

Chapter 7

Tonks towed her spiky purple hair dry as she stepped out of the bathroom and into her bedroom. Padding over to the full-length mirror on the back of her bedroom door, she tossed the towel into the overflowing hamper and looked at the reflection of her slightly damp, naked body.

Running her hands over her moderate sized chest, the size she preferred for work, she turned to the side with a thoughtful look. Tonks closed her eyes, her face scrunched up in concentration. She could feel her skin stretching with a tingle, and the weight on her chest slowly grew noticeably heavier. When she opened her eyes again, she smiled at her now large, jutting breasts.

Twisting her hips to the side, she ran a hand from her hips down across the smooth skin of her fit, muscular bum. Satisfied with her look, Tonks grabbed a bottle of lotion off her dresser. Squirting a Galleon sized dollop into her palm, she rubbed her hands together and then began rubbing it into her chest and stomach. With one more dollop of lotion, she rubbed it into her legs and bum.

Looking in the mirror again, Tonks smiled to herself and bounced on her toes to make her firm, perky breasts bounced enticingly.

Harry's going to love these, she thought with a smirk.

As her eyes moved down her body, she frowned when she noticed a bit of stubble between her legs. Screwing her face up again, she focused on making them vanish. Opening her eyes, she ran a hand over her smooth mound to make sure she got everything.

"Perfect," Tonks said to herself with a grin.

Turning around, she walked over and climbed onto the bed. Quickly checking the clock, she saw it was just a few minutes until seven. Pulling her pillows into a large pile, she made herself comfortable before picking up the small hand mirror from her nightstand.

Impatiently, she checked the clock constantly as she waited for Harry to call. That impatience only grew when the clock ticked over to one minute past seven. Between her job at the Ministry and the work she did for the Order, it had been a few days since they'd last talked for more than a few minutes. Tonks was desperate to have some naughty fun tonight. It wasn't anywhere near as good as having him in her bed, but at least it was better than nothing.

Of course, that wasn't the only reason she was excited for his call. It would be great to just talk to him again and hear his voice. She was also curious as to how his little Defense club was going. According to Dumbledore and McGonagall, Harry had a real knack for teaching.

As the clock ticked over to four past seven, Tonks decided she'd waited long enough.

"Harry Potter," she said.

Holding the mirror out at arm's length, she made sure her entire upper body was in view and laid back with a coy smile on her face.

"Nymphadora Tonks,"

Tonks barely had time to register that the voice she heard didn't belong to Harry before she found herself staring into the face of Hermione Granger.

"Oh!" Hermione exclaimed.

Suddenly, the view in the mirror changed and she found herself staring at a bed spread for just an inch away.

“Hermione?” Tonks asked, startled and confused as she pulled the sheets up over herself.

“Sorry,” Hermione said, her words sounding distant and muffled.

“I’m covered, you can look now,” Tonks said, a ball of worry settling like lead in the pit of her stomach. “Where’s Harry? Is he alright?”

Hermione’s blushing face swam back into view.

“He has detention,” she said, biting her lip.

“Great,” Tonks said frustratedly, though part of her was relieved it was nothing serious.

“To be fair, it wasn’t his fault this time,” Hermione told her. “Umbridge has been on the war path lately. She’s been using any excuse to put Harry in detention.

“I’m going to kill that bitch,” Tonks muttered to herself, although she was sure Hermione could hear her. “Do you know what time he’ll get out?”

“He usually doesn’t get back until after curfew,” Hermione said. “He knew you’d be calling tonight, so he asked me to tell you what happened, and he says he’s really sorry.”

“It’s alright,” Tonks said, blowing out a breath.

“There’s something I wanted to talk to you about as well,” Hermione said, biting her lip nervously.

“What’s that?” Tonks asked.

"It's about Harry," Hermione said. "He made me promise not to tell you, but I really think someone else needs to know. He's being so stubborn. He won't go to any of the teachers, and he flat out refused to tell Dumbledore."

"What is it?" Tonks asked worriedly.

Hermione hesitated for a moment, but then took a deep breath and ran a hand through her bushy brown hair.

"Umbridge is torturing Harry," she said, causing Tonks to sit bolt upright, her eyes widening. "She's making him write lines with this quill that cuts the words into his hand."

"A Blood Quill!?" Tonks yelled incredulously. "Why hasn't he told Dumbledore, or McGonagall?"

"He wants to deal with it on his own," Hermione said, her frustration clear on her face. "Plus, he doesn't think they can do anything and, as much as I'd like to admit it, he's probably right."

"What do you mean they can't do anything, she's torturing him!" Tonks bit out angrily.

"I know!" Hermione snapped back. "You don't know what it's like here. Dumbledore's hardly ever around. Umbridge sacked Professor Trelawney and nearly kicked her out of the castle, she's threatened to do the same to the other teachers if they step out of line. Now that she has that High Inquisitor title, she can do pretty much anything she wants. If we go to one of the professors, who do you think Fudge will support? He'll call them a liar no matter what evidence we have and sack them."

Hermione sniffled and wiped her glistening eyes before the tears could fall.

"I hate it," she said miserably. "I hate seeing him come back every night with his hand cut up. But there's nothing we can do."

"I'm sorry," Tonks said, running a hand through her hair.

In her head, she cursed Dumbledore for not protecting Harry the way he should. She'd thought they'd finally gotten through to him that more needed to be done, but it looked like he'd fallen back into sitting around and doing nothing.

"Right, I'm going to think of something," Tonks said determinedly. "There's no way in hell I'm letting that bitch get away with hurting Harry. As soon as he gets back, tell him to call me. I don't care what time it is."

"Alright," Hermione said with a nod. "Do you really think you can stop her? I mean, Umbridge has the whole Ministry behind her right now."

"Not all of it," Tonks said. "A lot of people are starting to question things at the Ministry. I'll talk to my boss, Madam Bones. She hates Umbridge."

"But won't you be risking your job?" Hermione asked worriedly.

"Don't worry about me, Hermione," Tonks said with a smile. "Right now, protecting Harry is the most important thing. Besides, if the Ministry is going to willfully torture Hogwarts students, then I really don't want to be a part of it. Just make sure to tell Harry to call me, alright?"

"I will," Hermione said. "Goodnight Tonks."

"Night." Tonks replied.

As the glass faded back into a reflection of her own face, Tonks sighed and tossed it to the side. Standing up, she walked over to her dresser and pulled out a pair of comfortable pajamas. Once

she was dressed, she notebook and quill. Climbing back onto her bed, she began making notes and writing down ideas as she waited for Harry to call.

“Nymphadora Tonks.”

Tonks jolted awake at the sound of the familiar voice. At some point, she fallen asleep in a rather uncomfortable position. Stretching her back with a wince, she heard her name called again. Realizing Harry was calling her, she threw sheafs of parchment to the side as she frantically looked for her mirror. Grabbing it, she quickly brought it up to her face.

“Harry Potter,” Tonks said.

The mirror went blurry for just a moment before it cleared to reveal the tired face of Harry Potter.

“Hey,” he said with a soft, happy smile.

Any anger she felt towards him for not telling her about Umbridge earlier drained away at the sight of his face and the tender smile on his lips. How was she supposed to stay angry with that, she asked herself.

“Hey,” Tonks said, smiling back.

“Sorry about getting detention,” Harry said. “Umbridge has been a nightmare lately. Apparently, sneezing in class is a disruption now.”

“And when did you plan on telling me about that Blood Quill she’s making you use?” Tonks asked.

Harry stiffened before looking away with a sigh.

“Hermione told you,” Harry said more than asked.

“Yes, and don’t you dare give her a hard time for that. She’s just worried about you,” Tonks told him firmly. “The important question is, why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because there’s nothing you can do about it, and I didn’t want to worry you,” Harry said quietly. “Besides, I can handle it.”

“You shouldn’t have to,” Tonks said softly.

She knew from seeing his memories that Harry had a hard time relying on other people, especially adults. Growing up with the Dursley’s hadn’t left a good impression and yelling at him wouldn’t help anything.

“What else am I supposed to do?” Harry asked frustratedly. “I can’t go to any of the teachers. Dumbledore won’t even look at me now and everyone else is too scared to stand up to her. Well, McGonagall does. But if I go to her, she’ll just get fired and then we’ve got no one.”

Tonks sighed, her heart breaking as she truly realized just how alone they all felt. Someone needed to stand up for them, and to hell with the consequences, she thought.

“Well, then it’s a good thing your super-hot girlfriend also happens to be a kickass Auror,” Tonks said with a grin, trying to lighten the mood.

“No,” Harry said with a firmness that shocked her. “I don’t want you getting into trouble over me.”

“Hey, you helped me, not it’s my turn to help you,” Tonks told him.

“But-”

“No buts,” Tonks said. “I’m going to do it anyways, so you might as well help me out.”

“Tonks, you could lose your job,” Harry said frustratedly.

“No big loss there,” Tonks said with a shrug. “Like I told Hermione, if the Ministry is going to torture people, then I want no part of it.”

“You’re not going to let this go, are you?” Harry asked with a sigh.

“Nope,” Tonks said cheerfully.

Harry shook his head, but she could see his shoulders relax and a smile flit across his face.

“Fine,” Harry said.

“Good,” Tonks said. “Your next Hogsmeade visit is next weekend, right?”

“Yeah, why?” Harry asked, looking a little confused.

“I have an idea, but I need to talk to my boss first. Don’t worry,” Tonks said, cutting him off before he could interrupt. “Bones hates Umbridge as much as anyone, and she’s not a fan of Fudge either. She’ll help us out. I’ll talk to you more tomorrow night. For now, get rid of those clothes.”

Grinning, Tonks levitated the mirror with her wand and pulled off her shirt. Her grin turned into a smirk as she watched Harry’s eyes take in her large breasts. She knew they were a good idea.

Following Susan Bones, Harry slipped past Filch under his invisibility cloak and joined her and Hannah Abbot inside the carriage. Hermione had told him he was being paranoid, and perhaps he was, but he wasn't taking any chances.

Today was the day he was to meet Amelia Bones about Umbridge. Not only did he want to keep the toad from finding out what he was doing, but he was also concerned about Tonks being caught. He knew how hard she had worked to become an Auror, and he didn't want to be the one to jeopardize that, no matter how bad the Ministry was at the moment.

Arriving at Hogsmeade, Harry hopped out after Susan and waited for her to say goodbye to Hannah. Harry smiled as the short, shy red head looked around with nervous excitement as she made her way towards the Three Broomsticks. He imagined she was feeling the same way he did back in his first year when he first used his cloak to sneak into the Restricted Section of the library.

As they grew closer to the crowded pub, Harry's nerves began to build. This would be the tricky part. He had to sneak his way upstairs with Susan to the private room Madam Bones had rented, all without bumping it anyone and giving himself away.

Easier said than done, Harry thought as he looked around the pub packed with students.

"Morning Susan," Madam Rosmerta said with a kind smile. "Your aunt's already waiting for you, room four."

"Thanks, Rosmerta," Susan said with a nervous smile.

She hesitated for a moment, trying to find a path where they wouldn't bump into anyone. Slowly, and carefully, Harry followed her closely as she made her way to the stairs. Both of them let out a sigh of relief when they made it unnoticed. Susan started climbing the steps, glancing over her shoulder with a nervous look. Harry put his hand on her shoulder to let her know he was still there, but that nearly gave them away when she jumped and gasped in surprise.

Holding a hand to her chest, Susan blushed heavily and quickly ascended to the second floor. Walking down to the second door on the right, she knocked on the door softly.

“Come in,” came a muffled, feminine voice.

Susan pushed the door open wide and walked around to the other side to push it closed, giving Harry ample time to slip into the room. He stopped and stared for a moment as he spotted Tonks with a disappointed look on her face. His pulse raced at finally seeing her again.

“Susan?” A tall, auburn-haired witch wearing a monocle asked in surprise. “Not that I mind seeing you, but what are you doing here?”

Susan opened her mouth to speak, and Harry quickly put his hand on her shoulder. She stopped and closed her mouth with a click as her aunt, Madam Bones, looked at her oddly. Taking a deep breath, Harry threw off his cloak. Ignoring the wand Madam Bones aimed at his chest, he turned around to lock and silence the door.

“Was that really necessary?” Madam Bones asked with a frown.

“Unfortunately, yes,” Harry said, straightening his glasses.

In all of his planning for this day over the last few days, it never occurred to him how hard it would be to be in the same room as Tonks and not stare at her, or rush over and take her into his arms. They’d only been apart for a month, but it felt like a lifetime. It was a struggle just to keep his eyes on Madam Bones and not glance over at her beautiful face and bright smile.

“I really don’t appreciate you dragging my niece into this,” Madam Bones said.

“It’s okay auntie, I wanted to help,” Susan said.

Madam Bones sighed and folded her arms over her chest.

“We’ll talk about this later,” Madam Bones said, causing Susan to blush and duck her head. “Now, Auror Tonks gave me some information, but I’d like to hear from you exactly what happened.”

“Umbridge has been giving me a lot of detentions lately, usually for stupid things. She has me writing lines with this quill that uses my blood for ink, and it scratches the words into my hand,” Harry said.

Next to him, Susan gasped sharply and covered her mouth with her hand.

“Can you describe the quill?” Madam Bones asked before he could continue.

“It’s long, all black,” Harry said with a shrug, not sure how else to describe it. “And it hurts like hell after a couple of hours.”

“How long does she usually have you doing lines for?” Madam bones asked.

“At least four hours, sometimes five or six,” Harry answered. “Or, as Umbridge says, until the message sinks in.”

“May I see it?” she asked.

Taking a couple steps forward, Harry held out his hand. He’d had detention with Umbridge every night for the last week, and he’d refused to let Hermione use that essence of Murtlap to heal it just for this. It stung constantly, and Harry grimaced as Madam Bones lifted his hand for a closer look. The cuts were scabbed over with angry red outlines, making it easy to read.

While she was looking at his hand, he chanced a glance over at Tonks. She was staring at his hand with an angry scowl, her wand clenched tightly in her fist and the tip glowing a pale red.

"I must not tell lies," Madam Bones said quietly.

"She didn't appreciate me telling her Voldemort is back," Harry said.

"Is he?" she asked, looking up to stare into his eyes with a piercing gaze.

"Yes," Harry said.

They continued to stare at each other for a long couple of seconds before she gave a tight nod and let go of his hand.

"Auror Tonks, please get a picture of this," Madam Bones said.

Tonks pulled a camera out of the pocket of her robes and walked over to Harry. Their eyes met, and neither on them could suppress the small smiles on their faces. Taking his hand gently, she pulled it towards her and ran her thumb across the back of his hand softly.

"Hold your hand out flat," Tonks said.

Harry did, and she snapped two quick pictures from different angles.

"Make a fist," she said.

After two more pictures, Tonks gave his hand a quick, discrete squeeze before stepping away.

“We’ll get these back to the Ministry and start an investigation,” Madam Bones said.

Harry turned and stared at her incredulously.

“You can’t,” Harry said, causing her to look at him with a raised brow. “If Fudge gets wind of this, he’ll bury it. They’ll just say I’m lying again, or that Dumbledore planned all of this to take over the Ministry, or some other ridiculous excuse.”

“He’s right boss, you know how Fudge is,” Tonks said.

“We need to work within the law,” Madam Bones said firmly.

“There still has to be something else we can do,” Harry said. “Look, I have an idea. I have detention with Umbridge tonight. What if I sneak you into Hogwarts under my cloak so you can see it for yourself? There has to be some magical way of recording something, isn’t there?”

“There is,” Madam Bones said with a thoughtful nod. “It’s called an All-Seeing Eye; it records a court admissible memory of anything it sees.”

“Perfect,” Harry said excitedly. “With one of those, and you as an eyewitness, there’s no way Fudge can sweep this under the rug.”

“Mr. Potter, this is highly unusual,” Madam Bones said.

Harry ran a hand through his hair as his enthusiasm plummeted.

“Fine, if you don’t want to do it, then let’s just forget the whole thing. If you file a report, it’ll just get back to Fudge and I’ll end up arrested for filing a false report or something stupid,” Harry said frustratedly before turning to Tonks. “Thanks for trying, Tonks.”

Walking over to the bed, he picked up his cloak and threw it around his shoulders.

“Auntie,” Susan said in a quiet, pleading voice. “Please, you have to help.”

“Oh, very well,” Madam Bones said after looking at her niece’s expression. “We’ll do it your way, Mr. Potter.”

“Seriously?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Yes, Seriously,” she said, straightening her robes. “Contrary to what you may believe, I am here to help.”

Looking over at Tonks, she smiled and gave him an encouraging nod.

“Thank you,” Harry said, still feeling a bit worried. “My detention starts at seven. Meet me outside the Shrieking Shack at half past six and I can get you into the castle.”

“Very well. Don’t make me regret this, Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones said sternly.

“I won’t,” he said, feeling like he should be telling her the same thing.

Instead, he held his tongue and took the cloak off of his shoulders before offering it to her.

“That won’t be necessary,” Madam Bones said with a twitch of her lips. “I have my own.”

Turning around, she pulled out her wand and raised it to take down the Charms on the door.

“Wait,” Harry called out.

Stopping she turned to look at him curiously as he donned his cloak and disappeared from view.

“Go ahead,” Harry said.

Tonks was disappointed she had to leave before really getting a chance to talk to Harry, but she hoped to see him later.

As Bones opened the door, a pink clad witch stumbled, nearly falling into the room after quite clearly having had her ear pressed to the door. Even before she straightened up to show her face, she knew it was Umbridge. After seeing the scars on Harry’s hand in person, Tonks felt a fury stronger than she ever felt before as she eyed the insidious toad. It took every ounce of restraint she had not to Curse the woman within an inch of her life.

I guess Harry wasn’t so paranoid after all, she thought.

“Oh, Amelia, how lovely to see you,” Umbridge said with a simpering smile and that odious, girlish giggle of hers. “I heard you were here with Susan, so I just came to check everything was alright.”

As she spoke, Umbridge leaned to the side to look into the room before straightening up and staring up at Bones, her smile still in place.

“Everything’s fine,” Bones said, resting her hand on a worried looking Susan’s shoulder. “Susan just needed a bit of advice.”

“I see,” Umbridge said. “Well, since you’re here, would you join me for lunch?”

“Thank you, Delores, but no. I’m afraid I really must be getting back to the office,” Bones replied.

“Of course,” Umbridge said with another grating giggle.

As she moved out of the way, Bones and Susan stepped out into the hall and followed Umbridge towards the stairs. Grabbing the doorknob, Tonks looked back into the room and gave a wink before pulling the door closed.

“You haven’t seen Harry Potter by chance, have you?” Umbridge asked as the group descended the stairs.

Tonks narrowed her eyes at the back of her head and gripped her wand tightly in the pocket of her robe.

“I can’t say that I have,” Bones said. “Why? Has he done something?”

“Oh, that boy’s always causing trouble, spouting lies. I’m sure you know the type,” Umbridge said.

“Indeed,” Bones replied dully.

Just as they returned to the bar, Harry walked in the front door, his hair looking a bit more windswept than before. Tonks smiled, realizing he must have jumped out the window and run around to the front door. That smile died when she saw Umbridge looking at him with a tiny, but noticeable smirk on her lips.

“If you’ll excuse us, I’d like to spend a little more time with my niece before heading back to work.” Bones said. “Good day, Delores.”

“Of course,” Umbridge said before turning to Susan with a simpering smile. “I look forward to seeing you in class, my dear.”

Turning, she made her way over to Harry, who had just sat down with Ron and Hermione. Tonks hesitated for a moment, wanting to help him, but realizing there was nothing she could do. Cursing in her head, Tonks followed Bones out onto the streets of Hogsmeade.

“Susan, how has Umbridge been behaving as a teacher?” Bones asked.

“Honestly, she’s horrible,” Susan said. “She doesn’t teach us any spells in class and were not even allowed to practice them on our own now. We just read that Slinkhard book about running away and calling the Aurors.”

“How does she act?” Bones asked.

“She’s fine to me and Hannah, but she treats Justin horribly,” Susan said, biting her lip. “It’s pretty clear she doesn’t like Muggleborns. Harry gets it the worst though; she’s always insulting him and trying to get a reaction so she can give him detention.”

“And what do you think of Harry?” she asked.

“He’s only ever been nice to me and my friends, and he’s been helping us learn Defense so we can pass our OWLs,” Susan said, her cheeks flushing.

Someone’s got a crush, Tonks thought with a smile.

“I thought you weren’t allowed to practice spells outside of class,” Bones said.

“Oh, um, w – well...” Susan stammered.

“It’s alright,” Bones said, patting Susan’s shoulder. “I’m glad you’re taking the initiative to learn; I just don’t want you to get in trouble.”

“But it’s so ridiculous,” Susan said frustratedly. “How are we supposed to pass our OWLs when we’ve never cast the spell before. Not even Harry or Hermione can do that, and they’re the best in the school when it comes to Defense.”

“I don’t agree with these new Educational Decrees either, I’m just asking you to be careful,” Bones said. “What’s your opinion about Harry saying You-Know-Who is back?”

“I think he’s telling the truth,” Susan said, biting her lip. “You should see him when he talks about Cedric. Something really bad happened that night, and I’ve never known Harry to lie. I don’t want it to be true, I keep hoping he’s wrong or it was someone was pretending to be You-Know-Who. But what if he’s right?”

“Indeed,” Bones said. “What if?”

After getting away from Umbridge, Harry snuck into an alley, donned his cloak, and began searching for Tonks. He knew he was taking a stupid risk, but he really needed to see her again. Preferably where they could spend a bit of time together. It took a while for him to find her, carefully weaving between students rushing between the shops, but he finally spotted her bright head of purple hair near the end of the village.

Bones was still there, but Susan was gone, presumably back with her friends. He really owed her a big thanks for all her help. Careful not to leave footsteps visible in the snow piled up along the cobblestone road, Harry crept closer.

“I’m heading back to the office to get ready,” Madam Bones said to Tonks. “I want you and Shackbolt to meet me here at six. Stay in the village as back up. I’ll send you a Patronus if I need you. This could get messy.”

“Sure thing, boss,” Tonks said.

Nodding, Madam Bones took a few steps away before turning on the spot and vanishing with a *crack*. Tonks spun around to head back to the village, but her foot slipped in a patch of melting snow, and she stumbled, nearly falling on her bum.

“Bugger,” Tonks muttered.

Smiling, Harry looked around to make sure they were alone before creeping closer.

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

“Harry?” Tonks whispered back, looking around.

“Follow me,” Harry said.

Without waiting for an answer, he walked down the side of the road, deliberately leaving footprints in the snow. Seeing them, Tonks smiled as she followed the trail. Turning off the main road, Harry hopped a fence and led her up to the Shrieking Shack. Moving around to the back of the weathered and boarded up old house, he stopped and waited for her to catch up.

As soon as Tonks stopped next to him, Harry opened the cloak and wrapped it around her, causing both of them to vanish from sight. Beaming at each other, she wrapped her arms around his neck while he hugged her waist.

In an instant, Harry had her pinned against the building and their lips collided in hungry, searing kiss. Tonks’ fingers gripped his hair, tugging it lightly as she mashed their lips together.

“Merlin, I missed you,” Tonks said when she pulled back to breath.

“I missed you, too,” Harry said with a grin.

As their lips met, moving slower and more controlled, but no less passionate, her hands released his hair and slid down over his shoulder. Caressing his chest and abs, her fingers deftly reached for his belt buckle. With only the sound of heavy breathing, smacking lips, and the metallic clink of his belt hanging open, her finger made short work of the button and zipper holding his trousers together before her hand dove into his boxers.

Harry gasped into her mouth as her cold hand wrapped around his hot, half hard length. Tonks pulled his rapidly hardening erection up and out of his trousers as she stroked him almost desperately.

“I need you,” Tonks panted huskily.

Groaning, Harry gathered her long, heavy black skirt up with his fingers before wrapping his arms around her thighs and lifting her up. Her smooth, muscular legs wrapped around his waist as one of his hands slipped up her thigh. His fingers sought out the waistband of her panties, only to find she wasn't wearing any. Breaking their kiss, Harry looked at her in surprise.

Her response was a naughty grin as she tightened her leg muscles, mashing his rock-hard length against her hot, damp mound. Reaching down, she grabbed his cock and ran his swollen head between her wet folds with a moan. Lining him up with her entrance, Tonks wrapped her arms around his neck and pushed.

“Yes,” she hissed as her tight folds stretched to swallow his length.

Harry lost his breath as he sank into her euphoric embrace, his feet shuffling forward to push even deeper as he buried his face in the crook of her neck. Tonks ran her fingers gently through the hair at the back of his head, moaning as he bottomed out.

Neither of them moved for a long moment, savoring the feeling of being together once again. Pulling his head back, Harry kissed her tenderly on the lips, their tongues meeting languidly.

“Fuck me,” Tonks breathed between kisses.

Rolling his hips, Harry started slow, gradually increasing the pace and depth of his thrusts.

Outside, it was cold, but under the cloak, the air grew hot and heavy. With each breath, Harry could practically taste her arousal as it permeated the humid air. As the speed of his thrusts picked up, and breathing became an issue, he pulled his lips back and rested his forehead against hers. Staring into her dark, twinkling eyes, he pushed the thoughts of how long it might be before he would see her again to the back of his mind and embraced the moment.

Meeting his gaze, Tonks reached up and stroked the side of his face with a feather light touch of her fingertips before cupping his cheek. Turning his head, Harry rubbed his face against her palm before kissing it lightly. When her hand left his face, she reached for the buttons of her shirt with a small, teasing smile on her lips.

Feeling the muscles in his arms begin to burn, Harry pushed more of her weight against the wall. As his arms relaxed, Tonks slipped down just a little. The slight change in angle caused his thick shaft to rub against the top of her tight, silky-smooth walls. With a gasp, her eyes widened, and her jaw dropped open. On the second thrust, she rolled upwards, her body shuddered, and her depths fluttered around his length.

With a long, low moan, Tonks frantically tore up her shirt the rest of the way, pulled her bra up over her breasts, and pinched her nipple lightly. Harry couldn't help but stare down at her large, firm breasts as they bounced and rippled with each thrust of his hips. Without realizing it, he began pounding it to her even harder just to see them move.

Suddenly, Tonks let out a sharp cry as her body stiffened. With a shudder, she arched her back while her sweltering folds hugged his thrusting cock. Grunting, Harry kept thrusting, prolonging her climax as much as her could. Panting heavily, Tonks lifted herself up slightly and pulled his head down to her chest where he buried his face between her soft, smooth breasts.

"Cum for me, love," Tonks whispered in his ear. "I need it. I need to feel you filling me up."

As much as he wanted to make this last all day, he was already close to his peak. The tightening of her depths combined with her sultry pleas insured he wouldn't last much longer. Kissing her breast, Harry straightened up and tightened his grip on her hips. Bucking forwards, he pulled her down into his thrusts. Her breasts bounced wildly from his powerful thrust and her back arched again with a low moan.

"Oh God, yes," Tonks panted.

With frantic movements, Harry slammed into her as fast as he could, groaning from the feeling of her hot, tight walls hugging his length. As he tipped over the edge, he buried his cock as deep into her as he could and let loose with a torrent of cum.

"Mmh," Tonks moaned deeply.

Harry bucked his hips with each pulse of his length until his climax came to an end. Tonks ran her fingers through his hair as he caught his breath, gently caressing his scalp. Leaning back, Harry kissed her tenderly on the lips before finally pulling out of her and setting her gently on her feet.

"What time is it?" Tonks asked.

Harry glanced at his watch.

"Just after one," he said.

"Good," Tonks said with a smile.

Fixing her shirt and smoothing out her skirt, Tonks slipped out from under the cloak and moved over to the back door of the Shrieking Shack. With a flourish of her wand, the boards holding it closed popped loose and the latch unlocked with a click. Pulling it open, she stepped inside and waved for him to follow.

Walking in, Harry closed the door behind him and took off the cloak. Tonks immediately grabbed his hand with a smile and pulled him through the house. In every room she looked, they found only ripped and broken furniture. Eventually, they reached the top floor, where they entered the same room where Harry had discovered the truth about Sirius.

Walking over to the bed Harry had Hexed Snape into, she waved her wand like she was conducting an orchestra. Slowly, the broken wood mended itself together, the dust and grim vanished, and the rips and tears stitched themselves.

Spinning around, Tonks grinned as she sauntered up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“I’ve got two hours before I have to check in with Shack,” she said.

Pulling his hand, she led him over to the bed and pushed him down on it. Harry closed his eyes, half expecting for it to collapse under his weight, but miraculously, it held.

“You know, I normally hate skirts, but I wore one today just in case,” Tonks said with a grin.

Undoing the zipper on the side of her skirt, she dropped it to the floor before reaching for the buttons of her shirt.

“Ready for round two?” she asked as she dropped her shirt and popped the clasp of her bra.

“Definitely,” Harry said with a smile.