

Chapter 2

Sitting at the kitchen table of Grimmauld Place, Tonks sighed as Sirius cast numerous charms on the clasp of the necklace she was now stuck wearing. The magic made her skin tingle, and she had to fight the urge to reach back and scratch her neck.

"Nymphadora, how could you be so reckless," Molly huffed, her hands resting on her hips as she gave Tonks a disapproving look.

"Don't call me Nymphadora," Tonks growled. "It's Tonks."

Damned Harpy, she thought

"I knew we should have waited for Bill," Molly continued as if she hadn't spoken, further annoying her. "You kids are too young to be dealing with this kind of magic."

"I'm not a kid!" Tonks barked. "And you're the one that wanted us to clean in the first place."

Molly sniffed, "I warned you to be careful. You should know better than to go around putting on strange jewelry willy nilly."

"I didn't put it on! It did it all by itself!" Tonks exclaimed, throwing her hands up into the air in frustration.

"It could have happened to anyone, Molly," Sirius spoke up as the Weasley matriarch opened her mouth. "Just like that incident with the Boggart a few days ago."

Tonks smiled in satisfaction as Molly's cheeks turned pink.

"Anyways, I can't find a way to get this thing off," Sirius continued. "Fortunately, we already cleared out all the dark stuff, so it shouldn't hurt you. I'll look through the library after the meeting and see if I can find out what it is."

"We can just ask Professor Dumbledore when he gets here. I'm sure he'll know what to do," Molly said.

Tonks dropped her face in her hands with a groan.

"Moody's gonna kill me," she grumbled.

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"Hey, Tonks. Everything alright?" Harry asked worriedly as Tonks stepped into the drawing room.

"I'm fine, but the ruddy thing won't come off," Tonks sighed.

"It's not affecting you, is it?" Hermione asked with a look of concern.

"Not that I can tell," Tonks said, throwing herself down onto the couch next to Harry.

"We can do some research in the library while you have your meeting," the younger witch offered hopefully. "I'm sure we can figure out what it is and how to get it off."

"That and Hermione wants an excuse to raid the library," Harry grinned.

Tonks snorted as Hermione's cheeks pinked before she let out a huff and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Well, excuse me for wanting to learn,” she pouted playfully.

“She’s right, though,” Harry smiled. “We can try and look it up in the library.”

“Thanks, guys,” Tonks smiled. “Just be careful, yeah? Molly’d kill me if one of you got hurt.”

“We will,” Hermione agreed while Harry nodded.

As Hermione began talking about getting ready for their OWLs, Tonks found herself watching Harry a bit more closely. While there was definite affection between him and Hermione, neither of them showed awkwardness that would suggest feeling beyond a deep friendship. For some reason, Tonks felt a bit of relief at that but shook off the thought.

He is kinda cute, though, she thought.

While Harry was a bit short at five and a half feet tall, he was certainly handsome. Under the baggy t-shirt he wore, she could make lean yet defined muscles. Looking closer at his oversized, heavily worn, stained clothes, she thought back to their conversation earlier.

Maybe I should buy him some decent clothes, she thought, and hex those damn Dursleys.

As she thought about what clothes he would look good in, Tonks relaxed and joined in the conversation. In almost no time at all, Hermione had worked herself up into a near panic worrying about her OWLs.

“Relax,” Tonks said. “OWLs are more about determining what NEWT classes you should take. Employers don’t even look at them. NEWTs are way more important.”

“But if we fail our OWLs, we can’t even get into the class,” Hermione fretted.

“Bloody hell, Hermione. We’re not even at school yet,” Ron grumbled. “Besides, everyone knows you’ll pass. It’s the rest of us that need to worry.”

“Language,” Hermione scolded him absentmindedly. “And if you would study more, you wouldn’t have to worry so much.”

“So, what classes are you guys taking?” Tonks asked, hoping to avoid an argument.

“The core classes, obviously,” Hermione replied. “Plus, we all take Care of Magical Creatures. Harry and I take Ancient Runes. I take Arithmancy, and Ron takes Divinations.”

“Divinations?” Tonks asked, looking over at the redhead.

Ron’s ears turned red, and he lifted his magazine higher to hide behind it.

“It seemed easy,” he mumbled and shrugged.

Tonks held back a snort and shook her head. She liked the Weasley well enough, but it was a wonder that two people as driven as Harry and Hermione would hang around with someone so lazy.

“What do you want to do after Hogwarts?” she asked curiously.

“Dunno,” Ron shrugged.

“You might want to figure it out,” she told him before turning to Harry and Hermione with a questioning look.

"I have a few ideas, but I haven't narrowed it down to just one yet," Hermione answered. "I want to do something where I can help people. Maybe something at the Ministry?"

"Good luck," Tonks said. "It'll be tough, though. It's had to move up unless you know people, and most of the higher-ups are pretty bigoted against Muggleborns."

"Then maybe it's time someone changed that," Hermione said with a determined glint in her brown eyes.

Tonks grinned before turning to Harry.

"I was thinking about becoming an Auror," he shrugged.

Tonks smiled widely, and an image of Harry being her partner at work flashed through her mind.

"I'm not sure I want to do that now with the way the Ministry is acting," he continued. "Maybe I could be a Curse Breaker or something with Enchanting."

"Enchanting?" she asked.

"I like making things," Harry said.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a plain, silver ring with Runes etched into the outside of the band.

"I made this as part of my Runes project last year," Harry said, slipping the ring onto his finger.

Holding out his hand, his palm vertical, a blue, glowing Protego shield appeared.

"That's brilliant," Tonks grinned.

Harry smiled and shrugged before pulling off the ring and handing it to her.

"It's pretty weak. It can only stop a couple of weak spells before it collapses. I need to figure out a way to channel magic better," he told her.

Tonks looked it over and smiled before handing it back. Instead of taking it, Harry held up his hand and waved her off.

"Keep it. I've got more," he smiled. "Maybe it'll come in handy."

"Thanks, Har," Tonks said, smiling brightly.

Now that she knew what to look for, Tonks noticed similar rings being worn by Hermione, Ron, and Ginny. Slipping the ring onto her finger, she wondered if it might be a good idea to mention it to the Order or Madam Bones. Even a simple shield could save a life in the right situations.

"You mind if I show this to a few people?" she asked. "The Order and my boss, Madam Bones, might be interested in buying something like this."

"I thought about that, but what's to stop them from just stealing Harry's idea?" Hermione asked.

"You could always patent it," Tonks shrugged. "I'm not sure how to do it, but I could ask my dad. He's a solicitor."

"Sure," Harry said. "I'm not sure how much they'll help, though. Like I said, the shield's not that strong."

"It could still help," Tonks told him. "A lot of Aurors get hurt because they're ambushed. Being able to put up a shield without a wand would be a big help."

"Well, if you think it'll help, go ahead," Harry said.

"Think about the money you'll make," Ron said dreamily. "If the Ministry buys those for every Auror, you'll be rolling in Galleons."

"I'm more worried about protecting people than a bit of gold," Harry told him.

Ron's expression darkened, and he turned back to his magazine.

"Must be nice not to be rich," Ron muttered just loud enough for them to hear.

Tonks felt Harry stiffen next to her and glare at him.

"There's nothing stopping you from making something better and selling it yourself, Ronald," Hermione huffed angrily. "If you would just put in the work-"

"Lay off Hermione!" Ron yelled, ears bright red as he jumped to his feet. "You can't all be like you, you know."

"That's because you never try!" Hermione snapped back. "And I didn't come up with it; Harry did."

"Yeah, well, he's Harry bloody Potter, isn't he?" Ron snarked. "He gets everything!"

"You-"

Harry just barely got the word out of his mouth before Ron stormed from the room.

"Git!" he yelled after him. "He thinks I get everything!? Yeah, I get to fight Voldemort - again! I get attacked by Dementors and put on trial for defending myself!"

"He's just jealous, Harry," Hermione said. "You know how he gets."

"I know, and I'm honestly getting sick of it," Harry said angrily. "I'm sick of having to constantly watch what I have to say around him. I've wanted to talk to you about looking into buying the *Prophet*, but I didn't want to say anything around him."

"Really?" Hermione asked, her eyebrows shooting up. "That's brilliant! Then you can control what they write about! We could finally get the truth out!"

"Er, I hate to break it to you, but I doubt that would work," Tonks said. "The owner of the *Prophet*, Barnabus Chuffe, isn't going to be willing to sell. Especially to you. He's good friends with Fudge, and he's worked with Malfoy and his lot for years."

"Do you think he's a Death Eater?" Harry asked.

Tonks shook her head, "No, but he sympathizes with them. He's not the kind to get his hands dirty, but he'd be happy to see it happen. I'd bet he knows Voldemort is back and is working with him through Malfoy."

"What about starting a new paper then?" Harry asked.

"That might work," Hermione agreed thoughtfully. "You'd have to let someone else own it, though, or they won't believe you. Maybe someone from the Order? We'd need printing presses, though, and a ton of owls."

"I'll talk to Sirius about it," Harry said. "Maybe we can send someone to talk to Luna's dad. Maybe he has one we can buy."

"OH!" Hermione gasped. "Why don't we just write Luna and ask her to publish your stories in the *Quibbler*!"

"I don't think that's a good idea," Harry said. "I like Luna, but the *Quibbler* isn't known for its journalism. Besides, I don't want to put her in danger. I think it would be better to start a whole new company. We could even make Rita write for us. That should help spread it with how popular her articles are."

"Rita?" Tonks asked incredulously. "As in Rita Skeeter? How do you plan to get her to agree to leave the *Prophet*?"

"Er, well..." Hermione stammered, glancing over at Harry.

"We found out she's an unregistered Animagus," Harry smirked. "She's a beetle. It's how she spies on people. Hermione figured it out and kept her in a jar for part of the Summer. Then she told her she couldn't write for a year, and she could never write about the Weasleys or us ever again."

"Cor," Tonks breathed, looking at a blushing Hermione.

"She deserved it after what she wrote," the younger witch said unrepentantly.

"You'll get no complaints from me," Tonks grinned. "That woman's a menace."

Tonks thought back to stories her mother had told her about Rita Skeeter. They'd gone to school together, and Rita had taken great pleasure in spreading rumors about her mum when it came out she was dating a Muggleborn. Her mother hated the bitch, and that led her to an idea.

"I can talk to my mum, if you want," Tonks offered. "Between her and dad, they could help you get things started. Maybe she could even run it for you. I know she's been bored at home since I moved out, and she hates Rita more than anyone."

"Would she still be willing to work with her?" Hermione asked. "I hate to say it, but for this to work in the time we need it to, we'd need a name like hers to spread the word and make it look legitimate."

"A chance to be in charge of Rita Skeeter and make her life miserable every day, she'd love it," Tonks grinned.

"Alright, let's do it," Harry said firmly.

Tonks smiled, and she couldn't help but think how hot Harry looked when he was all confident and in charge. After talking for a bit longer and ironing out some details, people began arriving for the Order meeting. While Harry and Hermione headed for the library, Tonks made her way to the kitchen.

The meeting went as it usually did, with everyone reporting what they knew to Dumbledore and then receiving their orders. Tonks was frustrated they were doing so little to combat Voldemort at the moment, but she knew they didn't have much choice. Until the Ministry recognized that Voldemort had returned, it was too dangerous to go after Death Eaters. Fudge would love nothing more than to further discredit Dumbledore and imprison anyone associated with him.

"Albus," Molly said loudly as the meeting began to wrap up. "Tonks put on a necklace she shouldn't have, and now we can't get it off of her. Do you have a minute to take a look at it?"

Everyone in the room turned to look at Tonks, and she knew her hair would be bright red right now.

"I didn't put it on!" Tonks yelled frustratedly, throwing a glare at Molly. "I just picked it up, and it wrapped itself around me."

"Of course, I'd be happy to take a look at it," Dumbledore said.

Thankfully, most people started to leave after that while Dumbledore began waving his wand over the necklace.

"Have you noticed anything odd since this necklace decided to attach itself to you?" he asked.

"No," Tonks said. "I feel fine. I just don't like the idea of not being able to take it off."

"I imagine not," Dumbledore agreed amiably.

Using a spell she'd never seen before, a rainbow of glowing bands shined from the necklace. Tonks wished she could look down to see what was happening, but she didn't dare move while he was working.

"Sirius," Dumbledore called.

"Yes," her cousin replied.

"Do you have a book called *The Enchanted Works of Bruin Forrester*, by chance?" he asked.

"Sounds familiar. I'll go check," he said before leaving the kitchen.

Tonks worried for a moment about Harry getting in trouble for being in the library before she realized Sirius probably wouldn't care. Shaking off the thought, she turned to the headmaster.

“Do you know what it is?” she asked.

“I have a suspicion,” Dumbledore said.

Tonks waited for him to continue, then sighed when she realized he wasn’t going to say anything. She waited impatiently for a few minutes before Sirius finally returned, book in hand.

“Here,” Sirius said, handing Dumbledore the book. “Harry and Hermione were trying to figure out what it is too, but they haven’t found anything yet.”

Dumbledore hummed in acknowledgment as he flipped open the book and began to read. After a few moments, his brow creased with a thoughtful frown.

“Ms. Tonks, could you tell me exactly how you came to be in possession of this necklace?” he asked.

“Harry and I were going through one of the boxes in the drawing room when we found it,” Tonks explained. “When I held it up near my neck, the ends shot out and wrapped around me.”

“Did anyone get blood on it at any point?” Dumbledore asked.

Tonks felt her hands begin to tremble nervously as she thought back to what had happened.

“Yeah,” she said, licking her suddenly dry lips. “Harry pricked his finger on one of the points. What is it?”

With a sad look that did nothing to help her nerves, Dumbledore handed her the book.

"It's called Bruin's Seal, also known as the Concubine's Curse," he said as Tonks stared down at a picture of the exact necklace she was wearing. "As its name suggests, it was used on concubines in the seventeenth century. Back then, in the magical world, concubines were considered a form of property. This necklace was designed so that they could better serve their owners."

"But we checked that room for cursed items. Maybe the magic's worn off?" Sirius asked hopefully.

"I'm afraid not," Dumbledore replied. "You didn't detect a curse because this uses none. It uses a complex series of charms to affect the wearer. The necklace was designed to enforce positive, often sexual, thoughts towards the person they were bound to. Over the next few days, you'll feel yourself – drawn, shall we say – towards Harry. You'll find yourself understanding his desires instinctually and be compelled to fulfill them."

Tonks swallowed thickly, thinking back to how she had felt earlier when talking to Harry.

"How long until I start feeling like that?" she asked apprehensively.

"It will take time for the bond between Harry and the necklace to establish itself. I suspect three at a minimum," Dumbledore said.

Tonks nodded, feeling some measure of relief before old fears began to rear their ugly heads.

"So – so I'm going to be Harry's plaything for the rest of my life?" Tonks asked, eyes burning as she fought back tears.

"There must be a way to get it off," Sirius said, his hand coming to rest on her shoulder comfortingly.

“Certainly,” Dumbledore nodded to their relief. “Unfortunately, it was designed to be intentionally difficult. We’ll need to wait for the next new moon and then apply a drop of Harry’s blood before casting the charm to release it.”

“When’s the next new moon?” Tonks asked.

“Three weeks,” Sirius answered.

Closing her eyes, Tonks let out a trembling breath.

It could be worse, she thought to herself. I could have ended up bound to someone much worse.

A shudder ran through her as she thought about being bound to Ron. Or worse, Dung. Tonks swallowed down the bile that threatened to come up, the back of her throat burning slightly. As much as she knew Harry wouldn’t treat her poorly, she couldn’t help the memories of how she’d been treated before.

“There must be something you can do,” Sirius said, his voice pulling her from her thoughts.

“I’m sorry, but this is powerful magic,” Dumbledore said. “Trying to force the necklace to release her could be dangerous for her and for Harry. The only option I can think of would be to place you in an enchanted sleep until the new moon.”

“I can’t. I’d lose my job if I was gone for that long,” Tonks said miserably.

“I’m truly sorry, Tonks,” Dumbledore said sincerely.

Tonks closed her eyes, and hot tears ran down her cheeks as Sirius wrapped his arm around her shoulders comfortingly.

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Nearly half an hour later, Tonks stood outside the library and took a deep breath. For a moment, she regretted not taking Sirius up on his offer to tell Harry for her. As much as she wanted to crawl into her bed and hide, she knew it would be best to talk to him about it now.

Pushing the door open, she stepped inside quietly. Harry and Hermione were at a table surrounded by stacks of books. She took comfort in the fact he was trying so hard to help her when they didn't even know there was a problem.

That might change when he finds out the truth, a part of her couldn't help but think.

Closing her eyes, Tonks pushed away the thought of Harry ordering her to look like different women while her body had no choice but to obey.

"Wotcher," she said, her voice sounding tired and sad to her own ears.

Both of them looked up as Tonks watched Harry closely. The beginnings of a smile began to tug at his lips, only for it to fall and be replaced by a concerned frown.

"Tonks, what's wrong?" he asked.

"Did Dumbledore figure out what it is?" Hermione added.

"Yeah," Tonks sighs, "he did."

She opens her mouth, only for the words to get stuck in her throat. To buy herself some time, she walks over to the couch and takes a seat. Harry and Hermione share a quick glance before they stand and move to sit down on either side of her. Tonks' leg bounced a mile a minute, the

speed at which she imagined her heart was beating. Swallowing thickly, she closes her eyes, takes a slow, deep breath, and talks.

“It’s something called the Concubine’s Curse,” she said. “It activated when your blood touched it. Basically, over the next couple of days, it will start showing me your desires and compel me to fulfill them.”

“When you say desires, do you mean...?” Hermione asks tentatively.

“Yes,” Tonks chokes out.

Hermione released a horrified gasp, and she felt Harry’s arms wrap around her in a hug. The dam holding back her tears breaks, and she sniffles, hot tears running down her cheeks for the second time that day. Leaning into Harry’s embrace, she soaks up the comfort she feels being in his arms. A part of her wonders if the necklace is already affecting her, considering he’s the one she’s now bound to, but she can’t bring herself to care. It felt far too good to reject.

“I’m so sorry,” Harry whispers, and she can hear the sincerity in his voice.

“But you can take it off, can’t you?” Hermione asked.

“Not until the new moon,” Tonks replied, finally opening her eyes. “I’m stuck with it for the next three weeks.”

“But – but Harry would never abuse something like that,” Hermione said with a surety that left no doubt that she truly believed that. “So – so Harry just has to be careful about what he says, and you’ll be fine.”

“That’s not how it works,” Tonks said, turning in Harry’s arms.

Harry let go of her, and she immediately wished he hadn't.

"Harry doesn't have to say anything," she continued. "Dumbledore said that it takes his unconscious desires, and I'll be compelled to fulfill them. It doesn't matter if he wants me to or not. I'll be able to fight it a bit, so I can keep going to work, but there's nothing else we can do until the next new moon. So, unless Harry's secretly gay..."

They all sat silently, each lost in their own thoughts for a long moment.

"Do you have the book Professor Dumbledore found it in?" Hermione asked. "Maybe I can find a way to get it off sooner. Or maybe there's a way to dampen the effects."

"Sirius has it in the kitchen," Tonks replied.

Hermione chewed her bottom lip and looked between her and Harry for a moment before she stood.

"I'll go take a look at it," she said.

With a pointed look at Harry, Hermione turned and left the library. Tonks got the distinct impression Hermione wanted to give them time to talk alone.

"I'm so sorry, Tonks," Harry said.

"S'not your fault," Tonks mumbled, leaning against his side and resting her head on his shoulder.

"Is there anything I can do so that I don't...", Harry trailed off, and she was sure he was blushing.

“No,” Tonks sighed. “The only other option is if they put me in an enchanted sleep, but I’ll lose my job if I take that much time off work.”

“Can’t you just tell your boss what happened?” Harry asked.

“That would be even worse,” Tonks said. “The laws for concubines still exist. If I told Bones, she’d have to report me as your property, and then I’d never be able to work again. Even when the necklace comes off, I’d still be considered yours. Stupid, bigoted, perverted old bastards.”

“Well, what if they put me in an enchanted sleep?” Harry asked. “I’ve got nothing to do this Summer other than a bit of homework.”

Tonks felt a swell of affection towards Harry for being willing to give up three weeks of his life just for her. Taking his hand from where it rested on his thigh, she laced her fingers through his and lifted her head to kiss his cheek.

“Thank you,” she said softly, gratefully. “I really appreciate that, but I asked Dumbledore the same thing. He says it’s too dangerous for you to be left defenseless right now. As much as I hate to say it, he’s right.”

“Well... bugger,” Harry sighed.

After a moment of companionable silence, they heard a loud shout from down the hall. It didn’t take them long to recognize the voice of Molly Weasley. Although they couldn’t make out what she was shouting, it didn’t take a genius to know she was happy.

Tonks snorted, “Looks like Mount Molly has erupted.”

Harry groaned just as the door opened, and Hermione slipped back into the library. Her cheeks were tinged pink, and she had an indignant expression on her face as she clutched a book to her chest.

“How bad is it?” Tonks asked.

The hesitant look on Hermione’s face spoke volumes.

“That bad, huh?” Tonks sighed, closing her eyes.

“She means well,” Hermione said quietly. “And I’m sure she’ll understand once Sirius gets a chance to explain.”

“Y’know, I never understood how a woman with seven children could be such a prude,” Tonks grumbled, rubbing her eyes.

Hermione stared at her incredulously, mouth gaping before she let out a laugh.

“It’s true, innit?” Tonks smiled as she lifted her head from Harry’s shoulder. “And I’m pretty sure she had Bill six months after she and Arthur got married.”

“Maybe that’s why she acts like that,” Hermione offered.

Tonks shrugged, “Maybe, but that woman seriously needs to back off. Don’t get me wrong, I love the Weasleys, but Molly’s been driving me bonkers. And don’t get me started on the way she treats Sirius in his own bloody house.”

Suddenly, Harry pulled his hand away and stood stiffly.

“Ned to use the loo,” he mumbled as he marched from the room.

Before Tonks could say anything, he’d left the room.

“Shit,” Tonks said and sat back on the couch. “He’s going to be hacked off with me, isn’t he?”

“No,” Hermione said, shaking her head. “I know Harry feels the same way. It’s just... Well, you must have seen how the Dursleys treated him when you were guarding him, didn’t you?”

“Yeah,” Tonks said, her brow furrowed as she wondered what that had to do with it. “We talked about it earlier today too. Why?”

“He did?” Hermione asked, blinking in surprise. “Wow, it took me years to get him to say anything about his home life. Anyways, Harry was never allowed to have friends growing up. The Weasleys were the first family that ever cared about him. I know Harry is upset with Mrs. Weasley, too – he told me so a few days ago. It’s just – Harry doesn’t know how to deal with it. He doesn’t like what she’s doing, but he doesn’t want to risk upsetting and losing them.”

“Oh,” Tonks said.

Sighing, she rubbed her face while Hermione sat down next to her.

“How are you?” she asked softly.

“I’m alright. No, really,” Tonks insisted at Hermione’s disbelieving look. “I’m not thrilled, obviously, but there’s nothing I can do about it. To be honest, I’m relieved it’s Harry, you know. Could you imagine if I was bound to Ron, or Sirius, or Dung?”

Sirius was her cousin, and she’d probably be scarred for life. Ron would use her to his heart’s content and think there was nothing wrong with it, most likely making her turn into every girl he’d ever fancied. Dung, well, he would use her and rent her out to anyone with a few Galleons. Swallowing down the bile that rose in her throat, she banished those thoughts.

At least Harry was a decent guy, and she'd already thought he was attractive before all of this happened. Sure, she wished he was a few years older, but it wasn't that big a deal. The problem was she didn't know if her faith in Harry was genuine or being forced on her by the enchantments she was under. Dumbledore said it would take a couple of days to finish the connection, but surely it was already starting.

"You're right," Hermione agreed with a sigh. "Come on, let's see if we can figure out a way to get that thing off you."

Hermione opened the book in her lap, and Tonks leaned over to read with her.

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They spent the next hour reading over the book and finding nothing that would help. Harry returned about twenty minutes after he left and sat down to help. He didn't say anything about where he'd gone, and neither she nor Hermione pressed him about it. It wasn't until Tons left the library and ran into Sirius that she found out.

"Molly was going on about you being a scarlet woman and corrupting poor innocent Harry when he walked into the kitchen," Sirius told her. "As you can imagine, he wasn't too happy about that. He tried to talk to her calmly, but you know how Molly can be."

"So what happened?" Tonks asked.

"They got in a row when she said she was going to kick you out of the house," Sirius snorted. "Not that I'd ever allow it, but Harry reminded her that this isn't the Burrow. The kid's brave; I'll give him that. Took Molly to task on a few things. Like the way she's treated me in my own house, blaming you for something that's not your fault, and a couple of other things. Molly was so shocked Harry stood up to her that she just stood there and took it. It's probably a good thing he stormed about before she could get herself together."

Tonks smiled, a bubble of happiness rising up at the thought of Harry defending her.

“What’d Molly do?” she asked.

“Nothing,” Sirius smirked. “She just huffed, got all red in the face, and started making dinner rather aggressively. I don’t think it helped that Hestia and Emmeline saw the whole thing. Anyways, how are you holding up?”

Tonks spent a little while longer talking to Sirius before Molly called everyone for dinner. The atmosphere at the kitchen table was strained to say the least. Molly fumed silently while Sirius leaned over, quietly filling Arthur in on what he’d missed while at work. By now, everyone that had stayed after the meeting knew what had happened to her.

After a quiet, tension filled dinner, Tonks watched as Arthur pulled Molly aside and spoke to her under a Silencing Charm while everyone else headed to the lounge. Hestia stayed to talk with her for a bit, sympathizing with her and demanding to know how Harry was in bed to get a smile out of her.

That simple joke to get a smile out of her led to the seed of an idea that slowly grew long after Hestia had left for the night. If she was going to sleep with Harry, then it was going to happen on her terms. The first time, at least. In just over two days, the necklace would be heavily influencing her thoughts, but until then, she was in control. With a plan to keep some control of her life, Tonks found herself relaxing. When Harry looked at her questioningly, she smiled at him.

He was handsome, kind, surprisingly snarky, and brave beyond belief. She’d already liked him before the necklace. If she slept with him and enjoyed it, well, then maybe the necklace wouldn’t need to affect her thoughts too much. Even if it did, then it wasn’t like it was forcing her to do something she didn’t want to anyways.

Filled with determination and with a plan firmly in mind, Tonks began opening up and joining in on the conversations around the room. Sitting next to Harry on the couch, she took his hand in hers as she talked to Arthur. Harry looked at her worriedly, but she was quick to reassure him that she was fine and the necklace wasn’t affecting her just yet. He still looked a little confused, but Hermione smiled in understanding.

Unfortunately, not everything was going so well. Molly looked even more upset after her talk with Arthur, and Ron glared at Harry when he thought no one was looking. Tonks pursed her lips, wondering if she should pull him aside tomorrow and have a little chat with the gangly redhead. If he wasn't careful, he risked losing his two closest friends. Knowing how much that would hurt Harry, she thought it might be a good idea to talk with him before things came to a head.

Eventually, the evening wound down, and everyone headed off to bed. Upstairs in her bedroom, Tonks lay awake for two hours before climbing out of bed. Going over to her dresser, she picked out her sexiest set of lingerie and slipped it on. Turning to the side, she looked at herself in the full-length mirror. Her body, thin and fit from all of her training, looked good in the black bra and panties.

Her breasts were currently her preferred C-cup, big enough that she didn't look like the tomboy many of her classmates had accused her of being, yet small enough that she could go without a bra if she wanted to. She thought about making them a bit larger for a moment but quickly decided against it. She was sure Harry would get to experience that plenty once the necklace finished bonding her to him.

Pushing that thought away, Tonks changed her hair from blue to red with a smirk. Now, she was a scarlet woman, she thought. Grinning at the thought of what Molly would say if she saw her, Tonks grabbed a thin, black bathrobe and cinched it closed around her waist, hiding the teardrop-shaped crystal dangling from her pierced belly button.

Opening the door, Tonks peeked out into the hallway to make sure it was empty. Closing the door behind her as quietly as she could, she crept down the hall. She only made it two steps before the floor creaked loudly under her foot. Cringing, she froze in place and listened for the sound of someone coming to investigate. When nothing happened after a full minute, Tonks let out a breath she'd been holding. Silencing the floor, she kept going and threw another Silencing Charm at the door to Molly and Arthur's room for good measure.

Making it to the end of the hall, she turned the doorknob to Harry's room and stuck her head inside. The lights were out, but Harry rolled onto his back and looked up curiously when he heard his door open.

“Tonks?” he whispered.

“Hey,” Tonks said, excitement coursing through her veins as she slipped into the room. “Can we talk for a minute?”

“Sure,” Harry said, picking up his glasses and sliding them onto his face. “Is everything alright?”

“Yeah. I’m fine,” she smiled before turning to lock and silence the door.

Walking over to the bed as Harry sat back against his pillows, Tonks sat down on the edge of the mattress. Overcome with a sudden bout of nerves, she licked her dry lips and looked up at his concerned face.

“Listen, I’ve been thinking about this, and I don’t want our first time together to be because of this,” Tonks said, gesturing to the pendant hanging from her neck.

“Okay,” Harry said slowly with his brow furrowed, clearly not understanding where she was going.

Tonks smiled and glanced down, the dim street light just outside his window revealing his bare, toned chest. The angle of the light highlighted the various scars that marred his otherwise perfect skin. Wondering at the stories behind those marks, she reached out and ran her finger over the long, thin line of raised skin that ran from his shoulder to his chest. Harry shivered lightly under her feather-light touch, and she smirked before laying her hand flat on his muscular chest.

“I want our first time together to be because we wanted it, not because of some magic,” Tonks told him softly.

Harry’s bright green eye widened, and his adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed thickly.

“Er, Tonks. I’ve – I’ve never...,” he trailed off, his face darkening as he blushed.

“Then I’ll just have to teach you,” Tonks whispered with a smile.

Scooting closer, she ran her hand over his chest and abs, her fingers tracing many of the smaller scars dotting his skin. Staring into his bright, emerald green eyes, she smiled as she leaned close, their lips just an inch apart.

“That is, if you want me,” she said softly, her voice sounding more vulnerable than she’d wanted.

Biting her lip, he stared at her so intently it felt like he was staring directly at her soul. Slowly, his hand came up to rest on her waist.

“You’re sure the necklace isn’t affecting you yet?” he asked.

Tonks nodded, “I’m sure.”

Harry stared at her as if searching for something. He must have found what he was looking for, but cause the next moment, he surprised her by leaning forward and pressing his lips to hers. Closing her eyes, Tonks inhaled deeply through her nose and melted into him. The kiss was slow and deep, holding more passion than she’d ever felt before. Harry’s arm circled around her waist and tightened, pulling her body flush against his.

With a moan, Tonks shifted to her knee and then straddled his lap. Her hand came up to cup his cheeks as she pushed him back against the pillows. Already, she could feel his excitement pressed against her thigh as his hands slid over her silk robe.

Breathlessly, Tonks broke the kiss and sat up. With a smirk, she rolled her hips, grinding against his erection while her hands untied her robe. Letting it fall open, she felt his arousal throb

excitedly. Slowly shrugging the robe off her shoulders, Tonks tossed it to the side and smiled at Harry's gobsmacked face. Chuckling, she leaned down and kissed him passionately. The feeling of his rough, calloused hands on her bare skin sent a shiver of delight up her spine.

Despite his nervousness, Harry bravely reached up and toyed with the clasp of her bra. She moaned into his mouth, and he took it as the encouragement it was intended as. He spent several seconds struggling with the clasp before it finally popped open. Instantly, the bra fell down her arms and landed on his chest. Pulling her arms out one at a time, Tonks tossed it aside.

Harry slid his hands up her sides, his fingers tickling her ribs before cautiously moving to the front of her chest. His hands enveloped her breasts, cupping them gently. Tonks pulled her lips from his and arched her back, pressing them firmly into his hands. Biting her lip, and moan escaped her throat when her hard nipples rubbed against his palms. Harry took the opportunity to kiss and suck at her exposed throat. With a sensual moan, Tonks threaded her fingers through the hair at the back of his head and held him in place, her eyes fluttering closed at the feeling of his tongue running across her skin.

"You're so beautiful, Tonks," Harry whispered.

Smiling, Tonks tightened her fingers in his hair and pulled his head back to kiss him. When she pulled away breathlessly a few seconds later, she slipped her legs between his and shimmied down with a grin. She trailed a line of kisses, hard sucks, and light, teasing bites down his chest and abs. Reaching the waistband of his cotton shorts, Tonks slipped her fingers underneath and yanked them down.

Harry's cock leapt up to greet her, just missing her nose as it sprang free. She grinned at the meaty slap it made when it hit his stomach. While not monstrous, it was certainly larger than anyone she'd been with before. Grinning, Tonks placed a kiss on the underside of his shaft, feeling it pulse under her lips. With a giggle, she finished pulling off his shorts and boxers before taking him in her hand.

Harry hissed, his length throbbing excitedly under her gentle strokes. This being his first time, she knew he wouldn't last long. Already, excitement was leaking from his tip. Holding his cock

up vertically, Tonks looked up at him with a smile, winked, and then wrapped her lips around him. Harry gasped, his hips twitching as if holding himself back from jerking upwards.

“Holy shit,” Harry breathed, his voice full of wonder.

Tonks pulled off of him so she could laugh, her hand still stroking him.

“Don’t worry about lasting long,” she told him. “This is just the appetizer.”

Lowering her head, she swallowed the top half of his cock and swirled her tongue around him. Harry inhaled sharply, staring down at her as if he couldn’t believe what was happening. Feeling the heat and moisture gather between her legs, Tonks decided not to draw things out. Bobbing her head quickly, she sucked hard on the way up and lathered him with her tongue on the way down. One of his hands shot out to rest on top of her head, his fingers combing through her hair and massaging her scalp.

Grateful that he didn’t tug her hair like the last guy she’d done this for, Tonks relaxed her throat and swallowed him whole.

“Tonks!” Harry gasped, eyes wide as her nose pressed against his groin.

Gazing up at him, she winked before sealing her lips around him tightly and pulling back up agonizingly slowly. His cock swelled in her mouth, his tip leaking copiously and leaving a slightly salty taste on her tongue.

“I – I’m going to—” Harry broke off when she reached the head and sucked hard.

With a groan, he exploded in her mouth, his legs trembling as the muscles tightened. Stroking his length while holding the head between her lips, Tonks’s tongue was covered in a pool of hot, salty cum. Sucking hard and running her thumb up the underside of his shaft to drain him of every last drop, she sealed her lips tightly as she pulled off of him.

As Harry lay back against the pillows, a glazed, peaceful look in his eyes as he panted, Tonks smiled. When he finally looked at her, she opened her mouth to show him her prize before closing it and swallowing. Harry gasped lightly, and his cock lurched in his hand. Giggling, Tonks bent down and gave his softening length a kiss.

As he caught his breath, she took off her panties and tossed them to the floor. Grinning, she slowly crawled back up his body, pausing every now and then to plant a kiss on his skin. When she reached his face, Harry didn't even show a hint of hesitation in kissing her passionately. Straddling his waist once more, Tonks pressed her hot, damp folds against his cock and rolled her hips. In no time at all, he began to harden against her mound.

"Looks like someone enjoyed themselves," Tonks teased when they pulled apart.

"It was bloody brilliant," Harry grinned.

Laughing happily, Tonks stroked his cheek, feeling the round stubble under her skin. With one more brief kiss, she sat up on her knees and ground herself against his hardened erection. Groaning, Harry's eyes fell to her mound, watching as her folds slid up and down his length. Hands resting on her thighs, they followed the path of his eyes as they trailed upwards, drinking in the sight of her naked body.

"You're incredible," Harry said softly, his hand cupping her breasts and thumbs rubbing her pink nipples.

Closing her eyes, Tonks sighed contentedly at his soft touch. When she opened them a moment later, she raised herself up and reached down to grab his cock. Lining him up with her entrance, Tonks stared down at his face as she sank down on his hard, hot shaft.

Both of them gasped as he penetrated her depths. It had been a while for Tonks, and his considerable size meant he was stretching her open. The slight burn, combined with the incredible fullness she felt, pulled a moan from her lips. Breathing hard, she slowly sank down

until his full length was buried in her depths. Harry gazed up at her with a look of such awe that it told her more about how he felt than words ever could.

“Harry,” Tonks moaned, rocking her hips.

Once she’d adjusted to his size, she lifted herself up a few inches before dropping back down. She gasped at the amazing feeling of his thick length forcing open her tight walls as he filled her up. Rolling her hips at the end, she lifted herself up and did it again. As Tonks bounced on top of him, Harry’s hands explored her body, searching for and finding the spots that made her moan, shiver, and gasp.

He found things she didn’t even know she liked, like when he ran the back of his nail along the underside of her breast or when he rolled her nipple and tugged. The slight pain made her insides flutter and sent a pleasurable shiver up her spine. Nails digging crescent-shaped dents into his skin, Tonks bounced harder, sending her tits bouncing wildly on her chest.

Planting his feet on the bed, Harry began bucking his hips up in time with her movements. The room filled with the sounds of their bodies clapping together. Tonks fell forward and trembled when the new angle caused his cock to hit just the right spot. She could tell by the look on Harry’s face that he wouldn’t last much longer, and she wouldn’t either.

“Harry,” Tonks moaned.

Harry grit his teeth, and she knew he was only holding out for her sake. Closing her eyes, Tonks let out a trembling moan as she reached her peak, heat exploding from her core and enveloping the rest of her body. A moment later, Harry grunted, and she felt him spill inside of her. She gasped at the feeling of hot jets of cum splashing against her walls. Arms giving out, Tonks collapsed against his chest. Burying her face in the crook of his neck, she moaned and rode out her climax.

"I'm so glad we did this," Tonks panted.

"Me too," Harry said, kissing the top of her head as his arms wrapped around her tightly.

Basking in the euphoria, it was minutes before either of them spoke.

"Do you mind if I stay here tonight?" Tonks asked.

"Course not," Harry murmured.

Smiling, Tonks lifted her hips so he slipped out of her and then curled up against his side, her head resting on his chest. While Harry pulled the covers over them, she set an alarm for early morning. The last thing either of them wanted was for Molly to come bursting in and catch them in bed together.

Maybe this isn't such a bad thing, after all, Tonks thought as Harry's arms wrapped around her.