

## Chapter 4

It was Christmas Eve, and the members of the Order of the Phoenix had gathered for their final meeting of the year. Despite the pleasant greetings and holiday cheer, a sense of grimness lingered in the atmosphere.

Tonks hobbled into the room gingerly and smiled gratefully at Kingsley as he pulled out a chair for her. After a week of recovery, along with Harry's liberal use of Veela cream and orgasms to treat her, the Metamorphmagus was making a spectacular recovery. She was now fully able to walk, eat, and bathe on her own, though not without some lingering discomfort.

Thankfully, Molly had been so busy taking care of Arthur - who was still recovering from his little misadventure at the Ministry - and preparing for Christmas, that she had been harassing Harry and the others much less. While Tonks was glad they had more time to keep her company, it did cut down on her time alone with Harry. Still, every night, he came to take care of her, usually spending most of the night in her bed.

Internally, Tonks knew that she shouldn't allow herself to be so attracted to someone who was still in school. But the prat was just too damn lovable. Even now, as she thought of his bright green eyes, crooked smile, and messy hair, she couldn't help the smile that tugged at her lips. What had started as some desperately needed emotional comfort and relief from the overwhelming pain, had quickly turned into one of the most important relationships in her life. Though Tonks tried to deny it to herself, after just a few days, even she had to admit she was falling for Harry.

He felt the same way for her, she knew. It was easy to see it in the looks he gave her. They'd yet to talk about it, and neither were in hurry to destroy their happy little world with logic and reason, but she knew they would have to address it eventually. Fortunately, Harry had a maturity far beyond his years, and well beyond what anyone else gave him credit for. Tonks was confident that, come the end of Christmas break, she and Harry would still be close no matter what they decided. Now, she just needed to figure out what it is she wanted.

Tonks was drawn out of her thoughts when Dumbledore entered the room, followed closely by a sneering Snape. Her lips quirked up into a small smirk as she eyed the bitter man,

remembering how an eleven-year-old Hermione had supposedly set him on fire. As the light reflected off the grease in his hair, she couldn't help but imagine him walking around like an eternal human torch, should the slightest spark ever happen to set it ablaze.

"What are you smiling at?" Hestia whispered as she leaned over.

"I'll tell you later," Tonks whispered back.

"Good evening, everyone," said Dumbledore placidly, causing the room to fall silent after a few muttered greetings in return. "I know everyone is anxious to get back to their families for the holidays, so I shall try to make this as brief as possible. Remus, how did your last meeting go?"

"Not as well as I'd hoped, I'm afraid," Remus said, looking more tired than usual. "A few of the packs still remain neutral, but none have yet decided to join our cause. Unfortunately, since our last meeting, there has been a recent change in leadership among two of the smaller packs. In both cases, the old leaders, who remember how they were treated by You-Know-Who, were killed by younger werewolves who think he is their salvation. Both of them have joined with Greyback's pack."

"How many Werewolves are we talking?" Moody asked, his good eye narrowing.

"Around twenty in total," Remus replied.

"Thank you, Remus. I'm sure you did your best," Dumbledore said, talking over the soft, concerned murmuring at the news. "Kingsley, any news from the Ministry?"

"Fudge is continuing to interfere with the DMLE," Kingsley responded in his deep, calming voice. "He's putting a stop to any investigation into the reported disappearances. Bones is trying to fight back as best she can, but it's doing little good. There's been talk of her being replaced by Pius Thicknesse."

“Can they do that?” Tonks asked in concern.

Amelia Bones was the only reason she had stayed with the Aurors over the last few months. With her gone, Tonks didn’t think she could bring herself to stay. While she would hate to leave, there was no way she could work for the Death Eaters.

“It would be difficult, but not impossible,” Kingsley told her.

“Let us hope it does not come to that,” Dumbledore said calmly.

Tonks sat back and listened halfheartedly as Hestia, Dedalus, and Dung gave their reports. It wasn’t until Snape spoke up that she finally tuned back into the conversation.

“The Dark Lord remains focused on gathering his strength and finding a way into the Department of Mysteries. In fact, he has only become more determined to find a way in over the last few days. I believe when Potter,” Snape practically spat the name, “alerted us to the attack on Weasley, the Dark Lord became aware of their connection. Some of his questions lead me to suspect he plans to use it somehow.”

“Are you sure you didn’t tell him, Snivellus?” Sirius asked with a glare.

“It’s not my fault the boy’s incapable of thinking, Black,” Snape bit back.

“That’s enough,” Dumbledore said firmly. “Does he suspect Harry had anything to do with Ms. Tonks’ escape?”

“Not yet, although it may only be a matter of time now that he has access to Potter’s mind. For now, he is convinced that the girl managed to overpower her captors and make a *miraculous* escape,” Snape said with a derisive sneer directed at Tonks.

Tonks leaned back in her chair and used Kingsley's body to hide her from Dumbledore as she gave the greasy prick the finger.

"For that, we can be thankful," Dumbledore said. "Thank you, Severus, your efforts are appreciated as always."

"Albus, it's time to tell Harry," Sirius spoke up. "If You-Know-Who knows about their connection..."

Tonks felt a tightening in her chest as she thought about You-Know-Who rummaging around in Harry's head. Sirius was right, it was well past time Harry knew what was happening. He needed to know what to look out for so he could defend himself.

Dumbledore sighed tiredly and steeped his hands in front of him.

"As much as I would like to disagree, I cannot," he admitted, surprising most of the room after how adamant he'd been about keeping Harry in the dark up until now. "I will discuss it with Harry once he returns to Hogwarts. Severus has kindly agreed to teach him Occlumency."

"What!?" "You can't be serious!"

While everyone had expected Sirius to object, Tonks' outburst had surprised everyone in the room, and caused them to look at her curiously. In truth even she was shocked by her own forcefulness, but she quickly gathered herself.

"Professor, with all due respect, that will never work," she told him. "Occlumency is deeply personal, and you have to trust the person you're learning from. Harry and Snape hate each other. It's likely to do more harm than good."

"Yeah," Sirius said, thankfully drawing away the stares that were aimed at her. "Can't you teach him?"

“No, that would be far too dangerous,” Dumbledore replied with a shake of his head. “I’m sure Harry and Severus are mature enough to put away their past differences for something this important.”

The disgusted sneer on Snape’s face told everyone in the room just how likely that was.

“There’s no way I’m letting that greasy bastard anywhere near my Godson,” Sirius growled.

“Enough!” Dumbledore barked, halting Snape before he could retort, and taking everyone in the room slightly aback. “I know this is not ideal, but under the circumstances, there is no other choice.”

“I can teach him,” Tonks volunteered instantly.

Snape scoffed, “What do you know of Occlumency?”

“I had to learn it before I could go to primary school, I’ve been doing it since I was eight,” Tonks replied, folding her arms over her chest and glaring back at him.

“While I greatly appreciate the offer Nymphadora, there’s no way to get you into the castle to teach him,” Dumbledore replied.

“I can at least teach him the basics before he goes back to school,” she said.

While it sounded like she was seeking permission, Tonks had already decided she would teach Harry regardless of what Dumbledore said. There was no way in hell she was going to send him to deal with Snape without being prepared. The prick would probably just use it as an excuse to torment Harry at every turn anyways.

“Alright, but wait until after Christmas before you begin. Let Harry enjoy one more holiday before we burden him further,” Dumbledore said tiredly.

Tonks nodded stiffly, too upset at the old man for not doing better to be moved by his little speech.

A short while later, the meeting ended and Snape was the first to swoop out of the house, his cloak billowing out behind him. Tonks spent a few more minutes talking with Hestia, Kingsley, and Moody before they too headed for home. She was just about to head upstairs to wait in bed for Harry when Sirius called out to her.

“Hey, Tonks,” Sirius called out as he returned from bidding the last of their guests a Happy Christmas.

“Yeah?” she asked.

“Can I talk to you for a minute?” he asked.

Nodding, Tonks followed him into the study, where he closed, locked, and silenced the door behind him. She raised an eyebrow at him as she took a seat on the couch, not expecting this to be something serious.

“Something wrong?” Tonks asked.

“No, nothing's wrong,” he told her, his face breaking out into a mischievous grin. “So, you and Harry?”

Tonks rolled her eyes and tried to slow her racing heart.

"I'm just looking out for him," she explained. "No one should have to deal with Snape rooting around in their head."

"Uh huh. And this has nothing to do with the moans coming from your room the other night, or the fact that Harry wasn't in his bed?" Sirius asked, his grin getting even bigger.

Tonks felt her heart drop into her stomach as she looked at his triumphant smirk.

"You knew?" she asked in a strangled voice, her face paling.

"Yep," he said, popping the 'P'.

Tonks opened and closed her mouth several times before cursing and dropping her head into her hands. Sirius cackled gleefully as he dropped onto the couch across from her.

"I didn't know you liked 'em that young, Nymphie," he said with a smirk.

"Don't call me that!" Tonks growled out of reflex, her hair going from limp brown to bright red before biting her lip nervously. "Please don't say anything. Molly will kill me if she finds out."

"Ah, to hell with Molly," Sirius said waving a hand as if swatting an annoying fly. "That woman has no say in Harry's life, or what goes on in *my* house. If Harry wants to shag my cousin rotten, then that's none of her business."

"We haven't shagged yet," Tonks muttered.

"Yet?" Sirius asked with a raised brow and smirk.

"Bugger," Tonks groaned, covering her blushing face with her hands.

“Wow, I didn’t know you were that kind of girl- ACK!” Sirius yelled when Tonks drew her wand and hit him in the chest with a Stinging Hex. “Did I touch a nerve?”

Tonks glared at his still smirking face, wondering if she should hex him again. Slowly, she lowered the tip of her wand and crossed her arms as she stared at him intently.

“You’re not mad?” she asked hesitantly.

“Nah. Why would I be mad?” Sirius asked. “If there’s anyone in this house that could use some stress relief, it’s Harry.”

Tonks sagged in relief.

“Look, I don’t care if you take the mickey out of me, but don’t say anything to Harry. He’s got enough on his plate,” she said.

“Why do you think I waited until I could get you alone? Besides, Harry would just blush and stammer. You’re much more fun to tease,” Sirius said with a wink. “So, are you two just having a bit of fun, or is this something more serious?”

“Honestly, I don’t know,” Tonks said with a sigh. “We haven’t talked about it, yet.”

“But you want it to be,” he stated more than asked, but Tonks nodded anyway. “He likes you too, you know. He looks at you the way James looked at Lily.”

“Really?” Tonks asked as she smiled softly at the thought.

“Yep. James was hopeless anytime she was around. Couldn’t keep his eyes off her for anything,” Sirius told her.



Tonks watched as his eyes lost their focus, his mind pulling him back to memories of a happier time. She let him have his moment, before Sirius shook his head in a dog like fashion and his eyes focused back on her.

“You should go for it,” he said with a smile. “You’re good for him. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him smile as much as when you’re around.”

“I don’t know, Sirius,” Tonks said with a sigh as she ran a hand through her hair. “I mean, I want to, but he’s still in school. We’d hardly ever see each other. No to mention, I’d lose my job if the public ever found out.”

“Answer me one question, Tonks,” Sirius said with an intensity that he rarely showed. “Do you care about him?”

“Well, yes, but-”

“Then that’s all that matters,” he told her. “Take it from someone with experience. When you find something that makes you happy, you need to hold onto it as much as you can. You never know when it will be taken away from you.”

Tonks shivered as Sirius’ eyes took on a haunted look and he looked straight through her, at something only he could see. She knew the point he was trying to make, and slowly nodded.

“I’ll think about it,” she said.

“Good,” he said, shaking out of his memories again to smile at her.

“Well, if you’re done taking the piss, I think I’m going to head to bed,” Tonks told him.

“Anxious to get back to your boy toy?” Sirius asked with a smirk, ducking as another Stinging Hex flew past his shoulder. “Alright, alright. Hey, wait! I have something for you.”

Halfway to the door, Tonks sighed and turned back around as he dug around in his pockets. A moment later, he pulled out a small, square mirror, along with a brown paper wrapped parcel, and handed them to her. Taking it, she looked back up at his smiling face with a quirked eyebrow.

“If this is some kind of joke...” Tonks threatened, thinking he was making fun of her current look.

“Oh, no dear cousin, you’ll like this. These are two-way mirrors. You keep one and give the other to Harry. Just say his name and you can talk to your boyfriend anytime you want,” he told her smugly.

“Are you seri- I mean, really?” she asked, looking down at the mirror in her hand.

“I promise they’re real. James and I used them so we could talk in separate detentions. I was going to give them to Harry for Christmas, but I figured your needs were greater than mine,” Sirius said magnanimously.

Tonks nibbled on her bottom lip in thought. While she would love to give something like this to Harry so they could talk, she knew how much Sirius wanted to be there for Harry.

“Are you sure?” she asked. “I mean, I know how bored you get in this place.”

“I’ll be fine,” he said, waving off her concerns. “Just promise to let me talk to him once in a while.”

“I will,” Tonks said, gingerly reaching out to hug him. “Thanks, Sirius.”

“You’re welcome,” he said as he pulled back. “Just don’t go making me a grand Godfather anytime soon- Ow!”

“Oh, sorry, did I get you?” Tonks asked, feigning innocence as she moved her cane off of his foot.

Sirius hobbled back over to the couch and sat down, rubbing his sore foot.

“Go spend some time with your boyfriend,” he grumbled while making a shooing motion with his hand.

“Good night, Sirius.” Tonks said, waving over her shoulder as she smirked to herself.

Oddly, it was almost a relief now that someone else knew about her and Harry. It meant she had somebody that she could talk to. Harry had Hermione, and she, unfortunately, had Sirius. Now, if they could just keep Molly from finding out.

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Harry sat at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for Tonks to finish talking with Sirius. He’d come down as soon as the meeting was over to help her upstairs, only to find out she was locked in the study with his Godfather. Part of him wondered what they were talking about, but he’d given up trying to get information about the Order from anyone. He sat there for a couple more minutes before the door finally opened. Harry climbed to his feet just as Tonks spotted him, a soft smile stretching across her pink lips.

“Hey,” he said with a smile as he walked up to her. “I just came down to see if you needed help upstairs.”

The look she gave him at that moment made him struggle not to kiss her right then and there. The cute smile, the sparkling, violet-colored eyes, the way her hand slid across his shoulder as she used it to steady herself; it all just made him want to take her straight to her room and damn the consequences.

“You’re a life saver,” she said quietly, as if her words were just for him. “I was not looking forward to climbing all the way up.”

Smiling, Harry easily scooped her up in his arms and carried her up to the third floor. Ginny and Hermione waved to them as they passed the girls room, which Tonks returned with a cheery smile. He smiled down at the woman in his arms, glad to see her slowly returning to her normal, exuberant self. Tonks had always been so full of life that it had pained him to see her so hurt and down the first couple of days after he rescued her.

Turning into Tonks’ room, he set he down on the bed and grabbed one of her Pain Potions. Just as he was about to reach for the Veela cream, Mrs. Weasley appeared in the doorway.

“Oh, Harry dear, you should get to bed. You’ll want to get up early tomorrow,” she said, a frown on her face as she looked from him to Tonks.

Harry resisted the urge to sigh.

“I will. I was just making sure Tonks was settled first,” he told her.

“Well, alright. But don’t take too long,” she said sternly.

As Mrs. Weasley left to go check on Hermione and her own children, Harry turned back to Tonks and rolled his eyes, causing her to laugh.

“I swear, she treats us like we’re six,” he grumbled.

“Trust me, I know the feeling,” Tonks said. “She does the same thing with me.”

“I should go before she comes back,” he said.

Looking past him at the door, Tonks bit her lip in indecision before grabbing the front of his shirt and pulling him in for a quick kiss.

“Come back later,” she whispered against his lips. “I want to give you your present in private.”

“I have one for you, too,” Harry told her with a smile.

“I can’t wait,” Tonks said, returning his smile.

With one last peck on the lips, Harry stood up and left the room. Going to his own bedroom, he grabbed a book and waited for the house to fall silent. Thankfully, as it was Christmas Eve, he didn’t have to wait long. Just after midnight, he crept out into the hall and back down to Tonks’ room. Slipping into the room, he closed the door and smiled at Tonks as she sat up in bed.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey,” she replied.

Harry sat down on the edge of the bed; her legs pressed against his side with their faces only inches apart. With an almost childlike excitement, Tonks reached into her pocket and pulled out the package wrapped in plain, brown paper and twine.

“This is for you, Happy Christmas,” she said, handing him the present.

Smiling, Harry took it and carefully unwrapped it. Inside, he found a small, square mirror. He really didn’t care what it was, or that he would probably hardly ever use it, just the fact she had gotten something meant everything.

“Thanks, Tonks,” he said earnestly.

Surprisingly, she rolled her eyes at him, but smiled.

“You don’t even know what it does yet,” she said, shaking her head.

“It does something?” he asked, looking at the mirror curiously.

“It’s a two-way mirror. You just say my name, and I’ll hear it on my mirror,” Tonks said as she pulled a second, identical mirror out of her pocket. “With these, we can see and talk to each other, even when you’re at Hogwarts.”

Harry’s mouth gaped open slightly as he stared down at the mirror in his hand with a whole new appreciation. With Umbridge watching the mail, he’d worried about when he’d even get a chance to owl Tonks once he was back at Hogwarts, let alone talk to her.

“This is perfect,” he said as he looked back up at Tonks. “Thank you.”

Smiling, he leaned forward and kissed her on the lips softly. When he pulled back, he looked back down at the mirror.

“Tonks,” he said.

He waited anxiously for a few seconds, and both of them looked at each other curiously when nothing happened.

“Try yours,” Harry said.

Shrugging, Tonks brought the mirror up to her face.

“Harry,” she said.

After a few more seconds of nothing, she glared at it angrily.

“Harry Potter,” she growled.

As she spoke, Harry heard an echo of her voice from his own mirror while the surface turned cloudy.

“Tonks,” he said into it again.

And again, there was nothing. Then, it suddenly clicked. Glancing up at Tonks with a mischievous smile, he held up his mirror.

“Nymphadora Tonks,” he said with a smirk.

Just as Tonks glared at him and opened her mouth, both of their mirrors turned clear. However, instead of showing their reflections, it showed what the other one was seeing. Tonks scowled at the face smirking up at her.

“I’m going to kill him,” she muttered.

“Kill who?” Harry asked.

“Sirius,” Tonks answered in a growl. “He’s the one that gave me these. I bet he’s laughing his arse off knowing you have to say my full name every time we want to talk.”

“It’s not that bad,” he said. “I kind of like it.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t,” Tonks huffed petulantly.

Harry couldn't stop from smiling at the cute pout on her face.

"Alright, now that that present's been ruined, what did you get me?" she asked expectantly.

"Er," Harry said, scratching the back of his neck. "Well, since I haven't been able to get out to do any shopping, I figured I'd do something for you. I'll do anything you want tonight. I'm all yours."

Now that he'd said it out loud, the idea sounded pretty lame. Chancing a look back up at her, he was relieved to find Tonks smiling at him affectionately.

"Anything I want, huh?" she asked.

"Anything," Harry said with a nod. "A bath, a massage, anything."

"Hmm, a bath does sound nice," she said with a smirk. "But I want something else first. Help me out of these clothes."

Harry grabbed the hem of Tonks' shirt and pulled it over her head before helping her take off her pants. Then, she grabbed his shirt and started tugging it up. Smiling, Harry stood up for a moment and stripped out of his own clothes until he was just as naked as she was. Tonks scooted over to the side and patted the mattress in invitation. He laid down on his side next to her and placed his hand on her stomach, his fingers running along her soft skin.

Tonks surprised him by pushing him flat on his back before sitting up and then swinging her leg over him. She sat down on Harry's waist, pinning his partially hardened member between his stomach and her warm mound. Smiling down at him, she put her arms on either side of his head, resting her weight on her elbows and dragging her smooth breasts across his chest as their lips met.



Harry ran his hands down her back to her full, round bum, gripping it gently and caressing her generous curves. Tonks moaned softly into his mouth while her hips bucked forwards, sliding her folds along his rapidly hardening length. As she continued grinding against him, her lips parted around his hard shaft, drawing another moan from them both. Harry could feel her core growing hotter, arousal leaking out to coat his length.

Breaking the kiss, Tonks gave him a playful look as she sat up, bracing her hands on his chest. Harry groaned as her weight pressed down on his trapped cock while she continued to roll her hips.

“Fuck,” Tonks said breathily. “I’ve been thinking about this all day.”

Raising herself up, she grabbed his glistening, throbbing shaft and aimed the swollen head at her entrance. As she lowered herself back down on his thick girth, Tonks’ breath caught in her throat. Tilting her head back, she groaned and whimpered quietly as his rigid length slowly sank into her depths. Harry rested one hand on her hip while the other moved up to her chest to grasp one of her trembling breasts. Even as she sank down onto him, her slick walls fluttered around him, her wet heat enveloping him completely.

Finally, Tonks sat on his waist again, his cock buried to the hilt in her welcoming core. With her eyes closed, she panted quickly with shuddering breaths, her hips jerking and rolling with tiny movements, unable to sit still. After dreaming of this since he first met Tonks over the summer, and more than a week of torturous teasing, Harry couldn’t believe he was finally inside her. It felt almost too good to be real.

That feeling only got better when Tonks started to move. When she raised herself up her eyes flew open, and a gasp escaped her lips. Her core spasmed around him as she stared forward with an unfocused gaze. Despite how much she’d recovered over the last week, she was still more sensitive than normal, he knew. Not exactly a hardship, he thought as he looked at her pleasure filled face with a smile.

“Harry,” Tonks whined.

He throbbed at the needy sound of her voice. Resisting the urge to thrust up into her as she began to ride him slowly, her tight core sliding along his length, Harry ran his hands along her body, caressing every inch of her glorious figure that he could reach. Suddenly, she focused on him again, her sparkling, violet eyes gazing down at him lustfully while she continued to move up and down on his rock-hard cock. Each time her ass came to rest on his thighs, Tonks rolled her hips, grinding herself onto him and her clit into his pelvis.

Taking his hand off her breast, Harry reached up and stroked her cheek softly, his eyes locked on her beautiful face. Tonks closed her eyes and turned to kiss the palm of his hand before throwing her head back with a wanton moan. He felt her core clench around him, her tight, sweltering depths hugging his large cock. Sliding his hand back down to her breast, he ran his thumb over her hard, swollen nipple, drawing another gasp from her lips.

With a whimper, Tonks started to raise and lower herself faster, her hips jerking in as she reached the bottom of his length. Her breath came in uneven, shuddering pants, her breasts trembling enticingly with the rise and fall of her chest. Harry could tell she was getting close, and he didn't even care that his own peak was still a short way away. All he cared about was seeing this incredible woman lose herself on top of him.

Moving his hand off of her hip, he placed his thumb just above her engorged, hooded clit and brushed it lightly. Instantly, Tonks lost it. Her back arched as her hips moved jerkily. Tilting her head, she let out a long, pleasure filled moan while her body tensed and quivered above him. As she gasped for breath, her walls spasming around him wildly, she collapsed forwards. Harry wrapped his arms around her as she laid on his chest, stroking her back and kissing her neck while she rode out her tremendous climax.

After a long moment, Tonks groaned while her body relaxed, her hips occasionally twitching as his rigid cock throbbed desperately inside of her.

"Roll us over and keep going," Tonks whispered in his ear.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

“Mh hmm,” she mumbled tiredly. “I’m fine, I’m just tired.”

Smiling, Harry turned the two of them over so that he was on top of her, then leaned down and kissed her on the lips. Tonks wrapped her arms around him, her hands threading through his hair while her heels rested on his thighs. Though the majority of his weight rested on his arms, his body still pressed against hers, something Tonks seemed entirely happy with as she held on to him tightly.

Pulling his hips back just a couple of inches, Harry started pumping his hips with slow but powerful thrusts. Tonks gasped and ripped her lips away from his as he sank back into her depths and pressed his pelvis firmly against her. He made sure to roll his hips, grinding his pubic bone against her mound.

“Yes. Fuck me,” Tonks whispered heatedly.

Harry closed his eyes and rested his forehead against hers, savoring the incredible feeling of her soft, slick walls giving way to his long, thick cock. Her warm breath washed over his face as she panted and moaned under him, her nails leaving trails of fire through his scalp and down his back. He opened his eyes again, staring down at her face and the array of powerful emotions shining in her bright eyes.

Despite the slow pace, the intense closeness he felt with Tonks at that moment quickly drove him towards his climax. Unconsciously, his hips moved faster, and he drove into her slightly harder. Harry pressed his body against hers a bit more firmly and buried his face in the crook of her neck, panting heavily. Tonks pressed her heels into his bum, one hand stroking his hair while she ran her nails lightly over his back with the other.

“Cum for me, love,” she whispered, her lips brushing his ear. “Give it to me.”

Groaning, Harry hit his peak, his cock swelling and pulsing deep in her depths as he came. Tonks moaned contentedly as he emptied himself, her arms and legs locking him in place. His hips jerked with each pulse, instinctively trying to reach as deep as possible within her. Her lips moved down to his neck, kissing and sucking at his sweaty skin.

As his climax came to an end, Harry groaned, his body shuddering from the intensity. For the next couple of minutes, they stayed in that position, enjoying the moment and savoring the closeness and contentment they both felt. Eventually, Harry rolled to his side, his limp cock slipping out of her. Tonks followed him, wrapping one of her legs around his and draping an arm over his chest as she rested her head on his shoulder.

“Just wait until this summer, when I can give you a proper fucking,” Tonks said with a smirk, her eyes dancing playfully.

Harry smiled and kissed her on the lips. It was the first time either of them had mentioned anything beyond Christmas break, and he felt his chest swell with happiness. There was no part of him that was ready to see her go.

“So, how ‘bout that bath?” Harry asked.

“In a minute,” Tonks said, snuggling deeper into his side.

Harry smiled down at her and kissed the top of her head.

“Happy Christmas, Tonks,” he said.

“Happy Christmas,” she replied.