

Chapter 18

After climbing onto the train, Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Tonks found an empty compartment and quickly claimed it for themselves while the twins and Ginny left to go sit with their friends. They chatted for a few moments before the train lurched away from the station.

“Ah, this brings back memories,” Tonks sighed, glancing out the window with a smile.

“Harry, we need to go meet with the other Prefects,” Hermione said.

“You know, I’m glad I’m not a Prefect anymore,” Ron said. “I hated all those boring meetings.”

“They’re not boring,” Hermione huffed.

Harry smiled before kissing Tonks on the cheek and climbing to his feet.

“I should go with you,” Tonks said. “The Prefects will need to work with the Aurors that are going to be at the school.”

“Where are the other Aurors?” Hermione asked as they stepped out into the hall.

“They’re waiting for the train in Hogsmeade,” Tonks said. “Bones wants everything searched before it enters the castle.”

“I hope Fred and George don’t get into trouble for anything,” Hermione fretted.

“They’ll be fine,” Tonks said, waving off her concern. “We’re not interested in pranks. We’re only looking for dark objects, poisons, and banned books.”

As they walked past the compartments towards the front of the train, numerous DA members waved at him and smiled. Thinking back to what Professor McGonagall told him about the grades the DA had achieved in their OWLs and NEWTs, he felt a swell of pride as he waved back.

Reaching the Prefects car, which sat just behind the engine car. Unlike the other cars that were filled with small compartments, this car was completely open. There were cushy chairs and couches spread out, with a drinks table sitting along the left hand wall. The six students that were already there, four Hufflepuffs and two Ravenclaws, looked up and waved at them. One of the Hufflepuffs, a pretty blonde with an impressive bust, stood to greet them.

“Hi, I’m Sarah Fawcett, Head Girl,” she said, holding out her hand.

Harry and Hermione introduced themselves, and Sarah tilted her head curiously when she turned to Tonks.

“Auror Tonks,” his girlfriend replied to the questioning look. “I’m leading a team of Aurors that will be staying in the castle for the school year. Since we’ll be seeing each other quite a bit, I figured I’d come and meet everyone.”

“Oh,” Sarah said, eyes widening. “I had no idea. Well, if there’s anything the Prefects can do to help, just let me know.”

“For now, run things as normal, but let the other Prefects know that they should come to one of us if they see anything out of the ordinary,” Tonks said.

“Of course,” Sarah smiled.

“Maybe we should look for a spell that would let us contact the Aurors quickly if we need help,” Hermione offered.

“I don’t think I could teach all of them the Patronus Charm, Hermione,” Harry said softly.

“There must be a simpler way to send short messages,” Hermione frowned.

“You could use paper airplanes like we do at the Ministry,” Tonks suggested.

“Maybe,” Hermione said, chewing her bottom lip thoughtfully.

“What about the spell you used on the DA coins?” Harry asked. “Couldn’t you just put that on our badges?”

“Harry, that’s brilliant!” Hermione exclaimed, brown eyes gleaming excitedly.

“What spell?” Sarah asked.

While Hermione began to rattle off a description of the spells she used on the DA coins, Harry led Tonks over to one of the couches and took a seat. The car was quickly starting to fill as more Prefects came in for the meeting. Susan Bones smiled at Harry and gave him a wave as she walked in, followed by a puffed up Ernie McMillian.

When Daphne Greengrass and Blaise Zabini showed up wearing Prefects Badges, Harry sat up and frowned.

“Harry?” Tonks asked.

“Malfoy and Parkinson were the Slytherin Prefects last year,” he told her quietly.

Tonks frowned thoughtfully, “Well, you said they abused their power last year as part of Umbridge’s Inquisitorial Squad. Maybe they had them taken away?”

"Maybe," Harry said. "Hey, Daphne!"

He waved her over, and the pretty blonde looked at him questioningly as she approached.

"Congrats on making Prefect," he said with a smile. "I always thought you deserved it over Parkinson."

"Thanks," Daphne said. "Everyone knows she only got it because Malfoy wanted her to have it, and Snape lets him get away with everything."

"Yeah," Harry said, surprised the conversation was going so well. "I'm surprised Snape was willing to strip him of his badge."

"He didn't," Daphne said. "Malfoy gave it up, and without him, Parkinson didn't have a reason to keep hers."

"Really?" Harry asked, eye narrowing. "Why would he give it up?"

Daphne shrugged, "Your guess is as good as mine."

"Everyone!" Sarah called out. "Please grab a seat so we can start the meeting."

Everyone took their seats, and Daphne sat on the couch next to Harry. When Hermione returned, she frowned slightly before taking a seat in a chair to the right of the couch.

"Hello, I'm Sara Fawcett, Head Girl, and this is Benjamin Porter, Head Boy," Sarah started with a smile. "Now, first, let's talk about what's expected of you as a Prefect."

An hour later, the meeting finally came to an end. Before people started to leave, Sarah had everyone give their badges to Hermione so she could put the Communication Charms on them. It took quite a while in the beginning, but once Tonks and Sarah picked up the charms, things moved a lot faster.

Before Harry could leave, Daphne walked up to him and held out her hand.

“It was nice seeing you, Potter,” she said.

“You, too,” Harry smiled, shaking her hand.

“Listen, I know you had a study group last year. Would you be willing to let a few Slytherins join?” Daphne asked.

“It depends on who,” Harry said.

“Me, Tracey, Lilith, Blaise, and my sister, Astoria,” Daphne said.

“That’s fine,” Harry told her. “I don’t know when our first meeting will be, but I’ll let you know a few days before.”

“Really?” Daphne asked, arching an eyebrow. “You’ll let Slytherins join your secret club just like that?”

Harry shrugged, “I don’t hate all Slytherins, just the ones that want to kill me.”

“You know, you’re a lot different than I thought you’d be,” Daphne smiled. “I wish I’d listened to Astoria and asked to join last year. Thanks, Potter.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

Smiling back at him, Daphne left with Blaise, her hips swaying attractively.

“I think she fancies you,” Tonks grinned.

“You’d have better luck finding a girl who doesn’t fancy Harry,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes. “Anyways, I’m really proud of you for letting them join the DA. It would be really easy for you to hate all Slytherins after the way most of them have treated you.”

“It’s not that big a deal,” Harry shrugged. “None of them have ever done anything to me.”

As they walked back through the train, Harry spotted Malfoy with most of the Slytherins sitting in one of the open lounge cars. Parkinson was whispering quietly to him as he stared out the window, looking tired with dark bags under his eyes. When they spotted him, Malfoy hushed Parkinson and whispered to her harshly, causing her to look hurt.

While Harry wondered what they were talking about, Daphne smiled at him before turning back to Tracey Davis, a pretty, dark skinned witch. Suddenly, an owl flew in and landed on the table between the two girls. Taking the letter attached to its leg, the owl took to the air. Harry watched it closely as it flew up and out an open hatch in the ceiling.

Ignoring the hostile looks from Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, and Nott, he hurried through the car and closed the door behind him. Making his way back to their compartment, a plan began to form in his mind.

“Alright, what’s got you so distracted?” Tonks asked, closing the door to their compartment.

Looking up, Harry realized how distracted he’d been and sighed.

“Malfoy,” he said.

“What about him?” Tonks asked.

“I’m wondering if he’s told his friends what he’s up to or what that cabinet is,” Harry said.

“Do you want to try and slip an Extendable Ear under the door?” Ron asked.

Harry shook his head, “No, they’d see it.”

“What do you have in mind then?” Tonks asked.

“The hatch in the ceiling is open,” Harry said. “If I wore my cloak and used a Disillusionment Charm, I could slip in and listen in to their conversation-”

“Harry, that’s really dangerous,” Hermione interrupted. “What if you’re caught?”

“What are they gonna do?” Harry asked. “Kill me? Look, I know it’s a risk, but I *know* he’s up to something. Why else would he give up his Prefects badge?”

“Malfoy gave up his badge?” Ron asked incredulously.

“Yeah,” Harry said, then turned to Tonks. “He’s up to something dangerous. I can feel it.”

Tonks stared at him for a long moment before she sighed.

“One hour,” she said. “If you’re not back in this compartment in one hour, I’m coming to look for you.”

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

Kissing her hard on the lips, he stood up and pulled down his trunk. Popping open the lid, he dug around inside and pulled out his Firebolt. Closing the lid, he took his wand and cloak out of his pockets. With his wand, he tapped himself on the head while muttering an incantation. It felt like a cold egg dripping down his skin as his body slowly disappeared.

Standing still, his body was almost completely invisible, but when he moved, there was a visible distortion in the air. Tossing the cloak over his shoulders, that outline vanished completely. His hope was that by combining the cloak and the charm, even if the cloak slipped or failed to cover part of him, he'd still be hidden by the charm.

Casting a Disillusionment Charm on his Firebolt, Harry walked over to the window and opened it.

“Be careful,” Hermione said worriedly.

“I will,” Harry said.

Mounting his broom, he hovered parallel to the window and flattened himself against the wooden shaft. Shooting forward, the wind whipped at his cloak as he exited the train. Harry pulled up and rolled over to race along the top of the train. It was easy to find the right hatch since it was the only one that was open.

He slowed down as he approached the open hatch and rolled over upside down. His cloak fell down, revealing his legs, so he rolled back upright. Taking out his wand, Harry used a Sticking Charm to attach the cloak to his legs. When he rolled back over, the cloak stayed in place. Slowly lowering himself down, he stuck his head inside the lounge and looked around.

A couple of people were walking around, so he had to wait for a couple of minutes. When the coast was clear, Harry raised himself back up. Taking a deep breath, he shot fifteen feet up, then rolled over the top and shot back down. Racing through the open hatch, he pulled up

sharply and stopped less than an inch from the floor. Floating back up, with a smile on his face, he climbed onto one of the empty luggage racks above Malfoy.

Fortunately, no one noticed he was there.

“I’m so glad you decided to stop playing Quidditch,” Parkinson simpered. “I hated seeing you doing something so dangerous. You’re far above playing some barbaric sport.”

He’s quitting Quidditch, Harry wondered, his eyes narrowing.

Malfoy just grunted and continued to stare out the window. For the next fifteen minutes, Harry listened to Parkinson’s pointless drivel as she fawned over the blonde git. Eventually, Nott interrupted her when he sat across from them.

“What are we going to do about Potter?” Nott asked.

“What’re you on about?” Malfoy asked.

“We can’t just let him get away with what he did to our parents,” Nott growled.

“Don’t worry, Potter will get what’s coming to him,” Malfoy said, a disturbing malevolence in his voice.

“I want in,” Nott said with a feral grin.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Malfoy said, his face going blank as he turned to look back out the window.

“Don’t give me that shit,” Nott barked, his hand smacking the table. “Everyone knows you’re up to something, and I want in.”

Malfoy slowly turned to look at Nott, his grey eyes glinting.

“Don’t involve yourself in things you don’t understand,” Malfoy growled. “Forget about Potter. He’ll get what’s coming to him. Him and the rest of those Mudbloods and Blood Traitors.”

As Malfoy leaned forward on his arms, the sleeves of his robe were pushed up. Harry and Nott both looked down at the writhing snake’s tail on his pale white skin. Jerking back, Malfoy pulled his sleeve back down and turned back to the window.

“Don’t get in the way, Nott,” Malfoy said softly. “You won’t like the consequences.”

Swallowing thickly, Nott slipped out of his seat and left. Parkinson went back to simpering over Malfoy, but he didn’t say anything else. Distracted by his thoughts, Harry jumped when all of the blinds suddenly shut. Even worse, the hatch in the ceiling closed with a clang.

“Alright, boys,” Julie Runcorn, a broad shouldered, square jawed brunette, barked. “All of you out so we can get changed.”

Grumbling, the boys stood and filed out of the car while the girls stood and pulled their school uniforms out of their trunks. Harry silently cursed as he looked around for an exit, only to find none.

As he looked around, his eyes fell on Hestia and Flora Carrow. They were identical twins with long black hair, thin bodies, and pale skin. Stripping off the casual robes they wore, they revealed that neither of them wore bras. They had small, perky breasts with pale pink nipples.

In fact, scanning the room, he realized that none of the girls was wearing a bra. Was it a Pureblood thing, he wondered.

His eyes landed on Daphne Greengrass, who was much ticker and curvier than the twins. Her breasts were the perfect shape and jutted from her chest with wide, soft pink nipples. Next to her, Tracey Davis bent over to pick up her tie, showing her white panties pulled tight over her luscious, dark skinned backside.

Harry prayed neither of them ever found out he was there. As nice as Daphne had been to him earlier, she would murder him slowly and painfully if she ever found out.

When Pansy took off her robes, he nearly burst out laughing. It was clear from her flat chest that she charmed her robes to show exaggerated bumps. Or, he thought, perhaps it was to cover up her surprisingly large and prominent nipples. They were so long, he imagined that without the charm to hold the robes away from her body, they would show even through the thick Hogwarts robes.

Lilith Moon was a real surprise. She was a quiet, shy girl that most boys didn't look twice at, but her body was amazing under her robes. With a bust to rival that of Lavender or Susan, he had to wonder if she charmed her robes to make them look smaller.

Julie Runcorn was a muscular girl, much like Millicent Bulstrode, though not as overweight. Her breasts weren't that large, but they were still quite nice. She had thick, powerful thighs and a round bum, the muscles rippling underneath as she walked.

"Do you think we should warn Potter?" Tracey asked quietly.

"I'll tell him when he tells me about the next club meeting," Daphne whispered, her large breasts wobbling and jiggling alluringly as she put on her skirt.

As Tracey turned around, Harry got a good look at her decent size and very pointed, perky breasts capped with dark brown, cone shaped nipples that took up the entire tip of her breast. With every movement she made, the tips bounced wildly.

“Are you sure it’s a good idea to get involved with him?” she asked.

“Yes,” Daphne said. “You-Know-Who isn’t going to let us stay neutral this time around. Potter might be our only chance to escape.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Tracey sighed.

Harry wondered exactly what they were talking about, but they quieted as they got dressed. He looked around, gazing at some of the other beautiful girls before they covered themselves.

A few minutes later, the girls left so the boys could get changed. Malfoy made a point of ignoring everyone, going right back to his window seat as soon as he was dressed. Checking his watch, Harry only had a few minutes to get out of there before Taonks came looking for him.

Reaching into his pocket, Harry pulled out a bag of Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder. As soon as the door opened for the girls to come back in, he tossed it onto the floor. Instantly, the room went pitch black. Several voices called out the incantation for the Lighting Charm, but it failed to work.

“I’m going to murder whoever did this!” Julie Runsorn yelled. “Open the damn windows, you idiots!”

Harry mounted his broom and hovered near the ceiling as the air began to clear. As soon as he saw the open hatch, he flew forward and pulled up sharply. Flying clear of the powder, he squinted as the bright sun hurt his eyes. Once his vision adjusted, he flew back down the train to his compartment. Finding the window shut, he knocked on it lightly.

With a look of relief, Tonks stood and opened it for him. Flying back in, Harry took off his cloak and removed the charms. Tonks hugged him tightly the moment he became visible.

“I was just about to come looking for you,” she said.

“Sorry,” Harry said. “I had to use that Instant Darkness Powder the twins gave me to get out.”

“Were you spotted?” Hermione asked.

“No,” Harry said as he took a seat between the two girls.

“So, what did you find out?” Tonks asked.

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“So, we know he’s up to something, but we don’t know what, and we have no proof,” Tonks summed up.

“Pretty much,” Harry said.

“We’ll just have to keep an eye on him,” Tonks sighed, leaning her head on his shoulder.

Harry sighed, “I guess you’re right.”

He’d decided to talk to her about what Daphne and Tracey had talked about later. Hermione wouldn’t be happy to hear he had unintentionally spied on the girls changing.

“At least we know for certain he has the Dark Mark,” Hermione said, eyes narrowed.

“Too bad we can’t use that to get him expelled,” Ron grumbled.

"If he's going to join that monster, I'd rather get him arrested," Hermione huffed, crossing her arms.

"Easy, girl. One step at a time," Tonks smiled.

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A couple of hours later, they arrived at Hogwarts. Tonks threw on her Auror robes and kissed Harry on the cheek before leaving to join the Aurors waiting for them on the platform.

"Leave all of your luggage and bags here to be checked!" A large, burly Auror with several visible tattoos yelled.

"Don't scare the kids, Jackson," Tonks said, rolling her eyes as a gaggle of second year girls scurried away from him.

Smiling, Harry, Ron, and Hermione met up with Neville, Luna, and Ginny at the line to get on a carriage.

"Hello, Harry," Luna said, blinking at him with her large blue eyes. "I hope you had a good Summer."

"I did," Harry smiled. "How was yours?"

"It went well," Luna said. "Daddy and I went to Norway in search of Crumple-horned Snorkacks."

"Did you find any?" Harry asked.

"I don't think so," Luna replied.

"What do you mean you don't think so?" Hermione asked.

"Well, I thought I saw one in the distance, but Daddy was sure it was a Giggling Wimble,"

"Giggling Wimble?" Hermione asked, a pained expression on her face.

"Oh, yes. They're –"

"Look, there's a free carriage," Ginny interrupted loudly.

"What about you, Neville?" Hermione asked as they climbed aboard the carriage. "How was your Summer?"

"Alright," Neville said. "I got a new Venomous Tentacula for my greenhouse."

With a lurch, the carriage wended its way up the road to the castle. On the way up to the school, they talked a bit more about their Summers. Walking into the castle, Harry surprised Luna by giving her a hug before she literally skipped over to the Ravenclaw table.

For the sorting, it was a bit surprising to see only four students go the Slytherin, two boys, and two girls. It was the smallest amount of students to go to a house in memory, leading to quite a bit of whispering. Some of the professors looked particularly worried.

"I'm not sure if that's a good thing or not," Harry whispered to Hermione.

"We have a few less Slytherins to worry about. Of course, that's a good thing," Ron said.

“Ron,” Hermione scolded under her breath, glaring at him.

Shaking his head at their bickering, Harry turned his attention to the Head Table, where Dumbledore stood to make his usual announcements. After that, he briefly talked about the Aurors that would be walking around the castle. Fortunately, he didn't bring up the fact that Tonks would be acting as his personal bodyguard. Harry was sure there would be enough rumors going around as it was.

Once the feast was finished, and everyone was suitably ready for bed, Dumbledore sent them off to their dorms. Harry waited with Hermione for a moment as they watched the fifth year Prefects gather the first years and led them out of the hall.

“Mr. Potter,” Professor McGonagall called from the doorway with Tonks.

“We'll see you in the common room,” Hermione said, dragging Ron away.

Nodding, Harry approached his Head of House.

“If you'll come with me, I'll show you to your room,” Professor McGonagall said.

When she turned and strolled down the hall, Tonks turned to him with a grin and nudged his shoulder. Smiling, they followed McGonagall up to Gryffindor Tower. Seeing their Head of House in the room, everyone watched curiously as she led Harry and Tonks over to a Portrait hanging on the left hand wall.

“Solace,” Professor McGonagall said.

The young woman in the painting nodded with a smile, and the portrait swung open. Inside, it looked like a small flat with two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a living area with a couch, two chairs, a coffee table, and a fireplace.

“This is the Head’s suite. I trust I don’t need to remind either of you that this is a privilege and not to abuse it,” McGonagall said, giving them both a stern look.

“Of course not, Professor,” Tonks said, her eyes wide and innocent.

Harry snorted, which he tried to cover as a cough.

“Indeed,” McGonagall said, looking thoroughly unimpressed. “I’ll leave you to get settled. Your trunks are in your rooms.”

Walking towards the portrait, she stopped next to Harry and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“I assured Professor Dumbledore that you were mature enough to handle sharing a room with Tonks. Do not make a liar out of me,” McGonagall said.

“I won’t,” Harry promised.

Nodding, Professor McGonagall walked back out into the common room, the portrait swinging shut behind her. Harry had barely turned back to Tonks when she crashed into him, knocking him onto the couch with a giggle.

“You’re making it really hard to stay out of trouble,” Harry smiled.

“Because it’s so much more fun to be bad,” Tonks said with a sultry grin.

Straddling his lap, she leaned down and pressed her lips to his, kissing him passionately.

“Excuse me,”

Harry and Tonks jolted apart and looked over towards the door. The young woman in the portrait looked at them with an apologetic smile.

“Sorry to interrupt, but there’s a girl named Hermione asking to come in,”

“What’s your name?” Tonks asked.

“Jolene,” the woman answered with a smile.

“Thank you, Jolene. You can let her in,” Tonks told her.

Nodding, Jolene vanished a moment before the portrait swung open.

“Thank you,” Hermione said, then came to a stop and blinked as she looked at them on the couch. “Sorry, did I interrupt?”

“Not yet,” Tonks teased.

Hermione blushed, but before she could respond, Angelina poked her head up from over her shoulder.

“Do we get to take part in this tour?” she asked with a grin.

“We?” Harry asked.

Hermione stepped out of the way, and he saw Alicia and Katie standing on either side of Angelina. Harry and Tonks shared a look before she climbed off of his lap.

“Alright, come on in,” Tonks said, climbing off of his lap.

Predictably, Hermione found the only bookcase sitting against the wall and made a beeline for it. Angelina, Alicia, and Katie were far more interested in exploring the bedrooms and bathroom while grilling Harry.

“So, you and Tonks looked pretty close when we came in,” Katie said.

“You mean barged in,” Harry grumbled goodnaturedly.

Katie glared at him.

“Tonks is my girlfriend. We’ve been dating for almost a year,” Harry said.

“Really?” Angelina asked, raising an eyebrow. “Why didn’t you ever say anything about her?”

“Things are a bit difficult with the age difference,” Tonks said. “That and we didn’t want anyone to know we were together while Fudge was Minister.”

Alicia grimaced, “I imagine that wouldn’t have been good for your career.”

“Yeah,” Tonks sighed. “Things are a lot better now that Bones is in charge.”

“Does she know you’re dating?” Katie asked.

“Yup,” Tonks grinned. “Bonsey might act like a ball breaking bitch, but she can be a real sweetheart when she wants to be.”

“So, she intentionally gave you a post where you could stay with your boyfriend?” Alicia asked incredulously.

“Partly,” Tonks said. “She really is worried about the safety of the school with Voldemort back. Plus, we’re still working out who to trust in the Ministry. I can’t say more than that, but there should be an article in the Prophet soon.”

The three Chasers all shared a look.

“I guess that explains why Marietta was so upset on the train,” Katie said.

“Marietta?” Hermione asked.

“She was in the compartment next to ours and cried the whole way to school,” Katie replied. “Margaret said it had something to do with her mum. But she wouldn’t say what.”

Harry looked at Tonks questioningly.

“What’s her last name?” Tonks asked.

“Edgecombe,” Katie told her.

Tonks scrunched her face up cutely in a thoughtful look.

“Edgecombe. I think she was brought in for questioning for giving someone access to the Floo Network that she shouldn’t have, but I don’t think she was charged with anything,” Tonks said. “A lot of people were doing things they shouldn’t under Fudge. Bones would probably fire all of them if she could, but that would mean having to hire and train dozens of people. Most of them just got a good chewing out and were told to straighten up, but I think a few were fined. Only the ones that were actually charged with a crime lost their jobs.”

“I know her mum was being pressured by Umbridge last year,” Katie said thoughtfully. “Maybe she was just upset she didn’t get the promotion she wanted?”

“Who knows,” Angelina said. “What do you guys think about Slytherin only getting four students this year?”

“I think they were afraid to be put in Slytherin now that the Ministry is really going after the Death Eaters,” Harry said.

“Do you really think that many kids could change that quickly?” Alicia asked.

“They don’t have to,” Harry shrugged. “They just have to ask the hat not to put them in Slytherin. That’s what I did.”

“The Hat wanted to put you in Slytherin?” Katie asked, eyes going wide.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“I didn’t know you could ask the Hat to put you someplace else,” Angelina said.

“It wanted to put me in Ravenclaw,” Hermione admitted.

“No big surprise there,” Tonks grinned.

Hermione huffed while everyone else chuckled at her.

“So, you think they didn’t want to go to Slytherin because of the war?” Tonks asked.

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged. “I noticed that Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw got more first years than usual, while Gryffindor got the same amount as last year.”

“I didn’t even notice that,” Hermione frowned.

“Neither did I,” Tonks said.

“Well, we should get going,” Angelina said. “Are you two keeping things a secret?”

“No,” Tonks said. “There’s no point. Bones and Dumbledore both know we’re dating.”

“Finally, some decent gossip,” Alicia grinned and rubbed her hands together. “Night, you two.”

“Good night,” Harry said.

As the girls walked through the portrait, Tonks turned to Hermione.

“Are you staying the night?” she asked, wrapping her arms around Harry and kissing his neck.

Hermione blushed.

“No. I, um – I need to get to bed early. We have class tomorrow,” she said.

Turning, Hermione rushed out of the room and closed the portrait behind her.

“That girl really needs to learn how to relax,” Tonks sighed. “Ready to go to bed?”

“I’m not tired yet,” Harry smiled, turning around in her arms.

Tonks grinned salaciously, “I wasn’t planning on going to sleep.”

Kissing him on the lips, she grabbed his hand and dragged him towards the bedroom with a laugh.