

“Bloody hell, my head,” Darla groaned as she walked in, and Daphne blinked at her in surprise.

“I’m used to hearing Karl speak like that, but it’s weird coming from you,” the blonde murmured, and her coworker chuckled, removing her sunglasses and looking around the room blearily.

“Is the fryer up to temperature yet?” Darla asked. “I need something greasy to get rid of this hangover.”

“Derek just got everything running, so probably not,” Daphne replied, and the brunette groaned. “What happened to you anyway?”

“My best friend found out that her boyfriend was cheating on her yesterday, and we drank the better part of a bloody bar in response,” Darla replied. “Not what I expected I’d be doing on a Sunday night, and now I’m even angrier that Trevor turned out to be such a piece of shit.”

“Want me to castrate him for you?” Daphne asked, figuring she could put together some sort of enchanted device capable of getting off a cutting charm.

“Think you could make it look like an accident?” Darla asked, snorting as Daphne started genuinely considering it. “Your poker face, I swear.”

“Hmm?” the blonde asked.

“Be a waste of time and effort anyway,” Darla shrugged. “It’s not like you’d be removing much of note.”

“Well, I’m sorry for your friend,” Daphne murmured, and the brunette smiled at her.

“Distract me while I wait for my oily salvation,” Darla muttered, leaning against the wall. “How go things with you and the wonder stud?”

“That’s...” Daphne spluttered, blushing immediately.

“Ooh, do tell,” Darla grinned. “We don’t open for another twenty minutes; you took care of setting things up before I dragged my hungover arse in, and Derek will give us our privacy.”

“We...went to a movie on our last date,” Daphne whispered.

“What did you see?” Darla asked, and the blonde rolled her eyes.

“I couldn’t tell you if I tried,” she muttered. “We...while we were there he...”

“God, I love how innocent you are,” Darla giggled. “You can tell me what happened, you know. You wouldn’t be the first girl to get fingered in a dark theater.”

“He didn’t use his fingers,” Daphne whispered, flushing scarlet, and Darla grinned.

“My, my,” the brunette practically purred. “Did you ask him to go down on you?”

“No, he just...” Daphne went to say.

“I think you’ve found yourself a keeper,” Darla smiled, and Daphne sighed.

"I'm starting to wish I could," she thought to herself. "Um, listen, there is one thing that I wanted to ask you."

"Go on," Darla murmured.

"While he was...on his knees, just as I finished, he...did too," Daphne asked. "Is that normal?"

Darla's well-shaped eyebrows shot up to her hairline, and she let out a throaty laugh.

"Marry him, Daphne," she replied, making the blonde squeak. "Guys who not only do that but actually enjoy it are bloody rare. He'll have to work on his stamina, clearly, but that's hardly surprising given his age. To have a guy cum in his pants just from eating you out, though..."

"So that just means he...liked it?" Daphne asked.

"Luv, he literally got off on getting you off," Darla replied. "That goes beyond like. Did he say why he decided to forego popcorn and feast on you instead?"

Daphne blushed again and looked away, murmuring, "It was because I...did that to him the first time we..."

She trailed off, going silent as Darla's grin widened. This was something that she never would have admitted to in a million years around another witch, but she knew that no one whose opinion mattered to her would ever speak to the brunette, much less believe what she said, and having a confidant she could trust like that was surprisingly nice.

"A little more adventurous than I would have thought," the brunette said. "So, what's he working with?"

"Huh?" Daphne asked.

"I'll hold my hands apart, and you tell me when to stop," Darla replied, and Daphne's eyes went wide as saucers when she finally realized what the older woman was asking about.

"I'm not telling you tha...you can move them more quickly than that," she muttered, confusion over why Darla was keeping her hands just a few inches apart breaking through her initial flustered reaction.

"A big boy is he?" the brunette asked with a grin, moving her hands further apart. "Um, Daph, you are supposed to say stop at some point."

"You're getting there," Daphne replied, making her eyes widen. "There."

"Blimey," Darla breathed, staring down at her hands in shock. "Hung like a horse and he likes eating pussy? Does he have an older brother by chance?"

"Must you be so crude?" Daphne grumbled, staring at the kitchen to make sure that Derek was still in the back. "I'm afraid he's an only child."

"That's a shame," Darla sighed. "So when are you seeing him again?"

“We’re trying to work on scheduling that,” Daphne replied.

“Darla, the fryer’s working,” Derek called out. “You want your usual hangover cure?”

“You’re an angel,” Darla replied. As she went to leave, she looked at Daphne and said, “Thanks for the distraction, Daphne, and...I’m glad things seem to be going well for you and your fella.”

“If anyone ever finds out about us, my family will disown me; he’s probably going to be murdered by an insanely powerful wizard, and this will have to be temporary to work at all, but other than that...” Daphne thought to herself as she watched Darla walk into the kitchen, sitting down on the nearest table and running a hand over her face.

Dating Harry was no less of a bad idea then than it had been from the start, and yet she couldn’t bring herself to stop. There was just something so profoundly nice about his earnest affection and care. He didn’t want to be with her because of her name or her connections, and he wasn’t some well-trained pureblood whose every feigned emotional response was the product of years of having what was and wasn’t proper drilled into him by his parents. He was real, his feelings genuine and worn on his sleeve, and that was as remarkable as it was refreshing.

“We will have to stop eventually,” she thought to herself, *“but perhaps for now, for the summer, while I’m still spending most of my time in the muggle world, I can live out this fantasy of not having to care what the others would think of me.”*

She sighed at that and forced herself to get back to work, feeling just then like she needed the distraction that could provide. She hadn’t heard from him in days and didn’t honestly expect to until that woman who guarded him came back on duty, so for the moment, she could try to put him out of her mind and focus on her job. She was ultimately less than successful at that.

“His numbers swell by the day,” Elphias Doge muttered. “Is the ministry at least in a position yet to help us counter them?”

“They are still playing catch up after having spent a year deluding themselves into thinking that he hadn’t returned,” Shacklebolt replied, “and the loss of Amelia Bones has been...difficult.”

Tonks felt her heart lurch at that, the reference to her old mentor’s death making the pain of it well back up. Amelia Bones had been an idol of hers as a girl, a woman who rose through the ranks of the aurors because of her wandwork and intellect and ultimately took over the entire department. She was as vicious with her wand as any of them, and knowing that even she couldn’t hold her own against the monsters they were facing had done more to cripple the force’s morale than Fudge’s entire campaign had.

“They do appear to be making progress,” Dumbledore murmured, steepling his fingers together on the table, and Tonks was drawn out of her maudlin musings by the sight of the glove on his right hand.

“I don’t know what’s up with his sudden Michael Jackson look, but Merlin, I hope it’s just a fashion statement,” she thought to herself, shuddering to think how screwed they’d all be if there happened to be a darker reason for it.

“Severus, do you have anything else to tell us about Tom?” the headmaster asked.

“There is...one other thing,” Snape replied slowly, taking a moment to figure out how he wanted to word this part. “The Dark Lord has, twice in the last couple weeks, experienced bouts of crippling pain, which he tasked me with helping him find a cure for.”

“How crippling?” Remus asked, drawing the dour man’s angry gaze to him.

“Not as much as we’d like, clearly, but enough that he deigned to show weakness to a servant,” Snape replied. “He thinks that Potter might be responsible somehow.”

“How exactly does he think that Harry could be involved?” Arthur asked.

“I don’t need to tell you about the connection between them,” Snape drawled, making the redhead grow tense at the memory of his near death months prior. “I...so far as I could without drawing his wand on me, expressed doubts about that theory and asked if he thought it could be a late consequence of his resurrection ritual instead. He dismissed it out of hand, and I cannot honestly fault his reasoning.”

“He experienced nothing of the sort for the first year afterward,” Dumbledore murmured. “The possibility of symptoms manifesting that late after the fact is possible but not terribly likely. Those of you who have been keeping an eye on young Harry, have you seen him do anything out of the ordinary?”

“Not at all,” Doge replied.

“Potter’s been understandably mopey, but that’s it,” Moody replied.

“So if it is Harry’s doing, it’s presumably unintentional,” Dumbledore mused, stroking his long white beard. “Fascinating. If we could figure out the pattern or get some idea of just what has triggered this, we could potentially use it to our advantage.”

“Yeah,” Moody grinned. “If the pain really is crippling and he struck while he was experiencing it, we could do significant damage to his forces, maybe even deprive him of a body for a while.”

“Remember that Harry is the one prophesied to kill him,” Shacklebolt pointed out. “Right, Albus?”

“The very idea,” Molly fretted.

“Tom’s final end will come at Harry’s hand if it does,” Dumbledore replied, “but that doesn’t mean that there wouldn’t be strategic benefits to forcing him back into the wraith form he existed in for so many years. Tell me, Severus, when exactly did these bouts of pain hit him?”

“The first was on the Wednesday before last at...” Snape began, and Tonks froze as she listened to his full explanation.

“That’s not...it couldn’t possibly be that...” she thought to herself, letting out a giggle at the sheer absurdity of the possibility that occurred to her.

“Is something terribly funny, Miss Tonks?” Snape asked dryly, and Tonks’ hair and face both reddened.

“Sorry, it’s just the thought of the snake-faced monster being hurt,” she replied, looking at Dumbledore, who quickly peered into her eyes.

“Could we speak in private after this?” she asked, and he gave her the barest hint of a nod.

“Well, I’d like you to work closely with Tom to figure out what is ailing him,” Dumbledore said, looking to Snape, who nodded.

“Whatever I find out, you’ll learn about,” he replied.

The meeting continued from there, and Tonks barely noticed any of it, lost as she was in the most ridiculous theory she’d ever come up with in her life. It was impossible, surely, as there was no way that something as mundane as his nemesis getting his cock sucked in the back of a theater could ever harm the most powerful dark lord in over a century, and yet as the order meeting reached its end, that possibility was all she could think about.

“You coming, Tonks?” Hestia asked, and she shook her head.

“I’ve got a question for the headmaster,” Tonks murmured. “I’ll catch up to you in a few.”

A handful of order members gave her querying looks as they left, each of them noticing that she was staying in her seat, but none of them said anything, and as the last one left, Dumbledore drew his wand and made sure that the privacy charms were still strong before looking at her.

“You have a theory about Tom’s sudden weakness?” Dumbledore asked.

“I do, Headmaster, but...” Tonks went to say.

“I haven’t been your headmaster for some years now,” Dumbledore reminded her, and Tonks sighed.

“How long did it take you to get used to referring to your old professors by name?” she asked, and he smiled.

“A while,” Dumbledore admitted.

“My theory...it’s a little out there but...the timing seems to line up,” Tonks replied. “You remember what I told you about Fletcher falling asleep while he was on guard duty?”

“It was why I removed him from the rotation,” Dumbledore nodded.

“Well, that incident happened the first day as You-Know-Who’s pain,” Tonks replied, and Dumbledore’s eyebrows rose quickly.

“You’re sure?” he asked.

“Positive,” Tonks replied.

“So perhaps Harry is doing something,” Dumbledore mused. “I don’t know why he’d not reach out to me if he had an idea about how to use his connection to Tom against him. I’d have advised caution, but if I thought it was a good idea...”

"If I'm right, Tom has been the last thing on his mind in both instances," Tonks replied, and Dumbledore went quiet. "The second date Snape mentioned, I was on guard that day, and I know, to an extent, what he was doing. Harry's started seeing a girl."

"Really?" Dumbledore asked, smiling slightly. "I'm glad to see that he's living his life as best he can, given the circumstances, but..."

"It's Daphne Greengrass," Tonks continued, and his smile faltered. "He knows who she is, and the two of them are keeping to the muggle world for their dates, for obvious reasons, but..."

"That is...concerning," Dumbledore sighed. "If they were caught, I fear what her parents would do in response. Were you able to determine if they knew?"

"I highly doubt it," Tonks replied. "She's working in the muggle world..."

"Her family's finances have taken a hit since Tom returned," Dumbledore sighed. "Many a pureblood family has gone that route, seeking to pay him off rather than oppose him. I suppose I should be grateful that they haven't joined him outright, but if Daphne and Harry were to be caught, I worry that they would out of fear."

"They are being careful at least," Tonks murmured. "Getting back to the reason I brought this up, I've gotten the sense that their dates have been of a rather...intimate nature, more so than I would have expected obvious virgins their age to do."

"Oh!" Dumbledore breathed, his piercing blue eyes going wide as saucers. "Oh, I see."

"So, I have to ask, am I off my rocker here, or could this actually be the reason behind You-Know-Who's condition?" Tonks asked. "Keep in mind, madness does run in my family."

"That...is a difficult question to answer," Dumbledore murmured, leaning back in his chair. "Tom's monstrous visage is the result of the myriad rituals he's performed over the decades in the pursuit of power. I cannot speak to everything that he's done, as I'm sure he'd managed to uncover magical secrets that I never would have sought out under any circumstances, but I can guarantee that he conducted multiple terribly dark rituals before his fall on that Halloween night, and all ritual magic comes at a cost."

"What are you thinking?" Tonks asked, curious.

"As a boy, Tom was deeply charming," Dumbledore explained, "and he was also, you might be surprised to learn, reasonably handsome."

"He completely destroyed himself then," Tonks muttered, and Dumbledore sighed.

"In more ways than you can imagine," he replied. "Between his natural affinity for magic, his charm, and his looks, he quite naturally drew people to him. It's actually part of what made it so difficult to convince any of the other professors that there was something quite wrong with him. Despite this, however, in all the years I spent as his professor, I never once saw him pursue any sort of romantic relationship. Given his non-existent capacity for love and the disdain that he seemed to develop for affection of any kind, I suspect that he found the basic idea to be rather off-putting. Because of this, it would not surprise me at all if I were to learn that, years later, he sacrificed his very sexuality in the pursuit of the power he craved."

“Wait, are you saying he’s a ken doll?” Tonks blurted out before she could stop herself, cringing in her seat when Dumbledore furrowed his brow in confusion.

“A what?” he asked.

“Please forget I asked that,” Tonks muttered. “What I meant to ask was ‘how far do you think he went with this?’”

“It’s pure speculation on my part,” her old headmaster replied, “as sacrificing an aspect of his being he wasn’t using to enhance what he considered most important is just the sort of thing that I’d expect him to do. He can be disturbingly pragmatic and if he did discover a way to do what I’m theorizing he might have, there’s no length he’d have avoided if it thought it was worth it.”

“And so when Harry...taps into that aspect...” Tonks said awkwardly, not really wanting to discuss sex with a man almost a century older than her whom she’d known since she was eleven.

“It is entirely possible that, due to the connection between them, any degree of romantic involvement on Harry’s part could do harm to Tom,” Dumbledore replied, sounding slightly amused. “It’s not something that I would have ever considered possible before, but if the timing does line up as you said...it is theoretically possible.”

“Is this something we could use then?” Tonks asked, and Dumbledore’s eyes hardened slightly. “I’m not suggesting that we outright manipulate Harry into pursuing this girl further to...aid the war effort, as it were, but if we could make it easier for them to spend time together and it turned out that I was right...Moody’s idea of striking at them while Voldie’s suffering isn’t a bad one.”

“I am still wary of the idea of him seeing a girl belonging to a family that, even if they aren’t aligned with Tom, are almost certainly helping to fund him,” the headmaster murmured. “If this turned out to be a trap...”

“We can’t let them go on another date unsupervised, obviously, but I did speak to her the last time,” Tonks replied. When Dumbledore’s eyes flashed, she quickly added, “I stayed invisible and led her to believe I was a muggleborn with combat experience. She knew that Harry would have a bodyguard, all things considered...”

“She is, by all accounts, a bright girl,” the old man said.

“The fact that I’m a woman seemed to make her more comfortable,” Tonks continued. “I have an idea, but I would need your help.”

“Go on,” Dumbledore nodded.

“If you suggested to Scrimgeour that it would be a good idea for Harry to get a permanent auror bodyguard for the duration of the war, I think he’d go for it,” Tonks smiled. “If you suggested that I be made said bodyguard...”

“You could dedicate all of your time to watching over him,” Dumbledore murmured, stroking his beard.

“Greengrass made it very clear that she wanted to see him only when I was on duty, not wanting a man watching her go on a date and also enjoying the idea of a muggleborn whom her parents wouldn’t believe being the only other one who knew about them,” Tonks said. “If I’m right and this

is what's hurting him, it could give us our first clear advantage since he came back. I'd tell Harry, of course..."

"I wouldn't advise that," Dumbledore said, and Tonks furrowed her brow at him.

"I thought you weren't in favor of manipulating him for this," she replied.

"It has been a very, very long time since I was a teenager, but I do have some vague recollection of it and of courtship, and I recall it being a dreadfully awkward time in my life," Dumbledore replied. "Both for the sake of this possible advantage, as you put it, and Harry's peace of mind, I would not suggest piling more things to worry about on him. How do you think you'd have handled your first dates if you'd known that their outcome could quite potentially lead to the end of Voldemort?"

"Ah, right," Tonks murmured, looking down.

"I will speak with Rufus about getting you assigned as Harry's permanent bodyguard," Dumbledore murmured. "Desperate as he is just now to curry favor with the both of us, I doubt he'll object."

"I can't fathom what a nightmare taking over for Fudge was," Tonks muttered, shaking her head.

"A rather extensive one," Dumbledore replied. "You should hear more in the next couple days."

"Thank you," Tonks nodded, hoping more than anything that this would work.

"One last thing," Dumbledore said. "Where is Miss Greengrass employed?"

"It's a place called Hooters," Tonks replied, cringing internally.

"Why would muggles operate an owl emporium?" Dumbledore asked, and Tonk winced, knowing she was about to have to explain the concept of Hooters to her old headmaster.

"You did an adequate job, I suppose," Petunia said primly as she looked over her garden.

Harry, who had just finished weeding it, was leaning back against the side of the house, shirtless and dripping sweat in the sweltering heat of the unusual summer day. He'd have bristled at her sudden demand that he take care of it that particular day, having slept terribly the night before, but the reason for that was his nightmares, and the discomfort was worth it if it meant being distracted from the source of them.

"Go inside through the back door," Petunia muttered. "I don't want the neighbors seeing you like this and asking questions."

"Yes, Aunt Petunia," Harry replied, grabbing his shirt.

It had dried in the heat of the sun but still smelled of sweat, so he didn't bother putting it back on, figuring that a shower would be a good idea anyway. As he tossed it in the hamper and got undressed, he caught sight of himself in the mirror, and a slight smile came to his face. Partially as a means to exhaust himself in the day so he could sleep better and for more practical reasons, he'd taken to exercising more since the summer started, and he swore that he was already starting to see

results. It wasn't much, but it was something, and he could take some measure of pride in that, something that he knew he could use just then.

"I wonder what Daphne would think," he thought to himself, and his cock twitched at the mere thought of the beautiful blonde.

It had been a few days since he'd seen her, as he'd not wanted to even risk visiting her at work while anyone other than Tonks was guarding him, and the metamorphmagus hadn't made her presence known since the last time.

"I still can't believe I found a witch from my year working at Hooters of all places," he thought to himself as he got the shower running and stepped under the cool water, letting it rinse the sweat from his body and help him feel less like he was boiling alive from the inside.

A knock came to the door then, and Harry was about to tell Dudley off when a voice came that made him go still.

"Harry, I have news," Tonks said softly, making him smile.

"I have the shower curtain drawn," Harry replied. "You can come in."

The door opened the next moment, and as Tonks stepped in, closing the door behind her, she murmured, "Scrimgeour wants you to have a permanent bodyguard, someone who will be able to keep an eye on you at all times for your protection."

"He what?" Harry asked. "I already have..."

"The Order has handled your security, but we're not part of the ministry," Tonks replied. "Dumbledore and he talked it over, and they settled on giving me the job."

"You?" Harry asked, grinning widely as he realized the full implications of that.

"Yup," Tonks replied, popping the p.

"That's...that's brilliant," Harry breathed.

"Yeah, I mean, I am pretty good with a wand, though that's not what you mean, is it?" Tonks asked teasingly, and he just smiled.

"So none of the other order members are going to be looking after me now?" Harry asked.

"Dumbledore made the announcement a couple hours ago," Tonks replied.

"That's great," Harry smiled. "Could you give me a minute to finish up in here? Daphne told me her schedule the last time we were together, and I'm fairly sure she's working right now."

"You're lucky that her boss doesn't mind you coming by," Tonks said.

"I've only really done it once before, and I'll be sure to spend some money to keep him happy," Harry replied. "Of course, now I need to think of where to take her."

"You hadn't before?" Tonks asked.

"I've had ideas, but I hadn't settled on one yet," Harry replied. "It was all going to depend on when you were next here."

"Well, I'll be around quite a bit going forward," Tonks smiled. "I have an idea you might like; I'll tell you about it when you're decent."

"Thanks, Tonks, really," Harry breathed as he heard the door open and close.

He turned the water off, grinning from ear to ear as he considered how much more time he was likely going to be able to spend with Daphne over the next few weeks.

"It was fine for the most part," Daphne said hours later as they walked together through a neighborhood near Hooters, just taking in the sights of the quaint little houses and surprisingly well-kept streets.

"Oh?" Harry asked, sensing something was up there.

"There was this one guy who was really, really into eye contact," Daphne replied. "He was young, a few years older than us maybe, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a sort of bland face. He asked if I had a boyfriend, and when I said yes, asked a couple questions about you..."

"Wait, personally?" Harry asked, and she gave him a flat look.

"If he'd asked anything specific, I'd have gone for my wand," Daphne replied. "No, he just asked if you were older than me and how long we'd been dating. It was weird, but he's not the only person who's been more curious about me than I'd like since I started working there, and if not for how frequently he caught my eye, I'd have thought little of it. If he were a wizard, I'd have wondered if he was trying to use legilimency on me..."

"You know about that?" Harry asked, and she just smiled at him.

"I do," Daphne replied. "My father taught my sister and me occlumency in the summer before our respective third years, and I'm good enough to detect when even he tries to probe my mind now, so I'd have known if it was that. I think he was just a weirdo. I mean the guy was wearing a single glove the entire time, indoors, even as he ate. Who does that?"

"*Subtle, Albus, real subtle,*" Tonks thought to herself, suddenly far more concerned about Dumbledore's hand than she had been before. If that was him under polyjuice as she figured, and he still felt the need to cover his right hand, that suggested that there was something really wrong with it.

"How did he teach you, exactly?" Harry asked. "Dumbledore tried to get Snape to teach me occlumency last year but..."

"Is he insane?" Daphne asked. "You two despise each other; that was never going to work."

"It didn't," Harry muttered. "I think he was the only one there other than the headmaster who could teach it to me."

“Merlin forbid he do it himself,” Daphne said, rolling her eyes.

“He’s really busy,” Harry replied, not wanting to get into the reasons why he didn’t do it himself.

“Well, I’m hardly qualified to teach you myself, but I can show you a few exercises my father showed me,” Daphne replied. “Where are we going, anyway?”

“There’s a place nearby that apparently does really good meat pies, and near it is a safe house my bodyguard told me about,” Harry replied, and Daphne came to a halt.

“Safe house?” the blonde asked.

“It’s enchanted to the gills and really well warded, so much so that you two can do magic in there without tipping off the ministry,” Tonks replied.

“It’s warded to high-end mansion levels?” Daphne asked. “I don’t want other members of your group stumbling across us.”

“None of them know about it,” Tonks said. “It’s a bit of a long story, but suffice it to say that I came across a reference to the place in a bunch of things my father inherited from a friend and managed to find it years ago.”

“You’re not muggleborn, are you?” Daphne asked, her eyes narrowing.

“Half-blood,” Tonks replied. “I’m absolutely a disgrace to the wizarding world in the eyes of the Death Eaters; rest assured of that.”

“She’s also the only one who knows about us other than Dumbledore,” Harry assured her.

“I don’t need your full name, but I would like to have something I can call you,” Daphne murmured, and Harry looked at the spot he figured Tonks was standing, cocking an eyebrow at her.

“You can call me Tonks,” Tonks replied. “All you need to know about me is that I’m Harry’s bodyguard, his permanent one now.”

“Permanent?” Daphne asked.

“I was going to tell you that over dinner,” Harry replied. “Scrimgeour insisted that I have a guard on me at all times, and Dumbledore talked him into letting it be her.”

“An auror for sure then,” Daphne thought to herself. “She’s an auror named Tonks, who’s a half-blood and sounds not too much older than us. They’re lucky I’m not on the Dark Lord’s side if this is how well they guard information.”

“Well, it’s a pleasure to meet you, Tonks,” she said.

“This means that we can spend more time together now,” Harry added, and she grinned at him.

“Eager are we?” Daphne breathed, and he rubbed the back of his neck.

“Would you blame me if I said yes?” Harry asked, making her smile widen.

“No,” Daphne replied. “Come, let’s see if this pie establishment is as good as you’ve heard.”

It turned out that it was, and the two of them both quite liked their meals, though neither one was entirely focused on the food, each looking forward to seeing just what this safe house Tonks mentioned was like. For Daphne, the idea of being able to use magic freely in the summer was just normal, as her family manor was warded enough to prevent the ministry from sensing what magic was cast in there or by whom, but getting to use it in front of Harry was new, and for him, it was a complete and most welcome novelty. As they finished up, Harry followed the directions that Tonks had given him beforehand, knowing that his silent, invisible guard would tell him if he went the wrong way, and soon enough he found the old storage facility she’d mentioned.

“Charming,” Daphne muttered as she saw the old and weathered structure, its bricks absolutely festooned with ivy.

“Don’t judge a book by its cover,” Tonks murmured. “Now show the guy at the desk everything I gave you, and I’ll slip on in ahead.”

The metamorphmagus spotted a pair of people leaving just then and deftly strafed around them so she could take advantage of the open security door. She’d been in here numerous times over the years since she first found it and once swore that she’d not show it to anyone, enjoying her private sanctuary, but she knew it would make a great make-out spot for her intrepid, if unwitting, hero, and if it meant proving that Voldemort really could be dealt crippling pain by Harry getting off with a girl, that was worth it. She reached the familiar storage unit a moment later, and the young couple joined her not long afterward, having squared everything with security.

“I’m not seeing the safe house yet,” Daphne whispered.

“Just you wait,” Tonks replied, watching as Harry pulled out the key she’d given him and reached for the lock.

He opened it up the moment he removed the lock, and both of them just stood still and stared at what they found.

“A magical tent?” Daphne asked, looking at the small plaid tent incredulously.

“The most heavily enchanted one I’ve ever seen,” Tonks replied. “I stumbled across it in the summer after my sixth year, a few months before I turned seventeen and tested out the shielding feature that the guy who owned it mentioned in his letter to my father. I’d never had so much as a warning from the ministry and knew from a couple of my friends that if I got caught, all I’d get the first time was a letter, so I was willing to risk it, and it worked perfectly. The interior is the size of a modest flat and its equipped with everything you can think of. The best part is that you can apparate right into the storage unit itself, so I never have to deal with security or the fact that we all technically have to bugger off before the place closes down for the night.”

“So this is your little home away from home,” Daphne murmured, sounding suspicious. “Why share it with us?”

“Harry here has been through a lot lately, including loss,” Tonks replied, making him swallow thickly. “He deserves a break after all that, and I think you could help him with that. I’ll go in with you but spend my time in the next room over to give you your privacy.”

“Do you want to look inside?” Harry asked, and Daphne took a deep breath before nodding.

“Lead the way,” she replied softly.

He opened the tent up for her, and she walked right inside, looking around at what appeared to be a fully furnished home. The style was entirely too muggle for her tastes, but it wasn’t too bad, and as she closed her eyes and opened her senses, she marveled at how deeply magical it felt. It wasn’t on the level of Hogwarts, where even the most mindless dullard could sense the raw magic in the air, but it was amazingly close to how her own manor felt, and she was genuinely surprised that that level of enchantment could be put on a tent.

“I’ve also never used magic outside of school, so I can test this relatively safely,” Daphne murmured, flicking her wand into her hand. “Needless to say, though, that if I end up getting a letter, I’m going to be very annoyed.”

“If you do, it will happen very quickly, trust me there,” Harry muttered.

“*Lumos*,” Daphne cast, making her wand light up.

“If no owls show up outside the storage unit within a minute, you’re good,” Harry replied, “though they might actually have trouble getting in this far.”

“Post owls are nuts and could absolutely find their way into a place like this,” Tonks chuckled. “The security’s not that good. I’ll go keep an eye out for you if it will make you feel better.”

She slipped out, and Daphne sat down on the couch, gesturing for Harry to sit next to her.

“What did she mean?” she asked softly, and he sighed as he sat down. “If you don’t want to talk about it, that’s fine but...”

“My godfather was murdered by Bellatrix Lestrange,” Harry replied, and she froze for a moment before hugging him.

“I’m so sorry,” Daphne sighed. “Was he...was he a wizard?”

“A pureblood, actually,” Harry replied, burying his face in her hair and inhaling her scent. He took a deep breath. “Sirius Black was my godfather.”

Daphne went still in his arms, clearly processing the words she’d just heard, and when she pulled back to look at him, her face was completely blank.

“What?” she asked.

“He wasn’t the one who betrayed my parents or murdered those innocent muggles,” Harry replied. “Peter Pettigrew framed him and fled, hiding out for years until Sirius escaped and went after him. Do you remember the rat that Ron had as a pet during our first three years at Hogwarts?”

“He had a pet rat?” Daphne asked, sounding repulsed.

“As it turns out, no, he didn’t,” Harry replied, and she blinked at him in confusion for a moment before her jaw dropped. “Yeah, that was him.”

“An animagus?” Daphne asked. “There was an animagus living at Hogwarts disguised as a normal animal for three years?”

“No, he was Percy’s pet before that,” Harry replied, and she buried her head in her hands.

“That is so disturbing on so many levels,” Daphne muttered. “So how did Pettigrew manage to frame Black at all? Any competently managed trial should have resulted in an acquittal for crimes that serious. He’d have been questioned under veritaserum and...”

“He never got a trial,” Harry grumbled. “Crouch just threw him in a cell, and that was that.”

“The heir of a pureblood house got locked away in Azkaban without a trial?” Daphne asked, aghast.

“That’s what your first concern is?” Harry asked, annoyed, and she sighed.

“No, but it does matter,” Daphne replied. “Both you and Draco are related to the Blacks, him through his mother and you through your grandmother. If Sirius named you his heir, that will supersede anything else, but if he didn’t name an heir and you two contest it, it will be decided before the entire Wizengamot. By blood, he has the greater claim, but blood is, funny enough, not the only possible factor there, and you could use what happened to him to your advantage.”

“Daphne, I just told you my godfather was murdered in front of me, and you’re talking about how I could get my hands on his estate?” Harry asked, standing up and glaring down at her.

“Sorry,” Daphne winced. “I can...run away with things at times. My reasons in this case, though, are good. If Draco gets his hands on the Black family assets, they go to the Dark Lord. If you do...”

“Oh, fuck,” Harry breathed, sitting back down and staring blankly out at nothing. Those assets included Grimmauld Place, and while the fidelius on it would still hold, he didn’t know if it belonging to Draco would eventually let them find it anyway.

“He was your godfather, he cared for you, and he died for you,” Daphne murmured, taking one of his hands in hers. “Those things would matter to any lord in the Wizengamot not outright under the Dark Lord’s thrall, and with so many of those lords currently rotting in Azkaban...”

“I could take it anyway,” Harry nodded.

“I spotted no owls,” Tonks announced as she walked back in. “What’s going on?”

“Tonks, do you know if Sirius left a will?” Harry asked. “I need to speak to Dumbledore and...”

“He did,” Tonks replied. “The will reading will be in a couple weeks, as far as I know. Dumbledore said that you’d be informed next week because you’re his primary heir.”

“I am?” Harry asked, feeling both relieved and moved by that.

“Of course you are, you fool,” Tonks sighed. “He loved you, you know that.”

“I do but...” Harry went to say.

“Sorry about that,” Daphne winced. “I worried you for nothing.”

“No, it was good that you did,” Harry sighed. “I’ve lived in our world for years, and there’s still so much that I’ve never learned.”

“I suppose I could teach you,” Daphne murmured. “If we can do magic in here after all, then how about we have a mock duel?”

“You want to fight?” Harry asked.

“Keep in mind this place is not properly warded for that,” Tonks pointed out.

“I mostly just want to see what your footwork is like and how you hold yourself,” Daphne murmured. “We can stick to first-and-second-year spells.”

“Well, if you insist,” Harry grinned, flicking his wand out of his holster, and Daphne grinned. “I took your recommendation to heart.”

“Show me what you’ve got, Potter,” she said challengingly.

“I thought I had evolved to Harry already,” Harry teased, making her chuckle.

“Land a hit on me and I’ll call you whatever you like,” Daphne replied as he swiftly cleared away the furniture.

“Merlin and Morgana, if they keep up like this, they’ll be fucking on my couch within the hour,” Tonks thought to herself. *“The things I do for the war effort.”*

She wasn’t about to leave Harry unsupervised while another witch had her wand drawn on her, so she decided that she’d give them their privacy after they finished. In the meantime, she’d take her place in the corner and keep her own wand ready in case she needed to deflect any errant spells coming her way or intervene at all.

“Where the hell did you learn all that?” Harry asked a while later as he sat back down, panting for breath.

He was proud to say that Daphne was panting too, her face and neck covered in a sheen of sweat that he was sure extended everywhere, something he wished he could check to be sure.

“My former dueling champion father wanted a son,” Daphne replied dryly, brushing a few strands of hair that had fallen out of her ponytail back away from her face as she sat down next to him. “He got two daughters instead.”

“So he taught you to fight?” Harry asked.

“Astoria lacks the...temperament for it, so I was his best bet,” Daphne replied. “Your technique was amateur to start with, though it got better, but your instincts are fantastic.”

“Yeah, well, fighting for your life repeatedly before the age of fifteen can do that for a guy, provided he lives,” Harry replied.

"If you two are done, I'm going to go read a book," Tonks said.

"We're done," Daphne confirmed, and Tonks went into the next room, closing the door loudly for effect. The blonde quickly silenced that door to ensure that no sound would pass either way, wanting her privacy back for the moment.

"Tell me something I don't know about you," Harry murmured. When she furrowed her brow at him, he said, "I don't know all that much yet."

"I have a sister; my best friend is a half-blood, dueling champion father..." Daphne listed off, trying to think of something else that she was willing to tell him. "This is all completely new to me."

"I knew we were both virgins," Harry pointed out, and she shook her head.

"No, I mean all of it," Daphne replied. "After my freezing incident, boys came to find me terrifying, and none have ever dared approach me."

"Seriously?" Harry asked. "But you're...you."

"Eloquent," Daphne teased, smiling at the implied compliment anyway. "To be honest, I haven't exactly minded that. Hogwarts isn't exactly brimming with males I'd consider acceptable anyway."

"Oh?" Harry asked. "Then how well do I qualify?"

"Better than I would have ever thought," Daphne replied, leaning her head on her hand as she stared into his eyes. "You're nothing like I expected."

"You're not what I would have expected a Slytherin girl to be like either," Harry replied. "I honestly figured you were all like Parkinson."

"Pansy can be pleasant to those she deems worthy of the honor," Daphne said dryly. "No one in Slytherin ever dares show each other how exactly we feel in a given moment, lest someone use that against us. You're not like that, though. You wear your heart on your sleeve, and while part of me wants to say that's foolish, I...like it."

"How much of the real Daphne would you say I've seen so far?" Harry asked, reaching out in a fit of boldness and brushing a lock of her hair behind her ear.

"More than I expected to ever show you," Daphne whispered, feeling her heart race as he leaned in closer. "Harry."

"She agreed to give us our privacy," Harry whispered, his lips right by hers.

"I know but...let's just check the other rooms," Daphne replied, practically jumping to her feet.

Harry winced, not really wanting to walk around with his cock straining against his pants as it was just then, but he stood up anyway, grinning slightly when she noticed the tent and her jaw dropped.

"That's...oh," Daphne breathed, feeling her insides clench needily. "Does that hurt?"

"It can, but it's not too uncomfortable right now," Harry replied. "You wanted to look at the other rooms?"

“Wha?” Daphne asked, flushing scarlet when she realized that she’d been openly gawking at the massive bulge in his pants. “Right, right. Rooms.”

She whipped around and practically marched away from him, feeling her heart hammer in her chest as he followed her.

“Why did he have to be so bloody gorgeous?” she wondered to herself, wincing at the thought of what Tracey would say if she knew about any of this. She’d be concerned, first off, but then she’d tease her mercilessly for finally finding a boy who made her knees go weak and her heart race.

She opened the first door she came across and froze at what she found inside, stopping so quickly that Harry accidentally bumped into her.

“It’s a bedroom,” she thought to herself. *“A room with a bed...a room with a bed that Harry and I could...oh, Morgana, that’s his cock.”*

It felt so large against her, and as he jerked back instinctively, she barely stopped herself from stepping backward so she could feel it against her ass again.

“Sorry about...do you want to look at the other rooms?” Harry asked as he spotted the bed.

“Do you?” Daphne asked, turning around and staring up into his eyes, shivering as she saw how much they’d darkened with obvious desire.

“I don’t know if you want to hear what I want right now,” Harry rumbled, harder than he’d ever been in his life as he stared down at the beautiful blonde.

“Maybe I do,” Daphne breathed, snaking her arms around his neck and grazing her nails over his scalp. “Maybe I’ve never wanted anything more in my li...”

He kissed her before she could finish that sentence, and she felt her insides clench and unclench so hard it made her moan into his mouth. Taking full advantage of that, he slipped his tongue between her full lips, sliding it against hers, and she responded in kind immediately, moaning again when he sucked on it. Her knees buckled and she stumbled backward until her back was pressed against the door frame.

“Harry, Harry, wait,” Daphne gasped, breaking the kiss.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked.

“I need to...I need to make it very clear we are not having sex today,” Daphne replied. “I’m not...ready for that.”

“That’s okay,” Harry replied, not entirely sure if he was either, desperate as he was for it.

“I do want you, though,” Daphne said. “You have no idea how damn wet I am right now.”

“Show me,” Harry all but commanded, making her look at him in shock.

“What?” Daphne squeaked.

“Raise your skirt and show me how wet you are,” Harry replied, her obvious desire for him making him bolder than he’d ever been in his life. “You can see how hard I am for you.”

“Pervert,” Daphne shuddered. “Tonks could...”

“Tonks is locked in her room,” Harry replied, licking his lips. “I’ve dreamed of tasting you again. I actually woke up licking my pillow the other morning.”

“He literally got off on getting you off,” Darla had said earlier, and yet it wasn’t until she heard Harry’s admission that Daphne finally realized that he really did enjoy what he did to her as much as she did.

“You want to see how wet I am?” she asked, slowly raising her skirt as she stepped back into the room.

“Fuck, yes,” Harry breathed, following her in and closing the door behind him.

“I don’t know if I’ve ever felt this powerful in my life,” Daphne thought to herself, continuing to step backward until her legs hit the bed. *“He wants me so much, desires me so clearly, and...Merlin that’s intoxicating.”*

“Then strip,” Daphne replied with a grin, and Harry blinked at her in surprise, taking a moment to realize she was serious.

“I asked first,” he replied.

“I don’t care,” Daphne grinned. “We’ve yet to see each other fully nude, and I want you to go first.”

“If you insist,” Harry replied, removing his shirt and tossing it aside before reaching for his belt.

Daphne’s breath hitched as she took in the sight of him. Years of Quidditch and fighting for his life had had an impact on his body, giving him more muscular definition than she imagined most of the boys their age had. He was lithe and lean, an obvious athlete, and the blonde couldn’t help but lick her lips as she looked him up and down, though when his pants fell, her attention quickly focused in on one specific part of him.

“If Darla’s reaction is any indication, he’s significantly larger than most men,” Daphne thought to herself, rather liking the idea of that.

At the end of the day, she was the daughter of aristocrats, and even if she wasn’t as annoying as some in her house, she was very used to enjoying the best in life. Knowing that Harry had a much larger penis than most men pleased her on the same level that knowing that her robes were of the finest quality did, though as that thought entered her head, she couldn’t help but snort at the absurdity of it.

“I dearly hope that wasn’t aimed at me,” Harry said lightly, and she smiled at him.

“Not at all,” Daphne replied. “You really are extraordinary, you know; tall, lean, and, unless I’ve been misled, very...special.”

“Spec...oh!” Harry exclaimed as she pointed at his cock. “Really?”

"I guess you lot don't go around comparing, do you?" Daphne asked, giggling when he looked horrified by the thought. "It's not like I know for sure, but, like I say, a girl does hear things, and you're a lot bigger than I would have thought normal. I think I owe you something."

Harry went still as she stood up and started hiking her skirt up again, revealing more and more of her creamy thighs by the moment. When her panties came into view, he thought at first that she wasn't wearing any and nearly choked on his own tongue. He then realized that she was wearing panties, but they were white and so thoroughly soaked that they merely looked invisible, something that made him throb painfully with need.

"You're soaked," he breathed, and she grinned, grabbing her wand and carefully removing her shoes, socks, skirt, and blouse.

"I am," Daphne replied, quivering when she saw how much his eyes darkened further at the sight of her nearly fully undressed. "What are you going to do about it?"

He was on her in an instant, capturing her lips with his own, and she quickly pressed herself flush against him. Feeling like she was on fire, Daphne ran her hands over his back, desperate to feel as much of him as she could. His hands roamed too, tracing down along her back and nearly getting caught in the straps of her bra before continuing along to her plump, round ass.

"Oh!" Daphne cried, the feeling of his hands on her bum making the heat in her core grow even worse, and as she threw her head back, he started tracing hot kisses along her neck, drawing more heated moans from her lips.

He walked them back towards the bed, gasping when she fell back into it and dragged him down on top of her. As he stared down into her eyes, a sudden movement drew his eye, and he quickly found himself staring at her breasts as they strained against her bra.

"Let me up for a second," Daphne said, sitting up and reaching behind her to unhook her bra. "Go on, you know you want to."

Harry nodded and grasped the straps of the white fabric, pulling them over her shoulders and down until her breasts spilled out onto her chest. They were beautiful; he could think of no other word for them, and as he carefully dropped her bra on the bed, he quickly slid his hands up along her soft, flat belly towards them. He'd known from seeing her in her work clothes that her breasts were large, but they seemed almost larger uncovered, full, pale, and firm, sitting high on her chest. When he cupped them, she immediately cried out, and he looked at her in concern.

"Feels good," Daphne breathed, and he nodded, kneading the soft, heavy mounds harder.

He took a moment to memorize how they felt in his hands, their soft yet firm warmth seeming utterly perfect to him, before he leaned in and pressed his lips to one of her nipples.

"Oh, shit!" Daphne cried, wrapping her arms around his head.

It didn't feel as good as when he licked her back in the theater, but it still felt really, really good, and as he started exploring her sensitive breasts thoroughly, all she could do was lie there and bask in the pleasure of it all.

"What is it about breasts that so enthralls men?" Daphne asked in amusement after a couple minutes of that, having long since realized why her uniform at Hooters looked the way it did.

"I can't speak for all men, and you're the first girl I've ever seen like this, but...you're beautiful, and they're...particularly beautiful," Harry replied, cringing as he said that last part. "Forget I said that last part?"

"Not on your life," Daphne replied with a wicked grin. "Thank you though, and it's not like there aren't certain parts of your body I find...captivating."

"I have been told I have very nice shins," Harry quipped, making her laugh.

"Touch me, please," Daphne breathed. "I don't think I've ever been this wet."

Harry nodded at that, kissing his way down along her belly until he reached her soaking wet panties. The scent of her arousal was strong, and he shuddered as he breathed in deeply, feeling his cock throb. He pressed his lips against the wet fabric, making Daphne gasp, and she immediately reached for her wand, removing her panties with a silent charm.

"I am not in a mood to be teased, Harry," she said, her voice dangerous, and he nodded, immediately leaning in and brushing her entire pussy with the flat of his tongue. "Yes! By Morgana, I had no idea anything could feel this good."

Harry swelled with pride at that, more than happy that she loved what he was doing so much. He'd burned with embarrassment at how he'd cum in his pants the last time he did this and hoped that not wearing anything would help a bit. As before, he explored her fleshy pink folds thoroughly with the tip of his tongue, taking advantage of the fact that he could actually see her face this time, his head not being under her skirt. He noted every reaction, particularly when he reached the taut little nub at the top of her pussy.

"Right there!" Daphne cried, grabbing his head with one hand while she reached behind her with the other. "Don't stop, fuck; you feel so much better than my fingers."

"You...do that too?" Harry asked, and Daphne froze, blushing heavily and only taking solace in his admission that he did. "There's nothing wrong with that; it's bloody hot, actually."

"I do," the blonde admitted. "I have been a lot more since we met."

"Really?" Harry asked, swearing that if his cock got any harder, it was going to explode.

"You're not the only one who's had dreams about the other," Daphne said softly.

"I guess everyone does it," Harry replied, lapping at her little pearl and grinning as she arched her back off of the bed.

"They...do!" Daphne cried, feeling herself soaring towards her peak faster than she thought possible. "The muggles are apparently quite innovative where that's concerned."

"Hmm?" Harry asked, circling the little nub with the tip of his tongue.

"Darla...gah!...went into entirely too much detail the other day on their sex aids," Daphne replied. "If I never hear the word 'vibrator' again, it will be too soon."

"Vibrator?" Harry asked, moving down and burying his tongue as far as it could go inside her.

“Back up to that other spot, please,” Daphne begged. “It’s apparently a penis-shaped thing that vibrates and you press against yourself or in...I stopped paying attention after a while.”

“*Hmm,*” Harry thought to himself as an idea occurred to him. “*I wonder.*”

“I like the woman, I really do, but she shares far too MUCH!” Daphne wailed at the top of her lungs as her orgasm hit her like a racing dragon.

Her back arched off the bed and her eyes rolled back into her head as pleasure beyond anything she’d ever felt in her life, even back in the theater, thundered through her entire body. She screamed and shrieked in wordless rapture, writhing and convulsing on the bed as it seemed to go on and on without end. Harry dug his fingers into her hips to try to hold her steady as he continued speaking Parseltongue against her sensitive flesh.

“Needless to say, this worked,” Harry said in the serpent tongue. *“I don’t know if this is going to work out or not, and if it seems at all like you or your family might end up in danger because of me, I’ll break things off immediately, but for now, I need you more than I could say. Seeing you this summer has been the only thing that’s made me feel anything other than despair, and I adore you for that.”*

Daphne couldn’t understand a word of what he was saying, of course, but just then, that might have remained true if it had been in English, the raw ecstasy driving her insane having turned her mind to mush. Orgasm after soul-searing orgasm racked through her with no end in sight, and even if she’d wanted to tell Harry to stop, she didn’t know if she could have formed the words in her state. All she could do was enjoy what she would have compared to a reverse Cruciatus if she could still have coherent thoughts. In her mindless writhing and thrashing about, she accidentally bumped her hips up enough for Harry’s tongue to swipe over her arsehole and he froze for a second before realizing that it didn’t taste like anything.

“I mean, I’ve already licked it,” he thought to himself, deciding to see if speaking Parseltongue against it would have any effects.

“AHHH!” Daphne squealed at the top of her lungs as the most powerful orgasm she’d had yet crashed over her, making a torrent of fluid gush out of her spasming cunt.

It hit Harry square in the face, getting in his eyes, and as he staggered back, reaching for his wand so he could clean himself off, Daphne rode out the final waves of mind-melting pleasure on the bed, her whole body continuing to shake after it finally ended.

“What...the fuck...was that?” she panted, trying to blink the tears out of her eyes so she could see him clearly. “Are...you wet?”

“It’s nothing,” Harry replied, vanishing the fluid and setting his wand down before sitting next to her. Brushing her hair with his fingers, he asked, “That was Parseltongue.”

“You spoke...Parseltongue...against me?” Daphne asked.

“I hope you don’t mind,” Harry replied dryly, and she giggled until she started to weep again.

He traced his fingers over her arm softly and comfortingly as she came down from her high, smiling widely when she finally sat up and kissed him softly.

“You say you touch yourself,” Daphne murmured. “What’s the most times you’ve ever...finished in one day?”

“One,” Harry replied, and she gave him a flat look.

“Really?” Daphne asked.

“During the school year, I share my dorm room with three other boys, and during the summer I live with total arseholes who can barely stand me,” Harry replied, freezing as he realized what he’d said. He quickly recovered and added, “It’s not something I’ve ever tried to do more than once.”

“Well,” Daphne murmured, deciding to come back to that part of the people he lives with later, “how many times do you think you could if you pushed yourself? Pick a number.”

“I don’t know...four?” Harry asked. “I really don’t know.”

“Well, four it is,” Daphne replied, conjuring a ribbon with which she started tying back her hair.

“Huh?” Harry asked, gasping when she grabbed his hand and pulled him down onto the bed.

Moving onto her knees, she crawled between his legs and said, “Actually, I think we’ll go for five.”

“You...you mean...” Harry stammered.

“Harry, I just felt things I didn’t know it was possible to feel, and you deserve a reward for that,” Daphne replied. “I’m not stopping today until you finish five times.”

“Okay,” Harry breathed, wondering if this was what it felt like to feel lucky, only to groan her name as she set about making good on her promise, the both of them unaware that, far away in Malfoy Manor, a certain Dark Lord was about to be in for a very, very bad time.