

## 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.

“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!” Hermione 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.

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The hours passed with agonizing slowness, and Harry outright refused to go to leave 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 than 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 we 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-test 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 did 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.”

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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 disappearing.

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 tremble 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 tub 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.

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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 worshipping 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 yelled. “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.

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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 two 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.