

Drinking Problems

The doorbell rang, and Harry quickly and excitedly rushed to open the door. Kracher followed him, muttering under his breath. Twisting the knob, he pulled open the door and smiled. Tonks shook her limp brown bangs out of her eyes and smiled back, the handle of a trunk clutched in one hand, and Teddy cradled to her chest in the other. His head swiveled to look at Harry with a toothless grin. The mousy brown hair atop his head rose up in a wild, windswept look and turned a few shades darker.

“Hey!” Harry grinned. “Come on in.”

Stepping aside, he took possession of his Godson before Tonks was fully past him. Teddy was too busy looking around with a wide, curious gaze to care, but Tonks let out a sigh and smiled. Kreacher, still grumbling softly, placed a hand on the trunk before Disapparating with a soft pop. The sudden disappearance of the weight caused Tonks to stumble off balance. She crashed shoulder-first into the coat rack. Teddy giggled loudly.

“Yeah, yeah. Laugh it up,” Tonks said, pushing off the wall.

“You okay?” Harry asked, biting back a smile.

“I’m fine. At least you got rid of the stupid umbrella stand.”

“I thought I’d make the house a little safer with you and Teddy moving in,” Harry smiled. “I couldn’t get rid of everything you like to trip over, though. We do need some furniture.”

Tonks smacked his shoulder even as her lips twitched into a reluctant smile.

“Come on, I’ll show you to your room,” he said, walking toward the stairs.

"I doubt it's moved since I was here last week," she replied, but followed him anyway.

"No, but it might look a bit different," Harry smiled.

Tonks raised an eyebrow curiously. As they climbed to the second floor, Teddy pointed and burred nonsensically at the paintings on the wall. The animated magical creatures, which may or may not actually exist, pranced, played, and bowed in their frames for his entertainment. Each one was hand-painted, a housewarming gift from Luna.

It had taken a bit of work, but he'd convinced Kreacher to move the severed House Elf heads up to the attic, where he could build a proper shrine to celebrate their service to the House of Black-and where Harry didn't have to look at them.

Reaching the top of the stairs, he led Tonks down the hall and stopped at what was to be her new room. She peeked around him and gasped softly. The last time she had been there, the carpet had been worn and threadbare, and the walls were covered in dilapidated wallpaper. Now, the walls were bare but with a fresh coat of white paint, and the floor had a brand-new cream-colored carpet. All of the old, battered furniture had been replaced as well. There was a new four-poster bed, vanity, and wardrobe.

And that wasn't the only change he made. Two new doors had been added to the left and right walls. The left led to the bathroom, and the one on the right led to Teddy's nursery. Unlike the bedroom, which was empty but for basic furniture, the nursery was packed full. Besides the obligatory crib, dresser, and Muggle playpen, Harry had filled it with an assortment of stuffed animals and toys.

Tonks's eyes glimmered wetly as she wandered inside and looked around. Opening the top drawer of the dresser, she found it full of new clothes. She closed the drawer quickly, turned, and marched back over to Harry. Her arms wrapped around his waist tightly, and she buried her face in the crook of his neck.

"You really didn't have to do all this," she muttered with a snuffle.

"I know," Harry said, blushing lightly. "Hermione did warn me I was going a little overboard. She helped me pick everything out."

"Of course she did," she chuckled.

He flinched slightly when she sniffled loudly right next to his ear. Kissing his cheek, she leaned back and gave him a watery smile. With the palms of her hands, she wiped her eyes and turned to Teddy.

"Do you want to go see your new room?" she asked.

Teddy burbled an indecipherable response and flapped his arms excitedly. Laughing, Tonks took him for Harry's arms, carried him into the nursery, and set him gently on the floor. Crawling on all fours, he made a beeline for the stuffed dragon sitting next to the crib. It was a Norwegian Ridgeback about the size of a small dog. Teddy eyed it curiously, raised himself up on his knees unsteadily, and then lunged forward, tackling it to the floor. His little arms wrapped tightly around its neck and started chewing on the ear.

"Sorry," Tonks murmured. "He's teething."

"It's fine," Harry assured her, wrapping an arm around her waist as they watched from the doorway. "But it's probably a good thing Hermione talked me out of getting the animation charms. I don't think a dragon would take kindly to being used as a chew toy."

Tonks snorted and leaned her head against his shoulder.

"You're going to spoil him," she warned.

"I know," he smiled. "It's my job."

“Just promise me you won’t go all Hagrid and buy him a real Dragon.”

It was Harry’s turn to snort in amusement.

“I think I’ve seen enough real Dragons for one life,” he said. “Do you want to go downstairs for lunch, or do you want to start unpacking first?”

“Lunch,” Tonks decided after a moment. “Are you hungry, Teddy?”

Teddy blew a raspberry and crawled over to the next toy that triggered his interest, a stuffed unicorn, which promptly found itself being repeatedly slammed face-first into the floor to the sound of loud giggles.

Sighing, Tonks pushed away from Harry and picked him up. He kept a tight grip around the unicorn's neck as she carried him out of the room. Harry followed, and they made their way down to the kitchen.

They entered to the sound of a wooden spoon stirring a pot. Winky stood at the stove, perched atop a tall stool. Wiping her hands on the apron covering a floral dress, her eyes lit up with delight when she spotted Teddy.

If there was one force more powerful than the Hogwarts rumor mill, it was the House Elf information network. Within an hour of offering to take in Tonks and Teddy, Winky had appeared unannounced in his kitchen and begged to help take care of them. She was desperate to belong to a family again, but it was more than his life was worth to enslave a House Elf. Hermione would make sure of that. After a grueling two-hour negotiation, she agreed to work for him for two Knuts a week in exchange for all household cleaning, cooking, and taking care of Teddy when needed.

Harry honestly thought he’d done pretty well until he informed her that Andromeda would be watching Teddy while they were at work. Winky had been driven to tears at the thought. It took twenty minutes and a Floo call to Andromeda to calm her down. Andromeda agreed to let

Winky help her care for Teddy at her home, and somehow, the little Elf had managed to wrangle the right to do laundry out of him.

Harry still wasn't sure how that happened, but he wasn't brave enough to try to re-negotiate lest he lose again. At this point, he considered himself lucky that he was allowed to bathe unassisted.

"Oooh," Winky cooed. "Is young master hungry?"

She climbed down from the stool with surprising agility and rushed over to the table, pots, pans, and plates floating after her. With a snap of her fingers, the door to the cupboard sprang open. A wooden highchair slid into place at the table and unfolded itself. Tonks placed Teddy in it while the floating cookware laid out two and loaded them with chicken and vegetables. Meanwhile, Winky used a chair to climb up onto the table and carefully ladled mashed peas, carrots, and apple sauce onto Teddy's plate.

Teddy excitedly grabbed his spoon, picked up a big scoop of peas, and flailed his arm toward his open mouth. The clump of peas flew through the air and splattered against Winky's forehead.

"Young Master doesn't need to be so messy," she said, pulling a rag from the pocket of her apron and wiping away the mess.

Before Teddy could fling any more food, Winky grabbed the spoon and carefully fed him a spoonful of peas. Teddy let out a satisfied hum and opened his mouth for more.

"I could get used to this," Tonks smiled.

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Tonks spent the rest of the evening unpacking while Harry kept Teddy entertained under the watchful eye of Winky. Kreacher grumbled under his breath with an air of discontent, but Harry

couldn't help but notice that he constantly found an excuse to be in the same room, even if he was skulking in the shadows.

The night passed peacefully. They were all tired from a long day, and poor Teddy exhausted himself playing with all his new toys. The morning, however, proved to be anything but. Tonks got a late start after she wasn't able to find her Auror robes. By the time she dug it out of her expanded trunk, they only had a few minutes to grab something to eat and leave. Teddy wasn't happy not having their attention and resisted eating the scrambled eggs Winky was trying to feed him. More of them ended up on the floor than in his mouth.

Running a couple of minutes late, they Apparated to Andromeda's house, left her with a crying toddler and an overprotective House Elf, and Apparated to work. They didn't see much of each other during the day. Harry was walking a beat in Diagon Alley while Tonks was stationed in the investigations department. The Aurors were still trying to rebuild from the losses during the war, and she was one of the few with the experience required to do the job.

Other than seeing each other in passing around the office a couple of times, they didn't meet up again until it was time to head back home. Harry Disapparated directly back to Grimmauld Place while Tonks Flooed to her mother's to pick up Teddy.

Life fell into a routine, one that Harry was quite happy with. Teddy was a constant source of joy, even through the occasional sleepless night because of his teething, and he got on with Tonks better than ever. They spent most of their evenings swapping stories and trading jokes. There were times, however, when the past caught up with them. Sometimes he would catch Tonks staring off into the distance with a forlorn face, and he knew she was thinking about Remus.

During those times, he tried to cheer her up, often with Teddy's unwitting assistance. He never spoke to her about Remus directly. Doing so would force him to confront his own demons. He avoided thinking about the war and everything he'd lost as much as he could, but there were times when a word or phrase, a sound, or even a smell brought back unwanted memories. Tonks left him alone when he was in one of his brooding moods, giving him the space he needed. But it was never long before he was drawn out of his bad mood by work or Teddy's endless antics.

The first real change in their routine came two weeks after Tonks moved in. It was a Friday evening, and Harry had just finished changing out of his Auror robes when there was a knock at his bedroom door.

"Come in," he called, straightening his shirt.

Tonks peeked inside and, seeing that he was dressed, swung the door fully open.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," Harry replied, looking at her questioningly.

"Hestia invited me out for a bit of a hen night," she said. "Would you mind watching Teddy for a couple of hours?"

"Course not," he smiled.

Tonks smiled back, relieved.

"Thanks."

After dinner, she headed upstairs and returned half an hour later wearing a black, sleeveless dress. She looked totally out of character from her usual punk rocker attire, but before he could tease her about it, she kissed Teddy on the forehead and disappeared through the front door.

"Well, I guess it's just you and me," Harry said.

Teddy babbled happily and passed Harry his stuffed dragon. Harry took it, sat down on the floor, and played with him. That worked for about an hour until he started calling for Momma.

“Momma will be back soon,” he told him.

And then Teddy started crying. Harry tried to distract him with his favorite stuffed animals, but he threw them away as soon as they were in arm’s reach. He tried tickling, making funny faces, and even singing, but none of it worked. Sighing, he ran a hand through his hair, and an idea came to mind.

“Winky, keep an eye on him for a minute. I’ll be right back.”

Winky rushed forward, trying to soothingly console him, only to get hit square in the face by a flying Unicorn. Meanwhile, Harry rushed up the stairs two at a time, grabbed his Firebolt from the closet, and then ran back downstairs. Teddy was wailing loudly while Winky rubbed his back soothingly.

Tossing the boom into the air, it fell in an arc and then stopped and hovered at waist height. Harry took two quick steps forward and landed astride the broom. Teddy instantly stopped crying and stared up at him in wonder.

“Want to go for a fly?” he asked with a grin.

“Master Harry, it’s not safe,” Winky whined, wringing her hands.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“It’ll be fine,” he told her.

Teddy crawled closer, so he reached down and picked him up. Cradling him with one arm, Harry took control with the other and slowly started flying around the room. Walking probably would have been faster, but the sensation of flying had Teddy giggling wildly. Harry slowly flew around

the house, carefully moving from room to room, all while Winky chased after them with her arm held out as if to catch them if they suddenly fell.

They flew around for half an hour until Teddy fell asleep in his arms. Harry flew slowly up the stairs, Winky still chasing after him, and then set Teddy in his crib. After stowing away his broom in his closet, he made his way back down the stairs. With a sigh, he plopped down on the sofa and relaxed.

At some point, he fell asleep, because he was abruptly woken up an indeterminable amount of time later by the sound of the front door slamming shut. Blinking his eyes and struggling to remember why he was on the sofa in the den, he heard a metallic crash followed by the loud clatter of wood on wood, like someone had dropped a handful of wands.

Levering himself up off the sofa, he made his way to the front door. Tonks was bent over at the waist, facing away from him as she picked up the umbrellas scattered across the floor and stuffed them into the brass umbrella stand that he had bought to replace the Troll foot. She must have tripped over it when she came in, something she'd managed to avoid for weeks.

"Have a fun night?" he asked, smiling.

Tonks straightened up and whirled around, but lost her balance and stumbled against the door. Her eyes were glassy behind heavy lids. She was completely and totally sloshed. It looked like she was struggling to stay awake as her shoes slowly slid across the wooden floor. She fell in slow motion, straight-legged, back propped against the door until she landed on her bum. Staring up at him, she blinked uncomprehendingly.

"Tonks?" he asked. "You alright?"

"'M fine," she slurred. "Jus' tired."

Sighing, Harry held out his hands. Tonks took them, but did little else to help as he pulled her to her feet.

"Come on," he grunted, wrapping an arm around her waist and slinging hers over his shoulder.

Tonks moved with slow, stumbling steps as he walked her up the stairs and down the hall to her bedroom. Moving her close to the bed so she had something to hang onto, he cautiously let go of her waist. She teetered for a moment, using the post at the end of the bed to steady herself.

"You good?" he asked.

Tonks nodded, followed by a beat of silence where neither of them did anything.

"Are you sure?" he pressed.

"Clothes," she muttered.

"Okay, where?" Harry asked.

She lifted her hand and pointed toward the bottom two drawers of the dresser. Harry knelt down and opened the drawer second from the bottom. Inside, he grabbed an oversized Weird Sisters T-shirt and a pair of shorts and stood back up. Turning back around, he froze. Tonks had managed to unzip the back of her dress and was in the process of slipping the straps over her shoulders, completely unconcerned – or, more likely, uncomprehending, of his presence.

Harry quickly tossed the clothes at the foot of the bed and turned around.

"Er, Tonks?" he called. "You got everything alright?"

Her response was an indecipherable mumble. He hesitated, wondering if he should just leave. Behind him, he heard the sound of rustling clothes, a loud *Fwump*, and then silence.

“Tonks?”

His only answer was a loud snore a couple of seconds later. Harry groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose under his glasses.

“Bloody hell,” he muttered.

Glancing carefully over his shoulder, he spotted Tonks sprawled out on the mattress, legs dangling over the side. She was naked except for a pair of bright purple knickers and one remaining shoe.

Harry sighed. He couldn’t leave her like that.

“Tonks!” he yelled as loud as he dared.

No response. Bugger.

Sighing again, he wiped his sweaty palms on his trousers and fully turned around. Trying to look at her as little as possible, he grabbed the shirt and threaded her arms through the holes. She was completely limp and entirely unhelpful as he struggled to do the same for her head. It was impossible not to notice the way her breasts jiggled as he maneuvered her body. Looking away would have made the job much harder, so he focused on getting her dressed as fast as possible.

Once the shirt was over her head, he grabbed her arms and yanked her upright. Her breasts, which had flattened against her chest, flowed back into their natural shape. They were bigger than he expected.

With one hand supporting her back, he pulled the shirt down to her waist and let her fall back on the mattress. Tonks mumbled drunkenly, but her eyes remained firmly closed. Yanking the shirt under her bum, it fell to the top of her thigh, and Harry decided that was covered enough.

Leaving the shorts at the end of the bed, he pulled back the covers and then lifted her bodily into place.

Harry wiped the sweat from his brow, pulled the covers over her, and left the room quietly. After a quick stop by the nursery to check on Teddy, who was still mercifully asleep, he made his way to the master bedroom and climbed into bed.

He hoped Tonks was too drunk to remember any of that.

Tonks didn't wake up the next day until it was nearly noon. She stumbled into the kitchen, nursing a mild hangover. Fortunately, Harry had a few Hangover Relief Potions on hand.

"So, how was your night?" he teased, handing her the vial of dark green potion.

"Urgh," Tonks groaned, downing the potion. "Hestia thinks I need to start dating again."

Harry gave her a sympathetic look and patted her on the shoulder as he took back the empty vial.

That would certainly explain the excessive drinking.

"Mama!" Teddy yelled impatiently, banging his fists against his highchair. "Mama! Mama!"

Tiredly, Tonks pushed herself to her feet and picked him up.

"I'm right here, sweetheart. Mama just needed a little break," she said softly. "Were you a good boy for Uncle Harry?"

"Unca!" Teddy yelled, pointing at Harry. "Unca! Unca! Unca!"

Harry smiled. Everything was back to normal, and it remained that way until the next Friday night. Hestia invited Tonks for another girls' night out. Harry thought she'd just been letting off steam and drank a bit too much the first time, so he had no problem agreeing to babysit again.

But it seemed like Tonks had a habit of overindulging. She returned to Grimmauld Place early in the morning, totally wasted, but not quite as black out drunk as last time. Harry met her at the door and then helped her into the den. She giggled as she collapsed onto the sofa. When he sat down next to her, she fell against his side and snuggled into his shoulder.

"You know, you could just go to bed," Harry said.

"Mmh, not sleepy," she murmured.

Tonks nuzzled his neck, and Harry froze when he felt her soft lips brush his skin.

"Er, Tonks?" he asked. "What are you doing?"

Her kisses grew noticeably firmer and wetter. Was that her tongue?

"Cuddle wif me," she slurred.

She stopped kissing his neck and pressed as much of her body against his as possible. He could feel her soft curves through her thin red dress. Harry hesitated; he felt a little awkward around Tonks when she was this drunk. But she didn't try to do anything else, and a little cuddle felt harmless enough. Relaxing, he wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Just don't go falling asleep on me," he said.

"Mmh, I won'," she mumbled.

Predictably, she did.

“Tonks?” he said, giving her a little shake.

She mumbled indistinctly and snuggled deeper into his arms. She’d practically crawled into his lap by this point. Sighing, Harry scooped her up in his arms and stood. He carried her bridal style up the stairs and down the hall to her bedroom. He didn’t bother trying to wake her again, and he certainly wasn’t going to try to get her into pajamas. She’d survive sleeping in her dress from the night. He set her on the bed, took off her shoes, and pulled the covers over her.

Tonks never mentioned her drunken cuddling the next morning, so Harry never mentioned it either. Everything returned to normal for the rest of the week until, once again, Hestia invited her out for a hen night on Friday. He really didn’t like seeing her go out and get wasted every weekend, but he also didn’t feel like it was his place to say anything.

“Do you want to come with us?” she asked over dinner. “I’m sure Mum wouldn’t mind watching Teddy for the night.”

Harry shook his head.

“No thanks,” he smiled. “The last time I went to the pub with Ron, everyone wanted to pat me on the back and thank me for one thing or another. I couldn’t get a moment’s peace.”

Tonks flashed him a commiserating look and smiled.

“I get it,” she said. “But if you change your mind, let me know.”

Tonks returned a little earlier than the last time she went out, and a little less drunk. She still stumbled around and knocked over the umbrella stand when she came through the front door,

but Harry didn't have to help her walk this time, and she was able to string full sentences together. In fact, once she started, it seemed like she couldn't make herself stop.

"Have fun?" he asked as they walked toward the den.

"Hestia's still on the hunt," she replied, stumbling and grabbing the wall as she paused to take off her shoes. "I think she's nervous about dating again, that's why she keeps inviting me out with her. Not that I mind being her wingman. I just wish she'd stop trying to hook me up with every creep that hits on me at the bar. The last bloke she convinced me to dance with tried to grab my arse."

Tossing her shoes onto the floor the moment they entered the den, she drew her wand from her purse with a flourish and gave it a flick. The Wireless clicked on, and after a moment of static, the soft warbling of Celestina Warbeck filled the room. Tossing her wand and purse on the couch, she turned around and took Harry's hands with a smile.

"Dance with me," she said, tugging him to a clear space near the fireplace.

"Oh no," Harry laughed. "I'm a rubbish dancer."

"Oh, you'll be fine," Tonks said, waving her hand as if swatting a pesky fly. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulled him close, and rested her head on his shoulder. "All you have to do is stand here and sway to the music. 'S easy."

Harry let out a breath and wrapped his arms loosely around her, hands resting lightly on the small of her back. He really didn't have a problem dancing, but he'd been having some rather indecent thoughts about the mother of his Godson for the last couple of weeks, and feeling her body pressed up against his wasn't helping.

"See?" Tonks said as they rocked back and forth while spinning in slow circles. "'S not that bad."

"I guess not," Harry murmured.

They danced for the rest of the song and continued even after it ended. As the next song started, Harry felt her press a kiss against the side of his neck. He froze in place, and so did Tonks, but they continued to sway to the music. When it didn't happen again, he leaned back and looked down at her face. Her eyes were peacefully closed. He chalked it up to drunken thoughtlessness. As he'd learned, Tonks got affectionate when she was drinking.

"You're not falling asleep on my, are you?" he asked.

Her eyes fluttered open tiredly, and a smile graced her lips.

"Little bit," she murmured.

"Come on," Harry smiled. "Let's get you to bed."

With their arms wrapped around each other's waists, Harry led upstairs to her room. They paused at the door, and Tonks turned to wrap him in a gentle hug.

"Thanks, Harry," she said softly.

Tilting her head up, she kissed his cheek dangerously close to the corner of his mouth.

"Goodnight," she murmured.

"Night," Harry replied.

Tonks pulled away from him, stumbled through the door, and closed it behind her. Alone in the hallway, Harry let out a breath and tried to calm the butterflies in his stomach.

The next morning, neither of them mentioned the night before, but this time, Harry was positive she remembered. He couldn't help but feel a little awkward around her. It wasn't so much because of the way she had acted, but because of the way it made him feel. Throughout the day, he'd find himself looking at her and remembering that first night, when he'd seen her nearly naked. And he became increasingly aware of how her body felt against his whenever they hugged.

Had she always hugged him so much?

It was almost a relief to get back to work on Monday, just for the distraction it provided. Harry dealt with his emotions the way he usually did. He buried them and hoped that they resolved themselves when he wasn't looking.

Sooner than he would have liked, Friday came, and Tonks once again went out to the pub with Hestia. As the clock neared half past two in the morning, he was starting to get worried. Before he could work up the nerve to go out and look for her, the front door opened and slammed closed. Harry rushed to check on Tonks. One look was all it took to realize she was very drunk and very, very angry.

"You alright?" he asked cautiously.

Tonks grunted in reply, heaved herself off the door, and stumbled towards the stairs. As Harry rushed over to help her up the stairs, he noticed a thin, dark red streak on her shoulder.

"Is that blood?" he asked.

Looking for a wound, he couldn't see one. Tonks grunted in a way that sounded both angry and self-satisfied all at once.

"Teach 'im to get my bloody arse," she grumbled.

Sighing and knowing he wasn't likely to get a better explanation out of her in this condition, Harry helped her upstairs and into her room. She stumbled over to the dresser and started throwing out clothes until she found what she was looking for. Grumbling under her breath, she reached for the zipper at the back of her dress. Harry took that as his cue to leave.

In his room, he dropped down onto the bed and rubbed his face tiredly.

Maybe it was time to talk to Tonks about her drinking, he decided. Resolved to talk to her in the morning, he took off his glasses, climbed into bed, and was asleep in moments.

It was pitch black when he awoke. A weight pressed down on him, and he felt a pair of lips at his neck.

"What the-Tonks?" he asked incredulously. "What are you doing?"

"I was lonely," she whispered.

It might have sounded sexy if the stench of alcohol on her breath wasn't strong enough to bring tears to his eyes.

"Tonks, you're drunk," Harry told her, pushing her back by the shoulders.

"I know," she muttered carelessly.

She slipped down the bed, and he thought she was about to get up and leave, until she lay back down on his legs. Her breasts pressed against his thighs as she buried her face in his groin and nuzzled him through his trousers.

"Tonks!" he yelped quietly, conscious of Teddy sleeping just down the hall.

He tried to push her way, but she wrapped her arms around his legs and kissed his cock. Harry gasped and swelled rapidly. His half-hard length bobbed upward and brushed her cheek. Tonks turned her head and nuzzled it with her nose, letting out a little coo.

“Tonks!” Harry hissed.

She stopped, her hands relaxed around his legs, and then she let out a loud snore.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry groaned, rubbing his face.

Scooting backward and out from under Tonks, her head fell onto the mattress with a soft thump, and yet her snores continued unabated. Harry put on his glasses, turned on the lamp on his bedside table, and noticed for the first time that Tonks was except for a pair of bright pink knickers.

Sighing, he picked her up and carried her out into the hall. He was conscious of his erection pressing against the front of his trousers as he walked down to her room and prayed Winky and Kreacher didn't come to check on the commotion. Lying Tonks down on her bed, he saw the crumpled shirt at the foot of the mattress. He hesitated, wondering if he should dress her for bed, before deciding that it couldn't possibly harm anything at this point.

Harry grabbed the shirt and carefully dressed her. He didn't feel nearly as guilty this time as he looked unabashedly at her breasts. Once she was covered, he put her under the covers and slipped back out of the room.

It took until after dinner the next day before he worked up the courage to broach the subject with her. They were sitting in the den, listening to the Wireless while Winky entertained Teddy.

“So, er, you want to talk about last night?” he asked nervously.

"Huh?" Tonks asked, looking up from her copy of Witch Weekly. "What? Oh, you mean the blood? It was nothing. One of the creeps at the bar got handsy. It's no big deal. I took care of it."

"Er, no," Harry said, licking his dry lips. "I meant about the part where you crawled into my bed nearly naked."

Tonks blinked, and her mouth slowly fell open.

"What?!" she gasped. "I did that?"

"Yeah," he said, running a hand through his hair. "I'm not sure if you know this, but you tend to get... affectionate when you're drunk."

"No, I didn't," she said, shaking her head. "Why didn't you say anything?"

"It wasn't a problem until last night," he told her. "Usually, you just like to cuddle or dance."

"I remember that," Tonks said. "What exactly did I do last night?"

Harry hesitated and glanced over at Teddy and Winky. Winky, who'd been watching with rapt attention, covered Teddy's ears with her hands. Honestly, Harry was more worried about her listening, but he let it go. Turning back to Tonks, he saw her expectant look and let out a breath.

Best to get it over with, he decided.

"You climbed on top of me in your knickers while I was sleeping and, well, I think you tried to give me a blowjob, but you fell asleep before anything happened."

“Oh, Merlin,” Tonks said, dropping her face into her hands. Her hair turned bright red, and when she lifted her face, so did her cheeks. “Harry, I’m so sorry. I had no idea.”

“It’s fine,” Harry assured her quickly. “Really, it’s not that big of a deal. It’s just-Look, I don’t mind you going out with your friends on Friday, really, I don’t, but you tend to drink quite a lot. Maybe you shouldn’t try to get completely pissed when you go out.”

“I know,” Tonks said, slouching back miserably. “It’s just that seeing Hestia with her dates reminds me of...”

“I get it,” Harry said with an understanding smile.

And that was the last they spoke about it. On Friday, as Tonks was getting ready to leave, she entered the den while putting in her earrings and kissed the top of Teddy’s head.

“You be good for Winky and Uncle Harry while I’m gone,” she told him.

“Unca! Unca!” Teddy yelled.

Smiling, she turned to Harry.

“I’ll be home a little earlier tonight,” she promised.

“Take your time,” Harry smiled.

“And I promise not to crawl into your bed and try to shag you.”

Harry decided to tease her back.

"If you do, I'll let you," he said.

"Harry!" she exclaimed, half surprised and half amused.

"Consider it an incentive not to drink too much," he joked.

Smiling and shaking her head, Tonks left. It was barely quarter past eleven when she returned. Harry looked up as she walked into the den and smiled. Her gait was steady, and her eyes were clear.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," Tonks replied, dropping down onto the sofa next to him.

"So, how'd it go?" he asked.

"Well, Hestia left with some bloke she met, so I think it went pretty well," she told him. "I didn't see any point in staying after that. How was Teddy?"

"He was a perfect angel," Harry said.

Tonks looked at him skeptically.

"...After he ripped the head off his unicorn, but Winky fixed it right up."

"That sounds more like it," she said, smiling.

Sighing deeply, she folded her legs under her and rested her head on Harry's shoulder. He looked down at her curiously. It was the first time she'd cuddled up to him when she was sober.

"You know, if this thing works out with Hestia, I won't be going out on Friday nights anymore," she said.

"Oh?"

"Maybe we can find something else to do on the weekend?" she asked.

"Sure," Harry said. "Why don't we take Teddy to the park tomorrow. I'm not likely to get recognized in the Muggle world."

Tonks smiled brightly, sat up, and kissed him on the cheek.

"That sounds great," she said, snuggling back into his shoulder.

Harry smiled back and wrapped an arm around her shoulders. They sat like that in companionable silence for a long moment, and then Harry felt her lips brush his neck. He thought it was an accident at first, that she was just moving around to get comfortable, but then it happened again. He stiffened nervously as she trailed a line of soft kisses up to his jaw line.

"Tonks?" he asked, his voice quivering slightly.

"The whole time Hestia was trying to set me up with random men at the pub, I kept thinking about how I already had the perfect man at home," she said softly.

Harry turned to look at her, she looked up, and their lips met. Tonks's hand cupped the back of his head and deepened the kiss. Their tongues entwined and they snogged each other until they ran out of breath. Tonks pulled back, panting, and rested her forehead against his.

“Remember before I left, when you said if I tried to shag you again, you’d let me?” she asked softly.

“Yeah?” Harry said, swallowing nervously.

Their lips met again, briefly but passionately.

“Bedroom,” Tonks murmured against his lips.

Somehow, they made it all the way to the foot of the stairs without breaking their kiss or tripping over each other. They separated long enough to climb to the top before they started snogging again. Harry reached for the door handle to Tonks’s room because it was closer, but she pulled him further down the hall to his. They crashed through the door, still tightly embraced, lips locked.

“Silencing Charm,” Tonks said breathlessly.

Harry kicked the door closed and silenced the room with a lazy twirl of his wand. Tonks grabbed the front of his shirt and yanked him towards the bed. A moment later, his shirt was pulled over his head. While Tonks’s hands worked at his belt, Harry’s hands slid around her back and unzipped her dress. They both raced to strip themselves of their clothes, and when they finished, His hands found her breasts, and hers found his length. Moaning into each other’s mouths, they climbed onto the bed.

Tonks pushed Harry down on his back and straddled his waist. Her slick folds ground against his hardened shaft. Lifting herself up, she lined him up with her entrance and paused. A look passed between them, one filled with nervousness and excitement, and then Tonks sank down on his cock.

“Oh, fuck,” Harry gasped.

Tonks moaned. Her hair cycled through a rainbow of colors before settling down on bright pink, a color he hadn't seen on her since shortly after the war started in earnest.

She leaned forward, hugging herself against him, and started rocking gently. Harry's hands ran up and down her back, grasped her bum, and caressed her thighs. Tonks nibbled on his neck and groaned as she rocked harder and faster. Suddenly, she sat up and drove herself down on his cock fiercely. Bracing her hands against his chest, the gentle rocking of her hips turned into an undulating roll, and then a rapid bouncing.

Harry sat up and buried his face between her breasts. Her fingers threaded through his hair as his lips captured her bobbing pink nipple.

"Oh, Merlin, yes," Tonks hissed.

She abandoned bouncing in favor of an uncoordinated, desperate humping. They lost their balance, and Harry ended up on his back again. Tonks followed him down, her hips bucking wildly. A series of small, high-pitched grunts escaped her lips as she buried her face in the crook of his neck. Her legs straightened out alongside his. The change in angle pressed her clit hard against his pubic bone, and he legs trembled.

Soft, breathy gasps warmed his skin. Harry's hands gripped her hips, and he started thrusting up into her. Tonks's body went rigid, her muscles tensed. He knew she was cumming. He knew he should slow down to let her enjoy it, but he couldn't stop himself. His own climax was just too close. Tonks trembled, her body curling in on itself as her orgasm washed over her. All the while, Harry held her firmly by the hips and drove himself into her fluttering depths with short, rapid thrusts.

Her climax was just coming to an end when his began. Closing his eyes, he bucked up and planted himself as deep as possible as he erupted. Tonks moaned, kissed his neck, and stroked his hair as he emptied himself inside of her.

Breathlessly, they collapsed into a sweaty, panting heap.

“Wow,” Tonks breathed.

“Yeah,” Harry panted.

They shared a look and laughed tiredly. Tonks kissed him on the lips before raising herself off of him and cuddling up to his side, her head resting on his chest.

“Mind if I stay the night?” she asked.

“You can stay as long as you like,” Harry told her.

Tonks lifted her head and kissed his cheek.