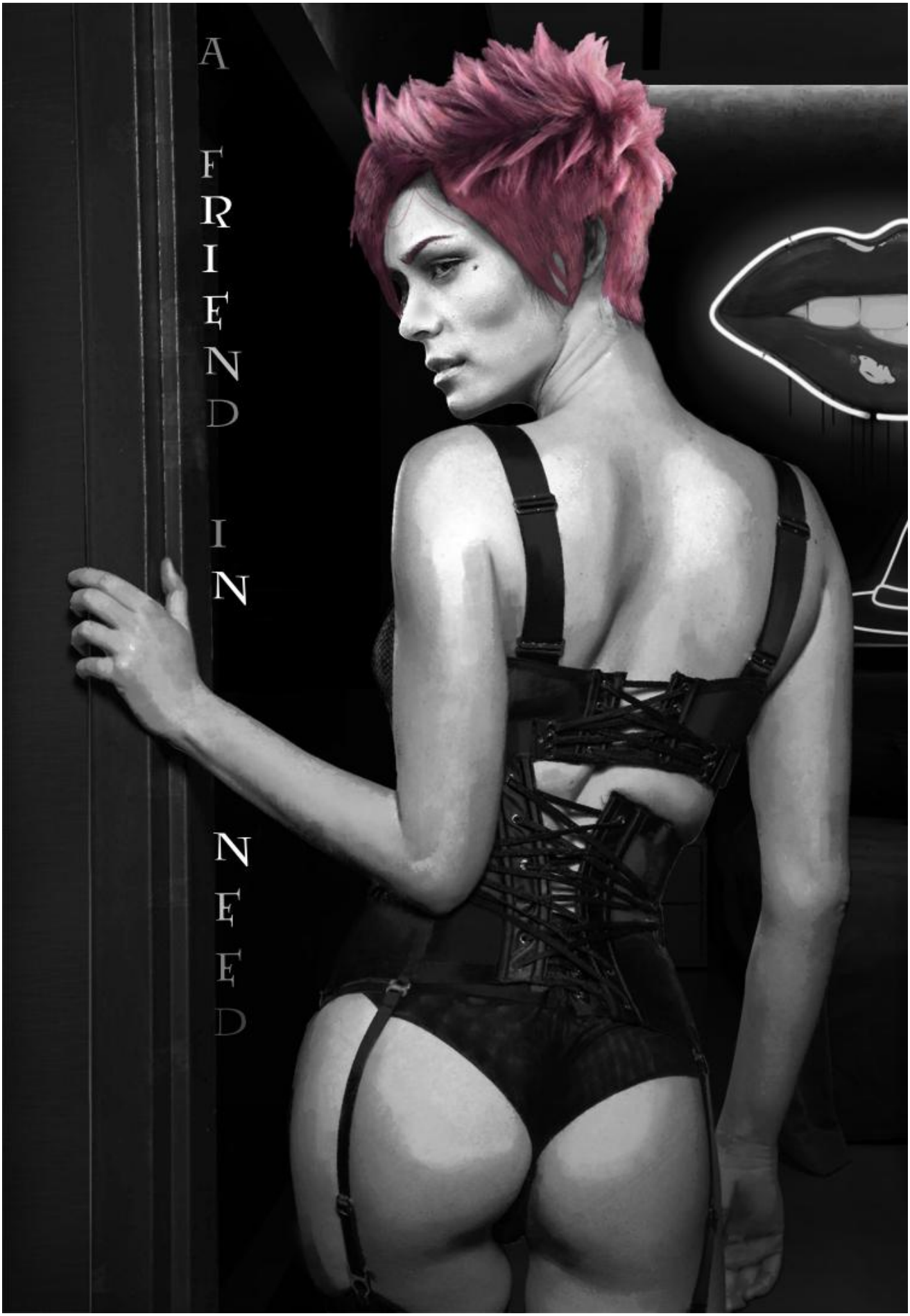
A FRIEND IN NEED

A Friend in Need

Chapter 1

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

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

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

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

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

"What's happened?" Harry asked sharply.

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

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

Harry’s stomach clenched in fear.

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

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

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

“Tonks has been captured,” Moody said.

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

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

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

“What’s going on?” Fred asked.

“Is it, dad?” Ginny asked worriedly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Can we get in?” Moody asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"If you would just-"

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Harry!” Mrs. Weasley scolded him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But you can do it?” Harry asked.

“Dobby could, but-”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Dobby can,” the Elf said with certainty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stupify!" Harry snarled.

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

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

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

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

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

"Please, no more," Tonks whimpered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Let’s go, Dobby,” Harry said.

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

“Don’t go,” she whispered pleadingly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What happened?” Pomfrey asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“We’ll discuss this later, Harry,” he said sternly.

“Maybe you’ll actually listen for once,” Harry bit back angrily.

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

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

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

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

“Er, no,” he answered, blushing slightly.

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

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

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

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

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

“Anything else?” Pomfrey asked.

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

“Did you lose consciousness?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry smiled and moved back into a more comfortable position.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I know,” Harry said with a nod.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Molly,” Dumbledore said calmly.

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

“That was very reckless of you, Harry,” he continued.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No, it wouldn’t,” Sirius spoke up.

“Sirius,” Dumbledore said tiredly.

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

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

“He’s too young,” Mrs. Weasley hissed.

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

“This isn’t about-”

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

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

“Were there any other prisoners?” Moody asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is there a spell to pull someone's head out of their ass?" Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It hurts,” Tonks whimpered tearfully.

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

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

“Better?” Harry asked.

“A little,” Tonks replied.

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

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

"Yes," Tonks answered quickly.

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

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

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

"Harry?" she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Harry,” Tonks moaned softly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you,” she said tiredly.

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

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

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

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

Harry chuckled and leaned down to kiss her temple.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Don’t be,” she said.

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

“Mhh, feels nice,” she mumbled sleepily.

Harry chuckled and shook his head.

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 2

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

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

“Sore,” Tonks said through gritted teeth.

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

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

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

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

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

“Please,” she said weakly.

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

“Drink,” Poppy told her.

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

“I’m sorry I can’t do more for you,” Poppy said.

“S’all right,” Tonks groaned.

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

“How long will this last?” Tonks asked.

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

“Great,” Tonks muttered sarcastically.

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

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

“Thanks, Poppy,” she said.

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

“Come in,” Poppy called.

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

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

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

“I will,” Harry said with a nod.

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

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

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

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

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

“Not really,” she admitted.

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

Tonks rolled her eyes, “Yes, mum.”

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

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

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

“It’s turkey,” Harry told her.

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

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

“Not much,” Ron answered, his ears still bright pink. “Mum has us cleaning again 'cause she’s mad.”

“About what?” Tonks asked, wincing as she swallowed.

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

“She’s upset that Harry went off alone to rescue you,” Hermione explained.

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

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

“I don’t know why she’s punishing us, too. We didn’t do anything,” Ron groused.

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

“That’s mental,” Ron said.

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

“Better?” Harry asked.

“Much,” Tonks said with a smile.

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

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

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

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

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

Nodding, the Elf vanished with a pop.

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

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

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

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

“Oh!” Tonks said.

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

“How did you free him from the Malfoys?” Tonks asked curiously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, during my second year...”

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

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

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

“You have no idea,” Hermione muttered.

At Tonks’ questioning look, she explained.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“There fine, Molly,” Tonks croaked.

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

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

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

“I can’t wear clothes. They hurt too much,” Tonks told her.

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

“Thanks, Sirius,” Tonks said, though she wasn’t looking forward to moving.

“Do you want to go now?” Harry asked.

Tonks sighed.

“Might as well get it over with,” she grumbled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tonks rolled her eyes.

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

“But-”

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

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

“But mum,” he whined.

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you ready?” Harry asked her.

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

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

Harry rolled his eyes as Sirius left.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Although he looked annoyed, Harry didn't argue.

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

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

"Do you need anything?" Sirius asked.

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

“I’m sorry, Tonks,” Sirius said, his face troubled.

“For what?” she asked.

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

“It’s not your fault, Sirius,” Tonks said.

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

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

“How are you feeling, Tonks?” Kingsley asked.

“I'm doing a little better,” Tonks said.

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

“Can’t this wait, Alastor?” Molly asked. “She needs her rest.”

“I saw their faces, but I didn’t recognize them,” Tonks said, ignoring Molly’s mothering.

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

“That him!” Tonks exclaimed. “How did you find him?”

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

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

“Yeah, well, good riddance,” Tonks spat.

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

“If you do, let me know,” Tonks growled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hey,” Tonks said, smiling back.

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

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

“Sure,” he said.

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

“Leave it,” she said.

“It still bothers you?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thank you,” Tonks said gratefully.

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

“Ready?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Th feels *so* good,” Tonks moaned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Harry,” Tonks moaned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Here?” Harry asked with raised eyebrows.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hmm?” he hummed.

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

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

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

“I think it’s time to get out,” Harry said.

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

“Will you stay until I fall asleep?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry said with a smile.

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

Chapter 3

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

“What are you doing!?” Hermione hissed furiously.

Blushing, Harry opened and closed his mouth several times.

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

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

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

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

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

Hermione covered her mouth as her eyes widened slightly.

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

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

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

“Where did she go?” Harry asked.

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

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

Just then, they heard a tapping at the window.

“It’s Hedwig,” said Hermione.

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

“Hey girl,” Harry greeted with a smile.

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

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

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

“Finite.”

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

“What is it?” Hermione asked, curious.

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

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

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

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

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

“Feeling better?” Harry asked.

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

“That’s good. Here,” he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I guess not," Tonks said, smiling.

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

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

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

“Is there anything in particular you want?” Hermione asked.

“Just some toast and bacon,” Tonks said.

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

“Ron, your dad’s back!”

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

“I’ll be down in a minute,” he said.

“Okay, just don’t take too long,” Hermione told him.

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

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

“Yes,” she said with a smile. “I’m going mad staying in this room.”

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

“Do you want underwear?” he asked.

“Panties, but no bra,” Tonks said.

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

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

“Okay,” Harry said slowly.

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

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

“You okay?” he asked.

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

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

“Thanks,” Tonks said.

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

“Harry!” Tonks exclaimed.

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

“Fine,” she sulked, drawing out the word.

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

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

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

“Tell me what?” Mr. Weasley asked.

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

“I’m fine, Molly,” Mr. Weasley said. “What happened?”

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

“Well, that’s our Harry for you,” Mr. Weasley said with a grin. “Always doing what’s right.”

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

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

“Or me,” Hermione added quietly.

“Or me,” Sirius added proudly.

“That’s our Harry,” Fred said, smiling.

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

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

“Are you calling me a damsel?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good morning, everyone,” Madam Pomfrey said.

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

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

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

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

“Yeah,” he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I guess,” Harry said with a shrug.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It looks like more than that,” Hermione said.

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

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

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

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

“I’m a big boy, Hermione,” he said, annoyed. “I can take care of myself.”

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

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

“Sorry,” Harry said quietly.

“It’s alright,” Hermione mumbled, but Harry shook his head.

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah,” Harry admitted.

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

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

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

Remus shook his head.

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

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

“You have no idea,” Hermione said, shaking her head.

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

“I am not!” Hermione exclaimed, looking offended.

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

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

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

“You blackmailed Rita Skeeter,” Harry said, continuing as if she hadn’t spoken.

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

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

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

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

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

“I- we-” Hermione stuttered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course he did,” Tonks muttered disgustedly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“He’s just trying to protect you, Harry,” Remus said.

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

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

“Can you help me out of these clothes?” Tonks asked. “They’re really starting to irritate me.”

“Gladly,” Harry said with a smirk.

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

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

“Please,” she said.

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

“Front or back first?” Harry asked.

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

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

“That feels *so* good,” Tonks groaned pleasurably.

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

“Ready to roll over?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Harry,” she whimpered desperately.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Gah! Cold,” Harry yelped.

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

“That better?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry shuddered at the thought.

“Let’s not find out,” he said.

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

Chapter 4

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Around twenty in total,” Remus replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What!?” “You can’t be serious!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I can teach him," Tonks volunteered instantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah?” she asked.

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

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

“Something wrong?” Tonks asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yep,” he said, popping the ‘P.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tonks sagged in relief.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, yes, but-”

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

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

“I’ll think about it,” she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~

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

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

The look she gave him at that moment made him struggle not to kiss her right then and there. The cute smile, the sparkling, violet-colored eyes, the way her hand slid across his shoulder as

she used it to steady herself; it all just made him want to take her straight to her room and damn the consequences.

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

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

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

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

Harry resisted the urge to sigh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey,” she replied.

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

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

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

“Thanks, Tonks,” he said earnestly.

Surprisingly, she rolled her eyes at him but smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Tonks,” he said.

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

“Try yours,” Harry said.

Shrugging, Tonks brought the mirror up to her face.

“Harry,” she said.

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

“Harry Potter,” she growled.

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

“Tonks,” he said into it again.

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

“Nymphadora Tonks,” he said with a smirk.

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

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

“Kill who?” Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

“Alright, now that that present’s been ruined, what did you get me?” she asked expectantly.

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

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

“Anything I want, huh?” she asked.

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

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

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

Tonks surprised him by pushing him flat on his back before sitting up and then swinging her leg over him. She sat down on Harry’s waist, pinning his partially hardened member between his

stomach and her warm mound. Smiling down at him, she put her arms on either side of his head, resting her weight on her elbows and dragging her smooth breasts across his chest as their lips met.

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

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

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

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

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

That feeling only got better when Tonks started to move. Her eyes flew open when she raised herself up, and a gasp escaped her lips. Her core spasmed around him as she stared forward with an unfocused gaze. Despite how much she’d recovered over the last week, he knew she was still more sensitive than normal.

Not exactly a hardship, he thought as he looked at her pleasure-filled face with a smile.

“Harry,” Tonks whined.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you sure?” Harry asked.

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

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

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

“Yes. Fuck me,” Tonks whispered heatedly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Happy Christmas, Tonks,” he said.

“Happy Christmas,” she replied.

Chapter 5

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay," Harry said nervously.

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

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

Harry gave her a confused look at the unexpected question.

“Er, no. Why?” he asked.

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

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

“He’s reading my thoughts,” Harry repeated, horrified. “And Snape?!”

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

“So, if I learn from you, I won’t have to learn from Snape?” he asked hopefully.

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

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

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

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

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

“Lessons first, then we can play,” she told him.

“Yes, professor,” Harry mocked with a grin.

Tonks snorted at the idea of her ever being a professor.

“Alright, let’s get started. Face me,” she said.

Harry and Tonks situated themselves so they were sitting cross-legged and facing each other. Grabbing her wand from the nightstand, she rolled it between her fingers absentmindedly.

“Right, so, Occlumency,” Tonks started uncertainly. “There’s two basic ways to use Occlumency. One is to control your thoughts, so someone looking into your mind sees what you want them to see. That’s what I learned because I needed it to keep myself from changing accidentally when I was at Muggle school. The other way is to just force someone out of your mind. That way is simpler and faster to learn, but for it to work, you have to be stronger than the person trying to invade your mind. That’s what I’ll be teaching you.”

“Wait, I’m not stronger than Voldemort,” Harry protested.

“You beat him in the graveyard when your wands connected, didn’t you?” Tonks asked. “This is the exact same thing.”

Harry still looked uncertain but nodded anyways. She couldn't blame him; taking on Voldemort in any situation was daunting. Being forced to fight him inside your own mind would be terrifying for anyone.

"Okay, let's get started," Tonks said with forced cheer.

She spent about half an hour just explaining how to recognize when someone was invading your mind and how to force them out. It was a difficult thing to put into words, but she did the best she could, and Harry seemed to understand what she was trying to tell him.

"Ready?" Tonks asked.

When Harry nodded, she raised her wand and cast the Legilimens Charm. Instantly, she found herself swimming in a sea of chaotic thoughts. While Tonks had performed Legilimency before, she wasn't an expert at it. Focusing, she tried to latch onto a memory. After a couple of fumbles, she managed to get a hold of one.

A young Harry, perhaps seven or eight, was being berated by his aunt for trimming her flowers wrong. As she looked closer at the scene, she noticed his worn, baggy clothes that looked five sizes too big. The knees of his too-large, stained jeans were caked in dry dirt, along with his fingernails. There were dozens of small, red cuts on his hands and arms, likely from his aunt's rose bushes.

As Tonks' anger grew at what she was witnessing, the scene began to turn blurry. A proud smile stretched across her face as Harry fought against her. It was an impressive achievement for a first effort. Rather than fight back, Tonks let him push her out, hoping it would build his confidence.

Just before the scene faded entirely, she heard a garbled shout from his aunt that sounded like, 'get back in your cupboard!' At first, she thought she'd misheard, until the older woman grabbed little Harry by the arm and tossed him into the cupboard under the stairs, slamming the door shut and locking it.

The next thing Tonks knew, she was sitting back on her bed at Grimmauld Place. Harry clutched his head and closed his eyes in a grimace. It was typical to get headaches the first few times, but from what she knew of him, the pain had to be really bad for him to react the way he was. While he fought the pain, Tonks had to conceal her look of horrified anger. She'd known the Dursleys were bad, but she'd never expected something like that.

With difficulty, Tonks calmed herself and tried to give Harry a smile.

"You did great, Har," she said, running her hand through his hair. "It usually takes a lot longer for people to learn how to fight back.

As Harry lifted his gaze to look at her, she realized he wasn't clutching his head, but his scar. That was troubling.

"Harry?" Tonks asked in concern.

Reaching out, she ran her fingers through his hair and down his cheek.

"I'm fine," Harry said.

Even though his voice sounded normal, and he looked up at her with a face that betrayed nothing, she could see the pain in his eyes.

"I can't help if you don't talk to me," Tonks said softly.

Harry looked down again and was silent for a long moment.

"I think I pushed him out," Harry said quietly.

“You were fighting both of us?” Tonks asked, wide-eyed.

“I… I think so,” Hary replied. “It hurt, but it’s fading.”

“Maybe we should call it quits for tonight,” she suggested.

“No,” Harry said with a sharpness that surprised her as he looked up. “No, I want to keep going. I need to keep him out of my head.”

Tonks hesitated but eventually gave in at the pleading look in his eyes.

“Okay,” she said. “Let me know when you’re ready.”

“I’m ready,” Harry replied instantly.

Raising her wand, Tonks once again entered his mind.

For the next hour, Harry practiced throwing her out of his mind again and again. Tonks was staggered by some of the memories she saw. From giant spiders, to a Basilisk, to the Triwizard Tournament, it almost seemed too incredible to be true. Each time Harry pushed her out, he leaned forward, clutching his head. Tonks remembered her own headaches from when her mother taught her that they would take half an hour to ease, but Harry looked back up, ready to go again after only a couple of minutes.

“I think that’s enough for tonight,” Tonks said after the eighth time she was thrown out of his mind.

She tried hard not to show it, but the practice was beginning to wear on her as well. Thankfully, Harry didn’t argue. Instead, he nodded, took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes with a groan as he slumped tiredly. Feeling tired herself. Tonks grabbed his arm and pulled him up until he was

lying on the pillows next to her. Smirking, she took off her shirt and pulled his head between her breasts. Harry chuckled and snuggled against her, using her plump breasts as pillows. Tonks stroked her fingers through his hair and down his back while he drifted into an exhausted sleep.

Harry woke up the next morning, his head feeling clearer than it had in months. He felt none of the intense, irrational anger that had been burning inside of him since Voldemort's return. Next to him, Tonks reached under the pillow and canceled the vibrating alarm charm she'd placed on her wand the night before. Feeling almost giddy, Harry gave her a quick kiss on the lips and hopped out of bed.

Sneaking back to his room in the early hours of the morning, he felt too energized to go back to sleep. Instead, he decided to grab a change of clothes and get a shower. By the time he was done, Mrs. Weasley was awake, and he could hear her making breakfast down in the kitchen. Feeling completely refreshed and rejuvenated, Harry headed down to get something to eat.

As the day went on, he noticed that the mood of the whole house seemed brighter. Even Sirius was less moody and depressed than he had been. It made him feel guilty that his attitude could affect everyone else so much. Instead of letting it get to him, though, Harry tried to keep his spirits up and lay the blame on Voldemort rather than himself.

Later in the evening, while he sat on the couch between Hermione and Tonks, Harry's scar burned with such intensity that it left him breathless, unable to scream or groan as he clutched his head and doubled over where he sat.

"Harry?" Hermione asked in concern.

Her voice sounded like it was coming from far away. When Harry closed his eyes, trying desperately to fight off the pain, he began seeing himself walking down a long, narrow hallway towards a black door with a brass handle. As if from underwater, he could just make out Tonks calling his name.

Realizing what was happening, Harry used what Tonks had taught him to push Voldemort out. It was surprisingly hard to work up the will to fight, simply from the fact that a large part of him

wanted to know what Voldemort was trying to show him. Fighting against his own curiosity, he pushed back as hard as he could until the vision darkened before suddenly vanishing. Even though the vision was gone, Harry could still feel Voldemort's rage at being forced out.

The world around him came back into focus as he opened his eyes.

"Harry?" Tonks asked.

"I'm alright," he told her even as he winced from the pain in his head.

Sitting up, Harry found everyone in the room staring at him worriedly. He tried to smile, but it came off as more of a grimace. Eventually, over the next few minutes, the pain in his head faded to a bearable level.

It wasn't long after the pain dulled that Harry decided to call it an early night. Not so much because he was tired, but more because he was tired of how everyone looked over at him every few seconds.

Harry laid down in his room and rested on his bed for only a few minutes before Tonks came in.

"Hey, you alright?" she asked as she sat on the side of his bed.

"Yeah," Harry answered, closing his eyes and enjoying the feeling of her fingers running through his hair.

"What happened?" Tonks asked softly.

"Voldemort was trying to show me something," Harry said. "It was a long hall with a door at the end. I swear I've seen it before. I just can't remember where."

“Does your head still hurt?” she asked.

“A bit,” he admitted.

Harry felt Tonks shift and then heard the door’s lock click into place. He opened his eyes just in time to see her silence the room and then set her wand down on his nightstand. Raising an eyebrow in askance, she smiled playfully and then leaned down to kiss him. Pressing herself against the side of his body, Tonks ran her hand down his chest and stomach to his crotch. She rubbed her palm over his cock, causing him to quickly swell against her hand.

Groaning into her mouth, he slipped a hand under her shirt and cupped one of her breasts. Moaning into his mouth, Tonks pushed her hand under his pants and massaged his length. As soon as he was completely hard, she sat up and grinned as she scooted down to kneel between his legs.

Popping open the button of his jeans, Tonks undid the zipper and pulled them down his legs. Harry’s rigid erection tented the front of his boxers, straining the fabric until she pulled those off too. Grabbing the base of his cock, Tonks stroked him a few times while looking up at him with a glint in her eye. Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his swollen head, her tongue swirling around his glans.

With a hiss, Harry ran his fingers through her hair as she started bobbing her head slowly up and down his length. With each descent, Tonks took him deeper and deeper, until she’d swallowed him entirely. Groaning as she swallowed around him, he looked down to see her wink up at him with his entire cock still buried to the hilt in her throat. Shaking her head back and forth while lapping at his balls, it was one of the most incredible sensations Harry had ever felt.

Slowly, Tonks raised her head, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard. When she got to the head, she paused before swallowing him once more.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

Tonks smiled up at him with her eyes while dragging her lips slowly back up to the tip. This time, she came off with a *pop* and then gave his throbbing head a kiss. Twisting around, she stripped out of her pants, leaving her completely naked. Harry took the time to take off his shirt while she straddled his waist.

Lining him up with her entrance, Tonks lowered herself onto him with a moan. Then, she put her hands on his shoulders and started bouncing up and down slowly, sliding his hard length in and out of her tight folds.

Planting his feet on the bed, Harry grabbed her hips and began meeting her bouncing with his thrusts. Lifting his head, he kissed and sucked on her dangling, bouncing breasts, trying to catch her nipple. Tonks laughed and shook her chest back and forth, slapping him in the face with her large, soft breasts.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, Harry rolled both of them over and flexed his hips, driving his cock deep inside of her. Tonks moaned again while wrapping her arms around his chest and digging her nails into his back. Harry kissed her hard as he began thrusting at a steady pace.

Thanks to her teasing earlier, Harry knew he wouldn't last too long. Supporting his weight on one arm, he slipped a hand between their bodies and rubbed her clit as he continued to thrust. He could hear the sound of Tonks' breathing pick up and her muscles tremble under him while he fought back his own orgasm.

Finally, just as he thought he wouldn't be able to hold back any longer, Tonks arched her back and came with a moan. Removing his hand from her clit, Harry thrusted just a few more times before he reached his peak in her fluttering depths. With a groan, he emptied himself inside of her.

As they both panted and came down from their peaks, Harry rolled over onto his back and then pulled Tonks to his chest. Grabbing Tonks' wand, he tried twice to cast the rather complicated Notice Me Not Charm before finally getting it right on the third try. He then set an alarm and stuffed the wand under his pillow. Tonks lifted her head and gave him one last kiss on the lips before resting her head on his chest and settling in for the night.

Chapter 6

Harry woke up, as he'd done every morning for the last two weeks, to a vibrating under his pillow in the early hours of the morning and a head of brown hair pillowed on his chest. Tonks groaned tiredly as he shifted slightly to reach under the pillow and cancel the Alarm Charm on her wand. Even after turning it off and knowing that Mrs. Weasley would be up soon to start making breakfast, neither of them was in a hurry to get up and move.

It was the 31st of January, his last full day staying at Grimmauld Place before going back to Hogwarts. For the first time since stepping foot into the wizarding world four and a half years ago, he wasn't anxious and excited to return.

Not only did Hogwarts not feel like the home it used to with Umbridge's presence, but Harry hated the thought of leaving behind the beautiful witch lying on top of him.

"Can we just stay in bed all day?" Tonks asked sleepily.

Harry smiled, having just had a similar thought himself.

"I wish," he mumbled.

Tonks sighed and ran her hand along his bare stomach. Looking up at him, there was a playful look shining in her hazel eyes as she ran her fingers along his morning erection. Harry ran a hand through her short, brown hair as she kissed his chest.

Working her way down his abs, she trapped his cock between the palm of her hand on one side and her lips wrapping around his girth on the other. Tonks' tongue slipped out and curled around him in slow kisses as she started at his base and worked her way up to the tip. Shifting around to lay down on her stomach, she stroked his rigid length at a leisurely pace while kissing and licking all over his swollen head. Harry groaned and ran a hand through her hair as he enjoyed the feeling of her lips and tongue running over his sensitive glans.

Looking up at him with a small smile, Tonks took him between her lips, causing him to inhale sharply from being enveloped in her hot, wet mouth. Still staring up at him, she descended, swallowing his entire length in one swift, effortless motion.

“Bloody hell,” Harry grunted, just barely stopping himself from bucking up at the incredible feeling.

Tonks stayed with her lips wrapped around his base, his cock buried deep in her throat, for several long seconds before finally lifting her head slowly. Once he was out of her throat, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard all the way up to the tip. Only then did she reverse course, swallowing him whole once again.

After several trips up and down his shaft, she pulled off completely. Panting lightly, she gave him a smug, playful grin while stroking his slick, spit-covered length. Once she’d caught her breath, Tonks throated him again.

This time, she bobbed her head much quicker than before. Rather than pulling all the way back up to the head, she stopped just as he left her throat, about halfway up his shaft, before driving herself back down. Harry’s hands unconsciously tightened in her hair as Tonks quite literally fucked him with her throat. Thick, warm spit leaked out from between her lips and drooled down over his shaft and balls with every bob of her head.

After a surprisingly long time, Tonks finally pulled off of him to catch her breath. Even then, she kept stroking his cock and lapping at the throbbing head. When she took him back into her mouth and swallowed him whole, she kept her lips wrapped around his base for a moment while shaking her head back and forth. A moment later, she pulled halfway back up his length before starting to bob her head quickly again.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned. “I’m close.”

Pulling back up to the head, Tonks sucked voraciously, adding a twist of her as she stroked his shaft while her tongue lashed at the sensitive underside of his glans.

With a loud groan, Harry spilled into her mouth. As soon as the first spurt hit her tongue, Tonks dove down. He grunted as he continued spraying straight down her gullet, his cock swelling and pulsating in the tight confines of her throat. This time, he couldn't stop himself from bucking his hips. While he did, he pulled her head down, driving his cock as deep as possible.

Tonks placed her hands on his hips, but instead of pushing him away, she gripped his ass and pulled herself down as his climax began to wane. When he finally finished collapsing bonelessly onto the mattress, she sucked hard while pulling back up to the head slowly. Harry shivered as she reached his hypersensitive tip, and Tonks smiled at him with her eyes as she sucked him dry.

As she pulled off of him completely, there was a large dollop of cum stuck to the corner of her mouth. Smirking, she wiped it off with her finger and popped it into her mouth, sucking it clean.

"Bloody hell," Harry said. "Well, that was fucking incredible."

Chuckling, Tonks pushed herself up onto her hands and knees before crawling over top of him. Harry ran his hands over her dangling breast as she leaned down to kiss him. Sliding his hands down to her waist, he rolled her over onto her back while he lay on his side next to her. As they kissed heatedly, he caressed her breasts, stomach, and down to her hot, damp mound. As he cupped her folds, Tonks moaned into his mouth and bucked her hips up into his hand.

That's when they heard a door open and close down the hall. Both of them froze in place as quiet footsteps padded towards them.

"Did you silence the room last night?" Harry asked in a barely audible whisper.

"I don't remember," Tonks whispered back.

Careful not to make any noise, Harry reached down and grabbed the sheet, even while knowing it wouldn't do much good. He froze again as the footsteps reached Tonks' door and then

continued on down the hall. Hearing the stair squeak, they finally relaxed and breathed a sigh of relief.

“You should go. That was probably Molly,” Tonks said sadly.

Harry sighed, knowing she was right but wishing he could stay. Leaning down, he gave her a passionate kiss before rolling out of bed and gathering his clothes. Once he was dressed, he gave Tonks one last kiss, his fingers gently stroking her cheek, before turning to leave.

Going back to his room, he laid down and dozed off for another half an hour before Mrs. Weasley sent Hermione in to wake him up. Harry immediately went back to Tonks’ room to help her downstairs for breakfast.

After they ate, Mrs. Weasley told them all to make sure they were packed for tomorrow’s trip to King’s Cross Station. Normally, Harry would have procrastinated and done it later that night, but now he listened, although for reasons Mrs. Weasley probably wouldn’t have liked. He planned to spend as much of the day with Sirius as he could and then spend the night with Tonks.

A short while later, Hermione came into his room as he was haphazardly throwing clothes and books into his trunk.

“Hey, Harry,” she said, closing the door behind her.

“Hey,” Harry replied.

“Are you doing okay?” Hermione asked, taking a seat on his bed.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Harry said, looking at her oddly. “Why?”

“Well, for one, you’re packing early,” she pointed out. “And two, we go back to school tomorrow.

“That’s kind of why I’m packing,” Harry said.

“You know what I mean,” Hermione said in annoyance. “I’m asking how you feel about leaving Tonks.”

“Oh,” Harry said, finally catching on. “Well, of course, I don’t like it, but we both knew this was coming.”

“Have you talked to her about it?” she asked.

“No,” he said. “There’s really not much to talk about.”

Hermione nodded and sat quietly for a long moment, just watching him as he packed.

“What?” Harry asked.

“You seem… different,” Hermione said, causing him to raise an eyebrow. “I don’t mean that in a bad way. You just seem a lot more calm the last few days.”

“It’s the Occlumency,” he told her. “It’s like Voldemort’s anger was bleeding into me. But now that I’ve learned how to block him out, I don’t feel it as much.”

“Does it still hurt?” Hermione asked, and he knew she meant his scar.

“Sometimes,” Harry said with a shrug.

“She’s been really good for you,” Hermione admitted quietly.

“Yeah,” Harry said as he closed his trunk with a small smile. “She has. Come on, let’s go back downstairs.”

Harry, Hermione, and Ron spent the rest of the day with his family, Sirius and Tonks. Sirius was quieter than usual, obviously sad to see them go, so Harry tried to cheer him up the best he could.

Moody and Kingsley stopped by after lunch to make arrangements for getting everyone to King’s Cross. The Ministry refused to give them cars, so they would be taking a Muggle car, something Mr. Weasley found quite exciting.

Harry shared glances with Tonks throughout the evening, and the clock seemed to move at a crawl the closer it got to bedtime. When it was time to call it a night, Harry still ended up waiting in bed for Mrs. Weasley to do her rounds.

Just after eleven, Harry laid still in his bed as the door opened briefly before closing. He waited another half an hour before climbing out of bed and creeping down the hall to Tonks’ room.

“Sorry,” Harry said when he saw her waiting up in bed for him. “Mrs. Weasley always checks on us the night before we go back to school.”

“It’s fine,” Tonks said with a grin.

As he sat on the bed next to her, she reached for his shirt and tugged it up over his head. Quickly, both of them stripped out of their clothes, and Harry silenced the room before laying down next to her. Tonks curled up against his side and laid her head on his chest. They stayed like that for a long time, just laying there quietly while Harry's hand moved up and down her smooth, bare skin.

Neither of them wanted to start anything because it would be the end, like saying goodbye a night early.

Eventually, Tonks made the first move, pulling Harry on top of her and kissing him deeply. He thrust into her slowly, his hips barely rocking back and forth as he tried to savor the feeling of having her wrapped around him one last time. He lasted over an hour before he spilled himself inside of her with his head buried in the crook of her neck. Even after he went limp, he stayed inside of her as she ran her nails lightly up and down his spine.

“I’m going to miss you,” Tonks said quietly.

“I’m gong to miss you too,” Harry said.

Rolling off of her, he pulled her back against his chest, where they lay well into the early morning, talking quietly.

By the time they woke up in the morning, there wasn’t much time for them to do anything. Mrs. Weasley woke up minutes after they did, the floor creaking lightly under her feet as she passed their room. They looked at each other wordlessly. Harry leaned in, gave her one more long kiss, and then silently slipped back to his bedroom, not daring to look back.

The house was chaotic as it usually was when the Weasleys were around when he helped Tonks down to breakfast. Discretely, she held his hand under the table while they watched them run around, grabbing last-minute belongings and trying to eat a quick breakfast.

Far too soon, the cars arrived, and it was time to leave. Due to her injuries, Tonks wouldn’t be making the trip with them. Just before they left, Harry pulled Sirius in for a hug, then Tonks, not caring if anyone was watching as he hugged longer than what was considered normal.

“Stay safe, and don’t forget about the mirror,” she whispered in his ear.

“Stay safe? I’m not the one that got caught by Death Eaters,” Harry said with a chuckle.

“Prat,” Tonks said with a good-natured grin.

While one last wave, Harry followed Moody to the car. He stared quietly out the window for most of the ride. Hermione gave him a few concerned looks, but he just smiled and shook his head. The last thing he wanted to do was talk about it.

It was going to be a long term, Harry thought.

Chapter 7

Tonks toweled her spiky purple hair dry as she stepped out of the bathroom and into her bedroom. Padding over to the full-length mirror on the back of her bedroom door, she tossed the towel into the overflowing hamper and looked at the reflection of her slightly damp, naked body.

Running her hands over her moderately sized chest, the size she preferred for work, she turned to the side with a thoughtful look at her profile. Tonks closed her eyes, her face scrunched up in concentration. She could feel her skin stretching with a tingle, and the weight on her chest slowly grew noticeably heavier. When she opened her eyes again, she smiled at her now large, jutting breasts.

Twisting her hips to the side, she ran a hand from her waist down across the smooth skin of her fit, muscular bum. Satisfied with her look, Tonks grabbed a bottle of lotion off her dresser. Squirting a Galleon-sized dollop into her palm, she rubbed her hands together and then began rubbing it into her chest and stomach. With one more dollop of lotion, she rubbed it into her legs and bum.

Looking in the mirror again, Tonks smiled to herself and bounced on her toes to make her firm, perky breasts jiggle enticingly.

Harry’s going to love these, she thought with a smirk.

As her eyes moved down her body, she frowned when she noticed a bit of stubble between her legs. Screwing her face up again, she focused on making it vanish. Opening her eyes, she ran a hand over her smooth mound to make sure she got everything.

“Perfect,” Tonks said to herself with a grin.

Turning around, she walked over and climbed onto the bed. Quickly checking the clock, she saw it was just a few minutes until seven. Pulling her pillows into a large pile, she made herself comfortable before picking up the small hand mirror from her nightstand.

Impatiently, she checked the clock constantly as she waited for Harry to call. That impatience only grew when the clock ticked over to one minute past seven. Between her job at the Ministry and the work she did for the Order, it had been a few days since they’d last talked for more than a few minutes. Tonks was desperate to have some naughty fun tonight. It wasn’t anywhere near as good as having him in her bed, but at least it was better than nothing.

Of course, that wasn’t the only reason she was excited for his call. It would be great to just talk to him again and hear his voice. She was also curious as to how his little Defense club was going. According to Dumbledore and McGonagall, Harry had a real knack for teaching.

As the clock ticked over to four past seven, Tonks decided she’d waited long enough.

“Harry Potter,” she said.

Holding the mirror out at arm's length, she made sure her entire upper body was in view and laid back with a coy smile on her face.

“Nymphadora Tonks,”

Tonks barely had time to register that the voice she heard didn't belong to Harry before she found herself staring into the face of Hermione Granger.

"Oh!" Hermione exclaimed.

Suddenly, the view in the mirror changed, and Tonks found herself staring at a bed spread from just an inch away.

"Hermione?" Tonks asked, startled and confused as she pulled the sheets up over herself.

"Sorry," Hermione said, her words sounding distant and muffled.

"I'm covered. You can look now," Tonks said, a ball of worry settling like lead in the pit of her stomach. "Where's Harry? Is he alright?"

Hermione's blushing face swam back into view.

"He has detention," she said, biting her lip.

"Great," Tonks said frustratedly, though part of her was relieved it was nothing serious.

"To be fair, it wasn't his fault this time," Hermione told her. "Umbridge has been on the war path lately. She's been using any excuse to put Harry in detention."

"I'm going to kill that bitch," Tonks muttered to herself, although she was sure Hermione could hear her. "Do you know what time he'll get out?"

"He usually doesn't get back until after curfew," Hermione said. "He knew you'd be calling tonight, so he asked me to tell you what happened, and he says he's really sorry."

“It’s alright,” Tonks said, blowing out a breath.

“There’s something I wanted to talk to you about as well,” Hermione said, biting her lip nervously.

“What’s that?” Tonks asked.

“It’s about Harry,” Hermione said. “He made me promise not to tell you, but I really think someone else needs to know. He’s being so stubborn. He won’t go to any of the teachers, and he flat out refused to tell Dumbledore.”

“What is it?” Tonks asked worriedly.

Hermione hesitated for a moment, then took a deep breath and ran a hand through her bushy brown hair.

“Umbridge is torturing Harry,” she began, causing Tonks to sit bolt upright, her eyes widening. “She’s making him write lines with this quill that cuts the words into his hand.”

“A Blood Quill!?” Tonks yelled incredulously. “Why hasn’t he told Dumbledore or McGonagall?”

“He wants to deal with it on his own,” Hermione explained, her frustration clear on her face. “Plus, he doesn’t think they can do anything, and, as much as I hate to admit it, he’s probably right.”

“What do you mean they can’t do anything? She’s torturing him!” Tonks bit out angrily.

“I know!” Hermione snapped back. “You don’t know what it’s like here. Dumbledore’s hardly ever around. Umbridge sacked Professor Trelawney and nearly kicked her out of the castle, and

she's threatened to do the same to the other teachers if they step out of line. Now that she has that High Inquisitor title, she can do pretty much anything she wants. If we go to one of the professors, who do you think Fudge will support? He'll call them a liar no matter what evidence we have and sack them too."

Hermione sniffled and wiped her glistening eyes before the tears could fall.

"I hate it," she said miserably. "I hate seeing him come back every night with his hand cut up. But there's nothing we can do."

"I'm sorry," Tonks said, running a hand through her hair.

In her head, she cursed Dumbledore for not protecting Harry the way he should. She'd thought they'd finally gotten through to him that more needed to be done, but it looked like he'd fallen back into sitting around and doing nothing.

"Right, I'm going to think of something," Tonks said determinedly. "There's no way in hell I'm letting that bitch get away with hurting Harry. As soon as he gets back, tell him to call me. I don't care what time it is."

"Alright," Hermione said with a nod. "Do you really think you can stop her? I mean, Umbridge has the whole Ministry behind her right now."

"Not all of it," Tonks said. "People are starting to question things at the Ministry. I'll talk to my boss, Madam Bones. She hates Umbridge."

"But won't you be risking your job?" Hermione asked worriedly.

"Don't worry about me, Hermione," Tonks said with a smile. "Right now, protecting Harry is the most important thing. Besides, if the Ministry is going to willfully torture Hogwarts students, then I really don't want to be a part of it. Just make sure to tell Harry to call me, alright?"

“I will,” Hermione said. “Goodnight, Tonks.”

“Night,” Tonks replied.

As the glass faded back into a reflection of her own face, Tonks sighed and tossed it to the side. Standing up, she walked over to her dresser and pulled out a pair of comfortable pajamas. Once she was dressed, she picked up a notebook and quill. Climbing back onto her bed, she began making notes and writing down ideas as she waited for Harry to call.

“Nymphadora Tonks.”

Tonks jolted awake at the sound of the familiar voice. At some point, she had fallen asleep in a rather uncomfortable position. Stretching her back with a wince, she heard her name called again. Realizing Harry was calling her, she threw sheaves of parchment to the side as she frantically looked for her mirror. Grabbing it, she quickly brought it up to her face.

“Harry Potter,” Tonks said.

The mirror went blurry for just a moment before it cleared to reveal the tired face of Harry Potter.

“Hey,” he said with a soft, happy smile.

Any anger she felt towards him for not telling her about Umbridge earlier drained away at the sight of his face and the tender smile on his lips. How was she supposed to stay angry with that, she asked herself.

“Hey,” Tonks said, smiling back.

“Sorry about getting detention,” Harry said. “Umbridge has been a nightmare lately. Apparently, sneezing in class is a disruption now.”

“And when did you plan on telling me about that Blood Quill she’s making you use?” Tonks asked.

Harry stiffened before looking away with a sigh.

“Hermione told you,” Harry stated more than asked.

“Yes, and don’t you dare give her a hard time for that. She’s just worried about you,” Tonks told him firmly. “The important question is, why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because there’s nothing you can do about it, and I didn’t want to worry you,” Harry said quietly. “Besides, I can handle it.”

“You shouldn’t have to,” Tonks said softly.

She knew from his memories that Harry had difficulty relying on other people, especially adults. Growing up with the Dursleys hadn’t left a good impression, and yelling at him wouldn’t help anything.

“What else am I supposed to do?” Harry asked frustratedly. “I can’t go to any of the teachers. Dumbledore won’t even look at me now, and everyone else is too scared to stand up to her. Well, McGonagall does. But if I go to her, she’ll just get fired, and then we’ve got no one.”

Tonks sighed, her heart breaking as she truly realized just how alone they all felt. Someone needed to stand up for them and to hell with the consequences, she thought.

“Well then, it’s a good thing your super-fit girlfriend also happens to be a kick-arse Auror,” Tonks said with a grin, trying to lighten the mood.

“No,” Harry said with a firmness that shocked her. “I don’t want you getting into trouble over me.”

“Hey, you helped me. Now it’s my turn to help you,” Tonks told him.

“But-”

“No buts,” Tonks cut him off. “I’m going to do it anyway, so you might as well help me out.”

“Tonks, you could lose your job,” Harry argued frustratedly.

“No big loss there,” Tonks said with a shrug. “Like I told Hermione, if the Ministry is going to torture people, then I want no part of it.”

“You’re not going to let this go, are you?” Harry asked with a sigh.

“Nope,” Tonks said cheerfully.

Harry shook his head, but she could see his shoulders relax, and a smile flitted across his face.

“Fine,” Harry said.

“Good,” Tonks said. “Your next Hogsmeade visit is next weekend, right?”

“Yeah, why?” Harry asked, looking a little confused.

“I have an idea, but I need to talk to my boss first. Don’t worry,” Tonks said, cutting him off before he could interrupt. “Bones hates Umbridge as much as anyone, and she’s not a fan of Fudge either. She’ll help us out. I’ll talk to you more tomorrow night. For now, get rid of those clothes.”

Grinning, Tonks levitated the mirror with her wand and pulled off her shirt. Her grin turned into a smirk as she watched Harry’s eyes take in her larger breasts. She knew they were a good idea.

Following Susan Bones, Harry slipped past Filch under his invisibility cloak and joined her and Hannah Abbot inside the carriage. Hermione had told him he was being paranoid, and perhaps he was, but he wasn’t taking any chances.

Today was the day he was to meet Amelia Bones about Umbridge. Not only did he want to keep the toad from finding out what he was doing, but he was also concerned about Tonks being caught. He knew how hard she had worked to become an Auror, and he didn’t want to be the one to jeopardize that, no matter how bad the Ministry was at the moment.

Arriving at Hogsmeade, Harry hopped out after Susan and waited for her to say goodbye to Hannah. Harry smiled as the short, shy redhead looked around with nervous excitement as she made her way towards the Three Broomsticks. He imagined she was feeling the same way he did back in his first year when he first used his cloak to sneak into the library's Restricted Section.

Harry's nerves began to build as they grew closer to the crowded pub. This would be the tricky part. He had to sneak his way upstairs with Susan to the private room Madam Bones had rented, all without bumping into anyone and giving himself away.

Easier said than done, Harry thought as he looked around the pub packed with students.

“Morning, Susan,” Madam Rosmerta greeted the girl with a kind smile. “Your aunt’s already waiting for you, room four.”

“Thanks, Rosmerta,” Susan said with a nervous smile.

She hesitated momentarily, trying to find a path where they wouldn’t bump into anyone. Harry followed her slowly and carefully as she made her way to the stairs. Both of them let out a sigh of relief when they made it unnoticed. Susan started climbing the steps, glancing over her shoulder with a nervous look. Harry put his hand on her shoulder to let her know he was still there, nearly giving them away when she jumped and gasped in surprise.

Holding a hand to her chest, Susan blushed heavily and quickly ascended to the second floor. Walking down to the second door on the right, she knocked on the door softly.

“Come in,” came a muffled, feminine voice.

Susan pushed the door wide open and walked around to the other side to close it, giving Harry ample time to slip into the room. He stopped and stared for a moment as he spotted Tonks with a disappointed look on her face. His pulse raced at finally seeing her in person again.

“Susan?” A tall, auburn-haired witch asked in surprise. “Not that I mind seeing you, but what are you doing here?”

Susan opened her mouth to speak, and Harry quickly put his hand on her shoulder. She stopped and closed her mouth with a click as her aunt, Madam Bones, looked at her oddly. Taking a deep breath, Harry threw off his cloak. Ignoring the wand Madam Bones reflexively aimed at his chest, he turned around to lock and silence the door.

“Was that really necessary?” Madam Bones asked with a frown.

“Unfortunately, yes,” Harry said, straightening his glasses.

In all of his planning for this day over the last few days, it had never occurred to him how hard it would be to be in the same room as Tonks and not stare at her or rush over and take her into his arms. They'd only been apart for a month, but it felt like a lifetime. It was a struggle just to keep his eyes on Madam Bones and not glance over at her beautiful face and bright smile.

"I really don't appreciate you dragging my niece into this," Madam Bones said with a stern look.

"It's okay, auntie. I wanted to help," Susan assured her.

Madam Bones sighed and folded her arms over her chest.

"We'll talk about this later," Madam Bones said, causing Susan to blush and duck her head. "Now, Auror Tonks gave me some information, but I'd like to hear from you exactly what happened."

"Umbridge has been giving me a lot of detentions lately, usually for stupid things. She has me writing lines with this quill that uses my blood for ink, and it scratches the words into my hand," Harry said.

Next to him, Susan gasped sharply and covered her mouth with her hand.

"Can you describe the quill?" Madam Bones asked before he could continue.

"It's long, all black," Harry said with a shrug, not sure how else to describe it. "And it hurts like hell after a couple of hours."

"How long does she usually have you write lines?" Madam Bones asked.

"At least four hours, sometimes five or six," Harry answered. "Or, as Umbridge says, 'until the message sinks in.'"

“May I see?” she asked.

Taking a couple steps forward, Harry held out his hand. He’d had detention with Umbridge every night for the last week, and he’d refused to let Hermione use that essence of Murtlap to heal it just for this. It stung constantly, and Harry grimaced as Madam Bones lifted his hand for a closer look, a monocle affixed to one eye. The cuts were scabbed over with angry red outlines, making it easy to read.

While she was looking at his hand, he chanced a glance over at Tonks. She was staring at his hand with an angry scowl, her wand clenched tightly in her fist and the tip glowing a pale red.

“I must not tell lies,” Madam Bones murmured quietly.

“She didn’t appreciate me telling her Voldemort is back,” Harry explained.

“Is he?” she asked, looking up to stare into his eyes with a piercing gaze.

“Yes,” Harry said.

They continued to stare at each other for a long couple of seconds before she gave a tight nod and let go of his hand.

“Auror Tonks, please get a picture of this,” Madam Bones instructed.

Tonks pulled a camera out of the pocket of her robes and walked over to Harry. Their eyes met, and neither one of them could suppress the small smiles on their faces. Taking his hand gently, she pulled it towards her and softly ran her thumb across the back of his hand.

“Hold your hand out flat,” Tonks told him.

Harry did, and she snapped two quick pictures from different angles.

“Make a fist.”

After two more pictures, Tonks gave his hand a quick, discrete squeeze before stepping away.

“We’ll get these back to the Ministry and launch an investigation,” Madam Bones said, seemingly ready to draw the meeting to a close.

Harry turned and stared at her incredulously.

“You can’t,” Harry insisted, causing her to look at him with a raised brow. “If Fudge gets wind of this, he’ll bury it. They’ll just say I’m lying again, or that Dumbledore planned all of this to take over the Ministry, or some other ridiculous excuse.”

“He’s right, boss. You know how Fudge is,” Tonks cut in, showing her support for Harry.

“We need to work within the law,” Madam Bones said firmly.

“There still has to be something else we can do,” Harry pleaded. “Look, I have an idea. I have detention with Umbridge tonight. What if I sneak you into Hogwarts under my cloak so you can see it for yourself? There has to be some magical way of recording something, isn’t there?”

“There is,” Madam Bones admitted with a thoughtful nod. “It’s called an All-Seeing Eye; it records a court-admissible memory of anything it sees.”

“Perfect,” Harry said excitedly. “With one of those, and you as an eyewitness, there’s no way Fudge can sweep this under the rug.”

“Mr. Potter, this is highly unusual,” Madam Bones said.

Harry ran a hand through his hair as his enthusiasm plummeted.

“Fine, if you don’t want to do it, then let’s just forget the whole thing. If you file a report, it’ll just get back to Fudge, and I’ll end up arrested for filing a false report or something stupid,” Harry said frustratedly before turning to Tonks. “Thanks for trying, Tonks.”

Walking over to the bed, he grabbed his cloak and threw it around his shoulders.

“Auntie,” Susan said in a quiet, pleading voice. “Please, you have to help.”

“Oh, very well,” Madam Bones said after looking at her niece’s expression. “We’ll do it your way, Mr. Potter.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Yes, seriously,” she said, straightening her robes and meeting his gaze. “Contrary to what you may believe, I am here to help.”

Looking over at Tonks, she smiled and gave him an encouraging nod.

“Thank you,” Harry said, still feeling a bit worried. “My detention starts at seven. Meet me outside the Shrieking Shack at half past six, and I can get you into the castle.”

“Very well. Don’t make me regret this, Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones said sternly.

“I won’t,” he promised, feeling like he should be telling her the same thing.

Instead, he held his tongue and took the cloak off of his shoulders before offering it to her.

“That won’t be necessary,” Madam Bones said with a twitch of her lips. “I have my own.”

Turning around, she pulled out her wand and raised it to take down the Charms on the door.

“Wait,” Harry called out.

Stopping, she turned to look at him curiously as he donned his cloak and disappeared from view.

“Go ahead,” Harry said.

Tonks was disappointed she had to leave before really getting a chance to talk to Harry, but she hoped to see him later.

As Bones opened the door, a pink-clad witch stumbled, nearly falling into the room after quite clearly having had her ear pressed to the door. Even before she straightened up to show her face, Tonks knew it was Umbridge. After seeing the scars on Harry’s hand in person, Tonks felt a fury stronger than she had ever felt before as she eyed the insidious toad. It took every ounce of restraint she had not to Curse the woman within an inch of her life.

I guess Harry wasn’t so paranoid after all, she thought.

“Oh, Amelia, how lovely to see you,” Umbridge said with a simpering smile and that odious, girlish giggle of hers. “I heard you were here with Susan, so I just came to check everything was alright.”

As she spoke, Umbridge leaned to the side to look into the room before straightening up and staring up at Bones, her smile still in place.

“Everything’s fine,” Bones said, resting her hand on a worried-looking Susan’s shoulder. “Susan just needed a bit of advice.”

“I see,” Umbridge said. “Well, since you’re here, would you care to join me for lunch?”

“Thank you, Dolores, but no. I’m afraid I really must be getting back to the office,” Bones replied.

“Of course,” Umbridge said with another grating giggle.

As she moved out of the way, Bones and Susan stepped out into the hall and followed Umbridge towards the stairs. Grabbing the doorknob, Tonks looked back into the room and gave a wink before pulling the door closed.

“You haven’t seen Harry Potter by chance, have you?” Umbridge asked as the group descended the stairs.

Tonks narrowed her eyes at the back of her head and gripped her wand tightly in the pocket of her robe.

“I can’t say that I have,” Bones said. “Why? Has he done something?”

“Oh, that boy’s always causing trouble, spouting lies. I’m sure you know the type,” Umbridge said with a simpering giggle.

“Indeed,” Bones replied dully.

Just as they returned to the bar, Harry walked in the front door, his hair looking a bit more windswept than before. Tonks smiled, realizing he must have jumped out the window and run around to the front door. That smiled died when she saw Umbridge looking at him with a tiny but noticeable smirk on her lips.

“If you’ll excuse us, I’d like to spend a little more time with my niece before heading back to work.” Bones said. “Good day, Dolores.”

“Of course,” Umbridge said before turning to Susan with a fake smile plastered on her face. “I look forward to seeing you in class, my dear.”

Turning, she made her way over to Harry, who had just sat down with Ron and Hermione. Tonks hesitated for a moment, wanting to help him, but realizing there was nothing she could do. Cursing in her head, Tonks followed Bones out onto the streets of Hogsmeade.

“Susan, how would you say Umbridge is, as a teacher?” Bones asked.

“Honestly, she’s horrible,” Susan said. “She doesn’t teach us any spells in class and we’re not even allowed to practice them on our own now. We just read that Slinkhard book about running away and calling the Aurors.”

“How does she act?” Bones asked.

“She’s fine to me and Hannah, but she treats Justin horribly,” Susan said, biting her lip. “It’s pretty clear she doesn’t like Muggleborns. Harry gets it the worst, though; she’s always insulting him and trying to get a reaction so she can give him detention.”

“And what do you think of Harry?” she asked.

“He’s only ever been nice to me and my friends, and he’s been helping us learn Defense so we can pass our OWLs,” Susan said, her cheeks flushing.

Someone's got a crush, Tonks thought with a smile.

"I thought you weren't allowed to practice spells outside of class," Bones replied with a small smile.

"Oh, um, w – well…" Susan stammered.

"It's alright," Bones said, patting Susan's shoulder. "I'm glad you're taking the initiative to learn; I just don't want you to get in trouble."

"But it's so ridiculous," Susan said frustratedly. "How are we supposed to pass our OWLs when we've never cast the spell before? Not even Harry or Hermione can do that, and they're the best in the school when it comes to Defense."

"I don't agree with these new Educational Decrees either. I'm just asking you to be careful," Bones said, though not unkindly. "What do you think of Harry's claims You-Know-Who has returned?"

"I think he's telling the truth," Susan said, biting her lip. "You should see him when he talks about Cedric. Something really bad happened that night, and I've never known Harry to lie. I don't want it to be true. I keep hoping he's wrong or it was someone pretending to be You-Know-Who. But what if he's right?"

"Indeed," Bones mused. "What if?"

After getting away from Umbridge, Harry snuck into an alley, donned his cloak, and began searching for Tonks. He knew he was taking a stupid risk, but he really needed to see her again. Preferably where they could spend a bit of time together. It took a while for him to find her, carefully weaving in and out of students rushing between the shops, but he finally spotted her head of bright purple hair near the end of the village.

Bones was still there, but Susan was gone, presumably back with her friends. He really owed her a big thanks for all her help. Harry crept closer, careful not to leave footsteps visible in the snow piled up along the cobblestone road.

"I'm heading back to the office to get ready," Madam Bones said to Tonks. "I want you and Shacklebolt to meet me here at six. Stay in the village as back up. I'll send you a Patronus if I need you. This could get messy."

"Sure thing, boss," Tonks agreed, pleased action was being taken.

Nodding, Madam Bones took a few steps away before turning on the spot and vanishing with a *crack*. Tonks spun around to head back to the village, but her foot slipped in a patch of melting snow, and she stumbled, nearly falling on her bum.

"Bugger," Tonks muttered.

Smiling, Harry looked around to make sure they were alone before creeping closer.

"Tonks," he called out in a harsh whisper.

"Harry?" Tonks whispered back, looking around.

"Follow me," Harry said.

Without waiting for an answer, he walked down the side of the road, deliberately leaving footprints in the snow. Seeing them, Tonks smiled as she followed the trail. Turning off the main road, Harry hopped a fence and led her up to the Shrieking Shack. Moving around to the back of the weathered and boarded-up old house, he stopped and waited for her to catch up.

As soon as Tonks stopped next to him, Harry opened the cloak and wrapped it around her, causing both of them to vanish from sight. Beaming at each other, she wrapped her arms around his neck while he hugged her waist.

In an instant, Harry had her pinned against the building and their lips collided in a hungry, searing kiss. Tonks' fingers gripped his hair, tugging it lightly as she mashed their lips together.

"Merlin, I missed you," Tonks gasped when she pulled back to breathe.

"I missed you, too," Harry said with a grin.

As their lips met, moving slower and more controlled but no less passionately, her hands released his hair and slid down over his shoulder. Caressing his chest and abs, her fingers deftly reached for his belt buckle. With only the sound of heavy breathing, smacking lips, and the metallic clink of his belt hanging open, her fingers made short work of the button and zipper holding his trousers together before her hand dove into his boxers.

Harry gasped into her mouth as her cold hand wrapped around his hot, half-hard length. Tonks pulled his rapidly hardening erection up and out of his trousers as she stroked him almost desperately.

"I need you," Tonks panted huskily.

Groaning, Harry gathered her long, heavy black skirt up with his fingers before wrapping his arms around her thighs and lifting her up. Her smooth, muscular legs wrapped around his waist as one of his hands slipped up her thigh. His fingers sought out the waistband of her panties, only to find she wasn't wearing any. Breaking their kiss, Harry looked at her in surprise.

Her response was a naughty grin as she tightened her leg muscles, mashing his rock-hard length against her hot, damp mound. Reaching down, she grabbed his cock and ran his swollen head between her wet folds with a moan. Lining him up with her entrance, Tonks wrapped her arms around his neck and pushed.

“Yes,” she hissed as her tight folds stretched to swallow his length.

Harry lost his breath as he sank into her euphoric embrace, his feet shuffling forward to push even deeper as he buried his face in the crook of her neck. Tonks ran her fingers gently through the hair at the back of his head, moaning as he bottomed out.

Neither of them moved for a long moment, savoring the feeling of being together once again. Pulling his head back, Harry kissed her tenderly on the lips, their tongues meeting languidly.

“Fuck me,” Tonks breathed between kisses.

Rolling his hips, Harry started slow, gradually increasing the pace and depth of his thrusts.

Outside, it was cold, but under the cloak, the air grew hot and heavy. With each breath, Harry could practically taste her arousal as it permeated the humid air. As the speed of his thrusts picked up and breathing became an issue, he pulled his lips back and rested his forehead against hers. Staring into her dark, twinkling eyes, he pushed the thoughts of how long it might be before he would see her again to the back of his mind and embraced the moment.

Meeting his gaze, Tonks reached up and stroked the side of his face with a feather-light touch of her fingertips before cupping his cheek. Turning his head, Harry rubbed his face against her palm before kissing it lightly. When her hand left his face, she reached for the buttons of her shirt with a small, teasing smile on her lips.

Feeling the muscles in his arms begin to burn, Harry pushed more of her weight against the wall. As his arms relaxed, Tonks slipped down just a little. The slight change in angle caused his thick shaft to rub against the top of her tight, silky-smooth walls. With a gasp, her eyes widened, and her jaw dropped open. On the second thrust, he rolled upwards, her body shuddered, and her depths fluttered around his length.

With a long, low moan, Tonks frantically tore apart her shirt the rest of the way, pulled her bra up over her breasts, and pinched her nipple lightly. Harry couldn't help but stare down at her large, firm breasts as they bounced and rippled with each thrust of his hips. Without realizing it, he began pounding it to her even harder just to see them move.

Suddenly, Tonks let out a sharp cry as her body stiffened. With a shudder, she arched her back while her sweltering folds hugged his thrusting cock. Grunting, Harry kept thrusting, prolonging her climax as much as he could. Panting heavily, Tonks lifted herself up slightly and pulled his head down to her chest, where he buried his face between her soft, smooth breasts.

"Cum for me, love," Tonks whispered in his ear. "I need it. I need to feel you filling me up."

As much as he wanted to make their reunion last all day, he was already close to his peak. The tightening of her depths combined with her sultry pleas ensured he wouldn't last much longer. Kissing her breast, Harry straightened up and tightened his grip on her hips. Bucking forwards, he pulled her down into his thrusts. Her breasts bounced wildly from his powerful movements, and her back arched again with a low moan.

"Oh God, yes," Tonks panted.

With frantic movements, Harry slammed into her as fast as he could, groaning from the feeling of her hot, tight walls hugging his length. As he tipped over the edge, he buried his cock as deep into her as he could and let loose with a torrent of cum.

"Mmh," Tonks moaned deeply.

Harry bucked his hips with each pulse of his length until his climax came to an end. Tonks ran her fingers through his hair as he caught his breath, gently caressing his scalp. Leaning back, Harry kissed her tenderly on the lips before finally pulling out of her and setting her gently on her feet.

"What time is it?" Tonks asked.

Harry glanced at his watch.

“Just after one,” he said.

“Good,” Tonks said with a smile.

Fixing her shirt and smoothing out her skirt, Tonks slipped out from under the cloak and moved over to the back door of the Shrieking Shack. With a flourish of her wand, the boards holding it closed popped loose, and the latch unlocked with a click. Pulling it open, she stepped inside and waved for him to follow.

Walking in, Harry closed the door behind him and took off the cloak. Tonks immediately grabbed his hand with a smile and pulled him through the house. In every room she looked, they found only ripped and broken furniture. Eventually, they reached the top floor, where they entered the same room where Harry had discovered the truth about Sirius.

Walking over to the bed Harry had Hexed Snape into just over two years prior, she waved her wand like she was conducting an orchestra. Slowly, the broken wood mended itself, the dust and grime vanished, and the rips and tears stitched themselves together.

Spinning around, Tonks grinned as she sauntered up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“I’ve got two hours before I have to check in with Shack,” she said.

Pulling his hand, she led him over to the bed and pushed him down onto it. Harry closed his eyes, half expecting it to collapse under his weight, but miraculously, it held.

“You know, I normally hate skirts, but I wore one today just in case,” Tonks said with a grin.

Undoing the zipper on the side of her skirt, she dropped it to the floor before reaching for the buttons of her shirt.

“Ready for round two?” she asked as she dropped her shirt and popped the clasp of her bra.

“Definitely,” Harry said with a smile.

Chapter 8

Tonks smiled as she rested her head on Harry’s chest, an arm and a leg draped across his body. Merlin, how she’d missed this.

Maybe I should talk to Dumbledore about taking the Defense post once Umbridge is rotting in Azkaban, she thought.

Just the idea of Harry bending her over the teacher’s desk in his Hogwarts uniform was getting her excited again, even after forty-five minutes of straight sex. She couldn’t help but giggle at all the role-playing ideas that would open up. Harry could seduce her for extra credit, or she could ‘punish’ him in detention. Maybe they could even switch roles, and Harry could be the one punishing her, she thought. Aging potions were simple to make.

“What’s so funny?” Harry asked, pulling her closer and kissing the top of her head.

“Just thinking,” Tonks said as she ran her hand over his chest.

Grabbing his wrist, she lifted his hand to check the time on his watch.

Good, she thought. They still had another hour together before she had to leave.

Sliding her leg all the way across his body, Tonks straddled his waist and pushed herself up. Harry moaned as she rubbed her dripping folds on his spent member. Damn, how she loved the sounds he made for her. With a playful smile, she ground herself down on him, hoping his teenage stamina would hold out for one more go.

Sure enough, he began to harden against her mound in moments, which leaked their combined fluids all over him. Reaching up, Harry cupped her dangling breasts before sitting up to take her sensitive nipple between his lips. Letting out a quiet moan, Tonks supported her weight on one arm to run a hand through his hair. She closed her eyes and enjoyed his gentle sucking as his tongue circled and flicked over her engorged nub.

As his throbbing erection pressed against her swollen lips, Tonks ground her clit along his length with a moan. Raising herself up, she lined him up with her entrance and sank down on his hot, hard pole, blissfully savoring the way his thick head and shaft lightly stretched her depths perfectly.

Seeing the way he continued to focus on her chest as she settled on his lap, Tonks smirked and closed her eyes. Harry grunted in surprise and let her nipple fall from his mouth when her breasts began to expand another two cup sizes. Opening her eyes, she laughed at the gob-smacked look on his face as he stared at the now massive tits jutting from her chest.

Leaning forward, Tonks shook her chest back and forth, slapping his cheeks with her heavy orbs.

“Bloody hell,” Harry said.

As Harry cupped her breasts and buried his face between her massive mounds, Tonks ran her hand through his hair and began riding him. Lifting herself halfway up his length, she stopped and dropped back down, moaning as she rolled her hips at the bottom. Lying back on the bed, Harry continued groping her bouncing, jiggling breasts while planting his feet on the bed and bucking up into her.

Quickly falling into a rhythm, they gradually sped up until the sound of their bodies wetly slapping together echoed off the walls. This is what Tonks had been waiting for, a chance to really ride his cock for all she was worth without the aftereffects of the Cruciatus Curse driving her insane from the overwhelming sensations.

Digging her nails into his chest, Tonks threw her head back and cried out as she came yet again, having lost track of the number of orgasms she'd experienced a long time ago. Harry's hands finally left her chest, sliding down her sides to grip her hips.

Falling forward, with her hands planted on either side of his head, she stared down at bright, lustful green eyes as she continued to moan and tremble from her climax.

Holding her hips still, Harry started hammering his cock into her at a blistering pace. Tonks gasped, her mouth falling open and her eyelids fluttering as her overstimulated nerves screamed for mercy. One peak led straight into the next from his frantic, animalistic thrusts. Her arousal soaked his groin as the breath was forced from her lungs. When she finally did get a breath, the only sound that left her lips was an unintelligible whine.

Fortunately for her sanity, Harry didn't last much longer. With one last thunderous buck of his hips that drove a grunt from her open mouth, he buried his cock inside of her. She could feel it swell and pulse as he filled her quivering depths. Tonks could feel each hot jet of cum as it splashed against her walls with surprising force, given how many times he'd already cum.

Collapsing forward, she buried her face in the crook of his neck as she panted to regain her breath. Her huge breasts caused her back to arch awkwardly, but for now, she was too spent to shrink them back down. As Harry wrapped his arms around her, she closed her eyes to savor the buzz and contentment flooding every inch of her body.

"Tonks," Harry said, gently stroking her bare, sweaty back.

"Hunh," she grumbled sleepily.

“Tonks, it’s time to get up,” he said, smiling.

Groaning, Tonks sat up and blinked as she took in her surroundings.

“How long was I out?” she asked groggily.

“A while. It’s almost three,” Harry said.

“Shit. Why’d you let me sleep so long?” Tonks asked as she laid her head down on his chest.

Wincing, she closed her eyes and screwed up her face. A moment later, he felt her breasts shrink back down to their usual size before she worked her shoulders.

“I fell asleep too,” Harry admitted.

Sighing, Tonks hugged herself to his chest.

“I don’t wanna leave,” she said petulantly with a pout.

“I don’t want you to either,” Harry said, stroking her back.

They continued to lie like that, neither of them making any effort to get up for a few more minutes. Finally, Tonks sighed and rolled off of him before standing up and gathering her clothes.

“When’s your next Hogsmeade visit?” she asked.

“Not for another two months,” Harry said sadly.

“Fuck,” Tonks said as she clipped her bra and put on her skirt.

“I could always sneak out,” Harry offered hopefully, climbing out of bed and gathering his own clothes.

Tonks looked thoughtful for a long moment.

“Let’s see what happens with Umbridge first,” she said. “It would be safer if I snuck into Hogwarts instead of you sneaking out. The last thing we need is You-Know-Who catching you with your pants down.”

“Be a hell of a way to go, though,” Harry joked.

Tonks snorted and smiled as she repaired her shirt with a flick of her wand and slipped it on. Far too quickly for his liking, they were both dressed. Walking over to Harry, Tonks wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed him tenderly. With a groan, she pulled back, her eyes locked with his as she licked her lips.

“I’ll see you in a few hours,” Tonks said softly.

Harry nodded, and she leaned forward to kiss him briefly. As she pulled back and turned to leave, he grabbed her hand and yanked her back for one more kiss. Giggling, Tonks pulled back and stroked his cheek.

“I’ll see you soon,” she promised.

With one final kiss, she stepped back out of reach and waved as she left. Harry sighed as he watched her go.

Three and a half hours later, Harry was making his way back to the Shrieking Shack when Fred and George ran up to him.

“Hey, Harry,” Fred yelled as they caught up to him.

“We have it,” George whispered on his left.

“Really?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Really,” Fred said on his right.

“Lee just finished it,” George said.

“He talked to his sister at the Ministry,” Fred told him.

“You know, the one with the great legs,” George jumped in.

“Exactly,” Fred agreed. “Anyway, she agreed to help us out.”

“But she can only buy us an hour at most,” George took over. “Here.”

Harry held out his hand as George handed him what looked like a stage microphone from the fifties that had no stand or cord attached.

“Just tap it with your wand. Shelly will know when you do, and she’ll take care of the rest,” Fred explained.

“Brilliant, tell Lee I owe him one,” Harry said with a grin.

“Will do,” George said.

As the twins broke off and headed back towards the shops, Harry jogged to the Shrieking shack. Right on time, he heard three cracks as Tonks, Kingsley, and Madam Bones Apparated at the end of the road. He smiled when he noticed Tonks was now wearing a pair of black trousers. It made him wonder if she’d changed or if she had just transfigured her skirt.

As they neared the shack and looked around, Harry glanced around to make sure they were alone before sticking his hand out of the cloak and waving them over. Leading them over to the back door, he waited until they were all inside before taking off his cloak.

“Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones said in greeting. “I trust you have a way to get us into the castle.”

“There’s a secret tunnel there,” he said, pointing over to the trap door, “that comes out under the Whomping Willow. We can slip into the castle through the Transfigurations courtyard. It should be pretty empty.”

“The Whomping Willow,” Madam Bones repeated dubiously.

“It’s safe. There’s a knot on the trunk you can press that stops it from moving for a bit,” Harry told her.

Looking at him curiously, she nodded.

“Very well,” she said, then turned. “Tonks, Shacklebolt, I want you two to wait here in case I need you.”

Both of them nodded.

“Will the tunnel take us to the castle faster?” Kingsley asked.

“It might, but it’s pretty cramped,” Harry told the tall, broad-shouldered man with a smile. “You’d probably have an easier time getting in through the front door.”

Kingsley’s lips twitched as he nodded.

“When should we leave?” Madam Bones asked.

Harry checked his watch.

“Soon,” Harry replied. “It’s a long walk up to the castle. Do you have your cloak?”

“I do,” she answered, pulling it out of her pocket.

Nodding, Harry walked over to the trap door and pulled it open. Looking back up, he made eye contact with Tonks, who smiled and winked as Madam Bones walked over to him. Giving her a small smile, he ducked into the tunnel and lit his wand.

“You weren’t kidding about this being cramped,” Madam Bones said as she lit her wand and followed him.

“It widens a bit further in,” Harry told her, pushing forward.

“You use this tunnel often?” she asked, more curious than accusing.

“Just once,” Harry said, licking his lips nervously. “The night Sirius Black pulled Ron down here.”

“I see,” Madam Bones replied.

“He’s innocent,” Harry said, unable to help himself.

“What makes you think that?” she asked.

“I saw Peter Pettigrew that night. He was hiding as Ron’s pet rat, Scabbers,” Harry explained. “He confessed to everything; being my parents’ Secret Keeper, betraying them to Voldemort, framing Sirius. I told Fudge, but he didn’t listen to me. Again.”

“I was told you and your friends were Confounded,” Madam Bones said.

“I wasn’t Confunded!” Harry barked angrily as he stopped and turned to face her. “You can ask Madam Pomfrey. She checked us when we got back to the castle. None of us were Confounded.”

“Maybe I will,” Madam Bones replied calmly before gesturing for him to keep moving.

Sighing, Harry turned back around and began walking again.

“You can ask Ron, Hermione, and Professor Lupin. They all saw the same thing I did,” Harry said.

“I’m afraid it will take more than the word of three students and a Werewolf to overturn his conviction,” she told him.

Harry’s free hand balled up in a fist as his anger grew. Realizing that not all of that anger was his own, he took a deep, calming breath and focused on his Occlumency for a moment.

“He was never convicted,” Harry corrected her once he’d calmed down.

“What?” Madam Bones asked sharply.

“Sirius never had a trial,” he said. “Or if he did, he wasn’t there for it. Crouch just threw him Azkaban. That can’t be legal, can it?”

“No,” she admitted. “Everyone accused of a crime has the right to defend themselves before the Wizengamot.”

“Yeah, well, Sirius didn’t,” Harry said bitterly.

They walked in silence for a long moment before Madam Bones spoke.

“You don’t seem too fond of the Ministry,” she said.

“Why should I be?” Harry asked. “In my second year, I watched Fudge arrest Hagrid just because, and I quote, ‘the Ministry must be seen doing something.’ He didn’t care that Hagrid was innocent, and there was no proof he hadn't done anything wrong. They just threw him in Azkaban, and no one did anything about it. In my third year, they sent Dementors to Hogwarts that attacked me three times, nearly killing me twice, and refused to listen to anything my friends and I told them just because we were students. Why does that even matter anyway?”

Harry huffed as his anger grew at the unfairness of it all.

“Then last year, they refused to let me out of a tournament I wanted nothing to do with,” Harry continued. “I mean, seriously, what moron forces barely of age students into a contract to fight for their lives? And again, they completely ignore me when I try to tell the truth about what happened. Worse than that, they call me a delusional liar in the press, bring me in for some ridiculous trial for defending my life against Dementors, and try to expel me from Hogwarts. And when that fails, they send a sadistic, power-hungry bitch to take over Hogwarts so she can torture me and make sure no one learns anything useful about Defense. So, no, I’m not too fond of the Ministry.”

Growling, Harry kicked a rock to let out some of his anger.

“That’s not to mention half of the Death Eaters that showed up when Voldemort called them are all ‘close, personal friends’ of dear old Fudge,” Harry grumbled. “Honestly, sometimes I wonder why I even bother trying.”

“Can you give me their names?” Madam Bones asked.

“Crabbe, Goyle, Malfoy, Nott, McNair, and Yaxley,” Harry listed off.

“McNair? Walden McNair?” she asked sharply.

“I don’t know his first name, but he works as the executioner at the Ministry,” Harry told her as they reached the end of the tunnel. “We’re here. How long will it take you to use that All-Seeing Eye?”

“Not long. I just need to set it in the open,” Madam Bones replied.

Reaching into his pocket, Harry pulled out the Marauder’s Map. He wasn’t happy about having to show it to Madam Bones, but he needed it to sneak her through the castle.

“Put on your cloak,” Harry said before pointing his wand at the map. “I solemnly swear I’m up to no good.”

As Madam Bones vanished from sight, he crawled out from under the Whomping Willow and tapped the knot on the trunk. The tree instantly stilled, and Harry looked back into the tunnel and held out his hand. A moment later, he felt Madam Bones grab his hand as he helped her out.

“This way,” Harry said.

Walking around to the side of the castle, rather than making his way to the main entrance, he led Madam Bones to the Transfiguration courtyard. Since most of the students were still in the Great Hall finishing dinner, the halls were pretty quiet. Only a handful of first and second years were milling about, playing Gobstones and Exploding Snap.

Walking through the courtyard and back into the castle, Harry headed to the main staircase while listening carefully to make sure Madam Bones was still following him. Making his way to the third floor, he stopped just outside the door to the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom.

Reaching behind him, his fingers brushed Madam Bones’ cloak.

“Don’t arrest her right away,” Harry whispered in her direction. “Tap my shoulder when the Eye is set up if you can. I want to try and get her to talk a bit.”

Without waiting for a reply, he walked up to the door and knocked. He knew she wouldn’t be happy with him, but he didn’t want to give her time to argue. He wanted as much evidence as possible. Reaching into his pocket, Harry gripped his wand and tapped the microphone Fred and George had given him, praying it would work.

“Come in,” Umbridge called out in a falsely sweet tone.

Taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, Harry pushed the door open wide. As he closed it slowly, he felt Madam Bones brush past him.

“You’re late, Mr. Potter,” Umbridge said with a wide, close-lipped smile. “I’m afraid that will be another detention.”

Harry looked at his watch just as it ticked over to a minute past one. Looking back up, he glared at Umbridge.

“Something you wish to say?” she asked.

“No, professor,” Harry said, his hands balled into fists.

Standing up, Umbridge walked over to the desk closest to him at the back of the room and set a familiar, black quill, along with a stack of parchment, on it.

“You know what to do,” she said with a smirk.

With a little giggle, she turned and walked back to her desk at the front of the room, her pink heels clicking on the hard stone floor. Sitting down at the desk, Harry picked up the quill and began writing lines. When the scratches cut into his already raw skin, he bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself from making a sound. After only a dozen lines, he felt a squeeze on his shoulder. Madam Bones didn’t let go, and it was surprisingly comforting to know someone was with him.

“Tea?” Umbridge asked, causing Harry to startle slightly.

“No,” Harry said shortly.

Despite his reply, she still placed a cup on the corner of his desk.

“This isn’t going to work, you know,” Harry said as she turned to walk away, causing her to stop and turn back to him. “I’m not going to stop saying Voldemort’s back just because you cut my hand.”

Umbridge smiled, her eyes glittering with menace.

“That will be a week’s detention,” she said with a giggle. “That should give you plenty of time for our little lessons to *sink in*.”

Harry glared at Umbridge hatefully as she turned to walk away again.

“No,” Harry growled, slamming the quill on his desk.

“No?” Umbridge asked, turning to look back at him.

“I’m not writing one more word with that quill,” Harry told her.

“Then you will have detention for a month,” Umbridge said, her face turning red. “Now, you will pick up that quill and do as you’re told, or I will give you detention for the rest of the year.”

“No,” Harry said, folding his arms over his chest.

“You will do as I say!” Umbridge yelled, her toadlike eyes bulging slightly in her fury.

“Or what?” Harry asked, folding his arms over his chest. “What are you going to do, torture me? Kill me? Not even you can get away with that.”

Harry’s sense of satisfaction at finally getting one over on Umbridge faded as she suddenly calmed and gave him a malevolent smirk.

“Oh, but I already have,” she said.

“What are you talking about?” Harry asked.

“Who do you think sent those Dementors after you?” Umbridge asked, her smirk growing wider.

“What!?” Harry yelled in shock. “You? But – I thought Voldemort –”

“He is not back!” Umbridge screamed before stalking back towards him. “Yes, I was the one who ordered the Dementors after you. Everybody was whining and mewling about how they could discredit The Boy Who Lived, but only *I* did anything about it. I am the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic and High Inquisitor of this school. There is nothing a pathetic little Half-Blood schoolboy like you can do to stop me. Now, you will write your lines, or I will have you expelled!”

A flash of blue light flew from over his shoulder, hitting Umbridge square in the chest and knocking her on her ass. As she looked up in shock, her short, stubby wand flew out of her hand just as Madam Bones threw off her cloak, a furious expression on her face. Her hand snapped up and caught the wand easily before stowing it in her pocket.

“Bones!” Umbridge shouted fearfully. “What-”

“Dolores Jane Umbridge,” Madam Bones said, interrupting her. “You’re under arrest.”

With a flick of her wand, a pair of I manacles on a long chain flew out of her pocket and clamped shut on Umbridge’s wrists before the chain shortened to just a pair of links.

“You can’t do this to me!” Umbridge shrieked. “I’ll have your job for this!”

“It’s not my job you should be worried about,” Madam Bones said calmly before raising her wand. “Expecto Patronum.”

A silvery-white Badger leapt from her wand and patiently floated in front of her.

“Tonks, Shacklebolt, I’ve arrested Umbridge. Come to the school and search her office,” she said. “No one else in or out. I’ll be in the Headmaster’s office should you need me.”

Doing a flip in the air, the badger flew through the window and off into the distance.

“Let’s go,” Madam Bones said to a glaring Umbridge.

Struggling to her feet, Umbridge huffed and stuck her nose up in the air as she marched towards the door. Holding her at wand point, Madam Bones grabbed the quill off the desk before she and Harry followed. As they reached the door, Madam Bones paused and scooped up a round, shiny black ball off a shelf that looked to be made out of some kind of hard stone. He guessed that must be the All-Seeing Eye she’d told him about.

As the trio walked through the halls, students stopped and stared at Umbridge. Quietly, they whispered excitedly and cheered. Harry smiled at some of the D.A. members they passed and smirked when he saw Malfoy and his friends looking worried. Just as they reached the staircase, Professor McGonagall spotted them and rushed over.

“What is the meaning of this?” she asked, then noticed the shackles on Umbridge. “Has something happened?”

“If you’d follow us to the Headmaster’s office, I’d be happy to explain,” Madam Bones said.

Nodding, she glanced at Harry before they resumed the short trek to the second floor. Professor McGonagall gave the password to the Gargoyle statue guarding Dumbledore’s office, and they ascended the spiraling staircase up to the office, where she knocked on the door.

“Come in,” Dumbledore called out.

He looked entirely unsurprised to see them walk into the office.

“Good evening, Amelia,” he said. “What brings you to our humble school?”

“I’m afraid it appears your Defense professor has been torturing one of your students,” Madam Bones said.

Professor McGonagall gasped, and Harry was relieved to see even Dumbledore looked surprised. He had worried that the professor knew what was happening and simply chose to do nothing about it.

“Would you care to explain?” he asked heavily.

“Professor Umbridge has been forcing Mr. Potter to write lines with a Blood Quill for the past few weeks,” Madam Bones said.

“What?” Professor McGonagall gasped. “Potter, why in Merlin’s name didn’t you tell me?”

“I was worried you’d get fired,” Harry said.

“While I appreciate your concern, it’s not your place to worry about me,” she told him gently but firmly.

“You were the only one that stood up to her,” Harry said, giving Dumbledore a pointed look.

He felt no guilt when Dumbledore turned away with a sad expression on his face.

“Well, do you have anything to say in your defense, Dolores?” he asked.

“I’ll have your jobs for this,” she hissed with a glare. “I see what’s happening here, and so will Cornelius. Well, it won’t work.”

“And what is it, exactly, that you believe we are doing?” Dumbledore asked curiously.

“Don’t play stupid, old man,” Umbridge spat. “I know this is all a plot for you to take over the Ministry.”

Harry stared at Umbridge and tilted his head, wondering if she was acting in the hopes of getting out of trouble or if she actually believed that.

“You’re delusional,” Professor McGonagall said.

“Indeed,” Madam Bones said. “She even confessed to sending those two Dementors after Mr. Potter this Summer.”

“You sent them?” Professor McGonagall asked with a deadly calm. “I knew you were depraved, Dolores, but attempting to kill a student?”

Umbridge simply glared at her before huffing and turning her nose up.

“I notice that you do not refute any of this,” Dumbledore observed.

“It doesn’t matter,” Umbridge said. “So, what if I tortured the brat? Cornelius will never believe any of this, no matter what proof you think you have.”

“Well, I believe we shall find out soon enough,” Dumbledore said. “I expect Minister Fudge will be here soon.”

“What makes you think that?” Professor McGonagall asked.

“The necklace Dolores is wearing is Enchanted to send short messages,” he explained. “I expect she already sent a message requesting him to come to her aid.”

“There’s nothing he can do,” Madam Bones said firmly. “The law is the –”

The Floo suddenly flared to life, and two Aurors, one he recognized as Dawlish, stepped out of the green flames, followed a moment later by Minister Fudge.

“What is going on here?” he asked, taking off his bowler hat. “I – Amelia, what are you doing here?”

“I’m arresting Umbridge for attempted murder and torturing Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones said.

“What!?” Fudge shouted, his face paling. “There must be some sort of mistake. Surely you aren’t taking the word of this – this *boy* over –”

“I witnessed it myself, and I have the quill, along with a memory of the entire incident,” Madam Bones interrupted him, causing him to nearly drop his bowler hat. “On top of that, she confessed to sending those two Dementors after Mr. Potter this Summer.”

“It’s a trick,” Umbridge yelled. “They’re working together to take over the Ministry. They want your job, Cornelius!”

“What?” Fudge asked before his eyes narrowed, and he nodded his head. “Right, of course, of course. I should have known you’d be up to your old tricks, Dumbledore.”

“There are not tricks, Cornelius,” Dumbledore said sadly. “I do not now, nor have I ever wanted to be Minister.”

“Oh, ho! That’s what you’d like me to think,” Fudge crowed, with the air of somebody revealing they knew the whole time. “Madam Bones, release Dolores this instant.”

“Minister, she confessed. Even if she hadn’t, I have more than enough evidence to get a conviction from the Wizengamot,” Madam Bones argued.

“*I* am the Minister for Magic, and *I* will decide what goes before the Wizengamot,” Fudge barked, straightening himself up to his full, not-so-considerable, height.

Feeling that things were getting out of hand, Harry looked around the office until he spotted a rectangular box with an antenna sitting amongst Dumbledore’s many trinkets. Hoping that it was a Wireless and not some sort of experiment of some kind, Harry gripped his wand in his pocket and turned it on.

“Now, you will release Dolores this instant, or I will be forced to reconsider your employment. And someone stop that echo!” Fudge barked forcefully.

Indeed, Fudge’s voice was echoing as he spoke, his every word being repeated from the wireless a split second later. Harry grinned; Fred, George, and Lee had really come through for him. He’d have to find a way to thank Lee’s sister as well. He wasn’t sure how, but she knew a way to keep the Ministry Wireless radios from working for a short time. It had given Harry the time to broadcast what was happening without Fudge finding out too soon.

“What is that?” Madam Bones asked, her voice echoing as well.

“That,” Harry revealed, “is me, broadcasting everything that’s been said around me for the last twenty minutes to every Wireless in the country.”

“What!?” Umbridge shrieked, her face going sheet white.

“I knew something like this might happen, so my friends and I came up with it,” Harry said, smirking as Fudge sputtered. “You won’t be sweeping things under the rug this time, Minister.”

“Now – now, see here!” Fudge sputtered, his face turning red.

Before he could continue, the Floo flared green again, and Percy Weasley’s face appeared in the flames.

“Minister! Minister!” he yelled frantically.

“What is it, Weatherby? Can’t you see I’m busy?” Fudge yelled angrily.

“Sir, hundreds of parents have just showed up at the Ministry demanding to know what’s happening at Hogwarts,” Percy said worriedly. “Scrimgeour has the Aurors preparing for a riot, and Augusta Longbottom has called for an emergency meeting of the Wizengamot. There’s an uproar, and no one will tell me why. Sir, what should I do?”

Fudge’s face went from bright red to pale as a sheet in seconds. Harry was a bit surprised the man didn’t faint from the rapid blood loss. Turning to Umbridge, who somehow looked even paler, a look of horror washed over his face.

“Dolores, please, tell me this isn’t true,” Fudge asked pleadingly.

Umbridge seemed to finally realize just what kind of hole she’d dug for herself. She opened her mouth, but no words came out, and Fudge’s face fell further. Then, there was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” Dumbledore said while flicking his wand to turn off the Wireless.

Tonks poked her head into the office as if to make sure it was safe before entering. Spotting the looks on Fudge and Umbridge's faces, she grinned as she stepped inside.

"What is it, Auror Tonks? Have you finished searching the office?" Madam Bones asked.

"No, ma'am. We're still searching, but we found this," Tonks said as she held up a clear bag with a small vial inside. "Shack found a vial of Veritaserum in her desk. We also discovered large traces of it in the teacup on the desk. We're not entirely sure, but it looks like it might even be a lethal dose."

"Excellent work," Madam Bones said. "Double check to make sure everything is documented properly before sending it over for analysis. Let me know if you find anything else."

"Yes, ma'am," Tonks said.

Turning, she smiled at Harry before slipping back out of the office.

"Amelia, please, I'll lose my job," Fudge said pleadingly.

"After what I've seen and heard today, you should," Madam Bones said disgustedly. "You can expect me to testify before the Wizengamot about your actions when this goes to trial.

Swallowing thickly, Fudge turned to Dumbledore.

"Albus, please. I know we haven't always seen eye to eye…," Fudge said.

"I don't know what you expect me to do, Cornelius," Dumbledore said with a shrug. "I am merely the Headmaster of a school."

Harry smirked as Fudge winced.

“I’ll get you your positions back,” Fudge offered hopefully.

“That’s very kind of you, but I’ll have to decline,” Dumbledore said, causing Fudge’s jaw to drop in shock. “I’ve realized my place is here, with my students.”

“But – but,” Fudge stuttered.

“If you’re quite finished, I have a suspect to interrogate,” Madam Bones said.

Grabbing Umbridge by the arm, Madam Bones led her over to the Floo.

“Out of the way, Mr. Weasley,” she said sternly.

“Cornelius, you have to stop this!” Umbridge screamed. “You can’t do this to me! I’m the Senior Under-”

Madam Bones silenced Umbridge with her wand, but she continued to try and scream as she struggled. Percy, his eyes wide, scrambled to get out of the Floo. Taking a handful of Floo Powder from the pot on the mantle, Bones threw it into the orange flames, causing them to flare green yet again.

“Mr. Potter, I’ll be in contact with you soon,” Madam Bones said before turning back to the Floo. “Ministry of Magic.”

Grabbing Umbridge, she roughly yanked her into the flames, and they were gone. Fudge stared after them for a moment before looking around the room. Finding no sympathy, he shuffled to the Floo and returned to the Ministry, followed by his two Aurors a moment later.

“Mr. Potter, how, exactly, did this all come about?” Professor McGonagall asked.

Sighing, Harry took a seat and explained.

Needless to say, McGonagall wasn’t too pleased he hadn’t come to her sooner. Dumbledore, on the other hand, didn’t say much and wouldn’t even look at him most of the time. Eventually, they allowed Harry to return to his common room, where he was bombarded with questions from his housemates. By now, the rumors of Umbridge’s arrest had spread like wildfire. It was late by the time the celebrating ended, and Harry could finally get to bed.

The next morning, Dumbledore announced to the rest of the school what had happened and that he would be taking over Defense classes for the rest of the year. That got a loud cheer, even from half of Slytherin. After that, Dumbledore asked that anyone who had been forced to write with Umbridge’s Blood Quill come forward to report it.

Sadly, quite a few people stood up, including Lee Jordan, the Creevy’s, and a couple of first-year Hufflepuffs. Harry hadn’t considered that she might have used the vile thing on anyone else.

“Harry,” Hermione said, “I think we should make the D.A. public.”

“What? Why?” Ron asked.

“Well, we don’t need to keep it secret anymore, do we?” Hermione asked rhetorically.

“Yeah, but sneaking around is part of the fun,” Ron said.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“I don’t know if people will still want to come to the D.A. now that we have a good teacher.” Harry pointed out.

“Oh, Harry, I’m sure they will,” Hermione said.

Harry shrugged and returned to his breakfast. He’d find out soon enough. Looking around, Lavender was showing something in her Witch Weekly magazine to Parvati when he spotted an ad on the back page.

“Hey, Lavender, can I borrow that for a second?” Harry asked.

Tonks rubbed her eyes tiredly as she sat at her desk in the Auror offices. For the last two days, the whole Ministry had been in meltdown over Umbridge’s arrest. Parents were pissed as hell, and rightfully so. Fudge was trying and failing miserably to do damage control, and the Wizengamot wanted answers as soon as possible. As a result, Tonks had been working almost non-stop to collect evidence, interview Umbridge, and file reports.

Rubbing her eyes as the words on the page began to blur together, she heard a ruckus behind her. Pushing her hair back and looking out of her cubicle for the first time in hours, she saw a witch in a light blue dress with an apron looking around the office.

“What now?” Tonks asked tiredly.

“She’s from Lucinda’s,” Marnie, a pretty, brown-haired witch a few years older than her, said excitedly.

“Lucinda’s?” Tonks asked her fellow Auror.

“It’s a new shop in Diagon Alley,” Marnie said, then sighed. “I wish Mark would get me something from there, but that man doesn’t have a romantic bone in his body.”

Mark was Marnie's husband, who worked for the Department for the Control and Regulation of Magical Creatures. He was more obsessed with his creatures than Arthur Weasley was about Muggle things.

Tonks wondered who was getting the delivery when the witch started walking over towards her after talking to one of the other Aurors in the office.

"Maybe he does," Tonks said, nodding towards the witch.

Marnie smiled brightly as the witch stopped in front of them and looked at the card in her hand.

"Are either of you Auror Tonks?" she asked.

"Uh, I am," Tonks said, looking just as surprised as Marnie.

"Oh, good," the witch said brightly. "These are for you."

Setting a small, blue and white striped canvas bag on the floor, she reached inside and pulled out a bouquet of a dozen red roses and a large box of chocolates shaped like a heart before handing them to Tonks.

"The card is in the bouquet, have a great day," the witch said brightly.

Still a little stunned, Tonks set the flowers down, which took up most of the room on her cluttered desk and pulled out the card. Opening it up, a soft smile spread across her lips as she read the familiar, messy scrawl.

Thank you

There was no name, but she didn't need one to know it was from Harry.

"I didn't know you were dating someone," Marnie said.

"Yeah," Tonks said. "He's kinda famous, so we're keeping it quiet for now."

"Really?" Marnie asked. "It's not that singer from the Weird Sisters, is it?"

"No," Tonks said, shaking her head. "And no, I can't tell you."

"Well, whoever he is, he must really like you," Marnie said before disappearing back to her cubicle.

Taking out her wand, Tonks was forced to shrink the roses, so she had room to work. Opening the chocolates, she picked one at random and popped it into her mouth. A moan escaped her throat as the sweet chocolate melted on her tongue, followed by the creamy Firewhiskey-filled center.

He remembered my favorites, she thought with a soft smile.

Even though Tonks still had a long day ahead of her, that smile never left her face for long.

Chapter 9

Tonks sighed as she closed the door to her apartment behind her and tossed her Auror robes over the back of the couch. Walking into her tiny kitchen, she opened the refrigerator. Looking through the shelves, she pushed aside a half-full carton of Indian take out and grabbed a bottle of Butterbeer. Closing the fridge, Tonks twisted the top off of the bottle and tossed it into the bin as she walked into the living room and collapsed tiredly onto the couch.

Ever since Umbridge's arrest, Bones had kept the Auror Department busy investigating Fudge and looking for the escaped Death Eaters. With Fudge finally knocked off his pedestal, he couldn't stop her without raising eyebrows. Frankly, Tonks was astonished he'd managed to keep his job after getting caught the way he had. He'd put all the blame on Umbridge, and for some unknown reason, the stupid toad refused to say anything against him. She figured Fudge had some dirt on her she really didn't want made public.

The good news was that with the Minister's Office facing such a huge scandal, much of his support had distanced themselves from him. That gave the Aurors room to work without his constant interference. It also had a lot of people questioning what they'd been told about Harry. Poor Arthur had been grilled by several parents that worked at the Ministry about him. Tonks hated that so many people were trying to pry into his life, but she was also glad to see some of them starting to pull their heads out of their arses and give his claims about You-Know-Who some real thought.

Things were going better at Hogwarts, as well. Without his other positions taking up his time, Dumbledore took over the Defense post for the rest of the year. Tonks was a bit disappointed about that when she heard, but she doubted she'd have been able to get the time off work to take off the post herself anyways. She'd been so busy that she hadn't even had time to visit Harry on his last Hogsmeade weekend. They'd had to settle for talking to each other through their mirrors most nights.

At least he's finally caught a bit of a break, Tonks thought to herself.

While Dumbledore was still ignoring him, he made Harry's little group an official school club. According to Harry, he now had over fifty new members, including a few Slytherins, that wanted his help. Outside of that, the whole atmosphere of the school had lifted. The Educational Decrees had all been removed, along with the position of High Inquisitor, and the Inquisitorial Squad had been disbanded. Those involved that were prefects had had their badges revoked for abusing their power, and Tonks shook her head, wondering why Dumbledore would allow someone like Draco Malfoy to become a prefect in the first place.

It was a good thing Harry didn't need to take Occlumency lessons from Snape anymore. The greasy bastard would probably blame Harry and use it as an excuse to bully him again. Tonks shuddered to think of what Harry would have gone through if she hadn't taught him first. All Snape had done was batter his mind for hours on end before sending him back to his dorm with the worst instruction possible. Fortunately, Harry had gotten to the point where Snape couldn't even enter his mind in just a few weeks with a lot of practice and a little instruction from her.

Now, Tonks found herself eagerly awaiting the end of the school year for the first time since she'd been a student herself. In just three weeks, she'd be free to see Harry anytime she wanted. Just the thought of that had her smiling as she took a sip of her Butterbeer. She already planned to have a word with the Dursleys about how they treated him, and there was no way in hell she would let them get in the way of spending time with her man.

Frowning, Tonks stared down at the bottle in her hand as she picked at the label with her fingernail. As fun as it had been to sneak around during the Holidays, she wanted more than that now. She didn't want to have to worry about explaining why she was spending so much time on guard duty or having to hide their relationship when he got to Grimmauld Place. The problem was that she had yet to work up the courage to talk to Harry about it.

Sighing, Tonks knew she'd have to be the one to tell Molly. The last thing she wanted was for her to say something that would hurt Harry or damage his relationship with her family. The Weasleys were a source of emotional and physical support he couldn't afford to lose. That brought her to the most frightening part, telling her mother.

As the clock struck seven, Tonks shook herself from her thoughts and stood from the couch. Walking into her bedroom, she grabbed a new set of lingerie from her dresser with a smile. Laying the black bustier and tiny thong out on the bed, she picked up her mirror from her bedside table and placed it next to the lingerie.

Harry's gonna love this, she thought with a smirk.

Spinning around, Tonks walked into the bathroom. Taking a quick shower, she slipped into her lingerie before checking herself out in the mirror with a smile.

Bang!

Tonks jumped in shock as her front door was blasted in.

"Oh Nympha-dora!" came a sing-song voice as she snatched up her wand.

A shiver traveled down her spine. Tonks didn't need to recognize the voice to know who it was.

“Come out, come out, and pla-ay!” Bellatrix sang.

Taking a deep breath, Tonks peeked out of her bedroom door and let loose a Crushing Hex straight at the mad witch’s chest. Laughing, Bellatrix slapped it aside with disturbing ease before sending back a black bolt of magic just as Tonks ducked back inside the room. She threw up a shield, not knowing what the spell would do, then watched as her bedroom window, along with most of the wall, exploded outwards.

“Is that any way to treat your dear auntie Bella?” Bellatrix asked in a mock child’s voice.

“I’m not really dressed for a family reunion. Mind coming back tomorrow?” Tonks asked as she sent a Patronus to Kingsley through the hole in the wall.

As Bellatrix cackled, she heard sirens in the distance.

“Oh, you won’t need to be worried about how you’re dressed where we’re going,” Bellatrix told her, and Tonks could hear the grin in her voice. “I have a few friends of my own who weren’t happy you managed to escape.”

Gritting her teeth furiously, Tonks peeked out the door and sent a Piercing Hex aimed at Bellatrix’s heart, then ducked back behind the wall before she could see if it hit. She heard the sound of her spell impacting a shield a moment before the wall next to her exploded. Tonks was hurled back against her bed as chunks of wood and drywall bashed and cut her bare, exposed skin.

Scrambling to her feet, she barely got a shield up in time to stop the Asphyxiation Hex aimed at her head. Before she could react, a Knockback Hex sent her tumbling onto the bed. Rolling with the momentum, she managed to keep her balance as she landed on the other side, broken glass biting into her bare feet as she stood just inches from the gaping hole in her wall leading to a three-story drop to the street below. Bellatrix stalked towards her, walking through what used to be an interior wall with a malicious glint in her violet eyes.

“I’m going to enjoy watching the Dark Lords' followers break you,” she said, grinning dangerously.

“Got to hell, bitch.” Tonks growled furiously.

“Police! Show me your hands!” a voiced shouted from the front door.

As Bellatrix whirled around to face the three police officers standing outside the front door, Tonks sent a Cutting Curse at her neck. Without looking, Bellatrix slapped it aside before turning back to her with a glare.

“Avada Kedavra!” she hissed.

Tonks’ eyes widened as she twisted frantically out of the way. The Killing Curse just missed her shoulder, but she lost her balance and fell out of the hole in the wall. As the street rushed towards her at an alarming rate, Tonks gripped her wand and Disapparated with a pop.

Bellatrix seethed as she watched her niece vanish.

“Drop the weapon!” the disgusting Muggle yelled behind her.

Whirling around, she screamed in rage while slashing her wand and launching them into the air. All three Muggles were whipped across the flat before crashing into the walls with bone-shattering force. Bellatrix panted furiously as they crumpled to the ground.

“Nymphadora Tonks,” called a voice.

Spinning around, Bellatrix looked around for the source.

“Nymphadora Tonks,” the young male voice called again.

Furrowing her brow, Bellatrix looked through the rubble where the sound was coming from. As the voice called again, a glint caught her eye. Bending over, Bellatrix picked up the dust-covered mirror. Slowly, a grin stretched across her lips. Striding towards the front door, she never broke

stride while jabbing her wand at one of the moaning Muggles. A purple Curse struck him in the back, causing his body to slump back to the ground with a *thump* as she strode out the door, past the wards, and vanished with a *crack*.

“Nymphadora Tonks,” Harry called a third time.

When no response came after several seconds, he sighed and slipped the mirror back into his pocket.

“Move it, Potter,” Angelina barked from the entrance to the locker room.

“Coming,” Harry called back, rolling his eyes.

Now that he and the twins were back on the team, Angelina was determined to win the cup. So determined, in fact, that she had called a surprise practice after dinner when she learned the pitch was free because the Hufflepuff captain had detention. Harry had hoped to tell Tonks he was going to be late, but she wasn’t answering.

She’s probably still at work, Harry thought, knowing Madam Bones was working the Aurors hard at the moment.

Shaking his head, Harry shouldered his broom and left the locker room for the pitch.

After three and a half hours of brutal practice and relentless criticism from Angelina, it finally came to an end when Madam Hooch told them to stop before curfew. Angelina tried to argue for more time, but thankfully, Madam Hooch wouldn’t budge. Sore and exhausted, Harry and the rest of the team trudged back into the locker room.

“This is really getting out of hand,” Katie grumbled.

Plopping down onto the bench next to Harry, she leaned against his shoulder for support as he nodded in agreement.

“Someone really needs to talk to her,” he said while looking at Fred.

Following his gaze, Katie, Alicia, and George all looked at him as well.

“Don’t look at me,” Fred said.

“You’re dating her,” Alicia reminded him.

“Which is exactly why I *shouldn’t* say anything if I want her to keep snogging me,” Fred replied.

Katie snorted while Harry smiled and shook his head. Everyone fell silent a moment later when Angelina walked into the locker room. In an uncomfortable silence, everyone moved back to their lockers to take off their pads and cloaks. Angelina was the first to finish and leave for the castle after reminding them they had another practice the next night after dinner. Everyone watched her leave in silence before turning back to Fred.

“No,” he said resolutely.

“I’ll talk to her,” Alicia said, closing her locker.

“I’ll help,” Katie told her. “It might be better coming from both of us.”

“Thanks,” Alicia said with a smile, looking relieved.

Harry dawdled as the others quickly changed, hoping to have another chance to call Tonks before heading back up to the castle. Katie and Alicia finished first, followed by the twins not long after.

“Harry Potter,”

Harry's blood ran cold at the sound of the voice. Grabbing his wand, he spun around, frantically looking for the source. When he saw nothing, he closed his eyes to use his Occlumency, but there was nothing to fight against.

"Harry Potter,"

Feeling like a ball of lead had just dropped into his stomach, Harry pulled the mirror out of his pocket with clammy hands.

"Voldemort," he said.

He waited for the image of his reflection to change, but it never did. Remembering how the mirror worked, he tried again.

"Tom Riddle," Harry said shakily.

His reflection shimmered and went cloudy before clearing into the image of Voldemort's smiling face.

"Where's Tonks?" Harry asked instantly.

His red eyes glimmering maliciously, Voldemort looked to the side and nodded his head.

"Crucio," a female voice shouted in the background.

An instant later, a woman screamed in agony.

"Stop it! Stop!" Harry shouted desperately.

Voldemort made a motion, and the scream cut off.

“What do you want?” Harry asked through gritted teeth, his hand clutching his wand in a white-knuckled grip.

“I want the prophecy,” Voldemort said.

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“Dumbledore still hasn’t told you?” Voldemort asked mockingly. “Haven’t you ever wondered why I came after you that night?”

“Me?” Harry asked, his heart pounding and hands shaking.

“Yes, you,” Voldemort said with a tight-lipped smirk. “Your parents were a nuisance, nothing more. I never would have wasted so much time and energy just to kill them.”

Harry glared, and his grip tightened around the mirror so hard the edges began to cut into his hand as Voldemort spoke so dismissively about his parents.

“It was you I was after, Harry. We are linked, you and I, through fate itself,” Voldemort told him. “Eighteen years ago, before you were even born, a woman made a prophecy about the one with the power to defeat me. One of my Death Eaters overheard the beginning but was stopped before they could hear the rest. I decided to be cautious and take care of the child before it could become a problem, and in the end, it was you that fit the prophecy. And I was right to be concerned. No ordinary child could have survived me so many times.”

Harry felt as if he had been punched in the gut. It was his fault. His parents’ deaths, Sirius spending sixteen years in Azkaban, and Tonks being captured again. It was all because of him.

“I will know what the rest of that prophecy says, and then I will end you once and for all,” Voldemort hissed, his eyes glinting dangerously. “In Hogsmeade, behind Honeydukes, there is a Portkey in the form of a black leather glove with a snake on it. You will take it to the Ministry, where you will retrieve the prophecy for me. If you are not here in ten minutes, the girl dies.”

Voldemort's image swam, and then Harry was left staring at his own pale reflection. Stuffing the mirror into his pocket, he wiped the cold sweat from his face. There wasn't time for him to run back to the castle to tell anyone what was happening and get to the Portkey in ten minutes. Even on his Firebolt, he would be cutting it too close. Grabbing his broom, Harry raced from the locker room. As soon as he was outside, he pulled out his wand.

"Expecto Patronum," he said.

His bright, glowing stag leapt from his wand and turned to face him. Harry swallowed down the guilt he felt at seeing something so connected to his father. Although he didn't know how to send messages with a Patronus, he knew he had to try. Hopefully, even if it didn't carry the message, they would know something was wrong just from seeing it.

"Go to Hermione, tell her Voldemort has Tonks at the Ministry, and I'm going to rescue her," Harry said.

His Patronus bowed, then turned and galloped towards the castle. Praying his message got through, he mounted his broom and shot towards Hogsmeade faster than he'd ever flown before.

He never noticed the cloaked, blonde-haired figure skulking behind the stands with a triumphant smirk on his face.

Tonks stumbled as she shot out of the elevator and sprinted towards the Department of Mysteries.

"Slow down, girl," Moody growled. "You're going to get yourself killed."

As worried as she was, and as much as she wanted to charge in, she knew he was right. Pausing at the door, Tonks too a deep breath to calm her racing heart as the rest of the group caught up. Kingsley patted her shoulder and looked at her sympathetically.

"Alright, let's move. Don't forget to check your corners," Moody said.

As the rest of the group nodded and readied their wands, he pushed opened the door with his gnarled hand. Cautiously, they entered a circular room with several doors spaced out evenly. As soon as the last person, Hestia, entered, the door slammed shut behind her, and the wall began to rotate around them.

“Shit, where do we go?” Tonks asked anxiously.

“Here,” Moody said, pointing to one of the twelve doors.

Limping up to it, he pulled it open and marched inside. Tonks followed behind and then gaped at the mess. The room was massive and looked to have been filled with shelves stacked with white, smoky crystal balls. A few still stood in the distance, but a huge section had been knocked over, scattering twisted metal and broken glass all over the floor.

“I’ve got blood,” Kingsley called out.

Tonks looked over to find a small pool of blood at his feet, not too far away.

“They’re not here. Let’s keep looking,” Moody said.

Moving back into the circular room, Tonks bounced on the balls of her feet impatiently as they waited for the room to stop spinning.

“We should split up,” Tonks said.

“No,” Moody barked. “We don’t know how many there are. We stick together.”

“Moody,” Remus called out.

Moody's eye swiveled, and Tonks looked over to find Remus pointing at one of the doors. Next to the wooden door, there was a small scorch mark along the stone wall. Tonks raced ahead of Moody as they moved over to take a closer look. She really wished she could see what Moody saw as he used his eye to look into the room.

“Looks like Potter’s putting up one hell of a fight,” Moody said.

“What?” Tonks asked anxiously.

In lieu of answering, Moody pushed open the door. Walking into the room, Tonks saw several destroyed cabinets littering the floor. One Death Eater was slumped against the wall, while another bumbled around the room, his head that of an infant. Looking at them, he wailed and sat down on the floor. Moody stunned him and bound both Death Eaters before making his way to the end of the room.

“They’re through here,” he said quietly. “Disillusion yourselves. We’ll need to take them by surprise. They’ve got Potter cornered.”

Quickly, Tonks and the rest of the group tapped their heads and faded into the background. Moody threw up a Notice-Me-Not Charm before slowly pushing the door open. Tonks had to fight the urge to run when she spotted around ten Death Eaters, including Lucius Malfoy and Bellatrix Lestrange, backing Harry against an odd-looking arch in the middle of the room. They entered from above and crept down row after row of circular stone benches.

“Give me the prophecy, Potter,” Malfoy demanded. “Give it to me now, or I’ll make sure your little girlfriend has a slow and painful death.”

“She’d be here if you had her,” Harry said, clutching a crystal ball to his chest while aiming his wand at Malfoy’s chest.

“Oh, wittle baby Harry knows how to pway,” Bellatrix said before cackling madly.

As Tonks circled slowly around the edge of the group, she got a better look at Harry and the Death Eaters. Nearly all of them had lost their masks, and most had small cuts, bruises, and tattered robes. Tonks smirked, proud of Harry for putting up such a good fight against such overwhelming odds. Even Bellatrix looked worse for the wear, with her wild hair sticking up at all angles and a cut on her cheek.

“Give me the prophecy, now, Potter,” Malfoy shouted, his voice echoing around the chamber.

Harry looked around at the group in front of him, and she could see the resolve in his eyes. He knew he had no chance of winning, but he was going to fight anyways. Tonks felt her heart breaking for him. She wished she could reassure him that she was there, but she knew she couldn’t make a move until Moody did, or things could go really bad for all of them.

“Haven’t you ever wondered why the Dark Lord went after your family?” Malfoy asked, his voice taking on a silky quality. “Don’t you want to know what Dumbledore kept from you for so long?”

Harry gripped the orb in his hand and glanced down at it.

“I’ve waited seventeen years,” Harry said softly.

“I know,” Malfoy said with false sympathy.

Tonks clutched her wand tightly, wishing she could Hex that smirk off his face.

“I think I can wait a little longer,” Harry said, causing Malfoy to glare at him. “You want it so bad? Here, catch.”

In an underhand toss, Harry pitched the orb into the air. All of the Death Eaters were so focused on it that they failed to notice him raise his wand.

“Reducto!” Harry shouted.

The orb shattered just inches from Malfoy’s face, showering it in chunks of glass. With a scream, he clutched at his eyes as blood leaked from between his fingers.

“No!” Bellatrix screamed in rage.

“Kill him!” Malfoy hissed furiously.

Moody finally struck, dropping his Disillusionment Charm to Curse Dolohov in the side. All around the Death Eaters, the rest of the Order members picked a target and attacked. Tonks took out Goyle and raced over to a shocked-looking Harry.

“Tonks!” Harry yelled in relief.

“Come on, babe. Time to kick some arse,” Tonks said with a grin as she took his hand in hers.

He barely had time to smile at her before they were separated by the Lestrange brothers. Harry dueled with Rabastian while Tonks took on Rudolphus. She worried about how he would hold up against an adult wizard, but she quickly realized there was a reason he had made it this far on his own. Seeing Harry was more than able to hold his own against Rabastian, Tonks focused on dealing with Rudolphus.

After finishing him with a Bludgeoning Hex to that head that knocked him unconscious, she turned to help Harry, only to find herself face to face with Bellatrix. There was no taunting this time as she ruthlessly attacked Tonks. She struggled to keep up with aunt as each spell hit her shield with the force of an out-of-control lorry. As she backpedaled from the relentless barrage, Tonks’ foot caught on a step behind her, fell backwards, and hit her head on the hard stone floor.

Shaking off the stars bursting behind her eyes, she gripped her wand and lifted her head, only to stop when she found Bellatrix standing over her with her wand aimed at her chest. Her aunt’s eyes glinted madly as she grinned down at her.

“Avada-”

Bellatrix cut off as she was forced to shield herself from a bright orange spell coming from her right. She managed to block it in time but stumbled under the force of the Curse from a furious Harry. Before she could recover, Harry blasted her with another spell that slammed into her shield and sent her flying across the room. As she got back to her feet, Sirius jumped in and began dueling her.

“Nice one, Harry!” he shouted.

Harry rushed over to Tonks and helped her to her feet.

“You alright?” he asked.

“Yeah, thanks for the save,” Tonks said with a smile.

Harry smiled back and rested his free hand on her waist as they turned back to the rest of the room just as Dumbledore burst into the room.

“Finally,” Tonks said with a sigh.

Half of the Death Eaters had already fallen, and with Dumbledore’s arrival, the rest began to fall quickly.

“Come on, let’s-”

Harry broke off as they watched Sirius take a green curse to the chest. He dropped to the ground like a puppet with its strings cut, his eyes open but unseeing.

“NO!” Harry shouted.

Tonks stood there numbly as he took off at a sprint. She tried to follow a moment later but stumbled into Remus while he was still dueling with Crabbe. Furiously, Tonks knocked out the Death Eater with a powerful stunner. Looking back up from binding him, she looked over at Sirius with a lump in her throat but didn’t see Harry. Swiveling around, she finally spotted him sprinting after Bellatrix as she raced from the room.

“Stay here. I’ll go after Harry,” Dumbledore instructed just as Tonks started to move after him.

“Nymphadora, help me, quickly,” Moody shouted.

Tonks gritted her teeth and blinked back tears as she turned back to curse at him. There was no way she was going to stay here when Harry needed help.

“He’s not dead,” Moody told her just as she opened her mouth.

“What?” Tonks asked, her mind not registering the words.

“Black’s not dead. Now get over here!” he barked.

Numbly, Tonks scrambled over to him as he knelt down with difficulty next to Sirius’ unmoving body.

“I need you to cast the Resuscitation Charm as soon as my spell ends, got it?” Moody asked.

Struggling to hold back her emotions, Tonks knelt down on the other side of Sirius and nodded.

“On three. One, two, three!” he counted.

On three, Moody flipped his wand around to hold it like an ice pick and stabbed it down at Sirius’ chest. There was a bright flash of light, and Sirius’ pale skin began to take on more of its natural color.

“Now!” Moody barked.

Tonks aimed her wand at Sirius’ chest, and a bright blue spell rippled over his body. There was a brief pause where nothing happened, then Sirius suddenly jolted to life with a loud gasp. Tonks nearly wept in relief as he groaned and moved his hand to his head.

“Bloody hell,” Sirius groaned.

“Go help Potter. We’ll clean up here and meet you in the Atrium. If Lestrange is looking to escape, that’s where she’ll be headed,” Moody told her.

“Thank you,” Tonks said gratefully.

As Moody stopped Sirius from trying to get up too soon, Tonks raced out of the room and back to the elevator. The wait was agonizing as the elevator slowly made its way to the top floor. She just prayed Dumbledore had already caught up to them.

When the door opened, Tonks stepped into absolute chaos. Dumbledore was dueling with Voldemort while one of the statues from the Fountain of Magic Brethren blocked Harry. He looked like he wanted to help, but the statue kept blocking his path. Tonks raced over to him, taking his hand in hers.

“Sirius is alive,” she told him.

“What?” Harry gasped, his eyes full of hope.

“It wasn’t a killing curse. Sirius is fine,” Tonks said.

Harry breathed out a shuddering breath of relief before they both turned back to watch the duel. Voldemort screamed in rage, his magic lashing out and shattering the windows in the Atrium. Raising his wand over his head, the shards of broken glass raised into the air and pointed at them like daggers.

Suddenly, they shot forward just as Dumbledore threw up a transparent, barely visible shield. As soon as the glass touched it, the glass turned into white sand. Harry grabbed Tonks and wrapped his arms around her protectively as the sand pelted his back. They turned back to look at a furious and frustrated Voldemort just as the fireplaces sprang to life. Fudge and several Aurors stepped out and froze at the sight of the Dark Lord.

“He’s back,” Fudge gasped.

Behind them, the Order members stepped out of the elevator and readied their wands as the Aurors behind Fudge did the same. Looking around, Voldemort sneered as his body morphed into a black cloud. The spells the Auror shot passed right through him as the black mass drifted quickly towards Harry and Tonks. Before it reached them, Harry shoved Tonks behind him. She watched helplessly as the smoke flew into his body through his nose and mouth. A sense of horror filled her as his body stiffened and fell to the ground.

“Harry!” she shouted, dropping down next to him.

His muscles tightened while his eyes and mouth opened wide. In his dull, distant gaze, there was nothing but fear and pain reflected in them. Tonks took his hand in hers and cupped his cheek as tears fell from her eyes. Suddenly, Harry’s back arched, and she jumped back as black smoke shot back out of his nose and mouth. Tonks pulled Harry into her lap and held him tightly with one hand while the other aimed her wand at the smoke.

It flew a short distance away before reforming into Voldemort. The evil wizard screamed in agony as he materialized on his knees. Tonks' heart leapt as the Aurors, Order, and Dumbledore sent spells at him.

Just before they reached him, Voldemort Disapparated, shattering the Ministry’s Anti-Apparating wards. He reappeared a few feet away, grabbed Bellatrix, and Disapparated again before anyone could stop him. There was a long moment of silent stillness as everyone waited with bated breath to see if it was really over.

“Harry, are you alright?” Dumbledore asked as he walked over and knelt down.

“What happened?” Harry asked weakly.

“You were possessed,” Dumbledore said, causing Tonks to gasp. “Can you stand?”

Groaning, Harry sat up and began to climb to his feet. Tonks wrapped and arm around his waist and helped support his weight.

“Albus!” Fudge yelled in a panic. “Albus, it’s him. He’s really back.”

“Yes, I had noticed,” Dumbledore said.

“What do we do?” Fudge asked helplessly.

“Perhaps you should ask your advisors?” Dumbledore offered as he bent down and picked up the head of a broken statue.

“But you have to help. I could lose my job,” Fudge pleaded.

Harry lurched forward, and his fist slammed into the Minister’s jaw, knocking him on his arse. Dumbledore caught Harry before he could fall over, and Tonks rushed forward. She wrapped an arm around him tightly, not sure if she was holding him up or holding him back.

“Your job!?” Harry spat furiously. “You’ve given Voldemort a year, a fucking year, to get his followers back.”

Fudge blinked up at Harry in shock as he held his jaw.

“You hit me,” he said disbelievingly.

“Be glad he was the only one,” Bones said as she walked up to them.

Pausing next to Fudge, she glared down at him.

“We’ll be talking about why the alert about the attack on the Ministry never reached my home later,” she said, causing him to pale. “Right now, I want to know what happened and why Sirius Black is standing next to several of my Aurors and isn’t in cuffs.”

“Sirius Black!” Fudge yelped, scrambling to his feet.

“He’s innocent,” Harry said strongly as he stepped forward.

“I will be happy to explain everything once I get my charge safely back to Hogwarts,” Dumbledore said.

Tapping his wand to the statue’s head, I glowed blue briefly. Before Tonks could move, he thrust it into Harry’s hands and tapped it again. In a blink, Harry was gone, taken back to Hogwarts by the Portkey.

Harry ambled through the halls of Hogwarts, his mind whirling from the revelations of the past hour. Dumbledore had finally explained the prophecy to him and why he had been ignoring him all year. On top of that, he’d somehow managed to ensure Sirius would remain free until he was given a fair trial.

It was all so much to take in. Harry felt like his head was going to explode.

“Mr. Potter,” McGonagall called out.

Harry looked up, blinking as he realized he’d been wandering aimlessly around the second floor.

“Yes, professor?” he asked.

“I know you’ve had a long night, but there’s a guest in my office that insists on seeing you,” she said with an uncharacteristic smile.

Harry looked at her curiously as she waved him over to her office. Harry sighed and followed her, wondering who would have come to see him this time of night. He hoped it wasn’t Madam Bones looking to question him.

As soon as he stepped into McGonagall's office, he was pulled into a tight hug. It took his overwhelmed mind a second to realize it was Tonks. Harry hugged her back and buried his face in her short, purple hair, inhaling her familiar scent.

"I'll give you two some privacy," McGonagall said with a small smile. "Try not to stay out too late, and don't make me regret this."

With that final word of warning, she left the room and closed the door. Harry and Tonks held each other for a long moment before they pulled back slightly to look at each other.

"I had to tell McGonagall we were dating before she'd let me stay. I'm sorry, but I just really needed to see you," Tonks said.

"It's fine," Harry said, smiling as he reached up to stroke her cheek. "I'm glad you're here."

Returning his smile, Tonks leaned forward to kiss him briefly. Taking his hand, she pulled him over to a desk, pushed him into the seat, and then planted herself sideways in his lap with her arms wrapped around his neck.

"You were brilliant tonight," she told him with a proud smile.

"Yeah, I fell into a trap and nearly got everyone killed," Harry said dully. "Brilliant."

"Don't talk like that," Tonks said sternly. "What made you think they had me anyways?"

"Voldemort called me on my mirror," Harry said. "I thought they must have had yours to do that."

"He did," Tonks said, causing him to look up at her quickly. "Bellatrix attacked me at my flat earlier tonight. I had to leave my mirror behind when I escaped."

"She must have heard me trying to call you on it," Harry said with a groan.

“Hey, it’s not your fault,” Tonks told him firmly. “I’d have done the same thing in your position. Besides, we all made it out, the Ministry finally knows You-Know-Who is back, and Sirius is getting his trial. I’d call that a win.”

Harry smiled and pulled her close, kissing the top of her head.

“What took you so long to get out of Dumbledore’s office?” she asked.

His smile fading, Harry took a deep breath and told her everything. Tonks ran her finger through his hair soothingly as he told her all about the prophecy and everything else Dumbledore had told him about.

“I can’t believe he waited this long to tell you,” Tonks said. “But at least you know the truth now, right?”

“Yeah, right,” Harry said with a sigh.

“You, okay?” Tonks asked.

“Yeah, it’s just – a lot to take in, you know?” Harry asked.

“I’m sorry,” she said sympathetically.

“It’s not your fault,” he told her.

Running a hand through his hair, Tonks gave him a lingering kiss and then rested her forehead against his.

“I love you,” she said softly.

“I love you, too,” Harry replied, a smile on his lips.

Chapter 10

Tonks looked up from her report on the incident at the Ministry when she heard three quick taps. A smile light up her face when she saw Hedwig perched outside of her newly repaired window. Hopping off her bed, she rushed over and threw it open. The snowy white owl swooped gracefully into her bedroom and landed on the bedpost with a friendly hoot.

“Hey, Hedwig. Harry staying out of trouble?” Tonks asked as she stroked the top of her head.

She hooted again, somehow managing to make it sound like a long-suffering sigh.

“I know what you mean,” Tonks said with a chuckle.

Content with the attention she’d gotten, Hedwig held out her leg where a letter was attached. Grinning, Tonks quickly but carefully removed the letter and ran the back of her finger down the soft feathers covering her belly before hopping onto the bed.

Unfolding the letter, Tonks’ blue eyes bounced back and forth rapidly in their sockets as she quickly read through the letter, her smile growing with each line.

“Well, looks like Harry and I are officially coming out as a couple,” she said brightly.

Her smile slowly dimmed as a new realization hit her.

“I don’t suppose you’d be willing to tell Molly for me, would you?” Tonks asked.

Hedwig stopped preening her feather to look at Tonks sharply. Letting out a loud squawk, she flapped her wings and took off out of the window.

“Coward!” Tonks yelled after.

Huffing, she slumped back onto her bed and groaned.

“What do you mean you’re dating Harry!?” Molly yelled.

Tonks fought back a flinch at the ear-shattering sound and folded her arms over her chest.

“Exactly what I said,” she replied with forced calm. “Harry and I have been together since Christmas break, and we’ve decided it’s time to tell everyone.”

“Absolutely not! I forbid it!” Molly yelled.

Tonks rolled her eyes.

“I wasn’t asking for permission,” she said. “Why are you so against me dating Harry anyways?”

“You’re too old for him,” Molly huffed with a challenging glare.

“We’re only five years apart,” Tonks pointed out. “It’s the same age difference between me and Bill, but you don’t seem to have a problem trying to set me up with him.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Molly said, turning away to scrub the table.

“Oh, please,” Tonks said, leaning her back against the doorway to the kitchen. “You’re not nearly as subtle as you think you are. Everyone in the house knows you’ve been trying to set me up with Bill to get him away from Fleur.”

“You’re just too young to know what’s best for you,” Molly said unapologetically.

“Now, Molly,” Arthur said, speaking up for the first time. “It’s not up to us who they date. If my parents had had their way, I’d have ended up with Mindy Greenstead.”

“What about Ginny?” Molly asked. “She’s had her heart set on Harry since she was a little girl.”

“So have half the girls within two years of him,” Tonks pointed out.

“But-”

“That’s enough, Molly,” Arthur said firmly. “Harry and Tonks are more than old enough to make their own decisions.”

“Fine!” Molly huffed.

Turning to the sink, she began to furiously scrub the dishes by hand. Sighing, Tonks turned to give Arthur a tired smile, which he returned. Things hadn’t gone as well as she’d hoped, but she hoped Molly would get over it by the time they got Harry away from the Dursleys. She just hoped that Harry went back to Grimmauld Place rather than the Burrow, or they might never get to see each other.

Harry stepped off the Hogwarts Express and immediately felt the stares of hundreds of parents bear down on him. Hunching his shoulders, he looked away and moved towards the exit when he caught sight of something purple. Looking back, he smiled as Tonks waved her arms wildly to get his attention with a massive grin on her face. Without waiting for his friends, he made his way over to her.

As soon as he reached her, Harry pulled her into a tight hug and buried his face in her bright purple hair. After a long moment, he pulled back, and Tonks took his hand in hers. He couldn't stop a wide grin from stretching across his face.

"Hey, Tonks," Hermione said with a smile as she, Ron, Ginny, and the twins caught up.

"Wotcher, Hermione, Weasleys," Tonks said with a grin.

Harry noticed Mrs. Weasley for the first time and the glare she gave Tonks as she hugged her children. Tonks had told him she wasn't too happy about the news of them dating, but he'd hoped she'd be over it by now.

Oh well, he thought. He wasn't letting go of Tonks for anything. If she didn't like it, that was her problem.

"How's Sirius?" Harry asked.

"Impatient," Tonks replied with a roll of her eyes. "The Ministry exonerated him of all charges, but they asked him to wait a week before going out in public, so the news has time to spread. He's been whinging about it for the last three days."

Harry nodded, but her talk of whinging had him thinking about going back to Privet Drive for the next month.

"You alright?" Tonks asked.

"I'm fine," Harry said softly, giving her a brief smile.

She didn't look convinced.

“I knew it!” Ginny crowed suddenly, causing both of them to look over at her.

Grinning, Ginny turned to the twins and held out her hand.

“Pay up,” she said.

“Ginny,” Mrs. Weasley gasped as Fred cursed quietly and pulled a few Sickles out of his pocket.

“What?” Ginny asked. “Everyone knew Harry and Tonks had a thing for each other since Christmas.”

Harry blushed as Tonks shook with silent laughter next to him. Mrs. Weasley gaped at her daughter, her mouth opening and closing several times.

“You’re not… upset?” she asked delicately.

“Why would I be upset?” Ginny asked.

“Perhaps we should finish this conversation at home,” Mr. Weasley interrupted, for which Harry was grateful, having a good idea of where it was going. “Come on, kids, time to go. The Ministry sent a car to take us home.”

“Oh, sure, now they care,” Ron grumbled.

“That’s politics,” Mr. Weasley said with a smile.

As they walked towards the exit of platform nine and three-quarters, Harry let go of Tonks’ hand to wrap his arm around her waist. She smiled and kissed his cheek just before they steeped through the barrier together.

Stepping out on the other side and into Muggle London, Harry let go of her.

“Well, it’s about time,” barked an unpleasantly familiar voice to his right. “Hurry up, boy.”

Harry looked at Vernon and sighed. Turning to Tonks, he opened his mouth to say goodbye, but before he could, she grabbed his hand and pulled him in the direction of his relatives.

“You must be the Dursleys,” Tonks said with a grin.

“Who’re you?” Vernon demanded.

“Auror Tonks,” she replied while pulling a golden badge out of her pocket. “Basically, I’m a magical police officer.”

Vernon and Petunia both looked at her with a pinched expressions.

“Yeah, so what?” Vernon blustered.

“So, your abuse of Harry ends now,” Tonks said firmly.

“Now see here,” Vernon said, puffing out his chest as his face turned red. “I don’t know what this – this boy has been telling you –”

“He hasn’t told us anything,” Tonks interrupted, further angering Vernon, much to her amusement. “Tell me, Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, did you know we have a way of watching memories?”

Petunia gasped, and Vernon deflated like a balloon.

“Here’s what’s gonna happen,” Tonks said, pulling a VHS tape out of her pocket. “You’re going to leave Harry alone this summer. He’s going to come and go when he pleases, he’s going to eat whatever he wants, and he’s going to leave when he wants, or I send this to your local police department. Or maybe the news station?”

“Vernon,” Petunia gasped, looking horrified as she grabbed his arm.

Vernon went bright red as he glared at Tonks venomously.

“Fine,” he growled.

“Glad we understand each other,” Tonks said with a grin.

“Let’s go, boy,” Vernon said through gritted teeth.

“Oh, one last thing,” Tonks said just as Vernon turned to leave. “I’ll be staying next door with Mrs. Figg in case you get any ideas about ignoring me.”

“Really?” Harry asked as Petunia looked at the purple-haired girl in horror.

“You didn’t really think I was going to leave you on your own with this lot, did you?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

Grinning, Harry walked forward and lifted her off the ground while hugging her tightly. Tonks squealed with laughter as he spun her around before setting her down. Furiously, Vernon stomped away to the car with Petunia scurrying after him.

“Did you really record my memories?” Harry asked curiously. “I thought electronics didn’t work around magic.”

“What, this?” Tonks asked with a mischievous grin as she held up the tape. “This is just an old tape my dad made of our last family reunion.”

Laughing, Harry kissed her on the lips. When they broke apart, she smiled at him lovingly.

“I’ll see you soon,” Tonks whispered.

Nodding, Harry kissed her on the lips on last time before turning to follow his uncle.

The ride back to Privet Drive was ominously quiet. In the rear-view mirror, Harry could see Vernon seething silently behind the wheel. His face went from red to a deep puce as he worked himself into a towering rage. As soon as they pulled into the driveway of Number Four and Harry got out of the car, Vernon jabbed his fat, sausage-like finger into his chest.

“Now you listen here, you little –”

Vernon cut off suddenly and stared down at his hand in shock. Where his finger had been now sat a fat, slimy slug.

“You really don’t learn, do you?” Tonks asked.

Harry snapped his head to the side and grinned at her as she winked at him.

“You crazy bitch,” Vernon growled, holding his hand.

“Vernon, Vernon, the neighbors,” Petunia hissed frantically.

“The neighbors are going to be the least of your worries if you keep this up,” Tonks said, jabbing her wand at Vernon’s chest. “This ends now, Dursley. The only reason I haven’t gone to the police is because Dumbledore asked me not to. You harass Harry one more time, and I don’t care what Dumbledore wants. I’ll see you both in prison for abuse, neglect, and whatever other charges I can get to stick. By the time I’m done, everyone in this village will know exactly what kind of people you are.”

Angrily, Tonks jabbed her wand harder into Vernon’s chest. The tip of her wand sparked, causing Vernon to yelp and stumble backwards, where he fell on his arse. With a wiggle of her wand, his finger went back to normal as Petunia rushed over to kneel down next to him, both of them looking pale and sick.

“Come on, Harry. I’ll help you with your trunk,” Tonks said brightly.

Grinning, Harry followed her eagerly. She used a Feather Weight Charm to make his trunk easier to carry while she took Hedwig’s cage. Not bothering to wait for the Dursleys or perhaps to show them she could, Tonks easily unlocked the front door and ushered him inside.

Setting his trunk down at the end of his bed, Harry hugged his grinning girlfriend and kissed her passionately.

“You are brilliant,” he said.

“I know,” Tonks grinned.

Laughing, Harry picked her up, kicked his door closed, and carried her over to the bed.

The next morning, Tonks was rudely awoken by an incessant pounding. It took a moment for her sleep-addled mind to realize it was coming from the door. Next to her, Harry groaned and covered his head with his pillow.

“Boy, get up!” Petunia screeched.

Harry sighed and started to get up, but Tonks stopped him by placing a hand on his chest. Angrily, she hopped out of bed, grabbed his discarded shirt off the floor, and hurriedly pulled it on as she stomped towards the door. Grabbing the handle, she wrenched it open and glared at the shocked-looking woman in front of her.

“What?” Tonks demanded.

“What are you doing!?” Petunia hissed, looking over her shoulder as if she expected one of the neighbors to be standing behind her.

“What does it look like?” Tonks snapped back. “I *was* sleeping with my boyfriend until you woke us up.”

“You can’t do that here!” Petunia whispered harshly, her cheeks going pink.

“I really don’t care what you think I can or cannot do,” Tonks huffed irritably. “Now, what do you want?”

“Vernon needs his breakfast,” Petunia said, looking over Tonks’ shoulder to peer into the room.

“Then tell him to make it himself,” Tonks said dismissively.

“That’s Potter’s job while he’s here,” Petunia said.

“Not anymore,” Tonks countered, moving to close the door.

“Vernon won’t like this,” Petunia said in a threatening tone.

Growling, Tonks glared at the woman and raised her wand. Petunia squeaked and leapt back, eyeing it like it was a venomous snake about to bite her.

“Let’s go see about that, shall we?” Tonks asked, her eyes taking on a dangerous glint.

“Tonks,” Harry called out worriedly as she stormed from the room.

As his aunt chased after her, he hopped out of bed and threw on a pair of shorts. Stomping down the stairs, Tonks stormed into the kitchen, where Vernon was reading the morning newspaper with a cup of coffee in his hand.

“Did the boy give you any trouble, pet?” Vernon asked, still staring at the newspaper. “If he did, I’ll-”

“You’ll what?” Tonks interrupted.

Slamming down his paper, Vernon narrowed his eyes as he stared at her just as Harry and Petunia caught up and stood watching in the doorway.

“What are you doing here? Who let you in?” Vernon asked suspiciously, his face slowly turning red.

“I never left,” Tonks told him. “Did I not make myself clear yesterday? I’m going to tell you one last time. Leave. Harry. Alone.”

“I have had enough!” Vernon roared, clamming his fist down on the table with a loud bang. “You listen here, you little bitch. I will not be ordered about in my own house! Now, I want you out! Ou-”

With a wave of her wand, Tonks caused Vernon's mouth to vanish mid-sentence. He looked quite odd with just a mustache in the middle of his face. Behind Harry, Petunia shrieked and rushed over to her husband as he felt the smooth skin where his mouth should have been with a horrified look in his eyes. When they started to become hysteric, she hit them with a Calming Charm and magically forced them into seats.

"What the hell is wrong with you people?" Tonks asked, her brow furrowed in disgust. "Are you so fucking sadistic that you can't go one day without abusing your nephew?"

"Please, we'll do what you want," Petunia begged, her panic managing to partially overcome the Calming Charm.

"You know, you've spent the last sixteen years calling Harry a freak," Tonks said angrily. "The only freaks I see are the two of you."

"Tonks," Harry said calmingly as he hugged her from behind.

It was only as she took a calming breath that she realized she had her wand pointed at his aunt and uncle, the tip shooting red sparks. Closing her eyes, Tonks took a deep breath before she opened them again.

"Leave us alone, or I will make your life a living hell, got it?" Tonks growled.

Petunia nodded frantically, but Vernon just glared over her shoulder balefully. A Stinging Hex leapt from her wand and hit him in the chest. Petunia jumped in her seat and looked at Vernon worriedly as he let out a muffled yell.

"Got it?" Tonks asked again, this time more aggressively.

Eyeing her wand fearfully, Vernon nodded.

“Good,” Tonks said.

Pulling away from Harry, she spun around and grabbed his hand, pulling him out of the kitchen.

“Wait!” Petunia called out. “What about Vernon?”

“His mouth’ll grow back in an hour or so,” Tonks called back over her shoulder.

Walking back up to Harry’s room, she stripped off her shirt and sighed, feeling drained. Harry hugged her from behind and kissed the side of her neck as his hands caressed her bare stomach. Humming, she leaned back against him and relaxed.

“You were brilliant,” Harry said.

“I know,” Tonks replied with a grin, then shook her head. “I can’t believe Dumbledore just left you here and didn’t bother to check on you,” she said.

Harry’s arms tightened around her waist as he hugged her tightly.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you, too,” Tonks replied with a smile.

It seemed like having his mouth removed for over an hour finally got through to Uncle Vernon. After that, he avoided Harry and Tonks like the plague. Three days after Harry arrived, Dudley returned from Smeltings. Apparently, his parents had talked to him in the car because he, too, left Harry alone, although Harry did catch him watching them with a curious expression whenever their paths crossed. He wasn’t sure what it was about, but it was certainly better than his usual behavior.

Tonks' plan to stay with Mrs. Figg was scrapped almost immediately. She told the order she was staying with the Dursleys to keep them in check, but Harry knew there were other reasons she didn't want to leave.

It was nearly a week into their stay that a thought occurred to him.

"Hey, Tonks," Harry said as he cooked breakfast for the two of them as the Dursleys watched them warily.

"Hmm?" Tonks hummed tiredly.

"Don't you have to work?" he asked.

"Huh? Oh, didn't I tell you?" she asked, to which Harry shook his head. "Scrimgeour is trying to get on your good side, so he asked for someone to guard you over the summer. Naturally, I volunteered."

"Why is he trying to get on my good side?" he asked, setting a plate of eggs and bacon in front of her as Dudley and Vernon picked at their grapefruits.

"Well, after his colossal fuck up, it looks like Fudge is getting ready to step down. I think Scrimgeour looking to run in the election," Tonks said.

"Oh," Harry said dully. "What's he like?"

"He's a decent Auror," Tonks said with a shrug. "He's too much of a politician for me, though."

"What about Madam Bones?" Harry asked.

Tonks scoffed, “She hates politics. Good luck getting her to run for Minister.”

“I wish there was something we could do,” Harry said with a sigh. “I’d much rather have Bones for Minister than someone who’s going to act like Fudge.”

“Actually, we might be able to,” Tonks said, brightening up. “Well, not me, but people are pretty willing to listen to you right now.”

“Him?” Vernon said with a loud, derisive scoff.

“Yes, him,” Tonks said with a glare. “You really have no idea how famous Harry is, do you?”

Seeing Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, and Dudley giving her uncomprehending looks, Tonks shook her head.

“Idiots,” she muttered. “Anyways, I bet if you wrote a letter to the Prophet telling them you wanted Bones for Minister, people might actually listen.”

“I don’t know,” Harry said doubtfully. “I’ve never really had good experiences with the press.”

“That’s because you’ve always waited for them to come to you,” Tonks said. “I’ve got a friend that works there. We could send the letter to her.”

Harry hummed thoughtfully as he took a bite of toast.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to love, but Bones is going to need a pretty big push if you want her in office,” Tonks said.

“Can you help me write it?” Harry asked. “I’ve never been good at that sort of thing.”

“Of course,” Tonks said with a grin, then turned to kiss his cheek.

“Mental,” Vernon muttered.

Tonks glared at him, then a mischievous smile stretched across her lips as she finished her breakfast.

“I’m gonna go grab a shower,” she said, pulling a lock of hair in front of her face. “I think I’ve still got cum in my hair from last night.”

Harry covered his mouth to stop himself from bursting out laughing as Uncle Vernon’s eyes bugged out of his head, and Aunt Petunia gasped with a scandalized look. Dudley’s entire face went bright red, and he studiously avoided making eye contact with anyone.

“Sorry,” Harry said, biting back a laugh.

“Uh huh, sure you are,” Tonks said with a grin. “You going to join me?”

“Definitely,” Harry said, grinning as he finished his plate.

“Now you see here,” Vernon started.

“Maybe next time, you should keep your fat mouth shut, then,” Tonks jumped in before he could continue.

Vernon scowled as they left the kitchen.

In the bathroom, Harry quickly stripped out of his clothes as Tonks locked the door. Walking over to the tub, she bent over to bring the water to temperature, and his oversized t-shirt rode up her back to reveal her panty-covered bum underneath. Glancing over her shoulder, she caught him staring and playfully wiggled her hips back and forth.

Once the water was at the temperature she wanted, Tonks turned on the shower, stood up, and took off her shirt. Harry marveled at her perfect breasts and incredible figure as she pushed down her panties while unnecessarily bending at the waist. With her round ass jutting out at him, he got a brief glimpse of her delicate, pink lips between her muscular thighs just before she stood up.

No matter how many times he saw her like this, Harry could never quite get used to it. Sometimes, it felt like his luck was just too good to be true.

Turning back to grin at him, Tonks giggled and grabbed his prominent erection. Using it like a leash, she pulled him under the spray of hot water with her. Harry pulled her close, slipping his hands over her soft, wet skin as he kissed her. She moaned into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck while his erection lay trapped between their stomachs. Tonks' large, soft breasts flattened against his chest as they held each other closely.

Pulling back, she gave him a sultry smile before slowly dropping to her knees. Harry gasped as his length slipped between her wet breasts before bobbing above her upturned face, throbbing needily with each beat of his heart.

"I did promise you a real blowjob once I was feeling better," Tonks said playfully while grabbing his shaft lightly and kissing the underside.

"The last one felt pretty real to me," Harry said, smiling.

Tonks chuckled with her lips wrapped around the side of his shaft, sending reverberations through his entire length and causing him to groan.

“That was nothing, babe,” she said alluringly.

Grabbing the bottom half of his length firmly, Tonks kissed and licked at the head. Once he was moistened with her saliva, she opened her lips wide and swallowed nearly half of him. Groaning, Harry ran a hand over her wet hair as she bobbed back and forth in slow, sensual movements over the tip. For a long moment, Tonks focused almost solely on the head, sucking hard and swirling her tongue around his engorged, sensitive glans. Eventually, she pulled back entirely and placed a soft kiss on the tip.

“You have such a great cock,” Tonks whispered softly, her breath washing over his wet head as she traced her fingers lightly along his shaft. “I just love how big and hard it feels in my mouth.”

After kissing his tip lovingly, she swallowed him again, her lips stretched wide around his girth. With a sensual moan, Tonks began bobbing her head, this time taking him deeper with each new descent. Pulling back to the tip, she looked up at him with wide, bright blue eyes before surging forward. Harry gasped as she swallowed him whole without ever breaking eye contact.

With her hands holding his hips and her nose pressed firmly against his groin, Tonks moaned, her exquisitely tight throat vibrating around his length.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped, his shaft swelling in excitement.

Pulling halfway back up his length, her lips tightly sealed around his shaft. Tonks paused before plunging him back into her voracious mouth. Back and forth she moved, ramming his thick, swollen head and wide shaft back into her throat over and over again. Through it all, she kept her eyes locked on his, the corners crinkled in a teasing smirk.

Harry curled his toes and closed his eyes, fighting back his impending climax to make this unbelievable pleasure last as long as possible. Unfortunately, Tonks was relentless, pulling back for only a moment to catch her breath before swallowing him again.

“Tonks,” he gasped in warning.

Rather than slow down or pull back, Tonks took a deep breath through her nose and buried him in her throat with a muffled moan. As her tongue lapped at the underside of his pulsating shaft, she jerked her head back and forth in short, rapid movements.

Unconsciously, Harry's hand tightened in her hair, and his hips began sawing back and forth. A shudder ran through his body as he burst deep in her throat, sending numerous jets of hot cum straight down into her stomach. Feeling him pulse and throb, Tonks took him as deep as she could and wrapped her arms around his waist to hold herself in place. Moaning sensuously, she shook her head slightly from side to side as he emptied himself inside her.

As his peak finally waned, Tonks pulled back slowly, her lips sealed around him as she sucked hard. Harry shuddered, and his hips jerked as her lips passed over his hypersensitive head, draining every last drop into her sucking mouth.

"Bloody hell," he gasped, panting lightly. "That was…"

Harry trailed off, completely at a loss for words.

"I know," Tonks said with a smug smirk.

Laughing, he held out his hand and helped her to her feet. Once she was standing, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her heatedly. When they parted, Tonks handed him the bottle of shampoo.

"Can you wash my hair?" she asked.

Smiling, Harry squeezed a large dollop of shampoo into his hand and lathered it into her bright purple hair. Taking turns, they washed each other, talking and laughing as they playfully explored each other's bodies. By the time they were done, he was already rock-hard again.

“Well, we can’t have you going out there like this,” Tonks said teasingly, grabbing his erection.

Grinning, Harry cupped her bum and lifted her off her feet. Giggling, she wrapped her legs around him. With his rigid length trapped against her core, Tonks moaned while biting her bottom lip cutely. Setting himself at her entrance, Harry leaned in and kissed her passionately as he slowly lowered her onto him. As Tonks sank down on his shaft, she moaned into his mouth and rolled her hips needily. When she bottomed out, she pulled back breathlessly and rested her forehead against his.

“Fuck me,” Tonks breathed.

Using his arms, Harry lifted her up a few inches before dropping her back down. With a low moan, Tonks used her strong thighs to help move herself up and down his rock-hard shaft. Even with the water pouring down on them, Harry could still feel her hot arousal leaking onto his length.

“Yes,” Tonks hissed, throwing her head back.

Watching her large, perky breasts bounce in time with their movements, Harry smiled before dipping his head and taking one of her swollen nipples between his lips. Tonks gasped, followed by a sultry moan, her hand clutching at the back of his head as their pace increased.

Grabbing his hair lightly, Tonks pulled his head back and kissed him hard just as Harry turned and pinned her back against the tile wall. As they kissed, he pulled back and slammed his cock into her rapidly. Pulling back, Tonks gasped and moaned, rolling her hips as his thick length invaded her tight, hot depths again and again.

“Harry,” Tonks whined, her folds fluttering as she neared her peak.

Harry continued plowing into her, kissing and sucking at the side of her neck as her breathing sped up and her body trembled. With a sudden gasp, her muscles tightened, and her body shook in his arms as she came around him. Her teeth dug into his shoulder to muffle a scream.

Unable to hold back, Harry grunted as he pulsed inside of her, his hips flexing with each pulse of his cock.

After catching their breath, Harry set Tonks back on her feet as he slipped out of her, careful to hold onto her as she steadied herself on weak legs.

“You know, I always wanted to have sex in a shower,” Tonks said with a grin.

Chuckling, Harry kissed her on the lips.

Chapter 11

Harry was having the best Summer of his life at Privet Drive. Once his relatives understood Tonks wasn’t going to put up with any of their shit, they decided the best course of action was to pretend that the two of them simply didn’t exist. Uncle Vernon had gone so far as to try and take Aunt Petunia and Dudley on vacation to Cornwall, but mysteriously, something went wrong every time they tried to leave.

First, the hotel called, saying they had been overbooked and had to cancel their reservation. Then, the caravan they tried to rent broke down before it left the lot. With no others available to rent, Uncle Vernon had stormed back to the house, muttering under his breath with a bright red face. Giving up on going to Cornwall, Uncle Vernon had decided to take the family to France, only for his passport to go missing the morning they tried to leave.

Of course, with so much oddness, his first reaction was to blame Harry and Tonks.

“Why would we want to keep you here?” Tonks had asked. “Trust me, we want you gone just as much as you want to leave.”

Grudgingly, he had to admit she had a point. Stumped, Uncle Vernon gave up on the idea of leaving and went right back to pretending they weren’t there. Privately, Harry and Tonks

suspected Dumbledore was behind everything. Tonks was sure he was doing it to keep Aunt Petunia in the house to recharge the wards. That only made her more furious at the old man. She reasoned that if he was keeping a close enough eye on them to know when the Dursleys were trying to leave, then he must have known about how they treated Harry.

Though Harry tried to calm his girlfriend, he too was upset, although he felt more hurt than angry. He didn't want to believe Dumbledore had known about how his relatives had treated him and done nothing to stop it, but it looked more and more like that was the case.

Apart from that issue and the problems of the first few days, Harry and Tonks enjoyed their three-and-a-half-week vacation, finally able to act like a couple. While Tonks didn't want him going too far from the house, just in case, she didn't keep him locked indoors. Most days, they walked around Little Whinging, visiting stores and eating at the surprising number of restaurants nearby.

While Harry told Tonks some of the stories she hadn't witnessed during their Occlumency lessons, she regaled him with stories of her own childhood.

"I grew up in a place a lot like this," she told him while sitting on his lap on the only unbroken swing in the park. "The people were a bit friendlier, but it was still horribly boring. Dad works as an accountant at the Ministry, and Mum stayed home to raise me. I was homeschooled until I was around eight, when I finally got the hang of Occlumency. I still slipped up once in a while, especially when someone really hacked me off, but we only had to call the Obliviators once."

"Once?" Harry asked amusedly.

"It wasn't my fault," Tonks said adamantly. "One of the girls at my school, Amanda Powers, was making fun of me because of my hair. I got so mad, and the teachers wouldn't do anything, so I accidentally turned her entire body purple. Skin, hair, everything. She looked like that girl from Willy Wonka right before she blew up like a balloon."

Harry smiled, remembering the time he'd done just that to his Aunt Marge.

“So, what happened?” Harry asked.

“People from the Ministry showed up a couple minutes later, along with my Mum, and cleaned the whole thing up,” Tonks said with a shrug. “Mum gave me a right talking to when we got home.”

Harry kissed the side of her neck as they swung back and forth just slightly on the swing.

“I was a bit of a wild child when I got older,” Tonks admitted. “Because I’m a Metamorphmagus, my mum was always worried I’d lose my temper and do something to get in trouble with the Ministry, so she didn’t let me go out that much unless she or dad was with me. I got caught sneaking out to go see friends more than once.”

“Just friends or boyfriends?” Harry couldn’t stop himself from asking.

Tonks shifted to sit sideways in his lap and looked at him closely.

“Do you really want to know?” she asked, biting her lip nervously.

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to,” Harry told her. “It’s just – You’ve said before you’ve never had good luck with boyfriends. I don’t want the details or anything. I just want to know more about you.”

Tonks hesitated for a long moment before wrapping her arms around his neck and resting her head on his shoulder.

“I wasn’t a slut or anything, but I did date my fair share of boys at school,” Tonks admitted. “When I got to Hogwarts, I didn’t try to hide what I was. It felt good to finally let go and be myself for once, you know? Once boys found out I was a Metamorphmagus and realized I could look however I wanted, they took a big interest in me. I liked the attention at first. I made myself look a bit older, gave myself nice tits, a bigger bum, that sort of thing. Towards the end

of my third year, some of the more popular boys started asking me out on dates to Hogsmeade. It didn't take long for them to start asking me to change things here and there. Different hair, bigger tits, better bum, a little taller or shorter."

Sighing, her finger ran lightly across his chest, tracing abstract designs that made his skin tingle.

"I didn't think much of it at first. They liked me, or I thought they did, and I changed myself all the time anyways. What did it matter if I made a few changes for them?" Tonks asked rhetorically, then sighed. "I remember the first time I realized what was happening. I walked into the girl's loo and saw a tall blonde looking back at me. It was like looking in a mirror. A really creepy mirror. She looked at me, laughed, and said, 'you know he's only dating you because I turned him down, right?'. I was so embarrassed that I ran back to my dorm and cried. I broke it off with him the next day, but that just made things worse. He started spreading rumors that I'd slept with him and I would make myself look like any girl he wanted. I tried dating a few guys after that, but they all acted the same way.

"So, I gave up on dating for about a year. A lot of girls were still pretty mean towards me, and – well, I didn't handle that too well. I got pretty good at making myself look like prefects to walk around after curfew, so it wasn't hard to make myself look like them, either. I got back at a few of them by changing into them, grabbing the first boy I saw, and snogging him in a broom cupboard before running away. I feel really bad about that now. Some of those guys were nice, and they only got hurt when they asked those girls about it later. At the time, I just wanted to get back at them by giving them the same reputation they'd given me, you know?"

Harry rubbed her back soothingly and kissed the top of her head. He was worried talking would make her stop, but he wanted to show he didn't think badly of her. Merlin knows he'd made some bad decisions in the past.

"Fifth year is when things really started to change," Tonks continued. "Over the Summer, I snuck out to meet up with some friends, and we went to a Weird Sisters concert. I made myself look old enough to get us some drinks, but one of the boys with us had a bit too much and started to get handsy. He was a bit bigger than me, but when he pushed things too far, I decked him hard and Hexed him in the balls. Moody happened to be there working security - probably thought it was some secret cult or something. Anyways, he saw the whole thing. He sobered the guy up, scared the shit out of him, and told him to get lost. I thought he was going to yell at me too, but he actually told me I did a good job, but I should have stopped him sooner."

Tonks chuckled and shook her head fondly.

“He also told me I’d make a good Auror. I asked my dad about him later, and he told me all these stories about the Dark Wizards Moody had captured. I fell in love with the idea of being an Auror, so I spent my whole year studying to get the OWLs I needed. Poor Mum,” she said with a laugh. “She loved that I was finally taking my studies seriously, but she hated that I wanted to be an Auror. I was so busy studying and practicing my spell work I didn’t have time for boys. I tried dating again in my sixth year. Even ended up with Charlie Weasley for a bit, but that didn’t end too well. Nearly ruined our friendship.

“Seventh year was more studying for NEWTs and then off to Auror training. I worked my arse off, and Moody decided to make me his protégé. I didn’t really have time for anything serious, but I did have a couple of casual flings. Once I became an Auror, I thought I could finally find a good boyfriend,” Tonks paused to give a derisive laugh. “Turns out, most blokes can’t handle dating a witch that can kick their arse. One of them even tried to join the Aurors so we could work together, but he didn’t have what it took. Dropped out in the first week. Things ended pretty quick after that.”

Finally, Tonks lifted her head from his shoulder and gave him such a loving smile it made his heart swell and set butterflies fluttering in his stomach.

“And then my knight in shining armor comes to rescue me,” she said, leaning forward to give him a deep, soft kiss. “You’re everything I’ve ever wanted in a guy and more. You’ve never asked me to be anything but myself. You never thought of me as weak, even when I needed to be rescued. You’re kind, caring, funny, and fantastic in bed.”

Tonks waggled her eyebrows up and down with a grin, causing Harry to chuckle.

“Better than your ex-boyfriends?” Harry asked teasingly.

“They’re not even close,” Tonks said, pecking him on the lips. “Your cock’s bigger too.”

Harry snorted, but it did boost his pride quite a bit.

“Now, it’s your turn,” she said, wiggling in his lap.

“There’s really not much to tell,” Harry said with a shrug. “I had one date with Parvati at the Yule Ball that ended horribly. I was so worried about everything else going on, and I didn’t even want to go in the first place. I was a pretty horrible date, to be fair. I really should apologize to her for that. And you know about Fleur.”

“Yeah, but you never told me the details,” she pointed out.

“You really want to hear about it?” he asked.

Tonks gave him a coy smile, “I didn’t just date men. I’ve been with a witch or two.”

Harry’s eyes widened, and he blinked at her, causing Tonks to giggle.

“I even dated Aurora Sinistra for a few months,” she told him.

“You dated Professor Sinistra?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Well, she wasn’t a professor at the time,” Tonks said. “Anyways, tell me what happened with you and Fleur. I’ve seen her at a couple of Order meetings, and even I’m jealous you got to sleep with her.”

“She’s in the Order?” Harry asked, trying desperately not to get distracted by thoughts of Tonks and Fleur in bed together.

“Yeah,” Tonks said. “Bill brought her in. She works at Gringotts now. They’ve gone on a couple of dates, but I don’t think it’s anything serious yet. Molly isn’t happy about it. She’s been trying to push me and Bill together every time we’re in the same room for more than a few seconds.”

“She’s still doing that even after you told her we’re dating?” Harry asked.

“Not as bad, but she makes a comment now and again,” she told him. “Now, quit stalling.”

“Alright, alright,” Harry said. “Well, after the second task, when I rescued Fleur’s sister from the lake, she started being a lot more friendly towards me. She was kind of a bitch before that, but I get why now.”

“Yeah, we get along pretty well. Her history with guys is a lot like mine,” Tonks interjected.

“Exactly. Well, during the third task, I rescued her from Krum and waited with her for help to come. Then – well, you know what happened,” Harry said to which Tonks nodded. “I was in pretty rough shape afterwards, mentally and physically. Fleur snuck into the Hospital Wing late that night and said she wanted to thank me for saving her and her sister. I thought she just wanted to say thank you, but….”

Harry paused, looking at Tonks hesitantly. Smiling, she motioned for him to continue.

“Er, well, she silenced the door to Madam Pomfrey’s office and gave me a blow job right there in the Hospital Wing,” he told her, shaking his head at how incredible it sounded even to himself. “It really helped with the pain from the Cruciatus Curse. When I told Fleur that, she just smiled and said she’d have to just take care of me until I was all better. When I got out the next day, she invited me over to the Beauxbatons carriage. I was really nervous, to be honest. I thought for sure I was going to embarrass myself, and she was going to laugh at me or tell me to get out.

“Fleur was great, though. She was really patient, and she taught me a lot. The last week they stayed at Hogwarts, I spent most of my time in the carriage with her. My friends thought I was off moping, but I didn’t feel right telling them about what I was really doing.”

“Was it serious or just a bit of fun?” Tonks asked.

Again, Harry hesitated a moment before answering.

“I don’t know how Fleur felt. You’d have to ask her, but, at the time, I would have liked to have tried something more serious,” Harry admitted cautiously. “But with her going back to France and me still in school for three more years, we both knew it couldn’t last.”

“Well, I’m definitely going to have to thank her the next time I see her,” Tonks said with a grin. “She sure taught you how to please a woman.”

“Just don’t say that when Bill is around,” Harry said, pleading.

Tonks laughed and pulled him in for a passionate kiss.

“I love you,” she whispered against his lips.

“I love you, too,” he replied just as softly.

++

All too soon, their time at Privet Drive was coming to an end. Part of Tonks was more than happy to get away from the Dursleys, but another part of her was worried about how much time they had left before Harry went back to school. The Summer was passing far too quickly for her liking.

The day before they were set to leave for Grimmauld Place, Tonks opened the fridge to find lunch and scowled at what she saw.

“You know, with two whales in the house, you’d think they’d have some decent food,” she complained.

“They probably ate it all,” Harry told her.

Tonks sighed and closed the fridge. Thankfully, the Dursleys were all out to visit that bitch Marge for most of the day. She almost wished they had invited her over instead, just so she could get some payback for all the years she tormented Harry.

“I’m gonna run out and get something to eat,” she said. “Anything you want me to pick up?”

“Whatever you want is fine with me,” Harry replied as usual. “You want me to go with you?”

“Actually, I need to stop by the office for a minute to drop off some paperwork,” Tonks told him. “Sorry, love, but you’ll have to sit this one out. I won’t be long, though.”

“Alright,” Harry said, looking a bit disappointed.

Walking up to him, swaying her hips more than necessary, Tonks wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips.

“I’ll make it up to you when I get back,” she said promisingly.

Smiling back, Harry gave her one more kiss and squeezed her bum playfully before she left the house with a smile on her face.

In truth, she didn't need to stop by the office. With Harry's birthday coming up soon, she needed to stop and get the present she'd had custom-made for him. As she walked down the street to get to the end of the wards, she noticed one of the neighbors look up from her garden and wave at her.

"Hello," the woman said pleasantly. "I don't think we've met. I'm Jennifer Polkiss."

"I'm Tonks," she said in reply.

"Are you staying with the Dursleys?" Jennifer asked.

Tonks smiled as a mischievous idea popped into her head.

"Unfortunately, yes," she said with a sigh. "But it's the only way I could spend time with my boyfriend. So…"

Tonks trailed off with a shrug.

Jennifer tilted her head, looking a little thrown off by her answer.

"Oh, you're dating Dudley then?" she asked.

Tonks laughed, "Oh, God, no. I'm dating Harry."

"Oh," Jennifer said, her face closing off.

"You know, I get that reaction every time I tell someone that around here," Tonks said, feigning ignorance. "Why does everyone seem to hate Harry so much?"

“You don’t know?” Jennifer asked, looking both surprised and excited to be able to spread some gossip.

“Know what?” Tonks asked.

“Well, that boy’s always been a troublemaker. He goes to St. Brutus’, you know,” Jennifer told her.

“St. Brutus’?” Tonks asked, her brow furrowed. “Harry doesn’t go to St. Brutus’. Where did you hear that from?”

Jennifer gave her a pitying look.

“Oh, that boy’s been telling lies for years,” she said, looking entirely too pleased to be giving such news. “Vernon and Petunia told me themselves. I’m sorry you had to find out this way, dear.”

“Well, then they’re the ones that’re lying,” Tonks said, crossing her arms. “I went to the same school with Harry for three years before I graduated. He goes to Fettes College up in Scotland. Trust me, there’s no way I would risk my career dating someone that went to St. Brutus’”

“Oh,” Jennifer said in surprise, and Tonks could see the questions flying around in her mind. “What do you do?”

Reaching into her pocket, Tonks pulled out her Auror’s badge. To a Muggle, like Jennifer, it looked silver with a blue center. The words ‘Metropolitan Police’ etched into the surface.

“You’re a police officer?” Jennifer asked in shock.

“Yep,” Tonks said, putting her badge away.

“They let you work there with that kind of hair?” Jennifer asked abruptly.

Tonks had to fight not to roll her eyes. Of course, that’s the first thing she would ask, she thought.

“I do a lot of undercover work,” Tonks said. “In fact, I’m looking into finding the people responsible for the string of vandalism through the neighborhood while I’m here.”

“I can’t believe it,” Jennifer said, shaking her head. “Why would Vernon and Petunia lie about that for so many years?”

“You haven’t noticed?” Tonks asked incredulously.

“Noticed what?” Jennifer asked in return.

“Haven’t you seen the baggy clothes Harry always wore, how skinny he was compared to his relatives, the bruises?” Tonks asked.

“Well, yes, but – I always thought –” Jennifer stopped suddenly as her eyes went wide. “You don’t think he was… *abused*, do you?”

“I know he was,” Tonks said. “Harry told me all about it, but without proof, I can’t press charges. Seeing the way he was treated is the reason I decided to join the police in the first place. Our families were close before his parents were killed, and we lost contact with him when he came here. I was furious when I found out how the Dursleys treated him.”

“Killed? I thought they died in a car crash.” Jennifer said.

Tonks scoffed and shook her head in genuine disgust.

“If you want to know who the liars are, it’s the Dursleys,” Tonks growled angrily. “James Potter was a police officer, and they were murdered by a gang he was trying to take down. They even cut that scar into Harry’s forehead. My mum tried to get custody of Harry, but the judge said he was better off with family. Lily, Harry’s mother, didn’t get along with Petunia at all, but they never found the will. We think it was lost when the house burned down.”

“My goodness,” Jennifer said, her hand held to her chest. “But I don’t understand. If Vernon and Petunia didn’t want Harry, why did they keep him?”

“To make themselves look good?” Tonks asked with a shrug. “Maybe they were hoping they would get James’ fortune if they kept him. Who knows?”

“That’s awful,” Jennifer said.

“You don’t know the half of it,” Tonks told her. “Did you know they used to make Harry sleep in the cupboard under the stairs even though they had two extra bedrooms? Apparently, one was Dudley’s playroom, while the other was for Vernon’s sister when she visited once or twice a year. They made him cook and clean, then only let him eat what was left when they were done. It’s probably why they’re so overweight. They wanted to make sure Harry got as little as possible. Vernon’s a right mean bastard. You must have heard him shouting over the years.”

“Well, yes, but we always thought it was because Harry did something wrong again,” Jennifer replied. “Oh, that poor boy. I can’t believe no one noticed.”

“Yeah, me neither,” Tonks said, trying hard to keep the accusation out of her voice. “I mean, really, who looks at a shy, quiet kid like Harry and thinks he’s a troublemaker. Some people just don’t think for themselves.”

Jennifer nodded in agreement, completely missing the rather blatant dig at her own expense.

“So, you and Harry are dating?” Jennifer asked curiously.

“Yes,” Tonks answered with a small smile.

“I don’t mean any offense, but aren’t you a bit old for him?” she asked.

“We’re only a few years apart,” Tonks said, slightly defensively. “It’s a bit difficult with him still in school, but it’s worth it. He’s such a great guy.”

“Oh, well, I suppose love knows no age,” Jennifer said with a smile. “So, how did you end up staying with the Dursleys?”

“Just between you and me?” Tonks asked conspiratorially, getting a nod from an excited-looking Jennifer. “I may have threatened them a bit. I might not have enough evidence to take the case to court, but if Harry makes a statement, it still has to be thoroughly investigated, and that’s the last thing they want. So, it was either they let me stay for a few weeks, or the police start talking to friends, family, neighbors, coworkers - the lot. They aren’t too happy about it, but I don’t really give a toss. They’ve made Harry’s life hell for years; they can put up with me for a bit.”

Glancing at her watch, Tonks looked back up and smiled apologetically.

“Sorry, but I really have to run,” Tonks said. “I need to stop by the office before I head to the shops.”

“Oh, of course,” Jennifer said, then called out just as Tonks turned away. “Before you go, have you found out anything about those vandals?”

“I can’t say anything officially yet,” Tonks said. “But my bet is on Dudley Dursley. Some shop owners spotted him and his friends damaging things in the park but didn’t get a good look. We’re setting up cameras this week, so we should know for sure soon enough.’

Tonks smiled while Jennifer looked slightly worried. She remembered the name Polkiss and knew that her son, Piers, was one of the boys that had bullied Harry over the years. Hopefully, Jennifer wouldn't be as willfully ignorant as the Dursleys and would step in to have a talk with her son.

"It was nice meeting you," Tonks said cheerfully before turning away with a smirk on her lips.

++

Jennifer's head was spinning after her talk with the odd, purple-haired young woman. It was just so hard to believe everything she'd been told for years was a lie. It was such juicy gossip, though, and she couldn't wait to tell all her friends. Still, she thought it would be best to make sure and not embarrass herself.

For perhaps the first time in her life, Jennifer Polkiss decided to check her facts before opening her mouth. Walking over to the phone, she called the Surrey police department.

"Surrey police," a female voice answered.

"Hi, I'm wondering if you have an officer named Tonks working for you?" Jennifer asked.

"Hold, please," the young woman asked.

After a surprisingly short wait, she was transferred to someone else.

"Sergeant Knowles, how can I help you?" the man asked in a deep, reverberating voice.

"Hi, I was wondering if you have an officer Tonks working for you?" Jennifer asked. "She's in her early to mid-twenties, with short purple hair."

“Yes, Officer Nymphadora Tonks, she’s just been newly transferred,” Sergeant Knowles replied. “She’s on special assignment at the moment, but I’d be happy to help you, ma’am.”

“Oh, that’s alright. I’ll try back later. Thank you,” Jennifer said quickly and hung up the phone.

Her heart raced as she looked through the phone book to try one more number.

“Good afternoon, St. Brutus,’” answered a firm, male voice.

“Hello, I’m looking for a student there named Harry Potter,” Jennifer said.

“Hold, please,” then the man said.

Jennifer was on hold for much longer this time before someone else picked up.

“This is Margret. How can I help you?” the woman asked briskly.

“I’m looking for a student named Harry Potter,” Jennifer said.

“Do you need to make a complaint?” Margaret asked in a bored tone.

“No, no,” Jennifer said.

“Harry Potter, you said?” Margaret asked.

“Yes,” Jennifer replied.

“I’m sorry, miss, but we have no record of a Harry Potter ever attending St. Brutus’,” Margaret said.

“Oh, I must have been misinformed. Sorry to bother you,” Jennifer said.

Hanging up, Jennifer picked up the phone again, this time dialing a familiar number rapidly with a grin on her face. It was time to call the girls over for a game of bridge, she thought. Her news of the Dursley’s lies would put Rebecca’s reveal of Angela Brown’s affair with the mailman last week to shame.

~

As Tonks returned from her errands, she noticed several women arriving at the Polkiss house and smirked to herself.

Looks like the housewives of Little Whinging are having a meeting, she thought.

Looking between the Polkiss house and Number Four, her smirk widened. The window in Harry’s room faced the backyard, but the window in Vernon and Petunia’s room looked right over the fence and into the living room of the Polkiss house. Right where all those nosey housewives would be sitting.

Grinning, Tonks walked back to the house as fast as she could without running.

~

“Hey,” Harry said with a smile as Tonks walked in the front door. “What’s got you in such a good mood?”

It wasn't unusual to see Tonks smiling, but the massive grin she had now told him she was definitely up to something. The only thing he didn't know was whether that was a good thing or not.

"Just happy to see you," Tonks said, kissing his cheek as she passed him on the way to the kitchen.

"Uh huh," Harry hummed, not believing her at all.

He followed her into the kitchen and watched as she all but threw the groceries she'd bought into the refrigerator.

"Aren't we going to eat?" he asked, leaning against the doorframe.

"Later," Tonks said with a breathless grin. "I have something much more fun planned first."

Harry lifted an eyebrow as she walked up to him, kissed him on the lips, and then grabbed his hand with a playful smile.

"Come on," Tonks said.

Harry let her pull him up the stairs with a smile of his own. That smile turned into a frown as they passed his room and made for the end of the hall to his aunt and uncle's room.

"Uh, Tonks?" he asked warily.

"Trust me," she said, pulling him into their bedroom.

"Tonks, I am *not* having sex on their bed," he told her adamantly.

“We’re not,” she said, much to his relief.

Dragging him across the room, she stopped at the window and threw the white, lacy curtains open. Watching her, he saw her grin in the reflection of the window before turning back to him.

“We’re going to have sex right here,” Tonks said, pulling him up against her directly in front of the window.

“Tonks, the whole street can see us,” Harry said incredulously.

“So?” she asked playfully. “That’s part of the fun.”

Threading her fingers in his hair, she pulled him down into a searing kiss. Harry’s mind and body rebelled against each other. His mind told him he shouldn’t, while his body found the idea incredibly exciting. He’d stopped caring what the neighbors thought of him long ago, but he knew if anyone saw them, it would get back to his aunt and uncle in no time. Over the years, it had become ingrained in him to do everything he could to stay under the radar when it came to his relatives. Still, the thought of having sex with Tonks where anyone could see, showing off the stunning woman the resident freak of Privet Drive managed to catch, was surprisingly appealing.

“Trust me,” Tonks whispered against his lips, her hand cupping the bulge in the front of his jeans.

Harry groaned into her mouth, his own hands running down her back and over her bum.

“Fuck it,” he said aloud.

Tonks grinned at him with a sparkle in her eyes as she pulled back and slowly dropped to her knees. Harry gulped and glanced out the window, his eyes flickering up and down the empty street as she opened his jeans and pulled him out into the open.

Looking up at him, Tonks smirked while stroking his rigid length. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around him, her tongue swirling around his swollen head. His fingers ran through her hair as she bobbed her head up and down, slathering his shaft with saliva on the way down and sucking lightly on the way back up. Shuddering, Harry looked back down at her bright green eyes before glancing back out the window cautiously.

With his focus entirely on the street, he never noticed the group of women staring at them with gaping mouths from the house next door.

~

“Oh, my God!” Amanda Baxter gasped. “Can you believe the nerve of them?”

As the other seven women mumbled their agreement, not one of them could tear their eyes away as Tonks drove forward and took Harry deep into her throat.

“My goodness,” Jennifer gasped.

“I wish my husband was that big,” Angela Brown muttered.

The women close to her who heard glanced at each other with knowing looks.

“How can they be so shameless?” Mary Taylor asked in a scandalized tone.

“I want to know how she can take so much of him.” Marie Evans said in awe.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Marie covered her mouth and blushed. The other women in the room gaped at her for a moment before laughing girlishly.

“I always knew that boy was trouble, but I never thought he’d do something like this,” Margaret Wilson said, shaking her head. “That poor girl has no idea what she’s gotten herself into.”

“Oh, I’m sure she has a good idea,” Jennifer said smugly.

This wasn’t exactly how she’d planned to make her big reveal, but now seemed like as good a time as any.

“What do you know?” Angela asked as the other women looked at her for a moment.

“That girl is actually an officer with the Surrey Police Department, and you won’t believe what she told me today,” Jennifer said with a grin.

~

As the neighbors next door learned the truth about Harry Potter and the Dursleys, Tonks pulled off of Harry’s rock-hard cock with a *pop*. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the group of women staring up at her. She’d planned to make this last a bit longer, but having an audience was so much more arousing than she’d thought it would be. She was practically dripping in her knickers.

Standing up, Tonks kissed Harry fiercely as they tore at each other’s clothes. She smiled against his lips as he threw her bra across the room, all of his earlier hesitation completely gone. The moment she was naked, Tonks turned, bent slightly at the waist, and braced her hands on the windowsill. It was hard for her not to look down at the living room window next door as Harry stepped behind her and ran the thick head of his cock up and down between her drenched folds.

“Fuck me,” she whined breathlessly.

Placing himself at her entrance, Tonks moaned as Harry sank into her depths, stretching and filling her perfectly. Biting her lip with a groan, she glanced down and nearly came on the spot when she saw eight sets of eyes staring at her.

How many of them wished they were in her position instead of stuck with their boring husbands, she wondered.

Behind her, Harry pulled back slowly before gripping her hips and slamming back in roughly.

“Yes!” Tonks hissed, arching her back and pressing her tits against the cool glass.

Harry continued to pound into her with slow but powerful thrusts. His engorged head and long shaft hitting all the right spots. Tonks clenched around him as he hammered into her over and over. A ball of heat began to pool in her core as she pushed herself off of the window and threw her hips back at him in time with his thrusts.

“Harder,” she begged in a husky tone.

“I’m not gonna last long,” Harry grunted, his hot, damp breath brushing the side of her neck.

“Neither am I, sweetheart. Just fuck me,” Tonks panted.

A tingle ran down her spine when Harry growled behind her. A moment later, one of his hands groped her breast roughly while the other grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled back. Tonks moaned lewdly from the stinging in her scalp as Harry sped up his pace. Each deep, hammering thrust felt like it was knocking the breath out of her lungs.

Unconsciously, her hands gripped the curtains, threatening to rip them from the wall as she teetered closer and closer to the edge. The sound of heavy breathing and the loud smack of skin on skin filled the room as Harry took her without restraint. His lips latched onto the side of her neck, sucking hard and grazing her skin with his teeth, intent on leaving his mark on her pale skin. Tonks spasmed around his thrusting cock, a shudder running through her entire body.

Suddenly, Harry let go of her hair to grab her shoulder. As she felt him swell inside of her, his thrusts becoming short and harsh, Tonks found herself meeting the eyes of Jennifer Polkiss. It was only a moment, but seeing that brief look of jealous lust on the older woman's face was all it took to send Tonks over the edge just as Harry spilled himself inside of her. A low moan escaped her throat as he held her tight, and his hot cum splashed against her walls.

Panting, Tonks leaned back against his chest, her eyes closed in bliss. After a moment to catch her breath, she turned her head while reaching back to pull him forward into a deep kiss. When she looked forward again, only Jennifer was left watching them. Tonks gave her a wink before closing the curtains and spinning around in the arms of her man.

~

"The oddest thing happened this morning," Aunt Petunia said at breakfast the next morning.

"Oh?" Uncle Vernon asked distractedly, staring bitterly at Harry's full breakfast while he picked at his half a grapefruit.

"When I went out to get the paper this morning, I could swear Jennifer and Marie were glaring at me," Aunt Petunia told him.

Harry and Tonks shared a look as they fought to hide their smiles. She'd eventually explained everything to him last night, and while he wasn't too happy with everyone knowing so much about his childhood, he had to admit it was better than everyone thinking he was a delinquent. They'd had a bit of an argument about it, but he knew she was just trying to help. Harry wasn't too sold on it at first, but now, knowing the neighborhood would see his aunt and uncle for who they really were, it did feel gratifying.

Reaching under the table, he took Tonks' hand in his and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"I'm sure it was just your imagination," Uncle Vernon said. "Why would they be mad at you?"

Harry stared down at his food to hide the smirk he was fighting. Thankfully, they heard the honking of a car horn a moment later.

"That'll be for us," Tonks said, pushing away her half-eaten plate.

"Dudley! Your diet," Aunt Petunia said as Dudley grabbed the plate and gobbled down half of it at once.

Harry pushed back his own plate with a grimace and followed Tonks into the living room, where their bags were packed and waiting. As they were grabbing their things, there was a knock at the door. Uncle Vernon grumbled to himself as Tonks answered it to reveal the tall, dark figure of Kingsley Shacklebolt.

"Hey, Shack," Tonks said. "Mind giving us a hand?"

"Morning, Tonks, Harry," Kingsley said with a small smile.

As he walked into the house, Harry looked past him and saw a black Ministry sedan parked at the side of the road.

"They sent a Ministry car?" Harry asked.

"Madam Bones requested it," Kingsley said as he grabbed Harry's trunk and lifted it with ease. "She's not too happy with that letter you wrote to the Prophet, but she knows you need to be protected."

“Wait, that worked?” Harry asked, having purposefully been avoiding the paper all summer.

Tonks laughed at the look on his face and patted his cheek.

“It’s a good thing you’re cute,” she said teasingly. “The public has been clamoring for her to replace Fudge ever since they printed it. He’s not even out of office yet, and she’s practically got the job already. Everyone’s looking to her to make decisions while the Wizengamot takes its sweet time.”

“For what it’s worth, I think you did the right thing,” Kingsley said. “Amelia may not like it, but right now, we need a good leader if we’re going to stand a chance.”

Harry nodded, still shocked his letter to Tonks’ friend at the Daily Prophet had made that big of an impact. Shaking his head, he grabbed Hedwig’s cage and turned back to his relatives.

“Well, bye,” Harry said.

“Have a good rest of your summer,” Tonks said cheerfully with a wave.

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia looked at each other nervously but said nothing as Harry and Tonks left. Stowing their things in the boot, he saw Tonks look up and wave at Mrs. Polkiss before climbing into the car. Surprisingly, she smiled and waved at him too. With a small smile of his own, Harry waved back and climbed into the back seat.

As soon as the door was closed, the car took off like a shot, and Harry and Tonks were tossed together as it made a hard right at the end of the street. Grinning, Tonks cuddled up to him as he held on for dear life.

“Hermione and the Weasleys are already waiting for you at Headquarters,” Hestia Jones said from the driver’s seat.

“Brilliant,” Harry said with a smile.

As much as he enjoyed spending time with Tonks, it would be good to see his friends again.

“Hopefully, Molly doesn’t cause any problems,” Tonks muttered.

Harry turned to her and smiled.

“We’ll deal with it if she does,” Harry assured her.

Smiling, Tonks gave him a quick, deep kiss.

Chapter 12

The large, black Ministry sedan pulled up just outside the small park on Grimmauld Place, and Harry, Tonks, and Kingsley stepped out in high spirits. A moment later, the car took off like a shot as Hestia took it back to the Ministry. Smiling and holding hands, the couple walked up to the front door, Tonks knocking while Kingsley checked up and down the street.

After a few seconds, the locks clicked open, and the door was thrown open to reveal Sirius Black, looking lighter and happier than Harry had ever seen him before.

“Sirius,” Harry said, stepping forward and pulling the old man into a tight hug. “You scared the shit out of me, you know that?”

Sirius gave a bark of laughter and patted him on the back.

“Good to see you too,” he said with a grin.

Ruffling Harry's hair playfully, he laughed as Harry scowled and swatted at his hand.

"Come on, best get in before Moody has a fit about security again," Sirius said, waving them inside.

"How's freedom been treating you, Sirius?" Tonks asked as she stepped inside and took Harry's hand in hers again.

"Brilliant," Sirius replied, a massive grin on his face and life sparkling in his grey eyes. "You have no idea how good it's been to finally get out of this God-forsaken house."

"The house looks cleaner, too," Tonks whispered as they tip-toed past Walburga's portrait.

"Molly's been on the warpath again," he said. "That and Kreacher's been staying out of the way. We caught him trying to give information to Bellatrix."

"What?" Tonks hissed, her eyes narrowing angrily as she stiffened.

"Yeah, he started disappearing a bit too often for my liking, so I forced some answers out of him," Sirius explained. "Fortunately, he wasn't able to give them much, but a couple of Order members had to move for the time being, just in case. Don't worry, though. I've got him under new orders now. He won't be trying that again."

"You might want to make sure he can't talk to Narcissa either," Harry said.

"Already taken care of," Sirius assured him. "Kreacher will only answer to me, you, and Dumbledore from now on."

“Me?” Harry asked, catching Tonks as she stumbled on the Troll leg umbrella stand with a curse.

“Well, you are my heir,” Sirius told him.

“Oh,” Harry said, a lump forming in his throat.

“Don’t worry,” Sirius said, looking back at him with a grin. “All it means is you get this place and my vault when I finally kick the bucket.”

“Yeah, well, I’d rather not think about that,” Harry murmured.

Sirius put a hand on his shoulder as they stopped outside the kitchen.

“I know, but I wanted to make sure you knew,” Sirius said before turning to Tonks with an apologetic look. “Molly invited them.”

“Invited who?” Tonks asked, confused.

Instead of answering, Sirius pushed open the door to the kitchen. There was a chorus of hellos from Hermione, the Weasleys, and, surprisingly – Fleur. Next to him, though, Tonks froze as she stared at a tall, brown-haired witch that looked shockingly similar to Bellatrix and a man with a round, smiling face – and an even rounder belly.

“Mum? Dad?” Tonks asked. “What are you two doing here?”

“Well, it’s good to see you, too, Nymphadora,” the woman said.

Walking up, she gave her shocked daughter a brief hug before turning to Harry.

“And you must be Harry,” she said, looking him up and down.

Tonks’ grip tightened on his hand as if afraid he might try to pull away.

“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Tonks,” Harry said nervously, shaking her hand.

“Oh, just call me Andromeda or Andy if you prefer. It seems we’ll be getting to know each other quite well,” she said, turning to look at Tonks with a raised eyebrow.

“You can just call me Ted,” the man said with a jolly smile and a quick handshake.

“But – how –” Tonks sputtered.

“Really, Nymphadora, is it that much of a surprise?” Andromeda asked. “Molly invited us over so I could see my cousin now that he’s been declared innocent. Besides, you haven’t been over to see us in months. We’d have never even known you had been kidnapped if it wasn’t for Kingsley telling us, and you never mentioned anything about having a new boyfriend.”

“Breakfast is ready,” Molly called out.

As Ted and Andromeda turned to take seats at the table, Tonks looked up and glared at Mrs. Weasley – who pointedly ignored her with a smug smile on her face. Harry sighed to himself, letting go of Tonks’ hand and wrapping his arm around her waist.

“Tonks?” he whispered.

“Sorry,” she whispered back.

Turning her head, she kissed him on the cheek and walked over to the table. Harry made to follow her, but before he could, Hermione hopped out of her seat and pulled him into a tight hug.

“Good to see you too, Hermione,” Harry said with a smile.

“Did everything go alright at the Dursleys?” she asked concernedly.

“Yeah, it went fine,” Harry said, giving her a look that said he would talk to her about it later.

Nodding, Hermione took her seat, only for Fleur to stand and kiss both of his cheeks before giving him a much softer hug.

“Eet’s good to see you, ‘Arry,” she said.

“Good to see you too, Fleur,” Harry replied, hugging her back. “I heard you’re working at Gringotts.”

“Oui,” she said, pulling back to look at him with a bright smile. “Zhey are letting me work wiz zhe artifacts zhe Curse Breakers bring back while I work on my Charms mastery.”

“That’s great,” Harry said, knowing how much she wanted to open her own Enchanting shop. “How’s Gabrielle?”

“Good,” Fleur said as he finally took a seat between her and Tonks. “She deed get eento a leetle trouble last year, zhough.”

“What happened?” Harry asked.

“She got eento a fight wiz anozzer girl ‘oo called you a liar,” she said with a teasing smile.

Harry groaned and covered his face while she laughed quietly at him.

“Should I be jealous?” Tonks asked teasingly.

“Maybe een a few years,” Fleur said. “She ees only twelve.”

“Ah, well, that’s alright,” Tonks told her with a smirk. “I think Harry has a thing for older witches anyways.”

Fleur giggled as she and Tonks shared a knowing look.

“Eat up,” Mrs. Weasley announced louder than necessary as she levitated plates down in front of all of them. “Harry dear, you’re looking far too thin.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Weasley,” he said, picking at his food even though he had just eaten at the Dursleys.

“So, Nymphadora, how did you and Harry end up seeing each other?” Andromeda asked.

All of the humor left Tonks’ face as she swallowed thickly and looked up at her mother.

“It just sort of happened, really,” she said. “We just hit it off after he saved me from your sister’s place, and he was really sweet taking care of me.”

Smiling, Tonks turned and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“Harry saved you?” Andromeda asked, her brow furrowed. “No one told me that. All they told me was you’d been captured and hurt but that you were safe and taking a few weeks off work to recover. How bad was it?”

Tonks looked at Harry, who shrugged. Sighing, she set down her fork.

“It wasn’t that bad. They tortured me a bit, and I was pretty sore afterwards, but like I said, Harry took really good care of me,” Tonks said, then turned to Fleur. “Thanks for sending that cream, by the way. That stuff really helped.”

“Of course,” Fleur said with a smile.

“Nymphadora, are you sure-”

“I’m not quitting my job, mum,” Tonks interrupted her mother. “And will you please stop calling me that?”

“There’s nothing wrong with your name,” Andromeda huffed. “And I’m just saying there are other ways you can help people without putting yourself at risk by being an Auror.”

“I’m not arguing about this again,” Tonks said.

Andromeda made to say something, but Ted placed his hand on her arm and gave her a look that said, ‘stop.’ Looking over at Tonks and seeing the stress on her face, Harry reached under the table and caressed her leg. Giving him a small smile, she took his hand in hers while Sirius, rather blatantly, changed the subject.

“Why don’t you kids go take Harry’s things up to his room?” Mrs. Weasley asked after they were done eating.

Harry hesitated and looked at Tonks, not wanting to abandon her to what would clearly be an uncomfortable situation.

“I’ll be fine,” she whispered with a smile. “Might as well get this over with.”

Squeezing her hand, Harry gave her a quick kiss on the lips before standing up.

“I’ll go wiz you,” Fleur said, clearly looking for an escape.

With one last look back, Tonks gave him a reassuring smile as he, Hermione, Fleur, Ron, Ginny, and the twins left the kitchen. The twins took off up the stairs, whispering to each other as Harry walked back to the sitting room, where Kingsley had left his trunk, along with Hedwig’s cage and Tonks’ backpack.

“You and Tonks seem to be ‘appy,” Fleur said as she followed him.

“Yeah,” Harry said with a soft smile.

“Good, I’m ‘appy for you,” she said, pausing to pull him into another hug.

Harry was a bit surprised and felt like he was missing something by the way her smile didn’t quite reach her eyes, but he just couldn’t quite put his finger on it.

“Thanks, that means a lot,” he said. “It feels like everyone has a problem with us being together lately.”

Fleur gave him a sympathetic smile as he bent down and lifted his trunk with a grunt.

“’Ere,” she said, pulling out her wand.

With a tap, the trunk became weightless and floated out of his arms.

“Thanks,” Harry said, grabbing Tonks’ bag while Hermione took Hedwig’s cage.

“You know you can do magic ‘ere, oui?” Fleur asked, raising one of her perfect blonde eyebrows.

“We can’t. We’ll get in trouble,” Hermione said sternly.

“Zhe Ministry can’t track your wands zhrough zhe wards,” Fleur told her.

“Really?” Harry asked.

“Oui, deed no one tell you?” Fleur asked.

Harry blinked at her before shaking his head.

“I’m going to kill Sirius,” he said.

“I don’t think the wards work that way,” Hermione said as they began walking towards the stairs, Fleur leading the way with his trunk.

“You can ask Beel, if you like?” Fleur said with a shrug that, for some reason, caused Hermione to narrow her eyes.

“Speaking of Bill,” Harry said, interrupting Hermione before she could argue back, “I heard you two are getting together.”

“We ‘ave gone a couple of dates. I ‘aven’t decided eef I want to make eet more serious.” Fleur said, flipping her long, silvery hair over her shoulder and eyeing the closed door to the kitchen.

“Ah,” Harry said in understanding.

It looked like he and Tonks weren’t the only ones chaffing under Mrs. Weasley’s controlling attitude lately. Reaching out, Harry patted her shoulder and gave her a sideways hug.

“You’re smart. I’m sure you’ll figure something out,” he said.

Fleur smiled prettily at him and straightened her shoulders as she began climbing the stairs. Harry suppressed a smile at the thought of how much she reminded him of Hedwig sometimes. Both of them certainly liked their attention and compliments, and they were both incredibly loyal and protective of those they cared about.

Harry was broken out of his thoughts when he heard Ron grunt behind him. Looking back, he saw Hermione scolding him quietly as he rubbed his ribs and grumbled. Almost instantly, his eyes flickered back over to Fleur’s bum, which was right in line with his face. He glanced over at Fleur, who simply rolled her eyes. Harry had the impression this sort of thing happened a lot.

“Where ees your room?” Fleur asked as she reached the second-floor landing.

“This way,” Harry said, leading her down the hall to the third door on the left.

Fleur levitated his trunk to the foot of the bed while Harry set Tonks’ back on the mattress for the time being, and Hermione put Hedwig’s cage on a stand near the window.

“Are you staying here for the Summer?” Harry asked.

“Non,” Fleur answered with a shake of her head. “I ‘ave a flat een London, near Diagon Alley.”

“Really? Tonks lives around there, too,” Harry said.

“I know,” she told him with a small smile. “She ‘elped me find eet. Eet’s een zhe same building as ‘ers. I’m ‘elping ‘er put up new wards next week.”

“Oh, good,” Harry said, letting out a sigh of relief. “I’ve been worried about her staying there ever since she told me about Bellatrix attacking her. It’s nice to know you’ll be nearby if something happens.”

“Oui, and eet’s nice to leeve near a friend,” Fleur said with a smile as they started back down the stairs.

As they neared the kitchen, the door was thrown open, and Tonks stormed out. Without breaking stride, she grabbed Harry’s hand and pulled him back the way he’d come. Instead of going back upstairs, though, she pulled him into the sitting room, where she pushed him down onto the closest couch and curled up against his side.

“Why can't they just leave us alone?” she moaned frustratedly with her head resting on his shoulder.

“What happened?” Harry asked as he wrapped his arm around her.

Fleur took a seat on the other side of him while Ron, Hermione, and Ginny filled up the couch a few feet away.

“The same as usual,” she said with a sigh. “With the way they go on about our age difference, you’d think I was in my forties. For Merlin’s sake, Mum’s three years younger than dad. That’s hardly any different than the five years between us.”

“Yeah, well, then they’ll just have to get over it, won’t they,” Harry said, kissing her temple.

Tonks smiled and threaded her fingers through his, and she hugged his arm to her chest, trapping his bicep between her breasts and his hand in her lap. Suddenly, her look turned sheepish.

“Um, I *may* have gotten a little angry and told them I was staying in your room the rest of the Summer,” Tonks admitted.

Fleur giggled while Harry blushed slightly from Ron and Ginny’s incredulous stares. Hermione just looked slightly uncomfortable, probably remembering the times she’d walked in on the two of them, he thought.

“Well, I guess that’s better than waiting for everyone to fall asleep before sneaking into your room,” Harry said with a shrug.

Smiling at him affectionately, Tonks lifted her head and gave him a deep, tongue-filled kiss before settling back down next to him.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully, then her eyes flashed playfully as she leaned forward to look at Fleur. “And thank you, too, Fleur.”

“You already deed,” Fleur said, her head tilting slightly to the side in confusion.

Harry swallowed hard as he had a very good idea of where Tonks was going with this.

“Oh, not for that,” Tonks said. “I wanted to thank you for teaching Harry that orgasms are the best way to get over the effects of the Cruciatus Curse.”

“Tonks,” Harry groaned, tilting his head back and pinching the bridge of his nose as she grinned at him.

He could feel his face heating up as his friends stared at him.

“You said I could thank her for teaching you about sex so long as Bill wasn’t around,” she reminded him.

Harry sighed at the reminder. He really wished she would have waited to talk to Fleur in private about this, but seeing the smile on her face, he couldn’t really be mad at her. If taking the mickey out of him in front of his friends was cheering her up after dealing with her parents and Mrs. Weasley, then he was willing to put up with it.

“You’re welcome,” Fleur said, looking entirely too amused for his liking. “I really deedn’t teach ‘im zhat much. ‘Arry ees a natural een bed, once he ees relaxed.”

“You slept with Fleur!” Ron nearly shouted as he gaped at him.

“Were zhey not supposed to know?” Fleur asked, looking at him apologetically.

“I don’t mind,” Harry said. “I didn’t tell them because I wasn’t sure if you would mind or not.”

“Of course not,” she said, brushing off his concern.

“Did he ever do that thing with his tongue?” Tonks asked.

“What zhing?” Fleur asked in return as Harry groaned and closed his eyes.

“Where he makes it vibrate really fast,” Tonks said.

“Non, he nevair tried zhat wiz me,” Fleur said, looking at him with a pout.

“I didn’t even think to try it until this summer,” Harry said defensively.

Fleur huffed at him, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she turned back to Tonks.

“Ees eet a spell?” she asked.

“No, he’s a Parselmouth. Although, you might be able to do it with a spell,” Tonks said thoughtfully. “Anyways, when Harry speaks Parseltongue, it makes his tongue vibrate really fast. It feels incredible on your clit, especially when he does it right as you’re on the edge.”

“Do we have to talk about this?” Hermione asked uncomfortably, her neck and cheeks red with embarrassment.

“Oh, come on, Hermione,” Tonks said teasingly. “Don’t act like you’ve never used the Wand Vibrating Charm late at night.”

“Why would you want to make a wand vibrate?” Ron asked.

Everyone stopped to stare at him before Fleur and Tonks burst out laughing. Even Hermione fought to suppress a laugh while Ginny just rolled her eyes at his cluelessness.

“What?” Ron asked.

Before anyone could answer, the door swung open, and Mrs. Weasley walked in, followed by Mr. Weasley, the Tonkses, and Sirius. All of the laughter stopped instantly, and an uncomfortable silence filled the room. Tonks unconsciously tightened her grip on his hand as they all took seats in the large room.

“Hey, Sirius,” Harry said, desperate to keep things from becoming any more awkward.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“Since Kreacher is being a problem, have you thought about getting another House Elf?” Harry asked.

Hermione huffed and eyed him suspiciously as Sirius ran a hand through his goatee.

“Haven’t really given it much thought, but it’s a good idea,” he said. “Why?”

“Well, I know a House Elf that’s looking for a family,” Harry said.

“Harry!” Hermione scolded him. “How could you? Winky just got free, and now you want her to be a slave again?”

“She’s been free for two years, and she’s miserable, Hermione,” Harry told her firmly.

“She just needs time to get used to it,” she said, folding her arms stubbornly.

“She’s not getting used to it. She’s moping around Hogwarts, getting drunk on Butterbeer,” Harry said. “Look, I agree with you that House Elves should be free, but you can’t force it on them.”

“But you can force them to be slaves?” Hermione hissed.

“I’m giving her a choice,” Harry said. “You know Sirius isn’t going to abuse her, and you see how badly she wants to work for a family again. Doesn’t what she wants count for anything?”

“They’ve been brainwashed. They don’t know any better,” Hermione said, gesturing wildly.

“Hold on, you two,” Sirius interrupted. “What are you talking about exactly?”

Taking a calming breath, Harry explained Winky’s situation to Sirius.

“I don’t know, Harry,” he said, looking dubious. “I’ve already got one demented House Elf. Are you sure she’d be alright?”

“I think so,” Harry said.

“Perhaps you should talk to her before you make a decision,” Andromeda interjected.

“I suppose it wouldn’t hurt,” Sirius mused, much to Hermione’s consternation.

“Winky,” Harry called out.

When nothing happened after several seconds, Harry decided to try something different.

“Dobby,” he tried.

Almost instantly, there was a loud pop as Dobby appeared on top of the coffee table, his many hats tipping precariously.

“Harry Potter, sir, has called for Dobby?” he asked, stepping off the table before pulling a rag out of his pocket and wiping it clean.

“Yeah, could you bring Winky here?” Harry asked.

“Winky’s not being well, Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said sadly.

“I know. We wanted to see if she might want to be Sirius’ House Elf,” he said.

“Really?” Dobby said, his ears perking up. “I’s think Winky would be liking that very much. I’s be right back.”

With a pop, Dobby vanished.

“You ‘ave very interesting friends, ‘Arry,” Fleur said.

“I know,” Harry said with a little smirk. “Don’t worry. I’m sure everyone will like you just fine.”

Tonks snorted as Fleur glared playfully and smacked his shoulder lightly.

A moment later, Dobby popped back into the room with Winky with him. Her little pink dress looked even more filthy and tattered than he remembered, and her eyes were heavily bloodshot as she swayed unsteadily on her feet.

“You’re Winky?” Sirius asked.

“Yes, sirs,” Winky said, staring at him hopefully. “Dobby says sir would like Winky as his House Elf?”

“I’m thinking about it,” Sirius said. “I already have one, but as you can see, he’s not done a very good job keeping the place clean lately.”

Winky looked around the room, staring in horror at the dust and grime coating the walls.

“Would there be children for Winky to look after?” the little House Elf asked eagerly.

“Not right now,” Sirius said, his mouth morphing into a devilish grin. “Although I think Harry might start working on that soon.”

Harry glared at him while Tonks gave him the finger. Winky stumbled as she tried to bounce on her feet excitedly. Only Dobby catching her stopped her from falling to the floor.

“If you want to be my House Elf, there’ll be no more drinking,” Sirius told her firmly.

“Winky promises,” she said quickly. “Winky will not bes drinking again.”

Sirius rubbed his face and looked over her head at Harry. Harry nodded his head encouragingly. He knew that, given a chance, Winky would happily clean up her act if it meant being part of a family again.

“But Winky, are you sure you want to give up your freedom?” Hermione asked. “I’m sure Sirius would be willing to hire you and pay you wages.”

“No! Winky not be taking wages,” Winky said adamantly, shaking her head so hard her ears flapped against either side of her face. “Winky be a proper House Elf.”

“But-”

“Hermione, it’s what she wants,” Tonks interrupted firmly.

“Alright, Winky. You can be my House Elf, but-” Sirius said, holding up a hand to stop her from celebrating. “But, if you ever want wages or you want your freedom, you come talk to me, alright.”

“Yes, master,” Winky said with a bright smile.

Angrily, Hermione shoved herself up from the couch and stormed out of the room.

“Hermione,” Harry called out, but she ignored him.

“Let her be for now,” Tonks said. “I’ll talk to her later once she’s had a chance to calm down.”

Harry sighed and gave her a small, grateful smile.

“Right then,” Sirius said. “Get yourself cleaned up, sober up, and get yourself settled.”

Already, Winky looked better and seemed steadier on her feet. With a nod, she pulled away from Dobby and vanished with a *pop.*

“How are you, Dobby?” Harry asked.

“Oh, Dobby is very well, Harry Potter, sir,” he said, bouncing on the balls of his feet. “I is very happy to see Winky has a new family. Freedom is not suiting Winky like it does Dobby.”

“Why don’t House Elves want to be free?” Tonks asked curiously.

“They’s enjoy working,” Dobby said with a shrug.

Tonks blinked at him before turning to Harry, who could only shrug. It seemed not even a House Elf understood why they were the way they were.

“Well, thanks, Dobby,” Harry said with a smile.

“Uh, Dobby has a question, Harry Potter, sir,” he said, wringing his hands nervously.

“What is it, Dobby?” Harry asked.

“Dobby was wondering, sir. When Harry Potter, sir, and his miss does start a family, could – could Dobby come work for Harry Potter, sir?” Dobby asked.

Harry felt his face heat up as he felt the stares of everyone in the room bare down on him. It also didn’t help that he could feel Fleur shaking with silent laughter next to him.

“Er, I –” Harry stammered, looking helplessly at Tonks.

“Sure, Dobby,” she said, smiling as she rubbed her hand up and down his arm. “It’s the least we can do after you helped Harry save me from those Death Eaters.”

Dobby grinned widely while bouncing on the balls of his feet excitedly.

“Thank you, miss Tonksy,” he said before vanishing with a *pop.*

“He’s odd, but I like him,” Tonks said to Harry.

“I just wish I could get him to call me Harry,” he said with a sigh.

“I don’t think there’s any chance of that, love,” she said with a laugh.

As the subject changed, Harry noticed Andromeda watching him and Tonks closely throughout the day. He had always thought that meeting Tonks’ father would be the hard part, but Mrs. Tonks was far more intimidating.

When it was time for lunch, Tonks volunteered to get Hermione. It took a good ten minutes for them to finally come down, but when they did, Hermione looked much calmer than when she’d left. He’d expected her to hold a grudge for a good few days before letting it go. Harry resolved to ask her about it later.

It was as Mrs. Weasley was levitating a plate of sandwiches onto the table that he remembered what Fleur had said earlier.

“Hey, Sirius,” Harry said. “Why didn’t anyone tell us we could do magic in the house?”

Sirius, who had his mouth open to take a bite, stopped and closed his mouth.

“I thought you knew,” he said.

“Wait, it’s true?” Hermione asked, completely missing the smug smirk Fleur directed at her.

“Who told you about that?” Mrs. Weasley asked with her hand on her hips.

“I deed,” Fleur said with an unrepentant shrug.

“Wait, you lot did all that cleaning over the Summer by hand?” Sirius asked.

When Ron, Ginny, Harry, and Hermione nodded in unison, he slapped the table and let out a bark-like laugh.

“Oh, that’s too good. Wait until I tell Moony,” he said, completely unfazed by the four glares directed at him.

“Now, hold on just a minute,” Mrs. Weasley said firmly. “Just because the Ministry can’t track you does not mean you can just use magic willy nilly around the house.”

“But Mrs. Weasley, think of all the extra studying we could do,” Hermione said.

Meanwhile, Harry turned to Tonks excitedly.

“We could do some dueling practice. And I really want to learn how to send a Patronus message properly,” he said, then turned to Hermione.

“We should all learn that,” Hermione said with a nod. “Your message worked, but it sounded like it was coming from a wind tunnel.”

Mrs. Weasley opened her mouth, likely to protest, but Mr. Weasley patted her arm.

“It’s a good idea, Molly. I’m sure they’ll be fine. Harry did a good job teaching that group at school by himself,” he said before turning to them, though he looked mostly at Ron and Ginny. “Just no dueling practice without supervision.”

“Yes!” Ron hissed, pumping his fist.

“Oh, alright,” Mrs. Weasley gave in. “Just be careful, and don’t go whipping your wands out for everything.”

With that, she turned and, rather hypocritically, used magic to start cleaning the dirty dishes in the sink.

“Man, I wish we’d known about this sooner,” Ron said, glaring at his parents, who ignored him; then Sirius, who grinned; then Tonks, who held up her hands.

“Don’t look at me,” she said. “I didn’t even know. I know squat about wards.”

That explains why she didn’t tell me, Harry thought.

“Well, I think it’s time we get going,” Andromeda said as they finished lunch.

Standing up, she walked over to Sirius with a smile and gave him a hug.

“It was so good to see you again,” she said. “Don’t be a stranger. Now that the Ministry isn’t looking for you, I expect you to come visit once in a while.”

“I will,” Sirius said happily.

Harry smiled, glad his Godfather was finally catching a break.

As Andromeda pulled away, she shared a quick goodbye with Mr. and Mrs. Weasley before walking over to him and Tonks.

“It was good seeing you too, dear,” she said, giving Tonks a hug before pulling back and patting her arms with a smile. “And it’s good to see your taste in men has improved.”

“What?” Tonks asked as Harry’s eyebrows shot up.

Andromeda gave her a soft, caring smile.

“I can see how happy you are,” she said. “And despite what you might think sometimes, that’s all I’ve ever wanted. I really do wish you’d pick a safer job, though.”

Tonks opened and closed her mouth several times before hugging her mother tightly.

“Thank you,” Tonks whispered thickly.

“Just don’t make me wait until Christmas to see you again,” Andromeda said, patting her back.

When they broke apart, she turned to Harry and pulled him into a light hug.

“I don’t know what your plans are, but you’re more than welcome to come stay with us for the holidays, even if it’s just for a day or two,” she told him.

“I’ll see what I can do,” Harry replied with a smile.

Andromeda pulled back and patted his cheek as Ted gave his daughter a hug, then moved over to shake Harry’s hand.

“Thanks for looking out for her,” he said, a pleasant grin still plastered on his face. “I know she can be a handful.”

“Dad,” Tonks whined.

Ted just chuckled and continued grinning as he and Andromeda left. As soon as the door closed behind them, Tonks turned and gave him a tight hug. He could practically feel the relief radiating off of her.

Glancing over her shoulder, he looked at Mrs. Weasley, who looked conflicted as she cleaned the table.

Maybe she's finally coming around, he thought, hopefully.

Tonks had a smile for the rest of the day as they all just relaxed and lounged around the house. Shockingly, there wasn't even a fight later that night when Tonks announced they were going to bed. Mrs. Weasley looked at her disapprovingly but kept her peace as they climbed the stairs.

"I love my mother, but Merlin, she can be exhausting," Tonks said as she stripped out of her shirt, leaving her in just a black bra and a tight pair of jeans.

"I'm just glad she liked me," Harry said with a sigh, pulling off his own shirt and stepping out of his jeans.

"Me too," Tonks said, running her hands over his chest and kissing him.

A giggle escaped her lips as Harry lifted her up by the bum and carried her over to the bed. Laying her down on the mattress, he opened her jeans before grabbing the waistband and pulling them down her legs.

Sitting up, Tonks reached behind her back, popped open the clasp of her bra, and tossed it aside before reaching for his boxers. Grabbing his soft but hardening cock, she stuffed the whole thing into her mouth. Harry groaned, running a hand through her spiky pink hair as she sucked while pressing her nose against his stomach. In seconds, he was fully erect, and she was forced to pull back as the head of his cock pressed against the back of her throat.

With her lips stretched around his girth, she looked up at him alluringly before plunging forward. Harry hissed, his hand unconsciously tightening in her hair as she sent his rigid shaft spearing deep into her throat. Standing above her, he could see her thin neck bulge as she swallowed him.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped.

Her eyes sparkling, Tonks pulled back agonizingly slowly while sucking her hardest. His legs trembled slightly as he watched her drag her lips inch by inch back up his glistening shaft. When she reached the tip, she swirled her tongue around his engorged head before pulling off with a loud, wet *pop.*

Smirking, she spun around and, with her legs straight and together, she bent over the end of the bed, her panty-clad, heart-shaped ass sticking out at him. Looking over her shoulder, she swayed her hips back and forth teasingly.

“Give it to me, big boy,” Tonks said.

Snorting, Harry shook his head while grabbing her panties and pulling them down her legs. Lining himself up with her damp entrance, he sank into her hot, welcoming depths. Tonks moaned, stretching her arms out in front of her as she arched her back impressively. Running his hand over her ass, Harry slid it up the curve of her back and gripped her shoulder as he began thrusting his hips. She mewled and rocked back against him, her round cheeks rippling as they connected with his hips.

Using his grip on her shoulder for leverage, Harry impaled her with deep, powerful strokes. Tonks rested on her elbows, her head hanging down as she gave a deep moan.

“Mmh, that feels so good,” she said, her voice an octave deeper than usual.

Harry leaned over her, his chest pressing against her back as he kissed and nipped at her neck. Reaching under her, he groped one of her full, dangling breasts. Tonks arched her neck and moaned wantonly as he rolled her stiff red nipple between his fingers.

“Harder,” she breathed.

Smiling, Harry turned her head and kissed her deeply before standing up straight. Putting light pressure on her back, he pushed her chest flat against the bed and pinned her shoulders to the mattress. Pulling back until just the head of his cock was trapped between her grasping folds, he paused. Tonks gave a needy whine just before he slammed into her, his hips slapping against her ass as his thick shaft plowed into her hot, tight depths.

Tonks cried out, her hands clawing at the sheets as Harry mercilessly hammered her against the soft bed. With each powerful thrust, her body lurched forward, only for his strong hands to pull her back. A small, high-pitched grunt began to escape her lips as if it was being forced out of her each time he speared into her depths. Gradually, those grunts grew louder and louder while he felt her tighten around him.

With a sudden scream, Tonks reached her peak. Her hands fisted the bedding in a white-knuckled grip as she flooded him with her gushing arousal. Harry groaned from the feeling of her tight walls fluttering around his length.

With her taken care of, he let go of all restraint and thrust into her with fast, rapid movements. Under him, Tonks writhed and let out a trembling moan as her body bounced back and forth between him and the bed. It didn't take long for him to tip over the edge. Covering her body with his, Harry slammed his hips forward one last time before spilling himself deep inside of her.

Tonks groaned, her sweat-covered body finally relaxing. They lay like that for a couple of minutes, both panting heavily as they caught their breath.

Chapter 13

Tonks smiled and kissed Harry on the cheek as he left to go spend time with Ron and Hermione. While she loved being able to finally spend so much time with him, she'd been waiting for this moment apart for the last two days.

As soon as he was out of sight, she turned and went to the study in search of her target. Fortunately, the house was relatively empty right now. Molly was out shopping with Hestia and Kingsley, Sirius was enjoying his freedom, and Arthur was at work. That left only her, Harry, Hermione, the two youngest Weasleys, Fleur, and Remus, who was upstairs taking a kip, in the house.

Making her way through the maze of rooms on the first floor, Tonks could already see the difference Winky had made in just the past few days. It was actually quite impressive how the little Elf could get so much done when they'd spent months cleaning with little effect.

Walking into the study, she spotted Fleur sitting on the couch with her legs crossed, one foot bobbing in the air while reading a book and sipping a glass of red wine. Pulling her wand, Tonks cast a quick Privacy Charm on the doorway before walking over.

"Wotcher, Fleur," she said with a bright smile.

Fleur looked up and smiled in return, "Bonjour,"

"Can we talk for a minute?" Tonks asked, sitting next to her on the couch, her body turned slightly.

"Of course," the blonde replied, marking her page and setting her book on the end table.

"How are things going with Bill?" Tonks asked.

Fleur pursed her lips and shook her head.

"Not well," she said. "I get ze feeling 'e sees me a 'is next conquest, you know?"

“I’m sorry,” Tonks told her sympathetically. “I wish I could tell you he’s not like that, but I don’t know him that well.”

Fleur gave her a small smile before leaning back against the arm of the couch with a sigh.

“’Ow are things wiz you and ‘Arry?” she asked.

“Great,” Tonks answered, a fond smile stretching her lips. “I really do love him, but I wish we could spend more time together. I can’t wait until he graduates.”

“I’m ‘appy for you,” Fleur said with a small, slightly sad smile.

Tonks smiled back even as she wondered about her expression. For a while now, she’d noticed the sad, wistful looks Fleur gave them on occasion. She couldn’t help but wonder if it was because she wanted a relationship like that of her own or if she wanted Harry specifically.

Probably a bit of both, she thought, feeling bad for her new friend.

“The sex is great, too,” Tonks joked with a grin while waggling her eyebrows.

Fleur giggled and leaned forward to slap her knee lightly, causing her to laugh as well.

“’E does ‘ave a nice cock, non?” Fleur asked with a smirk.

“Mmh,” Tonks hummed in agreement with a smile. “What was your favorite thing he did while you two were together?”

“You really want to know?” Fleur asked cautiously.

“I’m curious,” Tonks said with a shrug.

Fleur hesitated for a moment before grabbing her wine and taking a sip.

“Ze way ‘e looked at me,” she said, a soft smile on her lips as she stared at something unseen over Tonks’ shoulder. “Ze other men I ‘ave been wiz, zey change under ze Allure. Zey become like animals. ‘Arry never did zat. ‘E never lost control, no matter what I did. It made me feel…”

“Special,” Tonks suggested.

“Oui,” Fleur said before shaking herself from her memories.

“Listen, you know his birthday is tomorrow, right?” Tonks asked, getting a nod and a curious look in answer. “Well, I want to do something special for him, and I was hoping you could help…”

~~~~~~~~~~

“Are you going to continue the DA this year?” Hermione asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said with a shrug as he sat with her and Ron in the room he shared with Tonks. “I guess it depends on what our teachers like.”

“Even if we have a decent teacher this year, I think you should still continue it,” she told him. “With Voldemort out in the open, we all need to be prepared.”

“I’ve got other things to worry about, Hermione,” Harry said.
~~~~~~~~~~

“Which is even more reason to keep doing it,” Hermione countered. “You have to admit you learned a lot teaching everyone else.”

“I suppose,” Harry sighed. “I guess we’ll have to see if anyone is still interested when we get back to school. They may not want to come back if we have a good teacher.”

“Are you kidding, mate?” Ron asked. “The DA was great. You’re the best teacher we’ve had.”

Harry sighed when Hermione nodded her agreement.

“I’ll give it a try,” he gave in, getting excited smiles from his friends.

There was a long moment of silence before Hermione looked at him cautiously.

“Has Dumbledore talked to you more about the Prophecy?” Hermione asked.

“Not yet,” Harry answered, shaking his head. “I haven’t talked to him since we left school. It’s a bit odd, isn’t it?”

“What?” Ron asked.

“Dumbledore’s known about the Prophecy for all this time, but he hasn’t done anything to train me at all,” Harry said, sighing as he ran a hand through his hair.

“He must have had his reasons,” Hermione said, biting her lip. “I mean, it’s not like he could have taught you much more than you’ve been learning at school.”

“Yeah, mate. It’s not like he could’ve made you into Merlin while we were still learning Levitating Charms,” Ron added.

Harry sighed again but didn't reply.

They just didn't understand, he thought. It was his life, and Dumbledore had kept so much important information from him for so long. It was infuriating that he hadn't told him sooner. Even if there was nothing he could do, he should have at least told him.

Before Harry could continue his mental tirade, Ginny knocked on the doorframe.

"Can I come in?" she asked.

Harry opened his mouth, but Ron beat him to the punch.

"We're having a *private* conversation," he said rather rudely.

Ginny gave him a dirty look and then turned sharply, her ponytail swinging around like a whip.

"It's fine," Harry called out to her. "You can come in."

He didn't feel like talking about the Prophecy or Dumbledore anymore anyways.

Giving Ron a mocking look, she walked over to the bed and pushed his shoulder.

"Budge over," Ginny said.

Ron scowled, then sat up and moved over while Hermione moved closer to Harry.

"What the?" Ron asked as Ginny took a seat on the mattress

Looking at the loop of white fabric around his arm, Ron raised it higher to reveal one of Tonks' bras that had been trapped in the blanket. With a girlish squeal, he swiped it off his arm frantically, like it was some kind of spider. There was a moment of silence as the bra landed in the middle of the bed before the rest of them broke into hearty laughter. Ron huffed, crossing his arms while his ears went bright red.

~~~~~~~~~~

Harry groaned as he stood in the Quidditch locker room, watching as Katie, Angelina, and Alicia took turns bobbing on his length after he beat Krum to win the Quidditch World Cup. Currently, Angelina was holding him deep in her throat while Katie and Alicia kissed and licked at the point where her full, pouty lips were stretched around his girth.

Rocking his hips, he blinked as his bedroom ceiling came into view. The hot, wet feeling on his glans remained as his mind groggily returned to reality. Sitting up, he looked down into Tonks' sparkling hazel eyes as she bobbed her mouth slowly and sensually on his length. Laying back on the pillows, Harry ran his fingers through her short purple hair with a groan as he erupted in her sucking mouth.

"Bloody hell," Harry panted.

Keeping her lips sealed around his shaft, Tonks slowly pulled off of him and gave him a Cheshire grin before swallowing and licking her lips. Crawling up his body, her large breasts swaying under the loose shirt she wore, she sat on his hips and bent down to peck him on the lips.

"Happy birthday," she said in a sing-song voice with a grin.

Harry smiled as he pulled her down for a heated kiss, his hand gently caressing her sides and back.
~~~~~~~~~~

“You are the best girlfriend ever,” he said.

“I know,” Tonks replied with a smirk.

Climbing off of him to stand next to the bed, she stretched her arms over her head before grabbing the hem of her shirt and pulling it over her head. Harry stared appreciatively at her naked body as she turned and sauntered over to the bathroom door. Pausing in the doorway, she looked over her shoulder at him.

“You coming, birthday boy?” she asked before disappearing through the door.

Grinning, Harry jumped out of bed and walked quickly to the bathroom while the sound of the running shower filled the room.

~~~~~~~~~~

A while later, Harry and Tonks went downstairs to the kitchen, where everyone wished him a happy birthday. Harry smiled and thanked everyone while chuckling at the humorous and ongoing war for the kitchen between Mrs. Weasley and Winky.

After a filling breakfast, they all moved into the sitting room.

“Time for presents,” Mrs. Weasley said with a bright smile as she handed him a box wrapped in decorative paper.

Harry smiled as he took it from her and tore it open slowly. Receiving gifts still felt like a novelty and one he would never entirely get used to. Thankfully, after the visit from Andromeda and Ted, she had stopped making comments about him and Tonks. It finally felt like she was accepting their relationship.
~~~~~~~~~~

Inside the box, Harry found a gold wristwatch.

“I know you’re eighteen now, and it’s a bit late, but it’s a tradition in the Wizarding World to give a young man a wristwatch when they come of age,” Mr. Weasley explained.

“That one belonged to my brother Gideon,” Mrs. Weasley said.

“I can’t –”

“Yes, you can,” Mrs. Weasley interrupted him firmly, though kindly. “We’ve always considered you family, and I know Gideon would be proud to have someone like you wear his watch.”

“Thank you,” Harry said thickly.

Standing up, he gave her a hug, and Mr. Weasley patted him on the shoulder before he sat back down, strapping the watch to his wrist. Taking his hand in hers, Tonks gave him a happy smile and kissed him on the cheek.

“Here, Harry,” Hermione said. “It’s from Ron and me.”

Harry opened her gift to find two books: one on defensive spells and the other on offensive Curses. He got a few presents from some of the Order members, which were mostly sweets and gift certificates to stores in Hogsmeade. Fleur gave him two presents. The first was a couple new designer outfits from her, which he was very grateful for, and the second was a pendant from Gabrielle. She had just finished her first year at Beauxbatons and had made him a necklace she had added protective Charms to herself to protect him from Death Eaters. The Charms themselves wouldn’t protect him from more than a single weak Curse or Hex, but he greatly appreciated the thought. Looping the silver chain over his neck, he too his next present from Tonks.

Inside the small box she gave him was a pair of hand mirrors. Knowing they were a replacement for the one Bellatrix had stolen, he grinned happily and kissed her on the lips.

“You’ll get the rest of your present tonight,” Tonks whispered in his ear.

Last but certainly not least was his present from Sirius. After taking the lid off the surprisingly heavy box, he stared in awe at what was inside.

“You got me a Pensieve?” Harry asked.

“I figured you could use it with everything going on,” Sirius said with a grin. “Remus, Hestia, and I even left you a few memories we have of your parents in the bottom.”

Harry looked into the box and reached in to pull out one of a number of vials filled with a silvery strand of memory with a shaking hand.

“I-” Harry started, his words getting caught in his throat.

Setting the box down gingerly, he stood up and hugged Sirius tightly.

“Thank you,” he said in a voice thick with emotion.

“You’re welcome,” Sirius replied, patting him on the back.

Just as they separated, a large, silvery lion Patronus leapt into the room, drawing everyone’s attention.

“Death Eater attack in London,” came the voice of Alastor Moody.

There was a brief moment where nothing happened before the room burst into action.

“We need to get to the Ministry,” Kingsley said in his deep, commanding tone. “Everyone else, stay here and wait for one of us to contact you.”

Harry immediately turned to Tonks, who stood from the couch and walked toward him with a sad smile. Giving his hand a squeeze, she kissed him briefly.

“Sorry, I have to go,” she said.

“It’s fine,” Harry told her. “Stay safe.”

With a reassuring smile and one last kiss, she left with Kingsley, Hestia, and Mr. Weasley towards the Floo.

The celebratory atmosphere died quickly after they left. Harry knew Tonks was a capable witch, and he tried to distract himself by talking to his friends, but nothing could completely distract him from the knot of worry in his chest.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Do you want to watch some of the memories Sirius gave you?” Hermione asked several hours later.

They sat in the Study with Ron, Ginny, and Fleur, playing Exploding Snaps and talking as they waited for dinner to be ready.

“No, I’d rather wait for Tonks,” Harry said, leaning back against the couch from his spot on the floor.
~~~~~~~~~~

Stretched out and reading a magazine on the couch above him, Fleur reached down and ran her fingers through his hair soothingly.

“I’m sure she is fine, ‘Arry,” she told him.

Sighing, Harry closed his eyes and relaxed into the comforting feeling.

“I hope so,” he said. “Anyways, how’s work going?”

“Good,” Fleur told him, a smile in her voice. “Some of ze artifacts zey bring back are very interesting. An expedition to Greece just brought back-”

Fleur broke off as the Floo bust to life with bright, emerald flames. Harry climbed to his feet anxiously, waiting to see who would step through. A moment later, Tonks stumbled out of the fireplace, followed by Hestia, both looking exhausted. He let out a sigh of relief as she looked up at him and smiled tiredly. Walking up to him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her head on his shoulder.

“Is everything alright?” Mrs. Weasley asked anxiously from the doorway, wiping her hands on a towel.

“Everyone’s fine,” Tonks answered, turning her head to look at her. “Arthur said he’s going to be running late. He’s helping with the cleanup.”

Mrs. Weasley’s shoulders sagged in relief, and she smiled.

“Alright, dinner will be ready in half an hour,” she said before turning for the kitchen.

Harry smiled at Fleur gratefully as she sat up and patted the seat next to her. Guiding Tonks over to the couch, he sat down in between the two witches while she curled up against his side.

Slipping off her shoes, Tonks tucked her legs underneath herself and closed her eyes as she laid her head on his shoulder.

“What happened?” Hermione asked.

“They destroyed the Millennium Bridge in London,” Tonks said.

Hermione gasped and covered her mouth.

“Why would they do that?” Ginny asked.

Tonks shrugged without opening her eyes.

“To make people scared?” she suggested. “Maybe they wanted to test our response? Who knows?”

“You okay?” Harry asked softly.

“M’fine,” Tonks mumbled. “Just tired. The place was a mess, and we had a hell of a time keeping the news cameras away so we could Obliviate everyone.”

Harry ran his hand lightly up and down her arm as everyone began to talk quietly about the attack. This was the first big attack, and they all knew things would only get worse.

A few minutes later, when Fleur giggled quietly, Harry was drawn out of his conversation with Hermione. Looking at her curiously, she nodded at Tonks. She was asleep on his shoulder, drooling lightly on his shirt. Snorting quietly, he kissed the top of her head and let her sleep while he continued talking to Hermione quietly.

“Dinner’s ready,” Mrs. Weasley called from the doorway a short while later.

Harry gently woke Tonks, who sat up and wiped her mouth and the wet spot on his shirt.

“Sorry,” she muttered, her hair going pink as she blushed lightly.

“We know ‘Arry is good-looking, but you don’t ‘ave to drool over ‘im,” Fleur teased.

Now it was his turn to blush lightly as everyone chuckled on their way to the kitchen.

~~~~~~~~~~

The rest of the afternoon passed quietly, with Mr. Weasley, Kingsley, and Moody showing up halfway through dinner. They learned a few more details of the attack, like the fact that the Death Eaters were gone long before the Aurors showed up, and there were only a few deaths before Mrs. Weasley forced them to change the subject.

With everyone there, Mrs. Weasley got out the birthday cake. With all of his worry over Tonks from the attack, Harry hadn’t even thought about it. It was also the first time he ever remembered anyone singing happy birthday to him, though calling what Ron did singing was a bit generous.

The rest of the evening was spent hanging out with his friends in the sitting room, the atmosphere feeling more relaxed now that everyone was back and unharmed.

“You ready to go to bed?” Tonks asked a while later.

It was still a bit early, but Harry nodded anyways. Bidding everyone goodnight, he looked around for Fleur to thank her again for his present but noticed she was gone.
~~~~~~~~~~

“Where’s Fleur?” he asked.

“I think she went home,” Hermione said.

“Oh,” he said.

With a shrug, he decided to just thank her the next time he saw her. She’d been over most days since he’d arrived at Grimmauld Place. As soon as they left the sitting room, Tonks perked up and grinned as she dragged him up the stairs. Harry smiled back and tickled her side, causing her to yelp laughingly.

When they entered their bedroom, Tonks locked the door and silenced it before wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him hard. Harry gripped her bum and pulled her against him tightly, drawing a moan from her lips.

“I have a surprise for you,” Tonks said, her eyes sparkling brightly. “You can come out now.”

Harry looked at her in confusion just as the bathroom door opened. Fleur stepped out dressed in a small, light blue robe that showed off her long, toned legs and an enticing amount of cleavage. Smiling sultrily, she sauntered over to stand just behind Tonks.

It didn’t take a genius to see what his girlfriend had planned, and Harry snapped his head over to stare at her.

“I’m sure,” she said, preempting his question before he could even ask it.

“Aren’t you going to unwrap your present, ‘Arry?” Fleur asked, her purring voice already getting him excited.

Harry swallowed thickly as Tonks grabbed both of his hands and pulled him closer to Fleur. Slipping behind him and kissing his neck, she placed his hands on the sash holding Fleur's robe closed.

"Go on, love," she whispered in his ear.

His hands trembling slightly and his erection aching in his jeans even as he felt like he was doing something he shouldn't, Harry untied the sash. Fleur smirked as her robe fell open, revealing the white, lacey lingerie she had on underneath. Shrugging it off her shoulders, she let it slip down her arms to pool on the floor at her feet. Harry's eyes swept over her curvaceous figure while Tonks ran her hands over his chest and continued kissing his neck.

Stepping forward, Fleur ran her fingers through his hair before grabbing the back of his head and pulling him in for a kiss. Harry groaned as she pressed herself against him, her thigh brushing against the bulge in the front of his jeans as her tongue caressed his. It was a long moment before she pulled back with a grin.

Worriedly, Harry turned and looked over his shoulder at Tonks. Smiling reassuringly, she pecked him on the lips.

"My turn," she said.

Instead of kissing him like he expected, she spun around and kissed Fleur hard. Harry's jaw dropped as he watched them kiss heatedly for several long seconds, Tonks' hands exploring Fleur's tight stomach. Separating, they both turned and giggled at the dumbfounded expression on Harry's face.

Grabbing Harry's shirt, Tonks pulled it up and over his head before leading him over to the bed. Pushing him so he took a seat, Tonks knelt down and began undoing his belt while Fleur climbed onto the mattress beside him and kissed him hard. The moment his pants and boxers were off, the blonde reached down and grasped his length, her hand gliding up and down slowly.

“I’ve missed zis,” Fleur whispered against his lips.

Standing up, Tonks stripped out of her clothes, her eyes riveted to the hand stroking his shaft as she licked her lips. Pulling her lips from his, Fleur smiled as she bent down to take the tip of his cock between her lips. Harry hissed and groaned, feeling completely overwhelmed by how fast everything was happening.

Grinning at his wide-eyed look, Tonks gave him a brief kiss on the lips before dropping to her knees.

“Holy shit,” Harry breathed as he watched her turn her head to the side to kiss and lick the part of his shaft that wasn’t in Fleur’s mouth.

As Fleur pulled up, Tonks followed her and pressed their lips together. His breath caught in his throat when they kissed, tongues dueling around his swollen head. Grinning, Fleur wrapped her lips around his girth and dove down until he hit the back of her mouth, stopping just a couple of inches from the base.

Pulling back up, she smirked and tilted his length towards Tonks. Making eye contact with Fleur and holding it, she plunged down and swallowed his entire cock effortlessly. Grunting, Harry cursed under his breath and bucked his hips slightly. Slowly, Tonks dragged her lips back up to the tip, where she came off with a light *pop*.

Sliding off the bed and onto her knees for a better angle, Fleur took him between her lips once more. Pushing down until he hit the entrance of her throat, she paused for a moment before gripping Harry’s thighs and diving down his shaft. Fleur gagged lightly as her lips gradually crept lower down his length. It took a bit of time, but she eventually reached the base, her pointed nose pressed against his groin.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry gasped as her tight throat spasmed around him.

After holding herself in place for a handful of seconds, Fleur pulled up quickly, coughing and breathing heavily as she stared up at him lustfully.

Tonks shifted behind Fleur and kissed the bare skin of her shoulder while she began bobbing up and down on his length.

“You’re wearing far too much,” he heard her whisper.

A moment later, she popped open the clasp of her bra. Fleur pulled it off and tossed it to the floor, baring her large, tear drop shaped breasts with pale pink, puffy nipples and perfectly round areolas. She moaned around him as Tonks cupped one of her large, firm mounds and gave it a soft squeeze.

Straightening up, Fleur turned and kissed Tonks, one of her hands trailing up to grasp one of her slightly smaller breasts and caress it softly. Harry fought the urge to reach down and stroke himself as he watched them kiss and grope each other for a long moment.

When she turned back to him, Fleur grinned before walking forward on her knees. Grabbing her own breasts, she wrapped the large, smooth orbs around his cock before taking the sensitive, engorged tip in her mouth and working her whole upper body up and down.

Tonks stood up and sat next to Harry on the bed, kissing him on the lips before running a hand through Fleur’s long blonde hair as she continued to bob up and down on him.

“I’m close,” Harry panted in warning.

Fleur jerked her breasts up and down rapidly while her tongue lashed at his head frantically. Harry trembled as it circled around the extremely sensitive rim of the head of his cock.

“Cum in her mouth,” Tonks whispered huskily, her teeth grazing his earlobe as she pressed her body against his. “Fill it.”

Groaning, Harry bucked his hips as he erupted. Fleur moaned, letting her breasts fall away from his shaft and replacing them with her hand as she stroked him furiously. A shiver ran through his body as she sucked hard, draining every last drop from his pulsating cock.

Pulling off of him with her lips still sealed, there was a smirk in her twinkling blue eyes as she crawled up onto the bed. Harry's spent length pulsed and began to instantly reharden as he watched her pull Tonks into an open-mouthed kiss. A small trickle of cum leaked between their lips as they swapped it between them with their tongues. Pulling apart, the two witches grinned at each other.

Suddenly, Fleur pinned Tonks to the bed and kissed her passionately. Harry grinned as he watched them roll around the bed, lips constantly attached while they groped at each other's soft curves. At one point, Fleur's white panties were pulled off and tossed aside so Tonks could trace her fingers through her folds. Harry recovered in record time watching the arousing display.

When Fleur moaned and rolled Tonks onto her back, Tonks crooked her finger at him. Crawling over, he ran his hands over Fleur's voluptuous rear as he knelt behind her. Finally pulling her lips away from Tonks, she looked over her shoulder with a hungry stare. Lining himself up with her dripping entrance, he couldn't help but look up at Tonks one more time. Smiling, she nodded at him.

"'Arry, please fuck me. I need you," Fleur begged.

Harry throbbed at her pleading look. Fleur gasped as he lipped his head between her folds, then moaned as he sank into her.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Tonks asked.

"Oui," Fleur breathed, rolling her hips as he bottomed out.

Pulling his hips back, Harry stopped with his tip still trapped between her hot, grasping lips and plunged back into her welcoming depths. Fleur arched her back with a sensual moan before staring down at Tonks with a burning gaze.

“I want to taste you,” she said huskily.

Tonks smiled and gave her a kiss before scooting back on the bed. Fleur eagerly dropped down to her elbows and buried her face in her folds. Moaning, Tonks ran her fingers through Fleur’s hair while Harry leaned over her back, grasping one of her breasts and kissing her neck as he thrust into her from behind.

“Fuck, right there,” Tonks gaped, grasping her own breast and rolling her stiff nipple between her fingers.

Just as Harry reached a steady rhythm, Fleur gasped and cried out as she reached a sudden climax. He hissed from the feeling of her hot, silky depths fluttering around him as he looked down at her in surprise.

“Whoa, you must have really needed that,” Tonks said with a smirk.

“Mmh, oui,” Fleur panted.

Tonks giggled, which turned into a moan when Fleur gave her clit a sucking kiss.

Harry continued thrusting into Fleur, enjoying how it felt to be back inside her while watching Tonks write on her tongue. Gradually, Harry sped up his pace until his hips clapped against her round ass, causing the thick globes to ripple from the impact. After being jostled back and forth, she resorted to slipping her fingers into Tonks so she could moan and gasp.

“’Arder,” Fleur begged.

Gripping her shoulder, Harry slammed into Fleur aggressively from behind, drawing a long, deep groan from her lips. Tonks reached her climax just moments ahead of her, leaving both women moaning and shuddering on the bed. Harry plowed into Fleur relentlessly through her orgasm, chasing after his own. Panting heavily, he buried himself in her spasming depths and released deep inside of her with a groan.

“My turn,” Tonks said eagerly before he’d even finished.

“I might need a minute,” Harry panted.

Tonks pouted exaggeratedly, causing him to chuckle.

“Maybe we need to give ‘im anozzer show?” Fleur suggested.

Tonks grinned as Fleur crawled up her body and kissed her passionately. Despite his recent orgasms, Harry could already feel himself getting hard again as he watched.

Best birthday ever, he thought with a grin.

~~~~~~~~~~

Hours later, Fleur was passed out with her head resting on one side of his chest while Tonks lay curled up on the other.

“I think you tired her out,” she joked, looking up at him.

Harry chuckled, and Tonks was honestly surprised he was still awake. Looking down at her, he gave her a loving but tired smile.
~~~~~~~~~~

“I love you,” he said softly.

“I love you, too,” Tonks replied, leaning up to kiss him.

If she’d had any second thoughts about inviting Fleur to join them, which she didn’t, the way he looked at her then would have wiped them away. Settling her head back down on his chest, she looked over at Fleur’s peaceful face. Smiling, she closed her eyes and drifted into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter 14

Tonks squinted her eyes open and lifted her head from Harry’s chest. She looked around the dark room for a moment, wondering what had woken her up. When she didn’t see anything, she laid back down a closed her eyes. Just as she started to drift back off to sleep, she felt Harry tense under her. He sucked in a deep breath, his muscles tensed, and his hands gripped the sheets tightly.

Pushing herself up on her, Tonks looked at his face to see it covered in a thin sheen of cold sweat, his eyes fluttering behind closed lids as he trembled. Instantly awake and worried, she reached up and shook his shoulder.

“Harry?” she called.

He only shook his head, continuing to grip the sheets and shake in his sleep.

“Harry? Harry!” Tonks yelled, shaking his shoulder.

Harry’s eyes sprang open suddenly, wide and frightened. Tonks started when he sat bolt upright, panting heavily.

“It okay, you’re safe,” she said softly. “It was just a nightmare.”

“No!” Harry said loudly and turned his head sharply to face her. “It’s Voldemort. He’s going after Bones.”

“What?” Tonks asked.

“I saw it! He’s going to kill her. We have to go!” Harry said.

“Shit,” Tonks cursed as she and Harry hopped out of bed and began to put on their clothes. “What happened to your Occlumency? I thought you could keep him out.”

“I can. I – I think I went into his mind this time,” Harry said.

“We are definitely talking about that later,” Tonks told him sternly.

“I didn’t mean to. It just happened,” Harry said.

Sighing, Tonks sent out a Patronus to the Ministry, then two more to Kingsley and Moody. When she finished getting dressed, Tonks headed for the door.

“Dobby!” Harry called out.

Turning back around, she knew exactly what Harry was thinking as the little Elf popped into the room. She opened her mouth, intending to tell him not to go, but stopped herself before the words came out. Dumbledore definitely wouldn’t like it, but Harry had more than proved he could take care of himself.

“Be careful,” she told him.

“You too,” Harry said. “I’ll go straight to Bones, if I can, and try to get her out.”

“I’ll get there as soon as I can. If the Death Eaters show up before we do, promise me you’ll get out of there,” Tonks told him.

“I will,” he assured her.

Grabbing the front of his shirt, she kissed him and then jogged out of the room.

~

“Dobby, I need a favor,” Harry said. “I need to go see Madam Bones. Can you take me there?”

“Dobby doesn’t know where she is, Harry Potter, sir,” he told him.

“Shit,” Harry sighed, running his hands through his hair.

“But Dobby can find out,” Dobby said excitedly.

Before Harry could stop him, Dobby vanished with a *pop*.

~~~~~~~~~~

Dobby appeared in the kitchen of Hogwarts, which still bustled with activity as House Elves cleaned the castle one room at a time before reporting back to the Head Elf for instructions.

“Nippy,” Dobby called out.
~~~~~~~~~~

“Yes, Dobby?” the other asked as she walked over and picked up a stack of clean blankets.

“Do yous know where the Bones’ live?” Dobby asked.

“Nippy knows,” she replied suspiciously. “Why does Dobby need to know?”

“Harry Potter, sir thinks theys might be in trouble,” Dobby told her.

“Do yous promise not to do anything bad?” Nippy asked.

“Dobby promises,” he said.

“Theys be at number twenty-six Magnolia Drive, in Wiltshire,” Nippy told him. “Don’t make Nippy regret this.”

“Dobby won’t,” Dobby assured her

~~~~~~~~~~~

Harry jumped when Dobby popped back into the room, bouncing up and down excitedly on the balls of his feet.

“Dobby found where theys live,” he said proudly.

“Great job, Dobby,” Harry said with a smile and held out his hand. “Let’s go.”
~~~~~~~~~~~

When Dobby grabbed his hand, Harry felt as if he was being sucked through a tight, narrow tube. After a couple of seconds, he arrived in the Bones' living room with a *pop*. Immediately, he had to jerk his head out of the way as a red Stunning Hex whizzed past his ear.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Harry said, holding up his hands, "Take it easy."

"Potter?" Bones asked incredulously, lowering her wand. "What the hell are you doing here."

"Voldemort's coming for you. We need to go. Now," Harry told her.

"How do you know that?" Bones asked demandingly.

"Later, after we get out of here," he said.

Madam Bones glared at him, then folded her arms over her chest with a huff.

"You better have a damn good explanation for this," she told him. "Bits!"

Harry looked at her curiously until a House elf appeared next to them.

"You called, mistress?" he asked.

"Bits, we need to leave. Go to the Summer house and wait for me there," Bones said.

Nodding, Bits vanished with a *pop*.

"What about Susan?" Harry asked.

“He’s staying with the Abbots,” she told him.

“Oh, good,” Harry said in relief. “Alright, let’s go.”

As soon as Bones took his outstretched hand, Harry nodded to Dobby. After another uncomfortable yet brief trip, they ended up in the Kitchen of Grimmauld Place. Moody and Kingsley jumped and drew their wands while Tonks smiled in relief.

“Damnit, Potter,” Moody growled. “We’re supposed to be protecting you.”

“Sorry,” Harry said with an unapologetic shrug.

“Would someone explain what’s going on?” Bones asked impatiently.

Tonks gave him a sympathetic look as everyone else in the room turned to look at him expectantly. Nervously, he ran a hand through his hair and scratched the back of his neck.

“I know this is going to sound bad, but Voldemort and I are…connected,” Harry explained. “We can see into each other’s minds. Most of the time, I can block him out with Occlumency, but sometimes, things slip through when I’m sleeping.”

“You didn’t tell me that,” Tonks said with a frown.

“I didn’t want you to worry,” Harry told her. “He doesn’t know I’m there, and I haven’t seen anything important until now.”

Tonks gave him a look he knew meant they’d be talking about it later.

“Let me get this straight,” Bones said, glaring at him hard. “You broke into my home and brought me here because you had a nightmare?”

“It wasn’t a dream,” Harry insisted. “I-”

He cut himself off when a high-pitched whistle came from Madam Bones’ wand.

“My wards are under attack,” she said. “Tonks, Shaklebolt, we’re going to the Ministry. If Potter’s right, we’re going to need all the help we can get to deal with You-Know-Who. Alastor, I know you’re retired-”

“I’m coming,” he interrupted.

Nodding, Bones turned to follow Kingsley to the Floo. As Tonks passed him, she squeezed his hand and kissed him before leaving. Sighing, Harry sat down at the table and settled in to wait.

~~~~~~~~~~

Over the next couple of hours, the rest of the house began to stir. Predictably, Mrs. Weasley was the first to join him in the kitchen.

“Harry, dear, what are you doing up this early?” she asked.

“There was an attack at Madam Bones’ house,” he told her. “Tonks left a couple hours ago.”

“Oh,” Mrs. Weasley said in surprise. “Well, don’t worry, dear, I’m sure she’ll be fine. I’ll make you some tea.”

Harry gave her a small, grateful smile as she turned to the stove.
~~~~~~~~~~

About half an hour later, as he was telling Ron, Hermione, and Ginny the same thing, Tonks and Kingsley walked into the kitchen. Sighing in relief, Harry stood up and hugged her tightly. Immediately, he was hit with the strong smell of smoke.

“What happened?” he asked.

“They set the house on fire and were gone by the time we got there,” Tonks said, sitting down and leaning her head on his shoulder. “It took three hours to do the paperwork.”

When she said the last part as if that was the worst thing to happen, Harry couldn’t help but smile.

“Oh, and we’re going to visit my parents later today,” she said with a sigh. “My dad invited us when I ran into him at the Ministry.”

“Tonks, dear. Are you sure that’s a good idea?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

While Harry was glad she seemed to accept his relationship with Tonks, he didn’t think there was any way to stop her from mothering him.

“It’s fine,” Tonks told her. “We’re Flooing straight there. No one will even see him leave.”

“Well, just be careful,” Mrs. Weasley said.

A short while later, Harry and Tonks left for her parent’s house.

“I lied a bit,” Tonks admitted. “My dad didn’t actually invite us over, but I did ask him if we could use the backyard while he and mum are at work.”

“Why?” Harry asked curiously.

Tonks grinned, “Because I’m going to teach you how to Apparate.”

“Really?” Harry asked excitedly.

“Well, if you’re going to be running off like you did this morning, I want you to have some other way of getting away besides Dobby,” Tonks said.

Smiling brightly, Harry wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly.

“Thank you,” he said gratefully.

“And here I thought you didn’t like Apparating,” Tonks joked.

“Well, that too,” Harry said, pulling back to look at her. “I meant for not trying to hide me away like everyone else.”

Tonks slipped her arms around his neck and leaned in to kiss him.

“I have to admit, I’m not thrilled about it, but I know you can take care of yourself,” Tonks said. “I’ll feel a lot better once you know how to Apparate. If you learn it fast enough, I might be able to teach you how to make a Portkey.”

“You are brilliant,” Harry said with a grin.

“I know,” Tonks smirked. “Come on, we’ve got a lot of work to do.”

Grabbing his hand, Tonks pulled over to the back, sliding glass door and out into a fairly large yard. Taking out her wand, she cast a spell he wasn't familiar with that caused a clear ripple of air to shoot outwards in a dome shape. It went past her parent's house and encompassed the houses around it as well.

"What was that," Harry asked curiously.

"That was a detection ward. It'll let me know if someone magical passes through it," Tonks explained, then shrugged. "It's just a precaution. I have to take down the anti-Apparation ward for a while."

Harry nodded and went quiet to let her concentrate as she pointed the tip of her wand straight up. He didn't immediately see what she was doing, but when he looked higher, he saw a rainbow-colored ward rippling around the house. Slowly, the ward faded into nothing, but he could still feel the magic lying dormant.

"Right, that should do it," Tonks said, tucking away her wand. "Now, when the Ministry teaches this, they go on about destination, determination, and deliberation, which is stupid. What you do is will yourself to where you want to go. It can help mentally if you take a step forward and twist on the balls of your feet until you get a feel for it. See that tree over there?"

Harry followed her finger to an old, thick willow tree several yards away.

"Picture yourself standing next to it and give it a try. You've Side-Along Apparated enough to know what it feels like," Tonks said.

"Alright," Harry said, feeling suddenly nervous.

Rubbing his hands together, he pictured himself standing next to the tree, took a step forward, twisted, and…nothing.

“It can take a while to get a feel for, but once you do, it gets a lot easier,” Tonks told him.

Nodding, Harry tried again, and again, and again. For over an hour, he tried to Apparate without success. Eventually, the frustration began to get to him. Angry at his failure, he lunged forward, trying to throw himself over to the tree. As he twisted on his feet, he felt it, the feeling of being sucked through a narrow tube. Even under the uncomfortable pressure, Harry mentally celebrated his achievement. That elation lasted until he Apparated next to the tree.

Instead of appearing on his feet like everyone else he’d seen Apparate, he felt like he was shot out of a cannon. Harry had just enough time to get his hand up before he slammed into the tree and then landed hard on his back with a groan. A moment later, he heard the distinct *pop* of Apparation next to him.

“Are you alright?” Tonks asked with a poorly concealed laugh.

“I’m fine,” he said, rolling over onto his hands and knees. “I think my pride broke my fall.”

Laughing outright, she walked closer and helped him to his feet.

“Well, at least you didn’t splinch yourself,” Tonks told him with a grin. “I’ve certainly seen worse first attempts. Ready to try again?”

Smiling, Harry nodded. On his next two attempts, he managed to throw himself into the bird bath and against the shed, leaving behind a Harry-sized dent in the metal wall. After that, he finally started to get the hang of Apparating without becoming a human cannonball.

“You feel ready to try Apparating somewhere you can’t see?” Tonks asked.

“Sure,” Harry said, feeling less nervous and more excited.

“Okay, so I want you to Apparate to the backyard of your aunt and uncle’s place, and then we’ll come back here. Take a good look around before we leave,” Tonks said.

Once Harry felt like he was ready, he focused on the backyard of number four, took a step forward, and twisted. When he reappeared, he was greeted by the sound of his aunt screaming and glass shattering. Looking around, he spotted Aunt Petunia through the kitchen window, her eyes wide and a hand held to her chest. Harry gave her a cheeky grin just as Tonks Apparted next to him, causing Aunt Petunia to jump.

“Got all your bits?” Tonks asked.

“I think so,” Harry said, looking down to check everything was where it should be.

“What are you doing?” Aunt Petunia hissed, her eyes darting nervously towards the neighboring houses.

“I’m teaching Harry to Apparate. We might be popping in and out for a bit,” Tonks told her. “Let’s head back.”

“Do you-”

His aunt’s complaint was cut off as Harry twisted to Disapparate. After a quick trip, he was back where he had started. He couldn’t help but feel some vindictive pleasure from annoying his aunt after how terrible she’d been to him over the years.

“You’re really getting the hang of this,” Tonks said with a grin when she Apparated next to him. “I thought it would take all week for you to get this far.”

Harry smiled as she walked over, took his hand in hers, and kissed him.

“Let’s take a break and get some lunch,” she said, pulling him towards the house.

Harry felt a bit out of place walking around someone else’s house and eating their food when they weren’t home at first, but Tonks eventually got him to relax. After they ate, she led him to the living room, where she pushed him onto the couch and straddled his legs.

“You did a really good job today. I’d say a solid exceeds expectations,” Tonks said with a saucy smile.

“Only an E, Professor Tonks?” Harry asked, his hands resting on her hips and thumbs slipping under the hem of her shirt to rub the bare skin just above the waistband of her jeans.

“If you’re willing to do some extra credit, you might be able to convince me to give you an O,” she said, running her fingers through his hair.

As she leaned forward to kiss him, Harry slid his hands under her shirt and caressed the sides of her waist. Tonks rolled her hips with a moan, pressing down against his growing erection. Sliding his hands up further, he slipped his hands under her bra and cupped her warm, smooth breasts. Smiling against his lips, he felt Tonks’s breasts grow so that the soft mound overflowed his hands and pressed them hard against the inside of her bra. Harry nipped at her bottom lip as he rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Moaning, she pulled back until her lip slipped free and then kissed him hard. Slowly, one of her hands trailed down over his chest and stomach to rest on his belt.

“Nymphadora, what have I told you about having sex on the couch?”

Harry pulled back sharply, yanking his hands away as if they’d been burned while he felt his face heat up in embarrassment. Tonks groaned, and they both looked over the back of the couch to see Andromeda looking at them with her arms crossed over her chest.

“Do you have a ward or something to tell you when I’m doing this?” Tonks asked, annoyed. “And I haven’t had sex on the couch.”

“Not for lack of trying,” Andy said. “Hello, Harry. It’s good to see you again.”

“Er, hi,” Harry said as Tonks shrank her breasts and adjusted her bra.

“I’ll go make us some tea,” Andy told them.

“Cock block,” Tonks muttered as she left.

Harry choked on his own spit as he tried to hold back a laugh.

“I heard that!” Andy yelled from the kitchen.

Tonks rolled her eyes and climbed off his lap.

“So, you’ve been caught like this before?” Harry asked curiously, fighting down his jealousy while they straightened their clothes.

“Mum walked in on me with Aurora when I was sixteen,” Tonks said, shaking her head. “That was so embarrassing. Neither of us had a shirt on, and mum just stood there, lecturing me about having sex on the furniture.”

Harry regretted asking when his erection swelled at the thought of her with his beautiful, dark-skinned professor. As he reached down to adjust his jeans, Tonks caught sight of the renewed bulge in his pants and smirked. Leaning forward, she kissed him quickly.

“Take a minute to cool off while I go talk with mum,” she whispered.

Winking, she turned and walked to the kitchen, her hips swaying alluringly.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned, covering his face with his hands.

~~~~~~~~~~

After an hour of the most painfully awkward conversation of his life, Harry and Tonks finally made their escape after promising to visit again before the end of Summer. Just before they left, Tonks fixed the wards, then had him try to Side-Along Apparte her back to Grimmauld Place.

“Not bad,” she said when they appeared in the park across from Number Twelve. “I had to help a bit, but I think a couple more tries and you’ll have it down.”

“I really appreciate you teaching me this,” Harry said, taking her hand in his as they walked towards the door.

“You’re welcome,” Tonks said with a smile, squeezing his hand. “Besides, I kind of like having you around.”

Harry made to tickle her side, where he knew she was sensitive, but Tonks shrieked playfully and ran towards the door. Grinning, he chased after her and caught up just as she rang the doorbell. She stuck her tongue out as he came to stand next to her.

“Prat,” she said.

Inside, they heard Sirius yelling loudly at his mother’s portrait a moment before the door was pulled open.
~~~~~~~~~~

“Oh, good, you’re back,” Mrs. Weasley said, holding the door open for them. “Lunch is ready in the kitchen if you’re hungry.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Weasley, but we already ate,” Harry told her.

“What have I said about ringing the doorbell?” Sirius asked as they walked past him, his brow glistening with sweat.

“You told me not to,” Tonks said, her grin never faltering even as Harry pulled her clear of the Troll’s leg umbrella stand.

Sirius sighed, the corners of his lips twitching upwards, “Why do I put up with you?”

Tonks pouted and made her eyes larger as she looked at him innocently.

Sirius snorted and shook his head while Tonks grinned and shifted back to normal.

“Hey, Sirius, can’t you just move the portrait?” Harry asked.

“I tried,” he said, running a hand through his hair. “I can’t get the bloody thing to move. Even the wall is charmed.”

“Have you tried asking Winky?” Harry asked.

“Winky?” Sirius replied curiously.

As Harry opened his mouth, there was a *pop* as Winky appeared next to Sirius.

“Does Master need Winky?” she asked, looking at him hopefully.

“Winky, can you move this portrait into one of the empty rooms?” Harry asked.

Winky blinked at him before looking up expectantly at Sirius, who nodded.

“Winky will try,” she said.

Snapping her fingers, the portrait shivered in place before falling to the floor with a clatter. Sirius stared at it open-mouthed while Winky picked it up and vanished with a *pop*.

“That’s all I had to do?” he asked incredulously. “Are you serious?”

“No, you are,” Tonks said without missing a beat.

Rolling his eyes, Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the kitchen.

~~~~~~~~~~

After the rest of the house had eaten lunch, including Fleur, who had stopped by after getting off work early, Sirius asked to talk with Harry in the study.

“What’s up, Sirius?” Harry asked.

“I wanted to talk to you about this morning,” he said. “Look, I know you want to help. But what you did was really dangerous.”

As Harry opened his mouth to argue back, Sirius held up his hands and continued quickly.
~~~~~~~~~~

“I’m not saying you shouldn’t help if you can. I’m just asking for you to be a bit more careful. If you had been there when Voldemort showed up, you could have been in real trouble. Just because no one knows how to stop House Elves from Apparating through wards doesn’t mean it isn’t possible,” Sirius said. “Just promise me you’ll come talk to the rest of us before you go running off to rescue someone.”

“I will,” Harry said, “if there’s time.”

Sirius sighed, “I’d argue with you, but I know you’d just do it anyways.”

“Sorry,” Harry said.

“Don’t be,” Sirius said, waving off the apology. “James and I would’ve done the same thing. Did I ever tell you about the time we fought a Giant in Ireland?”

~~~~~~~~~~

While Harry was talking to Sirius, Tonks pulled Hermione, Fleur, and Ginny up to her room for a chat.

“Listen, I want to surprise Harry with something, but I need your help,” she said.

“What do you need from us?” Hermione asked.

“I want to do a bit of roleplaying as each of you tonight,” Tonks replied, grinning as Hermione’s eyes went wide.

“You mean you want to have sex with Harry as us?” Ginny asked, cheeks and ears going bright red.
~~~~~~~~~~

“If you don’t mind,” Tonks said.

“I don’t mind,” Fleur told her with a shrug. “You know you don’t ‘ave to ask.”

“You know Harry, he wouldn’t feel right about it if I didn’t,” Tonks said. “Besides, I need to see what all of you look like so I can get it right.”

“Please tell me you’re joking,” Hermione said weakly.

“Nope,” Tonks grinned.

Fleur stood and began stripping out of her clothes without any concern for her audience.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed.

“What? Eet’s nothing ‘Arry ‘asn’t seen before,” she said.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak again when Ginny stood up and started taking off her clothes, her face bright red.

“Ginny,” Hermione yelled.

“That’s the spirit,” Tonks cheered and stood to take off her own clothes.

Hermione opened and closed her mouth several times as the other three girls in the room got naked.

“I can’t believe you’re actually doing this,” she said eventually.

“It’s just for a bit of fun,” Tonks said, examining Fleur closely as her body shifted to match. “Spice thing up, you know?”

“No, I don’t,” Hermione huffed.

When Tonks looked like Fleur’s identical twin, she stopped and turned to Hermione. Meanwhile, Fleur looked closely at her body from angles she’d never seen before.

“Don’t tell me you’ve never thought about what it would be like. I’m positive Harry has,” Tonks told her. “Look, you don’t have to, obviously, but if it helps, I know he would really enjoy it.”

Leaving her to think, Tonks memorized her current look as best she could before reverting back to normal and moving over to start on Ginny.

“Do my tits really look that small?” she asked self-consciously.

“They’re not that small,” Tonks assured her as she reached up to grope her freckled chest. “They’re still a decent handful.”

Walking around the blushing girl, she looked at her closely from every angle, her body adjusting slightly as she noticed new details.

“You’ve got really nice legs, though,” Tonks said.

“Er, thanks,” Ginny said shyly.

When she was finished, Tonks changed back to her usual look and turned to look at Hermione questioningly. The fact that she was still in the room was a good sign, at least.

“I can show you what Harry looks like, you know, make things even?” she offered.

“Really?” Ginny gasped, interrupting Hermione’s response.

“Shouldn’t you ask Harry first?” Hermione asked.

“He’ll be fine with it,” Tonks said.

Before Hermione could come up with another excuse, Tonks closed her eyes and focused on an image of Harry. Changing sexes was always uncomfortable, sometimes to the point of almost being painful, so she didn’t do it often.

“Oh,” Hermione squeaked, her eyes going wide before covering them.

“Whoa,” Ginny said as Tonks opened her eyes. “Is he really that…big?”

“Eet gets bigger,” Fleur said with a smirk.

Tonks expected Ginny to react to Fleur’s comment, but she was too busy staring at Harry’s groin to say anything. Grinning, Tonks concentrated until she was sporting a full erection. As if in a trance, Ginny started to reach out but stopped herself.

“Er, can I…?” she asked tentatively.

Tonks shrugged, “Go ahead. Harry’s going to be doing a lot more to you later tonight.

Swallowing thickly, Ginny reached out and wrapped her fingers lightly around her cock.

“Wow,” Ginny breathed.

Fleur giggled, and Ginny pulled back quickly, her face practically glowing red. Tonks gave her a reassuring smile before looking over at Hermione. She’d stopped covering her eyes and was raking them up and down her body, her gaze constantly falling back to the large cock protruding from her waist. Smirking, Tonks closed her eyes and slowly shifted back to normal.

“What do you think, Hermione? Will you help, please?” Tonks asked with a pleading pout.

Hermione closed her eyes and sighed.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she muttered.

Tonks grinned as Hemione stood and quickly stripped out of her clothes, her eyes studiously avoiding everyone else in the room. Her breasts were only a little larger than Ginny’s, but her legs were surprisingly toned. She blushed heavily as Tonks began to circle around her, her body gradually shifting.

“Wow, nice arse, Hermione,” Tonks said, looking at the round, muscular cheeks.

As Tonks finished changing, Fleur looked at her curiously, then reached out to cup her bum.

“Oui, very firm,” she agreed.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed, then covered her face with her hands.

“Do you all use a shaving spell down there?” Ginny asked, looking between the three shaved mounds of the other girls and then her own, covered in orange hair.

“Most guys tend to prefer it that way when they go down on you, but some like hair,” Tonks said with a shrug. “I can teach you the spell if you want.”

“Sure,” Ginny said with a grateful look.

Picking up her wand, Tonks walked over to her.

“Is that what I really look like from behind?” Hermione asked.

~~~~~~~~~~

Later that night, as Harry and Tonks walked up the stairs to their bedroom, Tonks leaned over to whisper in his ear.

“I have a surprise for you tonight,” she whispered.

“Does it have anything to do with why Hermione and Ginny wouldn’t look at me?” Harry asked.

“Maybe,” Tonks sang.

Harry smiled and shook his head, wondering just what she had planned. As soon as they entered their room and closed the door, Tonks kissed him passionately and pushed him towards the bed. Falling backwards, he pulled her with him and pulled off her shirt. His hands immediately sought out the clasp of her bra and then slid underneath the loose fabric so he could squeeze her breasts.
~~~~~~~~~~

Chuckling against his lips, Tonks stood up and let her bra fall to the floor before reaching for his belt. While she started tugging his pants down his legs, Harry pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. Shimming out of her jeans, Tonks crawled over top of him and sat on his waist. Her damp folds slid along his hard length as she kissed him hard. Both of them groaned as she pressed down and rolled her hips. Placing her hands on his chest, she pushed herself upright and grinned.

"You're going to love this," she said.

Closing her eyes, Tonks' face scrunched up in concentration as her body began to shift. Her hips widened, her ass expanded, her breasts shrank just slightly, and her skin darkened. Harry's eyes widened when he found himself staring at Aurora Sinistra, the Astronomy professor at Hogwarts.

"Bloody hell," Harry gasped, his eyes raking over her. "Er, Tonks, you know you don't have to do this, right?"

"I know. And before you go and start feeling guilty, everyone knows what I'm doing, and they're fine with it," she said, smiling softly, then her voice changed to match that of Professor Sinistra. "And that's professor to you, Mr. Potter. Looks like you need another detention."

"Wait, Professor Sinistra knows you're doing this?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Uh huh," Tonks said, rolling her hips again. "She did say that if you mention it to her or anyone else, you have detention for the rest of the year, though."

"If her detentions are like this, I just might," Harry mumbled.

Tonks laughed, her eyes taking on a familiar sparkle that gave away who he was really looking at. Grabbing his hands, she brought them up to her breasts before reaching down and lining him up with her hot, slick entrance. Biting her lip, Tonks moaned as she slowly lowered herself down on his rigid length.

“I’ve always wanted to try this,” Tonks said as she bottomed out with a grin.

As she started raising and lowering herself on his cock, Harry moved one hand from her breast to her ass. Unlike Tonks’ tight, muscular rear, Sinistra’s was larger and softer, his fingers sinking deep into her smooth globes.

“Oh, Mr. Potter,” Tonks gasped, her voice once again matching Sinistra’s. “You’re so big.”

“Bloody hell,” Harry said, bucking up into her tight, silky depths as he throbbed with excitement.

Tonks moaned, “You like fucking your professor? Are you sure you wouldn’t rather be with one of your classmates, like Ms. Weasley?”

Stilling, she closed her eyes and concentrated again. This time, her skin paled except for a dusting of freckles, her body shrank down to become slim and athletic, and her hair turned red. Harry gasped as he found himself looking up at Ginny Weasley. When Tonks started to move again, he instantly noticed she felt tighter than before.

“Holy shit,” Tonks gasped. “Wow, those narrow hips make a difference.”

Closing her eyes, Tonks began bouncing on his length vigorously, her tight walls grasped and dragged along his hard shaft. Harry grabbed her hips to help, lifting and pulling down her lighter body with ease.

“Oh, fuck!” Tonks panted. “Harry, you’re ruining Ginny’s poor little pussy.”

Groaning, Harry bucked up, sending her small, perky breasts bouncing wildly. Grabbing her small, bright pink nipple, he pinched it lightly and rolled it between his fingers. Tonks gasped, her nails digging into his chest as she slammed herself down on his cock.

Suddenly, Tonks threw her head back and cried out as she came. Collapsing on top of him, she buried her face in the crook of his neck while her body shuddered.

“Holy shit, she cums easy,” Tonks panted. “I had no idea changing would make that much difference.”

Pushing herself back up into a sitting position, she grinned at him.

“Well, let’s try someone else,” she said.

Climbing off of him, she got on all fours and wiggled Ginny’s cute little bum at him. Tonks closed her eyes and changed again as he moved to get onto his knees. Her body filled out a bit more, her ass becoming round and muscular, her breasts expanding, and her hair grew to a familiar mane of bushy brown hair. Harry’s jaw dropped when she looked back over her shoulder with Hermione’s face.

“Hermione agreed to this?” he asked incredulously.

Biting her lip in a very Hermione-like expression, she nodded.

“Please, Harry,” she begged in Hermione’s voice. “Please give me your big cock. I need it.”

His cock throbbing in front of him, Harry waddled up behind her and pressed his head against her entrance. He gripped her spectacular cheeks and watched as he slowly penetrated his best friend. Tonks moaned and arched her back, looking back at him with a smoldering gaze.

“Shit, Tonks,” Harry hissed. “Have I mentioned how incredible you are?”

She smirked at him in a way that didn’t fit Hermione’s innocent face.

“Once or twice,” she said. “Now get moving. This bookworm needs a good fuck.”

Chuckling, Harry gave her firm ass a light spank before he started thrusting back and forth. As he took her from behind, Tonks shifted back and forth between the girls and added Fleur to the mix, which felt off without the feel of her Allure. Every time she shifted to Ginny, Harry couldn’t help but slam hard into her lithe frame, driving Tonks to a screaming climax.

Even though he liked seeing Ginny’s face scrunch up in pleasure as he railed into her, his favorites were Hermione and Sinistra. Hermione because he’d thought about what it would be like to sleep with her since they’d hit puberty, and Sinistra because she had an ass that jiggled spectacularly as he pounded into her.

When he rolled Tonks onto her back a while later, he finally got a good look at Hermione’s perky breasts, topped with small, dark red nipples. He’d always known she was pretty, but seeing her like this really showed him just how attractive she could be.

It amazed him how different Tonks could feel changing between looks. Her insides didn’t change, but the different bone structures and builds gave each new look a distinct heat and tightness, Ginny being the most noticeable. He wasn’t sure how that related to how each girl really felt, but he didn’t think that mattered much.

“Fuck, Tonks,” Harry panted, staring down at Fleur’s flushed face and heaving breasts.

“Are you close?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry huffed.

“Wait, I have an idea,” Tonks said, pushing on his chest.

Groaning in disappointment, pulled out and rolled over as Tonks sat up. Hopping off the bed, he had to steady her when her legs wobbled and nearly collapsed.

“Whoa, head rush,” she said.

Shaking it off, she grabbed her wand and gave it a flick. Harry watched as a camera rose off the dresser and floated to the middle of the room. Shifting back to Ginny, Tonks pulled him off the bed and dropped to her knees.

“Seriously?” Harry asked as he watched the camera float with the lens pointed at the two of them.

“It’s just a way to thank her for letting me borrow her look,” Tonks said with a smirk.

Before he could reply, she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his shaft. Harry groaned and threaded his fingers through her long red hair as she bobbed her head rapidly, lips stretched wide around his girth. Impossibly, she relaxed her throat and swallowed him whole. Grunting, Harry bucked his hips forward, watching as Ginny’s thin next bulge where his cock was buried.

Tonks jerked her head back and forth rapidly, burying him over and over in her amazingly tight throat. With how close he was before, it didn’t take long before he reached his peak.

“Dora,” he called out in warning.

As soon as he said her name, the camera started flashing. It took well over a dozen pictures as she pulled back and jerked his shaft, painting his cum all over Ginny’s face.

“That was fun,” she said, scooping up a white streak from her chin and sucking it into her mouth.

With another flick of her wand, the camera set itself back on the dresser while she changed to her normal, purple-haired look. Smiling and shaking his head, Harry helped her to her feet.

“Shower?” he asked.

“Probably a good idea,” Tonks said, looking down at the drops of cum that had fallen on her chest.

~~~~~~~~~~

Two nights later, Ginny went to bed in the room she shared with Hermione. As she pulled back the covers, she gasped at the stack of pictures laid out on the mattress.

“Everything okay, Ginny?” Hermione asked.

“Fine,” Ginny said.

Crawling into bed, she closed the curtains and stared at the moving image of Harry coating her face. Quickly grabbing her wand, she mumbled the incantation for the Silencing Charm and stripped out of her clothes. Ginny reached between her legs, her fingers trailing over her now bald mound as she flipped through the pictures.

“Harry,” she moaned.

~~~~~~~~~~

Across the room, Hermione changed into her pajamas and slipped under the covers. Feeling something crinkle under her, she reached down and pulled up a magical picture. She gasped and covered her mouth at the image of herself being taken from behind in the shower.

Reaching under herself again, she found more and more pictures of her and Harry in positions she'd never even imagined before.

Looking back over at Ginny's bed and seeing the closed curtains, she closed her own and spelled them shut. After debating with herself for a long moment, her hand slipped under her waistband.

~~~~~~~~~~

Fleur smiled brightly as she pulled the pictures of her and Harry out of the envelope that Tonks had sent her. Walking into her kitchen, she grabbed a bottle of red wine and walked to her bathroom.

A few minutes later, she eased her way into a hot bath with a glass of wine, several floating candles, and a collage of pictures stuck to the wall.

~~~~~~~~~~

At Hogwarts, Aurora Sinistra sighed as she looked at the album worth of photos she was positive Tonks had sent her.

"You better not have made copies," she muttered under her breath.

When she came across a picture of Harry's muscular body absolutely pummeling her body into the mattress, she bit her lips as her hand unknowingly trailed over her breast.

"Lucky bitch," she said with a sigh.

Walking over to her dresser, she opened the top drawer and pulled out a blue dildo.

“Looks like it’s just you and me tonight, Bob,” she said.

Taking off her robe, Aurora laid down on the bed and enlarged her favorite pictures.

Chapter 15

Slowly waking, the first thing Harry noticed was the warm, relaxing weight resting on top of him. His eyes cracked open, and he smiled at the heads of pink and blonde hair resting on his shoulder. In the week since he’d come to Grimmauld Place, Fleur had become a regular bed partner of theirs.

As much as he was enjoying her late-night visits, and he knew Tonks did too, he couldn’t help but wonder just what was happening between the three of them. He loved Tonks and knew she loved him in return, but he wasn’t sure how Fleur fit into it.

Certainly, they both cared for her. But was it just a bit of fun or something more serious, Harry wondered.

Tonks had been far more adventurous in bed this Summer, opening up and expressing herself in ways he knew she’d never felt comfortable doing with anyone else. He was touched she trusted him enough to show that side of herself to him, but it also brought up new questions. Questions he hadn’t been brave enough to ask quite yet.

Smiling down at the girls, Harry trailed his fingers down their bare backs. Tonks moaned while Fleur cooed, both of them snuggling deeper into him. As they unconsciously reached out to wrap an arm around him, they ended up holding each other instead. Harry chuckled quietly as they pulled each other closer, sandwiching him between them.

He knew most men wouldn’t question their good fortune at sharing a bed with a Veela and a Metamorphmagus, no matter how temporary it might be. Still, with the end of the Summer just a week away, Harry knew he and Tonks would have to have a talk. No matter how much he

enjoyed what was happening, nothing was worth the risk of losing Tonks. She was far too important to him.

Before Harry could think on it too much more, there was a light, tentative knock at the door.

“Harry?” Hermione called from the other side hesitantly.

Sighing, he reached down and pulled the sheet up over them.

“Yeah?” Harry called back as quietly as he could, hoping to not wake his sleeping lovers.

The door cracked open about an inch, and he spotted a brown eye peeking cautiously through the gap. Harry couldn’t help but grin. Ever since Tonks had sent her those pictures, she’d been acting more nervous around him.

It might have worried him if she didn’t look so damn cute.

“It safe,” he told her softly.

Blushing, Hermione chewed her lip nervously as she crept closer to the bed. He noticed her eyes raking over his exposed chest before quickly looking away.

“Mr. Weasley needs to see you in the kitchen,” Hermione whispered.

Harry frowned, “Is something wrong?”

“I don’t think so,” she replied, her brow furrowed thoughtfully. “I think it has something to do with Madam Bones. The Prophet said she was elected Minister last night.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded.

“Don’t wanna git up,” Tonks murmured, her leg stretching out and entwining with his to trap him in place. “Too comfy.”

“I think it’s important,” Hermione told them.

Tonks cracked open a bleary, bright green eye and huffed.

“Fine,” she whined petulantly.

Suddenly, Tonks threw back the sheet and rolled onto her back as she stretched, heedless of their nudity. Hermione gasped, her blush going all the way down to her chest and disappearing under her v-neck shirt, but she was still unable to pull her eyes away.

As would be expected of a young man waking up next to two stunningly gorgeous and naked women, he was already mostly erect. Despite his own blush, Harry made no move to cover himself as his best friend’s wide-eyed gaze made him lurch with excitement. Swallowing thickly, Hermione tried to pull her eyes away from his bobbing erection, only to stop at Tonks’ chest as she arched her back and stretched her arms over her head, thrusting her impossibly perky breasts into the air.

Her eyes continued to follow the smirking witch as she hopped out of bed and padded slowly over to the en suite bathroom, her hips swaying provocatively. Her mouth opening and closing like a fish, Hermione turned back to Harry with wide, brown eyes. Her eyes darted wildly around but always found their way back to his groin.

A giggle from Fleur finally seemed to bring some sense back to her.

When Hermione spun around, preparing to bolt from the room, Harry’s hand shot out and grabbed her wrist, pulling her to a stop.

“Stay,” he said firmly.

Hermione’s mouth worked soundlessly for another few seconds before she finally found her voice.

“But-”

“You’ve already seen everything,” Harry pointed out. “Just give me a minute to get dressed.”

Without waiting for a reply, he let go of her wrist. Biting her lips hard enough that the skin turned white, Hermione stared down at the floor but stayed where she was. Satisfied that she wasn’t going to run from the room, Harry looked down at Fleur.

Her bright blue eyes sparkling with amusement and a smirk on her lips, she looked away from Hermione and gazed up at him. When she tilted her head up expectantly, Harry smiled and bent down to give her a gentle, affectionate kiss. As they broke apart a moment later, he caught Hermione whipping her head back around, so she wouldn’t be caught looking.

Grinning, Harry slipped out from under Fleur, who moaned in disappointment, and climbed out of bed. Striding past Hermione without concern, he walked over to the wardrobe and picked out a set of clothes.

“Mhh, ‘e ‘as such a nice derrier, non?” Fleur asked.

Hermione squeaked in embarrassment, and Harry smirked to himself. He didn’t need to ask to know Fleur had caught her looking. Boxers in hand, Harry turned back around. Hermione, who had been peeking at him out of the corner of her eye, quickly looked back down as he turned to face her.

“I don’t mind if you look,” Harry said, the corners of his lips twitching as he fought back a smirk. “I wouldn’t have told you to stay if I did.”

Hermione lifted her head just slightly and peeked up at him as he stepped into her boxers.

“Besides,” he added with a smile, “I’ve seen you. It’s only fair you get to look at me too.”

Impossibly, her blush grew even brighter at the reminder. Chuckling as she glared half-heartedly, Harry pulled on a shirt and threw on a pair of jeans. Thankfully, his excitement had gone down enough that he could wear them comfortably.

Of course, Fleur had to choose that moment to climb out of bed. Walking towards him with a sultry smirk, her large, jutting breasts bounced alluringly with each step. His eyes riveted to her sinful curves; Harry had to reach down to adjust himself as she gave him a kiss on the way to the bathroom.

Interestingly, Hermione’s eyes followed her as well and only left Fleur’s jiggling bum when the door clicked closed. As Hermione shook her head, he wondered just how much Fleur’s Allure had to do with her staring.

“C - can we go now?” Hermione stammered.

As Harry opened his mouth to speak, they heard the toilet flush. The bathroom door opened a moment later, and Tonks walked over to him with a grin.

“Go ahead and see what they want. We’ll be down in a minute,” she said.

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her passionately. Sliding his hand down her smooth back, he gave her bum a playful squeeze. Squealing into his mouth, Tonks pulled back and smacked his arm lightly, even as a grin stretched across her lips. Chuckling, Harry made his way to the door.

“Prat,” Tonks huffed.

“Love you, too,” Harry called over his shoulder.

Opening the door, he and Hermione slipped out into the hall just as Fleur exited the bathroom. Still grinning, Harry made his way down the stairs with Hermione just a half step behind him.

“So, are you dating Fleur now, too?” she asked curiously.

“Honestly, I’m not sure,” Harry admitted. “We haven’t really talked about it yet.”

“Do you want to?” Hermione asked.

“Part of me does,” he told her. “I mean, I like Fleur – I care about her – I just don’t want to muck things up with Tonks, you know. I’m not sure if she sees this as just a bit of fun or if it’s something more serious.”

“It doesn’t seem like she has a problem with it,” Hermione muttered.

“It’s not that simple,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair with a sigh. “I’m the first boyfriend Tonks has really been able to trust, so she’d been exploring a lot of things she’s always wanted to try but couldn’t.”

“So you don’t know if she’s just exploring being with another girl or if she wants a relationship with both of you,” she said, her eyes brightening in realization.

“Exactly,” Harry said. “We’ll probably have to sit down and talk about it soon. I think we’re both just trying to forget about everything for a bit and enjoy the Summer right now.”

“It’s going to be really hard going back to Hogwarts, isn’t it?” Hermione asked sympathetically.

“Yeah,” Harry sighed.

“I’m sorry,” she said.

Forcing a smile, Harry slung his arm over her shoulders and hugged her against his side. Hermione leaned her head on his shoulder as they reached the basement and paused in front of the kitchen door.

“Thanks,” Harry murmured before letting go. “It’s alright, though. We made it through last year; we can make it through this one.”

“I’m really glad you found someone who makes you so happy,” Hermione said, smiling wistfully.

“I’m sure you’ll find someone who makes you just as happy someday,” Harry assured her.

Sharing one last smile, Harry pushed open the door to the kitchen and bowed.

“After you, m’lady,” he said grandly.

Giggling at his antics, Hermione entered the kitchen with him following close behind.

“Good morning, dears,” Mrs. Weasley greeted them with a forced smile.

“Morning,” they replied in unsion.

This early in the morning, only Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, Sirius, and Hestia - whose house had been destroyed in a Death Eater attack and was staying at Grimmauld Place – were awake.

“Harry,” Mr. Weasley said. “Madam Bones was elected Minster for Magic in last night’s election, and she wants to see you in her office today. I’ll take you into the Ministry today when I go to work.”

“Do you know what she wants?” Harry asked, his brow furrowed.

“The letter didn’t say, but I expect it has to do with what happened at the end of the Tournament,” Mr. Weasley replied.

“You don’t have to go if you don’t want to, dear,” Mrs. Weasley said, setting a place of eggs and sausage on the table with a kindly smile. “Maybe we should talk to Dumbledore and let him take care of it for you.”

“That’s okay, Mrs. Weasley,” Harry said, fighting back a sigh at her treating him like a child again. “I don’t mind going.”

“Dumbledore can’t go anyways,” Mr. Weasley said as Mrs. Weasley opened her mouth to argue. “He’s going to be out of town until the first.”

Mrs. Weasley frowned and turned back to the stove with a huff. Harry exchanged a look with Hermione, who shrugged.

“Where’s he going?” Harry asked.

“He didn’t say,” Mr. Weasley answered.

“It must be pretty important for him to leave at a time like this,” Hermione noted, her brow creased in thought.

“I’m sure it’s nothing you need to worry yourselves about,” Mrs. Weasley said firmly.

Harry glanced over at Hermione and rolled his eyes. With a small smile tugging at her lips, she turned back to her breakfast. A few minutes later, Tonks and Fleur walked into the kitchen. Harry was extremely relieved that whatever tension there had been between Tonks and Mrs. Weasley was now gone. She’d even stopped making attempts to set Tonks up to spend time with Bill, although he wasn’t entirely sure that wasn’t just because he was there now.

Harry explained to the girls that he would be going to the Ministry with Mr. Weasley, and Tonks immediately volunteered to escort him since it was her day off. Fleur wanted to go as well, but she had a pile of artifacts to examine and catalog at Gringotts. That led to Hermione peppering her with questions about what she would be working on and what spells she used while Harry and Tonks made small talk with Sirius.

As they finished eating, several other Order members, along with Ron and Ginny, trickled into the kitchen to get their orders for the day and pick up a bit of breakfast. Once they were done, Harry and Tonks grabbed their cloaks and met Mr. Weasley by the front door.

“I’ll Side-Along Harry and meet you at the guest entrance?” Tonks asked.

“Alright,” Mr. Weasley replied with an easy smile.

Tonks held Harry back a few steps as they left the house and walked across the street to the delipidated park. Leaning over, she placed her lips right next to his ear.

“Wait until Arthur’s gone, then you Apparate us,” she whispered.

Harry nodded and gave her hand a grateful squeeze.

“Alright, on three,” Mr. Weasley said when they reached the park. “One… two… three.”

After Mr. Weasley Disapparated with a loud *crack*, Harry gripped Tonks’ hand, took a deep breath, and focused on his destination. Twisting on the spot, he was sucked into nothingness with Tonks at his side. An uncomfortable moment later, they appeared a few feet away from Mr. Weasley with a muted *pop.*

“What took so long?” Mr. Weasley asked.

“Sorry, I had to sneeze,” Tonks said, wrinkling her nose cutely.

Smiling and shaking his head, he turned to the phone booth. When his back was to them, Tonks beamed at Harry with the brightest smile he’d ever seen and bounced excitedly on the balls of her feet.

“You did it!” she whispered, her eyes gleaming brightly.

Harry grinned and hugged her close, realizing this was the first time he’d Side-Along Apparated without needing her help. Cupping his cheeks, Tonks kissed him fiercely until they were interrupted by Mr. Weasley clearing his throat loudly. Harry grinned sheepishly while Tonks looked completely unfazed. Together, the three of them squeezed into the elevator.

Pinning their badges on their robes, Mr. Weasley quickly through the Atrium to the golden elevators at the back.

“Are you sure you’ll be okay meeting with the Minister alone?” Mr. Weasley asked nervously.

“I’ve met with her before,” Harry said. “I’ll be fine. Besides, Tonks’ll be with me.”

“Well, if you need anything, you know where my office is,” Mr. Weasley said, looking relieved. “I really do have a lot of work to catch up on.”

Getting off on level two, Mr. Weasley waved as the elevator doors closed. Now alone, Tonks took Harry’s hand and leaned against him while rubbing the inside of his forearm with her free hand. Smiling and grateful for her calming presence Harry kissed her temple.

“You know, she’ll probably ask about the prophecy,” Tonks whispered.

“I didn’t think of that,” Harry frowned.

“What are you going to tell her?” she asked quietly.

“Level one, Minister for Magic offices and administrative staff,” came the cool female voice before Harry could answer.

Straightening up and letting go of his hand just as the door opened, Harry followed Tonks as she led him through a maze of cubicles and offices. The place was buzzing with activity as dozens of interdepartmental memos zipped over their heads in flocks, and witches and wizards rushed from place to place.

Harry pulled Tonks out of the way as a harried-looking witch with greying hair bustled past with a stack of papers four feet high in her arms, nearly running them over.

“Sorry,” she called.

“I’ve never seen this place so busy,” Tonks remarked. “Even with the Azkaban breakout, there weren’t this many people.”

“Is that a good thing?” Harry asked.

Tonks shrugged before dancing out of the way of a wizard staring at a clipboard instead of looking where he was going while another floated after him.

“Watch it!” she called out angrily.

Making their way carefully through the administrative offices, Tonks led him to the back of the room, where there was a set of decorative double doors. Just to the left sat a desk with a familiar looking witch sat.

“Penny?” Harry asked.

Penelope Clearwater looked up from her desk and smiled prettily.

“Harry!” she said brightly, then tapped her wand to her desk. “Minister, Harry Potter is here to see you. I’m so glad I got to see you today. I’ve been meaning to thank you.”

“For what?” Harry asked.

He hadn’t seen Penny since she graduated and couldn’t think of anything he’d done that would’ve helped her.

“That hag Umbridge had me stuck in the mail room when she found out I was a Muggleborn,” she said, her smile widening as she flipped her flowing blonde hair over her shoulder. “I was seriously thinking about quitting and going back to the Muggle world when you pulled that stunt over the Wireless. I can’t tell you how happy I was – a lot of Muggleborns and Half-bloods were stuck in dead-end jobs or outright fired because of her.”

Tonks snorted, “Yeah, half the Aurors threw a party when that toad was hauled off to Azkaban. Wonderboy here made himself a lot of friends when he got rid of that bitch.”

“Really?” Harry asked, getting emphatic nods from both witches. “Oh. Er, you’re welcome. I’m glad things worked out for you. How’re things with Percy?”

“We broke up,” Penny said, looking far from upset. “Apparently, thinking that we should at least hear you out and look at the evidence for You-Know-Who’s return was ‘treasonous’ and ‘bad for his career.’”

“What a git,” Tonks said while Harry shook his head.

“I’m sorry-”

“Don’t be,” Penny interrupted with a smile. “It’s not you’re fault. I was getting sick of watching him suck up to people like Umbridge and Malfoy anyways.”

“What old Perc up to nowadays anyway?” Tonks asked curiously.

Penny’s grin took on an almost predatory gleam.

“Minister Bones tore him a new one the moment she met him,” she explained gleefully. “She was not happy he didn’t get punished after basically taking over for Crouch when he was sick and not telling anyone. She also found out he was helping Fudge skirt around a few laws and withholding evidence. His excuse that it was the Minister’s order, therefore perfectly legal, didn’t go down well.”

“Oh, I bet Bonsey just *loved* that!” Tonks cackled.

Harry chuckled. Though a part of him felt bad for the Weasleys as a whole, he had no sympathy for Percy himself.

“Did he get fired?” Tonks asked.

“Not quite,” Penny smirked, lifting her wand and tapping it on her desk again. “I need two cups of tea for the Minister’s guests.”

A portion of the wall behind Penny opened up, and instead of the House Elf Harry expected, Percy Weasley stepped out with a loaded tea tray in his hands. The redhead stiffened when he spotted Harry and seemed to freeze in place. When Tonks let out a loud snort of laughter and covered her mouth, Percy jerked into motion, his movements wooden and lips pursed.

“Sugar or milk?” he asked robotically.

“No, thanks,” Harry said while Tonks shook her head, her shoulders practically vibrating from suppressed laughter.

“Two sugars and a dash of milk,” Penny said, smiling innocently.

After pouring their tea and handing out the cups, Percy picked up his tray and marched back over to the wall.

“Oh, that’s priceless,” Tonks laughed the moment the door was closed.

Harry allowed himself a smile as Penny giggled and sipped her tea. He didn’t usually like to revel in someone else’s misery, but after the way Percy had turned on his family, he thought it was well deserved.

“You know, I always thought you could do better than him,” Harry said.

Penny blushed and gave him a pleased smile.

“Thanks, Harry,” she said.

“Smooth, lover boy,” Tonks said.

Harry rolled his eyes, “You know I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I know,” Tonks grinned, then turned to Penny. “Harry’s right, though. You’re way too pretty to be with a stuck-up berk like that.”

Penny blushed again and smiled prettily right before the doors to the Minister’s office were thrown open. Harry and Tonks stared as Narcissa Malfoy stormed from the room. Spotting Harry, she glowered at him.

“You!” Narcissa snarled. “You’ll pay for what you’ve done to my family!”

“I didn’t do anything to your family,” Harry said firmly. “If you’re going to destroy the lives of innocent people just because of what family they were born into, don’t be surprised when they fight back.”

“How dare you!” Narcissa screamed. “I’ll –”

“That’s enough!” Madam Bones barked sharply. “Leave, Mrs. Malfoy, or I’ll have you removed.”

Scowling furiously, Narcissa gave him a disdainful glare before marching away, her nose held high in the air. As Harry watched her go, Madam Bones sighed behind him.

“Sorry about that,” she said. “Come on in. Penelope, hold all my appointments unless it’s an emergency.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Penny replied.

Harry gave the blonde witch a smile as he followed Madam Bones back into her office. The Minister’s office was massive and draped in opulence. The molding along the wall looked like it was made of actual gold, there were enchanted windows all over, giving the room an open, airy feel, and the furniture looked as if it would fit right in at Buckingham Palace. There was a large mahogany desk along the right-hand wall, along with eight packed bookshelves. To the left sat two couches facing each other with a low coffee table in between, a gold and ivory encrusted fireplace, and three closed doors between the windows.

Following Madam Bones over to the desk, he and Tonks sat in comfortable wingbacked chairs while the Minister took her seat behind the desk.

“I take it my aunt was here to try and bribe you to let dear old Lucius go free?” Tonks asked.

“Not in so many words, but yes,” Madam Bones sat with a sigh. “As if I don’t have enough problems right now.”

“Is it that bad?” Harry asked worriedly.

“Officially, I’m not supposed to divulge that information,” Madam Bones said, looking tired and worn as she cleaned her monocle. “But, since I blame you for putting me in this position anyways, you can share my worries. This place is a mess. Fudge ran this government into the ground. Nearly half of the people who worked here were incompetent for the positions they were hired for, corrupt, or both. I don’t even want to think about how bad some of the other departments might be. It’s going to take months to get this place straightened out, and that’s not taking into account that we now have a war to fight.”

Harry frowned as Madam Bones seemed to age five years in the time she spoke. Glancing over at Tonks, he noticed she looked just as worried.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Harry asked.

“That’s actually why I asked you here,” Madam Bones said, putting her monocle back in place and straightening her posture. “I want to know everything you can tell me about You-Know-Who and any Death Eaters you know about. I want to start hitting back at these bastards, and I want to hit them hard. Hopefully, most of them are too used to the previous administration and won’t have thought to go into hiding yet.”

“Of course,” Harry nodded. “This might be easier if you have Pensieve. There were a lot of Death Eaters that showed up in the graveyard, but I didn’t recognize most of them.”

Madam Bones nodded and pressed her wand to her desk.

“Penelope, send a letter to Shacklebolt in the DMLE and tell him to get a Pensieve here ASAP,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Penny replied, her voice coming from the desk.

“Now, while we’re waiting on that, there’s something else I wanted to bring up. More than one, actually,” Madam Bones said, gazing at him intently. “I spoke with my niece over the Summer about you, and she told me some disturbing rumors. Rumors about you killing a professor in your first year and fighting Slytherin’s monster in your second.”

“Er…,” Harry hummed, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly. “Both of those are true, actually.”

At her raised eyebrow, Harry told her quickly about his first two years at Hogwarts.

“Why the *hell* was I not informed of any of this?” she growled.

Harry shrugged, “I know Dumbledore told Fudge about the Basilisk, and I’m pretty sure he told him about Quirrell as well, but I’m not positive.”

Madam Bones closed her eyes and rubbed her forehead tiredly.

“That useless bastard,” she grumbled, getting surprised looks from Harry and Tonks. “I’ll want to see those memories as well, if you don’t mind.”

Just as Harry nodded, the doors to the office swung open, and Kingsley walked in with a Pensieve floating in front of him.

“Just set it down on the desk,” Madam Bones told him.

Nodding, Kingsley levitated the Pensieve onto the desk and gave him and Tonks a quick smile before leaving the office.

“Do you know how to copy and extract memories?” Tonks asked.

Harry shook his head.

“Just press your wand to your temple, think of the memory you want to extract, and remember it as clearly as you can. When you’re ready, say the incantation *Retinentia* and slowly pull your wand away,” Tonks instructed.

Nodding, Harry stood and pulled several memories from his mind. Since he had the chance, he also included memories of Hagrid’s arrest in second year, and Fudge admitting to ordering Crouch Jr. Kissed by a Dementor, both things he was sure were illegal.

“Ready?” Madam Bones asked.

Receiving nods from both of them, they all dipped their heads into the silvery liquid. The memory of Quirrell was over quickly since he only showed her the actual confrontation. Madam

Bones was not happy, but she already knew Fudge had allowed Dumbledore to hide the Philosopher's Stone at Hogwarts.

The Memories from second year took longer. Madam Bones was furious when she found out Fudge had abused his power to have Hagrid thrown in Azkaban without a trial. That fury reached new levels when Lockhart tried to Obliviate Ron and cause the tunnel to collapse.

"I don't care if the man's a vegetable in St Mungo's. I'm bringing him up on charges," Madam Bones growled.

Tonks and Madam Bones both looked worried when Tom made an appearance, but Harry had no answers beyond what they were watching. Moments later, they both cursed and paled when the Basilisk made an appearance. Tonks had seen it before during their Occlumency lessons, but she was still shocked by it. Heedless to the presence of the Minister, she wrapped her arm around his waist and held onto him like he was an anchor while her eyes remained riveted to the fight.

When the memory ended with Lucius Malfoy getting tossed on his ass by Dobby, Madam Bones pulled them out of the Pensieve. With trembling hands, she took a bottle of Firewhiskey out of her desk and poured three glasses. As Harry and Tonks sipped their drink, the Minister pulled out a sheaf of parchment and began making notes. When she finished, she sat back and stared at him intently for a long moment.

"Mr. Potter – Harry, that has to be the single bravest act I've ever witnessed," Madam Bones said.

Harry ducked his head and blushed while Tonks smiled and reached over for his hand.

"It really was incredibly impressive, Harry," she said softly.

Harry gave her a small smile and downed the rest of his drink. Tonks caressed the back of his hand with her thumb as they sat in silence for a couple of minutes. When they returned to the

Pensieve, Madam Bones brought a clipboard and quill with her. Thankfully, she never reacted to the fact that Tonks was still holding his hand, though he thought he saw her smile when she glanced at them.

For third year, Harry showed her his memory of meeting Sirus and Pettigrew in the Shrieking Shack. Fortunately, nothing he showed her involved the use of the Time Turner. As friendly as she was acting, he doubted he would get away unscathed for playing with time and helping Sirius to escape, innocent or not. He also threw in the class where Malfoy provoked Buckbeak. It might have seemed petty in the grand scheme of things, but he wanted to help the gentle Hippogriff that was still residing in Grimmauld place. He was heartened when Madam Bones clucked her tongue and made a note on her clipboard.

They went straight into fourth year after that, and Harry stood stiffly as they watched the events after the Third Task. This was one memory that Tonks hadn't watched because she knew how badly it affected him. A small whine left her throat as they watched Cedric's body fall to the ground, his eyes open and lifeless. While they wrapped their arms around each other, taking comfort from one another, Madam Bones watched it all with an emotionless mask. Harry knew she was simply hiding her emotions for now, though she couldn't stop her hand from trembling as she took notes.

When the Death Eaters arrived, the Minister paused the memory with her wand. The scratching of her quill filled their ears as she walked amongst the crowd, identifying as many Death Eaters as possible.

"That's Jacob Weathers," Tonks pointed out with a glare. "He works in the Floo Network Authority."

"A frightening amount of the people here work for the Ministry," Madam Bones said.

"Will you be able to arrest them with this?" Harry asked.

“I can bring them in for questioning, but I can’t press charges based on a memory,” she told him. “Fortunately, the Wizengamot granted me executive power with the return of You-Know-Who. I can have them questioned under Veritaserum.”

“Good,” Harry nodded. “Way too many Death Eaters got off on claims of the Imperius Curse last time.”

“That won’t be happening under my watch,” the Minister growled.

“I know you didn’t want the job, boss, but I’m glad you took it,” Tonks said sincerely. “We need someone like you as Minister right now. I don’t think I’d’ve stayed on as an Auror if someone like Scrimgeour had taken the post.”

Madam Bones sighed and lowered her clipboard for a moment.

“I always thought I could do the most good running the DMLE,” she admitted. “Seeing this and the mess Fudge left behind, I’m glad you talked me into it. Scrimgeour’s a good Auror, but he’d be too worried about politics to go after these people.”

After a few more minutes of taking down names, Madam Bones restarted the memory. With the worst of the memory over, Harry focused on watching himself, looking at where he could have done better. By the time the memory came to an end, Harry had realized that, until the very end, Voldemort had been playing with him. He still couldn’t believe that he had beaten him in a battle of wills, but it was heartening to know that there was at least one area where he was actually stronger than Voldemort.

“Again, that was incredibly brave of you,” Madam Bones said, looking at him as if she were seeing him for the first time. “I’ll be nominating you for an Order of Merlin, first class during the next Wizengamot meeting.”

“You really don’t need to do that,” Harry said pleadingly. “I’d rather not have all the extra attention.”

“I’d rather not be Minister,” Madam Bones countered.

Harry worked his jaw several times before closing it with a *click* and dropping his head into his hands with a groan. Next to him, Tonks laughed and rubbed his back soothingly.

“Sorry, Har, but I don’t think the boss is going to take no for an answer on this one,” she said.

“No, I won’t,” Madam Bones agreed. “This isn’t just about giving you the recognition you deserve. Having an Order of Merlin can help you. It grants you a seat on the Wizengamot, future Ministers will be less inclined to try and railroad you with outrageous charges, and any country that’s part of the ICW will be more willing to make you a citizen, should the worst happen.”

“If Voldemort’s taken over Britain, then I’ll probably already be dead,” Harry told her.

“Would that have anything to do with the rumors of a prophecy?” Madam Bones asked, arching her brow.

Harry sighed and sat back in his chair.

“Yes,” he said, nodding.

“I don’t suppose you’d be willing to tell me what it says, would you?” she pressed.

Harry looked over at Tonks, who shrugged before he turned back to the Minister.

“This needs to stay between us,” Harry said.

Madam Bones stared at him for a long moment before nodding.

“I give you my word,” she said.

“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches… born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies… and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies…,” Harry recited.

“That’s not much to go on,” Madam Bones said after a long moment of thought.

“Honestly, I think it’s all bullshit,” Harry said. “The only reason it means anything is because Voldemort believes in it. If it wasn’t for that, I’d ignore the stupid thing.”

Reaching out, Tonks took his hand in hers and gave it a squeeze.

“Then you’re smarter than most men,” Madam Bones nodded. “Prophecies, even when it’s a true prophecy, are clouded in uncertainty until after they’re fulfilled. Unfortunately, since You-Know-Who believes in it, he won’t stop until one of you is dead.”

“I know,” Harry nodded.

“Any idea what this ‘power the Dark Lord knows not’ is?” she asked.

“No idea,” Harry said with a shake of his head.

The Minister nodded and sat back with a thoughtful look on her face.

“Auror Tonks, would it be safe to assume that you and Mr. Potter are – involved?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks replied without hesitation, her hand still holding Harry’s.

Madam Bones pursed her lips thoughtfully for a moment as she looked back and forth between the two of them. Harry met her gaze, refusing to blush under the scrutiny.

“Very well,” she said eventually. “After hearing the prophecy and seeing what’s happened at that school the last few years, I’m sending a team of Aurors for extra protection. Auror Tonks, I’m putting you in charge.”

“Me!?” Tonks gasped incredulously.

“Yes. Do *not* make me regret this,” Madam Bones replied sternly. “If I knew even half of what’s been happening over there, I’d have pulled Susan out after her first year and sent her to Beauxbatons. I will not allow this war to spill over into the halls of a school. Your team will protect the students while you, personally, will protect Mr. Potter.”

Harry opened his mouth, unsure if he wanted to argue with her or thank her for giving him and Tonks a way to stay close.

“If you don’t like it, you shouldn’t have made me Minister,” Madam Bones interrupted. “As much as you or I might not like it, the prophecy cannot be ignored. Beyond that, I’m appalled that you’ve had to do so much on your own. It’s time you had some help. If anything happens, I want to know about it.”

“Thank you,” Tonks said gratefully.

Harry snapped his mouth closed, swallowing his protest as Madam Bones pressed her wand to her desk.

“Penelope, send in Barrister Tonks,” she said.

Harry looked over at Tonks and lifted an eyebrow. His girlfriend shrugged with a puzzled look on her face. It was only a second later that the door opened, and Ted Tonks poked his head inside.

“You wanted to see me, Minister,” he said, smiling when he spotted Harry and his daughter.

“Yes. Come in, Ted,” Madam Bones said.

As the balding, pot-bellied wizard approached the desk, Madam Bones held out a sheaf of parchment.

“I want arrest warrants issued for everyone on this list,” she instructed. “Keep it quiet for now. When you have all of them, bring them directly to me.”

“This will take some time,” Ted said before his eyes widened. “Fudge!?”

“Yes,” Madam Bones nodded firmly. “I’ve more than enough evidence to have him brought in for corruption and abuse of power.”

“R – right,” Ted stammered as Harry looked over at his girlfriend and grinned.

Harry grinned at the thought of Fudge finally getting what he deserved.

“I also want Rubius Hagrid’s juvenile record expunged,” Madam Bones said. “New evidence revealed that he was innocent of all charges filed against him. Send him a notification and let him know he can pick up a new wand if he wishes. The conviction of the Hippogriff known as Buckbeak is also to be overturned, and the execution order rescinded. Any questions?”

“No, ma’am,” Ted said. “It’ll take a couple of days to get all this done.”

“I’d offer you help, but I need people I trust working on this,” Madam Bones sighed. “If word of this gets out, those people will go into hiding before we can arrest them. Let me know if you have any problems.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Ted nodded.

Smiling at Harry and giving Tonks a wave, he turned and left the office.

“Now, is there anything else you can tell me about You-Know-Who or his Death Eaters?” Madam Bones asked.

Harry felt Tonks’ eyes on him as he sat thoughtfully for a moment.

“Not really,” he said eventually. “It might help to tell the press about his real history. Finding out he’s really a Half-Blood might make some people less likely to join him.”

Madam Bones nodded and made a note.

“If you learn anything else, please, let me know immediately,” she said. “I know you haven’t had much reason to trust the Ministry, but I promise you, I’ll do everything I can to see this monster stopped.”

Harry nodded, for once feeling good about dealing with the Minister for Magic.

“On a personal note,” Madam Bones continued, “I’d like to thank you again for saving my life and for helping Susan. She’s much more confident this Summer, and she’s put a lot of that down to your Defense club. If you weren’t already taken, I’d be worried about how much she talks about you.”

Harry blushed, surprised by the playful smirk that crossed the Minister's lips.

"That's okay, boss," Tonks said, her eyes sparkling mischievously. "I don't mind sharing."

Rather than getting upset, Madam Bones snorted and shook her head.

"Alright, get out of here, you two," she said, her lips twitching into a smile. "Tonks, go see Shack about picking your team tomorrow. He should be moved into my old office by then."

"Sure thing, thanks, boss," Tonks said, smiling gratefully.

~

After saying goodbye to Penny and tracking down Mr. Weasley to tell him what happened, Harry and Tonks returned to Grimmauld Place. Mrs. Weasley wasn't too pleased he was being so involved in things once again, but she relaxed considerably when they told her about Aurors protecting Hogwarts.

"Do you really think Voldemort will try something at Hogwarts?" Hermione asked worriedly.

"Who knows," Tonks shrugged. "It's possible, but I think Bones is more worried about the students that were probably marked over the Summer."

"What?" Hermione asked in disbelief. "I don't think Voldemort would be interested in marking students."

"He would," Sirius told her heavily. "He likes to get to them young, before they really know what they're getting themselves into. My brother, Regulus, took his mark before starting his fifth year. Hell, half the Slytherins in my year were marked before they graduated."

“Oh,” Hermione said with a troubled look.

“You can bet the kids of the Death Eaters we captured at the Ministry have taken the mark,” Tonks added. “You-Know-Who would need them to keep control of their family vaults if nothing else.”

Hermione bit her lips and stared down at her hands as they played with the hem of her shirt.

“Hermione?” Harry called out gently. “What’s wrong?”

“Hmm? Oh,” she said, looking up. “It’s just – I know they can be horrible, but to join the Death Eaters?”

She’s scared, Harry realized guiltily.

“I’m sorry,” he said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and pulling her against his side.

“It’s not your fault,” Hermione murmured, leaning into his embrace and resting her head on his chest. “It just really hit me that things are changing. I mean – we really are at war, aren’t we?”

Harry rubbed her arm as she sniffled. Harry felt like a lead weight had settled in the pit of his stomach.

“Hermione,” Harry whispered softly, “if it’s too much –”

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence, Harry Potter,” Hermione growled. “Even if I wasn’t your friend, I’d still be a target because I’m a Muggleborn.”

Selfishly, relief flooded through him.

Sitting up, she wiped away her tears and smiled.

“You’ll just have to teach me everything you learned over the Summer when we get back to Hogwarts,” she said decisively, bringing a smile to Harry’s face.

“That’s the spirit,” Sirius grinned.

“Count me in, too,” Ron added. “Hey, if we can prove Malfoy has the mark, do you think we could get him expelled?”

Sirius snorted, “Don’t count on it. Dumbledore won’t expel anyone without proof of a crime.”

“Having the mark itself isn’t a crime,” Tonks said at Ron’s crestfallen look. “We’ll just have to keep an eye on him.”

“I doubt he’ll try anything with Dumbledore and Aurors in the school,” Hermione said.

“You’re probably right,” Harry agreed. “We should be careful anyways. He’s likely to be upset we got dear old daddy arrested. I wouldn’t put it past him to think he could get away with something.”

“True,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes. “He’s always lived in a world of his own. At least he’s not nearly as skilled as he likes to think he is. If he had a brain to match that ego of his, we might actually have to worry.”

Harry and the others chuckled before he filled Sirius in on some of the times they’d gotten one over on the blonde ponce.

~

Later that night, as Harry closed the door to the bedroom, Tonks jumped into his arms with a grin, her arms and legs wrapping around him.

“I can’t believe we get to spend the whole year together,” she said with an infectious smile.

Leaning down, Tonks kissed him passionately. Walking her over to the bed, Harry banished their clothes before tossing his wand on the nightstand and laying her down on the mattress. As he kissed down her jaw and throat, Tonks moaned and combed her fingers through his hair.

“You think I could talk Dumbledore into giving you a private room?” she asked. “You know, for security?”

“You know, you’re going to have to have your own rooms in the castle,” Harry reminded her as he made his way down to her chest.

“Oh,” Tonks blushed. “I didn’t think of that.”

Chuckling, Harry took her nipple between his lips and sucked lightly.

“I’m so glad you’re going to be there,” Harry breathed over her skin. “I really wasn’t looking forward to leaving you at the end of the Summer.”

“Me neither,” Tonks smiled. “Now, just think of all the broom cupboards we get to visit. You know, I’ve never actually been in one.”

Harry chuckled as he buried his face between her perky breasts, enjoying the way her smooth, soft globes sandwiched his face.

“Neither have I,” he said, his voice slightly muffled.

Giggling, Tonks tugged his hair, pulling him up until his lips met hers.

“Then we’ll just have to explore them together,” she smirked.

Suddenly, Tonks threw her weight to the side, rolling them over so she straddled his hips.

“Maybe I can even talk Aurora into joining us in bed,” she said, wiggling her eyebrows.

A smirk stretched across her lips when Harry’s erection lurched excitedly under her.

“Ooh, someone likes that idea,” Tonks giggled, causing her breasts to jiggle enticingly.

“That’s entirely your fault,” Harry smirked.

Tonks hummed and bent down, kissing him as her breasts dragged along his chest.

“It is, isn’t it,” she mumbled against his lips.

With one last peck on the lips, Tonks sat up straight and rolled her hips, sliding her damp folds along his length. Grinning, she raised herself up and lined him up with her entrance. With a moan, she lowered herself down on his throbbing length, wiggling her hips as she settled on his lap.

Harry slid his hands up from where they rested on her hips, his caressing her sides and tickling her ribs until he reached her breasts. Tonks threw back her head with a moan, rolling her hips as he teased her soft pink nipples. Raising herself up, she stopped with just his engorged head

trapped between her folds before dropping back down, driving his cock into her sweltering depths.

Tonks' hair shifted through a rainbow of colors as she tilted her head forward and stared down at him. With a look that managed to be both playful and sultry, her insides shifted around him, her silky walls tightening around his shaft. When she moved again, his flared head scraped against her clutching walls, drawing a gasp from both of them.

"Bloody hell," Harry grunted.

Tonks gasped as she reached his tip, then slowly lowered herself with a shuddering moan.

"Harry," she moaned, drawing out his name.

Collapsing on his chest and burying her head in the crook of his neck, Tonks rocked back and forth with short, fast movements, her hips rolling as she reached his base. Harry closed his eyes and hissed in pleasure, one hand caressing her back while the other cupped her bum. As her movements continued and her breathing hitched, he turned and kissed her temple lovingly.

The feelings of Tonks' overly tight depths strangling his cock were incredibly intense. As much as he enjoyed her playful side, he loved moments like this just as much. Moments where he could hold her tight, her soft curves giving way to his firm muscles. Harry luxuriated in the closeness he felt with Tonks at times like these. Her slow, gentle movements were in sharp contrast to the intense sensations they were feeling, reminding him of those first few nights she had suffered under the aftereffects of the Curciatus Curse.

"I love you," Harry whispered, his fingers ghosting over her beck and sending a shiver up her spine.

"I love you, too," Tonks replied just as softly.

Turning her head, she kissed and sucked at the side of his neck. Planting his feet on the bed, Harry thrust up in time with the rocking of her hips. Tonks gasped, her body trembling as she gripped his shoulders and hugged him tightly. A whine worked its way up her throat and escaped her lips only a moment before she stiffened.

Harry grunted as her walls fluttered around his cock, drenching it in her arousal. Tonks' hips jerked back and forth frantically, gasping in his ear while she rode out her climax. Grabbing her ass roughly, Harry slammed his hips up, driving himself as deep as possible as he erupted inside of her. A contented moan escaped Tonks' lips as he filled her. His cock swelled with each burst, stretching her depths and extending her climax.

Despite how little they had moved, both of them sagged breathlessly by the time their peaks waned.

"Wow," Tonks breathed. "We should do this more often."

Harry hummed in agreement, cradling her tightly to his chest.

Chapter 16

Harry paced back and forth anxiously in the lounge of Grimmauld Place as he waited to hear from Tonks. Minister Bones had gotten the warrants approved to bring in all the Death Eaters she'd seen in his memory of the third task and hadn't wasted any time in going after them. Tonks had warned him that tonight, she, along with nearly every other Auror, would be executing warrants and making arrests.

He knew she was a talented witch and that doing this was her job, but he couldn't help the worry he felt. Voldemort was sure to catch wind of what was happening sooner or later, and when he did, he would want to remind the Aurors why he was to be feared. Anyone with the misfortune of running into him would be lucky if they were only killed.

Harry wished he could sit in the kitchen with the other Order members as they waited for news, but Mrs. Weasley had been quick to kick him and the other none members out and sent them upstairs. Ron and Ginny sat cross-legged on the floor, playing a game of chess, while Hermione read a book on charms on the couch. Fleur had joined them as well and was sitting in a comfortable chair, watching him pace with a sympathetic look.

“Pacing like that isn’t going to make time move any faster,” Hermione said as she turned the page.

“I know,” Harry grumbled. “What else am I supposed to do?”

“You just need to find something to distract yourself,” Hermione told him. “Try reading a book or something.”

“I can’t,” Harry sighed. “The only thing that really helps me relax is flying, and I can’t exactly do that here.”

“I’ll distract you,” Fleur said.

Standing up, she walked over and grabbed him by the hand before pulling him back over to the chair. Fleur pushed him down into the seat she had just left and then settled down on his lap with a playful smirk. As Harry wrapped his arms around her waist, her warm, comforting weight settling against his chest, he had to admit it was helping.

That wasn’t all Fleur planned to use to distract him, however. Grabbing his hands, she slid them up under her white blouse and then under her thin bra to let them rest on her bare breasts.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed, scandalized.

“You wanted ‘im to relax, non?” Fleur asked.

“I didn’t mean for you to do… *that*,” Hermione said frustratedly.

Fleur smirked, “Do you feel better, ‘Arry?”

“It is helping,” Harry admitted with a smile.

Giving her large, soft mounds a gentle squeeze, he pulled her firmly against his chest and kissed the side of her neck. Fleur hummed contentedly and relaxed onto him, her head resting on the back of the chair next to his. Harry caressed his fingers across the impossibly smooth skin of her firm breasts, his thumbs circling her areola. The French witch made a sound like a purr in the back of her throat as she wiggled her hips.

“Checkmate,” Ginny declared suddenly.

“Huh?” Ron asked dumbly, tearing his eyes away from Fleur to look at the board. “How…?”

“I win,” Ginny said smugly as her bishop decapitated his king.

“That’s not fair,” Ron whined. “I was distracted.”

Harry grinned while Fleur giggled, and Hermione shook her head.

“Boys,” she said.

“So, how’s work been going?” Harry asked Fleur.

Good,” she replied. “Zhey are finally starting to let me work wiz some of zhe more important artifacts. Could you unclip my bra? Eet’s starting to dig into my skin.”

Fleur sat forward so he could slide his hands around to her back and pop open the clasp of her bra. Letting out a relieved sigh, she sat back against him, wiggling her hips so that his growing erection was trapped between her cheeks.

“Are you still thinking about starting your own Enchanting shop?” Harry asked his hands traveling back around to her breasts.

“Oui,” Fleur replied. “I plan to spend a couple more years working for ze Goblins and saving my money before starting eet zhough.”

“What kind of enchantments are you going to sell?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Anyzhing I can zink of. Enchanted trunks and bags, Communication mirrors, and I plan to make a line of toys for women,” Fleur answered with a smirk. “I’m ‘oping ‘Arry will come work with me when he graduates. ‘E has given me a lot of good ideas.”

“Really?” Hermione asked, her eyes darting to the blonde’s chest where Harry’s hands continued to knead and caress her impressive bust.

“Oui,” Fleur said before a low moan escaped her lips. “’Arry ‘ad ze idea to make mirrors that work like Muggle Cell Phones, and ‘e wants to use larger mirrors to display images like a television. Eet’s magnifique.”

“That’s brilliant!” Hemione exclaimed, smiling proudly at Harry.

“It was just an idea,” he said modestly. “I have no idea how to make something like that actually work yet.”

“Zhat’s why you ‘ave me, mon Cherie,” Fleur said, kissing his cheek.

“Could I help?” Hermione asked. “It sounds fascinating.”

“Of course,” Fleur shrugged.

“Checkmate,” Ginny said again, this time with much less enthusiasm. “I’m done. I think I’m going to go lie down for a bit.”

Ginny practically ran from the room, leaving everyone looking after her curiously.

“Er, I’ll go check on her,” Ron said, his ears bright red as he tried not to look over at Fleur.

Picking up his chess set, he left the room, closing the door behind him.

“What was that about?” Harry asked.

Hermione shrugged, “I don’t know.”

As Hermione and Fleur turned back to their conversation on Runes that Harry tuned out, he concentrated on the feeling of Fleur’s soft body to distract him from his worry over Tonks. It worked to an extent, but he constantly found his thoughts drifting, wondering where she was and how she was doing.

About half an hour later, Fleur was called to the kitchen. Fortunately, they heard someone coming, and Harry was able to get his hands out from under her shirt before Sirius walked into the room. Sirius left first, giving Harry time to do up her bra before she left.

Now without a distraction, his leg bounced rapidly as his thoughts turned back to his girlfriend.

“Are you worrying again?” Hermione asked.

Harry nodded silently.

She bit her lip as she looked at him, “Is there anything I can do to help.”

“No,” Harry sighed. “I know it’s stupid, but I just keep worrying that something bad is going to happen to her. Guess I know how you’ve felt for the past four years.”

Harry tried to smile, but it came out as more of a grimace.

“It’s not very fun, is it?” Hermione asked softly.

“No,” Harry shook his head. “I’d much rather be the one out there, being worried about, than sitting here waiting to find out if she’s okay or not.”

Giving him a soft smile, Hermione stood up and walked over to him. Biting her lip, she hesitated for a moment before sitting on the arm of the chair and hugging him gently.

“I’m sure she’ll be fine,” she said reassuringly. “Tonks knows what she’s doing, and she has a team with her.”

“I know,” Harry sighed, leaning into her and inhaling her familiar scent.

~

The hours passed with agonizing slowness, and Harry outright refused to go when Mrs. Weasley tried to send him to bed. Moving over to the couch with Fleur, she curled up against his side as they continued to wait. Everyone else went to bed around midnight, but Harry still refused to leave until he knew Tonks was alright.

It was just after two in the morning when the Floo flared to life. Harry sat up sharply, disturbing Fleur, who had been asleep with her head on his shoulder. Hestia stepped out of the emerald flames first, looking utterly exhausted but pleased. The next few seconds felt like an eternity until Tonks stumbled out of the Floo.

Harry was on his feet in an instant, closing the distance between them with long strides until he wrapped his arms around her. Tonks smiled tiredly and leaned into his embrace.

“I’m fine, love,” she told him softly.

“Sorry,” Harry said, feeling sheepish now that he knew she was fine. “I was just worried.”

“’E’s been worried about you all night,” Fleur smiled. “We could barely get ‘im to sit still for more zan a few minutes.”

“Aw, that’s sweet,” Hestia sighed. “I wish I had a boyfriend that worried about me like that.”

Harry blushed and ran a hand through his hair even as his other arm remained wrapped securely around Tonks. With an airy laugh, Fleur stood from the couch and gave Tonks a hug.

“I’m glad you’re safe, too,” she said. “I take eet everyzing went well?”

“Mostly,” Tonks said as she let Harry lead her over to the couch.

She collapsed into the seat between Harry and Fleur with a tired sigh. Hestia sat across from them on the loveseat and used her wand to summon a bottle of Firewhiskey and four glasses.

“We made forty-seven arrests, but four Aurors were killed, and twenty-three had to be taken to St. Mungo’s,”

“What happened?” Harry asked, his eyes raking over her body to look for injuries. “Did anyone we know get hurt?”

Tonks caught his look and smiled softly before taking a sip of her drink.

“No. We just didn’t have time to get the intel we should have,” she said. “A few teams ran into a lot more Death Eaters than they were expecting. You-Know-Who recruited way more people than we thought he did. We managed to arrest about a dozen of the big name Death Eaters. The rest were just local thugs that’ve taken up the mark. I know some Death Eaters were killed, but I don’t know how many.”

“Despite the losses we took, tonight was a big win for our side,” Hestia said somberly.

“But will you be able to ‘old on to zem?” Fleur asked. “You-Know-Who has broken zem out of Azkaban before, non?”

“I don’t know what she has planned, but Bones seems to think they won’t be going anywhere,” Tonks replied, then down her glass quickly with a flaming belch. “Can we go to bed? I’m beat.”

Standing, Harry helped her to her feet and wrapped his arm around her waist. Fleur stood as well and gave Tonks a hug and kiss on the lips.

“I’m glad you’re safe,” she said softly.

“Thanks,” Tonks smiled. “Goodnight.”

“Bonne nuit,” Fleur replied.

“Thanks for staying up with me,” Harry said.

Smiling, Fleur gave him a kiss as well before he and Tonks made their way upstairs.

“Do you want a bath?” Harry asked while Tonks stripped out of her robes.

“That sounds great, but I’m just too tired tonight,” she said. “I just want you to hold me tonight.”

Smiling, Harry stripped out of his own clothes, and then the two of them crawled into bed. Tossing an arm and a leg over his body, Tonks rested her head on his chest and closed her eyes with a contented sigh. Holding her close, Harry kissed the top of her head and watched as she quickly drifted off to sleep. He spent a few minutes watching her, smiling when her hair changed from purple to orange, before closing his eyes and drifting off to sleep.

~

News of the Ministry’s success was all over the *Prophet* and the wireless the next morning. Tonks, along with Kingsley, Hestia, and Mr. Weasley, left early to go back to work so they could help with the cleanup. Apparently, there was a lot of evidence to catalog, questionings to do, and paperwork to fill out.

Just as Harry and the others were helping Mrs. Weasley clean up after breakfast, Professor McGonagall walked into the kitchen.

“Good morning, everyone,” she said.

“Oh, hello, Minerva,” Mrs. Weasley smiled. “We were just cleaning up, but I can make you something to eat if you’re still hungry.”

“No, thank you, I don’t have much time, I’m afraid. I just came to drop off these,” McGonagall said, pulling a stack of envelopes out of the pocket of her cloak.

“Oh no, our OWL results,” Hermione gasped, paling as she covered her mouth with her hands.

“While I haven’t seen your scores, I’m certain you did fine, Ms. Granger,” McGonagall said with a barely noticeable smile.

Handing the stack of envelopes to Harry, he handed one each to Ginny, Ron, and lastly, Hermione. She gently held it in her hands, her front teeth worrying her bottom lip.

“You go first,” she said.

Shrugging, Harry tore open his envelope and pulled out his letter. When he did, a heavy, metal object fell to the floor with a thud.

“You made Prefect!” Hermione squealed as he picked up the silver badge with a large ‘P’ on the front.

The next moment, he was spitting hair out of his mouth while Hermione hugged him tightly. She let go of him almost as quickly and snatched the parchment from his hands.

“Oh, congratulations, dear,” Mrs. Weasley smiled.

“Congratulations, Mr. Potter,” McGonagall said. “Professor Dumbledore thought you might have too much on your mind for the position, but I’m confident you can handle the added responsibility. Let me know if you feel like you can’t, and we can make other arrangements.”

“Thanks, Professor,” Harry said, feeling proud that he’d made Prefect, just like his mum.

“And you did really good on your OWLs,” Hermione beamed. “You got an A in History of Magic, an O in Defense, and E’s in Charms, Transfigurations, Potions, Care, and Runes. That’s seven OWLs!”

Jumping forward, she hugged him again before handing him his letter. As Hermione pulled back, she frowned at the look on his face.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“I only got an E in Potions,” Harry said. “that means I can’t take NEWT Potions, and I need that to become an Auror.”

“Mr. Potter, while Professor Snape may say that he only takes students that achieve Outstandings in his class, it has always been Hogwarts policy that anyone who achieves at least an E in the subject may take the NEWT course. I will ensure you are in that class.”

Harry sighed in relief, “Thank you.”

“How’d you do, Ron?” Hermione asked.

“Er, alright, I suppose,” he said, his ears going red. “I got an E in Defense, A’s in Charms, Transfigurations, Potions, Care, and Divinations, and a D in History.”

Mrs. Weasley snatched the parchment from his hand and read it with a frown.

“Well, you did better than the twins,” she said after a moment. “You really need to take your studies more seriously, Ronald.”

“I know,” Ron said, rolling his eyes before turning to Harry. “Sorry, mate, looks like we won’t be joining the Aurors together. No way Snape would let me in his class.”

“I’ll see what I can do, Mr. Weasley,” Professor McGonagall told him. “If there is room in the class, I’ll try to get you in. If not, then we will need to discuss other options for your career.”

Ron nodded and sat back down at the table with a frown.

Harry and Hermione shared a look before they simultaneously looked down at the unopened letter in her hands.

“You open it,” Hermione said, shoving the envelope into his hands.

Smiling, Harry tore it open and looked inside. His smile widened into a grin as he reached in and pulled out a silver badge identical to his.

“Congrats, Hermione. I knew it would be you,” Harry said, handing her the badge.

Eyes wide, she took it from him almost reverently.

“I can’t believe it,” she whispered, smiling brightly.

“Who else would they give it to, Lavender?” Ron snorted.

Smiling, Harry opened the letter and looked over her grades. Schooling his expression, he fought a smile as he read it over with a thoughtful hum. In front of him, Hermione shifted her weight from foot to foot nervously.

“Professor, are you sure this is right?” Harry asked.

“I’m afraid so, Mr. Potter,” Professor McGonagall said, her stern expression only lasting for a couple of seconds. “As expected, Ms. Granger has put your grades to shame.”

“Tell me!” Hermione demanded loudly.

Harry grinned from ear to ear, “Twelve OWLs, all O’s.”

Nearly ripping the parchment as she tore it from his hands, Hermione looked it over, then squealed excitedly.

“Great job, Hermione,” Harry said proudly.

“Indeed,” Professor McGonagall added. “You had the highest grades of any student in the last fifty years. The extra credit you earned in your Defense OWL for your Patronus put you over the top. I think it’s safe to say we can expect great things from you, Ms. Granger.”

With the brightest smile Harry had ever seen on her face, Hermione spun around and threw herself at him.

“Thank you so much,” she said. “There’s no way I would’ve done as well if you hadn’t taught us in the DA.”

“I’m sure you would’ve done just fine without me,” Harry said.

“You give yourself too little credit, Mr. Potter,” McGonagall told him sternly. “I’m well aware of what students were in your little club, and I’m sure you’ll be happy to know that the students you taught, on average, scored a full grade higher than those that didn’t. The Ministry has had numerous parents demand re-tests for their children because of Umbridge’s lack of teaching in the subject.”

Harry's jaw dropped as he stared at her.

"Oh, Harry, I knew you could do it," Hermione beamed. "Now, do you believe me that we should keep the DA going this year?"

"Er, yeah, I guess we should," Harry admitted.

"With results like that, I should hope so," Professor McGonagall said with a rare smile. "Congratulations to all of you, but I really must be going. Have a good day."

After bidding goodbye to the Professor, Hermione dragged Harry to the library so they could plan for the first DA meeting. Ron and Ginny joined them a little later, but Ron still had some of his Summer homework to finish.

When Hermione asked him why he waited so long to do it, he simply replied, "Why should I do homework for a class I might not have to take."

Later, when they made their way back to the kitchen, they found Sirius, who had been out buying some new clothes and furniture for the house, and Remus at the table. Mrs. Weasley, as usual, was cooking at the stove.

"I hear congratulations are in order," Sirius grinned. "Great job, all of you. You know, I don't know whether to be disappointed that you didn't cause enough trouble to not be Prefect or impressed that you did despite how much trouble you caused.

"Sirius," Mrs. Weasley reprimanded him.

Sirius rolled his eyes at her.

“Seriously though, great job, you two,” he continued. “Harry, I know your mum would be right proud of you. She was a Prefect, you know.”

“I know,” Harry smiled. “Thanks, Sirius.”

“What about Harry’s dad?” Hermione asked. “Was he a Prefect?”

“Merlin, no! With the amount of mischief we got up to, there was no way McGonagall would name him Prefect. She was forced to give it to this furball.” Sirius grinned, jerking his thumb over at Remus. “He really cleaned up his act sixth year, though, and ended up Head Boy.”

“What made him change?” Harry asked curiously.

“His parents were killed by Death Eaters,” Sirius said softly. “He was forced to grow up. We all were with the way the war started heating up. Then, of course, there was Lily. Once he cleaned up his act and Lily was willing to give him a chance, there was no way he was going back to how he was before.”

Shaking off his sad thoughts, he looked up at Harry and grinned.

“Of course, you already have a girl to make sure you behave,” Sirius teased.

Harry grinned in response, “You do know you’re talking about Tonks, right?”

“Sirius, we need to figure out a time to take the kids to Diagon Alley to get their school supplies,” Mrs. Weasley said as she set a plate of sandwiches and a tray of soup on the table.

“Tomorrow’s Saturday. We should be able to go then,” Sirius replied. “Tonks, Hestia, and Arthur will have the day off work, and I’m sure we can coax Moody into tagging along.”

“Alright,” she said. “I’ll talk to Arthur about it tonight.”

~

When Tonks got home later that night, long after the other Order members, including Fleur, had left for the evening, she looked even more exhausted than the night before. Her hair was visibly limp, and the purple color had none of the vibrancy he was used to seeing. Trudging over to the couch, she dropped down next to Harry and curled up against his side, her head resting on his shoulder. Despite the warm Summer night, she felt cool to the touch.

“Long day?” he asked sympathetically.

“We had trials all day today, and then we had to take all the prisoners to Azkaban before we could leave,” she told him with a shudder. “We had to make eight trips.”

Wrapping his arms around her, Harry rubbed her arms to try and warm her up.

“Dobby,” Harry called.

A moment later, the colorfully dressed House Elf appeared in front of him with a *pop*.

“Yous called Harry Potter, sir?” he asked.

“Hey, Dobby. Could you go run a bath in my room and then grab the box of chocolates off the dresser, please?” Harry asked. “The one from Lucinda’s.”

“Dobby would be happy to,” he said excitably before disapparating.

With her eyes closed, Tonks sighed contentedly and tilted her head up to kiss his cheek.

“You’re the best,” she murmured.

Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head. A couple of minutes later, Dobby popped back in and handed him the box of chocolates.

“Yous bath is ready, Harry Potter, sir,” he said, excitedly bouncing on the balls of his feet. “Will Harry Potter, sir, be needing anything else?”

“No, Dobby. But I think Hestia could use a cup of hot chocolate, if you don’t mind,” Harry said.

The words were barely out of his mouth before Dobby vanished again. He didn’t even have time to open the box of chocolates before he was back and handing a steaming mug to Hestia, who looked just as worn as Tonks.

“Thank you, Dobby,” Hestia smiled. “Tonks, thank your boyfriend for me when you get a chance.”

Laughing tiredly, Tonks tilted her head up. As Harry leaned down with a smile, she grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him down for a deep, languid kiss. When they finally broke apart, he looked over at Hestia with a goofy grin on his face.

“You’re welcome,” he said.

The room chuckled while Harry finally opened the box of chocolates and picked out one of the Firewhiskey filled ones he knew she loved. Feeding it to her, Tonks closed her eyes and moaned as it melted in her mouth. Smiling, he took out another and tossed it over at Hestia.

Before it reached her, Sirius’ hand shot out and snatched it out of the air. Turning to the brunette witch sitting next to him on the couch, he gave her a crooked grin and held it to her lips. Shaking her head, Hestia opened her mouth and let him feed it to her.

“Ooh, those are so good,” she moaned.

Seeing the smug look on his Godfather’s face, Harry decided to tease him a bit. Taking out another chocolate, he held it lightly between his teeth and bent down towards Tonks. Smiling, she gave him an opened mouthed kiss and used her tongue to scoop the chocolate into her mouth. As she let it melt in her mouth, Harry tossed another chocolate to Sirius with a challenging look.

With a cocky look, he stuck the chocolate between his teeth and turned to Hestia expectantly. She smiled at him, leaned forward, and then pushed the chocolate into his mouth with her index finger.

“I have a dog, and I’ve seen what he does with his mouth, mutt,” Hestia said to the laughter of the room.

Sirius pouted playfully, “Fine, more for me.”

“You ready for a bath?” Harry asked Tonks, happy to see he’d been able to put a smile on her face.

“That sounds perfect,” she smiled.

“You can use the bath in my room if you want to,” Sirius said to Hestia.

She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then smiled softly.

“That would be great, Sirius,” Hestia said.

“If he tries anything, Hex him good,” Tonks said.

“Would I do something like that?” Sirius asked innocently.

“Yes,” several people answered at once.

As laughter filled the room, Harry stood and then lifted Tonks into his arms bridal style.

“Night,” Tonks waved over his shoulder as he carried her towards the stairs.

Arms wrapped loosely around his neck, she rested her head on Harry’s chest as he climbed to the second floor and then carried her into the bathroom, kicking the bedroom door closed behind him.

“This brings back memories,” Tonks smiled.

“Funny, I was just thinking the same thing,” Harry said while setting her down on her feet.

Running her hands up his chest, Tonks smiled softly as her lips met his. Harry kissed her tenderly, only parting when she tugged his shirt over his head. It took them a couple of minutes to strip out of their clothes and then climb into the tub. Harry sat with his back against the foot of the tub while Tonks laid back against his chest with a sigh.

“Mmh, That feels *so* good,” Tonks whispered.

Kissing the crook of her neck, Harry ran his hands up her arms, then massaged her shoulders. With an almost sensual moan, Tonks relaxed against him. Pushing his thumbs firmly into her skin, he rubbed them in small circles on either side of her spine. Stopping at the base of her skull, his thumbs made their way back. When he reached her shoulders, he pressed his thumbs into her tight muscles and rubbed them in circles until he felt them relax.

Smiling at her sensual moans and groans, Harry leaned forward and kissed her shoulder while wrapping his arms around her waist. As his hands glided over her slick abs, Tonks reached back to grab the back of his head and pulled his lips to his. Caressing her stomach lightly, he slowly moved them up towards her chest until his hands filled with her full, soft globes. Tonks pulled her lips away from his and leaned her head back on his shoulder with a moan.

Leaving one hand caressing her breasts, his nails occasionally raking lightly over her delicate skin, his other hand slid back down her slim stomach and narrow waist to the flare of her hips. Tonks wiggled in his lap, burying his erection between her cheeks as he traced his fingers along the inside of her thigh. She eagerly spread her legs open wider when his touch ghosted towards her mound.

“Harry,” Tonks said in a needy breath.

Kissing her neck, Harry cupped her bald, heated mound and slipped his middle finger between her folds. Sucking in a sharp breath, Tonks bucked her hips forward into his hand. Careful not to touch her sensitive clit directly, he slipped two fingers into her sweltering depths while the heel of his palm pressed just about her excited little nub. Her lightly panting breath stuttered, and her hands gripped his thighs as a tremble ran through her body.

Smiling, Harry pumped his fingers slowly while running the back of his nail along the outside of her swollen nipple. Delving his fingers back into her, he traced them along her silky walls to her pleasure point with practiced ease. With a stuttering breath, she writhed in his lap, sending water sloshing against the sides of the tub. Reaching across her body to grab the opposite breast to help hold her in place, Harry rubbed his fingers around the rough patch of skin along the top of her folds.

“Oh, fuck,” Tonks gasped.

Tightening his grip on her chest as she began to writhe, Harry pressed the heel of his palm down on her clit. A groan left his lips as she rolled her hips and ground his erection against her bum. Pinching her nipple, he pressed his fingers directly against her g-spot while rubbing his palm against her clit. Tonks shivered and gasped as her hips bucked frantically. Her breath came in gasps, the little trembles as she exhaled telling him just how close she was.

Water splashed around Harry's arm as he moved it back and forth in short, sharp movements. Tonks' breath caught in her throat, and her legs clamped around his hand while her body hunched forward. Sucking in a deep breath, she let out a long, loud groan, the tendons in her neck popping against the skin as she threw her head back. Harry continued moving his hand rapidly throughout her climax until she eventually grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand away.

Panting heavily, Tonks collapsed against his chest while Harry wrapped his arms around her and held her tight to his chest.

"Feel better?" Harry asked with a grin.

"Mh hmm," Tonks murmured.

Turning her head, she kissed him lovingly and cuddled back into him to relax. A couple of minutes later, he realized she'd fallen asleep. Smiling, Harry kissed her temple before grabbing his wand. He vanished the water in the tubed and then used a charm to gently dry them both. Lifting her from the tub, he carried her into the bedroom and set her on the bed. Climbing into bed behind her, he spooned up behind her and closed his eyes. It took him quite a while to finally fall asleep, so he spent that time gently caressing her soft curves.

~

The next morning, Harry was woken by the pleasurable sensation of something hot and wet enveloping his exciting length. Blinking his eyes open, he looked down and smiled to find Tonks lying on her stomach with her feet kicking in the air behind her, her mouth bobbing up and down on his throbbing shaft. She moved unhurriedly, taking her time and practically worshiping his cock. With a groan, Harry ran his fingers through her bright pink hair and massaged her scalp.

Tonks hummed around his length and took him deep into her throat. Her tongue elongated beyond normal proportions and wrapped around him as she pulled back to the tip. Harry

inhaled sharply when she sucked hard around his swollen glans and swirled her tongue around it before pulling off with a *pop.*

“Morning, love,” she said, kissing his leaking tip.

“Morning,” Harry smiled, massaging her scalp.

“Mmh, I really do love sucking your cock,” she purred, plunging back down on his length before pulling back up. “I love fucking it too, but there’s just something about the way it feels in my mouth that I just love.”

Her feet swinging in the air above her fantastic bum, she took his tip into her mouth and sucked on it like a lollipop. Harry hissed as his sensitive head swelled against her tongue. Tonks hummed, her eyes sparkling as she looked up at him.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Harry cursed and groaned in frustration, but Tonks didn’t move other than to pull off of his cock.

“Harry? Tonks?” Hermione called.

Squeezing his shaft as she stroked it, Tonks’ eyes glittered as she looked at him.

“Come in!” she yelled.

Harry blushed but pulsed in her hand as Hermione opened the door and gasped, her eyes wide and her hand covering her mouth.

“Don’t just stand there. Come in and close the door,” Tonks told her.

While Hermione closed the door as if on autopilot, Tonks returned to languidly bobbing on his length.

“Do you have to keep doing that?” Hermione asked.

Her face was turned towards the wall, but Harry could see her looking at them from the corner of her eye. Tonks sucked hard and pulled off of him with a deliberately loud *pop*.

“Harry was really good to me last night, and I fell asleep before I could return the favor,” Tonks said. “He deserves a reward for taking such good care of me, don’t you think?”

Hermione buried her flushed face in her hands and groaned.

“You want to give it a try?” Tonks asked with a grin.

“No!” Hermione yelped. “I mean, not that I don’t find Harry… attractive. But he’s your boyfriend. I can’t… Anyways, I just can in to tell you we’re leaving for Diagon Alley in an hour.”

“Oh, okay. That gives us plenty of time,” Tonks said, then looked up at Harry. “You don’t mind grabbing a quick breakfast, do you?”

“No,” Harry groaned as she slurped on him loudly.

The presence of Hermione in the room was exciting, but it reminded him that he’d yet to talk to Tonks like he’d promised himself he would. He certainly wasn’t opposed to her inviting other women into their bed. He just wanted to know her thoughts on it, so he didn’t do something that would hurt her.

“I should go,” Hermione said.

“Aw, come on, Hermione,” Tonks pouted. “Relax a little. It’s just a bit of fun.”

Hermione paused and looked between the two of them with a deep blush. Catching her eye, Harry patted the bed next to him in invitation. Worrying her bottom lip, it took several seconds before she came to a decision. Walking over to the bed, she perched on the edge as if ready to bolt at any moment. Grinning at her, Tonks winked before swallowing him whole.

Groaning in pleasure, Harry grabbed Hermione’s arm and gave it a gentle tug. She let him pull her further onto the mattress until she was lying next to him, her eyes riveted to Tonks as she slowly dragged her lips up the length of his cock.

“You sure you don’t want to give it a try?” Tonks asked.

“I – I don’t think I should,” Hermione said, biting her lip.

“Why?” Tonks asked, licking Harry’s engorged, purple head.

“I-” Hermione started but was unable to finish.

“Look, would you rather your first time be with some guy you hardly know and have to hope he isn’t using you or someone you know cares about you, like Harry?” Tonks asked.

“But what if it changes things?” Hermione asked nervously.

“It will,” Harry told her softly. “But that isn’t a bad thing.”

“Do you want me to…?” Hermione trailed off and nodded towards his lap.

“I don’t want you to do anything you don’t feel comfortable doing,” Harry said. “But, yes, I’d love to do anything you’re willing to do. So long as Tonks is okay with it.”

Hermione stared at him intently for a moment before shaking her head.

“I can’t believe I’m even considering this,” she said. “I haven’t even kissed a boy yet.”

“Then kiss him,” Tonks shrugged.

“You’re really okay with this?” Hermione asked incredulously as Tonks bobbed on his length a couple of times.

“I like watching Harry with other women,” she said. “I like women as much as men, and I like knowing my man’s a total stud in bed. Do you have any idea how hot it is watching him fuck Fleur into a screaming mess and then *still* have enough left in him to do the same to me?”

“And you don’t feel jealous?” Hermione asked curiously.

“No,” Tonks said, licking him from base to tip. “I know Harry loves me. Sleeping with a few beautiful women now and then isn’t going to change that. Now, are you going to kiss him or what?”

Considering the conversation over, Tonks went back to devouring his cock. She was sucking him with much more intent this time, likely to put on a show for Hermione. She bobbed faster and wasn’t shy about slurping and even gagging loudly. Hermione’s face and chest flushed pink as she watched for a long moment before turning to Harry.

With one hand still threaded through Tonks’ pink hair, he smiled at her and draped his free arm over her shoulders. He slowly pulled her closer until their lips were just an inch apart. There, he paused, looking into her warm brown eyes closely. She looked nervous, but he didn’t see any sign that she wanted to stop.

Cupping her cheek, Harry leaned forward and pressed his lips to her softly. Hermione froze for just a second before kissing him back. As their lips moved together slowly, she reached out with a trembling hand and ran it over his bare chest. Harry throbbed when he slipped his tongue into her open mouth, not only from kissing his best friend but from knowing that his girlfriend was watching as well.

Taking his hand off Tonks' head, Harry rested it on Hermione's waist. As they continued to snog and Tonks deep throated his length, he slid his hand up over her waist and stopped at the bottom of her breast. Hermione surprised him when she moaned lightly and thrust her chest forward into his hand. She was still in her pajamas, leaving only a thin shirt between his hand and her breast. While smaller than Tonks', her firm, perky breasts still filled his hand, the stiffened nipple pressing into his palm.

A short time later, Harry pulled back from her and groaned loudly. Tonks had him rapidly nearing his climax with her more aggressive sucking. She smirked at him as she pulled off his throbbing cock and stroked his glistening shaft.

"If you want a turn, you better take it now," she told Hermione.

The brunette chewed her bottom lip thoughtfully but shook her head after a moment.

"I don't think I'm ready for that," she said, then ducked her head shyly. "I would like to keep kissing if that's okay."

Tonks smiled and shrugged, "Fine by me."

Hermione smiled and, as Tonks enveloped Harry's cock in her mouth, she turned back to him hopefully. Harry stroked her cheek with a smile, then tugged at the hem of her shirt with a questioning look. She hesitated for only a brief moment before sitting up and pulling her shirt up and over her head. Although he'd seen her naked before, thanks to Tonks, seeing the real thing felt different, more intimate.

Pulling her back down for another kiss, his hand cupped and caressed her bare breast. Hermione moaned into his mouth and ran her hand over his chest and abs freely. Meanwhile, Tonks buried his cock in her throat and shook her head slightly. Dragging her lips back up his shaft slowly, she bobbed quickly over his tip, her hand stroking his spit-soaked shaft with a little twist at the end.

Harry panted through his nose as he kissed Hermione heatedly, his fingers lightly pinching and rolling her hard nipple. In turn, she moaned into his mouth and rubbed herself against him, her hand exploring his naked torso. With Tonks working so hard to get him off, it was only a matter of moments before he tipped over the edge. His cock surged in her sucking mouth as he erupted, flooding her mouth with a torrent of cum.

After not getting a release the night before and the prolonged blowjob, he came much more than he normally did. Harry came so much that a thick stream leaked from the corner of Tonks' lips despite her best efforts to keep it in.

With a long groan, Harry pulled his lips away from Hermione's and collapsed against the pillows.

"Wow," Hermione said, flushed and breathless.

Turning to Tonks, she watched as the pink-haired witch showed her the pearly white pool in her mouth before making a show of swallowing. With a smirk, Tonks wiped the streak that had leaked down to her chin with her finger. Scooting closer on her knees, she held her hand out to Hermione.

Curious, she leaned forward and looked at it closely.

"What's it like?" Hermione asked.

“A little salty but not bad,” Tonks shrugged. “Go on, give it a try. Guys really like that sort of thing for some reason.”

Glancing back at Harry briefly, Hermione wrapped her lips around Tonks’ finger and sucked it clean. Harry’s limp member gave a throb as she swirled it around in her mouth before swallowing.

“It’s not nearly as bad as Lavender made it sound,” Hermione said after a moment.

“Some girls just hate it,” Tonks shrugged, sending her breast bouncing pleasantly. “I think it’s more the thought of it than the taste that really bothers them.”

As fascinating as the conversation was, Harry interrupted them by pulling Tonks on top of him and kissing her hard.

“I love you,” he said softly.

Tonks smiled lovingly, “Love you, too.”

After giving him another kiss, she pushed herself up on her hands and knees and turned to Hermione. Crawling over top of her, Tonks slowly lowered her face until their lips met. Hermione kissed her back hesitantly but relaxed surprisingly quickly. Harry felt himself hardening as he watched their tongues dance and Tonks’ dangling breasts brush against Hermione’s perky mounds.

Unfortunately, they broke apart a short time later, and Tonks climbed off of the bed.

“We should get ready before Molly sends someone else to come look for us,” she said.

Blushing while eyeing Tonks' curvy figure as she walked over to the wardrobe, Hermione sat up and grabbed her shirt. Before she could put it back on, Harry pulled her in for one last kiss and cupped her breasts. Grinning as they broke apart, he hopped from the bed to get dressed.

~

Half an hour later, Harry and the others stepped into Diagon Alley. The atmosphere had changed much from the year before. People darted from one shop to the next, never lingering in the Alley for long. There was also a strong Auror presence, with at least six visible the moment they entered the Alley.

"Come on, everyone," Mrs. Weasley said. "Move quickly and stick together."

Tonks rolled her eyes as the large group, which included Mr. Weasley, Kingsley, Hestia, Moody, Sirius, and Remus, for a guard. The first stop was Flourish and Blott's, where they all picked out their books. Hermione was disappointed she couldn't look for long but was appeased when the clerk offered her an owl order magazine she could take with her.

From there, they went to Madam Malkin's. Mrs. Weasley began looking through the second hand racks for Ron and Ginny, but Sirius put a stop to that quickly.

"Have them get new robes, Molly. It'll be faster than having them try on old ones. I'll cover the cost," he said.

"I can't –"

"Consider it a thank you for helping to the house and cooking all those meals," Sirius interrupted with a smile.

Mrs. Weasley didn't look quite convinced until Arthur pulled her aside for a talk. In the end, they took Sirius up on his offer, and all of them got new robes. Including, oddly, Tonks.

“Tonks, why are you getting Hogwarts robes?” Ginny asked as they stood next to each other to get measured.

“Just in case I need to blend in,” Tonks said, then looked around to make sure Molly was distracted before leaning close to whisper. “Besides, I thought Harry and I could do a bit of roleplaying.”

Ginny blushed and giggled while Harry shook his head. But he had to admit, it brought up some interesting ideas.

With the money they saved on robes, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley were able to buy a broom for Ron. It was used and wasn’t the best, but it would work fine for a Keeper. Ron was ecstatic as they made their way around the corner, and their jaws dropped. Ahead of them stood the bright orange storefront of Weasley wizardly Wheezes. In one of the windows sat a sign that read;

You-No-Poo

The consitpation sensations that’s gripping the nation!

Get yours now for 10% off with any purchase over 1 Galleon!

“Whoa,” Tonks exclaimed. “That’ll definitely get your attention.”

“It’ll get them killed!” Mrs. Weasley huffed. “What are they thinking!?”

She stormed towards the bustling building while the rest of them followed.

“Where’d Fred and George get the money for all this?” Ron asked, staring in awe at the store.

Harry took Tonks’ hand and dropped back a bit.

“They must’ve gotten it from all those owl order forms last year,” Hermione guessed.

Tonks smirked at Harry and squeezed his hand.

As they entered the store, Harry recognized most of the patrons as his classmates. Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot were cooing excitedly at the tank full of Pigmy Puffs, small, furry, round animals with a pair of large eyes and a small mouth that came in every color of the rainbow. Seeing all the bright colors immediately reminded him of Tonks’ hair.

Katie, Angelina, and Alicia were browsing the Skiving Snack Boxes, waving when they saw him. Just Finch-Fletchley and Zacharius Smith were looking at the You-No-Poo. Lavender Brown, the Patil twins, and Romilda Vain were all gazing at a display for Love Potions. Even Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis from Slytherin were wandering around with impressed looks.

“Welcome!” a familiar voice yelled.

“To Weasley Wizarding Wheezes!” the Weasley twins announced together as they appeared out of nowhere.

Both of them were grinning brightly in identical, bright orange Muggle tuxedos, complete with top hats and canes.

“Guys, this place is brilliant!” Harry said.

“All thanks to our brilliant investor,” Fred winked.

“Without their incredible foresight, it would’ve taken us years to get to this point,” George continued.

Harry flushed and scratched the back of his neck.

“Hey, why don’t you lot have a look around while we have a word with Mr. Chosen One here,” Fred said as the two of them wrapped their arms around his shoulders.

“Does she know?” George whispered, nodding at Tonks.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

Looking at each other, the twins nodded. Fred hooked his arm through Tonks’ and led the two of them towards the back.

“Fred! George!” Mrs. Weasley yelled, finally spotting them.

She tried to bustle over to them but got caught up in the crowd. Taking them through the back door, Fred asked Verity, a pretty blonde witch only a couple years older than the twins, to watch the shop. Leading Harry and Tonks up a spiraling staircase, they ended up on a balcony that overlooked the entire shop.

“So, what do you think?” George asked with a grand wave of his arm.

“It’s incredible,” Harry said sincerely. “I had no idea you had so many products.”

“We’ve been working on this since first year,” Fred said.

“Seriously, though, if you hadn’t given us those Galleons, we’d still be stuck at Hogwarts taking owl orders,” George told him.

“Which is why we want to give you this,” they said in unison.

The tow of them searched their pockets until Fred pulled out a key.

“This is for you,” he said. “As our first-”

“-and only-” George added.

“-investor. We’ve decided to give you ten percent of the company and the profits,” Fred finished.

“What!?” Harry gasped. “I can’t take this. This is your business.”

“You can.”

“And you will.” Both said, folding their arms over their chests.

“We have some other stuff for you, too,” George told him while Fred grabbed a box from the corner.

“This is a sample of most of our products, plus about twenty Shield Hats and Cloaks for the DA,” Fred said, handing it to him.

“The Ministry just ordered a set of each for every Auror. We’re selling them faster than we can make them,” George added. “We’ve had to hire another company to make them just so we can stock some on the shelves.”

“And it’s all thanks to you,” Fred nodded. “You were the only one that actually believed in us, and we’re not going to forget that.”

“Anything you or your lady want, it’s on the house,” George finished firmly.

“Thank you, but you know you don’t have to do this,” Harry said.

“And you didn’t have to give us a thousand Galleons,” George grinned. “But you did, so here we are.”

“We better get back downstairs,” Fred said to his twin. “The registers are getting backed up.”

“Hey,” Tonks said, stopping them. “Those Love Potions you’re selling. You also make an antidote?”

“Of course,” the twins said in unison.

“We’ll need some of that,” she told them. “I have a feeling quite a few of those girls down there are going to try and slip some to lover boy over here.”

Fred and George shared a look and nodded.

“We’ll owl it to you before the first,” Fred said.

When Tonks nodded, satisfied, the twins gave them a salute and left. Turning back to Harry, she grinned and grabbed his hand.

“Come on, let’s go see what they have,” she said excitedly.

Harry smiled as his girlfriend dragged him all over the shop. By the time they left half an hour later, everyone, even Hermione, had a bag of Wheezes. Tonks and Ginny had also gotten Pigmy Puffs. Ginny named her’s Arnold, while Tonks named her’s Lacy.

“Lacy?” Ginny asked curiously.

“She’s the same color as Harry’s favorite lingerie – well, his favorite lingerie of mine – and it’s lacy,” Tonks explained. “How’d you come up with Arnold?”

“One of my roommates has a poster of someone named Arnold,” Ginny said, her ears going pink. “It was just the first name that popped into my mind.”

“As in Arnold Schwarzenegger?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

Hermione covered her mouth and giggled.

“It was all I could think of,” Ginny said. “At least mine isn’t named after a pair of knickers.”

As the girls continued to tease each other playfully, Harry spotted a familiar head of blonde hair out of the corner of his eye. Unfortunately, it wasn’t Fleur. He watched as Malfoy snuck away from his mother and headed for Knockturn Alley.

“Tonks,” Harry whispered, tugging on her sleeve.

Following his gaze, her eyes narrowed. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his cloak and gave her a questioning look. Tonks pursed her lips, then nodded.

“Can you two cover for us?” Tonks asked as they ducked between buildings and threw on the cloak.

“Be careful,” Hermione said.

Wrapping his arm around Tonks so they could fit under the cloak together, they carefully made their way down the steps to Knockturn Alley. They caught sight of Malfoy just as he turned the corner and hurried after him. He looked around suspiciously before ducking inside Borgin and Burke's.

With no way to sneak into the shop, the two of them hugged the wall across the street and watched through the grimy window. After talking to Borgin for a minute and gesturing to the large cabinet Harry had hidden in years earlier, Malfoy grabbed his sleeve and jerked it up. Borgin paled and nodded while Malfoy tugged his sleeve back down.

Tossing a bag of what Harry presumed was gold on the counter, Malfoy left the shop and hurried back up to Diagon Alley. He made to follow him, but Tonks pulled him to a stop. Following her gaze back to the shop, they watched as Borgin took the price tag off the cabinet. When the old man sat back down at the counter and put his head in his hands, Tonks began shifting next to him. A moment later, she looked like a hag and pulled her hood up over her head.

"Wait here," she whispered.

Harry nodded reluctantly as she made sure no one was looking and slipped out from under the cloak. Walking across the Alley, she entered Borgin and Burke's. Harry watched her closely and gripped his wand tightly as she walked around the shop, talking to Borgin. He watched her pass by the cabinet twice but never stopped at it or even seemed to take an interest in it. A couple of minutes later, she bought a vial of something and left the shop. Harry followed her closely as she made her way back to Diagon alley and ducked between two buildings.

"Harry?" she whispered, changing back to her normal look.

"I'm here," he replied quietly before taking off the cloak and stuffing it in his pocket. "Any luck?"

Tonks shook her head, "I've never seen anything like it before."

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“Malfoy must’ve showed Borgin his Dark Mark, though, right?” he asked.

“Definitely,” Tonks nodded. “The real question is, what is that cabinet, and why does he want it?”

“I don’t know,” Harry shrugged, “but I’ll bet it not for anything good.”

“Look, I know you can take care of yourself – I’m not questioning that – but I want you to be careful around Malfoy this year,” Tonks told him gently. “People are dangerous when they’re desperate, and Malfoy looked really desperate and scared. Be careful around him, please.”

“I will,” Harry said.

Nodding, Tonks leaned forward and hugged him.

“I’ll talk to Shack and see if we can search the shop,” she said, still holding him. “I’m sure we’ll be able to figure out what it is.”

Pulling back, she smiled and gave him a kiss.

“Come on, let’s get back before Molly sends out a search party,” she said.

Hand in hand, they walked back out into the Alley to join the others.

Chapter 17

Harry grabbed an arm full of folded clothes from the dresser and moved it to his trunk.

“Are you excited to be going back tomorrow?” Tonks asked, wrapping her arms around his chest and kissing the back of his neck.

Harry smiled as her fingers traced abstract lines through his t-shirt.

“Not really,” he said, spinning around in her arms and holding her close. “I’m really going to miss sharing a bed with you every night.”

Tonks smirked before leaning forward and giving him a brief kiss.

“You won’t have to,” she said, her breath ghosting over his lips. “Part of my assignment is keeping you safe. Considering the number of attempts on your life inside the castle, I thought it best to keep you close. Since neither the Head Boy or Girl are from Gryffindor this year, we’ll be sharing the Head’s suite.”

Harry grinned brightly and lifted her off her feet to spin her around in a circle, his lips crashing against hers. Tonks giggled as he came to a stop and set her back down on her feet.

“You are brilliant!” Harry said with a crooked grin on his lips.

“I know,” Tonks smirked.

Sliding her arms up around his neck, she kissed him passionately before pulling back and giving him a pat on the bum. Walking over to the dresser with a smile, she grabbed an armload of clothes to help him back.

“Since this is our last night here for a while, I invited Fleur over to spend the night,” Tonks said.

Harry grinned at the thought of spending one more night with Fleur. He was going to miss her when he went back to school. That thought also reminded him of something he'd been meaning to talk to Tonks about for a while.

"Actually, I've been meaning to talk to you about that," Harry said. "Not that I mind you bringing beautiful women over to sleep with us, but we never really talked about it."

Tonks sighed, "I suppose we haven't. I know we probably should've talked to you about this sooner, but I kinda needed time to figure things out in my own head first."

"And what did you figure out?" Harry asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"Well, I think we can both admit we care about Fleur," Tonks said, sitting next to him and taking his hand in hers. "And it's pretty obvious she cares about us."

"And that doesn't bother you?" Harry asked.

"Does it bother you that I care about Fleur?" she countered.

"No," Harry smiled.

"No," Tonks agreed, squeezing his hand and smiling. "We talked about it, and with you being at school for another 2 years, and her wanting to focus on her career, we'll just keep things as they are for now. If that's alright with you, of course."

"That's fine," Harry said. "And how are things between us, exactly?"

Tonks laughed, "A little more than friends with benefits. I didn't want her to feel tied down when we're going to be gone for most of the year, but I doubt she's going anywhere."

“Alright,” Harry said. “And Hermione?”

“You care about her, I think she’s cute, and I thought she could use some experience with someone she trusts,” Tonks said, then smiled. “Besides, like I told her the other night, I really do like watching you shag someone into a coma. As long as it’s with someone I trust, at least.”

“It really doesn’t bother you?” Harry asked, watching her closely.

“You know how you get all hot and bothered watching me and Fleur together?” she asked.

Harry nodded.

“I feel the same way watching you with Fleur and Hermione,” Tonks continued with a grin, leaning forward so their lips were an inch apart. “Come on, you can’t tell me you wouldn’t love to see shy, innocent Hermione’s lips wrapped around your big fat cock.”

Harry smiled as she let go of his hand to squeeze his thigh and kissed him hard.

“And what about other guys?” Harry asked quietly when they broke apart.

This is what worried him most, but Tonks just rolled her eyes.

“I’ve told you before, I have no interest in other men,” she said.

“It just doesn’t seem – fair,” Harry said.

“Why not? I like women as much as you,” Tonks shrugged. “Besides, it’s not about being fair. It’s about what makes both of us happy. And I *am* happy.”

“Me too,” Harry smiled.

They shared a gentle, loving kiss for a long moment before Tonks stood and pulled Harry to his feet.

“Come on, let’s finish packing so we can get ready for tonight,” she smiled. “You know, we could invite Hermione too.”

“If you want to,” Harry said. “I don’t know if she’d go for it, though.”

“I think she might,” Tonks disagreed. “She’s more attracted to you than you think; she just doesn’t want to admit it.”

“You think so?” Harry asked.

“I know so,” Tonks grinned.

~

“Hey, Hermione,” Tonks called, jogging to catch up to her as they walked towards the library.

“Tonks. What’s up?” Hermione asked.

Grinning, Tonks grabbed her arm and pulled her into the library before shutting the door.

“Well, since we’re all going to Hogwarts tomorrow, I decided to throw a little going away party for Harry with Fleur and me. I was wondering if you wanted to join us,” she said, wiggling her eyebrows.

“You mean, you and Fleur are going to…”

“Fuck Harry’s brains out?” Tonks finished with a smirk. “Yep.”

“I don’t think I’m-”

“Oh, come on, Hermione, you know you want to,” Tonks said. “If you’re not going to admit it to me, at least admit it to yourself.”

Hermione, whose mouth was opened to reply, snapped it closed and blushed lightly.

“Why are you even pushing for this? Harry’s your boyfriend,” she said.

“Because it’s fun,” Tonks smiled. “Look, Harry and I aren’t going to make you do anything you don’t want to, but think about it this way. If you could have your first time with anyone, who would it be?”

Hermione bit her lip and looked away, giving Tonks all the answer she needed.

“Just think about it, okay? Harry and I would both love to have you there,” Tonks said.

As Hermione turned back to look at her, Tonks stepped closer and kissed her on the lips. Hermione inhaled sharply through her nose and froze for a moment before kissing her back. When Tonks pulled back, Hermione let out a shuddering breath before opening her eyes.

“See you tonight,” Tonks winked, then turned and left the room.

The moment the door closed, Hermione backed up and sank into a chair, her bottom lip trapped between her teeth with a thoughtful look on her face.

~

While Hermione sat in the library, Harry and Tonks watched as the Weasley kids ran around the house, looking for things they'd lost. It was quite amusing to watch one twin distract their mother while the other pulled hidden prank materials out of every nook and cranny you could think of. Sirius gladly helped the two, twice saving the twins from getting caught with a quick distraction.

When Hermione eventually joined them for dinner, she was quiet and obviously torn. She glanced at Harry numerous times throughout the meal but always looked away quickly. Tonks didn't make things any easier by smirking and winking at her every time their eyes met, though Harry had to admit, it was amusing to see Hermione's cheeks flush pink.

Fleur arrived shortly after they finished eating. She said she was staying to help escort them to King's Cross, but Harry knew she was there for another reason. Smiling, she joined Harry and Tonks on the couch, leaving him sandwiched between the two beautiful women.

Hermione sat with a book in front of her face, though her eyes continually glanced over at Harry. He thought he saw a jealous look cross her face when Fleur took his hand and curled up against his side. It probably didn't help that Sirius made several thinly veiled comments about sleeping arrangements for the night.

Eventually, Mrs. Weasley sent them all to bed early in the hope that they could get to King's Cross with more than a few minutes to spare for once. Harry didn't think there was any chance of that happening. He knew for a fact that Ron was still only half packed, despite what he'd told his mother earlier.

While Fleur took Harry by the hand and quickly dragged him upstairs, Tonks stayed behind, waiting for the room to clear.

"Are you coming, Hermione?" Ginny asked.

“I’ll be up in a little bit. I just want to finish this chapter,” Hermione said, holding up her book.

“Don’t stay up too late, dear,” Mrs. Weasley told her.

“I won’t,” Hermione said.

A few moments later, Tonks and Hermione were the only ones left in the room.

“So, you coming?” Tonks asked quietly.

Biting her lip, Hermione closed her book and nodded, her teeth worrying her bottom lip.

“Don’t look so nervous,” Tonks said as they both stood. “This is supposed to be fun.”

“I know,” Hermione sighed. “But Fleur will be there, and I-”

“You really shouldn’t compare yourself to other women,” Tonks interrupted. “Take it from someone who can look however they want. Nothing good will ever come from it.”

“I know,” Hermione said. “I’m sorry, I’m just nervous. I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Just relax and have fun,” Tonks told her while taking her hand. “Trust me, you’ll enjoy it.”

Leaning forward, Tonks kissed her softly before pulling back with a smile. Still holding Hermione’s hand, she led her out of the sitting room and up the stairs. They entered Harry’s room to find him and Fleur naked and already in bed. Fleur was lying next to him as they kissed, her hand running up and down his chest. Both of them stopped and looked up at the sound of the door closing.

“’Ermione,” Fleur smiled.

Harry smiled as well, and Hermione smiled back nervously. Next to her, Tonks locked and silenced the door before stripping out of her clothes. Fleur went back to snogging Harry, her hand stroking his hardened length, while Hermione stood in the same spot, nervously chewing her bottom lip.

“Come here,” Tonks said gently, taking her hand.

Pulling Hermione close, she kissed her while lifting the bottom of her shirt. They broke apart for just a moment so she could pull it up over her head before their lips crashed together again. While Tonks could feel Hermione trembling slightly, she showed no hesitation as she stripped her down to nothing.

Breaking their kiss, Tonks grinned and pulled her over to the bed. Harry and Fleur parted as the mattress shifted and looked back at them with a smile. Fleur crawled backwards towards them when they stopped at Harry’s waist. Hermione’s eyes were only torn away from his towering erection when Fleur’s hand wrapped around the base of the shaft. Both of them turned their heads to look at each other at the same time before Fleur leaned in and kissed her on the lips.

Harry pulsed in Fleur’s hand as they slowly pulled apart, a thin string of saliva connecting their full, pink lips. With a sexy, playful grin, Fleur kept her eyes locked with Hermione’s as she leaned forward and took him into her mouth. Harry inhaled sharply, his hand running over her silvery blonde hair. Fleur bobbed her head a couple of times before swallowing his entire length. While Harry groaned, Hermione watched wide eyed and licked her lips unconsciously.

Slowly, Fleur pulled back, leaving his long, hard cock glistening with her saliva.

“Do you want to try?” Fleur asked.

“I – I’ve never…,” Hermione stammered.

“But you want to,” Fleur smirked. “You weel do fine. Eet’s easy.”

Licking her lips, Hermione looked at Harry’s cock before glancing up to his face. Smiling reassuringly, he reached out and caressed her cheek. Smiling, Hermione raised herself up and moved forward until her head was hovering over his throbbing length. Taking a deep breath, a look of determination came over her face a moment before she opened wide and wrapped her lips around the top third of his length.

“Use your tongue,” Tonks said, caressing Hermione’s back lightly.

“Oui, and suck ‘ard as you pull up, zen inhale zhrough your nose on ze way back down,” Fleur instructed.

Hermione followed the advice as she bobbed her head slowly up and down. While she wasn’t as skilled as Tonks or Fleur, it still felt incredible, and the sight of his best friend’s lips stretched around his girth was a powerfully erotic sight.

Unfortunately, she got a bit ahead of herself and tried to take him too deeply. The head of his cock hit the back of her throat, and she gagged loudly. Yanking her head up, Hermione coughed hard as her eyes watered.

“How do you do that?” she asked.

“Fleur doesn’t have a gag reflex, and I can get rid of mine,” Tonks smiled, rubbing her back.

“You can learn ‘ow to do it,” Fleur said, smiling at Hermione’s cute little pout. “Eet just takes practice. ‘Ere, try again.”

As Hermione took him back into her mouth, Fleur gathered her hair into a ponytail and held it out of the way.

“Put him agaist ze back of your zhroat and try to relax,” she told her.

“It helps if you swallow right before trying to go deeper,” Tonks added. “It’ll feel weird at first, and you won’t be able to breath; just don’t panic, and you’ll be fine.”

Hermione nodded her head slightly, and Harry smiled as she narrowed her eyes determinedly. Taking a deep breath through her nose, she pushed her head down. Immediately, her throat spasmed around Harry’s cock as she gagged, her chest heaving. Despite that, she held herself down for several seconds. Tears leaked from her eyes while thick saliva dribbled from her lips.

Suddenly, she shot off of him, coughing as she sucked in air sharply.

“Nice job,” Tonks grinned. “You’ll be a world class cocksucker in no time.”

Hermione blushed while Fleur giggled, and Harry smiled. Nudging Hermione’s shoulder, Tonks leaned forward and deepthroated him easily.

“Show off,” Hermione muttered playfully as Tonks let out a muffled chuckle, which caused Harry to groan.

When Tonks pulled off, Hermione quickly took her place to try again. Harry watched as her lips descended down his shaft. She gagged again but managed to take him a bit further into her throat. She stopped with at least a couple of inches to go before reaching his base, but it still felt incredible. As Hermione held herself still, Fleur tilted her head sideways and wrapped her lips around the exposed part of his shaft.

“Bloody hell,” Harry said.

Tonks grinned at him before doing the same as Fleur on the other side of his length. Being so close together, the girls’ lips all touched each other in some way. Hermione pulled back to take

a deep breath before forcing herself to choke on his shaft once more. While Fleur and Tonks could take him easily, Harry had to admit it was quite erotica listening to loud, wet gags and squelches coming from Hermione's throat.

"Hermione, I'm close," Harry warned.

"Don't let him finish yet," Tonks said.

Hermione pulled off of him and took a moment to catch her breath.

"Why not?" she asked.

"You want to fuck him, don't you?" Tonks asked.

Hermione flushed and bit her lip while eyeing his spit soaked length nervously.

"You don't have to if you don't want to, Hermione," Harry told her.

"I – I want to," Hermione admitted quietly.

Grinning, Tonks pushed herself up onto her hands and knees and crawled up until she was face to face with Harry.

"Have fun. Fleur and I can entertain ourselves for a bit," she said quietly.

Harry smiled and kissed her softly.

"Just save some energy for me," Fleur smiled.

She kissed him as well before the two of them moved to the other side of the bed. Fleur giggled when Tonks pushed her down on her back and took one of her puffy pink nipples between her lips.

“You like my breasts almost as much as ‘Arry,” Fleur teased.

“Love, everyone likes your breasts,” Tonks smiled before switching to the other.

Smiling, Harry turned back to Hermione. She smiled at him nervously, and he held out his hand. When she took it, he pulled her up until she was straddling his waist.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked.

“I’m sure,” Hermione said. “Tonks was right. There’s no one else I’d rather have my first time with.”

Smiling, Harry stroked her cheek and pulled her down for a kiss. As they kissed, he slid his hands down to her hips. Pulling her down, he ground his erection against her hot, damp folds. Both of them moaned at the contact, and Hermione rolled her hips unconsciously.

When they broke apart, Hermione bit her lip and lifted her hips. Harry reached down and lined himself up with her entrance. Letting out a trembling breath, she slowly lowered her weight. His head slipped into her impossibly tight depths, causing her to gasp loudly. Reaching up, Harry caressed her breast firmly as she dropped lower and lower. A small whimper left her lips when she finally bottomed out, her bottom lip turning white between her teeth.

“You okay?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Hermione panted. “Just- give me a minute.”

“Take all the time you need,” Harry said.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Tonks grinned.

Harry looked over to find her and Fleur watching closely. Tonks was on her side, her fingers slowly slipping in and out of Fleur’s folds.

“I understand why you spend so much time in bed now,” Hermione said with a short, breathless laugh.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione started rocking her hips. As she moaned, Harry caressed her cheek and pulled her down for another kiss. While their tongues and lips danced, she started moving surprisingly fast. He started to worry she was overdoing it when she pulled her lips away from his and let out a low, wanton moan.

Closing her eyes, her body trembled and shook as she reached a sudden climax.

“Harry,” Hermione cried.

“I knew you’d love it,” Tonks smiled.

“She’s a natural,” Fleur said.

By the time Hermione’s climax was over, and she collapsed on his chest, Harry was on the verge of his own. Holding her hips, he planted his feet on the bed and thrust into her wildly. Hermione gasped, her fingernails digging into the skin of his shoulders. Just as Harry hit his peak, erupting in her depths, Hermione cried out and came for a second time. After a long moment, both of them collapsed in a boneless heap.

“Was I alright?” Hermione asked quietly.

“You were brilliant,” Harry whispered.

Smiling, Hermione turned her head, and they shared a kiss. When they pulled apart, she lifted herself off of him and rolled over onto her back. She’d barely settled when Fleur crawled over on her hands and knees and buried her face between her thighs.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped.

“Looks like someone else wants some attention,” Tonks panted, fingering herself furiously.

Fleur moaned, wiggling her bum in the air. Grinning, Harry crawled over and climbed up behind her.

~

Despite a rather long night, All of them were up early the next morning to avoid getting caught. After a quick breakfast and the usual Weasley rush to grab some possessions last minute, they climbed into a Ministry care and rode to King’s Cross station.

Somehow, Harry seemed to draw even more attention than usual. Parents and students alike stared at him, whispering as he passed.

“I really hope it’s not like this all year,” Harry sighed.

“Things will go back to normal in a few days. They always do,” Hermione told him.

Tonks stayed a few steps behind them, keeping a professional air in public.

“I hope you’re right,” Harry said.

Chapter 18

After climbing onto the train, Harry, Hermione, Ron, and Tonks found an empty compartment and quickly claimed it for themselves while the twins and Ginny left to go sit with their friends. They chatted for a few moments before the train lurched away from the station.

“Ah, this brings back memories,” Tonks sighed, glancing out the window with a smile.

“Harry, we need to go meet with the other Prefects,” Hermione said.

“You know, I’m glad I’m not a Prefect anymore,” Ron said. “I hated all those boring meetings.”

“They’re not boring,” Hermione huffed.

Harry smiled before kissing Tonks on the cheek and climbing to his feet.

“I should go with you,” Tonks said. “The Prefects will need to work with the Aurors that are going to be at the school.”

“Where are the other Aurors?” Hermione asked as they stepped out into the hall.

“They’re waiting for the train in Hogsmeade,” Tonks said. “Bones wants everything searched before it enters the castle.”

“I hope Fred and George don’t get into trouble for anything,” Hermione fretted.

“They’ll be fine,” Tonks said, waving off her concern. “We’re not interested in pranks. We’re only looking for dark objects, poisons, and banned books.”

As they walked past the compartments towards the front of the train, numerous DA members waved at him and smiled. Thinking back to what Professor McGonagall told him about the grades the DA had achieved in their OWLs and NEWTs, he felt a swell of pride as he waved back.

Reaching the Prefects car, which sat just behind the engine car. Unlike the other cars that were filled with small compartments, this car was completely open. There were cushy chairs and couches spread out, with a drinks table sitting along the left hand wall. The six students that were already there, four Hufflepuffs and two Ravenclaws, looked up and waved at them. One of the Hufflepuffs, a pretty blonde with an impressive bust, stood to greet them.

“Hi, I’m Sarah Fawcett, Head Girl,” she said, holding out her hand.

Harry and Hermione introduced themselves, and Sarah tilted her head curiously when she turned to Tonks.

“Auror Tonks,” his girlfriend replied to the questioning look. “I’m leading a team of Aurors that will be staying in the castle for the school year. Since we’ll be seeing each other quite a bit, I figured I’d come and meet everyone.”

“Oh,” Sarah said, eyes widening. “I had no idea. Well, if there’s anything the Prefects can do to help, just let me know.”

“For now, run things as normal, but let the other Prefects know that they should come to one of us if they see anything out of the ordinary,” Tonks said.

“Of course,” Sarah smiled.

“Maybe we should look for a spell that would let us contact the Aurors quickly if we need help,” Hermione offered.

“I don’t think I could teach all of them the Patronus Charm, Hermione,” Harry said softly.

“There must be a simpler way to send short messages,” Hermione frowned.

“You could use paper airplanes like we do at the Ministry,” Tonks suggested.

“Maybe,” Hermione said, chewing her bottom lip thoughtfully.

“What about the spell you used on the DA coins?” Harry asked. “Couldn’t you just put that on our badges?”

“Harry, that’s brilliant!” Hermione exclaimed, brown eyes gleaming excitedly.

“What spell?” Sarah asked.

While Hermione began to rattle off a description of the spells she used on the DA coins, Harry led Tonks over to one of the couches and took a seat. The car was quickly starting to fill as more Prefects came in for the meeting. Susan Bones smiled at Harry and gave him a wave as she walked in, followed by a puffed up Ernie McMillian.

When Daphne Greengrass and Blaise Zabini showed up wearing Prefects Badges, Harry sat up and frowned.

“Harry?” Tonks asked.

“Malfoy and Parkinson were the Slytherin Prefects last year,” he told her quietly.

Tonks frowned thoughtfully, “Well, you said they abused their power last year as part of Umbridge’s Inquisitorial Squad. Maybe they had them taken away?”

“Maybe,” Harry said. “Hey, Daphne!”

He waved her over, and the pretty blonde looked at him questioningly as she approached.

“Congrats on making Prefect,” he said with a smile. “I always thought you deserved it over Parkinson.”

“Thanks,” Daphne said. “Everyone knows she only got it because Malfoy wanted her to have it, and Snape lets him get away with everything.”

“Yeah,” Harry said, surprised the conversation was going so well. “I’m surprised Snape was willing to strip him of his badge.”

“He didn’t,” Daphne said. “Malfoy gave it up, and without him, Parkinson didn’t have a reason to keep hers.”

“Really?” Harry asked, eye narrowing. “Why would he give it up?”

Daphne shrugged, “Your guess is as good as mine.”

“Everyone!” Sarah called out. “Please grab a seat so we can start the meeting.”

Everyone took their seats, and Daphne sat on the couch next to Harry. When Hermione returned, she frowned slightly before taking a seat in a chair to the right of the couch.

“Hello, I’m Sara Fawcett, Head Girl, and this is Benjamin Porter, Head Boy,” Sarah started with a smile. “Now, first, let’s talk about what’s expected of you as a Prefect.”

An hour later, the meeting finally came to an end. Before people started to leave, Sarah had everyone give their badges to Hermione so she could put the Communication Charms on them. It took quite a while in the beginning, but once Tonks and Sarah picked up the charms, things moved a lot faster.

Before Harry could leave, Daphne walked up to him and held out her hand.

“It was nice seeing you, Potter,” she said.

“You, too,” Harry smiled, shaking her hand.

“Listen, I know you had a study group last year. Would you be willing to let a few Slytherins join?” Daphne asked.

“It depends on who,” Harry said.

“Me, Tracey, Lilith, Blaise, and my sister, Astoria,” Daphne said.

“That’s fine,” Harry told her. “I don’t know when our first meeting will be, but I’ll let you know a few days before.”

“Really?” Daphne asked, arching an eyebrow. “You’ll let Slytherins join your secret club just like that?”

Harry shrugged, “I don’t hate all Slytherins, just the ones that want to kill me.”

“You know, you’re a lot different than I thought you’d be,” Daphne smiled. “I wish I’d listened to Astoria and asked to join last year. Thanks, Potter.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

Smiling back at him, Daphne left with Blaise, her hips swaying attractively.

“I think she fancies you,” Tonks grinned.

“You’d have better luck finding a girl who doesn’t fancy Harry,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes. “Anyways, I’m really proud of you for letting them join the DA. It would be really easy for you to hate all Slytherins after the way most of them have treated you.”

“It’s not that big a deal,” Harry shrugged. “None of them have ever done anything to me.”

As they walked back through the train, Harry spotted Malfoy with most of the Slytherins sitting in one of the open lounge cars. Parkinson was whispering quietly to him as he stared out the window, looking tired with dark bags under his eyes. When they spotted him, Malfoy hushed Parkinson and whispered to her harshly, causing her to look hurt.

While Harry wondered what they were talking about, Daphne smiled at him before turning back to Tracey Davis, a pretty, dark skinned witch. Suddenly, an owl flew in and landed on the table between the two girls. Taking the letter attached to its leg, the owl took to the air. Harry watched it closely as it flew up and out an open hatch in the ceiling.

Ignoring the hostile looks from Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle, and Nott, he hurried through the car and closed the door behind him. Making his way back to their compartment, a plan began to form in his mind.

“Alright, what’s got you so distracted?” Tonks asked, closing the door to their compartment.

Looking up, Harry realized how distracted he’d been and sighed.

“Malfoy,” he said.

“What about him?” Tonks asked.

“I’m wondering if he’s told his friends what he’s up to or what that cabinet is,” Harry said.

“Do you want to try and slip an Extendable Ear under the door?” Ron asked.

Harry shook his head, “No, they’d see it.”

“What do you have in mind then?” Tonks asked.

“The hatch in the ceiling is open,” Harry said. “If I wore my cloak and used a Disillusionment Charm, I could slip in and listen in to their conversation-”

“Harry, that’s really dangerous,” Hermione interrupted. “What if you’re caught?”

“What are they gonna do?” Harry asked. “Kill me? Look, I know it’s a risk, but I *know* he’s up to something. Why else would he give up his Prefects badge?”

“Malfoy gave up his badge?” Ron asked incredulously.

“Yeah,” Harry said, then turned to Tonks. “He’s up to something dangerous. I can feel it.”

Tonks stared at him for a long moment before she sighed.

“One hour,” she said. “If you’re not back in this compartment in one hour, I’m coming to look for you.”

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

Kissing her hard on the lips, he stood up and pulled down his trunk. Popping open the lid, he dug around inside and pulled out his Firebolt. Closing the lid, he took his wand and cloak out of his pockets. With his wand, he tapped himself on the head while muttering an incantation. It felt like a cold egg dripping down his skin as his body slowly disappeared.

Standing still, his body was almost completely invisible, but when he moved, there was a visible distortion in the air. Tossing the cloak over his shoulders, that outline vanished completely. His hope was that by combining the cloak and the charm, even if the cloak slipped or failed to cover part of him, he’d still be hidden by the charm.

Casting a Disillusionment Charm on his Firebolt, Harry walked over to the window and opened it.

“Be careful,” Hermione said worriedly.

“I will,” Harry said.

Mounting his broom, he hovered parallel to the window and flattened himself against the wooden shaft. Shooting forward, the wind whipped at his cloak as he exited the train. Harry pulled up and rolled over to race along the top of the train. It was easy to find the right hatch since it was the only one that was open.

He slowed down as he approached the open hatch and rolled over upside down. His cloak fell down, revealing his legs, so he rolled back upright. Taking out his wand, Harry used a Sticking Charm to attach the cloak to his legs. When he rolled back over, the cloak stayed in place. Slowly lowering himself down, he stuck his head inside the lounge and looked around.

A couple of people were walking around, so he had to wait for a couple of minutes. When the coast was clear, Harry raised himself back up. Taking a deep breath, he shot fifteen feet up, then rolled over the top and shot back down. Racing through the open hatch, he pulled up sharply and stopped less than an inch from the floor. Floating back up, with a smile on his face, he climbed onto one of the empty luggage racks above Malfoy.

Fortunately, no one noticed he was there.

“I’m so glad you decided to stop playing Quidditch,” Parkinson simpered. “I hated seeing you doing something so dangerous. You’re far above playing some barbaric sport.”

He’s quitting Quidditch, Harry wondered, his eyes narrowing.

Malfoy just grunted and continued to stare out the window. For the next fifteen minutes, Harry listened to Parkinson’s pointless drivel as she fawned over the blonde git. Eventually, Nott interrupted her when he sat across from them.

“What are we going to do about Potter?” Nott asked.

“What’re you on about?” Malfoy asked.

“We can’t just let him get away with what he did to our parents,” Nott growled.

“Don’t worry, Potter will get what’s coming to him,” Malfoy said, a disturbing malevolence in his voice.

“I want in,” Nott said with a feral grin.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Malfoy said, his face going blank as he turned to look back out the window.

“Don’t give me that shit,” Nott barked, his hand smacking the table. “Everyone knows you’re up to something, and I want in.”

Malfoy slowly turned to look at Nott, his grey eyes glinting.

“Don’t involve yourself in things you don’t understand,” Malfoy growled. “Forget about Potter. He’ll get what’s coming to him. Him and the rest of those Mudbloods and Blood Traitors.”

As Malfoy leaned forward on his arms, the sleeves of his robe were pushed up. Harry and Nott both looked down at the writhing snake’s tail on his pale white skin. Jerking back, Malfoy pulled his sleeve back down and turned back to the window.

“Don’t get in the way, Nott,” Malfoy said softly. “You won’t like the consequences.”

Swallowing thickly, Nott slipped out of his seat and left. Parkinson went back to simpering over Malfoy, but he didn’t say anything else. Distracted by his thoughts, Harry jumped when all of the blinds suddenly shut. Even worse, the hatch in the ceiling closed with a clang.

“Alright, boys,” Julie Runcorn, a broad shouldered, square jawed brunette, barked. “All of you out so we can get changed.”

Grumbling, the boys stood and filed out of the car while the girls stood and pulled their school uniforms out of their trunks. Harry silently cursed as he looked around for an exit, only to find none.

As he looked around, his eyes fell on Hestia and Flora Carrow. They were identical twins with long black hair, thin bodies, and pale skin. Stripping off the casual robes they wore, they revealed that neither of them wore bras. They had small, perky breasts with pale pink nipples.

In fact, scanning the room, he realized that none of the girls was wearing a bra. Was it a Pureblood thing, he wondered.

His eyes landed on Daphne Greengrass, who was much ticker and curvier than the twins. Her breasts were the perfect shape and jutted from her chest with wide, soft pink nipples. Next to her, Tracey Davis bent over to pick up her tie, showing her white panties pulled tight over her luscious, dark skinned backside.

Harry prayed neither of them ever found out he was there. As nice as Daphne had been to him earlier, she would murder him slowly and painfully if she ever found out.

When Pansy took off her robes, he nearly burst out laughing. It was clear from her flat chest that she charmed her robes to show exaggerated bumps. Or, he thought, perhaps it was to cover up her surprisingly large and prominent nipples. They were so long, he imagined that without the charm to hold the robes away from her body, they would show even through the thick Hogwarts robes.

Lilith Moon was a real surpise. She was a quiet, shy girl that most boys didn't look twice at, but her body was amazing under her robes. With a bust to rival that of Lavender or Susan, he had to wonder if she charmed her robes to make them look smaller.

Julie Runcorn was a muscular girl, much like Millicent Bulstrode, though not as overweight. Her breasts weren't that large, but they were still quite nice. She had thick, powerful thighs and a round bum, the muscles rippling underneath as she walked.

"Do you think we should warn Potter?" Tracey asked quietly.

"I'll tell him when he tells me about the next club meeting," Daphne whispered, her large breasts wobbling and jiggling alluringly as she put on her skirt.

As Tracey turned around, Harry got a good look at her decent size and very pointed, perky breasts capped with dark brown, cone shaped nipples that took up the entire tip of her breast. With every movement she made, the tips bounced wildly.

“Are you sure it’s a good idea to get involved with him?” she asked.

“Yes,” Daphne said. “You-Know-Who isn’t going to let us stay neutral this time around. Potter might be our only chance to escape.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Tracey sighed.

Harry wondered exactly what they were talking about, but they quieted as they got dressed. He looked around, gazing at some of the other beautiful girls before they covered themselves.

A few minutes later, the girls left so the boys could get changed. Malfoy made a point of ignoring everyone, going right back to his window seat as soon as he was dressed. Checking his watch, Harry only had a few minutes to get out of there before Taonks came looking for him.

Reaching into his pocket, Harry pulled out a bag of Peruvian Instant Darkness Powder. As soon as the door opened for the girls to come back in, he tossed it onto the floor. Instantly, the room went pitch black. Several voices called out the incantation for the Lighting Charm, but it failed to work.

“I’m going to murder whoever did this!” Julie Runsorn yelled. “Open the damn windows, you idiots!”

Harry mounted his broom and hovered near the ceiling as the air began to clear. As soon as he saw the open hatch, he flew forward and pulled up sharply. Flying clear of the powder, he squinted as the bright sun hurt his eyes. Once his vision adjusted, he flew back down the train to his compartment. Finding the window shut, he knocked on it lightly.

With a look of relief, Tonks stood and opened it for him. Flying back in, Harry took off his cloak and removed the charms. Tonks hugged him tightly the moment he became visible.

“I was just about to come looking for you,” she said.

“Sorry,” Harry said. “I had to use that Instant Darkness Powder the twins gave me to get out.”

“Were you spotted?” Hermione asked.

“No,” Harry said as he took a seat between the two girls.

“So, what did you find out?” Tonks asked.

~

“So, we know he’s up to something, but we don’t know what, and we have no proof,” Tonks summed up.

“Pretty much,” Harry said.

“We’ll just have to keep an eye on him,” Tonks sighed, leaning her head on his shoulder.

Harry sighed, “I guess you’re right.”

He’d decided to talk to her about what Daphne and Tracey had talked about later. Hermione wouldn’t be happy to hear he had unintentionally spied on the girls changing.

“At least we know for certain he has the Dark Mark,” Hermione said, eyes narrowed.

“Too bad we can’t use that to get him expelled,” Ron grumbled.

“If he’s going to join that monster, I’d rather get him arrested,” Hermione huffed, crossing her arms.

“Easy, girl. One step at a time,” Tonks smiled.

~

A couple of hours later, they arrived at Hogwarts. Tonks threw on her Auror robes and kissed Harry on the cheek before leaving to join the Aurors waiting for them on the platform.

“Leave all of your luggage and bags here to be checked!” A large, burly Auror with several visible tattoos yelled.

“Don’t scare the kids, Jackson,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes as a gaggle of second year girls scurried away from him.

Smiling, Harry, Ron, and Hermione met up with Neville, Luna, and Ginny at the line to get on a carriage.

“Hello, Harry,” Luna said, blinking at him with her large blue eyes. “I hope you had a good Summer.”

“I did,” Harry smiled. “How was yours?”

“It went well,” Luna said. “Daddy and I went to Norway in search of Crumple-horned Snorkacks.”

“Did you find any?” Harry asked.

“I don’t think so,” Luna replied.

“What do you mean you don’t think so?” Hermione asked.

“Well, I thought I saw one in the distance, but Daddy was sure it was a Giggling Wimble,”

“Giggling Wimble?” Hermione asked, a pained expression on her face.

“Oh, yes. They’re –”

“Look, there’s a free carriage,” Ginny interrupted loudly.

“What about you, Neville?” Hermione asked as they climbed aboard the carriage. “How was your Summer?”

“Alright,” Neville said. “I got a new Venomous Tentaclua for my greenhouse.”

With a lurch, the carriage winded its way up the road to the castle. On the way up to the school, they talked a bit more about their Summers. Walking into the castle, Harry surprised Luna by giving her a hug before she literally skipped over to the Ravenclaw table.

For the sorting, it was a bit surprising to see only four students go the Slytherin, two boys, and two girls. It was the smallest amount of students to go to a house in memory, leading to quite a bit of whispering. Some of the professors looked particularly worried.

“I’m not sure if that’s a good thing or not,” Harry whispered to Hermione.

“We have a few less Slytherins to worry about. Of course, that’s a good thing,” Ron said.

“Ron,” Hermione scolded under her breath, glaring at him.

Shaking his head at their bickering, Harry turned his attention to the Head Table, where Dumbledore stood to make his usual announcements. After that, he briefly talked about the Aurors that would be walking around the castle. Fortunately, he didn’t bring up the fact that Tonks would be acting as his personal bodyguard. Harry was sure there would be enough rumors going around as it was.

Once the feast was finished, and everyone was suitably ready for bed, Dumbledore sent them off to their dorms. Harry waited with Hermione for a moment as they watched the fifth year Prefects gather the first years and led them out of the hall.

“Mr. Potter,” Professor McGonagall called from the doorway with Tonks.

“We’ll see you in the common room,” Hermione said, dragging Ron away.

Nodding, Harry approached his Head of House.

“If you’ll come with me, I’ll show you to your room,” Professor McGonagall said.

When she turned and strolled down the hall, Tonks turned to him with a grin and nudged his shoulder. Smiling, they followed McGonagall up to Gryffindor Tower. Seeing their Head of House in the room, everyone watched curiously as she led Harry and Tonks over to a Portrait hanging on the left hand wall.

“Solace,” Professor McGonagall said.

The young woman in the painting nodded with a smile, and the portrait swung open. Inside, it looked like a small flat with two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a living area with a couch, two chairs, a coffee table, and a fireplace.

“This is the Head’s suite. I trust I don’t need to remind either of you that this is a privilege and not to abuse it,” McGonagall said, giving them both a stern look.

“Of course not, Professor,” Tonks said, her eyes wide and innocent.

Harry snorted, which he tried to cover as a cough.

“Indeed,” McGonagall said, looking thoroughly unimpressed. “I’ll leave you to get settled. Your trunks are in your rooms.”

Walking towards the portrait, she stopped next to Harry and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“I assured Professor Dumbledore that you were mature enough to handle sharing a room with Tonks. Do not make a liar out of me,” McGonagall said.

“I won’t,” Harry promised.

Nodding, Professor McGonagall walked back out into the common room, the portrait swinging shut behind her. Harry had barely turned back to Tonks when she crashed into him, knocking him onto the couch with a giggle.

“You’re making it really hard to stay out of trouble,” Harry smiled.

“Because it’s so much more fun to be bad,” Tonks said with a sultry grin.

Straddling his lap, she leaned down and pressed her lips to his, kissing him passionately.

“Excuse me,”

Harry and Tonks jolted apart and looked over towards the door. The young woman in the portrait looked at them with an apologetic smile.

“Sorry to interrupt, but there’s a girl named Hermione asking to come in,”

“What’s your name?” Tonks asked.

“Jolene,” the woman answered with a smile.

“Thank you, Jolene. You can let her in,” Tonks told her.

Nodding, Jolene vanished a moment before the portrait swung open.

“Thank you,” Hermione said, then came to a stop and blinked as she looked at them on the couch. “Sorry, did I interrupt?”

“Not yet,” Tonks teased.

Hermione blushed, but before she could respond, Lavender poked her head up from over her shoulder.

“Do we get to take part in this tour?” she asked with a grin.

“We?” Harry asked.

Hermione stepped out of the way, and he saw Parvati and Katie standing on either side of Lavender. Harry and Tonks shared a look before she climbed off of his lap.

“Alright, come on in,” Tonks said, climbing off of his lap.

Predictably, Hermione found the only bookcase sitting against the wall and made a beeline for it. Lavender, Parvati, and Katie were far more interested in exploring the bedrooms and bathroom while grilling Harry.

“So, you and Tonks looked pretty close when we came in,” Katie said.

“You mean barged in,” Harry grumbled goodnaturedly.

Katie glared at him.

“Tonks is my girlfriend. We’ve been dating for almost a year,” Harry said.

“Really?” Lavender asked, raising an eyebrow. “Why didn’t you ever say anything about her?”

“Things are a bit difficult with the age difference,” Tonks said. “That and we didn’t want anyone to know we were together while Fudge was Minister.”

Parvati grimaced, “I imagine that wouldn’t have been good for your career.”

“Yeah,” Tonks sighed. “Things are a lot better now that Bones is in charge.”

“Does she know you’re dating?” Katie asked.

“Yup,” Tonks grinned. “Bonsey might act like a ball breaking bitch, but she can be a real sweetheart when she wants to be.”

“So, she intentionally gave you a post where you could stay with your boyfriend?” Parvati asked incredulously.

“Partly,” Tonks said. “She really is worried about the safety of the school with Voldemort back. Plus, we’re still working out who to trust in the Ministry. I can’t say more than that, but there should be an article in the Prophet soon.”

Lavender and Parvati shared a look.

“I guess that explains why Marietta was so upset on the train,” Lavender said.

“Marietta?” Hermione asked.

“She was in the compartment next to ours and cried the whole way to school,” Parvati replied. “Margaret said it had something to do with her mum. But she wouldn’t say what.”

Harry looked at Tonks questioningly.

“What’s her last name?” Tonks asked.

“Edgecombe,” Katie told her.

Tonks scrunched her face up cutely in a thoughtful look.

“Edgecombe. I think she was brought in for questioning for giving someone access to the Floo Network that she shouldn’t have, but I don’t think she was charged with anything,” Tonks said. “A lot of people were doing things they shouldn’t under Fudge. Bones would probably fire all of them if she could, but that would mean having to hire and train dozens of people. Most of them just got a good chewing out and were told to straighten up, but I think a few were fined. Only the ones that were actually charged with a crime lost their jobs.”

“I know her mum was being pressured by Umbridge last year,” Katie said thoughtfully. “Maybe she was just upset she didn’t get the promotion she wanted?”

“Who knows,” Lavender said. “What do you guys think about Slytherin only getting four students this year?”

“I think they were afraid to be put in Slytherin now that the Ministry is really going after the Death Eaters,” Harry said.

“Do you really think that many kids could change that quickly?” Parvati asked.

“They don’t have to,” Harry shrugged. “They just have to ask the hat not to put them in Slytherin. That’s what I did.”

“The Hat wanted to put you in Slytherin?” Katie asked, eyes going wide.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“I didn’t know you could ask the Hat to put you someplace else,” Lavender said.

“It wanted to put me in Ravenclaw,” Hermione admitted.

“No big surprise there,” Tonks grinned.

Hermione huffed while everyone else chuckled at her.

“So, you think they didn’t want to go to Slytherin because of the war?” Tonks asked.

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged. “I noticed that Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw got more first years than usual, while Gryffindor got the same amount as last year.”

“I didn’t even notice that,” Hermione frowned.

“Neither did I,” Tonks said.

“Well, we should get going,” Lavender said. “Are you two keeping things a secret?”

“No,” Tonks said. “There’s no point. Bones and Dumbledore both know we’re dating.”

“Finally, some decent gossip,” Parvati grinned and rubbed her hands together. “Night, you two.”

“Good night,” Harry said.

As the girls walked through the portrait, Tonks turned to Hermione.

“Are you staying the night?” she asked, wrapping her arms around Harry and kissing his neck.

Hermione blushed.

“No. I, um – I need to get to bed early. We have class tomorrow,” she said.

Turning, Hermione rushed out of the room and closed the portrait behind her.

“That girl really needs to learn how to relax,” Tonks sighed. “Ready to go to bed?”

“I’m not tired yet,” Harry smiled, turning around in her arms.

Tonks grinned salaciously, “I wasn’t planning on going to sleep.”

Kissing him on the lips, she grabbed his hand and dragged him towards the bedroom with a laugh.

Chapter 19

The start of the school year went on uneventfully for the first couple of weeks. Rumors of Harry dating an Auror spread through the school like wildfire for the first few days but died down quickly when neither Harry nor Tonks denied it. Several boys, including Seamus, made some pretty rude comments about Tonks being a Metamorphmagus, though that ended quickly after Harry hexed McLaggen for taking it too far.

He thought it was well worth the detention it earned him.

At the beginning of October, after working around the Quidditch schedules for three of the House teams, they held their first meeting of the DA. After sending out the message through the DA coins to remind everyone, Harry, Tonks, and Hermione waited in the Room of Requirement.

“I can’t believe I never found this place when I was at school,” Tonks said.

“It really is incredible,” Hermione agreed, gazing around the room. “I wish I knew more about it, but there aren’t any books that mention it in the Library.”

“I wonder what else this room can do,” Tonks said.

“We should test it,” Hermione said. “I wanted to last year, but with Umbridge around, I didn’t want to risk getting caught.”

“Let’s give it a try after the meeting,” Tonks smiled.

Harry shrugged, “That’s fine with me.”

“As long as we make time for studying afterwards,” Hermione said. “We have a quiz in Transfigurations on Friday.”

Harry rolled his eyes which earned him a smack on the shoulder.

Over the next few minutes, the room began to fill up. Just as Harry stepped forward to start the meeting, the door opened again. The room went silent when Daphne and the other Slytherins he’d told could come entered the room.

“Come on in and grab a seat,” Harry said.

“You’re letting Slytherins in?” someone asked incredulously.

“Yes,” Harry replied firmly. “Without Umbridge, there’s no need for secrecy anymore. The DA has always been about teaching anyone who wants to learn how to defend themselves, and that’s how it’s going to stay.”

There was a bit of quiet grumbling, but Daphne and the others joined a few Ravenclaws they seemed to be friendly with.

“Does that mean we can invite other people?” Padma asked.

“Yes, Just try not to invite too many people,” Harry said. “I can’t teach the whole school at once.”

There was quite a bit of excited chattering at that, which made Harry worry he’d made a mistake. The last thing he wanted was to have a huge influx of new students to teach.

“Now, like last year, we’re going to focus on defensive magic, and I want everyone here to keep working your Patronus Charms until you master it,” he continued. “For today, we’re going to be running mock duels so I can see where everyone needs help. Break up into pairs, and let’s get started.”

Soon, the room was filled with shouted spells and flashes of brightly colored bolts of magic. Tonks walked around the room with Harry, correcting students as they went.

One thing Harry noticed quickly was that even most of the seventh years couldn’t do silent castings for most of their spells. That was one of the most important things Tonks had taught him over the Summer, and he vowed to teach everyone he could how to do it. Some, like Dennis Creevey and Astoria Greengrass, were probably too young, but learning even one silent spell could be a huge advantage.

Watching the Slytherins, he noticed that they stuck to themselves. That was a bit of a problem since Astoria ended up paired with Daphne. While the younger blonde was doing the best she could, it also meant he couldn’t really gauge how far along Daphne was.

“Stop for a second,” Harry told them.

The girls lowered their wands and looked at him curiously.

“No offense Astoria, but I need to pair Daphne with someone a bit more advanced so I can see what she really knows,” he said.

“Then, who will I practice with?” Astoria asked.

Harry scanned the room and spotted the only other third year in the DA.

“Dennis!” Harry yelled, waving him over.

Dennis abandoned his duel with his brother, Colin, and bumped roughly into Lavender as he rushed over excitedly.

“Yeah, Harry?” he asked breathlessly.

“Can you work with Astoria for a bit?” Harry asked.

Dennis looked over at Astoria and blushed.

“S-sure,” he stammered.

Harry coughed into his hand to hide a laugh.

“Thanks, Dennis,” he said.

“And who am I going to practice with?” Daphne asked.

“Um,” Harry hummed, looking around the room. “Hermione! Can you come here for a minute?”

Stopping her duel with Padma, Hermione walked over to him.

“Can you work with Daphne for a bit?” he asked.

“Of course,” Hermione said.

As the girls began to trade spells back and forth, Tonks walked up behind Harry and wrapped her arms around his waist while resting her chin on his shoulder.

“How’s it going?” she asked.

“Alright,” Harry said. “Daphne seems to be doing pretty good, but Astoria is struggling.”

As he said that, Astoria lost her wand for the second time.

“Sorry,” Astoria said, rushing to pick up her wand. “We were supposed to learn shield charms last year, but Umbridge wouldn’t let us practice them.”

Sighing, Harry pinched the bridge of his nose.

“I can teach her,” Luna said from beside Harry.

“Thanks, Luna,” Harry said.

“Looks like Daphne could use a bit of help,” Tonks said.

Turning back to Daphne and Hermione, he noticed that she was indeed having trouble with the more advanced shield charm. Harry held up his hand for Hermione to stop and walked over to Daphne.

“Mind if I give you some advice?” he asked.

“Thanks,” Daphne said. “Umbridge really screwed us over by not letting us practice magic.”

“Couldn’t you practice in your common room?” Hermione asked.

“Not with her little squad of idiots around,” Daphne said, flipping her hair over her shoulder. “Malfoy isn’t exactly fond of me. He would’ve used it as an excuse to have me put in detention.”

“Well, you’re doing great for someone who hasn’t practiced,” Harry said. “Show me the spell again.”

“Protego Maxima,” Daphne incanted, her wand moving in a corkscrew motion.

A blue, opaque shield flickered in front of her for a couple of seconds before it died abruptly. Daphne’s brow wrinkled cutely as she glared at the air in front of her.

“You’re nearly there. Your timing is just a bit off,” Harry said. “Try starting the wand motion before the incantation.”

Nodding, Daphne raised her wand and cast the spell again. This time, the spell lasted a few seconds longer but still flickered and died before she wanted it to.

“You’re getting closer,” Harry said.

Stepping behind her, he rested one hand on her hip and clasped the other around the hand that was holding her wand.

“On three, you say the incantation, and I’ll do the wand movement,” he told her. “One, two, three.”

“Protego Maxima,” Daphne intoned.

With Harry doing the wand movement, her shield appeared strong and solid.

“Did you feel the timing of it?” Harry asked.

“I think I’ve got it,” Daphne said.

Letting go of her hand, Harry looked over at Hermione.

“Try hitting it with a Stunning Hex,” he said.

With a nod, Hermione raised her wand and sent out a perfectly cast, bright red spell. It hit Daphne’s shield with a gong and ricocheted up into the ceiling. She was unprepared for the power of the impact and stumbled back into Harry, who wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Sorry,” Daphne said, her cheeks tinged pink.

“S’alright,” Harry smiled. “Try casting it yourself this time.”

Clearing her throat, Daphne raised her wand and cast the charm again. While not as strong as the last one, it was solid enough to stand up to Hermione’s Disarming Hex.

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned, patting her on the shoulder.

~

Tonks watched Harry leave Daphne and move around to help some of the other Slytherins with a small smile on her face.

He really is a great teacher, she thought.

It was also endearing that he was completely oblivious to the fact most of the girls in the room fancied him. She knew Daphne’s little stumble hadn’t been an accident. Nor was it an accident that she pressed her bum into his groin.

Not that that bothered her any. It was quite the confidence boost that so many witches were after her man.

And she wasn’t the only one to notice. Hermione had seen it, too, and frowned at the pretty, busty blonde across from her.

That girl really needs to relax, Tonks thought.

A smile spread across her face as a plan came to mind. Gazing around the room, she moved over to help Lavender with her binding curse while she planned everything out in her head.

~

“I think that went really well,” Harry said when the last of the DA had left.

“If more people show up next time, we might have to hold meeting more often,” Hermione said.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“I really hope I don’t end up teaching half the school,” he said. “I like keeping things small. It gives me more time to work with anyone who needs help.”

“You could always split them up into two groups and hold one meeting a week for each,” Tonks suggested before grinning widely. “But we can worry about that later. Let’s see what this room can do.”

Harry smiled at his girlfriend’s infectious enthusiasm and took her hand as the three of them left the room. As soon as the door vanished behind them, Tonks began pacing back and forth in front of the blank stretch of wall.

“Holy shit!” Tonks exclaimed when she opened the new door.

“What – Oh my,” Hermione gasped.

Harry followed behind them into a cavernous room. There were piles and piles of everything you could imagine as far as the eye could see. Some of it even went to the ceiling that was a good thirty feet high.

“Bloody hell,” Harry said.

“What is this place?” Hermione asked.

“Don’t know,” Tonks shrugged. “I just asked the room to show me everything. Look at this! This is an original Cleansweep. It must be worth a fortune.”

“I have an idea,” Hermione said.

Oblivious to Tonks’ protests, Hermione pulled her and Harry back out into the hall. After pacing back and forth, they entered the new room to find shelves upon shelves of books in a room easily twice the size of the Hogwarts library.

“This is amazing,” Hermione breathed, rushing over to the shelves. “Even Hogwarts doesn’t have some of these books.”

“There’s more to life than just books, Hermione,” Tonks sighed.

“But think of all the spells we could find,” Hermione said. “Some of these books date back to before the founding of Hogwarts.”

Abruptly, Hermione looked around excitedly before her shoulders sagged with a frown.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked.

“There’s no Dewey decimal system,” Hermione replied sadly.

Rolling her eyes, Tonks grabbed her by the arm and dragged her back out of the room.

“No, wait,” Hermione said.

“You can explore your book fetish later,” Tonks said.

Shaking his head amusedly, Harry followed them back out. For the next half an hour, they tried to summon the room in different ways. It could take any configuration they wanted, but apparently, it could only summon items that were already inside.

“I want to try one more thing,” Tonks said.

Pacing back and forth, she opened the door when it appeared and grinned.

“Perfect,” she said.

Harry and Hermione looked inside and found a room essentially identical to the Prefects bath. When the door closed behind them, it faded into the stone walls of the castle. Meanwhile, Tonks shucked off her robes and started untying the laces of her boots.

“You two going to join me, or are you just going to watch?” she asked teasingly.

Glancing over at Hermione, whose cheeks pinked, Harry shrugged and pulled off his tie.

“What if someone tries to come in?” Hermione asked nervously.

“I told the room not to appear for anyone else,” Tonks said before pulling her Weird Sisters t-shirt over her head and then smirking when both Harry and Hermione stared down at her bra-clad breasts. “Come on, Hermione. Relax a bit.”

Hermione chewed on her bottom lip for a moment as Harry and Tonks finished undressing. When they sank into the waist deep water, she sighed and started to strip. Grinning, Tonks pushed Harry onto one of the built-in benches along the side before seating herself in his lap. Sharing a short kiss, they both turned to Hermione as she unbuttoned her shirt.

“Do you have to watch?” she asked self-consciously.

“Hey, it’s your fault for taking so long,” Tonks smirked. “Besides, it’s nothing we haven’t seen before.”

Blushing a little brighter, Hermione unclasped her bra, releasing her modest sized, perky breasts before removing the rest of her clothes quickly. Watching her breasts jiggle as she walked down the steps into the bath, Harry hardened against Tonks’ firm bum and reached up to squeeze her full mounds.

“I wish mine were that big,” Hermione said, then blushed as if she hadn’t meant to speak aloud.

“There’s a potion for that,” Tonks grinned.

“Really?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah,” Tonks replied. “It’s pretty expensive, but it works, and it’s permanent. There’s a spell to do it too, but you have to recast it every few weeks. You might want to try that first and make sure it’s really what you want. A witch my mum went to school with went from a flat chest straight to triple D’s and wishes she’d gone a bit smaller. I can cast it for you if you want to give it a try.”

Hermione bit her lip thoughtfully for a long moment.

“Is it reversible?” she asked.

“Yeah, you can undo it anytime you want,” Tonks told her.

“Alright,” Hermione said.

Smiling brightly, Tonks jumped up from Harry's lap and waded across the pool to her robes. While she grabbed her wand, Hermione looked over at Harry. He gave her an encouraging smile which she returned with a small one of her own.

"So, do you want to go my size, Fleur size, or the full Bones family special?" Tonks asked.

Harry snorted in amusement and shook his head.

"You're size," Hermione said. "My aunt Julie is pretty big, and she says they make her back hurt."

"Witches have spells that stop that from happening," Tonks told her. "Most purebloods use that instead of bras."

"So that's why – " Harry cut himself off when Hermione looked over at him suspiciously.

Next to her, Tonks smirked knowingly. She'd teased him quite a bit after he told her about his unintentional voyeurism on the train.

"Ready?" Tonks asked.

Harry was grateful for the distraction as Hermione turned back to Tonks and nodded. Waving her wand in a complicated pattern with a muttered incantation, a blue light glowed from the tip. Hermione gasped and stared down at her chest with wide eyes as her breasts began to inflate. Despite growing more than a cup size by the time Tonks stopped, they remained as pert and perky as before.

Staring down in awe, Hermione reached up and cupped her breasts experimentally.

"Wow," she said, hefting their weight and letting them drop.

Slipping a hand under the water, Harry stroked his erection lightly as he stared at her chest.

“They look great,” Tonks grinned.

Nodding, Hermione bit her lips and looked up at Harry nervously.

“What do you think?” she asked.

Standing up, Harry waded over to her and rested his hands on her waist.

“You’ve always been beautiful, Hermione,” he said, causing her to smile shyly. “You look great either way. Just do what makes you happy.”

“Thank you,” Hermione said.

Stepping forward, she hugged him, causing her breasts to squash against his chest and his length to brush the inside of her thigh. Surprised, Hermione pulled back and stared down at the water.

“I think that means he likes them,” Tonks whispered loudly.

Hermione giggled, “I guess so.”

Sliding her hand under the water, she wrapped her hand around his rigid length lightly. Instead of stroking him, she ran her fingers along his shaft. Throbbing in her hand, Harry slid one of his up from her waist to cup her breast. Where before they would barely fill his hand, now, her soft, pale globes overflowed his grasp.

Smirking, Tonks slipped behind Hermione and wrapped her arms around her.

“You want to fuck him, don’t you?” Tonks whispered in her ear.

Hermione inhaled sharply and looked up at Harry but said nothing. Stepping closer, he pressed his body against hers and kissed her. She moaned into his mouth as his length slid along her folds and rolled her hips. Harry lifted Hermione up, and she wrapped her legs around his waist while Tonks supported her weight from behind, her hand cupping and squeezing her breast.

Reaching between their bodies, Tonks grabbed his shaft and slid his engorged head between Hermione’s hot lips. Leaning her head back against Tonks’ shoulder, she moaned long and low. Chuckling, Tonks kissed her neck before placing him right at Hermione’s entrance.

Looking forward, Hermione met Harry’s gaze and bit her lip. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she rocked her hips forward, causing his tip to slip inside of her. A gasp left her lips, her mouth hanging open slightly as Harry caressed her thighs.

“That’s it,” Tonks panted. “Take that big, fat cock,”

Shuffling forward, she eased Hermione further down his length. Her incredible tightness slowly enveloped him as Tonks continued to guide her deeper onto his throbbing shaft. Turning Hermione’s head, she kissed her heatedly, swallowing a moan as his girth gradually stretched her depths. While one of Tonks’ hands continued to hold her up, the other reached down to circle her clit.

“Oh, God,” Hermione gasped. “It’s so big. I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“Do you want to stop?” Harry asked worriedly.

“No,” she gasped, her legs tightening around him.

“Nearly there,” Tonks said, staring into the water at the point they were connected.

With one last push, she hilted Hermione on his cock. She gasped loudly, eyes and mouth open wide as she arched her back. Her depths spasmed around him a moment before her head fell back, and a long, shuddering moan left her mouth.

“Cumming already?” Tonks asked with a smirk as her fingers rubbed Hermione’s clit frantically. “You little slut.”

Hermione gasped and rolled her hips in an uncoordinated, jerky motion while she rode out her climax. Grasping her breasts, Harry lowered his head and took one of her swollen nipples between his lips. Sucking hard, he circled it with his tongue before grazing the stiff, pink nub with his teeth.

“Harry,” Hermione moaned.

Stiffening, her body shuddered hard, sending her luscious breasts jiggling before she went completely limp in their arms.

“That was a big one,” Tonks grinned.

Smiling, Harry leaned over Hermione’s shoulder to give his girlfriend a loving kiss. While they kissed, she started moving Hermione up and down on his length. Trapped between their bodies, the brunette whimpered tiredly. When they broke apart, they shared a smile before turning their attention back to Hermione.

“You like it, don’t you?” Tonks asked.

Hermione gasped as Harry began thrusting and nodded her head.

“Give it to her,” Tonks told him with a grin. “But don’t cum in her. I have an idea.”

Curious about what she meant, Harry thrust a bit harder into Hermione, marveling at how her walls flexed around him. Each time he hilted himself inside her, her muscles tensed, making her depths hug his length. At the same time, Tonks kissed and sucked at her neck while her fingers tugged at her reddened nipple.

“Fuck” Hermione gasped.

It was the first time Harry had heard her ever properly swear, and it caused him to laugh out loud.

“I knew there was a dirty little slut in there somewhere,” Tonks grinned.

“I’m not a slut,” Hermione said, then let out a long, low moan.

“Your first time having sex is a threesome with someone else’s boyfriend,” Tonks pointed out.

Hermione bit her lip, her breath hitching as her depths spasmed around Harry’s thrusting length.

“It’s okay,” Tonks said softly. “You can be Harry’s slut. His cute, busty bookworm that will suck and fuck his big cock any time he wants.”

Hermione bucked her hips and whimpered, staring up at Harry with an unfocused gaze.

“That would definitely make studying more fun,” Harry grinned.

“She could use your dick as a bookstand so she can read while sucking your cock,” Tonks joked.

“Tonks,” Hermione moaned breathlessly, her back arching as a shudder ran through her body.

“You like that, don’t you?” Tonks teased. “You like the thought of sitting on his lap, his cock buried in your tight little pussy in the middle of your precious library.”

“Ohhh!”

Hermione let out a loud, trembling moan as she reached her second peak. Harry grunted as she clamped down around him, making it almost impossible to thrust.

“Tonks, I’m close,” he warned her.

“Go sit on the edge,” she told him.

Groaning disappointedly, he pulled out of Hermione as she continued to twitch and gasp in Tonks’ arms. Lifting himself out of the water and sitting on the edge, his length jutted out from his waist, the head dark purple.

As Hermione came down from her high and panted for breath, Tonks guided her over to him and wrapped her hand around his shaft. Stroking him furiously, it became clear what she had planned when she aimed him at Hermione’s face.

“You might want to close your eyes,” Tonks told her.

Harry was surprised when she did so without complaint. Moments later, he came with a groan. Hermione flinched slightly when his first shot splashed against her chin. Giggling, Tonks continued to stroke him, aiming each new shot at a different spot on Hermione’s face. By the time he was done, numerous white stripes were streaked across her face.

Cautiously opening her eyes, Hermione smiled bashfully and licked her lips. The fact that they were covered in cum made Harry throb, and a small drop leaked from his tip. Laughing, Tonks leaned forward and wrapped her lips around him.

Pushing down, she swallowed all of him easily before slowly pulling back while sucking hard. Harry shuddered and hunched in on himself when she reached his extremely sensitive tip.

“Bloody hell, Tonks,” he gasped.

Smirking, she turned to Hermione and licked her lips.

“You taste good,” she said. “I’ll have to try it myself sometime.”

Hermione’s eyes widened when she realized what Tonks meant. Before she could respond, Tonks leaned forward and licked first one of Hermione’s cheeks, then the other. With her tongue covered in cum, Tonks cupped her cheeks and pulled her in for a deep kiss. Hermione squeaked in surprise but relaxed after a second and kissed her back. Harry’s flagging erection leapt back to attention as he watched.

Chapter 20

“Morning,” Tonks said.

She sat down at the Gryffindor table across from Hermione while Harry took the seat next to her.

“Morning,” Hermione said brightly. “What do you and Harry have planned for Hogsmeade?”

“Not much,” Tonks shrugged. “I have to patrol for a couple of hours after we get there, then we’re going to meet Fleur at the Three Broomsticks for lunch. I’m sure she’d love to say hi to you, too.”

Tonks ended with a smirk that made Hermione’s cheeks turn pink.

“Lucky bastard,” Ron muttered.

“Ronald, don’t swear,” Hermione scolded.

When Harry didn’t respond, Tonks looked over at him and frowned. He stared down at his breakfast with an unfocused gaze, his leg bouncing rapidly under the table. Suddenly, someone dropped a goblet behind them at the Hufflepuff table, and Harry jumped, his hand flashing to his wand before he slowly relaxed. Tonks reached over and rubbed his back soothingly.

“You alright, love?” she asked quietly.

“I’m fine,” Harry said before standing abruptly. “I need to use the loo.”

Turning, he marched out of the Great Hall, head bowed with a troubled look.

“Is he usually like this?” Tonks asked Hermione.

Hermione shook her head, her eyes full of concern as they followed Harry.

“He’s always a little stressed on Halloween, but I’ve never seen him this jumpy before,” she said, biting her lip.

“Can you keep an eye on him and see if he’ll tell you what’s bothering him while I’m on patrol?” Tonks asked.

“I’ll try, but I doubt he’ll tell me anything if he hasn’t told you,” Hermione replied.

“I think he’s just trying not to worry me. Prat,” Tonks said, muttering the last word fondly.

“Sounds like our Harry,” Hermione smiled.

“Oh, so he’s ours now, is he?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

“What? No! I – I didn’t mean it like that,” Hermione exclaimed, blushing brightly.

“Oh, calm down, Hermione,” Ron said, rolling his eyes while Tonks laughed. “It’s not like you’re shagging him, too.”

Tonks and Hermione froze and stared at each other for a long moment before they both burst out laughing.

“Mental,” Ron muttered, shaking his head.

As they calmed, Harry returned and retook his seat next to Tonks.

“So, what’d I miss?” he asked, giving a small, forced smile.

“Nothing,” Hermione said quickly, then broke into a giggle.

Harry looked at her with a raised brow before shrugging and turning back to his breakfast. Tonks reached under the table to pat his thigh, but the moment her fingers grazed his leg, he jumped in his seat.

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

“Will you please tell me what’s bothering you?” Tonks asked quietly.

Harry sighed and jabbed his fork at his food.

“I just feel like something bad is going to happen,” he replied just as softly. “It always does.”

“Everything’ll be fine,” Tonks told him soothingly. “We’ll have Aurors patrolling Hogsmeade all day.”

Harry nodded but didn’t look convinced.

“And we get to see Fleur today,” Tonks said, then leaned over to whisper in his ear. “I heard she booked a room for us a week ago. A galleon says we’re both exhausted by the time she’s done with us.”

Harry cracked a small smile and took her hand in his.

“It will be good to see her again,” he admitted.

“Will you be spending some time with us, Hermione?” Tonks asked.

Hermione caught on to what she meant quickly and ducked her head with a blush.

“I might stick around for a bit,” she mumbled.

Tonks smiled brightly and gave Harry’s hand a squeeze. If there was anything that could cheer him up today, it was spending the afternoon with his three favorite witches. Unfortunately, before Tonks could tease her young friend, Alexa Greene, her friend, and fellow Auror, stood from the Head table and walked towards her.

“Hey, Tonks. You ready to go?” Alexa asked. “The carriages should start leaving soon.”

“One sec,” Tonks said.

Turning to Harry, she kissed him on the cheek.

“I’ll see you in a couple of hours,” she said.

As she moved to stand up, Harry pulled her back down and kissed her firmly on the lips.

“Keep an eye out, alright?” he asked softly. “I just…”

“I will,” Tonks smiled.

Giving him one last peck on the lips, Tonks stood and followed Alexa out onto the grounds.

“I wish a guy would look at me like that,” Alexa said as they walked towards the gate.

“Like what?” Tonks asked.

“Like I’m the most important thing in the world,” Alexa said with a sigh. “I’m so jealous of you right now.”

Tonks smiled and nudged her friend’s shoulder with hers.

“And I haven’t even told you how good he is in bed yet,” she joked.

“Oh, great. Rub it in,” Alexa groused playfully.

“No need. I swallow,” Tonks grinned.

Alexa laughed incredulously, and the two of them continued to joke all the way to Hogsmeade.

~

It was nearly two and a half hours later that Tonks finally got relieved. It took her an extra twenty minutes to find Tom Higgens, her replacement, who had gotten distracted hitting on a busty brunette that lived in the village. She’d wanted to yell at him but figured that would be a bit hypocritical when she got to spend every night with her boyfriend.

Sighing, Tonks made her way to the Three Broomsticks, her boots crunching through the snow. She wrapped her cloak tightly around herself against the light but cold wind blowing through the streets. The wave of heat that washed over her as she entered the pub caused a sigh of relief to leave her lips.

Glancing around, she spotted Harry sitting with Hermione and Fleur at a booth in the back. A smile twitched on her lips when she noticed that Fleur was practically sitting on his lap. From the looks some of the boys, and even Hermione, were giving her, she suspected that her Allure was slipping a bit. As Tonks got closer, she could see that Fleur’s eyes were bright and full of hunger as she gazed at Harry.

At least he looks more relaxed now, Tonks thought with a smile.

Fleur wasn't the only one getting attention. Many of the boys had started taking glances at Hermione's increased bust now that she was out of her robes and wearing a tight green jumper. Not that the pretty bookworm had noticed much. The only opinion she cared about was Harry's, and considering how she often spent one night a week in their rooms now, she was enjoying the attention.

Maybe I should ask mum to make the potion for her as a Christmas present, Tonks thought with a grin.

"Wotcher," she said brightly.

"Tonks!" Fleur said, smiling brightly.

Standing up, Fleur kissed both of her cheeks and hugged her tightly. Tonks smirked to herself when she felt Fleur's hard nipples brushing against her breasts.

"Good to see you too, babe," Tonks said.

As she pulled back, Fleur gave her a smoldering look. Hermione made to move so that Tonks could sit next to Harry, but she waved her back to her seat.

"You're fine," Tonks smiled as she took a seat across from the three of them. "Where's Ron?"

"Over there," Hermione said, gesturing with her head and rolling her eyes.

Tonks looked over her shoulder and found Ron a few tables away, his eyes glued to the valley of cleavage the brunette next to him was sporting.

“Who’s that?” Tonks asked.

“Romilda Vane,” Hermione huffed. “Parvati told me she decided to go after Ron since Harry was taken.”

“Huh,” Tonks grunted. “Well, good for him.”

“Keep an eye on her,” Hermione warned. “She’s been obsessed with Harry since school started. She might be trying to get close to slip him a Love Potion.”

“She won’t like what happens if she tries,” Tonks said.

“Afternoon, dears,” Rosmerta said, smiling brightly. “My, aren’t you popular with the ladies today?”

Harry smiled and blushed lightly while Fleur kissed his neck.

“What can I get for you?” Rosmerta asked.

“Just wine for me,” Fleur said, Harry’s arm clutched between her breasts.

“Fish and chips and a Butterbeer,” Harry said.

“I’ll have the same,” Hermione said.

“Me too,” Tonks added.

“Right,” Rosmerta smiled. “Should be up in a few minutes.”

“Thanks, Rosie,” Tonks grinned.

Even with a horny Veela hanging on his arm, Harry still looked tense. His eyes darted around the pub, and his shoulders twitched at every loud noise. Tonks wished she could get him to relax, but she knew how much this day bothered him. Given his history, she couldn’t really blame him.

“So, how’s working going?” Tonks asked.

“Fantastique,” Fleur grinned. “Zhey gave me a promotion.”

“That’s great!” Tonks smiled.

“What do they have you doing now?” Hermione asked curiously.

“I’m now in charge of a team zhat strips curses off of artifacts so zhey can be sold,” Fleur said proudly.

“Congratulations,” Harry smiled. “You’ll be open your Enchanting business before you know it.”

Tonks smiled as Fleur beamed and kissed Harry on the cheek. It was easy to see how much his opinion meant to her.

A couple of minutes later, Rosmerta arrived with their food and drinks. Fleur sipped at her wine while the others ate quickly. Smirking over her wine glass, she slipped her foot out of her shoe and rubbed it along the inside of Tonks’ thigh. Smiling, Tonks gave her a wink.

“Tonks,” Harry said firmly.

Turning to him, her brow furrowed when she spotted the worried look on his face.

“Something’s wrong,” he said.

Following his gaze, she watched Katie Bell and another girl argue as they walked towards the door. At first, she didn’t know what had him so worried, but then she noticed the package in Katie’s hands and the mindless way she was walking.

“Shit,” Tonks cursed.

She and Harry got to their feet at the same time and chased after them, Hermione and Fleur following a moment later.

“Katie, what are you doing?” the other girl asked.

“I need to see the headmaster,” Katie said in a dull monotone.

“What’s wrong with you?” the girl asked, reaching out to grab the package.

“Don’t!” Tonks shouted.

The girl startled and turned to her while Harry sped up and tried to talk to Katie.

“What’s your name?” Tonks asked.

“Leanne,” the girl said.

“Okay, Leanne. I need you to tell me what happened,” Tonks said.

“I don’t know,” Leanne said, wringing her hands. “Katie was fine when she went to use the loo, but when she came back, she had that package and was acting funny.”

“Tonks,” Harry called. “I think she’s under the Imperious.”

“Fuck,” Tonks growled.

Reaching for the front of her robes, she tapped her badge and raised it closer to her mouth.

“Everyone get to the Three Broomsticks. Suspected use of the Imperious. No one in or out until their wands have been checked,” Tonks ordered.

Dropping her badge, she raised her wand.

“Harry, as soon as she’s out, get that package away from her, but don’t touch it,” she said.

Nodding, Harry drew his wand. Tonks stunned Katie in the back, and Harry levitated the package with his wand while managing to catch the girl with his free hand. Gently, he lowered her to the ground with a look of concern. With a flick of her wand, Tonks sent her doe Patronus streaking towards the castle.

“Will she be alright?” Leanne asked worriedly.

“She should be fine,” Tonks said reassuringly. “Fleur, can you tell me what’s in that package without opening it?”

“Of course,” Fleur said.

Taking over levitating the package for Harry, she cast a charm that made the brown paper transparent. Inside sat an expensive looking opal necklace.

“That’s from Borgin and Burke’s,” Harry said.

“You’re sure?” Tonks asked.

Harry nodded, “I saw it there the Summer before my second year. There was a sign next to it saying it was cursed.”

Taking off his jacket, Harry folded it up and tucked it under Katie’s head to keep it out of the snow.

“Merde,” Fleur gasped. “It’s zhe Torment Curse. A single touch would make you experience your worst fears before it killed you.”

“Auror Tonks!” McGonagall yelled as she and Dumbledore approached her quickly. “What’s happened? Is Ms. Bell alright?”

“We think she’s been Imperioused,” Tonks said.

McGonagall gasped and held a hand to her chest.

“Why on Earth would someone want to do that?” she asked incredulously.

“She was trying to deliver that,” Tonks said, pointing to the package hovering in the air. “It’s a necklace carrying the Torment Curse. From what I understand, it was meant for you, sir.”

Dumbledore frowned and stepped forward to take a closer look at the necklace.

“Have you found the culprit?” he asked.

“Not yet,” Tonks said, sharing a glance with Harry. “My team is checking wands at the Three Broomsticks now.”

Dumbledore nodded and looked down at Katie sadly.

“I’m afraid if she is under the Imperious, we’ll need to send her to St. Mungo’s,” he sighed.

“Let me try talking to her first,” Harry said.

Dumbledore looked at him for a moment before nodding, “Very well.”

Kneeling down next to Katie, Harry bound her arms and legs with rope before Reenervating her. Her eyes blinked open, but before she could look around, Harry cupped both of her cheeks and forced her to look at him.

“Katie, I know you can hear me,” Harry said. “You need to fight this.”

“I need to see Professor Dumbledore,” Katie said blandly.

“Listen to me!” Harry barked. “There’s a voice in the back of your mind telling you this is wrong, that you need to fight whoever’s trying to control you. Listen to that voice. You can fight this. I know you can.”

Katie opened her mouth to speak and then froze. Slowly, her lips began to more.

“No,” she said in barely a whisper.

“That’s it. Come on, Katie,” Harry cheered.

Her whole body started to tremble, and she shook her head back and forth.

“No!” Katie shouted.

Gasping, her eyes cleared, and she looked around wildly.

“Harry?” she asked in a frightened tone. “I didn’t hurt anyone, did I?”

“No,” Harry smiled, shaking his head.

Untying Katie, Harry kissed her forehead and pulled her in for a tight hug.

“Welcome back, Ms. Bell,” Dumbledore said, smiling under his beard.

“Katie, do you know who cursed you?” Tonks asked.

The girl wrapped her arms around her legs and shook her head while Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders.

“No,” Katie said. “I was in the bathroom when they hit me from behind. I didn’t recognize the voice.”

Tonks nodded, disappointed but unsurprised.

“I need to go check on my team and contact Madam Bones,” she said. “Do you still want me to send Katie to St. Mungo’s?”

“I don’t think that’s necessary,” Dumbledore said. “I’ll send her to the Hospital Wing to get checked.”

“Keep me posted if anything comes up,” Tonks said.

“Of course,” Dumbledore nodded.

“Should we send the students back to the castle?” McGonagall asked.

“I’m afraid so,” Dumbledore sighed. “Tonks, please send the students back once you’re done with your investigation.”

“Will do,” Tonks said, then turned to Fleur. “Sorry, it looks like we’ll have to postpone our little get together.”

“It’s alright,” Fleur said. “I’m just glad no one was ‘urt.”

“If the Aurors deem it safe, I see no reason the students couldn’t return tomorrow,” Dumbledore said. “If not, you’re always welcome to visit Hogwarts, Ms. Delacour.”

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

“I need to go check on my team,” Tonks said. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Nodding, Fleur gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Smirking, Tonks pulled her back and kissed her heatedly on the lips. When they separated with smiles, Fleur walked over to Harry and bent down to kiss him hungrily.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Fleur whispered promisingly.

Straightening up, she left Harry slightly dazed and Katie and Leanne gaping before turning to Hermione. Hugging her, she gave her a more chaste kiss on the lips, leaving the brunette blushing pretty as she left.

“Well then,” Dumbledore said, smiling and clapping his hands. “Ms. Tonks, I’ll let you do your job. Harry, Hermione, would you mind escorting Ms. Bell to the Hospital Wing? I’m sure you know the way.”

“Sure,” Harry said.

“I’ll see you back at the castle,” Tonks said.

Giving him a kiss, she left as he helped Katie to her feet. Tonks had just made it to the Three Broomsticks when Jackson and Alexa stepped outside with Rosmerta between them, her hands manacled together.

“What happened?” Tonks asked.

“We found traces of the Imperious Curse on her wand,” Jackson said.

“I didn’t do it,” Rosmerta said pleadingly. “I would never hurt one of the students. You have to believe me.”

“I do,” Tonks said soothingly. “Madam Bones wants to deal with this personally. She’ll get to the bottom of this, and you’ll be back in your pub before you know it. Just work with us, and things will go a lot easier.”

Rosmerta gave a frightened nod, tears gathering in her eyes. As Jackson walked her to the Apparation point, Tonks stopped Alexa.

“When you get her to the Ministry, call St. Mungo’s and have them send over someone to check her for the Imperious,” Tonks whispered.

Nodding, Alexa caught up with Jackson, and she watched both of them vanish with a crack.

~

Tonks didn’t return to the castle until hours later. She was tired and worn but smiled when she ran into Harry and Hermione doing their rounds.

“Hey,” Harry said, wrapping his arms around her.

Tonks leaned into his embrace and rested her head on his shoulder.

“Did you find out who cursed Katie?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah,” Tonks sighed. “It was Rosmerta. She was under the Imperious, too.”

“What!?” Hermione gasped.

“Yeah,” Tonks said. “This whole thing was convoluted and sloppy.”

“I didn’t even know someone under the Imperious could put someone else under it,” Harry said.

“It’s possible but a really bad idea,” Tonks said, pulling back and taking his hand in hers. “It’s also why Katie was able to break through it so easily. Bones thinks this was done by someone with very little experience.”

“Malfoy?” Harry asked.

“I don’t have any evidence, but I think so,” Tonks nodded. “I checked with McGonagall, and he was in detention with her all morning. She caught him cursing a second year yesterday.”

“That seems a bit extreme, even for Malfoy,” Hermione said thoughtfully.

“I thought so, too,” Tonks said. “I just wish I could prove it.”

“Will Rosmerta be okay?” Harry asked.

“She’s in St. Mungo’s,” Tonks sighed. “It can take weeks or months to break the curse, but they can do it. She’ll be fine, eventually.”

“Poor Rosmerta,” Hermione said. “What’s going to happen to the Three Broomsticks?”

“Her niece is going to take over while she’s in hospital,” Tonks replied.

The three of them fell silent as they walked through the halls.

“Is there anything we can do?” Harry asked eventually.

“We just need to keep an eye on him and hope we catch him before he does anything else,” Tonks sighed before smiling. “You were brilliant today, by the way. I thought you were just being paranoid, but Katie could’ve gotten seriously hurt if you hadn’t noticed her acting oddly.”

“I hate Halloween,” Harry muttered. “Something bad always happens on Halloween.”

As they reached the fifth floor, Tonks remembered the Prefects’ Bath was just down the hall.

“How about we go take a bath?” Tonks smiled. “I think both of us could use a good soak after today.”

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her.

“You coming, Hermione?” Tonks asked.

“I can’t,” Hermione said. “I promised Ginny I’d help her with her Transfigurations essay.”

“Alright,” Tonks said. “Make sure you get to sleep early tonight, though. Fleur definitely won’t take no for an answer tomorrow, and that girl’s gonna be frustrated.”

Hermione blushed and shook her head as she continued up the stairs. Grinning, Tonks leaned against Harry as they walked to the Prefects’ Bath. The hot, humid air wrapped around them like a comforting blanket as they quickly stripped out of their clothes and climbed into the pool. When Harry sat, Tonks sat sideways in his lap and rested her head on his shoulder. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath and relaxed while he ran his fingers up and down her spine.

They’d only been sitting there for a couple of minutes when the door opened. Tonks looked up, wondering if Hermione had decided to join them. Daphne Greengrass stepped inside and closed the door behind her. She was halfway to the pool when she realized it wasn’t empty and froze.

“Oh, sorry,” Daphne said. “I didn’t think anyone was in here.”

“It’s fine,” Tonks smiled. “There’s plenty of room if you want to join us.”

“I didn’t bring a swimsuit,” Daphne said.

“Neither did we,” Tonks grinned.

Daphne lifted an eyebrow and looked at her thoughtfully. Tonks noticed her eyes dropping to Harry’s bare chest more than once.

“Turn around, Potter,” she said.

“What?” Harry asked.

Daphne rolled her eyes, “Turn around until I get in the water.”

“Alright,” Harry said, raising his hands in surrender.

Lifting Tonks off of his lap, he turned away and rested his head on his arms. Daphne set down her towel and toiletries before quickly stripping out of her clothes. Tonks smiled as her curvy figure and large, perky breasts came into view. Setting her clothes aside, Daphne sank down into the water until it came up to her collarbone. Looking down, she checked to make sure the bubbles were covering her before looking back up.

“You can turn around now,” she said.

Harry turned back around and pulled Tonks back into his lap.

“Can you tell me anything about what happened in Hogsmeade today?” Daphne asked.

“Katie Bell and Rosmerta were put under the Imperious Curse,” Tonks said. “Other than that, we’re still investigating.”

Daphne nodded thoughtfully.

“Actually, I’m glad I ran into you, Potter. There’s something I wanted to talk to you about,” Daphne said.

“What’s that?” Harry asked, his hands caressing Tonks’ breasts under the water.

Smirking, Tonks wiggled in his lap.

“Death Eaters visited my father this Summer and made it quite clear staying neutral wasn’t an option like last time,” Daphne said. “I’m afraid my father is going to join them, but I have no intention of following that maniac burn the world to satisfy his ego.”

“You could go to Dumbledore,” Harry said.

“I don’t trust Dumbledore,” Daphne told him. “I trust you. You’d never put someone in harm’s way without their permission. I’ve been part of the DA for weeks now, and you’ve never asked for anything, even though you know Malfoy is up to something.”

“What exactly do you want him to do?” Tonks asked.

“I just want me, my sister, Tracey, and possibly my mother to be safe,” Daphne said. “I’d be willing to tell you anything I overheard or come across, but I don’t want to get involved in this stupid war.”

Harry looked at Daphne intently, but Tonks already knew what his answer would be. Sighing, he turned to her.

“Looks like we’re buying that house sooner than we thought,” Harry said.

Smiling softly, Tonks caressed his cheek and kissed him lovingly.

“A house?” Daphne asked.

“Tonks and I have been planning to buy a big house and put it under the Fidelus,” Harry replied. “We wanted a place anyone could go to if they needed a safe place to stay.”

“And you’ll be the Secret Keeper?” Daphne asked.

“We haven’t decided on that yet,” Tonks answered. “But whoever it is will be trustworthy. We expect to Have Hermione, her parents, mine, and anyone else in danger staying there. It might get a bit cramped, but you can trust Harry to make sure it’s safe.”

“And you’ll let us stay? Just like that?” Daphne asked hopefully, leaning forward.

“I don’t see why not,” Harry said, looking to Tonks, who shrugged.

Daphne blew out a breath and sagged in relief.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully. “Malfoy’s father was in talks with mine about a marriage contract between Draco and Astoria before he was arrested. The last thing I want is for her to end up with someone like that. She deserves better.”

“Marriage contracts are still a thing?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Only a few of the old families still use them,” Tonks assured him before turning to Daphne. “If we’re going to be helping you, I do have one request.”

Daphne stiffened and narrowed her eyes in suspicion.

“What?” she asked guardedly.

“Can I please turn into when I shag Harry?” Tonks asked, enlarging her eyes and pouting cutely.

“Tonks,” Harry groaned, burying his face in the crook of her neck as he blushed.

Daphne snorted and shook her head.

“I don’t care what you do, just don’t do it in public with my face,” Daphne said.

Tonks grinned and bounced in Harry’s lap playfully. Daphne was distracted by the sight of her breasts peeking out of the water as she reached for her shampoo. Instead of grabbing it, she hit it with her fingers and caused it to roll a couple of feet away. With a curse, she covered her breasts with her arm and tried to reach for it, but couldn’t without getting out of the water.

“Ooh, that’s not good,” Tonks said teasingly.

Daphne turned and glared at her, and she grinned in response. Rolling his eyes, Harry lifted her off his lap.

“I’ll get it,” he said, swimming to the edge.

“Thank you,” Daphne said, smirking at Tonks.

As he climbed out of the pool, Daphne's eyes widened. White, foamy suds clung to his bare, muscular body. Now it was Tonks' turn to smirk as the blonde stared at her boyfriend's bum when he bent over to pick up the bottle. Harry turned around, and Daphne blushed as her eyes fell on his cock. Thanks to Tonks' teasing, he was partially erect, making his hanging length look impressively large. She had to cover her mouth to suppress a laugh when Harry held the bottle out to Daphne, but the girl ignored it in favor of gaping at him.

"Daphne," Harry called, his lips twitching.

Jerking back to reality, the pale blonde blushed heavily and practically snatched the bottle from his hand before looking away in embarrassment.

"Thanks," Daphne muttered.

Smiling, Harry looked over at Tonks as he climbed back into the bath.

"You know, I don't just like turning into other witches for a bit of roleplay," Tonks said. "I like watching him with the real thing, too."

Daphne's eyes widened as she looked at her for a moment before glancing at Harry speculatively.

"Don't tease her," Harry scolded, rolling his eyes as he sat back down next to her.

Daphne snorted and shook her head.

"You almost had me there for a minute," she said. "I thought you were serious."

"Oh, I am," Tonks grinned.

“Tonks,” Harry groaned.

“Hey, if she’s going to be living with us, she’ll figure it out eventually,” Tonks said, kissing his cheek before turning back to Daphne. “If Hermione wasn’t busy tonight, she would’ve been here with us, too. Of course, if it wasn’t for the excitement in Hogsmeade, none of us would’ve had any energy left. Fleur can get pretty demanding when she doesn’t get shagged regularly.”

“You mean Delacour?” Daphne asked, raising a perfectly manicured eyebrow.

“Why else do you think she was in Hogsmeade?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

“Wow,” Daphne said, eyeing Harry with a glint in her bright blue eyes. “I never would’ve thought you had it in you, Potter. Or Granger.”

Under the water, Tonks wrapped her fingers around Harry’s shaft and stroked him lightly.

“Oh, Hermione’s gotten quite used to having Harry in her,” she joked.

“That was terrible,” Harry chuckled.

“She’ll get along well with Tracey,” Daphne said. “She likes making horrible jokes, too.”

“My jokes aren’t terrible,” Tonks pouted.

“Of course not, love,” Harry smiled, kissing her temple. “They’re just really, really, bad.”

Tonks slapped his chest lightly.

“Prat,” she said.

Daphne snorted and picked up her bottle of shampoo. Lathering her hair, she ducked her head under the water to rinse it off.

“You know, if she opens her eyes, she’ll see what I’m doing right now,” Tonks teased.

“And then she won’t be able to see anything for the rest of the night, thanks to all the soap in the water,” Harry smiled.

“Do you have to ruin my fun?” Tonks asked as Daphne lifted her head out of the water.

As she ran her hands through her hair, the tops of her pale breasts peeked out of the bubbles.

“Do I want to know what you two are talking about?” Daphne asked.

“Only if you want to know what Harry plans to do to me later when I pretend to be you,” Tonks said teasingly.

“Oh, really,” Daphne said, looking at Harry. “And what do you have planned, Potter?”

“How about he shows you instead,” Tonks replied with a smirk before Harry could speak.

Daphne raised an eyebrow questioningly while Tonks grinned and closed her eyes. A look of intense concentration came over her face as he body began to shift. When she opened her eyes a few moments later, she looked like an exact replica of Daphne.

“Merlin,” Daphne breathed, looking at her closely. “It’s like looking in a mirror.”

“How’d I do with the rest?” Tonks asked.

Standing on the bench, she wiped the foamy white soap off of Daphne’s impressively perky breasts and toned stomach as Harry eyed her up and down. Daphne blushed lightly and watched Harry’s expression for a moment before turning back to Tonks.

“It looks pretty spot on,” she said, clearing her throat nervously.

“You mind if I check?” Tons asked with a smirk. “You don’t want Harry to get the wrong impression, do you?”

Staring at Tonks, she glanced over at Harry before swimming over. Slowly, she stood from the water until she was side to side with her. Tonks looked over her glistening body with a critical eye, making a couple of minor adjustments to her own body in the process.

“What do you think?” Tonks asked Harry, twisting her body this way and that.

“Looks good,” Harry said, smiling as his eyes raked over both of them.

Smirking, Tonks rubbed her throat and hummed as she altered her vocal cords until her voice was the same pitch as Daphne’s.

“Potter,” Tonks said.

Her voice was still a little off, so she just a bit and tried again.

“Potter,” she said.

“Is that what my voice really sounds like?” Daphne asked.

“Sounds pretty close to me,” Harry said.

“You might want to grab a seat for this,” Tonks grinned.

While Daphne looked at her curiously, Tonks turned to Harry and sank back into the poll with a serious look on her face.

“Look, Potter, I’ll make you a deal,” Tonks said in a near-perfect imitation of Daphne. “If you promise to protect my sister and me, I’ll do anything you want.”

“That’s certainly tempting,” Harry said, looking down at the diminishing bubbles at her chest. “But just so we’re clear, what exactly did you have in mind?”

Tonks rolled her eyes as Daphne sat a few feet away, watching avidly.

“I know you’re a Gryffindor, but surely you can figure it out,” Tonks said.

“I don’t like to assume,” Harry told her.

“Fine,” Tonks huffed. “As long as you’re protecting us, I’ll keep your bed warm. Satisfied?”

“Seems clear enough,” Harry smiled, placing his hands on her waist.

Tonks let him pull her into his lap, his erection brushing against her thigh.

“You have got to be kidding me,” Tonks said, looking down at his lap through the water. “Typical Gryffindor, all cock and no brains.”

Daphne snorted in laughter next to them.

“I need to remember that one,” she muttered.

“What’s the matter?” Harry asked with a smirk. “The boys in Slytherin don’t measure up?”

“I can assure you, I wouldn’t know,” Tonks said with a glare.

Daphne scoffed, “You got that right.”

“I’m not one of your little fan girls, Potter,” Tonks told him. “It takes more than good looks and a big cock to impress me.”

“Is that a challenge?” Harry asked amusedly.

“You can take it however you like,” Tonks said carelessly.

Grinning, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and stood up.

“Potter! what are you doing?” Tonks asked as he set her on the edge of the bath.

“Impressing you,” he smirked.

Holding her legs apart, Harry ducked down and kissed the outside of her folds. Gasping, Tonks spread her legs unconsciously and gripped a fistful of his wild black hair. She let out a deep moan when he ran his tongue between her lips, ending with a light flick over her clit.

“Potter,” Tonks groaned, drawing out his name.

“Merlin, it’s scary how much you actually look and act like me,” Daphne murmured.

“Hot, though, right?” Tonks asked, breaking character for a moment.

Biting her lip, Daphne nodded and sat back. Tonks couldn’t see exactly what she was doing under the water, but the way her shoulder twitched and flexed gave her a pretty good idea.

“This could be you, you know,” Tonks said, hissing pleasurably as Harry kissed her clit and sank two fingers into her depths.

“I’ll think about it,” Daphne said.

“Fair enough,” Tonks replied.

A moment later, she gasped and bucked her hips when Harry rubbed her g-spot. Looking down at his smirking eyes, she knew exactly what he had planned.

“Don’t you dare, Potter,” Tonks growled, slipping effortlessly back into her imitation of Daphne.

Suddenly, Harry jerked his hand back and forth frantically, stimulating her most sensitive spot.

“Fuck,” Tonks moaned, drawing the word out.

Her hips bucked, and her body shuddered as she built rapidly towards a powerful climax. As Harry sucked on her clit, her eyes rolled into the back of her head. A moment later, she screamed, fisting Harry's hair tightly. A gush of arousal drenched his face while her insides quivered for the intense pleasure. In seconds, Tonks went from pulling his face closer to pushing it away when she became too sensitive.

Chuckling, Harry pulled his fingers back and kissed the outside of her folds softly. Tonks continued to twitch and moan for several seconds until her body finally relaxed.

"I take it your Slytherin boys don't know how to do that?" Harry asked smugly.

Tonks snorted, "Don't get a big head, Potter. I doubt most of them even know women can have orgasms."

Chuckling, Harry kissed his way up her stomach to her breasts. Cupping both of them, he caressed them softly while kissing her soft pink nipples. Tonks smirked as he spent a couple of minutes enjoying Daphne's tits.

They are quite nice, she thought.

Straightening up, Harry's towering erection came into view.

"Merlin, Potter," Tonks gasped. "How do you fit that thing in Granger?"

"Practice," Harry grinned.

Pulling her bum closer to the edge, he teased her folds with his swollen head. Running it up and down her opening, he coated in her arousal before settling at her entrance.

"Last chance to back out," Harry said.

“Just do it,” Tonks said.

Smiling, Harry slipped inside of her with a groan. Closing her eyes, Tonks raked her nails along his back as he stretched her depths. She’d tightened herself up a little bit, suspecting that Daphne had little experience. If she wasn’t a virgin.

Looking at her over Harry’s shoulder, Daphne’s mouth hung slightly open as she panted, her shoulder moving rhythmically.

“Merlin, you’re so deep, Potter,” Tonks panted, playing it up for Daphne’s benefit.

“Do you want me to pull back?” Harry asked.

Tonks wrapped her legs around him and glared.

“Don’t you dare,” she hissed.

Harry smirked smugly.

“Don’t give me that look,” Tonks said. “So what if you have a big cock?”

Still smirking, Harry gave a sharp thrust while flexing his muscles, swelling inside of her and causing Tonks to gasp.

“You know, it might take a while for someone to finally stop Voldemort,” Harry said, settling into a gentle pace.

“So?” Tonks panted, having trouble staying in character.

She'd been horny all day waiting to see Fleur and anticipating that marathon of sex she knew would happen.

"So, you might have to spend months, maybe even years, in hiding," Harry told her.

Tonks opened her mouth to respond but moaned instead.

"I take it you don't mind?" Harry asked with a grin.

"Just shut up and fuck me, Potter," Tonks panted.

With his grin still in place, Harry lifted her up and carried her closer to Daphne. Setting her down on her feet, he slipped out of her and turned her around to face the panting blonde. Sliding easily back into her from behind, Harry grabbed a handful of her hair and started thrusting.

Letting out a long moan, Tonks ended up with her hands resting on either side of Daphne's head. With his free hand, Harry reached up and squeezed one of her bouncing breasts.

"Potter," Tonks moaned.

Pulling her hair and craning her head back, Harry kissed and sucked the side of her neck while looking straight at Daphne. Shivering, she closed her eyes and moaned before opening them back up and staring at Harry with a smokey gaze. Tonks moaned, imagining the most desirable girl in Slytherin getting absolutely ruined by her stud of a boyfriend. Trembling, Tonks bucked back into his thrusts, the sting in her scalp sending a shiver down her spine.

"Where do you want me to cum?" Harry asked.

"In me," Daphne panted, then blushed. "I mean her."

Tonks could feel Harry's smirk as she sped up his thrusts. Crying out, she arched her back and came just a moment before Harry erupted inside of her and flooded her depths. With his full length buried inside of her, Harry wrapped his arms wound her chest and hugged her to him as he finished filling her.

Opening her eyes, Tonks looked at Daphne, who was still rubbing herself furiously. Looking over her shoulder, she exchanged a meaningful look with Harry. Smiling, he kissed her tenderly and slipped out of her.

"Daphne, sit on the edge," Harry told her.

Panting, she only hesitated for a moment before doing as he asked. Smiling, Tonks changed back to her normal look and sat on the edge next to her while Harry kissed his way up her thigh.

"Don't tease me, Potter," Daphne said, threading her fingers through his hair.

Smirking, Harry dove for her folds, drawing a sharp gasp from Daphne and causing her legs to wrap tightly around his neck.

"Oh!" Daphne gasped.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Tonks asked, trailing her finger up Daphne's muscular thigh.

Mouth open and panting, Daphne moaned and shuddered. Reaching her stomach, Tonks flattened her hand and caressed the bottom of her breasts. When Daphne didn't react negatively, she cupped one fully and leaned closer. When the busty Slytherin turned to look at her with an unfocused gaze, Tonks leaned forward and brushed her lips against hers.

Inhaling sharply, Daphne stared at her for a moment before closing the distance. Tweaking her nipple, Tonks kissed her heatedly, their tongues dancing. Daphne moaned into her mouth, pulling back to suck in a deep breath before kissing her again.

Suddenly, she pulled away sharply and let out a high pitched squeak as her eyes widened. Gripping Harry's hair tightly, her legs clamped together around his head as her muscles tightened. A shudder ran up her spine, sending her breasts trembling alluringly while she gasped for air.

Smirking, Tonks pinched her cute, pink nipple and gave it a little twist.

Squeaking again, Daphne arched her back impressively as she came. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and her body trembled like she was having a seizure. Drawing in a deep breath, Daphne let out a vibrating moan while grinding herself roughly against Harry's face.

Finally, she let go of Harry, giving him a chance to lift his head. Tonks laughed when she saw his chin literally dripping with Daphne's arousal. The Slytherin herself was completely out of it. Her eyes were glazed over, her chest rising and falling sharply as she panted for air.

Chuckling, Harry lifted her up and carried her back into the pool. Setting her on his lap, he hugged her to his chest as Tonks curled up against his side. Turning to each other, they shared a loving kiss and a smile.

"I think you broke her," Tonks joked.

Harry chuckled and caressed Daphne's back as she rested against his chest.

~

An hour later, Harry and Tonks returned to Gryffindor Tower. This time of night, the common room was mostly empty. Only a few older students were still up, pouring over their textbooks and checking notes.

“Harry?”

Looking up, Tonks saw Katie approaching them, looking nervous.

“Katie,” Harry smiled. “It’s good to see you out of the Hospital Wing. How are you doing?”

“Madam Pomfrey said I’ll be fine,” Katie said softly. “Thanks for stopping me. I’d have hated to hurt anyone.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” Harry said firmly.

“Katie,” Tonks said. “Why don’t you come have a cup of tea with us?”

“I don’t want to interrupt-”

“You’re not,” Tonks smiled. “Harry and I already had our fun for the night.”

Harry coughed while Katie blushed and giggled. Smiling, Tonks let go of Harry’s hand and hooked her arm through Katie’s.

“Come on,” she said, leading her to their room.

While she led Katie over to the couch, Harry whipped out his wand to make the tea.

“How are you, really?” Tonks asked gently.

Katie sighed and stared down at her hands.

“I feel terrible,” Katie admitted. “I could’ve killed someone. All because I was too weak to throw off the Imperius.”

“You did throw it off,” Harry told her as he set down three cups of tea.

Smiling at him, Tonks picked up her cup and took a sip.

“Only because you helped,” Katie said miserably.

“Most people can’t even do that,” Tonks said. “Rosmerta’s likely to be in St. Mungo’s for weeks to get the curse off of her.”

“She was Imperiused too!?” Katie asked, shocked.

Tonks nodded, “She was the one that cursed you. We’re still looking for the person behind all of it.”

Katie bit her lip and stared down at her tea.

“It’s not your fault, Katie,” Harry said softly, his hand rubbing her back soothingly. “Trust me, blaming yourself for things out of your control isn’t going to help.”

“But I could’ve fought it sooner,” Katie said.

“Katie, what you experienced was a weaker version of the curse because it was cast by someone else under the Imperius,” Tonks explained gently. “If it had been a normal curse, you’d probably be in a bed next to Rosmerta right now. There’s no shame in not being able to fight the Imperius. It’s an Unforgivable for a reason.”

“Harry can do it,” Katie murmured.

“I think we can both agree Harry isn’t exactly normal,” Tonks whispered loudly.

Looking up, Katie cracked a small smile before turning to Harry.

“Can you teach me?” she asked pleadingly.

“I don’t know,” Harry said hesitantly. “The only way I know how would be to put you under the curse so you can fight it.”

“That’s okay. I trust you,” Katie said.

Harry looked to Tonks for help, but she could only shrug helplessly.

The girl had a point.

Turning back to Katie’s hopeful expression, Harry sighed.

“Alright,” he said, causing her to smile brightly. “But this has to stay just between us.”

“I won’t tell anyone, I swear,” Katie said.

Suddenly, she lunged at Harry and hugged him tightly.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully.

“You’re welcome,” Harry said, smiling as he hugged her back.

Chapter 21

Sitting at the Gryffindor table, Harry looked up as Hedwig swopped in along with the other owls carrying the morning post. Surprisingly, she landed in front of Tonks and held out her leg.

“For me?” Tonks asked.

Hedwig barked and ruffled her feathers impatiently.

“Alright, alright,” Tonks smiled. “No need to get your knickers in a twist.”

Untying the envelope from her leg, Tonks opened it and began to read while Hedwig hopped over to Harry.

“Hey, girl,” Harry said.

Stroking the feathers along her back, he broke off a piece of bacon with the other hand and held it up to her beak. With a happy chirp, Hedwig gobbled it down.

“My mother says hi,” Tonks said. “She wants me to remind you you’re still invited over for Christmas. Oh, this is interesting. Apparently, Sirius has a date with Hestia on Saturday.”

“My mum invited you over for Christmas, too,” Hermione said quietly. “My parents want to meet more of my magical friends.”

“Too bad we can’t just invite everyone over to Grimmauld Place,” Tonks sighed.

“Do you think Dumbledore would let us make a trip out of the castle?” Harry asked thoughtfully.

Tonks looked at him curiously.

“He might, but not without a guard. Why?” she asked.

“I really want to get working on finding a house. If we get it ready soon enough, maybe we could invite everyone over,” Harry said.

“I’ll ask,” Tonks smiled. “I’ll send a letter to Fleur and see if she can find a good agent.”

“I didn’t know you were looking for a house,” Hermione said.

“I want a safe place that I control if things go to hell,” Harry shrugged.

“Are you sure you can afford it?” Hermione asked tentatively.

“I’m sure,” he told her. “When I turned seventeen, I got access to my family vault.”

“Harry’s loaded,” Tonks grinned. “Why else would I put up with him?”

Harry poked her in the side, drawing a squeal from her lips while Hermione shook her head in amusement. Hedwig gave a hoot, stole a rasher of bacon from his plate, and took off into the air.

~

It turned out that getting permission to leave the castle was easier than expected. Professor Dumbledore wasn't even in the castle and wouldn't be back until after the holidays. Professor McGonagall allowed it since he needed to take care of family business but relaxed considerably when Tonks promised that she and Fleur would be with him the whole time.

That weekend, Harry and Tonks walked to the Front Gate and Apparated to Cambridge. As they walked past the Fitzwilliam Museum, between a restaurant and an antique shop, a building sprouted from the ground between them.

"This must be the place," Tonks said.

"I love magic," Harry grinned, following her to the door.

Walking inside, the place felt more like a well appointed living room than a business. A Kneazle lying on the couch looked up and them and meowed softly, then curled back into a ball with a purr. A moment later, a door to the left opened up, and a pretty blonde walked in, her perfect white teeth gleaming as she smiled. She wore a navy blue business suit with a skirt that ended just below her knees, displaying an hourglass figure. The top three buttons of her blouse were unbuttoned, giving just a hint of the cleavage that lay underneath.

"Hello, you must be Harry," she said brightly, shaking his hand. "I'm Elizabeth Kipswitch. And you are…?"

"Tonks," the pink haired witch replied. "Harry's girlfriend."

“Oh my, you’re going to leave a lot of witches heartbroken, you know,” Elizabeth smiled. “Have a seat, please.”

Harry and Tonks took seats on the couch while Elizabeth sat in a chair to their left. Setting her bag down on the low coffee table, she reached inside and pulled out a book that looked much too big to have fit in there in the first place.

“Now then, I know buying your first house can be intimidating, so we’ll take it one step at a time. What size house are you looking for, and what’s your expected budget?” she asked.

“I’m looking for something big, maybe ten bedrooms, and my budget is around five hundred thousand Galleons,” Harry said.

Elizabeth blinked in surprise, “Dear me, I certainly wasn’t expecting that. Not to worry, though. I’m sure we can find something. Let me just have a look…”

Tonks leaned against Harry’s shoulder while Elizabeth flipped through her massive book. On the other end of the couch, the Kneazle got up and walked over to Tonks. Climbing into her lap, it laid down and purred as she stroked her fingers through its fur.

“I hope she’s not bothering you,” Elizabeth said. “Turtle just hates being left at home by himself.”

“You named your cat Turtle?” Tonsk asked in amusement.

“My daughter did,” Elizabeth smiled. “She was two at the time, so letting her pick the name probably wasn’t the best decision on my part.”

“Does your daughter go to Hogwarts?” Tonks asked.

“Not yet,” Elizabeth replied. “She goes to a Muggle school during the day. Ah! Here we go.”

Setting the book down on the table, she tapped the page with her wand. An image of a large manor was projected above the book and spun slowly, allowing them to get a good look at it from all angles.

“Here we have a twelve bedroom home, eight baths in Leatherhead, but still in your budget,” Elizabeth said, waving her wand.

All but the first floor disappeared, allowing them to see the floor plan with each of the rooms labeled.

“It’s Muggle, of course, but in a good neighborhood. It comes with a game room and a hot tub,” she continued.

“Ooh, a hot tub,” Tonks grinned suggestively. “We could have some fun with that.”

Harry smiled and looked over the manor thoughtfully.

“How close are the neighbors?” he asked.

“It sits on half an acre, and the driveway leads right out onto the main road,” Elizabeth replied, smiling.

“Do you have anything a bit more – isolated?” Harry asked.

“Aw, but what about the hot tub?” Tonks pouted while Elizabeth started flipping through her book.

“Whatever house we get, I’ll buy you a hot tub,” Harry promised.

“Are you saying that to make me happy, or so you can see our friends in bikinis?” she asked teasingly.

“Yes,” Harry answered.

Tonks giggled, and Elizabeth smiled in amusement.

“Here’s another one,” she said a moment later.

When she waved her wand, a large stone manor sitting on a hill appeared over the book.

“This one is fourteen bedrooms in Mold, Wales, and sits on twenty-seven acres. Again, it’s Muggle, but it was originally built by Wizards,” Elizabeth said as she cycled through the floor plan. “I believe the original Ward Stones are still in place, but I’ll have to check, if you’re interested. It includes a garage, game room, library, and a beautiful mountain view. Currently, there’s no pool or hot tub, but those can be added easily enough.”

“I like that one,” Harry said.

“It’s beautiful,” Tonks said.

“Before you get too excited, this one *is* a little over your budget,” Elizabeth admitted. “The owners are asking for three million pounds or just over six hundred thousand Galleons. This one has been on the market for a while, so we might be able to talk them down a bit.”

“Bloody hell,” Tonks whispered.

Harry blinked, nonplussed by the massive number. Then again, compared to what sat in his vault, that much gold was a drop in the bucket.

“I don’t mind going a bit over if it’s what I want,” Harry said.

Elizabeth grinned, “Well, if that’s the case, There’s another one located in Battle…”

~

Harry and Tonks spent another hour looking at houses, but in the end, they both decided that the one in Wales would work the best. Elizabeth told them she would contact the seller and set up a viewing while they went out to lunch.

Forty-five minutes later, they Apparated with Elizabeth to a dirt lane not far from the house.

“We’ll have to drive from here,” Elizabeth said. “It’ll look suspicious for someone to be walking all the way out here.”

Reaching into her bag, she pulled out what looked like one of the toy cars Dudley used to throw at him as a kid. A quick Enlargement Charm and they were looking at a full size Ranger Rover. Climbing inside, they drove the rest of the way to the house.

Looking at it from the outside, it was even larger than it looked in the picture. As the older couple that owned the place showed them around, Harry felt like he was walking around a museum rather than a home. It reminded him uncomfortably of living with the Dursleys, where he was always afraid to touch anything outside of his room and the kitchen.

Despite that, he could see the potential. With a bit of work and some new furniture, he could picture it being a great place to get away from everything for a while.

Tonks was just as enthusiastic as he was, grinning widely as she talked about her own ideas.

“We could definitely fit a hot tub and maybe even a pool out back,” she told him quietly. “And Fleur will love the wine cellar.”

“Hermione will enjoy filling up the library,” Harry smiled.

“We might as well put a bed in there and make that her room,” Tonks grinned.

“Don’t say that in front of Hermione,” Harry said. “She might actually do it.”

Tonks giggled as they continued to walk through the house.

By the time they were done with the tour, Harry had made up his mind.

“What do you think?” Elizabeth asked.

Looking over at the owners, Harry took Tonks’ hand in his and smiled.

“We’ll take it,”

~

Over an hour later, Harry and Tonks finally returned to the castle with the agreement that the current owners would finish moving by the end of November. After dinner that night, they went to Professor Flitwick’s office, where they talked to him about getting wards set up around the house, including the Fidelus Charm.

“I would certainly be willing to cast it for you. However, that does mean I will know who your secret keeper is,” Flitwick told them. “If you would like, I could teach you the charm so you can cast it yourself.”

“Isn’t it really difficult?” Harry asked.

“Indeed it is,” Flitwick said. “But you’ve been my student for six years now, Mr. Potter, and I’m certain you’re capable of learning it.”

“Do you think I could learn it by Christmas break? That’s when we wanted to move in,” Harry said.

“Hmm. If you work hard at it, I don’t see why you couldn’t,” Flitwick replied.

With a flick of his wand, he summoned a book from one of the shelves along the wall.

“Read chapters six and seven from this book, and then come see me,” he smiled. “If you’re able to learn the charm, I’ll even give you extra credit for it.”

Harry smiled and put the book in his pocket. After talking to Professor Flitwick for a bit longer, he and Tonks left to make their way back to Gryffindor Tower.

“Are you going to let Daphne know you bought a house?” Tonks asked.

“Might as well,” Harry shrugged. “We have a DA meeting tomorrow.”

Tonks quickly looked around to make sure they were alone. Smirking, she changed her face to look like Daphne.

“I guess that means it’s time for another payment,” she sighed. “It’s a good thing you have a nice cock, Potter.”

Harry grinned as Tonks reverted to her normal look. Pulling her to a stop, he pinned her against the wall and kissed her passionately. Tonks moaned into his mouth, her fingers combing through his hair.

“Ahem,”

Harry pulled back sharply and looked behind him. Professor Sinistra was standing behind him, her arms crossed over her chest.

“Evening, professor,” he smiled.

Ever since Tonks had turned into the beautiful, dark skinned Astronomy professor over the Summer – and knowing that Tonks had sent her the pictures of them going at it – Harry didn’t see her as intimidating or untouchable as he used to.

“Wotcher, Aurora,” Tonks grinned.

“Tonks, Mr. Potter,” Sinistra nodded. “You might want to get your boyfriend back to the common room. It’s close to curfew, and Professor McGonagall isn’t as lenient as I am.”

“Right,” Harry said.

“You go ahead,” Tonks said. “I want to talk to Aurora for a minute.”

“Okay,” Harry smiled.

Sneaking in one more kiss, he turned and headed back to the common room. He completely missed the mischievous grin on his girlfriend's face.

~

The next day, after dinner, Harry was back in the Room of Requirement working with the DA. He had the older students working on the Blasting Curse, Confringo, while the younger students worked on the Disarming Hex.

The room was filled with a cacophony of shouted incantation, making it difficult to make out a single voice. Several people had invited their friends since the last meeting, and now their numbers had practically doubled. Thankfully, most of them were students from the upper years, worried about their OWLs and NEWTs after Umbridge's abysmal teaching the year before.

Unfortunately, there were also quite a few new younger students as well. Harry noticed immediately that they tended to take the whole thing like a bit of a game, leaving poor Hermione to keep an eye on them so they didn't get into trouble.

As he watched, she had to rush over and stop a particularly feisty first year Gryffindor, Angelica Cox, from trying to cast the Blasting Curse. Meanwhile, Tonks was working with the older students, mostly seventh years, on an advanced shield that could stop Confringo.

Given the dangers if the shield failed, she had them cast the shield over a dummy while someone else cast the curse. There were a few little cuts and scraps when the odd dummy exploded from a poorly cast shield, but everyone looked to be enjoying themselves.

In fact, Cormac McLaggen looked to be enjoying himself a bit too much as he tried to monopolize Tonks' time. She was putting up with him for the moment, but Harry could see her patience for his leering and clumsy flirting was beginning to wane. Given the comments he'd made about her earlier in the year, he privately hoped she hexed the git.

“Potter!”

Harry spun around and found Daphne waving him over. Walking over to her and her partner for the day, Tracey, he gave her a questioning look.

“Can you take a look at my casting?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry nodded, then gestured to the dummy.

Tracey took half a step back as Daphne raised her wand and twirled it in a corkscrew motion with a sharp jab at the end.

“Confringo!”

A thick, red bolt of magic rocketed from the end of her wand with a *woosh*, and slammed into the dummy’s chest. There was a loud *bang* and a bright flash of red flames. The dummy tipped back slightly before falling back forwards, flames licking at its chest.

“Aguamenti,” Tracey incanted, using a gush of water to put out the flames. “Repairo.”

“Not bad,” Harry said.

Daphne sighed and ran a hand through her long, golden blonde hair.

“It works, but everything I’ve read said it should be more powerful than that,” she said.

“Your wand movements are too soft,” Harry told her. “This spell is violent. Your movements need to mirror that. It helps if you put a bit of emotion into it as well. Try thinking about something that makes you frustrated or angry. Watch.”

Taking out his wand and turning to the target, Harry aggressively spiraled his wand with a sharp, stabbing thrust at the end.

“Confringo!” Harry barked.

Harry’s spell shot forward at nearly twice the speed of Daphne’s, slamming into the dummy with a colossal crash that started the students around him. The top half of the dummy shattered, flinging burning splinters and chunks of wood against the wall.

“Holy shit,” Tracey whispered.

Harry cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his neck as the crowd around them whispered to one another. Flicking his wand, he put out the fires and repaired the dummy. Even when it was completely back together, a large scorch mark remained over the center of its chest.

“Can you show me that wand movement again?” Daphne asked.

Harry nodded and demonstrated it.

“Like this?” she asked, trying to copy what he’d done.

“A bit sharper at the end - like you’re trying to drive a sword through the target,” he told her.

Daphne repeated the movement, but it still wasn’t quite right.

“Here,” Harry said.

Moving behind her, he put his hand over hers and walked her through the motion.

“Could you show me that one more time?” Daphne asked.

Shifting back slightly, she pressed her bum against his groin. Biting his lip to hold back a chuckle, he rested a hand on her hip and led her through the movement again.

“Ahh!”

Harry let go of Daphne and spun around. McLaggen shook his hand and then held it to his chest while Tonks glared at him.

“Keep your hands to yourself, asshole,” she growled, her hair flashing red.

“It was an accident,” Mclaggen grumbled.

Scoffing in disbelief, Tonks turned her back on him and walked over to Harry.

“What happened?” he asked.

“He tried to grab my ass,” she said.

Harry glared over at Mclaggen and unconsciously tightened his grip on his wand.

“Don’t worry, I took care of it,” Tonks told him.

Harry grunted while imagining turning Mclaggen’s head into a turnip. Rolling her eyes, Tonks turned to Daphne with a smirk.

“Having fun teasing my boyfriend?” she asked quietly.

“Is that a problem,” Daphne asked, quirking an eyebrow.

“Nope,” Tonks grinned and leaned close to whisper. “It just means he’ll fuck me harder when I turn into you later.”

“Tonks,” Harry hissed as Daphne blushed.

“You should’ve seen us last night,” Tonks continued whispering. “Harry covered that pretty little face of yours with so much cum.”

Daphne swallowed visibly and glanced over at Harry while Tonks straightened up and winked.

“Have fun, you two,” she said brightly.

Walking over to Tracey, she started instructing her on how to improve her Blasting Curse.

Daphne cleared her throat, “Is she always like that?”

“Pretty much,” Harry said, smiling despite his embarrassment. “By the way, I need to talk to you after the meeting.”

Looking at him curiously, Daphne nodded before turning back to the target.

“Confringo!”

This time, her curse hit with significantly more force, toppling the dummy over and cracking the chest. Smiling proudly, Harry fixed the dummy and encouraged her to try again.

The DA meeting went on for a while longer before they called it a night half an hour before curfew.

“Great job, everyone,” Harry said. “You’re all improving a lot, but it’s getting a bit crowded in here. Starting next week, we going to hold two meetings a week. Fourth years and below will meet on Tuesdays, and the upper years will meet on Thursdays.”

That announcement got a few cheers, and Hermione looked immensely relieved.

“Have a good weekend, everyone. I’ll see you next week,” he said.

“Are you coming, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“I’ll be there in a bit. I need to talk to Daphne,” Harry told her.

“Okay,” Hermione said. “Just don’t forget we have the first patrol tonight.”

Harry nodded and walked over to Tonks as the room emptied. A few minutes later, it was just Harry, Tonks, and Daphne.

“What did you want to talk about?” Daphne asked.

“I wanted to let you know I bought a house,” Harry said. “Professor Flitwick is teaching me the Fidelus Charm, and I should be able to cast it over the break. I’ll let you and your sister in on the secret when I get back.”

“That was fast,” Daphne said. “I didn’t expect anything until Summer.”

“Harry wanted to make sure everyone had a safe place to go,” Tonks said. “We’ll probably have Fleur, my parents, Hermione’s, and possibly the Weasleys living there if things get bad.”

“That’s fine,” Daphne said. “If I talk to my mother over break and convince her to leave my father, can she stay there, too?”

Harry shared a looked with Tonks, who shrugged, leaving the decision up to him.

“Sure,” Harry said.

“Just keep in mind that communication with the outside world will be limited,” Tonks told her. “We can’t have a bunch of owls coming and going from the house.”

“I don’t care, as long as it keeps us away from those Death Eaters,” Daphne said. “I’ve seen the way they treat each other.”

Crossing her arms over her chest, Daphne shivered visibly.

Frowning, Tonks wrapped an arm around her shoulder and squeezed.

“Don’t worry. Harry will keep you safe,” she said softly.

Nodding, Daphne cleared her throat and looked at Harry intently.

“I’ll keep an ear out for anything happening in Slytherin, but that’s the most I’ll do,” she said. “I’m sorry, but I don’t want to get dragged into the middle of this war. I just want to make it out with my family intact.”

“That’s fine,” Harry said. “Have you heard anything about Malfoy lately?”

Daphne frowned thoughtfully, “He’s been troubled lately. Like something isn’t going the way he wants it to. Everyone knows he’s up to something, but he refuses to talk about it. All I really know is that he keeps disappearing for hours at a time.”

“Disappearing?” Tonks asked.

“Yeah. He’ll leave the common room alone, and then no one will see him until just before curfew,” Daphne explained. “Pansy complains about it constantly.”

Harry shared a look with Tonks and then checked his watch.

“Thanks, Daphne, but I need to go meet Hermione for our patrol,” Harry said. “Let me know if you hear anything else, yeah?”

“I will,” Daphne said. “And Potter. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

Grabbing Tonks’ hand, they left the Room of Requirement.

~

“Why not?” Hermione asked.

“Because it would be wrong,” Harry said.

“Wrong?” Hermione asked incredulously. “We’re prefects.”

“Hermione, it completely goes against why it was made in the first place,” Harry said.

“Oh, honestly,” Hermione huffed. “You’re just being ridiculous.”

“What are you two arguing about?” Tonks asked amusedly as she came around the corner.

“Harry refuses to use the Marauder’s Map to look for students that are out after curfew,” Hermione huffed.

“My dad made that map to get away from prefects, not help them,” Harry said. “It would just be wrong.”

“He’s got a point,” Tonks said.

Hermione rolled her eyes and checked her watch, but Harry saw a smile twitching at the corners of her lips.

“Our patrol finishes in a couple of minutes. Are you two coming back to the common room?” she asked.

“I think we might stay out for a bit,” Tonks smirked as she wrapped her arms around Harry’s stomach and hugged his back.

“Please try not to get in trouble,” Hermione sighed.

“Night, Hermione,” Harry said.

“Night,” she said, waving over her shoulder as she walked away.

“Where are we going?” Harry asked.

“I have a surprise for you,” Tonks whispered promisingly.

She kissed his neck before grabbing his hand and pulling him down the hall. Leading him to the Astronomy Tower, they walked to the top and stopped just outside a door Harry had never been through before.

“Once we get inside, don’t say anything,” Tonks said, smiling excitedly.

Harry lifted an eyebrow and smiled, anxious to see what his kinky girlfriend had planned for him this time. Opening the door, she pulled him inside someone’s living quarters. Considering where they were, he had a good idea of who they belonged to.

Pulling him past the couch and to a door at the back of the room, Tonks held a finger to her lips and then opened it slowly.

“Tonks? Is that you?” Professor Sinistra’s trembling voice drifted out from the dark room.

“It’s me,” Tonks said.

Opening the door all the way, Tonks slipped inside, pulling Harry in after her and closing the door. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust in the darkness, but he could tell he was in a bedroom. As his vision improved, he saw a figure lying on the bed, their arms and legs splayed out.

Suddenly, several candles flared to life. Once his eyes adjusted to the sudden light, he saw the figure on the bed was Professor Sinistra. She was completely naked, her modest, perky breasts and hard, dark nipples pointed to the ceiling. Red strips of silk bound her wrists and ankles to the posts of the bed, while another strip of silk acted as a blindfold.

As Harry stared at her thin, fit body, Tonks took off her cloak and sat on the edge of the bed. Sinistra's breathing increased and then hitched when Tonks reached out and caressed her stomach. Giggling, she ran her hand up to her breast and rolled her stiff nipple lightly.

"Tonks," Sinistra whined.

"You need this bad, don't you?" Tonks asked softly, her voice almost a whisper. "How long has it actually been since you had sex?"

"Years," Sinistra breathed.

"Don't worry," Tonks smirked, twisting the nipple between her fingers sharply and drawing a hiss from Sinistra's lips. "We'll fix that for you."

Looking up at Harry, her green eyes sparkled excitedly.

"Strip," she said firmly.

Sinistra inhaled sharply as Harry started taking off his clothes.

"He's here?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"He is," Tonks grinned.

Pinching her nipple between her fingers, Tonks pulled up, forcing Sinistra to archer back impressively until the swollen nub slipped from her grip. Giggling as Sinistra moaned and fell back to the mattress, Tonks stood up and started stripping out of her clothes.

Once both of them were as naked as his professor, Tonks grinned before turning back to the bound witch.

“Hmm. Now, what should he do first?” Tonks asked, tapping her finger against her lips.

Smiling, she raised her wand and gave it a wave. Sinistra gasped as silk loosened from the posts and pulled her into the air. Turning her around, they pulled her to the end of the bed. She barely had a moment to get her feet under her before she was bound in place on her feet, facing the head of the bed.

Smiling at Tonks, Harry walked over to his Astronomy professor and stopped just behind her. She must’ve sensed his presence because her muscles tensed. Harry paused, letting the anticipation build before reaching out and running his hands along her hips. Sinistra inhaled, trembling under his touch as goosebumps appeared on her skin. Reaching around to her stomach, he caressed her smooth skin, slowly moving up to cup the bottom of her breasts.

“Ooh,” Sinistra moaned.

Smiling, Tonks walked up to Harry and kissed his neck before placing her lips near his ear.

“Try to remember not to say anything. Aurora wants to be able to pretend she isn’t fucking a student,” she giggled.

Snorting softly, Harry turned his head and kissed her on the lips. When they broke apart, she reached down and grabbed his erection. After stroking his riding length a couple of times, she shuffled him forward a bit and then slapped it down on Sinistra’s thick, round bum.

“You feel that?” Tonks asked, dragging his head between Sinistra’s cheeks and then pushing Harry forward so that his full length was trapped between them.

Sinistra panted as Harry hugged himself to her back, his hands roughly caressing her breasts.

“Tonks, please,” she begged.

“Maybe you should ask him,” Tonks said. “You know who it really is, no matter how much you want to pretend otherwise.”

Sinistra groaned and ground back against Harry, rolling her hips sensuously.

“I - I can’t,” she whined.

Tonks sighed, “You’re lucky we’re such good friends.”

Waving her wand, she caused the silk binding her hands to let go of the posts. Sinistra gasped when they shot forward, forcing her to bend at the waist and tying themselves off to the posts at the head of the bed. Smirking, Harry grabbed her hips and ground his erection against her sweltering, leaking folds. As Sinistra moaned, he squeezed and groped her full, thick cheeks. Raising one hand, he brought it down and gave her right cheek and stinging smack.

Sinistra gasped, arching her back to try and push back against him. Unfortunately, she couldn’t put her hands on the bed to give herself the leverage she needed. She was completely at his mercy.

Kissing Harry on the cheek, Tonks climbed onto the bed and then crawled under Sinistra so they were face to face. Lifting her head up, she took one of her hard, thick nipples between her lips and sucked. Sinistra moaned and trembled.

“Dora, please,” she begged breathlessly.

“Don’t ask me,” Tonks smirked.

Sinistra groaned pitifully.

“Please. Please just fuck me already,” she said desperately.

Taking mercy on her, Harry pulled back and lined himself up with her entrance. Easing his way forward, Sinistra gasped loudly as his hard, thick length stretched open her depths.

“Oh, Merlin!” Sinistra gasped. “Fuck! It’s so deep!”

“He’s not even all the way in yet,” Tonks laughed.

Smirking, Harry eased back slightly and then bucked forward, burying the last half of his length deep into her clutching depths.

Sinistra screamed loud enough to wake the entire wing of the castle as she came instantly. Harry groaned as her core fluttered around him, massaging his length. Reaching under her, he massaged her clit as she shook and tugged at the silk holding her in place.

Seeing her thrash so much, Tonks released her wrists and let Sinistra collapse onto her chest.

“You okay, babe?” Tonks asked.

“Don’t – stop,” Sinistra panted.

Tonks laughed and rubbed her back soothingly.

“You heard her,” Tonks said. “Give it to her rough. She needs it.”

Smiling, Harry grabbed a handful of Sinistra’s long dark hair and gave it a tug as he bucked his hips. As he gradually increased the pace and force of his thrusts, Tonks leaned up and kissed the front of her throat. Soon, the sound of Harry’s thighs clapping against Sinistra’s round ass, causing her full, dark globes to ripple from the impact. Gripping her thick nipples, Tonks gave them a tug, pulling a long, low moan from her lips.

“Fuck! It’s so big,” Sinistra panted. “Tonks, you’re such a lucky bitch.”

Tonks giggled and stroked her cheek.

“I know,” she smirked.

“Oh shit,” Sinistra panted. “I’m cumming again.”

Letting go of her hips, Harry gripped her wide hips and slammed into her furiously. With a shout, Sinistra tipped over the edge and collapsed on top of Tonks. A trembling moan left her lips as she shook through her climax. Groaning, Harry slowed down, not wanting to finish too soon.

“You know, Aurora likes to take it up the ass, too,” Tonks grinned.

“Dora,” Sinistra whined.

“Tell me you don’t want a good buggering right now,” Tonks said.

Sinistra groaned and dropped her head onto her shoulder, making Tonks laugh. Shimmying out from under the sweaty, exhausted witch, Tonks grabbed both of her cheeks and pulled them open. Winking at Harry, she worked her cheeks and then let out a big glob of white spit right onto Sinistra's puckered hole.

The Astronomy professor gasped, then groaned when Tonks pushed her index finger deep into her rear entrance.

"Slut," Tonks giggled, then looked up at Harry. "I don't mind getting buggered once in a while, but she loves it."

As if to prove her point, Tonks put her index and middle fingers together and pushed them into her depths. Sinistra groaned, and Harry inhaled sharply when he felt her fingers moving next to his length.

"She's so tight, love," Tonks said sensually. "Just wait until you get your cock in here."

Sinistra gripped the sheets and groaned when Tonks inserted a third finger.

"I think she's ready," Tonks grinned.

Removing her fingers, she held Sinistra's cheeks open invitingly. Harry pulled out of his professor's gripping folds and placed his head at her rear entrance.

"Oh, fuck!" Sinistra gasped as Harry pushed forward gently.

Her depths opened up and swallowed him up voraciously. In no time at all, he was buried to the hilt in her tight bum. Harry had had the pleasure of buggering both his Metamorphmagus girlfriend and Fleur, a Veela. While both of them were incredible women with magical bodies, not even they could accept his length so easily.

Aurora Sinistra was simply built to be buggered.

“Fuck her, Harry,” Tonks said, rubbing her clit frantically. “Ruin that ass.”

“Tonks,” Sinistra groaned.

Harry chuckled as Tonks flushed, realizing she’d said his name.

“Oops,” she said. “Well, I guess there’s no point in pretending anymore.”

Rolling to the side, she grabbed Sinistra’s blindfold and pulled it off of her.

“Stay still,” Tonks told Harry before laying down to look at Sinistra’s face. “Tell Harry what you want, or he’s not fucking you.”

“Tonks,” Sinistra whined.

“Oh, stop it. You already knew who was fucking you,” Tonks huffed. “Come on, you know breaking the rules just makes it more fun.”

Groaning, Professor Sinistra bit her lip and looked at Harry over her shoulder. He throbbed excitedly as he looked at her face for the first time that night. Just the thought of being inside his beautiful professor was making him want to start thrusting.

“Fuck me,” she said softly.

Unsatisfied, Tonks held up a finger, telling him to wait.

“You can do better than that,” she teased.

“Fine!” Sinistra huffed. “Potter, fuck my ass, or I’ll have you in detention for the rest of the year.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Harry grinned.

Pulling half of his length out of her bum, he paused and then thrust back in hard. Sinistra moaned loudly as her depths sucked him back in. Harry hissed in pleasure from the incredible feeling. Gripping her hips tightly, he began drilling her into the mattress with long, powerful thrusts.

“Fuck, professor,” he grunted. “You’re ass is fucking amazing.”

Sinistra moaned, her muscles tightening around his length. Tonks giggled as she rolled over onto her back. Reaching up, she squeezed one of her breasts while her fingers delved into her folds.

“Harder,” Sinistra panted.

Pulling back until only the tip remained inside of her, Harry thrust down. Her depths devoured his cock, swallowing it up greedily until his hips clapped loudly against her bum. Harry thrust with such force that Sinistra’s body jolted forward, forcing a grunt from her lips.

“Harry,” she moaned.

The sound of his name from her lips pushed Harry closer to his peak. Growling, he continued hammering his hips back and forth, determined to push her to one more climax before he reached his own. He watched closely as her hands clawed at the sheets, and her body began to tremble.

“Ah, yes,” Sinistera squealed, drawing out the word. “Ah. Ah. Ah.”

She was reduced to letting out only the rhythmic grunts that Harry’s thrusts drove from her lungs. Trembling under him even harder, she started thrashing as her depths fluttered around him. Flexing his muscles, Harry panted as he pounded into her incredible ass, doing everything he could to hold back his climax.

Mercifully, Sinistra reached her peak only a few moments later. Her depths clamped down around him powerfully as her body stiffened. For a long moment, her mouth hung open silently until a scream finally worked its way out. Grunting, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and erupted deep inside her clutching depths.

Leaning down over her back, he hugged her body to his and kissed her neck as he emptied himself.

“I think you broke her,” Tonks giggled.

Sitting up, Harry looked down at Sinistra. She panted heavily with her eyes closed, looking utterly exhausted. Chuckling, he eased out of her abused back door, leaving her gaping and leaking a trail of white cum down her thigh.

“Can you untie her,” Harry asked.

Picking her wand up off the bed, Tonks gave it a wave, and the silk came loose. Rolling Professor Sinistra over, Harry carried her further onto the bed. With a smile, Tonks bent down and kissed her on the lips. Harry had thought she might be asleep, but she responded quickly, moaning as their lips moved together.

“Now, you get to take care of me while we wait for Harry to get hard again,” Tonks grinned.

Swinging her leg over Sinistra's head, Tonks knelt down and pressed her folds to her lips. With a tired groan, her soft pink tongue poked out and ran along her slit. Harry smiled and laid down on his side to watch, his hand reaching out to caress Sinistra's breasts.

Chapter 22

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this," Hermione said, pulling her hair up into a bun.

"It was your idea to make Harry go," Tonks smiled.

"Because he needs to get that memory from Slughorn," Hermione huffed. "I didn't think you'd make me go with you."

"Oh, come on. It'll be fun," Tonks said, bumping her shoulder.

"You know people are going to talk," Hermione frowned.

"Then let them talk," Tonks shrugged.

Grabbing a leather jacket off the bed, Tonks put it on over her crimson dress.

"Harry better appreciate this," Tonks said. "I'm not a fan of dresses."

"You look great," Hermione told her, smoothing down the front of her pink dress. "I'm sure Harry will love it."

"You're new boobs make that dress fit great, by the way," Tonks said, smiling as the brunette blushed. "You haven't had any issues with the potion, have you?"

“No,” Hermione said. “And please tell your mum I said thank you.”

“You can tell her yourself when you come over for during break,” Tonks told her.

“I still can’t believe Harry bought a house,” Hermione said, shaking her head. “Have you chosen a Secret Keeper?”

“Not yet, but Harry has a pretty good idea,” Tonks smirked. “Come on, time to go show off for our man.”

“He’s not my man,” Hermione protested as Tonks hooked her arm and pulled her towards the door.

“Sure he isn’t,” Tonks said sarcastically. “It’s a pity Fleur couldn’t make it. That would’ve really made for an exciting night.”

Walking out of the Head’s suite, Tonks led Hermione into the Gryffindor common room. Harry was sitting on the couch near the firing, looking bored as he listened to Colin Creevey. Noticing them out of the corner of his eye, he perked up and smiled at the sight of them. Excusing himself from Colin, he stood up and walked over to them.

“Wow, you both look amazing,” Harry grinned.

Tonks smiled as he leaned forward to kiss her on the lips. His eyes raked over her body briefly before he turned to Hermione. She blushed prettily and smiled as he kissed her cheek and whispered something into her ear. Straightening back up with a crooked grin, he offered them his arms.

“Ooh, such a gentleman,” Tonks said as Harry led them through the portrait hole.

“When am I not a gentleman?” Harry asked.

“Last night,” Tonks said, her eyes sparkling. “It wasn’t very gentlemanly doing that to poor, innocent Hermione.”

“Tonks!” Hermione hissed, looking around frantically.

Catching Harry’s eye, they shared a smile.

“You really do look great,” he said, eyeing her up and down. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in a dress before.”

“Yeah, well, don’t get used to it,” Tonks told him.

“Then I’ll just have to savor it,” Harry grinned.

Grabbing her hand, he lifted and led her in a twirl. Tonks made it halfway around before she stumbled and had to grab onto Harry to keep her balance.

“Not used to heels, Tonks?” Hermione giggled.

“Oh, shut it,” Tonks grumbled.

Grinning, Harry glanced at their backs.

“They do make your bums look great, though,” he said.

“Harry,” Hermione exclaimed with a blush.

Tonks laughed as Harry wiggled his eyebrows.

It was a short walk to the fifth floor, where Slughorn was holding his Christmas party. Tonks could certainly understand why Harry was a fan of the portly potions professor. The moment he saw Harry, he latched onto him and paraded him around the room like they were at a dog show.

Sure, they got to meet some interesting people, like a Vampire and Gwenog Jones, but she could see Harry was fighting the desire to storm off. Hanging onto his arm, Tonks rubbed his arm soothingly and tried to draw as much attention to herself as possible. On his other side, Hermione whispered to him, quietly giving him information about the people they were meeting.

Mercifully, after almost half an hour, there was a crash at the back of the room. With a quick apology, Slughorn left to investigate.

“Thank Merlin,” Harry sighed.

“That was a bit much,” Hermione frowned.

“Are you sure we can’t just beat the information out of him?” Harry whispered.

Hermione smacked his arm lightly.

“That might be a tiny bit illegal,” Tonks smiled.

“Pity,” Harry said.

Walking over to the drinks table, they all grabbed a glass of Slughorn's admittedly fantastic punch.

"You have to admit, Sluggy sure knows how to throw a party," Tonks said, looking around at the crowd. "It's like a who's who of Magical Britain in here tonight."

"Dumbledore said he likes to collect people," Harry said with distaste.

"That's a Slytherin for you," Tonks told him.

"I wish that's all we had to worry about from the Slytherins in our class," Hermione said.

"Fancy seeing you here, Granger,"

Hermione's eyes went wide as she looked over at McLaggen. As he walked over to her with a confident swagger, Tonks felt Harry tense.

"Oh, hello, Cormac," Hermione said, deliberately looking away from him.

"Drink?" he asked, holding up a goblet.

"No, thank you. I have one," Hermione said.

"Well, how about a dance, then?" McLaggen asked, taking her hand.

Hermione snatched her hand away quickly and unconsciously shifted closer to Harry.

"Sorry, but I came with Harry," she told him.

“Potter?” McLaggen asked as if he was confused. “He’s here with his girlfriend. I’m sure he wouldn’t mind if you danced with someone else. Would you, Potter?”

Tonks cut in before Harry could answer angrily.

“I don’t think he quite gets it, does he?” Tonks asked, looking at Harry pointedly.

“Get what?” McLaggen asked.

“Maybe you should show him,” Tonks said, nodding towards Hermione.

Understanding what she wanted, Harry smiled. He turned to Hermione and swept her up in his arms, causing her to blush prettily. She just had time to gasp before his lips descended on her. Tonks smirked as she watched McLaggen redden with anger.

“The bookworm is taken,” she said.

Giving her a glare, he turned back to Hermione just as she threaded her fingers through Harry’s hair and thrust her tongue into his mouth. Tonks kept her hand on her wand, but Mclaggen just gave them a disdainful look before he turned around and marched off.

Once he was out of sight, Tonks turned to Harry and Hermione with a smirk. She let them kiss for a few more seconds before clearing her throat.

“He’s gone now,” she told them.

Harry’s hands drifted from Hermione’s hips to her bum, which he gave a squeeze. Hermione squeaked into his mouth, then pulled back and smacked his chest lightly.

“Prat,” she said breathlessly.

“At least McLaggen will leave you alone now,” Tonks smirked. “So, how about that dance?”

“Dance?” Hermione asked.

Tonks shared a look with Harry, and they both grinned. Each of them took one of Hermione’s hands and pulled her out onto the dance floor.

They got to enjoy being out on the dance floor for an hour before Filch crashed the party, dragging Malfoy with him. When Snape came to his rescue, Tonks looked over at Harry and knew from the look on his face that he intended to follow them.

“Do you have your cloak?” she whispered.

“In my pocket,” Harry replied just a quietly.

Tonks turned to Hermione, who bit her lip and nodded.

“Let’s go then,” Tonks said.

Harry blinked in surprise, then smiled as they headed for the door. Once they were alone in the hall, they pressed together tightly so he could wrap the cloak around all of them. Hermione took a moment to take off her shoes, a move Tonks followed a moment later.

Creeping through the hallways of Hogwarts, they followed Snape and Malfoy at a distance to be safe.

"…Don't need your help!" Malfoy yelled.

Smack!

"You ungrateful child. I swore an Unbreakable Vow," Snape spat.

Tonks' eyes widened. Looking over at Harry and Hermione, she could see neither of them understood what that meant.

"This is my time, my mission," Malfoy responded petulantly.

"I'm trying to help you, Draco, but I can't if you don't keep me informed," Snape hissed.

"You just want to take the glory for yourself," Malfoy whined.

"Glory? You think this is about Glory?" Snape asked aggressively. "You foolish, petulant child! Your life is at stake. Do you think the Dark Lord will hesitate to kill you should you fail? Or your mother?"

"I won't fail! I won't," Malfoy said, his voice growing quiet. "I don't need you, and I don't need your help."

There was silence for a moment before they heard the sound of footsteps retreating down the hall. Signaling Harry, Tonks led them back down the hall. Once she was sure they were alone, she took off the cloak.

"What's –" Hermione started.

"Not here," Tonks interrupted. "Let's go back to our room."

Walking the familiar path back to Gryffindor Tower, they walked in contemplative silence. When they got back to Gryffindor Tower, it was mostly empty. Only one couple was still up, snogging in front of the fire. Everyone else was asleep, eager to leave for the holiday in the morning.

Entering the Head's suite, Tonks silenced the door as soon as it was closed.

"What's an Unbreakable Vow?" Hermione asked impatiently.

"It's a magical vow between two people," Tonks said, sitting on the couch.

"What happens if you break it?" Hermione asked.

"You die," Tonks said.

"But why would Professor Snape make an Unbreakable Vow?" Hermione asked.

"I see two possibilities," Tonks said. "Either he was backed into a corner and had to in order to keep his cover, or…"

"Or he isn't on our side," Harry said.

Tonks nodded, and Hermione's eyes widened.

"But Dumbledore trusts Snape," she insisted.

"Dumbledore makes mistakes, Hermione," Harry said. "And Snape's never given *us* a reason to trust him."

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” Tonks said, interrupting the brewing argument. “We should talk to Dumbledore about this. When did you say he was coming back?”

“Not ‘til after the break,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I think he’s found a lead to another Horcrux.”

“We’ll just have to talk to him when he gets back,” Tonks said.

“Gah! This is so frustrating!” Harry exploded. “Why the hell can’t he just tell me what’s going on!? I’m so sick and tired of being kept in the dark! He won’t tell me more about the Horcruxes! He won’t tell me what he’s doing! He won’t tell me anything about Malfoy! And what the hell is up with his hand!? Has he told the Order anything?”

Tonks snorted, “No. He just avoids the question.”

“What?” Harry asked.

Following his eyes to Hermione, Tonks saw her looking away and biting her lip.

“Do you know something, Hermione?” Tonks asked.

“Not really,” she replied.

When Harry gave her a disbelieving look, she sighed.

“I was curious,” Hermione said. “I looked into it, and the only thing that fit was the Withering Curse. But it can’t be. That kills within minutes, hours if you’re lucky, and there’s no cure. You said Dumbledore’s hand was like that over the Summer, right?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, his shoulders slumping. “Yeah, it was. Why can’t he just tell us anything? It’s always some game where I have to figure things out with no clue what I’m actually doing.”

Sighing, Harry dropped down onto the couch and pushed up his glasses so he could put his face in his hands. Tonks shared a glance with Hermione as she rubbed his back soothingly. The pressure was mounting on Harry, and the cracks were starting to show.

Dumbledore was playing a dangerous game. There was only so much a person could take before they snapped. It was almost like –

Was that it, she wondered. Was Dumbledore trying to push Harry to the breaking point in order to discover the power mentioned in the prophecy?

Tonks shook her head. Just the thought that he might be capable of that made her sick to her stomach. No, there had to be more than he was telling them.

“There’s nothing we can do tonight,” Tonks said. “Let’s go to bed, love. Hermione and I will drain all the stress out of you.”

Snorting, Harry sat back and smiled at them softly.

“You girls are too good to me,” he said, wrapping an arm around them and hugging them close. “I don’t deserve any of you.”

“Don’t say that,” Hermione said, smacking his shoulder.

“After all the lives you’ve saved, you deserve more than you get,” Tonks said, her lips quirking up in a smirk. “Now, let’s go see if we can fit that big cock of yours in Hermione’s bum.”

“Tonks!” Hermione exclaimed blushingly.

“What, you seemed to like his fingers and tongue last night,” Tonks said.

“But-”

“Exactly!” Tonks grinned.

Hermione gave her a flat look while Harry burst out laughing.

“You’re terrible,” she said.

“Yeah, but you love me,” Tonks said, still grinning.

Hermione huffed, but her lips twitched in a smile.

Standing up, Tonks grabbed Harry’s hand and pulled him up off the couch. When Hermione stood, she took her hand as well and led them towards the bedroom.

~

“You okay, Hermione?” Lavender asked with a smirk as Harry, Hermione, and Tonks climbed into the carriage.

“I’m fine,” Hermione said, shifting uncomfortably on the hard seat.

“Sure you are,” Lavender said, causing Parvati to giggle.

“I just pulled a muscle trying to lift my trunk,” Hermione said.

“Uh huh,” Parvati hummed. “And this has nothing to do with the fact you and Harry were snogging at Slughorn’s party last night or the fact that you didn’t come back to the dorm until early this morning?”

Hermione blushed while Tonks covered her mouth with her hand. Harry could feel her shaking next to him as she stifled a laugh.

“I – we – that was just so McLaggen would leave me alone,” Hermione protested.

“And you were hiding from him in Harry’s bed all night?” Lavender asked.

Parvati and Tonks burst into giggles. Smiling, Harry wrapped his arm around Hermione’s shoulders.

“I think the jig is up,” he told her.

Hermione buried her red face in his chest with a groan.

“It’s about time you two got together,” Lavender grinned. “We’ve been waiting for that to happen for years.”

Parvati nodded in agreement.

“We’re not together,” Hermione sighed, lifting her head. “We’re… Oh, I don’t know.”

“Friends with benefits?” Tonks offered.

Lavender and Parvati giggled while Hermione glared at a grinning Tonks.

“Fuck Buddies?” Tonks asked.

“Tonks!” Hermione yelled exasperatedly.

Sighing, she turned to Lavender and Parvati.

“Please don’t say anything,” she said pleadingly.

“We won’t, But what *is* going on between you two?” Lavender asked, looking between Harry and Tonks. “I mean, we all know there’s something going on between you and Fleur…”

“How did you know that?” Tonks asked.

“We could hear her screaming in the loo at the Three Broomsticks,” Parvati giggled. “I think you forgot to silence the floor.”

“Whoops,” Tonks shrugged while a smirk.

Suddenly, the carriage lurched to a stop. Climbing out, Harry helped the girls load their trunks onto the train.

“You never did answer my question,” Lavender pouted.

“Huh, I guess I didn’t,” Tonks said. “Have a good holiday, girls!”

“Oh, come on. This is the best gossip all year,” Lavender groaned.

Tonks laughed as she walked away.

“Happy Christmas,” Harry smiled.

“Happy Christmas, Harry,” they replied in unison.

Walking down the train, Tonks found an empty compartment for them to sit in. Ron and Ginny joined them a short time later.

“You won’t believe the rumors going around,” Ron chuckled. “People actually think you and Hermione are dating.”

Harry and Hermione shared a look while Tonks burst out laughing.

“I know, crazy, right?” Ron asked. “So, when are you coming over to the Burrow?”

“Actually, I’m planning on inviting everyone over to my place for Christmas,” Harry said. “Andromeda, Ted, and Hermione’s parents are coming over today, and they’re going to help me buy some new furniture.”

“I still can’t believe you bought a house,” Ron grumbled.

Ginny rolled her eyes, “I wrote to mum, and she said we’ll talk about it when we get home. I’ll let you know what she says, but I’m sure she’ll at least let us come over and visit.”

“You’ll have to send the letter with Hedwig because we’re putting up the Fidelus today,” Harry said.

“I thought owls couldn’t go through the Fidelus Charm,” Hermione said.

“Hedwig can,” Harry said confidently.

“I think she’s his familiar,” Tonks said. “She’ll be able to find him anywhere.”

“Ooh, why did I think of that?” Hermione asked.

Tonks shrugged and then cuddled into Harry as the train began to move.

“Don’t get too comfortable. We have a meeting in the Prefects carriage,” Hermione said.

Tonks groaned.

“But I’m comfy,” she pouted.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Come on,” she said, then turned to Ron and Ginny. “We’ll be back in a while. Can you save our seats?”

“Sure,” Ginny said.

Smiling, Hermione grabbed Tonks’ hand and pulled her up and towards the door.

“Aw, why do I have to go?” Tonks whined.

Shaking his head, Harry got up and followed them.

~

After the rounds, the rest of the trip to London was relaxed. When they pulled into the station, Harry and Ron helped the girls lug their trunks off the train.

Harry had barely straightened up from loading Hermione's trunk onto the trolley when he was enveloped by flowery perfume and a curtain of blonde hair.

"'Arry. It's so good to see you,"

"It's good to see you too, Fleur," Harry said, hugging her tightly.

Ron gawped at her as she pulled back, smiled, and then gave Harry a searing kiss. By the time she pulled back, Harry's felt a bit foggy, and he had to give it a shake to clear it.

"Alright there, Harry?" Hermione giggled.

"'Ermione!" Fleur beamed.

Letting go of Harry, she descended on the brunette and gave her a swift but passionate kiss. Tonks giggled as Hermione blushed brightly and gave Fleur a hug and a kiss of her own. When she turned to Ron, he closed his glazed eyes and puckered his lips. Smiling, Fleur leaned down and gave him a light peck on the cheek.

"Bonjour, Ron, Ginny," Fleur said.

"Ahem."

“Oh, mum, dad!” Hermione gasped before hugging them tightly. “I thought I was meeting you outside.”

“Molly showed us in,” Hermione’s mother, June, smiled.

“We’re not interrupting anything, are we?” Robert, her father, asked.

“No, of course not,” Hermione blushed.

Harry nearly snorted out loud when Tonks stepped forward and thrust out her hand in a blatant distraction.

“Hi, I’m Tonks,” she said.

“You’re Harry’s girlfriend, right?” June asked.

“Yup!” Tonks said brightly.

“And who’s this?” Robert asked, nodding to Fleur. “I don’t think we’ve met before.”

“Oh, sorry,” Hermione said. “Mum, dad, this is Fleur. Fleur, these are my parents, Robert and June.”

“She’s Harry’s other girlfriend,” Tonks added.

“Not helping, Tonks,” Harry muttered.

Robert and June shared a look.

“Is that – normal – in your world?” Robert asked.

“Not really,” Tonks said.

When June and Robert looked at each other in confusion, she laughed.

“Sorry,” she said with a giggle. “It’s a bit of an unusual situation, but it does happen. I’ll explain better tonight when we get to the house. Speaking of which, we should leave soon. It’s getting late.”

“Uh, do you know where our parents went?” Ron asked.

“Oh, they’re over there,” Robert said, pointing to the left.

Harry looked over and found Mr. and Mrs. Weasley talking to Amelia Bones. Around them were several Aurors standing guard.

“Oh, we should go talk to her,” Tonks said. “Excuse us for a minute.”

“Of course,” June said. “So, Hermione, the four of you seem pretty… close.”

“That’s going to be awkward when we get home,” Harry muttered.

“I like the sound of that,” Tonks smiled. “Home.”

Smiling, Harry squeezed her hand and kissed her temple. As they approached Amelia, one of the Aurors stepped in front of them.

“Really, Jackson?” Tonks asked.

“Let them through,” Amelia said.

“Just doin’ my job, Tonks,” the Auror shrugged.

As he stepped out of the way, Harry waved at Susan as they got closer.

“Hey, Susan, Madam Bones,” he said.

“Hi, Harry,” Susan said brightly.

“Mr. Potter,” Amelia nodded. “What can I do for you?”

“Could I talk to you in private for a moment?” Harry asked.

Looking at him curiously, Amelia nodded. They walked a short distance away before Harry put up a Silencing Ward.

“I bought a house that we’re putting under the Fidelus tonight,” he told her. “I want to make it a place my friends can go to if things get bad. I’ll be giving Susan the secret, but I was wondering if you wanted to come over during the break so we could give it to you as well.”

Amelia let out a breath and smiled.

“I can’t tell you how much better I feel knowing Susan has a place to go if something happens to me,” she said. “We plan on having Christmas dinner with the Abbots, but we can come over a few days before.”

“I’ll send you an owl, and we can set up a date,” Tonks said.

“Certainly,” Amelia nodded, then looked at Harry intently. “Thank you for thinking of Susan. My biggest worry is about what would happen to her if something were to happen to me.”

“You and Susan are always welcome to stay with us,” Harry said.

Taking down his Silencing Ward, they rejoined the group.

“Is everything okay, auntie?” Susan asked.

“Everything’s fine,” Amelia replied. “Harry was just inviting us over during the break.”

“Oh, can we?” Susan asked excitedly.

“I don’t see why not,” Amelia smiled. “We’ll go over a few days before we visit the Abbots.”

“This’ll be great!” Susan beamed. “Harry’s been telling us about his new house for weeks. I can help decorate if you want.”

“Sure,” Harry shrugged with a smile.

“It was good seeing you, Amelia, but we really should be going,” Mr. Weasley said.

“We should as well,” Amelia said, shaking his hand. “Have a happy Christmas, everyone.”

“You too,” Harry said.

As Amelia and Susan left, along with the entourage of Aurors, Harry turned to Mr. Weasley.

“Will you be coming over for Christmas?” he asked.

“We still need to talk about that,” Mr. Weasley said before his voice dropped to a whisper. “Molly’s not sure how she feels about not having Christmas at the Burrow, but I’m sure we can talk her into it.”

“I understand,” Harry said. “I’d still like you to come over during the break, so I can give you the secret.”

“Of course,” Mr. Weasley smiled. “We’re both excited to see your new house.”

“Harry, dear, are you sure you’re ready for this?” Mrs. Weasley asked. “Owning a home is a big responsibility.”

“I’m sure,” Harry said. “Tonks and I need a place of our own, and we want to make sure all of our friends are safe. Anyways, we should get going. We still have a lot to do tonight. I’ll send Ron a letter in a couple of days. You’ll have to use Hedwig to get in contact with me.”

“I’m sure we’ll have an answer by then,” Mr. Weasley said.

Nodding, Harry shook Mr. Weasley’s hand, gave Mrs. Weasley a hug, and then left.

“Ready to go?” he asked, stopping just behind Hermione.

“Ready when you are,” Robert smiled.

“Great. Follow me,” Harry said.

Saying goodbye to Ron and Ginny, he led the group through to the barrier. Harry took June’s hand, and Hermione took her father’s so they could get through. Once they were back in Muggle London, they followed Tonks to a nearby area warded specifically for Apparition.

“You didn’t bring the car, did you?” Hermione asked.

“No, we took a cab, like you asked,” June smiled.

“Alright, Harry, you take June, I’ll take Robert, and Fleur can take Hermione,” Tonks said.

“What about Crookshanks?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“’E will be fine,” Fleur assured her.

Taking out her wand, Tonks gave each of their trunks a tap. With a sound like a slurp, they swirled in on themselves and vanished to their destination.

“Amazing,” June breathed.

“Everyone ready to go?” Tonks asked. “Right then, on the count of three. One. Two. Three.”

Holding June’s arm, Harry Disapparated. A moment later, they appeared in the driveway of Fort Potter with a slight pop. June, Robert, and Hermione all hunched over, looking sick to their stomachs.

“Just breathe deep. The feeling will pass,” Harry assured them.

“Is it always that bad?” Hermione asked, panting.

“You get used to it,” Harry said.

“Urgh, I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that,” Hemione grumbled.

“She sounds just like you did,” Tonks giggled.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“The feeling lessens the more you do it, and it’s not nearly as bad when you’re the one Apparating,” he told Hermione.

After a moment, the three of them straightened and then gaped at the house.

“Harry, this place is massive!” Hermione exclaimed.

“Welcome to Fort Potter,” Tonks said grandly.

“It’s magnifique,” Fleur smiled.

“I have to admit, I wasn’t expecting something like this,” June said.

“How can you afford this?” Robert asked incredulously.

“Robert,” June scolded him. “Be polite.”

“It’s alright,” Harry shrugged. “My parents left me a lot of money.”

“Harry, we should get that Fidelus up,” Tonks interrupted.

“Right,” he nodded. “Hermione, would you be our Secret Keeper?”

“Me?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“We talked about it, and we think you’re the best person to do it,” Tonks smiled. “If you’re willing to.”

“Well, of course I am,” Hermione said. “I mean, if you’re sure.”

“We’re sure,” Harry said.

“This isn’t dangerous, is it?” June asked nervously.

“No,” Harry said. “The spell is perfectly safe.”

“I think she meant if Hermione will be in danger by being your Secret Keeper,” Robert said.

“Dad, I’m in danger just by being a Muggleborn,” Hermione told him, rolling her eyes. “What do I need to do?”

“Just stand right there,” Harry said.

Pointing his wand over Hermione's shoulder, he closed his eyes and focused on an image of the house and the grounds surrounding it. A fog descended on the property, obscuring the house and everything around it. Keeping that image in his mind, Harry turned his wand on Hermione.

"Fidelus!" he shouted.

Hermione gasped, her eyes widening as the fog raced into her body from every direction. As it cleared, the house went with it, leaving them standing in the middle of an empty field. The moment the last of the fog disappeared into Hermione, her body sagged. She would've collapsed to the ground if not for Harry's arms wrapping around her.

"Sweetheart, are you alright?" June asked worriedly.

"I'm fine," Hermione panted.

"Where did the house go?" Robert asked. "Where are we?"

"Exactly where we were," Tonks told him. "We'll be able to see it again as soon as Hermione gives us the secret."

"What should I say?" Hermione asked, straightening up.

"That's up to you," Harry smiled. "You get to make up the secret."

"Make up the secret?" Hermione asked. "I knew I should've read up on this."

"You just need to make the secret based on the name we gave you earlier," Harry said. "There's really not much to it."

“Alright,” Hermione said.

Spinning around, she looked at something only she could see before turning back.

“Wait!” Fleur interrupted just as Hermione opened her mouth.

Waving her wand, she put up a series of powerful Privacy Charms.

“Good idea,” Tonks nodded.

“Go ahead, ‘Ermione,” Fleur told her.

“Fort Potter is located at Number 16 East Hill Lane,” Hermione said.

Robert and June gasped as the walls of the house sprouted out of the ground until the whole thing was visible.

“It worked!” Harry cheered.

“That was brilliant,” Hermione smiled. “You have to show me how to do that.”

“Later,” Tonks said. “Let’s get inside so Harry can finish putting up the wards.”

“What’s left?” Hermione asked as they walked towards the front door.

“I have to take down the temporary protective wards I put up,” Harry said. “The Fidelus might hide us visually, but any wards extending out from it can give our location away. All someone would need is a general location.”

“Or luck,” Tonks added.

Opening the front door, Harry led the group into a large but empty foyer.

“’Arry, you ‘ave beds for us to sleep on, oui?” Fleur asked.

“We had Dobby furnish a few rooms,” Tonks said. “I think six of the bedrooms are usable, and the living room is set up. We can get anything else we need tomorrow.”

“That’s going to be a lot of furniture,” June said as they walked through two more empty rooms to get to the living room.

“Then it’s a good thing we have magic,” Tonks smiled. “Hermione, could you write the secret on a piece of paper so I can give it to my parents?”

“Of course,” Hermione said.

Walking over to a small writing desk in the corner, she grabbed a piece of parchment and wrote down the secret.

“Thanks,” Tonks smiled. “I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“Take the Floo. It won’t be disconnected until tomorrow,” Harry said.

Kissing him on the lips, she headed to the fireplace.

“Isn’t that dangerous?” Hermione asked.

“The only people who know I’m connected are Madam Bones and Tonks’ parents,” Harry shrugged. “Madam Bones connected it personally.”

Sitting down next to Harry on the couch, Fleur curled up against his side and rested her head on his shoulder. With a smile, he turned and kissed the top of her head.

“Two girlfriends,” Robert said, shaking his head. “I don’t know whether to be jealous or if I should pity you.”

June smacked his arm lightly.

“I see where Hermione gets her violent streak from,” Harry grinned.

Sitting down on his other side, Hermione smacked his arm.

“Ow! See what I mean?” Harry asked.

“You get used to it,” Robert shrugged.

“Oh, you poor, strong men getting beaten up by women,” June said, patting her husband’s arm. “Joking aside, this place is beautiful, Harry.”

“It really is,” Hermione agreed.

Harry grinned, “You haven’t even seen the best part yet.”

“Harry!” Hermione hissed with a glare.

“I meant the library,” he said, rolling his eyes.

“You have a Library?” Hermione asked, perking up in her seat. “Where?”

“And we’ve lost her,” Robert sighed. “She’s never going to want to leave now.”

“Follow me,” Harry smiled.

Standing up with Fleur, he took her head and led Hermione and her parents down a long hall at the back of the house. Turning left halfway down, he opened a set of double doors to a two-story library. The more than a dozen bookcases built into the walls were packed full, and a few books flapped their pages like wings, rearranging themselves.

“Where did you get all of these?” Hermione gasped, racing over to the closest shelf.

“Dobby brought them from the Room of Requirement,” Harry said. “I figured they were better off here than rotting in a room hardly anyone uses.”

“Even the Hogwarts Library doesn’t have some of these books,” Hermione said in awe.

Suddenly, June yelped in surprise. Harry spun around, his wand snapping into his hand, and then paused. A Fairy had flown out from somewhere and was darting around the room, looking at them curiously. June held a hand to her chest, staring at it in awe.

“Is it safe?” she asked, her eyes following the sparkles of light that left its wings.

“It’s a Fairy,” Hermione told her. “It must’ve come over with the books. The poor thing is probably scared.”

“I’m sorry, you just scared me,” June said. “I’ve never met a Fairy before. I promise I won’t hurt you.”

“They don’t speak English, mum,” Hermione said.

Ignoring her daughter, June held out her hand and walked forward slowly. The Fairy let her get just within reach before darting a few feet away. June stood still and continued holding out her hand. Cautiously, the Fairy moved towards her.

When it reached her hand, it reached out its own and gave her finger a poke before darting away again. Seeing that June hadn’t reacted, the Fairy moved forward again and touched her hand cautiously.

For the first time, Harry got a good look at a Fairy up close. The only time he’d seen one was a picture in a book. It looked like a tiny human woman with blonde hair and without a stitch of clothing covering her body. Clear, multi-colored wings sprouted from its back and flapped furiously without a sound.

Landing on the palm of June’s hand, the Fairy walked across it while looking at her face curiously. Taking to the air, it zipped forward and circled around her head. It grabbed a lock of June’s curly brown hair and hefted it in her hand. Lifting it to her face, it took a sniff.

“I think she likes your hair,” Robert chuckled.

Looking at him in fright, the Fairy wound June’s hair around itself and hid so that only the top of its head and eyes were visible.

“Don’t scare her,” June scolded him softly.

“She likes you,” Fleur giggled. “My sister brings zhem ‘ome all zhe time. It drives Maman crazy.”

“Here,” Hermione said.

Harry turned around to find her with a copy of Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them in her hands.

“This will tell you all about Fairies,” she said, handing it to her mother.

“I knew I’d find you in here,” Tonks grinned from the doorway.

“You could do with using the library a little more, Nymphadora,” Andy said from behind her.

“Mum,” Tonks whined. “Do you have to call me that?”

“It’s your name, dear,” Andy smirked. “Hello, you must be Hermione’s parents. I’m Andromeda, Andy for short, and this is my husband, Ted.”

“Hello,” Ted said.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Robert smiled. “I’m Robert, and this is my wife, June.”

“Hello. You’re Tonks’ parents, right?” June asked.

“Yes. Oh my, you seem to have something in your hair,” Andy said.

“I know,” June smiled. “Isn’t she adorable? She seems to be taken with my hair.”

“I see,” Andy smiled. “It’s odd seeing a Fairy this far north. They usually live in warmer climates. I wonder how she got here.”

“We think she came over from Hogwarts with the books,” Hermione said.

“Ah, that would explain it,” Andy nodded.

As the night grew later, Dobby popped in to light the fireplaces and tell them dinner would be ready soon. He looked happier than Harry had ever seen him, and even Hermione smiled at the sight of him.

Tonks’ parents were quite happy to answer all of June and Robert’s questions over dinner. It helped that Ted was a Muggleborn, and Andy had lived in a Muggle neighborhood for nearly three decades. It made it easier for them to relate than someone like Mr. Weasley.

Eventually, they all grew tired and headed off to bed. The Fairy was already asleep, still cocooned in June’s curly hair.

“I bet that isn’t the kind of threesome Robert was hoping for,” Tonks joked.

“Tonks!” Hermione exclaimed while her mother laughed.

“Must you be so crude, Dora?” Andy asked.

Tonks laughed as they separated, the parents going to one wing of the house and the kids to the other.

“Are you staying with us tonight?” Tonks asked Hermione once they were out of earshot.

“Not tonight,” Hermione said, shaking her head. “I’m still a bit sore, and I expect my dad to come check on me early in the morning. Besides, I’m sure Fleur wants some time with Harry.”

“I enjoy my time with you too, ‘Ermione” Fleur smiled.

“I do too. I just – I think I need a break tonight,” Hermione said.

Stopping outside of Hermione’s room, Harry took her in his arms and gave her a long, loving kiss.

“Don’t stay away too long,” Harry whispered. “We love having you with us.”

“I won’t,” Hermione smiled.

Giving him one last kiss, she waved to Tonks and Fleur before slipping into her bedroom. Harry stared at her door for a long moment, a frown on his face.

“She’ll come around,” Tonks said, pulling him down the hall. “She just needs time to come to terms with how she feels.”

Harry shook his head with a smile.

“Have I mentioned how brilliant you are? Both of you?” Harry asked.

“Once or twice,” Tonks smirked.

“We wouldn’t mind ‘earing it a little more often,” Fleur said.

Turning to Fleur, Harry wrapped his arms around her and lifted her up.

“How about I show you instead?” Harry asked.

Fleur giggled as he carried her into the master bedroom. Walking her over to the massive bed, he tossed her onto it with a grin.

~

Fleur and Harry groaned in unison as he entered her for the first time in two months. Grinding his hips forwards, he savored the feeling of her wet, hot core gripping him tightly.

“I’ve missed zhis so much,” Fleur moaned.

Lying on her side next to them, Tonks grinned as she leaned over to take Fleur’s pink nipple between her lips. As Harry began to thrust, she pinched it between her teeth and pulled up. Fleur arched her back with a hiss, her depths tightening around his length.

“We’ve missed you too,” Tonks said huskily. “I wish you had been there last night when Harry buggered Hermione.”

Fleur gasped and moaned, her walls fluttering.

“She took ‘im in ‘er petite derriere?” she asked.

“Mh hmm,” Tonks moaned, her lips around Fleur’s swollen nipple.

Sucking hard, she pulled back until it came free with a *pop*.

“And she loved it,” Tonks said. “Hermione might’ve been sore this morning, but she was begging for it last night.”

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur panted. “Our ‘Arry has turned zhe bookworm into a slut.”

Staring up at him with a hooded, lustful gaze, her heels dug into his back, urging him forward. Leaning over her, Harry sped up as he claimed her lips in a searing kiss. Feeling a hand rub between their bodies, he pulled back and looked down. Tonks’ hand drifted down Fleur’s toned stomach and stopped at the top of her folds. A moment later, Fleur threw her head back and moaned long and low.

Smiling, Tonks leaned in to suck and kiss at the side of her throat, her white teeth nipping lightly at the thin, sensitive skin. Panting heavily, Fleur rolled her hips wantonly each time he plunged into her sweltering depths. A quiet, purr-like moan left the back of her throat each time she mashed her excited clit against the hand between them.

“’Arry,” Fleur moaned. “I’m so close. Cum wiz me, mon amour. Please. I need to feel you.”

With a groan, Harry rested his forehead against hers, staring into her captivating blue eyes as his hand cupped her breast. He could taste her breath each time he panted as he thrust faster. Nails dug into his back, leaving behind trails of fire when they raked along his shoulder blades as Fleur trembled under him.

“Oui,” Fleur gasped, followed by a string of rapid French.

Harry smiled and rolled her nipple between his fingers. He didn’t need to understand what she was saying to know he was doing something right. Mouth falling open, Fleur gasped as her muscles tightened. Her depths clamped around his length, drenching him in her arousal.

Groaning, Harry thrust deep as he erupted. For several long moments, they rode out their climaxes together. As he sagged tiredly, Tonks giggled and slipped her hand out from between them.

Once he'd caught his breath, Harry gave Fleur a deep, tender kiss before rolling off of her.

"That's one hell of a way to christen the bed," Tonks giggled.

Bringing her hand up to her face, she licked her damp fingers. Smirking, she worked her way between Fleur's legs and dove for her leaking folds.

"Oh, Dora," Fleur moaned, her hands fisting her purple hair.

Harry smiled as he watched.

It was going to be a great Christmas, he thought.

Chapter 23

Smack

"Harry!" Hermione exclaimed with a giggle.

"You teased 'im," Fleur smiled.

Shaking her head, Tonks climbed out of the shower first and dried off. As much as Hermione tried to act all straight and proper, the girl hadn't lasted three days before sneaking back into their bed. Not that she, Harry, of Fleur minded, of course.

As Fleur climbed out of the shower behind her, Tonks smirked when she noticed a dollop of something white stuck to the corner of her mouth.

“Fleur, sweetie, you’ve got something just there,” she said, gesturing to her own mouth.

Reaching up to her lips, she wiped it off and looked at her finger with a smile.

“Merci,” she said, sucking her finger clean.

Snorting, Tonks pulled on her robe. With a squeal, Hermione jumped out of the shower giggling and grabbed a towel. Seeing Harry climb out after her, a wide grin on his face, she couldn’t help but smile at him. With all the pressure he was under, it felt so good to see him relax and enjoy life.

Still smiling, she left Harry and Hermione to their fun and walked into the bedroom. As she and Fleur walked to the closet, there was a quiet knock at the door.

“I’ll get it,” Tonks told Fleur.

Making sure her robe was closed, she padded over to the door and opened it.

“Oh, good. You’re awake,” June smiled. “Have you seen Hermione? I just checked her room and-”

June broke off, and Tonks spun around when they both heard a loud squeal. Hermione rushed out of the bathroom with a wide smile on her face and her hand clutching at the small, white towel covering her body. Harry came rushing out after her with long strides, his naked body glistening and his erection leading the way.

Hermione spun around to face him just as Harry reached her. She squealed again as he wrapped his arms around her, gripping her bum and lifting her up. Without breaking stride, he carried her across the room and dropped her onto the bed.

“How can you still be randy?” Hermione asked with a giggle, her long, muscular thighs flexing as she dragged her heels up and down his legs. “Fleur just took care of you in the shower.”

“It’s entirely your fault,” Harry grinned. “You know I can’t resist that bum of yours.”

Hermione giggled as Harry gave her round little behind a squeeze.

“Ahem,” Tonks cleared her throat loudly with a smirk.

Hermione looked over, her eyes going wide when she saw her mother standing in the doorway.

“Mum!” she gasped, shoving Harry away and pushing her towel down over her legs.

Harry straightened up and blushed madly. Grabbing a pillow from the bed, he held it in front of his crotch with an embarrassed smile.

“Er, morning,” he said lamely.

Tonks snorted.

“Breakfast is ready,” June said with a mischievous smile. “You should eat soon. The delivery trucks will be arriving soon.”

Grabbing the doorknob, she left the room and closed the door behind her. With a loud groan, Hermione flopped back on the bed and covered her face with her hands.

“Well,” Harry said, tossing the pillow on the bed, “that was mortifying.”

Tonsk giggled while Fleur crawled onto the bed, still naked, and pulled Hermione’s hands away from her bright red face.

“Are you ashamed of us, ma cherie?” she asked with a pout.

“What? No!” Hermione said.

“Zhen you ‘ave nozhing to be embarrassed about,” Fleur told her.

“They were going to find out sooner or later,” Tonks added.

“I didn’t think it would be like this,” Hermione moaned. “What are my parents going to think of me?”

“Your mum didn’t seem to have a problem with it,” Tonks said.

“I’m more worried about my dad,” Hermione said, biting her lips. “I just don’t want them to think I’m… well, you know…”

“A slut?” Tonks offered.

Hermione nodded, and Fleur scoffed.

“We are sluts,” she said. “’Arry’s sluts.”

Hermione huffed as she stared up at Fleur's grinning face. Tonks smirked when she noticed the brunette's eyes flicker to Fleur's dangling breasts.

"Don't frown," Fleur said, tapping Hermione's forehead with her finger and then leaning down to give her a kiss. "Zhey will understand."

Sighing, Hermione sat up, and they all gathered their clothes to get dressed.

"There you are," Andromeda said as they stepped into the hall. "I was just coming to get you. Harry, your guests are here."

"Great," Harry grinned. "Thanks, Andy."

Smiling softly at him, she turned around and walked back downstairs.

"Guests?" Tonks asked, looking from Harry to Hermione.

"You'll see," Harry said, sharing a smile with Hermione.

Tonks huffed playfully, crossing her arms as a smile twitched at her lips. Taking her hand in his, he led the way down to the kitchen. As the door swung open, her curiosity was satisfied, and she smiled softly at her boyfriend.

"Fleur!" Gabrielle shouted.

Standing from the table, she rushed over and hugged her shocked older sister.

"Gabrielle!" Fleur gasped.

Looking around at the table, she smiled as her mother stood up and made her way over.

“Maman! It’s so good to see you,” Fleur said, hugging her mother tightly. “What are you doing ‘ere?”

“’Arry invited us,” Apolline said with a dazzling smile.

Letting go of her mother, Fleur turned to Harry with a wide, watery grin. Cupping both of his cheeks, she gave him a searing kiss that left his eyes glazed for a long moment.

“Zhank you,” Fleur said softly.

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

“Harry!” Gabrielle exclaimed.

Fleur moved out of the way just in time for her sister to slam into Harry.

“Oof,” he said, staggering back a step as his arms wrapped around her with a smile. “Hi, Gabby.”

Gabrielle beamed up at him, and Tonks was struck by how much she’d grown. Thinking back on the memory of the Second Task Harry had shared with her, she looked nothing like the little girl she remembered. Even though she was only twelve, she looked much closer to fifteen or sixteen.

She could easily imagine the other girls being jealous of her looks and the boys looking to take advantage of her lack of experience. Glancing at Fleur, felt a swell of understanding and affection for her friend and what growing up as a Veela really meant.

“It’s good to see you again,” Apolline said, peeling her youngest daughter off of Harry and giving him a soft hug. “Zhank you for taking care of my daughter. It’s been a long time since I ‘ave seen ‘er zhis ‘appy.”

“Er, you’re welcome,” Harry said awkwardly, scratching the back of his neck.

Apolline let out a musical laugh. A moment later, Tonks spotted the Fairy leaving June’s hair and flying over. She circled around Gabrielle and Apolline, looking at them curiously. Gabrielle giggled happily and held out her hand.

“So pretty,” she said.

Ignoring the offered hand, the Fairy landed on top of her head and lifted a few strands of hair. Gabrielle giggled as she rubbed it against her skin and then flew over to Apolline.

“Iffy, don’t bother our guests,” June said.

“She’s fine,” Apolline assured her as the Fairy played with her hair and then moved back over to Gabrielle.

“Iffy?” Tonks asked.

“Well, she needed a name,” June shrugged. “I thought we could call her Iphigenia. She’s Hermione’s cousin in Greek mythology. We started calling her Iffy because she couldn’t decide whether to sleep in my hair or Andromeda’s this morning.”

“Iffy,” Harry said, testing out the name. “I like it.”

As if she understood, Iffy left a giggling Gabrielle and flew over to Harry. Landing on his head, she stomped a patch of his disheveled hair down, then curled up in a ball with a yawn.

“Huh, I thought she didn’t like men,” Robert said. “She never comes to Ted or me.”

“I think that’s because you lack the proper bedding, dear,” June smirked.

Everyone chuckled as Robert and Ted ran a hand through their thinning hair with matching pouts.

“Can’t magic do something about that?” Robert asked Ted.

“Unfortunately, there are some problems even magic can’t solve,” Ted replied.

While June and Andromeda consoled their husbands, everyone sat down at the table. Fleur and Gabrielle spoke rapidly in French to one another, smiling and laughing.

“Come on, Iffy,” June said. “It’s time to eat.”

Yawning widely, Iffy stood up, grumbling in little squeaks. Flying down, she landed on the table cross-legged.

“Here, how about this?” June asked, setting a grape in front of her.

Smiling widely, Iffy licked her lips and climbed to her feet. Holding the waist-high grape still with her hands, she leaned down and took a big bite, getting juice all over her cheeks. Gabrielle giggled, watching her with a bright smile on her face.

“Let’s try this,” Andromeda said.

Tonks watched as her mother shrunk a plate and spoon, then levitated the grape onto it and set it in front of Iffy. With a quick flick, she cut the grape in half. Picking up the spoon, Iffy eyed it curiously, then looked up at June questioningly. In response, she held up her own spoon and took a scoop of her grapefruit before lifting it to her mouth. Iffy turned back to her grape and mimicked the process, smiling and moaning in delight as she took a bite.

“Can we get one, Maman?” Gabrielle asked.

Everyone laughed as Apolline shook her head in exasperation with a smile.

~

Shortly after they finished breakfast, Harry received an owl for the realtor telling him that the furniture they’d spent the last two days buying had arrived. Tonks went with him, along with Fleur, to Portkey the four large Muggle trailers to the house.

With magic, it didn’t take them long to get the furniture out of the truck, but unfortunately, it quickly became a case of too many cooks in the kitchen. All of the women had their own idea on how to arrange each room.

“Non, zhe love seat should go by zhe window,” Apolline insisted.

“It should go by the fireplace,” June argued.

“Then where will the couch go?” Andromeda asked.

After a while, Harry got fed up and gave each of the women a room to decorate on their own. Thanks to that decision, they were able to finish moving the furniture in by the end of lunch. The rest of the afternoon was spent decorating and changing the colors of the walls.

It was exhausting, but worth it, Tonks thought. By the end of the day, the house felt much more like a home.

Tonks and Hermione collapsed onto a sofa on either side of Harry and rested their heads on his shoulders. Everyone else took seats around the newly decorated living room, tired but pleased. Smirking, Fleur walked over to the couch and took a seat on Harry's lap.

"Wow, kid," came a familiar voice. "I'm impressed. Not even I managed three girls at once. I don't know whether to envy you or pity you."

"Sirius!" Harry exclaimed.

Fleur squealed as he lifted her off his lap and stood up before setting her back down on the couch.

"It figures you would show up right when all the work was finished," Tonks huffed as he and Harry hugged.

"Hey! How was I supposed to know?" Sirius asked with a crooked grin.

"We were going to come earlier, but I got called into work," Hestia said, leaning down to hug Tonks.

"See," Sirius said, pointing to his girlfriend. "It's all her fault."

Hestia turned to him with a raised brow.

"Er… I mean, I love you?" Sirius stammered.

Hestia shook her head with a smile.

“Why do I put up with you?” she asked.

Sirius gave her a rougish grin.

“It must be the money,” Andromeda smirked.

After everyone had a good chuckle, Harry sat back down while Andromeda made introductions. Even Iffy woke up and made an appearance.

“Sure, now you wake up,” June scoffed. “Do Fairies always sleep that much?”

“They’re mostly nocturnal,” Hermione replied. “Fairies tend to have short bursts of activity during the day and then forage for food at night. In nature, they spend most of their time hiding in trees from predators.”

“Well, there’re no predators here,” June assured Iffy as she landed back on her shoulder. “You’re perfectly safe here, little one.”

Smiling, Iffy sat and watched the room. While Harry, Hermione, and Fleur fell into a conversation about wards, Tonks gave him a kiss on the cheek and moved over to talk to Hestia.

“So, what did you get called into work for?” she asked. “Anything I should worry about?”

“There was another attack,” Hestia said quietly. “It was already over by the time we got there.”

“Who?” Tonks asked, a lump in her throat.

“Brian Keep and his family,” Hestia replied heavily. “The whole family was killed.”

“Bugger,” Tonks said.

“Bones is doing all she can, but the Death Eaters hit a house and are gone by the time the alarm goes off,” Hestia said. “It happens once a week now.”

Tonks sighed and ran a hand through her purple hair.

“You-Know-Who has a ward that can block Floo travel now, too,” Sirius said. “Snape brought it up at the last meeting.”

“Can you get me a copy of the readings from it?” Tonks asked. “Fleur’s pretty good with wards, and Hermione’s brilliant. They might be able to come up with something.”

“Sure, but I’m not sure it’ll help,” Hestia told her. “Bones has the DoM working overtime on cracking it.”

Tonks sighed heavily and rubbed her face.

“It’ll get worse before it gets better,” Sirius said. “But we’ll beat him. I’m sure of it.”

Smiling, Tonks nodded.

“It might be best if you kept this from Harry,” Sirius said after a moment.

Tonks glared at him.

“No,” she said firmly. “Half the reason he and Dumbledore are fighting these days is because he’s so secretive about things. Harry deserves to know.”

Sirius raised his hands in surrender.

“Alright, I’ll leave it to you,” he said. “I’m just worried, that’s all. He’s under enough pressure as it is.”

Tonks huffed a mirthless laugh.

You have no idea, she thought.

As she went quiet, Hestia and Sirius began talking in whispers. Looking around the room, she caught a quiet conversation between her mother, June, and Apolline.

“And it doesn’t bother either of you that he’s dating all of them?” June asked.

“It’s rare, but powerful wizards like Harry have a way of attracting people,” her mother replied.

“Men like ‘Arry only come around once in a generation,” Apolline said. “It’s no surprise zhey fell for ‘im. I’m just glad Fleur found someone to make her ‘appy. I haven’t seen her smile like zhis since she was a little girl.”

Biting her lip much like Hermione did when she was thoughtful, June looked over at her daughter and Harry on the couch. After a moment, she sighed.

“I always expected her to fall for him,” she admitted quietly. “Her very first letter home she wrote me a page about meeting Harry Potter and how he was nothing like she expected. She complained on and on about how he didn’t study.”

Pausing, she chuckled and shook her head.

“After that incident with the Troll, she never had a bad word to say about him,” she continued. “Everything was Harry this or Harry that. Even when she went to that Ball with another boy, she told me all about how handsome Harry looked and how bad she felt for him. I’m glad they’re together. It’s obvious they care for each other. I just never expected her to be in a relationship with two other girls.”

“Nymphadora has always been like that,” Andromeda smiled as Tonks rolled her eyes at the mention of her first name. “I admit, I was worried about the age difference when Molly first told me, but seeing how they looked at each other, I knew there was no pulling them apart. If anything, Harry’s the mature one in the relationship.”

Tonks smiled to herself as the mothers shared a laugh.

“How did they meet?” June said.

“Through the Order,” Andromeda replied. “I had to get the full story through Sirius. Dora was captured by Death Eaters a year ago. While the Order sat on their asses, Harry ran off and rescued her. She was tortured, and Harry spent all of Christmas break nursing her back to health.”

Apolline chuckled with a knowing look in her eyes.

“I zhink I know ‘ow ‘Arry ‘elped ‘er,” she said.

“Oh?” Andromeda asked.

“Fleur did zhe same for ‘Arry after ‘e was ‘urt at zhe end of zhat ‘orrible tournament,” Apolline smiled as the other women looked at her curiously. “From what she told me, orgasms are a great way to ease zhe pain.”

There was a beat of silence before they giggled like school girls.

“Is that how Harry and Fleur met?” June asked. “I think I remember Hermione mentioning her in her letters.”

“Oui. Zhe first time Fleur met ‘im, she called ‘im a leetle boy,” Apolline chuckled. “She regretted it after he did better than ‘er in the First Task, but she was too proud to say anyzhing. It wasn’t until he rescued Gabrielle from zhe lake zhat she took zhe time to get to know ‘im. She liked ‘im zhen, but it was too close to zhe end of the year to start anyzhing. She complained about not getting to know ‘im sooner constantly. When zhey met again zhrough zhe Order, ‘e was already dating Tonks and zhought she ‘ad lost ‘er chance. Zhen Tonks invited ‘er to stay zhe night as a Christmas present for ‘Arry.”

“Of course, she did,” Andromeda said, rolling her eyes. “Only my daughter would gift her boyfriend a night with a Veela as a present.”

Apoline chuckled, but June just looked confused.

“Veela are known for zheir beauty and sexual prowess,” she explained, causing June to blush lightly. “Our Allure ‘elps us attract men, but it makes it ‘ard to find a good one. ‘Arry is a wonderful young man and ‘e makes Fleur ‘appy. She will share him with whoever she ‘as to to keep ‘im. I’m just relieved she seems to like Tonks and ‘Ermione just as much.”

“I like Harry. He seems like a very caring, mature young man,” June said. “But doesn’t it worry you that he seems to attract so much trouble?”

Tonks bristled on Harry’s behalf but held her tongue.

“It’s really not his fault,” Andromeda said. “Besides, with You-Know-Who around, everyone is in danger. Tonks certainly finds enough of it on her own. I can’t tell you how relieved I was she got stationed at Hogwarts.”

“To our daughters, ‘e is worth the risk,” Apolline added. “Zhey won’t leave ‘is side now.”

“Hermione especially,” Andromeda nodded. “From what I’ve heard, she’s been through too much with him to walk away now.”

June sighed, her shoulders sagging. Iffy nearly slipped off but clung to her shirt.

“Sorry,” June apologized, straightening her shoulders.

With a huff, Iffy flew over to Gabrielle and perched on top of her head. Giggling, she turned back to her conversation with Harry, Hermione, and her sister.

“I suppose you’re right,” June said. “We thought about trying to get Hermione to move to France and go to Beauxbatons, but I knew she’d never go for it. She was always the odd one out as a child. After finally finding acceptance at Hogwarts, I knew we’d never talk her into it.”

“They would if Harry did,” Andromeda said thoughtfully.

“But ‘e won’t,” Apolline pointed out confidently. “’E ‘ad too much of a conscience to leave his ‘ome to You-Know-Who.”

“Then we’ll just have to do everything we can to help and hope for the best,” June said firmly before she sighed. “I just don’t know how I’m going to tell Robert his daughter is dating Harry. He was so relieved when Hermione told him he was already dating Tonks.”

“I find it best to give a man bad news after sex,” Apolline said.

Tonks bit her cheek as the mothers laughed. Suddenly, everyone turned to the middle of the room when they heard a *pop*.

“Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said. “Dinner is being ready.”

“Thanks, Dobby,” Harry smiled.

Standing up, he walked over to Tonks and held out his hand. Smiling, she took his hand and stood.

“I love you,” she said softly.

“I love you, too,” he replied.

~

“You are a mess,” June sighed.

Iffy looked up at her and shrugged before licking a piece of kiwi fruit off her hand. Tonks laughed to herself, remembering the little Fairy falling head over heels into the fruit as she tried to reach the bottom.

“You need a bath,” June said, holding out her hand.

Iffy climbed onto her palm and let June carry her over to the sink. Plugging the drain, she filled it with warm water and a touch of hand soap.

“In you go,” June said.

Standing at the edge, Iffy tested the temperature with her foot before smiling and diving in gracefully.

“At least you’re easier to get into a bath than Hermione was when she was little,” June smirked. “She couldn’t take her books into the bath and kept running around naked until I promised to read to her.”

“Mum,” Hermione whined as everyone smirked knowingly at her.

“Were you born with a book in your hands?” Tonks asked teasingly.

“No,” Hermione huffed.

“I think it’s cute,” Harry said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

“You just like the idea of Hermione running around naked,” Tonks said, sticking out her tongue.

“Tonks!” Hermione hissed, her cheeks going pink.

“June, what do you think of this?” Andromeda said, entering the kitchen and holding up a miniaturized dress.

“Oh, that looks adorable,” June smiled. “What do you think, Iffy? Won’t you look pretty in that?”

Climbing out of the water, Iffy dried herself off with a shake. Looking at the dress, she frowned, crossed her arms over her chest, and shook her head.

“You can’t just keep running around without clothes,” June said. “it’s not proper for a young lady.”

“Please, just try it on for me,” Andromeda asked.

Shaking her head vehemently, Iffy took to the air and flew over to Fleur. Landing on her shoulder, she looked from Fleur to the dress and stomped her foot with a cute series of squeaks.

“Don’t look at me,” Fleur said. “I’d don’t walk around naked.”

“You do take your clothes off as soon as you can,” Tonks smirked.

“Only for you, mon amor,” Fleur said, smiling angelically.

Tonks snorted and shook her head. June opened her mouth to speak, but Andromeda stopped her with a sly look. Tonks didn’t know what her mother was up to, but she felt sympathy for the little Fairy.

As the evening wore on, they all moved back to the living room. Hermione spent time showing her parents the magic she’d learned at school, delighting them with a demonstration of Charms and Transfigurations.

Sirius and Hestia left, promising to return and stay for the rest of the break after Christmas.

“I’m going to meet Hestia’s parents,” Sirius explained with a nervous smile. “I’ll be back on Christmas day, though.”

“Good luck,” Harry smirked.

“Yeah, yeah, rub it in,” Sirius said, running a hand through his hair. “Just because your girlfriends’ parents are all cool doesn’t mean mine will be.”

“At least you don’t have to introduce them to your other girlfriends like Harry did,” Hestia grinned.

“Well, if you wanted to invite a friend…,” Sirius grinned suggestively.

“I don’t share, Black,” Hestia said with a flat look.

“Alright, alright,” Sirius said, raising his hands. “Can’t blame a bloke for trying.”

Rolling her eyes, Hestia said her goodbyes and pulled him out of the room by the hand.

“Why do they seem to think all three of you are dating Harry?” Robert asked, looking from Harry to Hermione.

Harry looked over at Hermione, who blushed and looked away.

“Why is it so cold in ‘ere?” Fleur asked.

She shivered, and Tonks smirked as she noticed Robert’s eyes dart to her chest as it trembled under her shirt. June noticed as well and gave him a sharp elbow in the side.

“Is it?” Andromeda asked with a smirk.

Tonks followed her gaze and saw Iffy shivering. Glaring at Andromeda, the Fairy wrapped Hermione’s hair more tightly around herself defiantly.

“Putting on some clothes would certainly warm you up, don’t you think?” Andromeda said, holding up the miniaturized dress.

Huffing, Iffy flew up and then dove for Fleur's cleavage. Fleur squeaked in surprise, then giggled as Iffy sighed in relief from the warmth of her breasts.

"I don't think your plan is going to work," Apolline chuckled. "You 'ave to remember. As much as she looks 'uman, she isn't."

"Fine," Andromeda sighed.

Flicking her wand, she removed a spell around the fireplace. Immediately, the heat of the flames filled the room, chasing away the chill in the air. Smiling happily, Iffy crawled out from between Fleur's breasts and flew over to Harry to settle in his hair.

Eventually, the night grew late, and everyone began to head off to bed. Just before June left, she pulled Hermione aside. She couldn't tell what they were talking about, but whatever it was made Hermione blush furiously. Hugging her mother tightly, she walked with Tonks, Harry, and Fleur up to the second floor.

"What did your mum want?" Tonks asked curiously.

"Oh, um, she told me she was fine with me being with Harry," Hermione answered quietly. "She told me not to worry about dad."

"Does zhat mean you'll be joining us every night?" Fleur asked, smiling flirtatiously.

"I don't know," Hermione whined. "I just…"

"It's alright," Harry told her. "Take all the time you need to figure things out."

"Thank you," Hermione said sincerely.

Tonks smiled and gave Harry's hand a squeeze. He might now show it well, but she could tell that Hermione's continued indecision pained him. Tonks resolved to talk to Hermione when they got a moment alone. Really, the girl was dancing around her feelings when everyone else could tell how she felt.

Reaching the bedroom, Fleur closed the door and silenced the room while Tonks wrapped her arms around Harry's shoulders. Threading her fingers through the back of his hair, she pulled him down. Their lips met in a deep, passionate kiss that sent fire surging through her veins.

Harry's arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her body firmly against his. Tonks moaned when she felt his excitement growing against her thigh. Slowly, his hands drifted down her back and cupped her bum. With a rough squeeze, he pulled her toward him while pressing his hips forward, grinding his length against her.

"Come wiz me, Hermione," Fleur said. "Let's give zhem some time togezzer."

Pulling back, Tonks looked over at Fleur and smiled gratefully while Harry's lips attacked her neck. Fleur smiled back, her eyes sparkling. Leading Hermione over to the bed, she pushed her down and kissed her hard. Letting out a quiet moan, Tonks reached for Harry's jumper. As she tugged it up, Iffy flew out of his hair and sat atop the headboard. Looking between Harry and Tonks, and Hermione and Fleur, she watched curiously as both couples began to strip.

Tonks giggled as Harry unclasped her bra, tossed it across the room, and buried his face between her breasts. Smirking, she grew her breasts an additional cup size while her hand reached down to rub his erection. He took her nipple between his lips, sucking and grazing it with his teeth. Tonks trembled from the feeling and unbuckled his belt.

Grabbing her by the bum, Harry lifted her up and carried her over to the bed. Setting her down, he quickly stepped out of his trousers and began working on her jeans. Tonks lifted her hips so he could pull them, then removed her panties herself and tossed them to the side. She panted in anticipation when Harry started kissing the inside of her thigh, slowly working his way towards her mound.

A needy whine left her lips when Harry teasingly kissed and licked around her leaking folds. With an impatient groan, Tonks grabbed his hair and roughly guided his mouth to her mound. Harry chuckled against her skin and placed a kiss directly over her clit. Sucking in a sharp breath through her nose, she arched her hips and moaned.

“Harry,” Tonks moaned.

His bright green eyes flashed with arousal at the sound of his name. Finally, he stopped teasing her and ran his tongue between her lips from the bottom to the top, flicking over her clit.

“Yes!” Tonks hissed.

Harry stared at her with an intense gaze while wrapping an arm around her waist. He held her firmly in place while his other hand moved to her folds. Tonks’ breath hitched as he sank two fingers into her depths, his calloused skin rubbing against her slick walls. Sealing his lips around her clit, he searched briefly with his fingers before finding the spot that made her gasp.

“Oh fuck,” Tonks breathed, knowing what was coming next.

Harry’s eyes sparkled mischievously as he sucked lightly and rubbed the pads of his fingers back and forth in short, rapid movements. Tonks tried arching her hips for the intense pleasure coursing through her, but Harry pinned her with his strong arm. She fisted the sheets and cried out as he continued stimulating her clit and g-spot at the same time. Her breath came in short, sharp pants from the intense, nearly overwhelming pleasure coursing through her.

Long experience had taught Harry exactly when to back off, keeping her teetering on the edge but never letting her tip over. Tonks trembled on the mattress, her upper body writhing as she floated in a pleasure-filled haze. Her entire world had shrunk down to the feeling of his fingers rubbing along her walls and his lips on her clit.

After what felt like an eternity, Harry suddenly increased his tempo and allowed her to reach her climax. Tonks arched her back, her mouth open in a silent scream as she gripped the sheets.

Sucking in a deep breath, she was able to let out an inarticulate scream while her body convulsed.

Harry chuckled and moved out of the way as her arousal rained down onto the carpet. He kept jerking his fingers back and forth, holding her at her peak until the feelings became too much. Grabbing his wrist, Tonks ripped his hand out of her and curled up into a ball, her body quivering and twitching as she started coming down.

“Holy fuck,” Tonks panted, her covering her hot, leaking mound protectively.

“AHH!”

Opening her eye, she smirked as Hermione experienced what she had just gone through. The brunette stared, wide-eyed, as she drenched the sheets. Fleur smirked to herself as she rubbed her fingers back and forth over Hermione’s clit, extending her climax until it became too much, and she scooted away. Like Tonks, she curled up in a ball and panted heavily, her hand held protectively over her mound.

“Feels amazing, but it takes a lot out of you, doesn’t it?” Tonks asked breathlessly.

“I’ve never – done that – before,” Hermione gasped.

Giggling, Fleur crawled over to Hermione and kissed her softly. Harry climbed onto the bed behind Tonks and wrapped his arm around her, his hand cupping her breast. Smiling, Tonks kissed his fingers as they watched Hermione and Fleur kiss. She felt Harry’s length twitch against her bum as Hermione crawled between Fleur’s legs with a smile.

“You ever think you’d see her do something like this?” Tonks asked.

Lifting her leg, she grabbed his shaft and placed him at her entrance.

Harry chuckled.

“No,” he said, slipping into her from behind.

Tonks moaned, leaning back against his chest and closing her eyes contentedly as he filled and stretched her depths. Kissing her shoulder, Harry caressed her chest as he rocked back and forth at a leisurely pace.

“They look great together, though, don’t they?” he asked.

“They do,” Tonks agreed.

Sighing softly, Harry hugged her while kissing her neck.

“I love you so much, Dora,” he whispered. “I can’t even imagine what my life would be like without you.”

Tonks smiled softly and turned her head to look up at him.

“And you’ll never have to,” she told him.

Reaching over her shoulder, she cupped his cheek and kissed him lovingly. Pulling back, she moaned when his length scraped along her g-spot and settled back against him. Closing her eyes, she relished the feeling of his arms around her as he continued at a slow pace. Harry peppered her shoulders and neck with kisses, sucks, and light scraps of his teeth.

It took quite a while, but eventually, Tonks reached another climax just before Harry erupted inside of her. She reveled in the heat flooding her depths while Harry continued to pump his hips long after his peak had waned. Giggling, she turned her head and gave him a kiss before pulling away. He groaned as he slipped out of her.

“Fleur, come here,” Tonks said.

Fleur perked up with a smile and crawled away from the brunette she’d been cuddled against. Tonks licked her lips as she watched the blonde’s dangling breasts and heart-shaped bum sway back and forth alluringly.

“Oui?” Fleur asked with a knowing smirk.

Grabbing her arm, Tonks pulled her towards Harry, so they were both lying on their sides, facing each other. Smiling, Fleur wrapped her long, smooth leg around his body and used her heel to pull him close. Harry groaned as he ground against her folds a moment before Fleur kissed him. Tonks smiled as their eyes connected, green and blue burning with equal passion.

Lying down behind Fleur, Tonks caressed her body and kissed her shoulder. Her hand slid down slowly, following Fleur’s amazing curves until she reached down and lined Harry up with her entrance. Pulling back with a gasp, Fleur moaned long and low as he eased into her depths.

“I think it’s time to show Fleur how much we love her,” Tonks said softly.

Fleur moaned, biting her lip as she stared into Harry’s eyes. Neither said a word as they began to move together, but they didn’t need to. The look in their eyes spoke more strongly of their feelings for each other than words ever could. Tonks panted in arousal while Fleur rolled her hips sensually. She let go of her normal restraints, flooding the room with her full Allure.

Tonks and Hermione moaned in unison as they were brought to sudden but small climaxes on the spot. She didn’t know how he did it, but Harry didn’t even look like he had noticed. He continued thrusting into Fleur, the couple wrapped up in their own little world as their gazes remained locked.

If anything, seeing Harry unfazed by Fleur's powerful Allure made her hotter. Tonks ground herself against Fleur's round bum while kissing and sucking at her neck. A few moments later, Harry let out a recognizable groan.

"Oui," Fleur breathed softly. "Cum in me, Mark me. Make me yours, mon amour."

Tonks gasped quietly, her hips moving of their own volition as she continued to hump Fleur's bum. Harry tightened his grip around Fleur, his eyes taking on a possessive look as he buried himself over and over in her depths. Both of them panted harder, moans and groans mixing as they climbed to their peaks.

Harry grunted and bucked his hips forwards, drawing a gasp from Fleur and triggering her own climax. She spoke softly in French, the words unrecognizable but the soft, loving tone easily conveying her meaning. Resting her forehead against his, she whispered a single word.

"Je t'aime,"

"Moi aussi, je t'aime," Harry replied just as softly.

With a watery smile, Fleur kissed his deeply.

"That was beautiful," Tonks smiled.

Rolling over onto her back, Fleur smiled at her and pulled Tonks down for a passionate kiss.

"I love you, too, Dora," Fleur said.

"I love you, too," Tonks grinned.

Giving Fleur a quick kiss, she looked over at Hermione. She was staring at Harry with a look of longing in her eyes.

“Come on, Hermione,” Tonks grinned. “It’s your turn.”

Biting her lips, Hermione crawled over slowly. She made to get in the position Fleur had just been in, but Tonks had another idea. Pushing the brunette down on her back, she grinned and pulled Harry on top of her. Hermione smiled up at him shyly and bit her lip. While Tonks lay down on one side of her and Fleur on the other, Harry leaned down and kissed Hermione.

She let out a needy moan and bucked her hips, grinding herself against his rapidly recovering erection.

“It’s so cute when Hermione finally lets go and stops being so embarrassed,” Tonks smiled.

“Oui,” Fleur agreed, running her hand over Hermione’s breast.

Tonks looked up when she felt something on top of her head. Iffy had flown down and was sitting in her hair, watching Harry and Hermione as she rubbed herself excitedly.

“Someone’s enjoying the show,” Tonks smirked.

Fleur giggled and gave Hermione’s nipple a little twist, drawing a moan from her lips. Chuckling, Harry pulled back and lined himself up with her entrance. As he sank in with a groan, Tonks grinned and caressed Hermione’s other breast.

Like he had with her and Fleur, Harry stared slowly. Apparently, that wasn’t what Hermione wanted because she bucked her hips impatiently and moaned sensually.

“Just tell him what you want, Hermione,” Tonks said. “You don’t need to hide anything from us.”

Biting her lip, Hermione locked her gaze with Harry’s.

“Harder, please,” she said softly.

Smiling widely, Harry hooked her legs over his arms and thrust down into her powerfully. Hermione threw her head back and moaned wantonly. Fleur giggled, pinched her nipple, and gave it a tug. As she sucked in a sharp breath, Tonks leaned down and placed her lips close to her ear.

“Stop holding back and just tell him how you feel,” she said softly. “We all know you love him. We all know you love being his slutty little bookworm in the bedroom. Just tell him.”

“But what if it doesn’t work?” Hermione asked softly, tears shimmering in her eyes as she clutched at Harry’s shoulders tightly. “What if I mess everything up?”

“You won’t,” Harry told her, slowing his thrusts to smile at her.

Hermione stared up at him for a long moment, searching his gaze. Eventually, she pulled him down and kissed him. Tonks saw more feeling and emotion put in that kiss than any other time she’d seen her kiss him. As they broke apart, Hermione let out a shuddering breath and caressed his cheek.

“I love you, Harry,” she said softly.

Harry smiled widely, “I love you, too,”

“It’s about time,” Fleur smiled.

Hermione giggled with a beaming smile as she looked up at Harry lovingly. Tonks smiled, her heart swelling as she looked at the two of them.

“Now, stop holding back and tell him what you want,” Tonks told her.

Iffy dropped down to sit on Tonks’ shoulder and smiled at Hermione as she bit her lip nervously. Visibly swallowing her nerves, she took a deep breath.

“I – I want you to fuck me hard,” Hermione blushed. “I – I like it when you do that.”

Smiling widely, Harry kissed her tenderly. With their lips still connected, he pulled his hips back slowly until just the tip was inside her. Pausing for just a moment, he slammed his hips forward. Hermione threw her head back with a gasp as his hips impacted her round little bum with a loud *clap*.

“Like that?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Yes!” Hermione gasped. “More, please.”

Tonks licked her lips and rubbed her legs together excitedly as Harry pulled back slowly. It was amazing to see his long shaft pulled out of Hermione inch by inch. This time, as soon as just the tip remained inside, Harry plunged down. Hermione moaned wantonly as her thighs and bum jiggled from the impact of his hips. Without a pause, Harry pulled back and hammered into her again and again with long, powerful thrusts.

Fleur smiled as she tweaked Hermione’s nipple, drawing a pleasured gasp from her lips. Feeling movement on her shoulder, Tonks looked over and snorted as Iffy fingered herself furiously, her tiny blue eyes riveted on Harry’s length.

“Slut,” she muttered teasingly.

“Only for Harry,” Hermione panted.

Tonks snorted again and shook her head. Caressing Hermione’s breast, she and Fleur continued to tease her stiff little nipples as Harry plowed her into the mattress.

“Harder!” Hermione gasped. “Fuck me harder!”

Growling, Harry stood on the tips of his toes. In this new position, he could move much faster, drilling his length into Hermione’s drooling depths.

“You love zhis, don’t you?” Fleur asked sultrily, tugging Hermione’s nipple roughly.

“Yes,” Hermione gasped.

Chuckling sensually, Fleur kissed her hard on the lips.

“You’re so beautiful like zhis,” she said when she pulled back with a smirk. “I love watching ‘Arry turn you into ‘is needy little slut.”

Hermione gasped and moaned with a shudder.

“Oh god,” she gasped, her head thrown back. “Harry!”

Hermione trembled as she came, shaking her head back and forth as she moaned. Groaning, Harry pounded into her furiously several more times before driving his hips forward and releasing inside of her. Hermione’s eyes went wide when she felt it. She cooed softly as she reached out for him and pulled him on top of her. Harry laid on top of her as he grunted, grinding his hips forward until he finally relaxed.

“So, can you stop dancing around the issue and admit you’re in love with Harry?” Tonks asked smugly.

Groaning, Hermione nodded her head.

“Finally!” Tonks cheered. “It’s about bloody time.”

Chuckling, Harry kissed Hermione on the lips before rolling off of her and onto his back. Smiling, Tonks kissed him on the cheek and cuddled up to his side. Iffy slipped off of her shoulder and landed on his chest.

“Sorry, Iffy,” Tonks said. “I forgot you were there.”

Ignoring the apology, Iffy walked down Harry’s stomach and stopped just short of his bush to stare at his softening length.

“You want a better look?” Tonks smirked.

Reaching down, she grabbed Harry’s length and lifted it up to rest on his stomach.

“Tonks,” Harry groaned.

“Oh, let her take a look,” she grinned at him.

“I zhink she likes it,” Fleur giggled.

Staring at the cock that was bigger than she was, Iffy reached out and ran her hand along his damp shaft.

“This feels all sorts of wrong,” Harry said.

Suddenly, Iffy swung her leg over Harry’s length and laid on top of it.

“Iffy!” Hermione exclaimed with a giggle.

Harry reached down, but Tonks stopped him.

“Let her have her fun,” she told him, patting his arm. “She’s been watching us all night.”

“Tonks,” Harry groaned.

Tonks snickered as Iffy hugged his shaft and started humping it. Cute, tiny little squeaks left her lips as she closed her eyes. Groaning, Harry blushed and covered his face with his hands.

“Oh, my God,” Hermione giggled.

“You better ‘ope June doesn’t find out about zhis,” Fleur laughed.

Tonks giggled as Iffy’s squeaks grew louder. Trembling, the little Fairy’s movements grew uncoordinated as she reached her peak. With one final squeak, she stilled, and her body tensed. After a long moment, she relaxed with her eyes closed and a smile on her lips. Turning her head, she kissed his shaft and cuddled up to it.

“Is it over?” Harry asked.

The girls all burst into giggles as he moved his hands to reveal a bright red face.

~

In the early hours of the morning, long before the sun rose over the horizon, Harry woke. At first, he didn't know why, so he pulled Hermione closer to his chest and closed his eyes. A moment later, he felt an incessant tugging at his hair. Opening his eyes, he looked up and spotted Iffy fluttering above him, tugging at his bangs.

"Iffy, stop," he said groggily.

With a loud annoyed squeak, Iffy tugged hard on the hair at his temple.

"Ow!" Harry said, rubbing the stinging skin.

Looking up at Iffy, he was about to yell at her when he noticed the frightened look on her face.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Squeaking, she grabbed his hand and pulled. Harry frowned and shifted Hermione over so he could sit up.

"Harry?" Hermione asked sleepily.

"Go back to sleep," Harry whispered. "Something just scared Iffy."

"Probably a Pixie," she said, laying back down.

Nodding, Harry kissed her temple and climbed out of bed. Pulling on a robe, he slipped his glasses on his face and picked up his wand. It was hard to see in the dark, but Iffy's wings left an easily noticeable dust that sparkled gold in the air.

Zipping across the room, she paused and waved him over before somehow squeezing through the keyhole in the door. Sighing, Harry followed her out into the hall.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

Iffy pointed down the hall and then flew on ahead. Harry followed her down the hall past the rooms Apolline and Gabrielle were staying in and stopped just outside the library. With a series of fearful squeaks, Iffy gestured to the door.

"Alright, stay calm," Harry said soothingly.

Opening the door, Harry lit his wand and stepped inside. Iffy watched from the doorway cautiously, her wide, frightened eyes darting around the room.

"Where is whatever I'm looking for?" Harry asked.

Iffy shrugged her little shoulders and wrapped her arms around herself with a shiver. Holding his wand up, he looked around for anything out of place.

"Well, I don't see anything," he said. "why don't we go back to bed an-"

Harry cut off as he was suddenly blinded. He would've gasped, but it felt like a wet blanket was wrapped around his face. He couldn't see. He couldn't breathe. Reaching up to his face, his hand passed through whatever was there. Panic filled him, sending adrenaline surging through his veins.

Stumbling backwards, he slammed into a bookcase and knocked a number of books to the floor as he desperately tried to suck in a breath. Waving his wand frantically, he tried to cancel whatever spell was on him, but nothing worked.

Someone was here, he thought. I need to warn the girls.

As he rapidly grew tired, Harry cast the Patronus, praying he could hold out long enough to get a message to the girls. He heard a shriek as the stag burst from his wand, and whatever was around his face vanished. Dropping to his knees, he sucked in as much air as he could.

“Arry!” Apolline yelled.

Wearing a thin robe and holding her wand aloft, she rushed to his side and knelt down next to him.

“Were you attacked?” she asked, scanning the room.

As Harry opened his mouth to respond, he noticed his Patronus guarding the corner of the room, and everything clicked into place.

“Lethifold,” he panted.

“What?” Apolline gasped. “A Lethifold ‘ere?”

Catching his breath, Harry turned to look at her and noticed the front of her robe sagging forward, revealing the entirety of her left breast and pink nipple. Clearing his throat, he looked away.

“Er, your robe,” he told her.

“What? Oh,” Apolline gasped.

Smiling at him, she tugged it closed.

“Merci,” she said softly. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Harry nodded.

Sighing, he climbed to his feet.

“It must’ve come along with the books like Iffy did,” Harry said. “The charms on the library doors would’ve tapped it inside. It must’ve been really hungry to attack someone who’s awake like that.”

“You don’t zhink zhere could be more, do you?” Apolline asked worriedly.

“It’s possible,” Harry admitted.

“I’m going to check on Gabrielle,” Apolline said. “Will you be okay?”

“I’m fine. Go ahead,” he told her.

Squeezing his shoulder and smiling thankfully, Apolline rushed from the room. Sighing, Harry walked over to the corner where his Patronus was guarding the Lethifold. It looked like a tattered flap of black fabric. Suddenly, it darted swiftly and silently to the side, but Prongs cut it off. With a hiss, it backed into the corner.

Harry hated the idea of killing a magical creature, but Lethifolds were extremely dangerous. Letting it out into the world would just put Muggles in danger of being killed in their sleep without a way to defend themselves. Rubbing his face, Harry raised his wand.

“I’m sorry,” he said softly.

A quick Cutting Curse sliced it in half and caused it to fall to the ground limply. He waited a moment to see if it would move before lowering his wand with a sigh.

“Arry?” Apolline asked as she returned.

“I took care of it,” he said, vanishing the remains.

“Good,” Apolline nodded.

“Is Gabrielle alright?” Harry asked.

“Oui,” Apolline smiled. “She is fine.”

“Good,” Harry said.

Nervously, Iffy flew over to Harry and landed on his shoulder.

“Thanks, Iffy,” Harry smiled. “That could’ve been really bad if you hadn’t warned us.”

Smiling, Iffy hugged his cheek.

“Are zhere anymore?” Apolline asked.

Letting go of Harry, Iffy looked at her and shook her head.

“You’re sure?” Harry asked.

Turning to him, Iffy nodded firmly.

“Fairies are very good at sensing danger,” Apolline smiled as she softly stroked the back of her finger along Iffy’s blonde hair.

Iffy smiled and lifted her chin proudly.

“That’s good enough for me,” Harry said. “I’ll seal the doors to make sure nothing gets out, and we’ll search it good tomorrow. Sorry about the scare.”

“It’s not your fault,” Apolline said.

Yawning, Apolline stretched her arms over her head. The silk robe pulled tight over her body, showing off her amazing figure.

Harry forcibly looked away, reminding himself that he had three naked women waiting for him back in his room. Leaving the library, Harry sealed the doors.

“Goodnight, Apolline,” Harry said.

“Good night, ‘Arry,” she replied.

Smiling, she kissed his cheeks and gave Iffy a pat on the head. Walking back to his room, Harry took off his robe and climbed into bed. In their sleep, the girls all gravitated toward him, bringing a smile to his face.

Iffy yawned widely and patted down his hair to get comfortable.

“Night, Iffy,” Harry whispered.

Leaning over the fringe of his hair, Iffy smiled and kissed his forehead. Chuckling, Harry pulled Hermione and Fleur to his chest as the little Fairy nestled in his hair. A few moments later, he drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 24

Harry smiled as he watched everyone at the kitchen table, eating breakfast. Taking in the sight of his beautiful girlfriends and their parents, all laughing and smiling happily, he couldn’t help but feel like he was part of something. Maybe not a family - not quite yet - but it was close and filled him with a sense of belonging.

“Do we have any plans for today?” June asked as she handed Iffy a blueberry.

Taking the berry the size of her head with a grin, she lifted it to her face and opened her mouth.

“Use your silverware,” Andy told her.

Closing her mouth, Iffy set the blueberry down on her plate and picked up her spoon.

“I don’t think so,” Tonks replied to her mother.

“We need to clean out zhe library,” Apolline said.

“What? Why?” Hermione asked in alarm.

“’Arry ran into a Lethifold last night,” Apolline said. “Iffy found it and woke ‘im up. By zhe time she got me, it was already wrapped out ‘is face.”

Tonks, Fleur, and Hermione all turned and looked at him expectantly.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Why didn’t you wake us up?” Tonks asked with a frown.

“It didn’t know it was going to be that dangerous,” Harry said. “And I woke Hermione up. We both thought it was probably just a Pixie.”

“I don’t remember that,” Hermione said, furrowing her brow.

“Excuse me,” June interrupted. “What exactly *is* a Lethifold?”

“It’s a sort of wraith-like creature,” Hermione replied. “It’s not entirely physical. They look like a black cloak and feed by wrapping themselves around their victims, suffocating them, and then slowly digesting them.”

“And we have those here!?” Robert asked incredulously.

“Not anymore,” Harry said. “It must’ve come from Hogwarts, like Iffy. It’s a good thing she warned me, though. That thing must’ve been starving to attack me when it knew I was awake.”

“Are they common here?” June asked.

“No,” Andy answered. “They tend to live near the equator. I have no idea how one got to Hogwarts.”

“It probably fed on rats,” Hermione said. “They spread from the Caribbean by hiding away on ships and eating ship rats.”

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Tonks asked, placing her hand on top of his.

“I’m fine. Really,” Harry told her. “I’ll admit, it gave me a good scare when it wrapped around my face. I thought someone had gotten into the house somehow. It took off as soon as I cast my Patronus, though.”

“Why would you cast zhat if you didn’t know it was a Lethifold?” Fleur asked.

“I was trying to warn you,” Harry said.

Fleur didn’t look happy with that answer.

“Zhe next time Iffy wakes you up in zhe middle of zhe night, you tell us,” she told him firmly, her finger poking his chest before she whirled around to point at Iffy. “And you, do not let ‘im leave wizout us, oui?”

Iffy, who had her spoon raised to her open mouth, closed it and nodded.

“Bon,” Fleur smiled, running her finger lightly over Iffy’s long, blonde hair. “And zhank you for warning us.”

Beaming at the praise, Iffy turned back to her breakfast. She'd just raised her spoon back to her open mouth when Harry heard a familiar bark. Iffy gave a start and looked up warily. When Hedwig glided gracefully through the bay window, she squeaked in fright and flew swiftly over to Hermione, hiding in her bushy locks.

"It's alright," Hermione said soothingly.

"Hey, girl," Harry smiled as Hedwig landed lightly on the table in front of him.

With a welcoming hoot, she held out her leg. Untying the letter tied to it, he stroked her feathers and fed her a piece of bacon. After gobbling it down, Hedwig's amber eyes landed on Iffy. Squeaking fearfully, the Fairy ducked back into Hermione's hair.

"Ow. Iffy, be careful," Hermione said with a wince.

"It's alright, Iffy. She won't hurt you," Harry said. "Will you, Hedwig?"

The snowy white owl ruffled her feathers and gave a short bark. Turning to Iffy, who peeked out of Hermione's hair cautiously, Harry beckoned her forward. Watching Hedwig warily, she flew forward and hid behind his glass of orange juice.

"Hedwig, this is our new friend Iffy. Iffy, this is Hedwig," Harry said.

As Iffy peeked around the glass, Hedwig tilted her head to the side and hooted, causing Iffy to duck back behind the glass.

"Harry, are you sure this is safe?" June asked worriedly.

"It's fine, mum," Hermione told her. "Hedwig is Harry's familiar. She won't hurt her."

“It’s fine, see?” Harry said, reaching out to pet Hedwig’s feathers.

Tilting her head back, the owl crooned lightly. Creeping out from behind the glass, Iffy cautiously approached. Staying a distance away, she circled around her while Hedwig turned her head to follow her movements. When Harry distracted Hedwig with another piece of bacon and some praise, Iffy inched forward and ran her hand over her feathers. Pulling back sharply, she watched for a reaction, but none came.

Easing forward, she stroked the owl’s wing lightly. Hedwig turned to look at her, and Iffy froze, her eyes going wide.

“Here, like this,” Harry said.

Combing the back of his fingers down Hedwig’s breast feathers, she closed her eyes and crooned.

“Just make sure to always stroke down,” Harry told her.

Walking closer, Iffy tentatively ran her hand over Hedwig’s breast. Smiling, Harry pulled his hand back and turned to the letter.

“It’s from Madam Bones,” he said.

“What’s it say?” Tonks asked, leaning to look over his shoulder.

Opening the letter, Harry read.

“She wants to come over with Susan,” he smiled.

“Oh, good,” Tonks smiled. “I’ll head over and give her the secret after breakfast. We can go through the library when I get back.”

Summoning parchment and a quill, Tonks wrote a quick reply letting Madam Bones she would be by in an hour.

“Can you take this to Amelia Bones for me?” Tonks asked, holding the letter up to Hedwig.

With a hoot, she stuck out her leg.

“Thank you,” Tonks said, tying it to her leg.

Harry gave Hedwig one last piece of bacon, which she gobbled down before taking to the air. Iffy watched her closely as she looped around the kitchen before passing through the charmed window.

“See, I told you it was safe,” Harry told her.

With a bashful smile and a shrug, Iffy went back over to her plate.

~

After Tonks returned from visiting Madam Bones, Ted spent some time explaining magical creatures to Hermione’s parents while Harry and the others combed through the library.

“Some of these things sound quite… dangerous,” Robert frowned.

“They can be,” Ted nodded. “The thing you have to try and understand is that magicals have ways of dealing with them. I know it’s frightening. My parents had the same concerns, but it’s really no more dangerous than the Muggle world.”

“Doesn’t sound like it,” Robert sighed.

Ted smiled sympathetically, “We also have better ways to heal. How often does someone in the Muggle world survive losing their head?”

“That can happen?” June gasped.

“Happened to a friend of mine, actually,” Ted chuckled. “Splinched himself while learning to Apparate. His body ended up at his destination, but his head stayed behind. We had quite the laugh watching him try to pick up his own head.”

“Not helping, dear,” Andy yelled before stunning a doxy.

“Do you sense anyzhing else?” Apolline asked Iffy.

Zipping back and forth across the room a few times, Iffy then flew back to Apolline and shook her head.

“Merci,” Apolline smiled.

“Crookshanks, no!” Hermione yelled.

Crookshanks, who’d been eyeing the Doxy in Andy’s hand, sat down and sulked.

“Those are not toys,” Hermione scolded him.

Smiling, Iffy flew over to the ginger cat and circled his head. Crookshanks followed her movement for several turns before leaping into the air. Iffy laughed as she darted out of the way.

“Be gentle, Crookshanks,” Hermione reminded him.

“I wonder why she isn’t afraid of him like she is Hedwig,” Harry said.

“Crookshanks can’t fly,” Tonks said.

“Good point,” Harry smiled.

A moment later, the doorbell rang.

“That’ll be Bones,” Tonks said.

Taking her hand in his, Harry led the way to the front door. Pulling it open, he smiled.

“Hello, Susan. Madam Bones,” Harry said. “Come on in.”

“Amelia is fine,” she replied with a small smile. “Hello, everyone.”

After introductions were made, Harry gave Amelia and Susan a tour of the house. Near the end, Fleur grinned in anticipation as she took his hand.

“We actually have a bit of a surprise for everyone,” Harry said. “Fleur’s had a little project she’s been working on that she just finished last night.”

“What is it?” Apolline asked.

Grinning, Fleur pushed open the doors leading to the patio, and everyone gasped. Fleur had spent a lot of time and energy building a large, square pool with a small section blocked off for a bubbling hot tub. The whole screened-in patio had been charmed with Climate Charms, making it feel like a balmy Summer’s day. The screen itself had been enchanted with the moving illusion of her favorite beach in France. Looking closely, Harry could even make out Beauxbatons castle in the distance.

“Aw, love, you got me my hot tub,” Tonks beamed.

Rushing up to Fleur, she wrapped her arms around her and kissed her softly.

“’Ermione ‘elped,” Fleur smiled.

“This is incredible,” June said, staring around in awe. “I can even smell the ocean.”

“Can we go swimming, maman?” Gabrielle asked excitedly.

“If it’s alright wiz ‘Arry,” Apolline said.

“Of course,” Harry told her. “It’d be a shame not to use it.”

“Cherie, zhis is wonderful,” Apolline said, hugging Fleur while Gabrielle rushed over to the pool. “I better go transfigure your sister a bathing suit before she jumps in wiz ‘er clothes on.”

“Everyone’s going to need bathing suits,” Tonks said. “I doubt anyone thought to bring one in December.”

“Are you coming, mum?” Hermione asked. “I can transfigure one for you.”

“Why not?” June smiled.

While the women went into the study to get changed, the men went to the study. The men finished sooner and went back out to the patio to wait for the women.

“This really is incredible,” Robert said. “It would take months to build something like this in the Muggle world.”

“Fleur’s brilliant with Charms,” Harry grinned. “And Hermione helped her with a lot of the Transfigurations.”

“You didn’t help?” Robert asked.

“No, I’m rubbish at this sort of thing,” Harry said.

“Dora tells me your quite the duelist,” Ted said.

“I’m alright,” Harry shrugged. “She still kicks my arse when we practice.”

“Well, she is an Auror,” Ted smiled.

Just then, the doors to the study opened, and the girls came out. Harry grinned as he looked over his girlfriends in their revealing two-piece bikinis. Of course, he couldn’t help glancing at the other women as well. Susan and Amelia were in more modest one-piece suits that did little to hide their prominent busts and wide hips. Apolline, like her daughter, looked stunning in her silver two-piece, her sinful curves on full display. While not as striking, Andy still had the figure

the Black sisters were known for, and June's full figure gave Harry an idea of what Hermione would look like in a couple of decades.

"Our eyes are up here, gentlemen," Tonks smirked.

"And I'm sure they're lovely," Harry said, his eyes fixed on her chest.

As everyone chuckled, Harry grinned before helping to set up some lounge chairs. Iffy was enthralled with the warm, humid air and zipped around happily while Gabrielle headed straight for the pool and jumped in.

"Too bad we can't get a tan," June said, lying on her back.

"We might be able to do that," Hermione said thoughtfully.

"An enhanced Lumos Solem enchantment, per'aps?" Fleur offered.

"That might work," Hermione said. "We'll have to research it."

"Still, you two did a wonderful job," Robert said.

"Thanks, dad," Hermione smiled. "Fleur did most of the work, though,"

"You 'elped a lot, ma cherie," Fleur smiled.

"'Arry," Apolline called. "Would you mind if we put a tree in 'ere for Iffy?"

"Not at all," Harry said.

Zipping over to Apolline, Iffy hugged her chin with a smile before doing to same to Harry.

“Fleur, come swim wiz me!” Gabrielle yelled.

Smiling, Fleur got up and walked over to the pool.

“Mmh, that arse,” Tonks murmured.

“Nymphadora, is that really necessary?” Andy sighed.

“What?” Tonks asked. “Everyone was thinking it.”

Grinning at her exasperated mother, Tonks stood. Pulling Harry to his feet, she led him over to the pool.

~

While Harry and the girls played in the pool for a while, Dobby managed to find a grill and started barbequing out on the patio. The atmosphere felt completely at odds with the spirit of the season, but it was a welcome break from the stresses of reality.

As Dobby finished cooking, Andy and Apolline levitated the table and chairs out from the dining room. Iffy wasn’t a fan of all the meat, her nose wrinkling cutely, so June fetched a cherry tomato from her salad. The little Fairy looked at it oddly but squeaked in delight after her first bite.

“Fleur, Hermione, thank you so much for this,” Amelia smiled. “I haven’t felt this relaxed in years.”

“You’re welcome,” Fleur replied, smiling.

“Will you and Susan be staying the night?” Harry asked. “We have plenty of extra bedrooms.”

“Can we, auntie?” Susan asked, looking at Amelia pleadingly.

“Alright,” she said after a moment. “I’ll have to send a letter to the Ministry so they know to contact me by Patronus if anything happens.”

“You can send a letter with Hedwig,” Harry offered.

“Wait,” Hermione gasped. “If a Patronus can find us under the Fidelius, couldn’t someone use that to find us?”

“Very astute, but that’s not how a messenger Patronus work,” Amelia said, causing a wave of relief to pass over the table. “When you send a messenger Patronus, it goes directly to the intended recipient – far too fast for anyone to follow.”

“Oh, good,” Hermione sighed.

“It was a good thought, cherie,” Fleur smiled, patting her arm.

The conversation turned back to more pleasant topics after that. After she finished eating, Apolline off her skills in Herbology and Charms by growing a small, hollowed-out tree in a ceramic pot.

“That’s amazing,” June said as Iffy happily inspected her new den.

“My family owns a vineyard,” Apolline explained with a smile.

“You should see zhe tree ‘ouse she made for Gabrielle and me when we were younger,” Fleur grinned. “It was magnifique.”

“Miss doesn’t need to clean up,” Dobby said, startling June as she started picking up the dirty plates.

Letting out a breath, she smiled down at Dobby.

“If I’m going to be a guest here, than I can at least clean up after myself,” June said, then turned to Harry just as he opened his mouth. “I insist.”

Recognizing that arguing would be a lost cause, Harry raised his hands in surrender and nodded at Dobby.

“Hermione, will you help me with the dishes?” June asked.

“Dora, you can help me put the table and chairs back in the dining room,” Andy said.

“But mum,” Tonks whine.

At a stern look from her mother, Tonks huffed and grumbled as she got up.

“Can Dobby help, miss?” Dobby asked, following after June as she headed back into the house.

Smiling, Harry kissed Fleur’s temple and got up to help move the chairs. When everything was put back in its proper place, Harry wrapped his arm around Tonks’ bare waist and walked with her back towards the patio.

“I love this swimsuit,” he told her, as his hand caressed her smooth skin.

“Too bad we didn’t go with Fleur’s idea,” Tonks smirked. “She and Apolline wanted to go topless, but mum and Amelia didn’t like the idea.”

“Pity,” Harry said.

As they passed through the kitchen, Harry paused when he spotted Hermione. She was standing at the sink, humming and shaking her round little bum back and forth as she washed the dishes by hand. Harry and Tonks shared a mischievous glance before Harry let go of her.

Sneaking up behind Hermione, he slipped his arms around her. Hermione gasped, then moaned as he pressed himself against her bum and trailed his hands up her stomach to cup her breasts.

“Skaing your pretty little arse like that, it’s like you’re begging to get buggered again,” Harry whispered as he squeezed her breasts.

“Harry!?”

“June!?”

Harry jumped away from her, his face burning with embarrassment, while Tonks clutched her stomach and laughed so hard she wheezed. June spun around, her arms covering her chest as her face went bright red.

“I’m so sorry,” Harry said. “I thought you were Hermione.”

“I should hope so,” June said.

“Er, I should just – sorry,” Harry stammered before he turned and fled the kitchen.

Afraid of going back out to the patio and running into Robert, Harry headed down the hall to the dining room. There he spotted Fleu, bent over as she straightened the tablecloth.

Moving slightly to the side, Harry leaned around to look at her face, just to make sure. Tonks snorted loudly and burst out laughing as she leaned against the doorway for support. Fleur looked around at the sound and eyed Harry curiously.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Just making sure,” Harry mumbled.

Walking up to her, he wrapped his arms around her and buried his face in the crook of her neck.

“What ‘appened?” Fleur asked, stroking his back soothingly.

“Something happened?” Hermione asked as she walked into the room.

Groaning as Tonks giggled uncontrollably, Harry sighed and pulled back from Fleur.

“Harry - he - he groped your mum,” Tonks gasped, clutching her stomach.

“I thought she was you,” Harry said when Hermione gaped at him.

“Harry!” Hermione cried incredulously

Covering her mouth, Fleur giggled.

“That’s not funny,” Hermione hissed. “How would you feel if he did that to your mum?”

“I wouldn’t mind,” Fleur smirked with a shrug. “I don’t zhink maman would mind eizzer.”

“Ooh, you’re impossible,” Hermione huffed.

Giggling again, Fleur hugged her. When she pulled back, she looked over at Tonks, and they shared a glance. Smiling, they suddenly walked over to Harry, each of them taking an arm and pulling him towards the patio.

“Oh no,” Harry said, digging in his heels.

“No point in hiding in here and letting things get more awkward,” Tonks said. “You just need to get out there and get it over with.”

When Hermione started pushing him from behind, Harry groaned and let them lead him outside. Everyone looked up when Harry stepped out onto the patio, and he could feel his face heating up.

“So,” Robert said. “My daughter isn’t enough for you? You have to try and steal my wife, too?

“Robert,” June said, slapping his arm lightly.

Harry groaned and rubbed his face.

“I’m really sorry,” he said. “I honestly thought she was Hermione.”

“Then I’ll take that as a compliment,” June smiled. “Now, let’s just forget it happened and get back to enjoying our holiday.”

~

Harry still felt a bit awkward for a while, but eventually, things started to return to normal. After spending a couple more hours out by the pool, everyone put their clothes back on and headed into the house as the sun started to set.

“Do you think we could get a telly?” Tonks asked as she cuddled up against Harry’s side.

“Sure,” Harry said.

“Hermione, didn’t you say electronics don’t work around magic?” June asked.

“They tend to go haywire around a lot of magic,” Hermione replied.

“They should work alright here,” Ted said. “They work fine at our house. Although, you may find that they don’t last as long.”

Suddenly, Harry yelped when he felt something burning hot against his thigh. Digging into his pocket, he pulled out a gold Galleon and looked at the edge of the coin. A single word sent his heart racing.

Help

“It’s Daphne,” Harry said. “She needs help.”

“What’s happening?” Amelia asked sharply.

“I don’t know,” Harry said. “Something must be seriously wrong, though. Daphne knows these are only for emergencies. Dobby!”

With a pop, Dobby appeared in front of Harry, bouncing excitedly.

“Dobby, do you know where the Greengrasses live?” Harry asked.

“Wait, I’ll send some Aurors,” Amelia said.

“I can’t wait,” Harry said, getting to his feet. “I promised Daphne I’d protect her and her sister. Accio cloak.”

Amelia stared at him for a long moment as Tonks, Fleur, and Hermione got to their feet. Just as his cloak flew into his hand, she sighed.

“Fine, but you’re taking me with you,” Amelia said.

“Uh, boss, are you sure that’s a good idea?” Tonks asked.

Amelia glared at her, “Legally, I can’t stop you, but like hell am I going to let you lot run off and leave me behind, especially Potter.”

“Hermione-”

“I’m going, dad,” Hermione said with finality.

Robert looked like he wanted to argue but gave up with a sigh when June rested her hand on his arm.

“Be careful, auntie,” Susan said.

“Would you like me to come as well?” Andromeda asked.

“And me,” Apolline added.

“Dobby, can you Apparate with that many people?” Harry asked. “Chances are Daphe, Astoria, and their mother will be coming back with us. And this isn’t an order. I’m asking for your help, just like when we rescued Tonks and Amelia.”

“Harry Potter, sir, is going to save another friend?” Dobby asked.

“Yes,” Harry nodded.

“Then Dobby will help,” the eld said, puffing out his chest.

“Thank you,” Harry said. “And you’re sure you can handle taking everyone.”

“Yes, sir,” Dobby nodded. “House Elves is being very good at moving many things at once.”

“It’s settled then,” Amelia said before taking out her badge and tapping it with her wand. “Chambers, come in.”

“I’m here, Minister. Is everything alright?” a male voice asked from the badge.

“I’m fine, but something’s come up,” Amelia said. “Tell Shacklebolt to get teams one and two ready. I want them ready to assault a manor in twenty minutes. I’ll contact you again when I know more.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Chambers replied.

“Do you have a plan for this?” Amelia asked, looking at Harry.

“We Apparate in just inside the wards. Is there a treeline nearby?” Harry asked as he turned to Dobby, who nodded. “Okay. Once we’re there, I’ll sneak up to the house under my cloak and see what’s happening. If I can sneak Daphne and her family out safely, I will. If not, we’ll see what we’re dealing with and go from there.”

“You’re not going up there alone,” Tonks said firmly.

“No, he’s not,” Amelia agreed. “I’m going with him.”

Reaching into the pocket of her cloak, she pulled out an invisibility cloak of her own. Harry sighed worriedly.

“Even with cloaks, more of us means a bigger chance of being spotted,” he said.

“If Death Eaters have taken over the house, my Aurors need to know how many and where they are,” Amelia said in a tone that brokered no argument.

Recognizing she had a point and anxious to get going, Harry nodded.

“You come back safe. All of you,” June said while Robert wrapped an arm comfortingly around her shoulders.

Iffy flew over and landed on the table in front of June, eyeing them nervously.

“We will,” Harry said.

Gathering around Dobby, everyone that was going held hands. With a nod from Harry, they swirled into nothing with a crack.

A moment later, the group appeared inside a corpse of apple trees near a large manor.

“Potter, give me your glasses,” Amelia whispered, her hand held out expectantly.

Looking at her curiously, he handed them to her anyways. Amelia muttered under her breath as she cast a complex charm before handing them back.

“So we can see each other,” she explained, handing them back.

As Harry slipped them on his face, he found he could see through Amelia’s cloak and the clothes underneath. Taking in a glimpse of her impressively large breasts, he looked away quickly.

“Er, I can-”

“I know,” Amelia interrupted before casting the same charm on her monocle. “I’m more concerned with getting out alive than you seeing me naked.”

“Right,” Harry nodded.

“Tonks, you have your badge?” Amelia asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks replied quietly.

“Good. If you don’t hear from us in five minutes, call for backup and tell them what happened,” Amelia told her.

Turning to Harry, Amelia nodded. The two of them swung their cloaks over their bodies. To everyone else, they disappeared from sight, but to each other, nothing had changed. Belatedly, Harry realized that Madam Bones could see him just as much as he could see her.

Fighting down his embarrassment and the desire to check out her bum, Harry followed her as they crept towards the house. Yellow light poured out from the curtain covered windows on the first floor. When they noticed several silhouetted figures moving around, they shared a glance before silently moving in that direction.

As they reached the house, they crouched and pressed themselves against the stone wall on either side of the window. Peeking through the curtains, thanks to his charm glasses, Harry spotted at least two dozen witches and wizards roaming around a large room. Nearly all of them had the faint outline skull shaped masks somewhere in their robes.

Harry strained his ear to hear what they were saying, but he could only make out an indistinct murmur. Checking his pockets, he grinned when his fingers thin, fleshy cord. Waving Amelia over, he led her to the double french doors not too far away. Hoping one end of the extendable ears for them to listen through, he set the other on the ground. Amelia eyed it curiously as it slithered through the snow and slipped under the door.

“- getting them back soon enough,” a deep, male voice said.

“I hope we take care of that bitch Bones when the Dark Lord gets back,” another said with glee.

“Do you know when he will return?” asked a more cultured voice.

Looking at Harry, Amelia mouthed a word.

‘Greengrass’

“Not for a couple of weeks,” a witch replied.

“You chose the right time to join us, Gerard,” a wizard laughed. “Soon, the Dark Lord’s forces will be in place, and we can finally make our move.”

“And why did it take so long for you to join our cause?” another wizard asked aggressively.

“I was merely biding my time,” Gerard Greengrass said. “As soon as it became clear how ineffective the Ministry is against the Dark Lord, my decision was easy.”

“Coward,” A witch spat. “You think you can walk in at the final hour and take all the spoils?”

“Speaking of spoils,” A wizard with a silky, arrogant tone interrupted. “Where is my future wife. I’d like to get to know her.”

“I believe she’s with my wife,” Gerard replied. “I’ll go check on them. Excuse me for a moment.”

On a gut feeling, Harry decided to follow him. Looking through various windows, Harry circled around to the back corner of the house while Gerard walked up to the second floor. There was a balcony above him, so Harry had to back up to look through the window. It wasn’t until then that he realized Amelia had followed him.

Looking through the curtains covering the door leading to the balcony, he watched as Daphne stood from her vanity and walked towards the door. Looking around, Harry noticed that there weren’t any windows on the first floor of this side of the house. Eyeing the balcony for a moment, he suddenly took off his cloak.

“Harry!” Amelia hissed softly.

Giving her a firm, pointed look, Harry took off running towards the house. Propelling himself off the wall with his foot, he turned in mid-air and caught the bottom of the balcony with his hands. Heaving himself up, he climbed over the railing and onto the balcony.

When he saw his breath fogging, he pulled the neck of his jumper over his mouth to hide it while slipping the extendable ear under the door.

"- at the party," Gerard was saying.

"I don't see anything worth celebrating," Daphne said, her voice icy cold.

"Regardless, you will make an appearance and speak with your future husband," Gerard said demandingly.

"More like my future executioner," Daphne bit back. "You know what he's like."

"Which is why I contract you to him and not Astoria," Gerard said. "You're more equipt to deal with the situation."

"You mean I'm more expendable," Daphne spat.

Smack!

Harry clenched his hand around his wand, fighting the urge to rush in.

"You will not speak to me that way," Gerard growled. "It's only a death sentence if you allow it to be. Use what I've taught you. Eliminate him, and all the power of the Notts will belong to us."

“You want me to kill one of the Dark Lord’s closest supporters?” Daphne asked, her voice entirely devoid of emotion.

“The Dark Lord won’t care so long as your power and fortune are at his disposal,” Gerard said dismissively.

“And his friends?” Daphne asked.

“Then ensure there’s nothing to trace it back to you,” Gerard said impatiently. “I know you’re not happy with this decision, but you will abide by it. The Greengrass name must survive.”

“Even if it costs you a daughter,” Daphne said coldly.

“If you can’t get the better of him, it’s a necessary sacrifice,” Gerard said. “Now, not another word. I want you down in the parlor in five minutes. Do not make me come back up here.”

A moment later, the door closed sharply.

“Bastard,” Daphne spat tearfully.

Carefully looking through the door, Harry watched as Daphne sat on the end of the bed and dropped her head into her hands. He felt incredibly guilty for seeing her in such a private moment – made worse by the fact he could easily see through her clothes – but it couldn’t be helped.

Taking a deep breath, Harry slowly reached over and tapped softly on the window pane. After several taps, Daphne stood abruptly and stormed towards the door. Wand in hand, Harry prepared to silence her as she yanked open the door.

“Harry!” she gasped surprisingly softly. “What – how-”

“No time,” Harry whispered. “I’m here to get you out of here. Can you get your mother and sister?”

“I - yes,” Daphne said, blinking rapidly as her eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly, she threw herself forward and hugged him as tightly as she could.

“Thank you,” she sobbed.

Holding her gently, Harry rubbed her back.

“Daphne, I know you’re going through a lot right now,” Harry whispered, “but we need to move quickly.”

“Right,” Daphne murmured thickly.

Sniffling, she pulled back and wiped her eyes.

“Come to the balcony as soon as you’re ready,” Harry said.

He reached out and squeezed her hand supportively before letting go and climbing back over the railing. Lowering himself down as far as he could, Harry dropped back down to the ground next to Amelia.

“They’re coming,” he whispered while putting on his cloak.

“Good,” Amelia nodded before lifting her badge to her face. “Shacklebolt.”

“Yes, Minister,” came Kingsley’s rumbling baritone.

“We’ve discovered a meeting of twenty to thirty Death Eaters at Greengrass manor,” Amelia said. “We’re attempting to evacuate non-combatants now. As soon as they’re clear, I’ll give you the word, and you can start your assault. Expect heavy resistance. Call for backup if you need it, but don’t tell them where you’re going until they need to know.”

“I’ve already called in teams three and four,” Kingsley said. “We’re ready when you need us.”

“Good. Bones, out,” Amelia said, then tapped her badge again. “Tonks.”

“Everything alright?” Tonks asked worriedly.

“We’re fine,” she replied. “The Greengrasses are on their way out, and the Aurors are standing by. Be ready to leave.”

“Ready when you are,” Tonks said.

Tucking her badge back into her robes, Amelia turned to Harry.

“Did you learn anything important?” she asked.

“No,” Harry said. “Just that Gerard has joined the Death Eaters and promised Daphne to Nott.”

A stormy look came over Amelia’s face. As curious as Harry was to know why, now wasn’t the time for idle chatter. They fell into silence as they waited. Gradually, the adrenaline started to

fade, and Harry began to feel the cold. Given the state of Amelia's thick, crinkled nipples, so was she.

Honestly, he wasn't trying to be a pervert, but with breasts that big, it was hard not to look at them.

"Harry!" Daphne hissed.

Stepping back from the wall, Harry and Amelia looked up and lowered the hoods of their cloaks.

"Quick, jump down," Harry said as quietly as he could. "I'll catch you."

Nodding, Daphne stepped away from the railing and appeared with Astoria a moment later. She helped her sister step over the railing as Harry waited with his wand at the ready. Nervously, Astoria bit her lip and jumped.

Harry easily caught her with a Levitation Charm and lowered her safely to the ground. Amelia pulled the younger girl over and whispered to her as Harry got ready for the next one. Daphne guided a thin, curvy witch to the railing. Seeing the similarities between her and the girls, he figured that she had to be their mother.

When the older witch stepped off the edge, Harry caught her and lowered her to the ground.

"Hello, Evangeline," Amelia smiled.

"Amelia," Evangeline said in surprise. "When Daphne said her friend was taking us someplace safe, I didn't expect you to be here."

"I was at Harry's when Daphne called for help," Amelia explained. "Of course, I wasn't going to sit by when one of my oldest friends needed me."

“Thank you,” Evangeline said tearfully while Harry lowered Daphne to the ground. “Gerard has lost it, Amelia. He’s-”

“I know,” Amelia interrupted softly. “But right now, we need to get you and the girls to safety.”

“Of course,” Evangeline nodded, visibly gathering herself.

Rubbing her back gently, Amelia turned to Harry and nodded.

“Let’s get out of here,” she said. “Head towards the apple orchard.”

They started walking away from the house, the Greengrasses folding their arms over their chests to protect against the cold. They only made it a few yards when a door on the side of the house suddenly opened. The entire group froze as a Death Eater stepped outside and spotted them. There was a beat of silence before the wizard’s eyes widened.

“They’re escaping!” he yelled, drawing his wand. “It’s-”

Amelia’s spell slammed into his chest, knocking him out before he could say another word. But it was already too late.

“Run!” Harry yelled as witches and wizards in black cloaks rushed out of the house.

The Greengrasses took off at a sprint towards the orchard while Harry and Amelia threw everything they had at the Death Eaters in the doorway. Harry felt sickened as he watched wizards and witches thrown around in broken, bloodied heaps from the destructive magic he wielded, but he never stopped. If he did, they would all be dead.

Soon, a wall of blue, shimmering shields sprang to life as the Death Eaters defended themselves. Throwing hexes and curses over their shoulders, Harry and Amelia started running. More Death Eaters poured out of the house from other doors, forcing them to duck and weave between brightly colored bolts of hissing, spitting magic.

“Get behind us!” Tonks yelled when the Greengrasses reached them.

She, along with Fleur, Hermione, Andy, and Apolline, stepped out from the trees. Tonks’ wand spat a steady stream of violent magic, sending explosions ripping through the line of approaching Death Eaters. Hermione created and animated an army of beasts made out of snow that snarled and growled as they charged ahead. Fleur summoned fiery birds that lit up the field with an orange, flickering glow as they dive bombed the mass of black cloaked figures, setting several ablaze. Andy and Apolline focused on protecting everyone, transfiguring wooden shields out of branches and ripping boulders from the ground to intercept curses.

It was an incredible sight to behold.

Now that they had a momentary break, Amelia pulled out her badge.

“Now, Kingsley!” she shouted over the noise.

Dozens of bright red spells lit up the night sky as they impacted the wards surrounding the manor. The dome above them cracked like glass as more and more spells slammed into them.

“It’s the Aurors! Run!” one of the Death Eaters yelled.

Harry looked back as he tried to Apparate away, only to spin in a circle. Before he could do anything else, one of Hermione’s wolves was on him. Its snowy teeth didn’t actually break the skin, but it still trapped the man in place and took him out of the fight.

“Disapparate!” Amelia shouted as soon as they reached the orchard.

Harry wondered why she shouted that, only to feel himself pass through the Auror's Anti-Disapparation wards a moment later. He watched the Greengrasses vanish with Apolline and Andy before he grabbed hold of Hermione. Looking back at Tonks, Fleur, and Amelia, they all nodded and Disapparated as the Aurors charged in.

Appearing outside Fort Potter, the sudden silence was startling. Everyone took a moment to catch their breath and calm their racing hearts. Looking around, Harry made sure everyone was there and breathed a sigh of relief when they were.

"Where are we?" Evangeline asked.

"Hermione," Harry panted, "Could you?"

"Fort Potter is located at Number 16 East Hill Lane," Hermione said.

"Wow," Daphne said as she looked at the house. "You don't do small, do you, Potter."

"Definitely not," Tonks smirked suggestively.

"Let's get inside," Fleur said with a shiver. "I'm freezing, and everyone is probably worried."

"I need to get to the Ministry," Amelia said. "Tell Susan I'm safe, and I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Do you want me to come in, boss?" Tonks asked.

"You've done enough for tonight, Auror Tonks," Amelia said. "Besides, you still have a job to do. I didn't make you Harry's bodyguard just so you could spend time with your boyfriend."

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks smiled with a jaunty salute.

“Amelia,” Harry said as she started to turn. “Thank you.”

“Just try not to make this a habit,” Amelia said.

Harry nodded before she walked outside of the wards and Disapparated. Turning back to the group, he wrapped his arm around Fleur to warm her up and led them to the house. The moment they entered, June, Richard, Ted, Gabrielle, and Susan came rushing in to greet them. Harry blushed as he glanced at June and Susan. He’d gotten so used to the charm on his glasses that he’d forgotten it was there. Seeing Susan’s large breasts – even larger than her aunt’s – and June’s shapely figure reminded him sharply.

Taking them off, he quickly removed the charm and put them back on just as June hugged him tightly.

“Where’s aunt Amelia?” Susan asked worriedly.

“She had to go back to the Ministry,” Tonks said. “She’s fine, though.”

“Is anyone hurt?” Andy asked.

Everyone shook their heads, but Hermione still checked Harry over before being satisfied.

“Everyone, this is Daphne, Astoria, Evangeline Greengrass,” Harry said. “They’re going to be staying with us.”

“Eva is fine,” Evangeline said as she greeted everyone.

Leading everyone into the living room, Dobby popped in with tea while Iffy flew over to Hermione and curled up in her hair.

“Can you tell us what happened?” she asked.

Daphne set down her teacup and sighed.

“My father told Astoria and me that he’d made marriage arrangements for us,” she said. “Astoria would marry Draco Malfoy while I was being sold off to Thadeus Nott.”

“He was going to hand you over to that vile beast?” Andy gasped.

“Yes,” Daphne replied in a clipped tone.

“Who’s Thadeus Nott?” Hermione asked.

“A disgusting old man,” Daphne said. “He’s Theodore Nott’s grandfather, and he’s been married sixteen times. Not one of his wives lived to the age of thirty. It’s well known that he enjoys young women and disposes of his wives when they get too old.”

“Why hasn’t he been arrested?” June asked incredulously.

“There’s never any proof,” Daphne said. “Not that the Aurors ever looked very hard. He’s got a lot of money and influence. Besides, from what I’ve heard, he doesn’t usually kill them himself. He… breaks them to the point that they commit suicide.”

“That’s awful,” June gasped.

“My father isn’t a good man,” Daphne told her. “He’s far more concerned with preserving the family name and improving his station than anything else. I never expected he’d go this far, though. I thought he would discretely aid You-Know-Who, not openly join him and sell his daughter to the families of two of his most ardent supporters.”

“He surprised us all,” Eva said quietly. “Thank you, Harry. If you hadn’t agreed to take us in…”

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said. “You’re welcome to stay here as long as you need to.”

“I’d offer to pay you for letting us stay here, but I don’t know how I can,” Eva sighed sadly. “Gerard is sure to revoke our access to the family vault – he’ll probably dissolve our marriage contract, as well. I just hope he doesn’t disown Daphne and Astoria.”

As a tear fell from her eye, Andy scooted closer and wrapped a comforting arm around Eva’s shoulders.

“Honestly, don’t worry about it,” Harry said. “You don’t owe me anything.”

“Let him,” Astoria said, hugging her mother. “I’d rather live on the streets than marry Malfoy.”

“Your father can’t enter you into a contract against your will, can he?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“For Astoria, yes, but not a magical one,” Daphne said. “We’d have to sign for it to be magically binding. Right now, all he can essentially do is enter into a written agreement. Not that anyone would take his word now that we’ve run away.”

“Harry, perhaps you should show the girls their rooms?” Andy suggested.

Realizing she wanted a moment to talk to Eva alone, Harry nodded.

“Sure,” Harry said.

As he stood, Dobby appeared next to him with a *pop.*

“Dobby has set up the rooms next to Ms. Gabby’s, Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said.

“Thank you, Dobby,” Harry smiled. “And thank you for helping us rescue the Greengrasses.”

With a beaming smile, Dobby popped away.

“How did a House Elf help you rescue us?” Daphne asked, her brow furrowed cutely.

“Dobby got us through the wards,” Harry told her.

Daphne’s eyes widened, and her face paled.

“That’s… but how? House Elves aren’t allowed to enter another person’s home without permission. It’s part of the magic that binds them,” Daphne said.

“Dobby’s a free Elf,” Hermione huffed. “As all house Elves should be.”

“He’s free, and he still follows your orders?” Daphne asked.

“Dobby works here because he wasn’t to,” Harry said before Hermione could go off on a tirade. “I asked him, as a friend, to help me rescue you.”

“Potter…” Daphne said, trailing off and shaking her head in awe. “Do you have any idea what this means? You could go anywhere, anytime you want, and no wards can stop you. It’s part of the reason House Elves were enslaved in the first place. Merlin, if the Aurors could use this, they could raid the homes of Death Eaters while they sleep. They’d never know what hit them. Of course, the House Elf would need to know how to get there.”

“Well, Dobby did belong to the Malfoys,” Harry said thoughtfully.

Sharing a look with Tonks, he could see a glint of excitement in her eyes. It made him wonder how none of them had thought of that before. If they could convince more House Elves to help…

“How did you end up being friends with a House Elf that belong to the Malfoys?” Daphne asked incredulously.

Harry told her the story of his second year as he led her and Astoria to their rooms. Gabrielle was quick to sidle up to the younger sister and tell her all about the house. He figured she was happy to have someone her age in the house.

“I know the rooms don’t look like much right now, but we can get you anything you need,” Harry said.

“We can go shopping for clothes tomorrow,” Fleur offered.

“Thank you,” Daphne said gratefully. “We only managed to grab a couple changes of clothes and some sentimental items before we left.”

“Daphne, this place is amazing!” Astoria grinned as she bounded into the room with Gabby right behind her. “There’s even a pool and a hot tub.”

Daphne snorted and smirked at Harry, “Figures you’d have those.”

Harry grinned unrepentantly.

“Hey, what’s with the fairy anyways?” Astoria asked as Iffy looked around curiously.

“We found her in the library,” Hermione smiled. “My mum kind of adopted her. Her name’s Iphigenia, but we all call her Iffy.”

“That’s odd,” Daphne said.

“They’re Muggles,” Hermione shrugged. “They never get to see things like Fairies and Pixies.”

“No, I didn’t mean that,” Daphne said. “I mean, they shouldn’t be able to see her.”

“Oh!” Hermione gasped. “Why didn’t I think of that, of course. Muggles can’t see most magical creatures. But why…?”

“Maybe zhe ‘ave some magic, just not enough to use it?” Fleur suggested. “Or, perhaps knowing zhe secret for zhe Fidelus gave zhem just enough to see zhem?”

“Maybe,” Hermione said thoughtfully. “I’ll look into it. I wonder if that means they could see Hogwarts now.”

Once the girls had put away their meager belonging, they all headed back to the living room.

“Gabrielle, come ‘ere, ma petite,” Apolline said. “’Ow would you feel about going to ‘Ogwarts?”

“Really?” Gabby asked excitedly.

“Maman?” Fleur asked curiously.

“I get lonely at ‘ome now that Gabrielle is in school,” Apolline said. “Besides, I want to ‘elp. Even if only by keeping you and Eva company when everyone goes back to school. If it’s alright wiz ‘Arry, of course.”

“You and Gabby are always welcome,” Harry smiled.

Squealing excitedly, Gabby rushed over to the couch and hugged her mother.

“Are you sure, maman?” Fleur asked. “You know ‘ow dangerous it is in England.”

“We are in just as much danger in France,” Apolline told her. “Wiz how close you are to ‘Arry, I would not put it past zhat batard to send someone after us. At least ‘ere, I can be of some use.”

Sighing, Fleur nodded and went over to the couch to hug her mother and sister.

“As you sure you won’t miss your friends?” she asked Gabby.

“I don’t have any,” Gabby said quietly. “Zhey all left when I grew up.”

Looking at her sympathetically, Fleur hugged Gabby tightly.

“Mum, dad, it would probably be a good idea for you to stay here too,” Tonks said.

Andy and Ted shared a long look.

“You’re more than welcome to stay,” Harry told her. “In fact, I’d feel a lot better if you did.”

“We’ll think about it,” Andy said eventually.

Soon, the conversation turned to lighter topics. Sitting on the loveseat next to Hermione, Harry pulled Tonks down into his lap as he watched the room with a smile on his face.

Chapter 25

Harry jolted awake from a loud knock at the door. Prying his heavy eyelids open, it felt like he’d only gotten a few minutes of sleep. Fleur grumbled as he pulled away from her and put on a pair of boxers. Opening the door, he squinted against the light from the hall and blinked. For a moment, he thought the shape in front of him was Hermione until he remembered she was still in bed.

“Sorry to wake you,” June said, “but Amelia’s back, and she wants to talk to everyone in the kitchen.”

“Right,” Harry nodded, waking up quickly as he remembered the events of the previous night. “We’ll be down in a few minutes.”

Nodding, June left, and Harry closed the door.

“Girls, time to get up,” Harry said, gathering his clothes for the day. “Amelia needs to see us in the kitchen.”

The girls climbed out of bed sleepily and got dressed while Iffy flew over to Harry and made a nest in his hair. A moment later, he smiled at the sound of her snores as he and the girls made their way downstairs.

They got down to the kitchen to find everyone else already awake and waiting for them. From the lack of light outside, Harry knew it was still early. While everyone looked tired, Amelia looked like she hadn't slept at all from the dark bags under her bloodshot eyes.

"Sorry to wake all of you, but I thought you'd want to know what happened," Amelia said.

"It's fine," Harry said.

Yawning, Tonks rested her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes.

"I'll get right to it," Amelia said, removing her monocle and rubbing her eyes. "Last night turned out to be a massive success. We arrested twenty-seven Death Eaters, as well as Gerard Greengrass. He's being charged with aiding and abetting a known terrorist organization. I've restricted any visitation until the interrogations are done. That should buy you a day or two to empty what you can from the family vault."

"Thank you," Eva said gratefully. "I'll go to Gringotts this morning."

Smiling, Amelia patted her hand.

"Did we get anything useful?" Tonks asked, her eyes still closed.

"We did," Amelia nodded. "We now have a much better idea of You-Know-Who's forces and his immediate plans. Nott and Selwyn were among those arrested, and they've provided a Nifflers nest of information. The Aurors are going to be moving fast over the next couple of days to make even more arrests."

"Did they mention anything about Hogwarts or Draco Malfoy?" Harry asked.

Amelia frowned as she looked at him.

“No, but we didn’t ask about it either,” she said. “Is there something I should know?”

Harry shrugged, “It’s just a hunch. I think Draco Malfoy’s been marked and given a task at Hogwarts. I’m pretty sure he was behind what happened to Katie Bell, but I don’t have any proof.”

“What kind of task?” Amelia asked, her eyes focused on him intently.

“I don’t know,” Harry sighed. “But he’s been acting shady all year. He quit the Quidditch team, disappears at odd times, avoids his friends… He’s definitely up to something.”

“I think so too, boss,” Tonks said, sitting up.

“I’ll tell the interrogators to ask about it,” Amelia nodded. “Is there anything else I should ask?”

Harry thought for a moment before shaking his head.

“Could you ask them if You-Know-Who is planning anything to do with Harry?” Hermione asked.

“We already did,” Amelia told her. “You-Know-Who is currently focused on taking down the Ministry. Under Veritaserum, a few of the Death Eaters even admitted they think he’s afraid of Harry.”

Harry snorted, “Yeah, right.”

“It makes sense,” Hermione said. “Every time you’re involved in one of his plans, something goes horribly wrong for him.”

“And since he never got to hear the Prophecy, he has even more reason to worry,” Amelia nodded. “Now that you know what’s happening, I’m going to get some sleep before going back to the Ministry.”

“Thank you, Amelia,” Eva said, smiling as she hugged the other witch.

“What time do you want to go to Gringotts?” Andy asked.

“As soon as possible,” Eva replied.

“Would you like me to go with you?” Andy asked.

“I would, thank you,” Eva smiled. “Do you mind if we leave in an hour?”

“Not at all,” Andy smiled.

“I’m going back to bed,” Tonks yawned.

She and Fleur stood, each of them grabbing one of Harry’s hands, and led him back to the bedroom with Hermione following after. Crawling back into bed, they curled up next to him, and they all fell back to sleep quickly.

When Harry woke up again, the sun was streaming in through the windows. Hermione and Fleur were already gone, while Tonks was drooling lightly on his shoulder. Smiling down at her, Harry ran his fingers through her hair and just watched her sleep for a couple of minutes. Gently running his fingers along her bare skin, he gently roused her from her sleep.

Sitting up, Tonks wiped her mouth.

“Sorry,” she muttered, wiping the saliva off his shoulder.

Chuckling, Harry sat up and pulled her against his chest, his arms wrapping around her.

“I love you,” he said softly.

“I love you, too,” tonks replied, kissing his neck.

They sat like that for a long moment, their hands caressing each other lightly before the door creaked open. Poking her head in, Hermione looked at them and rolled her eyes with a smile.

“Are you two ever going to get out of bed?” she asked.

“Do I have to?” Tonks pouted.

“Yes,” Hermione sighed. “Now come on, breakfast is ready, and Hedwig has a letter for you.”

As she closed the door, Tonks sighed.

“I suppose we better get up,” she said.

Just as she started to move, Harry pinned her to the bed and kissed her passionately. Tonks moaned in surprise before kissing him back. Both of them were breathless by the time Harry pulled back with a grin. Smiling brightly, Tonks pecked him on the lips before wiggling out from under him and stumbling over to the wardrobe.

Harry enjoyed watching her naked body before finally getting out of bed and dressing for the day. Hand in hand, they made their way down to the kitchen.

“Morning,” Tonks said brightly, plopping down next to Hermione and kissing her cheek.

Sitting down next to Fleur, the blonde smiled and kissed him before returning to the conversation she was having with her sister. Suddenly, Hedwig circled around the table and landed lightly before him. He blinked at the sight of Iffy laughing happily as she rode on the owl’s back.

“I see you two are getting along,” he said.

Hedwig hooted and stole a rasher of bacon. Snorting, Harry reached out, took the letter from her leg, and stroked her breast feathers softly in thanks.

“Come on, Iffy,” June called. “It’s time to eat.”

Sliding off Hedwig’s back, she hugged the owl before flying over to the plate June had set out for her. As Iffy cut into her strawberry, Harry unrolled the letter and smiled at its contents.

“The Weasleys are coming here for Christmas,” he grinned.

“Would Harry Potter, sir, like Dobby to set up their rooms?” Dobby asked.

“Whenever you have time,” Harry said. “They won’t be here for a couple of days.”

Nodding excitedly, Dobby popped away.

“Hermione,” June called. “Your father and I would like to do some more Christmas shopping. Could you take us, or should we call a cab?”

“We’ll take you,” Fleur said. “It’s easier to Apparate. Where do you need to go?”

“We need to pick up a few things in London, and I’d like to take a look at Diagon Alley, if that’s alright,” June replied.

“Of course,” Hermione said. “Since Daphne and Astoria need to go shopping, maybe we should all go together.”

“That would probably be best,” Tonks said.

As if summoned, Andy and Eva arrived at that moment, both looking very tired.

“How did it go?” Daphne asked.

“About as well as I expected,” Eva said. “I managed to withdraw about a third of the gold in the vault and a few heirlooms. That was the most I could take out without your father’s signature. It should last us for a while, though.”

“We were just talking about going out to do some shopping,” June said. “I know you and the girls need clothes, and we need to pick up some more Christmas presents. Do you want to stay here and rest and we’ll take them for you? I’m sure we could pick you up some clothes for the time being.”

“Thank you, but I really should go,” Eva said. “Can we just wait an hour? The goblins wanted to charge a ridiculous rate to help me move the gold into another vault, so Andy and I did it ourselves.”

“Of course,” June smiled. “There’s no rush.”

“Make sure you get bathing suits so you can go swimming with us,” Tonks grinned.

“I can’t wait to go swimming,” Astoria said excitedly. “Father never let us go to a pool before. He said such things were below ladies of our standing.”

Rolling her eyes, she speared a sausage with her fork and bit into it angrily.

“You’ll love eet,” Gabrielle told her, grinning. “’Arry even ‘as a ‘to tub, and zhe ‘ole room is ‘eated to feel like Summer.”

“Make sure you ask Harry first,” Eva said to her daughter. “This is his house.”

“You don’t need to ask,” Harry told her. “Make yourselves at home. I don’t want you feeling like guests.”

“I’ll show you,” Gabrielle said excitedly. “And I can show you zhe tree house maman built for Iffy.”

Standing, the two girls rushed out of the room, talking animatedly and with bright smiles on their faces.

“Thank you,” Eva said gratefully.

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said before turning to Susan. “Do you want to go shopping with us?”

“Oh, sure,” she said, flushing lightly as she looked back down at her plate.

“I think she likes you,” Tonks whispered.

Under the table, her hand caressed his thigh.

“Amelia would kill me,” Harry told her quietly.

“Nah, she knew what she was getting into when she came,” Tonks smirked. “She was probably hoping you’d sneak into her room one night. I don’t think Bones has been with a man in decades.”

“You’re terrible,” Harry chuckled.

With a wink, Tonks caressed his inner thigh before moving her hand away. They enjoyed the rest of their breakfast before getting ready to leave for Diagon Alley.

There were fortunate that Amelia woke up just before they left. She made them a Portkey that made transporting so many people much easier.

“Do you want us to pick you up anything?” Harry asked.

“A headache potion, if you wouldn’t mind,” Amelia said. “I’m going to need it when I get back from the Ministry.”

“What time do you have to go back to work?” Susan asked.

“In a couple of hours,” Amelia said. “Thankfully, I don’t have to stay too long. I should be back in time for dinner.”

“Feel free to soak in the hot tub for a bit if you want to,” Harry said.

“You know what, I think I will,” Amelia smiled. “I might have to get one of those installed at Bones Manor.”

Smiling, Harry said goodbye and joined the others at the Portkey. Everyone else, even Iffy, was heading to Diagon Alley. June had tried to talk her into wearing clothes, but the Fairy adamantly refused.

As soon as everyone had a hand on the towel they were using as a Portkey, Tonks tapped it with her wand. Harry felt the familiar hook behind the navel as the world around him turned into a swirl of color. Next to him, June screamed, and Harry reached out, grabbing her arm reassuringly.

As their trip came to an end, Harry held onto June tightly as he kicked his feet. To his right, Ted did the same for Robert, and they all landed lightly on their feet. June held a hand to her chest, her eyes wide as she caught her breath.

“Is all magical travel that…?”

“Unpleasant?” Harry asked with a smile. “Except for brooms, yes.”

“I don’t think I’ll ever get used to this,” June said, shaking her head while Robert wrapped an arm around her waist.

“Are you alright, mum?” Hermione asked.

“I’m fine, dear,” she replied. “I just need a moment to catch my breath.”

Once June had calmed down, they did their shopping in the alley. While the Greengrass girls went off to get new clothes, Harry and his girlfriends decided to pick up a few things for the house. Unsurprisingly, it took a long time for the Greengrasses to finish shopping before they could move on to Muggle London.

“This is great!” Astoria cheered, skipping towards the Leaky Cauldron. “I’ve never been to Muggle London before.”

“Really?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“Dad hated Muggles,” Astoria shrugged. “He wouldn’t even let me take Muggle Studies.”

“Maybe you can talk to Professor Snape and see if he’ll let you take it now that you don’t have to worry about that,” Eva suggested.

“It’s too late now,” Astoria said. “But it’s fine. Morgan told me it’s not a very good class anyways.”

“That’s true,” Hermione admitted. “They are quite behind the times. They still think Muggles get around on horse and carriage.”

“What?” June asked. “But we haven’t used those in almost a hundred years.”

“I tried to tell Professor Burbage, but she didn’t listen,” Hermione said. “I don’t know what Professor Grey is like.”

“She’s pretty good, from what I’ve heard,” Astoria said. “She’s a Halfblood who grew up Muggle.”

The conversation continued as they walked through the pub and stepped into Muggle London. Astoria, Daphne, and Eva stared around in awe at all the bright lights and colors. Iffy peeked her head up from the neck of Hermione’s turtle-neck jumper and looked around with an excited grin. Fortunately, it didn’t look like any of the Muggles could see her.

“What are those things everyone is staring at?” Daphne asked.

“Those are cell phones,” Hermione explained. “It’s basically a computer you hold in your hand. You can use it to talk to almost anyone, almost anywhere in the world. You can also send short messages, play games, and take pictures.”

“And look at porn,” Tonks murmured, causing Harry to snort.

“My goodness,” Eva said, staring around in wonder. “I never knew Muggles could do so much without magic.”

“I’ve always said magicals would regret looking down on Muggles one day,” Andy said.

They continued talking about all the things Muggles could do as they walked to some clothing shops. They stopped at Gant, Accessorize – which Astoria and Gabrielle fell madly in love with – and a couple of other shops.

“You don’t have any swimsuits, do you?” Tonks asked when they were at Oliver Bonas.

“Swimsuits? This time of year?” the young attendant asked.

“Actually, I think I have some in the back from last season,” the manager said.

“Could we take a look at them?” Tonks asked hopefully.

“I’ll see if I can find them,” the manager said. “I’ll be just a moment.”

“Why are you looking for swimsuits when you can just transfigure them?” Harry asked.

“I may not be as into fashion as Fleur, but transfigured clothes just aren’t the same,” Tonks said.

“’Arry,” Fleur called out.

Turning, he stared at the curve of her bum in the pair of tight jeans she’d managed to squeeze herself into.

“Damn, that arse,” Tonks muttered as Fleur twisted this way and that for a better look in the mirror.

“What do you zhink?” Fleur asked.

“They look great,” Harry smiled.

Smirking, Fleur gave him a wink before sauntering back into the changing room and closing the curtain.

“I don’t know what your dad and Robert were complaining about. This is great,” Harry grinned.

As Tonks giggled, Hermione stepped out of the changing room next to Fleur’s, wearing a tight red dress that showed off her curves beautifully. Staring at herself in the mirror, she turned to the side and frowned.

“Please tell me you’re getting that,” Harry said.

“You like it?” Hermione asked.

“I love it,” Harry told her.

“You don’t think it’s a bit too… revealing?” Hermione asked, biting her lip.

“Hermione, you’re gorgeous. Why not show off a bit?” Harry asked, grinning as he rested his hands on her hips.

Hermione smiled shyly and blushed lightly. Pressing a kiss to his lips, she ducked back into the changing room. When she came back out a few moments later, she added the dress to the pile she wanted to keep. Harry grinned widely, causing her to giggle.

“I found them!” the manager called. “I actually had more than I thought.”

“Perfect,” Tonks grinned.

Harry watched and smiled as the women walked over to the two bins the manager had brought out to see if they could find anything they liked.

“Is this just your excuse to get me in a bikini?” Daphne asked.

Smirking, Harry glanced around quickly. The cashier was staring at her phone while the women were busy looking at swimsuits, and Robert and Ted were on the other side of the store. Grabbing Daphne by the hand, he quickly pulled her into the furthest changing room. She gasped softly as he gently pinned her to the wall.

“Do I need one?” Harry asked.

Daphne licked her lips as she stared at him, her chest rising and falling as she panted lightly. Slipping his hands under the hem of her dark green jumper, Harry slowly caressed from her stomach up to her ribs. Leaning his face forward, he kissed her hard at the same time he gripped her large breasts over her bra.

Daphne moaned into his mouth, her hands sliding to the back of his head and clutching at his hair. Taking her bottom lip between his teeth and pulled back until it slipped free.

“Show me,” Harry said, his voice coming out deeper than usual as he moved his hands to her hips.

“What?” Daphne asked softly.

“Show me,” Harry repeated, nodding to her breasts.

Swallowing thickly, Daphne reached down and grabbed the hem of her jumper. After hesitating for a moment, she pulled it up to her chest. Her hands shifted as she hooked her fingers under her bra and then pulled it up higher, revealing her pale breasts and soft, pink nipples.

Harry bent down and buried his face between her soft globes, kissing and sucking at the smooth skin. A whine let Daphne’s lips as she ran her fingers through his hair. Cupping both of her breasts in his hands, he kneaded them roughly, his fingers teasing her nipples until they grew hard. Pulling his head back, Harry kissed her on the lips before working his way along her jaw until he reached her ear.

“I don’t need an excuse to see you. I just need to ask,” Harry whispered.

“You think so?” Daphne asked breathlessly.

Leaning back to look at her face, Harry kissed her again.

“I know so,” he smirked.

He grabbed her jumper and pulled it down over her chest before slipping out of the changing room. The only one to see him when he stepped out was Fleur, who looked at him oddly. When Daphne stepped out a moment later, looking flushed and with two noticeable bumps pressing against the front of her jumper, Fleur smirked. Holding her head high, Daphne walked over to the bins and started looking for a swimsuit while Harry grinned.

~

After enjoying watching the women try on swimsuits more than he probably should have, Harry and the others returned to Fort Potter. After everyone had put away their new clothes, they made their way down to the kitchen for dinner.

“Harry, could I talk to you for a minute?” Eva asked just as they were about to enter the kitchen.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Once Hermione, Tonks, and Fleur were out of earshot, Eva turned back to him.

“I wanted to offer to pay for staying here,” she said. “I can’t afford that much, considering I don’t know how long it will take me to find a job, but-”

“I don’t want your money, Eva,” Harry interrupted. “I just want to know you and your daughters are safe.”

“Are you – Did Daphne… offer you something in return for protecting us?” Eva asked. “I saw you two slip into the changing room at the shop.”

“Oh, no!” Harry said, holding up his hands and shaking them back and forth. “No. Nothing like that. Anything I’ve done with Daphne is because she wants it, not as some sort of payment.”

“I’m sorry,” Eva said. “I know I must sound horribly ungrateful. Which I’m not. I can’t thank you enough for bringing us here and letting us stay. I just – it’s part of Pureblood culture not to create debts without knowing how you’re going to pay them.”

“Honestly, you don’t owe me anything,” Harry told her. “I’ll even put that in writing if it would make you feel better.”

“I trust you,” Eva smiled, her eyes misting over.

She surprised Harry by stepping forward and hugging him tightly.

“Thank you,” she said softly, her voice thick with emotion.

When she pulled back, Harry offered her his arm. Eva wiped her eyes, smiled, and lopped her arm around his as they walked into the kitchen.

“Is everything alright?” Daphne asked, eyeing her mother in concern.

“Everything’s just fine,” Eva smiled.

Letting go of Harry, she moved to sit down next to her daughters while Harry sat between Hermione and Fleur.

“We finished interrogating the Death Eaters today,” Amelia said as plates were being filled. “You were right, Harry. Draco Malfoy has been given a mission by You-Know-Who, but no one we arrested knows what it is.”

“Are you going to arrest him?” Susan asked.

“Without proof of wrongdoing, I can’t,” Amelia said. “I can’t arrest someone on information gathered from Veritaserum from someone else. It’s not that reliable. For now, I’ll be directing the Aurors at Hogwarts to keep a close eye on him. Tonks, your main task is still to protect Harry, but if you find anything, let me know immediately.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks said.

“On the bright side, thanks to the information we gathered, we raided three more Death Eater safe houses,” Amelia continued. “We arrested another seven Death Eaters and freed four captives.”

“Captive?” June asked.

“They were using local Muggle women as… entertainment,” Amelia said in disgust.

“That’s awful,” June gasped. “What’s going to happen to them now?”

“They’ll be treated, their memories of the incident erased, and then placed in the care of Muggle hospital,” Amelia said. “There are a number of Muggles that know about magic who help us with this sort of thing. They’ll make sure they’re well taken care of.”

June bit her lip and nodded.

“Perhaps we should talk about something more pleasant,” Andy suggested.

“Actually, that reminds me,” Amelia said. “Harry, we’ve set a date for you to receive your Order of Merlin. The ceremony will be on the first of January. I thought it would be best to do it before you go back to school.”

“Do I have to?” Harry asked, his shoulders sagging.

“No,” Amelia said, much to his surprise. “But I would appreciate it if you did. Not only do I think you should get recognition for what you’ve done, but it would help public morale.”

Sighing, Harry sat back in his seat.

“What’s an Order of Merlin?” Robert asked.

“It’s our highest award for bravery and services to the nation,” Amelia explained. “There are three classes, and Harry is slated to earn our highest award, the Order of Merlin, first class. It comes with a prize of five thousand Galleons and a lifetime seat on the Wizengamot – not that you need to take it, of course.”

“Harry, that’s wonderful!” June exclaimed with a smile. “Congratulations. You should be very proud of yourself.”

Smiling proudly, Fleur took his hand and kissed his cheek.

“You should take it, Harry,” Hermione said. “Think of all the good you could do with a seat in the Wizengamot.”

Harry looked at her thoughtfully.

“Could I give the seat to someone else?” he asked.

“You could assign a proxy to act in your place, but you can’t give it away, no,” Amelia told him.

“If I accept it, could I take the seat in a couple of years, after I leave Hogwarts?” Harry asked.

“You could,” Amelia nodded. “Like I said, the seat is yours, but you don’t have to use it. Just like the Black and Potter seats.”

“Wait, Black and Potter seats? Harry asked. “I have seats on the Wizengamot?”

“You didn’t know?” Amelia asked sharply, her eyes narrowing. “I thought you knew and didn’t want to use them.”

“I didn’t know anything,” Harry sighed. “Damn it, Dumbledore.”

“Maybe he didn’t know,” Hermione said, rubbing his back soothingly.

“Oh, he would’ve known,” Andy frowned. “Don’t forget, he was Chief Warlock for decades.”

“Has anyone been using those seats?” Harry asked.

“No,” Amelia said. “Both of them have been empty for years.”

Rubbing his face, Harry cursed Dumbledore and his constant need to keep him in the dark. They were going to have words when he got back to Hogwarts.

“So, how about those bikinis?” Tonks asked.

Harry snorted at her blatant attempt to change the subject. He smiled at her as the discussion at the table turned to the differences between Muggle and Magical fashion. Feeling something on his shoulder, he looked over as Iffy walked along his collarbone and hugged his chin.

“Thanks, Iffy,” he said softly.

Smiling, she surprised him by kissing his bottom lip before flying back down to the table. Shaking his head, he watched as she picked up a thin slice of cheery tomato and took a bite out of it.

“I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m going to go relax by the pool,” Tonks said.

“I wouldn’t mind sitting in the hot tub for a bit,” Amelia said, stretching as she stood. “I’m definitely getting one of those installed at home.”

Harry smiled as he watched most of the women head to their rooms to get changed. Andy and June stayed to help him clear the table – despite Dobby’s protests – before they, too, headed off to get changed. He and the girls were one of the first to pull up seats around the pool, along with Ted and Robert.

“No running in the house!” Eva yelled.

A moment later, Gabrielle and Astoria came out, moving as fast as they could without actually running. Together, they jumped into the pool before their heads popped up with a giggle.

“Hey, Fleur?” Harry asked.

“Hmm?” Fleur hummed, eyes closed as she rested in her lounge chair.

“What do you think about adding some sand to the ground?” he asked.

Opening her eyes, Fleur eyed the grey, concrete floor speculatively. She picked up her wand with a smile and gave it a wave. The floor around the pool turned into smooth, yellow sand, while the floor around the barbeque and doors remained concrete. Dropping his hand to the ground, Harry grinned as he ran his hand through the warm sand, allowing it to fall through his fingers.

“You’re right,” Tonks smiled, flexing her toes in the sand. “This is much better.”

“Oui,” Fleur agreed.

Leaning over, she kissed Harry on the cheek.

“What happened to the floor!?” June asked.

She looked shocked as she stepped out onto the patio with Andy, Amelia, Eva, Susan, and Apolline following behind.

“It’s okay, mum,” Hermione told her. “Harry thought it would be better to have sand around the pool.”

“This is great,” Susan beamed.

“You know this sand is going to get everywhere, don’t you?” June asked.

Harry shrugged, “It shouldn’t be hard to clean up with magic, but we can always change it back if we want to.”

As the women stepped out onto the patio under the warm, magical sun floating, he took a moment to appreciate how they looked in their new swimsuits. They were a bit more revealing than the ones they’d worn before. Hearing a giggle, he looked over at Fleur, who smiled knowingly. Harry grinned unrepentantly and wiggled his eyebrows.

“You know, in France, we don’t wear tops,” she said teasingly.

Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Well, I’d hate for you to think I don’t appreciate French culture,” he grinned.

“You don’t mind zhem seeing me?” Fleur asked, nodding to Ted and Robert.

“Not if you don’t,” Harry said.

Quirking an eyebrow, Fleur smirked and held his gaze as she sat up. Reaching behind her back, she pulled the string, and her top fell loose. Harry couldn’t help but glance down when she grabbed it and pulled it over her head. Unconsciously, he licked his lips as her large, perky pale globes were revealed.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed softly.

“Oui?” Fleur asked, leaning back in her chair with a smirk.

“What are you doing?” Hermione hissed, looking around to see if anyone had noticed.

“You’ve been to France, non?” Fleur asked. “Most women do not wear tops to zhe beach.”

“Well, yes, but,” Hermione stammered.

“Oh, relax,” Tonks said. “They’re just breasts.”

“They are not,” Harry said adamantly.

Fleur smiled at him before picking up a bottle of sunscreen and rubbing it on her chest. Tonks snorted as he continued to stare unabashedly.

“Besides,” he continued, “this house belongs to all of us, as far as I’m concerned. Fleur can do whatever she wants.”

“Now you’ve done it,” Tonks snickered as Fleur beamed at him. “I hope you didn’t plan on sleeping much tonight.”

Sitting up, Fleur cupped his cheeks and kissed him passionately.

“Uh, Fleur, dear, you seem to have lost your top,” June called.

“I know,” Fleur smiled.

“Oh,” June said softly.

She looked over at her husband, who, along with Ted, was steadfastly looking away.

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake,” Tonks huffed. “It’s nothing you won’t see at the beaches in France.”

“I can cover up if it bozzers you,” Fleur offered.

The adults all looked at each other.

“I don’t mind,” Andy said.

“I suppose Tonks does have a point,” June sighed. “Sorry, I was just a little surprised.”

“Do you mind if I take mine off?” Apolline asked. “I don’t want to make anyone uncomfortable.”

“Well, like Tonks said, it’s nothing we would see at the beach,” June said.

Smiling, Apolline turned and looked at Harry questioningly. He shrugged.

“It’s fine with me,” he said.

“Merci,” Apolline smiled.

Reaching back, she untied her top and tossed it to the side.

“Brilliant,” Tonks grinned, removing her top as well.

As one, Harry, Tonks, and Fleur looked at Hermione hopefully.

“No,” Robert said.

“Oh, stop it,” June said, smacking his leg lightly. “Hermione’s an adult, and she can do whatever she likes.

“I don’t know,” Hermione murmured, biting her lip.

“You know you want to,” Tonks said softly, grinning.

When Hermione gasped quietly a moment later, Harry followed her gaze. His eyebrows rose as he watched June remove her top. Her breasts were a good handful with crinkled brown nipples, sagging slightly as they rested on her chest.

“When in Rome,” Amelia shrugged, reaching behind her back.

“That’s the spirit,” Tonks grinned.

Amelia's large breasts sagged under their own weight, though not unattractively. She had large, thick red nipples and very wide areolas. Although he'd seen them before, that didn't stop Harry from giving them an appreciative glance.

"Auntie!" Susan exclaimed in surprise, blushing as she covered a giggle.

"Oh, that feels nice," Amelia sighed.

Turning back to Hermione, Harry smiled to see her lifting her top over her head. Her full, perky breasts, while not as large as some of the others, looked amazing on her petite frame. Andromeda and Eva, unfortunately, kept their tops on, but there was plenty of skin on show to make up for it.

"Whoa!" Daphne gasped as she stepped out onto the patio. "What the hell did I miss?"

"Blame Fleur," Tonks grinned.

Rolling her eyes, Daphne walked over to the chair next to Harry's as he eyed her curvy, hourglass figure appreciatively.

"I'm not taking my top off," she said as she sat down.

"Hm, pity," Harry said.

For the next couple of hours, everyone relaxed under the warm sun, enjoying the heat in the middle of a bitterly cold winter. Harry felt like he was in his own little paradise, separate from the gathering darkness surrounding Britain. Dobby even came out with drinks topped with little umbrellas.

Unfortunately, Iffy decided to take a sip of June's when she wasn't looking and ended up quite drunk. She hiccuped cutely as she flew around in a zig-zagging pattern. Astoria and Gabrielle had fun chasing her around before putting her to bed in her tree house to sleep it off.

Ted and Robert were the first to leave, growing bored of listening to the women's chatter. Not long after, Astoria and Gabrielle went inside while Hermione went to the library to look for spells to teach the DA.

"I think I'm going to call it an early night," Eva said, climbing out of the hot tub.

"Already?" June asked.

"I didn't sleep well last night," Eva admitted.

June looked at her sympathetically. As Eva disappeared into the house, Andy looked over at Amelia, who was dozing lightly in the bubbling water.

"Maybe you should head to bed too, Amelia," she suggested.

"I should, but this feels too nice," Amelia replied. "I haven't been able to relax like this in years."

Shifting in her seat, she grimaced as her back cracked.

"Are you okay?" June asked.

"My back's just sore," Amelia told her. "I spent too long bent over my desk reading papers, and now I'm paying for it."

“I could get you some Veela cream,” Apolline offered.

“Would that help?” Amelia asked.

“That stuff is fantastic,” Tonks said. “Harry used it on me after I was tortured.”

“Tortured?” Daphne asked.

Grinning, Tonks started to explain how she had gotten together with Harry. Soon, Susan, Hermione, and Fleur all got drawn into the conversation. Feeling a little out of place listening in to a conversation about him, Harry decided to leave them to it. Getting up, he walked over to the hot tub.

“Mind if I join you, ladies?” he asked.

“Of course not,” June said.

“It’s your ‘ouse,” Apolline shrugged, her amazing breasts bobbing in the water.

Smiling, he slipped in between Apolline and Amelia. He sighed as he sat in the hot, bubbling water, his muscles slowly relaxing.

“Can I ask you a personal question, Harry?” June asked.

“Sure,” Harry shrugged.

“How do things work between you, Hermione, Fleur, and Tonks?” she asked. “Like, do you set aside time to spend with each of them?”

“Sometimes,” Harry said. “The girls really work that sort of thing out between them, though. It’s harder with Fleur because she isn’t at Hogwarts, so I try to do something special with her when we do get to see each other.”

“What about marriage?” June asked. “Can you marry all of them in the magical world?”

“It’s unusual, but it does happen,” Harry said. “I think Fleur’s set on being a mistress, though, so she can carry on the Delacour name.”

“Oui,” Apolline smiled, her hand resting on his thigh under the water. “Zhat’s what she ‘as told me as well.”

“You’ve already talked about that?” June asked in surprise. “Are you that serious about them?”

“Definitely,” Harry nodded. “We haven’t really talked about it much. It’s not like we’re going to get married before I finish school. But we’ve talked about it a bit. Well, I have with Tonks and Fleur. Hermione and I haven’t talked about that yet. This is still kind of new for us.”

“But you love her,” June said, more than asked.

“Absolutely,” Harry said. “I can’t imagine my life with her – without any of them.”

“I’m more interested in how this works when you still sleep with other women,” Andy said, smirking as Harry blushed.

June gasped, her eyes narrowing, and Harry rushed to reassure her.

“It’s not what you think,” he said quickly. “All of them know about it.”

“Hermione knows?” June asked skeptically.

Harry shrugged, “She likes watching me with other women. They all do. I’d stop in a heartbeat if they wanted me to.”

“I’m sorry, I just wanted to tease you a bit,” Andy apologized. “I didn’t know June wasn’t aware.”

“You’re okay with this?” June asked her in surprise.

“It doesn’t really matter if I am or not,” Andy shrugged. “My daughter will do whatever she wasn’t, regardless. If anything, though, it shows how much she trusts him. Dora has always been adventurous, but she’d never let her boyfriend sleep with another woman if she didn’t trust in absolutely.”

“Zhe same wiz Fleur,” Apolline added. “Veela tend to be very possessive of zheir lovers.”

“Then why would she be alright with it?” June asked.

“She likes showing me off,” Harry replied.

Apolline smirked.

“Do you plan to go after Susan?” Amelia asked suddenly. “You know she has a crush on you.”

“I know,” Harry nodded. “And honestly, that’s why I probably won’t. I like Susan, and I don’t want to see her hurt.”

“Good,” Amelia nodded. “I’m impressed you’re mature enough to recognize that. Susan is old enough to make her own decisions, of course. But, if something does happen between you two, I’d ask that you’re upfront with her about what’s happening.”

“I will,” Harry nodded.

He couldn’t believe he was having this conversation. It was almost surreal. This was not what he’d planned on happening when he came over here. He just wanted to look at some beautiful women. Was that too much to ask for?

“I still can’t believe Hermione would like that sort of thing,” June said. “Then again, I never thought she’d have three partners.”

“Neither did I,” Harry muttered.

The women laughed, and Harry smiled at them.

“So, if you’re not going after Susan, who are you looking at?” Amelia asked curiously.

Harry hesitated for a moment, deciding how much he should say. Checking over his shoulder to make sure the girls weren’t paying attention, he turned back and thought it would be best to be open. He didn’t want them to think he was hiding anything.

“Hermione and Tonks want me to go after Daphne,” he said.

“Really?” June asked, looking over at the stunning, curvy blonde. “Why her?”

“Hermione likes the idea of me stealing the hottest girl in Slytherin,” Harry shrugged with a grin.

“What about Fleur?” Apolline asked.

“Er,” Harry said, scratching the back of his neck. “Well, she wants me to go after you?”

Apolline raised an eyebrow while June gasped, and Andy shook her head.

“And I thought my daughter was the troublemaker,” she said.

“Really?” Apolline asked.

Under the water, her hand landed on his thigh. This time, rather than sitting close to his knee, she slipped her hand up until her pinky was teasing under the edge of his trunks. Harry fought to keep a look of shock off of his face.

“And why ‘aven’t you?” she asked, her voice taking on a light purr that he recognized well.

“Well, I didn’t think you’d be interested,” Harry admitted.

“Wait,” June said. “You’re not seriously considering…”

“I’ll think about it,” Apolline said while looking at Harry before turning to June. “My ‘usband passed away a few years ago, and I ‘ave been lonely. Zhe Allure does not make it easy.”

“I thought it would make things easier,” Amelia said while June gaped and Apolline continued caressing his thigh.

“It does if you do not care what kind of man you bed,” Apolline said. “If I want a man that will do more than lay in bed like a – how do you say… puppet? Zhen it can take months or years

before they become used to it. Wiz ‘Arry, I already know he can resist zhe Allure, and ‘e is someone I can trust.”

“But Ted and Robert weren’t affected by your Allure,” June said.

“Zhat’s because I ‘ave been holding back,” Apolline told her.

“Oh,” June said. “I’m sorry, I didn’t realize. Is that difficult?”

“It can be,” Apolline nodded. “Zhat is why Veela tend to live in covens. We are able to relax around each ozzer until we find a partner. Fleur is able to focus ‘er Allure on ‘Arry, allowing her to relax ‘er control. Gabrielle and I must hold back until we are alone in our rooms, where we use special wards to contain it.”

“You can focus your Allure on me if it helps,” Harry offered.

“You think you can ‘andle it?” she asked, looking at him sharply.

“I think so,” Harry nodded.

Apolline looked at him for a moment longer before her hair fluttered as if caught in an unfelt breeze. Harry felt her Allure settle over him. It felt similar to Fleur’s, but he couldn’t quite put his finger on what was different. Apolline’s shoulders relaxed, and she smiled happily.

“Merci,” she said gratefully.

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled. “You can tell Gabrielle she can, too, if it will help.”

“Zhank you, but Gabrielle needs to practice ‘er control,” Apolline replied. “Especially if she is going to ‘Ogwarts.”

“What does it feel like?” June asked curiously.

“Not much different than what you feel, just more intense,” Harry said. “It’s… well, it’s a bit hard to describe. You kind of get a better feel for what type of person they are and what they want in a partner.”

“Could you show me?” June asked. “I’m curious about what it feels like now.”

“So am I,” Andy said. “I had a friend who went to a Veela for marriage counseling a few years ago. She said it really brought the spark back to her marriage. Not that Ted and I need that.”

“If you wish,” Apolline said, then looked over at Amelia questioningly.

“I’ve worked with Veela quite a bit,” she shrugged. “I’m used to it.”

Nodding, Apolline relaxed her Allure. While Harry felt it lessen, June’s and Andy’s eyes widened as it settled on them.

“Oh,” June said, swallowing thickly. “Oh my.”

“Are you alright?” Apolline asked.

“Hmm, oh, yes. I’m fine,” June said, shaking her head. “It’s just… I’ve never felt anything like this.”

“I have to admit, it’s not quite what I expected,” Andy admitted.

“Zhis is just my natural Allure,” Apolline said. “Zhe marriage counselor would ‘ave focused it more. If I truly tried, I could make most men and women do anyzhing I wish. It’s why Veela are so feared by some witches and wizards. It is not a reputation that is entirely unearned.”

Her hand slid further up Harry’s thigh until her pinky touched his length.

“I can show you,” Apolline offered, a smirk raising the corners of her lips. “I promise not to take advantage of you.”

“I suppose it wouldn’t hurt,” Andi said, looking unconcerned.

“Alright,” June nodded, looking both nervous and irresistibly curious.

Smiling, Apolline flexed her Allure. June and Andy gasped, their eyes going wide. While Harry’s mind wasn’t affected by the fiery passion she was projecting, his body was. His length hardened, filling her hand as her fingers cradled his member lightly. Apolline gave him a squeeze, her thumb caressing his shaft before, suddenly, her Allure relaxed. June and Andy were left breathless and flushed, and even Amelia looked slightly affected.

“I think I’m going to go find my husband,” June said abruptly.

As she stood, her nipples were visibly harder, the brown nubs protruding from the center of her breasts.

“Me too,” Andy said.

Without even bothering to dry off, both of them disappeared into the house. Apoline let out a tinkling laugh before letting go of his shaft.

“I think I’m going to call it a night,” she said, turning to Harry. “I will think about what you said.”

Harry nodded and smiled, “Take all the time you need.”

Smiling back, Apolline slipped in front of him and pecked his lips. When she stood, he got a good look at her incredible body. Beads of water dripped off of her jutting breasts as she smirked down at him. A second later, she climbed out of the hot tub and grabbed a towel before disappearing inside.

“Bloody hell,” Harry murmured, leaning his head on the back of the tub.

“I’ve never seen a man get so many women while trying so little,” Amelia chuckled. “Your father would’ve been very proud and very jealous of you.”

Lifting his head, Harry smiled at her. He was always grateful to hear about his parents.

“What about my mum?” he asked softly.

“I didn’t know her as well as your father,” Amelia told him. “But from what I know of her, I’m sure she would’ve been very proud. She also would’ve teased your father mercilessly. He tried so hard to look like a ladies’ man, and then here comes his son, doing better than he could’ve ever dreamed without even trying.”

Harry smiled, trying to picture the scene in his mind. As Amelia shifted in her seat, she grimaced and rolled her shoulder.

“Here,” Harry said.

Sliding over until their hips touched, he reached over and rubbed her shoulders, his thumbs pushing into the tight knots of muscles along her spine.

“Ooh,” Amelia moaned.

Closing her eyes, she turned to give him better access. He pressed his thumbs along either side of her spine, massaging deep into the firm muscle underneath. Amelia hissed in pain before letting out a low, pleasure moan.

With both of them turned to the side, the position was a bit awkward, and it started to hurt his lower back. Grabbing her hips, Harry pulled her into his lap. Amelia didn’t even react as he continued massaging her back and shoulders. Slowly, he worked his way down while she moaned and groaned continuously.

“Merlin, that feels good,” Amelia hissed.

Smiling, Harry dug his thumbs into the small of her back. Her back arched with a hiss, grinding her wide, full bum into his lap. His erection, which had been flagging since Apolline left, now started to return. Feeling daring, he let his hands dip lower, his fingers holding the top of her bum while his thumbs pressed into the thick muscle just below her tailbone.

Harry nearly laughed aloud when it struck him that the Minister for Magic was in his lap, topless and allowing him to grope her bum. It made him wonder what else she would let him do to her.

He continued massaging her back for several more minutes until his hands started to get tired. Pulling her back flush with his chest, Amelia melted into him as his arms wrapped around her waist.

“Feel better?” he asked with a smile.

“Much,” Amelia said, her eyes closed with the back of her head resting on his shoulder.

“Good,” he said softly.

Running his fingers up and down her soft stomach, his fingers brushed the bottoms of her large breasts. When she didn't move to stop him, he moved one hand back to her stomach while the other landed on her thigh. As he slowly slid up her powerful leg, she eagerly spread her legs open. Harry's hand stopped when his index finger landed against her hot, covered mound a moment later. Amelia inhaled sharply, her hips rocking lightly.

"Is Susan here?" she whispered.

Turning his head, he spotted his girlfriends and Daphne watching him curiously as they talked, but Susan was nowhere in sight.

"No," Harry whispered back.

Amelia grabbed his hand firmly. Harry held his breath, waiting for her to start yelling and berating him. Instead, she thrust his hand under her bikini bottoms, his hand landing directly on her hot folds.

"Yes," she hissed softly, rolling her hips into his hand as hers moved away.

Short, curly hairs tickled his palm as Harry rubbed his fingers along her folds. His other hand moved up, cupping one of her large, soft breasts. Pressing the heel of his palm into her clit, he delved two fingers into her silky depths. Amelia gasped, grinding her ass into his lap as her mouth hung open.

Harry leaned down, kissing her neck while his fingers rolled and tugged at her thick, red nipple. A loud, wanton moan left her lips as his fingers plunged in and out of her depths. His palm pressed firmly against her clit, and he could feel it throb against his skin. Amelia shuddered when he did it again, timing it perfectly as his fingers brushed against the bundle of nerves along the top of her core.

"Harder," Amelia gasped.

Not sure what she was referring to, Harry took it to mean everything. Gripping her nipple tightly, he pulled hard, lifting her heavy breast from her chest. As she arched her back, he ground his palm roughly into her clit while his fingers pressed firmly against her fluttering depths.

Amelia curled in on herself sharply with a gasp. Her nipple was yanked from his grip, allowing her breast to fall back to her chest. Harry wrapped his arm around her, his hand roughly groping one of her breasts as he pulled her firmly against him. His other hand plunged in and out of her core rapidly, his palm bumping roughly against her clit over and over again. Amelia panted harshly as her hands gripped his thighs hard, her nails digging sharply into his skin.

“So close. So close,” she chanted, writhing desperately in his lap.

Growling, Harry bit her shoulder lightly while grinding her throbbing erection against her pillowy rear. His hand practically vibrated underwater as he moved it as fast as he could. Amelia’s face scrunched up in a rictus of pleasure as she writhed restlessly like she was teetering on the very brink of sanity.

“Cum,” Harry growled.

As if waiting for his command, Amelia stiffened, her walls clutching at his fingers as a torrent of arousal washed over his hand. A moment later, she trembled violently, soft grunts leaving her open mouth as she gasped for breath. Harry continued stimulating her through her climax, keeping her floating in bliss far longer than she should have. Eventually, she collapsed back onto his chest with a loud groan, and his hand stilled. Kissing her neck softly, he reached up and caressed her breasts while she caught her breath. Her hazel eyes fluttered open, barely focused as she struggled to stay awake.

“Rest,” Harry whispered. “You’re safe here.”

“Mhh,” Amelia moaned.

Closing her eyes, she fell asleep almost instantly. Cradling her bridal style, Harry stood up and climbed out of the tub.

“Can you dry us off?” Harry asked, looking at Tonks.

Smirking, she pulled her hand out of her bottoms and waved her wand, drying them instantly. With a grateful smile, Harry carried Amelia into the house and down the hall to her room. He snorted when he heard loud moans and groans coming from the rooms across the hall. Laying Amelia down on her bed, pulled out his wand.

Silencing the room, he picked out a nightgown and used a Switching Spell to put it on her. As her pulled the covers over her, he brushed a lock of hair away from her face. Her face looked peaceful for the first time since he’d known her, and he noticed grey hair starting to show at her temple. Taking over as Minister in the middle of a war and having to clean up after Fudge was bound to be stressful, and Harry was glad he could help her, even if just a little.

Turning out the lights, he left the room, closing the door behind him. Silencing Andy and Ted, and June and Robert’s rooms, he made his way back out onto the patio. Tonks and Fleur smirked while Hermione and Daphne stared at him.

“Potter, did you seriously just finger the Minister for Magic?” Daphne asked, her blue eyes flashing excitedly.

“She needed it,” Harry shrugged. “You saw how exhausted she was.”

Before Harry could sit, Tonks and Fleur stood up, each of them taking a hand.

“Sorry, Greengrass,” Tonks said. “But Harry has three very randy girlfriends to take care of. Although, you could join us if you want.”

Surprisingly, Daphne looked thoughtful for a moment.

“Not tonight,” she said eventually, her eyes dropping to the prominent bulge in his trunk as she licked her lips unconsciously. “I need to figure out if that’s something I’m willing to give up. Besides, if I’m going to fuck Potter, I want him at his best.”

Before Harry could respond, she turned and marched inside.

“What did she mean by ‘if that’s something I’m willing to give up?’” Harry asked.

“She’s a Pureblood princess,” Tonks snorted. “A marriage contract with her is worth a lot more if she’s still a virgin. She’d have trouble marrying into one of the other traditional families if she isn’t. They’re real strict about that sort of thing. I don’t know why she still wants to be part of that after what he father tried to do.”

Harry opened his mouth, then closed it with a click as Tonks and Fleur led him inside.

“Don’t think about it too much. It’s her decision to make,” Tonks told him. “Besides, it doesn’t mean we can’t have fun with her in other ways.”

“I can’t believe you did that with the Minister,” Hermione said. “Harry, she’s the most powerful woman in Britain, and you –”

“’Ad ‘er begging for it,” Fleur finished, her eyes hooded and lustful as she looked at him.

“Too bad she was too tired to take care of our poor Harry,” Tonks said, kissing his cheek. “We’ll take care of you, though.”

“I call dibs,” Hermione said.

“What? You-” Tonks stammered.

Fleure giggled as Hermione took his arm and raced into the bedroom. Harry grinned as the brunette shoved him onto the bed, and Tonks closed the door, a smirk on her lips.

Ted and Robert weren’t the only ones getting lucky tonight.

Chapter 26

“Joyeux noël!”

Harry jolted upright, blinking rapidly to get the sleep out of his eyes. Around him, the girls stirred as Gabrielle ran into the room and jumped onto the bed.

“Gabrielle,” Fleur whined.

Hermione clutched the covers to her naked chest while Tonks yawned widely.

“Eet’s Christmas, get up,” Gabrielle said, excitedly tugging at the blanket covering her sister’s head.

“Stop it,” Fleur said, swatting at her hand. “I’m not wearing any clothes.”

Holding a hand to her mouth, Gabrielle giggled, her cheeks turning pink as she glanced over at Harry. Looking down, he made sure the covers were covering him properly.

“Go wake maman,” Fleur told her. “We’ll be down in a bit.”

Bouncing off the bed, Gabrielle raced out of the door, her robe flapping behind her.

“At least she waited until nine,” Tonks yawned.

“But I wanted to wake everyone zhe fun way,” Fleur pouted.

Snorting, Tonks spanked her, causing her to squeal before hopping out of bed. Harry stared unashamedly at her naked body as she raised her arms above her head and stretched. Catching his eye, Tonks smirked before she turned and sauntered into the bathroom. He smiled to himself and reached over to pick up his wand, closing the door with a flick.

“I can’t believe we forgot to lock the door,” Hermione said, throwing the covers off and climbing out of bed.

Harry and Fleur shared a look and smiled. Hermione had practically dragged him into bed the night before after watching him with Amelia. Apparently, she found watching her boyfriend finger the Minister for Magic exciting.

Fleur leaned forward and kissed him passionately before slipping out of bed and dashing into the bathroom. Rolling her eyes, Hermione followed after her, with Harry trailing behind a second later. After a quick shower, the girls kicked him out so they could get dressed. Apparently, their outfits were supposed to be a surprise.

Wandering down to the kitchen, Harry joined the others at the table.

“Happy Christmas, Harry,” June smiled.

“Harry Christmas, everyone,” he smiled.

“Can we open presents now?” Gabrielle asked.

“Not yet,” Apolline told her, setting a steaming mug in front of Harry. “We need to wait for everyone.”

Harry smiled as Gabrielle pouted cutely. Taking a sip, he was surprised to taste hot chocolate instead of the expected coffee.

“Ooh, that’s good,” he said.

“It’s a Delacour family tradition,” Apolline smiled.

Harry smiled back, feeling more touched by the gesture than he was willing to admit.

“Where are Hermione and the others?” Robert asked.

“They’ll be down soon,” Harry replied. “They’re just getting dressed.”

Suddenly, Iffy peeked her head out of Andy’s hair and looked around. Flying over to the fruit bowl, she looked over the wide variety Andy and June had bought for her. After a moment, she settled on a banana. Harry smiled as he watched her try in vain to lift it, her little wings flapping furiously. Giving up, she tried to peel it open, only to fail and stomp her foot in frustration.

Lifting his wand, he levitated it over to him. Iffy followed after it, grinning when he peeled it open for her. Cutting off a large chunk, he set it down on her plate and took a bite of what was left.

“Oh, sweetheart, you look wonderful,” Andy smiled.

Turning in his seat, Harry grinned. Tonks and Fleur had come down, wearing the same skin-tight dress Hermione had bought at the shops. Fleur's was green, while Tonks' was half green, half red, the same as her hair.

"You look great," he said, kissing Fleur as she passed. "But I thought you didn't like dresses."

"Are you complaining?" Tonks asked with a smirk.

"No, no. Definitely not a complaint," Harry said quickly.

Smirking, Tonks leaned down and gave him a kiss before taking a seat.

"Where's Hermione?" June asked.

"She should be coming," Tonks replied.

"You made it," Fleur smiled.

She held the mug of hot chocolate to her face, inhaling deeply before taking a sip. Closing her eyes, she moaned sensually. Watching her curiously, Iffy flew over and looked into Harry's mug.

"You want some?" he asked.

Summoning another mug, he shrunk it down until it was a good size for Iffy and then scooped out some of his hot chocolate. Staring into the mug, she sniffed it inquisitively before bringing it to her lips. Harry smiled as her eye widened, and she licked her lips, foam sticking to her upper lip.

“I think she likes it,” Andy chuckled as Iffy took another gulp.

The fairy nodded enthusiastically and burped loudly.

“Just make sure you brush your teeth afterwards,” June told her.

Suddenly, Fleur gasped.

“’Ermione, you look fantastique,” she gushed.

As she got up and hugged Hermione, Harry looked at her and smiled. The form-fitting red dress clung to her body like a second skin, and she’d tied her hair back in a loose bun.

“And look at zhis derriere,” Fleur said, staring appreciatively.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed, blushingly lightly.

“You look great, Hermione,” June smiled. “I can’t believe how much you’ve grown up.”

“How do you think I feel,” Robert muttered.

“Oh, stop,” June said, slapping his arm lightly.

Giving her parents a smile, Hermione turned to Harry and bit her lip nervously.

“What do you think?” she asked.

Smiling, Harry stood and wrapped his arms around her.

“You look beautiful, love,” he said, kissing her softly.

“Can we open presents now?” Gabrielle asked impatiently.

Apolline looked to Harry, who smiled.

“Yes, we can open presents now,” he said.

Grinning, Gabby shot out of her seat, hugged him tightly, and then dragged an equally excited Astoria into the living room.

“So, did you three plan this?” Harry asked, gesturing to the girls’ dresses as they followed after them sedately.

“It was Fleur’s idea,” Tonks smiled.

“I zhought of it after zhe way you reacted to ‘Ermione’s,” she smirked.

“Well, you look great,” Harry said sincerely.

Smiling, Tonks suddenly pulled them all off to the side. Holding a finger to her lips, she pointed to June and Robert. Just as they were about to walk into the living room, they stumbled to a stop.

“What’s happening?” June asked nervously. “Why can’t we move?”

“Look up,” Tonks told her.

Following her finger, they spotted a sprig of mistletoe hanging at the top of the doorway.

“I got it from Fred and George’s shop,” Tonks grinned. “It’s enchanted to hold you in place until you kiss.”

Sharing a look, Robert shrugged before pulling June and leaning down for a kiss. Tonks whistled loudly, prompting clapping and laughter from the others. The mistletoe jiggled above their heads before zipping off into the house.

“Let me guess, it repositions itself after every use,” Hermione said, smiling.

“Yup,” Tonks grinned.

Giggling, Hermione shook her head and then pulled them into the living room. Taking seats around the tree, Gabrielle and Astoria started handing out presents.

“Hang on, girls,” Harry said. “There’s one present I want to give everyone first.”

Waving his wand, numerous identical, rectangular presents floated into the air and then drifted over until everyone had one. Hermione glanced at him curiously as they all unwrapped them and held up identical gold lockets.

“Open them,” Harry smiled.

Looking at Tonks, he watched as she pried open the oval pendant to reveal a mirror on one side and a blank face on the other. Turning to Amelia, he nodded. She took out her wand and gave the mirror a tap. Harry watched over Tonks’ shoulder as her mirror rippled for a moment before settling into an image of Amelia.

Hermione gasped, “This is like the mirrors Sirius gave you.”

“Exactly,” Amelia smiled. “It was Harry’s idea. He wanted a way for everyone to get in contact quickly if something happened. All you have to do is say the name of the person you want to talk to while looking at the mirror. If there’s an emergency, tap it with your wand to contact everyone. I’m sorry, Robert, June, but I couldn’t get that to work without magic.”

“Oh, that’s fine,” June smiled. “This is so much better than waiting for a letter. Thank you.”

“Yes, thank you,” Eva smiled, her eyes swimming. “I know Hogwarts is safe, but I feel a lot better knowing my daughters can call for help if something happens.”

“This is brilliant, Harry,” Hermione gushed. “What made you think of it?”

“Well, I felt bad that Daphne and Astoria couldn’t send letters without risking someone finding the house,” he explained. “I thought about getting them mirrors like Tonks and I have, but I didn’t know where to get them. I talked to Amelia about it and how I wished I could connect more than two, and she came up with this.”

Smirking, Tonks leaned close.

“Daphne’s so going to suck your dick for that,” she whispered.

Looking over at Daphne, he found her staring at him intently, her bright blue eyes glittering.

“I had the Department of Mysteries working on them for the last week,” Amelia smiled. “Being the Minister has its perks.”

“Nymphadora, just make sure you have clothes on when you call us,” Andi smirked.

Tonks rolled her eyes while Harry chuckled.

The rest of the presents were handed out, and they all spent the morning laughing and talking. Sitting on the couch with Tonks in his lap and Fleur and Hermione leaning against his sides, Harry was finally starting to feel like he was part of a family.

“What time are the Weasleys coming?” Hermione asked.

“Sometime after lunch,” Harry replied.

“So, right before dinner, then,” Tonks smirked.

“You do know Ron’s head is going to explode when he sees you in that dress,” Harry grinned.

Hermione looked down at herself, blushed, and chewed on her bottom lip.

“Should I change?” she asked.

“Non,” Fleur said firmly. “You look beautiful.”

“I hope he doesn’t react too badly when he finds out we’re together,” Hermione said nervously.

“He’ll just have to get over it,” Tonks told her.

“I zhought ‘e ‘ad a girlfriend,” Fleur said.

“He does,” Hermione sighed. “But I don’t think he really likes her that much. Outside of when they’re snogging, that is.”

“Maybe you could find ‘im a new one,” Fleur suggested.

Hermione looked over at Harry questioningly. He thought for a moment before shrugging. He and Ron hadn’t talked about girls since he got sick of his questions about Tonks last Christmas.

“I don’t know,” Hermione said thoughtfully. “Ron really needs someone who can keep him in line.”

“Honestly, I think he needs to grow up a bit,” Tonks said. “Nothing against the guy, but he’s pretty immature. Which is surprising considering you and Harry act like you’re thirty.”

Harry snorted and shook his head.

“Hey, boss,” Tonks called out suddenly. “Didn’t you say you were going over to the Abbots for Christmas?”

“They had to cancel. Howard and Samantha got Dragon Pox,” Amelia said. “Fortunately, the healers caught it soon enough, so they’ll be fine.”

“Ooh, Dragon Pox on Christmas, that’s rough,” Tonks said.

“Is Hannah sick too?” Harry asked.

He’d known about the Abbots and had already invited Amelia and Susan to stay as long as they liked.

“No, Dragon Pox generally only affects older witches and wizards, but she can still carry it,” Amelia said. “I’m afraid she’s stuck taking care of her parents until they get better.”

“Poor girl,” Apolline said. “Would she mind if I sent over some ‘to chocolate and desserts?”

“No, I’m sure that would be very much appreciated,” Amelia smiled.

“I’ll help,” Harry offered.

Lifting Tonks as he stood, he set her back down on the couch with a kiss. Apolline and Harry walked side by side, Susan trailing after them on the way to the kitchen. They were talking about which pies to send to Hannah when Harry and Apolline were suddenly jerked to a stop.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

Looking up, he saw the sprig of mistletoe hanging above the doorway a moment before he heard Tonks and Fleur laugh. Blushing, Susan covered her mouth and giggled. Even Amelia was smirking at him. Sighing, he turned to Apolline. With a smile, she wrapped her arms around his neck. Harry rested his hands on the curve of her hips as she leaned forward. Their lips met softly, and he was surprised when she didn’t pull back immediately. Without conscious thought, Harry pulled her firmly against him, her soft curves conforming to his muscular frame as they kissed passionately.

When they finally separated breathlessly a long moment later, Apolline looked just as dazed as he felt. Harry was snapped back to reality when he heard Fleur giggle. Kissing him on the cheek, she hooked her arm through her mother’s and pulled her into the kitchen. They spoke rapidly in French while he shook his head, trying to clear it.

“I think Apolline lost control of her Allure,” Tonks chuckled.

“You are such a whore, Potter,” Daphne snorted.

“Yeah, but he’s our whore,” Tonks smirked.

“Oh, like you don’t love passing him around like the school broom,” Daphne scoffed.

“Not my fault everyone wants to take a ride,” Tonks grinned.

Rolling his eyes, Harry left them to their playful squabbling and joined Apolline and Fleur in the kitchen, hoping it would be less embarrassing.

He was quite glad he didn’t know French as Apolline and Fleur talked and laughed the whole time they loaded a basket with food for Hannah. In a few minutes, Hedwig was winging her way to the Abbots, a shrunken basket clutched in her claws.

About an hour later, Mr. Weasley’s weasel patronus showed up in the living room. After getting the secret from Hermione, Tonks left to go pick them up. Thankfully, Amelia had provided her with a Portkey, so she didn’t have to make multiple trips Side-Along Apparating everyone. Harry wasn’t too happy about her going alone, so he was relieved when no one made a fuss about him going with her.

Walking outside, Tonks shivered and pressed herself against him.

“I think we should build a shed,” Harry said. “Like one goes through the wards, so we can come and go without anyone seeing us.”

“Hmm, wouldn’t they just see half a building?” Tonks asked.

“Maybe we could charm it to look like a ruined building,” Harry offered.

“It’s not a bad idea,” Tonks said. “It would make Apparating in and out safer. We just need to figure out how to make it look normal and build it without drawing attention. We can talk to Hermione and Fleur about it tomorrow. No more worrying today. It’s Christmas.”

Harry smiled, wrapping his arm around her waist as they passed through the edge of the wards. With a twist, they Disapparated and reappeared near the Burrow. Walking up the winding, snow covered path, they knocked on the door. A moment later, Mrs. Weasley pulled it open with a smile.

“Harry, dear,” Mrs. Weasley smiled, hugging him tightly. “Happy Christmas.”

“Happy Christmas,” Harry said.

“Hello, Tonks. It’s good to see you,” Mrs. Weasley said, letting go of him to hug her.

“Hey, Molly,” Tonks smiled. “You guys ready to go.”

“I think so,” Mrs. Weasley said, patting her pockets. “Come on in while I get the kids.”

As Harry and Tonks walked inside, closing the door behind them, Mrs. Weasley looked towards the stairs.

“Ron, Ginny! Harry’s here!” she yelled.

Immediately, the house was filled with the sound of thundering feet.

“Hey, mate,” Ron grinned, clapping him on the shoulder. “Thank Merlin, you’re here. You wouldn’t believe how boring it’s been.”

“That bad?” Harry smiled.

“Mum’s been too nervous to let us go anywhere,” Ginny said, hugging him and Tonks when she reached the bottom of the stairs. “She won’t even let us go flying.”

“Really?” Harry asked.

“She’s lost it, mate,” Ron said, waving his arms.

“She’s just worried,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes. “That said, she *is* taking it a bit too far.”

“Don’t worry. There’s plenty to do at my place,” Harry grinned. “We’ve got a field for Quidditch - if you can stand the cold – and Fleur put in a pool and a hot tub. She even heated the back patio. It feels just like you’re at the beach.”

“The view’s great, too,” Tonks smirked.

“Come on, let’s go check on your parents,” Harry said. “Do you have everything?”

“If we’re going swimming, I should go grab my swimsuit,” Ginny said. “I’ll be just a second.”

“Me too,” Ron said.

“Just don’t take too long,” Tonks told them.

Nodding, they rushed back up the stairs.

“How do you think Molly would react to seeing us running around topless?” Tonks smirked.

“You know exactly how she would react,” Harry said.

Grinning, she pulled him towards the kitchen, where they found Arthur sitting at the table while Mrs. Weasley loaded platters of food into a basket.

“Are the kids ready?” she asked.

“They’ll be down in a second,” Harry said. “Fleur put in a pool for us, so we told them to grab their swimsuits. Happy Christmas, Mr. Weasley.”

“Harry Christmas, Harry, Tonks,” Mr. Weasley smiled. “I take it you’re enjoying your new house?”

“It’s great,” Harry smiled. “Though, we have a few more guests than we expected. The Abbots caught Dragon Pox, so Amelia and Susan are still staying with us. The Greengrasses are staying with us, too. Gerard joined the Death Eaters. Evangeline, Daphne, and Astoria are going to be living there for a while.”

“Sirius and Hestia are going to be coming by tomorrow, too,” Tonks added.

“Harry, dear, are you sure you have room for everyone?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

“Oh, I’m sure,” Harry smiled. “Don’t worry, you’ll see.”

Still looking a bit skeptical, Mrs. Weasley nodded just as Ron and Ginny came bounding back down the stairs.

“Kids, are you ready to go?” Mrs. Weasley asked. “Arthur, you have the presents, right?”

“Right here,” Mr. Weasley said, patting his pocket.

“Well, that should be everything,” Mrs. Weasley said. “Where are we Apparating to?”

“Amelia gave me a Portkey,” Tonks replied.

“I hate Portkeys,” Ron grumbled.

“They’re not that bad once you get used to them,” Harry shrugged.

Tonks led the way outside as Mr. Weasley turned out the lights and locked up the house. Once they were past the wards, they all gathered around the length of rope Amelia had turned into a Portkey.

“Ready?” Tonks asked. “One. Two. Three.”

Tapping it with her wand, Harry felt the familiar tug behind his navel before they were sucked into a whirlwind of color. After a few seconds, they began to slow. Reaching out, he grabbed Ginny’s arm and kicked his legs. Seeing what he was doing, she copied his movements, keeping herself upright. While everyone else landed lightly on their feet, Ron plummeted to the ground, landing face first in the snow.

FWUMP!

“Bugger!”

“Ronald, language!”

“It’s bloody freezing!”

“It’s snow. What did you expect?” Ginny asked.

Ron grumbled to himself as Mr. Weasley helped him to his feet.

“You just need to kick your legs, son,” he said.

“Why didn’t you tell me that *before* we left?” Ron asked.

“I thought you learned after the last time,” Mr. Weasley replied apologetically.

“Here, you need to read this,” Tonks said, holding out the slip of parchment.

Harry knew the exact moment each of them read the secret because he could see their eyes widen as they looked at the house.

“Bloody hell! That’s not a house. That’s a mansion!” Ron exclaimed.

“Ronald!” Mrs. Weasley scolded.

“It’s not that big,” Harry said. “Come on, let’s get inside the wards.”

Making their way to the front door, Harry ushered them inside, where they were greeted warmly by the others.

“What’s she doing here?” Ron asked, nodding to Daphne while his parents were distracted.

“Her dad joined the Death Eaters, and she wanted to get away,” Harry said.

“Happy Christmas, Ron,” Hermione said.

“Happy Chrits… whoa!” Ron gasped, gaping at her.

Seeing Hermione shift uncomfortably and cross her arms over her chest, Harry elbowed him in the side.

“Huh? Oh, er, Happy Christmas,” Ron mumbled.

Narrowing his eyes, he looked from Hermione to Tonks, and then to Fleur. Given their matching dresses, it wasn’t hard to put things together.

“Are you two…?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said cautiously. “It happened at the start of the holiday.”

Surprisingly, Ron nodded before sighing.

“Guess I should’ve expected that,” he said.

“You’re not mad?” Hermione asked, surprised.

“Mad, no,” Ron said, shaking his head. “Just don’t go leaving me out of everything.”

“Oh, Ron, of course not,” Hermione said.

Dashing forward, she hugged him briefly while Harry clapped him on the back with a smile.

“I’m so glad you’re not upset,” Hermione beamed. “I really didn’t want another fight. Especially on Christmas.”

Smiling, Ron nodded as Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“Come on, let me show you around,” Harry grinned.

Letting the others go ahead, he spotted Daphne standing off to the side, alone. With a gesture of his head, he silently asked if she wanted to come. After hesitating for a second, she joined him. Grinning, Harry walked with her toward the living room, only to find himself coming to an abrupt stop. Looking up at the mistletoe above the doorway, he sighed.

“Did you charm it to do this?” he asked, looking at Tonks.

“Nope,” she snickered.

“You had the twins charm it, didn’t you,” Daphne said.

Grinning unrepentantly, Tonks winked. Harry shook his head, smiling.

“Well, come on, Potter. Get it over with,” Daphne said.

With a shrug, Harry pulled her close and kissed her on the lips. Wrapping her arms around his neck, Daphne threaded her fingers through his hair, holding him in place as her tongue slipped between his lips. Kissing him aggressively for several seconds, she pulled back suddenly. Smirking smugly at Tonks, she sauntered off, closing Ron’s gaping mouth as she passed.

“Harry, honestly,” Hermione huffed.

“How was any of that my fault?” he asked, straightening his hair.

“I’ll think of something,” Hermione smiled.

Standing on her toes, she kissed him, then licked her lips.

“Where did you get cherry lip gloss?” she asked, turning to Daphne.

“One of the Muggle stores we visited,” Daphne said.

“Maybe I should get some of that,” Hermione smirked. “Harry seemed to like it.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Come on,” Harry said, clapping Ron on the shoulder. “I’ll show you around.”

Leading the way down the hall, he showed Rona and Ginny the library, the pool, and their rooms while they were staying there. When they eventually made it back to the living room, they found Mr. Weasley, Ted, and Robert sitting around and talking while the women took over the kitchen. Dobby helped out where he could, but surprisingly, he didn’t put up much of a fight.

Christmas dinner was a raucous affair, full of laughs and smiles. Everyone ate more than their fill, leaving them content and drowsy. After lounging in the living room and taking time to digest their food, they changed into their swimsuits and relaxed by the pool. Ron practically drooled as Fleur came out in her silver bikini, and Harry smirked, wondering how he would react if she was topless like she had been the last couple of days.

Walking over to Harry, she pushed his legs to either side of the lounge and then sat between them, leaning against his chest. With a smile, he kissed her neck and wrapped his arms around her. When she giggled a moment later, he looked at her curiously. Following her gaze, he chuckled as they looked at Ron. The poor guy didn't know where to look. His eyes bounced around wildly between Hermione, Tonks, Daphne, and Susan.

"My eyes are up here, Weasley," Daphne said.

Flushing bright red, Ron looked away.

"Yeah, but the fun bits are lower down," Tonks said, exaggeratedly staring at her breasts.

Smirking, Daphne stretched before taking a seat on the lounge and closing her eyes. Taking Hermione by the hand, Tonks pulled her into the same position Fleur was in, wrapping her arms around her waist and caressing her stomach.

Laughing happily, Gabrielle and Astoria came running out of the house. Grinning, they jumped into the pool, deliberately splashing Fleur and Daphne.

"You brat!" Daphne gasped while Fleur squealed.

"Careful not to get a cramp, girls," Mrs. Weasley called. "Ginny, dear, are you sure that bathing suit isn't too revealing?"

"It's fine, mum," Ginny said, rolling her eyes.

She was wearing a crimson bikini, showing plenty of pale, freckled skin. Mrs. Weasley's swimsuit was a black one piece that looked like something people had worn a hundred years ago. The others followed out after her, Iffy clinging to June's curly hair and rubbing her stomach.

“I told you not to eat so much,” June said.

Burping loudly as June sat, Iffy curled up in a ball. Looking at her Sympathetically, June stroked her back lightly with her finger.

“We ‘ave some mint leaves in zhe kitchen,” Apolline said. “Zhat should ‘elp her stomach.”

As she walked back inside, there was a sudden *pop,* and a House elf appeared in front of Amelia. Sitting up sharply, Harry reached for his wand.

“Bagsy, what’s wrong?” Amelia asked.

“Mistress, bad men is at the house,” the old Elf said gravely, wringing his hands. “Bagsy moved everything important like mistress told him to.”

“Shit,” Amelia cursed.

With a flick of her wand, her clothes from earlier flew out of the house and wrapped around her until she was fully dressed. She’s just pulled her badge clear of her pocket when a voice came through it.

“Minister?” Kingsley called.

“What’s happening?” Alemia asked briskly.

“We’re getting reports of attacks all over the country,” he replied. “At least a dozen homes have been hit. They look like hit and runs. We’ve got reports of damage to the homes of the Diggorys, the Abbots, and the Fawleys, and the Lovegoods reported that the Burrow is on fire, but I can’t get ahold of anyone.”

Mrs. Weasley gasped, her hand held to her chest.

“The Weasleys are with me. They’re safe,” Amelia said. “Call in everyone you can. I’ll be there soon.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Kingsley responded.

“Arthur, the Burrow!” Mrs. Weasley said desperately.

“Molly, I know you want to check on your house, but I need you to stay here,” Amelia said. “This could be an attempt to draw you out. Your house isn’t worth your life. Believe me, I know how you feel. In all likelihood, my home is a pile of rubble by now.”

“Auntie?” Susan asked tearfully.

“Don’t worry, Susie. It’s only a house,” Amelia said, hugging her niece. “We can rebuild. I’m sorry, but I have to go.”

Susan nodded sadly, a tear falling from her eye as her aunt hugged her tightly.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know,” Amelia sighed. “If I need anything, I’ll contact you. For now, just keep everyone safe.”

Harry nodded, wishing he could get out there and fight back, but knowing there was little he could do.

“Do you want me to come with you?” Mr. Weasley asked, his arms wrapped around Mrs. Weasley.

Amelia nodded, “I might need your help smoothing things over with the Muggles.”

Nodding, Mr. Weasley kissed the top of his wife’s head and summoned his clothes. A moment later, he left with Amelia.

“I can’t believe it,” Mrs. Weasley said, dropping her face into her hands.

Andy and June wrapped their arms around her shoulders, rubbing her back as they talked quietly. Pulling away from Harry and standing up, Fleur grabbed Ginny by the hand and pushed her down into Harry’s lap. Smiling gratefully, she snuggled up to his chest while Harry wrapped his arms around her. A few steps away, Susan tentatively hugged Ron, who blushed brightly as he hugged her back.

Suddenly, Harry felt a wave of guilt. While he’d been sitting safely in his house, having a great Christmas, Voldemort was still out there. He’d wasted all of that time out by the pool while he could’ve been training, getting stronger.

“No,” Tonks said firmly. “Don’t you dare think this was your fault.”

Sitting up, Ginny glared at him, as did Hermione and Fleur.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Ginny said, poking him in the chest. “You-Know-Who was always going to come after us. The Weasleys have been opposing Dark Wizards for centuries.”

“I know,” Harry said softly.

“Then what’s bothering you?” Tonks asked, sitting down next to him.

“It’s just-” Taking a deep breath, Harry sighed as his girlfriends looked at him worriedly. “I just feel like I should’ve been doing more.”

“Harry, you can’t solve everything yourself,” Hermione said.

“I know. I just want to do something. Anything,” Harry huffed frustratedly.

“You are doing something, Potter,” Daphne said.

Harry looked at her curiously.

“Typical Gryffindor,” she smirked. “All cock and no brains.”

Tonks snorted loudly.

“Potter, you rescued me from my father, and you’ve given all of us a home,” Daphne said. “Chances are, we wouldn’t have a Minister right now if it wasn’t for you. Certainly not a good one like Amelia. Not every fight is done with a wand.”

“Yeah, but it’s more satisfying,” Harry said, cracking a smile.

“I don’t think she meant that wand, babe,” Tonks smirked.

He rolled his eyes while Ginny giggled against his chest. Smiling, Tonks cupped his cheek and kissed him tenderly.

“You’re doing everything you can, love,” she told him softly. “There’s nothing wrong with enjoying your life.”

“Oui,” Fleur agreed. “You shouldn’t feel guilty for being ‘appy.”

Sighing, Harry gave Ginny a squeeze before standing up. Walking over to Mrs. Weasley, he knelt down in front of her as she wiped her face.

“Mrs. Weasley,” he said. “I’m sorry about the Burrow. But you’re always welcome to stay here for as long as you need to.”

Mrs. Weasley gave him a teary smile.

“Oh, you’re such a dear,” she smiled, sniffling. “As much as I hate to impose, we might need to take you up on that. Fortunately, our insurance is all paid up.”

“You know, I thought you went overboard when I first saw this place,” June smiled.

Harry smiled back, “At this rate, we’re going to need to expand.”

~

It was a few hours later, just as everyone was getting ready for bed, when Amelia and Arthur returned. Harry frowned at the tired, worn looks on their faces. The room fell silent as they entered the living room and took seats.

“How bad is it?” Harry asked.

“All things considered, it could’ve been much worse,” Amelia sighed. “You-Know-Who attacked over forty homes. Fortunately, they didn’t stick around long enough to do any real damage. They broke the wards on the ones they could, did some structural damage, set fires, and left

before the Aurors could arrive. There were a number of injuries and a couple of deaths, but the public will be fearful."

"And the Burrow?" Mrs. Weasley asked anxiously.

"I'm sorry, Molly, kids, it was completely destroyed," Mr. Weasley sighed.

Mrs. Weasley nodded, tears rolling down her cheeks. Taking the seat next to her, Mr. Weasley rubbed her back soothingly.

"We have insurance," he reminded her. "We can rebuild it bigger and better than before. You always said you wanted a bigger kitchen."

Smiling, Mrs. Weasley leaned into his side.

"Looks like we need to make another trip to the Alley and London for some clothes," Harry said.

"Oh, you don't need to do that, dear," Mrs. Weasley said.

"Take the help, Molly," Andy told her. "You're not going to get that insurance for a couple of weeks, at least."

"Well, we've got some clothes," Mrs. Weasley argued.

"And what are we supposed to go to school in?" Ginny asked. "All of our school stuff was at home."

"You could go in your swimsuit," Tonks grinned. "I'm sure the boys would love that."

“And freeze my bits off?” Ginny asked.

“Oh, well, I suppose we do need a few things,” Mrs. Weasley said. “But we’ll pay you back as soon as we can.”

“Mrs. Weasley, I’m loaded,” Harry said. “I don’t need or want you to pay me back. You were kind to me when I had nothing, and now it’s my turn to return the favor.”

“Thank you, Harry,” Mr. Weasley smiled, patting Mrs. Weasley’s arm before she could speak.

“What about our house, Auntie?” Susan asked.

“Not as bad as the Burrow, but it’s going to need some serious repairs before we can go home,” Amelia replied. “Although, I’ve been thinking about that. If it’s alright with Harry, I think it might be best if we stay here for the time being.”

“Of course,” Harry said. “You and Susan can stay as long as you like.”

“Is it that bad?” Susan asked, biting her lip.

“We had the best wards the Ministry can offer, and I’m almost certain You-Know-Who was there in person,” Amelia sighed. “It would be foolish to think he won’t try again.”

“Then I’d much rather stay here,” Susan said. “I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

Smiling, Amelia wrapped her arms around her shoulders and hugged her.

“I don’t want anything to happen to you either,” she said.

“Are Hannah and her parents alright?” Susan asked softly.

“They’re fine,” Amelia smiled, turning to Harry. “You’ll be proud to hear Hannah put up quite the fight. Hexed a couple of them good from the second floor. We even managed to arrest one.”

“I take it she’s part of that DA Daphne and Astoria joined?” Eva asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said, smiling proudly. “Honestly, I didn’t think Hannah had it in her. She’s always been timid when it comes to dueling.”

“You’d be surprised what people are capable of when they’re defending their family,” Mr. Weasley said.

As they continued talking, Fleur started dozing off on Harry’s shoulder. Soon, everyone began heading off to bed.

“Are you ready to get some sleep?” Tonks asked.

“I’ll be there in a minute,” Harry told her. “I need to talk to Amelia.”

“Alright,” Tonks said. “But don’t be too long.”

She gave him a kiss, followed by Hermione, before they woke Fleur and led her off to the bedroom.

“Dobby,” Harry called softly.

With a *pop*, Dobby appeared in front of him.

“Hey, Dobby,” he smiled. “We’re not making too much work for you with everyone staying here, are we?”

“Oh, no, Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said adamantly. “Dobby likes having a family to serve.”

“Alright, but if you need a break, you let me know, alright?” Harry asked before getting a nod in reply. “Good. Would you mind getting the bag of Galleons in the study for me? The one behind the portrait?”

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

He vanished with a quiet *pop*, only to reappear a moment later. Placing the sack in Harry’s hands, he grabbed the tea tray from the coffee table and vanished again.

“Hey, Amelia,” Harry said.

As she looked up at him, he stood from the couch and joined her on the loveseat.

“Here,” he said, handing her the sack. “I want to make an anonymous donation to the families that need help after last night.”

Smiling, Amelia patted his knee.

“That’s very kind of you,” she said. “How much is here?”

“Twenty-five thousand Galleons,” he replied.

Amelia stared at him, opened her mouth to speak, then closed it and shook her head.

“I take it back. That’s unbelievably kind of you,” Amelia said. “Most people ask for a front page article for donations less than half that size.”

“I’d rather not be in the paper at all,” Harry said.

“I know,” she smiled softly. “Thank you, Harry. Good night.”

“Night, Amelia,” he replied.

Watching her go, Harry sighed before heading off to bed.

Chapter 27

Tonks leaned against the wall as she watched Harry practice his spellwork. Over the last three days, he’d turned the basement into a training room. While everyone else had gone to Diagon Alley and Muggle London to get the Weasleys the things they needed, he’d bought a number of Dueling Dummies and every book on defensive magic he could get his hands on.

Harry had sweat pouring down his face, panting heavily as he fired all manner of curses and hexes at the dummies. He’d been down here for hours, and Tonks knew it was time to have a talk with him. It was fine if he wanted to train, but she wasn’t going to let him lose himself obsessing about Voldemort.

“Harry,” Tonks called.

Harry turned to her and bent over, hands on his knees, showing just how exhausted he was.

“Oh, hey,” he panted.

Sighing, Tonks hooked her arm through his and led him over to the couch in the corner of the room.

“We need to talk,” Tonks said, pulling him down to sit next to her.

“Did something happen?” Harry asked worriedly.

“No,” she assured him. “Harry, you’ve been down here for three days now. You were so exhausted when you came to bed last night Fleur had to use a Switching Spell to get you in your pajamas. You can’t keep doing this to yourself.”

“I have to do something,” Harry said, running a hand through damp hair frustratedly. “I’ve been wasting so much time and putting things off… I can’t do that anymore.”

“What’s really bothering you, sweetheart?” Tonks asked. “This isn’t just about the attacks on Christmas night, is it?”

“No, it isn’t,” Harry admitted. “We need to figure out what Malfoy is up to. I need to get that memory from Slughorn. And then there’s Dumbledore. There’s so much he isn’t telling me. He knows what Malfoy is up to. He must, and he’s just letting it happen. For Merlin’s sake, Katie and Ron nearly died, and he does nothing? And then there’s his hand. Hermione said it looked like a Withering Curse. I don’t want to believe it, but if he’s dying… After the whole thing with the prophecy, I just wanted to ignore it. I - I was scared, but… Fuck, Tonks, what am I going to do?”

Harry slumped forward and put his head in his hands, looking utterly defeated.

“We’ll figure it out,” Tonks said, wrapping her arm around him as she blinked back tears. “You’re right. We haven’t been taking this as seriously as we should. When we get back to Hogwarts, I’ll help you figure things out. But Harry, beating yourself up down here isn’t going to help.”

“I know,” Harry sighed.

Sitting back, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to his chest. Running his hand up and down her arm, he kissed the top of her head.

“No offense, love, but you stink,” Tonks said, wrinkling her nose.

Harry cracked a weak smile.

“Sorry,” he said.

“How about we go take a shower?” Tonks smirked.

Without waiting for an answer, she stood up and pulled Harry with her. She led him upstairs and through the living room, where Daphne was sitting on the couch, reading a book.

“Finally got Potter to stop hiding in his cave?” Daphne asked, turning a page.

“Yep,” Tonks smiled. “He just needed a little incentive.”

Daphne looked over the top of her book and cocked an eyebrow.

“I don’t want to know,” she said flatly.

“Suit yourself,” Tonks smirked. “You seen Hermione and Fleur?”

“Last I saw, they were in the library working on that shed idea of Harry’s,” Daphne said. “Everyone else is out relaxing by the pool.”

“Why aren’t you out there?” Tonks asked.

“I wanted some peace and quiet,” Daphne replied.

“Well, we’ll leave you to it,” Tonks smiled. “Feel free to join us if you like.”

Daphne tried to look unaffected, but Tonks could see a flush slowly rising up her neck. Grinning, she hooked her arm through Harry’s and led him to the master bedroom. After helping Harry out of his sweat-soaked clothes, they both climbed into the shower. Tonks smiled to herself when he immediately wrapped his arms around her and caressed her breasts while kissing her neck.

“If you’re trying to help me wash, soap helps,” Tonks teased.

Grabbing the body wash, she spun around and washed his chest. They spent a good few minutes cleaning each other, caressing more than was strictly necessary. With a smirk, Tonks dropped to her knees in front of Harry. Taking him in hand, she got him hard before morphing into Apolline. Shooting forward, she swallowed him whole, her nose pressed tightly against his groin as his cock throbbed in her throat.

“Fuck, Tonks,” Harry hissed.

Tonks smirked to herself while she swallowed around his shaft. Groaning, Harry combed his fingers through her short, pink hair. Humming around him, she bobbed her head back and forth, deliberately making loud gagging noises each time he plunged into the back of her throat. After a couple of minutes, she morphed into Amelia, her heavy breasts heaving on her chest.

Abruptly, a thought occurred to her, causing Tonks to pull off of him with a grin.

“Hand me the shower head,” she said.

Harry looked at her oddly, prompting Tonks to hold out her hand expectantly. Shrugging, he reached up, pulled one of the showerheads free, and handed it to her. With a smirk, she turned into Iffy, though she obviously couldn’t do the wings, and wrapped her lips around his head. While sucked, lashing the tip with her tongue, Tonks aimed the showerhead at his balls. Harry groaned loudly, his head swelling in her mouth.

“Shit,” Harry panted. “That’s new.”

Chuckling, Tonks descended down his shaft, morphing into June as she did. She morphed again as she pulled back, this time turning into her own mother.

“Bloody hell,” Harry gasped.

Tonks pulled back with a grin. Leaning back and spreading her legs, she gave him an unobstructed view of her mother’s body.

“What do you think?” she asked, holding the shower head over herself. “Nice rack, huh?”

“Your mum would kill me if she knew about this,” Harry said, shaking his head with a smile.

Smirking, Tonks closed her eyes and morphed into Evangeline.

“And what would Daphne think if she knew you were getting off with her mum?” she asked.

Sitting up, Tonks swallowed him before he could answer and returned the showerhead to his balls. Harry’s hands tugged at her long, blonde hair impatiently when she returned to the head and stayed there. After teasing him for a few moments, she morphed into Daphne and relaxed

her neck. Harry pulled her down on his cock, plunging into her throat while she stared up at him with Daphne's face.

Groaning, he bucked his hips several times as his fingers threaded in her hair. Tonks let herself gag loudly, long strands of thick saliva dripping from her chin onto her breasts while tears leaked from the corners of her eyes. Tonks let a hand slip between her legs, her fingers slipping into her folds at the thought of Daphne walking in and seeing herself gagging on Harry's big cock.

With one last loud groan, he buried himself to the hilt in her throat and erupted. Tonks let the first shot go straight down her throat before pulling back and aiming him at her face.

Well, Daphne's face, she thought with a smirk.

Harry covered her face with a massive load, forcing her to close one eye when one streak landed across it.

"You know, it's only a matter of time before you fuck her for real," Tonks said, cleaning her eye with her finger and sucking it clean.

Snorting, Harry shook his hand and helped her to her feet. He took the showerhead from her and used it to clean her face gently before kissing her passionately.

"Have I mentioned how amazing you are lately?" Harry asked with a smile.

"Hmm, maybe," Tonks smirked.

Giving him another kiss, she turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. After they toweled off, they walked back into the bedroom to get dressed.

“Feel better?” Tonks asked, wrapping her arm around Harry after he’d put his shirt on.

“Yeah,” he said, smiling softly.

“I’ll make you a deal,” Tonks said. “I’ll help you with your dueling if you promise not to hide in the basement for more than a few hours. Deal?”

“Deal,” Harry smiled before giving her a kiss. “But what about Malfoy, Slughorn, and Dumbledore?”

“Well, we’ve got two brilliant girlfriends,” Tonks grinned. “How about we go ask them?”

Taking his hand, they made their way to the library. They found Fleur sitting on a couch in the library with Hermione sprawled out, her head in Fleur’s lap. The blonde ran her fingers through Hermione’s hair while they each read their own books. Parchment and books littered the low table in front of them, indicating they’d been at it for quite some time.

Fleur looked up first when she heard them enter and smile. She nudged Hermione, who looked over before sitting up.

“Have you stopped brooding?” she asked with a teasing smile.

“For now,” Harry smiled.

“Are you ready to tell us what’s bozzering you, mon amour?” Fleur asked.

Before he could answer, Tonks led him over to the couch, pushed him down between Hermione and Fleur, and then plopped herself in his lap, her feet laid across Fleur’s lap.

“I just feel like I haven’t been doing enough,” Harry said.

“Why do I have a feeling you’re not talking about schoolwork?” Hermione asked.

“Because I’m not,” Harry said, giving her a small, brief smile. “I need to figure out exactly what Malfoy is up to; I need to get that memory from Slughorn, and I need to talk to Dumbledore. Voldemort’s out there, and eventually, I’m going to have to face him. If Dumbledore’s not going to be around, I need more than just a handful of memories to go on.”

“We don’t know that he’s dying,” Hermione said. “It just looks like the Withering Curses. It could be something else.”

“And if it isn’t?” Harry asked.

Hermione worried her bottom lip, staring at him helplessly.

“I don’t like it either, but we need to know,” Harry said.

“You’re right,” Tonks said. “I don’t think there much we can do to help there, though. You know Dumbledore better than the rest of us. But we can help you with the rest. Malfoy should be easy. We just need to take turns watching the Map, find out where he’s going, and confront him.”

“What about Slughorn?” Harry asked. “Every time I bring up the memory, he runs away.”

“What do you zhink, ‘Ermione?” Fleur asked.

“I’m not sure,” Hermione said. “I mean, I can’t think of anything he wants bad enough to give up that memory. It’s obviously something he’s ashamed of and wants to keep hidden.”

“Even if it could cost thousands of lives?” Harry asked disgustedly.

Hermione shrugged.

“I wish zhere was somezhing I could do to help,” Fleur sighed.

“Actually, there is,” Harry said. “We need to know more about Horcruxes. Can you try to find some information about them? Quietly? If Voldemort finds out we know, we may never be able to find all of them.”

“I don’t understand why he hid them the way he did in the first place,” Hermione said. “It would make much more sense to use something like a rock and then toss it into a lake or something. No one would ever be able to find it.”

“Let’s just be grateful he’s not that smart,” Tonks said.

“I think it’s more about how arrogant he is,” Harry told her. “I think a part of him wants people to know how far he’s gone. You know, I’ve been thinking… If I used our connection, I might be able to-”

“No!” Hermione barked. “It’s too dangerous. He could just as easily learn what you know, and then he *will* put them someplace we’ll never find them.”

“She’s right,” Tonks said.

Sighing, Harry leaned back and closed his eyes. Tonks could practically feel the frustration pouring off of him. Silently, she looked over at Hermione and Fleur.

“Alright, look,” she said. “We can’t do anything until we get back to Hogwarts. For now, let’s just enjoy the rest of our vacation.”

“Can we go out to zhe pool now?” Fleur asked.

Grinning, Tonks hopped off Harry’s lap and pulled him to his feet.

~

After a quick change of clothes, Harry followed Tonks, Hermione, and Fleur out to the pool. Ginny elbowed Ron in the ribs when he started gaping at Fleur, who covered a giggle.

“Iffy, no,” June called. “You shouldn’t be flying like that.”

Harry watched as Iffy flew in a meandering path towards him. As she got closer, he could see her cheeks were rosy, and she had a wide, dopy smile on her face. Landing on the top of his head, she slipped, her tiny legs dangling in front of his eyes while she clutched tightly at his hair. Giggling, she pulled herself up and sat nestled in his hair.

“Is she drunk?” Tonks asked.

“She got into June’s margarita,” Apolline smirked.

“I looked away for a second,” June said defensively.

“How much did she have?” Hermione asked just as Iffy hiccuped.

“Just a sip,” June replied.

“She should be fine,” Andromeda said. “Her magic will burn through the alcohol quickly.”

Chuckling, Harry walked over to the lounge chairs and took a seat, careful not to dislodge his drunken passenger. As soon as he was settled, Iffy leaned over and smiled drunkenly before hiccuping again.

“I swear, you get into more trouble than I do,” Harry said.

Iffy giggled a moment before she fell, tumbling over his face and landing sprawled on his chest.

“You are wasted,” Tonks laughed.

“She’s kind of cute like that,” Susan giggled.

Standing up, Iffy took to the air and crashed head-first into Hermione’s bushy hair.

“Careful, don’t pull,” Hermione said, reaching up to stop the Fairy from getting tangled in her curly locks.

“Am I getting a tan line?” Fleur asked, pulling her bikini top slightly to the side, revealing more of her breast.

“It looks like it,” Tonks said.

Out of the corner of his eye, Harry watched Ginny roll her eyes and elbowed Ron in the ribs.

“Where’s Molly?” Fleur asked.

“She’s inside making dinner,” Andy said. “Did you need something?”

“Non,” Fleur smiled.

Looking at Harry, her eyes sparkled as she sat up and untied her top. A strangled gurgle left Ron’s throat when she pulled off her top, baring her perfect breasts.

“Don’t swallow your tongue,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes.

“For Merlin’s sake, they’re just breasts,” Hermione said, reaching back and untying her own top. “When we went to France, everyone on the beach was topless.”

Grinning, Tonks shed her top as well. Iffy moved to follow their lead before remembering she wasn’t wearing clothes.

“Ron!” Ginny hissed as her brother stared wide eyed and open mouthed.

“Oh, let him stare,” Tonks said. “Maybe he’ll act normal after he gets it out of his system.”

“I doubt it,” Ginny scoffed.

“You know, if you go topless, he might not want to stare so much,” Tonks smirked.

“My mum would kill me,” Ginny said, shaking her head.

Picking up her wand, Fleur gave it a wave. A ripple of magic spread throughout the patio.

“What was that?” Hermione asked.

“A Notice-Me-Not Ward,” Fleur smiled. “It will keep Molly from noticing anyzhing she doesn’t expect.”

“Well, there you go,” Tonks grinned, looking at Ginny.

Ginny bit her lip nervously, realizing her bluff had been called. Giving Harry a quick glance, she took a deep breath and quickly shucked off her top.

“Ginny!” Ron yelled, slapping a hand over his eyes.

“Oh, grow up,” Ginny spat.

Smiling, Harry deliberately looked down at her chest before looking back up and giving her a wink. Ginny blushed but smiled, looking less self-conscious.

“Do you flirt with everyone?” Daphne asked.

Harry looked up at her and grinned, raking his gaze over her bikini clad frame.

“Jealous?” Harry asked.

Daphne scoffed, “You wish.”

Ron peeked through his fingers, his face glowing red.

As she walked past him to one of the open lounges, Harry felt a bit daring. Reaching out, he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her into his lap. Daphne looked at him in surprise, a flush running up her neck.

“Take it off,” Harry said, glancing at her top.

“Why should I do that?” Daphne asked, trying and failing to look haughty.

Gripping her hips, Harry leaned forward, putting his mouth next to her ear.

“Because you like it when I tell you what to do,” he whispered.

Sitting back, he lifted an eyebrow and waited. Daphne stared at him, her blue eyes sparkling, and licked her lips.

“And if I don’t?” she asked softly.

“Nothing,” Harry said.

Daphne stared at him for a long moment before hesitantly reaching back and untying her top. Pulling it over her head, she dropped it to the floor.

“No way,” Ron whispered in awe.

Glancing over her shoulder, Daphne glared at him coldly. Ron’s mouth closed with a click as his ears reddened. He turned to look at Ginny, remembering too late she was topless too. After the briefest peek at her chest, he looked away, his face burning red. Harry snorted and looked over at the adults to see how they were reacting. Apolline, Evangeline, Andromeda, and June were all sipping margaritas, whispering amongst themselves and giggling like schoolgirls.

With a smirk, Tonks tossed a bottle of tanning lotion that landed on Harry’s chest. Picking up the bottle, he grinned and squirted some onto his palm. Daphne licked her lips as he rubbed his hands together. Without the least bit of hesitation, Harry grasped both of her breasts and

rubbed the lotion into them. He continued to hold her gaze as he blatantly groped her chest, watching a pretty flush run up her neck to her cheeks.

After a couple of minutes, he slid his hands around to her back, pulled her close, and kissed her on the lips. Daphne moaned in surprise, hesitating for just a moment before kissing him back. Harry heard loud giggles, though, surprisingly, they came from the adults.

“I think I see why so many of the girls like him now,” June giggled.

Placing her hands on his chest, Daphne sat up breathlessly. Smirking at Harry, she climbed off of him and sat on the lounge next to his. He smiled at he and leaned back in his own. Spotting Susan hanging on the edge of the pool, staring at him in shock, he decided to tease her a bit.

“You need some lotion, Susie?” Harry asked, holding up the bottle.

Blushing bright red, Susan ducked under the water, causing everyone to laugh. Smiling, Harry leaned back and tried to relax. There was a lot to worry about, but not much he could do about it at the moment. For now, he’d take Tonks’ advice and enjoy his vacation.

But when he got back to Hogwarts, everything would need to change.

Chapter 28

Donning their heavy winter clothes and boots, Harry, Hermione, Robert, and June trudged through the knee deep snow as they walked to the edge of the property.

“Ready?” Hermione asked.

Harry nodded. Raising her wand, Hermione pointed it towards the sky with a look of concentration on her face.

“Protego Totalum,” she encanted.

A tiny ball of pale blue magic shot into the air almost fifty feet before it stopped and expanded outwards rapidly, forming a dome around them. It covered the entire property, eclipsing even the Fidelus Charm in size.

“What does that one do?” June asked curiously.

“It creates a ward that hides us from sight,” Hermione told her.

“Neat,” Robert commented.

Taking out his wand, Harry began clearing away the snow. At first, he tried to use a wind spell, thinking he could blow it away. It worked on the top layer, but he couldn’t get the densely packed snow underneath to budge. He resorted to vanishing it to get to the brown, dead grass underneath.

“Where do we put the posts?” he asked, wiping the sweat from his brow.

“Every six feet,” Robert said. “I didn’t bring a tape measurer.”

“That’s fine,” Hermione said. “Metimur.”

Bright green sparks danced from the tip of her wand, leaving long, thin trails in the air. Zipping over the ground, they crisscrossed like little fireflies, leaving behind a glowing grid on the ground. Brandishing his wand, Harry walked over to one of the corners.

“Deprimo,” he muttered.

With a muffled *thud*, a deep, round hole was gouged out of the frozen earth. Moving along six feet to the next mark, he repeated the process.

“I wish you had been around last Summer when we built that new deck,” Robert said.

“I think we n-need to see if the council w-will let us put in a hot tub,” June shivered.

As soon as Harry finished making the holes they needed, he flicked his wand, casting a Heating Charm on her. Immediately, her folded arms relaxed, and she let out a cloudy sigh of relief.

“Thank you,” June said gratefully.

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

“Well, now we just need to build a shed,” Robert said.

Harry turned to Hermione with a wide-eyed look, “But there’s no wood,” he said.

Suppressing a smile, she smacked his shoulder.

“Prat,” she said.

Harry just grinned in response. Hermione brandished her wand and, with a complicated movement, ripped a large tree out of the ground. With a few move swishes, flicks, and slashes, the tree was cut into posts and boards. As she levitated them over, Harry took over and guided them into place. Taking a box of screws out of his pocket and setting it on the ground, they floated out of the open top. Moving into place, they screwed themselves into the wood. In just a few minutes, they finished the shed frame and started on the walls.

Working as a team, Hermione made the boards while Harry built the shed, Robert offering guidance occasionally. When the walls were finished, they turned to work on the roof.

“Defodio!” Hermione shouted.

A deep gouge was cut into the earth, where she began pulling out sheets of shale. Floating them over to the roof, Harry put them in place and stuck them there with a Permanent Sticking Charm. From there, they finished up the door and stood back to admire their work.

“That doesn’t look too bad,” Harry said.

“For less than half an hour’s worth of work, that’s amazing,” Robert said.

“Now, we need to make it look run down,” Hermione said.

“I still don’t understand why your going to ruin a perfectly good shed you just built,” June said, shaking her head.

“We’re not actually ruining it,” Hermione said. “It’ll just look that way. But with the Fidelus, anyone looking at it will only see the part sticking out. We need to make it look natural.”

Waving her wand, she cast a series of charms Harry wasn’t familiar with. Before his eyes, the shed aged, boards came loose, and the roof caved in. It looked odd when she cut the shed in half, but he knew that from outside the wards, you would only be able to see the side sticking out. When she was finished, Harry looked through the door and smiled. Despite the outside looking ruined, the inside looked as good as new.

“That’s incredible,” June breathed over his shoulder.

“This really is a brilliant idea, Harry,” Hermione smiled. “Now, everyone can come and go whenever they need to without having to worry about being seen.”

“Can we go back inside now?” June asked. “I think that Heating Charm Harry used on me is starting to wear off.”

“Warming Charm,” Hermione corrected as she took down her ward. “A Heating Charm is used over an area, not on a person.”

“Yes, dear,” June smiled.

Making their way back to the house, Harry heard June scream behind him. Spinning around, he watched as she stumbled on something under the snow and lost her balance. He reached out as she began to fall. Grabbing his arm, she gave it a sharp tug, pulling him off balance too. His arms wrapped around her while they fell. Harry landed softly on his back, with June falling on top of him, her face bumping into his.

“Great, now she’s falling for him, too,” Robert muttered.

“Da-ad,” Hermione exclaimed, unable to stop a laugh. “That was horrible.”

“Save the terrible jokes and help me up, would you?” June asked.

Robert helped June to her feet while Harry ungracefully climbed out of the hole they’d made in the snow. His hands stung from the snow, and he flexed them as they walked to the front door. Stepping inside, they shed their jackets and headed to the living room to sit next to the fire. Fleur looked up from her book as Harry rubbed his hands and blew into them. Smiling, she stood, pushed him into her seat, and then plopped herself down in his lap.

“Your ‘ands are freezing,” she said.

“It’s cold out,” Harry smiled.

“We finished the shed,” Hermione told her.

“Good,” Fleur said. “I ‘ate Apparating into zhe snow.”

“Where is everyone?” Robert asked.

“Out by zhe pool,” Fleur replied. “Ted wanted to use zhe grill.”

“Barbeque?” Robert asked excitedly.

Without waiting for a reply, he stood up and walked quickly out of the room. Shaking her head, June smiled and stood.

“I’m going to go get changed first,” she said.

Fleur stood as well and pulled Harry to his feet. She led him to the master bedroom, Hermione following closely, where they changed into their bathing suits. Before Fleur could put her top on, Harry cupped her breasts and kissed her shoulder. Smiling at his reflection in the mirror, she leaned back against his chest and ran her fingers through his hair.

“Really, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“Sorry,” Harry mumbled.

Rolling her eyes, Hermione turned her back to him and put her hair up in a ponytail. Smirking, Harry sunk up behind her. She yelped when he suddenly wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against his chest, his hands slipping under her top.

“You prat,” Hermione said, slapping his leg.

Chuckling, he kissed her when she turned to look at him. His fingers teased her nipples, tugging and rolling them lightly under her top. By the time he pulled back, her cheeks were flushed, and her nipples protruded sharply against the fabric of her bikini. Grabbing her hand, he led her and Fleur out of the bedroom and out to the pool.

Everyone else was already lounging under the sun. Susan was in the pool, hitting a volleyball back and forth with Astoria and Gabrielle. Ron lounged on a chair with his hands behind his head, staring raptly at the redhead’s impressive bust each time it breached the water. A couple of seats down, Tonks and Daphne talked quietly. The adults were further down near the grill, talking over drinks while Ted tended to the food.

“Harry, Hermione, are the two of you packed for tomorrow?” Mrs. Weasley asked. “We won’t be able to come back to get anything you missed once we leave.”

“We packed last night,” Hermione told her.

Fleur frowned at the reminder that they would be going back to Hogwarts. Harry was just as sad to leave her behind. A part of him wanted to find a way for her to come with them, but he knew that even if he could, she loved her job at Gringotts.

“Don’t worry, we’ll be back for Easter,” Harry told her.

With a forced smile, Fleur took his hand and kissed him on the lips. Joining the others, Harry suddenly remembered he needed to tell Amelia about the shed. Grabbing his locket, he opened it up and looked at the tiny mirror inside.

“Amelia Bones,” he said.

After a couple of seconds, the surface rippled like water before it settled, showing him an image of Amelia's face.

"Harry, is everything alright?" she asked urgently.

"Everything's fine," he said, feeling bad for worrying her. "Are you alone?"

Amelia nodded, "I'm in my office."

"I just wanted to let you know we finished the shed," Harry told her. "It's about ten feet to the right of where we normally Apparate from."

"Oh, good," she said. "Thanks for letting me know. Can you let Susan know I should be home soon? There was a leak in the plumbing, so we're closing the Ministry early."

"Sure," Harry smiled. "See you soon."

Amelia said goodbye, and Harry closed his locket.

"Hey, Susan!" he called. "Your aunt said she'd be home soon. They're closing the Ministry early."

"Thanks, Harry!" Susan yelled with a smile.

A moment later, she screamed when the volleyball hit the water and splashed her. Laughing, she tossed it into the air and jumped up to hit it. Her heaving breasts strained the red bikini she was wearing. He caught a glimpse of her light pink areola before her breasts dropped back below the surface of the water.

“Harry,” Tonks called. “Did you see my mum’s chest?”

Raising an eyebrow, he glanced over at Andromeda. It took a moment, but he eventually noticed her reddened skin and the slightly paler patch between her breasts shaped like a fairy. Looking back at Tonks, they both laughed. Perking up at the sound, Iffy took off from June’s shoulder and flew over with a smile. She landed lightly on his shoulder and sat down.

“Have a nice kip?” Tonks giggled.

“Are you taking ‘er to ‘Ogwarts wiz you?” Fleur asked.

“No,” Harry said firmly. “It’s too dangerous. She better off staying here.”

“It would be too cold for her anyways,” Hermione added.

“Zhat’s alright. We’ll keep ‘er company,” Fleur said.

Iffy smiled and shrugged her shoulder. When a shadow passed over her, she and Harry looked up. Circling overhead, Hedwig passed through the enchanted roof of the patio. She landed softly on the back of Harry’s chair, her chest puffed out as she held up a twig with Juniper berries growing from it. With a hoot, she set it down next to Iffy.

“Such a smart girl,” Harry smiled, running his fingers over the top of her head.

Iffy stretched up onto the tips of her toes to pet Hedwig’s breast feathers. Plucking a couple of Juniper berries off of the twig, she took a bite out of one and held the other up to the owl. Hedwig carefully took it in her beak and gobbled it down. With another soft hoot, she nipped Harry’s finger affectionately. A moment later, she flapped her wings and took to the air.

“Lunch is ready,” Ted called.

~

As the evening wore on, Fleur grew more clingy. Harry didn't begrudge her a bit, knowing they'd have to spend the next three months apart with only a handful of weekend visits to tide them over. Then, there was Tonks, who he could tell was up to something just from the look in her eye. She spent a lot of time whispering to the other girls, and whatever she was saying had Ginny and Susan both blushing heavily. Daphne's reaction was less obvious, but he caught her glancing his way a number of times.

"Can we go to bed early?" Fleur whispered in his ear as they cuddled in the living room. "I need you tonight."

Smiling, Harry caressed her back and kissed her softly.

"Sure," he said.

Fleur smiled promisingly, her blue eyes sparkling brightly. Standing up, they bid everyone goodnight.

"Ron, Ginny, you should think about going to bed, too," Mrs. Weasley said. "We need to leave for the station at eight-thirty."

As Harry and Fleur made their way to the bedroom, he heard Ron grumble, but Ginny was surprisingly agreeable. He didn't have time to think on it, however, because Fleur was on him the moment the door was closed. Pinning him against it, she kissed him passionately, her hands slipping under his jumper. She broke the kiss just long enough to pull it up and over his head before she kissed him again. Harry's fingers nimbly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing the white bra underneath.

Fleur's blouse hit the floor, followed a moment later by her bra. Lifting up her flowing black skirt, Harry trailed his hands up her bare thighs and cupped her full, thick cheeks. She moaned

into his mouth as he lifted off her feet and carried her over to the bed. Not for a moment did her lips leave his as he laid her down on the mattress, hands wandering her perfect curves.

With the pull of a zipper and a light tug, her skirt slipped down her legs before being carelessly tossed aside. Fleur moaned wantonly when the throbbed bulge in the front of his trousers ground firmly against her mound. Finally breaking the kiss, she threw her head back and gasped, her hips rolling desperately.

“’Arry,” she said breathlessly.

Stroking her cheek, Harry’s hand trailed down her neck, pausing to roughly grope her perfect breast before moving over her abs to rest on her hips. Just as his fingers hooked under the waistband of her panties, the door opened behind him.

Harry looked back over his shoulder, raising an eyebrow in surprise when a line of girls waltzed into their room. Hermione walked in first, followed by Daphne, Susan, and Ginny, the two redheads flushing noticeably when they looked at him. Tonks came in last, closing and warding the door with a smirk on her lips.

“What’s zhis?” Fleur asked curiously.

“I know you like an audience, so I told them they could watch,” Tonks grinned.

Looking at Daphne, Susan, and Ginny, the latter two shifting nervously, Fleur grinned, her eyes gleaming excitedly.

“Seet,” she said, patting the bed.

Though Daphne did her best to hide it, Harry could see the excited sparkle in her eyes and the like dusting of pink coloring her cheeks. Ginny and Susan were much easier to read. Their

blushes ran all the way down to their chests, and they had trouble taking their eyes off his chest. With a little encouragement from Tonks, all three climbed onto the bed.

Lifting her hips, Fleur took off her white panties and crawled back onto the bed. Laying on her stomach, she swung her feet back and forth while her hands undid Harry's belt. She was a bit too close because, when she tugged down his trousers and underwear, his erection sprang free and slapped the bottom of her chin. Fleur giggled and kissed his shaft while her fingers curled around his base.

"Merlin, Morgana, and Maeve," Susan gasped.

Tonks snorted, "I doubt any of them were hung like that."

Her voice snapped the redhead out of her daze and caused her to blush profusely.

"Well, considering Morgana and Maeve were women, and no one ever wrote about Merlin's sexual exploits, you're probably right," Hermione said.

"Ha. See? Even the smart one agrees with me," Tonks grinned.

Susan relaxed and giggled, though her cheeks remained red. They all turned back to Fleur just as she opened her mouth and swallowed half of his length. Bathing him with her tongue, his skin tingling pleasantly, she bobbed up and down, coating him with her saliva. The position was a bit awkward, so when Fleur wanted to take him deeper, she grabbed his hips and pulled him closer. Harry shuffled forward until he was hilted in her throat. Running his fingers through her hair, he tilted his head back and groaned.

When he opened his eyes again, he spotted Tonks stripping out of her clothes. With a grin, she shamelessly spread her legs and played with herself. Hermione blushed a bit but followed her lead. As she tossed her clothes to the side, Daphne, Ginny, and Susan glanced their way. When Daphne turned back, Harry caught her eye and stared at her as he thrust in and out of Fleur's voracious mouth. He gave a pointed look at her chest.

Knowing exactly what he wanted her to do, Daphne closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Grabbing the bottom of her jumper, she pulled it up and over her head, revealing the black bra she wore underneath. Without hesitation, she popped open the clasp and tossed it onto the bed. Harry buried himself in Fleur's throat and pulsed excitedly as he stared at her large, perky breasts. Fleur pulled back with a hard suck, drawing his attention back to her.

Staring up at him with a smoky gaze, she pulled off him, lovingly kissing the tip. Rolling onto her back, her breasts thrust into the air, she hung her head over the edge of the mattress, mouth open invitingly. Smiling, Harry caressed her luscious mounds, bending down to suck on the pink, pebbled peaks. Fleur moaned but reached out for his shaft impatiently. Tugging him forward, she took his length effortlessly, her long, pale neck bulging visibly.

"Bloody hell," Harry grunted.

Hands playing with her breasts, he thrust his hips back and forth, feeding his considerable length down her talented throat over and over again. As he toyed with her hard nipples, he heard a rustle of clothing to his right. This time, it was Ginny stripping out of her clothes, her face stained red. Harry watched as her bra fell to her lap, revealing her small but perky tits with pink, upturned nipples.

"Not bad, Gin," Tonks grinned. "Come on, Sue, let Harry see those big jugs."

"Must you be so crude?" Hermione asked, rolling her eyes.

"Says the anal queen," Tonks said, sticking out her tongue.

While Hermione blushed, Fleur gagged hard. She pushed on his thighs, and Harry pulled back as she sat up and coughed.

"Don't make me laugh," she told Tonks with a laughing cough.

Tonks gave her a smirk and shrugged apologetically before looking over at Susan. The busty redhead looked around at the other topless and naked girls nervously.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to,” Hermione assured her.

Taking a deep breath, Susan grabbed the hem of her jumper and pulled it over her head. Hesitating slightly and avoiding looking anyone in the eye, she reached back and unclasped the padded purple bra she wore. Her blush ran down all the way to the tops of her breasts as she slowly let the bra fall. Her massive breasts dropped free, drooping slightly from their weight. Her soft pink areolas were as wide as the rim of a teacup, with small red nipples peeking out from the center.

“I wish my boobs were that big,” Ginny sighed.

Lifting up her small breasts, she frowned as she let them go. They jiggled only slightly before settling. Susan gave a small smile as she fidgeted with her hand like she wasn’t sure what to do with her arms.

“There are spells and potions for that,” Tonks said. “How do you think Hermione here went up two cup sizes practically overnight.”

“Zhey did come out very nice,” Fleur said with an appreciative look.

“Hermione, why didn’t you tell me?” Ginny asked, sounding hurt.

“I thought you knew,” Hermione said, biting her lip. “I mean, you grew up in the wizarding world.”

“I thought it was just one of those scam potions they put in the back of Witch Weekly,” Ginny said.

“Those are scams,” Tonks said. “The real potions are a lot harder to make or a lot more expensive.”

“How expensive,” the redhead asked.

“Don’t worry, I know how to brew it, and Hogwarts has all the ingredients we need,” Tonks told her. “Hell, you could probably even talk Slughorn into letting you make it for extra credit. How big do you want to go?”

“Big,” Ginny said, glancing over at Susan’s breasts wistfully.

“You might want to do it doses then, give your body time to adjust,” Tonks said.

As interesting as the idea of thin little Ginny getting massive breasts was, Harry was growing impatient. The saliva coating his shaft had gone cold, causing him to wilt slightly. Grabbing Fleur’s wide hips, he pulled her over until she was straddling him. She giggled and ground her folds against the underside of his shaft, quickly bringing him back to a full erection.

Lifting up, she sank down on his cock with a moan. Harry closed his eyes, savoring the feeling of her tight, burning depths.

“Does it hurt the first time?” Susan asked softly.

“It stings a bit, but it’s not bad,” Hermione told her. “If you’re worried, you can practice with toys on your own to get used to it.”

“Speaking from experience?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

Hermione blushed and slapped her thigh lightly.

“It’s not my fault you three turned me into a sexual deviant,” she huffed playfully.

Harry tuned out the banter as he thrust up into Fleur. Each time she descended, she rolled her hips and flexed her muscles, her rippling walls massaging his length. Sliding his hands up her sides, he cupped her bouncing breasts. Falling forward with her forearms landing on either side of his head, Fleur rode him hard and fast, her burning, lustful gaze meeting his. Even as she shuddered her way through her first orgasm, her movements never faltered. Her Allure radiated through the room, blanketing it in a cloud of lust.

The talking turned to moans and groans as the girls around them began touching themselves. The scent of arousal filled the air, permeating every breath Harry took. Around him, he could hear more clothes being discarded, but he couldn’t take his eyes off the woman riding him. Her skin took on an ethereal glow as she sat back up and rode him frantically. Every movement was matched by a wonderous moan escaping her perfect lips.

Harry didn’t know how long they kept going. It could have been hours or even days, but eventually, their bodies could take no more. Throwing her head back, Fleur howled his name as she climaxed more powerfully than he’d ever witnessed before. The spasmodic clutching of her depths pushed Harry over the edge. He thrust as deep as possible as he erupted. Fleur collapsed on his chest when he hugged her tightly as they rode out their euphoria together. Panting, she nuzzled his neck, peppering his skin with light kisses and flicks of her tongue.

Harry had just caught his breath when she sat up and stared at him lustfully. A pulse of her Allure had him rock hard in the blink of an eye.

“More,” Fleur purred.

~

Harry stifled a yawn as he stepped through onto platform nine and three-quarters. By the time Fleur was satisfied, it had been two in the morning. Not that he was complaining. He was more

than willing to give up a few hours of sleep to give Fleur what she needed. Thankfully, Ginny, Susan, and Daphne had woken early enough to sneak back to their rooms.

Looking back, he smiled as she stepped onto the platform and took his hand. Standing off to the side, they waited for the others.

In typical Weasley fashion, Ron had waited until the last minute to pack the last of his belongings. While everyone else ate their breakfast calmly, he ran around the house looking for things he didn't want to leave behind.

"I feel like I've gone back in time a few years," Ted smiled as he stepped onto the platform with Andromeda.

"I know," Andromeda agreed. "I didn't think we'd ever see Dora off on the Express again."

"I'm not actually going as a student," Tonks said, rolling her eyes.

Gabrielle stepped onto the platform and looked around excitedly. Astoria chattered with her quietly, pointing out different people.

"She is so excited to go to 'Ogwars," Fleur said. "I 'ope she can make friends."

"I'm sure she'll be fine," Harry assured her. "She's got Astoria, and she can always spend time with us."

Smiling softly, Fleur kissed him lovingly. Checking her watch, she frowned.

"I'm sorry, mon amour, I 'ave to go to work," she said sadly. "Write to me, oui?"

“Of course,” Harry said. “I’ll find out when the next Hogsmeade weekend is as soon as I can.”

Smiling, Fleur pulled him in for a searing kiss.

“Je t’aime,” she whispered against his lips.

“Moi aussi, je t’aime,” Harry replied.

With one last fierce kiss, she pulled back and turned to Tonks and Hermione. Pulling each of them in for a passionate kiss, she waved tearfully before saying goodbye to her sister and heading back through the portal to Muggle London.

“I’m going to miss her,” Tonks said, wrapping an arm around his waist and resting her head on his shoulder.

“Me, too,” Harry said.

“We all are,” Hermione added. “Come on, let’s get our trunks on the train.”

Saying their goodbyes, Harry helped the girls with their trunks. Ron had disappeared with Seamus and Dean to tell them all about his Christmas break. They got lucky and found two empty compartments near the one Hannah was in. While Susan went to talk to her best friend, Harry got Astoria and Gabrielle settled in their compartment before returning to the one he shared with Hermione and Tonks.

He'd just finished stowing the trunks overhead when the whistle sounded. Hermione stuck her head out the window to yell one last goodbye to her parents when the train gave a lurch. They took their seats as they pulled out of the station and headed back to Hogwarts. Back to the real world with very real problems.

Chapter 29

“Keeps those wands moving!” Tonks yelled. “Don’t wait to see if your spell hit before casting the next one!”

Harry watched her absently from the back of the Room of Requirement. With one eye on the DA, he kept the other on Hermione, who bit her lip thoughtfully.

“Maybe we could bribe him?” she asked. “You said Riddle gave him crystalized pineapple.”

“I think it’s going to take more than that to get that memory out of him,” Harry said.

“Well, what about confronting him directly?” Hermione asked. “Maybe guilt him into it. Remind him that you’re the Chosen One. Besides, he said your mum was his favorite student.”

“I’m not sure if he really feels that way, or if he just said it to try and collect me,” Harry replied, a hint of disgust in his voice. “And I tried confronting him directly. He kicked me out of his office.”

“Truth serum?” Hermione suggested. “No, never mind. He probably keeps an antidote on him if he knows you want that memory. Wait! What if we use a spell that has a similar effect. I remember reading about a Truth Charm last year while I was doing a essay for Flitwick.”

“Maybe,” Harry said, though he didn’t think that it had a good chance of working. “If that doesn’t work, we could always beat it out of him.”

“Harry!” she exclaimed, slapping his arm. “He’s a professor.”

“A professor who’s deliberately withholding vital information about Voldemort,” Harry countered.

“Yes, well… I’m sure we can find a way without needing to resort to violence,” Hermione said.

“Why is it that when I want to resort to violence it’s bad, but when you do it that’s fine?” Harry asked, his lips quirking up in a teasing smile.

“Because I don’t get caught like you do,” Hermione replied.

Harry chuffed and checked his watch.

“Alright everyone!” he yelled, clapping his hands together. “I think we’ll call it a night. We meet here again on Thursday right after dinner. In the meantime, keep working on your silent casting. Yes, even the lower years. Even knowing how to cast one or two spells silently can make a huge difference in a duel.”

Most of the third and fourth years grumbled about being given homework as people gathered their things and made their way out of the room. Tonks joined Harry and Hermione as they cleaned up the room, picking up the scattered cushions and placing them in a pile in the corner.

“So, you two come up with any good ideas?” Tonks asked.

“Not really,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair.

“I’m sure you’ll figure something out,” Tonks smiled, rubbing his shoulder. “Knowing you, you’ll luck your way into a solution.”

Hermione scoffed, “Yeah, and nearly get himself killed half a dozen times in the process.”

“That’s it. Luck!” Harry grinned. “Tonks, you’re a genius!”

Scooping her up in his arms, he lifted her in the air and spun her around. Tonks squealed, giggling when he came to a stop, set her on her feet, and gave her a kiss.

“Not that I’m complaining, but what has you so excited?” she asked.

“Luck,” Harry grinned. “Liquid Luck.”

“Oh, Harry, that’s brilliant!” Hermione said.

“That’s not something I hear often,” Katie teased as she joined them.

“I have my moments,” Harry said.

“Love, our idea of brilliant is very different from yours,” Tonks told him, patting his cheek. “How was your Christmas, Katie?”

“Good,” she replied. “My parents tried to talk me into transferring to Beauxbatons, again.”

“Well, considering what happened to you, I can understand why they’d want you to,” Hermione said.

“I know, but I told them I really don’t want to leave Hogwarts,” Katie told her. “They let me come back, but they said that if the war gets worse, we’re all leaving the country.”

“I hate to admit it, but that’s probably a good idea,” Harry said. “It’s only a matter of time before it gets worse.”

“I know,” Katie sighed. “Which reminds me. Are you still up for teaching me to throw off the Imperius Curse?”

“I’ll try,” Harry told her, scratching the back of his neck. “I’ve never taught anyone how before. I’m not even sure it’s possible.”

“It’s worth a try,” Tonks shrugged. “At the Academy, they cast it on us so we would know what it felt like, but they never tried to teach us to beat it.”

“From what I’ve read on it, it’s more about mental strength than magical,” Hermione added. “Even some Muggles have been known to throw off the Imperius Curse. However, everyone I’ve read about could either do it naturally or spent years under the Curse and built up a tolerance of sorts. But then I didn’t search for other methods. It wasn’t part of the assignment.”

“I’d still like to try if you don’t mind, Harry,” Katie told him hopefully. “I don’t want to ever feel that helpless again.”

“Alright,” Harry said. “But this has to stay just between us. We could get in a lot of trouble if anyone found out.”

“When has that ever stopped you before?” Katie grinned, getting a chuckle from Tonks and a disapproving sigh from Hermione.

“Fair enough,” Harry smiled, drawing his wand. “Ready?”

Katie’s smile dropped as she turned serious, her eyes darting up to his nervously before she nodded. Tonks and Hermione moved off to the side just as Harry raised his wand and aimed it at her chest.

“Imperio,” he said.

Unlike most of the spells he was used to casting, there was no flash of light. Harry felt a rush of power and an odd feeling like he was controlling a puppet through his wand. Katie's eyes went unfocused for a few seconds before he lost the feeling and she shook her head.

"What happened?" she asked, looking around, confused.

"Harry's spell failed," Tonks told her, before turning to him. "You have to want to control her."

"Er, right," Harry said, a sick, sweaty feeling settling over him. "I really don't like casting that spell."

"Most Dark Magic feels like that," Tonks said. "It gives you a rush of power, and then you feel sick. It's why it's so dangerous. The sick feeling goes away after a while, but the feeling of power is always there. When you start enjoying it, that's when you need to worry."

"How much would he need to cast it for that to happen?" Hermione asked worriedly.

"A lot," Tonks replied. "He'll be fine. Harry doesn't really have the personality to go Dark. I'd be a lot more worried about you."

"Me!?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"I love you, Hermione, but you do get lost in your obsessions," Tonks smirked. "Besides, if Harry ever did go Dark, you'd still be there right beside him. Hmm, Dark Lady Hermione. That has a nice ring to it."

Harry and Katie laughed as Hermione sputtered indignantly before recovering.

"And what would you be, Dark Lady Tonks, I suppose?" she asked.

“Nah, I’d much rather be the Dark Court Jester,” Tonks grinned. “Fleur could be the Dark Consort, and Katie could be the Dark Chaser.”

“Dark Chaser?” Katie asked.

Harry smiled and shrugged.

“This is ridiculous!” Hermione exclaimed. “I’m not going to go Dark.”

“I didn’t say you would. I said you’re the most likely to,” Tonks smirked. “Don’t worry, I’m sure a good buggering from Harry would set you back on the straight and narrow.”

She ignored Hermione’s blushing and sputtering as she turned back to Harry with a wink.

“Now, try it again,” she said. “I know you don’t like it, but it’s something you should learn, unfortunately.”

Sighing, Harry turned to Katie.

“Ready to go again?” he asked.

It took four more tries for him to get a feel for the curse. Each time he cast it, he felt a rush of power at first, and then a sick feeling when he released it. Fighting through his own discomfort, he Imperioused Katie several times, forcing her to dance and twirl around the room. He could feel her fighting against him, but it wasn’t very hard for him to exert his will over hers.

“Should it feel that way?” he asked Tonks.

She shrugged, “It’s different for everyone. Either you’re really strong, or Katie might just be susceptible to it. Let me give it a try. Imperio.”

Katie was hit by surprise, but as Harry watched her eyes, he could see the fight in her eyes. She resisted a lot better this time, taking much longer before she started following Tonks’ order to dance. Even then, she moved mechanically, instead of the smooth, natural motions she’d used under Harry’s control.

“She’s fighting pretty good for me,” Tonks said. “Looks like you’re just too stubborn to let her win.”

“Great,” Harry muttered unhappily.

“I’ll take over for a bit,” she told him. “She’s got a better chance of beating me, and I’m closer to an average witch or wizard than you are. I just wanted to make sure you could cast the curse if you need to.”

Harry nodded, grateful that he didn’t have to cast it anymore. Turning back to watch Katie, he missed the mischievous glint in Tonks’ eyes. Katie’s movements turned less exaggerated and comical and became more teasing. With jerky movements, her hands came up to her chest where she started unbuttoning her blouse.

“Tonks!” Hermione hissed.

“What?” Tonks asked. “She’s fighting it, but she needs a bit more of a push to really overcome it. Besides, it’s nothing she hasn’t done before.”

“You should still ask her if it’s alright first,” Hermione huffed.

“That takes all the fun out of it,” Tonks pouted, even as she lifted the curse. “You alright to keep going, Katie?”

“I’m fine,” Katie said, wobbling slightly. “Just please don’t make me spin anymore.”

“Sorry,” Tonks smiled.

With a rather unapologetic shrug, she raised her wand. Just as she opened her mouth to cast, she paused with a thoughtful look on her face.

“What?” Katie asked.

“I was just thinking, you’re not likely to fight against the Imperious for something you want to do,” Tonks said. “You trust me, right?”

“Of course,” Katie said, though she glanced nervously at Harry.

He gave her a reassuring smile and turned to Tonks, lifting his brow curiously.

“Imperio,” Tonks said.

After a few seconds of fighting, she fell under Tonks’ control. With another flick of her wand, a light blue spell streaked across the room and hit Katie in the stomach.

“That spell removes all contraceptives, even the potion,” Tonks grinned. “I’m going to make you beg Harry to knock you up. Good luck getting a Quidditch career while raising a kid.”

“Tonks, isn’t this going a bit too far?” Hermione asked nervously. “She could really get pregnant.”

“That’s the point,” Tonks smiled, shrugging carelessly.

Harry was almost certain they were putting on a show for Katie, but he wasn't entirely sure. Before he could think on it any further, Katie ripped open her blouse and shrugged it from her shoulder. Spinning it above her head, she rolled her hips as she spun in a slow circle. When her back was to him, she let the blouse go, sending it fluttering across the room. Reaching back, she unclasped her white bra and tossed it aside. Arm covering her breasts, she spun back around and stalked towards Harry with a sultry look. Her arm slowly fell, revealing her beautifully perky breasts and hard, pink nipples.

Katie's pale, firm mounds bounced on her chest with each step until she stopped in front of him, her hands resting on his chest. Loosening his tie, she pulled it from around his neck, unbuttoned his shirt, and pushed it from his shoulders. Dropping to her knees, she started working at his belt.

"Please put a baby in me, Harry," Katie begged, her long lashes fluttering over her wide, brown eyes. "I don't want to play Quidditch. I want to spend the rest of my life draining every drop of cum from your massive cock."

"Really?" Hermione deadpanned, looking at Tonks.

"I could make her beg for a good buggering," Tonks smirked teasingly.

Hermione's cheeks went pink, "You're one to talk, you do it too."

"Yeah, but I'm not embarrassed about it," Tonks winked.

Meanwhile, Katie opened Harry's trousers, yanked them down to his knees, and plunged her mouth down on his erection. Despite choking harshly, hot saliva falling from her lips, she bobbed up and down enthusiastically. Loud, wet gags echoed around the room as she battered his head against the entrance of her throat. While spit rained down on her quivering breasts, she skillfully slipped out of her skirt and panties.

Waving her wand, Tonks summoned a pile of cushions to land behind Harry. In the time he took to look back at them, Katie pulled herself off of his length, stood up, and shoved his chest. With his pants around his legs, he windmilled his arms before falling back onto the cushions. Katie pounced on him, her hot folds sliding along his spit-soaked shaft. Lifting herself up, she speared herself onto him, throwing her head back and crying out as he bottomed out.

“Oh, Merlin,” Katie gasped. “You’re so deep I think you’re in my womb.”

“That’s not how anatomy works,” Hermione huffed.

“Will you stop ruining my fun?” Tonks asked.

“It’s just so ridiculous,” Hermione said, shaking her head.

Harry tuned his girlfriends out as Katie rode him hard and fast. She was dripping wet, and he started to wonder if Tonks’ words about getting her pregnant were just making her more excited. Sweat gathered on her forehead as she rose as high on his shaft as she could before dropping back down with her full weight. With each drop, Katie let out an animalistic grunt, her breasts bouncing wildly on her chest.

Kicking off his trousers and boxers, Harry gripped her bum and thrust in time with her riding. Katie’s grunts turned to sharp, pleasure-filled cries. Under Tonks’ control, she never even slowed as she threw her head back with a scream, her depths fluttering around his length from her climax. Harry continued plunging into her while she gasped for breath, their bodies slapping together wetly.

“I’m close,” Harry groaned, the hard, rapid pace quickly pushing him towards the edge.

“If you’re going to beat the curse, now’s the time,” Tonks said. “Harry’s about to fill that tight little pussy of yours and I don’t care if he knocks you up.”

Katie continued driving herself up and down, but her movements stuttered in places. Just as Harry was about to reach his peak, her eyes flew open, a gasp escaped her lips, and she launched herself up and off of him.

“I did it!” Katie cheered, smiling and raising her hands above her head.

Harry was too close to the edge. Jerking his hips, he rubbed against her soft stomach once and erupted. Katie shrieked as the first jet launched straight up between her breasts and hit her in the face. Tonks burst out laughing and Hermione covered a laugh as Katie reached down and gripped his shaft. Jerking him lightly, she looked down and watched as he decorated her body with his climax. By the time he was done, there was a long line of cum from her chin, down between her breasts, and ending at her mound.

“Bloody hell, Harry,” Katie said. “If you had done that in me I’d’ve probably had twins.”

Tonks doubled over in laughter while Hermione managed to get a hold of herself.

“There is no spell that cancels out the potion,” she said through giggles. “The spell Tonks cast is a pain-relieving Charm meant for virgins.”

“Oh,” Katie said, sharing a look with Tonks before they both laughed. “It’s probably a good thing you used it. I’ve never fucked someone that hard before.”

“Fun, though, wasn’t it?” Tonks asked with a grin.

“Fun, but I’ll be sore in the morning,” Katie said, climbing off of Harry.

Once Harry and Katie were cleaned and dressed, they headed back to the common room. A few heads turned, and Ginny gave them a knowing smirk but Katie left to join her friends and Harry, Hermione, and Tonks ducked into their private room.

“So, what was that about Liquid Luck?” Tonks asked.

“Huh? Oh, right,” Harry said, taking a seat on the couch between the girls. “Remember at the beginning of the year, when Hermione won that bottle of Liquid Luck from Slughorn? Well, she thought it would come in handy so she brewed a couple more bottles. I figure if I take half a dose, it should give me enough luck to get that memory.”

“Wait, isn’t Liquid Luck ridiculously hard to brew and deadly if you get it wrong?” Tonks asked, raising a brow at Hermione.

Hermione shrugged, ducking her head as her cheeks went pink. Smiling, Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulders and kissed the top of her head.

“That’s our Hermione,” he teased. “And if I get really lucky, I’ll have enough time to question Dumbledore after I give him the memory. We might finally know what the hell is going on this year.”

“When do you plan on doing this?” Tonks asked.

“I think we should wait for this weekend,” Harry said.

“Well, then how about we go practice getting lucky tonight,” Tonks smirked, caressing his thigh. “Using Katie like that got me really excited.”

“And you said Hermione was the one I should watch out for,” Harry smiled.

Standing up, he pulled Hermione and Tonks to their feet and led them to the bedroom.

Chapter 30

“Professor Slughorn likes to go back to his office after breakfast,” Hermione reminded Harry. “But he only stays there for about half an hour before going to the greenhouses and wandering the grounds. That’ll be the best time to catch him.”

“Got it,” Harry nodded.

“Do these plans you make ever actually work?” Tonks asked.

“Well…,” Hermione began.

“Partly…. Sometimes,” Harry admitted. “Really, it just makes us feel better.”

“Whatever works,” Tonks shrugged, handing him the vial of Felix Felicis.

Pulling the stopper, Harry took a deep breath and carefully drank half of the potion. Surprisingly, it tasted sparkly and bright, not at all like all the other foul, bitter potions he’d drank in the past. A feeling of blissful calm came over him, bringing a smile to his face. All of his worries faded into the background.

“How do you feel?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Brilliant!” Harry replied. “I think I’m going to go for a walk.”

“But you need to catch Slughorn in his office,” she reminded him.

“Meeting him now just doesn’t feel right,” Harry said, making his way to the door. “I’ll look for him later. I have a really good feeling about the Dungeons right now.”

“What? The Dungeons? Harry!” Hermione yelled.

“Just let him go, Hermione,” Tonks said, placing a hand on her shoulder as she made to follow him. “Between his instincts and the potion, I’m sure he knows what he’s doing.”

“But I had a plan all worked out,” Hermione moaned.

“I know,” Tonks said, patting her shoulder consolingly.

Smiling, Harry stepped out of the portrait hole and headed towards the stairs. For the first time since he’d arrived at the school, he didn’t have to wait for one of them to move where he wanted. Everything lined up perfectly, and even the trick step at the bottom forgot to trick him.

Stepping onto the first floor, Harry spotted Katie’s friend, Leanne, trip over her bag as she took a step back. Without breaking stride, he caught her bridal style, smiled at her shocked expression, and set her back on her feet.

“Thanks, Harry!” Leanne yelled after him.

“You’re welcome,” Harry replied.

He garnered odd looks from a few Slytherins when he turned and headed down into the dungeons. A small group of first years gave him a frightened look and scurried quickly out of his way, but he ignored them as he turned left, then right on a whim.

“I told you to leave my sister alone, Malfoy! If you have a problem with what happened over break, you can take it up with me.”

Harry recognized Daphne’s voice easily and stopped around the corner from a small, dead-end hallway before peeking around the corner. Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle had Daphne, Astoria, and Gabrielle backed against the far wall. He raised an eyebrow when he noticed Malfoy with two wands, his stance one of arrogant confidence. The boys stood in a slight V formation, with

Crabbe and Goyle a step behind the blonde. A smirk stretched across Harry's face when he saw the suits of armor flanking them.

"You think you're so smart, running to Potter for help, aren't you?" Malfoy asked nastily. "It's only a matter of time until the Dark Lord catches up with him, and when he does, you'll pay for siding with him."

"I'll take my chances," Daphne told him defiantly. "Now, give me back my wand."

"Or what?" Malfoy asked.

As Crabbe and Goyle chuckled, cracking their knuckles menacingly, Harry waved his wand down the hall. The suits of armor jerked to life, raising their arms above their heads, swords pointed towards the ceiling. Just as Crabbe and Goyle noticed the movement, they brought the pommels down on the tops of their heads with a *thunk*!

Malfoy spun around, his face paling as he watched the two boys slump to the floor, unconscious. Spinning back around, he aimed his wand at Daphne's chest, his hand visibly shaking.

"W-what did you do!?" he yelled fearfully.

With a smirk, Harry perfectly aimed a silent banishing charm at the back of his wand. The wand came free from his grip, tumbled through the air, and landed perfectly in Daphne's hand. Remarkably, she caught it and managed to keep the surprise off of her face.

"Not everyone is defenseless without a wand," she said with a glare.

Stumbling back a step, Malfoy raised his wand threateningly. Before he could even open his mouth, Daphne disarmed him, letting his wand sail over her shoulder, where it clattered against

the wall. Without missing a beat, she moved her aim to his groin and fired off a powerful Bludgeoning Hex.

The impact was so forceful that Malfoy was lifted off of his feet and sent flying a few feet down the hall, where he landed painfully on his back. Not that he noticed. He was too busy sobbing and holding his crotch to feel much of anything else.

“Listen, Malfoy, I’m not going to tell you this again,” Daphne said threateningly. “You leave me and my sister alone. I don’t care why Snape and Dumbledore are so set on keeping you around. If you pull this shit again, I will fucking end you.”

Rearing her foot back, she kicked him hard in the stomach and stepped over him, waving for Astoria and Gabrielle to follow her. It wasn’t until she got to the corridor that she spotted Harry, and her shoulders sagged in relief.

“Ha-” Gabrielle began, but Daphne silenced her by placing her hand over her mouth.

“Not here,” she whispered, looking meaningfully back at Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle.

Gabrielle blushed and nodded in understanding. Taking Harry by the arm, Daphne led him down the hall and into the unoccupied Potions Classroom. After Astoria and Gabrielle followed them in, she closed the door behind them.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully. “If you’d just hexed him, he’d have tried this again. Now that he thinks I can do wandless magic, he’ll be more cautious. How did you know we were in trouble anyways?”

“I didn’t,” Harry shrugged. “Just lucky I happened to be passing by, I guess.”

Daphne looked at him curiously and then shook her head.

“You should tell Amelia what happened,” he continued. “I don’t like how Dumbledore is ignoring everything that’s going on. It’s like he wants Malfoy to do something.”

“I get that feeling, too,” Daphne said. “I’ve been trying to find out what he’s up to, but no one will tell me anything. They know Malfoy is a Death Eater and don’t want to risk angering him. All I can tell you is that he disappears at odd hours. Sometimes, he skips class, or he won’t return to the common room all night. I don’t know where he goes, though.”

“That’s alright,” Harry smiled. “I’m sure we’ll figure it out soon.”

“Did someone hit you with a Cheering Charm?” Daphne asked, eyeing him closely.

“Felix Felicis,” Harry grinned. “Speaking of which, I need to get going. Have a good day, girls.”

“Wait! Why did you take Liquid Luck, and where are you going?” Daphne asked curiously.

“I’ll tell you later,” Harry called over his shoulder as he walked towards the door. “I need to get to Hagrid’s.”

Throwing the door open, Harry made his way out of the dungeon and back up to the first floor. When he reached the top of the stairs, he spotted Crabbe and Goyle dragging Malfoy across the Entry Hall towards the Hospital Wing. Smirking, he hit them with a Tripping Jinx, sending all three of them sprawling on the floor before turning and slipping outside.

Making his way across the front lawn, Harry reached Hagrid’s hut just as Professor Slughorn was knocking on his door.

“Good morning, Professor,” Harry smiled.

“Ah, good morning, Harry,” Slughorn said, lowering his hand. “If you’re here to see Hagrid, I’m afraid he’s not here.”

“Just passing by,” Harry said. “Thought I’d say hello on my way out.”

“Out?” Slughorn asked curiously. “Out where?”

“Godric’s Hollow,” Harry replied, the potion guiding his words.

“What!?” Slughorn yelled in surprise, rushing to catch up to Harry, who began walking towards the front gate. “Professor Dumbledore is letting you go there by yourself?”

Harry shrugged, “I don’t rightly know, I didn’t ask.”

“Now, Harry, my boy, you can’t just leave the castle grounds at a time like this,” Slughorn said, huffing slightly. “It’s far too dangerous for you to go alone.”

“Then, by all means, feel free to come along, professor,” Harry said as he continued to walk.

“I – Well, if Professor Dumbledore hasn’t given his permission -” Slughorn stammered. “I really should take you back to the castle.”

“With all due respect, I’ll just leave again,” Harry told him honestly. “Maybe I’ll take my broom next time. It’s a lovely day to go flying.”

“And just how do you plan on getting there?” Slughorn asked, looking slightly irritated. “Or past the wards, for that matter.”

Coming to a stop at the Front Gate, Harry reached out and turned the handle easily. Professor Slughorn gaped in shock as he passed through the wards without issue.

“The wards are designed to keep people out, not in,” Harry said, smiling as he turned back. “As for getting to Godric’s Hollow, I was thinking about Apparating.”

“But you don’t have your license,” Slughorn said, cautiously stepping past the wards.

“Actually, I do,” Harry grinned. “Amelia gave it to me over break after she came to stay with us. She even gave me a permit to make Portkeys.”

“Amelia Bones? Really? Good heavens!” Slughorn exclaimed, eyes wide in surprise.

“Well, thanks for walking with me, professor, but I really should get going,” Harry said. “If you don’t want to all for someone to unlock the gate, you could always use the secret tunnel in the Shrieking Shack to sneak back in. Just watch out for the Whomping Willow on your way out.

“Wait-”

He didn’t. Harry Disapparated with a *pop*, appearing a moment later in the quiet village of Godric’s Hollow behind one of the small shops along High Street. Walking out from behind the shop, he walked down the sidewalk, the potion guiding his feet in the right direction. It took only a couple of minutes for him to come across his old home, looking deserted, run-down, and overgrown. On the second floor, the back left corner of the roof was missing, and a chuck of the wall had been blown into the yard below. There was a waist-high wooden fence surrounding the property. There, on the gate, sat a wooden plaque.

The plaque commemorated the death of his parents and his survival of the Killing Curse. All around the golden letters, people had carved their names into the wood. Harry swallowed thickly, not certain how he felt about the plaque or the carvings. Reaching out, he opened the gate just as he heard running footsteps behind him.

“Harry, wait!” Slughorn yelled, huffing and holding a stitch in his side as he ran to catch up.

Harry ignored him again and slowly pushed open the front door, which hung on at an angle, the wood cracked from a great force. Slughorn panted heavily as he wandered inside, looking around the familiar room.

“I was there, on the couch,” Harry said, pointing to the middle cushion. “My dad was making bubbles with his wand while mum was reading a book in that chair. She kept looking over and smiling at us. She had a pretty smile.”

“You – you remember it?” Slughorn asked, his face paling and his jowls quivering.

“It’s the memory Dementors make me relive,” Harry said absently, his eyes unfocused as he looked towards the front door. “We all felt the wards when Voldemort came through them. Even as a baby I knew something was wrong. My dad told my mum to take me a run. She ran up the stairs just as the front door was blown open. I remember a green flash and then the sound of something heavy hitting the floor. My mum sobbed, but she kept running upstairs.”

Slughorn, pale and shaking, opened his mouth to respond, but nothing came out. Turning on his heel, Harry headed slowly up the stairs. After hesitating briefly, Slughorn followed him. The wall to the left a the top of the stairs was completely missing, and the roof above them was broken. Large, missing chunks let in the early morning sunlight. Surprisingly, no leaves or other debris had fallen through the large gaps. Harry suspected magic was involved.

They took a right at the top and walked to the destroyed nursery. His old crib still sat against the back wall, but that was really the only thing left standing. The plaster on the walls was completely shattered and broken, and the dresser holding his baby clothes was laying on its side, drawers hanging open. A wooden rocking chair lay shattered in the corner, only the curved legs giving away what the pile of sticks used to be.

Stepping inside, Harry walked to the crib and rested his hands on the edge. Slughorn stayed in the doorway, looking around with a weary sadness in his eyes.

“My mum stood here,” Harry said. “Voldemort told her to stand aside. He gave her a chance to live. She refused; begged him to kill her and let me live. He just killed her anyways. I remember him stepping over her body and looking down at with me a smirk. Then there was a bright light, and that’s it. That’s all that I remember.”

“Harry,” Slughorn said softly.

“He should’ve died that night, but he didn’t,” Harry continued, spinning around to face him. “He did something to himself. Something that kept him alive, and you know what it is.”

Slughorn stared at him like a deer caught in headlights. Terrified, but unable to look away.

“Professor, I need you to give me that memory,” Harry pressed. “If you don’t, all of this – this pain – this suffering, all of it will be for nothing. It will happen again, and it will keep happening until I know what he did and how to stop it.”

Slughorn continued to stare, and Harry held his gaze patiently. After a long moment, Slughorn reached both hands into the pockets of his robes. Pulling out a wand with his right hand, and a empty vial in his left, he closed his eyes and took a shaky breath. A tear leaked from his eye as he pressed the tip of his wand to his temple and drew away a long, silvery memory. Carefully dropping the memory into the vial with his shaking hands, he corked it and began to sniffled.

“I’m so sorry,” he sobbed softly. “I didn’t know. I didn’t know what he would become – what he’d do. I –”

“it’s alright, professor,” Harry said, taking the vial and patting his shoulder. “I forgive you.”

He didn’t, but he couldn’t bring himself to berate the man while he was crying. There was no point. He was already broken.

Gently, he guided him out of the room and back down the stairs. As the portly man took a moment to gather himself, Harry looked around the house and spotted a book near the chair. He knew it must have been the book his mother had been reading when they were attacked. Walking over to it, he bent down and picked it up. On the cover, in faded gold letters, it read, '*The Secrets of Charms'*

"Ministry Aurors, come out now!"

"Oh, dear," Slughorn said, wiping his face with a handkerchief. "They must've put up wards to alert them if someone came in."

"I'll deal with it," Harry said.

Pocketing the book, he strode towards the door and stepped outside. The Aurors - a wizard who looked only a little older than Harry and an older witch with grey hair and a black patch over one eye – stared at him in surprise.

"Is there a problem?" Harry asked as Slughorn came to join him.

"Er," the younger Auror stammered, looking to the older witch for help.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Potter," the woman apologized. "We thought it was kids going in on a dare. It happens from time to time. I apologize for the interruption."

"That's alright," Harry said, giving her a small smile. "We were just leaving."

"Then we'll leave you to your day," she said.

Nodding to the other Auror, they Disapparated, leaving the street empty. In silence, Harry and Slughorn walked back down the street and ducked behind the first building they could. Harry

took the professor's arm and side-along Apparated him to the end of the road near the Shrieking Shack.

"Why didn't you Apparate us to the Front Gate?" Slughorn asked.

"I figured you wouldn't want Dumbledore to know about our little trip," Harry said.

Leading the way to the Shrieking Shack, he pried the door open with his wand and slipped inside. Slughorn looked around curiously while Harry moved aside the rug and opened the trap door in the floor.

"There's a tunnel that comes out under the Whomping Willow here," Harry told him. "It's a bit cramped, but the only other way in is the passage from Honeyduke's and it'll be hard to slip into the basement this time of day without being seen."

"You mean there are two ways to sneak past the wards?" Slughorn asked in alarm.

"Only a few people know about them," Harry replied.

In truth, he was almost certain Dumbledore knew about the passages and had them warded. He just wouldn't say anything about it unless he had a reason to. For all of his faults, he allowed teens to be teens, even if that meant getting up to mischief on occasion.

Jumping down into the tunnel, Harry lit his wand and led the way. The ceiling dipped in places, forcing them to duck at times, but it was still big enough for them to walk normally most of the time. As they walked, Slughorn filled the silence by telling Harry stories about his mother. It took several minutes, but they eventually reached the exit and crawled out from between the roots of the Whomping Willow. Pressing the knot to still the limbs, he fought not to laugh while Slughorn struggled out of the tight gap.

“Well,” Slughorn huffed, getting to his feet. “As cathartic as this has been, I think I’m going to go back to my office and have a nice stiff drink. I normally wouldn’t office the same for a student, but given the circumstances…”

“Thank you, professor, but I’ll have to decline,” Harry said, smiling woodenly as he gripped the vial in his pocket. “I have something to care of.”

‘Ah, right. Of course,” Slughorn said, clearing his throat awkwardly. “I’ll leave you to it, then.”

Forcing a smile, he patted Harry and the shoulder and made his way back towards the castle. Harry took the vial out of his pocket and eyed the silvery substance inside before turning and heading towards Dumbledore’s office. Hopefully, with the memory and a bit of luck, he could finally get some real answers.

Chapter 31

Harry walked through the castle quickly, anxious to get to Dumbledore’s office and find out what was in that memory. Luck was still with him as the staircases cooperated, aligning perfectly with his path to the second floor.

“Fizzing Whizbees,” Harry said as he approached the Gargoyle outside of his office.

Taking the moving steps two at a time, he rapidly reached the top and pushed open the door.

“I’ve got it,” he said, holding up the vial full of silvery mist.

“I had wondered why you left the castle,” Dumbledore replied, setting down his quill and getting to his feet.

Taking the vial from Harry, he examined it closely for a moment before heading over to the cabinet holding his Pensieve.

“I trust I don’t need to remind you how dangerous that was,” he continued, moving the Pensieve into the middle of the room.

“I took half a vial of Liquid Luck,” Harry told him with a shrug. “It just felt like the right thing to do.”

“Ah, I see,” Dumbledore said, pouring the memory into the silvery pool. “Then let us hope that your luck holds, and this memory tells us what we need to know.”

Harry nodded, his stomach in knots, as he stepped up to the Pensieve. Together, he and the headmaster each dipped a finger into the shimmering surface and were sucked into the memory.

They landed in the Potions classroom, where Slughorn was helping a couple of students after class. He looked younger, with less grey hair and a slimmer figure. They arrived just as he was walking them to the door with a smile.

“Now, Mr. Bartleby, Ms. Jackson, always remember,” Slughorn said, shaking a finger for emphasis. “Clockwise first when the moon is waxing, and counterclockwise when it’s waning.”

“Thank you, professor,” Jackson said, smiling prettily.

“Just doing my job, my dear,” Slughorn chuckled.

Patting her on the back, he opened the door. On the other side, a young man with jet-black hair and dark, intelligent eyes stood with his hand raised to knock. Harry instantly recognized him from the memory of Tom Riddle he'd fought in the Chamber of Secrets.

"Oh, Tom!" Slughorn said, holding a hand to his chest. "Good heavens. You startled me."

"My apologies, professor," Tom smiled. "I was hoping to have a word in private. Should I come back at a better time?"

"Oh, no, no," Slughorn chuckled. "We were just finishing up."

Tom stepped to the side as Jackson and Bartleby walked out of the classroom and disappeared down the hall. Stepping into the room, Tom closed the door behind him.

"What can I do for you, Tom?" Slughorn asked, sitting on the corner of his desk. "The fourth years aren't dueling again, I hope?"

"No, sir," Tom said, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a wrapped box. "I wanted to ask you about something I found in the library and to give you this. It's Crystalized Pineapple. I heard it's your favorite."

"Oh my," Slughorn said, taking the box and opening it with delight. "It is, but who could have told you?"

Tom smirked, "Just something I happened to overhear."

Slughorn laughed and popped a piece of pineapple in his mouth.

“You overhear things quite a bit,” he noted with a calculating gaze. “You’ll go far at the Ministry with a skill like that. Now, what did you want to know about? Did you come across an interesting potion?”

“A spell, actually,” Tom said, folding his hands in front of himself casually.

“Ah,” Slughorn nodded. “Well, I’ll tell you what I can, but you’d be better off asking one of your other professors. I’m afraid I’ve never been great shakes with a wand.”

“I don’t think they’d understand, professor,” Tom said. “Not like you do. It’s not the sort of magic they’d approve of. They’re not as open to other types of magic as you are.”

Harry watched Slughorn perk up and felt a rush of anger. Had he really given up important information for a bit of pineapple and a couple of compliments?

“I see,” he said, nodding and setting the box aside. “Very well, what would you like to know about?”

“Have you ever heard of the term Horcrux?” Tom asked, his dark eyes glittering.

Slughorn paled, his eyes going wide as he got to his feet stiffly.

“Where did you hear about that?” he asked, alarmed.

“I read about it in the library,” Tom replied calmly. “It was in a book in the Restricted Section. Do you know what they are?”

“Very dark magic,” Slughorn said, waving his hand as if to brush the question off. “Some of the darkest to ever be used.”

“Is it true they grant you immortality?” Tom asked.

“After a fashion,” Slughorn replied, busying himself with needlessly straightening the papers on his desk.

Because he wasn’t looking at Tom, he completely missed the triumphant, giddy look that flashed across his face before he quickly schooled his features.

“But, sir, I don’t understand,” Tom said, taking a step forward in his eagerness. “If such a thing were to be real, why have so few Dark Wizards used them?”

“As I said, it’s the darkest of magic,” Slughorn said, still moving things about his desk nervously. “Very few are capable of sinking to the depths needed to create one.”

“But why just one?” Tom asked, his eyes alight with interest as he took another step forward. “Why not a magically powerful number, like three or seven?”

“Seven!” Slughorn gasped, turning to look at him sharply. “Good heavens, Tom! Making just one is bad enough, but seven!?”

“But it would be possible, right?” Tom asked. “Theoretically?”

“Theoretically, yes, but-” Slughorn stopped and shook his head. “That’s enough. I won’t speak of this again. I think you should go, Tom, and forget about this type of magic.”

“Of course, Professor,” Tom said, his cold eyes taking on an edge as he smiled. “And don’t worry, I’ll keep this little conversation just between us. I imagine the Ministry isn’t too fond of witches and wizards who know too much.”

Slughorn paled and fell heavily into his seat as he watched Tom turn and leave. Staring at the boy’s back, he never saw the smile turn into a triumphant smirk, but Harry did. As the memory began to fade, Dumbledore grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the Pensieve. Walking over to the desk, they both took seats and sat in silence for a long moment.

“Seven,” Harry said heavily. “He made seven Horcruxes.”

“Six,” Dumbledore corrected. “Tom would want seven parts of his soul. Six Horcruxes, with the final part remaining in him. I almost wish Horace had kept talking a little more. If he had, we may not be in this predicament.”

“What, why?” Harry asked, surprised and curious.

“While a seven-part soul is theoretically possible – and I believe Tom has accomplished this – it’s not advisable,” Dumbledore explained. “No one, to my knowledge, has ever taken soul magic as far as Tom has. However, in his eagerness to achieve immortality, he stretched himself too thin. His soul is damaged and twisted beyond recognition. I’m sure you’ve noticed that young Tom was much more in control of his emotions than he is today.”

Harry nodded thoughtfully.

“Most would simply assume madness had taken hold over the years, or perhaps some ritual to gain power went awry, but I disagree,” Dumbledore said, steepling his fingers as he leaned his elbows on the desk. “Rituals are very well understood, even those of an obscure, dark nature. Tom, I believe, would have been very careful to keep his mind intact. Madness is certainly possible, and while he does show some symptoms, others don’t fit. No, I believe the change in his behavior is the consequence of splitting his soul so many times. The good news is that I believe Tom has recognized this as well.”

“Why is that good news?” Harry asked.

“Because he will not risk trying to make anymore,” Dumbledore replied, spreading his hands wide and laying them on the desk.

Harry’s eyes followed the headmaster’s gloved hand, and he began to wonder if he should use this chance to push his luck just a little more and ask about it.

“The Horcruxes he has now are the only ones he will be willing to make,” Dumbledore continued. “And I believe I have found one.”

“You did?” Harry asked excitedly, his eyes returning to the old man’s face. “Which one?”

“I believe it to be the locket, given the time frame; however, I can’t be sure until we retrieve it,” he smiled.

“We?” Harry asked.

“We,” Dumbledore nodded. “I did promise I would take you on the next one.”

“When do we leave?” Harry asked eagerly.

Dumbledore chuckled and waved his hand, “I appreciate your eagerness, but I don’t quite have the exact location just yet. Even as a young man, Tom was gifted at hiding things he didn’t want others to find. I will let you know the moment I discover more.”

Harry nodded and sat back in his seat, “What about the others?” he asked.

“You remember the other memories I showed you?” Dumbledore asked, raising a bushy white brow.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “The Locket, the Cup, Nagini, and something from Ravenclaw or Gryffindor.”

“Precisely,” Dumbledore nodded. “Nagini will need to be dealt with last. Tom keeps her close to his side. You know as much as I do about the others. Any thoughts?”

Harry thought over the question and got to his feet. The headmaster remained silent, and Fawkes crooned softly as he began to pace back and forth across the office.

“Well, he likes to hide them in places that are important to him,” Harry said, feeling a little foolish for stating the obvious. “The orphanage, maybe?”

Harry tried to place himself in Voldemort’s shoes and shook his head.

“No,” he concluded, shaking his head. “He hated that place. It would be like me keeping something important at the Dursley’s. Hogwarts, definitely. But when? I’m kind of surprised he didn’t leave the Diary here.”

“I thought about that as well,” Dumbledore said. “I believe he feared its discovery. It would have been simple for me to make the connection, especially given his name was on the cover.”

Harry nodded as he continued to pace, “And the only two times he returned to the castle were when he asked to become a professor?”

“I believe so,” Dumbledore nodded.

“Then it would have had to have been on one of those visits and with something that wasn’t easily connected to him,” Harry said. “When he came the first time, was that before or after the Cup and Locket went missing?”

“Before,” he replied.

“Okay, so not those,” Harry sighed. “Besides Gryffindor’s sword, what other artifacts did the Founders leave behind?”

“There are many rumors of hidden objects, but none of them have ever been publicly found,” Dumbledore shrugged.

“Okay,” Harry said, sighing and running a hand through his hair. “I’ll ask Hermione to help me look those up later. If we can’t figure out what it is, maybe we can figure out where he hid it. The Chamber, maybe? He could use the Basilisk to protect it. Did you ever search it?”

“No,” Dumbledore admitted. “I thought it was too closely linked to the Diary for him to use it again. It would also be quite risky if he were caught. However, I could be wrong. Feel free to search it if you like.”

“I will, but I think you’re right,” Harry nodded. “Where else could he hide something? He wouldn’t just throw it in some dusty old room no one uses. He’d want it somewhere special. The Room of Requirement?”

“I hadn’t considered that,” Dumbledore admitted thoughtfully.

Harry sighed heavily, “But that room is massive. It would take years to search. There isn’t some kind of Horcrux-detecting spell, is there?”

Dumbledore chuckled, “If only it were that simple. No. However, you’ll be able to feel the dark magic once you get close enough. I believe you’re familiar enough with Tom to recognize it.”

“What about Summoning or Tracking spells?” Harry asked. “If we could narrow down the list of objects, maybe…”

He trailed off as Dumbledore shook his head.

“You have to remember, these are not mindless artifacts,” he said softly. “They contain a piece of Tom within. If he does not wish them to be summoned or tracked, they won’t be.”

“Well, bugger,” Harry sighed.

“Indeed,” Dumbledore murmured.

Harry walked back over to his chair and dropped into it heavily, “This is impossible,” he grumbled.

“No, merely extraordinarily difficult,” Dumbledore said. “Chin up, Harry. We will discover the identity of the last object and the location of the others. I’m certain of it. I think that’s enough for tonight. Go get some rest, or perhaps you could go flying on such a lovely day. I often find difficult answers come when I’m not looking for them.”

“I think I’d prefer a drink,” Harry said, getting to his feet with a cheeky smile. “Then some of the things you say might actually make sense.”

“Highly unlikely,” the headmaster replied good-naturedly.

Chuckling, Harry waved goodbye to Fawkes, bid the professor good day, and left the office. Stuffing his hands in his pockets, he took the scenic back to Gryffindor Tower, letting his mind wander as his feet thoughtlessly led the way. By the time he reached the common room, he was no closer to an answer and felt even more frustrated. With a sigh, he ran his hand through his hair and mentally prepared for the grilling Hermione and Tonks would give him.

~

“I start looking into artifacts from the Founders tonight,” Hermione said. “The library doesn’t close for a few hours yet.”

“And we’ll go check out the Chamber of Secrets,” Tonks nodded.

“I think we should wait for that until tomorrow,” Harry cautioned. “It’s pretty big. I think it’ll take us most of the day to search.”

“Okay,” Tonks said, her hair going from pink to purple. “If it’s not there, we’ll have to start checking the Room of Requirement.”

“That might be a bit of a problem,” Hermione said, chewing her bottom lip. “We’ve had trouble getting the room to appear lately.”

“I’ll keep an eye on the map while you’re in class and see who’s using it,” Tonks said. “Hey, Hermione, how difficult is it to brew Liquid Luck?”

“It’s incredibly difficult,” Hermione replied.

“But could you do it?” Tonks asked.

“Maybe,” Hermione said thoughtfully. “And I suppose it might come in handy. I’ll look into it, but I can’t make any promises.”

“Fair enough,” Tonks said.

“I better get to the library since I have *two* projects to work on now,” Hermione sighed.

“Oh, you love it,” Tonks grinned.

Hermione rolled her eyes but smiled as she shouldered her bag and gave Harry a kiss before heading towards the door. As it closed behind her, Tonks sat down on the couch next to Harry with a mischievous look.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Oh, nothing,” Tonks said, unable to suppress a smile. “I was just wondering how much longer that Liquid Luck is going to last.”

“Probably a few more hours,” Harry told her. “I took half, so it should last twelve hours. Why?”

“How do you feel about pressing your luck?” Tonks asked, her smile turning into a Cheshire grin.

~

“I can’t believe you talked me into this,” Harry said.

Tonks grinned, stroking his length as she pressed her naked body against his.

“If I get expelled, I’m telling Hermione this is all your fault,” he continued, dropping his head down on the pillow.

“You didn’t put up that much of a fight,” Tonks pointed out.

Before Harry could respond, they heard a door open and close just a room away. Tonks grinned in anticipation while he tensed nervously. Even her hand continuing to stroke him pleasurably couldn’t keep him from jumping when the lights turned on. Professor Sinistra walked into the bedroom with a sigh and froze when she noticed the naked couple lying on her bed in her private quarters.

“What. The. Fuck?” she asked, staring in shock as Tonks’ hand glided up and down Harry’s towering shaft.

“Wotcher,” Tonks grinned. “Care to join us?”

“Tonks!” Sinistra hissed, dragging her eyes up to her face. “How many times do I have to tell I can’t do this again?!”

“Oh, please,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes. “If you were that worried about getting caught, you wouldn’t keep those pictures I sent you in your nightstand drawer.”

Pulling her hand out from under the pillow, Tonks tossed a dozen photographs of Harry and Sinistra in various sexual positions onto the mattress.

“It’s not just about getting caught,” Sinistra said defensively, although she refused to look Tonks in the eye. “It’s the principle of the thing.”

Tonks snorted, “Bullshit. Stop making excuses and get over here.”

Sinistra glared at her for a long moment before she finally sighed and shrugged off her robe.

“If I get fired, I’m blaming you,” she said.

“Why is it always my fault?” Tonks asked, throwing her hands in the air.

“Because it usually is,” Sinistra pointed out.

Harry licked his lips and stared as she stripped out of her skirt and blouse, his erection throbbing excitedly. Suddenly, Tonks climbed over him, grabbed the pictures from the mattress, and got to her feet. Sinistra, unclasping her bra and releasing her large, pillowy breasts, looked at Tonks curiously as she fanned them out in her hands with the backs facing her.

“Pick a card, any card,” Tonks grinned. “Whichever one you choose, that’s the position Harry’s going to fuck you in.”

“I can’t believe I’m actually going along with this,” Sinistra said, shaking her head.

Reaching out, she ran her hand over the pictures and then hovered over one towards the middle. With a smirk on her lips, Tonks jerked her hands to the side, causing her to grab the one next to it. Sinistra narrowed her eyes, looking torn whether to trust her friend or not. Harry smiled to himself. Knowing Tonks, it was a fifty-fifty chance whether she was trying to help or not. Sinistra glanced between the two pictures a few times before finally picking the one Tonks hadn't directed her to.

"Perfect," Tonks grinned while Sinistra turned the picture over to look at it. "Harry loves your arse. Come on, get out of those knickers and on the bed. Face down, ass up."

Harry licked his lips and climbed to his knees while the Astronomy professor stepped out of her final piece of clothing. She avoided looking at him as she climbed onto the bed and got into position. Turning her head towards the door, she sucked in a sharp, trembling breath when he moved behind her and ran his hands over the wide expanse of smooth, dark skin that was her bum. Harry groped her cheeks roughly, kneading and spreading them open to expose her tight, glistening slit.

"Your ass is perfect, professor," Harry said.

"Aurora," she corrected. "Please, call me Aurora."

"What are you going to do if he doesn't?" Tonks asked, lying on her side next to Aurora's face. "Give him detention?"

Aurora moaned as Harry ran his tip between her folds. Her arousal glistened on his head as he teased her entrance.

"I'm going to give him detention if he doesn't stick that thing in me right now," she growled.

"Is that an order, professor?" Harry grinned.

Before she could respond, he sank into her depths. They groaned in unison, his impressive length stretching her depths until his hips came to rest against her bum. Hissing in pleasure at how surprisingly tight she felt, Harry lifted his hand and brought it down with a sharp *smack*. Aurora gasped, and Tonks giggled at the surprised expression on her face as he started working his hips.

“Oh, Merlin!” Aurora moaned, clenching the sheets in her fists. “Fuck I need this.”

“I knew you wanted this,” Tonks grinned.

“I never said I didn’t,” Aurora groaned. “I said I shouldn’t.”

“Well, there’s really no point in avoiding us now,” Tonks pouted, tenderly brushing a strand of Aurora’s long, dark hair behind her ear. “Harry’s missed his favorite professor.”

“Favorite?” Aurora asked breathlessly.

“You are now,” Harry grinned.

Slamming into her hard, he reached over her back to grip her shoulder and used it as leverage to thrust harder and faster. Aurora moaned loudly and pushed herself up on her arms to throw her hips back at him. With a grin, Tonks rolled onto her back and shimmied under her. Catching her swaying breasts, she latched onto one nipple, then switched to the other.

“Morgana,” Aurora groaned. “I’m so close.”

A moment later, Harry felt Tonks' fingers brush up against his swinging testicles. It took him a second to realize that she was rubbing Aurora's clit. With a grin, he plowed into her furiously from behind, causing her thick, pillowy cheeks to ripple from the impact of his hips. Between the two of them, it didn't take long to drive the neglected professor to a spectacular climax.

Aurora screamed as she reached her peak. Her arms collapsed, and she nearly suffocated Tonks with her impressive bust. Harry grunted and pulled out of her as she erupted, drenching him and the mattress in a shower of her arousal. His erection throbbed needily while he watched her groan and roll to the side, landing pantingly on her back.

Tonks, her face slightly red, sat up, and they shared a grin.

"I hope you're not done yet," she said, turning to Aurora.

"Not even close," Aurora sighed, still slightly breathless. "Fuck I needed that."

"I could tell," Tonks grinned.

Reaching over to the nightstand, she picked up the stack of pictures and fanned them out again.

"Take your pick," she said.

Sitting up with a smile, Aurora moved to pick on near Tonks' left hand, but again, Tonks moved her hands at the last second. With narrowed eyes, Aurora stared at her smiling face for a long moment before closing her fingers on the one Tonks wanted her to pick. This time, Harry was close enough to see what it was and grinned when Aurora's eyes widened.

It was a picture of one of the more extreme positions Harry and Tonks had tried. In it, he had her – morphed to look like Aurora – locked in a full nelson, her legs dangling over his forearms

with his hands locked behind her head. With her legs spread wide open, the camera had a clear view of his impressive shaft spearing in and out of Tonks' bum. That particular position had left his shoulders sore for days afterward, but it was worth it.

"No way," Aurora said, tossing the picture at Tonks. "I haven't done that in years. I need to warm up first."

"Fine," Tonks sighed. "Maybe next time. Now, pick again."

Harry arched a brow when Professor Sinistra didn't argue with her about there being a next time and instead immediately moved to choose another picture. Tonks moved her hands for a third time and laughed when Aurora threw her a dirty look.

"You'll like this one, I promise," she said with a reassuring smile.

Holding her stare, Aurora chose an entirely different picture.

Chapter 32

Saturday morning, Harry, Hermione, and Tonks woke early and made their way down to the Great Hall for a quick breakfast. Most students slept in on the weekend, so there were very few others scattered about the hall.

"So, what's the plan for today?" Tonks asked, taking a bite from her sausage.

"You and Harry are going to check out the Chamber of Secrets while I start researching objects the Founders owned and their last known locations," Hermione said. "We'll meet back up for lunch and talk about what we've found."

“You don’t want to check out Slytherin’s secret lair?” Tonks asked curiously.

“Harry took me down there a couple of years ago,” Hermione replied. “But if you find anything interesting, let me know at lunch, and I’ll go back down with you.”

“Fair enough,” Tonks shrugged.

Hermione finished her breakfast before Harry and Tonks and, after a quick goodbye, left for the library. Harry and Tonks took a little longer to finish up before they stood and got ready to leave the Great Hall.

“Hey, why don’t we take Daphne with us?” Tonks suggested.

“Why?” Harry asked, furrowing his brow curiously.

“Well, she probably knows how to think like a Slytherin better than either of us,” Tonks said, gesturing between them. Besides, if you show her the Chamber of Secrets, she might be willing to show you her appreciation.”

She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively, and Harry snorted in laughter. Glancing over his shoulder, he spotted Daphne eating with Astoria and Tracey and decided that it wouldn’t be a bad idea to have her around.

“Alright,” Harry said.

Tonks smiled and turned to the Slytherin table.

“Oi, Greengrass!” she shouted, drawing everyone’s attention.

Daphne looked up, her cheeks turning pink while her housemates laughed as Tonks waved her arms, her hair flashed every color of the rainbow. With a glare, she got to her feet and stormed over angrily.

“What?” Daphne growled.

“Oh, don’t get your knickers in a twist,” Tonks said.

“You don’t have to put up with their stupid, immature jokes,” Daphne said, jabbing an accusing finger at Tonks. “Or Malfoy’s incessant bitching.”

“Well, if you’d rather not go see the Chamber of Secrets…,” Tonks said, trailing off and smirking when Daphne’s eyebrows shot up.

“The Chamber of Secrets?” she asked, turning to Harry. “You really know where it is?”

“Yeah,” Harry said. “Dumbledore wants us to look for something down there. Do you want to come with us?”

Glancing back at Tonks, who grinned, she narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

“Yes, I would,” Daphne said as she turned back to Harry. “Just give me a minute.”

“Do you have to push her buttons?” Harry asked Tonks as Daphne walked back over to the Slytherin table and held a short, whispered conversation with her sister.

“No,” Tonks admitted with a smile. “But it’s fun.”

Harry smiled and shook his head while Daphne made her way back over to them. Together, they left the Great Hall, and Harry led them up to the second floor. Stopping outside Myrtle's bathroom, he looked around to make sure no one else was around before slipping inside.

"Potter," Daphne called, following after him. "What are we doing in here? This better not be some kind of prank."

"It's not," Harry said, approaching the sink. "This is where the entrance is."

"Slytherin put the entrance in the girls' bathroom?" she asked, furrowing her brow and wrinkling her nose cutely.

"Slytherin always seemed like a bit of a creep to me," Tonks said, hopping up to take a seat on one of the sinks while Harry walked around, looking at the taps.

Harry smiled to himself as Daphne cocked her hip and gave her a flat glare.

"The Basilisk used the pipes to move about the school, so it would have to be close to one," Harry said.

"Basilisk!?" Daphne asked incredulously.

"It's dead," Harry said. Hermione and I think this is just the entrance for it. We think Slytherin had another entrance he used—probably more than one. Jumping down a slime-covered slide isn't exactly dignified. We just don't know where any of them are."

Spotting the tap with a snake etched into the side, Harry imagined it moving and slithering as if it were alive.

"Open," he said.

He couldn't tell if he spoke in Parseltongue or English until the sink shook and began to drop into the floor. Tonks yelped and jumped to her feet while Daphne took a step closer. They both watched in awe as the sink fell away to reveal a giant gaping hole in the floor.

"We have to go down there?" Daphne asked, eyeing the pitch-black pit dubiously.

"After you, wonder boy," Tonks said, gesturing for him to go first.

Shrugging, Harry tightened his grip on his bag, stepped up to the edge, and jumped. The wind rushed past his ears as he fell before the pipe gently curved and caught his fall. He slid down the wet, slimy pipe for several seconds before he realized something very important. He'd put on some weight since he was a second year, and as a result, he was moving much faster than the last time he'd done this. Pushing his feet against the wall of the pipe, he tried to slow himself but couldn't get any traction. With a muttered curse, he shot out the end of the pipe and landed hard on his back.

"Bugger," Harry groaned.

Rolling over, he grimaced at the pile of bones that littered the floor and climbed to his feet. After using his wand to clean himself off, he cast a Cushioning Charm on the ground. He'd just tucked his wand away when he heard an excited whoop rapidly growing closer. Smiling, he braced himself and caught Tonks as she shot out the end of the pipe. Cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, she smiled up at him gratefully.

"Thanks, love," she said when he set her on her feet.

While she cleaned herself off, Harry looked back up the pipe and listened, but he didn't see any sign of Daphne.

"Is Daphne coming?" Harry asked.

“AHHHH!”

Turning back to the pipe at the sound of a loud, high-pitched scream, he barely had time to brace himself before Daphne came shooting out of the end. He caught her like he had Tonks, but unlike Tonks, who’d worn jeans, Daphne was wearing a skirt. His hand unintentionally slipped under the fabric and landed on her panty-clad bum, his thumb pressed against the gusset.

As Harry set Daphne on her feet, her cheeks went pink. While Tonks tried to cover her snickers, she cleaned off her skirt and smoothed it out with her hand, desperately trying to exude an air of dignity.

“Please tell me the way out isn’t that unpleasant,” Daphne said.

“Er,” Harry stammered, scratching the back of his neck.

“Potter,” Daphne started in a dangerous tone, “please tell me you can get us out of here.”

“I’m sure we’ll figure something out,” Harry said, then flinched when she turned her wand on him. “Relax. Tonks and I can cast a Patronus, and we still have the lockets that Amelia gave us. We’ll be fine.”

“And you didn’t bother to think of a way back out *before* you jumped down here?” she asked incredulously. “How did you get out last time?”

“Fawkes flew us out,” Harry told her.

As if summoned by his words, they heard the cry of a Phoenix a moment before there was a flash of fire above their heads. Fawkes appeared in a blinding ball of fire and then warbled a

warm greeting as he flew around in a circle. Harry smiled when he came to land lightly on his shoulder.

“Hey, Fawkes,” he said, reaching up to stroke his breast feathers.

“At least we have a way out of here now,” Daphne grumbled softly.

“I told you I’d figure something out,” Harry smiled.

She gave him an unimpressed look as he turned away, drew his wand, and walked up to the collapsed tunnel. As a second year, using magic to repair the damage had seemed an insurmountable challenge. Now, as a sixth year, all it took was a casual flick of his wand.

“Repairo,” Harry muttered.

The heavy stones ground and clicked together as they floated back into place. In a matter of seconds, the tunnel looked like it had never been damaged in the first place. As soon as the pathway was clear, several large, brown rats scurried away.

“Urgh,” Daphne grimaced. “Disgusting.”

“I guess with the Basilisk gone, there’s nothing to kill the rats,” Harry shrugged. “Ready to go?”

Getting an affirmative nod from the girls, he lit his wand and led the way deeper into the tunnel. Winding their way through the serpentine-shaped stone pipe, they soon reached the round, ornate door to the Chamber of Secrets.

“*Open*,” Harry said.

The golden snakes on the door retracted with a resounding *clunk* one by one. When the last one settled into place, the door opened outwards of its own accord. While Harry took a deep breath and mentally prepared himself to step back inside a place that had featured prominently in his nightmares over the years, Tonks and Daphne eagerly looked inside.

“Holy shit,” Tonks gasped.

“What the fuck is that?” Daphne asked.

Harry stepped through the entrance quickly, wand drawn, and shoulders tensed. Was there another Basilisk inside, he wondered worriedly. His eyes gazed around the Chamber, but he saw nothing out of place.

“What?” he asked.

Tonks and Daphne gave him identical incredulous looks and gestured in unison toward the large, white Basilisk skeleton sitting on the bridge that separated the two large pools of water.

“Oh, that,” Harry said.

“Yeah, that,” Tonks snorted.

“That’s the Basilisk I fought,” he told her. “Or, what’s left of it.”

“That’s the Basilisk!?” Daphne asked incredulously. “That’s a bloody monster! I didn’t even know they could get that big!”

“Well, it was down here for about a thousand years,” Harry shrugged.

“Even watching your memory didn’t do this justice,” Tonks said, walking up to the skeleton and stopping in front of its wide-open mouth. “Cor, this thing could’ve swallowed me whole.”

Shaking her head, Tonks turned around and hugged him tightly, her lips right next to his ear.

“If Daphne doesn’t fuck you after seeing that, then I sure as hell will,” she whispered softly.

Snorting, Harry wrapped his arm around Tonks and watched Daphne examine the skeleton closely. When she turned back to him, she looked completely at a loss for words.

“Potter,” she said eventually. “If that thing had gotten loose, it could’ve killed the whole school.”

“Let’s just be glad that didn’t happen,” Harry smiled. “Come on, let’s see if we can find anything. Hermione and I didn’t look around much the last time we were here.”

“What are we looking for, exactly?” Tonks asked.

“Any kind of hidden door or room,” Harry replied. “If it’s anything like the sink, it’ll be well hidden and probably marked with a snake of some kind.”

“And if it isn’t?” Tonks asked.

“Then it’ll probably look like that,” Daphne said, pointing to the massive carving of Slytherin’s face at the back of the Chamber. “And it’ll be easy to find.”

Scowling, Tonks stuck out her tongue. With a smile, Harry patted her bum and walked deeper into the Chamber. While the girls examined the walls for craved snakes or hidden doorways, he made his way over to the statue and commanded it to open. Peeking inside, he lit his wand and

sent a ball of light down its mouth. The light bounced off of the back wall and fell down into a deep, dark pipe.

Even if there was something down there, Harry didn't fancy jumping down to have a look. With a sigh, he stepped back and joined the girls in their search. They spent hours combing every inch of the walls and managed to finish about half the room before it was time for lunch. Walking back to the entrance, Harry and the girls hung onto Fawkes' feathers as he flew them back up to the top.

While they were cleaning themselves off, Myrtle poked her head cautiously above the top of one of the stalls and sighed.

"Oh, it's you," she said, drifting through the door. "I got worried when I came back and found the sink open again."

"Sorry, Myrtle," Harry said. "Didn't mean to scare you. Professor Dumbledore asked us to take a look around."

"Oh! Well, if something bad happens down there, you're still welcome to share my toilet," Myrtle said with a flirtatious smile.

"Er, thanks, Myrtle," Harry replied awkwardly.

Tonks rolled her eyes and grabbed his arm.

"Come on, lover boy, I'm hungry," she said, pulling him toward the door.

Giving Myrtle a quick smile and a wave, he let himself be pulled out of the bathroom and down to the Great Hall. Daphne separated from them to go join her sister at the Slytherin table while Harry and Tonks took their places next to Hermione.

“Anything?” she asked hopefully.

“Not yet,” Tonks said as she loaded her plate. “How about you?”

“It’s going to take me weeks to find anything useful,” Hermione sighed. “There are literally dozens of objects from the Founders at Hogwarts, the Ministry, and the Wizarding Museum in Blackpool. Most of them are meaningless junk like desks they used or robes they wore.”

“I’m sure you’ll find something,” Harry said reassuringly. “In the meantime, Tonks and I will finish searching the Chamber, and then we’ll get started on the Room of Requirement.”

Hermione nodded and finished her lunch before heading back to the library. Harry and Tonks followed her lead, eating quickly and then grabbing Daphne from the Slytherin table. Returning to the Chamber of Secrets, they resumed their search for any hidden doors.

“Potter!” Daphne yelled excitedly.

Harry spun around and saw her standing next to the statue of Slytherin and waving him over. Sharing a look with Tonks, they jogged over. As they reached her, Daphne pointed to a lock of hair just below the ear. Harry brought his wand closer for better light, but it still took him a moment to see what had Daphne so excited. One of the strands of hair, longer than the others, looked scaly, and as he followed it to the end, it had the head of a serpent.

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned. “*Open.*”

Furrowing his brow, he glanced over his shoulder at Tonks and Daphne.

“Was that English?” he asked.

“Sounded like hissing to me,” Tonks shrugged.

“Slytherin must have used a different phrase to open the door,” Daphne said.

“Great,” Tonks muttered sarcastically, throwing her arms up in the air.

“He must’ve left a clue somewhere,” Daphne said.

Drawing their wands, Tonks and Daphne started casting Revealing and Detection Charms at the statue and walls. Harry, however, focused on the snake. Dumbledore had shown him that it was possible to feel magic, or rather, listen to it when they went to fetch Slughorn. This seemed like as good a time as any to try it himself. Closing his eyes, he placed his hand on the snake and listened.

For several seconds, there was nothing, but just before he was about to give up, he felt it. It started with a tingle in his fingertips, and then an image flashed in his mind: a splash of crimson accompanied by the taste of iron on the tip of his tongue. Harry’s eyes flew open in surprise; he dropped his hand and took a step back.

“Blood,” he murmured.

“What?” Daphne asked.

“It needs blood,” Harry said.

“How do you know that?” she asked curiously.

“I felt it,” he said.

“Of course you did,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes. “Mad Eye’s been trying to teach how to do that for years, and you pick it up on the first try.”

Shrugging, Harry smiled and scratched the back of his neck.

“I think you’re missing the bigger picture,” Daphne huffed. “How are we going to get Slytherin’s blood to open the door? You-Know-Who is his only known living heir, and I doubt he’s going to just waltz in here and give it to you.”

“Right, bugger,” Tonks grumbled.

Harry couldn’t help but glance down at his arm, the same arm that Pettigrew had cut to take his blood for the ritual that resurrected Voldemort.

“But he has my blood,” Harry said softly. “Voldemort used it in the ritual that brought him back.”

“I don’t think that’s how it works, Harry,” Tonks sighed.

“Actually, it might,” Daphne said thoughtfully. “That’s not too far off of how adoption rituals work. The enchantments might recognize the magic, if not the blood.”

Nodding, Harry turned back to the statue and took a deep breath. He brought the tip of his wand to his thumb and used the Cutting Charm to create a small nick in the skin. Blood oozed out, and he quickly wiped it on the statue. The three of them waited with bated breath, but after several long seconds, nothing happened.

“Well, it was worth a try,” Daphne said, stretching her arms over her head.

“Can we just blow it open?” Tonks asked, causing Daphne to roll her eyes.

“*Open,*” Harry hissed.

With a rumble and the sound of stone grinding on stone, a square section of the statue just below the ear moved backward and to the side. It revealed a narrow, square hallway, although it was too dark to see where it led.

“You did it!” Tonks cheered.

Smiling and letting out a breath, Harry lit his wand and held it up.

“Let’s find out where it leads,” he said.

Harry stepped into the tunnel first, and instantly, torches along the walls burst to life. Cobwebs that had sat for years were rapidly burned away or left fluttering as they clung to the walls. The tunnel was surprisingly short, leading, Harry guessed, to the back of the statue, where a wooden door sat with a brass knob in the middle. Tonks cast almost a dozen Detection Charms on the door before giving Harry a nod. Cautiously, he reached out and gripped the handle. It turned easily in his hand, and the door swung inward on creaking hinges.

On the other side of the door was a large, square room. Directly in front of and facing the door was a desk covered in a thick layer of dust and old cobwebs. Against the left-hand wall sat a table laden with cauldron, ladle, cutting board, and knives. Next to that were three wooden cabinets, presumably used to store potions ingredients. Along the back wall, on either side of a fireplace, stood a pair of tall bookcases full of books with worn covers, the dust so thick he couldn’t hope to read the titles. In front of the fireplace sat a single wingback chair, a footstool, and a small, round table. On the right side of the room, partially hidden by a partition, he could just see the head of a bed, the covers tattered and dirty but still made. There was even still a black robe, motheaten and dusty, hanging from the corner of the partition.

“So,” Tonks said, stepping inside, “this is Slytherin’s secret lair. It’s a bit disappointing.”

“We haven’t even looked around yet,” Daphne reminded her.

She made a beeline for the bookcases at the back of the room, but Harry reached out and grabbed her arm.

“Be careful about what you touch, and let me know if you find anything… odd,” he said.

Daphne looked at him curiously but nodded. While she made her way over to the bookcase, and Tonks began casting Detection Charms on everything in sight, Harry wandered around the room. He looked, listened, and felt around for any kind of familiar magic, anything that might be dark and sinister, but there was nothing.

“It’s not here,” he sighed.

Tonks turned to him sharply, “You’re sure?” she asked.

Harry nodded and ran a hand through his hair.

“Damn it!”

Chapter 33

Even though Harry was almost certain there wasn’t a Horcrux in the room, they searched it anyway. Daphne, unsurprisingly, examined the bookshelves. Tonks searched the potions area, and Harry took the area with the bed. With a flap of his wings, Fawkes perched on top of the partition and gazed around the room curiously.

Harry didn’t find a Horcrux, but he did find another entrance hidden in the corner of the room. There was a single stone with a worn serpent carved into the surface. When he hissed at it, it opened to reveal a moving spiral staircase in a tall, narrow room.

“Looks like I found another way out,” Harry announced. “I have no idea where it leads, though.”

“We’ll find out when we leave,” Tonks shrugged.

Nodding, Harry left the door and sidestepped between the partition and a wardrobe. Opening the doors, he looked through the robes and clothes hung up inside. His brow creased the more he looked at them. After a moment, he turned around and looked at the robe hanging on the partition. Although it was motheaten and covered in dust, they were in surprisingly good condition for being a thousand years old.

“Should these clothes be in this good condition?” he asked curiously.

“The Founders would have had clothes woven from Demiguise hair,” Daphne said without turning her head away from the books she was examining. “It was a sign of status before they were hunted to near extinction. The magic in the hair would make it last longer than cotton or wool.”

“I wish these potion ingredients were that well preserved,” Tonks said, wrinkling her nose as she held up a sealed jar containing a black, gelatinous blob. “I don’t even know what this is supposed to be.”

“Whatever you do, don’t drop it,” Harry joked.

Tonks stuck out her tongue and put the jar back.

“Ew, these mushrooms have mushrooms growing on top of them,” she grimaced.

Making a disgusted noise, she closed the cabinet with a sigh.

“There’s nothing here,” Tonks declared.

She walked over to Harry and plopped down on the end of the bed. Her sudden landing disturbed the layer of dust covering the sheets and sent up a cloud that made her and Harry cough as they waved their hands to clear the air.

“Anything?” she asked him once they could safely breathe again.

“No,” Harry sighed, closing the wardrobe. “You find anything, Daphne?”

“These books are really interesting,” she replied. “Some of them are extremely rare, and a few I’ve never even heard of. There’s even an unedited copy of Slytherin’s book on Charms. There are only three known copies in the world. Do you have any idea what this is worth?”

“Nope,” Harry smiled before turning serious. “Do you see anything else? Any… artifacts or anything strange?”

“No,” Daphne said, turning to look at him curiously. “What are you looking for?”

Harry shared a look with Tonks before turning back to her, “It’s better if you don’t know.”

It was evident from the look in her eyes that Daphne wanted to know more, but her desire to stay out of the war ultimately won out.

“Well, I don’t see anything,” she said. “Just a bunch of rare, priceless books.”

Harry smiled, “Toss them in my bag, and we’ll take them with us.”

Daphne turned her head to stare at him so fast that her hair whipped across her face.

“What!?” she asked incredulously. “We can’t just take them.”

Harry shrugged, “Why not? They’re just going to sit down here and rot if we don’t.”

“And technically,” Tonks added, “Since no one has officially set foot in this room for over five hundred years, Harry has Curse Breaker rights to anything we find.”

Daphne blinked, her mouth snapping shut as Harry walked over to her and handed her his bag.

“Well, we probably should show them to Professor Dumbledore first,” Harry said.

Tonks grinned, “And I’m betting that one of those three copies of Slytherin’s books is sitting in the Hogwarts library.”

Her brow furrowed curiously, Daphne nodded.

“Then they don’t really need two, do they?” Tonks asked with a smirk. “I’m sure they’ll let you keep it and maybe a couple of the others.”

Daphne glanced at the book in her hands and then looked back up at Harry.

“And you don’t want them?” she asked.

“I’m not really the studious type,” Harry admitted with a shrug and a smile.

“You might have to fight Hermione for them, though,” Tonks teased.

Daphne turned to Tonks, her eyes narrowed in a glare and pursed her lips. After a moment of thought, she snatched the bag from Harry’s hand.

“Tonks, can you cast an Expansion Charm on this?” she asked.

“Sure,” Tonks shrugged.

Standing up and making her way over, she took the bag and book Daphne handed to her. The moment her hands were free, Daphne grabbed the front of Harry’s jumper and forcefully dragged him over to the chair near the fireplace.

“What-”

His question was cut off when she shoved him down into the chair and dropped to her knees between his legs.

“I want that book,” Daphne said determinedly.

Harry’s eyes widened when he realized what she intended.

“Daphne, you don’t-”

“Potter,” she interrupted firmly, “Shut up and tell me what to do.”

Harry swallowed heavily as he stared down at her bright blue eyes. Daphne wasn’t trying to bride him like he’d thought. She was excited.

Reaching out to run his fingers through her hair, he schooled his expression and decided to play along. His hand suddenly tightened, gripping the hair at the back of her head and pulling her closer. Daphne gasped, her eyes gleaming as she stared up at him and rested her hands on his thighs.

“You already know what I want,” Harry growled.

Her hands scrambled for the waistband of his trousers. Opening his belt, she quickly undid the button and pulled down the zipper. She reached inside, wrapped her fingers around his rapidly swelling shaft, and pulled his member free of his boxers. The moment he was exposed, her movements slowed to an uncertain crawl, and she stared in fascination at his growing length. Slowly, nervously, she stroked him softly until he was rock hard and pulsating in her hand. Glancing up at him through her eyelashes and licking her lips, her pale blue eyes sparkled, urging him to push her further.

Harry didn’t use words this time. He just used his grip on her hair to tug her head closer until her pouty, glistening lips touched his red, angry tip. Her warm, damp breath washed over his sensitive glans as she slowly parted her lips. He waited in anticipation for her to take him inside of her mouth, but she didn’t. Instead, she looked up at him through her lashes again, a challenging glint in her eyes.

A growl left Harry’s lips as he tugged her head down and bucked his hips up. Daphne’s eyes widened when he rapidly hit the back of her throat and caused her to gag. Her hands moved higher up on his thighs, but despite the shock, she didn’t try to fight him. On the contrary, she quickly settled when he pulled back and obediently wrapped her lips around his shaft, her tongue gently exploring his flesh. Harry hissed and bucked his hips again, careful not to hit the back of her throat.

Daphne gradually relaxed her hands as she grew accustomed to his guided pace. Her arms relaxed, and she eventually dropped one hand from his thigh to slip it under her skirt. As Harry tilted his head back, closing his eyes as he groaned, he bucked his hips and drove himself into her throat, though he went slower this time. Daphne gagged around him, her eyes reddening slightly as she looked up at him. Holding her in place for a few seconds, he relaxed his arms and allowed her to catch her breath before pulling her back down.

With a strangled moan, Daphne shivered pleasurably while she choked on his length. Harry smirked down at her knowingly. Tightening his grip on her hair, he used her mouth roughly and selfishly, seeking his own end. She gagged around him willingly while tears leaked from the corner of her eyes and thick strands of saliva fell from her lips.

All too soon, Harry groaned and erupted against her tongue. Daphne coughed in surprise, causing some of his seed to leak from her lips before she sealed them tightly around him and sucked hard. Harry groaned, a shudder running through his body as he emptied himself into her voracious mouth. Eventually, his body relaxed, and she pulled off of him with a smug little grin on her swollen lips. His softening shaft pulsed, and he had to fight the urge to bend her over the desk.

“If you’re done blowing my boyfriend, your bag is ready,” Tonks smirked.

Blushing as if she’d forgotten Tonks was even there, Daphne stood, smoothed out her clothes, and magicked her face clean with a wave of her wand.

“Thank you,” she said.

Taking the bag from Tonks, she walked back over to the bookcase and started loading it two or three books at a time. With a shake of his head, Harry tucked himself away and got to his feet. Tonks grinned, kissed him on the lips, and then joined the blonde to help her pack away the rest of the books. Looking around the room, Harry spotted the only thing they had yet to search, the desk.

At first glance, it didn’t look like there would be much to find. The top of the desk only held an inkpot and quill. And while it was large, it only had two drawers. Taking a seat at the desk, Harry opened the drawer on the left. Inside, he found more quills and inkpots and a few rolls of parchment with handwritten notes scrawled on the surface. Grabbing the parchment, he tossed it on top of the desk and turned to the drawer on the right. A single book with a plain black leather cover sat inside.

Harry picked up the book and turned it over in his hands. The title was embossed on the spine.

Secrets of the Darkest Arts

His heart started to race. This was the book Dumbledore had said Voldemort learned the ritual for Horcruxes from. Glancing over his shoulder to make sure Daphne wasn't watching, he slipped the book in his pocket. Maybe Hermione could use it to help with the search, he thought.

Looking back down into the drawer, it was completely empty. Just as he was sliding it closed, he stopped and pulled it back open. Leaning closer and squinting his eyes, he noticed a serpent carved into the bottom of the drawer. Tentatively, he ran his finger over it.

"*Open*," he hissed.

A hidden lock released with an audible *click* somewhere in the desk and the false bottom slid back on its own accord. Hidden in the bottom was a single vial containing the silver whisp of a memory. Harry gingerly picked up the vial and held it up to the light.

"I found a memory," he said, turning to the girls.

"Really?" Daphne asked excitedly. "A memory from Salazar Slytherin?"

Harry shrugged, "Could be. It doesn't look like anyone else has been in here. We'll have to watch it to know for sure."

Taking out his wand, he cast an Unbreakable Charm on the vial just to be safe and then put it in his pocket. As the girls finished packing up the last of the books, he double-checked the desk to make sure he wasn't missing anything. He even looked at the bottom of the left drawer and crouched under the desk, but there was nothing.

Closing the drawers, he turned back to the girls and smiled bemusedly. They'd practically picked the bookshelves clean, and only a handful of books were left on them.

"Are you sure you don't want to just take the shelves, too?" Harry asked.

Daphne rolled her eyes and slung his bag over her shoulder as Tonks snickered.

“Are we ready to go?” she asked.

“It looks like it,” Harry nodded. “Let’s see where that staircase leads.”

Fawkes chirped and glided onto his shoulder when he passed the partition on his way to the hidden entrance. The three of them climbed onto the staircase and rode it up several floors, vanishing cobwebs on the way up, until they finally reached the top where there was a small platform with a single door. Harry turned the handle and pushed the door open into a dark, empty hallway. While the door was wood on the inside, the outside was made of stone blocks that matched the rest of the hallway.

“This is the Dungeons,” Daphne said as she stepped out of the doorway. “The Slytherin entrance is down there and to the right.”

Harry turned when he heard the door closed behind him, the gap between the doorway and door vanishing like it never existed. Lighting his wand, Harry took a closer look at the stone and eventually found a serpent carved into a block near the floor.

“Well, if we ever have to go down there again, at least we don’t have to go through the pipes,” he said.

“Thank Merlin,” Daphne muttered.

Harry smiled, wrapped an arm around Tonks, and led them out of the dungeons to the second floor. They rode the staircase to the headmaster’s office, and he knocked on the door.

“Enter!” Dumbledore yelled.

As they walked inside, Fawkes took off from his shoulder and landed on his perch.

“Ah, I wondered where Fawkes ran off to in such a hurry,” Dumbledore smiled as they stepped inside and closed the door. “I take it you’ve finished your search. Good evening, Ms. Greengrass.”

“Good evening, Headmaster,” Daphne said, nodding politely.

“There was nothing there. Well, not what we were looking for. We did find another room–a small office–Daphne found a few books we brought back, and I found this,” Harry said, holding up the memory-filled vial. “It was hidden in a desk. I have no idea what it’s about, though. Oh, and it didn’t look like anyone else had been in there.”

“Interesting,” Dumbledore muttered, taking the memory and examining it for a moment before looking at Daphne. “May I see those books?”

With a nod, Daphne set the bag on the desk and opened it.

“That’s more than a few,” he noted, raising an eyebrow.

Harry smirked, and Daphne blushed while the headmaster continued through all of the books, stacking a dozen or so off to the side.

“The others we have copies of in the library,” Dumbledore said. “Is there a reason you brought so many others?”

“Daphne wanted them,” Tonks grinned.

“Some of them are for Hermione,” Daphne said, her cheeks going pink.

“I see,” Dumbledore smiled. “Well, you’re free to keep them. Now, this memory. I take it you’re all as curious as I am as to what it’s about?”

“Yes, sir,” Tonks replied, nodding eagerly.

Dumbledore chuckled and picked up the vial, “Then let’s take a look, shall we?”

Standing, the headmaster walked over to the cabinet next to his desk and pulled out his Pensieve. Tonks and Daphne, who Harry realized had probably never seen one before, watched in fascination as Dumbledore uncorked the vial and tipped the memory into the silvery pool. He stirred the memory with his wand a few times until an image appeared on the surface. A man, Salazar Slytherin, sat at a desk, his quill dancing across the parchment.

“Gather ‘round,” Dumbledore said, waving them over. “Dip your finger into the Pensieve on the count of three. One… two… three.”

They all dipped their fingers into the memory, and Harry heard Tonks give a surprised shriek as they were sucked inside. As they fell into the memory, he reached out, grabbing both Tonks and Daphne by the arm to slow their falls. A moment later, they landed on their feet in Slytherin’s quarters. At a glance, Harry knew they had to be somewhere in the Dungeons of Hogwarts.

“Whoa,” Tonks said, circling around Slytherin and eyeing him in awe. “It looks so real.”

Raising her hand, she swiped down, causing it to pass right through his head, body, and the chair he was sitting on. Tonks jumped suddenly when set down his quill and stretched. With a sigh, he dropped his arm, pushed his chair back, and stood. Slytherin grabbed a cloak from the back of the chair, slung it over his shoulders, and walked towards the door. Dumbledore followed after him with Harry Tonks and Daphne trailing behind. They walked out into the hallway, where Slytherin was greeted politely by every student he passed. Most of them were Slytherins, but a few were from other houses.

“Guess there isn’t a house rivalry yet,” Harry said.

“For all historical accounts, the house rivalry didn’t exist as we know it now until the seventeenth century, after the last of the Goblin Rebellions,” Dumbledore said. “Many believe that the lack of a common enemy caused witches and wizards to turn on each other.”

Harry nodded thoughtfully as they reached the first floor and turned to follow Slytherin through the main entrance. The sun was just dipping below the mountains to the West as they made their way across the lawn. Every student they passed, regardless of what house they were in, stood and greeted the Founder respectfully as he passed.

Glancing over his shoulder, Harry was surprised–though in hindsight, he shouldn’t have been–to see that the castle didn’t look the same as it would in the future. There were no Gryffindor or Ravenclaw towers jutting into the air. The highest point was the Astronomy tower, although it was only about half the size. There were no Greenhouses either, and Hagrid’s hut was nowhere to be seen.

Following Slytherin down the path, a ward warped around him as he stepped past the Front Gate.

“Bloody hell,” Tonks gasped.

Harry turned back to look at her and then followed her gaze up to the castle, but it was gone. The castle wards completely hid it from view.

“Impressive,” Dumbledore muttered.

“Eda!” Slytherin shouted suddenly.

Harry and the others turned back around and watched as a young girl, perhaps seven or eight years old, rushed up to Slytherin with a young boy in her arms. As she got closer, he could see the terrified look in her dark brown eyes.

“Eda! What are you doing here?” Slytherin asked, crouching in front of the little girl.

“They saw me doing magic and thought it was mother,” Eda said frightenedly. “She told me to take Elric before they came.”

“Who?” Slytherin asked urgently.

“The villagers,” Eda said, looking back at Hogsmeade over her shoulder.

“Take Elric up to the castle and wait in my room,” Slytherin said, his jaw tightening and grey eyes hardening. “Stop for no one. Go!”

Hugging the Elric tightly, Eda sprinted towards the castle as fast as her legs could carry her. Slytherin stood and took off running towards the Hogsmeade, his wand gripped tightly in his hand. Harry and the others ran after him.

“Professor,” Daphne panted. “Shouldn’t they be speaking in old English?”

“I cast a Translation Charm on the memory before we entered,” Dumbledore replied.

As they crested the hill below which the village sat, Slytherin skidded to a sudden halt. Harry stopped next to him and his stomach dropped at what he saw. The villagers stood around a large pyre, singing and celebrating. Through the bright flames, he could just make out a dark, humanoid figure in the center.

The ground shook under their feet, and it took Harry a moment to realize Slytherin was the cause. His face etched in rage; he raised his wand, the tip shaking slightly.

“Fiendfyre,” Slytherin growled.

Daphne gasped and gripped his hand as the flames from the pyre grew and writhed high into the air. In seconds, they formed into a Basilisk even bigger than the one from the Chamber of Secrets. The villagers screamed fearfully and turned to run just as the great snake lowered its head and descended. The Basilisk enveloped them and set them alight in moments. Screams of fear and pain rapidly died out with just a few quick, powerful strikes.

When it was finished with the villagers, the Basilisk turned on the village itself. Every building, every home, every fence, and even the well were burned to ash under the onslaught of the unholy inferno.

Suddenly, Slytherin screamed and jerked his wand back. The Basilisk silently writhed, as if in pain, before it vanished, leaving just a few glowing fires burning in the ruined village. The Founder’s heavy, panting breaths filled the silence as Harry and the others stared in at the ruins in horror. The Fiendfyre had been so intense that not even the ashes of the villagers remained. Only black stains on the dirt streets were a reminder that they had existed at all.

Harry didn’t know how long they all stood there before they heard running footsteps behind them. They turned quickly to see who it was, but Slytherin continued glaring down at the village as if he hadn’t heard anything. Three figures ran over the crest of the hill, and just from looking at them, Harry knew they were the other Founders. The man on the left, Godric Gryffindor, was tall and broad-shouldered, his wild mane of bright red hair bouncing around him. A ruby-encrusted hilt glittered about his waist, the rest of the sword tucked away in its sheath.

The woman next to him, Helga Hufflepuff, was short, with fair hair, green eyes, and a soft, round face. To her right was another woman, Rowena Ravenclaw, who was tall and thin, with a sharp nose and high prominent cheekbones. A silver, diamond studded tiara sat atop her head as she gazed around the shape, bright blue eyes. They all came to a stop just behind Slytherin and paused for a long moment.

“Salazar,” Helga said softly. “What have you done?”

“They killed her,” Salazar said, his voice hoarse. “They saw the children doing magic and killed Isabel.”

The other Founders all looked taken aback, sharing a sympathetic glance. Suddenly, Salazar spun around, his dark eyes glittering with fury.

“I warned you!” he shouted. “I warned all of you that the Muggles couldn’t be trusted!”

“Sal,” Godric said softly.

“How many more of our kind, how many more innocent students do they need to burn at the stake before we take action?” Salazar barked angrily. “Our worlds need to remain separate.”

“Salazar,” Rowena said, her voice firm. “You know our stance on this.”

Salazar glared at her for a long time. So long, that Harry feared he would raise his wand.

“Then you leave me no other choice,” he said eventually. “I’m leaving.”

Pushing his way between Helga and Rowena, Salazar marched back toward the castle.

“Salazar, you can’t!” Helga yelled. “The students need you!”

“Let him go, Helga,” Godric said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “Give him time.”

“He’ll come back,” Rowena assured her, certainty in her tone. “He just needs time to mourn.”

As Salazar Slytherin continued towards the castle, the memory began to fade. Dumbledore grabbed a hold of Tonks' arm and began to ascend out of the Pensieve. Grabbing Daphne's arm, Harry did the same. A moment later, they were back in the office.

"Did he come back?" Tonks asked as they all took seats around the headmaster's desk.

"No," Dumbledore said, folding his arms on the desk. "Until now, no one knew the reason Salazar left Hogwarts."

"But why didn't his wife fight back against the villagers?" Daphne asked.

"Perhaps she was a squib," Dumbledore shrugged. "Perhaps she was untrained. Perhaps she merely didn't have a wand. We may never know."

Daphne opened her mouth to ask another question but was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in," Dumbledore called.

The door opened, and Professor McGonagall stuck her head inside. She looked at them curiously before addressing the headmaster.

"I just came to remind you it's time for dinner," she said.

"Ah, is it that late already?" Dumbledore asked, checking his watch. "It is. Thank you, Minerva. We'll be down in just a moment."

Nodding, Professor McGonagall backed out of the office and closed the door.

“Shall we?” Dumbledore asked as he stood.

Harry, Daphne, and Tonks followed suit and trailed after him out of the office.

“You know Hermione’s going to kill you when she finds out what she missed, don’t you?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

Harry sighed, “I know. At least we have something for her to research while she isn’t talking to me.”

Tonks snorted as they stepped off of the moving staircase and into the second floor hallway.

“Oh yeah, what’s that?” she asked.

Harry grabbed her arm and pulled her back until he was sure Daphne was out of earshot. She looked back over her shoulder at them curiously, but thankfully, she didn’t say anything.

“Did you see that tiara Ravenclaw was wearing?” he whispered.

“Now that you mention it, yeah,” Tonks nodded. “You might still want to get her flowers, though.”

Harry sighed. She was probably right.

Chapter 34

“This is going to take years,” Tonks groused.

Picking up a dust-covered crystal ball, she heaved it angrily at a towering pile of chairs. The crystal ball shattered with a satisfying crash, and the pile of chairs teetered precariously. Harry looked over, his wand at the ready just in case it fell over and started another avalanche. The pile swayed back and forth a couple of times, creaking and groaning before it settled.

“Feel better?” he asked.

“A little bit,” Tonks sighed. “Seriously, though, there’s no way we can search all this.”

Harry looked out over the mountains of lost items spanning the Room of Requirement and ran a hand through his hair. There were sprawling mounds of debris as far as the eye could see. Stacks of cauldrons, furniture, brooms, clothes, trunks, and all sorts of odds and ends.

“This is the most likely place Voldemort would have hidden a Horcrux,” Hermione said.

“But we’ve been at this for weeks, and we haven’t even made a dent!” Tonks yelled.

“What else can we do?” Hermione asked. “We tried brooms but kept missing things, and we can’t use Summoning or Tracking Charms. If you have a better idea, I’d love to hear it.”

“What about the House Elves?”

Hermione whirled around to face her angrily.

“No,” she barked. “We’re not ordering those poor House Elves to search this for us.”

“We wouldn’t be ordering, we’d be asking,” Tonks said.

“It’s too dangerous,” Hermione huffed. “Professor Dumbledore warned us about Horcruxes. What if one of them found it and we weren’t there? They could get hurt. And besides, we’d have to tell them what we’re looking for, and if that got out...”

“And I already talked to Dobby,” Harry admitted. “The House Elves don’t really know this room that well. They just use it to store stuff. They don’t spend time looking for things.”

“Great, just great,” Tonks grumbled.

Folding her arms over her chest, she pouted and sat down heavily on an old couch. A puff of dust plumed into the air and enveloped her. As Tonks coughed and waved her hand in front of her face to clear the air, tiny, blue-skinned Pixies began crawling out from between the cushions.

Tonks screamed and started swatting them away.

“Immobulus!” Harry and Hermione shouted.

The Pixies froze and floated listlessly in mid-air. Tonks angrily slapped one out of her way, sending it careening into a wardrobe, and jumped to her feet.

“Bloody menaces,” she growled. “I hate Pixies.”

Harry approached one of the floating Pixies as it lazily spun through the air, blinking its wide, bulbous eyes. A gentle poke of his finger sent it coasting away from him as a wild smile spread over his face.

“Harry?” Hermione asked.

Turning, his smile widened.

“I think I know who can help us.”

~

In the weeks that passed, the inhabitants of Fort Potter settled into a routine. Within the first month, Molly and Arthur returned to a newly rebuilt and improved Burrow. June and Robert had also returned home, but not without an emergency Portkey from Amelia which now sat on their kitchen table. Since then, Evangeline took over the mantle of making breakfast every morning while she, Amelia, Andromeda, and Apolline took turns preparing lunch and dinner. Dobby would drop by in the evenings to do the nightly cleaning and occasionally drop off letters.

On this morning, Evangeline was cooking eggs and bacon on the stove. As she was slipping them onto a plate, Amelia entered the kitchen and animated the tea set with a flick of her wand.

“Good morning,” Eva smiled.

“Good morning,” Amelia replied. “Has the paper arrived yet?”

“Not yet,” Eva said, placing a plate of toast on the table. “It should be here any minute.”

As Amelia nodded and sat at the table, Ted and Andromeda entered the kitchen. Greetings were made as Evangeline placed the rest of the food on the table.

“Is Apolline sleeping in again?” Andromeda asked.

“I guess so,” Eva said. “Should I wake her?”

“Let her sleep,” Amelia said with a teasing smile. “You know how the French are. I heard the French Muggles recently moved to a thirty-five hour work week.”

“Really?” Ted asked, munching on his toast. “Good heavens, how do they find the time to get anything done?”

“I don’t know,” Amelia said. “But if it’s true, it’s only a matter of time before the magicals do the same.”

The conversation was interrupted when an owl flew in through the window. It landed on the table, dropped off that morning’s copy of the Daily Prophet, and stuck out its leg expectantly. Ted dropped a Knut into the pouch on its leg and offered it a piece of bacon. The owl snatched it up with a grateful hoot and then took off back through the window.

“Anything important?” Amelia asked, a fork full of eggs paused halfway to her mouth.

“Not that I can see,” Ted said.

Sighing, Amelia ate her eggs and glared down at her plate.

“Isn’t that a good thing?” Eva asked.

“I don’t like it when things are too quiet,” Amelia said. “Even regular crime is down. It makes me think something big is going to happen.”

The conversation was interrupted again when another owl flew in through the window. Barking a greeting, Hedwig landed next to Ted and snatched a piece of bacon from his plate.

Everyone at the table exchanged a worrying glance.

“Why would Harry send a letter through Hedwig?” Amelia asked.

Looking as offended as it was possible for an owl to look, Hedwig hooted reproachfully. Iffy poked her head out of Andromeda’s hair and looked around blearily. With a yawn, she lazily fluttered down with a smile and gave her feathered friend a hug.

“No offense, my dear,” she added quickly. “It’s just much faster and safer to use Dobby.”

Hedwig let out a disgruntled chirp and stuck out her leg. As Ted untied the attached letter, Andromeda set a grape on Iffy’s little plate. Ignoring the silverware, she opened her mouth as wide as she could and took a bite. When she pulled back, her entire face was covered in purple, watery juice.

“How many times do I have to remind you to use your silverware?” Andromeda said, shaking her head. “What’s the letter say, dear?”

“Harry says he wants us to send Iffy to Hogwarts,” he said, his brow furrowed in confusion. “That’s why he sent the letter with Hedwig, so she could fly her back. He says it’s important.”

“Can I see that?” Amelia asked.

Ted handed her the letter, and she read through it quickly, her brow furrowing.

“Did he say why?” Eva asked.

“No, he didn’t,” Amelia sighed and leaned down to look at Iffy. “Do you want to go back to Hogwarts with Hedwig?”

Iffy smiled and nodded her head.

“I better go and make you some clothes,” Andromeda said, getting to her feet. “It’s still quite cold out.”

~

Iffy squealed with exhilaration as she soared through the sky, riding on Hedwig’s back. The shrunken cloak Andromeda had given her flapped in the cool wind that turned her cheeks a rosy red. With a broad smile, she looked down at all the trees that passed under them with curious delight.

~

Outside of a barn in Paisley, Douglas Kirk set two cans of magical ink at Xenophilius Lovegood’s feet.

“Here you are, Xeno,” he said. “How’s the Quibbler doing?”

“Oh, quite well,” Xeno replied. “Our exposé on the Rotfang Conspiracy has garnered us four new subscribers. Our biggest growth yet!”

“Wonderful,” Douglas smiled. “That’ll be three Sickles.”

Xenophilius dug through his robe, checking several pockets, before he found his money and handed over three silver coins.

“See you next week,” Douglas said.

“See you then,” Xeno smiled. “Oh, and you might be interested to know we’ll have an article about the Tartan Crisis.”

“Tartan Crisis?” Douglas asked. “As in the fabric?”

“Ah, that’s what they want you to think,” Xeno said, thrusting his finger into the air. “Tartan actually comes from a magical creature known as the Beast of Tartan, and they’re going extinct. The Ministry’s been hiding it for centuries.”

“Really now?” Douglas said with a smile. “Well then, I’ll have to warn my aunt to stock up while she still can.”

“That might not be the safest thing to do,” Xeno said gravely. “If the beasts ever escape, they’ll kill anyone wearing tartan. Terribly vicious, I’m afraid.”

“Well, if they’re going extinct, it shouldn’t be a problem,” Douglas smiled. “But I’ll pass your warning along.”

“Good man,” Xeno nodded.

Bending down, he picked up the cans of ink. When he straightened back up, he opened his mouth to speak and suddenly froze. His eyes widened as he stared at something over Douglas’ shoulder.

“The Fairies have made an alliance with the owls,” he said in a harsh whisper. “They’ll cause chaos with our mail system. Letters will never make it to the right person again. This puts our whole world in jeopardy! I have to go!”

Xeno turned on the spot and vanished with a crack. Douglas blinked bemusedly at the spot the man had stood in a moment ago and chuckled softly. Glancing over his shoulder, he did a double take as he spotted a beautiful white owl winging its way through the sky with a Fairy riding on its back.

“Well, I’ll be damned.”

~

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Harry looked up from his homework and smiled. Hedwig sat on the windowsill, silhouetted by the setting sun, with Iffy on her back. The little Fairy waved happily, a wide smile on her face, before pulling her cloak tightly around her body and shivering slightly.

Getting to his feet, Harry opened the window, allowing Hedwig to fly into the room and land on the bed.

“Hey, girls,” he said. “How was your flight?”

Hedwig hooted softly and leaned her head into Harry’s finger as he stroked the top of her head. With a flutter of her wings, Iffy took to the air and settled in front of the fire by Hermione’s feet, arm wrapped around herself for warmth.

“Oh, you poor thing,” she cooed.

Picking Iffy up, she stuck her in the top pocket of her robes and wrapped a blanket around her shoulder. Iffy snuggled in with an inaudible sigh and smiled up at her. Across from them, Tonks poured a cup of tea, shrunk it to the appropriate size for a Fairy, and carefully handed it to her. Iffy squeaked gratefully and took a sip.

“I told you we should have had Dobby bring her,” Hermione said, tucking the blanket around Iffy.

“She’s fine,” Harry said, rolling his eyes. “It’s not that cold out. And you had fun, right?”

Iffy looked up, smiled, and nodded her head vigorously.

“If she catches a cold because of this, you’re taking care of her,” she said with a glare.

Harry raised his hands in surrender and returned to his seat. They made small talk for a few minutes while Iffy warmed up by the fire and finished her tea. When she was sufficiently warm, and her cup was empty, she flew out of Hermione’s pocket. Landing on the low coffee table, she stretched and stripped out of her robe and trousers.

“You little nudist,” Tonks chuckled.

Iffy smiled and stretched again, her little wings flapping rapidly.

“Should we ask her?” Harry asked softly, his face turning serious.

Hermione sighed, “I suppose we might as well get it over with.”

Iffy looked between them curiously and then turned her attention to Harry when he leaned forward, placing his elbows on his knees.

“Listen,” Harry began, licking his lips. “You spent a lot of time in the Room of Requirement, and we need to find something hidden there. A Diadem. It’s silver– looks like a tiara. Have you ever seen anything like that?”

Iffy turned her face up thoughtfully and tapped a finger against her chin.

“It would probably help if you showed her a picture,” Hermione said.

“I got it,” Tonks told her.

Grabbing a book with a blue leather cover from the table at the end of the couch, she flipped through the pages before holding it open and turning it around. The moment Iffy spotted the silver, jewel-encrusted Diadem, the color drained from her cheeks. She let out a high-pitched squeal and darted into Hermione's bushy hair.

"Ow!" Hermione cried. "Iffy, be careful!"

"I guess that's a yes," Tonks said.

Harry stood up, moved over to Hermione's chair, and sat down on the arm. Carefully, he parted her hair until he found Iffy.

"Iffy," he called soothingly. "I know you're scared, but we need to find. We need to destroy it. I can't tell you why, but this is very, very important. Can you help us? Please?"

Slowly relaxing her grip on Hermione's hair, Iffy studied his face for a long moment and then nodded.

"Thank you," he said gratefully.

"Maybe we should wait until morning," Hermione suggested.

"No,' Harry said firmly. "We need to go now. The sooner we get this over with, the happier we'll all be."

Iffy rode on Harry's shoulder as they made the relatively short walk to the seventh floor. The moment they stepped inside the Room of Requirement, she took to the air and gazed around the room. After some consideration, she waved for them to follow and led them on a meandering path through the towering piles of missing and hidden items.

While Harry, Hermione, and Tonks crawled over, under, around, and through, Iffy zipped around with ease, pausing occasionally to let them catch up. In a matter of minutes, Harry had completely lost his bearings. He had no idea where he was or where he was going.

At one point, Tonks tripped, causing an avalanche of expensive-looking dining chairs. Harry pulled out of the way just in time to avoid injury. The chairs clattered to the floor, blocking their path and forcing them to find a way around. They continued more carefully for a few more minutes until Iffy suddenly came to a stop.

“Are we there yet?” Tonks asked, rubbing a rapidly forming bruise on her forearm.

Nervously, Iffy raised her hand and pointed. Harry, Hermione, and Tonks stepped past a large black wardrobe for a better look. They found an old, battered dresser. A marble bust sat on top of the dresser, atop which sat the Diadem of Rowena Ravenclaw.

It was no longer the thing of beauty that they saw in the memory of Salazar Slytherin. The once gleaming jewels were now dull and covered in a thick layer of dust, and the intricate bands of silver were now tarnished and discolored. A dark cloud seemed to hang in the air, blanketing the area with a sense of malevolence. It felt like the shadows might spring to life at any moment and attack you. More than once, Harry thought he saw something out of the corner of his eyes, only to find nothing there when he looked over. As he wiped his sweaty palms on his trousers, Iffy drifted backward and hid behind an old, rusted birdcage.

“That thing gives me the creeps,” Tonks shivered. “Maybe we should go and get Dumbledore.”

“No,” Harry said, licking his lips. “I’m not letting that thing out of my sight until it’s destroyed.”

“Are you sure it’s safe?” Hermione asked.

“It can’t hurt us,” he said, squaring his shoulders determinedly. “It’s just messing with our thoughts.”

“Oh, yeah, that sounds safe,” Tonks snarked.

“Let’s just grab it and get out of here,” Harry said.

Walking forward slowly, he resisted the sudden urge to turn and run. A spike of irrational fear swelled in his chest as he reached out. The moment his fingers grasped the cool metal, he felt a painful throb behind his scar.

You can’t win.

He pulled the Diadem off the bust and clutched it tightly.

You’ll never stop him. He’s made too many. He’s too powerful.

“Harry?” Hermione called worriedly.

Harry snapped out of his thoughts, unaware of how long he’d been standing and staring at the Diadem. Dropping his arms to his side, he turned and took a deep breath.

“I’m fine,” he said. “Iffy, get us out of here.”

With a nod, Iffy began leading the way back. Harry followed after her. His eyes focused straight ahead while Tonks and Hermione trailed silently after him.

He’s going to kill them all.

Images of Hermione, Tonks, and Fleur swam in his vision, their bodies broken and bloodied, eyes lifeless. Harry shook his head and stepped over a fallen wardrobe.

Take your friends and run. It's your only hope.

"No," Harry whispered.

The Diadem began to burn against his skin, but he only gripped it tighter. Voldemort's voice continued to taunt him; images of his friends, dead and dying, appeared in his mind, and a growing feeling of fear filled every fiber of his being. Harry focused on the pain in his hand, and although he fought the urge to run, he still moved faster, his movements bordering on the edge of frantic.

The girls struggled to keep up with him. When they did catch up with him, they asked him if he was alright. Harry barely noticed and never answered. They exchanged a worried look as they crawled and climbed after him through the maze of lost and forgotten things.

Sweat dripped from Harry's forehead. Something he only noticed when it burned his eyes. Shaking his head, he continued on until he eventually reached the entrance. Barely pausing to wrench the door open, he stepped out into the hall and strode as fast as he could toward the stairs. Iffy gave him a look of concern as he passed her, a look she shared with Hermione and Tonks when they caught up.

"Harry, are you alright?" Hermione asked, jogging to catch up with his long strides.

"I'm fine," he said shortly.

Hermione bit her lip just as Tonks caught up and gave her shoulder a comforting squeeze.

"That thing's really bothering him," Hermione said softly.

"I know," Tonks said. "Let's keep an eye on him and get him to Dumbledore's office as quickly as possible."

Harry stuffed his hand with the Diadem in the pocket of his robes as he wound his way through the halls and down the stairs. They ran into a pair of Hufflepuffs on the fourth floor, who immediately turned and scurried off down another hall as they approached. By the time they reached the second floor, Tonks and Hermione were practically jogging to keep up with Harry's gradually increasing pace. They only caught up to him completely when he stopped in front of the Gargoyle guarding the Headmaster's office.

"Open!" Harry barked. "Now!"

Hermione opened her mouth to give it the proper password, but to her surprise, it obediently hopped aside. Harry strode forward and started taking the stairs two at a time. He burst through the door to Dumbledore's office without bothering to knock.

"Sword," he said, only looking around to make sure they were alone after he said it.

Mercifully, the office was empty except for Dumbledore, who sat behind his desk.

"You found one?" he asked, arching a bushy white eyebrow.

Harry pulled his hand out of his pocket just as Tonks and Hermione entered the room and closed the door behind them. He dropped the Diadem on the rug. A couple of drops of blood landed next to it. The sharp peaks of the Diadem had pierced his skin from his tight grip.

Dumbledore stood, locking the door and freezing the portraits with a wave of his wand.

"Sword, now," Harry demanded.

Dumbledore turned and pulled on one of the portraits, revealing a hidden compartment behind it. Reaching inside, he pulled out the sword of Gryffindor, walked over to Harry, and handed it to him. Harry didn't hesitate to raise it above his head and bring it down as hard as he could.

The sword cleaved through the Diadem, sliced through the rug, and clanged as it bit into the stone underneath.

A loud, piercing howl rent the office as a black, billowing cloud poured from the halves of the Diadem. It rapidly formed into a roiling ball with two sunken eyes, a flat nose, and a large mouth. The face opened its wide, gaping maw and charged toward Harry. He stumbled backward, nearly falling over as he drew his wand when Dumbledore stepped forward and cast a shining silver shield between them. The face grimaced and recoiled as if in pain before it turned and glared at the Headmaster.

“You will not harm him,” Dumbledore said, his voice carrying a power that belied his age.

The face sneered with rage. Its mouth opened wide, and a horrific screech echoed through the room. Harry, Hermione, and Tonks covered their ears as it continued to scream, even as it slowly faded into nothing. Then, suddenly, the office was enveloped in silence and a sudden stillness. A long moment passed where no one even dared to breathe. Then, Harry sighed in relief.

“It’s gone,” Dumbledore said, dropping the shield and lowering his wand. “Come take a seat, and you can tell me what happened.”

It was an hour before Harry, Hermione, and Tonks finally left the Headmaster’s office. Dumbledore had wanted every last detail of their adventure. He seemed particularly interested in what Harry had experienced with the Horcrux. None of them could figure out why, and Dumbledore wasn’t inclined to explain.

By the time they got back to their private room in Gryffindor Tower, Harry looked ready to collapse. The girls helped him change and forced him into bed before changing themselves. He was already asleep when they returned a couple of minutes later. Crawling into bed, they curled up against his sides, rested their heads on his chest, and hugged him tightly.

Iffy watched from the dresser and waited for them to settle before flying over and landing on top of Harry's head. Kissing his forehead, she pushed his hair around to make a little nest and then laid down to sleep.

Chapter 35

"Achoo!"

"I told you she would get sick," Hermione said, glaring at Harry.

Iffy sniffled and groaned as she lay in Harry's hand, bundled in a shrunken quilt. Her nose was noticeably red, and her eyes drooped. Harry sighed, scooting closer to the fire to keep her warm.

"Sorry," he muttered.

Iffy smiled weakly.

"Achoo!"

"Would it help if we gave her a Pepper-up Potion?" Tonks asked thoughtfully.

"No," Hermione said adamantly. "You can't give potions designed for witches and wizards to a Fairy. It's dangerous."

"Why don't we take her to see Hagrid?" Harry asked. "He'll know what to do."

"That's not a bad idea, actually," Hermione said. "Let's go. Do you want to stop and get something to eat first?"

Iffy groaned, wrapped her arms tightly around herself, and shook her head. Stroking her head sympathetically, Harry carefully tucked her in the breast pocket of his shirt and donned his cloak. Tonks took his hand as they left Gryffindor Tower with Hermione and made their way downstairs. Leaving through the front door, they walked down to Hagrid's hut and knocked on the door. The door opened a moment later, and Hagrid greeted them with a beaming smile under his bushy beard.

"Hello," he said brightly. "What brings you lot down here this early?"

"Do you have a minute, Hagrid?" Hermione asked. "We could use your help."

"O'course," he said, swinging the door open wide and stepping aside. "Come on in, I just put on some tea."

Harry, Hermione, and Tonks walked inside and took seats around the small round table while Hagrid bustled about the kitchen making tea. Fang, who was sleeping on the bed, woke up at the sound of visitors, stretched, yawned, and clambered sleepily down to the floor. Tonks smiled and reached over to scratch his head, but he ignored her and sniffed the air curiously. He sniffed between the three of them, eventually following his nose right to Harry's breast pocket.

"Careful," Harry said, leaning back.

Sniffling, Iffy poked her head out of the top of his pocket and gazed blearily at the giant Mastiff. Fang woofed softly but excitedly.

"Hello there," Hagrid said, setting three mismatched mugs of tea on the table. "Who's this?"

"That's Iffy," Hermione answered. "We found her at Harry's house. We think she was hiding in some of the books we borrowed from the Room of Requirement."

“Borrowed?” Tonks asked skeptically

Hermione ignored her.

“She’s what we wanted to talk to you about. Harry thought it would be a good idea for her to fly across Britain with Hedwig, and now she’s sick. Can you do anything to help her?”

“Looks like a common case of Fairy Flu,” Hagrid said. “Probably got it just bein’ in the castle. I got just the thing.”

Turning back to the cupboards, he searched through several glass jars before pulling out two. One was filled with patches of dark green moss, and the other contained pencil-thick, black roots. Snapping a few roots and exposing the bright white core, he stuck them in another mug, added a wad of moss, and then poured steaming hot water from the kettle over the top.

“Hyophila moss and Snakeroot tea,” Hagrid said, taking out another mug. “Should have her fixed up in no time. One of yeh mind shrinking this fer me?”

Hermione drew her wand and shrunk the mug.

“Thank, Hermione,” he smiled.

Very carefully, his tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth in concentration, Hagrid took the tiny mug between his thumb and forefinger. It shattered immediately.

“Whoops.”

“Let me, Hagrid,” Hermione said.

Standing up and joining him at the counter, she repaired the mug, picked it up, and scooped out some tea.

“Thanks, Hermione,” Hagrid smiled. “Me dad always said I was too strong for me own good.”

Laughing, he sat on the bed, and the frame creaked in protest. Harry lifted Iffy out of his pocket and set her on the table as Hermione handed her the mug of tea. She took it in her hands, eyed it curiously, and took a tentative sip. Immediately, her eyes brightened; she perked up, took a deep gulp, and let out a satisfied sigh.

“Ha, told yeh it would work,” Hagrid smiled. “She’ll be right as rain in no time.”

“Brilliant, Hagrid,” Harry grinned.

They spent an hour catching up with Hagrid, and by the time they left, Iffy looked and acted like she felt much better. Despite that, he advised them to wait a few days before sending her home. Iffy insisted on tagging along with Harry and Hermione as they went about their classes. Surprisingly, none of the professors made a fuss about her presence, short of warning not to let her become a distraction. Fortunately, Iffy was well-behaved and merely watched from the comfort and warmth of one of their pockets. It was also fortunate that it was still chilly in the castle, forcing her to stay clothed.

The only class they didn’t take her to was Defense because neither Harry nor Hermione trusted Snape and the Slytherins not to try and hurt her.

When it came time to send her back to Fort Potter, Iffy refused any form of transportation that wasn’t Hedwig, much to Hermione’s consternation. After much arguing, she finally gave in, made her a new, warmer jacket, and sent the owl and Fairy winging their way back home.

Life in the castle returned to normal for the next couple of weeks until Harry, Tonks, and Hermione were abruptly woken in the middle of the night.

“All Aurors report to the Ministry immediately!”

Startled by the thundering voice, all three of them sat bolt upright in bed.

“What’s that?” Hermione asked sleepily.

“All Aurors report to the Ministry immediately!”

“Shit!”

Tonks jumped out of bed, naked, and ran to her robes that she had tossed carelessly across the room earlier in the night.

“Nymphadora Tonks.”

Tonks dropped her robes and ran back the way she’d come. Stopping in front of the nightstand, she picked up her locket and opened it.

“Amelia Bones,” she said.

Harry and Hermione climbed out of bed and looked over her shoulder as Amelia’s pale, worried face swam into view in the tiny, oval mirror.

“Disregard that order,” she said. “I need you to stay at Hogwarts. Double the patrols and keep Potter safe. Wake the professors if you have to.”

“What’s going on?” Tonks asked.

“The Dementors joined Voldemort. The guards are dead, and the prison is empty.”

Tonks’ hair went limp and turned jet black as she stumbled back and sat heavily on the bed.

“I have to go; the Dementors are wreaking havoc,” Amelia said. “You and your team stay put and keep that school safe.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks nodded.

Amelia’s face disappeared, and she closed the locket with a heavy sigh.

“I can’t believe it,” Hermione whispered.

Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulders and caressed her arm soothingly.

“I need to go,” Tonks said, standing up and throwing on whatever clothes she grabbed first. “You two stay put until breakfast.”

“You don’t think they’ll come here, do you?” Hermione asked.

“No, but I’d rather be safe than sorry,” Tonks replied, donning her robes. “Keep your lockets on you. I’ll call if anything happens.”

They nodded in agreement, and she leaned down to kiss each of them before darting from the room. Hermione clung to Harry as he pulled her back into bed and covered them with the blankets. Neither of them spoke, but sleep never came.

When they made their way down to the Great Hall hours later, they could feel the tension in the air even before the morning paper arrived. Tonks and her Aurors constantly patrolled the halls, and the teachers looked tired and worried. When the paper arrived, frightened gasps and murmurs filled the hall. A dark cloud of uncertainty settled over the castle.

Harry immediately used his charmed Galleon to call a meeting of the DA. Realistically, he knew they couldn't do anything about the situation, but training would keep their minds occupied, and improving their dueling was never a bad idea. He had just tucked the Galleon back in his pocket when Tonks dropped tiredly onto the bench next to him and laid her head on his shoulder.

"You alright?" he asked.

"Yeah," Tonks said, pausing to yawn widely before continuing. "Just tired. I talked to Bones. She said they managed to drive the Dementors away from populated areas, but they have no idea how to make them return to Azkaban, and no one's seen any sign of the prisoners. When the Aurors arrived for the shift change, they found the cells empty, and the guards Kissed."

"What are they going to do with new prisoners?" Hermione asked.

Tonks shrugged and sighed.

"I don't know. Probably keep them at the Ministry for now. If they can't get the Dementors back, they'll have to hire regular guards to patrol the prison."

"They never should have used Dementors as guards in the first place," Hermione said with a shiver. "It's inhumane."

"You're probably right, but I'm too tired to think about it," Tonks said, closing her eyes.

“Why don’t you go back to bed for a bit?” Harry suggested. “We’ll be in class anyway, and I called for a DA meeting after dinner.”

“That sounds like a good idea,” she yawned. “Wake me up for lunch.”

Kissing him on the cheek, she grabbed the buttered toast off his plate and left the Great Hall sluggishly as she munched on it.

~

Harry watched with a sense of pride as the DA worked hard on mastering the Patronus Charm. Ginny, Luna, Neville, and Ron could reliably cast a corporeal Patronus at will. He wasn’t fully satisfied since they had never faced a real Dementor, but it was the best they could do under the circumstances. All of the other students could conjure mist, and most of them were close to fully forming. Daphne seemed the closest to mastering the Charm, but she appeared distracted, and her concentration slipped. It seemed to be a bird of some sort, and given the long neck, he thought it might be a swan. Quietly, he made his way over to her.

“Everything alright?” he asked softly.

Daphne lowered her wand and sighed.

“I need to talk to you after the meeting,” she whispered.

“Okay,” Harry said. “Come to our room after the meeting?”

Daphne nodded and returned to practicing her Charm as if nothing had happened. Giving her shoulder a supportive squeeze, he continued walking around the room, helping people where he could.

They ended the meeting an hour later, so the students had plenty of time to return to their Common Rooms. The Aurors and teachers were still patrolling the halls at night, and they weren't offering any leniency to anyone caught out after curfew. Harry, Hermione, and Tonks escorted Daphne to their room in Gryffindor Tower. The few students milling about gave them curious looks as they disappeared inside.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked.

"Do you remember when you asked me if my father could force my sister or me into a contract, and I told you he could, but it wouldn't be magically binding?"

"Yeah," he said.

"Well, I did some research to make sure he couldn't find a way to fuck me over," Daphne said. "And I was mostly right. The Ministry won't accept a magically binding contract without a willing signature from everyone involved. Gringotts, on the other hand, will."

"How can they do that?" Hermione asked.

"The laws that govern Gringotts are a lot older than the laws of the Ministry," Daphne explained, "and no one wants to renegotiate the treaty we've had in place for hundreds of years. Normally, it isn't a problem. The Goblins are known for screwing witches and wizards over with fine print, and their services cost an arm and a leg, so most people avoid them. Only desperate people go to them for a contract. That's not something I had to worry about while my father was in prison, but now that he's out…"

"You think he's going to try something?" Harry asked.

"My father isn't known for taking defeat or betrayal well," she admitted. "And he will see us running away as a betrayal."

“But there’s something we can do to help, right?” Tonks asked.

Daphne took a steadying breath, reached into her pocket, and pulled out a roll of parchment and a quill. She placed it on the study desk next to the wall and used the quill and an ink well from the desk to keep it unfurled.

“My father can’t enter me into a contract if I’m already bound by one,” she said. “This magically binding contract will make me and my sister your mistresses. My mother has already signed it. In exchange for signing this and agreeing to leave Astoria alone and release her from the contract as soon as my father is dead or back in prison, I’ll be yours to use however you want.”

“Daphne, you don’t have to-”

“Potter, just sign the contract and tell me what to do,” Daphne barked before her shoulders slumped, and she gazed at him pleadingly. “Please.”

Harry stared at her for a long moment and then turned to Tonks and Hermione. Neither of them offered him an objection. With a sigh, he walked over to the desk, picked up the quill, and signed with a flourish.

“Thank you,” Daphne said, exhaling heavily in relief.

He opened his arms, and she rushed forward, clinging to him tightly and burying her face in his shoulder. His hand caressed her back gently as she trembled. It took several moments for her to get her emotions under control, and when she did, she leaned back and gazed up at him. Their lips met before Harry even realized they were drifting closer together. Daphne threaded her fingers through his hair and desperately mashed her lips against his. Her nails dug sharply into his scalp, and his lips ached, but his only response was to pull her closer. Relief only came when she ran out of air and pulled back to catch her breath.

“I’m all yours, Potter,” she whispered, panting lightly. “Take me.”

Harry held her smoldering gaze, lifted her off the floor, and carried her over to the bed. Laying her down on the mattress and crawling over top of her, their lips crashed together again. Their hands tugged impatiently at each other's clothing, heedless of the popping buttons. As Daphne sat up to unclasp her bra, he scrambled out of his trousers, all while their lips remained awkwardly connected. The moment the last item of clothing hit the floor, Harry crawled back on top of her, and they shared a mutual, muffled groan as his excited length mashed against her folds.

They separated to catch their breath. He held Daphne's gaze as he reached between their bodies and lined himself up with her entrance. With his head lodged in place, he placed his forearms on either side of her head and pushed.

"Oh, Merlin!" Daphne gasped.

Harry carefully but inexorably deeper into her core until he could go no further. He watched her face closely as he paused, giving her a few moments to adjust. At her nod, he began rocking back and forth, easing in and out of her gripping heat. Daphne threw her head back and groaned, rolling her hips in time with his. He thrust harder and faster, causing her large breasts to bounce in time with their movements. Taking one in his hand, he kissed her passionately and rolled the hard pink nipple between his fingers. She whimpered into his mouth and raked her nails down his spine.

Daphne began to writhe under him. He could feel a tremble in her muscles as she bucked desperately. She tore her lips from his with a gasp and clutched at his back frantically as if looking for something to hold onto. Every breath she took stuttered as she arched her back and squirmed restlessly. Harry plowed forward harder and faster, rocking her body with every thrust until, finally, she seized and shook.

"Yes!" Daphne exclaimed.

He maintained a relentless pace, seeking his own relief. Selfishly, he drove into her depths as she trembled and gasped below him. With an inarticulate grunt, he pinned his hips to hers and erupted, flooding her with the heat of his climax. Daphne gasped, and her eyes widened as she

locked her legs around the back of his thighs. She met his eyes with a look of wonder before he collapsed breathlessly on top of her.

“Well, it’s about time,” Tonks said. “That was fuckin’ hot.”

Harry turned his head to the side and saw Tonks and Hermione spooned on the bed next to them. Tonks was behind Hermione, head propped on her hand and a smirk on her lips. Brushing the brunette’s bushy hair aside, she whispered in her ear. As Hermione crawled forward, Harry rolled off of Daphne, who lay panting, her eyes closed.

“Scoot over,” Tonks whispered.

He moved out of the way, and she took his place next to Daphne. Hermione made her way between Daphne’s legs and kissed the inside of her thigh. The blonde’s eyes shot, and she gasped as Hermione kissed her again, slowly making a path to her leaking folds.

“You know he’s going to fuck you whenever he wants now,” Tonks said.

“I’m well aware of what I agreed to,” Daphne replied, closing her eyes as Hermione reached her core. “Oh, that’s good, Granger.”

“Agreed to?” Tonks smirked, caressing Daphne’s breast. “You make it sound like a sacrifice. Admit it, you’d be happy to have Harry order you to suck his cock between classes. You want him to drag you into a broom cupboard and shag your brains out whenever he feels like it.”

Daphne hissed and grabbed two big handfuls of Hermione’s hair.

“Maybe he should just bend you over the Slytherin table in the middle of the Great Hall and show them who you belong to.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Daphne gasped.

Harry chuckled and shook his head, but his eyes were drawn to Hermione’s swaying bum as his erection gradually returned.

~

Apolline looked up from her book as she heard the front door open and close. Despite the Fidelus around Fort Potter, she palmed her wand cautiously. She relaxed when Amelia sluggishly entered the living room and wearily collapsed in her favorite chair.

“Are you alright?” she asked.

“Fine,” Amelia sighed. “Just exhausted. No one has any answer on how to deal with Dementors, Scrimgeour is playing politics behind my back, and the Wizengamot took six hours out of my day being utterly useless.”

Sighing heavily, she massaged the bridge of her nose.

“I’m sorry,” Apolline said sympathetically. “You should try and get some rest.”

“I can’t,” Amelia grumbled. “Every time I close my eyes, I see six of my Aurors staring blankly at a wall, babbling to themselves.”

Suddenly, she heaved herself out of the chair, walked over to the drinks cabinet, and poured herself a generous helping of scotch. She downed it in a single swig and set the glass back down heavily.

Apolline stood, relaxed her Allure, and walked up behind her. Amelia tensed momentarily as she hugged her from behind but quickly relaxed.

“Zen come to bed wiz me,” she said softly. “I weel distract you.”

“Tempting,” Amelia said, caressing the back of Apolline’s hand and glancing over her shoulder. “But I really am exhausted.”

“I don’t mind,” Apolline smiled. “Let me take care of you tonight.”

Taking Amelia’s hand in her, she led her down the hall and into her bedroom.

~

After sneaking Daphne back to the Slytherin common room under his cloak, Harry detoured to the Astronomy Tower on his way back. He knew Tonks and Hermione would be asleep, and it granted him a rare moment to sit and think by himself.

“I see I’m not the only one that sleep eludes tonight.”

Harry glanced over his shoulder at Professor Dumbledore and then turned back to gaze out at the stars.

“I imagine a lot of people are going to have trouble sleeping.”

“I imagine you’re right,” Dumbledore said.

He joined Harry at the edge of the railing, and they stood in companionable silence for a long moment.

“I wanted to let you know, since you were so concerned last time, that I’ll be leaving the castle for a week, perhaps longer, tomorrow morning,” Dumbledore said.

“Why?” Harry asked.

“I believe I’ve located another of Tom’s trinkets,” he replied. “One I’ll require your assistance to retrieve.”

“Why don’t we just go now?”

“Because I’ve yet to discover the exact location,” Dumbledore told him. “As soon as I have it, we will collect it together.”

He leaned on the railing next to Harry, his black hand sticking out in sharp contrast to the rest of his pale, white skin. It didn’t look any better or worse than it had the last time they’d talked in his office. Harry looked away and gathered the courage to ask the question that had plagued his mind for months.

“Are you dying, professor?”

Dumbledore gazed down at his hand and turned it over, gazing at it in the moonlight.

“Our time is precious on this Earth, Harry. We never know when it might come to an end,” he said before raising his eyes to meet Harry’s gaze. “But I assure you, I’ll be around as long as you need me.”

It wasn’t the answer Harry had hoped for, but he knew it was the best he would get. Together, they turned back to the stars and lapsed into silence.

Chapter 36

Early the next morning, before leaving for breakfast, Harry told Hermione and Tonks about his talk with Dumbledore.

“So after this, there’ll only be two left, right?” Tonks asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “The Cup or the Locket, whichever one we don’t find, and Nagini.”

“I’ll research them as much as I can,” Hermione said.

“Have you had any luck brewing Liquid Luck?” Harry asked.

“I looked into it,” she sighed. “It’s incredibly complicated. The brewing process takes a week; you can only do it near Summer solstice; the ingredient amounts have to be precise, so you can’t make large batches, and if I get it even slightly wrong, the potion turns into a deadly poison. Honestly, I don’t think it’ll be that useful.”

“I’ll talk to Slughorn, then. See if we can just buy another vial,” he said. “I’ve got a bad feeling about this.”

“What are you thinking, love?” Tonks asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. “Something’s coming. I can feel it. I just don’t know what it is.”

Hermione and Tonks shared a look. As one, they walked over and hugged him.

Dumbledore wasn’t at the Head Table when they went down for breakfast, and Harry settled in for an agonizing wait. Every meal, he glanced up at Head Table, hoping to see Dumbledore, and finally, after a week and a half, he returned. It took all of his restraint not to rush up and start

questioning him. Instead, he waited impatiently, his leg bouncing under the table for dinner to end.

Harry jumped to his feet as soon as Dumbledore finished his meal and stood. Abandoning his bag at the table, he walked into the Entrance Hall and waited. The headmaster didn't even spare him a glance as he passed him and began climbing the stairs. Harry raced up the stairs and caught up to him at the landing. They fell into step as they followed the familiar path to the headmaster's second-floor office.

"Anxious, Harry?" Dumbledore smiled.

"Wouldn't you be?" Harry asked, fighting to hide his irritation.

Dumbledore chuckled, "Indeed I would."

The walk to his office was mercifully short. They rode the spiraling staircase to the top, and Harry took a seat before the door was even closed.

"I suppose there's no point in making you wait any longer," the headmaster said, locking the door and freezing the portraits with a wave of his wand. "Yes, I found what I was looking for."

"When do we leave?" Harry asked eagerly.

"Tonight," Dumbledore replied, taking a seat behind his desk with a sigh.

"Really?" he asked, surprised.

"There's no point waiting any further. I've learned all I can. Meet me at the Astronomy Tower at midnight. I need a few hours of rest before we leave. My trip was more exhausting than I expected."

Harry felt a surge of guilt as Dumbledore took off his glasses and rubbed his face tiredly.

“We can wait another day if you need to rest.”

Dumbledore replaced his glasses and smiled.

“I appreciate your concern, Harry, but I’m as anxious to finish this as you are,” he said. “I will be fine. Go make what preparations you need to. I’ll see you in a few hours.”

Nodding, he stood and walked over to the door, which unlocked the moment his hand touched the doorknob. Harry opened the door and was halfway through it when he paused and turned back to Dumbledore. He wanted to ask a question, but he didn’t know what it was. After a moment, he gave up and left.

Lost in thought, he didn’t even realize he was making his way back to the Great Hall until he ran into Hermione and Tonks on the second-floor landing.

“What did he say?” Hermione asked, handing him his bag.

“We’re going tonight,” Harry told her.

“Let’s take this to our room,” Tonks suggested.

Nodding, he followed them up to Gryffindor Tower and into their private room.

“We’re leaving at midnight,” he said.

Tossing his bag next to the couch, he walked over to his dresser and opened the sock drawer.

“Do you know where you’re going?” Tonks asked.

“No, I didn’t ask,” he admitted. “Honestly, he didn’t tell me much.”

Tonks snorted, “Does he ever,” she muttered.

Harry smiled and pulled two vials, one full and one half empty, out of a pair of Vernon’s old socks.

“Here,” he said, handing the full vial to Hermione. “I want you and Tonks to drink half of this before I leave. Can you two organize extra patrols for tonight?”

“Do you really think that’s necessary?” Hermione asked, biting her lip.

“I’m probably just being paranoid, but something just feels off,” Harry sighed. “I just know something bad is going to happen as soon as I leave.”

“If it makes you feel better, I’ll organize extra patrols with the professors,” Tonks said. “We’ll be fine. We have Aurors here, and if we need to, we can call on the DA for help. You just worry about yourself and make sure you come back in one piece.”

“I’ll do my best,” he smiled.

Wrapping an arm around each of their waists, he led them over to the couch and sat. The wait for midnight was even more painful than the wait for Dumbledore to return. Harry found himself constantly glancing at the clock. Minutes felt like hours, and he swore time was going slower than usual just to mock him.

Eventually, though, the clock neared midnight.

“I should get going,” he said, getting to his feet.

Pulling the half-empty vial of Liquid Luck out of his pocket, he downed the rest of the potion. A wave of euphoric calm washed over him, and for the first time in days, his nerves settled.

“Your turn,” he said, nodding to Hermione.

She pulled the vial from her pocket and drank half before handing the rest to Tonks.

“Oh, wow,” she said.

“I’ve always wanted to try this stuff,” Tonks said, downing the potion. “Ooh, that’s nice.”

“Just remember that it doesn’t make you invincible,” Hermione warned.

“Yes, mum,” Tonks said teasingly, then turned to Harry. “You should go meet with Dumbledore.”

Nodding, Harry gave each of them a lingering kiss and made for the door.

“Good luck!” Tonks called after him.

With a smile and a wave, he left Gryffindor Tower and made the brief journey to the Astronomy Tower. When he arrived, Dumbledore was already standing at the railing, gazing up at the stars.

“Good evening, Harry,” he said without turning around. “I take it you’re ready to go?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Excellent,” he said, holding his arm to the side. “Take my arm.”

Harry rested his hand on his forearm and then felt the familiar, uncomfortable sensation of being squeezed through a small tube. The experience was mercifully brief, and when it ended, he found himself standing on a rocky shoreline. Waves crashed loudly against the black, jagged rocks, illuminated by small slivers of moonlight that managed to break through the low cloud cover. A cloud of mist dampened his skin, and the taste of salt tickled his tongue.

“Where are we?” he asked loudly over the roaring waves.

“We’re on the Cliffs of Moher,” Dumbledore replied. “Tom’s orphanage used to sit in a small village not far from here. From what I’ve been able to gather, he used to bring two of the other children here. The cave we are going to was his little hideaway, where he would use his magic to do unspeakable things. One of them still lives in the area. He doesn’t remember anything, of course, but the trauma he experienced was pain to see.”

Drawing his wand from his pocket, the tip glowed turquoise as he waved it in a wide arc. The waves crashed into an invisible barrier, and the tide receded, revealing a path of flat, black stones. Harry squinted into the darkness to try to make out what was on the other side, but all he could see was a wall of unbroken, jagged cliff face.

“Watch your step!” Dumbledore called, stepping out onto the path.

Harry followed after him cautiously, making sure his foot found purchase on the slippery stone before putting his weight forward. The distance was short, but the journey was slow and precarious as they crossed the path while chest-high waves crashed into the barrier a few feet to their right. They made it to the other side without incident, but where he found himself was hardly what he’d call a cave. It was more of an alcove carved into the cliff face that measured about ten feet wide and twelve feet high at the peak.

“Here we are,” Dumbledore said, lighting his wand. “Now, the entrance should be around here somewhere.”

Harry lit his wand and watched closely as the headmaster ran his hand over the uneven wall. As he neared the center, he suddenly stopped and took a step back.

“Come,” he said, waving Harry forward. “Tell me what you feel.”

Stepping up to the wall, he closed his eyes and ran his hand along the stone. After a moment, he saw a flash of crimson and tasted copper on his tongue.

“Blood,” he said, stepping back.

“Very good,” Dumbledore nodded.

“I felt the same thing in the Chamber of Secrets,” Harry told him.

“That’s likely where Tom got the idea,” Dumbledore said, examining the wall closely.

“Then why didn’t he open it?” he asked.

“Sensing magic is easy,” Dumbledore said, shining the light of his wand close to the wall. “Witches and wizards do it every day of our lives. Deciphering those feelings, however, takes much more skill. I expect Tom didn’t understand what he was sensing until long after he left Hogwarts. That said, this may give us a clue to what’s inside.”

“The Locket,” Harry nodded. “He’d wand to use Slytherin’s magic to protect it.”

Dumbledore turned and regarded him with a proud smile.

“Precisely.”

Suddenly, he produced an ivory-handled folding knife from his pocket, opened it, and held the blade against his palm.

“Wait!” Harry exclaimed. “Professor, maybe I should be the one to-”

“I appreciate your concern, Harry, but your blood is much more precious than mine,” Dumbledore smiled.

In a flash of silver, a line of crimson appeared across the palm of his hand. Before Harry could get a good look, the headmaster turned and rubbed his hand against the wall, smearing the rock face with blood. As he conjured a bandage for his hand, the wall cracked open with a grumble and rapidly widened into a tall, narrow passage. Dumbledore stepped up to the entrance when Harry had a sudden thought.

“Professor, doesn’t this all seem a bit… easy?” he asked cautiously.

“Secrecy is the Horcruxes greatest defense,” he smiled. “And, I assure you, we will find much more dangerous defenses within.”

Turning around, he slipped into the narrow opening, and Harry followed after him. The gap was only a few feet long before it opened up. A bright, round light appeared from the tip of Dumbledore’s wand, nearly blinding Harry, before it shot up and away. Blinking away the spots in his vision, he took in the massive cave they were. There was a narrow shoreline along the edge bordering a large underwater lake. As the light bobbed just below the stalactites hanging from the ceiling, he spotted a small, rocky island jutting from the center of the lake.

“I believe that’s where we’re going,” Dumbledore said. “Now, we just need to find a way across. Ah, here it is.”

He reached down and picked up an iron chain among the rocks that led into the water. With a grunt, he gave it a hearty tug. The surface bubbled twenty yards away, and then a small wooden boat breached the surface.

“Ah, sir,” Harry said nervously. “Why would Voldemort leave behind a boat for us to use?”

“Did you feel the ward we passed on our way in?” Dumbledore asked as the boat bobbed slowly closer.

Harry shook his head.

“This cave is heavily warded,” he continued. “If you had a broom, you would find it quite useless. You will also find that any Transfigurations or Conjurations you attempt fail after a few moments. Only Charms, Curses, and Hexes will work inside this cave. Tom made quite sure this boat is the only way to travel to the island.”

“But how do we know this isn’t a trap?” Harry asked.

“Oh, it almost certainly is,” Dumbledore replied. “We simply have to be cautious.”

The boat bumped into the shore, and Harry swallowed nervously as they carefully climbed aboard. As soon as they were seated, the boat backed up, spun around, and drifted slowly toward the island. He looked up, wondering if one of the stalactites would fall down and crush them, then looked down at the water, fearful that waves might appear and swamp the small boat. Suddenly, a decayed face appeared near the surface, blinked, and then sank out of sight.

“Professor,” Harry called nervously.

“Yes, I see,” Dumbledore said calmly. “Inferi. I imagine the lake is full of them. Be careful not to touch the water.”

Harry nodded, gripping his wand tightly in one hand and his seat with the other. The ride to the island was agonizingly slow, but they eventually bumped into the shore. He climbed off of the boat as fast as he could and took three large steps away from the water.

“Harry,” Dumbledore called.

He turned away from the water and spotted the headmaster standing next to a waist-high basin. It was the only thing of note on the small, rocky island. Approaching slowly, he looked inside and saw a light green, glowing potion sitting inside.

“What is it?” Harry asked.

“Something highly unpleasant, I’m sure,” Dumbledore said.

He picked up a sea shell from the side of the basin, scooped up some of the potion, and let it fall back in.

“I believe we’re meant to drink it,” he concluded.

“Drink it?” Harry asked incredulously. “What if it’s poison?”

“Tom wouldn’t want to kill anyone who made it this far,” Dumbledore replied calmly. “He’d want to question them and find out how they discovered his secret. This potion is meant to debilitate, not to kill.”

“Okay,” Harry said slowly. “But, can’t we vanish it or something?”

Dumbledore paused and looked up at him.

“You’re welcome to try,” he said. “I don’t relish the thought of drinking this any more than you do.”

Harry raised his wand.

“Evanesco!”

The potion was entirely unaffected. Thinking he might be able to scoop it out, he transfigured a rock into a goblet and picked it up, only for it to turn back into a rock before he could move it to the basin. He dropped the rock and took the shell from Dumbledore’s hand. Taking a scoop of potion, he tried to dump it out, but it vanished before touching the ground. He scooped and scooped until his arm grew sore, but the level of the potion never changed. In frustration, he thrust the shell at Dumbledore and then tried to knock over the basin.

It didn’t budge. Harry leaned against the basin, slightly out of breath.

“It appears Tom thought of everything,” Dumbledore said.

Harry sighed, straightened, and drew his wand.

“I have one more idea.”

Dumbledore arched a bushy eyebrow as he leveled his wand at the basin.

“Incendio!”

A stream of bright orange flames shot from the end of his wand and wrapped around the basin. The heat caused sweat to appear on his arms and face, but Harry maintained his spell for a couple of minutes. Standing on his tiptoes, he looked at the potion, but it seemed unaffected.

After another minute, he stopped his spell and approached the basin. Cautiously, he pressed his hand against it, only to find that the stone was still cool to the touch.

“Damn it.”

“I admit, boiling away the potion hadn’t occurred to me,” Dumbledore said. “It was a brilliant attempt, even if it didn’t work.”

Patting Harry on the shoulder, he walked up to the basin and picked up the shell.

“No matter what happens, no matter what I say, you must make sure I drink the entire potion,” he said, holding his gaze intently. “Your word, Harry.”

Reluctantly, Harry nodded. Dumbledore scooped up the potion and smiled.

“To good health.”

~

Tonks was passing by the Charms classroom on the third floor when she spotted Hermione and Susan doing their regular patrol.

“Hey, girls,” Tonks said. “Find anything interesting tonight.”

“Nothing,” Hermione said.

“I think the students are too scared of getting caught with so many people patrolling tonight,” Susan said. “Is there something going on?”

“It’s just a precaution,” Tonks assured her. “It’s about time for you two to call it a night. Do you want us to walk you back to your common room?”

“I think I’ll be fine,” Susan replied. “We just saw Professor Sprout heading that way. She’s probably waiting for me.”

“Alright,” Tonks smiled. “Have a good night, Susan.”

“Good night,” she said, waving before she headed down the stairs.

“Anything?” Hermione asked as soon as the redhead was out of earshot.

“Not a peep,” Tonks sighed. “But Harry’s right. Something just feels off, you know?”

“I think you’re both being paranoid,” Hermione said.

Shrugging, Tonks took the Marauder’s Map out of her pocket.

“I solemnly swear I’m up to no good.”

She opened it to a random part of the castle, and the first thing she saw was the name Draco Malfoy creeping its way up the stairs. Turning so Hermione could see, they shared and looked.

“I think we need to go find out what Malfoy is up to,” Tonks said.

Hermione nodded, and they began heading up the stairs.

Chapter 37

Harry watched in stunned horror as Dumbledore swallowed the mysterious potion, dropped to the ground, and wept.

“No, please. I didn’t mean it,” he cried, holding up his hand as if to ward off an attack.

“Professor!” Harry yelled.

He dropped to his knees next to Dumbledore. The headmaster’s wide, terrified eyes stared right past him like he didn’t exist.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” he sobbed.

“Professor, can you hear me?” Harry asked.

Dumbledore didn’t respond. He continued weeping and mumbling to himself while curling in on himself more and more. Harry planted his hand on the ground to roll him over when his fingers brushed something cold and wet. His hand had landed on the sea shell Dumbledore had used to drink the potion.

His stomach churned nauseously, but he knew what he had to do.

Pushing himself to his feet, Harry walked over to the basin, dipped the shell into the potion, and carefully carried it back to Dumbledore.

“Come on, professor,” he said.

Cradling the back of the old man’s head and lifting it up, he pressed the shell against his lips and poured the potion into his mouth. As soon as he swallowed, Dumbledore let out an anguished

cry that startled Harry so badly that he jerked back, dropping the headmaster's head painfully on the rock ground.

"No!" Dumbledore screamed. "Arianna!"

He rolled to his side, curled into the fetal position, and sobbed inconsolably. Harry swallowed the bile rising in his throat, took another scoop of potion, and walked back over to the headmaster. Again and again, he forced him to swallow the horrid concoction. His sobs and cries of anguish continued unabated, his words steadily growing less intelligible.

The shell scraped along the bottom of the basin as Harry scooped out the last of the potion and knelt next to the headmaster.

"Last one, professor. I promise," he said gently.

Professor Dumbledore shook his head weakly, but Harry pressed the shell against his lips and forced the potion into his mouth. He choked as he swallowed, and then suddenly, his eyes cleared, and he blinked uncomprehendingly up at Harry's face.

"Professor?" Harry asked hopefully.

"Water," Dumbledore replied, his voice soft and raspy. "Water, please."

"Sure, professor."

The fact that the headmaster's nightmare appeared to be over filled Harry with a small sense of relief. Drawing his wand, he aimed the tip at Dumbledore's lips.

"Aguimenti."

Nothing came out. He tried the spell again, and frustratingly, it still didn't work. Then, an idea came to him. If the Basin could hold the potion, perhaps it could hold water.

"Wait here, professor," he said. "I'll get you water."

Scrambling to his feet, he raced back to the basin, aimed his wand, and froze. There, at the bottom of the empty bowl, sat the Locket of Salazar Slytherin. Slowly, cautiously, he reached out and grabbed it. He felt a surge of triumph as his fingers wrapped around the cold metal. They were one step closer to finally stopping Voldemort.

"Professor, I've got it. I've got the Locket!"

He turned around to show him, but Dumbledore wasn't where Harry had left him. He had crawled to the edge of the island and reached his cupped hands toward the water.

"Professor, no!" Harry shouted desperately.

Dumbledore ignored him. The moment he touched the water, a pale, slimy, emaciated grabbed him by the wrist and tried to pull him under. The headmaster's blackened hand scrabbled to find purchase on the loose rocks as Harry stuffed the Locket in his pocket, raced over, and grabbed him by the ankles.

He managed to pull him back a few inches when another hand reached up and grabbed Dumbledore's sleeve. Harry's arms strained as he heaved, and for a moment, he felt like he might win the tug of war, and then another pair of hands joined in. They pulled with such force that he stumbled and fell face-first onto the ground.

The Inferi dragged Dumbledore further into the water. His white beard breached the surface as Harry reached for his wand, only to discover, to his horror, that it wasn't in his pocket. He looked over his shoulder, and his heart dropped when he spotted it sitting on the edge of the basin.

“Professor, help!” Harry screamed.

Dumbledore didn’t respond. He braced his hands against the ground as the Inferi dragged him deeper, and his head was pulled under the water.

As Harry looked around desperately for another solution, he noticed more Inferi climbing out of the depths of the lake and onto the shore all around them. His panic surged, and for a wild moment, he considered letting go of Dumbledore to retrieve his wand when he noticed the handle of Dumbledore’s sticking from his pocket.

Harry surged forward and snatched it. Adrenaline rushed through his veins as he brandished it at the Inferi ambling toward him a few feet away.

“Incendio!”

The flames that burst from the wand were so large and so hot that, for a moment, he thought he’d messed up the spell in his panic. But the spell worked better than it ever had before. The Inferi screeched as they were burned to ash in seconds. Just as he thought of transitioning to another target, the jet of flames changed direction. Harry watched in fascinated wonder as, with just a thought, a trail of intense fire circled around the island, creating a ring that incinerated any Inferi that touched it.

As the flames circled back around in front of him, they dove into the lake, completely unaffected by the water, and attacked the Inferi holding Dumbledore. The headmaster surged to the surface, inhaling sharply as he scrambled back from the shore.

“Professor, are you alright?” Harry asked.

“I believe,” he began, pausing to cough. “I’ve had enough water.”

Harry smiled, more out of relief than humor.

“Professor, I’ve got it. I’ve got the locket.”

“Excellent,” Dumbledore smiled. “Then I believe it’s time we take our leave of this place.”

Harry retrieved his wand, wrapped his arm around the headmaster’s shoulders, and helped him to his feet. His concern rose as he felt how weak and frail he appeared. He was unsteady on his feet, and Harry had to carry most of his weight as they walked over to the boat. Dumbledore crawled over the edge and fell into the bottom of the boat, too weak to even pull himself into a seat.

Raising the headmaster’s wand, Harry imagined what he wanted, and the spell responded perfectly. The flames blocking the boat parted, and two towering walls of fire stretched across the lake to the other side.

Climbing into the boat, he tapped the side with the wand, and it lurched into motion. Taking a glance over the side, he noticed the flames didn’t stop at the water line. They descended deep into the lake, protecting the boat from being flipped.

“I think I’m really starting to get the hand of this spell,” Harry smiled.

He flipped the wand around in his hand and then handed it handle first to Professor Dumbledore. The headmaster’s eyes widened in surprise, but quickly, the expression faded. Slowly, he reached out as if he was reluctant to take his wand back. Wrapping his fingers around the handle, he pulled it into his lap and looked at it sadly.

“You always did underestimate yourself, Harry,” he said, caressing the wand. “You’re as powerful and as intelligent as any wizard I’ve ever met. And a far better man than any I’ve ever known.”

Harry opened his mouth to respond, but his throat swelled with emotion, cutting him off before he could make a sound. Dumbledore looked up, smiled, and stowed his wand in his pocket as they slowly bobbed closer to the shore.

~

"Do you know the worst part about being Disillusioned on a steakout?" Tonks asked, her voice floating through the seemingly empty seventh-floor corridor. "Not being able to check your watch."

"How long are we going to wait?" Hermione asked softly. "He could be in there all night."

"At least until Harry gets back," Tonks said. "I'll feel a lot better knowing he's back in the castle."

"Me, too," Hemione sighed.

The hallway lapsed into silence as they settled in to wait. Tonks didn't know how long they'd been there, staring at a blank stretch of wall, waiting for Malfoy to reappear, but it must have been at least an hour. They'd tried to summon the door themselves, but nothing they'd tried had worked. Whatever he was doing, Malfoy had made sure he was alone, and Tonks doubted he was doing something innocent, like looking at nudie mags.

She was so busy thinking about how much nothing had happened that she almost missed it when something finally did. The door silently appeared in the wall, the stone warping and changing into wood. Then it eased open, and Malfoy stuck his head out and looked around cautiously.

Once he saw that the coast was clear, he stepped into the hall and looked around again. His face was deathly pale; his eyes darted around wildly as if he expected the shadows to jump out at him any second, and his lit wand trembled in his hand.

Suddenly, he was shoved from behind, and Bellatrix Lestrange stepped out of the Room of Requirement.

“Move,” she barked.

Tonks grabbed Hermione roughly by the arm and dragged her behind the wall.

“Oh my God,” Hermione gasped softly. “How did they get in here.”

“I don’t know,” Tonks hissed.

Reaching into her shirt, she pulled out her locket and fumbled with it for a few seconds until she found the invisible clasp.

“Amelia Bones,” she whispered.

The image in the mirror, unaffected by the Disillusionment Charm, shimmered until her reflection was replaced by the face of Amelia Bones.

“Death Eaters are in Hogwarts,” Tonks said before she could speak. “Seventh floor, Northeast tower.”

“How many?” Amelia asked, the background whirling as she turned and walked swiftly.

Tonks peeked around the corner, did a quick head count, and ducked back behind the wall.

“I see six, but there may be more,” she whispered urgently. “Bellatrix is with them.”

“Voldemort?” Amelia asked.

Tonks shook her head and then stopped when she remembered she was Disillusioned.

“No.”

“Good,” Amelia said. “I’m sending Aurors. Try to keep them contained. Call me back if anything happens.”

The mirror shimmered back to normal, and Tonks snapped the locket closed.

“I put up a Silencing Charm,” Hermione said in a normal voice. “What do we do?”

“Use your coin to tell the DA to lock down the Common Rooms,” Tonks said. “We need to stay out of sight, follow them, and see what they’re up to.”

“I smell someone.”

Tonks glanced around the corner. Greyback was sniffing the air. Just as he turned his inhuman yellow eyes in her direction, she ducked back behind the wall and muttered a curse.

“What is it?” Bellatrix asked.

“Lilac.”

Hermione shifted guiltily. He was smelling the perfume her mother had gotten her for Christmas. Reaching out, Tonks patted her arm gently.

“It’s probably just a student,” Bellatrix said dismissively. “Leave it. We have a job to do. Draco, lead the way.”

Breathing a sigh of relief, Tonks took Hermione by the hand, and they crept down the hall after the Death Eaters. She wanted so badly to curse them from behind, but even with the element of surprise, three-to-one odds weren’t in their favor, especially with Bellatrix among the group.

Draco quickly led them down to the sixth floor and then over to the East wing. Greyback continually sniffed the air and glanced back over his shoulder, but Tonks and Hermione managed to remain out of his sight.

As they rounded the base of the Astronomy Tower, the group came to a sudden stop. Tonks looked around them and spotted Aurora and Professor McGonagall. They were standing near a window looking at a broken telescope, completely unaware of the danger behind them.

Bellatrix smirked as she raised her wand toward McGonagall’s back.

“Avada-”

“Bombarda!” Tonks shouted.

Greyback spun around and shielded against her Explosive Hex with a snarl, but her shout had been enough to alert McGonagall and Aurora. They spun around and immediately started attacking the Death Eaters while Hermione and Tonks did the same from the other side, their Disillusionment Charms falling due to their intense concentration. The Death Eaters dove for cover in the stairway as the hallway erupted in deadly spell fire.

“Draco, up the stairs. Go!” Bellatrix barked. “Greyback, come.”

Turning, she fired a blinding purple curse that blasted the wall next to McGonagall, shattering the stone and ascended the stairs two at a time. Greyback fired one last Organ Rupturing Curse over his shoulder and followed after them with a snarl.

Tonks didn't know what they planned to do up there, but the Aurors would arrive soon. All they had to do was hold out until they arrived.

~

Harry heaved Dumbledore out of the boat and helped him to the shore. He seemed to have regained a bit of strength. Harry didn't have to support quite so much of his weight, but he still struggled to walk under his own power.

"Just a little further, professor," he said, wrapping an arm around the man's shoulders. "We'll get you to Madam Pomfrey soon."

"Severus," Dumbledore panted. "Get me, Severus. He knows what to do."

Harry helped the headmaster back to the entrance of the cave. He painfully scraped his arm on the sharp rocks as they slipped back through the tight gap into the alcove. A sigh of relief escaped his lips, grateful to finally be out of the Inferi-infested cave.

"We should be able to leave from here," Dumbledore said, his voice weak and faint over the crashing waves. "Can you Apparate us?"

"Yeah," Harry said. "To the front gate?"

"Take us to the Astronomy Tower," he replied. "I've allowed you access through the wards."

Nodding, Harry tightened his hold on Dumbledore, focused on his destination, and turned on the spot. A moment later, they reappeared at the top of the Astronomy Tower, exactly where they had left. The headmaster sagged and nearly collapsed from the trip, but a second pair of hands helped to support his weight. Harry opened his mouth to thank the person who had helped, but the words died on his lips when he saw it was Snape.

“What have you done to yourself now, you foolish old man?” he asked.

“Drank a most horrid concoction, I’m afraid,” Dumbledore replied. “It was emerald green, had the most bitter taste, and made me relive my worst memories.”

“The Drink of Despair,” Snape drawled.

“Can you help him?” Harry asked impatiently when he didn’t continue.

Snape glanced at him sharply, his temper visibly rising before he seemed to get it under control.

“There’s nothing I can do,” he said. “It’s not fatal. He should regain his strength in a week or two.”

Harry sighed in relief when they heard shouting from the bottom of the tower, followed by a loud explosion that shook the floor. Quickly, he drew his wand.

“It doesn’t appear I have that long,” Dumbledore said.

With effort, he straightened, bearing his own weight.

“Harry, get under your cloak.”

Harry turned and looked at the headmaster incredulously.

“But, professor-”

“You gave me your word, Harry,” he reminded him firmly. “Hide, quickly.”

Harry fought internally, tempted to disobey, but now wasn’t the time to fight. Donning his cloak, he backed up to the corner while Dumbledore turned to address Snape.

“Severus, you know what to do.”

Snape nodded and drew his wand just as the pounding footsteps reached the top of the stairs. Harry stared in disbelief as Malfoy, Bellatrix, and Greyback climbed to the top of the tower. A million questions ran through his mind.

How had they gotten into the castle? Had they known Dumbledore would be out? Had Snape fed them information? Were there more Death Eaters in the castle? Were Tonks, Hermione, and his friends alright?

“Ah, good evening, Bellatrix, Fenrir,” Dumbledore said pleasantly. “If you’ve come back to relive old memories, I’m afraid now’s a bad time.”

“Oh, no, Dumbledore, we’ve come to k-ill y-ou,” Bellatrix sang before breaking into a mad cackle.

“I see,” he said, showing not a bit of alarm. “Well, you always did have great ambition. Pity you wasted it on serving a madman.”

“Watch your tongue, old man,” she growled. “Before I cut it out.”

“Charming,” Dumbledore said. “Are you the only ones Tom sent to finish me off?”

“There’s more of us downstairs, dealing with you teachers,” Greyback said with a feral grin that was punctuated by another explosion.

“They seem to be having a rough time of it,” Dumbledore noted. “Otherwise, they would be here with you, would they not?”

Greyback snarled, displaying his pointed, inhuman teeth.

“Enough of this!” Bellatrix barked, grabbing Malfoy by the robes and shoving him forward. “Finish your plan, Draco. Kill him and prove yourself to the Dark Lord.”

Dumbledore turned and gazed at Malfoy placidly.

“This was your doing?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Malfoy said, shuffling nervously even as he thrust his chest out proudly. “Yeah, I did it.”

“Interesting,” Dumbledore said. “How did you get them into the castle?”

“The Room of Requirement,” he boasted. “I found a Vanishing Cabinet. The other one was at Borgin and Burke’s. It took me all year to figure out how to fix it, but I did, even with Potter and his girlfriends snooping around.”

“Impressive,” Dumbledore said. “How did you know I would be out for the evening?”

“My father bought me an invisibility cloak,” Malfoy said, looking pleased with himself. “I overheard you and Professor Snape talking in the dungeons a couple of days ago.”

“Very resourceful,” Dumbledore nodded.

“Enough talking. Kill him, Draco,” Bellatrix hissed.

Malfoy suddenly looked much less sure of himself as he raised his wand. Harry made to raise his own to protect the headmaster, but Dumbledore raised his hand and froze him in place. Even though he hadn’t used his wand, the sudden movement still startled Malfoy.

“Expelliarmus!”

Dumbledore’s wand leapt from his pocket and landed at Malfoy’s feet while the Headmaster raised his hands calmly in surrender.

“Do it now, Draco! Kill him!” Bellatrix urged.

Harry struggled against the spell holding him in place fruitlessly as the tip of Malfoy’s wand glowed green. His mouth opened and closed several times without a sound; then, the tip began to tremble. All the while, Dumbledore kept his hands up and waited expectantly.

Malfoy screwed his face up, thrust his wand forward, and opened his mouth. He croaked, dropped his arm to his side, and stared down at his feet.

“Useless worm,” Bellatrix spat. “All bluster and no conviction, just like your pathetic father.”

Malfoy stepped back like her words were a physical blow. He sniffled as he continued staring at his feet, looking frightened and ashamed.

“Well, then, it’s down to you, Severus,” Bellatrix continued. “You swore the vow. It’s time to show us where your true loyalties lie.”

Snape stepped forward and glanced at her out of the corner of his eye as he leveled his wand.

“Severus, please,” Dumbledore said.

Harry fought harder against the spell holding him. If he could just break free, he could curse Bellatrix in the back. Then, Snape could take on Greyback while he fought Malfoy. They could still win this. They could-

“Avada Kedavra.”

A green bolt flew from Snape’s wand and slammed full force into Dumbledore’s chest. The spell holding Harry died, but shock kept him in place as he watched the headmaster fall backward over the railing and disappear from sight.

Even though he had detested Snape for years, he never expected him to betray Dumbledore so blatantly. To murder him in cold blood while he was weak, unarmed, and defenseless. And despite all the secrets, all the lies, and all the mistakes Dumbledore had committed against him, Harry had still cared for the man. Though flawed, he had been a mentor and role model since the day he’d set foot in the magical world. He had been a constant source of light and hope against the darkness that encroached on his life more and more with each passing year.

And now, he was gone.

Rage like Harry had never felt burned through his veins. Without a thought for his own safety, he threw off the cloak and brandished his wand at Snape’s back.

“Avada Kedavra!”

Snape twisted out of the way, his face a picture of shock as the bright green Killing Curse sailed an inch from his arm and slammed into Greyback’s side. He dropped to the ground like a

puppet with its strings cut as Harry swung his wand around at Snape, tears of fury prickling his eyes. Snape eyed him fearfully and pulled Malfoy behind him protectively.

“You coward!,” he screamed. “He trusted you!”

“Aw, wittle Potter knows how to pway,” Bellatrix cackled.

She made to raise her wand, but Snape grabbed her sleeve and stopped her.

“No,” he barked. “Potter belongs to the Dark Lord.”

“Fuck Voldemort and fuck you!” Harry shouted.

He raised his wand to cast another spell, but Snape was faster. A concussive blast knocked him onto his back. As he scrambled back to his feet, Snape grabbed Malfoy by the arm and dove headfirst over the railing. Harry blinked in shock as Bellatrix gave him a little wave and did the same.

Rushing up to the railing, he saw their robes spread open like wings, gliding them safely to the ground. Malfoy plummeted like a stone, but a blue spell from Snape’s wand hit the ground a moment before he did. Malfoy bounced and rolled, looking dazed as Snape landed gracefully next to him, grabbed him by the arm, and rushed him toward the front gate.

“I’ll kill you, Snape! I’ll kill you!” Harry screamed at the top of his lungs as the door burst open and Aurors poured in.

Chapter 38

Harry felt an odd sort of fuzzy detachment as he looked down at the broken body of Albus Dumbledore lying at the base of the Astronomy Tower. Tears of anger and sorrow pooled in his

eyes as the Aurors rushed in. Hermione and Dora appeared on either side of him and finally pulled him gently away from the railing.

“Are you okay?” Hermione asked.

Harry nodded woodenly.

“Dawlish, mark of the crime scene!” Amelia barked. “Minerva, I want all the students in their dorms, and I need a head count to make sure no one’s missing. Lock everything down until we search the castle. Harry, come with me.”

Harry didn’t move. The words just wouldn’t register in his mind. Hermione and Dora shared a concerned look, took him by the arms, and led him from the tower. Everything was a blur as he let them guide him through the halls packed with Aurors running, rushing, and shouting. Eventually, they reached McGonagall’s office. The girls ushered Harry inside and guided him to a chair.

“Now then, what-”

Amelia was interrupted by the door opening. McGonagall stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

“I thought you’d be with your students,” Amelia said pointedly.

“I asked Aurora to take over my duties,” McGonagall said, drawing her wand and conjuring a chair. “With Albus gone, I’m acting Headmistress. I need to know what happened if I’m going to protect this school.”

The hard edge to Amelia’s gaze softened, and she nodded before turning back to Harry.

“Harry, what happened?” she asked.

He sighed, took off his glasses, and rubbed his face while trying to gather his thoughts.

“Dumbledore and I left the castle to look for a way to finish Voldemort,” he said vaguely. “When we got back, the Death Eaters were already inside the castle.”

“Do you know how they got in?” Amelia asked eagerly.

“Malfoy,” Harry growled. “He found a broken Vanishing Cabinet in the Room of Requirement and repaired it. The other one is at Borgin and Burke’s. He let them in.”

Amelia and McGonagall paled, and Hermione gripped his hand tightly.

“Tonks, take your squad and Dawlish’s and go find that cabinet,” Amelia ordered. “I want that room under constant guard until it’s found.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Dora said.

She placed a kiss on Harry’s cheek before climbing to her feet and rushing from the room.

“What happened once the Death Eaters arrived?” Amelia asked.

“Snape was already there waiting for us,” Harry said, the words tumbling from his mouth. “Dumbledore told me to hide under my cloak. I don’t know why. Malfoy, Greyback, and Bellatrix came up the stairs and held him at wand point. They wanted Malfoy to kill Professor Dumbledore, but he couldn’t do it. It was Snape. Snape killed him. Dumbledore begged him, and he killed him in cold blood.”

McGonagall brought a shaking hand up to cover her mouth.

“What happened to Greyback. How did he die?” Amelia asked.

“I killed him,” Harry said, unable to stop the confession. “I was aiming for Snape, but he moved.”

“The Killing Curse?”

Harry nodded, unable to meet Amelia’s eyes.

“Is there anything else you can tell me?”

“No,” he said, shaking his head.

“Hermione, take Harry back to your dorm,” Amelia said. “Stay there until we give the all clear. If you need me for anything, contact me on your necklace.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Hermione replied.

Grabbing Harry by the arm, she pulled him up and led him from the room.

~

Amelia sighed as the door clicked closed, and she wiped her hand over her face.

“This is a nightmare,” she said, adjusting her monocle. “I want this closed school until we can secure it. That means we *will* vet all staff and students. Full background checks, including

looking for the Dark Mark. If a student is marked, no matter the reason, they cannot be allowed in Hogwarts."

"I can agree with that," McGonagall nodded. "I argued for that many times, but Albus…"

"I'm not giving you a choice in the matter," Amelia said. "How soon can you schedule final exams?"

"I think it would be best to cancel them," McGonagall replied. "For the OWL and NEWT students, we can hold them as soon as the examiners can arrive, but I think it would be best to postpone them until summer."

"Agreed," Amelia nodded. "We'll send everyone home in two days. I'll have the Wizarding Examination Authority contact you and finalize the details. For now, I need to go check on my Aurors. Is there anything else we need to discuss?"

"What about Harry?" McGonagall asked worriedly. "Will he be facing any legal trouble because of Greyback?"

"No," Amelia said firmly. "He was well within his rights to defend himself and this school."

McGonagall visibly sagged in relief.

~

The next day was a chaotic mess. Before students even left their dorms, Aurors were waiting outside to check each and every one of them for the Dark Mark. By the time Harry and Hermione made it to breakfast, rumors swirled that two Slytherin students had been hauled away in cuffs, but no one could say who it was.

They were just about to return to their dorm when Dora stopped by to get something to eat, and Hermione asked her about it.

“Crabbe and Goyle are being questioned,” she said around a mouthful of scrambled eggs and toast. “The Aurors searched the Slytherin dorms and found Polyjuice in their trunks. Not technically illegal, but with everything going on, we want to know what they plan to use it for.”

“Urgh, I’d rather not know, thanks,” Ron said disgustedly.

Dora paused with her fork halfway to her mouth, wrinkled her nose cutely, and kicked him under the table.

“Ow.”

“Don’t put those thoughts in my head while I’m eating,” she hissed.

“Have you found the cabinet yet?” Hermione asked.

“No,” Dora grumbled. “I tried summoning it, but it didn’t work. We’re searching the Room of Hidden Things right now. At least we know what it looks like now. The Aurors that raided Borgin and Burke’s last night owled us a picture a couple of hours ago. Speaking of, I should get back to the search. The sooner we find this thing, the sooner I can get some sleep.”

Turning to Harry, she cupped his cheek, turned his head, and pressed a lingering kiss to his lips.

“I love you.”

Harry managed a small smile.

“Love you, too,” he said softly.

She gave him another peck on the lips before getting to her feet and leaving the Great Hall.

“We should go finish packing,” Hermione said.

Nodding, Harry stood. She took him by the hand and led him back to their dorm.

It was late in the afternoon when Dora stumbled into their private room and shrugged off her cloak. Harry paused in packing the last of his clothes, and Hermione looked up from the stack of books she was trying to cram into her overstuffed trunk.

“Did you find it?” she asked curiously.

“Yeah,” Dora sighed, running a hand through her dull brown hair. “You’re not going to believe this. It was just a few feet away from where we found the Horcrux. We walked right past the damn thing and never noticed it.”

“You’re kidding!” Harry exclaimed.

“We had no way of knowing what it was, or what Malfoy was going to use it for,” Hermione reminded them.

Harry knew she was right, but he still felt a burst of frustrated anger. Grabbing a handful of clothes, he stuffed them into his trunk with little care. As he tried to push his cloak deeper, he felt something hard under his hand. Even as he reached his hand inside, he knew what he would find. He pulled out the Locket and frowned.

“Harry?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“Is that what you and Dumbledore were after?” Dora asked.

Harry held the thick, gaudy locket in front of his face where it spun slowly on its chain and nodded.

“Well, one more down, one to go,” she smiled.

“It’s fake,” Harry said.

“What?”

“How can you tell?” Hermione asked.

“Remember the Diadem?” Harry asked. “That thing just felt evil, but this? There’s nothing. Dammit!”

He hurled the locket at the wall. It bounced off as he sat heavily on the floor against the wall.

“All that… Dumbledore’s death... It was all for nothing.”

Bringing his knees up, he leaned forward and dropped his face into his hands. Dora sat down next to him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders while Hermione bent down to pick up the Locket.

It didn’t look any worse for wear, and when she ran her thumb over the clasp, it popped open easily. Inside sat a folded piece of paper, which he withdrew and carefully unfolded.

“Harry.”

“What?” he asked despondently, reluctantly raising his head.

“There’s a note,” Hermione said, holding it up.

“What’s it say?” Dora asked.

“I know I will be long dead by the time you read this, but I want you to know I discovered your secret. I have stolen your Horcrux, and I intend to destroy it as soon as I am able. I face death, hoping that one day, you will be mortal once more. Signed, R.A.B.”

“R.A.B.?” Dora asked.

“It looks like initials,” Hermione said, handing her the note. “Does that mean anything to you?”

Dora shook her head as her eyes skimmed the note.

“Looks like we have a new mystery to solve,” she said after a moment. “But we can worry about this tomorrow. I need to sleep.”

Standing up, she hauled Harry to his feet and helped him get ready for bed.

~

The next morning, the students were escorted from the school to the train under heavy Auror guard. Harry paused in the doorway, took one last look at Hogwarts, and then climbed inside. He quickly made his way to the very back, ignoring the stares and whispers as his classmates propagated rapidly growing and evolving rumors.

It wasn't until he took his seat that he realized Daphne, Astoria, Gabrielle, and Susan had followed them.

"Alright, Potter?" Daphne asked, helping her sister stow her trunk in the overhead luggage rack.

Harry shrugged.

"Can you tell us what happened?" Susan asked.

Sighing, he leaned forward and gave them the same story he'd given Amelia. Even as he spoke, he began to wonder if keeping all the details to himself was a good idea. Amelia had earned his trust, and having the Ministry's resources at his disposal in the hunt for the Horcruxes would be a massive help. Then again, it was also an enormous risk. Voldemort would be after her, and if he managed to capture her and read her mind, they could lose everything.

When he finished his story, he turned and stared out the window, lost in thought.

They arrived in London hours later. A large crowd greeted them as they got off the train. The Weasleys, the inhabitants of Fort Potter, and even Sirius were there. Before Harry could do more than wave, Fleur rushed forward and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. He inhaled her flowery scent and closed his eyes as he held her tight.

"I missed you," she whispered.

"I missed you, too."

Pulling back, she claimed his lips in a demanding kiss. When she pulled back, her eyes held his with a promising sparkle before she turned and kissed Dora and Hermione as well. The rest of the girls dispersed to greet their parents, while Fleur held his arm possessively. Sirius gave him a one-armed hug with a grin and waggled his eyebrows. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Where’s Hestia?” he asked.

“At work,” Sirius shrugged. “Probably still at Hogwarts.”

Harry nodded.

“You alright?” Sirius asked with concern.

“I’m fine,” Harry shrugged. “I think I’m just still in shock, you know? I can’t believe he’s really gone.”

Fleur squeezed his hand and caressed his bicep comfortingly.

“I know,” Sirius said, patting his shoulder. “But we’ll get through this, I promise.”

Harry nodded and Sirius smiled.

“Come on, let’s get you home.”

Gathering the trunks, the large group made their way outside the station and through the streets of Muggle London towards the Leaky Cauldron. It wasn’t until they were halfway there that Harry realized almost a dozen plain-clothed Aurors were accompanying them. When they arrived at the Leaky Cauldron, Amelia led them out the back door, giving Tom the briefest of nods.

“We’ll Apparate in pairs,” she said. “Tonks, would you side-along Susan?”

“Sure,” Dora replied.

Guiding Susan into the enclosed alley, Dora took her by the arm and Disapparate with a *pop.*

“Eva, you and Astoria next… Sirius, you take Daphne… Alright, Harry, you go with June.”

Fleur pouted and reluctantly released Harry’s hand so he could take June by the arm and Apparate to Fort Potter. They arrived in the shed with a pop, and June stumbled slightly with a look of discomfort.

“I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that,” she muttered.

“It gets better after a few dozen times,” Harry said, guiding her toward the door.

They’d just exited the shed when Hermione and Robert Apparated in behind them. Robert looked only mildly less sick than his wife.

“The Floo can’t possibly be worse than that,” he grumbled.

“You should try Portkeys,” Harry said. “It feels like being spun around inside a washing machine that’s fallen off a cliff.”

“Lovely,” Robert muttered.

Helping Hermione with her trunk, Harry led the way into the house. Oddly, he felt like a guest in his own home. He’d spent so little time there compared to some of his guests that he almost felt like an intruder. It wasn’t until he placed his and Hermione’s trunks in his bedroom that he felt any semblance of being home.

By the time he returned to the living room, everyone else had arrived. They were all so talkative and boisterous that he felt like leaving again. Pausing in the doorway, he leaned against the wall and just watched everyone move around. He thought he’d gone unnoticed until Iffy

fluttered over and landed on his shoulder. Walking along his collarbone, she hugged his chin and kissed his cheek.

“I missed you, too,” he smiled.

Iffy beamed and took off back toward the living room.

“Dinner’s ready!” Andromeda called from the kitchen.

Harry sighed. As much as he wanted to be alone, if he didn’t show, his girlfriends wouldn’t waste any time hunting him down. Reluctantly, he walked toward the kitchen.

Hours later, he sat on his bed. He’d just finished telling Fleur about what had happened at Hogwarts, and they all sat in silence for a long moment.

“Do you zink zis R.A.B. destroyed ze ‘Orcrux?” Fleur asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said. “Even if we figure out who it is, if they’re dead, we might never know for sure.”

“Let’s take it one problem at a time,” Dora said, rubbing his back soothingly. “We need to figure out who is first. While we’re working on that, we need to try to find Hufflepuff’s goblet. Did Dumbledore have any leads?”

Harry shook his head.

“Not since Voldemort took it from Hepzibah Smith.”

“Do you think it would help if we went through Dumbledore’s memories?” Hermione asked. “You said he had hundreds of them. Maybe he knew more and never got a chance to tell you?”

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged. “But to see them, we’d have to tell McGonagall why we want to see them, and I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

“It might be a risk we have to take,” Dora said.

“We could try just asking ‘er to see zem, non?” Fleur suggested.

“It’s worth a try,” Hermione said.

Harry sighed and nodded, “I’ll owl her tomorrow.”

“Zen we ‘ave a plan,” Fleur smiled.

She grabbed Harry’s arm and tugged until he was lying down beside her.

“Come to bed, mon amour. I ‘ave missed sleeping next to you.”

Harry slipped behind her and wrapped his arm around her waist. Dora turned out the lights and then crawled into bed next to Hermione. It was a long time before Harry drifted into a fitful sleep.

Chapter 39

The funeral of Albus Dumbledore was a massive affair. Witches and wizards came from all over the world to pay their respects. They gave glowing speeches about his accomplishments and the good he’d done for the world.

Harry hated it. He wanted to be angry. He wanted to rage at the unfairness of the old man leaving too soon.

Silently, he watched as they sealed the white marble tomb on the edge of the Hogwarts grounds. He continued to sit, unmoving, as the crowd dispersed, either leaving entirely or retreating to the castle for lunch. Tonks, Hermione, and Fleur watched him worriedly. He wanted to reassure them, but how could he when he couldn't reassure himself?

Eventually, when no one else remained, he got to his feet and stepped towards the tomb. The girls moved to follow him, but he silently waved them back. They retook their seats as he slowly approached and gently rested his hands on the cool stone.

Tears leaked from his eyes as it finally hit him that Albus Dumbledore was gone. He didn't know how long he stood there, mourning the loss of his friend and mentor. More than that, the one man who had stood between him and Voldemort was gone. Fear, unlike anything he'd ever felt, crept down his spine. Harry could practically feel the sword hanging over his head.

But as his fear grew, so too did his resolve. He wouldn't give up. Voldemort had to be stopped.

His hands curled into tight fists until his knuckles turned white.

As much as he wanted to leave everyone he cared about behind and go it alone, he knew he couldn't. Besides the fact that they would never allow it, he needed their help if he was going to win. In fact, he needed more help than he currently had. But would it be worth the risk of exposing his plans to Voldemort?

Dumbledore had cautioned against telling anyone else about the Horcruxes, but Dumbledore was gone. It wasn't his decision anymore. Everything was down to him now.

Harry straightened up and turned away from the tomb. Hermione, Tonks, and Fleur were waiting a respectful distance away, and for the first time in a week, he managed a real, genuine smile.

“Let’s go home,” he said.

~

Amelia sat at her desk and glanced at Kingsley Shacklebolt over the latest Auror reports.

“Do we have any concerns of Death Eater activity with the recent increase in crime?” she asked.

“Nothing more than usual,” Kingsley said. “Most of what we’re seeing are fake protective amulets, unlicensed vendors, and minor violations of the Statute of Secrecy, like the Weasley twins’ attack doormats.”

“Have they submitted the proper paperwork yet?” Amelia asked.

“I believe so,” Kingsley said, rifling through his notes.

“Good. As soon as it gets approved, tell them I want two,” she said.

Kingsley looked up from his notes and smiled. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, the building shook, accompanied by a dull rumble, like thunder.

“What in Merlin’s name was that!?” Amelia shouted as she and Kingsley jumped to their feet.

The door to her office burst open, and the young, acne-riddled intern skidded to an abrupt halt two steps into the room when he suddenly found himself staring down two glowing wands.

“Burke, what is it?” Amelia barked, lowering her wand.

“E-explosion,” Burke stammered, sweat gathering on his forehead, “in courtroom seven.”

“How bad? Are there any casualties?” she asked.

“I-I don’t know,” Burke said. “We just received the report-”

“I’ll go investigate,” Kingsley said.

“I’ll go with you,” Amelia said.

“No,” he told her firmly. “Amelia, if this is a Death Eater attack, you’ll be their first target. We need to keep you safe, Minister.”

Amelia glared at him for the use of her title.

“Fine, but I want to be kept up to date.”

Kingsley nodded and strode toward the door. Burke quickly got out of his way as the large Auror paused in the doorway.

“You two,” he said, pointing to the two Aurors that stood guard over the Minister’s office. “Seal this office. No one in or out until I give you the all clear.”

“Yes, sir,” one of them said.

As he stepped inside the elevator, Amelia sighed and sat back down at her desk.

“Burke, tell the staff to get comfortable. We might be stuck here for a while.”

Burke nodded and rushed out while Amelia pulled out a sheaf of parchment and wrote a quick note to the Auror Investigations team. With a tape of her wand, it folded itself into a paper airplane and zipped under the door.

For the next half an hour, she sat, impatiently waiting for any word from Kinglsey until there was a knock at her door.

“Enter,” she yelled.

The door swung open and Arthur Weasley stepped inside.

“Evening, Amelia,” he said heavily, his face worn and tired. “Kingsley sent me to tell you it’s safe to come down. He’s sent non-essential employees home early and posted Aurors throughout the Ministry. There’s going to be an emergency Wizengamot in an hour.”

“What’s happening?” Amelia asked, getting to her feet and shoving paperwork carelessly into the pocket of her robe. “How bad was the explosion?”

“Terrible,” Arthur said, shaking his head. “At least a dozen killed and just as many injured.”

“Any idea what caused the explosion?” she asked, marching toward the door.

“No,” he said, following her through the offices. “One of the investigators thought they might have used Muggle explosives, which is why I was called in. I didn’t find anything, and if the other investigators have, they haven’t told me anything.”

Amelia nodded as she stepped into the elevator. Arthur stood with her at the back while the two Aurors stepped inside at the front and one of them pushed the button for level ten. The gate slid closed, and they began to descend.

“Anything else you can tell me?” she asked.

Arthur sighed heavily.

“I overheard Kingsley say he thinks this was a political attack. Most of the dead we’ve identified were staunchly opposed to You-Know-Who. Elphias Doge, Tiberius Ogden, Augusta Longbottom-”

“Augusta?” Amelia asked, shocked.

Arthur nodded solemnly. Closing her eyes, Amelia felt a heavy weight settle in her stomach. As she reopened them, she saw the two Aurors glance at each other. It was fleeting, but something about it set her on edge. Given what was happening, she thought it was just paranoia, but that didn’t stop her from sliding her hand into the pocket of her robes and gripping her wand.

Amelia listened to Arthur with half an ear while she kept the rest of her attention of the two Aurors. As they passed the eighth floor, they glanced at each other again, and she knew something was wrong. Suddenly, they turned as one, wands drawn. Amelia fired a Cutting Curse that shredded the front of her robe and struck one of the Aurors in the chest. He slumped against the door, eyes wide.

“Avada-”

She turned her wand to the other Auror, but Arthur jumped forward. He grabbed the Aurors wrist and redirected his aim.

“Kedavra!”

The back of the blew open in a flash of green light and the sound of rending metal. The elevator bucked, and spun out of control. Amelia lost her footing and collided with Arthur. They both fell to the floor while the Aurors gripped the gate to keep his balance. He raised his wand and trained it on Amelia, a snarl on his lips as the tip glowed red.

Amelia hit him with a powerful Banishing Hex. She didn’t have time to cast anything complicated, and it did the trick. The Auror was thrown back and hit the gate which gave way. He screamed as he was hurled helplessly into the elevator shaft and hit the wall with a dull, sickening thud.

“Arresto Momentum!” Amelia shouted.

The elevator slowed, the spinning stopped, and then they hit the bottom of the elevator shaft with a crash. There was a moment of silence, and then something heavy landed on top of the elevator, leaving a roughly body-shaped dent in the roof.

“You alright, Arthur?” Amelia asked.

“I’m fine,” he said, sitting up with a wince and a knot growing on his forehead.

As they gingerly climbed to their feet, a smoky white lynx bounded down the elevator shaft and stopped in front of them.

“Pius Thicknesse has called for Amelia’s removal,” came Kingsley’s voice. “We suspect the Imperius Curse. We need to get her out. The Ministry is no longer safe.”

The Patronus dissipated like smoke in the wind until there was nothing left.

“We need to get out of here,” Arthur said.

He turned on the spot, looking around wildly, and then approached a grate set into one of the walls.

“It’ll be a bit of a squeeze, but this should take us straight into the London Underground,” he said.

Twirling his way, the grate popped free with a metallic clang.

“You go,” Amelia said, turning to look up the elevator shaft. “I have a meeting to attend.”

“What?” Arthur asked incredulously. “What on Earth for?”

“I’m not going to let the Ministry fall without a fight,” she said, her jaw set stubbornly.

“Didn’t you hear what Kingsley said? The Ministry has already fallen! If you go up there now, they’ll kill you the first chance they get. And what will you have accomplished? You-Know-Who will still control the Ministry.”

“We can’t just give up!” Amelia yelled. “I can have Thicknesse arrested and then-”

“You-Know-Who will use another puppet tomorrow,” Arthur interrupted firmly. “I understand your desire to fight, Amelia, really, I do, but now is not the time. We might’ve lost today, but this war is far from over.”

Amelia paced back and forth agitatedly and then lashed out with her foot, kicking the side of the ruined elevator.

“Feel better?” Arthur asked.

“Mildly, yes,” she replied.

Taking a deep breath to get herself under control, Amelia nodded.

“You’re right,” she sighed. “Lead the way.”

Arthur smiled in relief. Dropping to his knees, he lit his wand and crawled into the duct. Amelia made to follow him, but paused and turned to the wall. With a wave of her wand, letters began to etch themselves into the concrete.

I shall return

Nodding to herself, she turned, dropped down, and crawled into the shaft.

After a few minutes of crawling through a dust and rat-filled duct, they exited onto an underground platform. Several people gave them odd looks, but oddly, no one seemed too terribly bothered. Amelia and Arthur dusted themselves off and started making their way toward the exit.

“We should be able to find an alley to Disapparate in once we get out of here,” Arthur said. “I’ll let Kingsley know you’re alive.”

“You know it isn’t safe for you to go back to the Ministry, either, don’t you?” Amelia asked. “They’ll know you were with me.”

Arthur sighed, “I don’t have much choice.”

Amelia pursed her lips in thought.

“Why don’t you come work for me?” she asked.

“Work for you?” Arthur asked, arching an eyebrow. “Doing what?”

“You’re still a member of Dumbledore’s Order, aren’t you?” she asked.

“Ah, you know about that, do you?” he asked with a small smile. “I suppose I still am, but I’m not sure how much will be left with Dumbledore gone.”

“I guess we’ll find out,” Amelia said. “I want to hire you as a liaison. It appears we’ll both be operating outside the law, and I think it would be best if we worked together.”

“No offense, Amelia, but it doesn’t sound like I’d be doing much.”

“I can find more work for you, if you insist,” she said. “I’ll need to contact the Aurors I trust, gathering intelligence, organizing missions…”

“I think you know people who would be much better at that sort of thing than I am,” Arthur said.

Amelia turned to him and arched an eyebrow.

“Arthur, you’re by far the most efficient employee I’ve ever seen at the Ministry. You’ve led an entire department with just one other employee and on a shoestring budget. And yet, despite that, you’ve always accomplished every task given to you. I could desperately use a man of your talents. Besides, I’m sure Molly and the kids would be relieved if you didn’t return to the Ministry until this is all over.”

Arthur sighed and ran a hand through his thinning hair.

“I suppose they would,” he said. “Alright… and I’ll understand if I need to take a pay cut.”

“Oh, I’m sure we can work something out,” Amelia smiled. “Go let Molly know you’re alright. I’ll contact you in a few days.”

They stepped out onto the streets of London, found a small, out-of-the-way alley, and Disapparated with echoing *pops*.

Amelia appeared in the shed outside Fort Potter and quickly made her way up to the house. The moment she entered, she heard Pius Thickesse’s voice wafting from the wireless.

“*…Despite the great loss we’ve experienced today, the Ministry remains resolute. As the newly elected Minister for Magic, I’m committed to protecting Wizarding Britain. This brings me to my first order as Minister. After this heinous attack, I’m declaring martial law until this threat can be suitably dealt with…”*

Amelia snorted derisively as she stepped into the living room, and the reaction was immediate.

“Auntie!” Susan yelled.

Jumping from her chair, she ran to Amelia and hugged her tightly.

“They said you were killed,” she whimpered against her shoulder.

Amelia rubbed her back soothingly.

“They tried,” she smiled. “But Arthur and I managed to escape.”

“What happened?” Harry asked, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, his eyes intensely focused.

Amelia sighed, led Susan over to the couch, and began to explain.

~

A sense of foreboding filled the house for the next few days. Amelia sent out letters to the Aurors she trusted, but only a few responded. She suspected that many of them thought it was a trap to root out those who weren’t loyal to the new Minister. Meanwhile, Arthur had called for an Order meeting to see who would show up, and she was still waiting for word. Just a week into Summer, Harry received a letter from Professor McGonagall asking for a meeting. The next day, Apolline brought her to Fort Potter.

She entered the house with a tight, worried expression.

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Granger, it’s good to see you again,” she said. “Amelia, Arthur told us what happened, but I’m glad to see you’re alive and well.”

“It’s good to see you, too, Minerva, but I’m guessing you’re not here to congratulate Harry and Hermione on becoming Head Boy and Girl,” Amelia said.

McGonagall’s lips thinned.

“No, unfortunately not,” she said. “I’ve just come from a meeting with the board. Severus Snape has been elected the new Headmaster of Hogwarts.”

“What!?” Harry exclaimed. “How can they do that!? He killed Dumbledore!”

“Believe me, Mr. Potter, I understand your outrage,” McGonagall said. “But he was never formally charged, and even if he was, the board is too frightened to go against the darker families. I’m afraid Hogwarts is no longer safe for you.”

“With Snape as Headmaster, no one in that school is safe,” Harry said.

McGonagall pursed her lips unhappily.

“I will remain at the school to protect the returning students the best I can, but I fear you’re right,” she said.

“What about Dumbledore’s memories, Professor?” Hermione asked. “Will we be able to look at those?”

“I can do better than that, Ms. Granger.”

Professor McGonagall reached into her pocket and pulled out a small, rectangular box. Setting it on the table, she tapped it with her wand. It grew until it was the size of a briefcase. McGonagall popped open the clasp and lifted the lid, revealing hundreds of tiny vials, each filled with its own unique memory.

“I spoke with Albus’ brother, Aberforth, and he had no interest in them,” she said. “Unfortunately, the Pensieve belongs to Hogwarts, and they’re terribly expensive, but I can help you find one, if you’d like.”

“I’d appreciate it, Professor,” Harry said, lifting a couple of vials and reading the label.

“What do you want those for, anyway?” Amelia asked.

Hermione bit her lip and turned to Harry, who stared at Amelia and McGonagall thoughtfully for a long moment.

“Harry,” Hermione said cautiously.

“They need to know,” he said. “If something happens to us, they need to know. Have either of you heard of a Horcrux?”

Amelia and McGonagall shared a glance and then shook their heads.

Harry sighed and began to explain.

Chapter 40

“That bastard!” McGonagall raged the moment Amelia closed the door to the parlor and sealed it with a spell. “He expected those kids to fight on their own!?”

“Wherever he is, that man has a lot to answer for,” Amelia said.

She made her way over to the drinks cabinet and pulled out a pair of crystal tumblers and a decanter of amber liquid. Setting them on the table between two wing-backed chairs, she poured a healthy measure in both.

“What do we do now?” McGonagall asked, sitting down heavily.

“We need a Pensieve as soon as possible,” Amelia replied. “I want to see those memories Potter was talking about for myself. From there, we need to find out who this R.A.B. character is – or was, rather. I’ll contact one of the Aurors I trust and have them look through records for anyone with those initials.”

McGonagall drank deeply from her tumbler and set it back down with a thoughtful look.

“Who do we tell about this?”

“Only those that absolutely need to know,” Amelia said firmly. “We’re incredibly fortunate You-Know-Who is driven by ego. If the man had any humility, he would’ve hidden them in a deep, dark cave with no connection to his past. If he finds out what we know, this war is over for good.”

They fell into a heavy silence for a long moment, occasionally sipping their drinks.

“How is the Order?” Amelia asked.

“Falling apart,” McGonagall admitted with a shake of her head. “We still have our core members, of course, but without Dumbledore, most of his contacts at the Ministry and the seedier part of our society have distanced themselves.”

Amelia nodded, appearing unsurprised.

“Well, now that I’ve been effectively ousted, perhaps we should join forces,” she suggested.

“The Order was never a fighting force, Amelia,” McGonagall frowned.

“I’m well aware of that, and I’m not suggesting it should be,” Amelia said. “At least, not on the whole. But if we’re going to get through this, we’re going to need to work together.”

“Of course,” McGonagall nodded. “We’ve a meeting planned for Thursday at Grimmauld Place.”

Her lips thinned, and her brow deepened.

“We’ll need to recast the Fidelius enchantments. Now that Dumbledore’s gone, anyone who knew the secret can give it out. Thankfully, no one is living there since Sirius moved in with Hestia.”

“You should ask Ms. Granger,” Amelia said. “I believe she cast the enchantments here.”

“She did,” McGonagall nodded. “I just hesitate to involve my students.”

“I don’t like it any more than you do, Minerva, but they’re capable,” Amelia said. “You should invite them to the Order meeting. I believe they’ve more than earned the right to be involved, and as much as I hate to admit it, we need Potter. He knows You-Know-Who and has been more successful fighting him than anyone, including Dumbledore.”

“That may be true, but surely he doesn’t need to be directly involved to help,” McGonagall said.

“Do you honestly think you can keep him away even if you tried?” Amelia asked.

McGonagall paused for a long moment.

“No,” she sighed. “Very well.”

~

McGonagall returned early the next morning with a Pensieve. Harry tried to pay her for it, but she steadfastly refused to take so much as a single Knut.

For the next three days, he entrenched himself in the parlor and slowly worked his way through Dumbledore’s memories. It was a slow and tedious process. The labels were entirely unhelpful.

Most were a set of initials, some were a single name written in tiny, barely legible cursive, and only a handful had dates.

Harry couldn't even fathom the purpose of saving most of the memories he viewed. The vast majority of them were of seemingly pointless, inane conversations that seemed of little consequence. A few held memories of more tragic events, and twice, he came across memories of Dumbledore dueling a wizard he recognized as Grindelwald. While exciting, they got him no closer to finding Voldemort's Horcruxes.

He'd made his way through a quarter of the memories in the case when Fleur lost patience with his brooding and ordered him to change into his bathing suit and meet her out on the patio. The fact that she did so while wearing a pair of blue bikini bottoms and nothing else might have contributed to his lack of arguing.

Donning a pair of board shorts, Harry stepped out onto the patio and blinked as his eyes adjusted to the bright summer sun. The ladies were already sunning themselves in lounge chairs, and very much topless, including Apolline, Amelia, June, Evangeline, and, to his surprise, Susan. Even though he'd seen her in a state of undress before, she still blushed profusely when his eyes passed over her.

Dobby Apparated in with a tray of colorful, and likely alcoholic drinks, and started passing them out to the ladies. Harry smirked when Iffy poked her head out of June's thick curls and licked her lips. In the pool, Gabrielle and Astoria floated on inflatable loungers, whispering and giggling.

When he walked over to join the girls, Fleur grabbed his hand, tugged him into a seat, and planted herself in his lap. Grabbing a bottle of lotion for the floor, she handed it to him over her shoulder.

"Would you do my back?" she asked.

Harry took the bottle, poured a liberal amount into his hands, and spread it over her smooth, pale skin.

“Where’s Robert?” he asked curiously.

“He’s in Cardiff for the next three days at a dental convention,” Hermione told him.

“So you don’t have to feel guilty staring at June’s tits,” Tonks smirked.

Harry rolled his eyes while June snorted lightly.

“I think he has much more interesting things to stare at,” she said, aiming a playful glare at Fleur and Apolline.

Apolline smirked, and Fleur leaned back against Harry’s chest.

“Don’t forget ze front, mon amour,” she murmured.

Smirking, he bit a bit more lotion on his hands and worked his hands from her stomach up to her breasts. He made sure they were liberally covered.

“That didn’t stop him from sneaking in a good feel,” Tonks grinned.

“You’re never going to let me live that down, are you?” Harry asked.

Tonks hummed and tapped her finger on her chin thoughtfully.

“No, I don’t think I will.”

Giggling, Fleur removed his hands from her breasts, turned to give him a kiss, and climbed off his lap. As she lay down on an empty lounge to catch some sun, Hermione took her place. Harry smiled as he poured more lotion onto his hands and rubbed it into her back. Once that was done, she leaned back and sighed contentedly as his hands moved to her front.

“Find anything interesting in those memories, yet?” Amelia asked.

“Not yet,” he said, massaging Hermione’s breasts. “Anything on R.A.B.?”

“No,” she sighed. “It’ll take some time to go through the records, especially since it needs to be done in secret. My contact can only work at night.”

Harry sighed and nodded as Hermione climbed off his lap, and Tonks took her place.

“I hate waiting,” he grumbled.

“If you want to be an Auror, you’ll have to get used to it,” Amelia told him.

“And paperwork,” Tonks added. “I hate paperwork and waiting.”

Sighing, she gave Harry a kiss and climbed off his lap. Without a word, Daphne took her place and glanced back at him expectantly.

“What am I, the pool boy?” he asked with a smile as he put lotion on her back.

“Consider it a punishment for hiding away in the parlor for the last three days,” Daphne said.

“I think we need to have a word with you ladies about what constitutes a punishment,” Amelia said as Harry cupped Daphne’s full breasts.

“An incentive, then,” Daphne purred, her eyes closed as she leaned back against Harry’s chest.

He’d just finished covering her front in lotion when Tonks grabbed her wrist and pulled her to her feet.

“Time’s up,” Tonks said. “Your turn, Susie.”

Susan blushed heavily as she was led over to Harry by Fleur. She glanced at him and then looked uncertainly at her aunt.

“Oh, go on,” Amelia said. “It’s just a bit of lotion.”

Nervously, she sat down between Harry’s legs and leaned forward so he could cover her back. He took a little longer than he had with the other girls and spent time caressing her sides, allowing his fingers to lightly graze the swell of her large breasts. She didn’t lean back when he finished, so he gently pulled on her shoulders. Susan allowed herself to be pulled back against his chest. Her eyes were closed tightly, her breathing was rapid, and she blushed from the roots of her hair all the way to the top of her chest.

Harry covered her stomach first, worked his way around her chest to her shoulders, before moving his hands down to cup her breasts. Susan inhaled sharply, then moaned as his hands caressed her full, firm mounds. It was fortunate that she had her eyes closed, so she missed the smirk the other ladies shared. If she’d seen it, Harry suspected she might have fainted from embarrassment.

She seemed content to let him play with her breasts as long as he liked, but apparently, Amelia had other ideas. She appeared next to his lounger and cleared her throat. Susan’s eyes sprang open, and she jumped to her feet.

“Oh! Auntie, um, I was just-”

“It’s fine, dear,” Amelia said, laying a calming hand on her shoulder. “But you’re not the only one who burns easily.”

Susan’s eyes widened as she took a seat in front of Harry and arched an eyebrow at him. Harry only hesitated for a moment before applying lotion to her back. When she leaned back, his hands immediately and unconsciously sought out her breasts. He made sure to cover every inch of her mountainous breasts liberally. Amelia sighed contentedly and closed her eyes as his slippery hands glided around her smooth mounds.

“’Aving fun?” Apolline asked, moving to stand in front of her.

Amelia cracked an eye open.

“He would make a wonderful masseuse,” she murmured.

Sighing again, she leaned away from his hands and stood. Harry blinked in surprise as he watched her kiss Apolline on the lips before the blonde seated herself between his legs. Beside him, Fleur laughed.

“You did not know Maman and Amelia ‘ave been seeing each ozzer?” she asked.

“Er, no,” Harry said, rubbing his hands along Apolline’s back. “When did that happen?”

“A couple of weeks ago,” she replied.

“You didn’t notice Amelia sneaking into Apolline’s room every night since we got back from Hogwarts?” Hermione asked, arching her eyebrow.

“I’ve been distracted,” Harry said defensively, his hands moving to play with Apolline’s breasts as she leaned back.

“Really, we hadn’t noticed,” Tonks smirked, then turned to look further down the edge of the pool. “Hey, June, Eva, you need our pool boy for anything?”

“No, thank you,” Evangeline smiled.

“Already covered,” June said. “Besides, it looks like Harry already has his hands full.”

“Mother!”

“And you girls still need to cover your legs,” she added, ignoring her daughter’s outburst.

The girls shared a look, smirked, and as one, rolled onto their stomachs.

“Looks like you’ve got more work to do, Pool Boy,” Tonks smirked.

Harry stared down the line of beautiful, glistening bums as Apolline left his chair and climbed back onto her lounger, face down. Iffy landed next to her and assumed the same position with a hopeful look. Grinning, he stood, grabbed the bottle of suntan lotion, and frowned.

“I’m going to need more lotion,” he said.