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A Friend in Need

Chapter 1

Harry, Ron, and Hermione were sitting in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place, waiting for Mrs. Weasley to get back with news from St. Mungo's. It was a couple of days into Christmas vacation, and everyone felt relieved to know Mr. Weasley was doing better. The healers were supposed to be trying a new treatment today, and everyone was a bit anxious to hear the results.

Harry still felt a sense of guilt over Mr. Weasley's attack. Even after a talk with Tonks, who had noticed he was acting oddly, he still felt as if it was partially his fault, even though he couldn't say how. To make matters worse, it felt as if everyone looked at him differently, like they were wary of him. Maybe it was just his mind playing tricks on him, but it seemed like they were watching him constantly, as if they were waiting for him to snap.

Trying to shake the thought, he turned his attention back to Hermione, who was trying to talk him and Ron into getting their homework done early for once. While Ron resisted the idea, Harry didn't bother to argue. He thought it might take his mind off of everything for a little while.

As he was listening to Ron and Hermione bicker, only half paying attention to their conversation, the front door suddenly banged open, and the portrait of Mrs. Black began to shriek. They could hear several voices shouting and talking at once, accompanied by the sound of footsteps rushing towards them. The trio looked at each other and were immediately on edge. It was clear something had gone terribly wrong.

The door to the kitchen swung open, and Moody, Mrs. Weasley, and several Order members who had gone to the hospital with her all poured into the kitchen, arguing loudly.

"What's happened?" Harry asked sharply.

“Kids, out now.” Mrs. Weasley ordered, her face pale. “This doesn’t concern you.”

“Did something happen to dad?” Ron asked fearfully.

Harry’s stomach clenched in fear.

“Your father’s fine, now out,” she demanded.

Putting her hands on their shoulders, she started pushing them out of the room, made difficult by the number of people still coming in. Before they could reach the door to the kitchen, Sirius stormed in, his face a mask of worry.

“What’s happened?” he asked, heading straight for Moody.

“Tonks has been captured,” Moody said.

Harry stopped in his tracks, a cold chill of fear running down his spine. Tonks had become a good friend despite how little time they had known each other. She was one of the very few people that didn’t treat him like a child or walk on eggshells around him.

“Out!” Mrs. Weasley ordered, pushing them from behind.

As soon as she had them outside the door, she slammed the door closed, and he heard the loud click of the lock engaging. The sound of running footsteps coming down the stairs heralded the arrival of Ginny and the twins.

“What’s going on?” Fred asked.

“Is it, dad?” Ginny asked worriedly.

“Dad’s fine. Tonks got captured,” Ron answered.

Ginny covered her mouth, and George wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“How? I thought the Death Eaters were trying to keep quiet,” George said.

“We don’t know. Mum kicked us out before we could hear anything else.” Ron said, looking back at the kitchen door in annoyance.

“Fred, do you have those Extendable Ears on you?” Harry asked.

Fred nodded and reached into his pocket. Pulling out an ear with a long, flesh-colored string attached to it, he handed it to Harry. Harry crept back over to the kitchen door, hoping Mrs. Weasley had forgotten to put up the Impervious Charm in her haste. Setting the ear down on the ground, he watched in relief as it slithered under the door. Walking back up the steps to the first landing, he held the ear up for everyone to listen.

At first, it was hard for them to make out anything specific, with so many voices talking at once. Suddenly, there was a loud *woosh*, resembling the sound of the Floo, and the room went quiet.

“Albus, thank goodness you’re here. Tonks has been captured by Death Eaters,” Mrs. Weasley cried.

“Please, everyone, stay calm. Thank you. Now, can anyone tell me precisely what happened? Alastor?” Dumbledore asked calmly.

“Kingsley said they had a call about a house being broken into in Kent. When they got there, two Death Eaters ambushed Tonks and Disapparated before he could get to her. He’s working with Bones to get search parties out for her, but Fudge is stalling them,” Moody said.

“Did he tell them it was Death Eaters?” Dumbledore asked.

“No, he said it was done by two unknown wizards,” Moody replied.

“That’s probably for the best,” Dumbledore said. “Severus, do you know anything?”

“I have not spoken with the Dark Lord as of late, but his instructions were clear. No one is to do anything that will draw attention. Whoever did this is a fool. They likely think she has some useful information that will gain them favor. I expect they will not survive long,” Snape said in a cold, emotionless tone.

“Do you know where they would have taken her?” Dumbledore asked.

“Malfoy Manor is most likely. It’s where the Dark Lord spends most of his time,” Snape answered.

“Can we get in?” Moody asked.

“Impossible. The Dark Lord personally improved the wards over the summer. Even if you managed to get past them, there are often several Death Eaters in the house,” Snape said.

“There must be something we can do!” Hestia said worriedly.

“This isn’t,” Snape sneered. “The foolish girl will be tortured for whatever little information she has, and then she’ll be killed. Unless you have a way to get in and out of Malfoy Manor undetected, her fate is sealed.”

Several voices spoke up loudly, angry at Snape. Harry heard his friends mutter about him under their breath, but he ignored it. An idea had sprung to mind at Snape’s words. He knew how to

save Tonks. Dropping the extendable ear, he ignored Hermione as she called out to him and rushed to the kitchen door. Raising his fist, he pounded on the door hard, hoping they hadn't silenced the room. After a few seconds of hammering on the door hard enough that his hand throbbed, the lock clicked open.

Throwing the door open, Harry rushed into the kitchen as everyone turned to stare at him.

"I know how to rescue Tonks!" he said excitedly.

"We don't have time for your foolish delusions, Potter," Snape snarled.

Harry ignored him and stared at Dumbledore, who stared down at his hands as he splayed them out on the table, completely avoiding looking at him. Harry growled and balled up his fists, angry and frustrated at continually being ignored.

"I'm sorry, Harry, but there is nothing we can do," Dumbledore finally said softly.

"Will you just listen to me! I know how to save her!" Harry yelled.

"Even if we could get into the house undetected, we would never be able to get to where she is being held and get back out without someone noticing. I want to rescue her as much as you do, but not at the expense of sacrificing more lives. I don't believe Nymphadora would want the either," Dumbledore said calmly.

"If you would just-"

"We will do everything we can, Harry, I promise. Now, if you would please let us get back to our meeting," he said, his voice gaining a stern edge.

Harry gritted his teeth and glared at the old man angrily. Why did they never listen, he thought furiously.

“Maybe we should hear him out, Albus. Harry has pulled off miracles before. Maybe he knows something we don’t,” Sirius spoke up.

Harry looked at his Godfather gratefully, getting a smile and a wink in return.

“I am well aware of Harry's track record, Sirius,” Dumbledore said, his tone still irritatingly calm. “However, it’s too dangerous for us to attempt a rescue. I know she’s family, but she knew the risks when she joined the Order, the same as all of you do. We are not giving up, but there is nothing we can do right now. Now, Harry, if you could let us get back to our meeting?”

“Fine!” Harry shouted angrily. “Not like you ever listen to me before. Why the hell would you start now?”

“Harry!” Mrs. Weasley scolded him.

Harry ignored her as he turned and stormed from the room, slamming the door shut behind him hard enough to shake the wall. He marched angrily past his friends, who had moved closer to the door to listen. Hermione tried to reach out to him, a look of worry on her face, but Ron stopped her and shook his head.

Climbing the stairs two at a time, Harry made his way up to the third floor and went into his room, slamming the door behind him. He was glad Sirius had overruled Mrs. Weasley and given him his own room. Hopefully, it would be a little while before anyone checked on him. Locking the door, he raced over to his trunk and dug out his Invisibility cloak.

“Dobby,” he called out in a hushed voice as he swung the cloak over his shoulders.

There was a loud pop as Dobby appeared in the room, bouncing happily on his feet. Dobby opened his mouth to greet him, but Harry quickly knelt and covered his mouth. Holding his finger to his lips for quiet, he waited for Dobby to nod in understanding before he removed his hand.

“Harry Potter, sir, called for Dobby?” the House Elf whispered.

“Dobby, listen to me. This is very important,” Harry whispered urgently. “A friend of mine has been captured by Death Eaters, and they’re keeping her at Malfoy Manor. Can you Apparate me into the house?”

Dobby's eyes grew wide, and he shook his head quickly, making his ears flap so hard they hit his forehead.

“Dobby can’t. It’s too dangerous for Harry Potter,” he squeaked fearfully.

“But you can do it?” Harry asked.

“Dobby could, but-”

“Look,” Harry interrupted. “Dumbledore won’t listen to me, and if I don’t rescue her, she’s going to be tortured and killed, or worse. I can’t sit around and let that happen if there’s something I can do to help. Please, Dobby, I’m asking you as a friend. Will you help me?”

Dobby's tennis ball-sized eyes teared up at being called a friend even as he looked at him worriedly. He could see the inner war being waged in his mind, and, despite his impatience, he gave Dobby time to make up his mind. He felt a bit guilty manipulating Dobby this way, but Tonks’s life was at stake.

“Dobby-Dobby will help,” he said, straightening his back and giving a determined nod.

Harry sighed in relief and patted his small friend on the shoulder.

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully. “Do you know where the Malfoy’s would keep a prisoner?”

“They’d bes keeping her in the dungeon under the study, Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby told him.

“Right, here’s what we’ll do. You Apparate us in there, we grab Tonks and get out before anyone knows we were there. Can you do that?” Harry asked.

“Dobby can,” the Elf said with certainty.

“Good. If we get caught, I want you to get out. Grab Tonks if you can, but don’t worry about me. Understand?” Harry asked.

“No. Dobby will not leave Harry Potter behind,” Dobby squeaked, folding his tiny arms over his chest.

Harry sighed, not liking the idea of Dobby getting caught if something went wrong. Still, he knew they didn’t have time to argue. He just had to hope everything went to plan. Standing up, he held out his hand to Dobby.

“Alright, I’m ready when you are,” he said.

Dobby nodded, looking suddenly nervous, and took his hand. Harry flipped up the hood of his cloak and readied his wand a moment before they vanished. He found he suddenly couldn’t take a breath as he felt like he was being sucked through a tube. Fortunately, the sensation was brief, and they reappeared in a dark, dank room.

The first thing that struck him was the scream. A bone-chilling, agonized scream reverberated through the small stone cellar. Looking around as his eyes adjusted to the dark, he spotted a

tall, cloaked figure standing over a naked, brown-haired woman, laughing cruelly as he pointed his wand at her. Her face was screwed up in unendurable agony as she screamed her throat raw.

Harry was overcome with a fury the likes of which he'd never felt before as he leveled his wand at the wizard's back, his hand trembling with barely contained rage.

"Stupify!" Harry snarled.

The red Stunning Hex leapt from his wand, reflecting its caster's anger as it hissed and crackled through the air. The spell hit the man in the back and flung him forward as if he had been hit by a car, sending him tumbling through the air. The masked and cloaked wizard slammed into the wall with a sickening thud and then fell to the ground hard, where he lay unmoving. Harry was certain he heard the sound of bones breaking, but he felt no remorse as he glared at the crumpled figure.

Summoning the man's wand just to be safe, he stuffed it in his pocket. He was just about to turn away when he realized that he probably had Tonks' wand as well.

"Accio Tonks' wand," he called out quietly.

Sure enough, a second wand came sailing out of the man's cloak. Stuffing that too in his pocket, he raced over to the woman on the ground. She had curled up into the fetal position, sobbing as her body shook and twitched. It wasn't until he threw back the hood of his cloak and knelt down next to her that he recognized her.

"Tonks," he called out in a hushed tone.

"Please, no more," Tonks whimpered.

His heart broke for her when he heard her weak, rough voice as she curled up into a tighter ball. Harry reached out to touch her shoulder but moved his hand back when she recoiled violently and yelled in a combination of fear and pain.

“Tonks, it’s me. Harry,” he whispered urgently.

“Harry?” she asked as she cracked open her red, teary eyes.

He let out a sigh of relief when she responded to him. She was clearly in bad shape, and he had worried he might be too late.

“It’s okay. I’m going to get you out of here,” Harry assured her.

Tonks sobbed again, this time in relief. Having experienced the Cruciatus, he knew she would be weak. Carefully, Harry slipped his arms under her and lifted her up, one hand under her knees and the other supporting her back. She desperately clutched at the front of his shirt while she cried, her body trembling uncontrollably. Cradling her as gently as possible, he stood up and walked back over to Dobby. Looking around, he checked to make sure there were no other prisoners in the room before looking down.

“Let’s go, Dobby,” Harry said.

Nodding, Dobby grabbed hold of his leg. This time, Harry took a deep breath just before they Disapparated. After a moment of feeling an unpleasant squeezing sensation, they reappeared back in his bedroom at Grimmauld Place. Walking over to his bed, he set Tonks down gently and pulled a blanket over her naked body. He turned to go get help, but she reached out and grabbed his hand in a surprisingly strong grip.

“Don’t go,” she whispered pleadingly.

Harry rubbed the back of her hand with his thumb and looked over his shoulder at Dobby.

“Dobby, can you go down and tell them I need a healer for Tonks?” he asked.

“Right away, Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said eagerly.

“Dobby,” he called out before he could leave. “Thank you.”

Smiling at Harry tearfully, Dobby popped away. Turning back to Tonks, he sat down on the edge of the bed, careful not to jostle her. She had her eyes closed, sniffing as she constantly shook and occasionally twitched like she was being jolted by electricity. Her hand clutched his like it was an anchor, keeping her from being lost in a sea of pain and despair.

“It’s okay, Tonks. You’re safe now,” he reassured her.

Harry was just starting to wonder what was taking them so long when he heard footsteps approaching. Adjusting the blanket to make sure she was covered, he turned to look at the door.

Madam Pomfrey was the first into the room, a black medical bag in her hand. Behind her, Mrs. Weasley entered and gasped, followed by the voices of what sounded like a dozen people talking and asking questions behind her.

“What happened?” Pomfrey asked.

“She was under the Cruciatus,” Harry told her.

Nodding, she started waving her wand over Tonks, muttering spells under her breath. Behind him, he could hear people stomping around in the doorway and talking loudly. Growling, he turned around and glared at them.

“Will you lot shut it!” he hissed quietly yet forcefully.

The voices quieted down just as Sirius and Dumbledore pushed their way to the front.

“Harry, what- how?” Sirius sputtered as he stared at Tonks in shock.

“I’ll explain later,” he said quietly.

“You will explain yourself right now,” Mrs. Weasley said sternly, hands on her hips.

“Downstairs, right now, young man.”

Tonks whimpered and clutched at his hand tightly. Harry squeezed back softly and rubbed the back of her hand with his thumb.

“I’m staying here as long as Tonks needs me to. We can talk later,” he said.

Mrs. Weasley gaped at him before puffing herself up, looking like she was ready to go on a tirade. Fortunately, Madam Pomfrey decided to step in before she could start.

“That’s enough,” she said sternly. “All of you, out, now. You can talk to him later.”

“You’re letting him stay?” Mrs. Weasley asked incredulously.

“She won’t let go of his hand, and I’m not going to force her. Now, out!” Pomfrey barked.

Mrs. Weasley looked like she was about to argue, but Dumbledore turned and began ushering everyone out of the room. Huffing angrily, she turned and stomped away. Once everyone was out of the room, Dumbledore turned his head but didn’t quite look back at Harry.

"We'll discuss this later, Harry," he said sternly.

"Maybe you'll actually listen for once," Harry bit back angrily.

Sighing tiredly, Dumbledore left the room, closing the door quietly behind him. Turning his attention back to Madam Pomfrey, he watched anxiously as she continued to examine Tonks.

"Do you know how long she was held under the Cruciatus?" she asked him.

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "But I'd guess at least a few minutes by the time I got there."

"Did she have clothes when you found her?" Pomfrey asked.

"Er, no," he answered, blushing slightly.

"Do you know if she was—" Pomfrey paused, clearing her throat as she searched for the right word. "—assaulted?"

Harry's blood ran cold at the thought, having not considered *why* Tonks had been naked. He opened and closed his mouth a few times, unable to answer.

"No," Tonks whimpered quietly. "Harry got there before they could."

"Well, that's certainly something we can be grateful for," Pomfrey said as Harry sighed in relief. "Were you hit with any other curses?"

"Imperious, but I threw it off. It's why they tortured me," Tonks said in a rough voice. "They wanted me weak, so it would work."

“Anything else?” Pomfrey asked.

“They hit my head when they ambushed me,” Tonks told her, her voice cracking and going weak at the end.

“Did you lose consciousness?”

“Yes,” Tonks answered simply, her voice barely audible.

Nodding, Pomfrey scanned her head, tsking at the results.

“I need to remove the blanket so I can check for any other problems,” Pomfrey told her. “Do you want Harry to leave?”

“No,” Tonks answered quickly, her hand tightening around his briefly.

As Pomfrey reached for the blanket, Harry turned sideways to face her head and away from her body. Tonks shut her eyes tightly, wincing as Pomfrey poked and prodded at her. Reaching out, Harry lightly ran his fingers along her temple and through her short, mousey brown hair. He could see her brow relax slightly and her pained breathing ease slightly. Seeing that it was helping, he kept running his finger along the side of her face and through her hair with a feather-light touch.

When Harry had been under the Cruciatus Curse, his entire body had been incredibly sensitive and sore for days afterwards. Occasionally, his muscles would spasm, sending a sharp pain shooting down his spine. All of that had come from being under the curse for just a short time. He couldn't imagine how long Tonks had been under it or how badly it was affecting her.

“Alright, all done,” Pomfrey said as she covered Tonks back up with the blanket, breaking Harry out of his thoughts. “You have a mild concussion and severe exposure to the Cruciatus Curse.

Fortunately, it seems like Harry got to you before it could do any permanent damage. You'll feel some residual pain for a while, perhaps a month or two, but I expect you'll make a full recovery."

Harry smiled and moved back into a more comfortable position.

"I'm going to give you a pain potion and some Dreamless Sleep. It should knock you out for a few hours. I'm afraid you'll be in a lot of pain for the next few days while your body recovers. I'll do what I can, but the pain potions will only help so much," she continued.

Reaching into her bag, Pomfrey pulled out two vials, one red, the other blue.

"Can you help her sit up, Harry?" Pomfrey asked.

Nodding, Harry slid his arm under Tonks' shoulders and lifted her up slowly until she was sitting. Tonks groaned in pain even as he tried to be as gentle as possible. Once she sat up, the blanket fell to her waist, baring her large breasts. Harry couldn't stop himself from taking a quick look before he realized what he was doing and jerked his head up to stare straight ahead. Supporting Tonks' back with his chest, she rested her head back on his shoulder as Pomfrey slowly poured the potions into her mouth. Tonks drank them as best she could, but she grimaced in pain, and some dribbled out the side of her mouth.

Probably from the pain in her throat from screaming, Harry thought.

Once she had downed the two potions, Harry helped her to lay back down, where she curled up into a ball again. Reaching down, he pulled the blanket back up to her shoulders as she took his hand in hers. Smiling down at her, he ran his hand through her hair again as she closed her eyes. Slowly, her face and shoulders relaxed, and her breathing evened out as the Dreamless Sleep Potion kicked in, guiding her into a peaceful sleep.

"I'll come check up on her daily for the next week. Do what you can to make her comfortable, and make sure she rests as much as possible. She's in for a rough few days," Pomfrey said.

"I know," Harry said with a nod.

"Here's some extra pain potion. She can take one every six hours. I'll bring more with me tomorrow," Pomfrey told him as she handed him three more vials filled with a red potion. "I don't know what you did to get her back, but you got to her just in time. Any longer under that horrid curse, and it would have done permanent damage."

Pomfrey smiled at him and patted his shoulder before packing up her bag and quietly leaving the room. Harry knew people would come looking to yell at him soon, so he squeezed Tonks's hand before slipping out of the room and heading back downstairs.

Ron, Hermione, Ginny, and the twins saw him first and began firing off questions faster than he could understand. Unfortunately, the noise drew the attention of Mrs. Weasley, who put her hands on her hips and looked at him angrily.

"In the kitchen, young man," she said sternly, pointing to the open door.

Sighing, Harry walked into the kitchen, his head held high. Most of the order had already left, but Dumbledore, Moody, Sirius, Remus, and Kingsley were all sitting at the table, waiting for him. He sat down at the far end of the table while Mrs. Weasley closed the door behind her loudly.

"What on earth were you thinking!?" she asked shrilly. "You could have been caught! You could have been killed!"

"Molly," Dumbledore said calmly.

Huffing, Mrs. Weasley stomped over to a chair and sat down, arms crossed over her chest.

"That was very reckless of you, Harry," he continued.

“I tried to tell you, and you wouldn’t listen. What was I supposed to do, sit back and let her die? Madam Pomfrey said if she had been tortured for much longer, she would have permanent damage,” Harry said angrily.

He was really getting sick and tired of being yelled at for doing the right thing.

“I understand you’re upset, and you’re right. I should have listened to you,” Dumbledore admitted. “However, you’re far too important to be putting yourself at risk like that.”

“What makes me so important?” Harry asked aggressively. “And why the hell won’t you look at me!?”

Harry slammed his fist down on the table, and Dumbledore finally looked up to meet his eyes. He felt a sharp twinge in his scar but ignored it to meet Dumbledore’s gaze defiantly. The professor looked at him warily, as if expecting an attack. His anger bubbled beneath the surface, but he fought it back, not wanting to give them an excuse to treat him like a child. After several seconds of staring at each other, Dumbledore sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“I’m only trying to protect you, Harry,” he said.

“Yeah, well, you can’t,” Harry said bitterly.

“Harry, please, I just need you to trust me,” he said tiredly.

“How can I trust you when you don’t trust me?” Harry asked loudly, throwing his hands in the air. “You don’t listen to me. You won’t tell me anything. You won’t even tell me *why* you won’t tell me anything.”

“I know this must be frustrating for you, but please, believe me, I really do have your best interests at heart,” Dumbledore said sincerely.

"I know," Harry admitted with a huff. "But would it really hurt anything for you to at least tell me something?"

"No, it wouldn't," Sirius spoke up.

"Sirius," Dumbledore said tiredly.

"I'm with Harry. He deserves to know something. Keeping him in the dark is only going to cause more problems, you mark my words. There's no risk in explaining the basics to him," Sirius said.

Harry felt a swell of affection for his Godfather as he stood up for him.

"He's too young," Mrs. Weasley hissed.

"He just singlehandedly rescued Tonks right out from under Voldemort's nose without a scratch while the rest of us sat around and gave her up for dead," Sirius pointed out. "He's earned the right to know what happened."

"This isn't about--"

"Enough, please," Dumbledore said loudly. "Harry and Sirius have a point. I will think on it. For now, we have a good idea of what happened thanks to Dobby, but I would appreciate it if you could tell us exactly what happened."

"I asked Dobby to take me to Malfoy Manor while I hid under my cloak. We Apparated right behind the Death Eater that was torturing Tonks. I hexed him in the back, grabbed Tonks, and we came back here," Harry explained shortly.

"Were there any other prisoners?" Moody asked.

“No, not in the room Tonks was in, at least,” Harry said.

“Did the Death Eater spot you?” Dumbledore asked.

“No. I hexed him before he even knew I was there,” Harry said.

“Good, that will make Severus’ job easier,” Dumbledore said thoughtfully. “Thank you, Harry. While I wish you hadn’t put yourself at such risk, and I admit that I am partially at fault for not listening, I am grateful you were able to rescue Nymphadora.”

Nodding at Harry, Dumbledore stood and bid everyone a quick goodbye before leaving. Harry stood to leave as well but was stopped when Moody called out to him.

“Potter,” he barked as he hobbled over to him, his wooden leg thumping loudly on the wooden floor. “Good working getting Tonks out. You didn’t happen to recognize the Death Eater, did you?”

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head before reaching into his back pocket and holding out the long, dark wand he’d taken off the man he’d stunned. “I did take his wand, though, does that help?”

Moody gave a bark of laughter and took the wand to stare at it closely.

“Kingsley, you recognize this wand?” Moody asked loudly.

The tall, dark Auror walked over and eyed the wand closely before shaking his head.

“Can’t say that I do. I’ll run it through the system and see if anything comes up,” Kingsley said in a deep, rumbling voice before looking down at Harry with a smile. “Good job, Harry. Fudge was

stopping us from doing a search. Hopefully, this will get a lot of Aurors questioning the Ministry side of things.”

“Do you think it will be enough to force Fudge to at least admit the Death Eaters are back?” Harry asked.

“No,” he said, shaking his head. “If we told him Death Eaters took Tonks, he would just have us fired. For now, we just have to keep trying to convince as many people as possible You-Know-Who is back. It will take something much bigger than this to make Fudge change his mind.”

“Is there a spell to pull someone’s head out of their ass?” Harry asked.

Moody and Kingsley chuckled before clapping him on the shoulder and making their way out of the house. Both of them promised to stop back later to check on Tonks. Walking out of the kitchen, Harry was ambushed by his friends the moment the door closed behind him. Leading them to the study, they all sat down, and he explained what had happened.

Hermione, rather predictably, was the most upset. She scolded him for not telling them what he was doing in case something went wrong, while Ron was more upset Harry didn’t take him along. By the time they were done talking, Mrs. Weasley, still visibly upset, sent them all off to bed.

Bidding Ron and Hermione goodnight, he walked to his room and grabbed a change of clothes. Tonks was still on his bed, fast asleep. Walking down the hall, he decided to sleep in the room Tonks sometimes used. Changing into his pajamas, he climbed into bed and fell asleep with the scent of Tonks’ perfume wafting into his nose.

It felt like he had only just fallen asleep when he was woken up by a searing pain in his scar. Voldemort was furious. Harry somehow knew without knowing that he had found out about Tonks’ escape. Groaning, he sat up in bed as the pain slowly faded. Glancing at the clock, he saw it was just after three in the morning before climbing out of bed and to the bathroom to relieve his bladder and wash his face. The cold water soothed the burning of his scar enough that he decided to try and go back to sleep.

As he walked past his room, he heard a pained whimper and paused at the door. He debated with himself for a moment if he should risk waking Tonks to check on her, but another pained whimper made him too concerned to ignore it. Tapping on the door to give her some warning, he cracked open the door and peeked inside. Tonks was curled up in a ball on the bed with the blanket at her feet, and her eyes closed as a spasm ran through her, drawing another pained whine from her lips.

Harry slipped into the room and closed the door quietly behind him. Walking stealthily over to the bed, he knelt down so that he was level with her face.

“Tonks,” he called out in barely a whisper.

She opened her violet eyes and looked at him as they glistened with tears.

“It hurts,” Tonks whimpered tearfully.

“I’ll get your pain potion,” he told her softly.

Grabbing one of the vials off the nightstand, he gently sat down on the side of the bed. Sliding his arm under Tonks’ back, he carefully helped her to sit and uncorked the potion. Raising it to her lips, he slowly poured it into her mouth. She drank all of it, and within moments her shaking eased, and her body relaxed against him. Smiling, he gently lowered her back down onto the bed.

“Better?” Harry asked.

“A little,” Tonks replied.

Harry knew what she meant. While a pain potion took the edge off the pain, it couldn't get rid of it completely. Thinking back to his own experience, he remembered something that had really helped him with the pain.

"I know something that should help. Do you trust me?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Tonks answered quickly.

Smiling, Harry stood up and nervously made his way to the other side of the bed. Climbing onto the mattress slowly, he laid on his side behind Tonks.

"Can you roll onto your back?" he asked.

Biting her lip, Tonks groaned as she slowly rolled on to her back with her knees bent. Finally, Harry allowed himself to really look at her body. She had alluringly large, perky breasts capped with wide, pink areolas and beautiful nipples. As his eyes trailed down, he took in her flat stomach, bare pelvis, and long, toned legs. Resting his hand on her smooth thigh, he slipped his fingers between her legs and slowly trailed his hand down towards her mound. Halfway down her leg, Tonks placed her hand on his, causing him to stop.

"Harry?" she asked.

Looking up at her face, he gave her a reassuring smile and lightly rubbed his thumb back and forth across her smooth skin.

"This really will help. Trust me," Harry said softly.

After a moment of hesitation, Tonks let go of his hand and dropped it back down to her stomach.

“Just try and relax. If it helps, you can close your eyes and pretend I’m someone else,” Harry told her.

He started moving his hand up her leg again. As he neared her warm cleft, Tonks eased her legs open, giving him more room. When his hand touched her folds, he made sure to use a light, gentle touch. Harry knew the aftereffects of the curse would cause her skin to be extremely sensitive, and he didn’t want to cause her any discomfort. Tonks gasped lightly and closed her eyes as he lightly traced his fingers over her lips. As the seconds passed, he felt her grow hot and wet under his gentle touch.

As her arousal grew, Harry moved his fingers up towards her clit, being careful not to touch it directly. Tonks let out a low moan as his wet finger teased around the outside of her sensitive nub. Curiously, he wondered what she was thinking about as he circled her button and drew another pleased moan from her lips. The scent of her arousal filled the room as he put his fingers on either side of her clit, sliding them down her lips and along the outside of her opening. She bucked her hips lightly when he slipped the very tip of his finger into her entrance and moved it up and down between her lips.

“Harry,” Tonks moaned softly.

He looked up at her, surprised she had called out his name. His erection, straining against the front of his pants and pressing into her hip, throbbed at the sound of his name on her lips. Tonks looked up at him with sparkling eyes as she panted excitedly. Raising one of her hands to the back of his head, she pulled him down into a kiss. Their lips touched softly and moved languidly. When her tongue ran across his bottom lip, he opened his mouth. Tonks slid her tongue along his, moaning into his mouth as his wet fingers moved back up and circled her clit. Placing his fingers just above her sensitive button, he pressed down lightly and teased them back and forth.

“Faster,” Tonks breath against his lips before kissing him again.

As their tongues entwined, Harry wiggled his fingers back and forth faster. Tonks moaned louder, her breath coming faster while her legs quivered. Pulling her lips away from his, she pressed her head into the pillow and arched her back slightly. Her mouth hung halfway open as

she panted and gasped. Bucking her hips rhythmically, her hands clenched the sheets as she teetered on the edge. Harry pushed his fingers down a fraction of an inch, allowing the very tip of his finger to graze her clit directly.

With a loud gasp, Tonks stilled with her back arched and her mouth open as she reached her peak. Harry kept moving his fingers quickly, pleasuring her through her climax while her body trembled. Letting out a loud moan, her body relaxed, and she grabbed his hand to hold it in place. Moving his hand so that his palm covered her leaking mound, she bucked against it while making adorably little squeaks as she rode out her climax.

With a shudder, Tonks sagged limply on the bed with her eyes closed, a contented moan leaving her lips. Harry smiled as he watched her relax, a sense of pride running through him as he saw the look of relief on her face. Moving his wet hand off of her mound, he wiped it on his leg and rested his hand on her stomach. Tonks half opened her eyes, gazing at him gratefully.

“Thank you,” she said tiredly.

“You’re welcome,” Harry said, caressing her toned stomach with his hand.

“How did you know that would work?” Tonks asked even as she looked to be on the verge of falling asleep.

“Just between you and me?” Harry asked, to which she gave a small nod. “Fleur came to see me in the Hospital Wing after the Third Task. I was pretty weak from the Cruciatus Voldemort used on me, but what she did really helped with the pain.”

“Mhh. Remind me to send her a thank you note,” Tonks mumbled sleepily.

Harry chuckled and leaned down to kiss her temple.

“I’ll let you get some sleep,” he said.

Just as he moved to sit up, Tonks reached out and grabbed his hand.

“Can you stay, just till I fall asleep?” she asked softly, her eyes looking at him vulnerably.

“I’ll stay as long as you want,” he told her as he settled back down.

“Thank you. For everything.” Tonks said, squeezing his hand.

“I’m just sorry I didn’t get there sooner,” Harry told her.

“Don’t be,” she said.

Harry smiled as she squeezed his hand again and closed her eyes. With her hand on the back of his, Tonks moved it up to her chest, so he was cupping one of her large, soft breasts gently.

“Mhh, feels nice,” she mumbled sleepily.

Harry chuckled and shook his head.

“Do you want the blanket,” he asked softly.

“No,” she mumbled, barely away. “S’too rough.”

Tonks was entirely too cute when she was sleepy, he decided.

Smiling, he laid his head down on the pillow next to hers and watched her face as her breathing evened out and she drifted into a relaxed sleep. He kept his hand on her breast, softly caressing the soft, smooth mound with his thumb.

After all, who was he to deny a friend in need?

Chapter 2

Tonks woke to the sound of a door opening and tried to sit up quickly in a moment of panic. She regretted it instantly as a sharp pain ran through her entire body. Yelping in pain, she collapsed back onto the bed and cracked her eyes open.

“Lie still. You’re in no condition to be moving about,” Poppy Pomfrey scolded her as she closed the door and walked over to her. “How are you feeling this morning?”

“Sore,” Tonks said through gritted teeth.

“That’s to be expected,” Poppy said while she waved her wand over her. “When’s the last time you took your potion?”

“I don’t know,” Tonks said as the sharp pain faded to a constant ache. “Harry gave it to me sometime last night.”

Mentioning his name made her wonder where he was. The last thing she remembered was falling asleep next to him the night before. A small smile stretched across her lips as she thought about how sweet he had been taking care of her. Tonks wished he was still there with her. She had never felt weaker or more vulnerable than she did at that moment, and having Harry beside her made her more comfortable. Something about him just made her feel safe.

“Do you know where he is?” Tonks asked, her throat dry and stinging as she swallowed.

"I believe Molly has him cleaning," Poppy told her as she ran another scan. "Well, it looks like it was just over seven hours ago. You can take another dose if you need it."

"Please," she said weakly.

Poppy nodded, and Tonks hissed as she tried to help her sit up. Her muscles spasmed and felt like they were about to snap with every movement. Now, she really wished Harry was there. He seemed to know just how to move her without causing any more pain.

"Drink," Poppy told her.

Opening her mouth, Tonks swallowed the bitter potion as Poppy poured it into her mouth. She winced as her throat burned from being wet down by the thick liquid. Seconds later, Tonks sighed in relief as her muscles relaxed and the pain throughout her body dulled. Poppy laid her back down on the pillows and pulled out several more vials of pain potion, placing them down on the stand next to the bed.

"I'm sorry I can't do more for you," Poppy said.

"S'all right," Tonks groaned.

"I cast a Bladder and Bowel Relieving Charm on you last night, so you shouldn't have to use the bathroom for a few days. Get as much rest as you can, no magic, and no morphing until I tell you otherwise. Don't let anyone cast magic on you, either. If they're not extremely carefully, the magic could over stimulate your nerves and make the pain even worse," the nurse said sternly.

"How long will this last?" Tonks asked.

"You should be over the worst of it in a few days, but you'll feel residual pain for the next couple of months, maybe longer," she said.

“Great,” Tonks muttered sarcastically.

“Just try and rest as much as possible and do whatever makes you comfortable,” Poppy said, looking at her apologetically.

Tonks fought to suppress a smirk as she thought about what had made her comfortable last night.

“Thanks, Poppy,” she said.

Just then, there was a soft knock on the door. Poppy grabbed the blanket and pulled it up to her shoulders. Tonks hated the way the fabric rubbed against her hypersensitive skin. Even though it was a soft blanket, to her, it felt like rough wool constantly prickling her.

“Come in,” Poppy called.

The door opened, and Harry stuck his head in the door, a smile stretching across his face as he looked at her. Tonks couldn’t help but smile back, glad to see him.

“Hey, should I come back?” he asked, glancing over at Poppy.

“I was just finishing up,” she said as she closed her bag. “I left some more pain potion on the stand, and she just took a dose. Just try and keep her comfortable and make sure no one uses magic on her. It could make her condition worse.”

“I will,” Harry said with a nod.

Nodding back, Poppy pulled the door open wide while Harry stepped aside so she could leave. He entered the room with a tray in his hand, loaded with sandwiches, soup, tea, and pumpkin juice. Behind him, Hermione and Ron followed in after him.

“Hi, Tonks. How are you feeling?” Hermione asked.

“Like shit,” she said, smiling as the younger girl looked at her disapprovingly.

“Are you hungry?” Harry asked her softly as he set the tray down on the stand and carefully sat down on the edge of the bed.

Tonks smiled and took his hand in hers. A sense of relief and affection filled her as she looked up at him.

“Not really,” she admitted.

“You should try and eat something. It will help keep your strength up,” Hermione said in a mothering tone while pulling up a chair and sitting next to the bed.

Tonks rolled her eyes, “Yes, mum.”

Ron and Harry snickered as Hermione huffed good-naturedly and crossed her arms over her chest. Harry slipped his arm under her shoulders and helped her sit up, his gentle, careful movements keeping her from feeling too much pain. When her blanket started to slip, he caught it quickly and helped her tuck it under her arms so it wouldn't fall. Tonks smirked when she looked over to see Hermione smack Ron's arm as he gaped at her half-exposed breasts.

“My eyes are up here, Ron.” she teased.

Ron jerked his head up, his ears turning a deep red out of embarrassment. Holding her to his chest with one arm, Harry moved the pillows around behind her so she could sit back against them. After helping her settle back against the pillows, he reached up and grabbed a sandwich off the tray and held it up to her mouth.

"It's turkey," Harry told her.

Smiling, Tonks opened her mouth and took a small nibble.

"So, anything interesting happening around here?" she asked as she chewed.

"Not much," Ron answered, his ears still bright pink. "Mum has us cleaning again 'cuz she's mad."

"About what?" Tonks asked, wincing as she swallowed.

The sandwich felt like broken shards of glass as it moved down her throat. Harry noticed and set it down to grab a glass of pumpkin juice and held it up to her lips.

"She's upset that Harry went off alone to rescue you," Hermione explained.

"Mhh," Tonks moaned in understanding as she swallowed, the cold liquid soothing her sore throat.

A moment later, Harry pulled the glass away and set it back on the tray before reaching for a bowl of tomato soup.

"I don't know why she's punishing us, too. We didn't do anything," Ron grouched.

“She’s just scared. First, your dad gets hurt, then Harry goes running off to rescue Tonks... She just thinks keeping us busy will keep us safe,” Hermione told him.

“That’s mental,” Ron said.

Harry and Tonks shared a smile as Ron and Hermione continued bickering. Holding the bowl under her chin, he carefully fed her a spoonful of soup. Tonks ate it, sighing as the hot, thick liquid coated and soothed her throat.

“Better?” Harry asked.

“Much,” Tonks said with a smile.

Harry fed her a couple more spoons of soup as Ron and Hermione continued to argue over whether Mrs. Weasley was right to be worried. When he stopped with a thoughtful look on his face, she looked at him curiously. Before she could ask him what he was thinking, he turned his head to the side.

“Dobby,” he called out, interrupting Ron and Hermione.

Almost immediately, the oddest House Elf she had ever seen appeared in the room. He wore what had to be a dozen hats on top of his head, as well as an assortment of shirts, ties, shorts, and pants. The Elf bounced excitedly on the balls of his feet, sending his hats teetering precariously from side to side.

“Harry Potter, sir, called for Dobby,” the Elf squeaked.

“Hey, Dobby,” Harry said with a smile. “Could you get me a mug and a ladle from the kitchen, please?”

Nodding, the Elf vanished with a pop.

“Harry!” Hermione scolded him. “You can’t just call Dobby like that.”

“He wants to help, Hermione,” he told her. “And before you say anything, I’m not ordering him around. I’m just asking him for a favor.”

“Who was that?” Tonks asked, hoping to head off an argument between the two of them.

“That’s Dobby,” Harry said. “He used to belong to the Malfoy’s before I freed him. He’s the one that helped me rescue you.”

“Oh!” Tonks said.

In all honesty, she hadn’t thought too much about *how* Harry had saved her. At the time, she was pretty out of it and just relieved he was there at all. It was almost mind-boggling that the one House Elf Harry had freed just so happened to be able to help save her. It did beg the question, though...

“How did you free him from the Malfoy’s?” Tonks asked curiously.

Before Harry could answer, Dobby returned with a mug and ladle in hand.

“Thanks, Dobby,” Harry said as he took the mug and filled it with soup using the ladle.

“Yous welcome, Harry Potter, sir.” Dobby squeaked happily.

“Dobby,” Tonks called out roughly as she looked down at the tiny creature. “Thank you for helping Harry rescue me.”

“Dobby was happy to help Harry Potter, sir, rescue his miss,” he said proudly.

“Er, Dobby, she’s not my miss,” Harry told him.

Tonks snickered and squeezed his hand. Harry shook his head with a smile and brought the mug to her lips. She took a few big sips, relishing the relief the thick, warm soup brought to her stinging throat.

“Will Harry Potter, sir, and his friends be needing anything else?” Dobby asked eagerly.

“Not right now, Dobby,” Harry said. “You can ask Sirius if you want to. His House Elf doesn’t do much around here.”

“Kreacher is old, Harry. He can’t be expected to clean this whole house by himself,” Hermione scolded him again before turning to Dobby. “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to, Dobby. And you don’t have to do something just because Harry asks you to.”

“Dobby likes to help, miss,” the House Elf said adamantly.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, but before she could say anything, Dobby vanished with a *pop*.

“So, how did you free him from the Malfoy’s?” Tonks asked again.

“Well, during my second year...”

It took Harry almost half an hour to explain the whole story, with Ron and Hermione jumping in on occasion to add something. The Chamber of Secrets, a Basilisk loose at Hogwarts, and Harry

being triumphant against nearly impossible odds, it all sounded like something out of one of those fictional Harry Potter books parents read to their children.

“Seems like you have a knack for saving damsels in distress,” Tonks joked, causing Harry to smile.

“You have no idea,” Hermione muttered.

At Tonks’ questioning look, she explained.

“He’s saved me from a Troll, Ginny from the Basilisk, Sirius from Dementors, Fleur’s little sister from the Black Lake, Fleur from an Imperiused Krum, and now you from the Death Eaters.” Hermione listed off on her fingers. “I swear, it’s like he can’t help himself.”

With raised eyebrows, Tonks looked at Harry to find him looking down embarrassedly.

“My hero,” she gushed with a grin before leaning over to place a big, wet kiss on his cheek.

Harry groaned and buried his face in his hands. Tonks laughed but stopped with a hiss when it hurt her throat and chest. He looked up at her worriedly, but she waved him off.

“Right, no laughing,” she said with a grimace.

There was another knock at the door, and everyone looked up to see Sirius standing in the doorway with a smile. Behind him, Molly looked on disapprovingly.

“Hey, kids,” Sirius said as he walked in and took a sandwich off the tray before taking a bite.

“You three aren’t bothering Tonks, are you?” Molly asked, eyeing them suspiciously.

"There fine, Molly," Tonks croaked.

Harry raised the glass of pumpkin juice to her lips to give her a drink.

"Thanks," she told him gratefully, her throat feeling better. "See. If anything, they're taking care of me."

"Well, they could have at least waited until you got dressed. Do you need help, dear?" Molly asked, bustling over.

"I can't wear clothes. They hurt too much," Tonks told her.

"It's fine, Molly. She's covered," Sirius said before looking at Tonks. "The kids cleaned up the Master bedroom for you. It has its own bathroom for you to use while you recover, and Kingsley went out and got you a brand-new bed. We can move you in there whenever you're ready."

"Thanks, Sirius," Tonks said, though she wasn't looking forward to moving.

"Do you want to go now?" Harry asked.

Tonks sighed.

"Might as well get it over with," she grumbled.

Harry moved to scoop her up in his arms, but Molly stopped him.

“Harry, stop that! She doesn’t have any clothes on. Move out of the way. I’ll take care of it,” she said, pulling out her wand.

“No,” Harry said in a surprisingly commanding voice, causing Molly to freeze in place with a shocked look on her face. “Madam Pomfrey said no magic. It could make things worse.”

“Oh,” she said, looking flustered from being scolded by an eighteen-year-old. “Well, still-”

“It’s fine, Molly,” Tonks said. “Harry knows what he’s doing.”

“But you’re not dressed, dear. Harry shouldn’t be seeing you like that,” Molly said, speaking to her as if she was a child.

Tonks rolled her eyes.

“I have a blanket on. Besides, Harry already saw everything when he rescued me,” she said.

“But-”

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake,” Sirius said loudly, his annoyance showing. “He’s just moving her into another room. Will you give it a rest?”

“Fine,” Molly huffed before turning to Ron. “Ron, out. Go downstairs with your sister.”

“But mum,” he whined.

“Don’t argue. Go!” Molly demanded, pointing at the door.

Grumbling under his breath, Ron stomped angrily out of the room. Molly glared at Sirius, who returned the look with equal measure, before following her son out of the room.

“You shouldn’t be so hard on Mrs. Weasley,” Hermione said. “She’s been under a lot of stress lately.”

“We’re all under a lot of stress, Hermione. That doesn’t give her the right to order people around in my house,” Sirius told her.

Hermione fell silent and bit her lip, looking conflicted. Personally, Tonks agreed with Sirius. Molly might be stressed out with Arthur being in the hospital, but she really needed to stop acting like she owned the place and treating everyone like they were her children. She loved Molly, but Merlin could that woman could get on her nerves.

“Are you ready?” Harry asked her.

“Sirius, can you go make sure there’s no one in the hall?” Tonks asked. “This blanket hurts like hell right now, and I’m not wearing it while Harry moves me around.”

“Sure thing,” Sirius said, giving Harry a cheeky wink.

Harry rolled his eyes as Sirius left.

“All clear!” he called out a few moments later.

Harry pulled the blanket off of her and gently cradled her to his chest. Tonks winced slightly as her body shifted, and he stood up.

“Hermione, can you go make sure the door is open?” he asked.

Blushing, Hermione nodded and walked ahead of them while Harry carried her carefully into the hall. Sirius stood at the top of the stairs with his back towards them, making sure no one came up. Tonks rested her head on Harry's chest as he carried her a few doors down to the Master bedroom, where Hermione was holding the door open for them.

"Can you pull back the covers?" he asked Hermione when they entered the room.

Nodding, the brunette rushed over to the bed and pulled back the blankets and sheets. Gingerly, Harry laid her down on the bed and pulled the light sheet over her body. It didn't feel as rough as the blanket she had used earlier, but it still felt uncomfortable against her skin.

"We're done, Sirius," Hermione called out.

Sirius came back, carrying the vials of pain potion clutched to his chest. Unfortunately, Molly marched in after him, an angry look on her face.

"Come on, Harry, Hermione. Time to get back to cleaning," she said.

Although he looked annoyed, Harry didn't argue.

"I'll come visit after dinner," he told her, squeezing her hand under the sheet.

Tonks wanted him to stay, but she didn't have the strength to argue with Molly. Even if she did, it would probably only end up in another shouting match between her and Sirius. She sighed as she watched Molly march him and Hermione out of the room.

"Do you need anything?" Sirius asked.

"No, I'm good," she said.

"I'm sorry, Tonks," Sirius said, his face troubled.

"For what?" she asked.

"When we found out you were captured, Harry and his friends were listening through one of those ears the twins made. Harry came barging in and tried to tell us he knew how to rescue you. I told Dumbledore we should listen to him, but he just kept saying there was nothing we could do. I should have tried harder. If Harry hadn't gone to get you on his own..." he said, trailing off.

"It's not your fault, Sirius," Tonks said.

"But I should have done more," he said adamantly. "Sorry, I know you don't need to deal with this right now. I'll let you get some rest."

Before she could say anything else, Sirius stood and left the room, closing the door behind him. Sighing, Tonks closed her eyes and decided to try and get some more sleep. She slept on and off for the next few hours until Molly brought her dinner. She tried to feed herself, but her hand shook too much after only a couple of minutes. It felt incredibly awkward to have Molly feeding her. She would have much preferred Harry. Just as she finished what she could, Kingsley and Moody stopped by to visit her.

"How are you feeling, Tonks?" Kingsley asked.

"I'm doing a little better," Tonks said.

"Did you recognize the wizards that ambushed you?" Moody asked as his fake eye spun in its socket.

"Can't this wait, Alastor?" Molly asked. "She needs her rest."

"I saw their faces, but I didn't recognize them," Tonks said, ignoring Molly's mothering.

Moody grunted and pulled a brown folder out of his pocket. Opening it up, he held it out in front of her. On the first page was a picture of a wizard she instantly recognized paperclipped to the corner. It was the man that had tortured her and tried to put her under the Imperius curse.

"That him!" Tonks exclaimed. "How did you find him?"

"Potter grabbed his wand when he rescued you, and Kingsley was able to trace it back to him," Moody said, pulling the file away. "Smart lad. That's Marcus Greene, several priors, theft, assault, even spent six months in Azkaban for beating his girlfriend. An all-around dirt bag and, apparently, newly marked Death Eater."

"I'll ask Amelia for a warrant, but we may not find him," Kingsley told her. "Snape thinks You-Know-Who probably got rid of the wizards that ambushed you himself."

"Yeah, well, good riddance," Tonks spat.

"If he's still alive, and smart, he'll run. We might get lucky and get a hold of him before You-Know-Who," Kingsley added.

"If you do, let me know," Tonks growled.

"Will do," Kingsley said with a smile. "Your mother called the office today looking for you, by the way. I told her you were on an assignment."

"Oh, bloody hell," she groaned. "Thanks, Shack. I'll send her an owl tomorrow."

"Your mother knows about Sirius, doesn't she?" Molly asked. "We could invite her over to visit. I'm sure Dumbledore wouldn't mind."

“No, really, that’s okay,” Tonks said quickly.

Molly was already driving her up a wall. The last thing she needed was her own mother joining in. Tonks glared at Shack when she noticed his smirk. She talked with the three of them for a while longer before they eventually left. For the next couple of hours, she sat up in bed, incredibly bored with nothing to do. She hoped Harry would come by, but he never did. She suspected Molly was trying to keep him away so she could rest.

As the hours passed, her pain slowly grew worse. While the rest of the house grew quiet and she heard bedroom doors closing as people went to bed for the night, Tonks was in too much pain to sleep. She tried to reach for one of her potions on her own, but they were too far out of her reach. Just as she was about to give in and call out for someone to help, her door slowly creaked open, and Harry poked his head in.

“Hey,” he said quietly with a smile as he slipped into the room.

“Hey,” Tonks said, smiling back.

“Sorry I didn’t come earlier. Mrs. Weasley told us not to bother you,” he said as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

“I figured,” Tonks said. “I’ve been bored out of my mind. Could you get one of my potions?”

“Sure,” he said.

Grabbing one of the vials off the bedside table, Harry helped her sit up and drink the potion, the sheet covering her falling down to her waist. As he helped her lay back down, he started to fix the sheet, but she held up a hand to stop him. A small smile stretched her lips when she noticed his eyes wandering briefly to her chest.

“Leave it,” she said.

“It still bothers you?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she answered, sighing in relief as the potion began to work.

“Well, since there’s a bathroom in here, how about a nice warm bath?” he asked.

“That sounds brilliant,” Tonks said with a smile.

“I’ll be right back,” Harry said as he stood up. “Oh, before I forget...”

Reaching into his pocket, her eyes widened when she saw what he pulled out.

“My wand!” Tonks gasped. “I thought it was gone.”

“I grabbed it off the Death Eater before we left,” Harry told her, handing it to her.

“Thank you,” Tonks said gratefully.

Harry smiled at her before turning and walking into the bathroom. He really is a great guy, she thought as she heard the sound of running water from the bathroom. Examining her wand for a moment, she smiled and tucked it under her pillow. A minute later, Harry came back and stood next to the bed.

“Ready?” he asked.

She nodded, and he slipped his hands under her to pick her up. Tonks rested her head on his shoulder as he easily carried her into the bathroom and sat her down on the closed toilet.

“Can you check the water, make sure it’s not too hot for you?” he asked.

Dipping her hand into the water, she tested the temperature.

“You can make it a bit hotter,” she told him.

Harry gave the hot water knob a quarter turn and tested it with his hand before straightening up. Surprisingly, Harry grabbed the hem of his shirt and started to undress. Though she hadn’t expected Harry to join her in the tub, she wasn’t going to complain.

Besides, Tonks thought with a smirk; unlike Harry, she didn’t feel any embarrassment staring at his body.

When he was down to his boxers, he grabbed the waistband but hesitated for a moment. Tonks looked up at him and raised an eyebrow, her look daring him to take them off. Nervously, he pushed them down to his ankles and stepped out of them, his impressively sized cock dangling in front of her.

Tonks smiled as he blushed cutely and avoided meeting her eyes while shutting off the water. Walking back over to her, he picked her up carefully and stepped into the tub. He knelt down first before easing on onto his bum and settling her on his lap. Tonks groaned as the hot water soothed her sore, aching muscles. Leaning back against his chest, she rested the back of her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes, savoring the relief of her muscles finally relaxing for the first time all day.

“Th feels so good,” Tonks moaned.

Slowly, Harry's hands, which were resting on her stomach, began to caress her skin. Moaning pleasurably, she spread her legs open as one of his hands moved down to caress her thigh. Grabbing the hand on her stomach, she moved it up and set it on her breast. A hiss escaped her lips as his palm rubbed her incredibly sensitive nipple.

Last night, her whole body had been so sensitive that every touch of his, no matter how soft or gentle, skirted the border between pain and pleasure. Now, while she was still sensitive, it wasn't nearly as bad, leaving her to more fully enjoy the feeling of his hands. As they gently moved up her thigh to cup her mound, she bucked her hips, silently begging him to use more pressure.

Under her, she could feel his cock harden where it was pressed against the bottom of her folds. Feeling that Harry was moving too slowly and gently for her, she placed her hands over his and pushed them against her more firmly. He got the message, kneading her breast as his hand rubbed her mound. Tonks gasped when he pushed his two middle fingers between her lips and then moaned as they sank into her depths. Cupping his hand, he was careful not to put pressure on her throbbing clit. Instead, he ground the heel of his palm just above it, sending jolts of delicious pleasure up her spine.

Turning her head, Tonks kissed his jaw until Harry turned his head, and their lips met. She moaned into his mouth as he pumped his fingers in and out of her depths, his rough, calloused skin rubbing along her smooth, damp walls. When he took her engorged nipple between his fingers and rolled it gently, she pulled her lips away from his with a gasp as she panted for air. Pain and pleasure mixed, drawing a whine from her lips and a desperate buck from her hips. Tonks had always liked a bit of roughness, and the slight pain from her nipple was pushing her arousal to greater heights.

Harry's long, thick shaft pulsed under her, and Merlin, how she wished it was buried deep inside of her. While his fingers slipped in and out of her wet folds, she closed her eyes and imagined him lifting her up and spearing her on his cock, his thick shaft stretching her open as he drove into her depths. Panting with shuddering breaths, Tonks reached under her and grabbed his hot, hard length in her fist. Lifting it up, she pressed it against her folds, moaning as her lips wrapped around and hugged his girth.

Harry groaned and moved his hand faster, his finger delving deeper and pressing more firmly against her inner walls. The heels of his hand grazed the hood covering her clit, sending a shock

of pleasure through her and causing her legs to tremble. Her skin flushed, and her loins throbbed, a climax rapidly building deep in her core.

“Harry,” Tonks moaned.

Harry’s length pulsed in her hand as she said his name, and he kissed and sucked at the side of her neck. Tonks rolled her hips rhythmically, her movements growing restless as she neared her peak. A ball of heat and pleasure bubbled up inside of her, the intensity growing with every touch. Tonks teetered on the edge for an endless moment, needing just the slightest nudge to send her tumbling over. A tweak of her nipple and a swift graze of her clit gave her her release.

The coiled ball of heat and euphoric pleasure in her core released. Her body tensed, and her breath caught in her chest as a wave of ecstasy crashed over her. A quiver ran through her while her mouth opened in a silent scream. For an endless second, she remained locked in place before she trembled with a loud, sensual moan.

Harry continued to move his hands, extending her climax as she bucked uncontrollably against him. After several long moments that seemed to last an eternity, her peak began to ebb away.

With another low moan, Tonks collapsed limply against him, a euphoric haze clouding her mind and numbing the pain. Harry wrapped his arms around her and held her gently, his lips pressing softly against her temple. Tonks sighed contentedly, the combination of his arms and the hot water leaving her feeling as if she was wrapped in a wonderful cocoon. As she leaned into his embrace, he trailed one of his hands up her ribs to cup and caress her breast. She smiled and turned to kiss his jaw before she felt his cock twitch under her.

Reaching down, Tonks wrapped her hand around his rock-hard length and stroked up and down his smooth shaft. Harry groaned in pleasure and breathed heavily next to her ear. Smirking, she stroked him faster, marveling at the wonderful length and thickness filling her hand. Suddenly, a shock of pain ran up her arm, causing her to hiss and wince. Tonks started to move again, but Harry gently grabbed her wrist, forcing her to stop.

“As wonderful as that feels, I don’t want you to hurt yourself,” he told her.

Tonks sighed and stopped stroking him but trailed her fingers along his shaft.

“I feel bad leaving you like this,” she said with a pout.

“Don’t worry about me,” Harry told her, kissing her cheek. “I’ll take care of it later.”

“Why don’t you take care of it now?” Tonks asked, looking up at him.

“Here?” Harry asked with raised eyebrows.

“Why not?” Tonks said with a shrug and a smirk. “If I can’t do it, at least I’ll get to watch.”

Harry opened and closed his mouth as he looked at her in surprise, causing her to giggle at his expression.

“Men aren’t the only ones that like to watch, Harry,” Tonks said in a sultry tone. “Storke it for me, please.”

Harry shivered at her pleading tone, causing her to smirk. Nervously, he reached down and wrapped his hand around his length. Looking down, she watched as his hand moved back and forth at a moderate pace under the water. Licking her lips, she decided to see if she could help him along.

“You have such a beautiful cock, Harry,” she said in her sexiest tone.

As Harry’s hand worked at the top half of his length, she could feel his heartbeat through the base of his cock where it pressed against her lips. Tonks found it incredibly erotic to watch a man fantasize about her while she sat in his lap. Sliding her hand down, she caressed the base

of his shaft with her fingers as he stroked himself, his arm creating small waves that lapped at the side of the tub. His free hand was still cupping her breast, kneading it gently.

Smiling to herself, Tonks decided to see how excited she could make him.

“The whole time you were fingering me, I wished you would just lift me up and ram that big, fat cock inside of me,” she told him, letting out a little moan. “All I could imagine was how it would feel to have you stretching my tight little pussy.”

Harry panted harder as he stroked himself faster. The surface of the water rippled, distorting her view. Smirking, she reached down further to cup his balls, gently massaging them in her hand.

“I can’t wait ‘til I’m feeling better. The first thing I’m going to do is get down on my knees and suck your cock. And Harry,” she said, tilting her head up to whisper in his ear, “I swallow.”

Harry groaned, his balls contracting and relaxing in her hand.

“Merlin, I’m getting horny again just thinking about it,” Tonks whispered before relaxing her neck and looking back down into the rippling water. “After that, I’m going to ride your cock so fucking hard.”

Under the water, she could see his swollen, red head rapidly popping in and out of his fist. Staring down at it hungrily, she wondered what it would feel like to have her lips wrapped around it, to have it buried deep inside of her as it swelled excitedly.

“Then, I’ll let you do anything you want. You can bend me over and fuck me from behind. Or maybe you’ll just pin me against the wall and make me cum all over your huge cock. How about I grow my tits, and you can fuck them until you cum all over my face?” Tonks asked alluringly.

From how Harry was panting and his muscles tensed under her, she knew he was getting close. Tonks wished she had the strength for another orgasm. She really was getting horny.

“You know what I really want, though?” she asked. “I really want you to ruin me with this big, beautiful cock. I want you to fuck me ‘til I scream, and then I want you to dump your cum deep inside me. Let me see it, Harry. Let me see how big of a load you’re going to leave in me later.”

Harry stroked his cock for a few more seconds before he came with a grunt. Huge streaks of cum shot from his tip, leaving long white stripes in the water before they sank to the bottom of the tub. Tonks let go of his clenched balls and held her palm in front of his cock as he continued to pump more cum into the water. She felt it hit her skin and tried to catch some, but it wouldn’t stay in her hand. Harry came a surprising amount before he finally stopped, and his body collapsed as he panted heavily.

Smiling, Tonks shifted slightly to look at him. Caressing his cheek, she turned his face towards her and kissed him on the lips.

“Harry?” Tonks asked when they broke apart a few seconds later.

“Hmm?” he hummed.

“I meant everything I said,” she told him, her eyes staring into his hungrily.

He gave her a crooked smile, his green eyes boring into hers in a way that sent her pulse racing. Leaning down, he kissed her deeply, possessively. By the time they broke apart, both of them were breathing heavily. Smiling, Tonks laid her head on his chest and closed her eyes as she relaxed against him. Harry’s hands wandered her body, exploring and caressing every inch within reach.

They relaxed in the water for a long while, caressing each other and occasionally kissing. Eventually, the water began to cool, and their skin started to wrinkle.

"I think it's time to get out," Harry said.

Sitting up, he climbed out of the tub before lifting her up and setting her back down on the toilet seat. Grabbing a towel, he carefully and gently dried her off, then himself. Throwing on his pajamas, he lifted her up and carried her back to bed. Now that the pain that had kept her awake was gone, Tonks felt her tiredness catching up with her.

"Will you stay until I fall asleep?" she asked.

"Sure," Harry said with a smile.

Tonks curled up on her side and felt the bed sink as Harry laid down behind her and wrapped his arm around her stomach. Threading her fingers through the back of his, she hugged his hand to her chest, trapping it between her breasts. Harry kissed her neck as she slowly started to drift off to sleep.

Chapter 3

Harry woke to someone shaking his shoulder roughly. Blinking his eyes, he found himself staring at Hermione's disapproving face, her brow furrowed as she glared at him with her hands on her hips. It took him a moment to realize he was still in bed with Tonks. He was pressed up against her naked back, her hand clutching his between her breasts and his morning erection pressing against her ass.

"What are you doing!?" Hermione hissed furiously.

Blushing, Harry opened and closed his mouth several times.

"I asked him to stay," Tonks mumbled sleepily as she cracked her eyes open.

“Tonks, I didn’t mean to wake you, I-”

“It’s fine, Hermione. Harry heard me having nightmares last night, so he came to check on me. I asked him to stay ‘cos I didn’t want to be alone. What, did you think he was taking advantage of me?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

“No, of course not!” Hermione said adamantly, her cheeks going pink. “It’s just that Mrs. Weasley told us not to disturb you.”

“Well, it’s a good thing he did. I’d’ve gone mad if he hadn’t given me my pain potion,” Tonks said.

Hermione covered her mouth as her eyes widened slightly.

“I’m so sorry, Tonks,” she said. “We just wanted to make sure you got some rest.”

“Don’t worry about it. Harry took care of me,” Tonks said, giving his hand a squeeze as she kept it trapped between her breasts. “Look, I appreciate you wanting to help, but sitting in here alone all day really sucks. Leaving someone isolated after a traumatic experience is one of the worst things you can do. Just- come check on me once in a while. If I’m asleep, you can always leave.”

“Okay, I’ll tell Mrs. Weasley when she gets back,” Hermione said, looking a bit contrite.

“Where did she go?” Harry asked.

“St. Mungo’s, Mr. Weasley is being released today,” she replied.

“That’s great!” Harry said, feeling relieved.

Just then, they heard a tapping at the window.

“It’s Hedwig,” said Hermione.

Walking over to the window, she unhooked the latch and let the snowy owl into the room. Hedwig chirped gratefully at Hermione as she flew past her and landed on Harry’s knee as he sat up.

“Hey girl,” Harry greeted with a smile.

He stroked the feathers on the top of her head several times before untying the package wrapped in brown paper that was attached to her leg.

“Can I borrow your wand?” Harry asked Tonks.

Nodding, Tonks rolled over onto her back with a groan and pulled her wand out from under her pillow before handing it to him. Smiling in gratitude, Harry took the wand and tapped the package.

“Finite.”

Harry watched as the package grew from the size of a matchbox to the size of a large book in his lap. Handing Tonks her wand, he ripped the paper open and smiled as he read the note inside.

“What is it?” Hermione asked, curious.

“It’s from Fleur,” Harry said. “I asked her to get a couple of things for Tonks. Acromantula silk sheets and a jar of Veela cream.”

“You didn’t have to do that, Harry. That stuff’s expensive,” Tonks protested.

“What’s the point of being loaded if I can’t buy nice things for my friends?” Harry asked.

“You’ve been spending too much time with Sirius,” she said with a smile, recognizing where he picked up that particular saying.

Harry smiled at her before climbing out of bed and walking around to her side. As he helped her into a sitting position, he noticed that she was moving around a bit easier today.

“Feeling better?” Harry asked.

“A bit,” Tonks answered. “It still hurts to move, but not as bad as it did yesterday.”

“That’s good. Here,” he said.

Harry handed her a vial of pain potion after removing the cork. While her hands still shook, she was able to hold them steady for long enough that she was able to drink it herself. They shared a small smile at her success as he took the empty vial back.

“I’ll go get you some breakfast,” Hermione offered, moving to leave.

“Can you help me with the sheets first, Hermione?” Harry asked.

Pausing on her way to the door, she nodded with a light blush.

“Are you okay to sit in the chair for a couple of minutes?” Harry asked Tonks.

When she nodded, he picked her up bridal style, Tonks hissing in discomfort from the movement. Gently, he sat her down in the chair next to the bed while Hermione started stripping the bed. Grabbing the dark blue silk sheets that Fleur had sent him, they put them on the bed and changed two of the four pillowcases. As Harry pulled back the top sheet and moved Tonks back into the bed, Hermione left to get them some of the breakfast Mrs. Weasley had made before leaving for St. Mungo's.

"Ooh, these are nice," Tonks said as she got comfortable.

"Do they bother you like the old ones did?" Harry asked.

"No, these are much better. Thank you," Tonks said with a smile.

Grabbing the front of his shirt, Tonks pulled him down and kissed him softly. They smiled at each other as they separated, and Harry picked up the jar of Veela cream.

"Do you want me to put some of this on you? It really helps with the soreness," Harry said.

"Is this just an excuse for you to feel me up?" Tonks asked teasingly.

"Do I need one?" Harry asked with a smile as he slid his hand up her ribs to cup her breast.

"I guess not," Tonks said, smiling.

Rubbing his thumb over the smooth, soft skin of her breast, Harry leaned down to kiss her again. When he sat back up, he opened the jar of Veela cream and scooped some out. Rubbing it between his hands to warm it up, he started rubbing it onto her arm, starting at the shoulder. After doing both arms, he moved to her chest. Tonks bit her lip and moaned softly as he paid special attention to her breasts. After ensuring her lovely mounds were liberally coated, he moved down to her stomach and legs. Before he could get to her back, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Tonks called out as Harry pulled the silk sheet over her.

Hermione cracked the door open and peeked in before opening it the rest of the way. Ron trailed in behind her as she set the tray of food she was holding onto the stand next to the bed.

"Is there anything in particular you want?" Hermione asked.

"Just some toast and bacon," Tonks said.

After spending an hour with Tonks talking and helping her eat, Sirius called up the stairs.

"Ron, your dad's back!"

Without a word, Ron shot out of his chair and took off down the stairs. Hermione got up more sedately, turning to look at Harry questioningly.

"I'll be down in a minute," he said.

"Okay, just don't take too long," Hermione told him.

Once Hermione left, closing the door behind her, Harry turned to Tonks.

"Do you want to try and go down?" he asked.

"Yes," she said with a smile. "I'm going mad staying in this room."

Harry stood and grabbed the softest pair of pants and shirt that he could find.

“Do you want underwear?” he asked.

“Panties, but no bra,” Tonks said.

Grabbing a pair of silk, though rather unflattering panties, he walked back over to the bed and helped Tonks dress. She waved him off as Harry moved to pick her up. Sitting up slowly, she eased her legs over the side of the bed.

“Let me try and walk first,” she said.

“Okay,” Harry said slowly.

Harry felt a bit dubious about her trying to walk. Tonks wasn't exactly known for her grace at the best of times. Staying close and keeping a hand on her lower back just in case, Harry helped her unsteadily to her feet as she hissed in pain. Harry knew what she was feeling. From his experience with the Cruciatus curse, he knew that her muscles would be screaming, similar to overexerting oneself while exercising - except what Tonks was feeling would be much worse and throughout her entire body.

As she took a step, Tonks wobbled, and Harry wrapped an arm around her waist to keep her from falling over.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she said, though he could hear the strain in her voice. “Can you hand me my wand?”

Keeping one hand on her waist, he quickly leaned over and grabbed her wand off the bedside table. Offering it to her, Tonks took it and gave it a complicated twirl. The air swirled in front of her and solidified to form a wooden cane. Once it was fully formed, it fell to the floor with a clatter. Bending over, Harry picked it up and handed it to her.

"Thanks," Tonks said.

With the cane in her left hand, Harry stood on her right as she started walking towards the door. Using the cane to steady herself, Harry found that she moving better than before. Opening the door for her, Tonks slowly made her way down the hall towards the stairs. Watching her, Harry could see her becoming worn out after only walking a few meters. When they finally reached the stairs, and Tonks looked ready to try and walk down, Harry decided she had done enough for now. He picked her up bridal style as she stopped to catch her breath.

"Harry!" Tonks exclaimed.

"You did good, but there's no way in hell I'm letting you walk downstairs," he told her.

"Fine," she sulked, drawing out the word.

The fact that she didn't argue told him that just walking to the stairs had taken a lot out of her. Carefully, Harry carried her down to the first floor. Following the voices he could hear, he carried her into the living room, where he found the rest of the house gathered around Mr. Weasley, who was resting on the couch.

"There he is!" Mr. Weasley said happily when he spotted Harry, but his face morphed into a frown as he spotted Tonks. "Tonks, what happened to you?"

"They didn't tell you?" she asked as Harry sat her down on a love seat that Ginny and Fred kindly vacated.

"Tell me what?" Mr. Weasley asked.

"I didn't want to worry you while you were recovering, dear," Mrs. Weasley said as she bustled about, fluffing the pillows behind his head and throwing a blanket over his legs.

"I'm fine, Molly," Mr. Weasley said. "What happened?"

Harry sat down on the love seat next to Tonks as she explained how she had been captured by Death Eaters. Understandably, she didn't go into detail about what she went through, but she provided the basics, and Harry didn't feel as if she was hiding anything they didn't already know.

"Well, that's our Harry for you," Mr. Weasley said with a grin. "Always doing what's right."

"Don't encourage him, Arthur," Mrs. Weasley said sternly. "It was incredibly dangerous. He could have been caught."

"I don't like Harry putting himself in danger than you do, but if it wasn't for him, neither Ginny nor Tonks would be here," he reminded her.

"Or me," Hermione added quietly.

"Or me," Sirius added proudly.

"That's our Harry," Fred said smiling.

"Always saving the damsel in distress," George said, patting Sirius on the shoulder.

Sirius nodded along with them for a second before pausing as his brow furrowed.

"Are you calling me a damsel?" he asked.

"You do have the hair for it," Remus said with a small smile, breaking his silence.

“In case you haven’t noticed, women don’t have goatees,” Sirius pointed out.

“Well, there was that one witch you took home after Frank’s bachelor party th-”

“That we swore to never mention again!” Sirius said, glaring at Remus pointedly.

“Let’s talk about something else, shall we?” Mrs. Weasley asked, giving Sirius and Remus a stern look as the rest of the room chuckled.

Half an hour later, while the Twins were demonstrating one of their new inventions that they told Mrs. Weasley they had bought at Zonko’s, the doorbell rang, setting off Mrs. Black’s portrait. It took a couple of minutes for Remus and Sirius to shut her up, and when they came back, Madam Pomfrey was with them.

“Good morning, everyone,” Madam Pomfrey said.

Setting her bag down on the floor next to the love seat, she gave Tonks a quick appraisal with her wand.

“How are you feeling today?” she asked Tonks.

“A little better,” Tonks replied. “I managed to walk a little bit, and Harry got me some Veela cream that helps with the aches.”

“That’s good. You acquired it from Ms. Delacour, I presume?” Madam Pomfrey asked Harry.

“Yeah,” he said.

Nodding, Madam Pomfrey cast a few more charms on Tonks before putting her wand away.

“You seem to be healing nicely,” she said. “Moving around some is good for you, but don’t overdo it. If you feel up to it, I want you to start doing some light stretching once or twice a day. It will help keep your muscles from tightening up.”

“Okay, thanks Poppy,” Tonks said with a smile.

“You’re quite welcome,” she said before turning her wand on Harry.

“Why are you checking on me?” Harry asked. “I’m fine.”

“With your track record, I’ll believe it when I see it,” Madam Pomfrey told him. “Now, sit still. This will only take a moment.”

Harry sighed while the rest of the room chuckled at his plight. Madam Pomfrey spent a couple of minutes checking him over with her wand before she finally stopped.

“Have you been sleeping well lately?” she questioned.

“I guess,” Harry said with a shrug.

“And your scar?” she pressed, eyeing it closely.

“It’s fine,” Harry said, pushing his hair down over it. .

He certainly wasn’t going to tell her it hurt almost constantly these days. She’d have him in the Infirmary for the rest of the year if he did.

“Alright, you seem to be in good health,” Madam Pomfrey finally relented.

Harry sighed in relief as she picked up her bag and moved over to check on Mr. Weasley. When she was done, Madam Pomfrey gave him a couple of potions and a cream to apply daily for a week before bidding them goodbye and leaving through the front door. For the rest of the morning, everyone spent time chatting and joking in the living room. Fortunately, Mrs. Weasley was so focused on fussing over Mr. Weasley that she neglected to send them off to clean the house. Although, with Dobby now around the house, cleaning was hardly as bad as it had been.

By the time lunch rolled around, Tonks was visibly getting tired and ended up resting her head on Harry’s shoulder. For some reason, that caused both Mrs. Weasley and Hermione to frown at them.

After lunch, Harry carried Tonks back up to her bedroom and tucked her in. As she unconsciously snuggled into the silk sheets cutely, he smiled down at her. Stroking her cheek softly, he bent down and kissed her forehead. When he turned around to leave, he found Hermione watching him from the doorway, arms crossed with a frown on her face.

Knowing he was in for a lecture about something he had done, Harry left the room and closed the door quietly behind him.

“What’s going on with you and Tonks?” Hermione asked softly the moment the door was closed.

Holding his finger up to his lips, he waved for her to follow him and led her to his room a short way down the hall.

“Well?” she asked impatiently as he sat down on the bed.

“I’m just helping her get better, Hermione,” Harry said.

"It looks like more than that," Hermione said.

"Look, I know we've been through a lot together, but this is something you've never experienced, and I hope you never have to," Harry said. "You don't know what it's like to be at someone else's mercy and to be tortured like that. I do. You feel so helpless. Even after escaping, you still feel like you've never going to be completely safe ever again. It's just- I know what she's feeling right now, and I know how to help."

"I appreciate you wanting to help her, Harry. But you two seem to be getting awfully close." Hermione said.

"Why is that such a bad thing?" Harry asked, his frustration bleeding into his voice. "What? I'm not allowed to make other friends?"

"That's not what I mean," Hermione said placatingly as she ran a hand through her bushy hair. "It's just that we're going back to Hogwarts soon, and I don't want to see you get hurt."

"I'm a big boy, Hermione," he said, annoyed. "I can take care of myself."

"I know you can," Hermione said, her own frustration showing. "You're under a lot of stress. With everything going on at school and the Ministry, I don't want to see you making things harder for yourself. I'm just worried about you, okay?"

Seeing how sincere and troubled she looked deflated Harry's anger. Sighing, he patted the bed next to him. Biting her lips, Hermione sat down next to him and leaned against his shoulder as he wrapped his arm around her in a sideways hug.

"Sorry," Harry said quietly.

"It's alright," Hermione mumbled, but Harry shook his head.

“No, I shouldn’t have yelled at you. I’m just so angry all the time. I hate it,” Harry said, rubbing his burning scar.

“I know,” Hermione said. “Just try to remember I’m on your side.”

“I know,” he said, leaning over to rest his cheek against the top of her head.

Harry and Hermione sat in a companionable silence for a long moment.

“You like her, don’t you?” Hermione asked eventually.

“Yeah,” Harry admitted.

After sitting together quietly for a little while longer, they went back downstairs. A couple of hours later, Harry returned to check on Tonks. He found her just waking up and helped her back down to the living room. Since Mr. Weasley was upstairs resting, Harry sat in the middle of the couch with Tonks on one side, and Hermione on the other. Ron, Ginny, the twins, Sirius, and Remus lounged around the room, talking and laughing as Fred demonstrated one of their new sweets that made his nose hair grow a foot long.

With Mrs. Weasley busy cooking dinner and taking care of Mr. Weasley, everyone was able to talk a bit more freely. Sirius filled them in on some of what was happening with the Order and the Ministry, Remus trying halfheartedly to stop him. Eventually, Sirius asked Harry to tell him about some of the more dangerous adventures he had had while at Hogwarts. Harry tried to downplay it as much as he could, but Ron and Hermione tended to jump in and cover anything he left out.

“Wow,” Sirius said, looking both awed and horrified. “And I thought we did some crazy things at school. Guess they’ve got us beat, eh Moony?”

Remus shook his head.

"I'm just glad they have Hermione to keep them from getting in over their heads," he said.

"Yeah," Sirius said. "And I thought Lily had a hard time keeping us in line."

"You have no idea," Hermione said, shaking her head.

"Don't let Hermione fool you," Harry said with a mischievous grin. "She's probably the worst out of all of us."

"I am not!" Hermione exclaimed, looking offended.

Holding up his hand, Harry began ticking things off on his fingers.

"You created and organized a secret and illegal Defense club in clear violation of the Ministry's Educational Decrees," he said.

"Well, we need to learn how to defend ourselves, and Umbridge certainly isn't going to do it," Hermione said defensively.

"You blackmailed Rita Skeeter," Harry said, continuing as if she hadn't spoken.

"She's an illegal Animagus, and she was spying on us. You saw those things she wrote," Hermione said, her cheeks flushing pink as everyone looked at her with raised eyebrows.

"You used a Time Turner to go back and help a wanted murderer escape custody."

"I did it to save your life! And Sirius was innocent," Hermione exclaimed, her cheeks steadily turning a darker shade of red.

“You brewed Polyjuice Potion to sneak into the Slytherin common room and trick Malfoy into giving us information, which I'm pretty sure is illegal,” Harry continued.

“It is if the person you're impersonating doesn't give you permission,” Remus told them.

“I- we-” Hermione stuttered.

“And” Harry interrupted, “my personal favorite. You set Snape on fire.”

“I thought he was trying to kill you!” Hermione wailed, her face a bright red as everyone gaped at her. “I- I- Oh my God, I'm a horrible person.”

Hermione dropped her face into her hands while Sirius barked out a delighted laugh.

“No, you're not,” Harry said, wrapping his arm around her shoulders. “You're a great friend, and I don't know what I'd do without you.”

Red-faced, Hermione looked up and glared at him.

“Wow, Hermione,” Tonks said. “I didn't know you had it in you. Did you really set Snape on fire?”

“I thought he was trying to curse Harry off his broom,” she said in her own defense.

“Good job you didn't set his hair on fire,” Harry said. “With all that grease, we'd have never put him out.”

Hermione smacked his arm as everyone in the room howled in laughter. Even she couldn't hold her stern expression for long before she cracked a smile and covered her mouth as she giggled.

Later, when dinner was ready, Harry carried Tonks into the kitchen to join everyone at the table. Mr. Weasley, though he moved gingerly, was able to walk on his own. While Mrs. Weasley fussed over him all through the meal, Harry did his best to help Tonks. She was able to eat mostly on her own, but towards the end, her hands started shaking badly enough that he had to help her. Tonks smiled at him and squeezed his hand gratefully under the table for his efforts.

Once dinner was over, everyone one moved back into the living room. Not long after that, Kingsley arrived.

"Wotcher, Shack," Tonks greeted him with a smile.

"Hello, Tonks," he said. "Feeling better?"

"A bit," she said. "I still feel like I've been trampled by a dragon, but I'm better than I was yesterday."

"That's good," he said, taking a seat across from the couch Tonks and Harry were sitting in. "I have some bad news. We found Greene and another wizard we think was his accomplice in Cornwall. They're dead."

"Any idea what happened?" Tonks asked in an emotionless tone.

Harry could see the conflicting emotions on her face. He knew she was relieved the people who tortured her were dead but disappointed she wasn't the one to catch them. It also meant there was no way to use them to prove Voldemort was back.

“Not exactly, but from the looks of things, it wasn’t a pleasant way to go,” Kingsley said.
“Despite evidence to the contrary, Fudge stepped in and ruled it a murder-suicide.”

“Of course he did,” Tonks muttered disgustedly.

“He ordered Bones to close the case,” Kingsley continued. “They had quite the row in the office. She tried to fight him on it, but he wouldn’t budge. He even threatened to replace her with someone else if she wasn’t going to fall in line.”

“Can he do that?” Hermione asked, aghast.

“With the support he has in the Wizengamot right now, I’m afraid he can,” Kingsley answered heavily.

“This is ridiculous,” Harry growled. “There has to be something we can do. Can’t we just dress up like Death Eaters and stage an attack?”

“The Order’s talked about it,” Sirius admitted. “The problem is anything public enough to force Fudge’s hand would be incredibly dangerous, not just for us, but for the public as well. If any one of us was caught, whatever credibility Dumbledore has left would be gone. Voldemort could spend years preparing to take over the Ministry, and there’d be nothing we could do to stop it.”

“Does it have to be public?” Harry asked. “I mean, the only person we really need to convince is Fudge, right?”

“What do you have in mind, Harry?” Tonks asked curiously.

“Well, what if we just kidnap Fudge?” he asked. “If we did it while pretending to be Death Eaters, maybe have someone pretend to be Voldemort, there’s no way he could ignore that, right? Fudge is convinced, and the only people put in danger would be the Order members.”

"It's an interesting idea," Kingsley admitted thoughtfully. "Fudge only has a minimal guard. We would be at risk of getting caught, though, and I don't know how we'd get someone to impersonate You-Know-Who. I doubt even Severus could get a hold of the nail clippings required for Polyjuice."

"I could do it," Tonks said excitedly. "I just need a Pensieve to see what he looks like. When I'm better, obviously."

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves," Remus interrupted. "It's a good idea, but there's still a lot of risks involved. We'll have to talk to Dumbledore about it first."

"Just don't tell him it was my idea. He'd probably ignore it just based on that," Harry said bitterly.

Tonks reached out and took his hand, giving it a squeeze as she smiled at him.

"He's just trying to protect you, Harry," Remus said.

"That's easy to say when he's not keeping secrets from you about *your* life," Harry said.

Before Remus could respond, Mrs. Weasley returned, helping Mr. Weasley into the room. Silently, everyone unanimously decided to change the subject. Kingsley stayed for a while longer before heading home. For the rest of the evening, Remus, Sirius, and the twins entertained the room with amusing stories about things that happened at Hogwarts. When it grew late, Mrs. Weasley sent everyone off to bed. Bidding everyone goodnight, Harry carried Tonks back upstairs to her room and laid her on the bed.

"Can you help me out of these clothes?" Tonks asked. "They're really starting to irritate me."

"Gladly," Harry said with a smirk.

Tonks smiled, then groaned in discomfort as Harry gently lifted her shirt over her head. Harry grimaced in sympathy, knowing how badly her joints must hurt.

“Do you want me to put more Veela cream on you?” he asked.

“Please,” she said.

Reaching for the jar, he rubbed a decent amount of the white, flowery scented cream between his hands.

“Front or back first?” Harry asked.

“Back,” Tonks said with a groan as she rolled over.

Starting at her shoulder, Harry began massaging the cream into her smooth skin. Tonks let out a low, sensuous moan as he gently kneaded her sore, aching muscles. After rubbing it into her arms, he put more cream on his hands before moving down her back. As he reached her wide hips, he couldn't help but admire her fantastic bum. Full, round, and muscular, he made sure to massage and caress every inch of her protruding cheeks. From the moans that escaped her lips, Harry didn't think she minded him indulging himself a bit. Eventually, he decided to move down to her legs, his slick hands sliding along her thick, smooth thighs.

“That feels so good,” Tonks groaned pleasurably.

Smiling, Harry wrapped both hands around one of her thighs and slid them up and down. As the side of his finger neared her mound, he could feel the heat radiating off her core. Fighting the desire to tease her further, he moved over to the other leg. Once he was finished with her thighs, he moved down to cover her calves and feet. From the noises she made, Tonks especially seemed to like having her feet rubbed. That was something he definitely needed to file away for later.

“Ready to roll over?” he asked.

Groaning, Tonks rolled over onto her back with her eyes closed. A peaceful, relaxed expression crossed her face as he began rubbing her chest. His hands glided over her breasts, the soft yet firm mounds filling his hands. Her pink nipples stiffened under his touch while Tonks moaned contentedly. As he did with her bum, Harry spent a few moments indulging himself in her beautiful curves. Continuing down, he massaged his way down her abs to her hips.

As his hands neared her mound, Tonks bucked her hips slightly with a quiet whine. He smiled, knowing what she wanted, but Harry had a different plan in mind. His hands continued gliding down her thighs and shins to her feet. Climbing onto the bed between her legs, he rubbed his hands back up to her knees before bending over and kissing the inside of the joint. Tonks readily spread her legs open for him as he slowly kissed his way up the inside of her thigh. Surprisingly, the Veela cream gave her skin a slightly sweet taste as his tongue ran over her smooth flesh.

When he neared her hot, moist folds, Tonks ran her fingers lightly through his hair, her nails softly scraping his scalp. Looking up, he watched her face as she laid back with her eyes closed, her lips parted slightly as she panted with growing anticipation. Her breath hitched when he kissed around the outside of her lips, her fingers tightening in his hair. As her excitement grew, he could taste her arousal with every breath.

Harry, deciding he had teased her enough, kissed her lips before sticking out his tongue and moving it up and down between them. Tonks' long nails scraped along his scalp as she let out a hiss and pulled him forward. Holding his tongue out rigidly, he pushed it into her depths and wiggled it along her soft walls. Moaning, Tonks bucked her hips, grinding herself against his face. Harry pulled his tongue back, the taste of her arousal coating his mouth, before licking from bottom to top. With the tip of his tongue, he gently teased around the outside of her swollen clit, checking to see how sensitive she was.

He found out when Tonks gripped his hair roughly and rolled her hips while a shuddering moan left her lips. Chuckling, he pressed his tongue flat against her engorged nub and undulated it.

“Oh fuck,” Tonks groaned, her legs trembling around him.

Slipping one hand under his body, Harry sank one of his fingers into her depths while he continued pressing his tongue against her clit. Tonks panted and moaned as he slowly drove her towards her peak, her hips bucking while her hands clenched in his hair. His erection throbbed with excitement as he slipped a second finger into her tight core, her hot, smooth walls grasping his digits. He couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to have her wrapped around his cock as his fingers sawed in and out of her. Pressing his tongue more firmly against her clit, Tonks shuddered and gasped.

“Harry,” she whimpered desperately.

Watching her face, Harry wrapped his lips around her swollen clit and sucked lightly. Tonks' body tensed, her legs quivering around his head. Gripping his hair almost painfully, she roughly ground herself against his face as a shuddering moan left her lips. He continued teasing her with his lips, tongue, and fingers while she rode out her sudden climax, her arousal coating his chin and soaking his hand. After a surprisingly long time, Tonks collapsed limply onto the bed, gasping for breath as her body continued to shake and tremble.

Harry couldn't keep the smug smile off his face as he sat up and pulled his fingers out of her. Climbing up to his hands and knees, he kissed his way up her stomach, breasts, and neck. Wrapping her hands tiredly around his neck, Tonks pulled him down for a slow, sensual kiss, her tongue dancing with his, uncaring about the taste of her own arousal. Running his hand up her side, Harry cupped one of her breasts, gently massaging it. Tonks moaned into his mouth before pulling her lips back from his and staring at him with a sultry look.

“Take these off,” she whispered heatedly as she tugged at his shirt.

Smiling, Harry pecked her on the lips before climbing off of her and standing next to the bed. As he quickly stripped out of his clothes, Tonks reached down to rub herself while staring at the bulge in his loose cotton pants. With a gasp, she pulled her hand away and clamped her legs together.

“Sensitive?” Harry asked while dropping his pants to the floor.

Tonks bit her lip and nodded as she stared lustfully at his rigid cock. Smiling, Harry sat down on the edge of the bed and stroked her cheek.

“You don’t need to worry about me,” he told her.

“I might be too sensitive to fuck you, but that doesn’t mean I can’t do anything,” Tonks said with a smirk as she grabbed her breasts and pushed them together. “How ‘bout I use the girls to help you out. You seem to like them enough.”

Harry raised an eyebrow, and his cock twitched at the thought, causing Tonks to laugh.

“Looks like someone likes that idea,” she said teasingly.

Chuckling, Harry climbed back onto the bed and straddled her chest. Tonks reached up and stroked his length, drawing a pleased groan from Harry.

“Merlin, you have a nice cock,” Tonks breathed.

Reaching over to the nightstand, Tonks scooped up some of the Veela cream and smeared it onto his shaft.

“Gah! Cold,” Harry yelped.

Tonks laughed and rubbed it along his length before stroking him again.

“That better?” she asked.

“Much,” he groaned as her slick hand glided easily up and down his shaft.

Grabbing a bit more cream, Tonks smeared it between her breasts, which she then sandwiched around his cock. Harry groaned as his length was enveloped by her soft, warm mounds. Pushing her hands gently out of the way, he pressed her bountiful breasts more firmly around him and started thrusting. Despite Tonks having a sizable bust, the tip of his length still peeked out from between the valley of her breasts each time he thrust forward. The feeling of his slickened head popping in and out of her warm, soft cleavage felt incredible, drawing a deep groan from his throat.

“You think that feels good, just wait ‘til you’re in me,” Tonks said as she watched his red, swollen tip peek out from between her breasts before disappearing again. “Merlin, I can’t wait to ride you.”

Throbbing at the thought, Harry groaned as he picked up the pace. Due to how excited he had gotten taking care of Tonks earlier, it didn’t take long for him to feel his climax start to build. Since he knew Tonks couldn’t keep this up for long without getting sore, he didn’t bother to hold back. Tonks, realizing he was getting close, lifted her head up and licked the head of his cock as it popped out from between her tits. Harry hissed as her tongue flicked over his sensitive tip, causing his length to jerk excitedly.

“Come on, Harry,” Tonks said pleadingly. “Cum all over my face.”

With just a few more thrusts, Harry groaned as he hit his peak and jerked his hips forward. Tonks squealed laughingly as a massive string of cum rocketed from his tip and splashed against her chin and face. Opening her mouth and sticking her tongue out, she tilted her head forward while he released several more powerful shots. While a good amount landed in her wide-open mouth, some still left long streaks over her lips and nose.

Harry shuddered as his climax came to an end, the last few dribbles leaking out between her breasts while he bucked his hips. Panting, he swung his leg over her and collapsed on the bed next to her. Smiling at him, Tonks scooped the cum on her chin into her mouth with the side of her finger and sucked it clean with a wink.

“Are you always this kinky?” Harry asked with a teasing smile.

“Yep,” Tonks said while rubbing the cum on her chest into her skin.

Chuckling, Harry grabbed his shirt off the bed and used it to clean her off before cleaning it with her wand. Tossing the shirt aside, he laid on his side next to her and gave her a kiss while his hand rested on her stomach.

“Will you stay tonight?” Tonks asked quietly as they broke apart.

“Yeah, let’s just make sure to set an alarm this time,” he said, causing both of them to laugh softly.

“At least it wasn’t someone else,” she said. “I don’t know what would be worse, Molly’s yelling or Sirius’ teasing.”

Harry shuddered at the thought.

“Let’s not find out,” he said.

Tonks laughed before yawning, her eyes beginning to droop. Grabbing a pain potion off the nightstand, he helped her drink it before laying back down next to her. Tonks hugged his arms between her breasts as she slowly drifted off to sleep. Harry smiled as he watched her face relax peacefully. He didn’t know what would happen between them when he returned to school, but for now, he would enjoy spending as much time with her as he could.

Chapter 4

It was Christmas Eve, and the members of the Order of the Phoenix had gathered for their final meeting of the year. Despite the pleasant greetings and holiday cheer, a sense of grimness lingered in the atmosphere.

Tonks hobbled into the room gingerly and smiled gratefully at Kingsley as he pulled out a chair for her. After a week of recovery, along with Harry's liberal use of Veela cream and orgasms to treat her, the Metamorphmagus was making a spectacular recovery. She was now fully able to walk, eat, and bathe on her own, though not without some lingering discomfort.

Thankfully, Molly had been so busy taking care of Arthur - who was still recovering from his little misadventure at the Ministry - and preparing for Christmas that she had been harassing Harry and the others much less. While Tonks was glad they had more time to keep her company, it did cut down on her time alone with Harry. Still, every night, he came to take care of her, usually spending most of the night in her bed.

Internally, Tonks knew that she shouldn't allow herself to be so attracted to someone who was still in school. But the prat was just too damn lovable. Even now, as she thought of his bright green eyes, crooked smile, and messy hair, she couldn't help the smile that tugged at her lips. What had started as some desperately needed emotional comfort and relief from the overwhelming pain quickly turned into one of the most important relationships in her life. Though Tonks tried to deny it to herself, after just a few days, even she had to admit she was falling for Harry.

He felt the same way for her, she knew. It was easy to see it in the looks he gave her. They'd yet to talk about it, and neither of them was in a hurry to destroy their happy little world with logic and reason, but she knew they would have to address it eventually. Fortunately, Harry had a maturity far beyond his years and beyond what anyone else gave him credit for. Tonks was confident that, come the end of Christmas break, she and Harry would still be close no matter what they decided. Now, she just needed to figure out what it was she wanted.

Tonks was drawn out of her thoughts when Dumbledore entered the room, followed closely by a sneering Snape. Her lips quirked up into a small smirk as she eyed the bitter man, remembering how an eleven-year-old Hermione had supposedly set him on fire. As the light reflected off the grease in his hair, she couldn't help but imagine him walking around like an eternal human torch, should the slightest spark ever happen to set it ablaze.

“What are you smiling at?” Hestia whispered as she leaned over.

“I’ll tell you later,” Tonks whispered back.

“Good evening, everyone,” said Dumbledore placidly, causing the room to fall silent after a few muttered greetings in return. “I know everyone is anxious to get back to their families for the holidays, so I shall try to make this as brief as possible. Remus, how did your last meeting go?”

“Not as well as I’d hoped, I’m afraid,” Remus said, looking more tired than usual. “A few of the packs still remain neutral, but none have yet decided to join our cause. Unfortunately, since our last meeting, there has been a recent change in leadership among two of the smaller packs. In both cases, the old leaders, who remember how they were treated by You-Know-Who, were killed by younger werewolves who think he is their salvation. Both of them have joined with Greyback’s pack.”

“How many Werewolves are we talking about?” Moody asked, his good eye narrowing.

“Around twenty in total,” Remus replied.

“Thank you, Remus. I’m sure you did your best,” Dumbledore said, talking over the soft, concerned murmuring at the news. “Kingsley, any news from the Ministry?”

“Fudge is continuing to interfere with the DMLE,” Kingsley responded in his deep, calming voice. “He’s putting a stop to any investigation into the reported disappearances. Bones is trying to fight back as best she can, but it’s doing little good. There’s been talk of her being replaced by Pius Thicknesse.”

“Can they do that?” Tonks asked in concern.

Amelia Bones was the only reason she had stayed with the Aurors over the last few months. With her gone, Tonks didn't think she could bring herself to stay. While she would hate to leave, there was no way she could work for the Death Eaters.

"It would be difficult, but not impossible," Kingsley told her.

"Let us hope it does not come to that," Dumbledore said calmly.

Tonks sat back and listened halfheartedly as Hestia, Dedalus, and Dung gave their reports. It wasn't until Snape spoke up that she finally tuned back into the conversation.

"The Dark Lord remains focused on gathering his strength and finding a way into the Department of Mysteries. In fact, he has only become more determined to find a way in over the last few days. I believe when Potter," Snape practically spat the name, "alerted us to the attack on Weasley, the Dark Lord became aware of their connection. Some of his questions lead me to suspect he plans to use it somehow."

"Are you sure you didn't tell him, Snivellus?" Sirius asked with a glare.

"It's not my fault the boy's incapable of thinking, Black," Snape bit back.

"That's enough," Dumbledore said firmly. "Does he suspect Harry had anything to do with Ms. Tonks' escape?"

"Not yet, although it may only be a matter of time now that he has access to Potter's mind. For now, he is convinced that the girl managed to overpower her captors and make a *miraculous* escape," Snape said with a derisive sneer directed at Tonks.

Tonks leaned back in her chair and used Kingsley's body to hide her from Dumbledore as she gave the greasy prick the finger.

“For that, we can be thankful,” Dumbledore said. “Thank you, Severus. Your efforts are appreciated as always.”

“Albus, it’s time to tell Harry,” Sirius spoke up. “If You-Know-Who knows about their connection...”

Tonks felt a tightening in her chest as she thought about You-Know-Who rummaging around in Harry’s head. Sirius was right. It was well past time Harry knew what was happening. He needed to know what to look out for so he could defend himself.

Dumbledore sighed tiredly and steepled his hands in front of him.

“As much as I would like to disagree, I cannot,” he admitted, surprising most of the room after how adamant he’d been about keeping Harry in the dark up until now. “I will discuss it with Harry once he returns to Hogwarts. Severus has kindly agreed to teach him Occlumency.”

“What!?” “You can’t be serious!”

While everyone had expected Sirius to object, Tonks’ outburst had surprised everyone in the room and caused them to look at her curiously. In truth, even she was shocked by her own forcefulness, but she quickly gathered herself.

“Professor, with all due respect, that will never work,” Tonks told him. “Occlumency is deeply personal, and you have to trust the person you’re learning from. Harry and Snape hate each other. It’s likely to do more harm than good.”

“Yeah,” Sirius said, thankfully drawing away the stares aimed at her. “Can't you teach him?”

“No, that would be far too dangerous,” Dumbledore replied with a shake of his head. “I’m sure Harry and Severus are mature enough to put away their past differences for something this important.”

The disgusted sneer on Snape's face told everyone in the room just how likely that was.

"There's no way I'm letting that greasy bastard anywhere near my Godson," Sirius growled.

"Enough!" Dumbledore barked, halting Snape before he could retort and taking everyone in the room slightly aback. "I know this is not ideal, but under the circumstances, there is no other choice."

"I can teach him," Tonks volunteered instantly.

Snape scoffed, "What do you know of Occlumency?"

"I had to learn it before I could go to primary school. I've been doing it since I was eight," Tonks replied, folding her arms over her chest and glaring back at him.

"While I greatly appreciate the offer, Nymphadora, there's no way to get you into the castle to teach him," Dumbledore replied.

"I can at least teach him the basics before he goes back to school," she said.

While it sounded like she was seeking permission, Tonks had already decided she would teach Harry regardless of what Dumbledore said. There was no way in hell she was going to send him to deal with Snape without being prepared. The prick would probably just use it as an excuse to torment Harry at every turn anyways.

"Alright, but wait until after Christmas before you begin. Let Harry enjoy one more holiday before we burden him further," Dumbledore said tiredly.

Tonks nodded stiffly, too upset at the old man for not doing better to be moved by his little speech.

A short while later, the meeting ended, and Snape was the first to swoop out of the house, his cloak billowing out behind him. Tonks spent a few more minutes talking with Hestia, Kingsley, and Moody before they, too, headed for home. She was just about to head upstairs to wait in bed for Harry when Sirius called out to her.

“Hey, Tonks,” Sirius called out as he returned from bidding the last of their guests a Happy Christmas.

“Yeah?” she asked.

“Can I talk to you for a minute?” he asked.

Nodding, Tonks followed him into the study, where he closed, locked, and silenced the door behind him. She raised an eyebrow at him as she took a seat on the couch, not expecting this to be something serious.

“Something wrong?” Tonks asked.

“No, nothing's wrong,” he told her, his face breaking out into a mischievous grin. “So, you and Harry?”

Tonks rolled her eyes and tried to slow her racing heart.

“I’m just looking out for him,” she explained. “No one should have to deal with Snape rooting around in their head.”

“Uh huh. And this has nothing to do with the moans coming from your room the other night, or the fact that Harry wasn’t in his bed?” Sirius asked, his grin getting even bigger.

Tonks felt her heart drop into her stomach as she looked at his triumphant smirk.

“You knew?” she asked in a strangled voice, her face paling.

“Yep,” he said, popping the ‘P.’

Tonks opened and closed her mouth several times before cursing and dropping her head into her hands. Sirius cackled gleefully as he dropped onto the couch across from her.

“I didn’t know you liked ‘em that young, Nymphie,” he said with a smirk.

“Don’t call me that!” Tonks growled out of reflex, her hair going from limp brown to bright red before biting her lip nervously. “Please don’t say anything. Molly will kill me if she finds out.”

“Ah, to hell with Molly,” Sirius said, waving a hand as if swatting an annoying fly. “That woman has no say in Harry’s life or what goes on in *my* house. If Harry wants to shag my cousin rotten, then that’s none of her business.”

“We haven’t shagged yet,” Tonks muttered.

“Yet?” Sirius asked with a raised brow and smirk.

“Bugger,” Tonks groaned, covering her blushing face with her hands.

“Wow, I didn’t know you were that kind of girl- ACK!” Sirius yelled when Tonks drew her wand and hit him in the chest with a Stinging Hex. “Did I touch a nerve?”

Tonks glared at his still smirking face, wondering if she should hex him again. Slowly, she lowered the tip of her wand and crossed her arms as she stared at him intently.

“You’re not mad?” she asked hesitantly.

“Nah. Why would I be mad?” Sirius asked. “If there’s anyone in this house that could use some stress relief, it’s Harry.”

Tonks sagged in relief.

“Look, I don’t care if you take the mickey out of me, but don’t say anything to Harry. He’s got enough on his plate,” she said.

“Why do you think I waited until I could get you alone? Besides, Harry would just blush and stammer. You’re much more fun to tease,” Sirius said with a wink. “So, are you two just having a bit of fun, or is this something more serious?”

“Honestly, I don’t know,” Tonks sighed. “We haven’t talked about it yet.”

“But you want it to be,” he stated more than asked, but Tonks nodded anyway. “He likes you too, you know. He looks at you the way James looked at Lily.”

“Really?” Tonks asked as she smiled softly at the thought.

“Yeah. James was hopeless anytime she was around. Couldn’t keep his eyes off her for anything,” Sirius told her.

Tonks watched as his eyes lost focus, his mind pulling him back to memories of a happier time. She let him have his moment before Sirius shook his head in a dog-like fashion and his eyes focused back on her.

“You should go for it,” he said with a smile. “You’re good for him. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him smile as much as when you’re around.”

“I don’t know, Sirius,” Tonks said with a sigh as she ran a hand through her hair. “I mean, I want to, but he’s still in school. We’d hardly ever see each other. Not to mention I’d lose my job if the public ever found out.”

“Answer me one question, Tonks,” Sirius said with an intensity that he rarely showed. “Do you care about him?”

“Well, yes, but-”

“Then that’s all that matters,” he told her. “Take it from someone with experience. When you find something that makes you happy, you need to hold onto it as much as you can. You never know when it will be taken away from you.”

Tonks shivered as Sirius’ eyes took on a haunted look, and he looked straight through her at something only he could see. She knew the point he was trying to make and slowly nodded.

“I’ll think about it,” she said.

“Good,” he said, shaking out of his memories again to smile at her.

“Well, if you’re done taking the piss, I think I’m going to head to bed,” Tonks told him.

“Anxious to get back to your boy toy?” Sirius asked with a smirk, ducking as another Stinging Hex flew past his shoulder. “Alright, alright. Hey, wait! I have something for you.”

Halfway to the door, Tonks sighed and turned back around as he dug around in his pockets. A moment later, he pulled out a small, square mirror and a brown paper-wrapped parcel and handed them to her. Taking it, she looked back up at his smiling face with a quirked eyebrow.

“If this is some kind of joke...” Tonks threatened, thinking he was making fun of her current look.

“Oh, no, dear cousin, you’ll like this. These are two-way mirrors. You keep one and give the other to Harry. Just say his name, and you can talk to your boyfriend anytime you want,” Sirius told her smugly.

“Are you seri- I mean, really?” Tonks asked, looking down at the mirror in her hand.

“I promise they’re real. James and I used them so we could talk in separate detentions. I was going to give them to Harry for Christmas, but I figured your needs were greater than mine,” Sirius said magnanimously.

Tonks nibbled on her bottom lip in thought. While she would love to give something like this to Harry so they could talk, she knew how much Sirius wanted to be there for Harry.

“Are you sure?” she asked. “I mean, I know how bored you get in this place.”

“I’ll be fine,” he said, waving off her concerns. “Just promise to let me talk to him once in a while.”

“I will,” Tonks said, gingerly reaching out to hug him. “Thanks, Sirius.”

“You’re welcome,” he said as he pulled back. “Just don’t go making me a grand Godfather anytime soon- Ow!”

“Oh, sorry, did I get you?” Tonks asked, feigning innocence as she moved her cane off of his foot.

Sirius hobbled back over to the couch and rubbed his sore foot.

“Go spend some time with your boyfriend,” he grumbled while making a shooining motion with his hand.

“Good night, Sirius,” Tonks said, waving over her shoulder as she smirked.

Oddly, it was almost a relief now that someone else knew about her and Harry. It meant she had somebody that she could talk to. Harry had Hermione, and she, unfortunately, had Sirius. Now, if they could just keep Molly from finding out.

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Harry sat at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for Tonks to finish talking with Sirius. He’d come down as soon as the meeting was over to help her upstairs, only to find out she was locked in the study with his Godfather. Part of him wondered what they were talking about, but he’d given up trying to get information about the Order from anyone. He sat there for a couple more minutes before the door finally opened. Harry climbed to his feet just as Tonks spotted him, a soft smile stretching across her pink lips.

“Hey,” he said with a smile as he walked up to her. “I just came down to see if you needed help upstairs.”

The look she gave him at that moment made him struggle not to kiss her right then and there. The cute smile, the sparkling, violet-colored eyes, the way her hand slid across his shoulder as she used it to steady herself; it all just made him want to take her straight to her room and damn the consequences.

“You’re a life saver,” she said quietly, as if her words were just for him. “I was not looking forward to climbing all the way up.”

Smiling, Harry easily scooped her up in his arms and carried her up to the third floor. Ginny and Hermione waved to them as they passed the girls' room, which Tonks returned with a cheery smile. He smiled down at the woman in his arms, glad to see her slowly returning to her normal, exuberant self. Tonks had always been so full of life that it had pained him to see her so hurt and down the first couple of days after he rescued her.

Turning into Tonks’ room, he set he down on the bed and grabbed one of her Pain Potions. Just as he was about to reach for the Veela cream, Mrs. Weasley appeared in the doorway.

“Oh, Harry dear, you should get to bed. You’ll want to get up early tomorrow,” she said, a frown on her face as she looked from him to Tonks.

Harry resisted the urge to sigh.

“I will. I was just making sure Tonks was settled first,” he told her.

“Well, alright. But don’t take too long,” Mrs. Weasley said sternly.

As she left to go check on Hermione and her own children, Harry turned back to Tonks and rolled his eyes, causing her to laugh.

“I swear, she treats us like we’re six,” he grumbled.

“Trust me, I know the feeling,” Tonks said. “She does the same thing with me.”

“I should go before she comes back,” he said.

Looking past him at the door, Tonks bit her lip in indecision before grabbing the front of his shirt and pulling him in for a quick kiss.

“Come back later,” she whispered against his lips. “I want to give you your present in private.”

“I have one for you, too,” Harry told her with a smile.

“I can’t wait,” Tonks said, returning his smile.

With one last peck on the lips, Harry stood up and left the room. Going to his own bedroom, he grabbed a book and waited for the house to fall silent. Thankfully, as it was Christmas Eve, he didn’t have to wait long. Just after midnight, he crept out into the hall and back down to Tonks’ room. Slipping into the room, he closed the door and smiled at Tonks as she sat up in bed.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey,” she replied.

Harry sat down on the edge of the bed; her legs pressed against his side with their faces only inches apart. With almost childlike excitement, Tonks reached into her pocket and pulled out the package wrapped in plain, brown paper and twine.

“This is for you, Happy Christmas,” she said, handing him the present.

Smiling, Harry took it and carefully unwrapped it. Inside, he found a small, square mirror. He really didn’t care what it was or that he would probably hardly ever use it; just the fact she had gotten something meant everything.

“Thanks, Tonks,” he said earnestly.

Surprisingly, she rolled her eyes at him but smiled.

“You don’t even know what it does yet,” she said, shaking her head.

“It does something?” Harry asked, looking at the mirror curiously.

“It’s a two-way mirror. You just say my name, and I’ll hear it on my mirror,” Tonks said as she pulled an identical mirror out of her pocket. “With these, we can see and talk to each other, even when you’re at Hogwarts.”

Harry’s mouth gaped open slightly as he stared down at the mirror in his hand with a whole new appreciation. With Umbridge watching the mail, he’d worried about when he’d even get a chance to owl Tonks once he was back at Hogwarts, let alone talk to her.

“This is perfect,” he said as he looked back up at Tonks. “Thank you.”

Smiling, he leaned forward and kissed her on the lips softly. When he pulled back, he looked back down at the mirror.

“Tonks,” he said.

He waited anxiously for a few seconds, and both of them looked at each other curiously when nothing happened.

“Try yours,” Harry said.

Shrugging, Tonks brought the mirror up to her face.

“Harry,” she said.



After a few more seconds of nothing, she glared at it angrily.

“Harry Potter,” she growled.

As she spoke, Harry heard an echo of her voice from his own mirror while the surface turned cloudy.

“Tonks,” he said into it again.

And again, there was nothing. Then, it suddenly clicked. Glancing up at Tonks with a mischievous smile, he held up his mirror.

“Nymphadora Tonks,” he said with a smirk.

Just as Tonks glared at him and opened her mouth, both of their mirrors turned clear. However, instead of showing their reflections, it showed what the other one was seeing. Tonks scowled at the face smirking up at her.

“I’m going to kill him,” she muttered.

“Kill who?” Harry asked.

“Sirius,” Tonks answered in a growl. “He’s the one that gave me these. I bet he’s laughing his arse off knowing you have to say my full name every time we want to talk.”

“It’s not that bad,” he said. “I kind of like it.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t,” Tonks huffed petulantly.

Harry couldn't stop from smiling at the cute pout on her face.

"Alright, now that that present's been ruined, what did you get me?" she asked expectantly.

"Er," Harry said, scratching the back of his neck. "Well, since I haven't been able to get out to do any shopping, I figured I'd do something for you. I'll do anything you want tonight. I'm all yours."

Now that he'd said it out loud, the idea sounded pretty lame. Chancing a look back up at her, he was relieved to find Tonks smiling at him affectionately.

"Anything I want, huh?" she asked.

"Anything," Harry said with a nod. "A bath, a massage, anything."

"Hmm, a bath does sound nice," she said with a smirk. "But I want something else first. Help me out of these clothes."

Harry grabbed the hem of Tonks' shirt and pulled it over her head before helping her take off her pants. Then, she grabbed his shirt and started tugging it up. Smiling, Harry stood up for a moment and stripped out of his own clothes until he was just as naked as she was. Tonks scooted over to the side and patted the mattress in invitation. He laid down on his side next to her and placed his hand on her stomach, his fingers running along her soft skin.

Tonks surprised him by pushing him flat on his back before sitting up and then swinging her leg over him. She sat down on Harry's waist, pinning his partially hardened member between his stomach and her warm mound. Smiling down at him, she put her arms on either side of his head, resting her weight on her elbows and dragging her smooth breasts across his chest as their lips met.

Harry ran his hands down her back to her full, round bum, gripping it gently and caressing her generous curves. Tonks moaned softly into his mouth while her hips bucked forwards, sliding her folds along his rapidly hardening length. As she continued grinding against him, her lips parted around his hard shaft, drawing another moan from them both. Harry could feel her core growing hotter, arousal leaking out to coat his length.

Breaking the kiss, Tonks gave him a playful look as she sat up, bracing her hands on his chest. Harry groaned as her weight pressed down on his trapped cock while she continued to roll her hips.

“Fuck,” Tonks said breathily. “I’ve been thinking about this all day.”

Raising herself up, she grabbed his glistening, throbbing shaft and aimed the swollen head at her entrance. As she lowered herself back down on his thick girth, Tonks’ breath caught in her throat. Tilting her head back, she groaned and whimpered quietly as his rigid length slowly sank into her depths. Harry rested one hand on her hip while the other moved up to her chest to grasp one of her trembling breasts. Even as she sank down onto him, her slick walls fluttered around him, her wet heat enveloping him completely.

Finally, Tonks sat on his waist again, his cock buried to the hilt in her welcoming core. With her eyes closed, she panted quickly with shuddering breaths, her hips jerking and rolling with tiny movements, unable to sit still. After dreaming of this since he first met Tonks over the summer and more than a week of torturous teasing, Harry couldn’t believe he was finally inside her. It felt almost too good to be real.

That feeling only got better when Tonks started to move. Her eyes flew open when she raised herself up, and a gasp escaped her lips. Her core spasmed around him as she stared forward with an unfocused gaze. Despite how much she’d recovered over the last week, he knew she was still more sensitive than normal. Not exactly a hardship, he thought as he looked at her pleasure-filled face with a smile.

“Harry,” Tonks whined.

He throbbed at the needy sound of her voice. Resisting the urge to thrust up into her as she began to ride him slowly, her tight core sliding along his length, Harry ran his hands along her body, caressing every inch of her glorious figure he could reach. Suddenly, she focused on him again, her sparkling, violet eyes gazing at him lustfully while she continued moving up and down on his rock-hard cock. Each time her ass came to rest on his thighs, Tonks rolled her hips, grinding herself onto him and her clit into his pelvis.

Taking his hand off her breast, Harry reached up and stroked her cheek softly, his eyes locked on her beautiful face. Tonks closed her eyes and turned to kiss the palm of his hand before throwing her head back with a wanton moan. He felt her depths clench around him, her tight, sweltering depths hugging his large cock. Sliding his hand back down to her breast, he ran his thumb over her hard, swollen nipple, drawing another gasp from her lips.

With a whimper, Tonks started to raise and lower herself faster, her hips jerking in as she reached the bottom of his length. Her breath came in uneven, shuddering pants, her breasts trembling enticingly with the rise and fall of her chest. Harry could tell she was getting close, and he didn't even care that his own peak was still a short way away. All he cared about was seeing this incredible woman lose herself on top of him.

Moving his hand off of her hip, he placed his thumb just above her engorged, hooded clit and brushed it lightly. Instantly, Tonks lost it. Her back arched as her hips moved jerkily. Tilting her head, she let out a long, pleasure-filled moan while her body tensed and quivered above him. As she gasped for breath, her walls spasming around him wildly, she collapsed forwards. Harry wrapped his arms around her as she laid on his chest, stroking her back and kissing her neck while she rode out her tremendous climax.

After a long moment, Tonks groaned while her body relaxed, her hips twitching as his rigid cock throbbed desperately inside her.

"Roll us over and keep going," Tonks whispered in his ear.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

“Mh hmm,” she mumbled tiredly. “M’fine, just tired.”

Smiling, Harry turned the two of them over so that he was on top of her, then leaned down and kissed her on the lips. Tonks wrapped her arms around him, her hands threading through his hair while her heels rested on his thighs. Though the majority of his weight rested on his arms, his body still pressed against hers, something Tonks seemed entirely happy with as she held on to him tightly.

Pulling his hips back just a couple of inches, Harry started pumping his hips with slow but powerful thrusts. Tonks gasped and ripped her lips away from his as he sank back into her depths and pressed his pelvis firmly against her. He made sure to roll his hips, grinding his pubic bone against her mound.

“Yes. Fuck me,” Tonks whispered heatedly.

Harry closed his eyes and rested his forehead against hers, savoring the incredible feeling of her soft, slick walls giving way to his long, thick cock. Her warm breath washed over his face as she panted and moaned under him, her nails leaving trails of fire through his scalp and down his back. He opened his eyes again, staring down at her face and the array of powerful emotions shining in her bright eyes.

Despite the slow pace, the intense closeness he felt with Tonks at that moment quickly drove him towards his climax. Unconsciously, his hips moved faster, and he drove into her slightly harder. Harry pressed his body against hers a bit more firmly and buried his face in the crook of her neck, panting heavily. Tonks pressed her heels into his bum, one hand stroking his hair while she ran her nails lightly over his back with the other.

“Cum for me, love,” she whispered, her lips brushing his ear. “Give it to me.”

Groaning, Harry hit his peak, his cock swelling and pulsing deep in her depths as he came. Tonks moaned contentedly as he emptied himself, her arms and legs locking him in place. His hips jerked with each pulse, instinctively trying to reach as deep as possible within her. Her lips moved down to his neck, kissing and sucking at his sweaty skin.

As his climax came to an end, Harry groaned, his body shuddering from the intensity. They stayed in that position for the next couple of minutes, enjoying the moment and savoring the closeness and contentment they both felt. Eventually, Harry rolled to his side, his limp cock slipping out of her. Tonks followed him, wrapping one of her legs around his and draping an arm over his chest as she rested her head on his shoulder.

“Just wait until this summer, when I can give you a proper fucking,” Tonks said with a smirk, her eyes dancing playfully.

Harry smiled and kissed her on the lips. It was the first time either of them had mentioned anything beyond Christmas break, and he felt his chest swell with happiness. There was no part of him that was ready to see her go.

“So, how ‘bout that bath?” Harry asked.

“In a minute,” Tonks said, snuggling deeper into his side.

Harry smiled down at her and kissed the top of her head.

“Happy Christmas, Tonks,” he said.

“Happy Christmas,” she replied.

## Chapter 5

With only a week left of Winter break, Tonks knew she couldn’t wait to start teaching Harry Occlumency. After enjoying a loud, rather chaotic Christmas, she decided to bring the subject up with him that night. As much as she would have preferred to spend their time together doing something more enjoyable, if what Dumbledore said was true, Harry needed to learn Occlumency quickly.

An hour after the rest of the house went to bed, as expected, Harry snuck into her room with a grin on his face. Seeing him again – as it had throughout the day – sent her pulse racing as it brought back memories of the night before. Unfortunately, while she was healing, Tonks felt worn out from the long day. As much as she hated to admit it, it was probably for the best that they had something else to talk about tonight. She couldn't wait until she was fully healed and she could really rock his world.

If things between them lasted that long, she thought to herself.

Her smile fading slightly; Tonks sat back against her pillows and patted the mattress next to her.

"Hey," Harry said as he took a seat. "How are you feeling?"

"Tired and a bit sore, but nothing too bad," Tonks replied. "Listen, there's something we need to talk about."

"Okay," Harry said nervously.

Tonks smiled at him reassuringly and took his hand in hers. She knew what he was thinking. While it was certainly something they needed to talk about before he went back to school, right now wasn't the time.

"Have you ever heard of Occlumency?" she asked.

Harry gave her a confused look at the unexpected question.

"Er, no. Why?" he asked.

Unconsciously, Tonks pulled his hand into her lap and stroked it gently as she considered how to explain. After a long moment, she decided to just tell him everything she could. Dumbledore wouldn't be happy if he found out, but she didn't particularly care at the moment.

"Occlumency is a way of protecting your thoughts," Tonks told him. "Dumbledore thinks You-Know-Who is using whatever connection he has with you to read your thoughts. He thinks that's why you've been so angry this year and why you saw what happened to Mr. Weasley. He wants Snape to teach you when you get back to Hogwarts, but I volunteered to teach you first."

"He's reading my thoughts," Harry repeated, horrified. "And Snape?!"

"That was my reaction, too," Tonks said, trying to lighten the mood a little. "It's okay, though; I'm going to teach you Occlumency. If that's okay with you. It's really personal. I'm going to have to invade your mind to teach you."

"So, if I learn from you, I won't have to learn from Snape?" he asked hopefully.

"Not exactly," Tonks admitted, squeezing his hand when his shoulders slumped in defeat. "I can give you a good start, but it usually takes months to get the hang of it and years to master."

"You know if Snape reads my mind, there's a good chance he'll find out about us," Harry said quietly.

Tonks hadn't thought of that, and she did everything she could to keep the look of surprise and trepidation off her face. She needn't have bothered, however, because Harry kept his eyes away from her face.

"It doesn't matter," Tonks said more to herself than Harry, who finally looked up at her. "You learning Occlumency is more important than that. Besides, I really don't care what Snape or Dumbledore think about us."



Harry smiled at her, and she leaned forward to kiss him briefly on the lips. He tried to pull her closer, but Tonks laughed and pushed back on his chest.

“Lessons first, then we can play,” she told him.

“Yes, professor,” Harry mocked with a grin.

Tonks snorted at the idea of her ever being a professor.

“Alright, let’s get started. Face me,” she said.

Harry and Tonks situated themselves so they were sitting cross-legged and facing each other. Grabbing her wand from the nightstand, she rolled it between her fingers absentmindedly.

“Right, so, Occlumency,” Tonks started uncertainly. “There’s two basic ways to use Occlumency. One is to control your thoughts so someone looking into your mind sees what you want them to see. That’s what I learned because I needed it to keep myself from changing accidentally when I was at Muggle school. The other way is to just force someone out of your mind. That way is simpler and faster to learn, but for it to work, you have to be stronger than the person trying to invade your mind. That’s what I’ll be teaching you.”

“Wait, I’m not stronger than Voldemort,” Harry protested.

“You beat him in the graveyard when your wands connected, didn’t you?” Tonks asked. “This is the exact same thing.”

Harry still looked uncertain but nodded anyways. She couldn’t blame him; taking on Voldemort in any situation was daunting. Being forced to fight him inside your own mind would be terrifying for anyone.

“Okay, let’s get started,” Tonks said with forced cheer.

She spent about half an hour just explaining how to recognize when someone was invading your mind and how to force them out. It was a difficult thing to put into words, but she did the best she could, and Harry seemed to understand what she was trying to tell him.

“Ready?” Tonks asked.

When Harry nodded, she raised her wand and cast the Legilimens Charm. Instantly, she found herself swimming in a sea of chaotic thoughts. While Tonks had performed Legilimency before, she wasn’t an expert at it. Focusing, she tried to latch onto a memory. After a couple of fumbles, she managed to get a hold of one.

A young Harry, perhaps seven or eight, was being berated by his aunt for trimming her flowers wrong. As she looked closer at the scene, she noticed his worn, baggy clothes that looked five sizes too big. The knees of his too-large, stained jeans were caked in dry dirt, along with his fingernails. There were dozens of small, red cuts on his hands and arms, likely from his aunt’s rose bushes.

As Tonks’ anger grew at what she was witnessing, the scene began to turn blurry. A proud smile stretched across her face as Harry fought against her. It was an impressive achievement for a first effort. Rather than fight back, Tonks let him push her out, hoping it would build his confidence.

Just before the scene faded entirely, she heard a garbled shout from his aunt that sounded like ‘get back in your cupboard!’ At first, she thought she’d misheard, until the older woman grabbed little Harry by the arm and tossed him into the cupboard under the stairs, slamming the door shut and locking it.

The next thing Tonks knew, she was sitting back on her bed at Grimmauld Place. Harry clutched his head and closed his eyes in a grimace. It was typical to get headaches the first few times, but from what she knew of him, the pain had to be really bad for him to react the way he was.

While he fought the pain, Tonks had to conceal her look of horrified anger. She'd known the Dursleys were bad, but she'd never expected something like that.

With difficulty, Tonks calmed herself and tried to give Harry a smile.

"You did great, Har," she said, running her hand through his hair. "It usually takes a lot longer for people to learn how to fight back.

As Harry lifted his gaze to look at her, she realized he wasn't clutching his head, but his scar. That was troubling.

"Harry?" Tonks asked in concern.

Reaching out, she ran her fingers through his hair and down his cheek.

"I'm fine," Harry said.

Even though his voice sounded normal, and he looked up at her with a face that betrayed nothing, she could see the pain in his eyes.

"I can't help if you don't talk to me," Tonks said softly.

Harry looked down again and was silent for a long moment.

"I think I pushed him out," Harry said quietly.

"You were fighting both of us?" Tonks asked, wide-eyed.

"I... I think so," Hary replied. "It hurt, but it's fading."

"Maybe we should call it quits for tonight," she suggested.

"No," Harry said with a sharpness that surprised her as he looked up. "No, I want to keep going. I need to keep him out of my head."

Tonks hesitated but eventually gave in at the pleading look in his eyes.

"Okay," she said. "Let me know when you're ready."

"I'm ready," Harry replied instantly.

Raising her wand, Tonks once again entered his mind.

For the next hour, Harry practiced throwing her out of his mind again and again. Tonks was staggered by some of the memories she saw. From giant spiders, to a Basilisk, to the Triwizard Tournament, it almost seemed too incredible to be true. Each time Harry pushed her out, he leaned forward, clutching his head. Tonks remembered her own headaches from when her mother taught her that they would take half an hour to ease, but Harry looked back up, ready to go again after only a couple of minutes.

"I think that's enough for tonight," Tonks said after the eighth time she was thrown out of his mind.

She tried hard not to show it, but the practice was beginning to wear on her as well. Thankfully, Harry didn't argue. Instead, he nodded, took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes with a groan as he slumped tiredly. Feeling tired herself. Tonks grabbed his arm and pulled him up until he was laying on the pillows next to her. Smirking, she took off her shirt and pulled his head between her breasts. Harry chuckled and snuggled against her, using her plump breasts as pillows. Tonks stroked her fingers through his hair and down his back while he drifted into an exhausted sleep.

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Harry woke up the next morning, his head feeling clearer than it had in months. He felt none of the intense, irrational anger that had been burning inside of him since Voldemort's return. Next to him, Tonks reached under the pillow and canceled the vibrating alarm charm she'd placed on her wand the night before. Feeling almost giddy, Harry gave her a quick kiss on the lips and hopped out of bed.

Sneaking back to his room in the early hours of the morning, he felt too energized to go back to sleep. Instead, he decided to grab a change of clothes and get a shower. By the time he was done, Mrs. Weasley was awake, and he could hear her making breakfast down in the kitchen. Feeling completely refreshed and rejuvenated, Harry headed down to get something to eat.

As the day went on, he noticed that the mood of the whole house seemed brighter. Even Sirius was less moody and depressed than he had been. It made him feel guilty that his attitude could affect everyone else so much. Instead of letting it get to him, though, Harry tried to keep his spirits up and lay the blame on Voldemort rather than himself.

Later in the evening, while he sat on the couch between Hermione and Tonks, Harry's scar burned with such intensity that it left him breathless, unable to scream or groan as he clutched his head and doubled over where he sat.

"Harry?" Hermione asked in concern.

Her voice sounded like it was coming from far away. When Harry closed his eyes, trying desperately to fight off the pain, he began seeing himself walking down a long, narrow hallway towards a black door with a brass handle. As if from underwater, he could just make out Tonks calling his name.

Realizing what was happening, Harry used what Tonks had taught him to push Voldemort out. It was surprisingly hard to work up the will to fight, simply from the fact that a large part of him wanted to know what Voldemort was trying to show him. Fighting against his own curiosity, he pushed back as hard as he could until the vision darkened before suddenly vanishing. Even though the vision was gone, Harry could still feel Voldemort's rage at being forced out.

The world around him came back into focus as he opened his eyes.

“Harry?” Tonks asked.

“I’m alright,” he told her even as he winced from the pain in his head.

Sitting up, Harry found everyone in the room staring at him worriedly. He tried to smile, but it came off as more of a grimace. Eventually, over the next few minutes, the pain in his head faded to a bearable level.

It wasn’t long after the pain dulled that Harry decided to call it an early night. Not so much because he was tired, but more because he was tired of how everyone looked over at him every few seconds.

Harry laid down in his room and rested on his bed for only a few minutes before Tonks came in.

“Hey, you alright?” she asked as she sat on the side of his bed.

“Yeah,” Harry answered, closing his eyes and enjoying the feeling of her fingers running through his hair.

“What happened?” Tonks asked softly.

“Voldemort was trying to show me something,” Harry said. “It was a long hall with a door at the end. I swear I’ve seen it before. I just can’t remember where.”

“Does your head still hurt?” she asked.

“A bit,” he admitted.

Harry felt Tonks shift and then heard the door’s lock click into place. He opened his eyes just in time to see her silence the room and then set her wand down on his nightstand. Raising an eyebrow in askance, she smiled playfully and then leaned down to kiss him. Pressing herself against the side of his body, Tonks ran her hand down his chest and stomach to his crotch. She rubbed her palm over his cock, causing him to quickly swell against her hand.

Groaning into her mouth, he slipped a hand under her shirt and cupped one of her breasts. Moaning into his mouth, Tonks pushed her hand under his pants and massaged his length. As soon as he was completely hard, she sat up and grinned as she scooted down to kneel between his legs.

Popping open the button of his jeans, Tonks undid the zipper and pulled them down his legs. Harry’s rigid erection tented the front of his boxers, straining the fabric until she pulled those off too. Grabbing the base of his cock, Tonks stroked him a few times while looking up at him with a glint in her eye. Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his swollen head, her tongue swirling around his glans.

With a hiss, Harry ran his fingers through her hair as she started bobbing her head slowly up and down his length. With each descent, Tonks took him deeper and deeper, until she’d swallowed him entirely. Groaning as she swallowed around him, he looked down to see her wink up at him with his entire cock still buried to the hilt in her throat. Shaking her head back and forth while lapping at his balls, it was one of the most incredible sensations Harry had ever felt.

Slowly, Tonks raised her head, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard. When she got to the head, she paused before swallowing him once more.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

Tonks smiled up at him with her eyes while dragging her lips slowly back up to the tip. This time, she came off with a *pop* and then gave his throbbing head a kiss. Twisting around, she

stripped out of her pants, leaving her completely naked. Harry took the time to take off his shirt while she straddled his waist.

Lining him up with her entrance, Tonks lowered herself onto him with a moan. Then, she put her hands on his shoulders and started bouncing up and down slowly, sliding his hard length in and out of her tight folds.

Planting his feet on the bed, Harry grabbed her hips and began meeting her bouncing with his thrusts. Lifting his head, he kissed and sucked on her dangling, bouncing breasts, trying to catch her nipple. Tonks laughed and shook her chest back and forth, slapping him in the face with her large, soft breasts.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, Harry rolled both of them over and flexed his hips, driving his cock deep inside of her. Tonks moaned again while wrapping her arms around his chest and digging her nails into his back. Harry kissed her hard as he began thrusting at a steady pace.

Thanks to her teasing earlier, Harry knew he wouldn't last too long. Supporting his weight on one arm, he slipped a hand between their bodies and rubbed her clit as he continued to thrust. He could hear the sound of Tonks' breathing pick up and her muscles tremble under him while he fought back his own orgasm.

Finally, just as he thought he wouldn't be able to hold back any longer, Tonks arched her back and came with a moan. Removing his hand from her clit, Harry thrust just a few more times before he reached his peak in her fluttering depths. With a groan, he emptied himself inside of her.

As they both panted and came down from their peaks, Harry rolled over onto his back and then pulled Tonks to his chest. Grabbing Tonks' wand, he tried twice to cast the rather complicated Notice Me Not Charm before finally getting it right on the third try. He then set an alarm and stuffed the wand under his pillow. Tonks lifted her head and gave him one last kiss on the lips before resting her head on his chest and settling in for the night.



Harry woke up, as he'd done every morning for the last two weeks, to a vibrating under his pillow in the early hours of the morning and a head of brown hair pillowed on his chest. Tonks groaned tiredly as he shifted slightly to reach under the pillow and cancel the Alarm Charm on her wand. Even after turning it off and knowing that Mrs. Weasley would be up soon to start making breakfast, neither of them was in a hurry to get up and move.

It was the 31<sup>st</sup> of January, his last full day staying at Grimmauld Place before going back to Hogwarts. For the first time since stepping foot into the wizarding world four and a half years ago, he wasn't anxious and excited to return.

Not only did Hogwarts not feel like the home it used to with Umbridge's presence, but Harry hated the thought of leaving behind the beautiful witch lying on top of him.

"Can we just stay in bed all day?" Tonks asked sleepily.

Harry smiled, having just had a similar thought himself.

"I wish," he mumbled.

Tonks sighed and ran her hand along his bare stomach. Looking up at him, there was a playful look shining in her hazel eyes as she ran her fingers along his morning erection. Harry ran a hand through her short, brown hair as she kissed his chest.

Working her way down his abs, she trapped his cock between the palm of her hand on one side and her lips wrapping around his girth on the other. Tonks' tongue slipped out and curled around him in slow kisses as she started at his base and worked her way up to the tip. Shifting around to lay down on her stomach, she stroked his rigid length at a leisurely pace while kissing and licking all over his swollen head. Harry groaned and ran a hand through her hair as he enjoyed the feeling of her lips and tongue running over his sensitive glans.

Looking up at him with a small smile, Tonks took him between her lips, causing him to inhale sharply from being enveloped in her hot, wet mouth. Still staring up at him, she descended, swallowing his entire length in one swift, effortless motion.

“Bloody hell,” Harry grunted, just barely stopping himself from bucking up at the incredible feeling.

Tonks stayed with her lips wrapped around his base, his cock buried deep in her throat, for several long seconds before finally lifting her head slowly. Once he was out of her throat, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard all the way up to the tip. Only then did she reverse course, swallowing him whole once again.

After several trips up and down his shaft, she pulled off completely. Panting lightly, she gave him a smug, playful grin while stroking his slick, spit-covered length. Once she’d caught her breath, Tonks throated him again.

This time, she bobbed her head much quicker than before. Rather than pulling all the way back up to the head, she stopped just as he left her throat, about halfway up his shaft, before driving herself back down. Harry’s hands unconsciously tightened in her hair as Tonks quite literally fucked him with her throat. Thick, warm spit leaked out from between her lips and drooled down over his shaft and balls with every bob of her head.

After a surprisingly long time, Tonks finally pulled off of him to catch her breath. Even then, she kept stroking his cock and lapping at the throbbing head. When she took him back into her mouth and swallowed him whole, she kept her lips wrapped around his base for a moment while shaking her head back and forth. A moment later, she pulled halfway back up his length before starting to bob her head quickly again.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned. “I’m close.”

Pulling back up to the head, Tonks sucked voraciously, adding a twist of her as she stroked his shaft while her tongue lashed at the sensitive underside of his glans.

With a loud groan, Harry spilled into her mouth. As soon as the first spurt hit her tongue, Tonks dove down. He grunted as he continued spraying straight down her gullet, his cock swelling and pulsating in the tight confines of her throat. This time, he couldn't stop himself from bucking his hips. While he did, he pulled her head down, driving his cock as deep as possible.

Tonks placed her hands on his hips, but instead of pushing him away, she gripped his ass and pulled herself down as his climax began to wane. When he finally finished collapsing bonelessly onto the mattress, she sucked hard while pulling back up to the head slowly. Harry shivered as she reached his hypersensitive tip, and Tonks smiled at him with her eyes as she sucked him dry.

As she pulled off of him completely, there was a large dollop of cum stuck to the corner of her mouth. Smirking, she wiped it off with her finger and popped it into her mouth, sucking it clean.

"Bloody hell," Harry said. "Well, that was fucking incredible."

Chuckling, Tonks pushed herself up onto her hands and knees before crawling over top of him. Harry ran his hands over her dangling breast as she leaned down to kiss him. Sliding his hands down to her waist, he rolled her over onto her back while he lay on his side next to her. As they kissed heatedly, he caressed her breasts, stomach, and down to her hot, damp mound. As he cupped her folds, Tonks moaned into his mouth and bucked her hips up into his hand.

That's when they heard a door open and close down the hall. Both of them froze in place as quiet footsteps padded towards them.

"Did you silence the room last night?" Harry asked in a barely audible whisper.

"I don't remember," Tonks whispered back.

Careful not to make any noise, Harry reached down and grabbed the sheet, even while knowing it wouldn't do much good. He froze again as the footsteps reached Tonks' door and then

continued on down the hall. Hearing the stair squeak, they finally relaxed and breathed a sigh of relief.

“You should go. That was probably Molly,” Tonks said sadly.

Harry sighed, knowing she was right but wishing he could stay. Leaning down, he gave her a passionate kiss before rolling out of bed and gathering his clothes. Once he was dressed, he gave Tonks one last kiss, his fingers gently stroking her cheek, before turning to leave.

Going back to his room, he laid down and dozed off for another half an hour before Mrs. Weasley sent Hermione in to wake him up. Harry immediately went back to Tonks’ room to help her downstairs for breakfast.

After they ate, Mrs. Weasley told them all to make sure they were packed for tomorrow’s trip to King’s Cross Station. Normally, Harry would have procrastinated and done it later that night, but now he listened, although for reasons Mrs. Weasley probably wouldn’t have liked. He planned to spend as much of the day with Sirius as he could and then spend the night with Tonks.

A short while later, Hermione came into his room as he was haphazardly throwing clothes and books into his trunk.

“Hey, Harry,” she said, closing the door behind her.

“Hey,” Harry replied.

“Are you doing okay?” Hermione asked, taking a seat on his bed.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Harry said, looking at her oddly. “Why?”

“Well, for one, you’re packing early,” she pointed out. “And two, we go back to school tomorrow.”

“That’s kind of why I’m packing,” Harry said.

“You know what I mean,” Hermione said in annoyance. “I’m asking how you feel about leaving Tonks.”

“Oh,” Harry said, finally catching on. “Well, of course, I don’t like it, but we both knew this was coming.”

“Have you talked to her about it?” she asked.

“No,” he said. “There’s really not much to talk about.”

Hermione nodded and sat quietly for a long moment, just watching him as he packed.

“What?” Harry asked.

“You seem... different,” Hermione said, causing him to raise an eyebrow. “I don’t mean that in a bad way. You just seem a lot more calm the last few days.”

“It’s the Occlumency,” he told her. “It’s like Voldemort’s anger was bleeding into me. But now that I’ve learned how to block him out, I don’t feel it as much.”

“Does it still hurt?” Hermione asked, and he knew she meant his scar.

“Sometimes,” Harry said with a shrug.

“She’s been really good for you,” Hermione admitted quietly.

“Yeah,” Harry said as he closed his trunk with a small smile. “She has. Come on, let’s go back downstairs.”

Harry, Hermione, and Ron spent the rest of the day with his family, Sirius and Tonks. Sirius was quieter than usual, obviously sad to see them go, so Harry tried to cheer him up the best he could.

Moody and Kingsley stopped by after lunch to make arrangements for getting everyone to King’s Cross. The Ministry refused to give them cars, so they would be taking a Muggle car, something Mr. Weasley found quite exciting.

Harry shared glances with Tonks throughout the evening, and the clock seemed to move at a crawl the closer it got to bedtime. When it was time to call it a night, Harry still ended up waiting in bed for Mrs. Weasley to do her rounds.

Just after eleven, Harry laid still in his bed as the door opened briefly before closing. He waited another half an hour before climbing out of bed and creeping down the hall to Tonks’ room.

“Sorry,” Harry said when he saw her waiting up in bed for him. “Mrs. Weasley always checks on us the night before we go back to school.”

“It’s fine,” Tonks said with a grin.

As he sat on the bed next to her, she reached for his shirt and tugged it up over his head. Quickly, both of them stripped out of their clothes, and Harry silenced the room before laying down next to her. Tonks curled up against his side and laid her head on his chest. They stayed like that for a long time, just laying there quietly while Harry's hand moved up and down her smooth, bare skin.

Neither of them wanted to start anything because it would be the end, like saying goodbye a night early.

Eventually, Tonks made the first move, pulling Harry on top of her and kissing him deeply. He thrust into her slowly, his hips barely rocking back and forth as he tried to savor the feeling of having her wrapped around him one last time. He lasted over an hour before he spilled himself inside of her with his head buried in the crook of her neck. Even after he went limp, he stayed inside of her as she ran her nails lightly up and down his spine.

"I'm going to miss you," Tonks said quietly.

"I'm going to miss you too," Harry said.

Rolling off of her, he pulled her back against his chest, where they lay well into the early morning, talking quietly.

By the time they woke up in the morning, there wasn't much time for them to do anything. Mrs. Weasley woke up minutes after they did, the floor creaking lightly under her feet as she passed their room. They looked at each other wordlessly. Harry leaned in, gave her one more long kiss, and then silently slipped back to his bedroom, not daring to look back.

The house was chaotic as it usually was when the Weasleys were around when he helped Tonks down to breakfast. Discretely, she held his hand under the table while they watched them run around, grabbing last-minute belongings and trying to eat a quick breakfast.

Far too soon, the cars arrived, and it was time to leave. Due to her injuries, Tonks wouldn't be making the trip with them. Just before they left, Harry pulled Sirius in for a hug, then Tonks, not caring if anyone was watching as he hugged longer than what was considered normal.

"Stay safe, and don't forget about the mirror," she whispered in his ear.

“Stay safe? I’m not the one that got caught by Death Eaters,” Harry said with a chuckle.

“Prat,” Tonks said with a good-natured grin.

While one last wave, Harry followed Moody to the car. He stared quietly out the window for most of the ride. Hermione gave him a few concerned looks, but he just smiled and shook his head. The last thing he wanted to do was talk about it.

It was going to be a long term, Harry thought.

## Chapter 7

Tonks towed her spiky purple hair dry as she stepped out of the bathroom and into her bedroom. Padding over to the full-length mirror on the back of her bedroom door, she tossed the towel into the overflowing hamper and looked at the reflection of her slightly damp, naked body.

Running her hands over her moderately sized chest, the size she preferred for work, she turned to the side with a thoughtful look at her profile. Tonks closed her eyes, her face scrunched up in concentration. She could feel her skin stretching with a tingle, and the weight on her chest slowly grew noticeably heavier. When she opened her eyes again, she smiled at her now large, jutting breasts.

Twisting her hips to the side, she ran a hand from her waist down across the smooth skin of her fit, muscular bum. Satisfied with her look, Tonks grabbed a bottle of lotion off her dresser. Squirting a Galleon-sized dollop into her palm, she rubbed her hands together and then began rubbing it into her chest and stomach. With one more dollop of lotion, she rubbed it into her legs and bum.

Looking in the mirror again, Tonks smiled to herself and bounced on her toes to make her firm, perky breasts jiggle enticingly.



Harry's going to love these, she thought with a smirk.

As her eyes moved down her body, she frowned when she noticed a bit of stubble between her legs. Screwing her face up again, she focused on making it vanish. Opening her eyes, she ran a hand over her smooth mound to make sure she got everything.

"Perfect," Tonks said to herself with a grin.

Turning around, she walked over and climbed onto the bed. Quickly checking the clock, she saw it was just a few minutes until seven. Pulling her pillows into a large pile, she made herself comfortable before picking up the small hand mirror from her nightstand.

Impatiently, she checked the clock constantly as she waited for Harry to call. That impatience only grew when the clock ticked over to one minute past seven. Between her job at the Ministry and the work she did for the Order, it had been a few days since they'd last talked for more than a few minutes. Tonks was desperate to have some naughty fun tonight. It wasn't anywhere near as good as having him in her bed, but at least it was better than nothing.

Of course, that wasn't the only reason she was excited for his call. It would be great to just talk to him again and hear his voice. She was also curious as to how his little Defense club was going. According to Dumbledore and McGonagall, Harry had a real knack for teaching.

As the clock ticked over to four past seven, Tonks decided she'd waited long enough.

"Harry Potter," she said.

Holding the mirror out at arm's length, she made sure her entire upper body was in view and laid back with a coy smile on her face.

"Nymphadora Tonks,"

Tonks barely had time to register that the voice she heard didn't belong to Harry before she found herself staring into the face of Hermione Granger.

"Oh!" Hermione exclaimed.

Suddenly, the view in the mirror changed, and Tonks found herself staring at a bed spread from just an inch away.

"Hermione?" Tonks asked, startled and confused as she pulled the sheets up over herself.

"Sorry," Hermione said, her words sounding distant and muffled.

"I'm covered. You can look now," Tonks said, a ball of worry settling like lead in the pit of her stomach. "Where's Harry? Is he alright?"

Hermione's blushing face swam back into view.

"He has detention," she said, biting her lip.

"Great," Tonks said frustratedly, though part of her was relieved it was nothing serious.

"To be fair, it wasn't his fault this time," Hermione told her. "Umbridge has been on the war path lately. She's been using any excuse to put Harry in detention."

"I'm going to kill that bitch," Tonks muttered to herself, although she was sure Hermione could hear her. "Do you know what time he'll get out?"

"He usually doesn't get back until after curfew," Hermione said. "He knew you'd be calling tonight, so he asked me to tell you what happened, and he says he's really sorry."

"It's alright," Tonks said, blowing out a breath.

"There's something I wanted to talk to you about as well," Hermione said, biting her lip nervously.

"What's that?" Tonks asked.

"It's about Harry," Hermione said. "He made me promise not to tell you, but I really think someone else needs to know. He's being so stubborn. He won't go to any of the teachers, and he flat out refused to tell Dumbledore."

"What is it?" Tonks asked worriedly.

Hermione hesitated for a moment, then took a deep breath and ran a hand through her bushy brown hair.

"Umbridge is torturing Harry," she began, causing Tonks to sit bolt upright, her eyes widening. "She's making him write lines with this quill that cuts the words into his hand."

"A Blood Quill!?" Tonks yelled incredulously. "Why hasn't he told Dumbledore or McGonagall?"

"He wants to deal with it on his own," Hermione explained, her frustration clear on her face. "Plus, he doesn't think they can do anything, and, as much as I hate to admit it, he's probably right."

"What do you mean they can't do anything? She's torturing him!" Tonks bit out angrily.

"I know!" Hermione snapped back. "You don't know what it's like here. Dumbledore's hardly ever around. Umbridge sacked Professor Trelawney and nearly kicked her out of the castle, and

she's threatened to do the same to the other teachers if they step out of line. Now that she has that High Inquisitor title, she can do pretty much anything she wants. If we go to one of the professors, who do you think Fudge will support? He'll call them a liar no matter what evidence we have and sack them too."

Hermione sniffled and wiped her glistening eyes before the tears could fall.

"I hate it," she said miserably. "I hate seeing him come back every night with his hand cut up. But there's nothing we can do."

"I'm sorry," Tonks said, running a hand through her hair.

In her head, she cursed Dumbledore for not protecting Harry the way he should. She'd thought they'd finally gotten through to him that more needed to be done, but it looked like he'd fallen back into sitting around and doing nothing.

"Right, I'm going to think of something," Tonks said determinedly. "There's no way in hell I'm letting that bitch get away with hurting Harry. As soon as he gets back, tell him to call me. I don't care what time it is."

"Alright," Hermione said with a nod. "Do you really think you can stop her? I mean, Umbridge has the whole Ministry behind her right now."

"Not all of it," Tonks said. "People are starting to question things at the Ministry. I'll talk to my boss, Madam Bones. She hates Umbridge."

"But won't you be risking your job?" Hermione asked worriedly.

"Don't worry about me, Hermione," Tonks said with a smile. "Right now, protecting Harry is the most important thing. Besides, if the Ministry is going to willfully torture Hogwarts students, then I really don't want to be a part of it. Just make sure to tell Harry to call me, alright?"

"I will," Hermione said. "Goodnight, Tonks."

"Night," Tonks replied.

As the glass faded back into a reflection of her own face, Tonks sighed and tossed it to the side. Standing up, she walked over to her dresser and pulled out a pair of comfortable pajamas. Once she was dressed, she picked up a notebook and quill. Climbing back onto her bed, she began making notes and writing down ideas as she waited for Harry to call.

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"Nymphadora Tonks."

Tonks jolted awake at the sound of the familiar voice. At some point, she had fallen asleep in a rather uncomfortable position. Stretching her back with a wince, she heard her name called again. Realizing Harry was calling her, she threw sheaves of parchment to the side as she frantically looked for her mirror. Grabbing it, she quickly brought it up to her face.

"Harry Potter," Tonks said.

The mirror went blurry for just a moment before it cleared to reveal the tired face of Harry Potter.

"Hey," he said with a soft, happy smile.

Any anger she felt towards him for not telling her about Umbridge earlier drained away at the sight of his face and the tender smile on his lips. How was she supposed to stay angry with that, she asked herself.

"Hey," Tonks said, smiling back.

“Sorry about getting detention,” Harry said. “Umbridge has been a nightmare lately. Apparently, sneezing in class is a disruption now.”

“And when did you plan on telling me about that Blood Quill she’s making you use?” Tonks asked.

Harry stiffened before looking away with a sigh.

“Hermione told you,” Harry stated more than asked.

“Yes, and don’t you dare give her a hard time for that. She’s just worried about you,” Tonks told him firmly. “The important question is, why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because there’s nothing you can do about it, and I didn’t want to worry you,” Harry said quietly. “Besides, I can handle it.”

“You shouldn’t have to,” Tonks said softly.

She knew from his memories that Harry had difficulty relying on other people, especially adults. Growing up with the Dursleys hadn’t left a good impression, and yelling at him wouldn’t help anything.

“What else am I supposed to do?” Harry asked frustratedly. “I can’t go to any of the teachers. Dumbledore won’t even look at me now, and everyone else is too scared to stand up to her. Well, McGonagall does. But if I go to her, she’ll just get fired, and then we’ve got no one.”

Tonks sighed, her heart breaking as she truly realized just how alone they all felt. Someone needed to stand up for them and to hell with the consequences, she thought.

“Well then, it’s a good thing your super-fit girlfriend also happens to be a kick-arse Auror,” Tonks said with a grin, trying to lighten the mood.

“No,” Harry said with a firmness that shocked her. “I don’t want you getting into trouble over me.”

“Hey, you helped me. Now it’s my turn to help you,” Tonks told him.

“But-”

“No buts,” Tonks cut him off. “I’m going to do it anyway, so you might as well help me out.”

“Tonks, you could lose your job,” Harry argued frustratedly.

“No big loss there,” Tonks said with a shrug. “Like I told Hermione, if the Ministry is going to torture people, then I want no part of it.”

“You’re not going to let this go, are you?” Harry asked with a sigh.

“Nope,” Tonks said cheerfully.

Harry shook his head, but she could see his shoulders relax, and a smile flitted across his face.

“Fine,” Harry said.

“Good,” Tonks said. “Your next Hogsmeade visit is next weekend, right?”

“Yeah, why?” Harry asked, looking a little confused.

“I have an idea, but I need to talk to my boss first. Don’t worry,” Tonks said, cutting him off before he could interrupt. “Bones hates Umbridge as much as anyone, and she’s not a fan of Fudge either. She’ll help us out. I’ll talk to you more tomorrow night. For now, get rid of those clothes.”

Grinning, Tonks levitated the mirror with her wand and pulled off her shirt. Her grin turned into a smirk as she watched Harry’s eyes take in her larger breasts. She knew they were a good idea.

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Following Susan Bones, Harry slipped past Filch under his invisibility cloak and joined her and Hannah Abbot inside the carriage. Hermione had told him he was being paranoid, and perhaps he was, but he wasn’t taking any chances.

Today was the day he was to meet Amelia Bones about Umbridge. Not only did he want to keep the toad from finding out what he was doing, but he was also concerned about Tonks being caught. He knew how hard she had worked to become an Auror, and he didn’t want to be the one to jeopardize that, no matter how bad the Ministry was at the moment.

Arriving at Hogsmeade, Harry hopped out after Susan and waited for her to say goodbye to Hannah. Harry smiled as the short, shy redhead looked around with nervous excitement as she made her way towards the Three Broomsticks. He imagined she was feeling the same way he did back in his first year when he first used his cloak to sneak into the library's Restricted Section.

Harry's nerves began to build as they grew closer to the crowded pub. This would be the tricky part. He had to sneak his way upstairs with Susan to the private room Madam Bones had rented, all without bumping into anyone and giving himself away.

Easier said than done, Harry thought as he looked around the pub packed with students.

“Morning, Susan,” Madam Rosmerta greeted the girl with a kind smile. “Your aunt’s already waiting for you, room four.”



“Thanks, Rosmerta,” Susan said with a nervous smile.

She hesitated momentarily, trying to find a path where they wouldn’t bump into anyone. Harry followed her slowly and carefully as she made her way to the stairs. Both of them let out a sigh of relief when they made it unnoticed. Susan started climbing the steps, glancing over her shoulder with a nervous look. Harry put his hand on her shoulder to let her know he was still there, nearly giving them away when she jumped and gasped in surprise.

Holding a hand to her chest, Susan blushed heavily and quickly ascended to the second floor. Walking down to the second door on the right, she knocked on the door softly.

“Come in,” came a muffled, feminine voice.

Susan pushed the door wide open and walked around to the other side to close it, giving Harry ample time to slip into the room. He stopped and stared for a moment as he spotted Tonks with a disappointed look on her face. His pulse raced at finally seeing her in person again.

“Susan?” A tall, auburn-haired witch asked in surprise. “Not that I mind seeing you, but what are you doing here?”

Susan opened her mouth to speak, and Harry quickly put his hand on her shoulder. She stopped and closed her mouth with a click as her aunt, Madam Bones, looked at her oddly. Taking a deep breath, Harry threw off his cloak. Ignoring the wand Madam Bones reflexively aimed at his chest, he turned around to lock and silence the door.

“Was that really necessary?” Madam Bones asked with a frown.

“Unfortunately, yes,” Harry said, straightening his glasses.

In all of his planning for this day over the last few days, it had never occurred to him how hard it would be to be in the same room as Tonks and not stare at her or rush over and take her into his arms. They'd only been apart for a month, but it felt like a lifetime. It was a struggle just to keep his eyes on Madam Bones and not glance over at her beautiful face and bright smile.

"I really don't appreciate you dragging my niece into this," Madam Bones said with a stern look.

"It's okay, auntie. I wanted to help," Susan assured her.

Madam Bones sighed and folded her arms over her chest.

"We'll talk about this later," Madam Bones said, causing Susan to blush and duck her head.

"Now, Auror Tonks gave me some information, but I'd like to hear from you exactly what happened."

"Umbridge has been giving me a lot of detentions lately, usually for stupid things. She has me writing lines with this quill that uses my blood for ink, and it scratches the words into my hand," Harry said.

Next to him, Susan gasped sharply and covered her mouth with her hand.

"Can you describe the quill?" Madam Bones asked before he could continue.

"It's long, all black," Harry said with a shrug, not sure how else to describe it. "And it hurts like hell after a couple of hours."

"How long does she usually have you write lines?" Madam Bones asked.

"At least four hours, sometimes five or six," Harry answered. "Or, as Umbridge says, 'until the message sinks in.'"

“May I see?” she asked.

Taking a couple steps forward, Harry held out his hand. He’d had detention with Umbridge every night for the last week, and he’d refused to let Hermione use that essence of Murtlap to heal it just for this. It stung constantly, and Harry grimaced as Madam Bones lifted his hand for a closer look, a monocle affixed to one eye. The cuts were scabbed over with angry red outlines, making it easy to read.

While she was looking at his hand, he chanced a glance over at Tonks. She was staring at his hand with an angry scowl, her wand clenched tightly in her fist and the tip glowing a pale red.

“I must not tell lies,” Madam Bones murmured quietly.

“She didn’t appreciate me telling her Voldemort is back,” Harry explained.

“Is he?” she asked, looking up to stare into his eyes with a piercing gaze.

“Yes,” Harry said.

They continued to stare at each other for a long couple of seconds before she gave a tight nod and let go of his hand.

“Auror Tonks, please get a picture of this,” Madam Bones instructed.

Tonks pulled a camera out of the pocket of her robes and walked over to Harry. Their eyes met, and neither one of them could suppress the small smiles on their faces. Taking his hand gently, she pulled it towards her and softly ran her thumb across the back of his hand.

“Hold your hand out flat,” Tonks told him.

Harry did, and she snapped two quick pictures from different angles.

“Make a fist.”

After two more pictures, Tonks gave his hand a quick, discrete squeeze before stepping away.

“We’ll get these back to the Ministry and launch an investigation,” Madam Bones said, seemingly ready to draw the meeting to a close.

Harry turned and stared at her incredulously.

“You can’t,” Harry insisted, causing her to look at him with a raised brow. “If Fudge gets wind of this, he’ll bury it. They’ll just say I’m lying again, or that Dumbledore planned all of this to take over the Ministry, or some other ridiculous excuse.”

“He’s right, boss. You know how Fudge is,” Tonks cut in, showing her support for Harry.

“We need to work within the law,” Madam Bones said firmly.

“There still has to be something else we can do,” Harry pleaded. “Look, I have an idea. I have detention with Umbridge tonight. What if I sneak you into Hogwarts under my cloak so you can see it for yourself? There has to be some magical way of recording something, isn’t there?”

“There is,” Madam Bones admitted with a thoughtful nod. “It’s called an All-Seeing Eye; it records a court-admissible memory of anything it sees.”

“Perfect,” Harry said excitedly. “With one of those, and you as an eyewitness, there’s no way Fudge can sweep this under the rug.”

“Mr. Potter, this is highly unusual,” Madam Bones said.

Harry ran a hand through his hair as his enthusiasm plummeted.

“Fine, if you don’t want to do it, then let’s just forget the whole thing. If you file a report, it’ll just get back to Fudge, and I’ll end up arrested for filing a false report or something stupid,” Harry said frustratedly before turning to Tonks. “Thanks for trying, Tonks.”

Walking over to the bed, he grabbed his cloak and threw it around his shoulders.

“Auntie,” Susan said in a quiet, pleading voice. “Please, you have to help.”

“Oh, very well,” Madam Bones said after looking at her niece’s expression. “We’ll do it your way, Mr. Potter.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Yes, seriously,” she said, straightening her robes and meeting his gaze. “Contrary to what you may believe, I am here to help.”

Looking over at Tonks, she smiled and gave him an encouraging nod.

“Thank you,” Harry said, still feeling a bit worried. “My detention starts at seven. Meet me outside the Shrieking Shack at half past six, and I can get you into the castle.”

“Very well. Don’t make me regret this, Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones said sternly.

“I won’t,” he promised, feeling like he should be telling her the same thing.

Instead, he held his tongue and took the cloak off of his shoulders before offering it to her.

“That won’t be necessary,” Madam Bones said with a twitch of her lips. “I have my own.”

Turning around, she pulled out her wand and raised it to take down the Charms on the door.

“Wait,” Harry called out.

Stopping, she turned to look at him curiously as he donned his cloak and disappeared from view.

“Go ahead,” Harry said.

---

Tonks was disappointed she had to leave before really getting a chance to talk to Harry, but she hoped to see him later.

As Bones opened the door, a pink-clad witch stumbled, nearly falling into the room after quite clearly having had her ear pressed to the door. Even before she straightened up to show her face, Tonks knew it was Umbridge. After seeing the scars on Harry’s hand in person, Tonks felt a fury stronger than she had ever felt before as she eyed the insidious toad. It took every ounce of restraint she had not to Curse the woman within an inch of her life.

I guess Harry wasn’t so paranoid after all, she thought.

“Oh, Amelia, how lovely to see you,” Umbridge said with a simpering smile and that odious, girlish giggle of hers. “I heard you were here with Susan, so I just came to check everything was alright.”

As she spoke, Umbridge leaned to the side to look into the room before straightening up and staring up at Bones, her smile still in place.

"Everything's fine," Bones said, resting her hand on a worried-looking Susan's shoulder. "Susan just needed a bit of advice."

"I see," Umbridge said. "Well, since you're here, would you care to join me for lunch?"

"Thank you, Dolores, but no. I'm afraid I really must be getting back to the office," Bones replied.

"Of course," Umbridge said with another grating giggle.

As she moved out of the way, Bones and Susan stepped out into the hall and followed Umbridge towards the stairs. Grabbing the doorknob, Tonks looked back into the room and gave a wink before pulling the door closed.

"You haven't seen Harry Potter by chance, have you?" Umbridge asked as the group descended the stairs.

Tonks narrowed her eyes at the back of her head and gripped her wand tightly in the pocket of her robe.

"I can't say that I have," Bones said. "Why? Has he done something?"

"Oh, that boy's always causing trouble, spouting lies. I'm sure you know the type," Umbridge said with a simpering giggle.

"Indeed," Bones replied dully.

Just as they returned to the bar, Harry walked in the front door, his hair looking a bit more windswept than before. Tonks smiled, realizing he must have jumped out the window and run around to the front door. That smile died when she saw Umbridge looking at him with a tiny but noticeable smirk on her lips.

"If you'll excuse us, I'd like to spend a little more time with my niece before heading back to work." Bones said. "Good day, Dolores."

"Of course," Umbridge said before turning to Susan with a fake smile plastered on her face. "I look forward to seeing you in class, my dear."

Turning, she made her way over to Harry, who had just sat down with Ron and Hermione. Tonks hesitated for a moment, wanting to help him, but realizing there was nothing she could do. Cursing in her head, Tonks followed Bones out onto the streets of Hogsmeade.

"Susan, how would you say Umbridge is, as a teacher?" Bones asked.

"Honestly, she's horrible," Susan said. "She doesn't teach us any spells in class and we're not even allowed to practice them on our own now. We just read that Slinkhard book about running away and calling the Aurors."

"How does she act?" Bones asked.

"She's fine to me and Hannah, but she treats Justin horribly," Susan said, biting her lip. "It's pretty clear she doesn't like Muggleborns. Harry gets it the worst, though; she's always insulting him and trying to get a reaction so she can give him detention."

"And what do you think of Harry?" she asked.

"He's only ever been nice to me and my friends, and he's been helping us learn Defense so we can pass our OWLs," Susan said, her cheeks flushing.



Someone's got a crush, Tonks thought with a smile.

"I thought you weren't allowed to practice spells outside of class," Bones replied with a small smile.

"Oh, um, w – well..." Susan stammered.

"It's alright," Bones said, patting Susan's shoulder. "I'm glad you're taking the initiative to learn; I just don't want you to get in trouble."

"But it's so ridiculous," Susan said frustratedly. "How are we supposed to pass our OWLs when we've never cast the spell before? Not even Harry or Hermione can do that, and they're the best in the school when it comes to Defense."

"I don't agree with these new Educational Decrees either. I'm just asking you to be careful," Bones said, though not unkindly. "What do you think of Harry's claims You-Know-Who has returned?"

"I think he's telling the truth," Susan said, biting her lip. "You should see him when he talks about Cedric. Something really bad happened that night, and I've never known Harry to lie. I don't want it to be true. I keep hoping he's wrong or it was someone pretending to be You-Know-Who. But what if he's right?"

"Indeed," Bones mused. "What if?"

---

After getting away from Umbridge, Harry snuck into an alley, donned his cloak, and began searching for Tonks. He knew he was taking a stupid risk, but he really needed to see her again. Preferably where they could spend a bit of time together. It took a while for him to find her, carefully weaving in and out of students rushing between the shops, but he finally spotted her head of bright purple hair near the end of the village.

Bones was still there, but Susan was gone, presumably back with her friends. He really owed her a big thanks for all her help. Harry crept closer, careful not to leave footsteps visible in the snow piled up along the cobblestone road.

"I'm heading back to the office to get ready," Madam Bones said to Tonks. "I want you and Shackbolt to meet me here at six. Stay in the village as back up. I'll send you a Patronus if I need you. This could get messy."

"Sure thing, boss," Tonks agreed, pleased action was being taken.

Nodding, Madam Bones took a few steps away before turning on the spot and vanishing with a *crack*. Tonks spun around to head back to the village, but her foot slipped in a patch of melting snow, and she stumbled, nearly falling on her bum.

"Bugger," Tonks muttered.

Smiling, Harry looked around to make sure they were alone before creeping closer.

"Tonks," he called out in a harsh whisper.

"Harry?" Tonks whispered back, looking around.

"Follow me," Harry said.

Without waiting for an answer, he walked down the side of the road, deliberately leaving footprints in the snow. Seeing them, Tonks smiled as she followed the trail. Turning off the main road, Harry hopped a fence and led her up to the Shrieking Shack. Moving around to the back of the weathered and boarded-up old house, he stopped and waited for her to catch up.

As soon as Tonks stopped next to him, Harry opened the cloak and wrapped it around her, causing both of them to vanish from sight. Beaming at each other, she wrapped her arms around his neck while he hugged her waist.

In an instant, Harry had her pinned against the building and their lips collided in a hungry, searing kiss. Tonks' fingers gripped his hair, tugging it lightly as she mashed their lips together.

"Merlin, I missed you," Tonks gasped when she pulled back to breathe.

"I missed you, too," Harry said with a grin.

As their lips met, moving slower and more controlled but no less passionately, her hands released his hair and slid down over his shoulder. Caressing his chest and abs, her fingers deftly reached for his belt buckle. With only the sound of heavy breathing, smacking lips, and the metallic clink of his belt hanging open, her fingers made short work of the button and zipper holding his trousers together before her hand dove into his boxers.

Harry gasped into her mouth as her cold hand wrapped around his hot, half-hard length. Tonks pulled his rapidly hardening erection up and out of his trousers as she stroked him almost desperately.

"I need you," Tonks panted huskily.

Groaning, Harry gathered her long, heavy black skirt up with his fingers before wrapping his arms around her thighs and lifting her up. Her smooth, muscular legs wrapped around his waist as one of his hands slipped up her thigh. His fingers sought out the waistband of her panties, only to find she wasn't wearing any. Breaking their kiss, Harry looked at her in surprise.

Her response was a naughty grin as she tightened her leg muscles, mashing his rock-hard length against her hot, damp mound. Reaching down, she grabbed his cock and ran his swollen head between her wet folds with a moan. Lining him up with her entrance, Tonks wrapped her arms around his neck and pushed.

“Yes,” she hissed as her tight folds stretched to swallow his length.

Harry lost his breath as he sank into her euphoric embrace, his feet shuffling forward to push even deeper as he buried his face in the crook of her neck. Tonks ran her fingers gently through the hair at the back of his head, moaning as he bottomed out.

Neither of them moved for a long moment, savoring the feeling of being together once again. Pulling his head back, Harry kissed her tenderly on the lips, their tongues meeting languidly.

“Fuck me,” Tonks breathed between kisses.

Rolling his hips, Harry started slow, gradually increasing the pace and depth of his thrusts.

Outside, it was cold, but under the cloak, the air grew hot and heavy. With each breath, Harry could practically taste her arousal as it permeated the humid air. As the speed of his thrusts picked up and breathing became an issue, he pulled his lips back and rested his forehead against hers. Staring into her dark, twinkling eyes, he pushed the thoughts of how long it might be before he would see her again to the back of his mind and embraced the moment.

Meeting his gaze, Tonks reached up and stroked the side of his face with a feather-light touch of her fingertips before cupping his cheek. Turning his head, Harry rubbed his face against her palm before kissing it lightly. When her hand left his face, she reached for the buttons of her shirt with a small, teasing smile on her lips.

Feeling the muscles in his arms begin to burn, Harry pushed more of her weight against the wall. As his arms relaxed, Tonks slipped down just a little. The slight change in angle caused his thick shaft to rub against the top of her tight, silky-smooth walls. With a gasp, her eyes widened, and her jaw dropped open. On the second thrust, he rolled upwards, her body shuddered, and her depths fluttered around his length.

With a long, low moan, Tonks frantically tore apart her shirt the rest of the way, pulled her bra up over her breasts, and pinched her nipple lightly. Harry couldn't help but stare down at her large, firm breasts as they bounced and rippled with each thrust of his hips. Without realizing it, he began pounding it to her even harder just to see them move.

Suddenly, Tonks let out a sharp cry as her body stiffened. With a shudder, she arched her back while her sweltering folds hugged his thrusting cock. Grunting, Harry kept thrusting, prolonging her climax as much as he could. Panting heavily, Tonks lifted herself up slightly and pulled his head down to her chest, where he buried his face between her soft, smooth breasts.

"Cum for me, love," Tonks whispered in his ear. "I need it. I need to feel you filling me up."

As much as he wanted to make their reunion last all day, he was already close to his peak. The tightening of her depths combined with her sultry pleas ensured he wouldn't last much longer. Kissing her breast, Harry straightened up and tightened his grip on her hips. Bucking forwards, he pulled her down into his thrusts. Her breasts bounced wildly from his powerful movements, and her back arched again with a low moan.

"Oh God, yes," Tonks panted.

With frantic movements, Harry slammed into her as fast as he could, groaning from the feeling of her hot, tight walls hugging his length. As he tipped over the edge, he buried his cock as deep into her as he could and let loose with a torrent of cum.

"Mmh," Tonks moaned deeply.

Harry bucked his hips with each pulse of his length until his climax came to an end. Tonks ran her fingers through his hair as he caught his breath, gently caressing his scalp. Leaning back, Harry kissed her tenderly on the lips before finally pulling out of her and setting her gently on her feet.

"What time is it?" Tonks asked.

Harry glanced at his watch.

“Just after one,” he said.

“Good,” Tonks said with a smile.

Fixing her shirt and smoothing out her skirt, Tonks slipped out from under the cloak and moved over to the back door of the Shrieking Shack. With a flourish of her wand, the boards holding it closed popped loose, and the latch unlocked with a click. Pulling it open, she stepped inside and waved for him to follow.

Walking in, Harry closed the door behind him and took off the cloak. Tonks immediately grabbed his hand with a smile and pulled him through the house. In every room she looked, they found only ripped and broken furniture. Eventually, they reached the top floor, where they entered the same room where Harry had discovered the truth about Sirius.

Walking over to the bed Harry had Hexed Snape into just over two years prior, she waved her wand like she was conducting an orchestra. Slowly, the broken wood mended itself, the dust and grime vanished, and the rips and tears stitched themselves together.

Spinning around, Tonks grinned as she sauntered up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“I’ve got two hours before I have to check in with Shack,” she said.

Pulling his hand, she led him over to the bed and pushed him down onto it. Harry closed his eyes, half expecting it to collapse under his weight, but miraculously, it held.

“You know, I normally hate skirts, but I wore one today just in case,” Tonks said with a grin.

Undoing the zipper on the side of her skirt, she dropped it to the floor before reaching for the buttons of her shirt.

“Ready for round two?” she asked as she dropped her shirt and popped the clasp of her bra.

“Definitely,” Harry said with a smile.

## Chapter 8

Tonks smiled as she rested her head on Harry’s chest, an arm and a leg draped across his body. Merlin, how she’d missed this.

Maybe I should talk to Dumbledore about taking the Defense post once Umbridge is rotting in Azkaban, she thought.

Just the idea of Harry bending her over the teacher’s desk in his Hogwarts uniform was getting her excited again, even after forty-five minutes of straight sex. She couldn’t help but giggle at all the role-playing ideas that would open up. Harry could seduce her for extra credit, or she could ‘punish’ him in detention. Maybe they could even switch roles, and Harry could be the one punishing her, she thought. Aging potions were simple to make.

“What’s so funny?” Harry asked, pulling her closer and kissing the top of her head.

“Just thinking,” Tonks said as she ran her hand over his chest.

Grabbing his wrist, she lifted his hand to check the time on his watch.

Good, she thought. They still had another hour together before she had to leave.

Sliding her leg all the way across his body, Tonks straddled his waist and pushed herself up. Harry moaned as she rubbed her dripping folds on his spent member. Damn, how she loved the sounds he made for her. With a playful smile, she ground herself down on him, hoping his teenage stamina would hold out for one more go.

Sure enough, he began to harden against her mound in moments, which leaked their combined fluids all over him. Reaching up, Harry cupped her dangling breasts before sitting up to take her sensitive nipple between his lips. Letting out a quiet moan, Tonks supported her weight on one arm to run a hand through his hair. She closed her eyes and enjoyed his gentle sucking as his tongue circled and flicked over her engorged nub.

As his throbbing erection pressed against her swollen lips, Tonks ground her clit along his length with a moan. Raising herself up, she lined him up with her entrance and sank down on his hot, hard pole, blissfully savoring the way his thick head and shaft lightly stretched her depths perfectly.

Seeing the way he continued to focus on her chest as she settled on his lap, Tonks smirked and closed her eyes. Harry grunted in surprise and let her nipple fall from his mouth when her breasts began to expand another two cup sizes. Opening her eyes, she laughed at the gob-smacked look on his face as he stared at the now massive tits jutting from her chest.

Leaning forward, Tonks shook her chest back and forth, slapping his cheeks with her heavy orbs.

“Bloody hell,” Harry said.

As Harry cupped her breasts and buried his face between her massive mounds, Tonks ran her hand through his hair and began riding him. Lifting herself halfway up his length, she stopped and dropped back down, moaning as she rolled her hips at the bottom. Lying back on the bed, Harry continued groping her bouncing, jiggling breasts while planting his feet on the bed and bucking up into her.



Quickly falling into a rhythm, they gradually sped up until the sound of their bodies wetly slapping together echoed off the walls. This is what Tonks had been waiting for, a chance to really ride his cock for all she was worth without the aftereffects of the Cruciatus Curse driving her insane from the overwhelming sensations.

Digging her nails into his chest, Tonks threw her head back and cried out as she came yet again, having lost track of the number of orgasms she'd experienced a long time ago. Harry's hands finally left her chest, sliding down her sides to grip her hips.

Falling forward, with her hands planted on either side of his head, she stared down at bright, lustful green eyes as she continued to moan and tremble from her climax.

Holding her hips still, Harry started hammering his cock into her at a blistering pace. Tonks gasped, her mouth falling open and her eyelids fluttering as her overstimulated nerves screamed for mercy. One peak led straight into the next from his frantic, animalistic thrusts. Her arousal soaked his groin as the breath was forced from her lungs. When she finally did get a breath, the only sound that left her lips was an unintelligible whine.

Fortunately for her sanity, Harry didn't last much longer. With one last thunderous buck of his hips that drove a grunt from her open mouth, he buried his cock inside of her. She could feel it swell and pulse as he filled her quivering depths. Tonks could feel each hot jet of cum as it splashed against her walls with surprising force, given how many times he'd already cum.

Collapsing forward, she buried her face in the crook of his neck as she panted to regain her breath. Her huge breasts caused her back to arch awkwardly, but for now, she was too spent to shrink them back down. As Harry wrapped his arms around her, she closed her eyes to savor the buzz and contentment flooding every inch of her body.

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"Tonks," Harry said, gently stroking her bare, sweaty back.

"Hunh," she grumbled sleepily.

“Tonks, it’s time to get up,” he said, smiling.

Groaning, Tonks sat up and blinked as she took in her surroundings.

“How long was I out?” she asked groggily.

“A while. It’s almost three,” Harry said.

“Shit. Why’d you let me sleep so long?” Tonks asked as she laid her head down on his chest.

Wincing, she closed her eyes and screwed up her face. A moment later, he felt her breasts shrink back down to their usual size before she worked her shoulders.

“I fell asleep too,” Harry admitted.

Sighing, Tonks hugged herself to his chest.

“I don’t wanna leave,” she said petulantly with a pout.

“I don’t want you to either,” Harry said, stroking her back.

They continued to lie like that, neither of them making any effort to get up for a few more minutes. Finally, Tonks sighed and rolled off of him before standing up and gathering her clothes.

“When’s your next Hogsmeade visit?” she asked.

“Not for another two months,” Harry said sadly.

“Fuck,” Tonks said as she clipped her bra and put on her skirt.

“I could always sneak out,” Harry offered hopefully, climbing out of bed and gathering his own clothes.

Tonks looked thoughtful for a long moment.

“Let’s see what happens with Umbridge first,” she said. “It would be safer if I snuck into Hogwarts instead of you sneaking out. The last thing we need is You-Know-Who catching you with your pants down.”

“Be a hell of a way to go, though,” Harry joked.

Tonks snorted and smiled as she repaired her shirt with a flick of her wand and slipped it on. Far too quickly for his liking, they were both dressed. Walking over to Harry, Tonks wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed him tenderly. With a groan, she pulled back, her eyes locked with his as she licked her lips.

“I’ll see you in a few hours,” Tonks said softly.

Harry nodded, and she leaned forward to kiss him briefly. As she pulled back and turned to leave, he grabbed her hand and yanked her back for one more kiss. Giggling, Tonks pulled back and stroked his cheek.

“I’ll see you soon,” she promised.

With one final kiss, she stepped back out of reach and waved as she left. Harry sighed as he watched her go.

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Three and a half hours later, Harry was making his way back to the Shrieking Shack when Fred and George ran up to him.

“Hey, Harry,” Fred yelled as they caught up to him.

“We have it,” George whispered on his left.

“Really?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Really,” Fred said on his right.

“Lee just finished it,” George said.

“He talked to his sister at the Ministry,” Fred told him.

“You know, the one with the great legs,” George jumped in.

“Exactly,” Fred agreed. “Anyway, she agreed to help us out.”

“But she can only buy us an hour at most,” George took over. “Here.”

Harry held out his hand as George handed him what looked like a stage microphone from the fifties that had no stand or cord attached.

“Just tap it with your wand. Shelly will know when you do, and she’ll take care of the rest,” Fred explained.

“Brilliant, tell Lee I owe him one,” Harry said with a grin.

“Will do,” George said.

As the twins broke off and headed back towards the shops, Harry jogged to the Shrieking shack. Right on time, he heard three cracks as Tonks, Kingsley, and Madam Bones Apparated at the end of the road. He smiled when he noticed Tonks was now wearing a pair of black trousers. It made him wonder if she’d changed or if she had just transfigured her skirt.

As they neared the shack and looked around, Harry glanced around to make sure they were alone before sticking his hand out of the cloak and waving them over. Leading them over to the back door, he waited until they were all inside before taking off his cloak.

“Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones said in greeting. “I trust you have a way to get us into the castle.”

“There’s a secret tunnel there,” he said, pointing over to the trap door, “that comes out under the Whomping Willow. We can slip into the castle through the Transfigurations courtyard. It should be pretty empty.”

“The Whomping Willow,” Madam Bones repeated dubiously.

“It’s safe. There’s a knot on the trunk you can press that stops it from moving for a bit,” Harry told her.

Looking at him curiously, she nodded.

“Very well,” she said, then turned. “Tonks, Shackbolt, I want you two to wait here in case I need you.”

Both of them nodded.

“Will the tunnel take us to the castle faster?” Kingsley asked.

“It might, but it’s pretty cramped,” Harry told the tall, broad-shouldered man with a smile. “You’d probably have an easier time getting in through the front door.”

Kingsley’s lips twitched as he nodded.

“When should we leave?” Madam Bones asked.

Harry checked his watch.

“Soon,” Harry replied. “It’s a long walk up to the castle. Do you have your cloak?”

“I do,” she answered, pulling it out of her pocket.

Nodding, Harry walked over to the trap door and pulled it open. Looking back up, he made eye contact with Tonks, who smiled and winked as Madam Bones walked over to him. Giving her a small smile, he ducked into the tunnel and lit his wand.

“You weren’t kidding about this being cramped,” Madam Bones said as she lit her wand and followed him.

“It widens a bit further in,” Harry told her, pushing forward.

“You use this tunnel often?” she asked, more curious than accusing.

“Just once,” Harry said, licking his lips nervously. “The night Sirius Black pulled Ron down here.”

"I see," Madam Bones replied.

"He's innocent," Harry said, unable to help himself.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"I saw Peter Pettigrew that night. He was hiding as Ron's pet rat, Scabbers," Harry explained. "He confessed to everything; being my parents' Secret Keeper, betraying them to Voldemort, framing Sirius. I told Fudge, but he didn't listen to me. Again."

"I was told you and your friends were Confounded," Madam Bones said.

"I wasn't Confounded!" Harry barked angrily as he stopped and turned to face her. "You can ask Madam Pomfrey. She checked us when we got back to the castle. None of us were Confounded."

"Maybe I will," Madam Bones replied calmly before gesturing for him to keep moving.

Sighing, Harry turned back around and began walking again.

"You can ask Ron, Hermione, and Professor Lupin. They all saw the same thing I did," Harry said.

"I'm afraid it will take more than the word of three students and a Werewolf to overturn his conviction," she told him.

Harry's free hand balled up in a fist as his anger grew. Realizing that not all of that anger was his own, he took a deep, calming breath and focused on his Occlumency for a moment.

"He was never convicted," Harry corrected her once he'd calmed down.

“What?” Madam Bones asked sharply.

“Sirius never had a trial,” he said. “Or if he did, he wasn’t there for it. Crouch just threw him Azkaban. That can’t be legal, can it?”

“No,” she admitted. “Everyone accused of a crime has the right to defend themselves before the Wizengamot.”

“Yeah, well, Sirius didn’t,” Harry said bitterly.

They walked in silence for a long moment before Madam Bones spoke.

“You don’t seem too fond of the Ministry,” she said.

“Why should I be?” Harry asked. “In my second year, I watched Fudge arrest Hagrid just because, and I quote, ‘the Ministry must be seen doing something.’ He didn’t care that Hagrid was innocent, and there was no proof he hadn’t done anything wrong. They just threw him in Azkaban, and no one did anything about it. In my third year, they sent Dementors to Hogwarts that attacked me three times, nearly killing me twice, and refused to listen to anything my friends and I told them just because we were students. Why does that even matter anyway?”

Harry huffed as his anger grew at the unfairness of it all.

“Then last year, they refused to let me out of a tournament I wanted nothing to do with,” Harry continued. “I mean, seriously, what moron forces barely of age students into a contract to fight for their lives? And again, they completely ignore me when I try to tell the truth about what happened. Worse than that, they call me a delusional liar in the press, bring me in for some ridiculous trial for defending my life against Dementors, and try to expel me from Hogwarts. And when that fails, they send a sadistic, power-hungry bitch to take over Hogwarts so she can torture me and make sure no one learns anything useful about Defense. So, no, I’m not too fond of the Ministry.”



Growling, Harry kicked a rock to let out some of his anger.

“That’s not to mention half of the Death Eaters that showed up when Voldemort called them are all ‘close, personal friends’ of dear old Fudge,” Harry grumbled. “Honestly, sometimes I wonder why I even bother trying.”

“Can you give me their names?” Madam Bones asked.

“Crabbe, Goyle, Malfoy, Nott, McNair, and Yaxley,” Harry listed off.

“McNair? Walden McNair?” she asked sharply.

“I don’t know his first name, but he works as the executioner at the Ministry,” Harry told her as they reached the end of the tunnel. “We’re here. How long will it take you to use that All-Seeing Eye?”

“Not long. I just need to set it in the open,” Madam Bones replied.

Reaching into his pocket, Harry pulled out the Marauder’s Map. He wasn’t happy about having to show it to Madam Bones, but he needed it to sneak her through the castle.

“Put on your cloak,” Harry said before pointing his wand at the map. “I solemnly swear I’m up to no good.”

As Madam Bones vanished from sight, he crawled out from under the Whomping Willow and tapped the knot on the trunk. The tree instantly stilled, and Harry looked back into the tunnel and held out his hand. A moment later, he felt Madam Bones grab his hand as he helped her out.

“This way,” Harry said.

Walking around to the side of the castle, rather than making his way to the main entrance, he led Madam Bones to the Transfiguration courtyard. Since most of the students were still in the Great Hall finishing dinner, the halls were pretty quiet. Only a handful of first and second years were milling about, playing Gobstones and Exploding Snap.

Walking through the courtyard and back into the castle, Harry headed to the main staircase while listening carefully to make sure Madam Bones was still following him. Making his way to the third floor, he stopped just outside the door to the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom.

Reaching behind him, his fingers brushed Madam Bones’ cloak.

“Don’t arrest her right away,” Harry whispered in her direction. “Tap my shoulder when the Eye is set up if you can. I want to try and get her to talk a bit.”

Without waiting for a reply, he walked up to the door and knocked. He knew she wouldn’t be happy with him, but he didn’t want to give her time to argue. He wanted as much evidence as possible. Reaching into his pocket, Harry gripped his wand and tapped the microphone Fred and George had given him, praying it would work.

“Come in,” Umbridge called out in a falsely sweet tone.

Taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, Harry pushed the door open wide. As he closed it slowly, he felt Madam Bones brush past him.

“You’re late, Mr. Potter,” Umbridge said with a wide, close-lipped smile. “I’m afraid that will be another detention.”

Harry looked at his watch just as it ticked over to a minute past one. Looking back up, he glared at Umbridge.

“Something you wish to say?” she asked.

“No, professor,” Harry said, his hands balled into fists.

Standing up, Umbridge walked over to the desk closest to him at the back of the room and set a familiar, black quill, along with a stack of parchment, on it.

“You know what to do,” she said with a smirk.

With a little giggle, she turned and walked back to her desk at the front of the room, her pink heels clicking on the hard stone floor. Sitting down at the desk, Harry picked up the quill and began writing lines. When the scratches cut into his already raw skin, he bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself from making a sound. After only a dozen lines, he felt a squeeze on his shoulder. Madam Bones didn't let go, and it was surprisingly comforting to know someone was with him.

“Tea?” Umbridge asked, causing Harry to startle slightly.

“No,” Harry said shortly.

Despite his reply, she still placed a cup on the corner of his desk.

“This isn't going to work, you know,” Harry said as she turned to walk away, causing her to stop and turn back to him. “I'm not going to stop saying Voldemort's back just because you cut my hand.”

Umbridge smiled, her eyes glittering with menace.

“That will be a week’s detention,” she said with a giggle. “That should give you plenty of time for our little lessons to *sink in*.”

Harry glared at Umbridge hatefully as she turned to walk away again.

“No,” Harry growled, slamming the quill on his desk.

“No?” Umbridge asked, turning to look back at him.

“I’m not writing one more word with that quill,” Harry told her.

“Then you will have detention for a month,” Umbridge said, her face turning red. “Now, you will pick up that quill and do as you’re told, or I will give you detention for the rest of the year.”

“No,” Harry said, folding his arms over his chest.

“You will do as I say!” Umbridge yelled, her toadlike eyes bulging slightly in her fury.

“Or what?” Harry asked, folding his arms over his chest. “What are you going to do, torture me? Kill me? Not even you can get away with that.”

Harry’s sense of satisfaction at finally getting one over on Umbridge faded as she suddenly calmed and gave him a malevolent smirk.

“Oh, but I already have,” she said.

“What are you talking about?” Harry asked.

“Who do you think sent those Dementors after you?” Umbridge asked, her smirk growing wider.

“What!?” Harry yelled in shock. “You? But – I thought Voldemort –”

“He is not back!” Umbridge screamed before stalking back towards him. “Yes, I was the one who ordered the Dementors after you. Everybody was whining and mewling about how they could discredit The Boy Who Lived, but only I did anything about it. I am the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic and High Inquisitor of this school. There is nothing a pathetic little Half-Blood schoolboy like you can do to stop me. Now, you will write your lines, or I will have you expelled!”

A flash of blue light flew from over his shoulder, hitting Umbridge square in the chest and knocking her on her ass. As she looked up in shock, her short, stubby wand flew out of her hand just as Madam Bones threw off her cloak, a furious expression on her face. Her hand snapped up and caught the wand easily before stowing it in her pocket.

“Bones!” Umbridge shouted fearfully. “What-”

“Dolores Jane Umbridge,” Madam Bones said, interrupting her. “You’re under arrest.”

With a flick of her wand, a pair of iron manacles on a long chain flew out of her pocket and clamped shut on Umbridge’s wrists before the chain shortened to just a pair of links.

“You can’t do this to me!” Umbridge shrieked. “I’ll have your job for this!”

“It’s not my job you should be worried about,” Madam Bones said calmly before raising her wand. “Expecto Patronum.”

A silvery-white Badger leapt from her wand and patiently floated in front of her.

“Tonks, Shackbolt, I’ve arrested Umbridge. Come to the school and search her office,” she said. “No one else in or out. I’ll be in the Headmaster’s office should you need me.”

Doing a flip in the air, the badger flew through the window and off into the distance.

“Let’s go,” Madam Bones said to a glaring Umbridge.

Struggling to her feet, Umbridge huffed and stuck her nose up in the air as she marched towards the door. Holding her at wand point, Madam Bones grabbed the quill off the desk before she and Harry followed. As they reached the door, Madam Bones paused and scooped up a round, shiny black ball off a shelf that looked to be made out of some kind of hard stone. He guessed that must be the All-Seeing Eye she’d told him about.

As the trio walked through the halls, students stopped and stared at Umbridge. Quietly, they whispered excitedly and cheered. Harry smiled at some of the D.A. members they passed and smirked when he saw Malfoy and his friends looking worried. Just as they reached the staircase, Professor McGonagall spotted them and rushed over.

“What is the meaning of this?” she asked, then noticed the shackles on Umbridge. “Has something happened?”

“If you’d follow us to the Headmaster’s office, I’d be happy to explain,” Madam Bones said.

Nodding, she glanced at Harry before they resumed the short trek to the second floor. Professor McGonagall gave the password to the Gargoyle statue guarding Dumbledore’s office, and they ascended the spiraling staircase up to the office, where she knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Dumbledore called out.

He looked entirely unsurprised to see them walk into the office.

“Good evening, Amelia,” he said. “What brings you to our humble school?”

“I’m afraid it appears your Defense professor has been torturing one of your students,” Madam Bones said.

Professor McGonagall gasped, and Harry was relieved to see even Dumbledore looked surprised. He had worried that the professor knew what was happening and simply chose to do nothing about it.

“Would you care to explain?” he asked heavily.

“Professor Umbridge has been forcing Mr. Potter to write lines with a Blood Quill for the past few weeks,” Madam Bones said.

“What?” Professor McGonagall gasped. “Potter, why in Merlin’s name didn’t you tell me?”

“I was worried you’d get fired,” Harry said.

“While I appreciate your concern, it’s not your place to worry about me,” she told him gently but firmly.

“You were the only one that stood up to her,” Harry said, giving Dumbledore a pointed look.

He felt no guilt when Dumbledore turned away with a sad expression on his face.

“Well, do you have anything to say in your defense, Dolores?” he asked.

"I'll have your jobs for this," she hissed with a glare. "I see what's happening here, and so will Cornelius. Well, it won't work."

"And what is it, exactly, that you believe we are doing?" Dumbledore asked curiously.

"Don't play stupid, old man," Umbridge spat. "I know this is all a plot for you to take over the Ministry."

Harry stared at Umbridge and tilted his head, wondering if she was acting in the hopes of getting out of trouble or if she actually believed that.

"You're delusional," Professor McGonagall said.

"Indeed," Madam Bones said. "She even confessed to sending those two Dementors after Mr. Potter this Summer."

"You sent them?" Professor McGonagall asked with a deadly calm. "I knew you were depraved, Dolores, but attempting to kill a student?"

Umbridge simply glared at her before huffing and turning her nose up.

"I notice that you do not refute any of this," Dumbledore observed.

"It doesn't matter," Umbridge said. "So, what if I tortured the brat? Cornelius will never believe any of this, no matter what proof you think you have."

"Well, I believe we shall find out soon enough," Dumbledore said. "I expect Minister Fudge will be here soon."



“What makes you think that?” Professor McGonagall asked.

“The necklace Dolores is wearing is Enchanted to send short messages,” he explained. “I expect she already sent a message requesting him to come to her aid.”

“There’s nothing he can do,” Madam Bones said firmly. “The law is the –”

The Floo suddenly flared to life, and two Aurors, one he recognized as Dawlish, stepped out of the green flames, followed a moment later by Minister Fudge.

“What is going on here?” he asked, taking off his bowler hat. “I – Amelia, what are you doing here?”

“I’m arresting Umbridge for attempted murder and torturing Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones said.

“What!?” Fudge shouted, his face paling. “There must be some sort of mistake. Surely you aren’t taking the word of this – this *boy* over –”

“I witnessed it myself, and I have the quill, along with a memory of the entire incident,” Madam Bones interrupted him, causing him to nearly drop his bowler hat. “On top of that, she confessed to sending those two Dementors after Mr. Potter this Summer.”

“It’s a trick,” Umbridge yelled. “They’re working together to take over the Ministry. They want your job, Cornelius!”

“What?” Fudge asked before his eyes narrowed, and he nodded his head. “Right, of course, of course. I should have known you’d be up to your old tricks, Dumbledore.”

“There are not tricks, Cornelius,” Dumbledore said sadly. “I do not now, nor have I ever wanted to be Minister.”

“Oh, ho! That’s what you’d like me to think,” Fudge crowed, with the air of somebody revealing they knew the whole time. “Madam Bones, release Dolores this instant.”

“Minister, she confessed. Even if she hadn’t, I have more than enough evidence to get a conviction from the Wizengamot,” Madam Bones argued.

“I am the Minister for Magic, and I will decide what goes before the Wizengamot,” Fudge barked, straightening himself up to his full, not so considerable, height.

Feeling that things were getting out of hand, Harry looked around the office until he spotted a rectangular box with an antenna sitting amongst Dumbledore’s many trinkets. Hoping that it was a Wireless and not some sort of experiment of some kind, Harry gripped his wand in his pocket and turned it on.

“Now, you will release Dolores this instant, or I will be forced to reconsider your employment. And someone stop that echo!” Fudge barked forcefully.

Indeed, Fudge’s voice was echoing as he spoke, his every word being repeated from the wireless a split second later. Harry grinned; Fred, George, and Lee had really come through for him. He’d have to find a way to thank Lee’s sister as well. He wasn’t sure how, but she knew a way to keep the Ministry Wireless radios from working for a short time. It had given Harry the time to broadcast what was happening without Fudge finding out too soon.

“What is that?” Madam Bones asked, her voice echoing as well.

“That,” Harry revealed, “is me, broadcasting everything that’s been said around me for the last twenty minutes to every Wireless in the country.”

“What!?” Umbridge shrieked, her face going sheet white.

“I knew something like this might happen, so my friends and I came up with it,” Harry said, smirking as Fudge sputtered. “You won’t be sweeping things under the rug this time, Minister.”

“Now – now, see here!” Fudge sputtered, his face turning red.

Before he could continue, the Floo flared green again, and Percy Weasley’s face appeared in the flames.

“Minister! Minister!” he yelled frantically.

“What is it, Weatherby? Can’t you see I’m busy?” Fudge yelled angrily.

“Sir, hundreds of parents have just showed up at the Ministry demanding to know what’s happening at Hogwarts,” Percy said worriedly. “Scrimgeour has the Aurors preparing for a riot, and Augusta Longbottom has called for an emergency meeting of the Wizengamot. There’s an uproar, and no one will tell me why. Sir, what should I do?”

Fudge’s face went from bright red to pale as a sheet in seconds. Harry was a bit surprised the man didn’t faint from the rapid blood loss. Turning to Umbridge, who somehow looked even paler, a look of horror washed over his face.

“Dolores, please, tell me this isn’t true,” Fudge asked pleadingly.

Umbridge seemed to finally realize just what kind of hole she’d dug for herself. She opened her mouth, but no words came out, and Fudge’s face fell further. Then, there was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” Dumbledore said while flicking his wand to turn off the Wireless.

Tonks poked her head into the office as if to make sure it was safe before entering. Spotting the looks on Fudge and Umbridge's faces, she grinned as she stepped inside.

"What is it, Auror Tonks? Have you finished searching the office?" Madam Bones asked.

"No, ma'am. We're still searching, but we found this," Tonks said as she held up a clear bag with a small vial inside. "Shack found a vial of Veritaserum in her desk. We also discovered large traces of it in the teacup on the desk. We're not entirely sure, but it looks like it might even be a lethal dose."

"Excellent work," Madam Bones said. "Double check to make sure everything is documented properly before sending it over for analysis. Let me know if you find anything else."

"Yes, ma'am," Tonks said.

Turning, she smiled at Harry before slipping back out of the office.

"Amelia, please, I'll lose my job," Fudge said pleadingly.

"After what I've seen and heard today, you should," Madam Bones said disgustedly. "You can expect me to testify before the Wizengamot about your actions when this goes to trial."

Swallowing thickly, Fudge turned to Dumbledore.

"Albus, please. I know we haven't always seen eye to eye..." Fudge said.

"I don't know what you expect me to do, Cornelius," Dumbledore said with a shrug. "I am merely the Headmaster of a school."

Harry smirked as Fudge winced.

“I’ll get you your positions back,” Fudge offered hopefully.

“That’s very kind of you, but I’ll have to decline,” Dumbledore said, causing Fudge’s jaw to drop in shock. “I’ve realized my place is here, with my students.”

“But – but,” Fudge stuttered.

“If you’re quite finished, I have a suspect to interrogate,” Madam Bones said.

Grabbing Umbridge by the arm, Madam Bones led her over to the Floo.

“Out of the way, Mr. Weasley,” she said sternly.

“Cornelius, you have to stop this!” Umbridge screamed. “You can’t do this to me! I’m the Senior Under-”

Madam Bones silenced Umbridge with her wand, but she continued to try and scream as she struggled. Percy, his eyes wide, scrambled to get out of the Floo. Taking a handful of Floo Powder from the pot on the mantle, Bones threw it into the orange flames, causing them to flare green yet again.

“Mr. Potter, I’ll be in contact with you soon,” Madam Bones said before turning back to the Floo. “Ministry of Magic.”

Grabbing Umbridge, she roughly yanked her into the flames, and they were gone. Fudge stared after them for a moment before looking around the room. Finding no sympathy, he shuffled to the Floo and returned to the Ministry, followed by his two Aurors a moment later.

“Mr. Potter, how, exactly, did this all come about?” Professor McGonagall asked.

Sighing, Harry took a seat and explained.

Needless to say, McGonagall wasn't too pleased he hadn't come to her sooner. Dumbledore, on the other hand, didn't say much and wouldn't even look at him most of the time. Eventually, they allowed Harry to return to his common room, where he was bombarded with questions from his housemates. By now, the rumors of Umbridge's arrest had spread like wildfire. It was late by the time the celebrating ended, and Harry could finally get to bed.

The next morning, Dumbledore announced to the rest of the school what had happened and that he would be taking over Defense classes for the rest of the year. That got a loud cheer, even from half of Slytherin. After that, Dumbledore asked that anyone who had been forced to write with Umbridge's Blood Quill come forward to report it.

Sadly, quite a few people stood up, including Lee Jordan, the Creevy's, and a couple of first-year Hufflepuffs. Harry hadn't considered that she might have used the vile thing on anyone else.

“Harry,” Hermione said, “I think we should make the D.A. public.”

“What? Why?” Ron asked.

“Well, we don't need to keep it secret anymore, do we?” Hermione asked rhetorically.

“Yeah, but sneaking around is part of the fun,” Ron said.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“I don't know if people will still want to come to the D.A. now that we have a good teacher.” Harry pointed out.

“Oh, Harry, I’m sure they will,” Hermione said.

Harry shrugged and returned to his breakfast. He’d find out soon enough. Looking around, Lavender was showing something in her Witch Weekly magazine to Parvati when he spotted an ad on the back page.

“Hey, Lavender, can I borrow that for a second?” Harry asked.

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Tonks rubbed her eyes tiredly as she sat at her desk in the Auror offices. For the last two days, the whole Ministry had been in meltdown over Umbridge’s arrest. Parents were pissed as hell, and rightfully so. Fudge was trying and failing miserably to do damage control, and the Wizengamot wanted answers as soon as possible. As a result, Tonks had been working almost non-stop to collect evidence, interview Umbridge, and file reports.

Rubbing her eyes as the words on the page began to blur together, she heard a ruckus behind her. Pushing her hair back and looking out of her cubicle for the first time in hours, she saw a witch in a light blue dress with an apron looking around the office.

“What now?” Tonks asked tiredly.

“She’s from Lucinda’s,” Marnie, a pretty, brown-haired witch a few years older than her, said excitedly.

“Lucinda’s?” Tonks asked her fellow Auror.

“It’s a new shop in Diagon Alley,” Marnie said, then sighed. “I wish Mark would get me something from there, but that man doesn’t have a romantic bone in his body.”

Mark was Marnie's husband, who worked for the Department for the Control and Regulation of Magical Creatures. He was more obsessed with his creatures than Arthur Weasley was about Muggle things.

Tonks wondered who was getting the delivery when the witch started walking over towards her after talking to one of the other Aurors in the office.

"Maybe he does," Tonks said, nodding towards the witch.

Marnie smiled brightly as the witch stopped in front of them and looked at the card in her hand.

"Are either of you Auror Tonks?" she asked.

"Uh, I am," Tonks said, looking just as surprised as Marnie.

"Oh, good," the witch said brightly. "These are for you."

Setting a small, blue and white striped canvas bag on the floor, she reached inside and pulled out a bouquet of a dozen red roses and a large box of chocolates shaped like a heart before handing them to Tonks.

"The card is in the bouquet, have a great day," the witch said brightly.

Still a little stunned, Tonks set the flowers down, which took up most of the room on her cluttered desk, and pulled out the card. Opening it up, a soft smile spread across her lips as she read the familiar, messy scrawl.

*Thank you*



There was no name, but she didn't need one to know it was from Harry.

"I didn't know you were dating someone," Marnie said.

"Yeah," Tonks said. "He's kinda famous, so we're keeping it quiet for now."

"Really?" Marnie asked. "It not that singer from the Weird Sisters, is it?"

"No," Tonks said, shaking her head. "And no, I can't tell you."

"Well, whoever he is, he must really like you," Marnie said before disappearing back to her cubicle.

Taking out her wand, Tonks was forced to shrink the roses so she had room to work. Opening the chocolates, she picked one at random and popped it into her mouth. A moan escaped her throat as the sweet chocolate melted on her tongue, followed by the creamy Firewhiskey-filled center.

He remembered my favorites, she thought with a soft smile.

Even though Tonks still had a long day ahead of her, that smile never left her face for long.

## Chapter 9

Tonks sighed as she closed the door to her apartment behind her and tossed her Auror robes over the back of the couch. Walking into her tiny kitchen, she opened the refrigerator. Looking through the shelves, she pushed aside a half-full carton of Indian take out and grabbed a bottle of Butterbeer. Closing the fridge, Tonks twisted the top off of the bottle and tossed it into the bin as she walked into the living room and collapsed tiredly onto the couch.

Ever since Umbridge's arrest, Bones had kept the Auror Department busy investigating Fudge and looking for the escaped Death Eaters. With Fudge finally knocked off his pedestal, he couldn't stop her without raising eyebrows. Frankly, Tonks was astonished he'd managed to keep his job after getting caught the way he had. He'd put all the blame on Umbridge, and for some unknown reason, the stupid toad refused to say anything against him. She figured Fudge had some dirt on her she really didn't want made public.

The good news was that with the Minister's Office facing such a huge scandal, much of his support had distanced themselves from him. That gave the Aurors room to work without his constant interference. It also had a lot of people questioning what they'd been told about Harry. Poor Arthur had been grilled by several parents that worked at the Ministry about him. Tonks hated that so many people were trying to pry into his life, but she was also glad to see some of them starting to pull their heads out of their arses and give his claims about You-Know-Who some real thought.

Things were going better at Hogwarts, as well. Without his other positions taking up his time, Dumbledore had taken over the Defense post for the rest of the year. Tonks was a bit disappointed about that when she heard, but she doubted she'd have been able to get the time off work to take off the post herself anyways. She'd been so busy that she hadn't even had time to visit Harry on his last Hogsmeade weekend. They'd had to settle for talking to each other through their mirrors most nights.

At least he's finally caught a bit of a break, Tonks thought to herself.

While Dumbledore was still ignoring him, he had made Harry's little group an official school club. According to Harry, he now had over fifty new members, including a few Slytherins, that wanted his help. Outside of that, the whole atmosphere of the school had lifted. The Educational Decrees had all been removed, along with the position of High Inquisitor, and the Inquisitorial Squad had been disbanded. Those involved that were prefects had had their badges revoked for abusing their power, and Tonks shook her head, wondering why Dumbledore would allow someone like Draco Malfoy to become a prefect in the first place.

It was a good thing Harry didn't need to take Occlumency lessons from Snape anymore. The greasy bastard would probably blame Harry and use it as an excuse to bully him again. Tonks shuddered to think of what Harry would have gone through if she hadn't taught him first. All Snape had done was batter his mind for hours on end before sending him back to his dorm with the worst instruction possible. Fortunately, Harry had gotten to the point where Snape couldn't even enter his mind in just a few weeks with a lot of practice and a little instruction from her.

Now, Tonks found herself eagerly awaiting the end of the school year for the first time since she'd been a student herself. In just three weeks, she'd be free to see Harry anytime she wanted. Just the thought of that had her smiling as she took a sip of her Butterbeer. She already planned to have a word with the Dursleys about how they treated him, and there was no way in hell she would let them get in the way of spending time with her man.

Frowning, Tonks stared down at the bottle in her hand as she picked at the label with her fingernail. As fun as it had been to sneak around during the Holidays, she wanted more than that now. She didn't want to have to worry about explaining why she was spending so much time on guard duty or having to hide their relationship when he got to Grimmauld place. The problem was that she had yet to work up the courage to talk to Harry about it.

Sighing, Tonks knew she'd have to be the one to tell Molly. The last thing she wanted was for her to say something that would hurt Harry or damage his relationship with her family. The Weasleys were a source of emotional and physical support he couldn't afford to lose. That brought her to the most frightening part, telling her mother.

As the clock struck seven, Tonks shook herself from her thoughts and stood from the couch. Walking into her bedroom, she grabbed a new set of lingerie from her dresser with a smile. Laying the black bustier and tiny thong out on the bed, she picked up her mirror from her bedside table and placed it next to the lingerie.

Harry's gonna love this, she thought with a smirk.

Spinning around, Tonks walked into the bathroom. Taking a quick shower, she slipped into her lingerie before checking herself out in the mirror with a smile.

*Bang!*

Tonks jumped in shock as her front door was blasted in.

"Oh Nympha-dora!" came a sing-song voice as she snatched up her wand.

A shiver traveled down her spine. Tonks didn't need to recognize the voice to know who it was.

“Come out, come out, and pla-ay!” Bellatrix sang.

Taking a deep breath, Tonks peeked out of her bedroom door and let loose a Crushing Hex straight at the mad witch’s chest. Laughing, Bellatrix slapped it aside with disturbing ease before sending back a black bolt of magic just as Tonks ducked back inside the room. She threw up a shield, not knowing what the spell would do, then watched as her bedroom window, along with most of the wall, exploded outwards.

“Is that any way to treat your dear auntie Bella?” Bellatrix asked in a mock child’s voice.

“I’m not really dressed for a family reunion. Mind coming back tomorrow?” Tonks asked as she sent a Patronus to Kingsley through the hole in the wall.

As Bellatrix cackled, she heard sirens in the distance.

“Oh, you won’t need to be worried about how you’re dressed where we’re going,” Bellatrix told her, and Tonks could hear the grin in her voice. “I have a few friends of my own who weren’t happy you managed to escape.”

Gritting her teeth furiously, Tonks peeked out the door and sent a Piercing Hex aimed at Bellatrix’s heart, then ducked back behind the wall before she could see if it hit. She heard the sound of her spell impacting a shield a moment before the wall next to her exploded. Tonks was hurled back against her bed as chunks of wood and drywall bashed and cut her bare, exposed skin.

Scrambling to her feet, she barely got a shield up in time to stop the Asphyxiation Hex aimed at her head. Before she could react, a Knockback Hex sent her tumbling onto the bed. Rolling with the momentum, she managed to keep her balance as she landed on the other side, broken glass biting into her bare feet as she stood just inches from the gaping hole in her wall leading to a three-story drop to the street below. Bellatrix stalked towards her, walking through what used to be an interior wall with a malicious glint in her violet eyes.

“I’m going to enjoy watching the Dark Lords’ followers break you,” she said, grinning dangerously.

“Got to hell, bitch.” Tonks growled furiously.

“Police! Show me your hands!” a voiced shouted from the front door.

As Bellatrix whirled around to face the three police officers standing outside the front door, Tonks sent a Cutting Curse at her neck. Without looking, Bellatrix slapped it aside before turning back to her with a glare.

“Avada Kedavra!” she hissed.

Tonks’ eyes widened as she twisted frantically out of the way. The Killing Curse just missed her shoulder, but she lost her balance and fell out of the hole in the wall. As the street rushed towards her at an alarming rate, Tonks gripped her wand and Disapparated with a pop.

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Bellatrix seethed as she watched her niece vanish.

“Drop the weapon!” the disgusting Muggle yelled behind her.

Whirling around, she screamed in rage while slashing her wand and launching them into the air. All three Muggles were whipped across the flat before crashing into the walls with bone-shattering force. Bellatrix panted furiously as they crumpled to the ground.

“Nymphadora Tonks,” called a voice.

Spinning around, Bellatrix looked around for the source.

“Nymphadora Tonks,” the young male voice called again.

Furrowing her brow, Bellatrix looked through the rubble where the sound was coming from. As the voice called again, a glint caught her eye. Bending over, Bellatrix picked up the dust-covered mirror. Slowly, a grin stretched across her lips. Striding towards the front door, she never broke

stride while jabbing her wand at one of the moaning Muggles. A purple Curse struck him in the back, causing his body to slump back to the ground with a *thump* as she strode out the door, past the wards, and vanished with a *crack*.

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“Nymphadora Tonks,” Harry called a third time.

When no response came after several seconds, he sighed and slipped the mirror back into his pocket.

“Move it, Potter,” Angelina barked from the entrance to the locker room.

“Coming,” Harry called back, rolling his eyes.

Now that he and the twins were back on the team, Angelina was determined to win the cup. So determined, in fact, that she had called a surprise practice after dinner when she learned the pitch was free because the Hufflepuff captain had detention. Harry had hoped to tell Tonks he was going to be late, but she wasn't answering.

She's probably still at work, Harry thought, knowing Madam Bones was working the Aurors hard at the moment.

Shaking his head, Harry shouldered his broom and left the locker room for the pitch.

After three and a half hours of brutal practice and relentless criticism from Angelina, it finally came to an end when Madam Hooch told them to stop before curfew. Angelina tried to argue for more time, but thankfully, Madam Hooch wouldn't budge. Sore and exhausted, Harry and the rest of the team trudged back into the locker room.

“This is really getting out of hand,” Katie grumbled.

Plopping down onto the bench next to Harry, she leaned against his shoulder for support as he nodded in agreement.

“Someone really needs to talk to her,” he said while looking at Fred.

Following his gaze, Katie, Alicia, and George all looked at him as well.

“Don’t look at me,” Fred said.

“You’re dating her,” Alicia reminded him.

“Which is exactly why I *shouldn’t* say anything if I want her to keep snogging me,” Fred replied.

Katie snorted while Harry smiled and shook his head. Everyone fell silent a moment later when Angelina walked into the locker room. In an uncomfortable silence, everyone moved back to their lockers to take off their pads and cloaks. Angelina was the first to finish and leave for the castle after reminding them they had another practice the next night after dinner. Everyone watched her leave in silence before turning back to Fred.

“No,” he said resolutely.

“I’ll talk to her,” Alicia said, closing her locker.

“I’ll help,” Katie told her. “It might be better coming from both of us.”

“Thanks,” Alicia said with a smile, looking relieved.

Harry dawdled as the others quickly changed, hoping to have another chance to call Tonks before heading back up to the castle. Katie and Alicia finished first, followed by the twins not long after.

“Harry Potter,”

Harry's blood ran cold at the sound of the voice. Grabbing his wand, he spun around, frantically looking for the source. When he saw nothing, he closed his eyes to use his Occlumency, but there was nothing to fight against.

"Harry Potter,"

Feeling like a ball of lead had just dropped into his stomach, Harry pulled the mirror out of his pocket with clammy hands.

"Voldemort," he said.

He waited for the image of his reflection to change, but it never did. Remembering how the mirror worked, he tried again.

"Tom Riddle," Harry said shakily.

His reflection shimmered and went cloudy before clearing into the image of Voldemort's smiling face.

"Where's Tonks?" Harry asked instantly.

His red eyes glimmering maliciously, Voldemort looked to the side and nodded his head.

"Crucio," a female voice shouted in the background.

An instant later, a woman screamed in agony.

"Stop it! Stop!" Harry shouted desperately.

Voldemort made a motion and the scream cut off.



“What do you want?” Harry asked through gritted teeth, his hand clutching his wand in a white-knuckled grip.

“I want the prophecy,” Voldemort said.

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“Dumbledore still hasn’t told you?” Voldemort asked mockingly. “Haven’t you ever wondered why I came after you that night?”

“Me?” Harry asked, his heart pounding and hands shaking.

“Yes, you,” Voldemort said with a tight-lipped smirk. “Your parents were a nuisance, nothing more. I never would have wasted so much time and energy just to kill them.”

Harry glared, and his grip tightened around the mirror so hard the edges began to cut into his hand as Voldemort spoke so dismissively about his parents.

“It was you I was after, Harry. We are linked, you and I, through fate itself,” Voldemort told him. “Eighteen years ago, before you were even born, a woman made a prophecy about the one with the power to defeat me. One of my Death Eaters overheard the beginning but was stopped before they could hear the rest. I decided to be cautious and take care of the child before it could become a problem, and in the end, it was you that fit the prophecy. And I was right to be concerned. No ordinary child could have survived me so many times.”

Harry felt as if he had been punched in the gut. It was his fault. His parents’ deaths, Sirius spending sixteen years in Azkaban, and Tonks being captured again. It was all because of him.

“I will know what the rest of that prophecy says, and then I will end you once and for all,” Voldemort hissed, his eyes glinting dangerously. “In Hogsmeade, behind Honeydukes, there is a Portkey in the form of a black leather glove with a snake on it. You will take it to the Ministry, where you will retrieve the prophecy for me. If you are not here in ten minutes, the girl dies.”

Voldemort's image swam, and then Harry was left staring at his own pale reflection. Stuffing the mirror into his pocket, he wiped the cold sweat from his face. There wasn't time for him to run back to the castle to tell anyone what was happening and get to the Portkey in ten minutes. Even on his Firebolt, he would be cutting it too close. Grabbing his broom, Harry raced from the locker room. As soon as he was outside, he pulled out his wand.

"Expecto Patronum," he said.

His bright, glowing stag leapt from his wand and turned to face him. Harry swallowed down the guilt he felt at seeing something so connected to his father. Although he didn't know how to send messages with a Patronus, he knew he had to try. Hopefully, even if it didn't carry the message, they would know something was wrong just from seeing it.

"Go to Hermione, tell her Voldemort has Tonks at the Ministry, and I'm going to rescue her," Harry said.

His Patronus bowed, then turned and galloped towards the castle. Praying his message got through, he mounted his broom and shot towards Hogsmeade faster than he'd ever flown before.

He never noticed the cloaked, blonde-haired figure skulking behind the stands with a triumphant smirk on his face.

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Tonks stumbled as she shot out of the elevator and sprinted towards the Department of Mysteries.

"Slow down, girl," Moody growled. "You're going to get yourself killed."

As worried as she was, and as much as she wanted to charge in, she knew he was right. Pausing at the door, Tonks took a deep breath to calm her racing heart as the rest of the group caught up. Kingsley patted her shoulder and looked at her sympathetically.

"Alright, let's move. Don't forget to check your corners," Moody said.

As the rest of the group nodded and readied their wands, he pushed open the door with his gnarled hand. Cautiously, they entered a circular room with several doors spaced out evenly. As soon as the last person, Hestia, entered, the door slammed shut behind her, and the wall began to rotate around them.

“Shit, where do we go?” Tonks asked anxiously.

“Here,” Moody said, pointing to one of twelve doors.

Limping up to it, he pulled it open and marched inside. Tonks followed in behind and then gaped at the mess. The room was massive and looked to have been filled with shelves stacked with white, smoky crystal balls. A few still stood in the distance, but a huge section had been knocked over, scattering twisted metal and broken glass all over the floor.

“I’ve got blood,” Kingsley called out.

Tonks looked over to find a small pool of blood at his feet, not too far away.

“They’re not here. Let’s keep looking,” Moody said.

Moving back into the circular room, Tonks bounced on the balls of her feet impatiently as they waited for the room to stop spinning.

“We should split up,” Tonks said.

“No,” Moody barked. “We don’t know how many there are. We stick together.”

“Moody,” Remus called out.

Moody’s eye swiveled, and Tonks looked over to find Remus pointing at one of the doors. Next to the wooden door, there was a small scorch mark along the stone wall. Tonks raced ahead of Moody as they moved over to take a closer look. She really wished she could see what Moody saw as he used his eye to look into the room.

“Looks like Potter’s putting up one hell of a fight,” Moody said.

“What?” Tonks asked anxiously.

In lieu of answering, Moody pushed open the door. Walking into the room, Tonks saw several destroyed cabinets littering the floor. One Death Eater was slumped against the wall, while another bumbled around the room, his head that of an infant. Looking at them, he wailed and sat down on the floor. Moody stunned him and bound both Death Eaters before making his way to the end of the room.

“They’re through here,” he said quietly. “Disillusion yourselves. We’ll need to take them by surprise. They’ve got Potter cornered.”

Quickly, Tonks and the rest of the group tapped their heads and faded into the background. Moody threw up a Notice-Me-Not Charm before slowly pushing the door open. Tonks had to fight the urge to run when she spotted around ten Death Eaters, including Lucius Malfoy and Bellatrix Lestrange, backing Harry against an odd-looking arch in the middle of the room. They entered from above and crept down row after row of circular stone benches.

“Give me the prophecy, Potter,” Malfoy demanded. “Give it to me now, or I’ll make sure your little girlfriend has a slow and painful death.”

“She’d be here if you had her,” Harry said, clutching a crystal ball to his chest while aiming his wand at Malfoy’s chest.

“Oh, wittle baby Harry knows how to pway,” Bellatrix said before cackling madly.

As Tonks circled slowly around the edge of the group, she got a better look at Harry and the Death Eaters. Nearly all of them had lost their masks, and most had small cuts, bruises, and tattered robes. Tonks smirked, proud of Harry for putting up such a good fight against such overwhelming odds. Even Bellatrix looked worse for the wear, with her wild hair sticking up at all angles and a cut on her cheek.

“Give me the prophecy, now, Potter,” Malfoy shouted, his voice echoing around the chamber.

Harry looked around at the group in front of him, and she could see the resolve in his eyes. He knew he had no chance of winning, but he was going to fight anyways. Tonks felt her heart breaking for him. She wished she could reassure him that she was there, but she knew she couldn't make a move until Moody did, or things could go really bad for all of them.

“Haven't you ever wondered why the Dark Lord went after your family?” Malfoy asked, his voice taking on a silky quality. “Don't you want to know what Dumbledore kept from you for so long?”

Harry gripped the orb in his hand and glanced down at it.

“I've waited seventeen years,” Harry said softly.

“I know,” Malfoy said with false sympathy.

Tonks clutched her wand tightly, wishing she could Hex that smirk off his face.

“I think I can wait a little longer,” Harry said, causing Malfoy to glare at him. “You want it so bad? Here, catch.”

In an underhand toss, Harry pitched the orb into the air. All of the Death Eaters were so focused on it that they failed to notice him raise his wand.

“Reducto!” Harry shouted.

The orb shattered just inches from Malfoy's face, showering it in chunks of glass. With a scream, he clutched at his eyes as blood leaked from between his fingers.

“No!” Bellatrix screamed in rage.

“Kill him!” Malfoy hissed furiously.

Moody finally struck, dropping his Disillusionment Charm to Curse Dolohov in the side. All around the Death Eaters, the rest of the Order members picked a target and attacked. Tonks took out Goyle and raced over to a shocked-looking Harry.

“Tonks!” Harry yelled in relief.

“Come on, babe. Time to kick some arse,” Tonks said with a grin as she took his hand in hers.

He barely had time to smile at her before they were separated by the Lestrangle brothers. Harry dueled with Rabastian while Tonks took on Rudolphus. She worried about how he would hold up against an adult wizard, but she quickly realized there was a reason he had made it this far on his own. Seeing Harry was more than able to hold his own against Rabastian, Tonks focused on dealing with Rudolphus.

After finishing him with a Bludgeoning Hex to that head that knocked him unconscious, she turned to help Harry, only to find herself face to face with Bellatrix. There was no taunting this time as she ruthlessly attacked Tonks. She struggled to keep up with aunt as each spell hit her shield with the force of an out-of-control lorry. As she backpedaled from the relentless barrage, Tonks’ foot caught on a step behind her, fell backwards, and hit her head on the hard stone floor.

Shaking off the stars bursting behind her eyes, she gripped her wand and lifted her head, only to stop when she found Bellatrix standing over her with her wand aimed at her chest. Her aunt’s eyes glinted madly as she grinned down at her.

“Avada-”

Bellatrix cut off as she was forced to shield herself from a bright orange spell coming from her right. She managed to block it in time but stumbled under the force of the Curse from a furious Harry. Before she could recover, Harry blasted her with another spell that slammed into her shield and sent her flying across the room. As she got back to her feet, Sirius jumped in and began dueling her.

“Nice one, Harry!” he shouted.

Harry rushed over to Tonks and helped her to her feet.

“You alright?” he asked.

“Yeah, thanks for the save,” Tonks said with a smile.

Harry smiled back and rested his free hand on her waist as they turned back to the rest of the room just as Dumbledore burst into the room.

“Finally,” Tonks said with a sigh.

Half of the Death Eaters had already fallen, and with Dumbledore’s arrival, the rest began to fall quickly.

“Come on, let’s-”

Harry broke off as they watched Sirius take a green curse to the chest. He dropped to the ground like a puppet with its strings cut, his eyes open but unseeing.

“NO!” Harry shouted.

Tonks stood there numbly as he took off at a sprint. She tried to follow a moment later but stumbled into Remus while he was still dueling with Crabbe. Furiously, Tonks knocked out the Death Eater with a powerful stunner. Looking back up from binding him, she looked over at Sirius with a lump in her throat but didn’t see Harry. Swiveling around, she finally spotted him sprinting after Bellatrix as she raced from the room.

“Stay here. I’ll go after Harry,” Dumbledore instructed just as Tonks started to move after him.

“Nymphadora, help me, quickly,” Moody shouted.

Tonks grit her teeth and blinked back tears as she turned back to curse at him. There was no way she was going to stay here when Harry needed help.

“He’s not dead,” Moody told her just as she opened her mouth.

“What?” Tonks asked, her mind not registering the words.

“Black’s not dead. Now get over here!” he barked.

Numbly, Tonks scrambled over to him as he knelt down with difficulty next to Sirius’ unmoving body.

“I need you to cast the Resuscitation Charm as soon as my spell ends, got it?” Moody asked.

Struggling to hold back her emotions, Tonks knelt down on the other side of Sirius and nodded.

“On three. One, two, three!” he counted.

On three, Moody flipped his wand around to hold it like an ice pick and stabbed it down at Sirius’ chest. There was a bright flash of light, and Sirius’ pale skin began to take on more of its natural color.

“Now!” Moody barked.

Tonks aimed her wand at Sirius’ chest, and a bright blue spell rippled over his body. There was a brief pause where nothing happened, then Sirius suddenly jolted to life with a loud gasp. Tonks nearly wept in relief as he groaned and moved his hand to his head.

“Bloody hell,” Sirius groaned.



“Go help Potter. We’ll clean up here and meet you in the Atrium. If LeStrange is looking to escape, that’s where she’ll be headed,” Moody told her.

“Thank you,” Tonks said gratefully.

As Moody stopped Sirius from trying to get up too soon, Tonks raced out of the room and back to the elevator. The wait was agonizing as the elevator slowly made its way to the top floor. She just prayed Dumbledore had already caught up to them.

When the door opened, Tonks stepped into absolute chaos. Dumbledore was dueling with Voldemort while one of the statues from the Fountain of Magic Brethren blocked Harry. He looked like he wanted to help, but the statue kept blocking his path. Tonks raced over to him, taking his hand in hers.

“Sirius is alive,” she told him.

“What?” Harry gasped, his eyes full of hope.

“It wasn’t a killing curse. Sirius is fine,” Tonks said.

Harry breathed out a shuddering breath of relief before they both turned back to watch the duel. Voldemort screamed in rage, his magic lashing out and shattering the windows in the Atrium. Raising his wand over his head, the shards of broken glass raised into the air and pointed at them like daggers.

Suddenly, they shot forward just as Dumbledore threw up a transparent, barely visible shield. As soon as the glass touched it, the glass turned into white sand. Harry grabbed Tonks and wrapped his arms around her protectively as the sand pelted his back. They turned back to look at a furious and frustrated Voldemort just as the fireplaces sprang to life. Fudge and several Aurors stepped out and froze at the sight of the Dark Lord.

“He’s back,” Fudge gasped.

Behind them, the Order members stepped out of the elevator and readied their wands as the Aurors behind Fudge did the same. Looking around, Voldemort sneered as his body morphed into a black cloud. The spells the Auror shot passed right through him as the black mass drifted quickly towards Harry and Tonks. Before it reached them, Harry shoved Tonks behind him. She watched helplessly as the smoke flew into his body through his nose and mouth. A sense of horror filled her as his body stiffened and fell to the ground.

“Harry!” she shouted, dropping down next to him.

His muscles tightened while his eyes and mouth opened wide. In his dull, distant gaze, there was nothing but fear and pain reflected in them. Tonks took his hand in hers and cupped his cheek as tears fell from her eyes. Suddenly, Harry’s back arched, and she jumped back as black smoke shot back out of his nose and mouth. Tonks pulled Harry into her lap and held him tightly with one hand with the other aimed her wand at the smoke.

It flew a short distance away before reforming into Voldemort. The evil wizard screamed in agony as he materialized on his knees. Tonks' heart leapt as the Aurors, Order, and Dumbledore sent spells at him.

Just before they reached him, Voldemort Disapparated, shattering the Ministry’s Anti-Apparating wards. He reappeared a few feet away, grabbed Bellatrix, and Disapparated again before anyone could stop him. There was a long moment of silent stillness as everyone waited with bated breath to see if it was really over.

“Harry, are you alright?” Dumbledore asked as he walked over and knelt down.

“What happened?” Harry asked weakly.

“You were possessed,” Dumbledore said, causing Tonks to gasp. “Can you stand?”

Groaning, Harry sat up and began to climb to his feet. Tonks wrapped an arm around his waist and helped support his weight.

“Albus!” Fudge yelled in a panic. “Albus, it’s him. He’s really back.”

“Yes, I had noticed,” Dumbledore said.

“What do we do?” Fudge asked helplessly.

“Perhaps you should ask your advisors?” Dumbledore offered as he bent down and picked up the head of a broken statue.

“But you have to help. I could lose my job,” Fudge pleaded.

Harry lurched forward, and his fist slammed into the Minister’s jaw, knocking him on his arse. Dumbledore caught Harry before he could fall over, and Tonks rushed forward. She wrapped an arm around him tightly, not sure if she was holding him up or holding him back.

“Your job!?” Harry spat furiously. “You’ve given Voldemort a year, a fucking year, to get his followers back.”

Fudge blinked up at Harry in shock as he held his jaw.

“You hit me,” he said disbelievingly.

“Be glad he was the only one,” Bones said as she walked up to them.

Pausing next to Fudge, she glared down at him.

“We’ll be talking about why the alert about the attack on the Ministry never reached my home later,” she said, causing him to pale. “Right now, I want to know what happened and why Sirius Black is standing next to several of my Aurors and isn’t in cuffs.”

“Sirius Black!” Fudge yelled, scrambling to his feet.

“He’s innocent,” Harry said strongly as he stepped forward.

“I will be happy to explain everything once I get my charge safely back to Hogwarts,”  
Dumbledore said.

Tapping his wand to the statue’s head, it glowed blue briefly. Before Tonks could move, he thrust it into Harry’s hands and tapped it again. In a blink, Harry was gone, taken back to Hogwarts by the Portkey.

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Harry ambled through the halls of Hogwarts, his mind whirling from the revelations of the past hour. Dumbledore had finally explained the prophecy to him and why he had been ignoring him all year. On top of that, he’d somehow managed to ensure Sirius would remain free until he was given a fair trial.

It was all so much to take in. Harry felt like his head was going to explode.

“Mr. Potter,” McGonagall called out.

Harry looked up, blinking as he realized he’d been wandering aimlessly around the second floor.

“Yes, professor?” he asked.

“I know you’ve had a long night, but there’s a guest in my office that insists on seeing you,” she said with an uncharacteristic smile.

Harry looked at her curiously as she waved him over to her office. Harry sighed and followed her, wondering who would have come to see him this time of night. He hoped it wasn’t Madam Bones looking to question him.

As soon as he stepped into McGonagall's office, he was pulled into a tight hug. It took his overwhelmed mind a second to realize it was Tonks. Harry hugged her back and buried his face in her short, purple hair, inhaling her familiar scent.

"I'll give you two some privacy," McGonagall said with a small smile. "Try not to stay out too late, and don't make me regret this."

With that final word of warning, she left the room and closed the door. Harry and Tonks held each other for a long moment before they pulled back slightly to look at each other.

"I had to tell McGonagall we were dating before she'd let me stay. I'm sorry, but I just really needed to see you," Tonks said.

"It's fine," Harry said, smiling as he reached up to stroke her cheek. "I'm glad you're here."

Returning his smile, Tonks leaned forward to kiss him briefly. Taking his hand, she pulled him over to a desk, pushed him into the seat, and then planted herself sideways in his lap with her arms wrapped around his neck.

"You were brilliant tonight," she told him with a proud smile.

"Yeah, I fell into a trap and nearly got everyone killed," Harry said dully. "Brilliant."

"Don't talk like that," Tonks said sternly. "What made you think they had me anyways?"

"Voldemort called me on my mirror," Harry said. "I thought they must have had yours to do that."

"He did," Tonks said, causing him to look up at her quickly. "Bellatrix attacked me at my flat earlier tonight. I had to leave my mirror behind when I escaped."

"She must have heard me trying to call you on it," Harry said with a groan.

“Hey, it’s not your fault,” Tonks told him firmly. “I’d have done the same thing in your position. Besides, we all made it out, the Ministry finally knows You-Know-Who is back, and Sirius is getting his trial. I’d call that a win.”

Harry smiled and pulled her close, kissing the top of her head.

“What took you so long to get out of Dumbledore’s office?” she asked.

His smile fading, Harry took a deep breath and told her everything. Tonks ran her finger through his hair soothingly as he told her all about the prophecy and everything else Dumbledore had told him about.

“I can’t believe he waited this long to tell you,” Tonks said. “But at least you know the truth now, right?”

“Yeah, right,” Harry said with a sigh.

“You, okay?” Tonks asked.

“Yeah, it’s just – a lot to take in, you know?” Harry asked.

“I’m sorry,” she said sympathetically.

“It’s not your fault,” he told her.

Running a hand through his hair, Tonks gave him a lingering kiss and then rested her forehead against his.

“I love you,” she said softly.

"I love you, too," Harry replied, a smile on his lips.

## Chapter 10

Tonks looked up from her report on the incident at the Ministry when she heard three quick taps. A smile light up her face when she saw Hedwig perched outside of her newly repaired window. Hopping off her bed, she rushed over and threw it open. The snowy white owl swooped gracefully into her bedroom and landed on the bedpost with a friendly hoot.

"Hey, Hedwig. Harry staying out of trouble?" Tonks asked as she stroked the top of her head.

She hooted again, somehow managing to make it sound like a long-suffering sigh.

"I know what you mean," Tonks said with a chuckle.

Content with the attention she'd gotten, Hedwig held out her leg where a letter was attached. Grinning, Tonks quickly but carefully removed the letter and ran the back of her finger down the soft feathers covering her belly before hopping onto the bed.

Unfolding the letter, Tonks' blue eyes bounced back and forth rapidly in their sockets as she quickly read through the letter, her smile growing with each line.

"Well, looks like Harry and I are officially coming out as a couple," she said brightly.

Her smile slowly dimmed as a new realization hit her.

"I don't suppose you'd be willing to tell Molly for me, would you?" Tonks asked.

Hedwig stopped preening her feather to look at Tonks sharply. Letting out a loud squawk, she flapped her wings and took off out of the window.

“Coward!” Tonks yelled after.

Huffing, she slumped back onto her bed and groaned.

---

“What do you mean you’re dating Harry!?” Molly yelled.

Tonks fought back a flinch at the ear-shattering sound and folded her arms over her chest.

“Exactly what I said,” she replied with forced calm. “Harry and I have been together since Christmas break, and we’ve decided it’s time to tell everyone.”

“Absolutely not! I forbid it!” Molly yelled.

Tonks rolled her eyes.

“I wasn’t asking for permission,” she said. “Why are you so against me dating Harry anyways?”

“You’re too old for him,” Molly huffed with a challenging glare.

“We’re only five years apart,” Tonks pointed out. “It’s the same age difference between me and Bill, but you don’t seem to have a problem trying to set me up with him.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Molly said, turning away to scrub the table.

“Oh, please,” Tonks said, leaning her back against the doorway to the kitchen. “You’re not nearly as subtle as you think you are. Everyone in the house knows you’ve been trying to set me up with Bill to get him away from Fleur.”



“You’re just too young to know what’s best for you,” Molly said unapologetically.

“Now, Molly,” Arthur said, speaking up for the first time. “It’s not up to us who they date. If my parents had had their way, I’d have ended up with Mindy Greenstead.”

“What about Ginny?” Molly asked. “She’s had her heart set on Harry since she was a little girl.”

“So have half the girls within two years of him,” Tonks pointed out.

“But-”

“That’s enough, Molly,” Arthur said firmly. “Harry and Tonks are more than old enough to make their own decisions.”

“Fine!” Molly huffed.

Turning to the sink, she began to furiously scrub the dishes by hand. Sighing, Tonks turned to give Arthur a tired smile, which he returned. Things hadn’t gone as well as she’d hoped, but she hoped Molly would get over it by the time they got Harry away from the Dursleys. She just hoped that Harry went back to Grimmauld Place rather than the Burrow, or they might never get to see each other.

---

Harry stepped off the Hogwarts Express and immediately felt the stares of hundreds of parents bear down on him. Hunching his shoulders, he looked away and moved towards the exit when he caught sight of something purple. Looking back, he smiled as Tonks waved her arms wildly to get his attention with a massive grin on her face. Without waiting for his friends, he made his way over to her.

As soon as he reached her, Harry pulled her into a tight hug and buried his face in her bright purple hair. After a long moment, he pulled back, and Tonks took his hand in hers. He couldn't stop a wide grin from stretching across his face.

"Hey, Tonks," Hermione said with a smile as she, Ron, Ginny, and the twins caught up.

"Wotcher, Hermione, Weasleys," Tonks said with a grin.

Harry noticed Mrs. Weasley for the first time and the glare she gave Tonks as she hugged her children. Tonks had told him she wasn't too happy about the news of them dating, but he'd hoped she'd be over it by now.

Oh well, he thought. He wasn't letting go of Tonks for anything. If she didn't like it, that was her problem.

"How's Sirius?" Harry asked.

"Impatient," Tonks replied with a roll of her eyes. "The Ministry exonerated him of all charges, but they asked him to wait a week before going out in public, so the news has time to spread. He's been whinging about it for the last three days."

Harry nodded, but her talk of whinging had him thinking about going back to Privet Drive for the next month.

"You alright?" Tonks asked.

"I'm fine," Harry said softly, giving her a brief smile.

She didn't look convinced.

"I knew it!" Ginny crowed suddenly, causing both of them to look over at her.

Grinning, Ginny turned to the twins and held out her hand.

"Pay up," she said.

"Ginny," Mrs. Weasley gasped as Fred cursed quietly and pulled a few Sickles out of his pocket.

"What?" Ginny asked. "Everyone knew Harry and Tonks had a thing for each other since Christmas."

Harry blushed as Tonks shook with silent laughter next to him. Mrs. Weasley gaped at her daughter, her mouth opening and closing several times.

"You're not... upset?" she asked delicately.

"Why would I be upset?" Ginny asked.

"Perhaps we should finish this conversation at home," Mr. Weasley interrupted, for which Harry was grateful, having a good idea of where it was going. "Come on, kids, time to go. The Ministry sent a car to take us home."

"Oh, sure, now they care," Ron grumbled.

"That's politics," Mr. Weasley said with a smile.

As they walked towards the exit of platform nine and three quarters, Harry let go of Tonks' hand to wrap his arm around her waist. She smiled and kissed his cheek just before they stepped through the barrier together.

Stepping out on the other side and into Muggle London, Harry let go of her.

“Well, it’s about time,” barked an unpleasantly familiar voice to his right. “Hurry up, boy.”

Harry looked at Vernon and sighed. Turning to Tonks, he opened his mouth to say goodbye, but before he could, she grabbed his hand and pulled him in the direction of his relatives.

“You must be the Dursleys,” Tonks said with a grin.

“Who’re you?” Vernon demanded.

“Auror Tonks,” she replied while pulling a golden badge out of her pocket. “Basically, I’m a magical police officer.”

Vernon and Petunia both looked at her with a pinched expression.

“Yeah, so what?” Vernon blustered.

“So, your abuse of Harry ends now,” Tonks said firmly.

“Now see here,” Vernon said, puffing out his chest as his face turned red. “I don’t know what this – this boy has been telling you –”

“He hasn’t told us anything,” Tonks interrupted, further angering Vernon, much to her amusement. “Tell me, Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, did you know we have a way of watching memories?”

Petunia gasped, and Vernon deflated like a balloon.

"Here's what's gonna happen," Tonks said, pulling a VHS tape out of her pocket. "You're going to leave Harry alone this summer. He's going to come and go when he pleases, he's going to eat whatever he wants, and he's going to leave when he wants, or I send this to your local police department. Or maybe the news station?"

"Vernon," Petunia gasped, looking horrified as she grabbed his arm.

Vernon went bright red as he glared at Tonks venomously.

"Fine," he growled.

"Glad we understand each other," Tonks said with a grin.

"Let's go, boy," Vernon said through gritted teeth.

"Oh, one last thing," Tonks said just as Vernon turned to leave. "I'll be staying next door with Mrs. Figg in case you get any ideas about ignoring me."

"Really?" Harry asked as Petunia looked at the purple-haired girl in horror.

"You didn't really think I was going to leave you on your own with this lot, did you?" Tonks asked with a smirk.

Grinning, Harry walked forward and lifted her off the ground while hugging her tightly. Tonks squealed with laughter as he spun her around before setting her down. Furiously, Vernon stomped away to the car with Petunia scurrying after him.

"Did you really record my memories?" Harry asked curiously. "I thought electronics didn't work around magic."

“What, this?” Tonks asked with a mischievous grin as she held up the tape. “This is just an old tape my dad made of our last family reunion.”

Laughing, Harry kissed her on the lips. When they broke apart, she smiled at him lovingly.

“I’ll see you soon,” Tonks whispered.

Nodding, Harry kissed her on the lips on last time before turning to follow his uncle.

The ride back to Privet Drive was ominously quiet. In the rear-view mirror, Harry could see Vernon seething silently behind the wheel. His face went from red to a deep puce as he worked himself into a towering rage. As soon as they pulled into the driveway of Number Four and Harry got out of the car, Vernon jabbed his fat, sausage-like finger into his chest.

“Now you listen here, you little –”

Vernon cut off suddenly and stared down at his hand in shock. Where his finger had been, now sat a fat, slimy slug.

“You really don’t learn, do you?” Tonks asked.

Harry snapped his head to the side and grinned at her as she winked at him.

“You crazy bitch,” Vernon growled, holding his hand.

“Vernon, Vernon, the neighbors,” Petunia hissed frantically.

“The neighbors are going to be the least of your worries if you keep this up,” Tonks said, jabbing her wand at Vernon’s chest. “This ends now, Dursley. The only reason I haven’t gone to the police is because Dumbledore asked me not to. You harass Harry one more time, and I don’t care what Dumbledore wants. I’ll see you both in prison for abuse, neglect, and whatever other charges I can get to stick. By the time I’m done, everyone in this village will know exactly what kind of people you are.”

Angrily, Tonks jabbed her wand harder into Vernon’s chest. The tip of her wand sparked, causing Vernon to yelp and stumble backwards, where he fell on his arse. With a wiggle of her wand, his finger went back to normal as Petunia rushed over to kneel down next to him, both of them looking pale and sick.

“Come on, Harry. I’ll help you with your trunk,” Tonks said brightly.

Grinning, Harry followed her eagerly. She used a Feather Weight Charm to make his trunk easier to carry while she took Hedwig’s cage. Not bothering to wait for the Dursleys, or perhaps to show them she could, Tonks easily unlocked the front door and ushered him inside.

Setting his trunk down at the end of his bed, Harry hugged his grinning girlfriend and kissed her passionately.

“You are brilliant,” he said.

“I know,” Tonks grinned.

Laughing, Harry picked her up, kicked his door closed, and carried her over to the bed.

---

The next morning, Tonks was rudely awoken by an incessant pounding. It took a moment for her sleep-addled mind to realize it was coming from the door. Next to her, Harry groaned and covered his head with his pillow.

“Boy, get up!” Petunia screeched.

Harry sighed and started to get up, but Tonks stopped him by placing a hand on his chest. Angrily, she hopped out of bed, grabbed his discarded shirt off the floor, and hurriedly pulled it on as she stomped towards the door. Grabbing the handle, she wrenched it open and glared at the shocked-looking woman in front of her.

“What?” Tonks demanded.

“What are you doing!?” Petunia hissed, looking over her shoulder as if she expected one of the neighbors to be standing behind her.

“What does it look like?” Tonks snapped back. “I *was* sleeping with my boyfriend until you woke us up.”

“You can’t do that here!” Petunia whispered harshly, her cheeks going pink.

“I really don’t care what you think I can or cannot do,” Tonks huffed irritably. “Now, what do you want?”

“Vernon needs his breakfast,” Petunia said, looking over Tonks’ shoulder to peer into the room.

“Then tell him to make it himself,” Tonks said dismissively.

“That’s Potter’s job while he’s here,” Petunia said.

“Not anymore,” Tonks countered, moving to close the door.

“Vernon won’t like this,” Petunia said in a threatening tone.



Growling, Tonks glared at the woman and raised her wand. Petunia squeaked and leapt back, eyeing it like it was a venomous snake about to bite her.

“Let’s go see about that, shall we?” Tonks asked, her eyes taking on a dangerous glint.

“Tonks,” Harry called out worriedly as she stormed from the room.

As his aunt chased after her, he hopped out of bed and threw on a pair of shorts. Stomping down the stairs, Tonks stormed into the kitchen, where Vernon was reading the morning newspaper with a cup of coffee in his hand.

“Did the boy give you any trouble, pet?” Vernon asked, still staring at the newspaper. “If he did, I’ll-”

“You’ll what?” Tonks interrupted.

Slamming down his paper, Vernon narrowed his eyes as he stared at her just as Harry and Petunia caught up and stood watching in the doorway.

“What are you doing here? Who let you in?” Vernon asked suspiciously, his face slowly turning red.

“I never left,” Tonks told him. “Did I not make myself clear yesterday? I’m going to tell you one last time. Leave. Harry. Alone.”

“I have had enough!” Vernon roared, clamping his fist down on the table with a loud bang. “You listen here, you little bitch, I will not be ordered about in my own house! Now, I want you out! Ou-”

With a wave of her wand, Tonks caused Vernon's mouth to vanish mid-sentence. He looked quite odd with just a mustache in the middle of his face. Behind Harry, Petunia shrieked and rushed over to her husband as he felt the smooth skin where his mouth should have been with a horrified look in his eyes. When they started to become hysterical, she hit them with a Calming Charm and magically forced them into seats.

"What the hell is wrong with you people?" Tonks asked, her brow furrowed in disgust. "Are you so fucking sadistic that you can't go one day without abusing your nephew?"

"Please, we'll do what you want," Petunia begged, her panic managing to partially overcome the Calming Charm.

"You know, you've spent the last sixteen years calling Harry a freak," Tonks said angrily. "The only freaks I see are the two of you."

"Tonks," Harry said calmly as he hugged her from behind.

It was only as she took a calming breath that she realized she had her wand pointed at his aunt and uncle, the tip shooting red sparks. Closing her eyes, Tonks took a deep breath before she opened them again.

"Leave us alone, or I will make your life a living hell, got it?" Tonks growled.

Petunia nodded frantically, but Vernon just glared over her shoulder balefully. A Stinging Hex leapt from her wand and hit him in the chest. Petunia jumped in her seat and looked at Vernon worriedly as he let out a muffled yell.

"Got it?" Tonks asked again, this time more aggressively.

Eyeing her wand fearfully, Vernon nodded.

“Good,” Tonks said.

Pulling away from Harry, she spun around and grabbed his hand, pulling him out of the kitchen.

“Wait!” Petunia called out. “What about Vernon?”

“His mouth’ll grow back in an hour or so,” Tonks called back over her shoulder.

Walking back up to Harry’s room, she stripped off her shirt and sighed, feeling drained. Harry hugged her from behind and kissed the side of her neck as his hands caressed her bare stomach. Humming, she leaned back against him and relaxed.

“You were brilliant,” Harry said.

“I know,” Tonks replied with a grin, then shook her head. “I can’t believe Dumbledore just left you here and didn’t bother to check on you,” she said.

Harry’s arms tightened around her waist as he hugged her tightly.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you, too,” Tonks replied with a smile.

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It seemed like having his mouth removed for over an hour finally got through to Uncle Vernon. After that, he avoided Harry and Tonks like the plague. Three days after Harry arrived, Dudley returned from Smeltings. Apparently, his parents had talked to him in the car because he, too, left Harry alone, although Harry did catch him watching them with a curious expression whenever their paths crossed. He wasn’t sure what it was about, but it was certainly better than his usual behavior.

Tonks' plan to stay with Mrs. Figg was scrapped almost immediately. She told the order she was staying with the Dursleys to keep them in check, but Harry knew there were other reasons she didn't want to leave.

It was nearly a week into their stay that a thought occurred to him.

"Hey, Tonks," Harry said as he cooked breakfast for the two of them as the Dursleys watched them warily.

"Hmm?" Tonks hummed tiredly.

"Don't you have to work?" he asked.

"Huh? Oh, didn't I tell you?" she asked, to which Harry shook his head. "Scrimgeour is trying to get on your good side, so he asked for someone to guard you over the summer. Naturally, I volunteered."

"Why is he trying to get on my good side?" he asked, setting a plate of eggs and bacon in front of her as Dudley and Vernon picked at their grapefruits.

"Well, after his colossal fuck up, it looks like Fudge is getting ready to step down. I think Scrimgeour looking to run in the election," Tonks said.

"Oh," Harry said dully. "What's he like?"

"He's a decent Auror," Tonks said with a shrug. "He's too much of a politician for me, though."

"What about Madam Bones?" Harry asked.

Tonks scoffed, "She hates politics. Good luck getting her to run for Minister."

"I wish there was something we could do," Harry said with a sigh. "I'd much rather have Bones for Minister than someone who's going to act like Fudge."

"Actually, we might be able to," Tonks said, brightening up. "Well, not me, but people are pretty willing to listen to you right now."

"Him?" Vernon said with a loud, derisive scoff.

"Yes, him," Tonks said with a glare. "You really have no idea how famous Harry is, do you?"

Seeing Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, and Dudley giving her uncomprehending looks, Tonks shook her head.

"Idiots," she muttered. "Anyways, I bet if you wrote a letter to the Prophet telling them you wanted Bones for Minister, people might actually listen."

"I don't know," Harry said doubtfully. "I've never really had good experiences with the press."

"That's because you've always waited for them to come to you," Tonks said. "I've got a friend that works there. We could send the letter to her."

Harry hummed thoughtfully as he took a bite of toast.

"You don't have to if you don't want to love, but Bones is going to need a pretty big push if you want her in office," Tonks said.

"Can you help me write it?" Harry asked. "I've never been good at that sort of thing."

"Of course," Tonks said with a grin, then turned to kiss his cheek.

"Mental," Vernon muttered.

Tonks glared at him, then a mischievous smile stretched across her lips as she finished her breakfast.

"I'm gonna go grab a shower," she said, pulling a lock of hair in front of her face. "I think I've still got cum in my hair from last night."

Harry covered his mouth to stop himself from bursting out laughing as Uncle Vernon's eyes bugged out of his head, and Aunt Petunia gasped with a scandalized look. Dudley's entire face went bright red, and he studiously avoided making eye contact with anyone.

"Sorry," Harry said, biting back a laugh.

"Uh huh, sure you are," Tonks said with a grin. "You going to join me?"

"Definitely," Harry said, grinning as he finished his plate.

"Now you see here," Vernon started.

"Maybe next time, you should keep your fat mouth shut, then," Tonks jumped in before he could continue.

Vernon scowled as they left the kitchen.

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In the bathroom, Harry quickly stripped out of his clothes as Tonks locked the door. Walking over to the tub, she bent over to bring the water to temperature, and his oversized t-shirt rode up her back to reveal her panty-covered bum underneath. Glancing over her shoulder, she caught him staring and playfully wiggled her hips back and forth.

Once the water was at the temperature she wanted, Tonks turned on the shower, stood up, and took off her shirt. Harry marveled at her perfect breasts and incredible figure as she pushed down her panties while unnecessarily bending at the waist. With her round ass jutting out at him, he got a brief glimpse of her delicate, pink lips between her muscular thighs just before she stood up.

No matter how many times he saw her like this, Harry could never quite get used to it. Sometimes, it felt like his luck was just too good to be true.

Turning back to grin at him, Tonks giggled and grabbed his prominent erection. Using it like a leash, she pulled him under the spray of hot water with her. Harry pulled her close, slipping his hands over her soft, wet skin as he kissed her. She moaned into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck while his erection lay trapped between their stomachs. Tonks' large, soft breasts flattened against his chest as they held each other closely.

Pulling back, she gave him a sultry smile before slowly dropping to her knees. Harry gasped as his length slipped between her wet breasts before bobbing above her upturned face, throbbing needily with each beat of his heart.

"I did promise you a real blowjob once I was feeling better," Tonks said playfully while grabbing his shaft lightly and kissing the underside.

"The last one felt pretty real to me," Harry said, smiling.

Tonks chuckled with her lips wrapped around the side of his shaft, sending reverberations through his entire length and causing him to groan.

“That was nothing, babe,” she said alluringly.

Grabbing the bottom half of his length firmly, Tonks kissed and licked at the head. Once he was moistened with her saliva, she opened her lips wide and swallowed nearly half of him. Groaning, Harry ran a hand over her wet hair as she bobbed back and forth in slow, sensual movements over the tip. For a long moment, Tonks focused almost solely on the head, sucking hard and swirling her tongue around his engorged, sensitive glans. Eventually, she pulled back entirely and placed a soft kiss on the tip.

“You have such a great cock,” Tonks whispered softly, her breath washing over his wet head as she traced her fingers lightly along his shaft. “I just love how big and hard it feels in my mouth.”

After kissing his tip lovingly, she swallowed him again, her lips stretched wide around his girth. With a sensual moan, Tonks began bobbing her head, this time taking him deeper with each new descent. Pulling back to the tip, she looked up at him with wide, bright blue eyes before surging forward. Harry gasped as she swallowed him whole without ever breaking eye contact.

With her hands holding his hips and her nose pressed firmly against his groin, Tonks moaned, her exquisitely tight throat vibrating around his length.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped, his shaft swelling in excitement.

Pulling halfway back up his length, her lips tightly sealed around his shaft. Tonks paused before plunging him back into her voracious mouth. Back and forth, she moved, ramming his thick, swollen head and wide shaft back into her throat over and over again. Through it all, she kept her eyes locked on his, the corners crinkled in a teasing smirk.

Harry curled his toes and closed his eyes, fighting back his impending climax to make this unbelievable pleasure last as long as possible. Unfortunately, Tonks was relentless, pulling back for only a moment to catch her breath before swallowing him again.

“Tonks,” he gasped in warning.



Rather than slow down or pull back, Tonks took a deep breath through her nose and buried him in her throat with a muffled moan. As her tongue lapped at the underside of his pulsating shaft, she jerked her head back and forth in short, rapid movements.

Unconsciously, Harry's hand tightened in her hair, and his hips began sawing back and forth. A shudder ran through his body as he burst deep in her throat, sending numerous jets of hot cum straight down her into her stomach. Feeling him pulse and throb, Tonks took him as deep as she could and wrapped her arms around his waist to hold herself in place. Moaning sensuously, she shook her head slightly from side to side as he emptied himself inside her.

As his peak finally waned, Tonks pulled back slowly, her lips sealed around him as she sucked hard. Harry shuddered, and his hips jerked as her lips passed over his hypersensitive head, draining every last drop into her sucking mouth.

"Bloody hell," he gasped, panting lightly. "That was..."

Harry trailed off, completely at a loss for words.

"I know," Tonks said with a smug smirk.

Laughing, he held out his hand and helped her to her feet. Once she was standing, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her heatedly. When they parted, Tonks handed him the bottle of shampoo.

"Can you wash my hair?" she asked.

Smiling, Harry squeezed a large dollop of shampoo into his hand and lathered it into her bright purple hair. Taking turns, they washed each other, talking and laughing as they playfully explored each other's bodies. By the time they were done, he was already rock-hard again.

“Well, we can’t have you going out there like this,” Tonks said teasingly, grabbing his erection.

Grinning, Harry cupped her bum and lifted her off her feet. Giggling, she wrapped her legs around him. With his rigid length trapped against her core, Tonks moaned while biting her bottom lip cutely. Setting himself at her entrance, Harry leaned in and kissed her passionately as he slowly lowered her onto him. As Tonks sank down on his shaft, she moaned into his mouth and rolled her hips needily. When she bottomed out, she pulled back breathlessly and rested her forehead against his.

“Fuck me,” Tonks breathed.

Using his arms, Harry lifted her up a few inches before dropping her back down. With a low moan, Tonks used her strong thighs to help move herself up and down his rock-hard shaft. Even with the water pouring down on them, Harry could still feel her hot arousal leaking onto his length.

“Yes,” Tonks hissed, throwing her head back.

Watching her large, perky breasts bounce in time with their movements, Harry smiled before dipping his head and taking one of her swollen nipples between his lips. Tonks gasped, followed by a sultry moan, her hand clutching at the back of his head as their pace increased.

Grabbing his hair lightly, Tonks pulled his head back and kissed him hard just as Harry turned and pinned her back against the tile wall. As they kissed, he pulled back and slammed his cock into her rapidly. Pulling back, Tonks gasped and moaned, rolling her hips as his thick length invaded her tight, hot depths again and again.

“Harry,” Tonks whined, her folds fluttering as she neared her peak.

Harry continued plowing into her, kissing and sucking at the side of her neck as her breathing sped up and her body trembled. With a sudden gasp, her muscles tightened, and her body shook in his arms as she came around him. Her teeth dug into his shoulder to muffle a scream.

Unable to hold back, Harry grunted as he pulsed inside of her, his hips flexing with each pulse of his cock.

After catching their breath, Harry set Tonks back on her feet as he slipped out of her, careful to hold onto her as she steadied herself on weak legs.

“You know, I always wanted to have sex in a shower,” Tonks said with a grin.

Chuckling, Harry kissed her on the lips.

## Chapter 11

Harry was having the best Summer of his life at Privet Drive. Once his relatives understood Tonks wasn't going to put up with any of their shit, they decided the best course of action was to pretend that the two of them simply didn't exist. Uncle Vernon had gone so far as to try and take Aunt Petunia and Dudley on vacation to Cornwall, but mysteriously, something went wrong every time they tried to leave.

First, the hotel called, saying they had overbooked and had to cancel their reservation. Then, the caravan they tried to rent broke down before it left the lot. With no others available to rent, Uncle Vernon had stormed back to the house, muttering under his breath with a bright red face. Giving up on going to Cornwall, Uncle Vernon had decided to take the family to France, only for his passport to go missing the morning they tried to leave.

Of course, with so much oddness, his first reaction was to blame Harry and Tonks.

“Why would we want to keep you here?” Tonks had asked. “Trust me, we want you gone just as much as you want to leave.”

Grudgingly, he had to admit she had a point. Stumped, Uncle Vernon gave up on the idea of leaving and went right back to pretending they weren't there. Privately, Harry and Tonks

suspected Dumbledore was behind everything. Tonks was sure he was doing it to keep Aunt Petunia in the house to recharge the wards. That only made her more furious at the old man. She reasoned that if he was keeping a close enough eye on them to know when the Dursleys were trying to leave, then he must have known about how they treated Harry.

Though Harry tried to calm his girlfriend, he too was upset, although he felt more hurt than angry. He didn't want to believe Dumbledore had known about how his relatives had treated him and done nothing to stop it, but it looked more and more like that was the case.

Apart from that issue and the problems of the first few days, Harry and Tonks enjoyed their three-and-a-half-week vacation, finally able to act like a couple. While Tonks didn't want him going too far from the house, just in case, she didn't keep him locked indoors. Most days, they walked around Little Whinging, visiting stores and eating at the surprising number of restaurants nearby.

While Harry told Tonks some of the stories she hadn't witnessed during their Occlumency lessons, she regaled him with stories of her own childhood.

"I grew up in a place a lot like this," she told him while sitting on his lap on the only unbroken swing in the park. "The people were a bit friendlier, but it was still horribly boring. Dad works as an accountant at the Ministry, and Mum stayed home to raise me. I was homeschooled until I was around eight, when I finally got the hang of Occlumency. I still slipped up once in a while, especially when someone really hacked me off, but we only had to call the Obliviators once."

"Once?" Harry asked amusedly.

"It wasn't my fault," Tonks said adamantly. "One of the girls at my school, Amanda Powers, was making fun of me because of my hair. I got so mad, and the teachers wouldn't do anything, so I accidentally turned her entire body purple. Skin, hair, everything. She looked like that girl from Willy Wonka right before she blew up like a balloon."

Harry smiled, remembering the time he'd done just that to his Aunt Marge.

“So, what happened?” Harry asked.

“People from the Ministry showed up a couple minutes later, along with my Mum, and cleaned the whole thing up,” Tonks said with a shrug. “Mum gave me a right talking to when we got home.”

Harry kissed the side of her neck as they swung back and forth just slightly on the swing.

“I was a bit of a wild child when I got older,” Tonks admitted. “Because I’m a Metamorphmagus, my mum was always worried I’d lose my temper and do something to get in trouble with the Ministry, so she didn’t let me go out that much unless she or dad was with me. I got caught sneaking out to go see friends more than once.”

“Just friends or boyfriends?” Harry couldn’t stop himself from asking.

Tonks shifted to sit sideways in his lap and looked at him closely.

“Do you really want to know?” she asked, biting her lip nervously.

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to,” Harry told her. “It’s just – You’ve said before you’ve never had good luck with boyfriends. I don’t want the details or anything. I just want to know more about you.”

Tonks hesitated for a long moment before wrapping her arms around his neck and resting her head on his shoulder.

“I wasn’t a slut or anything, but I did date my fair share of boys at school,” Tonks admitted. “When I got to Hogwarts, I didn’t try to hide what I was. It felt good to finally let go and be myself for once, you know? Once boys found out I was a Metamorphmagus and realized I could look however I wanted, they took a big interest in me. I liked the attention at first. I made myself look a bit older, gave myself nice tits, a bigger bum, that sort of thing. Towards the end

of my third year, some of the more popular boys started asking me out on dates to Hogsmeade. It didn't take long for them to start asking me to change things here and there. Different hair, bigger tits, better bum, a little taller or shorter."

Sighing, her finger ran lightly across his chest, tracing abstract designs that made his skin tingle.

"I didn't think much of it at first. They liked me, or I thought they did, and I changed myself all the time anyways. What did it matter if I made a few changes for them?" Tonks asked rhetorically, then sighed. "I remember the first time I realized what was happening. I walked into the girl's loo and saw a tall blonde looking back at me. It was like looking in a mirror. A really creepy mirror. She looked at me, laughed, and said, 'you know he's only dating you because I turned him down, right?'. I was so embarrassed that I ran back to my dorm and cried. I broke it off with him the next day, but that just made things worse. He started spreading rumors that I'd slept with him, and I would make myself look like any girl he wanted. I tried dating a few guys after that, but they all acted the same way.

"So, I gave up on dating for about a year. A lot of girls were still pretty mean towards me, and – well, I didn't handle that too well. I got pretty good at making myself look like prefects to walk around after curfew, so it wasn't hard to make myself look like them, either. I got back at a few of them by changing into them, grabbing the first boy I saw, and snogging him in a broom cupboard before running away. I feel really bad about that now. Some of those guys were nice, and they only got hurt when they asked those girls about it later. At the time, I just wanted to get back at them by giving them the same reputation they'd given me, you know?"

Harry rubbed her back soothingly and kissed the top of her head. He was worried talking would make her stop, but he wanted to show he didn't think badly of her. Merlin knows he'd made some bad decisions in the past.

"Fifth year is when things really started to change," Tonks continued. "Over the Summer, I snuck out to meet up with some friends, and we went to a Weird Sisters concert. I made myself look old enough to get us some drinks, but one of the boys with us had a bit too much and started to get handsy. He was a bit bigger than me, but when he pushed things too far, I decked him hard and Hexed him in the balls. Moody happened to be there working security, probably thought it was some secret cult or something. Anyways, he saw the whole thing. He sobered the guy up, scared the shit out of him, and told him to get lost. I thought he was going to yell at me too, but he actually told me I did a good job, but I should have stopped him sooner."

Tonks chuckled and shook her head fondly.

“He also told me I’d make a good Auror. I asked my dad about him later, and he told me all these stories about the Dark Wizards Moody had captured. I fell in love with the idea of being an Auror, so I spent my whole year studying to get the OWLs I needed. Poor Mum,” she said with a laugh. “She loved that I was finally taking my studies seriously, but she hated that I wanted to be an Auror. I was so busy studying and practicing my spell work I didn’t have time for boys. I tried dating again in my sixth year. Even ended up with Charlie Weasley for a bit, but that didn’t end too well. Nearly ruined our friendship.

“Seventh year was more studying for NEWTs and then off to Auror training. I worked my arse off, and Moody decided to make me his protégé. I didn’t really have time for anything serious, but I did have a couple of casual flings. Once I became an Auror, I thought I could finally find a good boyfriend,” Tonks paused to give a derisive laugh. “Turns out, most blokes can’t handle dating a witch that can kick their arse. One of them even tried to join the Aurors so we could work together, but he didn’t have what it took. Dropped out in the first week. Things ended pretty quick after that.”

Finally, Tonks lifted her head from his shoulder and gave him such a loving smile it made his heart swell and set butterflies fluttering in his stomach.

“And then my knight in shining armor comes to rescue me,” she said, leaning forward to give him a deep, soft kiss. “You’re everything I’ve ever wanted in a guy and more. You’ve never asked me to be anything but myself, you never thought of me as weak, even when I need to be rescued. You’re kind, caring, funny, and fantastic in bed.”

Tonks waggled her eyebrows up and down with a grin, causing Harry to chuckle.

“Better than your ex-boyfriends?” Harry asked teasingly.

“They’re not even close,” Tonks said, pecking him on the lips. “Your cock’s bigger too.”

Harry snorted, but it did boost his pride quite a bit.

“Now, it’s your turn,” she said, wiggling in his lap.

“There’s really not much to tell,” Harry said with a shrug. “I had one date with Parvati at the Yule Ball that ended horribly. I was so worried about everything else going on, and I didn’t even want to go in the first place. I was a pretty horrible date, to be fair. I really should apologize to her for that. And you know about Fleur.”

“Yeah, but you never told me the details,” she pointed out.

“You really want to hear about it?” he asked.

Tonks gave him a coy smile, “I didn’t just date men. I’ve been with a witch or two.”

Harry’s eyes widened, and he blinked at her, causing Tonks to giggle.

“I even dated Aurora Sinistra for a few months,” she told him.

“You dated Professor Sinistra?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Well, she wasn’t a professor at the time,” Tonks said. “Anyways, tell me what happened with you and Fleur. I’ve seen her at a couple of Order meetings, and even I’m jealous you got to sleep with her.”

“She’s in the Order?” Harry asked, trying desperately not to get distracted by thoughts of Tonks and Fleur in bed together.



“Yeah,” Tonks said. “Bill brought her in. She works at Gringotts now. They’ve gone on a couple of dates, but I don’t think it’s anything serious yet. Molly isn’t happy about it. She’s been trying to push me and Bill together every time we’re in the same room for more than a few seconds.”

“She’s still doing that even after you told her we’re dating?” Harry asked.

“Not as bad, but she makes a comment now and again,” she told him. “Now, quit stalling.”

“Alright, alright,” Harry said. “Well, after the second task, when I rescued Fleur’s sister from the lake, she started being a lot more friendly towards me. She was kind of a bitch before that, but I get why now.”

“Yeah, we get along pretty well. Her history with guys is a lot like mine,” Tonks interjected.

“Exactly. Well, during the third task, I rescued her from Krum and waited with her for help to come. Then – well, you know what happened,” Harry said to which Tonks nodded. “I was in pretty rough shape afterwards, mentally and physically. Fleur snuck into the Hospital Wing late that night and said she wanted to thank me for saving her and her sister. I thought she just wanted to say thank you, but...”

Harry paused, looking at Tonks hesitantly. Smiling, she motioned for him to continue.

“Er, well, she silenced the door to Madam Pomfrey’s office and gave me a blow job right there in the Hospital Wing,” he told her, shaking his head at how incredible it sounded even to himself. “It really helped with the pain from the Cruciatus Curse. When I told Fleur that, she just smiled and said she’d have to just take care of me until I was all better. When I got out the next day, she invited me over to the Beauxbatons carriage. I was really nervous, to be honest. I thought for sure I was going to embarrass myself, and she was going to laugh at me or tell me to get out.

“Fleur was great though. She was really patient, and she taught me a lot. The last week they stayed at Hogwarts, I spent most of my time in the carriage with her. My friends thought I was off moping, but I didn’t feel right telling them about what I was really doing.”

“Was it serious or just a bit of fun?” Tonks asked.

Again, Harry hesitated a moment before answering.

“I don’t know how Fleur felt. You’d have to ask her, but, at the time, I would have liked to have tried something more serious,” Harry admitted cautiously. “But with her going back to France and me still in school for three more years, we both knew it couldn’t last.”

“Well, I’m definitely going to have to thank her the next time I see her,” Tonks said with a grin. “She sure taught you how to please a woman.”

“Just don’t say that when Bill is around,” Harry said, pleading.

Tonks laughed and pulled him in for a passionate kiss.

“I love you,” she whispered against his lips.

“I love you, too,” he replied, just as softly.

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All too soon, their time at Privet Drive was coming to an end. Part of Tonks was more than happy to get away from the Dursleys, but another part of her was worried about how much time they had left before Harry went back to school. The Summer was passing far too quickly for her liking.

The day before they were set to leave for Grimmauld place, Tonks opened the fridge to find lunch and scowled at what she saw.

“You know, with two whales in the house, you’d think they’d have some decent food,” she complained.

“They probably ate it all,” Harry told her.

Tonks sighed and closed the fridge. Thankfully, the Dursleys were all out to visit that bitch Marge for most of the day. She almost wished they had invited her over instead just so she could get some payback for all the years she tormented Harry.

“I’m gonna run out and get something to eat,” she said. “Anything you want me to pick up?”

“Whatever you want is fine with me,” Harry replied as usual. “You want me to go with you?”

“Actually, I need to stop by the office for a minute to drop off some paperwork,” Tonks told him. “Sorry, love, but you’ll have to sit this one out. I won’t be long, though.”

“Alright,” Harry said, looking a bit disappointed.

Walking up to him, swaying her hips more than necessary, Tonks wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips.

“I’ll make it up to you when I get back,” she said promisingly.

Smiling back, Harry gave her one more kiss and squeezed her bum playfully before she left the house with a smile on her face.

In truth, she didn't need to stop by the office. With Harry's birthday coming up soon, she needed to stop and get the present she'd had custom-made for him. As she walked down the street to get to the end of the wards, she noticed one of the neighbors look up from her garden and wave at her.

"Hello," the woman said pleasantly. "I don't think we've met. I'm Jennifer Polkiss."

"I'm Tonks," she said in reply.

"Are you staying with the Dursleys?" Jennifer asked.

Tonks smiled as a mischievous idea popped into her head.

"Unfortunately, yes," she said with a sigh. "But it's the only way I could spend time with my boyfriend. So..."

Tonks trailed off with a shrug.

Jennifer tilted her head, looking a little thrown off by her answer.

"Oh, you're dating Dudley then?" she asked.

Tonks laughed, "Oh, God, no. I'm dating Harry."

"Oh," Jennifer said, her face closing off.

"You know, I get that reaction every time I tell someone that around here," Tonks said, feigning ignorance. "Why does everyone seem to hate Harry so much?"

“You don’t know?” Jennifer asked, looking both surprised and excited to be able to spread some gossip.

“Know what?” Tonks asked.

“Well, that boy’s always been a troublemaker. He goes to St. Brutus’, you know,” Jennifer told her.

“St. Brutus’?” Tonks asked, her brow furrowed. “Harry doesn’t go to St. Brutus’. Where did you hear that from?”

Jennifer gave her a pitying look.

“Oh, that boy’s been telling lies for years,” she said, looking entirely too pleased to be giving such news. “Vernon and Petunia told me themselves. I’m sorry you had to find out this way, dear.”

“Well, then they’re the ones that’re lying,” Tonks said, crossing her arms. “I went to the same school with Harry for three years before I graduated. He goes to Fettes College up in Scotland. Trust me, there’s no way I would risk my career dating someone that went to St. Brutus’”

“Oh,” Jennifer said in surprise, and Tonks could see the questions flying around in her mind. “What do you do?”

Reaching into her pocket, Tonks pulled out her Auror’s badge. To a Muggle, like Jennifer, it looked silver with a blue center. The words ‘Metropolitan Police’ etched into the surface.

“You’re a police officer?” Jennifer asked in shock.

“Yep,” Tonks said, putting her badge away.

“They let you work there with that kind of hair?” Jennifer asked abruptly.

Tonks had to fight not to roll her eyes. Of course, that’s the first thing she would ask, she thought.

“I do a lot of undercover work,” Tonks said. “In fact, I’m looking into finding the people responsible for the string of vandalism through the neighborhood while I’m here.”

“I can’t believe it,” Jennifer said, shaking her head. “Why would Vernon and Petunia lie about that for so many years?”

“You haven’t noticed?” Tonks asked incredulously.

“Noticed what?” Jennifer asked in return.

“Haven’t you seen the baggy clothes Harry always wore, how skinny he was compared to his relatives, the bruises?” Tonks asked.

“Well, yes, but – I always thought –” Jennifer stopped suddenly as her eyes went wide. “You don’t think he was... *abused*, do you?”

“I know he was,” Tonks said. “Harry told me all about it, but without proof, I can’t press charges. Seeing the way he was treated is the reason I decided to join the police in the first place. Our families were close before his parents were killed, and we lost contact with him when he came here. I was furious when I found out how the Dursleys treated him.”

“Killed? I thought they died in a car crash.” Jennifer said.

Tonks scoffed and shook her head in genuine disgust.

“If you want to know who the liars are, it’s the Dursleys,” Tonks growled angrily. “James Potter was a police officer, and they were murdered by a gang he was trying to take down. They even cut that scar into Harry’s forehead. My mum tried to get custody of Harry, but the judge said he was better off with family. Lily, Harry’s mother, didn’t get along with Petunia at all, but they never found the will. We think it was lost when the house burned down.”

“My goodness,” Jennifer said, her hand held to her chest. “But I don’t understand. If Vernon and Petunia didn’t want Harry, why did they keep him?”

“To make themselves look good?” Tonks asked with a shrug. “Maybe they were hoping they would get James’ fortune if they kept him. Who knows?”

“That’s awful,” Jennifer said.

“You don’t know the half of it,” Tonks told her. “Did you know they used to make Harry sleep in the cupboard under the stairs even though they had two extra bedrooms? Apparently, one was Dudley’s playroom, while the other was for Vernon’s sister when she visited once or twice a year. They made him cook and clean, then only let him eat what was left when they were done. It’s probably why they’re so overweight. They wanted to make sure Harry got as little as possible. Vernon’s a right mean bastard. You must have heard him shouting over the years.”

“Well, yes, but we always thought it was because Harry did something wrong again,” Jennifer replied. “Oh, that poor boy, I can’t believe no one noticed.”

“Yeah, me neither,” Tonks said, trying hard to keep the accusation out of her voice. “I mean, really, who looks at a shy, quiet kid like Harry and thinks he’s a troublemaker. Some people just don’t think for themselves.”

Jennifer nodded in agreement, completely missing the rather blatant dig at her own expense.

“So, you and Harry are dating?” Jennifer asked curiously.

“Yes,” Tonks answered with a small smile.

“I don’t mean any offense but aren’t you a bit old for him?” she asked.

“We’re only a few years apart,” Tonks said, slightly defensively. “It’s a bit difficult with him still in school, but it’s worth it. He’s such a great guy.”

“Oh, well, I suppose love knows no age,” Jennifer said with a smile. “So, how did you end up staying with the Dursleys?”

“Just between you and me?” Tonks asked conspiratorially, getting a nod from an excited-looking Jennifer. “I may have threatened them a bit. I might not have enough evidence to take the case to court, but if Harry makes a statement, it still has to be thoroughly investigated, and that’s the last thing they want. So, it was either they let me stay for a few weeks, or the police start talking to friends, family, neighbors, coworkers, the lot. They aren’t too happy about it, but I don’t really give a toss. They’ve made Harry’s life hell for years; they can put up with me for a bit.”

Glancing at her watch, Tonks looked back up and smiled apologetically.

“Sorry, but I really have to run,” Tonks said. “I need to stop by the office before I head to the shops.”

“Oh, of course,” Jennifer said, then called out just as Tonks turned away. “Before you go, have you found out anything about those vandals?”

“I can’t say anything officially yet,” Tonks said. “But my bet is on Dudley Dursley. Some shop owners spotted him and his friends damaging things in the park but didn’t get a good look. We’re setting up cameras this week, so we should know for sure soon enough.’



Tonks smiled while Jennifer looked slightly worried. She remembered the name Polkiss and knew that her son, Piers, was one of the boys that had bullied Harry over the years. Hopefully, Jennifer wouldn't be as willfully ignorant as the Dursleys and would step in to have a talk with her son.

"It was nice meeting you," Tonks said cheerfully before turning away with a smirk on her lips.

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Jennifer's head was spinning after her talk with the odd, purple-haired young woman. It was just so hard to believe everything she'd been told for years was a lie. It was such juicy gossip, though, and she couldn't wait to tell all her friends. Still, she thought it would be best to make sure and not embarrass herself.

For perhaps the first time in her life, Jennifer Polkiss decided to check her facts before opening her mouth. Walking over to the phone, she called the Surrey police department.

"Surrey police," a female voice answered.

"Hi, I'm wondering if you have an officer named Tonks working for you?" Jennifer asked.

"Hold, please," the young woman asked.

After a surprisingly short wait, she was transferred to someone else.

"Sergeant Knowles, how can I help you?" the man asked in a deep, reverberating voice.

"Hi, I was wondering if you have an officer Tonks working for you?" Jennifer asked. "She's in her early to mid-twenties, with short purple hair."

“Yes, Officer Nymphadora Tonks, she’s just been newly transferred,” Sergeant Knowles replied. “She’s on special assignment at the moment, but I’d be happy to help you, ma’am.”

“Oh, that’s alright. I’ll try back later. Thank you,” Jennifer said quickly and hung up the phone.

Her heart raced as she looked through the phone book to try one more number.

“Good afternoon, St. Brutus,” answered a firm, male voice.

“Hello, I’m looking for a student there named Harry Potter,” Jennifer said.

“Hold, please,” then the man said.

Jennifer was on hold for much longer this time before someone else picked up.

“This is Margret. How can I help you?” the woman asked briskly.

“I’m looking for a student named Harry Potter,” Jennifer said.

“Do you need to make a complaint?” Margaret asked in a bored tone.

“No, no,” Jennifer said.

“Harry Potter, you said?” Margaret asked.

“Yes,” Jennifer replied.

“I’m sorry, miss, but we have no record of a Harry Potter ever attending St. Brutus’,” Margaret said.

“Oh, I must have been misinformed. Sorry to bother you,” Jennifer said.

Hanging up, Jennifer picked up the phone again, this time dialing a familiar number rapidly with a grin on her face. It was time to call the girls over for a game of bridge, she thought. Her news of the Dursley’s lies would put Rebecca’s reveal of Angela Brown’s affair with the mailman last week to shame.

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As Tonks returned from her errands, she noticed several women arriving at the Polkiss house and smirked to herself.

Looks like the housewives of Little Whinging are having a meeting, she thought.

Looking between the Polkiss house and Number Four, her smirk widened. The window in Harry’s room faced the backyard, but the window in Vernon and Petunia’s room looked right over the fence and into the living room of the Polkiss house. Right where all those nosey housewives would be sitting.

Grinning, Tonks walked back to the house as fast as she could without running.

+++++

“Hey,” Harry said with a smile as Tonks walked in the front door. “What’s got you in such a good mood?”

It wasn’t unusual to see Tonks smiling, but the massive grin she had now told him she was definitely up to something. The only thing he didn’t know was whether that was a good thing or not.

“Just happy to see you,” Tonks said, kissing his cheek as she passed him on the way to the kitchen.

“Uh huh,” Harry hummed, not believing her at all.

He followed her into the kitchen and watched as she all but threw the groceries she’d bought into the refrigerator.

“Aren’t we going to eat?” he asked, leaning against the doorframe.

“Later,” Tonks said with a breathless grin. “I have something much more fun planned first.”

Harry lifted an eyebrow as she walked up to him, kissed him on the lips, and then grabbed his hand with a playful smile.

“Come on,” Tonks said.

Harry let her pull him up the stairs with a smile of his own. That smile turned into a frown as they passed his room and made for the end of the hall, to his aunt and uncle’s room.

“Uh, Tonks?” he asked warily.

“Trust me,” she said, pulling him into their bedroom.

“Tonks, I am *not* having sex on their bed,” he told her adamantly.

“We’re not,” she said, much to his relief.

Dragging him across the room, she stopped at the window and threw the white, lacy curtains open. Watching her, he saw her grin in the reflection of the window before turning back to him.

“We’re going to have sex right here,” Tonks said, pulling him up against her directly in front of the window.

“Tonks, the whole street can see us,” Harry said incredulously.

“So?” she asked playfully. “That’s part of the fun.”

Threading her fingers in his hair, she pulled him down into a searing kiss. Harry’s mind and body rebelled against each other. His mind telling him he shouldn’t, while his body found the idea incredibly exciting. He’d stopped caring what the neighbors thought of him long ago, but he knew if anyone saw them, it would get back to his aunt and uncle in no time. Over the years, it had become ingrained in him to do everything he could to stay under the radar when it came to his relatives. Still, the thought of having sex with Tonks where anyone could see, showing off the stunning woman the resident freak of Privet Drive managed to catch, was surprisingly appealing.

“Trust me,” Tonks whispered against his lips, her hand cupping the bulge in the front of his jeans.

Harry groaned into her mouth, his own hands running down her back and over her bum.

“Fuck it,” he said aloud.

Tonks grinned at him with a sparkle in her eyes as she pulled back and slowly dropped to her knees. Harry gulped and glanced out the window, his eyes flickering up and down the empty street as she opened his jeans and pulled him out into the open.

Looking up at him, Tonks smirked while stroking his rigid length. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around him, her tongue swirling around his swollen head. His fingers ran through her hair as she bobbed her head up and down, slathering his shaft with saliva on the way down and sucking lightly on the way back up. Shuddering, Harry looked back down at her bright green eyes before glancing back out the window cautiously.

With his focus entirely on the street, he never noticed the group of women staring at them with gaping mouths from the house next door.

+++++

“Oh my God!” Amanda Baxter gasped. “Can you believe the nerve of them?”

As the other seven women mumbled their agreement, not one of them could tear their eyes away as Tonks drove forward and took Harry deep into her throat.

“My goodness,” Jennifer gasped.

“I wish my husband was that big,” Angela Brown muttered.

The women close to her who heard glanced at each other with knowing looks.

“How can they be so shameless?” Mary Taylor asked in a scandalized tone.

“I want to know how she can take so much of him.” Marie Evans said in awe.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Marie covered her mouth and blushed. The other women in the room gaped at her for a moment before laughing girlishly.

"I always knew that boy was trouble, but I never thought he'd do something like this," Margaret Wilson said, shaking her head. "That poor girl has no idea what she's gotten herself into."

"Oh, I'm sure she has a good idea," Jennifer said smugly.

This wasn't exactly how she'd planned to make her big reveal but now seemed like as good a time as any.

"What do you know?" Angela asked as the other women looked at her for a moment.

"That girl is actually an officer with the Surrey Police Department, and you won't believe what she told me today," Jennifer said with a grin.

+++++

As the neighbors next door learned the truth about Harry Potter and the Dursleys, Tonks pulled off of Harry's rock-hard cock with a *pop*. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the group of women staring up at her. She'd planned to make this last a bit longer, but having an audience was so much more arousing than she'd thought it would be. She was practically dripping in her knickers.

Standing up, Tonks kissed Harry fiercely as they tore at each other's clothes. She smiled against his lips as he threw her bra across the room, all of his earlier hesitation completely gone. The moment she was naked, Tonks turned, bent slightly at the waist, and braced her hands on the windowsill. It was hard for her not to look down at the living room window next door as Harry stepped behind her and ran the thick head of his cock up and down between her drenched folds.

"Fuck me," she whined breathlessly.

Placing himself at her entrance, Tonks moaned as Harry sank into her depths, stretching and filling her perfectly. Biting her lip with a groan, she glanced down and nearly came on the spot when she saw eight sets of eyes staring at her.

How many of them wished they were in her position instead of stuck with their boring husbands, she wondered.

Behind her, Harry pulled back slowly before gripping her hips and slamming back in roughly.

“Yes!” Tonks hissed, arching her back and pressing her tits against the cool glass.

Harry continued to pound into her with slow but powerful thrusts. His engorged head and long shaft hitting all the right spots. Tonks clenched around him as he hammered into her over and over. A ball of heat began to pool in her core as she pushed herself off of the window and threw her hips back at him in time with his thrusts.

“Harder,” she begged in a husky tone.

“I’m not gonna last long,” Harry grunted, his hot, damp breath brushing the side of her neck.

“Neither am I, sweetheart. Just fuck me,” Tonks panted.

A tingle ran down her spine when Harry growled behind her. A moment later, one of his hands groped her breast roughly while the other grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled back. Tonks moaned lewdly from the stinging in her scalp as Harry sped up his pace. Each deep, hammering thrust felt like it was knocking the breath out of her lungs.

Unconsciously, her hands gripped the curtains, threatening to rip them from the wall as she teetered closer and closer to the edge. The sound of heavy breathing and the loud smack of skin on skin filled the room as Harry took her without restraint. His lips latched onto the side of her neck, sucking hard and grazing her skin with his teeth, intent on leaving his mark on her pale skin. Tonks spasmed around his thrusting cock, a shudder running through her entire body.



Suddenly, Harry let go of her hair to grab her shoulder. As she felt him swell inside of her, his thrusts becoming short and harsh, Tonks found herself meeting the eyes of Jennifer Polkiss. It was only a moment but seeing that brief look of jealous lust on the older woman's face was all it took to send Tonks over the edge just as Harry spilled himself inside of her. A low moan escaped her throat as he held her tight and his hot cum splashed against her walls.

Panting, Tonks leaned back against his chest, her eyes closed in bliss. After a moment to catch her breath, she turned her head while reaching back to pull him forward into a deep kiss. When she looked forward again, only Jennifer was left watching them. Tonks gave her a wink before closing the curtains and spinning around in the arms of her man.

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"The oddest thing happened this morning," Aunt Petunia said at breakfast the next morning.

"Oh?" Uncle Vernon asked distractedly, staring bitterly at Harry's full breakfast while he picked at his half a grapefruit.

"When I went out to get the paper this morning, I could swear Jennifer and Marie were glaring at me," Aunt Petunia told him.

Harry and Tonks shared a look as they fought to hide their smiles. She'd eventually explained everything to him last night, and while he wasn't too happy with everyone knowing so much about his childhood, he had to admit it was better than everyone thinking he was a delinquent. They'd had a bit of an argument about it, but he knew she was just trying to help. Harry wasn't too sold on it at first, but now, knowing the neighborhood would see his aunt and uncle for who they really were, it did feel gratifying.

Reaching under the table, he took Tonks' hand in his and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"I'm sure it was just your imagination," Uncle Vernon said. "Why would they be mad at you?"

Harry stared down at his food to hide the smirk he was fighting. Thankfully, they heard the honking of a car horn a moment later.

“That’ll be for us,” Tonks said, pushing away her half-eaten plate.

“Dudley! Your diet,” Aunt Petunia said as Dudley grabbed the plate and gobbled down half of it at once.

Harry pushed back his own plate with a grimace and followed Tonks into the living room, where their bags were packed and waiting. As they were grabbing their things, there was a knock at the door. Uncle Vernon grumbled to himself as Tonks answered it to reveal the tall, dark figure of Kingsley Shacklebolt.

“Hey, Shack,” Tonks said. “Mind giving us a hand?”

“Morning Tonks, Harry,” Kingsley said with a small smile.

As he walked into the house, Harry looked past him and saw a black Ministry sedan parked at the side of the road.

“They sent a Ministry car?” Harry asked.

“Madam Bones requested it,” Kingsley said as he grabbed Harry’s trunk and lifted it with ease. “She’s not too happy with that letter you wrote to the Prophet, but she knows you need to be protected.”

“Wait, that worked?” Harry asked, having purposefully been avoiding the paper all summer.

Tonks laughed at the look on his face and patted his cheek.

“It’s a good thing you’re cute,” she said teasingly. “The public has been clamoring for her to replace Fudge ever since they printed it. He’s not even out of office yet, and she’s practically got the job already. Everyone’s looking to her to make decisions while the Wizengamot takes its sweet time.”

“For what it’s worth, I think you did the right thing,” Kingsley said. “Amelia may not like it, but right now, we need a good leader if we’re going to stand a chance.”

Harry nodded, still shocked his letter to Tonks’ friend at the Daily Prophet had made that big of an impact. Shaking his head, he grabbed Hedwig’s cage and turned back to his relatives.

“Well, bye,” Harry said.

“Have a good rest of your summer,” Tonks said cheerfully with a wave.

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia looked at each other nervously but said nothing as Harry and Tonks left. Stowing their things in the boot, he saw Tonks look up and wave at Mrs. Polkiss before climbing into the car. Surprisingly, she smiled and waved at him too. With a small smile of his own, Harry waved back and climbed into the back seat.

As soon as the door was closed, the car took off like a shot, and Harry and Tonks were tossed together as it made a hard right at the end of the street. Grinning, Tonks cuddled up to him as he held on for dear life.

“Hermione and the Weasleys are already waiting for you at Headquarters,” Hestia Jones said from the driver’s seat.

“Brilliant,” Harry said with a smile.

As much as he enjoyed spending time with Tonks, it would be good to see his friends again.

“Hopefully, Molly doesn’t cause any problems,” Tonks muttered.

Harry turned to her and smiled.

“We’ll deal with it if she does,” Harry assured her.

Smiling, Tonks gave him a quick, deep kiss.

## Chapter 12

The large, black Ministry sedan pulled up just outside the small park on Grimmauld Place, and Harry, Tonks, and Kingsley stepped out in high spirits. A moment later, the car took off like a shot as Hestia took it back to the Ministry. Smiling and holding hands, the couple walked up to the front door, Tonks knocking while Kingsley checked up and down the street.

After a few seconds, the locks clicked open, and the door was thrown open to reveal Sirius Black, looking lighter and happier than Harry had ever seen him before.

“Sirius,” Harry said, stepping forward and pulling the old man into a tight hug. “You scared the shit out of me, you know that?”

Sirius gave a bark of laughter and patted him on the back.

“Good to see you too,” he said with a grin.

Ruffling Harry’s hair playfully, he laughed as Harry scowled and swatted at his hand.

“Come on, best get in before Moody has a fit about security again,” Sirius said, waving them inside.

“How’s freedom been treating you, Sirius?” Tonks asked as she stepped inside and took Harry’s hand in hers again.

“Brilliant,” Sirius replied, a massive grin on his face and life sparkling in his grey eyes. “You have no idea how good it’s been to finally get out of this God-forsaken house.”

“The house looks cleaner, too,” Tonks whispered as they tip-toed past Walburga’s portrait.

“Molly’s been on the warpath again,” he said. “That and Kreacher’s been staying out of the way. We caught him trying to give information to Bellatrix.”

“What?” Tonks hissed, her eyes narrowing angrily as she stiffened.

“Yeah, he started disappearing a bit too often for my liking, so I forced some answers out of him,” Sirius explained. “Fortunately, he wasn’t able to give them much, but a couple of Order members had to move for the time being, just in case. Don’t worry, though, I’ve got him under new orders now. He won’t be trying that again.”

“You might want to make sure he can’t talk to Narcissa either,” Harry said.

“Already taken care of,” Sirius assured him. “Kreacher will only answer to me, you, and Dumbledore from now on.”

“Me?” Harry asked, catching Tonks as she stumbled on the Troll leg umbrella stand with a curse.

“Well, you are my heir,” Sirius told him.

“Oh,” Harry said, a lump forming in his throat.

“Don’t worry,” Sirius said, looking back at him with a grin. “All it means is you get this place and my vault when I finally kick the bucket.”

“Yeah, well, I’d rather not think about that,” Harry murmured.

Sirius put a hand on his shoulder as they stopped outside the kitchen.

“I know, but I wanted to make sure you knew,” Sirius said before turning to Tonks with an apologetic look. “Molly invited them.”

“Invited who?” Tonks asked, confused.

Instead of answering, Sirius pushed open the door to the kitchen. There was a chorus of hellos from Hermione, the Weasleys, and surprisingly – Fleur. Next to him, though, Tonks froze as she stared at a tall, brown-haired witch that looked shockingly similar to Bellatrix and a man with a round, smiling face – and an even rounder belly.

“Mum? Dad?” Tonks asked. “What are you two doing here?”

“Well, it’s good to see you, too, Nymphadora,” the woman said.

Walking up, she gave her shocked daughter a brief hug before turning to Harry.

“And you must be Harry,” she said, looking him up and down.

Tonks’ grip tightened on his hand, as if afraid he might try to pull away.

“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Tonks,” Harry said nervously, shaking her hand.

“Oh, just call me Andromeda, or Andy, if you prefer. It seems we’ll be getting to know each other quite well,” she said, turning to look at Tonks with a raised eyebrow.

“You can just call me Ted,” the man said with a jolly smile and a quick handshake.

“But – how –” Tonks sputtered.

“Really, Nymphadora, is it that much of a surprise?” Andromeda asked. “Molly invited us over so I could see my cousin, now that he’s been declared innocent. Besides, you haven’t been over to see us in months. We’d have never even known you had been kidnapped if it wasn’t for Kingsley telling us, and you never mentioned anything about having a new boyfriend.”

“Breakfast is ready,” Molly called out.

As Ted and Andromeda turned to take seats at the table, Tonks looked up and glared at Mrs. Weasley – who pointedly ignored her with a smug smile on her face. Harry sighed to himself, letting go of Tonks’ hand and wrapping his arm around her waist.

“Tonks?” he whispered.

“Sorry,” she whispered back.

Turning her head, she kissed him on the cheek and walked over to the table. Harry made to follow her, but before he could, Hermione hopped out of her seat and pulled him into a tight hug.

“Good to see you too, Hermione,” Harry said with a smile.

“Did everything go alright at the Dursleys?” she asked concernedly.

"Yeah, it went fine," Harry said, giving her a look that said he would talk to her about it later.

Nodding, Hermione took her seat, only for Fleur to stand and kiss both of his cheeks before giving him a much softer hug.

"Eet's good to see you, 'Arry," she said.

"Good to see you too, Fleur," Harry replied, hugging her back. "I heard you're working at Gringotts."

"Oui," she said, pulling back to look at him with a bright smile. "Zhey are letting me work wiz zhe artifacts zhe Curse Breakers bring back while I work on my Charms mastery."

"That's great," Harry said, knowing how much she wanted to open her own Enchanting shop. "How's Gabrielle?"

"Good," Fleur said as he finally took a seat between her and Tonks. "She deed get eento a leetle trouble last year, zhough."

"What happened?" Harry asked.

"She got eento a fight wiz anoizzer girl 'oo called you a liar," she said with a teasing smile.

Harry groaned and covered his face while she laughed quietly at him.

"Should I be jealous?" Tonks asked teasingly.

"Maybe een a few years," Fleur said. "She ees only twelve."



“Ah, well, that’s alright,” Tonks told her with a smirk. “I think Harry has a thing for older witches anyways.”

Fleur giggled as she and Tonks shared a knowing look.

“Eat up,” Mrs. Weasley announced louder than necessary as she levitated plates down in front of all of them. “Harry dear, you’re looking far too thin.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Weasley,” he said, picking at his food even though he had just eaten at the Dursleys.

“So, Nymphadora, how did you and Harry end up seeing each other?” Andromeda asked.

All of the humor left Tonks’ face as she swallowed thickly and looked up at her mother.

“It just sort of happened, really,” she said. “We just hit it off after he saved me from your sister’s place, and he was really sweet taking care of me.”

Smiling, Tonks turned and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“Harry saved you?” Andromeda asked, her brow furrowed. “No one told me that. All they told me was you’d been captured and hurt but that you were safe and taking a few weeks off work to recover. How bad was it?”

Tonks looked at Harry, who shrugged. Sighing, she set down her fork.

“It wasn’t that bad. They tortured me a bit, and I was pretty sore afterwards, but like I said, Harry took really good care of me,” Tonks said, then turned to Fleur. “Thanks for sending that cream, by the way. That stuff really helped.”

“Of course,” Fleur said with a smile.

“Nymphadora, are you sure-”

“I’m not quitting my job, mum,” Tonks interrupted her mother. “And will you please stop calling me that?”

“There’s nothing wrong with your name,” Andromeda huffed. “And I’m just saying there are other ways you can help people without putting yourself at risk by being an Auror.”

“I’m not arguing about this again,” Tonks said.

Andromeda made to say something, but Ted placed his hand on her arm and gave her a look that said, ‘stop.’ Looking over at Tonks and seeing the stress on her face, Harry reached under the table and caressed her leg. Giving him a small smile, she took his hand in hers while Sirius, rather blatantly, changed the subject.

“Why don’t you kids go take Harry’s things up to his room?” Mrs. Weasley asked after they were done eating.

Harry hesitated and looked at Tonks, not wanting to abandon her to what would clearly be an uncomfortable situation.

“I’ll be fine,” she whispered with a smile. “Might as well get this over with.”

Squeezing her hand, Harry gave her a quick kiss on the lips before standing up.

“I’ll go wiz you,” Fleur said, clearly looking for an escape.

With one last look back, Tonks gave him a reassuring smile as he, Hermione, Fleur, Ron, Ginny, and the twins left the kitchen. The twins took off up the stairs, whispering to each other as Harry walked back to the sitting room, where Kingsley had left his trunk, along with Hedwig's cage and Tonks' backpack.

"You and Tonks seem to be 'appy," Fleur said as she followed him.

"Yeah," Harry said with a soft smile.

"Good, I'm 'appy for you," she said, pausing to pull him into another hug.

Harry was a bit surprised and felt like he was missing something by the way her smile didn't quite reach her eyes, but he just couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"Thanks, that means a lot," he said. "It feels like everyone has a problem with us being together lately."

Fleur gave him a sympathetic smile as he bent down and lifted his trunk with a grunt.

"'Ere," she said, pulling out her wand.

With a tap, the trunk became weightless and floated out of his arms.

"Thanks," Harry said, grabbing Tonks' bag while Hermione took Hedwig's cage.

"You know you can do magic 'ere, oui?" Fleur asked, raising one of her perfect blonde eyebrows.

"We can't. We'll get in trouble," Hermione said sternly.

"Zhe Ministry can't track your wands zthrough zhe wards," Fleur told her.

"Really?" Harry asked.

"Oui, deed no one tell you?" Fleur asked.

Harry blinked at her before shaking his head.

"I'm going to kill Sirius," he said.

"I don't think the wards work that way," Hermione said as they began walking towards the stairs, Fleur leading the way with his trunk.

"You can ask Beel, if you like?" Fleur said with a shrug that, for some reason, caused Hermione to narrow her eyes.

"Speaking of Bill," Harry said, interrupting Hermione before she could argue back, "I heard you two are getting together."

"We 'ave gone a couple of dates. I 'aven't decided eef I want to make eet more serious." Fleur said, flipping her long, silvery hair over her shoulder and eyeing the closed door to the kitchen.

"Ah," Harry said in understanding.

It looked like he and Tonks weren't the only ones chaffing under Mrs. Weasley's controlling attitude lately. Reaching out, Harry patted her shoulder and gave her a sideways hug.

"You're smart. I'm sure you'll figure something out," he said.

Fleur smiled prettily at him and straightened her shoulders as she began climbing the stairs. Harry suppressed a smile at the thought of how much she reminded him of Hedwig sometimes. Both of them certainly liked their attention and compliments, and they were both incredibly loyal and protective of those they cared about.

Harry was broken out of his thoughts when he heard Ron grunt behind him. Looking back, he saw Hermione scolding him quietly as he rubbed his ribs and grumbled. Almost instantly, his eyes flickered back over to Fleur's bum, which was right in line with his face. He glanced over at Fleur, who simply rolled her eyes. Harry had the impression this sort of thing happened a lot.

"Where ees your room?" Fleur asked as she reached the second-floor landing.

"This way," Harry said, leading her down the hall to the third door on the left.

Fleur levitated his trunk to the foot of the bed while Harry set Tonks' back on the mattress for the time being, and Hermione put Hedwig's cage on a stand near the window.

"Are you staying here for the Summer?" Harry asked.

"Non," Fleur answered with a shake of her head. "I 'ave a flat een London, near Diagon Alley."

"Really? Tonks lives around there too," Harry said.

"I know," she told him with a small smile. "She 'elped me find eet. Eet's een zhe same building as 'ers. I'm 'elping 'er put up new wards next week."

“Oh, good,” Harry said, letting out a sigh of relief. “I’ve been worried about her staying there ever since she told me about Bellatrix attacking her. It’s nice to know you’ll be nearby if something happens.”

“Oui, and eet’s nice to leeeve near a friend,” Fleur said with a smile as they started back down the stairs.

As they neared the kitchen, the door was thrown open, and Tonks stormed out. Without breaking stride, she grabbed Harry’s hand and pulled him back the way he’d come. Instead of going back upstairs, though, she pulled him into the sitting room, where she pushed him down onto the closest couch and curled up against his side.

“Why can't they just leave us alone?” she moaned frustratedly with her head resting on his shoulder.

“What happened?” Harry asked as he wrapped his arm around her.

Fleur took a seat on the other side of him while Ron, Hermione, and Ginny filled up the couch a few feet away.

“The same as usual,” she said with a sigh. “With the way they go on about our age difference, you’d think I was in my forties. For Merlin’s sake, Mum’s three years younger than dad. That’s hardly any different than the five years between us.”

“Yeah, well, then they’ll just have to get over it, won’t they,” Harry said, kissing her temple.

Tonks smiled and threaded her fingers through his, and she hugged his arm to her chest, trapping his bicep between her breasts and his hand in her lap. Suddenly, her look turned sheepish.

“Um, I *may* have gotten a little angry and told them I was staying in your room the rest of the Summer,” Tonks admitted.

Fleur giggled while Harry blushed slightly from Ron and Ginny’s incredulous stares. Hermione just looked slightly uncomfortable, probably remembering the times she’d walked in on the two of them, he thought.

“Well, I guess that’s better than waiting for everyone to fall asleep before sneaking into your room,” Harry said with a shrug.

Smiling at him affectionately, Tonks lifted her head and gave him a deep, tongue-filled kiss before settling back down next to him.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully, then her eyes flashed playfully as she leaned forward to look at Fleur. “And thank you, too, Fleur.”

“You already deed,” Fleur said, her head tilting slightly to the side in confusion.

Harry swallowed hard as he had a very good idea of where Tonks was going with this.

“Oh, not for that,” Tonks said. “I wanted to thank you for teaching Harry that orgasms are the best way to get over the effects of the Cruciatus Curse.”

“Tonks,” Harry groaned, tilting his head back and pinching the bridge of his nose as she grinned at him.

He could feel his face heating up as his friends stared at him.

“You said I could thank her for teaching you about sex so long as Bill wasn’t around,” she reminded him.

Harry sighed at the reminder. He really wished she would have waited to talk to Fleur in private about this, but seeing the smile on her face, he couldn't really be mad at her. If taking the mickey out of him in front of his friends was cheering her up after dealing with her parents and Mrs. Weasley, then he was willing to put up with it.

"You're welcome," Fleur said, looking entirely too amused for his liking. "I really deened't teach 'im zhat much. 'Arry ees a natural een bed, once he ees relaxed."

"You slept with Fleur!" Ron nearly shouted as he gaped at him.

"Were zhey not supposed to know?" Fleur asked, looking at him apologetically.

"I don't mind," Harry said. "I didn't tell them because I wasn't sure if you would mind or not."

"Of course not," she said, brushing off his concern.

"Did he ever do that thing with his tongue?" Tonks asked.

"What zhing?" Fleur asked in return as Harry groaned and closed his eyes.

"Where he makes it vibrate really fast," Tonks said.

"Non, he nevair tried zhat wiz me," Fleur said, looking at him with a pout.

"I didn't even think to try it until this summer," Harry said defensively.

Fleur huffed at him, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she turned back to Tonks.



“Ees eet a spell?” she asked.

“No, he’s a Parselmouth. Although, you might be able to do it with a spell,” Tonks said thoughtfully. “Anyways, when Harry speaks Parseltongue, it makes his tongue vibrate really fast. It feels incredible on your clit, especially when he does it right as you’re on the edge.”

“Do we have to talk about this?” Hermione asked uncomfortably, her neck and cheeks red with embarrassment.

“Oh, come on, Hermione,” Tonks said teasingly. “Don’t act like you’ve never used the Wand Vibrating Charm late at night.”

“Why would you want to make a wand vibrate?” Ron asked.

Everyone stopped to stare at him before Fleur and Tonks burst out laughing. Even Hermione fought to suppress a laugh while Ginny just rolled her eyes at his cluelessness.

“What?” Ron asked.

Before anyone could answer, the door swung open, and Mrs. Weasley walked in, followed by Mr. Weasley, the Tonkses, and Sirius. All of the laughter stopped instantly, and an uncomfortable silence filled the room. Tonks unconsciously tightened her grip on his hand as they all took seats in the large room.

“Hey, Sirius,” Harry said, desperate to keep things from becoming any more awkward.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“Since Kreacher is being a problem, have you thought about getting another House Elf?” Harry asked.

Hermione huffed and eyed him suspiciously as Sirius ran a hand through his goatee.

“Haven’t really given it much thought, but it’s a good idea,” he said. “Why?”

“Well, I know a House Elf that’s looking for a family,” Harry said.

“Harry!” Hermione scolded him. “How could you? Winky just got free, and now you want her to be a slave again?”

“She’s been free for two years, and she’s miserable Hermione,” Harry told her firmly.

“She just needs time to get used to it,” she said, folding her arms stubbornly.

“She’s not getting used to it. She’s moping around Hogwarts getting drunk on Butterbeer,” Harry said. “Look, I agree with you that House Elves should be free, but you can’t force it on them.”

“But you can force them to be slaves?” Hermione hissed.

“I’m giving her a choice,” Harry said. “You know Sirius isn’t going to abuse her, and you see how badly she wants to work for a family again. Doesn’t what she wants count for anything?”

“They’ve been brainwashed. They don’t know any better,” Hermione said, gesturing wildly.

“Hold on, you two,” Sirius interrupted. “What are you talking about exactly?”

Taking a calming breath, Harry explained Winky's situation to Sirius.

"I don't know, Harry," he said, looking dubious. "I've already got one demented House Elf. Are you sure she'd be alright?"

"I think so," Harry said.

"Perhaps you should talk to her before you make a decision," Andromeda interjected.

"I suppose it wouldn't hurt," Sirius mused, much to Hermione's consternation.

"Winky," Harry called out.

When nothing happened after several seconds, Harry decided to try something different.

"Dobby," he tried.

Almost instantly, there was a loud pop as Dobby appeared on top of the coffee table, his many hats tipping precariously.

"Harry Potter, sir, has called for Dobby?" he asked, stepping off the table before pulling a rag out of his pocket and wiping it clean.

"Yeah, could you bring Winky here?" Harry asked.

"Winky's not being well, Harry Potter, sir," Dobby said sadly.

"I know. We wanted to see if she might want to be Sirius' House Elf," he said.

“Really?” Dobby said, his ears perking up. “I think Winky would be liking that very much. I’ll be right back.”

With a pop, Dobby vanished.

“You’ve got very interesting friends, ‘Arry,” Fleur said.

“I know,” Harry said with a little smirk. “Don’t worry, I’m sure everyone will like you just fine.”

Tonks sorted as Fleur glared playfully and smacked his shoulder lightly.

A moment later, Dobby popped back into the room with Winky with him. Her little pink dress looked even more filthy and tattered than he remembered, and her eyes were heavily bloodshot as she swayed unsteadily on her feet.

“You’re Winky?” Sirius asked.

“Yes, sirs,” Winky said, staring at him hopefully. “Dobby says sir would like Winky as his House Elf?”

“I’m thinking about it,” Sirius said. “I already have one, but as you can see, he’s not done a very good job keeping the place clean lately.”

Winky looked around the room, staring in horror at the dust and grime coating the walls.

“Would there be children for Winky to look after?” the little House Elf asked eagerly.

“Not right now,” Sirius said, his mouth morphing into a devilish grin. “Although I think Harry might start working on that soon.”

Harry glared at him while Tonks gave him the finger. Winky stumbled as she tried to bounce on her feet excitedly. Only Dobby catching her stopped her from falling to the floor.

“If you want to be my House Elf, there’ll be no more drinking,” Sirius told her firmly.

“Winky promises,” she said quickly. “Winky will not be drinking again.”

Sirius rubbed his face and looked over her head at Harry. Harry nodded his head encouragingly. He knew that, given a chance, Winky would happily clean up her act if it meant being part of a family again.

“But Winky, are you sure you want to give up your freedom?” Hermione asked. “I’m sure Sirius would be willing to hire you and pay you wages.”

“No! Winky not be taking wages,” Winky said adamantly, shaking her head so hard her ears flapped against either side of her face. “Winky be a proper House Elf.”

“But-”

“Hermione, it’s what she wants,” Tonks interrupted firmly.

“Alright, Winky. You can be my House Elf, but-” Sirius said, holding up a hand to stop her celebrating. “But, if you ever want wages, or you want your freedom, you come talk to me, alright.”

“Yes, master,” Winky said with a bright smile.

Angrily, Hermione shoved herself up from the couch and stormed out of the room.

“Hermione,” Harry called out, but she ignored him.

“Let her be for now,” Tonks said. “I’ll talk to her later once she’s had a chance to calm down.”

Harry sighed and gave her a small, grateful smile.

“Right then,” Sirius said. “Get yourself cleaned up, sober up, and get yourself settled.”

Already, Winky looked better and seemed steadier on her feet. With a nod, she pulled away from Dobby and vanished with a *pop*.

“How are you, Dobby?” Harry asked.

“Oh, Dobby is very well, Harry Potter, sir,” he said, bouncing on the balls of his feet. “I is very happy to see Winky has a new family. Freedom is not suiting Winky like it does Dobby.”

“Why don’t House Elves want to be free?” Tonks asked curiously.

“They’s enjoy working,” Dobby said with a shrug.

Tonks blinked at him before turning to Harry, who could only shrug. It seemed not even a House Elf understood why they were the way they were.

“Well, thanks, Dobby,” Harry said with a smile.

“Uh, Dobby has a question, Harry Potter, sir,” he said, wringing his hands nervously.

“What is it, Dobby?” Harry asked.

“Dobby was wondering, sir. When Harry Potter, sir, and his miss does start a family, could – could Dobby come work for Harry Potter, sir?” Dobby asked.

Harry felt his face heat up as he felt the stares of everyone in the room bare down on him. It also didn’t help that he could feel Fleur shaking with silent laughter next to him.

“Er, I –” Harry stammered, looking helplessly at Tonks.

“Sure, Dobby,” she said, smiling as she rubbed her hand up and down his arm. “It’s the least we can do after you helped Harry save me from those Death Eaters.”

Dobby grinned widely while bouncing on the balls of his feet excitedly.

“Thank you, miss Tonksy,” he said before vanishing with a *pop*.

“He’s odd, but I like him,” Tonks said to Harry.

“I just wish I could get him to call me Harry,” he said with a sigh.

“I don’t think there’s any chance of that, love,” she said with a laugh.

As the subject changed, Harry noticed Andromeda watching him and Tonks closely throughout the day. He had always thought that meeting Tonks’ father would be the hard part, but Mrs. Tonks was far more intimidating.

When it was time for lunch, Tonks volunteered to get Hermione. It took a good ten minutes for them to finally come down, but when they did, Hermione looked much calmer than when she'd left. He'd expected her to hold a grudge for a good few days before letting it go. Harry resolved to ask her about it later.

It was as Mrs. Weasley was levitating a plate of sandwiches onto the table that he remembered what Fleur had said earlier.

"Hey, Sirius," Harry said. "Why didn't anyone tell us we could do magic in the house?"

Sirius, who had his mouth open to take a bite, stopped and closed his mouth.

"I thought you knew," he said.

"Wait, it's true?" Hermione asked, completely missing the smug smirk Fleur directed at her.

"Who told you about that?" Mrs. Weasley asked, her hand on her hips.

"I deed," Fleur said with an unrepentant shrug.

"Wait, you lot did all that cleaning over the Summer by hand?" Sirius asked.

When Ron, Ginny, Harry, and Hermione nodded in unison, he slapped the table and let out a bark-like laugh.

"Oh, that's too good. Wait until I tell Moony," he said, completely unfazed by the four glares directed at him.



“Now, hold on just a minute,” Mrs. Weasley said firmly. “Just because the Ministry can’t track you does not mean you can just use magic willy nilly around the house.”

“But Mrs. Weasley, think of all the extra studying we could do,” Hermione said.

Meanwhile, Harry turned to Tonks excitedly.

“We could do some dueling practice. And I really want to learn how to send a Patronus message properly,” he said, then turned to Hermione.

“We should all learn that,” Hermione said with a nod. “Your message worked, but it sounded like it was coming from a wind tunnel.”

Mrs. Weasley opened her mouth, likely to protest, but Mr. Weasley patted her arm.

“It’s a good idea, Molly. I’m sure they’ll be fine. Harry did a good job teaching that group at school by himself,” he said before turning to them, though he looked mostly at Ron and Ginny. “Just no dueling practice without supervision.”

“Yes!” Ron hissed, pumping his fist.

“Oh, alright,” Mrs. Weasley gave in. “Just be careful, and don’t go whipping your wands out for everything.”

With that, she turned and, rather hypocritically, used magic to start cleaning the dirty dishes in the sink.

“Man, I wish we’d known about this sooner,” Ron said, glaring at his parents, who ignored him; then Sirius, who grinned; then Tonks, who held up her hands.

“Don’t look at me,” she said. “I didn’t even know. I know squat about wards.”

That explains why she didn’t tell me, Harry thought.

“Well, I think it’s time we get going,” Andromeda said as they finished lunch.

Standing up, she walked over to Sirius with a smile and gave him a hug.

“It was so good to see you again,” she said. “Don’t be a stranger. Now that the Ministry isn’t looking for you, I expect you to come visit once in a while.”

“I will,” Sirius said happily.

Harry smiled, glad his Godfather was finally catching a break.

As Andromeda pulled away, she shared a quick goodbye with Mr. and Mrs. Weasley before walking over to him and Tonks.

“It was good seeing you too, dear,” she said, giving Tonks a hug before pulling back and patting her arms with a smile. “And it’s good to see your taste in men has improved.”

“What?” Tonks asked as Harry’s eyebrows shot up.

Andromeda gave her a soft, caring smile.

“I can see how happy you are,” she said. “And despite what you might think sometimes, that’s all I’ve ever wanted. I really do wish you’d pick a safer job, though.”

Tonks opened and closed her mouth several times before hugging her mother tightly.

“Thank you,” Tonks whispered thickly.

“Just don’t make me wait until Christmas to see you again,” Andromeda said, patting her back.

When they broke apart, she turned to Harry and pulled him into a light hug.

“I don’t know what your plans are, but you’re more than welcome to come stay with us for the holidays, even if it’s just for a day or two,” she told him.

“I’ll see what I can do,” Harry replied with a smile.

Andromeda pulled back and patted his cheek as Ted gave his daughter a hug, then moved over to shake Harry’s hand.

“Thanks for looking out for her,” he said, a pleasant grin still plastered on his face. “I know she can be a handful.”

“Dad,” Tonks whined.

Ted just chuckled and continued grinning as he and Andromeda left. As soon as the door closed behind them, Tonks turned and gave him a tight hug. He could practically feel the relief radiating off of her.

Glancing over her shoulder, he looked at Mrs. Weasley, who looked conflicted as she cleaned the table.

Maybe she’s finally coming around, he thought, hopefully.

Tonks had a relaxed smile for the rest of the day as they all just relaxed and lounged around the house. Shockingly, there wasn't even a fight later that night when Tonks announced they were going to bed. Mrs. Weasley looked at her disapprovingly but kept her peace as they climbed the stairs.

"I love my mother, but Merlin, she can be exhausting," Tonks said as she stripped out of her shirt, leaving her in just a black bra and a tight pair of jeans.

"I'm just glad she liked me," Harry said with a sigh, pulling off his own shirt and stepping out of his jeans.

"Me too," Tonks said, running her hands over his chest and kissing him.

A giggle escaped her lips as Harry lifted her up by the bum and carried her over to the bed. Laying her down on the mattress, he opened her jeans before grabbing the waistband and pulling them down her legs.

Sitting up, Tonks reached behind her back, popped open the clasp of her bra, and tossed it aside before reaching for his boxers. Grabbing his soft but hardening cock, she stuffed the whole thing into her mouth. Harry groaned, running a hand through her spiky pink hair as she sucked while pressing her nose against his stomach. In seconds, he was fully erect, and she was forced to pull back as the head of his cock pressed against the back of her throat.

With her lips stretched around his girth, she looked up at him alluringly before plunging forward. Harry hissed, his hand unconsciously tightening in her hair as she sent his rigid shaft spearing deep into her throat. Standing above her, he could see her thin neck bulge as she swallowed him.

"Fuck," Harry gasped.

Her eyes sparkling, Tonks pulled back agonizingly slowly while sucking her hardest. His legs trembled slightly as he watched her drag her lips inch by inch back up his glistening shaft. When she reached the tip, she swirled her tongue around his engorged head before pulling off with a loud, wet *pop*.

Smirking, she spun around and, with her legs straight and together, she bent over the end of the bed, her panty-clad, heart-shaped ass sticking out at him. Looking over her shoulder, she swayed her hips back and forth teasingly.

“Give it to me, big boy,” Tonks said.

Snorting, Harry shook his head while grabbing her panties and pulling them down her legs. Lining himself up with her damp entrance, he sank into her hot, welcoming depths. Tonks moaned, stretching her arms out in front of her as she arched her back impressively. Running his hand over her ass, Harry slid it up the curve of her back and gripped her shoulder as he began thrusting his hips. She mewled and rocked back against him, her round cheeks rippling as they connected with his hips.

Using his grip on her shoulder for leverage, Harry impaled her with deep, powerful strokes. Tonks rested on her elbows, her head hanging down as she gave a deep moan.

“Mmh, that feels so good,” she said, her voice an octave deeper than usual.

Harry leaned over her, his chest pressing against her back as he kissed and nipped at her neck. Reaching under her, he groped one of her full, dangling breasts. Tonks arched her neck and moaned wantonly as he rolled her stiff red nipple between his fingers.

“Harder,” she breathed.

Smiling, Harry turned her head and kissed her deeply before standing up straight. Putting light pressure on her back, he pushed her chest flat against the bed and pinned her shoulders to the mattress. Pulling back until just the head of his cock was trapped between her grasping folds,

he paused. Tonks gave a needy whine just before he slammed into her, his hips slapping against her ass as his thick shaft plowed into her hot, tight depths.

Tonks cried out, her hands clawing at the sheets as Harry mercilessly hammered her against the soft bed. With each powerful thrust, her body lurched forward, only for his strong hands to pull her back. A small, high-pitched grunt began to escape her lips as if it was being forced out of her each time he speared into her depths. Gradually, those grunts grew louder and louder while he felt her tighten around him.

With a sudden scream, Tonks reached her peak. Her hands fisted the bedding in a white-knuckled grip as she flooded him with her gushing arousal. Harry groaned from the feeling of her tight walls fluttering around his length.

With her taken care of, he let go of all restraint and thrust into her with fast, rapid movements. Under him, Tonks writhed and let out a trembling moan as her body bounced back and forth between him and the bed. It didn't take long for him to tip over the edge. Covering her body with his, Harry slammed his hips forwards one last time before spilling himself deep inside of her.

Tonks groaned, her sweat-covered body finally relaxing. They lay like that for a couple of minutes, both panting heavily as they caught their breath.

## Chapter 13

Tonks smiled and kissed Harry on the cheek as he left to go spend time with Ron and Hermione. While she loved being able to finally spend so much time with him, she'd been waiting for this moment apart for the last two days.

As soon as he was out of sight, she turned and went to the study in search of her target. Fortunately, the house was relatively empty right now. Molly was out shopping with Hestia and Kingsley, Sirius was enjoying his freedom, and Arthur was at work. That left only her, Harry, Hermione, the two youngest Weasleys, Fleur, and Remus, who was upstairs taking a kip, in the house.

Making her way through the maze of rooms on the first floor, Tonks could already see the difference Winky had made in just the past few days. It was actually quite impressive how the little Elf could get so much done when they'd spent months cleaning with little effect.

Walking into the study, she spotted Fleur sitting on the couch with her legs crossed, one foot bobbing in the air while reading a book and sipping a glass of red wine. Pulling her wand, Tonks cast a quick Privacy Charm on the doorway before walking over.

"Wotcher, Fleur," she said with a bright smile.

Fleur looked up and smiled in return, "Bonjour,"

"Can we talk for a minute?" Tonks asked, sitting next to her on the couch, her body turned slightly.

"Of course," the blonde replied, marking her page and setting her book on the end table.

"How are things going with Bill?" Tonks asked.

Fleur pursed her lips and shook her head.

"Not well," she said. "I get ze feeling 'e sees me a 'is next conquest, you know?"

"I'm sorry," Tonks told her sympathetically. "I wish I could tell you he's not like that, but I don't know him that well."

Fleur gave her a small smile before leaning back against the arm of the couch with a sigh.

“Ow are things wiz you and ‘Arry?” she asked.

“Great,” Tonks answered, a fond smile stretching her lips. “I really do love him, but I wish we could spend more time together. I can’t wait until he graduates.”

“I’m ‘appy for you,” Fleur said with a small, slightly sad smile.

Tonks smiled back even as she wondered about her expression. For a while now, she’d noticed the sad, wistful looks Fleur gave them on occasion. She couldn’t help but wonder if it was because she wanted a relationship like that of her own or if she wanted Harry specifically.

Probably a bit of both, she thought, feeling bad for her new friend.

“The sex is great, too,” Tonks joked with a grin while waggling her eyebrows.

Fleur giggled and leaned forward to slap her knee lightly, causing her to laugh as well.

“‘E does ‘ave a nice cock, non?” Fleur asked with a smirk.

“Mmh,” Tonks hummed in agreement with a smile. “What was your favorite thing he did while you two were together?”

“You really want to know?” Fleur asked cautiously.

“I’m curious,” Tonks said with a shrug.

Fleur hesitated for a moment before grabbing her wine and taking a sip.



“Ze way ‘e looked at me,” she said, a soft smile on her lips as she stared at something unseen over Tonks’ shoulder. “Ze other men I ‘ave been wiz, zey change under ze Allure. Zey become like animals. ‘Arry never did zat. ‘E never lost control, no matter what I did. It made me feel...”

“Special,” Tonks suggested.

“Oui,” Fleur said before shaking herself from her memories.

“Listen, you know his birthday is tomorrow, right?” Tonks asked, getting a nod and a curious look in answer. “Well, I want to do something special for him, and I was hoping you could help...”

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“Are you going to continue the DA this year?” Hermione asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said with a shrug as he sat with her and Ron in the room he shared with Tonks. “I guess it depends on what our teachers like.”

“Even if we have a decent teacher this year, I think you should still continue it,” she told him. “With Voldemort out in the open, we all need to be prepared.”

“I’ve got other things to worry about, Hermione,” Harry said.

“Which is even more reason to keep doing it,” Hermione countered. “You have to admit you learned a lot teaching everyone else.”

“I suppose,” Harry sighed. “I guess we’ll have to see if anyone is still interested when we get back to school. They may not want to come back if we have a good teacher.”

“Are you kidding, mate?” Ron asked. “The DA was great. You’re the best teacher we’ve had.”

Harry sighed when Hermione nodded her agreement.

“I’ll give it a try,” he gave in, getting excited smiles from his friends.

There was a long moment of silence before Hermione looked at him cautiously.

“Has Dumbledore talked to you more about the Prophecy?” Hermione asked.

“Not yet,” Harry answered, shaking his head. “I haven’t talked to him since we left school. It’s a bit odd, isn’t it?”

“What?” Ron asked.

“Dumbledore’s know about the Prophecy for all this time, but he hasn’t done anything to train me at all,” Harry said, sighing as he ran a hand through his hair.

“He must have had his reasons,” Hermione said, biting her lip. “I mean, it’s not like he could have taught you much more than you’ve been learning at school.”

“Yeah, mate. It’s not like he could’ve made you into Merlin while we were still learning Levitating Charms,” Ron added.

Harry sighed again but didn’t reply.

They just didn’t understand, he thought. It was his life, and Dumbledore had kept so much important information from him for so long. It was infuriating that he hadn’t told him sooner. Even if there was nothing he could do, he should have at least told him.

Before Harry could continue his mental tirade, Ginny knocked on the doorframe.

“Can I come in?” she asked.

Harry opened his mouth, but Ron beat him to the punch.

“We’re having a *private* conversation,” he said rather rudely.

Ginny gave him a dirty look and then turned sharply, her ponytail swinging around like a whip.

“It’s fine,” Harry called out to her. “You can come in.”

He didn’t feel like talking about the Prophecy or Dumbledore anymore anyways.

Giving Ron a mocking look, she walked over to the bed and pushed his shoulder.

“Budge over,” Ginny said.

Ron scowled, then sat up and moved over while Hermione moved closer to Harry.

“What the?” Ron asked as Ginny took a seat on the mattress

Looking at the loop of white fabric around his arm, Ron raised it higher to reveal one of Tonks’ bras that had been trapped in the blanket. With a girlish squeal, he swiped it off his arm frantically, like it was some kind of spider. There was a moment of silence as the bra landed in the middle of the bed before the rest of them broke into hearty laughter. Ron huffed, crossing his arms while his ears went bright red.



Harry groaned as he stood in the Quidditch locker room, watching as Katie, Angelina, and Alicia took turns bobbing on his length after he beat Krum to win the Quidditch World Cup. Currently, Angelina was holding him deep in her throat while Katie and Alicia kissed and licked at the point where her full, pouty lips were stretched around his girth.

Rocking his hips, he blinked as his bedroom ceiling came into view. The hot, wet feeling on his glans remained as his mind groggily returned to reality. Sitting up, he looked down into Tonks' sparkling hazel eyes as she bobbed her mouth slowly and sensually on his length. Laying back on the pillows, Harry ran his fingers through her short purple hair with a groan as he erupted in her sucking mouth.

"Bloody hell," Harry panted.

Keeping her lips sealed around his shaft, Tonks slowly pulled off of him and gave him a Cheshire grin before swallowing and licking her lips. Crawling up his body, her large breasts swaying under the loose shirt she wore, she sat on his hips and bent down to peck him on the lips.

"Happy birthday," she said in a sing-song voice with a grin.

Harry smiled as he pulled her down for a heated kiss, his hand gently caressing her sides and back.

"You are the best girlfriend ever," he said.

"I know," Tonks replied with a smirk.

Climbing off of him to stand next to the bed, she stretched her arms over her head before grabbing the hem of her shirt and pulling it over her head. Harry stared appreciatively at her naked body as she turned and sauntered over to the bathroom door. Pausing in the doorway, she looked over her shoulder at him.

“You coming, birthday boy?” she asked before disappearing through the door.

Grinning, Harry jumped out of bed and walked quickly to the bathroom while the sound of the running shower filled the room.

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A while later, Harry and Tonks went downstairs to the kitchen, where everyone wished him a happy birthday. Harry smiled and thanked everyone while chuckling at the humorous and ongoing war for the kitchen between Mrs. Weasley and Winky.

After a filling breakfast, they all moved into the sitting room.

“Time for presents,” Mrs. Weasley said with a bright smile as she handed him a box wrapped in decorative paper.

Harry smiled as he took it from her and tore it open slowly. Receiving gifts still felt like a novelty and one he would never entirely get used to. Thankfully, after the visit from Andromeda and Ted, she had stopped making comments about him and Tonks. It finally felt like she was accepting their relationship.

Inside the box, Harry found a gold wristwatch.

“I know you’re eighteen now, and it’s a bit late, but it’s a tradition in the Wizarding World to give a young man a wristwatch when they come of age,” Mr. Weasley explained.

“That one belonged to my brother Gideon,” Mrs. Weasley said.

“I can’t –”

“Yes, you can,” Mrs. Weasley interrupted him firmly, though kindly. “We’ve always considered you family, and I know Gideon would be proud to have someone like you wear his watch.”

“Thank you,” Harry said thickly.

Standing up, he gave her a hug, and Mr. Weasley patted him on the shoulder before he sat back down, strapping the watch to his wrist. Taking his hand in hers, Tonks gave him a happy smile and kissed him on the cheek.

“Here, Harry,” Hermione said. “It’s from Ron and me.”

Harry opened her gift to find two books: one on defensive spells and the other on offensive Curses. He got a few presents from some of the Order members, which were mostly sweets and gift certificates to stores in Hogsmeade. Fleur gave him two presents. The first was a couple new designer outfits from her which he was very grateful for, and the second was a pendant from Gabrielle. She had just finished her first year at Beauxbatons and had made him a necklace she had added protective Charms to herself to protect him from Death Eaters. The Charms themselves wouldn’t protect him from more than a single weak Curse or Hex, but he greatly appreciated the thought. Looping the silver chain over his neck, he took his next present from Tonks.

Inside the small box she gave him was a pair of hand mirrors. Knowing they were a replacement for the one Bellatrix had stolen, he grinned happily and kissed her on the lips.

“You’ll get the rest of your present tonight,” Tonks whispered in his ear.

Last, but certainly not least, was his present from Sirius. After taking the lid off the surprisingly heavy box, he stared in awe at what was inside.

“You got me a Pensieve?” Harry asked.

“I figured you could use it with everything going on,” Sirius said with a grin. “Remus, Hestia, and I even left you a few memories we have of your parents in the bottom.”

Harry looked into the box and reached in to pull out one of a number of vials filled with a silvery strand of memory with a shaking hand.

“I-” Harry started, his words getting caught in his throat.

Setting the box down gingerly, he stood up and hugged Sirius tightly.

“Thank you,” he said in a voice thick with emotion.

“You’re welcome,” Sirius replied, patting him on the back.

Just as they separated, a large, silvery lion Patronus leapt into the room, drawing everyone’s attention.

“Death Eater attack in London,” came the voice of Alastor Moody.

There was a brief moment where nothing happened before the room burst into action.

“We need to get to the Ministry,” Kingsley said in his deep, commanding tone. “Everyone else, stay here and wait for one of us to contact you.”

Harry immediately turned to Tonks, who stood from the couch and walked toward him with a sad smile. Giving his hand a squeeze, she kissed him briefly.

“Sorry, I have to go,” she said.

“It’s fine,” Harry told her. “Stay safe.”

With a reassuring smile and one last kiss, she left with Kingsley, Hestia, and Mr. Weasley towards the Floo.

The celebratory atmosphere died quickly after they left. Harry knew Tonks was a capable witch, and he tried to distract himself by talking to his friends, but nothing could completely distract him from the knot of worry in his chest.

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“Do you want to watch some of the memories Sirius gave you?” Hermione asked several hours later.

They sat in the Study with Ron, Ginny, and Fleur, playing Exploding Snaps and talking as they waited for dinner to be ready.

“No, I’d rather wait for Tonks,” Harry said, leaning back against the couch from his spot on the floor.

Stretched out and reading a magazine on the couch above him, Fleur reached down and ran her fingers through his hair soothingly.

“I’m sure she is fine, ‘Arry,” she told him.

Sighing, Harry closed his eyes and relaxed into the comforting feeling.

"I hope so," he said. "Anyways, how's work going?"

"Good," Fleur told him, a smile in her voice. "Some of ze artifacts zey bring back are very interesting. An expedition to Greece just brought back-

Fleur broke off as the Floo bust to life with bright, emerald flames. Harry climbed to his feet anxiously, waiting to see who would step through. A moment later, Tonks stumbled out of the fireplace, followed by Hestia, both looking exhausted. He let out a sigh of relief as she looked up at him and smiled tiredly. Walking up to him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Is everything alright?" Mrs. Weasley asked anxiously from the doorway, wiping her hands on a towel.

"Everyone's fine," Tonks answered, turning her head to look at her. "Arthur said he's going to be running late. He's helping with the cleanup."

Mrs. Weasley's shoulders sagged in relief, and she smiled.

"Alright, dinner will be ready in half an hour," she said before turning for the kitchen.

Harry smiled at Fleur gratefully as she sat up and patted the seat next to her. Guiding Tonks over to the couch, he sat down in between the two witches while she curled up against his side. Slipping off her shoes, Tonks tucked her legs underneath herself and closed her eyes as she laid her head on his shoulder.

"What happened?" Hermione asked.

“They destroyed the Millennium Bridge in London,” Tonks said.

Hermione gasped and covered her mouth.

“Why would they do that?” Ginny asked.

Tonks shrugged without opening her eyes.

“Make people scared?” she suggested. “Maybe they wanted to test our response? Who knows?”

“You okay?” Harry asked softly.

“M’fine,” Tonks mumbled. “Just tired. The place was a mess, and we had a hell of a time keeping the news cameras away so we could Obliviate everyone.”

Harry ran his hand lightly up and down her arm as everyone began to talk quietly about the attack. This was the first big attack, and they all knew things would only get worse.

A few minutes later, when Fleur giggled quietly, Harry was drawn out of his conversation with Hermione. Looking at her curiously, she nodded at Tonks. She was asleep on his shoulder, drooling lightly on his shirt. Snorting quietly, he kissed the top of her head and let her sleep while he continued talking to Hermione quietly.

“Dinner’s ready,” Mrs. Weasley called from the doorway a short while later.

Harry gently woke Tonks, who sat up and wiped her mouth and the wet spot on his shirt.

“Sorry,” she muttered, her hair going pink as she blushed lightly.

“We know ‘Arry is good-looking, but you don’t ‘ave to drool over ‘im,” Fleur teased.

Now it was his turn to blush lightly as everyone chuckled on their way to the kitchen.



The rest of the afternoon passed quietly, with Mr. Weasley, Kingsley, and Moody showing up halfway through dinner. They learned a few more details of the attack, like the fact that the Death Eaters were gone long before the Aurors showed up, and there were only a few deaths before Mrs. Weasley forced them to change the subject.

With everyone there, Mrs. Weasley got out the birthday cake. With all of his worry over Tonks from the attack, Harry hadn’t even thought about it. It was also the first time he ever remembered anyone singing happy birthday to him, though calling what Ron did singing was a bit generous.

The rest of the evening was spent hanging out with his friends in the sitting room, the atmosphere feeling more relaxed now that everyone was back and unharmed.

“You ready to go to bed?” Tonks asked a while later.

It was still a bit early, but Harry nodded anyways. Bidding everyone goodnight, he looked around for Fleur to thank her again for his present but noticed she was gone.

“Where’s Fleur?” he asked.

“I think she went home,” Hermione said.

“Oh,” he said.

With a shrug, he decided to just thank her the next time he saw her. She'd been over most days since he'd arrived at Grimmauld Place. As soon as they left the sitting room, Tonks perked up and grinned as she dragged him up the stairs. Harry smiled back and tickled her side, causing her to yelp laughingly.

When they entered their bedroom, Tonks locked the door and silenced it before wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him hard. Harry gripped her bum and pulled her against him tightly, drawing a moan from her lips.

"I have a surprise for you," Tonks said, her eyes sparkling brightly. "You can come out now."

Harry looked at her in confusion just as the bathroom door opened. Fleur stepped out dressed in a small, light blue robe that showed off her long, toned legs and an enticing amount of cleavage. Smiling sultrily, she sauntered over to stand just behind Tonks.

It didn't take a genius to see what his girlfriend had planned, and Harry snapped his head over to stare at her.

"I'm sure," she said, preempting his question before he could even ask it.

"Aren't you going to unwrap your present, 'Arry?" Fleur asked, her purring voice already getting him excited.

Harry swallowed thickly as Tonks grabbed both of his hands and pulled him closer to Fleur. Tonks slipped behind him and kissed his neck, placing his hands on the sash and holding Fleur's robe closed.

"Go on, love," she whispered in his ear.

Hands trembling slightly, his erection aching in his jeans even as he felt like he was doing something he shouldn't; Harry untied the sash. Fleur smirked as her robe fell open, revealing the white, lacey lingerie she had on underneath. Shrugging it off her shoulders, she let it slip down her arms to pool on the floor at her feet. Harry's eyes swept over her curvaceous figure while Tonks ran her hands over his chest and continued to kiss his neck.

Stepping forward, Fleur ran her fingers through his hair before grabbing the back of his head and pulled him in for a kiss. Harry groaned as she pressed herself against him, her thigh brushing against the bulge in the front of his jeans as her tongue caressed his. It was a long moment before she pulled back with a grin.

Worriedly, Harry turned and looked over his shoulder at Tonks. Smiling reassuringly, she pecked him on the lips.

"My turn," she said.

Instead of kissing him like he expected, she spun around and kissed Fleur hard. Harry's jaw dropped as he watched them kiss heatedly for several long seconds, Tonks' hands exploring Fleur's tight stomach. Separating, they both turned and giggled at the dumbfounded expression on Harry's face.

Grabbing Harry's shirt, Tonks pulled it up and over his head before leading him over to the bed. Pushing him so he took a seat, Tonks knelt down and began undoing his belt while Fleur climbed onto the mattress beside him and kissed him hard. The moment his pants and boxers were off, the blonde reached down and grasped his length, her hand gliding up and down slowly.

"I've missed zis," Fleur whispered against his lips.

Standing up, Tonks stripped out of her clothes, her eyes riveted to the hand stroking his shaft as she licked her lips. Pulling her lips from his, Fleur smiled as she bent down to take the tip of his cock between her lips. Harry hissed and groaned, feeling completely overwhelmed by how fast everything was happening.

Grinning at his wide-eyed look, Tonks gave him a brief kiss on the lips before dropping to her knees.

“Holy shit,” Harry breathed as he watched her turn her head to the side to kiss and lick the part of his shaft that wasn’t in Fleur’s mouth.

As Fleur pulled up, Tonks followed her and pressed their lips together. His breath caught in his throat when they kissed, tongues dueling around his swollen head. Grinning, Fleur wrapped her lips around his girth and dove down until he hit the back of her mouth, stopping just a couple of inches from the base.

Pulling back up, she smirked and tilted his length towards Tonks. Making eye contact with Fleur and holding it, she plunged down and swallowed his entire cock effortlessly. Grunting, Harry cursed under his breath and bucked his hips slightly. Slowly, Tonks dragged her lips back up to the tip, where she came off with a light *pop*.

Sliding off the bed and onto her knees for a better angle, Fleur took him between her lips once more. Pushing down until he hit the entrance of her throat, she paused for a moment before gripping Harry’s thighs and diving down his shaft. Fleur gagged lightly as her lips gradually crept lower down his length. It took a bit of time, but she eventually reached the base, her pointed nose pressed against his groin.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry gasped as her tight throat spasmed around him.

After holding herself in place for a handful of seconds, Fleur pulled up quickly, coughing and breathing heavily as she stared up at him lustfully.

Tonks shifted behind Fleur and kissed the bare skin of her shoulder while she began bobbing up and down on his length.

“You’re wearing far too much,” he heard her whisper.

A moment later, she popped open the clasp of her bra. Fleur pulled it off and tossed it to the floor, baring her large, tear drop shaped breasts with pale pink, puffy nipples and perfectly round areolas. She moaned around him as Tonks cupped one of her large, firm mounds and gave it a soft squeeze.

Straightening up, Fleur turned and kissed Tonks, one of her hands trailing up to grasp one of her slightly smaller breasts and caressing it softly. Harry fought the urge to reach down and stroke himself as he watched them kiss and grope each other for a long moment.

When she turned back to him, Fleur grinned before walking forward on her knees. Grabbing her own breasts, she wrapped the large, smooth orbs around his cock before taking the sensitive, engorged tip in her mouth and working her whole upper body up and down.

Tonks stood up and sat next to Harry on the bed, kissing him on the lips before running a hand through Fleur's long blonde hair as she continued to bob up and down on him.

"I'm close," Harry panted in warning.

Fleur jerked her breasts up and down rapidly while her tongue lashed at his head frantically. Harry trembled as it circled around the extremely sensitive rim of the head of his cock.

"Cum in her mouth," Tonks whispered huskily, her teeth grazing his earlobe as she pressed her body against his. "Fill it."

Groaning, Harry bucked his hips as he erupted. Fleur moaned, letting her breasts fall away from his shaft and replacing them with her hand as she stroked him furiously. A shiver ran through his body as she sucked hard, draining every last drop from his pulsating cock.

Pulling off of him with her lips still sealed, there was a smirk in her twinkling blue eyes as she crawled up onto the bed. Harry's spent length pulsed and began to instantly reharden as he watched her pull Tonks into an open-mouthed kiss. A small trickle of cum leaked between their

lips as they swapped it between them with their tongues. Pulling apart, the two witches grinned at each other.

Suddenly, Fleur pinned Tonks to the bed and kissed her passionately. Harry grinned as he watched them roll around the bed, lips constantly attached while they groped at each other's soft curves. At one point, Fleur's white panties were pulled off and tossed aside so Tonks could trace her fingers through her folds. Harry recovered in record time watching the arousing display.

When Fleur moaned and rolled Tonks onto her back, Tonks crooked her finger at him. Crawling over, he ran his hands over Fleur's voluptuous rear as he knelt behind her. Finally pulling her lips away from Tonks, she looked over her shoulder with a hungry stare. Lining himself up with her dripping entrance, he couldn't help but look up at Tonks one more time. Smiling, she nodded at him.

"Arry, please fuck me. I need you," Fleur begged.

Harry throbbed at her pleading look. Fleur gasped as he lipped his head between her folds, then moaned as he sank into her.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Tonks asked.

"Oui," Fleur breathed, rolling her hips as he bottomed out.

Pulling his hips back, Harry stopped with his tip still trapped between her hot, grasping lips and plunged back into her welcoming depths. Fleur arched her back with a sensual moan before staring down at Tonks with a burning gaze.

"I want to taste you," she said huskily.

Tonks smiled and gave her a kiss before scooting back on the bed. Fleur eagerly dropped down to her elbows and buried her face in her folds. Moaning, Tonks ran her fingers through Fleur's hair while Harry leaned over her back, grasping one of her breasts and kissing her neck as he thrust into her from behind.

"Fuck, right there," Tonks gaped, grasping her own breast and rolling her stiff nipple between her fingers.

Just as Harry reached a steady rhythm, Fleur gasped and cried out as she reached a sudden climax. He hissed from the feeling of her hot, silky depths fluttering around him as he looked down at her in surprise.

"Whoa, you must have really needed that," Tonks said with a smirk.

"Mmh, oui," Fleur panted.

Tonks giggled, which turned into a moan when Fleur gave her clit a sucking kiss.

Harry continued thrusting into Fleur, enjoying how it felt to be back inside her while watching Tonks writhe on her tongue. Gradually, Harry sped up his pace until his hips clapped against her round ass, causing the thick globes to ripple from the impact. After being jostled back and forth, she resorted to slipping her fingers into Tonks so she could moan and gasp.

"Arder," Fleur begged.

Gripping her shoulder, Harry slammed into Fleur aggressively from behind, drawing a long, deep groan from her lips. Tonks reached her climax just moments ahead of her, leaving both women moaning and shuddering on the bed. Harry plowed into Fleur relentlessly through her orgasm, chasing after his own. Panting heavily, he buried himself in her spasming depths and released deep inside of her with a groan.

“My turn,” Tonks said eagerly before he’d even finished.

“I might need a minute,” Harry panted.

Tonks pouted exaggeratedly, causing him to chuckle.

“Maybe we need to give ‘im anoizzer show?” Fleur suggested.

Tonks grinned as Fleur crawled up her body and kissed her passionately. Despite his recent orgasms, Harry could already feel himself getting hard again as he watched.

Best birthday ever, he thought with a grin.

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Hours later, Fleur was passed out with her head resting on one side of his chest while Tonks lay curled up on the other.

“I think you tired her out,” she joked, looking up at him.

Harry chuckled, and Tonks was honestly surprised he was still awake. Looking down at her, he gave her a loving but tired smile.

“I love you,” he said softly.

“I love you, too,” Tonks replied, leaning up to kiss him.

If she'd had any second thoughts about inviting Fleur to join them, which she didn't, the way he looked at her then would have wiped them away. Settling her head back down on his chest, she looked over at Fleur's peaceful face. Smiling, she closed her eyes and drifted into a peaceful sleep.

## Chapter 14

Tonks squinted her eyes open and lifted her head from Harry's chest. She looked around the dark room for a moment, wondering what had woken her up. When she didn't see anything, she laid back down and closed her eyes. Just as she started to drift back off to sleep, she felt Harry tense under her. He sucked in a deep breath, his muscles tensed, and his hands gripped the sheets tightly.

Pushing herself up on her, Tonks looked at his face to see it covered in a thin sheen of cold sweat, his eyes fluttering behind closed lids as he trembled. Instantly awake and worried, she reached up and shook his shoulder.

"Harry?" she called.

He only shook his head, continuing to grip the sheets and shake in his sleep.

"Harry? Harry!" Tonks yelled, shaking his shoulder.

Harry's eyes sprang open suddenly, wide and frightened. Tonks started when he sat bolt upright, panting heavily.

"It okay, you're safe," she said softly. "It was just a nightmare."

"No!" Harry said loudly and turned his head sharply to face her. "It's Voldemort. He's going after Bones."

“What?” Tonks asked.

“I saw it! He’s going to kill her. We have to go!” Harry said.

“Shit,” Tonks cursed as she and Harry hopped out of bed and began to put on their clothes.  
“What happened to your Occlumency? I thought you could keep him out.”

“I can I – I think I went into his mind this time,” Harry said.

“We are definitely talking about that later,” Tonks told him sternly.

“I didn’t mean to. It just happened,” Harry said.

Sighing, Tonks sent out a Patronus to the Ministry, then two more to Kingsley and Moody.  
When she finished getting dressed, Tonks headed for the door.

“Dobby!” Harry called out.

Turning back around, she knew exactly what Harry was thinking as the little Elf popped into the room. She opened her mouth, intending to tell him not to go, but stopped herself before the words came out. Dumbledore definitely wouldn’t like it, but Harry had more than proved he could take care of himself.

“Be careful,” she told him.

“You too,” Harry said. “I’ll go straight to Bones, if I can, and try to get her out.”

“I’ll get there as soon as I can. If the Death Eaters show up before we do, promise me you’ll get out of there,” Tonks told him.

"I will," he assured her.

Grabbing the front of his shirt, she kissed him and then jogged out of the room.

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"Dobby, I need a favor," Harry said. "I need to go see Madam Bones. Can you take me there?"

"Dobby doesn't know where she is, Harry Potter, sir," he told him.

"Shit," Harry sighed, running his hands through his hair.

"But Dobby can find out," Dobby said excitedly.

Before Harry could stop him, Dobby vanished with a *pop*.

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Dobby appeared in the kitchen of Hogwarts, which still bustled with activity as House Elves cleaned the castle one room at a time before reporting back to the Head Elf for instructions.

"Nippy," Dobby called out.

"Yes, Dobby?" the other asked as she walked over and picked up a stack of clean blankets.

"Do you know where the Bones' live?" Dobby asked.

“Nippy knows,” she replied suspiciously. “Why does Dobby need to know?”

“Harry Potter, sir, thinks theys might be in trouble,” Dobby told her.

“Do yous promise not to do anything bad?” Nippy asked.

“Dobby promises,” he said.

“Theys be at number twenty-six Magnolia Drive, in Wiltshire,” Nippy told him. “Don’t make Nippy regret this.”

“Dobby won’t,” Dobby assured her

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Harry jumped when Dobby popped back into the room, bouncing up and down excitedly on the balls of his feet.

“Dobby found where theys live,” he said proudly.

“Great job, Dobby,” Harry said with a smile and held out his hand. “Let’s go.”

When Dobby grabbed his hand, Harry felt as if he was being sucked through a tight, narrow tube. After a couple of seconds, he arrived in the Bones’ living room with a *pop*. Immediately, he had to jerk his head out of the way as a red Stunning Hex whizzed past his ear.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” Harry said, holding up his hands, “Take it easy.”

“Potter?” Bones asked incredulously, lowering her wand. “What the hell are you doing here.”

“Voldemort’s coming for you. We need to go. Now,” Harry told her.

“How do you know that?” Bones asked demandingly.

“Later, after we get out of here,” he said.

Madam Bones glared at him, then folded her arms over her chest with a huff.

“You better have a damn good explanation for this,” she told him. “Bits!”

Harry looked at her curiously until a House elf appeared next to them.

“You called, mistress?” he asked.

“Bits, we need to leave. Go to the Summer house and wait for me there,” Bones said.

Nodding, Bits vanished with a *pop*.

“What about Susan?” Harry asked.

“He’s staying with the Abbots,” she told him.

“Oh, good,” Harry said in relief. “Alright, let’s go.”

As soon as Bones took his outstretched hand, Harry nodded to Dobby. After another uncomfortable yet brief trip, they ended up in the Kitchen of Grimmauld Place. Moody and Kingsley jumped and drew their wands while Tonks smiled in relief.

“Damn it, Potter,” Moody growled. “We’re supposed to be protecting you.”

“Sorry,” Harry said with an unapologetic shrug.

“Would someone explain what’s going on?” Bones asked impatiently.

Tonks gave him a sympathetic look as everyone else in the room turned to look at him expectantly. Nervously, he ran a hand through his hair and scratched the back of his neck.

“I know this is going to sound bad, but Voldemort and I are...connected,” Harry explained. “We can see into each other’s minds. Most of the time, I can block him out with Occlumency, but, sometimes, things slip through when I’m sleeping.”

“You didn’t tell me that,” Tonks said with a frown.

“I didn’t want you to worry,” Harry told her. “He doesn’t know I’m there, and I haven’t seen anything important until now.”

Tonks gave him a look he knew meant they’d be talking about it later.

“Let me get this straight,” Bones said, glaring at him hard. “You broke into my home and brought me here because you had a nightmare?”

“It wasn’t a dream,” Harry insisted. “I-”

He cut himself off when a high-pitched whistle came from Madam Bones' wand.

"My wards are under attack," she said. "Tonks, Shacklebolt, we're going to the Ministry. If Potter's right, we're going to need all the help we can get to deal with You-Know-Who. Alastor, I know you're retired--"

"I'm coming," he interrupted.

Nodding, Bones turned to follow Kingsley to the Floo. As Tonks passed him, she squeezed his hand and kissed him before leaving. Sighing, Harry sat down at the table and settled in to wait.

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Over the next couple of hours, the rest of the house began to stir. Predictably, Mrs. Weasley was the first to join him in the kitchen.

"Harry, dear, what are you doing up this early?" she asked.

"There was an attack at Madam Bones' house," he told her. "Tonks left a couple hours ago."

"Oh," Mrs. Weasley said in surprise. "Well, don't worry, dear, I'm sure she'll be fine. I'll make you some tea."

Harry gave her a small, grateful smile as she turned to the stove.

About half an hour later, as he was telling Ron, Hermione, and Ginny the same thing, Tonks and Kingsley walked into the kitchen. Sighing in relief, Harry stood up and hugged her tightly. Immediately, he was hit with the strong smell of smoke.

“What happened?” he asked.

“They set the house on fire and were gone by the time we got there,” Tonks said, sitting down and leaning her head on his shoulder. “It took three hours to do the paperwork.”

When she said the last part as if that was the worst thing to happen, Harry couldn’t help but smile.

“Oh, and we’re going to visit my parents later today,” she said with a sigh. “My dad invited us when I ran into him at the Ministry.”

“Tonks, dear. Are you sure that’s a good idea?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

While Harry was glad she seemed to accept his relationship with Tonks, he didn’t think there was any way to stop her from mothering him.

“It’s fine,” Tonks told her. “We’re Flooing straight there. No one will even see him leave.”

“Well, just be careful,” Mrs. Weasley said.

A short while later, Harry and Tonks left for her parent’s house.

“I lied a bit,” Tonks admitted. “My dad didn’t actually invite us over, but I did ask him if we could use the backyard while he and mum are at work.”

“Why?” Harry asked curiously.

Tonks grinned, “Because I’m going to teach you how to Apparate.”

“Really?” Harry asked excitedly.

“Well, if you’re going to be running off like you did this morning, I want to have some other way of getting away besides Dobby,” Tonks said.

Smiling brightly, Harry wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly.

“Thank you,” he said gratefully.

“And here I thought you didn’t like Apparating,” Tonks joked.

“Well, that too,” Harry said, pulling back to look at her. “I meant for not trying to hide me away like everyone else.”

Tonks slipped her arms around his neck and leaned in to kiss him.

“I have to admit, I’m not thrilled about it, but I know you can take care of yourself,” Tonks said. “I feel a lot better once you know how to Apparate. If you learn it fast enough, I might be able to teach you how to make a Portkey.”

“You are brilliant,” Harry said with a grin.

“I know,” Tonks smirked. “Come on, we’ve got a lot of work to do.”

Grabbing his hand, Tonks pulled over to the back, sliding glass door and out into a fairly large yard. Taking out her wand, she cast a spell he wasn’t familiar with that caused a clear ripple of air to shoot outwards in a dome shape. It went past her parent’s house and encompassed the houses around it as well.

“What was that,” Harry asked curiously.

“That was a detection ward. It’ll let me know if someone magical passes through it,” Tonks explained, then shrugged. “It’s just a precaution. I have to take down the anti-Apparation ward for a while.”

Harry nodded and went quiet to let her concentrate as she pointed the tip of her wand straight up. He didn’t immediately see what she was doing, but when he looked higher, he saw a rainbow-colored ward rippling around the house. Slowly, the ward faded into nothing, but he could still feel the magic lying dormant.

“Right, that should do it,” Tonks said, tucking away her wand. “Now, when the Ministry teaches this, they go on about destination, determination, and deliberation, which is stupid. What you do is will yourself to where you want to go. It can help mentally if you take a step forward and twist on the balls of your feet until you get a feel for it. See that tree over there?”

Harry followed her finger to an old, thick willow tree several yards away.

“Picture yourself standing next to it and give it a try. You’ve Side-Along Apparated enough to know what it feels like,” Tonks said.

“Alright,” Harry said, feeling suddenly nervous.

Rubbing his hands together, he pictured himself standing next to the tree, took a step forward, twists, and...nothing.

“It can take a while to get a feel for, but once you do, it gets a lot easier,” Tonks told him.

Nodding, Harry tried again, and again, and again. For over an hour, he tried to Apparate without success. Eventually, the frustration began to get to him. Angry at his failure, he lunged forward, trying to throw himself over to the tree. As he twisted on his feet, he felt it, the feeling of being

sucked through a narrow tube. Even under the uncomfortable pressure, Harry mentally celebrated his achievement. That elation lasted until he Apparated next to the tree.

Instead of appearing on his feet like everyone else he'd seen Apparate, he felt like he was shot out of a cannon. Harry had just enough time to get his hand up before he slammed into the tree and then landed hard on his back with a groan. A moment later, he heard the distinct *pop* of Apparation next to him.

"Are you alright?" Tonks asked with a poorly concealed laugh.

"I'm fine," he said, rolling over onto his hands and knees. "I think my pride broke my fall."

Laughing outright, she walked closer and helped him to his feet.

"Well, at least you didn't splinch yourself," Tonks told him with a grin. "I've certainly seen worse first attempts. Ready to try again?"

Smiling, Harry nodded. On his next two attempts, he managed to throw himself into the bird bath and against the shed, leaving behind a Harry-sized dent in the metal wall. After that, he finally started to get the hang of Apparating without becoming a human cannonball.

"You feel ready Apparating somewhere you can't see?" Tonks asked.

"Sure," Harry said, feeling less nervous and more excited.

"Okay, so I want you to Apparate to the backyard of your aunt and uncle's place, and then we'll come back here. Take a good look around before we leave," Tonks said.

Once Harry felt like he was ready, he focused on the backyard of number four, took a step forward, and twisted. When he reappeared, he was greeted by the sound of his aunt screaming

and glass shattering. Looking around, he spotted Aunt Petunia through the kitchen window, her eyes wide and a hand held to her chest. Harry gave her a cheeky grin just as Tonks Apparated next to him, causing Aunt Petunia to jump.

“Got all your bits?” Tonks asked.

“I think so,” Harry said, looking down to check everything was where it should be.

“What are you doing?” Aunt Petunia hissed, her eyes darting nervously towards the neighboring houses.

“I’m teaching Harry to Apparate. We might be popping in and out for a bit,” Tonks told her. “Let’s head back.”

“Do you-”

His aunt’s complaint was cut off as Harry twisted to Disapparate. After a quick trip, he was back where he started. He couldn’t help but feel some vindictive pleasure from annoying his aunt after how terrible she’d been to him over the years.

“You’re really getting the hang of this,” Tonks said with a grin when she Apparated next to him. “I thought it would take all week for you to get this far.”

Harry smiled as she walked over, took his hand in hers, and kissed him.

“Let’s take a break and get some lunch,” she said, pulling him towards the house.

Harry felt a bit out of place walking around someone else’s house and eating their food when they weren’t home at first, but Tonks eventually got him to relax. After they ate, she led him to the living room, where she pushed him onto the couch and straddled his legs.

“You did a really good job today. I’d say a solid exceeds expectations,” Tonks said with a saucy smile.

“Only an E, Professor Tonks?” Harry asked, his hands resting on her hips and thumbs slipping under the hem of her shirt to rub the bare skin just above the waistband of her jeans.

“If you’re willing to do some extra credit, you might be able to convince me to give you an O,” she said, running her fingers through his hair.

As she leaned forward to kiss him, Harry slid his hands under her shirt and caressed the sides of her waist. Tonks rolled her hips with a moan, pressing down against his growing erection. Sliding his hands up further, he slipped his hands under her bra and cupped her warm, smooth breasts. Smiling against his lips, he felt Tonks’s breasts grow so that the soft mound overflowed his hands and pressed them hard against the inside of her bra. Harry nipped at her bottom lip as he rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Moaning, she pulled back until her lip slipped free and then kissed him hard. Slowly, one of her hands trailed down over his chest and stomach to rest on his belt.

“Nymphadora, what have I told you about having sex on the couch?”

Harry pulled back sharply, yanking his hands away as if they’d been burned while he felt his face heat up in embarrassment. Tonks groaned, and they both looked over the back of the couch to see Andromeda looking at them with her arms crossed over her chest.

“Do you have a ward or something to tell you when I’m doing this?” Tonks asked, annoyed.  
“And I haven’t had sex on the couch.”

“Not for lack of trying,” Andy said. “Hello, Harry. It’s good to see you again.”

“Er, hi,” Harry said as Tonks shrank her breasts and adjusted her bra.

“I’ll go make us some tea,” Andy told them.

“Cock block,” Tonks muttered as she left.

Harry choked on his own spit as he tried to hold back a laugh.

“I heard that!” Andy yelled from the kitchen.

Tonks rolled her eyes and climbed off his lap.

“So, you’ve been caught like this before?” Harry asked curiously, fighting down his jealousy while they straightened their clothes.

“Mum walked in on me with Aurora when I was sixteen,” Tonks said, shaking her head. “That was so embarrassing. Neither of us had a shirt on, and mum just stood there, lecturing me about having sex on the furniture.”

Harry regretted asking when his erection swelled at the thought of her with his beautiful, dark-skinned professor. As he reached down to adjust his jeans, Tonks caught sight of the renewed bulge in his pants and smirked. Leaning forward, she kissed him quickly.

“Take a minute to cool off while I go talk with mum,” she whispered.

Winking, she turned and walked to the kitchen, her hips swaying alluringly.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned, covering his face with his hands.

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After an hour of the most painfully awkward conversation of his life, Harry and Tonks finally made their escape after promising to visit again before the end of Summer. Just before they left, Tonks fixed the wards, then had him try to Side-Along Apparate her back to Grimmauld Place.

“Not bad,” she said when they appeared in the park across from Number Twelve. “I had to help a bit, but I think a couple more tries and you’ll have it down.”

“I really appreciate you teaching me this,” Harry said, taking her hand in his as they walked towards the door.

“You’re welcome,” Tonks said with a smile, squeezing his hand. “Besides, I kind of like having you around.”

Harry made to tickle her side, where he knew she was sensitive, but Tonks shrieked playfully and ran towards the door. Grinning, he chased after her and caught up just as she rang the doorbell. She stuck her tongue out as he came to stand next to her.

“Prat,” she said.

Inside, they heard Sirius yelling loudly at his mother’s portrait a moment before the door was pulled open.

“Oh, good, you’re back,” Mrs. Weasley said, holding the door open for them. “Lunch is ready in the kitchen if you’re hungry.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Weasley, but we already ate,” Harry told her.

“What have I said about ringing the doorbell?” Sirius asked as they walked past him, his brow glistening with sweat.

“You told me not to,” Tonks said, her grin never faltering, even as Harry pulled her clear of the Troll’s leg umbrella stand.

Sirius sighed, the corners of his lips twitching upwards, “Why do I put up with you?”

Tonks pouted and made her eyes larger as she looked at him innocently.

Sirius snorted and shook his head while Tonks grinned and shifted back to normal.

“Hey, Sirius, can’t you just move the portrait?” Harry asked.

“I tried,” he said, running a hand through his hair. “I can’t get the bloody thing to move. Even the wall is charmed.”

“Have you tried asking Winky?” Harry asked.

“Winky?” Sirius replied curiously.

As Harry opened his mouth, there was a *pop* as Winky appeared next to Sirius.

“Does Master need Winky?” she asked, looking at him hopefully.

“Winky, can you move this portrait into one of the empty rooms?” Harry asked.

Winky blinked at him before looking up expectantly at Sirius, who nodded.

“Winky will try,” she said.

Snapping her fingers, the portrait shivered in place before falling to the floor with a clatter. Sirius stared at it open-mouthed while Winky picked it up and vanished with a *pop*.

“That’s all I had to do?” he asked incredulously. “Are you serious?”

“No, you are,” Tonks said without missing a beat.

Rolling his eyes, Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the kitchen.

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After the rest of the house had eaten lunch, including Fleur, who had stopped by after getting off work early, Sirius asked to talk with Harry in the study.

“What’s up, Sirius?” Harry asked.

“I wanted to talk to you about this morning,” he said. “Look, I know you want to help. But what you did was really dangerous.”

As Harry opened his mouth to argue back, Sirius held up his hands and continued quickly.

“I’m not saying you shouldn’t help if you can. I’m just asking for you to be a bit more careful. If you had been there when Voldemort showed up, you could have been in real trouble. Just because no one knows how to stop House Elves from Apparating through wards doesn’t mean it isn’t possible,” Sirius said. “Just promise me you’ll come talk to the rest of us before you go running off to rescue someone.”

“I will,” Harry said, “if there’s time.”

Sirius sighed, "I'd argue with you, but I know you'd just do it anyways."

"Sorry," Harry said.

"Don't be," Sirius said, waving off the apology. "James and I would've done the same thing. Did I ever tell you about the time we fought a Giant in Ireland?"

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While Harry was talking to Sirius, Tonks pulled Hermione, Fleur, and Ginny up to her room for a chat.

"Listen, I want to surprise Harry with something, but I need your help," she said.

"What do you need from us?" Hermione asked.

"I want to do a bit of roleplaying as each of you tonight," Tonks replied, grinning as Hermione's eyes went wide.

"You mean you want to have sex with Harry as us?" Ginny asked, cheeks and ears going bright red.

"If you don't mind," Tonks said.

"I don't mind," Fleur told her with a shrug. "You know you don't have to ask."

"You know Harry, he wouldn't feel right about it if I didn't," Tonks said. "Besides, I need to see what all of you look like so I can get it right."

“Please tell me you’re joking,” Hermione said weakly.

“Nope,” Tonks grinned.

Fleur stood and began stripping out of her clothes without any concern for her audience.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed.

“What? Eet’s nothing ‘Arry ‘asn’t seen before,” she said.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak again when Ginny stood up and started taking off her clothes, her face bright red.

“Ginny,” Hermione yelled.

“That’s the spirit,” Tonks cheered and stood to take off her own clothes.

Hermione opened and closed her mouth several times as the other three girls in the room got naked.

“I can’t believe you’re actually doing this,” she said eventually.

“It’s just for a bit of fun,” Tonks said, examining Fleur closely as her body shifted to match.

“Spice thing up, you know?”

“No, I don’t,” Hermione huffed.

When Tonks looked like Fleur's identical twin, she stopped and turned to Hermione. Meanwhile, Fleur looked closely at her body from angles she'd never seen before.

"Don't tell me you've never thought about what it would be like. I'm positive Harry has," Tonks told her. "Look, you don't have to, obviously, but if it helps, I know he would really enjoy it."

Leaving her to think, Tonks memorized her current look as best she could before reverting back to normal and moving over to start on Ginny.

"Do my tits really look that small?" she asked self-consciously.

"They're not that small," Tonks assured her as she reached up to grope her freckled chest. "They're still a decent handful."

Walking around the blushing girl, she looked at her closely from every angle, her body adjusting slightly as she noticed new details.

"You've got really nice legs, though," Tonks said.

"Er, thanks," Ginny said shyly.

When she was finished, Tonks changed back to her usual look and turned to look at Hermione questioningly. The fact that she was still in the room was a good sign, at least.

"I can show you what Harry looks like, you know, make things even?" she offered.

"Really?" Ginny gasped, interrupting Hermione's response.

"Shouldn't you ask Harry first?" Hermione asked.

“He’ll be fine with it,” Tonks said.

Before Hermione could come up with another excuse, Tonks closed her eyes and focused on an image of Harry. Changing sexes was always uncomfortable, sometimes to the point of almost being painful, so she didn’t do it often.

“Oh,” Hermione squeaked, her eyes going wide before covering them.

“Whoa,” Ginny said as Tonks opened her eyes. “Is he really that...big?”

“Eet gets bigger,” Fleur said with a smirk.

Tonks expected Ginny to react to Fleur’s comment, but she was too busy staring at Harry’s groin to say anything. Grinning, Tonks concentrated until she was sporting a full erection. As if in a trance, Ginny started to reach out but stopped herself.

“Er, can I...?” she asked tentatively.

Tonks shrugged, “Go ahead. Harry’s going to be doing a lot more to you later tonight.

Swallowing thickly, Ginny reached out and wrapped her fingers lightly around her cock.

“Wow,” Ginny breathed.

Fleur giggled, and Ginny pulled back quickly, her face practically glowing red. Tonks gave her a reassuring smile before looking over at Hermione. She’d stopped covering her eyes and was raking them up and down her body, her gaze constantly falling back to the large cock protruding from her waist. Smirking, Tonks closed her eyes and slowly shifted back to normal.

“What do you think, Hermione? Will you help, please?” Tonks asked with a pleading pout.

Hermione closed her eyes and sighed.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she muttered.

Tonks grinned as Hermione stood and quickly stripped out of her clothes, her eyes studiously avoiding everyone else in the room. Her breasts were only a little larger than Ginny’s, but her legs were surprisingly toned. She blushed heavily as Tonks began to circle around her, her body gradually shifting.

“Wow, nice arse, Hermione,” Tonks said, looking at the round, muscular cheeks.

As Tonks finished changing, Fleur looked at her curiously, then reached out to cup her bum.

“Oui, very firm,” she agreed.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed, then covered her face with her hands.

“Do you all use a shaving spell down there?” Ginny asked, looking between the three shaved mounds of the other girls and then her own, covered in orange hair.

“Most guys tend to prefer it that way when they go down on you, but some like hair,” Tonks said with a shrug. “I can teach you the spell if you want.”

“Sure,” Ginny said with a grateful look.

Picking up her wand, Tonks walked over to her.

“Is that what I really look like from behind?” Hermione asked.



Later that night, as Harry and Tonks walked up the stairs to their bedroom, Tonks leaned over to whisper in his ear.

“I have a surprise for you tonight,” she whispered.

“Does it have anything to do with why Hermione and Ginny wouldn’t look at me?” Harry asked.

“Maybe,” Tonks sang.

Harry smiled and shook his head, wondering just what she had planned. As soon as they entered their room and closed the door, Tonks kissed him passionately and pushed him towards the bed. Falling backwards, he pulled her with him and pulled off her shirt. His hands immediately sought out the clasp of her bra and then slid underneath the loose fabric so he could squeeze her breasts.

Chuckling against his lips, Tonks stood up and let her bra fall to the floor before reaching for his belt. While she started tugging his pants down his legs, Harry pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. Shimming out of her jeans, Tonks crawled over top of him and sat on his waist. Her damp folds slid along his hard length as she kissed him hard. Both of them groaned as she pressed down and rolled her hips. Placing her hands on his chest, she pushed herself upright and grinned.

“You’re going to love this,” she said.

Closing her eyes, Tonks’ face scrunched up in concentration as her body began to shift. Her hips widened, her ass expanded, her breasts shrank just slightly, and her skin darkened. Harry’s eyes

widened when he found himself staring at Aurora Sinistra, the Astronomy professor at Hogwarts.

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped, his eyes raking over her. “Er, Tonks, you know you don’t have to do this, right?”

“I know. And before you go and start feeling guilty, everyone knows what I’m doing, and they’re fine with it,” she said, smiling softly, then her voice changed to match that of Professor Sinistra. “And that’s professor to you, Mr. Potter. Looks like you need another detention.”

“Wait, Professor Sinistra knows you’re doing this?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Uh huh,” Tonks said, rolling her hips again. “She did say that if you mention it to her or anyone else, you have detention for the rest of the year, though.”

“If her detentions are like this, I just might,” Harry mumbled.

Tonks laughed, her eyes taking on a familiar sparkle that gave away who he was really looking at. Grabbing his hands, she brought them up to her breasts before reaching down and lining him up with her hot, slick entrance. Biting her lip, Tonks moaned as she slowly lowered herself down on his rigid length.

“I’ve always wanted to try this,” Tonks said as she bottomed out with a grin.

As she started raising and lowering herself on his cock, Harry moved one hand from her breast to her ass. Unlike Tonks’ tight, muscular rear, Sinistra’s was larger and softer, his fingers sinking deep into her smooth globes.

“Oh, Mr. Potter,” Tonks gasped, her voice once again matching that of his professor’s. “You’re so big.”

“Bloody hell,” Harry said, bucking up into her tight, silky depths as he throbbed with excitement.

Tonks moaned, “You like fucking your professor? Are you sure you wouldn’t rather be with one of your classmates, like Ms. Weasley?”

Stilling, she closed her eyes and concentrated again. This time, her skin paled except for a dusting of freckles, her body shrank down to become slim and athletic, and her hair turned red. Harry gasped as he found himself looking up at Ginny Weasley. When Tonks started to move again, he instantly noticed she felt tighter than before.

“Holy shit,” Tonks gasped. “Wow, those narrow hips make a difference.”

Closing her eyes, Tonks began bouncing on his length vigorously, her tight walls grasped and dragged along his hard shaft. Harry grabbed her hips to help, lifting and pulling down her lighter body with ease.

“Oh, fuck!” Tonks panted. “Harry, you’re ruining Ginny’s poor little pussy.”

Groaning, Harry bucked up, sending her small, perky breasts bouncing wildly. Grabbing her small, bright pink nipple, he pinched it lightly and rolled it between his fingers. Tonks gasped, her nails digging into his chest as she slammed herself down on his cock.

Suddenly, Tonks threw her head back and cried out as she came. Collapsing on top of him, she buried her face in the crook of his neck while her body shuddered.

“Holy shit, she cums easy,” Tonks panted. “I had no idea changing would make that much difference.”

Pushing herself back up into a sitting position, she grinned at him.

“Well, let’s try someone else,” she said.

Climbing off of him, she got on all fours and wiggled Ginny’s cute little bum at him. Tonks closed her eyes and changed again as he moved to get onto his knees. Her body filled out a bit more, her ass becoming round and muscular, her breasts expanding, and her hair grew to a familiar mane of bushy brown hair. Harry’s jaw dropped when she looked back over her shoulder with Hermione’s face.

“Hermione agreed to this?” he asked incredulously.

Biting her lip in a very Hermione-like expression, she nodded.

“Please, Harry,” she begged in Hermione’s voice. “Please give me your big cock. I need it.”

His cock throbbing in front of him, Harry waddled up behind her and pressed his head against her entrance. He gripped her spectacular cheeks and watched as he slowly penetrated his best friend. Tonks moaned and arched her back, looking back at him with a smoldering gaze.

“Shit, Tonks,” Harry hissed. “Have I mentioned how incredible you are?”

She smirked at him in a way that didn’t fit Hermione’s innocent face.

“Once or twice,” she said. “Now get moving. This bookworm needs a good fuck.”

Chuckling, Harry gave her firm ass a light spank before he started thrusting back and forth. As he took her from behind, Tonks shifted back and forth between the girls and added Fleur to the mix, which felt off without the feel of her Allure. Every time she shifted to Ginny, Harry couldn’t help but slam hard into her lithe frame, driving Tonks to a screaming climax.

Even though he liked seeing Ginny's face scrunch up in pleasure as he railed into her, his favorites were Hermione and Sinistra. Hermione because he'd thought about what it would be like to sleep with her since they hit puberty, and Sinistra because she had an ass that jiggled spectacularly as he pounded into her.

When he rolled Tonks onto her back a while later, he finally got a good look at Hermione's perky breasts, topped with small, dark red nipples. He'd always known she was pretty, but seeing her like this really showed him just how attractive she could be.

It amazed him how different Tonks could feel changing between looks. Her insides didn't change, but the different bone structures and builds gave each new look a distinct heat and tightness, Ginny being the most noticeable. He wasn't sure how that related to how each girl really felt, but he didn't think that mattered much.

"Fuck, Tonks," Harry panted, staring down at Fleur's flushed face and heaving breasts.

"Are you close?" she asked.

"Yeah," Harry huffed.

"Wait, I have an idea," Tonks said, pushing on his chest.

Groaning in disappointment, pulled out and rolled over as Tonks sat up. Hopping off the bed, he had to steady her when her legs wobbled and nearly collapsed.

"Whoa, head rush," she said.

Shaking it off, she grabbed her wand and gave it a flick. Harry watched as a camera rose off the dresser and floated to the middle of the room. Shifting back to Ginny, Tonks pulled him off the bed and dropped to her knees.

“Seriously?” Harry asked as he watched the camera float with the lens pointed at the two of them.

“It’s just a way to thank her for letting me borrow her look,” Tonks said with a smirk.

Before he could reply, she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his shaft. Harry groaned and threaded his fingers through her long red hair as she bobbed her head rapidly, lips stretched wide around his girth. Impossibly, she relaxed her throat and swallowed him whole. Grunting, Harry bucked his hips forward, watching as Ginny’s thin next bulge where his cock was buried.

Tonks jerked her head back and forth rapidly, burying him over and over in her amazingly tight throat. With how close he was before, it didn’t take long before he reached his peak.

“Dora,” he called out in warning.

As soon as he said her name, the camera started flashing. It took well over a dozen pictures as she pulled back and jerked his shaft, painting his cum all over Ginny’s face.

“That was fun,” she said, scooping up a white streak from her chin and sucking it into her mouth.

With another flick of her wand, the camera set itself back on the dresser while she changed to her normal, purple-haired look. Smiling and shaking his head, Harry helped her to her feet.

“Shower?” he asked.

“Probably a good idea,” Tonks said, looking down at the drops of cum that had fallen on her chest.



Two nights later, Ginny went to bed in the room she shared with Hermione. As she pulled back the covers, she gasped at the stack of pictures laid out on the mattress.

“Everything okay, Ginny?” Hermione asked.

“Fine,” Ginny said.

Crawling into bed, she closed the curtains and stared at the moving image of Harry coating her face. Quickly grabbing her wand, she mumbled the incantation for the Silencing Charm and stripped out of her clothes. Ginny reached between her legs, her fingers trailing over her now bald mound as she flipped through the pictures.

“Harry,” she moaned.



Across the room, Hermione changed into her pajamas and slipped under the covers. Feeling something crinkle under her, she reached down and pulled up a magical picture. She gasped and covered her mouth at the image of herself being taken from behind in the shower. Reaching under herself again, she found more and more pictures of her and Harry in positions she’d never even imagined before.

Looking back over at Ginny’s bed and seeing the closed curtains, she closed her own and spelled them shut. After debating with herself for a long moment, her hand slipped under her waistband.



Fleur smiled brightly as she pulled the pictures of her and Harry out of the envelope that Tonks had sent her. Walking into her kitchen, she grabbed a bottle of red wine and walked to her bathroom.

A few minutes later, she eased her way into a hot bath with a glass of wine, several floating candles, and a collage of pictures stuck to the wall.



At Hogwarts, Aurora Sinistra sighed as she looked at the album worth of photos she was positive Tonks had sent her.

“You better not have made copies,” she muttered under her breath.

When she came across a picture of Harry’s muscular body absolutely pummeling her body into the mattress, she bit her lips as her hand unknowingly trailed over her breast.

“Lucky bitch,” she said with a sigh.

Walking over to her dresser, she opened the top drawer and blue dildo.

“Looks like it’s just you and me tonight, Bob,” she said.

Taking off her robe, Aurora laid down on the bed and enlarged her favorite pictures.

Slowly waking, the first thing Harry noticed was the warm, relaxing weight resting on top of him. His eyes cracked open, and he smiled at the heads of pink and blonde hair resting on his shoulder. In the week since he'd come to Grimmauld Place, Fleur had become a regular bed partner of theirs.

As much as he was enjoying her late-night visits, and he knew Tonks did too, he couldn't help but wonder just what was happening between the three of them. He loved Tonks and knew she loved him in return, but he wasn't sure how Fleur fit into it.

Certainly, they both cared for her. But was it just a bit of fun or something more serious, Harry wondered.

Tonks had been far more adventurous in bed this Summer, opening up and expressing herself in ways he knew she'd never felt comfortable doing with anyone else. He was touched she trusted him enough to show that side of herself to him, but it also brought up new questions. Questions he hadn't been brave enough to ask quite yet.

Smiling down at the girls, Harry trailed his fingers down their bare backs. Tonks moaned while Fleur cooed, both of them snuggling deeper into him. As they unconsciously reached out to wrap an arm around him, they ended up holding each other instead. Harry chuckled quietly as they pulled each other closer, sandwiching him between them.

He knew most men wouldn't question their good fortune at sharing a bed with a Veela and a Metamorphmagus, no matter how temporary it might be. Still, with the end of the Summer just a week away, Harry knew he and Tonks would have to have a talk. No matter how much he enjoyed what was happening, nothing was worth the risk of losing Tonks. She was far too important to him.

Before Harry could think on it too much more, there was a light, tentative knock at the door.

"Harry?" Hermione called from the other side hesitantly.

Sighing, he reached down and pulled the sheet up over them.

“Yeah?” Harry called back as quietly as he could, hoping to not wake his sleeping lovers.

The door cracked open about an inch, and he spotted a brown eye peeking cautiously through the gap. Harry couldn't help but grin. Ever since Tonks had sent her those pictures, she'd been acting more nervous around him.

It might have worried him if she didn't look so damn cute.

“It safe,” he told her softly.

Blushing, Hermione chewed her lip nervously as she crept closer to the bed. He noticed her eyes raking over his exposed chest before quickly looking away.

“Mr. Weasley needs to see you in the kitchen,” Hermione whispered.

Harry frowned, “Is something wrong?”

“I don't think so,” she replied, her brow furrowed thoughtfully. “I think it has something to do with Madam Bones. The Prophet said she was elected Minister last night.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded.

“Don't wanna git up,” Tonks murmured, her leg stretching out and entwining with his to trap him in place. “Too comfy.”

“I think it's important,” Hermione told them.

Tonks cracked open a bleary, bright green eye and huffed.

“Fine,” she whined petulantly.

Suddenly, Tonks threw back the sheet and rolled onto her back as she stretched, heedless of their nudity. Hermione gasped, her blush going all the way down to her chest and disappearing under her v-neck shirt, but she was still unable to pull her eyes away.

As would be expected of a young man waking up next to two stunningly gorgeous and naked women, he was already mostly erect. Despite his own blush, Harry made no move to cover himself as his best friend’s wide-eyed gaze made him lurch with excitement. Swallowing thickly, Hermione tried to pull her eyes away from his bobbing erection, only to stop at Tonks’ chest as she arched her back and stretched her arms over her head, thrusting her impossibly perky breasts into the air.

Her eyes continued to follow the smirking witch as she hopped out of bed and padded slowly over to the en suite bathroom, her hips swaying provocatively. Her mouth opening and closing like a fish, Hermione turned back to Harry with wide, brown eyes. Her eyes darted wildly around but always found their way back to his groin.

A giggle from Fleur finally seemed to bring some sense back to her.

When Hermione spun around, preparing to bolt from the room, Harry’s hand shot out and grabbed her wrist, pulling her to a stop.

“Stay,” he said firmly.

Hermione’s mouth worked soundlessly for another few seconds before she finally found her voice.

“But-”

“You’ve already seen everything,” Harry pointed out. “Just give me a minute to get dressed.”

Without waiting for a reply, he let go of her wrist. Biting her lips hard enough that the skin turned white, Hermione stared down at the floor but stayed where she was. Satisfied that she wasn’t going to run from the room, Harry looked down at Fleur.

Her bright blue eyes sparkling with amusement and a smirk on her lips, she looked away from Hermione and gazed up at him. When she tilted her head up expectantly, Harry smiled and bent down to give her a gentle, affectionate kiss. As they broke apart a moment later, he caught Hermione whipping her head back around so she wasn’t caught looking.

Grinning, Harry slipped out from under Fleur, who moaned in disappointment, and climbed out of bed. Striding past Hermione without concern, he walked over to the wardrobe and picked out a set of clothes.

“Mhh, ‘e ‘as such a nice derrier, non?” Fleur asked.

Hermione squeaked in embarrassment, and Harry smirked to himself. He didn’t need to ask to know Fleur had caught her looking. Boxers in hand, Harry turned back around. Hermione, who had been peeking at him out of the corner of her eye, quickly looked back down as he turned to face her.

“I don’t mind if you look,” Harry said, the corners of his lips twitching as he fought back a smirk. “I wouldn’t have told you to stay if I did.”

Hermione lifted her head just slightly and peeked up at him as he stepped into her boxers.

“Besides,” he added with a smile, “I’ve seen you. It’s only fair you get to look at me too.”

Impossibly, her blush grew even brighter at the reminder. Chuckling as she glared half-heartedly, Harry pulled on a shirt and threw on a pair of jeans. Thankfully, his excitement had gone down enough that he could wear them comfortably.

Of course, Fleur had to choose that moment to climb out of bed. Walking towards him with a sultry smirk, her large, jutting breasts bouncing alluringly with each step. His eyes riveted to her sinful curves, he had to reach down to adjust himself as she gave him a kiss on the way to the bathroom.

Interestingly, Hermione's eyes followed her as well and only left Fleur's jigging bum when the door clicked closed. As Hermione shook her head, he wondered just how much Fleur's Allure had to do with her staring.

"C - can we go now?" Hermione stammered.

As Harry opened his mouth to speak, they heard the toilet flush. The bathroom door opened a moment later, and Tonks walked over to him with a grin.

"Go ahead and see what they want. We'll be down in a minute," she said.

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her passionately. Sliding his hand down her smooth back, he gave her bum a playful squeeze. Squealing into his mouth, Tonks pulled back and smacked his arm lightly, even as a grin stretched across her lips. Chuckling, Harry made his way to the door.

"Prat," Tonks huffed.

"Love you too," Harry called over his shoulder.

Opening the door, he and Hermione slipped out into the hall just as Fleur exited the bathroom. Still grinning, Harry made his way down the stairs with Hermione just a half step behind him.

“So, are you dating Fleur now, too?” she asked curiously.

“Honestly, I’m not sure,” Harry admitted. “We haven’t really talked about it yet.”

“Do you want to?” Hermione asked.

“Part of me does,” he told her. “I mean, I like Fleur – I care about her – I just don’t want to muck things up with Tonks, you know. I’m not sure if she sees this as just a bit of fun, or if it’s something more serious.”

“It doesn’t seem like she has a problem with it,” Hermione muttered.

“It’s not that simple,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair with a sigh. “I’m the first boyfriend Tonks has really been able to trust, so she’d been exploring a lot of things she’s always wanted to try but couldn’t.”

“So you don’t know if he’s just exploring being with another girl, or if she wants a relationship with both of you,” she said, her eyes brightening in realization.

“Exactly,” Harry said. “We’ll probably have to sit down and talk about it soon. I think we’re both just trying to forget about everything for a bit and enjoy the Summer right now.”

“It’s going to be really hard going back to Hogwarts, isn’t it?” Hermione asked sympathetically.

“Yeah,” Harry sighed.

“I’m sorry,” she said.

Forcing a smile, Harry slung his arm over her shoulders and hugged her against his side. Hermione leaned her head on his shoulder as they reached the basement and paused in front of the kitchen door.

“Thanks,” Harry murmured before letting go. “It’s alright, though. We made it through last year; we can make it through this one.”

“I’m really glad you found someone who makes you so happy,” Hermione said, smiling wistfully.

“I’m sure you’ll find someone who makes you just as happy someday,” Harry assured her.

Sharing one last smile, Harry pushed open the door to the kitchen and bowed.

“After you, m’lady,” he said grandly.

Giggling at his antics, Hermione entered the kitchen with him following close behind.

“Good morning, dears,” Mrs. Weasley greeted them with a forced smile.

“Morning,” they replied in unison.

This early in the morning, only Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, Sirius, and Hestia - whose house had been destroyed in a Death Eater attack and was staying at Grimmauld Place – were awake.

“Harry,” Mr. Weasley said. “Madam Bones was elected Minister for Magic in last night’s election, and she wants to see you in her office today. I’ll take you into the Ministry today when I go to work.”

“Do you know what she wants?” Harry asked, his brow furrowed.

"The letter didn't say, but I expect it has to do with what happened at the end of the Tournament," Mr. Weasley replied.

"You don't have to go if you don't want to, dear," Mrs. Weasley said, setting a place of eggs and sausage on the table with a kindly smile. "Maybe we should talk to Dumbledore and let him take care of it for you."

"That's okay, Mrs. Weasley," Harry said, fighting back a sigh at her treating him like a child again. "I don't mind going."

"Dumbledore can't go anyways," Mr. Weasley said as Mrs. Weasley opened her mouth to argue. "He's going to be out of town until the first."

Mrs. Weasley frowned and turned back to the stove with a huff. Harry exchanged a look with Hermione, who shrugged.

"Where's he going?" Harry asked.

"He didn't say," Mr. Weasley answered.

"It must be pretty important for him to leave at a time like this," Hermione noted, her brow creased in thought.

"I'm sure it's nothing you need to worry yourselves about," Mrs. Weasley said firmly.

Harry glanced over at Hermione and rolled his eyes. With a small smile tugging at her lips, she turned back to her breakfast. A few minutes later, Tonks and Fleur walked into the kitchen. Harry was extremely relieved that whatever tension there had been between Tonks and Mrs. Weasley was now gone. She'd even stopped making attempts to set Tonks up to spend time with Bill, although he wasn't entirely sure that wasn't just because he was there now.

Harry explained to the girls that he would be going to the Ministry with Mr. Weasley, and Tonks immediately volunteered to escort him since it was her day off. Fleur wanted to go as well, but she had a pile of artifacts to examine and catalog at Gringotts. That led to Hermione peppering her with questions about what she would be working on and what spells she used while Harry and Tonks made small talk with Sirius.

As they finished eating, several other Order members, along with Ron and Ginny, trickled into the kitchen to get their orders for the day and pick up a bit of breakfast. Once they were done, Harry and Tonks grabbed their cloaks and met Mr. Weasley by the front door.

“I’ll Side-Along Harry and meet you at the guest entrance?” Tonks asked.

“Alright,” Mr. Weasley replied with an easy smile.

Tonks held Harry back a few steps as they left the house and walked across the street to the delapidated park. Leaning over, she placed her lips right next to his ear.

“Wait until Arthur’s gone, then you Apparate us,” she whispered.

Harry nodded and gave her hand a grateful squeeze.

“Alright, on three,” Mr. Weasley said when they reached the park. “One... two... three.”

After Mr. Weasley Disapparated with a loud *crack*, Harry gripped Tonks’ hand, took a deep breath, and focused on his destination. Twisting on the spot, he was sucked into nothingness with Tonks at his side. An uncomfortable moment later, they appeared a few feet away from Mr. Weasley with a muted *pop*.

“What took so long?” Mr. Weasley asked.

“Sorry, I had to sneeze,” Tonks said, wrinkling her nose cutely.

Smiling and shaking his head, he turned to the phone booth. When his back was to them, Tonks beamed at Harry with the brightest smile he’d ever seen and bounced excitedly on the balls of her feet.

“You did it!” she whispered, her eyes gleaming brightly.

Harry grinned and hugged her close, realizing this was the first time he’d Side-Along Apparated without needing her help. Cupping his cheeks, Tonks kissed him fiercely until they were interrupted by Mr. Weasley clearing his throat loudly. Harry grinned sheepishly while Tonks looked completely unfazed. Together, the three of them squeezed into the elevator.

Pinning their badges on their robes, Mr. Weasley quickly through the Atrium to the golden elevators at the back.

“Are you sure you’ll be okay meeting with the Minister alone?” Mr. Weasley asked nervously.

“I’ve met with her before,” Harry said. “I’ll be fine. Besides, Tonks’ll be with me.”

“Well, if you need anything, you know where my office is,” Mr. Weasley said, looking relieved. “I really do have a lot of work to catch up on.”

Getting off on level two, Mr. Weasley waved as the elevator doors closed. Now alone, Tonks took Harry’s hand and leaned against him while rubbing the inside of his forearm with her free hand. Smiling and grateful for her calming presence Harry kissed her temple.

“You know, she’ll probably ask about the prophecy,” Tonks whispered.

“I didn’t think of that,” Harry frowned.

“What are you going to tell her?” she asked quietly.

“Level one, Minister for Magic offices and administrative staff,” came the cool female voice before Harry could answer.

Straightening up and letting go of his hand just as the door opened, Harry followed Tonks as she led him through a maze of cubicles and offices. The place was buzzing with activity as dozens of interdepartmental memos zipped over their heads in flocks, and witches and wizards rushed from place to place.

Harry pulled Tonks out of the way as a harried-looking witch with greying hair bustled past with a stack of papers four feet high in her arms, nearly running them over.

“Sorry,” she called.

“I’ve never seen this place so busy,” Tonks remarked. “Even with Azkaban break out, there weren’t this many people.”

“Is that a good thing?” Harry asked.

Tonks shrugged before dancing out of the way of a wizard staring at a clipboard instead of looking where he was going while another floated after him.

“Watch it!” she called out angrily.

Making their way carefully through the administrative offices, Tonks led him to the back of the room, where there was a set of decorative double doors. Just to the left sat a desk with a familiar looking witch sat.

“Penny?” Harry asked.

Penelope Clearwater looked up from her desk and smiled prettily.

“Harry!” she said brightly, then tapped her wand to her desk. “Minister, Harry Potter is here to see you. I’m so glad I got to see you today. I’ve been meaning to thank you.”

“For what?” Harry asked.

He hadn’t seen Penny since she graduated and couldn’t think of anything he’d done that would’ve helped her.

“That hag Umbridge had me stuck in the mail room when she found out I was a Muggleborn,” she said, her smile widening as she flipped her flowing blonde hair over her shoulder. “I was seriously thinking about quitting and going back to the Muggle world when you pulled that stunt over the Wireless. I can’t tell you how happy I was – a lot of Muggleborns and Half-bloods were stuck in dead-end jobs or outright fired because of her.”

Tonks snorted, “Yeah, half the Aurors threw a party when that toad was hauled off to Azkaban. Wonderboy here made himself a lot of friends when he got rid of that bitch.”

“Really?” Harry asked, getting emphatic nods from both witches. “Oh. Er, you’re welcome. I’m glad things worked out for you. How’re things with Percy?”

“We broke up,” Penny said, looking far from upset. “Apparently, thinking that we should at least hear you out and look at the evidence for You-Know-Who’s return was ‘treasonous’ and ‘bad for his career.’”

“What a git,” Tonks said while Harry shook his head.

"I'm sorry-"

"Don't be," Penny interrupted with a smile. "It's not your fault. I was getting sick of watching him suck up to people like Umbridge and Malfoy anyways."

"What old Perc up to nowadays anyway?" Tonks asked curiously.

Penny's grin took on an almost predatory gleam.

"Minister Bones tore him a new one the moment she met him," she explained gleefully. "She was not happy he didn't get punished after basically taking over for Crouch when he was sick and not telling anyone. She also found out he was helping Fudge skirt around a few laws and withholding evidence. His excuse that it was the Minister's order, therefore perfectly legal, didn't go down well."

"Oh, I bet Bonsey just *loved* that!" Tonks cackled.

Harry chuckled. Though a part of him felt bad for the Weasleys as a whole, he had no sympathy for Percy himself.

"Did he get fired?" Tonks asked.

"Not quite," Penny smirked, lifting her wand and tapping it on her desk again. "I need two cups of tea for the Minister's guests."

A portion of the wall behind Penny opened up and, instead of the House Elf Harry expected, Percy Weasley stepped out with a loaded tea tray in his hands. The redhead stiffened when he spotted Harry and seemed to freeze in place. When Tonks let out a loud snort of laughter and covered her mouth, Percy just into motion, his movements wooden and lips pursed.

“Sugar or milk?” he asked robotically.

“No, thanks,” Harry said while Tonks shook her head, her shoulders practically vibrating from suppressed laughter.

“Two sugars and a dash of milk,” Penny said, smiling innocently.

After pouring their tea and handing out the cups, Percy picked up his tray and marched back over to the wall.

“Oh, that’s priceless,” Tonks laughed the moment the door was closed.

Harry allowed himself a smile as Penny giggled and sipped her tea. He didn’t usually like to revel in someone else’s misery, but after the way Percy had turned on his family, he thought it was well deserved.

“You know, I always thought you could do better than him,” Harry said.

Penny blushed and gave him a pleased smile.

“Thanks, Harry,” she said.

“Smooth, lover boy,” Tonks said.

Harry rolled his eyes, “You know I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I know,” Tonks grinned, then turned to Penny. “Harry’s right, though. You’re way too pretty to be with a stuck-up berk like that.”

Penny blushed again and smiled prettily right before the doors to the Minister's office were thrown open. Harry and Tonks stared as Narcissa Malfoy stormed from the room. Spotting Harry, she glowered at him.

"You!" Narcissa snarled. "You'll pay for what you've done to my family!"

"I didn't do anything to your family," Harry said firmly. "If you're going to destroy the lives of innocent people just because of what family they were born into, don't be surprised when they fight back."

"How dare you!" Narcissa screamed. "I'll –"

"That's enough!" Madam Bones barked sharply. "Leave, Mrs. Malfoy, or I'll have you removed."

Scowling furiously, Narcissa gave him a disdainful glare before marching away, her nose held high in the air. As Harry watched her go, Madam Bones sighed behind him.

"Sorry about that," she said. "Come on in. Penelope, hold all my appointments unless it's an emergency."

"Yes, ma'am," Penny replied.

Harry gave the blonde witch a smile as he followed Madam Bones back into her office. The Minister's office was massive and draped in opulence. The molding along the wall looked like it was made of actual gold, there were enchanted windows all over, giving the room an open, airy feel, and the furniture looked as if it would fit right in at Buckingham Palace. There was a large mahogany desk along the right-hand wall, along with eight packed bookshelves. To the left sat two couches facing each other with a low coffee table in between, a gold and ivory encrusted fireplace, and three closed doors between the windows.

Following Madam Bones over to the desk, he and Tonks sat in comfortable wingbacked chairs while the Minister took her seat behind the desk.

“I take it my aunt was here to try and bribe you to let dear old Lucius go free?” Tonks asked.

“Not in so many words, but yes,” Madam Bones sat with a sigh. “As if I don’t have enough problems right now.”

“Is it that bad?” Harry asked worriedly.

“Officially, I’m not supposed to divulge that information,” Madam Bones said, looking tired and worn as she cleaned her monocle. “But, since I blame you for putting me in this position anyways, you can share my worries. This place is a mess. Fudge ran this government into the ground. Nearly half of the people who worked here were incompetent for the positions they were hired for, corrupt, or both. I don’t even want to think about how bad some of the other departments might be. It’s going to take months to get this place straightened out, and that’s not taking into account that we now have a war to fight.”

Harry frowned as Madam Bones seemed to age five years in the time she spoke. Glancing over at Tonks, he noticed she looked just as worried.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Harry asked.

“That’s actually why I asked you here,” Madam Bones said, putting her monocle back in place and straightening her posture. “I want to know everything you can tell me about You-Know-Who and any Death Eaters you know about. I want to start hitting back at these bastards, and I want to hit them hard. Hopefully, most of them are so used to the previous administration and won’t have thought to go into hiding yet.”

“Of course,” Harry nodded. “This might be easier if you have Pensieve. There were a lot of Death Eaters that showed up in the graveyard, but I didn’t recognize most of them.”

Madam Bones nodded and pressed her wand to her desk.

“Penelope, send a letter to Shackbolt in the DMLE and tell him to get a Pensieve here ASAP,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Penny replied, her voice coming from the desk.

“Now, while we’re waiting on that, there’s something else I wanted to bring up. More than one, actually,” Madam Bones said, gazing at him intently. “I spoke with my niece over the Summer about you, and she told me some disturbing rumors. Rumors about you killing a professor in your first year and fighting Slytherin’s monster in your second.”

“Er...,” Harry hummed, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly. “Both of those are true, actually.”

At her raised eyebrow, Harry told her quickly about his first two years at Hogwarts.

“Why the *hell* was I not informed of any of this?” she growled.

Harry shrugged, “I know Dumbledore told Fudge about the Basilisk, and I’m pretty sure he told him about Quirrell as well, but I’m not positive.”

Madam Bones closed her eyes and rubbed her forehead tiredly.

“That useless bastard,” she grumbled, getting surprised looks from Harry and Tonks. “I’ll want to see those memories as well, if you don’t mind.”

Just as Harry nodded, the doors to the office swung open, and Kingsley walked in with a Pensieve floating in front of him.

“Just set it down on the desk,” Madam Bones told him.

Nodding, Kingsley levitated the Pensieve onto the desk and gave him and Tonks a quick smile before leaving the office.

“Do you know how to copy and extract memories?” Tonks asked.

Harry shook his head.

“Just press your wand to your temple, think of the memory you want to extract, and remember it as clearly as you can. When you’re ready, say the incantation *Retinentia* and slowly pull your wand away,” Tonks instructed.

Nodding, Harry stood and pulled several memories from his mind. Since he had the chance, he also included memories of Hagrid’s arrest in second year, and Fudge admitting to ordering Crouch Jr. Kissed by a Dementor, both things he was sure were illegal.

“Ready?” Madam Bones asked.

Receiving nods from both of them, they all dipped their heads into the silvery liquid. The memory of Quirrell was over quickly since he only showed her the actual confrontation. Madam Bones was not happy, but she already knew Fudge had allowed Dumbledore to hide the Philosopher’s Stone at Hogwarts.

The Memories from second year took longer. Madam Bones was furious when she found out Fudge had abused his power to have Hagrid thrown in Azkaban without a trial. That fury reached new levels when Lockhart tried to Obliviate Ron and cause the tunnel to collapse.

“I don’t care if the man’s a vegetable in St Mungo’s. I’m bringing him up on charges,” Madam Bones growled.

Tonks and Madam Bones both looked worried when Tom made an appearance, but Harry had no answers beyond what they were watching. Moments later, they both cursed and paled when the Basilisk made an appearance. Tonks had seen it before during their Occlumency lessons, but she was still shocked by it. Heedless to the presence of the Minister, she wrapped her arm around his waist and held onto him like he was an anchor while her eyes remained riveted to the fight.

When the memory ended with Lucius Malfoy getting tossed on his ass by Dobby, Madam Bones pulled them out of the Pensieve. With trembling hands, she took a bottle of Firewhiskey out of her desk and poured three glasses. As Harry and Tonks sipped their drink, the Minister pulled out a sheaf of parchment and began making notes. When she finished, she sat back and stared at him intently for a long moment.

“Mr. Potter – Harry, that has to be the single bravest act I’ve ever witnessed,” Madam Bones said.

Harry ducked his head and blushed while Tonk smiled and reached over for his hand.

“It really was incredibly impressive, Harry,” she said softly.

Harry gave her a small smile and downed the rest of his drink. Tonks caressed the back of his hand with her thumb as they sat in silence for a couple of minutes. When they returned to the Pensieve, Madam Bones brought a clipboard and quill with her. Thankfully, she never reacted to the fact that Tonks was still holding his hand, though he thought he saw her smile when she glanced at them.

For third year, Harry showed her his memory of meeting Sirius and Pettigrew in the Shrieking Shack. Fortunately, nothing he showed her involved the use of the Time Turner. As friendly as she was acting, he doubted he would get away unscathed for playing with time and helping Sirius to escape, innocent or not. He also threw in the class where Malfoy provoked Buckbeak. It might have seemed petty in the grand scheme of things, but he wanted to help the gentle Hippogriff that was still residing in Grimmauld place. He was heartened when Madam Bones clucked her tongue and made a note on her clipboard.

They went straight into fourth year after that, and Harry stood stiffly as they watched the events after the Third Task. This was one memory that Tonks hadn't watched because she knew how badly it affected him. A small whine left her throat as they watched Cedric's body fall to the ground, his eyes open and lifeless. While they wrapped their arms around each other, taking comfort from one another, Madam Bones watched it all with an emotionless mask. Harry knew she was simply hiding her emotions for now, though she couldn't stop her hand from trembling as she took notes.

When the Death Eaters arrived, the Minister paused the memory with her wand. The scratching of her quill filled their ears as she walked amongst the crowd, identifying as many Death Eaters as possible.

"That's Jacob Weathers," Tonks pointed out with a glare. "He works in the Floo Network Authority."

"A frightening amount of the people here work for the Ministry," Madam Bones said.

"Will you be able to arrest them with this?" Harry asked.

"I can bring them in for questioning, but I can't press charges based on a memory," she told him. "Fortunately, the Wizengamot granted me executive power with the return of You-Know-Who. I can have them questioned under Veritaserum."

"Good," Harry nodded. "Way too many Death Eaters got off on claims of the Imperius Curse last time."

"That won't be happening under my watch," the Minister growled.

"I know you didn't want the job, boss, but I'm glad you took it," Tonks said sincerely. "We need someone like you as Minister right now. I don't think I'd've stayed on as an Auror if someone like Scrimgeour had taken the post."

Madam Bones sighed and lowered her clipboard for a moment.

“I always thought I could do the most good running the DMLE,” she admitted. “Seeing this and the mess Fudge left behind, I’m glad you talked me into it. Scrimgeour’s a good Auror, but he’d be too worried about politics to go after these people.”

After a few more minutes of taking down names, Madam Bones restarted the memory. With the worst of the memory over, Harry focused on watching himself, looking at where he could have done better. By the time the memory came to an end, Harry had realized that, until the very end, Voldemort had been playing with him. He still couldn’t believe that he had beaten him in a battle of wills, but it was heartening to know that there was at least one area where he was actually stronger than Voldemort.

“Again, that was incredibly brave of you,” Madam Bones said, looking at him as if she were seeing him for the first time. “I’ll be nominating you for an Order of Merlin, first class during the next Wizengamot meeting.”

“You really don’t need to do that,” Harry said pleadingly. “I’d rather not have all the extra attention.”

“I’d rather not be Minister,” Madam Bones countered.

Harry worked his jaw several times before closing it with a *click* and dropping his head into his hands with a groan. Next to him, Tonks laughed and rubbed his back soothingly.

“Sorry, Har, but I don’t think the boss is going to take no for an answer on this one,” she said.

“No, I won’t,” Madam Bones agreed. “This isn’t just about giving you the recognition you deserve. Having an Order of Merlin can help you. It grants you a seat on the Wizengamot, future Ministers will be less inclined to try and railroad you with outrageous charges, and any country that’s part of the ICW will be more willing to make you a citizen, should the worst happen.”

"If Voldemort's taken over Britain, then I'll probably already be dead," Harry told her.

"Would that have anything to do with the rumors of a prophecy?" Madam Bones asked, arching her brow.

Harry sighed and sat back in his chair.

"Yes," he said, nodding.

"I don't suppose you'd be willing to tell me what it says, would you?" she pressed.

Harry looked over at Tonks, who shrugged, before he turned back to the Minister.

"This needs to stay between us," Harry said.

Madam Bones stared at him for a long moment before nodding.

"I give you my word," she said.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies...," Harry recited.

"That's not much to go on," Madam Bones said after a long moment of thought.

“Honestly, I think it’s all bullshit,” Harry said. “The only reason it means anything is because Voldemort believes in it. If it wasn’t for that, I’d ignore the stupid thing.”

Reaching out, Tonks took his hand in hers and gave it a squeeze.

“Then you’re smarter than most men,” Madam Bones nodded. “Prophecies, even when it’s a true prophecy, are clouded in uncertainty until after they’re fulfilled. Unfortunately, since You-Know-Who believes in it, he won’t stop until one of you is dead.”

“I know,” Harry nodded.

“Any idea what this ‘power the Dark Lord knows not’ is?” she asked.

“No idea,” Harry said with a shake of his head.

The Minister nodded and sat back with a thoughtful look on her face.

“Auror Tonks, would it be safe to assume that you and Mr. Potter are – involved?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks replied without hesitation, her hand still holding Harry’s.

Madam Bones pursed her lips thoughtfully for a moment as she looked back and forth between the two of them. Harry met her gaze, refusing to blush under the scrutiny.

“Very well,” she said eventually. “After hearing the prophecy and seeing what’s happened at that school the last few years, I’m sending a team of Aurors for extra protection. Auror Tonks, I’m putting you in charge.”

“Me!?” Tonks gasped incredulously.

“Yes. Do *not* make me regret this,” Madam Bones replied sternly. “If I knew even half of what’s been happening over there, I’d have pulled Susan out after her first year and sent her to Beauxbatons. I will not allow this war to spill over into the halls of a school. Your team will protect the students while you, personally, will protect Mr. Potter.”

Harry opened his mouth, unsure if he wanted to argue with her or thank her for giving him and Tonks a way to stay close.

“If you don’t like it, you shouldn’t have made me Minister,” Madam Bones interrupted. “As much as you or I might not like it, the prophecy cannot be ignored. Beyond that, I’m appalled that you’ve had to do so much on your own. It’s time you had some help. If anything happens, I want to know about it.”

“Thank you,” Tonks said gratefully.

Harry snapped his mouth closed, swallowing his protest as Madam Bones pressed her wand to her desk.

“Penelope, send in Barrister Tonks,” she said.

Harry looked over at Tonks and lifted an eyebrow. His girlfriend shrugged with a puzzled look on her face. It was only a second later that the door opened, and Ted Tonks poked his head inside.

“You wanted to see me, Minister,” he said, smiling when he spotted Harry and his daughter.

“Yes. Come in, Ted,” Madam Bones said.

As the balding, pot-bellied wizard approached the desk, Madam Bones held out a sheaf of parchment.

"I want arrest warrants issued for everyone on this list," she instructed. "Keep it quiet for now. When you have all of them, bring them directly to me."

"This will take some time," Ted said before his eyes widened. "Fudge!?"

"Yes," Madam Bones nodded firmly. "I've more than enough evidence to have him brought in for corruption and abuse of power."

"R – right," Ted stammered as Harry looked over at his girlfriend and grinned.

Harry grinned at the thought of Fudge finally getting what he deserved.

"I also want Rubius Hagrid's juvenile record expunged," Madam Bones said. "New evidence revealed that he was innocent of all charges filed against him. Send him a notification and let him know he can pick up a new wand if he wishes. The conviction of the Hippogriff known as Buckbeak is also to be overturned, and the execution order rescinded. Any questions?"

"No, ma'am," Ted said. "It'll take a couple of days to get all this done."

"I'd offer you help, but I need people I trust working on this," Madam Bones sighed. "If word of this gets out, those people will go into hiding before we can arrest them. Let me know if you have any problems."

"Yes, ma'am," Ted nodded.

Smiling at Harry and giving Tonks a wave, he turned and left the office.

"Now, is there anything else you can tell me about You-Know-Who or his Death Eaters?" Madam Bones asked.

Harry felt Tonks' eyes on him as he sat thoughtfully for a moment.

"Not really," he said eventually. "It might help to tell the press about his real history. Finding out he's really a Half-Blood might make some people less likely to join him."

Madam Bones nodded and made a note.

"If you learn anything else, please, let me know immediately," she said. "I know you haven't had much reason to trust the Ministry, but I promise you, I'll do everything I can to see this monster stopped."

Harry nodded, for once feeling good about dealing with the Minister for Magic.

"On a personal note," Madam Bones continued, "I'd like to thank you again for saving my life and for helping Susan. She's much more confident this Summer, and she's put a lot of that down to your Defense club. If you weren't already taken, I'd be worried about how much she talks about you."

Harry blushed, surprised by the playful smirk that crossed the Minister's lips.

"That's okay, boss," Tonks said, her eyes sparkling mischievously. "I don't mind sharing."

Rather than getting upset, Madam Bones snorted and shook her head.

"Alright, get out of here, you two," she said, her lips twitching into a smile. "Tonks, go see Shack about picking your team tomorrow. He should be moved into my old office by then."

"Sure thing, thanks, boss," Tonks said, smiling gratefully.

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After saying goodbye to Penny and tracking down Mr. Weasley to tell him what happened, Harry and Tonks returned to Grimmauld Place. Mrs. Weasley wasn't too pleased he was being so involved in things once again, but she relaxed considerably when they told her about Aurors protecting Hogwarts.

"Do you really think Voldemort will try something at Hogwarts?" Hermione asked worriedly.

"Who knows," Tonks shrugged. "It's possible, but I think Bones is more worried about the students that were probably marked over the Summer."

"What?" Hermione asked in disbelief. "I don't think Voldemort would be interested in marking students."

"He would," Sirius told her heavily. "He likes to get to them young, before they really know what they're getting themselves into. My brother, Regulus, took his mark before starting his fifth year. Hell, half the Slytherins in my year were marked before they graduated."

"Oh," Hermione said with a troubled look.

"You can bet the kids of the Death Eaters we captured at the Ministry have taken the mark," Tonks added. "You-Know-Who would need them to keep control of their family vaults if nothing else."

Hermione bit her lips and stared down at her hands as they played with the hem of her shirt.

"Hermione?" Harry called out gently. "What's wrong?"

“Hmm? Oh,” she said, looking up. “It’s just – I know they can be horrible, but to join the Death Eaters?”

She’s scared, Harry realized guiltily.

“I’m sorry,” he said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and pulling her against his side.

“It’s not your fault,” Hermione murmured, leaning into his embrace and resting her head on his chest. “It just really hit me that things are changing. I mean – we really are at war, aren’t we?”

Harry rubbed her arm as she sniffled. Harry felt like a lead weight had settled in the pit of his stomach.

“Hermione,” Harry whispered softly, “if it’s too much –”

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence, Harry Potter,” Hermione growled. “Even if I wasn’t your friend, I’d still be a target because I’m a Muggleborn.”

Selfishly, relief flooded through him.

Sitting up, she wiped away her tears and smiled.

“You’ll just have to teach me everything you learned over the Summer when we get back to Hogwarts,” she said decisively, bringing a smile to Harry’s face.

“That’s the spirit,” Sirius grinned.

“Count me in, too,” Ron added. “Hey, if we can prove Malfoy has the mark, do you think we could get him expelled?”

Sirius snorted, "Don't count on it. Dumbledore won't expel anyone without proof of a crime."

"Having the mark itself isn't a crime," Tonks said at Ron's crestfallen look. "We'll just have to keep an eye on him."

"I doubt he'll try anything with Dumbledore and Aurors in the school," Hermione said.

"You're probably right," Harry agreed. "We should be careful anyways. He's likely to be upset we got dear old daddy arrested. I wouldn't put it past him to think he could get away with something."

"True," Hermione said, rolling her eyes. "He's always lived in a world of his own. At least he's not nearly as skilled as he likes to think he is. If he had a brain to match that ego of his, we might actually have to worry."

Harry and the others chuckled as he filled Sirius in on some of the times they'd gotten one over on the blonde ponce.

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Later that night, as Harry closed the door to the bedroom, Tonks jumped into his arms with a grin, her arms and legs wrapping around him.

"I can't believe we get to spend the whole year together," she said with an infectious smile.

Leaning down, Tonks kissed him passionately. Walking her over to the bed, Harry banished their clothes before tossing his wand on the nightstand and laying her down on the mattress. As he kissed down her jaw and throat, Tonks moaned and combed her fingers through his hair.

“You think I could talk Dumbledore into giving you a private room?” she asked. “You know, for security?”

“You know, you’re going to have to have your own rooms in the castle,” Harry reminded her as he made his way down to her chest.

“Oh,” Tonks blushed. “I didn’t think of that.”

Chuckling, Harry took her nipple between his lips and sucked lightly.

“I’m so glad you’re going to be there,” Harry breathed over her skin. “I really wasn’t looking forward to leaving you at the end of the Summer.”

“Me neither,” Tonks smiled. “Now, just think of all the broom cupboards we get to visit. You know, I’ve never actually been in one.”

Harry chuckled as he buried his face between her perky breasts, enjoying the way her smooth, soft globes sandwiched his face.

“Neither have I,” he said, his voice slightly muffled.

Giggling, Tonks tugged his hair, pulling him up until his lips met hers.

“Then we’ll just have to explore them together,” she smirked.

Suddenly, Tonks threw her weight to the side, rolling them over so she straddled his hips.

“Maybe I can even talk Aurora into joining us in bed,” she said, wiggling her eyebrows.

A smirk stretched across her lips when Harry's erection lurched excitedly under her.

"Ooh, someone likes that idea," Tonks giggled, causing her breasts to jiggle enticingly.

"That's entirely your fault," Harry smirked.

Tonks hummed and bent down, kissing him as her breasts dragged along his chest.

"It is, isn't it," she mumbled against his lips.

With one last peck on the lips, Tonks sat up straight and rolled her hips, sliding her damp folds along his length. Grinning, she raised herself up and lined him up with her entrance. With a moan, she lowered herself down on his throbbing length, wiggling her hips as she settled on his lap.

Harry slid his hands up from where they rested on her hips, his caressing her sides and tickling her ribs until he reached her breasts. Tonks threw back her head with a moan, rolling her hips as he teased her soft pink nipples. Raising herself up, she stopped with just his engorged head trapped between her folds before dropping back down, driving his cock into her sweltering depths.

Tonks' hair shifted through a rainbow of colors as she tilted her head forward and stared down at him. With a look that managed to be both playful and sultry, her insides shifted around him, her silky walls tightening around his shaft. When she moved again, his flared head scraped against her clutching walls, drawing a gasp from both of them.

"Bloody hell," Harry grunted.

Tonks gasped as she reached his tip, then slowly lowered herself with a shuddering moan.

“Harry,” she moaned, drawing out his name.

Collapsing on his chest and burying her head in the crook of his neck, Tonks rocked back and forth with short, fast movements, her hips rolling as she reached his base. Harry closed his eyes and hissed in pleasure, one hand caressing her back while the other cupped her bum. As her movements continued and her breathing hitched, he turned and kissed her temple lovingly.

The feelings of Tonks’ overly tight depths strangling his cock were incredibly intense. As much as he enjoyed her playful side, he loved moments like this just as much. Moments where he could hold her tight, her soft curves giving way to his firm muscles. Harry luxuriated in the closeness he felt with Tonks at times like these. Her slow, gentle movements were in sharp contrast to the intense sensations they were feeling, reminding him of those first few nights she had suffered under the aftereffects of the Curciatus Curse.

“I love you,” Harry whispered, his fingers ghosting over her back and sending a shiver up her spine.

“I love you, too,” Tonks replied just as softly.

Turning her head, she kissed and sucked at the side of his neck. Planting his feet on the bed, Harry thrust up in time with the rocking of her hips. Tonks gasped, her body trembling as she gripped his shoulders and hugged him tightly. A whine worked its way up her throat and escaped her lips only a moment before she stiffened.

Harry grunted as her walls fluttered around his cock, drenching it in her arousal. Tonks’ hips jerked back and forth frantically, gasping in his ear while she rode out her climax. Grabbing her ass roughly, Harry slammed his hips up, driving himself as deep as possible as he erupted inside of her. A contented moan escaped Tonks’ lips as he filled her. His cock swelled with each burst, stretching her depths and extending her climax.

Despite how little they had moved, both of them sagged breathlessly by the time their peaks waned.

“Wow,” Tonks breathed. “We should do this more often.”

Harry hummed in agreement, cradling her tightly to his chest.

Chapter 16

Harry paced back and forth anxiously in the lounge of Grimmauld Place as he waited to hear from Tonks. Minister Bones had gotten the warrants approved to bring in all the Death Eaters she'd seen in his memory of the third task and hadn't wasted any time in going after them. Tonks had warned him that tonight, she, along with nearly every other Auror, would be executing warrants and making arrests.

He knew she was a talented witch and that doing this was her job, but he couldn't help the worry he felt. Voldemort was sure to catch wind of what was happening sooner or later, and when he did, he would want to remind the Aurors why he was to be feared. Anyone with the misfortune of running into him would be lucky if they were only killed.

Harry wished he could sit in the kitchen with the other Order members as they waited for news, but Mrs. Weasley had been quick to kick him and the other none members out and sent them upstairs. Ron and Ginny sat cross-legged on the floor, playing a game of chess, while Hermione read a book on charms on the couch. Fleur had joined them as well and was sitting in a comfortable chair, watching him pace with a sympathetic look.

“Pacing like that isn't going to make time move any faster,” Hermione said as she turned the page.

“I know,” Harry grumbled. “What else am I supposed to do?”

“You just need to find something to distract yourself,” Hermione told him. “Try reading a book or something.”

"I can't," Harry sighed. "The only thing that really helps me relax is flying, and I can't exactly do that here."

"I'll distract you," Fleur said.

Standing up, she walked over and grabbed him by the hand before pulling him back over to the chair. Fleur pushed him down into the seat she had just left and then settled down on his lap with a playful smirk. As Harry wrapped his arms around her waist, her warm, comforting weight settling against his chest, he had to admit it was helping.

That wasn't all Fleur planned to use to distract him, however. Grabbing his hands, she slid them up under her white blouse and then under her thin bra to let them rest on her bare breasts.

"Fleur!" Hermione exclaimed, scandalized.

"You wanted 'im to relax, non?" Fleur asked.

"I didn't mean for you to do... *that*," Hermione said frustratedly.

Fleur smirked, "Do you feel better, 'Arry?"

"It is helping," Harry admitted with a smile.

Giving her large, soft mounds a gentle squeeze, he pulled her firmly against his chest and kissed the side of her neck. Fleur hummed contentedly and relaxed onto him, her head resting on the back of the chair next to his. Harry caressed his fingers across the impossibly smooth skin of her firm breasts, his thumbs circling her areola. The French witch made a sound like a purr in the back of her throat as she wiggled her hips.

"Checkmate," Ginny declared suddenly.

“Huh?” Ron asked dumbly, tearing his eyes away from Fleur to look at the board. “How...?”

“I win,” Ginny said smugly as her bishop decapitated his king.

“That’s not fair,” Ron whined. “I was distracted.”

Harry grinned while Fleur giggled, and Hermione shook her head.

“Boys,” she said.

“So, how’s work been going?” Harry asked Fleur.

Good,” she replied. Zhey are finally starting to let me work wiz some of zhe more important artifacts. Could you unclip my bra? Eet’s starting to dig into my skin.”

Fleur sat forward so he could slide his hands around to her back and pop open the clasp of her bra. Letting out a relieved sigh, she sat back against him, wiggling her hips so that his growing erection was trapped between her cheeks.

“Are you still thinking about starting your own Enchanting shop?” Harry asked.

“Oui,” Fleur replied. “I plan to spend a couple more years working for ze Goblins and saving my money before starting eet zhough.”

“What kind of enchantments are you going to sell?” Hermione asked curiously.

"Anything I can sink of. Enchanted trunks and bags, Communication mirrors, and I plan to make a line of toys for women," Fleur answered with a smirk. "I'm 'oping 'Arry will come work with me when he graduates. 'E has given me a lot of good ideas."

"Really?" Hermione asked, her eyes darting to the blonde's chest where Harry's hands continued to knead and caress her impressive bust.

"Oui," Fleur said before a low moan escaped her lips. "'Arry 'ad ze idea to make mirrors that work like Muggle Cell Phones, and 'e wants to use larger mirrors to display images like a television. Eet's magnifique."

"That's brilliant!" Hermione exclaimed, smiling proudly at Harry.

"It was just an idea," he said modestly. "I have no idea how to make something like that actually work yet."

"Zhat's why you 'ave me, mon Cherie," Fleur said, kissing his cheek.

"Could I help?" Hermione asked. "It sounds fascinating."

"Of course," Fleur shrugged.

"Checkmate," Ginny said again, this time with much less enthusiasm. "I'm done. I think I'm going to go lie down for a bit."

Ginny practically ran from the room, leaving everyone looking after her curiously.

"Er, I'll go check on her," Ron said, his ears bright red as he tried not to look over at Fleur.

Picking up his chess set, he left the room, closing the door behind him.

“What was that about?” Harry asked.

Hermione shrugged, “I don’t know.”

As Hermione and Fleur turned back to their conversation on Runes that Harry tuned out, he concentrated on the feeling of Fleur’s soft body to distract him from his worry over Tonks. It worked to an extent, but he constantly found his thoughts drifting, wondering where she was and how she was doing.

About half an hour later, Fleur was called to the kitchen. Fortunately, they heard someone coming, and Harry was able to get his hands out from under her shirt before Sirius walked into the room. Sirius left first, giving Harry time to do up her bra before she left.

Now without a distraction, his leg bounced rapidly as his thoughts turned back to his girlfriend.

“Are you worrying again?” Hermione asked.

Harry nodded silently.

She bit her lip as she looked at him, “Is there anything I can do to help.”

“No,” Harry sighed. “I know it’s stupid, but I just keep worrying that something bad is going to happen to her. Guess I know how you’ve felt for the past four years.”

Harry tried to smile, but it came out as more of a grimace.

“It’s not very fun, is it?” Hermione asked softly.

“No,” Harry shook his head. “I’d much rather be the one out there, being worried about, than sitting here waiting to find out if she’s okay or not.”

Giving him a soft smile, Hermione stood up and walked over to him. Biting her lip, she hesitated for a moment before sitting on the arm of the chair and hugging him gently.

“I’m sure she’ll be fine,” she said reassuringly. “Tonks knows what she’s doing, and she has a team with her.”

“I know,” Harry sighed, leaning into her and inhaling her familiar scent.

~

The hours passed with agonizing slowness, and Harry outright refused to go to leave when Mrs. Weasley tried to send him to bed. Moving over to the couch with Fleur, she curled up against his side as they continued to wait. Everyone else went to bed around midnight, but Harry still refused to leave until he knew Tonks was alright.

It was just after two in the morning when the Floo flared to life. Harry sat up sharply, disturbing Fleur, who had been asleep with her head on his shoulder. Hestia stepped out of the emerald flames first, looking utterly exhausted but pleased. The next few seconds felt like an eternity until Tonks stumbled out of the Floo.

Harry was on his feet in an instant, closing the distance between them with long strides until he wrapped his arms around her. Tonks smiled tiredly and leaned into his embrace.

“I’m fine, love,” she told him softly.

“Sorry,” Harry said, feeling sheepish now that he knew she was fine. “I was just worried.”

"E's been worried about you all night," Fleur smiled. "We could barely get 'im to sit still for more than a few minutes."

"Aw, that's sweet," Hestia sighed. "I wish I had a boyfriend that worried about me like that."

Harry blushed and ran a hand through his hair even as his other arm remained wrapped securely around Tonks. With an airy laugh, Fleur stood from the couch and gave Tonks a hug.

"I'm glad you're safe, too," she said. "I take it everything went well?"

"Mostly," Tonks said as she let Harry lead her over to the couch.

She collapsed into the seat between Harry and Fleur with a tired sigh. Hestia sat across from them on the loveseat and used her wand to summon a bottle of Firewhiskey and four glasses.

"We made forty-seven arrests, but four Aurors were killed, and twenty-three had to be taken to St. Mungo's,"

"What happened?" Harry asked, his eyes raking over her body to look for injuries. "Did anyone we know get hurt?"

Tonks caught his look and smiled softly before taking a sip of her drink.

"No. We just didn't have time to get the intel we should have," she said. "A few teams ran into a lot more Death Eaters than they were expecting. You-Know-Who recruited way more people than we thought he did. We managed to arrest about a dozen of the big name Death Eaters. The rest we just local thugs that've taken up the mark. I know some Death Eaters were killed, but I don't know how many."

“Despite the losses we took, tonight was a big win for our side,” Hestia said somberly.

“But will you be able to ‘old on to zem?” Fleur asked. “You-Know-Who has broken zem out of Azkaban before, non?”

“I don’t know what she has planned, but Bones seems to think they won’t be going anywhere,” Tonks replied, then down her glass quickly with a flaming belch. “Can we go to bed? I’m beat.”

Standing, Harry helped her to her feet and wrapped his arm around her waist. Fleur stood as well and gave Tonks a hug and kiss on the lips.

“I’m glad you’re safe,” she said softly.

“Thanks,” Tonks smiled. “Goodnight.”

“Bonne nuit,” Fleur replied.

“Thanks for staying up with me,” Harry said.

Smiling, Fleur gave him a kiss as well before he and Tonks made their way upstairs.

“Do you want a bath?” Harry asked while Tonks stripped out of her robes.

“That sounds great, but I’m just too tired tonight,” she said. “I just want you to hold me tonight.”

Smiling, Harry stripped out of his own clothes, and then the two of them crawled into bed. Tossing an arm and a leg over his body, Tonks rested her head on his chest and closed her eyes with a contented sigh. Holding her close, Harry kissed the top of her head and watched as she

quickly drifted off to sleep. He spent a few minutes watching her, smiling when her hair changed from purple to orange, before closing his eyes and drifting off to sleep.

~

News of the Ministry's success was all over the *Prophet* and the wireless the next morning. Tonks, along with Kingsley, Hestia, and Mr. Weasley, left early to go back to work so they could help with the cleanup. Apparently, there was a lot of evidence to catalog, questionings to do, and paperwork to fill out.

Just as Harry and the others were helping Mrs. Weasley clean up after breakfast, Professor McGonagall walked into the kitchen.

"Good morning, everyone," she said.

"Oh, hello, Minerva," Mrs. Weasley smiled. "We were just cleaning up, but I can make you something to eat if you're still hungry."

"No, thank you, I don't have much time, I'm afraid. I just came to drop off these," McGonagall said, pulling a stack of envelopes out of the pocket of her cloak.

"Oh no, our OWL results," Hermione gasped, paling as she covered her mouth with her hands.

"While I haven't seen your scores, I'm certain you did fine, Ms. Granger," McGonagall said with a barely noticeable smile.

Handing the stack of envelopes to Harry, he handed one each to Ginny, Ron, and lastly, Hermione. She gently held it in her hands, her front teeth worrying her bottom lip.

"You go first," she said.

Shrugging, Harry tore open his envelope and pulled out his letter. When he did, a heavy, metal object fell to the floor with a thud.

“You made Prefect!” Hermione squealed as he picked up the silver badge with a large ‘P’ on the front.

The next moment, he was spitting hair out of his mouth while Hermione hugged him tightly. She let go of him almost as quickly and snatched the parchment from his hands.

“Oh, congratulations, dear,” Mrs. Weasley smiled.

“Congratulations, Mr. Potter,” McGonagall said. “Professor Dumbledore thought you might have too much on your mind for the position, but I’m confident you can handle the added responsibility. Let me know if you feel like you can’t, and we can make other arrangements.”

“Thanks, Professor,” Harry said, feeling proud that he’d made Prefect, just like his mum.

“And you did really good on your OWLs,” Hermione beamed. “You got an A in History of Magic, an O in Defense, and E’s in Charms, Transfigurations, Potions, Care, and Runes. That’s seven OWLs!”

Jumping forward, she hugged him again before handing him his letter. As Hermione pulled back, she frowned at the look on his face.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“I only got an E in Potions,” Harry said. “that means I can’t take NEWT Potions, and I need that to become an Auror.”

“Mr. Potter, while Professor Snape may say that he only takes students that achieve Outstandings in his class, it has always been Hogwarts policy that anyone who achieves at least an E in the subject may take the NEWT course. I will ensure you are in that class.”

Harry sighed in relief, “Thank you.”

“How’d you do, Ron?” Hermione asked.

“Er, alright I suppose,” he said, his ears going red. “I got an E in Defense, A’s in Charms, Transfigurations, Potions, Care, and Divinations, and a D in History.”

Mrs. Weasley snatched the parchment from his hand and read it with a frown.

“Well, you did better than the twins,” she said after a moment. “You really need to take your studies more seriously, Ronald.”

“I know,” Ron said, rolling his eyes before turning to Harry. “Sorry, mate, looks like we won’t be joining the Aurors together. No way Snape would let me in his class.”

“I’ll see what I can do, Mr. Weasley,” Professor McGonagall told him. “If there is room in the class, I’ll try to get you in. If not, then we will need to discuss other options for your career.”

Ron nodded and sat back down at the table with a frown.

Harry and Hermione shared a look before they simultaneously looked down at the unopened letter in her hands.

“You open it,” Hermione said, shoving the envelope into his hands.

Smiling, Harry tore it open and looked inside. His smile widened into a grin as he reached in and pulled out a silver badge identical to his.

“Congrats, Hermione. I knew it would be you,” Harry said, handing her the badge.

Eyes wide, she took it from him almost reverently.

“I can’t believe it,” she whispered, smiling brightly.

“Who else would they give it to, Lavender?” Ron snorted.

Smiling, Harry opened the letter and looked over her grades. Schooling his expression, he fought a smile as he read it over with a thoughtful hum. In front of him, Hermione shifted her weight from foot to foot nervously.

“Professor, are you sure this is right?” Harry asked.

“I’m afraid so, Mr. Potter,” Professor McGonagall said, her stern expression only lasting for a couple of seconds. “As expected, Ms. Granger has put your grades to shame.”

“Tell me!” Hermione demanded loudly.

Harry grinned from ear to ear, “Twelve OWLs, all O’s.”

Nearly ripping the parchment as she tore it from his hands, Hermione looked it over, then squealed excitedly.

“Great job, Hermione,” Harry said proudly.

“Indeed,” Professor McGonagall added. “You had the highest grades of any student in the last fifty years. The extra credit you earned in your Defense OWL for your Patronus put you over the top. I think it’s safe to say we can expect great things from you, Ms. Granger.”

With the brightest smile Harry had ever seen on her face, Hermione spun around and threw herself at him.

“Thank you so much,” she said. “There’s no way I would’ve done as well if you hadn’t taught us in the DA.”

“I’m sure you would’ve done just fine without me,” Harry said.

“You give yourself too little credit, Mr. Potter,” McGonagall told him sternly. “I’m well aware of what students were in your little club, and I’m sure you’ll be happy to know that the students you taught, on average, scored a full grade higher than those that didn’t. The Ministry has had numerous parents demand re-test for their children because of Umbridge’s lack of teaching in the subject.”

Harry’s jaw dropped as he stared at her.

“Oh, Harry, I knew you could do it,” Hermione beamed. “Now do you believe me that we should keep the DA going this year?”

“Er, yeah, I guess we should,” Harry admitted.

“With results like that, I should hope so,” Professor McGonagall said with a rare smile. “Congratulations to all of you, but I really must be going. Have a good day.”

After bidding goodbye to the Professor, Hermione dragged Harry to the library so they could plan for the first DA meeting. Ron and Ginny joined them a little later, but Ron still had some of his Summer homework to finish.

When Hermione asked him why he waited so long to do it, he simply replied, "Why should I do homework for a class I might not have to take."

Later, when they made their way back to the kitchen, they found Sirius, who had been out buying some new clothes and furniture for the house, and Remus at the table. Mrs. Weasley, as usual, was cooking at the stove.

"I hear congratulations are in order," Sirius grinned. "Great job, all of you. You know, I don't know whether to be disappointed that you did cause enough trouble to not be Prefect or impressed that you did despite how much trouble you caused."

"Sirius," Mrs. Weasley reprimanded him.

Sirius rolled his eyes at her.

"Seriously though, great job, you two," he continued. "Harry, I know your mum would be right proud of you. She was a Prefect, you know."

"I know," Harry smiled. "Thanks, Sirius."

"What about Harry's dad?" Hermione asked. "Was he a Prefect?"

"Merlin, no! With the amount of mischief we got up to, there was no way McGonagall would name him Prefect. She was forced to give it to this furball." Sirius grinned, jerking his thumb over at Remus. "He really cleaned up his act sixth year, though, and ended up Head Boy."

"What made him change?" Harry asked curiously.

“His parents were killed by Death Eaters,” Sirius said softly. “He was forced to grow up. We all were with the way the war started heating up. Then, of course, there was Lily. Once he cleaned up his act and Lily was willing to give him a chance, there was no way he was going back to how he was before.”

Shaking off his sad thoughts, he looked up at Harry and grinned.

“Of course, you already have a girl to make sure you behave,” Sirius teased.

Harry grinned in response, “You do know you’re talking about Tonks, right?”

“Sirius, we need to figure out a time to take the kids to Diagon Alley to get their school supplies,” Mrs. Weasley said as she set a plate of sandwiches and a tray of soup on the table.

“Tomorrow’s Saturday. We should be able to go then,” Sirius replied. “Tonks, Hestia, and Arthur will have the day off work, and I’m sure we can coax Moody into tagging along.”

“Alright,” she said. “I’ll talk to Arthur about it tonight.”

~

When Tonks got home later that night, long after the other Order members, including Fleur, had left for the evening, she looked even more exhausted than the night before. Her hair was visibly limp, and the purple color had none of the vibrancy he was used to seeing. Trudging over to the couch, she dropped down next to Harry and curled up against his side, her head resting on his shoulder. Despite the warm Summer night, she felt cool to the touch.

“Long day?” he asked sympathetically.

“We had trials all day today, and then we had to take all the prisoners to Azkaban before we could leave,” she told him with a shudder. “We had to make eight trips.”

Wrapping his arms around her, Harry rubbed her arms to try and warm her up.

“Dobby,” Harry called.

A moment later, the colorfully dressed House Elf appeared in front of him with a *pop*.

“Yous called Harry Potter, sir?” he asked.

“Hey, Dobby. Could you go run a bath in my room and then grab the box of chocolates off the dresser, please?” Harry asked. “The one from Lucinda’s.”

“Dobby would be happy to,” he said excitably before disappearing.

With her eyes closed, tonks sighed contentedly and tilted her head up to kiss his cheek.

“You’re the best,” she murmured.

Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head. A couple of minutes later, Dobby popped back in and handed him the box of chocolates.

“Yous bath is ready, Harry Potter, sir,” he said, excitedly bouncing on the balls of his feet. “Will Harry Potter, sir, be needing anything else?”

“No, Dobby. But I think Hestia could use a cup of hot chocolate, if you don’t mind,” Harry said.

The words were barely out of his mouth before Dobby vanished again. He didn't even have time to open the box of chocolates before he was back and handing a steaming mug to Hestia, who looked just as worn as Tonks.

"Thank you, Dobby," Hestia smiled. "Tonks, thank your boyfriend for me when you get a chance."

Laughing tiredly, Tonks tilted her head up. As Harry leaned down with a smile, she grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him down for a deep, languid kiss. When they finally broke apart, he looked over at Hestia with a goofy grin on his face.

"You're welcome," he said.

The room chuckled while Harry finally opened the box of chocolates and picked out one of the Firewhiskey filled ones he knew she loved. Feeding it to her, Tonks closed her eyes and moaned as it melted in her mouth. Smiling, he took out another and tossed it over at Hestia.

Before it reached her, Sirius' hand shot out and snatched it out of the air. Turning to the brunette witch sitting next to him on the couch, he gave her a crooked grin and held it to her lips. Shaking her head, Hestia opened her mouth and let him feed it to her.

"Ooh, those are so good," she moaned.

Seeing the smug look on his Godfather's face, Harry decided to tease him a bit. Taking out another chocolate, he held it lightly between his teeth and bent down towards Tonks. Smiling, she gave him an opened mouthed kiss and used her tongue to scoop the chocolate into her mouth. As she let it melt in her mouth, Harry tossed another chocolate to Sirius with a challenging look.

With a cocky look, he stuck the chocolate between his teeth and turned to Hestia expectantly. She smiled at him, leaned forward, and then pushed the chocolate into his mouth with her index finger.

“I have a dog, and I’ve seen what he does with his mouth, mutt,” Hestia said to the laughter of the room.

Sirius pouted playfully, “Fine, more for me.”

“You ready for a bath?” Harry asked Tonks, happy to see he’d been able to put a smile on her face.

“That sounds perfect,” she smiled.

“You can use the bath in my room if you want to,” Sirius said to Hestia.

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then smiled softly.

“That would be great, Sirius,” Hestia said.

“If he tries anything, Hex him good,” Tonks said.

“Would I do something like that?” Sirius asked innocently.

“Yes,” several people answered at once.

As laughter filled the room, Harry stood and then lifted Tonks into his arms bridal style.

“Night,” Tonks waved over his shoulder as he carried her towards the stairs.

Arms wrapped loosely around his neck, she rested her head on Harry's chest as he climbed to the second floor and then carried her into the bathroom, kicking the bedroom door closed behind him.

"This brings back memories," Tonks smiled.

"Funny, I was just thinking the same thing," Harry said while setting her down on her feet.

Running her hands up his chest, Tonks smiled softly as her lips met his. Harry kissed her tenderly, only parting when she tugged his shirt over his head. It took them a couple of minutes to strip out of their clothes and then climb into the tub. Harry sat with his back against the foot of the tub while Tonks laid back against his chest with a sigh.

"Mmh, That feels so good," Tonks whispered.

Kissing the crook of her neck, Harry ran his hands up her arms, then massaged her shoulders. With an almost sensual moan, Tonks relaxed against him. Pushing his thumbs firmly into her skin, he rubbed them in small circles on either side of her spine. Stopping at the base of her skull, his thumbs made their way back. When he reached her shoulders, he pressed his thumbs into her tight muscles and rubbed them in circles until he felt them relax.

Smiling at her sensual moans and groans, Harry leaned forward and kissed her shoulder while wrapping his arms around her waist. As his hands glided over her slick abs, Tonks reached back to grab the back of his head and pulled his lips to his. Caressing her stomach lightly, he slowly moved them up towards her chest until his hands filled with her full, soft globes. Tonks pulled her lips away from his and leaned her head back on his shoulder with a moan.

Leaving one hand caressing her breasts, his nails occasionally raking lightly over her delicate skin, his other hand slid back down her slim stomach and narrow waist to the flare of her hips. Tonks wiggled in his lap, burying his erection between her cheeks as he traced his fingers along the inside of her thigh. She eagerly spread her legs open wider when his touch ghosted towards her mound.

“Harry,” Tonks said in a needy breath.

Kissing her neck, Harry cupped her bald, heated mound and slipped his middle finger between her folds. Sucking in a sharp breath, Tonks bucked her hips forward into his hand. Careful not to touch her sensitive clit directly, he slipped two fingers into her sweltering depths while the heel of his palm pressed just about her excited little nub. Her lightly panting breath stuttered, and her hands gripped his thighs as a tremble ran through her body.

Smiling, Harry pumped his fingers slowly while running the back of his nail along the outside of her swollen nipple. Delving his fingers back into her, he traced them along her silky walls to her pleasure point with practiced ease. With a stuttering breath, she writhed in his lap, sending water sloshing against the sides of the tub. Reaching across her body to grab the opposite breast to help hold her in place, Harry rubbed his fingers around the rough patch of skin along the top of her folds.

“Oh, fuck,” Tonks gasped.

Tightening his grip on her chest as she began to writhe, Harry pressed the heel of his palm down on her clit. A groan left his lips as she rolled her hips and ground his erection against her bum. Pinching her nipple, he pressed his fingers directly against her g-spot while rubbing his palm against her clit. Tonks shivered and gasped as her hips bucked frantically. Her breath came in gasps, the little tremble as she exhaled telling him just how close she was.

Water splashed around Harry’s arm as he moved it back and forth in short, sharp movements. Tonks’ breath caught in her throat, and her legs clamped around his hand while her body hunched forward. Sucking in a deep breath, she let out a long, loud groan, the tendons in her neck popping against the skin as she threw her head back. Harry continued moving his hand rapidly throughout her climax until she eventually grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand away.

Panting heavily, Tonks collapsed against his chest while Harry wrapped his arms around her and held her tight to his chest.

“Feel better?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Mh hmm,” Tonks murmured.

Turning her head, she kissed him lovingly and cuddled back into him to relax. A couple of minutes later, he realized she'd fallen asleep. Smiling, Harry kissed her temple before grabbing his wand. He vanished the water in the tub and then used a charm to gently dry them both. Lifting her from the tub, he carried her into the bedroom and set her on the bed. Climbing into bed behind her, he spooned up behind her and closed his eyes. It took him quite a while to finally fall asleep, so he spent that time gently caressing her soft curves.

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The next morning, Harry was woken by the pleasurable sensation of something hot and wet enveloping his exciting length. Blinking his eyes open, he looked down and smiled to find Tonks lying on her stomach with her feet kicking in the air behind her, her mouth bobbing up and down on his throbbing shaft. She moved unhurriedly, taking her time and practically worshipping his cock. With a groan, Harry ran his fingers through her bright pink hair and massaged her scalp.

Tonks hummed around his length and took him deep into her throat. Her tongue elongated beyond normal proportions and wrapped around him as she pulled back to the tip. Harry inhaled sharply when she sucked hard around his swollen glans and swirled her tongue around it before pulling off with a *pop*.

“Morning, love,” she said, kissing his leaking tip.

“Morning,” Harry smiled, massaging her scalp.

“Mmh, I really do love sucking your cock,” she purred, plunging back down on his length before pulling back up. “I love fucking it too, but there’s just something about the way it feels in my mouth that I just love.”

Her feet swinging in the air above her fantastic bum, she took his tip into her mouth and sucked on it like a lollipop. Harry hissed as his sensitive head swelled against her tongue. Tonks hummed, her eyes sparkling as she looked up at him.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Harry cursed and groaned in frustration, but Tonks didn't move other than to pull off of his cock.

"Harry? Tonks?" Hermione called.

Squeezing his shaft as she stroked it, Tonks' eyes glittered as she looked at him.

"Come in!" she yelled.

Harry blushed but pulsed in her hand as Hermione opened the door and gasped, her eyes wide and her hand covering her mouth.

"Don't just stand there. Come in and close the door," Tonks told her.

While Hermione closed the door as if on autopilot, Tonks returned to languidly bobbing on his length.

"Do you have to keep doing that?" Hermione asked.

Her face was turned towards the wall, but Harry could see her looking at them from the corner of her eye. Tonks sucked hard and pulled off of him with a deliberately loud *pop*.

"Harry was really good to me last night, and I fell asleep before I could return the favor," Tonks said. "He deserves a reward for taking such good care of me, don't you think?"

Hermione buried her flushed face in her hands and groaned.

“You want to give it a try?” Tonks asked with a grin.

“No!” Hermione yelled. “I mean, not that I don’t find Harry... attractive. But he’s your boyfriend. I can’t... Anyways, I just can in to tell you we’re leaving for Diagon Alley in an hour.”

“Oh, okay. That gives us plenty of time,” Tonks said, then looked up at Harry. “You don’t mind grabbing a quick breakfast, do you?”

“No,” Harry groaned as she slurped on him loudly.

The presence of Hermione in the room was exciting, but it reminded him that he’d yet to talk to Tonks like he’d promised himself he would. He certainly wasn’t opposed to her inviting other women into their bed. He just wanted to know her thoughts on it, so he didn’t do something that would hurt her.

“I should go,” Hermione said.

“Aw, come on, Hermione,” Tonks pouted. “Relax a little. It’s just a bit of fun.”

Hermione paused and looked between the two of them with a deep blush. Catching her eye, Harry patted the bed next to him in invitation. Worrying her bottom lip, it took several seconds before she came to a decision. Walking over to the bed, she perched on the edge as if ready to bolt at any moment. Grinning at her, Tonks winked before swallowing him whole.

Groaning in pleasure, Harry grabbed Hermione’s arm and gave it a gentle tug. She let him pull her further onto the mattress until she was lying next to him, her eyes riveted to Tonks as she slowly dragged her lips up the length of his cock.

“You sure you don’t want to give it a try?” Tonks asked.

“I – I don’t think I should,” Hermione said, biting her lip.

“Why?” Tonks asked, licking Harry’s engorged, purple head.

“I-” Hermione started but was unable to finish.

“Look, would you rather your first time be with some guy you hardly know and have to hope he isn’t using you, or someone you know cares about you, like Harry?” Tonks asked.

“But what if it changes things?” Hermione asked nervously.

“It will,” Harry told her softly. “But that isn’t a bad thing.”

“Do you want me to...?” Hermione trailed off and nodded towards his lap.

“I don’t want you to do anything you don’t feel comfortable doing,” Harry said. “But, yes, I’d love to do anything you’re willing to do. So long as Tonks is okay with it.”

Hermione stared at him intently for a moment before shaking her head.

“I can’t believe I’m even considering this,” she said. “I haven’t even kissed a boy yet.”

“Then kiss him,” Tonks shrugged.

“You’re really okay with this?” Hermione asked incredulously as Tonks bobbed on his length a couple of times.

“I like watching Harry with other women,” she said. “I like women as much as men, and I like knowing my man’s a total stud in bed. Do you have any idea how hot it is watching him fuck Fleur into a screaming mess and then *still* have enough left in him to do the same to me?”

“And you don’t feel jealous?” Hermione asked curiously.

“No,” Tonks said, licking him from base to tip. “I know Harry loves me. Sleeping with a few beautiful women now and then isn’t going to change that. Now, are you going to kiss him or what?”

Considering the conversation over, Tonks went back to devouring his cock. She was sucking him with much more intent this time, likely to put on a show for Hermione. She bobbed faster and wasn’t shy about slurping and even gagging loudly. Hermione’s face and chest flushed pink as she watched for a long moment before turning to Harry.

With one hand still threaded through Tonks’ pink hair, he smiled at her and draped his free arm over her shoulders. He slowly pulled her closer until their lips were just an inch apart. There, he paused, looking into her warm brown eyes closely. She looked nervous, but he didn’t see any sign that she wanted to stop.

Cupping her cheek, Harry leaned forward and pressed his lips to her softly. Hermione froze for just a second before kissing him back. As their lips moved together slowly, she reached out with a trembling hand and ran it over his bare chest. Harry throbbed when he slipped his tongue into her open mouth, not only from kissing his best friend but from knowing that his girlfriend was watching as well.

Taking his hand off Tonks’ head, Harry rested it on Hermione’s waist. As they continued to snog and Tonks deep throated his length, he slid his hand up over her waist and stopped at the bottom of her breast. Hermione surprised him when she moaned lightly and thrust her chest forward into his hand. She was still in her pajamas, leaving only a thin shirt between his hand and her breast. While smaller than Tonks’, her firm, perky breasts still filled his hand, the stiffened nipple pressing into his palm.

A short time later, Harry pulled back from her and groaned loudly. Tonks had him rapidly nearing his climax with her more aggressive sucking. She smirked at him as she pulled off his throbbing cock and stroked his glistening shaft.

“If you want a turn, you better take it now,” she told Hermione.

The brunette chewed her bottom lip thoughtfully but shook her head after a moment.

“I don’t think I’m ready for that,” she said, then ducked her head shyly. “I would like to keep kissing if that’s okay.”

Tonks smiled and shrugged, “Fine by me.”

Hermione smiled and, as Tonks enveloped Harry’s cock in her mouth, she turned back to him hopefully. Harry stroked her cheek with a smile, then tugged at the hem of her shirt with a questioning look. She hesitated for only a brief moment before sitting up and pulling her shirt up and over her head. Although he’d seen her naked before, thanks to Tonks, seeing the real thing felt different, more intimate.

Pulling her back down for another kiss, his hand cupped and caressed her bare breast. Hermione moaned into his mouth and ran her hand over his chest and abs freely. Meanwhile, Tonks buried his cock in her throat and shook her head slightly. Dragging her lips back up his shaft slowly, she bobbed quickly over his tip, her hand stroking his spit-soaked shaft with a little twist at the end.

Harry panted through his nose as he kissed Hermione heatedly, his fingers lightly pinching and rolling her hard nipple. In turn, she moaned into his mouth and rubbed herself against him, her hand exploring his naked torso. With Tonks working so hard to get him off, it was only a matter of moments before he tipped over the edge. His cock surged in her sucking mouth as he erupted, flooding her mouth with a torrent of cum.

After not getting a release the night before and the prolonged blowjob, he came much more than he normally did. Harry came so much that a thick stream leaked from the corner of Tonks' lips despite her best efforts to keep it in.

With a long groan, Harry pulled his lips away from Hermione's and collapsed against the pillows.

"Wow," Hermione said, flushed and breathless.

Turning to Tonks, she watched as the pink-haired witch showed her the pearly white pool in her mouth before making a show of swallowing. With a smirk, Tonks wiped the streak that had leaked down to her chin with her finger. Scooting closer on her knees, she held her hand out to Hermione.

Curious, she leaned forward and looked at it closely.

"What's it like?" Hermione asked.

"A little salty but not bad," Tonks shrugged. "Go on, give it a try. Guys really like that sort of thing for some reason."

Glancing back at Harry briefly, Hermione wrapped her lips around Tonks' finger and sucked it clean. Harry's limp member gave a throb as she swirled it around in her mouth before swallowing.

"It's not nearly as bad as Lavender made it sound," Hermione said after a moment.

"Some girls just hate it," Tonks shrugged, sending her breast bouncing pleasantly. "I think it's more the thought of it than the taste that really bothers them."

As fascinating as the conversation was, Harry interrupted them by pulling Tonks on top of him and kissing her hard.

“I love you,” he said softly.

Tonks smiled lovingly, “Love you, too.”

After giving him another kiss, she pushed herself up on her hands and knees and turned to Hermione. Crawling over top of her, Tonks slowly lowered her face until their lips met. Hermione kissed her back hesitantly but relaxed surprisingly quickly. Harry felt himself hardening as he watched their tongues dance and Tonks’ dangling breasts brush against Hermione’s perky mounds.

Unfortunately, they broke apart a short time later, and Tonks climbed off of the bed.

“We should get ready before Molly sends someone else to come look for us,” she said.

Blushing while eyeing Tonks’ curvy figure as she walked over to the wardrobe, Hermione sat up and grabbed her shirt. Before she could put it back on, Harry pulled her in for one last kiss and cupped her breasts. Grinning as they broke apart, he hopped from the bed to get dressed.

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Half an hour later, Harry and the others stepped into Diagon Alley. The atmosphere had changed much from the year before. People darted from one shop to the next, never lingering in the Alley for long. There was also a strong Auror presence, with at least six visible the moment they entered the Alley.

“Come on, everyone,” Mrs. Weasley said. “Move quickly and stick together.”

Tonks rolled her eyes as the large group, which included Mr. Weasley, Kingsley, Hestia, Moody, Sirius, and Remus, for a guard. The first stop was Flourish and Blott's, where they all picked out their books. Hermione was disappointed she couldn't look for long but was appeased when the clerk offered her an owl order magazine she could take with her.

From there, they went to Madam Malkin's. Mrs. Weasley began looking through the second hand racks for Ron and Ginny, but Sirius put a stop to that quickly.

"Have them get new robes, Molly. It'll be faster than having them try on old ones. I'll cover the cost," he said.

"I can't —"

"Consider it a thank you for helping to the house and cooking all those meals," Sirius interrupted with a smile.

Mrs. Weasley didn't look quite convinced until Arthur pulled her aside for a talk. In the end, they took Sirius up on his offer, and all of them got new robes. Including, oddly, Tonks.

"Tonks, why are you getting Hogwarts robes?" Ginny asked as they stood next to each other to get measured.

"Just in case I need to blend in," Tonks said, then looked around to make sure Molly was distracted before leaning close to whisper. "Besides, I thought Harry and I could do a bit of roleplaying."

Ginny blushed and giggled while Harry shook his head. But he had to admit, it brought up some interesting ideas.

With the money they saved on robes, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley were able to buy a broom for Ron. It was used and wasn't the best, but it would work fine for a Keeper. Ron was ecstatic as they

made their way around the corner, and their jaws dropped. Ahead of them stood the bright orange storefront of Weasley wizardly Wheezes. In one of the windows sat a sign that read;

You-No-Poo

The constipation sensations that's gripping the nation!

Get yours now for 10% off with any purchase over 1 Galleon!

"Whoa," Tonks exclaimed. "That'll definitely get your attention."

"It'll get them killed!" Mrs. Weasley huffed. "What are they thinking!?"

She stormed towards the bustling building while the rest of them followed.

"Where'd Fred and George get the money for all this?" Ron asked, staring in awe at the store.

Harry took Tonks' hand and dropped back a bit.

"They must've gotten it from all those owl order forms last year," Hermione guessed.

Tonks smirked at Harry and squeezed his hand.

As they entered the store, Harry recognized most of the patrons as his classmates. Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot were cooing excitedly at the tank full of Pigmy Puffs, small, furry, round animals with a pair of large eyes and a small mouth that came in every color of the rainbow. Seeing all the bright colors immediately reminded him of Tonks' hair.

Katie, Angelina, and Alicia were browsing the Skiving Snack Boxes, waving when they saw him. Just Finch-Fletchley and Zacharius Smith were looking at the You-No-Poo. Lavender Brown, the Patil twins, and Romilda Vain were all gazing at a display for Love Potions. Even Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis from Slytherin were wandering around with impressed looks.

“Welcome!” a familiar voice yelled.

“To Weasley Wizarding Wheezes!” the Weasley twins announced together as they appeared out of nowhere.

Both of them were grinning brightly in identical, bright orange Muggle tuxedos, complete with top hats and canes.

“Guys, this place is brilliant!” Harry said.

“All thanks to our brilliant investor,” Fred winked.

“Without their incredible foresight, it would’ve taken us years to get to this point,” George continued.

Harry flushed and scratched the back of his neck.

“Hey, why don’t you lot have a look around while we have a word with Mr. Chosen One here,” Fred said as the two of them wrapped their arms around his shoulders.

“Does she know?” George whispered, nodding at Tonks.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

Looking at each other, the twins nodded. Fred hooked his arm through Tonks’ and led the two of them towards the back.

“Fred! George!” Mrs. Weasley yelled, finally spotting them.

She tried to bustle over to them but got caught up in the crowd. Taking them through the back door, Fred asked Verity, a pretty blonde witch only a couple years older than the twins, to watch the shop. Leading Harry and Tonks up a spiraling staircase, they ended up on a balcony that overlooked the entire shop.

“So, what do you think?” George asked with a grand wave of his arm.

“It’s incredible,” Harry said sincerely. “I had no idea you had so many products.”

“We’ve been working on this since first year,” Fred said.

“Seriously, though, if you hadn’t given us those Galleons, we’d still be stuck at Hogwarts taking owl orders,” George told him.

“Which is why we want to give you this,” they said in unison.

The two of them searched their pockets until Fred pulled out a key.

“This is for you,” he said. “As our first-”

“-and only-” George added.

“-investor. We’ve decided to give you ten percent of the company and the profits,” Fred finished.

“What!?” Harry gasped. “I can’t take this. This is your business.”

“You can.”

“And you will.” Both said, folding their arms over their chests.

“We have some other stuff for you, too,” George told him while Fred grabbed a box from the corner.

“This is a sample of most of our products, plus about twenty Shield Hats and Cloaks for the DA,” Fred said, handing it to him.

“The Ministry just ordered a set of each for every Auror. We’re selling them faster than we can make them,” George added. “We’ve had to hire another company to make them just so we can stock some on the shelves.”

“And it’s all thanks to you,” Fred nodded. “You were the only one that actually believed in us, and we’re not going to forget that.”

“Anything you or your lady want, it’s on the house,” George finished firmly.

“Thank you, but you know you don’t have to do this,” Harry said.

“And you didn’t have to give us a thousand Galleons,” George grinned. “But you did, so here we are.”

“We better get back downstairs,” Fred said to his twin. “The registers are getting backed up.”

“Hey,” Tonks said, stopping them. “Those Love Potions you’re selling. You also make an antidote?”

“Of course,” the twins said in unison.

“We’ll need some of that,” she told them. “I have a feeling quite a few of those girls down there are going to try and slip some to lover boy over here.”

Fred and George shared a look and nodded.

“We’ll owl it to you before the first,” Fred said.

When Tonks nodded, satisfied, the twins gave them a salute and left. Turning back to Harry, she grinned and grabbed his hand.

“Come on, let’s go see what they have,” she said excitedly.

Harry smiled as his girlfriend dragged him all over the shop. By the time they left half an hour later, everyone, even Hermione, had a bag of Wheezes. Tonks and Ginny had also gotten Pigmy Puffs. Ginny named her’s Arnold, while Tonks named her’s Lacy.

“Lacy?” Ginny asked curiously.

“She’s the same color as Harry’s favorite lingerie – well, his favorite lingerie of mine – and it’s lacy,” Tonks explained. “How’d you come up with Arnold?”

“One of my roommates has a poster of someone named Arnold,” Ginny said, her ears going pink. “It was just the first name that popped into my mind.”

“As in Arnold Schwarzenegger?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

Hermione covered her mouth and giggled.

“It was all I could think of,” Ginny said. “At least mine isn’t named after a pair of knickers.”

As the girls continued to tease each other playfully, Harry spotted a familiar head of blonde hair out of the corner of his eye. Unfortunately, it wasn’t Fleur. He watched as Malfoy snuck away from his mother and headed for Knockturn Alley.

“Tonks,” Harry whispered, tugging on her sleeve.

Following his gaze, her eyes narrowed. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his cloak and gave her a questioning look. Tonks pursed her lips, then nodded.

“Can you two cover for us?” Tonks asked as they ducked between buildings and threw on the cloak.

“Be careful,” Hermione said.

Wrapping his arm around Tonks so they could fit under the cloak together, they carefully made their way down the steps to Knockturn Alley. They caught sight of Malfoy just as he turned the corner and hurried after him. He looked around suspiciously before ducking inside Borgin and Burke’s.

With no way to sneak into the shop, the two of them hugged the wall across the street and watched through the grimy window. After talking to Borgin for a minute and gesturing to the large cabinet Harry had hidden in years earlier, Malfoy grabbed his sleeve and jerked it up. Borgin paled and nodded while Malfoy tugged his sleeve back down.

Tossing a bag of what Harry presumed was gold on the counter, Malfoy left the shop and hurried back up to Diagon Alley. He made to follow him, but Tonks pulled him to a stop. Following her gaze back to the shop, they watched as Borgin took the price tag off the cabinet. When the old man sat back down at the counter and put his head in his hands, Tonks began shifting next to him. A moment later, she looked like a hag and pulled her hood up over her head.

“Wait here,” she whispered.

Harry nodded reluctantly as she made sure no one was looking and slipped out from under the cloak. Walking across the Alley, she entered Borgin and Burke’s. Harry watched her closely and gripped his wand tightly as she walked around the shop, talking to Borgin. He watched her pass by the cabinet twice but never stopped at it or even seemed to take an interest in it. A couple of minutes later, she bought a vial of something and left the shop. Harry followed her closely as she made her way back to Diagon alley and ducked between two buildings.

“Harry?” she whispered, changing back to her normal look.

“I’m here,” he replied quietly before taking off the cloak and stuffing it in his pocket. “Any luck?”

Tonks shook her head, “I’ve never seen anything like it before.”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“Malfoy must’ve showed Borgin his Dark Mark, though, right?” he asked.

“Definitely,” Tonks nodded. “The real question is, what is that cabinet, and why does he want it?”

“I don’t know,” Harry shrugged, “but I’ll bet it not for anything good.”

“Look, I know you can take care of yourself – I’m not questioning that – but I want you to be careful around Malfoy this year,” Tonks told him gently. “People are dangerous when they’re desperate, and Malfoy looked really desperate and scared. Be careful around him, please.”

"I will," Harry said.

Nodding, Tonks leaned forward and hugged him.

"I'll talk to Shack and see if we can search the shop," she said, still holding him. "I'm sure we'll be able to figure out what it is."

Pulling back, she smiled and gave him a kiss.

"Come on, let's get back before Molly sends out a search party," she said.

Hand in hand, they walked back out into the Alley to join the others.