

Chapter 3

Tonks smiled as she woke, her hand trailing along the strong, muscular arm wrapped around her chest. A quiet giggle escaped her lips when she noticed his hand firmly cupping her breast, just as it had the last two mornings she'd woken up in his bed. As she shifted slightly, Harry pulled her back tightly against his chest, his morning erection burrowing its way between her cheeks. Checking the clock next to the bed and realizing she had a few more minutes before she had to get up, Tonks smiled and snuggled back against him.

Over the last two days, she'd felt her connection to the necklace growing. Throughout the day, she'd get flashes, a sudden knowledge of exactly what Harry wanted at that moment. It could be anything from food, to flying, to sex. Fortunately, the compulsion to give him exactly what he wanted was manageable. It did cause her thoughts to wander at work on occasion, but not so badly that it caused problems.

Part of that was because she knew Harry was trying very hard *not* to think about what he wanted, but it was hard for him to completely control his thoughts. Another quiet giggle escaped her lips as she thought back to the day before. While sitting at her desk finishing some paperwork, she'd felt his sudden desire for Ginny before the thought was gone. When Tonks had mentioned it to him teasingly later that day, he'd blushed so hard she could feel the heat coming off his face.

It took a few minutes to get it out of him, but he eventually told her. It turned out that while they were cleaning, Ginny had bent over in front of him, and the front of her shirt had fallen open. Harry found out the fun way that Ginny had neglected to wear a bra that day. She doubted Ginny had done it on purpose, despite her obvious crush.

After finding that out, Tonks went to her room, removed her own bra, and put on a loose shirt. For the rest of the night, she took every opportunity to bend over in front of him. By the time they went to bed that night, she'd spent hours teasing him mercilessly. Harry was painfully hard as he tossed her onto the bed and ravished her. Despite his age and inexperience, it was the most intense sexual experience of her life, and she couldn't wait to do it again. Even now, she could still feel a pleasant ache in her core.

Glancing at the clock, Tonks sighed when she saw that her time was up. Harry groaned and mumbled in his sleep as she rolled over to face him. Smiling, she took a moment to look at his handsome face. When her thigh brushed his hard, hot length, Harry unconsciously pulled her tight against his bare chest and bucked his hips forwards. Tonks bit her lip and shivered as it slipped along her folds, bringing back memories of the night before.

Cursing the fact she had to go to work, she leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. Harry blinked his eyes open, an adorably confused look on his face before his eyes focused, and a bright smile lit up his face.

“Morning,” he said, his voice deep and rough with sleep.

“Morning,” Tonks smiled, kissing him again. “I have to get ready for work.”

“I don’t suppose I could talk you into calling sick?” Harry asked with that damn lopsided grin that made her stomach squirm.

Laughing, Tonks gave him one more kiss before pushing off his chest and rolling out of bed. A smirk formed on her lips as Harry’s eyes followed her naked body. Stretching her arms over her head and yawning, she glanced back at the bed and giggled at the tent he had pitched under the sheets.

“I’m going to take a shower,” Tonks said, grabbing her wand off the nightstand.

As she sauntered to the en suite bathroom, she mentally thanked Sirius for giving Harry the master bedroom. Pausing in the doorway, she looked over her shoulder to find Harry’s eyes riveted to her bum.

“You coming?” she asked before entering the bathroom.

She laughed at the sound of his feet running across the bedroom.

~

Freshly showered and relaxed, Harry and Tonks walked down to the kitchen.

“Good morning, dears,” Molly said, her voice lacking her usual warmth.

Tonks rolled her eyes and muttered a good morning. Molly was pleased with the necklace situation and seemed to think she was taking advantage of Harry. Tonks was tempted to tell the overbearing redhead that Harry had already given her her protein for the day but thought better to it. As fun as it would be to tell Molly she’d swallowed a load of cum in the shower, the screeching would be worth the headache.

“Anything new?” Tonks asked Arthur as he read the paper.

“Well, looks like Mark Thompson was caught streaking through Muggle London after a bit too much to drink again,” the man smiled.

Tonks snorted and then wrinkled her nose.

“Thank Merlin, he waited ‘til I was off duty,” she said. “I do *not* need to see a hundred year old wizard running around starkers. You know, the last time he did that, he kept trying to hug Hestia?”

“He’s a hundred and twelve, actually,” Arthur said with a chuckle.

“Either way, I have no desire to see his wrinkly old bits flapping about,” Tonks said

“Nymphadora, that’s hardly talk for the breakfast table,” Molly reprimanded as she set a plate of toast on the table.

As soon as she turned her back, Tonks stuck out her tongue and made a face before snatching a piece of toast. Harry chuckled and squeezed her hand under the table.

“So, I take it this Thompson bloke does things like that a lot?” he asked.

“As long as anyone else can remember,” Arthur said. “The Ministry keeps threatening to take away his seat on the Wizengamot if he doesn’t stop, but they never do.”

“He’s in the Wizengamot?” Harry asked incredulously.

“He might be a little strange, but he’s a good man,” Arthur assured him.

“Better than being a Deth Eater, I suppose,” Harry said.

“Easy for you to say,” Tonks muttered. “I’d rather fight Death Eaters than deal with a clingy, drunk, naked old wizard.”

“Thompson still at it?” Sirius asked who’d entered the kitchen at the tail end of her sentence.

“Yep,” Tonks said.

Sirius chuckled, “That man’ll never change. I remember when I was an Auror, James and I got called to the Three Broomsticks. Found him dancing on the bar with a bottle of Firewhiskey in his hand. Poor Rosmerta looked like she was about to be sick.”

“You and dad were Aurors?” Harry asked softly.

Tonks reached over and rubbed his thigh under the table. She could feel his desperate need to know about his parents.

“Yeah, didn’t Remus tell you?” Sirius asked.

Harry shook his head.

“We joined up straight out of Hogwarts,” Sirius told him, his eyes gazing off into the distance with a frown. “The rat tried to join with us, but he failed the tests, and you know they’d never allow Remus to join up. Merlin forbid they actually make an attempt to work with Werewolves instead of vilifying them.”

Sirius scowled before shaking his head and smiling.

“Anyways, we had to work with this real prat named Proudfoot,” he continued. “He was always kissing the instructors’ arses during training, so James and I thought we’d help him along. We modified a really complicated hex that made him make kissing noises every time he made a fake compliment. It lasted for a week and nearly got him kicked out more than once.”

Sirius laughed, his eyes gazing at something unseen in the distance.

“What about my mum?” Harry asked.

“Hmm? Oh, Lily?” Sirius asked, shaking himself back to the present. “She worked in the Department of Mysteries working on experimental Charms. I always suspected she might have been and Unspeakable as well, but I can’t say for sure.”

“What’s that?” Harry asked.

“Well, time for us to go,” Arthur announced before Sirius could answer.

Sighing, Tonks gave Harry a kiss while ignoring Molly's frown, grabbed a piece of toast, and stood.

"I'll see you later tonight," she said.

"Stay safe," Harry said softly.

Smiling, Tonks waved and followed Arthur out the front door.

"You and Harry seem to be getting along well," he observed as they made the short walk to the park across the street.

"Yeah," Tonks smiled. "You know, I was really worried at first. You know how teenage boys can be, even the good ones."

"I may have a bit of experience with the subject," Arthur grinned.

"Harry's been great about the whole thing," she told him. "I was afraid he'd want me to turn into all the girls he fancied at school, but he hasn't even thought about it. In fact, he tries not to think about that sort of thing at all."

"That's Harry," Arthur smiled.

Reaching their usual Apparation spot, they both glanced around to make sure the coast was clear before both of them disappeared with a *pop*.

Sighing, Tonks flexed her fingers around the quill in her hand before continuing her report. Being an Auror was a rewarding job, but the paperwork and politics were a real pain in the ass. Especially when a single mistake could see the bastard you just arrested walking free on a technicality.

“Tonks!”

A curse burst from her lips as she left a long, black line through the paragraph she’d just written. Leaning back in her chair, Tonks looked back at her partner, Kingsley Shacklebolt.

“We need to go,” he said. “Robbery in Diagon.”

Paperwork forgotten, Tonks jumped up from her seat with a grin and followed Shack to the Floo, where they Disapparated.

A moment later, the two of them appeared at the Apparation point in Diagon Alley.

“The Apothecary,” Shack said.

Tonks nodded, then moved to the other side of the alley and sped up while turning her hair light brown. She hoped she could get past the Apothecary and then pinch the robber in. Even without pink hair, Shack stood out like a sore thumb.

“Hurry up!” A shabby, dark haired wizard barked at the shop owner as Tonks passed.

With shaking hands, the store owner grabbed handfuls of gold and silver coins and shoved them into a pouch.

“Aurors, stop!” Kingsley shouted, his baritone voice reverberating down the alley.

“Shit,” the robber cursed.

Snatching the bag out of the hands of the terrified owner, the robber turned and took off running... straight into Tonks. A jet of pale blue light shot from her wand and struck him in the center of his chest. Eyes wide, the robber’s arms and legs snapped together while his momentum carried him forward. The bag of coins hit the ground and spilled open at the same time the robber’s face collided with the cobblestones.

“Wotcher,” Tonks grinned as Shack walked calmly over to her.

Pulling a pair of manacles out of his pocket, Shack knelt on the wizard’s back while Tonks picked up his wand and released the curse.

“In case you didn’t realize it, you’re under arrest,” Tonks said.

Face bloodied and nose broken, the wizard looked up as far as he could and spat a mixture of saliva and blood onto her boot. Shack yanked his arms into an awkward position, causing the wizard to cry out as he was hauled to his feet.

“Asshole,” Tonks grumbled before vanishing the mess.

Suddenly, a man from the crowd with a hood obscuring his face dashed forward and grabbed the bag of coins. Tonks aimed a Stunner at him, but he pushed a woman from the crowd in the way and took off running.

“I’ve got this one, go!” Shack ordered.

“Shit,” Tonks said as she took off after him.

Pushing her way through the crowd, she raced after him. As they passed Flourish and Blotts, the wizard grabbed a display of books and threw it in her path. Tonks tried to jump over it, but her foot got caught and sent her tumbling onto the ground. Scrambling to her feet, she sprinted flat out to catch back up. The wizard ran into a couple who weren't fast enough to get out of the way, giving her a chance to get closer.

As the man got his feet back under him, Tonks realized where he was heading. Knockturn Alley. If he got there, it would be all too easy to disappear amongst the other witches and wizards in black cloaks with their hoods up.

Bringing up her wand, Tonks brandished it like a whip. A thin, gold beam extended from the tip and wrapped around the man's foot. Yanking her arm back, the man went sprawling across the ground with a grunt. A red Stunner hit him in the back before he could get back up. Panting heavily, Tonks bent over with her hands on her knees. After wiping the sweat from her brow, she manacled the man's hands and woke him up.

"On your feet," Tonks grunted, hefting him to his feet.

"I was gonna return it, honest," The wizard pled.

Tonks froze at the familiar voice.

"Dung," she hissed angrily.

Grabbing the hood, she yanked it back roughly.

"What the hell were you thinking!?" Tonks hissed.

"I was just makin' sure no one stole it," Dung said.

“With two Aurors standing three feet away?” Tonks asked.

“Aw, come on, Tonksy,” he said.

“Shut it,” Tonks growled while jabbing her wand into the small of his back. “Move it.”

“I’m ‘sposed to be doin’ somethin’ fer Dumbledore later,” Dung said.

“You should’ve thought about that before trying to help one of your buddies rob a place in front of two Aurors!” Tonks told him with a glare.

“But, Dumbledore-”

“Dumbledore can bail you out if he needs you so bad,” she interrupted him. “I’m not losing my job by letting you go. Now, shut it and move.”

Jabbing him in the back, she marched him over to Shack. The tall Auror’s only reaction was a raised eyebrow.

“Why am I always the one that has to run?” Tonks asked.

Kingsley smirked, “Seniority. You’ll get the chance to make the newbies run when you’re old with bad knees.”

~

Sighing, Tonks dropped back into her seat at her cubicle. Glaring at the report she still had left to finish, she pulled out three forms and got back to writing. As her quill touched the paper, she had the sudden sense that Harry was thinking about her. Specifically, her bum. An instant later,

the feeling was gone, but that didn't stop the smile from spreading across his face. It stayed there long after her reports were finished.

~

Harry perked up and smiled when Tonks walked into the kitchen. She looked tired but smiled when she spotted him.

"How was work?" he asked as she took the empty seat next to him.

"Rough," Tonks said, taking his hand under the table and resting her head on his shoulder with her eyes closed. "I had to arrest Dung. Dumbledore was not happy to have to bail him out."

"What happened?" Hermione asked.

Sighing, Tonks sat up and started loading food onto her plate.

"We busted a guy robbing the Apothecary in Diagon at wand point," Tonks said.

"That doesn't sound like Dung," Sirius said.

"It wasn't," Tonks told him. "Dung decided to grab the bag of gold he dropped when we arrested him and took off. I had to chase down half the alley before I finally caught him."

"Ah, now *that* sounds like Dung," Sirius said.

"I don't know why Dumbledore let that man in the Order," Mrs. Weasley huffed. "Nothing but trouble. I knew it the moment I met him."

“He hears things the rest of us don’t,” Mr. Weasley said. “At times like this, it’s a necessary evil.”

“We don’t need to talk about things like that at the dinner table,” Mrs. Weasley said. “How was your day at work, Arthur?”

“Nothing too exciting,” Mr. Weasley said. “A Muggle family accidentally bought a Flying carpet at the estate sale for a Squib. The adults were quite frightened, but the kids loved it. Pity I had to take it away.”

Smiling at the thought of a five and six year old zipping around a living room on a flying carpet while their parents tried to chase them, Harry glanced at Tonks’ smiling face from the corner of his eyes.

Beautiful, Harry thought, staring at her heart shaped face and bright pink hair.

As if sensing his thought, which he reflected, she was, Tonks turned to smile back at him. Winking, she took his hand and gave it a squeeze under the table.

~

Sitting in the sitting room after dinner, Tonks found it hard to concentrate. She held Harry’s hand in her lap and leaned against his side as the conversation flowed around her. Harry was thinking about her, remembering the night before and thinking about what they could do when they went to bed. Tonks could practically feel his hands running over her body. Her excitement was swelling to the point she was worried Hermione, who was sitting on the other side of her, would notice.

She’d thought that things had leveled out, but the feelings coming from Harry were stronger than ever. It was all she could do not to jump him in front of everyone.

Thank Merlin he didn't do this earlier, she thought. If he had, not getting her paperwork done could be the least of her problems. Tonks was more thankful than ever that it was Harry whose blood got on the necklace. Still, she'd have to talk to him about it later so he knew what was happening. Realizing her thoughts were clearer, she looked up at Harry, his face flushed.

Grinning at his embarrassment, Tonks kissed him on the cheek and caressed the inside of his forearm. As Tonks turned back to join the conversation, she noticed Hermione looking between them with a puzzled look.

Tonks smiled. Hermione had talked to her the other day and told her she thought Harry didn't like being touched because of his relative, but that wasn't the case. It wasn't that he didn't like being touched; he just didn't know how to react. Harry actually quite liked a good cuddle. Winking at the bushy haired witch, she turned back to listen to Sirius.

~

"Ready to go to bed?" Tonks asked.

Harry smiled and nodded. Thankfully, Mrs. Weasley had already gone to bed. Her constant frowns and huffs every time she saw him and Tonks in the same room were really getting on his nerves.

"Night, everybody," Harry said.

"Sleep tight," Sirius said with a wink.

Harry rolled his eyes but smiled as Tonks led him towards the stairs. As soon as they walked into his room, Tonks pinned him against the door and kissed him heatedly.

"Do you have any idea how bad I wanted to jump you in the sitting room?" she asked with a glare.

“Sorry,” Harry smiled and shrugged.

“Just don’t do it while I’m at work,” Tonks whispered, her eyes sparkling.

Grinning, she slipped her hand under his shirt and pushed it up over his head. Pulling him away from the door, the two of them left a trail of clothes across the floor as they fell onto the bed naked. Tonks wrapped her arms around Harry’s shoulder, moaning when he kissed and sucked at her neck.

“Remember what you were thinking about earlier?” Tonks asked. “When Sirius and Hermione were talking?”

Harry’s face flushed as he pulled back to look at her grinning face. Her hands left his shoulders, and she raised them above her head. Swallowing thickly, he throbbed in excitement.

“Really?” Harry asked.

“Go on,” Tonks smiled.

Harry smiled back before hopping off the bed and snatching his wand from the pocket of his jeans. Climbing back onto the bed, he kissed Tonks heatedly, then pulled back to look at her.

“Incarcerous,” Harry whispered while tapping his wand on her wrists.

A smooth, black rope sprang from the tip and wrapped around her wrists, tying them together and securing them to the headboard.

“So, what are you going to do to me now?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

“Anything I want,” Harry smiled.

Leaning forward to kiss Tonks, he ground his erection against her folds. She let out a needy moan and bucked her hips hard. Grabbing his length, Harry lined up with her entrance and thrust forward. Both of them moaned as he sank into her hot, tight depths. Sitting up, grasped her breasts and rolled her hard, pink nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

Tonks hissed and arched her back, a shudder running through her body. Smiling down at her, Harry started to rock his hips back and forth. Her legs wrapped around his waist, and she dug her heels into his bum, urging him on.

“Fuck,” Tonks groaned as he bottomed out with a hard thrust. “I’ve been thinking about this all day.”

“Me too,” Harry grunted.

“I know,” she smirked.

Chuckling, Harry dropped down to his elbows and kissed Tonks as he thrust rhythmically.

“Harder,” Tonks murmured against his lips.

Harry did as she asked, and she threw her head back with the most sensual, wanton moan he’d ever heard. Cock throbbing at the feeling of being enveloped in her depths, he slammed into her, driving her body into the soft mattress with each thrust.

“Yes,” Tonks hissed.

Grabbing her ankles, Harry unwrapped her legs from around him and hooked them under his arms. The new angle had Tonks writhing under him, her hand tugging at the rope. She shook her head back and forth and then cried out, her legs trembling under his arms. Harry grunted as she tightened around him. A moment later, he exploded inside of her, the spasming of her walls tipping him over the edge.

Panting, he collapsed on top of her. Reaching out with one hand, Harry blindly searched for his wand. When he felt the wooden shaft under his hand, he released her hands and then let her legs free. Tonks instantly wrapped her arms and legs around him and held him tight, her hands caressing his back.

“That was intense,” Tonks panted. “I think Dumbledore was wrong about the connection finishing after three days. It feels like it’s still getting stronger.”

Brow furrowed, Harry pulled out of her and then moved to the side so he could look at her face.

“Are you okay?” he asked. “Is it something we need to worry about?”

“Not yet,” Tonks smiled before pushing him onto his back and laying on his chest. “Let’s just keep an eye on it. If it becomes a problem, I’ll talk to Dumbledore about it.”

“Alright,” Harry agreed.

Sharing one last kiss, Harry set his wand next to hers on the nightstand and closed his eyes.