

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 was feeling a bit 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 was looking at him differently, like they were wary of him. Maybe it was just his mind playing tricks on him, but it seemed like were watching him constantly, as if they were waiting for him to just snap.

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

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, and 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 loudly.

"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 fear running down his spine. Tonks had become a good friend despite how little time they had known each other. She was one of 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 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 locked 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 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 right now, there is nothing we can do. 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 a room of his own. Hopefully, it would be a little while before anyone came to check 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 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, maybe even 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 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 manipulation 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 be 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.” he 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.” he 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 the 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 things that struck him was the scream. A bone chilling, agonized scream reverberated through the small stone room. 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 felt himself overcome with fury as he leveled his wand at the wizard's back, his hand shaking 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 was hit by a car, sending him tumbling through the air. The man 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 realized it was Tonks.

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

"Please, no more." she 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. Clearly, she was in bad shape, and he had worried he might be too late.

“It’s okay. I’m going to get you out of here.” he 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 clutched at the front of his shirt desperately 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.” he said.

Nodding, Dobby grabbed a 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 weakly.

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.

“Yes, 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 shook constantly and spasmed on occasion. 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 Pomphrey 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?” Pomphrey 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 said quietly yet forcefully.

Their 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 Pomphrey 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!" Pomphrey 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 Pomphrey, 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 said, 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?" Pomphrey asked.

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

"Do you know if she was-" Pomphrey 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." Pomphrey 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 through a rough voice. "They wanted me weak so it would work."

"Anything else?" Pomphrey 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 said.

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

"I need to remove the blanket so I can check for any other problems." Pomphrey told her. "Do you want Harry to leave?"

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

As Pomphrey reached for the blanket, Harry turned sideways so that he was facing her head, and away from her body. Tonks had her eyes shut tightly, wincing as Pomphrey 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 a little. 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. Occasional, 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." Pomphrey 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're going to 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, Pomphrey pulled out two vials, one red, the other blue.

"Can you help her sit up, Harry?" Pomphrey 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 was sitting up, the blanket fell down 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 Pomphrey 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. Most likely 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 shoulder relaxed, and her breathing evened out as the Dreamless Sleep 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." Pomphrey said.

"I know." he said with a nod.

"Here's some extra pain potion, she can take one every six hours. I'll bring more with me tomorrow." she 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."

Pomphrey smiled at him and patted his shoulder before packing up her bag and quietly leaving the room. Harry knew people were going to come looking to yell at him soon, so he gave Tonks' hand a quick squeeze before 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 Pomphrey 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. "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 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 happening."

"This isn't about-"

"Enough, please." Dumbledore said loudly. "Harry and Sirius have 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 a Death Eater as he 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 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 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.” he 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 to moment the door closed behind him. Leading them to the study, they all sat down, and he explained what happened.

Hermione, rather predictably, was the most upset. She scolded at 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 began to slowly fade. Glancing at the clock, he saw it was just after three in the morning. Climbing out of bed, he made his way 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." she whispered.

"I'll get your pain potion." he told her softly.

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

"Better?" he asked.

"A little." she said.

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 he had really helped him with the pain.

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

"Yes." she 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 incredible, large, perky breasts, capped with beautiful pink 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 up towards her mound. Halfway up 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." he said softly.

After a moment's 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.” he told her.

Harry started moving his hand up her leg again. As he neared her core, Tonks eased her legs open, giving him more room. As his hand touched her lips, he made sure to use a light, gentle touch. He 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 as she moaned. 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 in excitement. Raising one of her hands to the back of his head, she pulled him down into a kiss. Their lips touched softly and moved together slowly. When her tongue ran across his bottom lip, he opened his mouth. Tonks slide her tongue along his, moaning into his mouth as his wet fingers moved back up to her clit. Placing his fingers just above her sensitive button, he pressed down lightly and moved 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 his palm covered her soaked core, 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.” he said, caressing her toned stomach with his hand.

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

“Just between you and me?” he 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.” she said, squeezing his hand.

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

“Don’t be.” she said.

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

“Mhh, feels nice.” she mumbled sleepily.

Harry gave a short laugh 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 even 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.