Games Without Frontiers

by Kabal42, ragdoll

Summary

An exercise in Auror training holds some pleasant surprises for Harry and Tonks.

When Harry Potter signed on to become an Auror, he had never in his wildest dreams imagined some of the things he'd be required to do and participate in. Like this game of advanced hide and seek coupled with practicing interrogation and resistance techniques. The rules were simple enough. Basically, the trainees were paired with a more experienced Auror and set loose in a secluded area - in this case the Yorkshire Moors. Their task was to hide from their partner and try to capture them at the same time. The captor then had to try and get a vital piece of information (totally bollocks and made for the occasion, of course) out of the other while the captive had to try and hold on to the information.

So here he was, smack in the middle of a deserted, cold and very December-windy moor. Looking for Tonks. Which was totally unfair and might have been a plot worthy of Snape in his hey-day: try to take down Potter a bit by giving him the impossible assignment. Yay. Harry shuddered in his heavy cloak and checked his Disillusionment Charm. It was still working. As opposed to his fogged glasses and attempts at tracking.

Harry shouldered his bag once more and started off in the direction that seemed most likely from what he managed of the tracking. Too bad he hadn't thought to steal something of Tonks's; it would have made this so much easier. Too bad he didn't have a broom either because walking here was both heavy, slow and dangerous - and it was really hard to concentrate on looking for someone when you also had to constantly look down to make sure you didn't trip and break your ankle.

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Tonks loathed this section of Auror training. She'd hated it as a trainee, hated it even more so as an instructor. It probably had something to do with the fact that she was absolutely pants at Stealth and Tracking, having nearly failed that entire course as a trainee. She'd been too clumsy and noisy to sneak up on anyone effectively and the finer points of being able to track a suspect without an arsenal of spells at her disposal just eluded her. The feelings weren't anything new; Tonks had disliked this sort of activity even as a little girl. Whenever she'd played at any sort of tagging games with the other children, she was always the first caught, invariably made to be "It" for what seemed like days on end, too small and uncoordinated to ever catch anyone in return. She'd never really gotten over the humiliation of being that inept on foot. She supposed it explained why she loved playing Quidditch -- on broomstick, she was a completely different and graceful person.

She cursed Alastor Moody under her breath for forcing her to take part in this ridiculous ritual. If the mechanics of what they were doing wasn't bad enough, there was also the locale and the weather. Tromping about on the Yorkshire Moors freezing her arse off in windy, wet weather was not her ideal way of spending her time. Not even close. Why couldn't they have done this somewhere sunny and warm? Surely there had to be some remote beach in the South of France that was conducive to training...

Pulling her cloak closer around her, she thought she saw Harry in the distance. She ducked behind a barren shrub, watching him as he stopped and examined his surroundings, clearly keeping an eye out for her. She shook her head in dismay as he missed an obvious clue as to her whereabouts and then continued on. Harry should have been more observant than that...but he was another bloody trainee, too cocky, too hasty and clearly too thick to notice anything.

As he studied the ground for tell-tale signs, Tonks thought she had an opening to go further ahead. She waited until his head was turned, then dashed out from behind the bush towards a outcropping of rocks in the distance. She was so intent on getting ahead of him that she didn't bother to look where she was going, and promptly tripped over a large gnarled root, landing face forward in the dirt with a dull thud.

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Harry crouched down to check what was clearly a foot-print in the mud in front of him; he couldn't be sure who it belonged to, but the size was about right for Tonks if she hadn't changed her appearance. Although that was pretty likely to be the case because Tonks was clever that way. So, Harry decided, it probably wasn't her foot-print simply because it looked too much like it could have been hers. At that exact moment, something made a distinct 'bump' behind him. Along with a muffled curse. It sounded like someone falling. If he hadn't been on the ground, Harry would have spun around. In fact, he tried to and that nearly resulted in him slipping too. He caught himself and jumped to his feet, eyes searching hard for a sign of exactly where that fall had taken place. It took a few seconds to locate, but then he had the same feeling one has if seeing something out of the corner of an eye - only right in front of him. There. He pounced.

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"Oi!" Tonks exclaimed as Harry landed squarely on top of her, pinning her down with his weight. "Leave off!" She struggled beneath him, trying her best to throw him off. Unfortunately, he was too heavy.

"As if! This is the only chance I'm likely to get," Harry said, his voice low, almost a growl. He was determined to keep hold of her, no matter how hard she struggled, and he tried his best to weigh her down, at the same time making a grasp for her hands. This was a lot harder in reality than he'd
imagined.

Tonks wriggled in Harry's grip, rolling and pushing at him as she tried to get away. He caught her flailing arms by the wrists, holding tight. Her response was a good hard kick to his shin with her booted foot.

"Ow!" Harry yelled when her foot connected with his shin. "Damn it, Tonks, do you have to fight like I'm trying to kill you?" He had almost let go of her wrists, but not quite. And he was very sure now that just holding her like this wouldn't be enough. But how the hell did you tie someone up while holding them with both your hands?

"If I were the enemy, would you be saying that?" Tonks taunted him, trying to hook her foot around his ankle to gain more purchase. "For all you know, I'm dead set on taking you out the moment I get away. Moody'd have my arse in a sling if I let you just walk though all of this, Harry!"

"Yeah, well, I'm not the enemy," Harry grumbled. "And that hurt." He suddenly noticed he could fit both her hands in one of his. Harry shifted his grip, doing just that, but he had a feeling he couldn't hold her securely for very long. At least, not like this. He pulled out his wand and Stunned her. That should teach her... For now, at least.

Harry eased Tonks down on the ground and looked at her. He probably wouldn't have that long. She was strong and would fight the spell off pretty quickly. At least he'd had enough foresight to bring rope. Tying her hands behind her back wasn't very hard, but moving her was a bit difficult and it just seemed so silly to use a Levitation type spell to get her the few yards he wanted. So, after dragging and working a bit, he managed to prop her up against a boulder. Then he sat down in front of her, waiting for her to come around.

Tonks had been just about to tell Harry to quit whinging about getting one little bruise when he'd hit her with the Stunning spell, knocking her out cold. Her head throbbed as she started to come back to consciousness. Before she even opened her eyes, she tried to suss out her surroundings. She was sitting up, her back pressing against cold, rough stone, her hands bound fast at the base of her spine. The ground was cold and hard too; she could feel it even through her heavy wool cloak and jeans. She'd have to commend him for his ingenuity later. For now, she was going to play uncooperative prisoner. "Bastard," she groaned.

"You asked for it," he said, not quite able to avoid smirking. He was pretty satisfied with this; he'd caught her and now she wasn't going to get away. Of course, that still left the whole interrogation part... "So, are you going to cooperate or do I need to get all mean about it?" he asked. Threats of some undefined consequence worked better than a more tangible fear. That much he remembered from his class.

"Mean?" Tonks scoffed, cocking an pink-tinged eyebrow at him. "You're just a green little Auror trainee who's barely out of nappies, Potter. I doubt you could even hurt a doxy, let alone get me to talk."

She really had a sharp tongue, Harry had to give her that, and the words stung a little. Especially because she knew him. Of all the people in training, she knew what he could do. And worst of all, he had absolutely no snappy come-back to offer.

Tonks felt a pang of guilt as she saw the hurt reflected in Harry's green eyes. He was her friend and she cared deeply for him, but this was a training exercise, not a pleasant outing with her mates. It was only a game, but she had to push him whether she liked it or not. Whether he liked it or not. "What's the matter, ickle Potter? Did I strike a nerve?" she continued. "Do you honestly believe you'll get me to tell you anything?"
This was very different from what he'd imagined. Very different from having someone you actually hated or fought against. But he had to play along, it was the only way - including the only way to get it over with. "I do," he said. "You're not the first person I've had to get information from, you know. I am sure you don't want to know exactly how I did that. It wouldn't be fun. For you, of course." He managed a grim sort of smile, implying that it might in fact be quite enjoyable for him.

She narrowed her eyes, trying to suppress a smile at his words, fighting to keep her expression impassive. "You never know until you try," she retorted. She tested her bonds behind her back, hoping to find some way to loosen them and free her hands. However, it seemed that he'd done an expert job in tying her, the knots refusing to give way as she twisted at them. "Of course, I'm not planning on giving you the chance to find out, mate."

So that was what she thought, eh? Harry was annoyed. Mostly because he really had very little idea what to do since she didn't seem to believe any of his attempted threats.

It was clear that Harry was floundering; the boy wore his heart on his sleeve, and any potential captive of his would not need to be a Legilimens in order to know what he was thinking. She made a mental note to admonish him about it when they went over the scenario back at the training centre. She might have to offer to play Muggle poker with him too -- she could see a lot of Galleons in her future. Crossing her feet at the ankles, Tonks shivered, then set her jaw stubbornly. "So, we'll just sit here and enjoy the fine weather, shall we?"

"Shut up," he mumbled. The problem was he kept seeing his friend there, not someone he could pretend not to care about. Given some of the things he'd done during that damned war, this shouldn't have been so bloody difficult. But it was. He had to give up the whole pretense of enmity. "Or I'll tickle you." That, at least, was a completely genuine and true threat! It also made him feel better: he had a possible course of action.

"Tickle me?" Tonks tried to inject as much sarcasm and incredulity in her voice as she could, although inwardly she was cringing. She was fairly ticklish and it could be an effective weapon. She just couldn't let on to that effect right now.

"Yes," Harry said with a conviction he didn't quite feel. "Just so you know, I might do what I say."
He mentally kicked himself for that one. Trying to justify your actions to your 'victim' probably wasn't all that clever...

Tonks sighed. She was really going to have to sit down with Harry and give him a lesson in intimidation, but this was neither the time or the place. "Might? Oh, I'm dead scared now, Potter."

That did it. He had to now, didn't he? "Yeah? Perhaps you should be." He crouched down next to her and poked her side experimentally, trying to figure out if she was actually ticklish. When she jerked involuntarily, he knew he'd found something worthwhile. "I've heard that it's possible to choke to death laughing..." he added and tried again, this time aiming to get more of a reaction out of her.

Tonks let out a high-pitched squeal as Harry's fingers made contact with her ribs, squirming violently. "St-stop it!" she gasped, unable to stop herself from laughing. "Y-you won't get anything out of me l-like this!"

"Won't I?" It was a lot more fun all of a sudden. "And... if I do this?" He reached around her, tickling both her sides at once. They were closer now, face to face, and he could see every twitching muscle in her face.

Tonks clamped her lips together, resolving not to utter another sound, although she jerked and
writhed in Harry's grasp under the torment of his questing fingers. She had to give him credit for such an inventive idea, although she doubted any self-respecting Dark Wizard would allow himself to be treated in such a manner.

It was working. Or at least working partially. Now he just needed to get her to actually say something. Anything would do right now. "Come on, Tonks, you know it's not that hard. A word. Two. Then I'll stop..." His hands moved further up, trying to find more sensitive places closer to her armpits. Convenient that she was tied up like that, it made it a lot easier.

Tonks hissed in frustration, jerking again as he continued his onslaught of tickling. If he wanted two words, she'd give them to him. Gladly. "Piss. Off," she growled, then clenched her jaw tightly in stubborn determination.

Somewhere in there Harry'd had enough. Of the cold, of the wind, of the whole bloody thing. Before he realised what he had done, he'd slapped her. "Fat chance," he growled. "You're not getting out of this one." Perhaps shock treatment to justify this one...?

Tonks gasped, then sat there slightly dazed, blinking in surprise at his actions, her cheek stinging from more than the cold now. The pain cut through her, travelling through to her very core, a dull ache starting between her legs that had nothing to do with her cramped position on the ground. She squirmed again, squeezing her thighs together, trying to hide her reaction from Harry.

Okay, the gasp made sense, but there was something... off... about the way she squirmed. There was also something a bit strange about that gasp; it sounded so sexy. He put a hand under her chin and searched her face, practically straddling her legs as he looked at her. Definitely something in her eyes. "Do I need to do that again?" he asked, much softer now and not really sure if he was asking permission or still trying to intimidate her.

Tonks bit her lower lip, feeling herself starting to blush under his scrutinizing gaze. "I-if you think you're going to get more out of me..." she managed. Harry's body was warm and firm as he leaned in towards her; she could feel the heat radiating off him. It only aroused her more.

Blushing. Oh. Harry felt that blush hit him as well when he realised what might be going on here. "Of course I'm going to get more out of you," he heard himself say. "Because it will be much nicer that way." His blush didn't diminish when he was hit by the fact that Tonks in a situation like this, alone and possibly getting turned on, was a lot like some of his idle teenage fantasies. Fuck. He knew that this had been a bad idea and now he also knew he wasn't going to stop. Not unless she wanted him to. And she didn't look like someone who wanted to stop.

"Nicer? Nicer would be you untying me and letting me go, matey." Tonks made a show of struggling, pulling at her bonds again, tucking her legs under in an attempt to get to her feet. The rope chafed and bit into her wrists, briefly distracting her from the pain of her throbbing cheek. She rose to her knees, but no further as Harry had her trapped between himself and the cold rock behind her.

Tonks was suddenly on her knees and Harry knew he'd not paid as much attention as he should have. He swore under his breath for letting her get this far and reached to restrain her. His hands landed on her hips and he realised how very close she was, so close he could almost smell her. Instead of pushing her back down, his hands, acting of their own accord, pulled her closer. They were now flush against each other. It felt far too good. "Not going anywhere, are you?" he asked, more of a breath against her face than actual words.

"So say you," she said gruffly, trying to twist out of his grasp. But Harry was holding her so close that all she could do was writhe against him. His body was hard and lean, his grip on her hips strong.
Her breath hitched in her throat, her face flushing further at the close contact.

Harry had to suppress a moan at the way she was squirming against him. Her hips were pressing against him in a way that was far too suggestive for him to ignore and his reaction was impossible to avoid: he was rapidly growing hard. "Trying to trick your way out of this?" he asked, hoping against all hope that he could mask this somehow. Perhaps as some weird part of the game where it wasn't really him getting a hard-on because of her, but an anonymous captor getting turned on by the woman he'd captured and the way she was moving against him. Her hips were round and perfect under his hands and he pushed harder against her. "And if I use it against you?"

It was hard to miss Harry's brief moan or his erection, which she could feel pressing through her cloak, against her belly. Tonks was flattered to have that effect on him. It was quite a surprise, although not an unpleasant one, considering her own reaction to him. She'd always been fond of Harry and the awkward boy she'd first met at his Uncle's house all those years ago had since grown up into a handsome young man. "You wouldn't dare," she taunted, her voice soft and sultry. It was possible that a Dark Witch might try to trick him with her feminine wiles so, Tonks reasoned, she might as well test him along those lines. Besides, Harry was probably far too moral to do much of anything...

Those lips were impossible to resist, especially when she spoke in that voice, which was possibly one of the sexiest things he'd heard. He kissed her, one hand gliding slowly from her hip to behind her neck, playing with short strands of hair as he slowly explored her mouth. This time he did moan and didn't give a shit if she heard. That game was up.

Tonks froze in his arms for a brief moment before deciding resistance was futile, at least for the moment, and succumbed to his kisses. She parted her lips, allowing his tongue entrance, kissing back with equal fervour. She knew she was breaking the rules of their assignment but he tasted too good, his lips burning against her own. She'd worry about trying to escape later.

The kiss was everything it should be, as good as in any dream of his. She was soft under his hands when they roamed her body and the way her hands were still tied behind her back made her breasts press against him in the most perfect way. His kisses moved down her neck to her throat. Though he hated to move away from her, he did so. Just a fraction, so he could work a hand under her cloak and further under her shirt and cup one of those tempting breasts. "Oh shit..." he breathed. "Don't think...I can stop now..." This time he was asking permission, however subtle.

She let out a whimper, moulding her body against his. "Y-you've got me completely under your control, you know," Tonks said quietly. "There's nothing much I can do to stop you, is there? I reckon if I tried, I'd just be in more trouble." She felt her knickers growing damper as he continued to caress her, the thought of being in Harry's thrall too exciting to ignore. Assuming he had the bottle to take advantage of the situation.

"Oh, god... She really had the ability to sound like something out of a wet dream each time she opened her mouth. "You would," he confirmed, his lips moving against the skin of her neck. "So you'll be good and do as I say?" This time it was teasing and promising, not asking, and he squeezed her breast a little as he spoke to underline his words. He knew what he wanted now and ached to do it.

"Uh." Tonks closed her eyes for a minute, craning her neck to give him better access, savouring the feel of his fingers on her breast as her nipples grew taut at his touch. "I might. What happens to me if I don't? After all, you are an enemy agent...wouldn't do to cooperate too much."

Harry wanted to make a crack about James Bond but realised the reference would make little sense to Tonks. Instead, he pinched her nipple just enough to make it hurt. "I will have to get mean. I
thought I told you that earlier," he said. "I'm sure you wouldn't want that..." Or did she? Either way, he won.

Tonks flinched as he pinched her, crying out loud with the pain before jerking back in a feeble attempt to avoid his roaming hands. He had her in such a tight grip that there was no room to move. "Bastard," she snarled. "You wouldn't dare." Her dark eyes met his, her expression defiant, challenging him to do just that.

Fuck, she did! Harry's eyes widened for a second, then he got a grip on himself. It's what you need when someone turns out to be your deepest, most secret fantasy of them. A grip. On yourself. To avoid fucking it up.

Harry closed his hand in her hair, pulling her head back. "I would and you know it," he said in a low, dark voice. He was sure she could tell how turned on he was at this point, but now he wanted her to know it. "I want you to use your mouth for something a lot more constructive than talking back, and if you refuse it's going to cost you."

"You just try it," Tonks hissed, pulling her lips back and baring her teeth into a fierce snarl. Her scalp was smarting where he pulled her hair, sending waves of pleasure coursing down her spine. She knew she was pushing him, goading him, but she wanted to test his limits, see just how far he'd actually go. If he wanted her to submit, he was going to have to work for it.

"I will." Her words by-passed something in his brain and made him act instead of think. He spun her around and pushed her against the boulder. It wasn't that big and she was leaning forward enough to look incredibly inviting from behind. "Fuck," he mumbled, frustrated when too many layers of clothes were in his way, but he managed to get there. Finally. He didn't need that much bare skin, just her arse. And when he had it, he had to swallow another moan at the sight.

Tonks tried to shake him off, moaning in protest as he tugged at her jeans, the air cool and bracing against her bared skin. "You wouldn't-- you can't!" she insisted as he shoved her against the rock, one of his hands firmly against the small of her back, anchoring her in place. The sound he made as he looked her over made her toes curl. She imagined he was stripping her bare with his eyes, the mere thought making her even wetter. She rubbed wantonly against the stone in anticipation.

Seeing her like that made him want to fuck her right then and there. But that hadn't been the plan and he wanted to see what would happen if he stuck with that. He could see the edge of her cunt, glistening wet and inviting, and it was incredibly hot. Slowly he slid his hand down over the firm curves of her arse and trailed a finger between those wet lips on his way up again. "I told you it was going to cost you if you defied me," he reminded her as his finger left the wetness. "I meant it." He smacked her arse with his hand, unable to suppress another moan when it connected with the most satisfying sound.

The smack jolted Tonks against the cold stone, her hips scraping along the rough surface. Biting her lip, she swallowed down a cry, wrenching away to escape his hand. "No!" she exclaimed, hoping it would incite him further. She was glad she had the rock to support her, otherwise her knees would have given away entirely. It had taken all her strength not to rub against him like a bitch in heat, the sensation of his fingers on her skin reducing her to jelly.

"Yes." It was a low groan, equal contradiction and desire. He smacked her again and again and after that he didn't bother to count in any way, he just kept spanking her while her skin began to flush and glow with the heat of his slaps. The sound rang across the deserted moor although there was no one to hear.

Tonks took blow after blow, fighting to keep herself silent as he continued to spank her. It was growing more and more difficult, the pain of each strike intensified as he went on, bringing tears to
her eyes. Finally, a sob escaped her lips, her cheeks wet with tears and as scarlet as her now-swollen arse.

The sob was what made him stop; he'd not meant for that to happen, but to his surprise it was a turn-on too. He knew he'd have to talk to her about this later, but he could see how aroused she was and he just knew she still wanted this. "Are you going to be good now?" he asked. He couldn't not pet that soft, burning skin, his voice much softer, almost soothing. He wanted her to say 'yes' so he could stop this.

Tonks arched back against his hand, responding to his tender touch and his softened voice. "Y-yes," she sniffled, all the fight out of her. At least for now. Her bottom throbbed and burned with exquisite pain which flared with each gentle stroke of his hand. "I promise." She choked back another sob, leaning against the rock in feigned resignation, hoping that he was getting as much out of this as she was. It was hard to believe that he wouldn't be.

"Good girl," he said. "Not so hard, was it?" He kept stroking her; she obviously liked and so did he. It was like admiring his work. "I have a choice for you now," he told her, still in that same, soothing voice. "I know what you want..." His finger found her slick, wet cunt again and he pressed the flat of his palm against her. She'd understand. "You can have it if you tell me the code word. If not... Well, then I have other uses for you."

There was a hiss of approval from her as she tightened her thighs around his hand, rocking her hips ever so slightly. It would be so easy to give up now, to tell him what he wanted to know and get the whole ridiculous scenario over with. She could let him take her, let him ease the desperate ache that had been building up since he'd first slapped her. But that would be the easy way out, and she wouldn't be a very good Auror if she caved in at the first tempting offer. Tonks drew in a deep breath, set her jaw stubbornly and whispered, "No." It took all her energy to do so and she steeled herself for another round of spanking...or worse.

Harry jerked his hand away, not slow or reluctant, but fast enough to deprive her of the feeling she wanted. "Have it your way," he said and stood up. It was a relief to open his trousers (no man in his right mind wore only robes in this bitter weather). He was so turned on that even the wind didn't make his erection falter. "Come here." He pulled her up on her knees by the hair. "If you won't tell me what I want to hear I'm going to shut you up," he said, trying hard to sound cold instead of incredibly, painfully aroused.

Tonks' eyes widened as she came face to face with Harry's half-dressed body, his rampant cock jutting out in front of her, the tip moist and glistening. He had a slender, hard frame, well-muscled from years of Quidditch and more recent Aurors' training. She had a difficult time containing her reaction, her mouth curving up in an appreciative smirk as she ran her eyes over him. She caught herself, her expression going impassive as she shook her head. "You'll have to make me."

The way she looked at him as if he was some tasty morsel wasn't lost on him, and it was a huge rush. Seeing that made it easy to follow through. "I will then," he said and now he was smirking. He slapped her again, harder this time now that he knew she'd like it, and pulled her hair, forcing her head back. She'd have to open her mouth when he did that and he was pretty sure she wasn't going to bite.

Tonks moaned in protest, stiffening in his grip, making him work harder at bringing her head down to his cock. Still, her struggles were perfunctory; if she'd really wanted to get away, Harry would not have had a chance. She opened her mouth wide as he wrenched her jaws apart, wrapping her lips around the head of his cock, her tongue fluttering against the warm, turgid flesh. Applying gentle pressure, she swirled her tongue against it, exploring the sensitive slit with the tip, savouring the
slightly salty taste. Slowly, she worked her way down the shaft, engulfing him completely, then
drawing up again, her head bobbing as she started in a slow, seductive rhythm.

"Oh fuck!" The second she started using her tongue Harry knew that if she'd wanted something out
of him he'd have given it just to get more. He heard his own words before he knew he'd said them.
"Don't stop," he gasped and looked down at her, only to have a deep moan torn from his throat. He
didn't think he could last more than a few seconds if he kept looking; his cock disappearing in her
mouth was so sexy, so enticing that he didn't think he could ever describe just how good or why it
was. But knowing that he'd made her do this was only making it better.

Tonks wasn't sure how he expected her to stop considering the way he was holding her fast, his
fingers threaded in her hair. She hummed against his skin, her tongue lashing furiously, taking him in
as far as she could before sliding back again. Flicking her gaze upward, her eyes met his again;
Harry looked as though Christmas had come early this year, and all the presents had been just for
him. Had the tables been turned, she was certain she'd have gotten the code word from him by now;
he was clearly close to the edge, as much hers as she was his now.

Very close, in fact. Only the gusts of cold wind that hit him and the wet skin on his cock when she
moved back kept him from coming. It was getting dangerously close to that point where his brain
checked out and just hung on for the ride. And it was too soon. He had to make one more try. At
least one. Pulling her head back away from him took all his will-power and it physically hurt to do it.
"One more chance," he said, the words slurred because he was so out of breath. He yanked her head
back again and looked into her eyes, as dark and lust-filled as his own. "Tell me the code. I know
you still want me to fuck you. I will if you tell me."

Her mouth hung open for a moment as she contemplated his offer. Tonks knew she had him but...but
even if she refused yet again, then what? He'd just find another way to torment her. It was cold and
uncomfortable on the hard ground, her arms were growing numb and her knees ached. And more
than anything else, she wanted Harry. She'd wanted him before this, of course. She'd been attracted
to him since he'd come of age, in the same way she'd been attracted to a number of colleagues, but
now she was filled with a fierce longing, wanting him, needing him more than anyone else. "A-all
right," she finally gasped. "But...you fuck me first. Then I'll tell you. I don't trust you to honour your
side of the bargain." Had she been in Harry's position, that's exactly what she'd have done; he was a
clever lad and might come to the same conclusion.

Harry smirked; that was grasping at straws because she knew as much as he did that he was aching
to come. But he enjoyed the game and pretended to consider her bargain. "All right," he said after a
few moments' thought and pushed her back down over the boulder. "But you don't get to come till I
hear what I want." He didn't wait for her to acknowledge his words. Either he'd come so fast she'd
get virtually nothing from it and would need more, or he'd be able to drag it out and make her want
even more. The second he was on the ground behind her, he thrust in, deep and hard.

Tonks responded with a loud moan, clenching around him as he buried himself inside her, hilt deep.
She ground her arse back against him, her bound hands pressing up against his bare belly. "Y-you
can't last that long," she groaned, rolling her hips eagerly. "I kn-know you can't."

Her groan was echoed by him when she clenched around him and he knew that she was very, very
right. He couldn't. It was impossible. "Doesn't matter," he gasped. "You won't come. As fast as I
do."

"I-if I don't come, I won't t-tell you," Tonks panted, her hips rocking back to meet his. "E-even if
we've got to stay here all b-bloody night." There was a time limit on the exercise; if neither party had
been found or acquiesced by within the span of twenty four hours, it was considered a draw and they
had to report back to Aurors’ Headquarters. She supposed there was a good chance he could find any number of ways to use her, but at this point, she wasn't certain she minded. In fact, the thought intrigued her. She moaned again, biting her lower lip so hard she drew blood. "Oh, fuck me, it feels good...really good."

Harry wasn't sure what to do about the first part, in fact it sounded like a bit too much of a dilemma for his current brain-capacity. But the second part! That was easy. He groaned when he pulled back and thrust in again. Good didn't even begin to cover this.

"H-harry, ooooh, Harry...Fuck me...fuck me," Tonks begged. She thrashed like a wild thing, raking her nails down the line of his stomach as he continued to take her.

It was impressive how much she could move despite her hands being tied. Harry hissed when her nails scratched him, partially from pain, but mostly because it felt great. He needed this after what seemed like ages of playing around since he'd caught her, and it felt better than even sex should. He let his body take over and just felt. When she started begging, he finally lost the fight with himself and came, shuddering and moaning.

Tonks felt the hot rush of his climax as Harry spilled into her, his body warm and heavy against hers. Her buttocks were still stinging and sore from his spanking, her clit pulsating painfully. She was desperate for release; she would gladly tell him whatever he wanted to know in exchange, and she was no longer afraid to beg or humiliate herself to get it. "Make me come," she pleaded, wriggling against him. "Harry, please..."

"You know. What I want," he gasped. Even now he wasn't going to give up trying to win this game, despite the fact that he was on the verge of passing out and leaning against her like a rag-doll. Fuck, that might have been the greatest rush of his life. "So talk. Or you won't get it."

She mewled in frustration, bucking her hips against his insistently. "How do I know you'll keep your word?" she managed.

"Because it's mine," he said and let his hand slide around her hip, between her and the rock, and found her clit. He brushed over it with the softest of touches. "Because I say so."

Whimpering as she felt his thumb on her clit, Tonks pressed herself up against his hand, no longer caring how needy she appeared to him. "A-alright," she said through gritted teeth. "I-I tell you the code and you make me come, yeah? Th-that's the deal?"

"Deal," he said and nodded; not that she could see it but she'd be able to feel his face against her neck. "I'll make it really good too..." Another light brush over her clit. He was sure he had her now.

Tonks closed her eyes, swallowing down hard. She had to believe that Harry was a man of his word, that he would follow through. Otherwise, she was certain her need would kill her. She licked her dry, swollen lips and then rasped "The code is 'The unicorn is blue.' That's all you need to know."

"Good girl." Harry pulled out of her and hastily got his clothes in a semblance of order. "Now I'll keep my end of the bargain." He turned her around just enough to kiss her again and, at the same time, reached down and freed her hands. "I'm guessing you won't run at least till after I've made you come," he murmured.

Tonks flexed her cramped hands, trying to get the feeling back into them, before turning around to face him completely. "No, I won't run," she replied quietly before kissing him back.

He could have kept on kissing her for a long time, but that would hardly have been fair. Instead, he
gently pushed her down, making sure her cloak was under her, and worked her clothes off a bit more - at least the bottom half. "My turn to taste you," he said, sending her a teasing smile. He was looking forward to this.

The way Harry was looking at her made Tonks's toes curl and her breath catch in her throat. He was truly adorable, especially now that he was looking at her like a particularly eager puppy being presented with a choice bone. She stretched back on her cloak, spreading her legs wide for him. "I'm all yours, mate."

There was no time to waste and Harry dipped down and tasted her. She was warm and salty and felt good against the tip of his tongue. He flicked his tongue over her clit a few times, very soft at first, then with more certainty.

Tonks gasped as Harry's tongue made contact with her clit, it was warm, rough and wet. She tilted her hips up, pushing against his mouth, and moaned with pleasure.

If she moaned like that, he was clearly doing something right. Good to know. Women were so different in what they liked. He circled her clit with his tongue, teasing and tasting more and experimented with sucking gently to see if she'd like that - something harder.

Moaning louder this time, Tonks arched her back and pushed up further. She clutched at the rough wool of her cloak, her arse bouncing against the fabric as her hips rocked up and down, almost of their own accord. "Ooooh, Harry," she keened, whipping her head back and forth in a frenzied motion. "Oh. Gods. Harry!"

He'd promised to make it good so he was going to do his damnedest to make that happen. He kept going, arms wrapped around her thighs, under her, supporting her and holding on so he could keep licking and sucking and make her moan like that, despite how she thrashed. That she was so responsive was amazing and he wished he could have her all over again.

"So close...oh gods, Harry, so bloody c-close," Tonks cried, gasping and panting beneath him. She fisted his hair, yanking it hard, forcing his head further against her pussy. With a final cry, she let go, the orgasm tearing through her body. She shuddered and shook, her cries growing louder and louder as the waves of pleasure rushed over her. Finally, she collapsed against the cloak, limp and exhausted, her face lit up in a beatific grin.

That was some impressive display and Harry didn't mind how hard she pulled his hair - it was well worth it. He grinned down at her as he pulled back. "Didn't I tell you I keep my promises?" he said.

"Careful, mate. You're starting to sound more like a Hufflepuff than a Gryffindor," Tonks said lazily. She reached up and tousled his already mussed hair. "That was brilliant. You are brilliant. Although I will have to give you a few pointers about interrogation when we get back to HQ."

Harry laughed. "Never quite letting work lie, eh?" He leaned down and kissed her softly. "Let's go, then. And see what Moody says about that code word. I might even tell you mine. Later..." His grin was teasing and an invitation that he hoped she'd take him up on.

"You could tell me yours or..." She gave him a sly sideways glance as she reached for her clothes. "I could get it out of you. I can give as good as I get, you know."

"You never know... I might let you try..." he said, mostly kidding, but you never knew. It might be fun to let her have her way with him for a bit. "So, my place or yours? After we report back to Moody?"
"How tidy is yours? Mine's a bloody mess." Tonks began to dress quickly, suddenly aware of how chilly she was.

"A mess," he said with a shrug and a slightly guilty grin. "What do you expect from a twenty-year-old bachelor, huh?" He pulled her into a hug as she finished dressing. "Apparate together? Or is that a bit too revealing."

Tonks giggled, then shrugged into her cloak, shivering. "Dunno. Depends on whether or not you'd get off on parading your 'captive' around the office or not. Some blokes might."

"That depends on whether you'd slap me for doing it," he countered. She was so close now and he had to kiss her. Anything else would be a waste. "So, can I?" Because they really need to get going. It was too cold out here and he could feel her shivering.

She reached up and cupped his cheek with her hand. "Yes, you can. I promise I won't slap you. Unless," she had to laugh again, "you ask nicely, love."

"Come here then, doll." He held her tight, one arm around her waist. "I'll do a polite little countdown and then we'll be in London again." He just might ask nicely. But not right now.

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It was a while before Harry had time to think about just how lucky he'd been. Getting back to the Aurors' office had been easy, and he, his mates, and fellow trainees, got a good laugh out of comparing their respective captives. To his surprise, Moody was more than impressed that Harry had managed to get anything "out of that stubborn brat of a girl". It was then that it started to dawn on Harry what had actually happened; he only had to look to his right and see that shock of pink hair to get a pleasant feeling in the pit of his stomach. He supposed they'd have to spend more time working on his technique, though. Tonks was right in her harsh critique of certain parts of his interrogation. Of course, he didn't at all mind the prospect of going over it again. Especially when she insisted that he was so pathetically in need of practice that they'd have to start immediately.

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