

Chapter 4

While Dumbledore had told Tonks it would only take a couple of days for the connection between her and Harry, through the necklace still sitting around her neck, it had taken another week for things to finally settle. In that time, Tonks had learned a lot about Harry, and she suspected he'd learned nearly as much about himself.

For the first few days, Tonks had only been able to sense Harry's thoughts when he was actively thinking about something. After roughly a week, she found that she could sense his wants and desires, no matter whether he thought of them or not. In fact, in the beginning, she wondered if he was even aware of what he really wanted.

At first, the sex, while it had been admittedly great, had been pretty normal. Once Tonks gained a deeper understanding of Harry both through her necklace and their deepening friendship, things had started to change.

The one thing Harry had always lacked in his life was control. Growing up, it had been the Dursleys dictating nearly every aspect of his life, and later it had been Dumbledore taking an unhealthy interest in his personal life. That desire for control had taken on a sexual connotation as of late, leading to Harry privately fantasizing about taking control of his partner.

It wasn't anything disturbing, at least to Tonks, but it was surprising. She never would have expected the reserved, quiet young man to dream of tying a woman up and having his way with her. Of course, given their current situation, it was most often Tonks that featured in his fantasies, although other girls, like Hermione, Madam Bones' niece, and several other classmates of his, made the occasional appearance.

With her own relative inexperience, having only slept with two men a handful of times in her life, Tonks found the idea exciting. Of course, she had no way of knowing for certain if the necklace was making her feel that way or if they were her own feelings, but she was adventurous enough that she was pretty sure that even if those feelings were coming from the necklace, her own feelings would be a match.

So, after a week of wearing the Concubine's Curse, Tonks brought it up with him after work. A smile twitched on her lips as she remembered how embarrassed he was and how cute he had looked. After he'd blushed and stammered for a few minutes, she finally convinced him that she was willing to give it a try. With her hands tied loosely to the bed posts as Harry explored every inch of her body, Tonks discovered something else that was new about their connection.

Not only could she sense exactly how he felt, but she could feel an echo of the pleasure he was experiencing. It was nearly overwhelming at times, and spots of light had burst behind her eyes when she came explosively. On top of all of that, she felt the affection and care that Harry felt for her the entire time. Tonks knew they would have to talk about their relationship once the necklace came off in a couple of weeks, but for now, she luxuriated in the feeling of being so desired and cared for.

She liked to think that it was the trust she had in Harry that allowed her to leave herself so vulnerable with him, but she wasn't sure the necklace wasn't helping her there either. It was certainly better than if she'd ended up attached to Ron, at least.

The day before, Tonk had overheard him whining to Hermione about how Harry was so lucky to shag her any time he wanted. Tonks had been so angry at the way he was not only treating her but Harry as well that she nearly marched in to chew him out. Fortunately, Hermione was upset on their behalf and tried her best to explain things to the idiot. For the looks Ron still gave them, she didn't think it had done much good.

Tonks was tempted to tell him that she didn't *have* to sleep with Harry and that she could fight the necklace if she wanted to. The reason she didn't was because it was easier not to. Fighting the Compulsions on the necklace left her feeling uncomfortable, like an itch you couldn't scratch.

Well, that and she enjoyed sex with Harry too much to stop.

It was for that very reason she stood in front of the mirror, getting herself ready. It was her day off today, and she planned to spend as much of it in Harry's company as she could before going to visit her mother. The night before, she'd been forced to work the late shift and only crawled

into Harry's bed long after he'd fallen asleep. Though he wouldn't have minded being woken up, she was too tired to do much of anything.

At least I can more than make it up today, Tonks thought with a grin.

Mercifully, Molly would be out most of the day checking on the Burrow and doing some shopping. The woman had taken on a disapproving acceptance of the situation by now, but she still didn't like her and Harry being alone for too long during the day.

Fixing her spiky purple hair in the mirror, Tonks ran her hands over her Weird Sisters t-shirt and faded jeans. The outfit didn't matter as it wouldn't be staying on for very long, but she did check out her figure. While Harry had never asked her to change or even seriously thought of doing so, Tonks still knew what he preferred. It was rather difficult when she could read all of his wants and his desires.

Smirking, Tonks enlarged her breasts from their normally modest C-cup to a pair of perky double D's. Her hips widened, her bum grew a bit thicker, and she slightly lengthened her legs. Looking herself over once more, she grinned at the thought of Harry's face when he saw her prominent curves. She'd never changed herself for a man before, but that didn't mean she was against the idea.

What was the point of being a Metamorphmagus if she didn't use it to have fun, she thought.

With a thoughtful look, Tonks unclasped her bra and then pulled her arms inside of her shirt one at a time. A few seconds later, she pulled her bra out from under her shirt and tossed it in the hamper. She smirked as her nipples pressed against the fabric of her shirt.

Turning away from the mirror, Tonks opened the door and walked back into the bedroom. An affectionate smile stretched across her lips as she watched Harry continue to sleep. When he was asleep and during sex were some of the only times he looked truly relaxed.

After watching him for a moment longer, Tonks walked over and sat down on the edge of the bed. Reaching out, she combed her fingers through his wild hair, smiling as he pushed his head into her hand in his sleep. Slowly, his eyes blinked open, and he rolled over onto his back to look up at her.

“Morning,” Tonks said softly.

Bending down, she kissed him on the lips, her tongue caressing his as he wrapped his arms around her. Tonks laughed against his lips as he pulled her on top of him. Straddling his waist on her knees, she put her hands on his shoulders and pushed herself up. A playful smirk danced across her face when she felt his erection pressed against her bum.

“Someone’s happy to see me,” she teased.

“When am I not?” Harry asked with a smile.

Tonks grinned down at him and rolled her hips, drawing a groan from his throat.

“We have the whole morning to ourselves,” she said, continuing to rock her hip teasingly.

Immediately, Tonks saw the thoughts that raced through his head. Visions of her in a variety of positions, naked and vulnerable, flashed through her mind and sent a shiver of anticipation down her spine.

Leaning over, she pulled open the drawer to the nightstand. Tonks smirked when she felt Harry notice the increased size of her bust. Searching for longer than necessary, she rubbed her breasts against his arm before sitting back up, four enchanted lengths of black rope clutched triumphantly in her hand.

Once she had realized what Harry was into, she’d enchanted a few pieces of rope for him to tie her up with. At first, they’d just used their wand, but it was hard to keep track of them in the

heat of the moment. More than once, the mood had nearly been ruined when he had to go searching for a wand amongst a pile of clothes strewn across the room.

“So, what are you going to do to me?” Tonks asked innocently.

Grinning, Harry sat up, wrapped his arms around her, and kissed her. As he spun to the side and stood from the bed with her still clinging to him, an image of what he had planned popped into her mind.

“Mmh, that looks interesting,” Tonks smiled.

The necklace did kind of ruin the surprise, but it did nothing to dull the excited anticipation she felt. Walking her to the center of the room, Harry set her down on her feet. While kissing her, he gently grabbed each of her wrists and raised them above her head. The smooth, thin rope snaked its way up her arm and then wrapped around her wrists, tying them together. With her lips attached to Harry’s, Tonks couldn’t see the rope, but she could feel it attach itself to the ceiling.

As Harry pulled back from their kiss, his eyes dropped to her chest, where her braless breasts strained against the thin fabric of her shirt. Her hard nipples made two prominent bumps, belying her excitement. Slipping away, Harry grabbed his wand off the nightstand and gave it a flick. A three-inch wide ribbon of black silk shot from the tip and wound itself around her head, covering her eyes. With her sight gone, Tonks let out a trembling breath.

She strained her ears, listening to the squeaks and creaks of the floor as Harry walked back over to her. Tonks gasped when she felt her clothes being banished off her, the cool morning air causing goosebumps on her skin. She could feel Harry’s eyes raking over her naked body as she heard him move to stand in front of her.

For several seconds, the only thing she heard was the sound of her own breathing. Though Tonks heard nothing, she could feel the heat from his body as he stood close. After several long seconds, his fingers ghosted over her cheek. She trembled excitedly as his fingers trailed with a

feather light touch down her neck and over her collarbone. He paused at her chest before his fingers continued down around the outside of her breast.

Suddenly, just as his fingers touched her ribs, Harry grabbed both of her breasts firmly. Tonks gasped in surprise, then moaned as he massaged them roughly. She felt his warm breath ghost over her skin a moment before he buried his face between her breasts. His hands squashed them around his face while his lips kissed the center of her chest. Turning his head, he kissed the inside of her soft orbs, slowly making his way to the center.

Just as he was about to reach her nipple, he stopped and moved the other way. Tonks groaned in frustration when he stopped before reaching that one too. She tried to most her chest towards his mouth, but he pulled away. She swore she could feel him smirking.

Harry gave her a quick kiss on the lips, and then he was gone. Tonks tried to guess where he was, but she couldn't hear or feel anything that would help her. A long moment passed before she felt a pair of hands grab her hips from behind. As his arms slid around her waist, his body pressed against her back. His naked body.

Harry's hard length ground against her ass and burrowed its way between her cheek as he hugged her from behind. Kissing and sucking at her neck, his hands slid up her stomach to grasp her breasts. Tonks leaned into him and moaned, then hissed in pleasure when he took her nipples between his fingers and pinched them lightly.

Tonks was so engrossed in what she was feeling that she missed what Harry had planned next. The next thing she knew, ropes were wrapped around her waist, ankles, chest, and thighs. She only had a moment to wonder what was happened before she squealed as she was hoisted into the air.

Held in the air face up, Harry chuckled as he placed her head in a loop of rope to support it. Walking around, he moved between her legs, his hands trailing from her ankles to her waist. Tonks moaned wantonly when she felt his hot, hard length slide along her dripping folds. With a needy whine, she bucked her hips.

Mercifully, Harry stopped teasing her and placed himself at her entrance. Tonks moaned as his thick length filled her tight depths. He reached up and grabbed her breasts as he bottomed out. When he pulled back and thrust back in, she swung back and forth on the ropes holding her in the air. It was an interesting feeling.

Apparently, Harry thought so as well. Not only could she feel his excitement, but he let go of her and started thrusting hard to see how far he could make her swing. Tonks laughed as his thrusts sent her forward, only for her to come swinging back onto his cock. Her laugh turned into a moan when he decided to push her forward with his hands, then slammed his hips forwards when she swung back.

“Fuck!” Tonks exclaimed, his cock hammering into her depths.

Harry’s moment of playfulness vanished, and he focused on fucking her as hard as he could. He gripped the coil of rope wrapped around under her breasts and used it as a handle to pull her onto his thrusting cock. Tonks could feel her larger breasts bouncing wildly on her chest as Harry rutted into her like a beast in heat.

One of his hands reached up and grasped her breasts, pinching and squeezing her hard nipple, which sent a tingle of painful enjoyment up her spine. Feeling her own pleasure, along with Harry’s arousal and excitement, sent her tumbling over the edge. Harry grunted as she tightened around him with a scream.

Tonks soaked him in her excitement, and her writhing and twitching forced him to slow down. When she finally started coming down from her climax, Harry wrapped his arms around her and lifted her up. The ropes holding her went loose as he carried her over to the bed. When he placed her face down on the mattress, the ropes bound her to the bedposts. Harry climbed up behind her, and she moaned as he drove back into her.

“Oh, fuck,” Tonks gasped.

The new angle had the head of his cock hitting her g-spot each time he pushed in. Even though he was moving much slower, the pleasure of each thrust was nearly overwhelming.

Harry gripped her ass as he straddled her thighs. A shiver ran through her when he spread her open and ran his thumb over her puckered hole. She would've known what he was thinking even without the necklace, and the thought sent a surge of nervous excitement rushing through her.

Using her own arousal as lube, he gently slipped his index finger inside of her.

"Oh, Merlin," Tonks groaned.

Over the next few minutes, Harry worked first one, then two, then three fingers deep into her back door. That, combined with how his cock kept hitting her most sensitive spot, had sent her into a series of rolling orgasms.

"Harry, just bugger me already, please," Tonks begged tiredly.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked nervously.

"Positive," Tonks replied.

Leaning over, he caressed her back and kissed the side of her neck. The excitement he felt wasn't a surprise, but the swell of emotion he felt for her was. Turning her head, Tonks kissed him lovingly and did her best to relax as he placed himself at her rear entrance.

Harry was so worried about hurting her that he wasn't pushing hard enough to slip inside. Tonks smiled at his concern for her, then bucked her hips back. She gasped loudly as his engorged head popped inside of her tight ring. Thankfully, she could use her morphing abilities to make herself relax around him. As the momentary pain vanished, she was left with a surprisingly pleasurable feeling.

"Keep going," Tonks said.

Rocking his hips back and forth, Harry gently eased his way deeper. Tonks groaned, shocked by just how good it felt. Bucking her hips back off the bed, she drove his cock in to the hilt and came immediately. As she trembled, she could feel Harry's surprise and the pleasure he was experiencing.

"Shit, that feels so good," Harry groaned.

"Mmh hm," Tonks hummed, biting her lip.

Pulling his hips back until just the tip remained trapped inside her snug grip, he thrust back in slowly, causing the two of them to groan in unison.

"Faster," Tonks breathed.

Harry pulled nearly all of the way out before sinking back in quickly. Tonks tightened her hands into fists and curled her toes at the intense feeling. Her body trembled as he did it again and again. She could feel a climax building, but he wasn't moving quite fast enough to send her over the edge.

"Harder," Tonks begged.

Huffing in exertion, Harry speared into her bum with enough force to shove her body into the mattress. Tonks cried out from the sensation, causing Harry to stop, his worry coming clear through the necklace.

"Don't stop!" Tonks gasped. "It feels so good."

She felt his relief, followed quickly by another thunderous thrust. Soon, Harry was supporting his weight on his elbows and toes as he hammered his long, hard cock in and out of her. Tonks writhed as much as the ropes would let her, her pleasure and Harry's mixing to send her into a

pleasure filled haze. She vaguely heard herself begging him for more. Pleading for him to fuck her harder as she built to a tremendous climax. The sound of her moans and the slapping of his hips on her full ass filled the room and echoed off the walls.

Her climax had built for so long that when it finally it, it came as a surprise. Tonks peaked with a scream, the world around her vanishing as warmth rushed through her body. Harry groaned as she tightened around him, her body trembling and muscles tensing as she pulled against the ropes.

He continued fucking her through her orgasm, prolonging it until he reached his own. The feeling of his cum filling her depths caused her to gasp and shiver. Harry collapsed on top of her, his warm, comforting weight pinning her to the bed as his hips flexed with each pulse of his thick cock.

The two of them lay in a panting, sweaty mess for a long moment before the ropes finally let go of her. Tonks hummed contentedly as Harry rolled them to their sides and pulled her back against his chest. Her joints aching in protest, she turned over to face him and hugged herself to his chest as he wrapped his arms around her. Eyelids growing heavy, Tonks closed her eyes and felt herself drifting off to sleep with a soft smile on her face as Harry kissed the top of her head.

While the sex was great, this is what she loved most, the strong feelings of affection coming from Harry while he held her in his arms.

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After being woken up by a deeply blushing Hermione for lunch, Harry and Tonks made their way down to the kitchen. Sirius made a few comments about how much they ate, but by this point, even Harry had stopped blushing at his innuendo.

After giving Harry a kiss goodbye, Tonks set out the front door and Disapparated to her parents' house. Located in the seaside town of East Wittering in West Sussex, the Tonks home sat in a Muggle neighborhood. Fortunately, the high fences meant that Tonks could Apparate straight

into the backyard. There, she found her mother on her knees, bent over as she tended to the garden.

Tossing her curly black hair as she looked over her shoulder, Andromeda Tonks smiled when she spotted her daughter.

“Nymphadora,” she said warmly, brushing grass and dirt off of her jeans as she stood. “It’s about time you stopped by.”

“Hey, mum,” Tonks said, smiling as she hugged her mother.

“Are you hungry?” Andromeda asked while leading her into the house. “I was just about to make lunch.”

“I already ate,” Tonks said. “Is dad home?”

“He’s still at the Ministry,” her mother said. “Fudge has had the whole law department working overtime ever since your friend Harry gave him a black eye with the Wizengamot.”

Tonks snorted, “Bastard deserved it.”

“Language,” Andromeda reprimanded her. “If you need his help, I’m afraid he won’t be home until tonight.”

“Actually, it’s your help I was hoping for,” Tonks told her as they sat in the living room.

“Oh?” Andromeda asked.

“Yeah, you know how the Prophet is pretty much in the Ministry’s pocket?” Tonks asked, continuing when she got a nod. “Well, Harry decided to start his own newspaper, but he can’t have his name on it.”

“Why?” her mother asked curiously.

“No one would believe an article written by a paper he owned,” Tonks pointed out.

“I see,” Andromeda said. “So, he’s going to start a business and just give it away?”

“He’d still own thirty percent, but yeah,” Tonks shrugged. “It’s the only way the paper could write about him without being accused of being biased. It was a real pain in the arse to get the printers, too. The Prophet bought up all the magical printers in Britain years ago, and their not about to sell them. Harry had to buy two from Germany and have them shipped over. Cost a bloody fortune.

“And you need help finding someone to buy the company?” Andromeda asked. “I’m sorry, sweetheart, but I don’t know anyone with that kind of money. At least, not anyone I’d trust not to sell it to the Prophet the first chance they get.”

“Oh no, Harry’s not looking to sell,” Tonks told her. “He and Sirius knew they’d pretty much lose everything they spent, but they think it’s worth it. They just need someone they can trust to own and run the business. You.”

“Me!?” Andromeda asked incredulously. “What? Why? Why me?”

Tonks grinned at seeing her normally reserved mother so shocked.

“Sirius trusts you, and Harry trusts Sirius,” Tonks shrugged. “They really don’t have a lot of options. Besides, I know you get bored around the house now that I’m gone.”

“I wanted a part-time job, not a whole company to build and run on my own!” Andromeda said. “Especially a newspaper Fudge and his cronies would love to see fail.”

“Oh, come on, mum,” Tonks said. “Don’t tell me you wouldn’t love a chance to stick it to those bigots in the Ministry. I know it’s a lot of work, but this would be a big help. The Prophet owns everything except Quidditch Weekly and the Quibbler. They can write whatever they want, and there’s no one to contradict them. Especially since Fudge and Cuffe are so close.”

“There must be someone better that can do this,” Andromeda said. “I don’t know the first thing about running a newspaper.”

“There isn’t,” Tonks said. “Anyone else Harry and Sirius trust already have full-time jobs. I talked to Hestia, and she’s agreed to help you for a few weeks. She was a manager at Witch Weekly after Hogwarts. And Harry knows someone who would make a good reporter. Her name’s Penelope Clearwater, a former Head Girl, and a Muggleborn. She works at the Ministry right now, but you know how they treat Muggleborns. Apparently, Umbridge has taken to causing her problems since she found out Penny broke things off with Percy.”

“I’ll have to talk to your father about this,” Andromeda told her.

Tonks smiled. Her mother might try to hide her interest, but she could see straight through it. Her father would definitely agree, especially if it meant sticking it to the Ministry. She spent an hour more talking to her mother about the newspaper, including trying to come up with a name.

“What about The Oracle?” Tonks suggested as she bent forward to grab her teacup.

“That sounds nice. I – What the hell is that?” Andromeda asked firmly.

Tonks looked down to see that her necklace had fallen out of her shirt and was resting on her chest.

"It's nothing," she said.

She tried to tuck it back into her shirt, but her mother grabbed it and stared at it intently. When she looked up, she looked angrier than Tonks had ever seen her before.

"Who gave this to you?" Andromeda hissed through gritted teeth. "Do you have any idea what this is!?"

"Yes, and no one gave it to me. It was an accident," Tonks sighed. "Harry cut his finger on it while we were cleaning out Sirius' place. I was joking around and holding it up to my neck when it wrapped itself around me."

"Nymphadora, how could you be so careless?" Andromeda asked.

"We checked for cursed items, but it didn't show up as one. It was an accident," Tonks said, rolling her eyes. "Besides, it's fine. Harry's been great about the whole thing, and Dumbledore will be able to take it off in a week and a half."

Andromeda let go of the necklace and looked at Tonks thoughtfully.

"He's not using you, is he?" she asked.

"No," Tonks replied firmly. "He hasn't asked me to change myself at all. Like I said, he's been great about it. He tries so hard not to think about anything that might distract me while I'm at work. He – he cares about me."

"You can feel that?" Andromeda asked.

"Yes."

“And how do you feel about him?” she pressed.

“I-” Tonks paused and sighed. “I’m not sure. I liked him when we met, but I only knew him for a few days, you know? Now, I’m not sure how much of what I’m feeling is me and how much is because of this.”

She lifted up the necklace before tucking it back into her shirt.

“Oh, sweetheart,” Andromeda said, patting her leg with a smile. “The Concubine’s Curse doesn’t change your feelings about someone. It just helps you understand them better. Uncle Alphard had a mistress he tricked into wearing one of those, possibly that exact one, and she hated him. Tried to kill him more than once, as a matter of fact.”

Tonks licked her lips nervously as she thought about that.

“So, then my feelings-”

“Are your own,” Andromeda finished, smiling. “Now, how do you feel about him.”

“I like him – a lot,” Tonks admitted. “He’s been amazing. Anybody else would have kept me at their beck and call until I got this thing off, but Harry’s treated me more like a girlfriend than anything.”

Plus, the sex was incredible, she thought to herself.

“What are you going to do once the necklace comes off?” Andromeda asked.

“I don’t know,” Tonks sighed. “I mean, he’s still in school and younger than I am. Molly’s already having a fit about the whole thing.”

Andromeda scoffed, "Like she's one to talk. Molly Weasley was caught in a broom cupboard with just about every boy in her year while she was at school. The next time she gives you a problem, ask her about what happened in the locked classroom with all three Ravenclaw chasers after they won the cup."

"All three of them?" Tonks asked incredulously.

"I didn't see anything, but Janice, my best friend at school, caught them together," her mother smirked. "Anyways, enough about Molly. We're talking about Harry. Does the age difference bother you?"

"Well, no," Tonks admitted. "Harry acts like he's a lot older than he really is. Honestly, he's probably more mature than I am. You wouldn't mind?"

"Of course not," Andromeda said. "I'd be pretty hypocritical, seeing as your father is three years older than I am. We dated for my last two years of school before we got married. I wish my father hadn't tried to force me into a marriage contract, but I've never regretted marrying your father. It was hard staying together when we could only see each other on holidays and Hogsmeade weekends. But we loved each other, so we made it work."

"I don't know if I feel that strongly about him," Tonks said.

"Alright, tell me, if Harry goes back to school and the next time you see him, he's with some other girl, how would you feel?" Andromeda asked.

Tonks grimaced, her stomach lurching at the thought.

"That's what I thought," Her mother said in a self-satisfied way. "Look, I'm not telling you what to do. Merlin knows how well that's worked in the past. I'm just saying you shouldn't rule it out. Get to know him for the rest of the Summer and see how you feel then. If it works out, great. If not, then at least you won't have any regrets."

Tonks nodded thoughtfully when she felt a sudden spike of furious anger from Harry.

"I need to go," she said.

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Tonks walked into Grimmauld Place, worried at the anger that still burned in Harry. Molly's raised voice coming from the kitchen drew her there. She found the redhead tending to her son, who had blood covering the front of his shirt.

"How many times have I told you to be careful in this house. You know what can happen," Molly said.

Ron mumbled a reply, but Tonks' attention was on Sirius, who waved for her to follow him.

"What happened?" Tonks asked as soon as they were in the hall.

"I don't know," he said, brow furrowed. "We heard yelling from upstairs, and then Ron came down with a shattered nose. He said something tripped him, and he fell, but I don't buy it. Ron's not a good liar."

"What about Harry?" Tonks asked.

"He's upstairs with Hermione. Why?" Sirius asked.

"I need to talk to him," she said.

Tonks turned and rushed up the stairs. She walked into Harry's room to find him pacing back and forth while Hermione tried to calm him down. The brunette fell silent when she spotted her in the doorway.

"What happened?" Tonks asked.

When Harry only grumbled angrily, she turned to Hermione, who sighed.

"Harry and Ron got into a fight," she said, her face twisting into an angry expression. "Ron wanted Harry to order you to sleep with him. He said Harry was being selfish by keeping you all to himself. It was horrible. He was talking about you like you were a broom or something. I can't believe he would act like that."

"I guess that explains the broken nose," Tonks said, feeling angry herself but focusing more on Harry.

Walking up to him, she stopped his pacing by sliding her hands up his chest and wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Thank you," Tonks said, kissing him and then pulling him in for a hug.

"For what?" Harry asked. "It's not like I can actually order you to do anything."

"Boys," Hermione huffed.

Tonks smiled and pulled back to look at his confused face.

"For everything," Tonks said softly.