot powerfully and with no care for its target. Thick, pearlescent cum now trickled down Tonks’ pale breasts. A small amount lingered on her chin. As Bill opened his eyes in the sparsely lit maze, he caught Tonks with her right index finger drawing the cum from her chin to her lips.

“Was that—

THUD!

Bill was released and landed unceremoniously onto the cold ground. Once again, his busted wand dug into him, though this time into his calf.

“Merlin, that was—”

“I know.” Tonks interjected, lowering down a helping hand.

With an amused grin now on his face, Bill took her hand and got to his feet. Tonks readjusted her corset as Bill saw fit to wrestle his jeans up to his waist once again. Out of the corner of his eye,
Bill caught sight of Tonks’ wand, almost camouflaged by the branches. A snapping sound like a broken twig faintly popped behind them as Bill claimed her wand and handed it back.

“I think I’ll need a new wand.” Bill noted matter-of-factly, withdrawing it and tossing it into the maze.

“We ought to tell Moody about this… well, not what… well, the clean stuff.” Tonks hid her bashfulness beneath her hand and held aloft her wand. It ignited. Tonks took his hand and began to lead them both closer to the castle. The moonlight had merged into the first signs of a dull, murky sunrise.

Surprisingly, it took no time at all to find the way out and the pair stopped for a moment to regain any lost composure.

“I suggest the next time you two decide to patrol of your own free will, you keep yourselves to yourselves!” A gruff, firm voice caused both Bill and Tonks to turn abruptly. Mad-Eye Moody stood behind them, his magical blue eye whirling around as the other fixated on the maze. “Never lower your guard… now, be off with you both. Busy day ahead…”

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