

## 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. The car took off like a shot a moment later as Hestia took it back to the Ministry. Smiling and holding hands, the couple walked up to the front door where Tonks knocked 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 happier and lighter than Harry had ever seen 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 war path again,” he said. “That and Creature’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 much for my liking, so I forced some answers out of him,” Sirius said. “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. “Creature will only answer to me, you, and Dumbledore, now.”

“Me?” Harry asked, catching Tonks as she stumbled on the Troll’s 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 look 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 and then turned 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 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 Andromeda and Ted 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 while 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 Dursley’s?” 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 anoizzer 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 said 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 Dursley's.

"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, before sighing and setting 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 got her to 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 clear 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 what he was missing.

“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 zthrough 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 from arguing back. “I heard you two are getting together.”

“We ‘ave gone a couple of dates. I haven’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 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 now, 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 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’ 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 was 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,” Tongue 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 Tonks’, 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 Creature 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’d 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 mopping around Hogwarts getting drunk off 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 said.

"I suppose it wouldn't hurt," Sirius said, 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 of 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 eenteresting 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 sorted 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 on, 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 grim coating the walls.

“Would there be children for Winky to look after?” the little House Elf asked eagerly.

“Not right now,” Sirius said with 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. It was only Dobby catching her that 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 be drinking again.”

Sirius rubbed his face and looked over her head at Harry. Harry nodded his head encouragingly. He knew that, given the chance, Winky would be 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 her head. “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, hoping up a hand to stop her 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 my 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 by 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, 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 said. "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 soon," 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 a couple of 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 she 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 holiday's, 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 relaxed 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 waist band 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 hard. 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, 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 a light pressure on her back, she 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 pitch 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 he 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 body was bounced back and forth between him and the bed. It didn't take long from him to tip over the edge. Covering her body with his, Harry slammed his hips forwards on last time before spilling himself deep inside of her.

Tonks groaned, her sweat covered body finally relaxing. They laid like that for a couple of minutes, both panting heavily as they caught their breath.