

Chapter 5

Tonks stumbled through the front door of Grimmauld Place, her limbs weak and aching from exhaustion. At two in the morning, only her hand catching on the wall kept her from falling to the floor and likely waking the whole house. Sighing in relief and tiredness, she walked carefully past the kitchen and trudged up the stairs.

It had been a horrifically long sixteen hours at work for Tonks. An hour before her shift was about to end, Johnathan Finch had called in sick at the last minute, and she had to take his place. Things only got worse when Tonks and her partner for the night got called to a fight at a pub and found Finch trying to keep his wife from cursing the witch he was cheating on her with.

Of course, Finch was related to Morgan Finch, a Wizengamot member and part of Fudge's staff. That bastard Scrimgeour had let him off the hook with a slap on the wrist, and Tonks had been told to throw away her report before she could even finish it. Furious, she'd tossed the paperwork at Finch and left the office. Scrimgeour had frowned but thankfully let her leave. If she'd been forced to stay, she didn't know if she could've stopped herself from quitting on the spot. It was getting harder and harder to be an Auror lately.

Tonks ended up in Harry's room before she even realized where she was headed. Shaking her head, she realized that she hadn't slept in her room for the last two weeks. She hadn't even wanted to.

Tugging at her necklace subconsciously, she shook her head again and locked the door before stripping out of her clothes. Rubbing the underside of her breasts after dropping her bra to the floor, she stepped out of her panties and walked over to the bed. Tonks couldn't help but groan as she laid down on the mattress, her back, feet, and legs aching terribly.

"You okay?" Harry mumbled, his hand resting lightly on her stomach.

Tonks laid her hands over his and grimaced as she shifted closer to him, taking comfort in the feel of his body and his thoughts of genuine concern coming through the necklace.

“Just sore,” she said. “I had a really long night at work. I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“S’fine,” Harry said, kissing her temple and holding her close.

Humming, Tonks rolled onto her side and then hissed when the pain in her lower back flared.

“Roll over onto your stomach,” Harry said before he climbed over her.

The thought of what he had in mind came to her at the same time he grabbed a bottle of lotion she’d left on top of the dresser a week before. A small smile stretched her lips as she rolled over onto her stomach. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Harry squirted a blob of lotion into his hand and rubbed them together.

Tonks groaned loudly as he started massaging her left foot and calf. Relaxing, she closed her eyes and laid her head on the mattress. For the next few minutes, he switched from one leg to the other, slowly making her way up to her back. Tonks felt like she was melting under his skilled hands as she groaned.

The next thing she knew, she woke up late in the morning with Harry spooned up against her back. She shifted slightly and smiled when his arm tightened around her waist, his morning erection straining against her thigh. Spinning around in his arms, Tonks sighed in relief at the complete lack of pain.

Thank Merlin, I have today off, she thought.

Seeing the cute frown on Harry’s face as he slept, Tonks smiled and kissed him lightly on the lips. His frown turned into a small smile that caused her to giggle. When she softly pushed him onto his back, and he still didn’t wake, it made her wonder just how long he’d stayed up massaging her back as she slept.

And probably my bum, she thought with a grin. Harry really did seem fascinated by that part of her body.

But right now, she was fascinated with a certain part of *his* body. Crawling backwards, Tonks settled between his legs on her stomach and took his long, rigid length in her hand. She smiled when he let out a quiet groan in his sleep. Smirking to herself, she opened her mouth and swallowed half of his length, and sucked hard.

“Huh?” Harry grunted, blinking his eyes open and squinting down at her.

The confused look on his face was so funny that Tonks had to take him out of her mouth so she could laugh. After slipping on his glasses, Harry shook his head and smiled bemusedly.

“Someone’s in a good mood this morning,” he said, his voice rough with sleep.

“I had a good night’s sleep,” Tonks grinned.

Bending his shaft towards her mouth, she gave the head a long, slow lick. Harry groaned, his head dropping back onto the pillow and his hand running through her hair. Wrapping her lips around him, she bobbed her head up and down, taking him deeper each time she descended.

Sliding forward and pushing herself up on her elbows so that his cock was sticking straight up, Tonks stared up at him with sparkling eyes and plunged downwards. Harry gasped as she took him deep into her throat, her lips sealed tightly around his base.

“Fuck,” he grunted.

Tonks smirked with her eyes and winked when he throbbed in her throat. After holding him there for several seconds, she kept her lips sealed tightly and dragged them all the way back up to the tip.

“I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that,” Harry sighed.

Tonks giggled and placed a kiss on his red, swollen tip. Climbing up onto her hands and knees, she crawled up his body and straddled his hips. As she leaned down to kiss him, she lowered her hips, trapping his throbbing shaft between her damp folds. Moaning into his mouth, she rolled her hips, panting as his hard length ground against her clit.

Sitting up, Tonks raised herself up and lined him up with her entrance. Harry reached up, cupping and squeezing her breasts as she slowly sank down on his long, thick shaft. Raking her nails lightly over his chest, Tonks raised herself up and dropped back down slowly, rolling her hips as she bottomed out.

“Yes!” she hissed, biting her lips.

“Have I told you how brilliant you are?” Harry asked with a smile.

“Not today,” Tonks smirked.

As she leaned down to kiss Harry, his slid from her breasts to her bum. Tonks moaned into his mouth as he squeezed her muscular globes firmly. Lifting his knees and planting his feet on the mattress, Harry started thrusting into her as she rocked back against him. Tonks broke the kiss, panting lightly as she rested her forehead against his and closed her eyes. She let the feelings coming from the necklace, all of Harry’s affection and desire for her, wash over her.

“Harry,” she moaned.

With one hand still cupping her bum, the other caressed up her back and over her arm to cup her cheek. Opening her eyes, Tonks stared into his bright green eyes and kissed him passionately. Parting with a smile, she pushed herself up and started riding him harder. Harry’s hand trailed down her cheek to cup one of her bouncing breasts as she lifted herself up and then threw herself back onto his cock.

Harry thrust up into her, his thick cock filling her with hard, deep thrusts. They both panted hard as they built to a climax in unison. Just as Tonks felt heat explode from her core, a blissful euphoria washing over her, his cock pulsed hard as he erupted, his cock buried to the hilt in her depths.

Collapsing on Harry's chest, Tonks buried her face in the crook of his neck as she trembled through her climax. His arms wrapped around her, holding her tight while his cock continued to pulse inside of her. Eventually, they both relaxed into a breathless heap.

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"I was wondering if you two were going to wake up sometime today," Sirius smirked when they walked into the kitchen for lunch. "Hermione tried to wake you up, but apparently, the door was locked."

"I worked late yesterday," Tonks said as she and Harry took seats.

"Is that what they're calling it now?" Sirius teased.

"Sirius, not in front of the children!" Molly scolded.

Ginny rolled her eyes so hard that Tonks was surprised it wasn't audible.

"Anyways, it's about time you got out of bed," Molly continued. "Dumbledore Flooed. We're having an Order meeting tonight after dinner."

"Did something happen?" Harry asked.

"Not that we're aware of," Arthur replied. "I think it's just because most of us have today off."

“Is there anything else going on today?” Tonks asked.

“Why?” Sirius smirked. “Need a nap already?”

Tonks threw a piece of ham that hit him right in the forehead.

“No throwing food at the table!” Molly yelled from the stove as Sirius picked up the ham and ate it with a grin.

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After lunch, Harry, Tonks, Hermione, and Ginny all moved into the lounge to relax. Unfortunately, they ran into Ron, who had spent the last few days hiding from pretty much everyone in his room. Tonks felt Harry tense next to her, his anger bleeding through the necklace, while Hermione and Ginny crossed their arms and glared.

Ron looked away, his ears going bright red as he stood, looking to flee the room.

“Ron,” Hermione said, dragging his name out threateningly.

Ron stopped and stared down at his feet, his entire face quickly turning red.

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

Harry bristled, but Tonks touched his arm to stop him from lashing out.

“What was that?” Tonks asked.

"I'm sorry," he said a little louder.

"You really suck at apologizing, you know that?" Tonks asked, shaking her head.

"Sorry," Ron mumbled, shuffling his feet.

Tonks rolled her eyes.

"You do know that Harry doesn't actually force me to do anything, right?" she asked.

"Er, yeah. Hermione explained it to me," Ron muttered. "I kinda knew it before that. I was just..."

"Being an idiot?" Ginny offered.

"Yeah," Ron admitted.

Tonks was still a little angry with him, and she felt Harry was as well, but she didn't think drawing things out would help anyone.

"Alright, I'll forgive you, but I want you to take some advice," she told him. "Whatever your jealousy issues are, get over it. No one wants a friend or boyfriend they constantly have to worry about upsetting."

Ron nodded and then practically ran from the room.

"Git," Harry grumbled.

His arm wrapped around her waist and held her tightly to his side. Tonks smiled, feeling his protectiveness, and kissed him on the cheek.

“He’ll learn,” she whispered.

Smiling, Harry squeezed her hips and then led her over to the couch.

“At least you actually made him apologize,” Ginny said as she sat. “Usually, he just gets away with a lame ‘sorry,’ and everyone forgives him.”

“I let him off pretty lightly, actually,” Tonks smirked. “I was going to make him tell me who he fancied most, then turn into her and take Harry upstairs for a good shagging.”

“Tonks!” Hermione exclaimed while Ginny fell sideways in her chair, laughing.

“Why didn’t you?” Ginny asked when her laugh was under control.

“Harry and I already had sex this morning. I don’t want to spoil him,” Tonks winked.

Ginny giggled, Hermione shook her head in exasperation, and Harry chuckled. With his arm around her waist, he kissed her temple before pulling her close. Tonks smiled, folded her legs under herself, and leaned against his side.

“Who do you think Ron would’ve picked?” Ginny asked, looking over at Hermione. “Lavender or Madam Rosmerta?”

Hermione scoffed, “Probably Lavender by the way he gawks at her chest.”

“I wish mine were that big,” Ginny said, glancing down at her breasts.

“You’re fine, Ginny,” Tonks said, a smirk creeping across her face. “Harry seemed to like them plenty when you accidentally flashed him.”

Her smirk widened when he felt Harry’s embarrassment at the same time Ginny blushed furiously.

“What?” Ginny squeaked. “When did I do that?”

“A couple of weeks ago,” Tonks grinned. “You wore a loose shirt and no bra when you bent over a bit too far. If it makes you feel any better, he only got a quick peek before he looked away.”

Ginny buried her bright red face in her hands.

“Tonks,” Hermione said, sighing in exasperation.

“Oh, don’t worry, he looks at you, too,” Tonks grinned. “He especially likes when you bend over in those tight jeans you wore yesterday.”

Hermione flushed, her mouth opening and closing several times without a sound. Meanwhile, Harry picked up Tonks, placed her on his lap, and then hid his face in her hair. Tonks threw her head back and cackled.

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Tonks was still giggling at their flushed faces as they left the kitchen after dinner.

Teasing them is just too much fun, she thought.

“What’s so funny?” Hestia asked as she took the seat next to her.

“Nothing,” Tonks said. “Just something I said to Harry earlier.”

“I won’t ask then. He’s a bit too young for me,” Hestia said teasingly. “Anyways, did you hear about Finch this morning?”

“What’d that asshole do now?” Tonks groaned.

She suddenly felt a strong sense of disappointment coming from Harry but couldn’t tell what was causing it.

“Bones called him in for a meeting. The whole office could hear her yelling,” Hestia grinned. “It turns out, that witch he was cheating on his wife with, was Madam Marchbank’s granddaughter. He’s been lying to her for the last six months.”

“Holy shit,” Tonks said. “What the hell was he thinking?”

“I don’t know, but he’s the one getting screwed now,” Hestia grinned. “Marchbanks in on the warpath. I don’t know exactly what happened, but he managed to keep his job.”

“Of course he did,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes.

“But I bet he’s wishing he hadn’t,” Hestia continued. “He’s on Azkaban duty for the next six months.”

“Good,” Tonks nodded.

“Scrimgeour got a good chewing out, too,” Shack added, sitting down on the other side of her.

“Really?” Tonks said, glancing over at Hestia, who looked just as surprised.

“She wasn’t happy he tried to cover it up,” Shack said. “She can’t fire him, of course, but she’ll make his life tough for a while.”

“Wow, actual justice in the Auror Department?” Tonks asked. “That’s a first.”

Shack snorted, and Hestia giggled just as Dumbledore walked into the room. The meeting ran as usual, with little new information about Voldemort. He was still biding his time and rebuilding his forces.

“Tonks, stay behind for a moment,” Dumbledore said as the others filed out of the kitchen.

Tonks was a little surprised and looked over at Hestia questioningly. She just shrugged her shoulders and followed Shack out of the room.

“You wanted to see me, professor?” Tonks asked, having a sudden flashback to the numerous times she’d been called to one office or another for a scolding.

“Ah, Tonks, yes,” Dumbledore said, looking up from his parchment with a smile. “If you’re ready, we can go to Hogwarts and, hopefully, remove that necklace of yours.”

“Has it been that long already?” Tonks asked.

She felt surprisingly hesitant, her hand playing with the chain around her neck. She’d grown used to feelings of Harry’s thoughts and emotions. The thought of losing that felt much worse than she’d expected.

“Indeed it has,” Dumbledore smiled.

“Oh, um, sure. Ready when you are,” Tonks said, trying to sound upbeat.

“Excellent,” Dumbledore said, sending all of his notes from the meeting into his pocket with a wave of his hand.

Tonks followed after him as he left the kitchen and made his way towards the front door.

“Don’t you need Harry’s blood?” Tonks asked, hoping for a chance to see him before they left.

“Not to worry,” Dumbledore said. “I got it before the meeting.”

Tonks nodded, realizing that was probably where his sense of disappointment came from. Oddly, that thought made her feel better. As they walked out the front door, she reached up and gripped the pendant around her neck. It took some focus, Harry had gotten good at hiding his emotions when he wanted to, but she could still feel his worry and anxiety. Knowing that he was worried about what would happen between them when she returned brought a smile to her face.

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After getting to Hogwarts and meeting with Professor Flitwick, it took another half an hour of preparation before they could cast the spell to remove the necklace. The whole thing felt more like a ritual to Tonks.

Out on the front lawn, with only the torches from the castle to provide light under the new moon, Dumbledore and Flitwick chanted in unison for minutes with their wand pointed at the clasp. Everything came to a rather anticlimactic end when the chanting stopped, and the clasp clicked open.

Immediately, the necklace fell from around her neck. Tonks had to reach up quickly to catch it before it fell. The stone in the middle, which had been ruby red since she'd first seen it, was now completely clear. A trembling breath left her lips as she stared down at the pendant in her hands.

"That was more tiring than I expected it to be," Flitwick admitted. "Whoever created those enchantments certainly didn't want them removed easily."

"Indeed," Dumbledore agreed. "How do you feel, Nymphadora?"

"Fine," Tonks said, barely registering the use of her first name. "I feel great."

Thinking about Harry without the compulsions of the necklace or feeling his thoughts or emotions, a brilliant smile lit up her face.

"Thanks, professors, but I should probably get back," Tonks said quickly. "Don't want Filch to find an excuse to put me in detention again."

"Of course," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling brightly.

Grinning, Tonks waved as she raced towards the front gate.

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Running into Grimmauld Place, Tonks nearly tripped as she made her way down the hall.

"Tonks, in here," Sirius said, waving her towards the kitchen.

"Sirius, have you seen-"

“Surprise!”

Tonks’ eyes went wide as she stared at the room full of people, including her parents and several Order members she’d thought had left for the night.

“What the hell?” she asked.

At the front, Molly frowned while the rest of the room laughed.

“It was the girls’ idea,” Molly said, gesturing to Hermione and Ginny.

“We thought you might like to celebrate your freedom,” Hermione said.

“Oh, wow. Thanks,” Tonks said, forcing a smile.

As people came forward to hug and congratulate her, she searched the room for Harry. It took a little while, but she finally spotted him in the very back, looking nervous.

“Excuse me,” Tonks said to her mother.

Eyes never leaving Harry, she pushed her way through the crowd towards him. He swallowed nervously as she approached, the room quieting around them.

“Hey,” Harry said quietly as she stopped in front of him. “How do you feel?”

“I feel... exactly the same,” Tonks smiled.

Her smile widened when Harry blinked at her, confused. Stepping closer to him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down for a kiss. Harry smiled against her lips, his arms pulling her close as they kissed.

Sirius let out a loud wolf whistle, and everyone else started clapping. As they broke apart, their arms still around each other's waists, the others came forward to congratulate Tonks again. This time, she smiled when they did.

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15 Years Later

Waking early in the morning, Tonks pulled herself closer to the warmth of her husband's body and laid her head on his shoulder. With her leg draped over his, her left hand rested on his chest. On her ring finger sat a gold band with a large, ruby colored diamond. The same color as the stone in the pendant she'd worn for a brief time a decade and a half earlier.

Harry stirred, and his hand came up to cover hers. The gold band on his finger carried a smaller but identical ruby colored diamond. Tonks closed her eyes and inhaled deeply, savoring the feeling of the affection filled emotions that washed over her.

"Morning, love," Harry mumbled sleepily.

"Morning," Tonks smiled.

Harry kissed the top of her head, his hand trailing up her arm and then covering her breast over her camisole.

"The kids will be up soon," she reminded him with a grin.

He groaned, and she could imagine the pout on his face.

“Don’t worry, it’s the first,” Tonks said. “As soon as they’re off to Hogwarts, I’m all yours, love.”

“Not soon enough,” Harry muttered.

Laughing, Tonks propped herself up on her elbow and kissed him lovingly. Just as Harry tried to slip his hand under her camisole, they heard the sound of running feet followed by the slamming of a door.

“Teddy, I have to go!” Lily yelled.

“I got here first!” Teddy yelled back.

Lily let out a frustrated growl and then stomped down the hall. A moment later, she was knocking on their door.

“Come in,” Tonks called out, swatting Harry’s hand away playfully.

Lily, their oldest at sixteen, cracked open the door and peeked in as her hair changed from an angry red to her preferred black.

“Can I use your bathroom?” she asked. “Teddy’s being a git.”

“Yes, and don’t call your brother a git,” Tonks said. “He’s a prat.”

Lily rolled her eyes at the familiar joke and rushed to their bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

“Looks like it’s time to get up,” Tonks sighed.

"I'm gonna need a minute," Harry said.

"You know, most men get *less* randy as they get older," Tonks teased.

"Not with you around," Harry grinned, his eyes raking over her body.

"I can hear you!" Lily shouted.

Harry blushed and pulled the covers further up over his bare chest. Tonks laughed and shook her head.

"I love you," she said.

"I love you, too," Harry said as she leaned down to kiss him.

Instead of pulling away, Tonks kissed along his jaw and nibbled at his ear.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard when we get back from the station," she whispered.

Before Harry could say anything in return, she jumped out of bed with a grin and threw on her robe. Harry glanced over at the bathroom door cautiously before jumping out of bed and tugging on a pair of pants. Tonks let out a squealing laugh as he chased her out of the room and down to the kitchen.

A moment later, the toilet flushed, and Lily stepped out of the bathroom.

"How do I only have one brother?" she asked herself, shaking her head.

"I'm on the potion," Tonks said, grinning as she poked her head around the doorframe.

"Mum," Lily whined. "I really didn't need to know that."

"Don't ask questions if you can't handle the answer. Now come on, your dad'll have breakfast ready soon," Tonks said.

Tonks smiled as she followed her daughter down the stairs and back to the kitchen. Teddy was already eating at the table as Harry set out more plates of food. It always amazed her how happy he could be in moments like these. She smiled, once more thankful for a cursed necklace that turned into a blessing.

Feeling her thoughts, Harry looked up and smiled at her. For a moment, as had happened numerous times throughout their marriage, their thoughts matched.

I guess not all curses are bad.