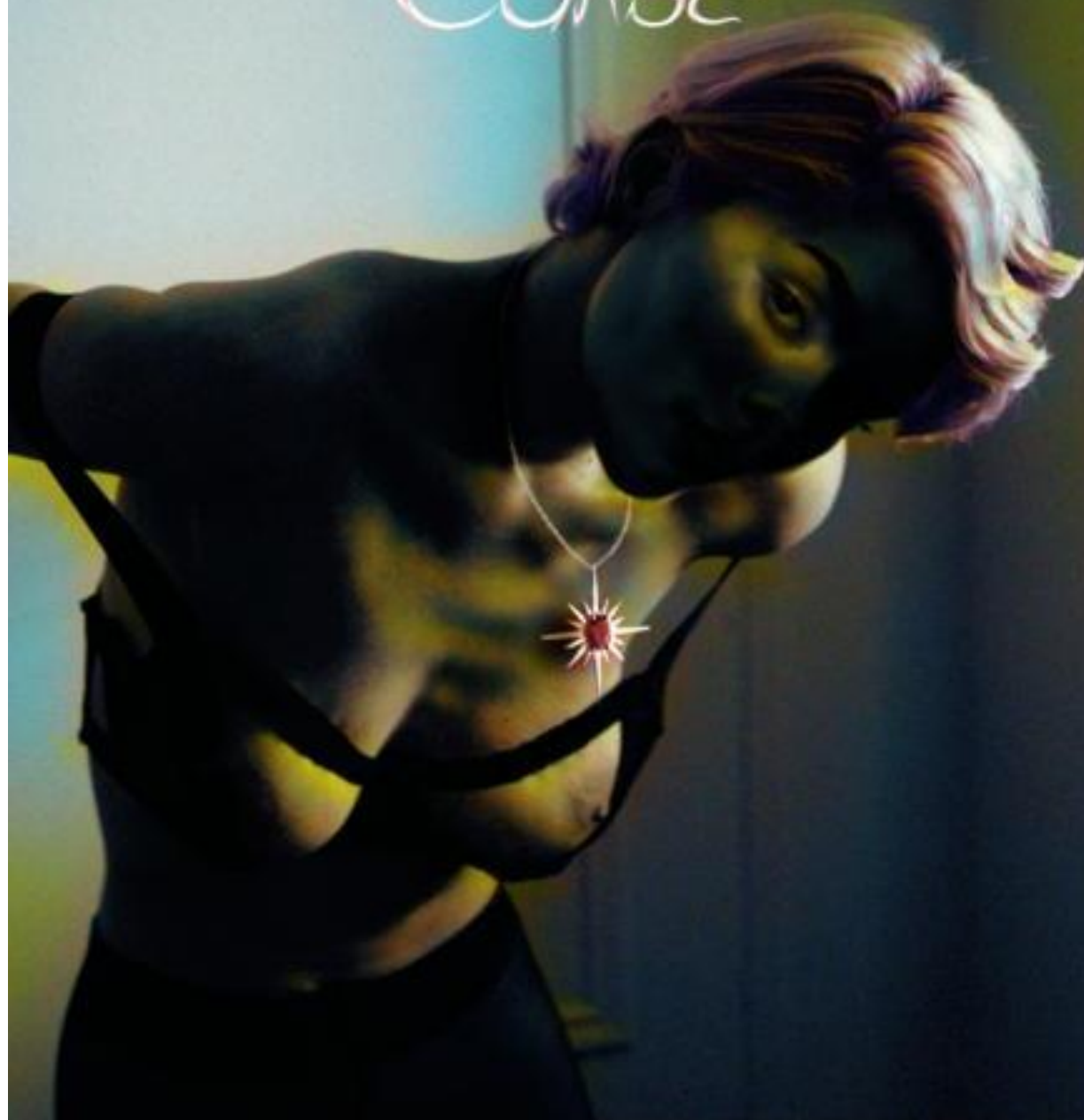


# The Concubine's CURSE



## Chapter 1

Stretching as he woke, Harry fumbled blindly on the nightstand until his fingers closed around the temple of his glasses and the wristband of his watch. Sliding his glasses onto his face, he pushed himself up into a sitting position and looked down at the time; it was four past eight in the morning.

A small, happy smile spread across his face as he looked at the gold, slightly dented wristwatch. Just a few days earlier, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had given it to him for his seventeenth birthday, along with his own hand on the Weasley family clock. It was one of the few bright spots in his life over the last year.

First, he'd been entered against his will into the Triwizard Tournament. Then, he'd watched a fellow competitor and friend murdered in front of his eyes before being forced to take part in Voldemort's resurrection. Although he'd managed to escape and warn Professor Dumbledore, things had only gone downhill from there.

Sent back to Privet Drive, Harry relived the end of the tournament and the death of his friend over and over again in his nightmares, all while the Ministry refused to believe him. They even went so far as to insult him in the press at every turn. Not a day went by that he didn't come across some disparaging buried within the pages of the *Daily Prophet*.

Just when Harry thought things couldn't possibly get worse, two Dementors showed up and tried to Kiss him and his cousin. And what did he get for defending himself? A joke of a trial where he'd only just managed to remain in the wizarding World.

At least I get to spend time with my friends and Sirius, Harry thought.

Sighing, Harry threw off the covers and climbed out of bed. He was really glad Sirius had decided to give him his own room. He had enough trouble sleeping without having to listen to Ron's constant snores.

Throwing on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, he went to the bathroom before heading for the kitchen. On his way down the hall, he heard Hermione yelling at Ron to wake up. Still a little angry over his friends' lack of letters over the Summer, Harry walked quickly past the room without looking inside. Grimacing at the severed House Elf heads stuck to the wall along the stairway, he rushed down the stairs.

As he reached the floor, he spotted Tonks just stepping through the front door. She waved at him with a bright smile, her hair shifting from red to purple. Because her eyes were on him, she didn't see the Troll's Leg umbrella stand. Seeing what was about to happen, Harry rushed forward just as her toe caught the edge. Tonks pitched forward, her arms flailing as she tried to catch her balance.

"AH!" she yelled.

As her arms stretched forward to break her fall, his arm wrapped around her waist. Harry stumbled under her weight and tightened his arm around her while his other hand pressed against the wall to brace himself.

By the time they came to a stop, they had ended up in a position that was both awkward and embarrassing. Tonks was bent at the waist, her rather fit bum mashed against his groin. Only his hand on the wall kept the both of them from falling face first to the floor. With a grunt, Harry hauled Tonks back so he could get his feet under him. Once he did, she was able to stand up herself.

"Whoa, thanks, Har," Tonks said with an infectious grin as she turned to face him. "That would've been a right nasty fall."

"You're welcome," Harry smiled.

"Well, if you're done groping my cousin, Molly has breakfast ready."

Harry looked up and blushed lightly when he spotted Sirius leaning against the doorway of the kitchen with a suggestive grin on his face.

“Eh,” Tonks shrugged. “I’ll take a grope over a fall any day.”

“I’ll be sure to let Dung know,” Sirius grinned.

“Watch it, mutt,” Tonks growled, her hair flashing red as she pointed her wand at him.

With a bark-like laugh, Sirius turned and walked into the kitchen. Shaking his head with a smile, Harry followed Tonks as she trailed after him with a huff and pocketed her wand.

“Oh, good morning, dears,” Mrs. Weasley greeted them with a smile.

“Morning,” Harry said through a yawn.

“Wotcher,” Tonks said with a wave.

Harry sat at the table across from Sirius and Mr. Weasley while Tonks hopped onto the counter and snatched a piece of bacon.

“Ow, hot!” Tonks yelped.

She tossed the piece of bacon back and forth between her hands several times while blowing on it before she popped one end into her mouth. It must have still been a little too hot because she winced slightly and chewed quickly.

“Nymphadora, what are you doing?” Mrs. Weasley asked exasperatedly. “Get off the counter and go sit at the table like an adult. The food will be done in a minute.”

“Ish Tonks,” the now pink haired witch said through a mouthful of bacon with an annoyed glare.

Harry grinned as he poured two glasses of orange juice, setting one in front of Tonks as she took the test next to him.

“Cheers, mate,” she said, taking a sip.

For the next few minutes, the conversation turned to the stupidity of the Ministry while Mrs. Weasley began setting platters laden with eggs, bacon, sausage, and toast onto the table. As if summoned by the smell of food, Ron came stumbling into the kitchen tiredly while Hermione, Ginny, and the twins followed.

“Why can’t I just use a Pensieve or Veritaserum to prove I’m telling the truth?” Harry asked.

“That wouldn’t work, I’m afraid,” Mr. Weasley replied. “Even if Fudge allowed it – which he wouldn’t – it would only prove you’re not lying. Fudge would argue your mind has been tampered with or that you’re delusional. I know you’re not,” he said quickly when Harry opened his mouth to interrupt. “But that’s what he would say. Unfortunately, it would probably take him seeing You-Know-Who himself before he admits he’s back.”

“And You-Know-Who is far too happy to remain in the background for now to let that happen,” Sirius added.

As Harry sat back in his seat dejectedly, he watched Tonks change her nose to look like a pig’s.

“I think I know a way that he can,” Harry said excitedly.

“Harry,” Sirius started in a placating tone.

“Listen,” Harry interrupted forcefully. “Fudge doesn’t actually need to see Voldemort; he just needs to think he did, right?”

“Well, yes but-” Mr. Weasley started.

“What about Tonks?” Harry asked, getting a surprised look from the witch. “I could show you my memory of that night, and you can make yourself look like Voldemort. All you need to do then is get you someplace where Fudge can see you.”

“Cor, that’s brilliant!” Tonks said enthusiastically, her hair turning bright yellow.

“That’s – not a bad idea, actually,” Sirius admitted, stroking his beard thoughtfully.

“We’d have to run it by Albus,” Mr. Weasley added. “And we’d have to be extremely careful. If any of us were caught, Dumbledore would lose any credibility he has left.”

“It’s workable, though,” Sirius said. “If we got him isolated with just a couple of Aurors-”

“That’s enough,” Mrs. Weasley barked. “Harry, dear, let the adults worry about things like this. Now, if you’re all done eating, we have some more cleaning to do today. Fred, George, You’re with me in the drawing room.”

The twins groaned.

“Tonks, can you check the spare bedrooms for cursed items so we can start cleaning them?” Mrs. Weasley continued.

“Sure,” Tonks shrugged.

“Good. Now, the rest of you can finish spraying for Doxies in-”

“I’ll help Tonks,” Harry volunteered. “That spray left me with a headache for hours last night. Maybe I can learn some of those Detection Charms from Tonks.”

“It’s really not safe for you, dear,” Mrs. Weasley said in a patronizing tone that made him bristle.

“He’ll be fine, Molly,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes. “Besides, it’d be best if I had someone with me, especially if we come across something with a Compulsion Charm on it.”

“I could call Bill and see if he can help,” Mrs. Weasley offered.

“He’s working, Molly,” Mr. Weasley told her. “They’ll be fine. Tonks knows what she’s doing, and it’ll only help for Harry to have some experience with this sort of thing.”

“Fine,” Mrs. Weasley huffed. “Ron, Ginny, Hermione, you three can finish spraying for Doxies in the lounge.”

When she turned to the cupboards to get out the spay, Harry gave Tonks a grateful smile. She winked and then gestured with her head toward the door. Nodding, she and Harry slipped out of the kitchen.

“Thanks for sticking up for me in there,” Harry said as they climbed the stairs.

“You’re welcome,” Tonks smiled, then rolled her eyes when they heard Mrs. Weasley loudly scolding Fred and George. “Honestly, the way she treats you lot. It’s like she thinks you’re still in nappies.”

“Tell me about it,” Harry sighed. “I know she’s doing it because she cares but...”

“Don’t worry, I get it,” Tonks said. “Come on, let’s start in here.”

Pushing the door open to one of the unused bedrooms, Tonks wrinkled her nose cutely as a wave of musty air washed over them.

“Urgh. Right, first things first. An Air-Freshening Charm,” Tonks said.

Waving her wand in a wide arch with a little wiggle in the middle, the air suddenly smelled much better. Two more quick flicks spread open the motheaten curtains and opened the window.

“Much better,” she muttered, stepping inside the room. “So, did you really want to learn some Detection Charms?”

“Yeah,” Harry said. “I know I can’t actually cast them, but knowing them might come in handy.”

“I’m gonna let you in on a little secret,” Tonks grinned, slinging her arm around his shoulders and leaning in to whisper. “You can use magic here.”

“What!?” Harry hissed.

“Don’t tell Molly I said anything, but the wards here mean the Ministry can’t detect anything,” she said, winking as she patted him on the back. “Molly just doesn’t want her kids using magic and ‘getting into trouble.’”

Feeling a flash of irritation, Harry sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.



“Right, take out your wand,” Tonks said.

Smiling at the chance to use magic, Harry did as she asked.

“Now, this first one is a general Detection Charm for dark magic,” she explained. “Anything with dark spells or enchantments will light up dark purple. Like this.”

With a grin, Tonks changed the color of her hair.

“The incantation is Deprendo Obscurus, and this is the wand movement.”

Tonks drew a checkmark in the air with the tip of her wand. Holding out his own, Harry practiced the movement a few times until he was sure he had it.

“Well, give it a shot,” she told him.

“Deprendo Obscurus,” Harry muttered with the wand movement.

Around the room, three places glowed with a purple light, the same color as Tonks’ hair. The first was a hairbrush, the second was a music box, and the third light came from a dresser against the wall. Oddly, the light coming from the dresser was much brighter than the other two.

“I think I messed up a bit,” Harry said as the light faded.

With a thoughtful look, Tonks did the spell herself and got the same results.

“No, you did it right,” she said. “Whatever’s in that dresser is really nasty. The brighter an object glows, the more powerful it is. We’ll have to be really careful with that one. Alright, now

that spell shows you dark magic, but that doesn't necessarily mean it's harmful. That's what this spell is for..."

Tonks proceeded to teach him a second charm with the incantation *Laxo Precilum*, which had a wand movement in the shape of a W with a wiggle at the end. The more complex wand movement took a little longer for him to learn, but he got it in just a few minutes. Strangely, only the hairbrush glowed red, revealing a dangerous spell on it. The dull red of the light showed that whatever it did was far from life threatening.

"There's more Detection Charms, obviously, but the ones that show exactly what spell or enchantment is on something take years to learn," Tonks said. "I'm sorry, I don't have the time to teach you, but I can get you a book if you want."

"That'd be great," Harry smiled.

Returning his smile, Tonks turned her attention to the two weaker cursed items. After a few minutes, she determined that the hairbrush would make a person lose their hair, while the music box made a person fall asleep until it was shut.

"And that's the danger," Tonks told him. "Even though this didn't show up as dangerous, it could still kill you if you slept too long."

"So, what do we do with these things?" Harry asked.

Tonks shrugged, "We'll just put them in a box for now."

Transfiguring a box out of an old robe, Tonks levitated the hairbrush and music box into it after spelling the lid closed.

"Let's see what's in the dresser. Moody said you can throw off the Imperius Curse, right?" Tonks asked.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said, his brow furrowed in confusion at the strange question.

“That’s impressive,” Tonks said. “I can fight it a bit, but I’ve never been able to throw it off completely. If there’s a Compulsion Charm on this, you’ll be able to fight it better than I can. Hmm. Alright, I’ll take a look, but I’ll need you to pull me back if I try to touch it, alright?”

“Got it,” Harry nodded.

As Tonks stepped towards the dresser, Harry stayed close, his hand ready to grab her while he peeked over her shoulder. Using her wand to open the top drawer, they found nothing but old, neatly folded clothes that looked like they’d been chewed on by some kind of rodent. With a flick of her wand, Tonks moved the clothes out of the way to reveal an ornate silver dagger at the bottom of the drawer. Seeing Tonks’ hand move forward, he placed his hand on her shoulder, but she only waved her wand to levitate it.

The dagger gleamed in the sunlight filtering through the window as it floated in front of them, slowly rotating in place. With a look of concentration, Tonks waved her wand in several complex patterns while muttering incantations under her breath.

Tonks whistled and lowered the dagger on top of the dresser, “That’s a right nasty piece of work.”

“What’s it do?” Harry asked curiously.

“Even a small nick and this’ll slowly drain all the blood from your body,” Tonks said with a shudder. “It’s stuff like this that makes me glad mum was kicked out of the family. Hand me a rag or somethin’, would yeh?”

Taking his hand off her shoulder, Harry bent down and tore off a piece of one of the tattered robes. When he handed it to Tonks, she spelled it to wrap tightly around the blade before carefully levitating it into the box.

“One down, only about a dozen more to go,” Tonks grinned.

Harry smiled as she bent down to pick up the box of cursed items, discretely admiring the way her jeans pulled tight over her round bum. Moving into the room across the hall, Harry performed the Detection Charm again. This time, they found a black quill Tonks called a Blood Quill and a hat pin laced with what she suspected was Manticore Venom. That led her to teach Harry a spell specifically designed to reveal potions and poisons.

“Works on food and drinks, too,” Tonks told him, her lips turning up in a smirk. “Might come in handy if any of those girls at Hogwarts decide to slip you a Love Potion.”

Harry snorted, “I doubt I have to worry about that. They all pretty much think I’m a nutter.”

“Trust me, girls love a bad boy,” Tonks purred while trailing her finger down his chest before laughing at his blush.

Harry rolled his eyes but couldn’t stop a smile. Moving back across the hall, they stopped at a door with a bronze plate that read ‘Regulus Arcturus Black.’ Knowing that was Sirius’s brother, he expected to find several cursed objects in the room but, surprisingly, they only found one. That one, however, glowed brighter than anything else they had found so far.

“Bugger, that’s a right nasty one,” Tonks grimaced as the wardrobe lit up like a beacon. “Right, same things as last time. If anything feels off, we get out and call for help.”

“Right,” Harry said nervously, his wand held tightly in one hand while the other rested on Tonks’ shoulder.

Flicking her wand to open the door, she quickly cast another Detection Charm. There, at the bottom of the wardrobe, behind a pair of old Dragonhide boots, sat a large, golden locket. Harry was so transfixed by the sight of it that he nearly missed Tonks reaching out as if in a trance.

“Don’t touch it!” Harry yelled, tugging on her shoulder.

Stumbling back slightly, Tonks blinked her eyes and shook her head as if to clear it.

“Bloody hell, thanks, mate,” she said.

Harry barely heard the words as he stared at the locket. The magic coming off of it felt familiar, and it took him a moment to place it. The Diary.

“That belonged to Voldemort,” Harry said, his throat suddenly dry as he swallowed.

“What?” Tonks asked. “You’re sure?”

“Positive,” Harry nodded. “I’ve felt it before, with the Diary in second year and in the graveyard. I know that magic anywhere.”

Unconsciously, he reached up and rubbed his tingling scar.

“Well, fuck,” Tonks huffed.

Looking around the room, she walked over to the desk and grabbed a quill box. Dumping out the quills, she brought the box over and set it on the floor. With a swish and flick, she levitated it into the box and closed the lid with a flick. A tap on the lid caused the box to glow faintly blue as it sealed itself with a squelch. Harry slowly let out a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding.

“I’ll give this to Dumbledore when he comes for the meeting tonight,” Tonks said, then turned to Harry with a grin. “It’s a good thing I brought you with me. Who knows, maybe it’s even something really important.”

"I think it is," Harry said. "That felt just like the Diary that he used to nearly come back in second year."

"Cor," Tonks breathed. "We've already got one Dark Lord to deal with. If there were two... Okay, now I'm really glad I brought you along."

Harry shivered at the thought of Tonks being possessed like Ginny.

"Yeah, me too," Harry nodded.

"Yeh know, Charlie told me about what happened to Ginny in a letter, but I never got the whole story," Tonks began tentatively as she took a seat on the bed. "Would you mind fillin' me in?"

Harry stared at her for a moment, then shrugged and took a seat next to her.

"Well, it all started when we ran into Lockhart at Flourish and Blott's..." Harry started.

Harry had only intended to give Tonks an abbreviated version of the story, but oddly, it felt good opening up to someone about it. He ended up telling her about not only his adventures but also some of the other problems he had to deal with at Hogwarts. Like people believing what they read about him in books and the *Prophet*, or how everyone, even people he considered friends, turned on him in his second year and again in his fourth.

Tonks' irreverent, snarky humor helped ease him and actually made him want to keep talking. Before they knew it, three hours had passed, and Mrs. Weasley called them down for lunch. As they stood to leave, Tonks surprised him by giving him a hug.

"Thanks for telling me," she said with a smile. "I wish you were a few years older so we could've gone to school together. Sure would've made things interesting, and it makes what I had to

deal with seem like nothing. Next time you have a problem, send me a Patronus, and I'll come help you out."

"Patronus?" Harry asked curiously as they made their way down the stairs.

"Yeah, you can send messages with a Patronus," Tonks said. "It's not hard if you can do the charm. I'll show you after lunch.

Entering the kitchen and taking a seat next to Tonks with a smile, Harry was startled to find Ron glaring at him jealously. He glanced over at Hermione, who bit her lip and looked between the two of them before shaking her head. Sighing in annoyance, Harry ignored the redhead and turned his attention back to Tonks. Her bubbly attitude and irrepressible energy never failed to lighten his mood.

After a quick lunch of sandwiches and soup, Mrs. Weasley shoed them all off back to their chores.

"But it's Summer," Ron whined.

Harry rolled his eyes as he followed Tonks out of the kitchen.

If Ron thinks this is bad, he should try living with the Dursleys, Harry thought. Uncle Vernon would've had him working from sun up to sun down without any lunch and a threat of no dinner if he didn't finish in time. Even if he did finish, there was no way the meager scraps he would be giving could fill the bottomless pit that was Ron Weasley.

"Hey, Tonks," Harry asked as they moved to the next room.

"Yeah?" she replied, casting the Detection Charms herself this time.

“Well, you said you had some problems at Hogwarts?” he asked uncertainly.

“Eh, nothin’ like what you went through,” Tonks said as they gathered the four cursed items in the room. “I just had some trouble cus’ of what I am. Girls were pretty jealous that I could make myself look however I wanted, and the boys all looked at me like I was a wet dream. It didn’t get too bad until my sixth year, your first.”

“Really?” Harry asked in surprise, having thought Tonks was older than that.

“Yup,” Tonks smiled. “You were a cute little firsty. I’m not surprised you don’t remember me. I was in Hufflepuff, and I looked different back then. McG didn’t like me having colorful hair during class; said it was a distraction.”

Harry nearly choked on his tongue at the thought of calling Professor McGonagall McG to her face.

“Anyways,” she continued, “sixth year, some of the girls really started getting nasty when I started dating Chris Weathers. They spread all sorts of rumors about me. I got back at ‘em, though. I’d wear their faces and then go out after hours. ‘Course, when they didn’t show up to the detentions they were given and said they didn’t know about it, they only got in more trouble. They knew I was doin’ it, but they couldn’t prove it.

“None of that was too bad - until I found out Chris had heard the rumors about me turning into anyone a boy wanted to get attention and was only dating me because of it. Arsehole took me over to the Shrieking Shack during a Hogsmeade visit and asked me to blow him while looking like Mary Greenstead, one of the girls spreading rumors about me. He didn’t take it well when I kindly told him he could blow himself – tried to grab me and said I owed it to him.”

“He didn’t...?” Harry trailed off worriedly.

Tonks looked over at him and smiled softly.



“Nah, I booted him in the balls and hexed the shit out of him,” she said, causing him to let out a sigh of relief. “Course, that’s when old Mad-Eye showed up. I thought I was in trouble at first. I wasn’t gentle with the prick, and the Ministry has a history of taking the side of Purebloods like him over Half-bloods like me. Mad-eye didn’t care, though, kicked Weathers in the gut and told him to scram before he pressed charges for assault. I thought he was a bit creepy, yeh know, but I always wanted to be an Auror. I thought of it as a way to make up for all the horrible stuff my family did.

“The rumors got worse after that, so I spent the last two years working my arse off. Never really tried dating much after that. I thought things would get better when I joined the academy but, turns out, blokes don’t like a girl who can kick their arse in a duel.”

Harry couldn’t understand why someone would find a strong witch a turn off, then he thought of all the times Ron insulted Hermione for doing well. Yeah, he could definitely see someone like him taking out his insecurities on someone like Tonks.

“I know how much rumors like that can hurt,” he said. “Practically the whole school turned on me second year despite my best friend being a Muggleborn, and then again last year when my name came out of the Goblet. Hell, even Ron turned on me then.”

“Those idiots aren’t worth worrying about,” Tonks said before her eyes took on a teasing gleam. “Besides, you still had Hermione, didn’t you. Seems like you two are pretty close.”

Harry knew what she was getting at and rolled his eyes.

“Why does everyone think that?” he sighed. “I love Hermione - she’s a great friend. Better than I deserve sometimes, but she’s like a sister to me.”

“Really?” Tonks asked with a raised eyebrow. “There must be some girls interested in you at school.”

“There are, but they’re more interested in the Boy-Who-Lived than me,” Harry sighed.  
“Hermione even overheard a couple of sixth years talking about trying to seduce me and intentionally getting pregnant so I either had to marry them or pay them for the rest of my life.”

“Seriously!?” Tonks asked incredulously as they moved to the next room.

Harry nodded, “Yeah. Thankfully, they didn’t try to go through with it, but...”

“That’s fucked up,” she said, shaking her head.

“Did you ever play Quidditch?” he asked, hoping to change the subject to something more pleasant.

“Nah, I like Quidditch, but some people take it way too seriously,” Tonks said. “There was this one time one of Beater’s got sick and...”

The two of them continued to talk and share stories of their lives while they searched the rooms. When Tonks commented about the Dursleys, he even opened up a bit about his life before Hogwarts, something he’d only ever talked about with Hermione before. Time flew by, and they ended up finishing all of the room on the second floor well before dinner. Eventually, they made their way down to the drawing room, where Ron, Hermione, Ginny, and Sirius had finished with the Doxies and were now cleaning out the drawers and cabinets. Once again, Ron glared at him sullenly, but he ignored it.

“We already cleaned out anything cursed, so you shouldn’t have to worry about anything like that,” Sirius told them.

Suddenly, Ginny shrieked, causing Harry to spin around, drawing his wand. He sighed in relief when he found her sitting on the floor next to the couch, giggling at the pile of Dust Bunnies in her lap.

“Harry, you can’t use your wand. You’ll get in trouble again,” Hermione exclaimed worriedly.

“It’s fine,” Sirius said, waving off her concern and running a hand through his hair. “The Ministry can’t detect magic here; even if they could, the Trace doesn’t trigger when you’re close to an adult witch or wizard.”

“But, Mrs. Weasley said-” Hermione started.

“Molly just doesn’t want you doing magic,” Sirius said shortly. “With all the stuff in this house, I don’t want any of you getting hurt because you’re worried about getting in trouble. If you need to use magic, use it.”

“Wait,” Hermione said, her eyes going wide. “If the Trace doesn’t work around adult witches and wizards, does that mean kids with magical parents can do magic over the Summer?”

“Well, yeah,” Sirius shrugged. “A lot of parents teach their kids Family Magic during the Summer break.”

“But that’s not fair!” Hermione exclaimed.

“Did she really just stomp her foot?” Tonks whispered amusedly in Harry’s ear.

Harry bit back a snort and nodded his head.

“I know it seems that way, Hermione, but for once, this isn’t about prejudice,” Sirius said, trying to calm the outraged witch. “Magical parents can fix things or call the Aurors if something goes wrong. Plus, their houses are warded against Muggles already. Imagine what would happen if you did magic in your house and couldn’t reverse it or if a Muggle saw it. By the time an owl reached the Ministry to tell them, it’d already be too late.”

"It's still not fair," Hermione grumbled, arms crossed over her chest.

"But why didn't mum tell us we could do magic at home?" Ron asked.

"You'd have to ask her," Sirius replied. "I think part of it is because your dad works for the Ministry, and while you *could* do magic, it's still not strictly legal."

"Part of it might be because of the twins, too," Ginny added with a scowl. "Could you imagine what it would be like if those two could use magic whenever they wanted growing up?"

Ron grimaced, and as if summoned by their names, Fred and George Apparated into the room with a loud *pop*. Ron nearly jumped out of his skin while Ginny screamed, sending Dust bunnies flying as she flailed.

"You called?" they asked in unison with identical grins.

"You prats!" Ginny glared. "Stop doing that!"

"Doing what?" Fred asked innocently.

"Fred! George!" Mrs. Weasley screamed from a distance.

A moment later, the house was filled with shouts from Walburga's portrait.

"Damn it!" Sirius growled, rushing from the room.

"I think it's time we take our leave, George," Fred said as the twins turned to face each other.

“Agreed, I think we’ve caused enough chaos for the moment.” George nodded.

“Bye,” they said with a cheery wave.

With another loud *pop*, they vanished just as Mrs. Weasley stormed into the room, face red and wand drawn.

“Oh, those two,” she huffed irritably. “Well, they have to eat sometime. You lot, finish up in here and stay out of trouble while I go start dinner.”

“What did we do?” Ron asked as his mother stormed out of the room.

She nearly knocked over Sirius as he returned, causing him to glare at her back. When everything calmed down a bit, Harry and Tonks joined the others in cleaning out the drawing room. As Harry was pulling things out of a box in one of the cabinets, something stabbed sharply into his index finger.

“Ow!”

Yanking his hand out, he saw a drop of blood dripping down. For once glad he was wearing one of Dudley’s old shirts, he wrapped it around his finger with a hiss.

“You okay?” Tonks asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “Something poked me.”

“Here, let me see,” she said, holding out her hand.

Pulling his hand away from his shirt, he placed it in hers. Tonks briefly looked over the oozing puncture before tapping it with her wand and muttering an incantation. Harry felt a sensation of heat for a moment before it disappeared, and she removed her wand. A smile crept over his face when he was met with a perfectly healed finger.

“Thanks,” he said.

“No biggie,” Tonks smiled. “One of the perks of being so clumsy is I got pretty good at basic Healing Charms.”

After smiling back, Harry turned back to the box. Much more cautiously this time, he reached in and pulled out the only sharp looking object left inside. It was a gold necklace with a star shaped gold and silver pendant. In the center of the pendant sat a bright red ruby, its multifaceted face cut in the shape of a circle. On one of the silver points, Harry could see a thin trail of blood that dripped down to the stone.

“Well, looks like that’s what stuck me,” Harry said.

“A bit gaudy, but I guess it could be worse,” Tonks grinned.

Taking the necklace from his hand, she looked it over before holding it up to her neck.

“What do you think?” Tonks asked.

Turning her head, she puckered her lips in a parody of a model’s pose. Harry grinned, but before he could say anything, the end of the chain separated and snaked themselves around her neck. Tonks’ eyes went wide, and a moment of panic filled him, wondering if the necklace would choke her. When nothing happened, he looked up into her worried eyes.

“Bugger,” Tonks said.

## Chapter 2

Sitting at the kitchen table of Grimmauld Place, Tonks sighed as Sirius cast numerous charms on the clasp of the necklace she was now stuck wearing. The magic made her skin tingle, and she had to fight the urge to reach back and scratch her neck.

“Nymphadora, how could you be so reckless,” Molly huffed, her hands resting on her hips as she gave Tonks a disapproving look.

“Don’t call me Nymphadora,” Tonks growled. “It’s Tonks.”

Damned Harpy, she thought

“I knew we should have waited for Bill,” Molly continued as if she hadn’t spoken, further annoying her. “You kids are too young to be dealing with this kind of magic.”

“I’m not a kid!” Tonks barked. “And you’re the one that wanted us to clean the house in the first place.”

Molly sniffed, “I warned you to be careful. You should know better than to go around putting on strange jewelry willy nilly.”

“I didn’t put it on! It did it all by itself!” Tonks exclaimed, throwing her hands up into the air in frustration.

“It could have happened to anyone, Molly,” Sirius spoke up as the Weasley matriarch opened her mouth. “Just like that incident with the Boggart a few days ago.”

Tonks smiled in satisfaction as Molly’s cheeks turned pink.

“Anyways, I can’t find a way to get this thing off,” Sirius continued. “Fortunately, we already cleared out all the dark stuff, so it shouldn’t hurt you. I’ll look through the library after the meeting and see if I can find out what it is.”

“We can just ask Professor Dumbledore when he gets here. I’m sure he’ll know what to do,” Molly said.

Tonks dropped her face in her hands with a groan.

“Moody’s gonna kill me,” she grumbled.

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“Hey, Tonks. Everything alright?” Harry asked worriedly as Tonks stepped into the drawing room.

“I’m fine, but the ruddy thing won’t come off,” Tonks sighed.

“It’s not affecting you, is it?” Hermione asked with a look of concern.

“Not that I can tell,” Tonks said, throwing herself down onto the couch next to Harry.

“We can do some research in the library while you have your meeting,” the younger witch offered hopefully. “I’m sure we can figure out what it is and how to get it off.”

“That and Hermione wants an excuse to raid the library,” Harry grinned.



Tonks snorted as Hermione's cheeks pinked before she let out a huff and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Well, excuse me for wanting to learn," she pouted playfully.

"She's right, though," Harry smiled. "We can try and look it up in the library."

"Thanks," Tonks smiled. "Just be careful, yeah? Molly would kill me if one of you got hurt."

"We will," Hermione agreed while Harry nodded.

As Hermione began talking about getting ready for their OWLs, Tonks found herself watching Harry a bit more closely. While there was definite affection between him and Hermione, neither of them showed the awkwardness that would suggest feelings beyond that of a deep friendship. For some reason, Tonks felt a bit of relief at that but shook off the thought.

He is kinda cute, though, she thought.

While Harry was a bit short at five and a half feet tall, he was certainly handsome. Under the baggy t-shirt he wore, she could make lean yet defined muscles. Looking closer at his oversized, heavily worn, stained clothes, she thought back to their conversation earlier.

Maybe I should buy him some decent clothes, she thought, and hex those damn Dursleys.

As she thought about what clothes he would look good in, Tonks relaxed and joined in the conversation. In almost no time at all, Hermione had worked herself up into a near panic worrying about her OWLs.

"Relax," Tonks said. "OWLs are more about determining what NEWT classes you should take. Employers don't even look at them. NEWTs are way more important."

“But if we fail our OWLs, we can’t even get into the class,” Hermione fretted.

“Bloody hell, Hermione. We’re not even at school yet,” Ron grumbled. “Besides, everyone knows you’ll pass. It’s the rest of us that need to worry.”

“Language,” Hermione scolded him absentmindedly. “And if you would study more, you wouldn’t have to worry so much.”

“So, what classes are you guys taking?” Tonks asked, hoping to avoid an argument.

“The core classes, obviously,” Hermione replied. “Plus, we all take Care of Magical Creatures. Harry and I take Ancient Runes. I take Arithmancy, and Ron takes Divinations.”

“Divinations?” Tonks asked, looking over at the redhead.

Ron’s ears turned red, and he lifted his magazine higher to hide behind it.

“It seemed easy,” he mumbled and shrugged.

Tonks held back a snort and shook her head. She liked Ron well enough, but it was a wonder that two people as driven as Harry and Hermione would hang around with someone so lazy.

“What do you want to do after Hogwarts?” she asked curiously.

“Dunno,” Ron shrugged.

“You might want to figure it out,” she told him before turning to Harry and Hermione with a questioning look.

“I have a few ideas, but I haven’t narrowed it down to just one yet,” Hermione answered. “I want to do something where I can help people. Maybe something at the Ministry?”

“Good luck,” Tonks said. “It’ll be tough, though. It’s had to move up unless you know people, and most of the higher-ups are pretty bigoted against Muggleborns.”

“Then maybe it’s time someone changed that,” Hermione said with a determined glint in her brown eyes.

Tonks grinned before turning to Harry.

“I was thinking about becoming an Auror,” he shrugged.

Tonks smiled widely, an image of Harry being her partner at work flashing through her mind.

“I’m not sure I want to do that now with the way the Ministry is acting, though,” he continued. “Maybe I could be a Curse Breaker or something with Enchanting.”

“Enchanting?” she asked.

“I like making things,” Harry shrugged.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a plain, silver ring with Runes etched into the outside of the band.

“I made this as part of my Runes project last year,” Harry said, slipping the ring onto his finger.

Holding out his hand, his palm vertical, a blue, glowing Protego shield appeared.

“That’s brilliant,” Tonks grinned.

Harry smiled and shrugged modestly before pulling off the ring and handing it to her.

“It’s pretty weak. It can only stop a couple of basic spells before it collapses. I need to figure out a way to channel magic better,” he told her.

Tonks looked it over and smiled before handing it back. Instead of taking it, Harry held up his hand and waved her off.

“Keep it. I’ve got more,” he smiled. “Maybe it’ll come in handy one day.”

“Cheers, Har,” Tonks said, smiling brightly.

Now that she knew what to look for, Tonks noticed similar looking rings being worn by Hermione, Ron, and Ginny. Slipping the ring onto her finger, she wondered if it might be a good idea to mention it to the Order or Madam Bones. Even a simple shield could save a life in the right situations.

“You mind if I show this to a few people?” she asked. “The Order and my boss, Madam Bones, might be interested in buying something like this.”

“I thought about that, but what’s to stop them from just stealing Harry’s idea?” Hermione asked.

“You could always patent it,” Tonks shrugged. “I’m not sure how to do it, but I could ask my dad. He’s a solicitor.”

“Sure,” Harry said. “I’m not sure how much they’ll help, though. Like I said, the shield’s not that strong.”

“It could still help,” Tonks told him. “A lot of Aurors get hurt because they’re ambushed. Being able to put up a shield without a wand would be a big help.”

“Well, if you think it’ll help, go ahead,” Harry said.

“Think about the money you’ll make,” Ron said dreamily. “If the Ministry buys those for every Auror, you’ll be rolling in Galleons.”

“I’m more worried about protecting people than a bit of gold,” Harry told him.

Ron’s expression darkened, and he turned back to his magazine.

“Must be nice to be rich,” Ron muttered just loud enough for them to hear.

Tonks felt Harry stiffen next to her and glare at him.

“There’s nothing stopping you from making something better and selling it yourself, Ronald,” Hermione huffed angrily. “If you would just put in the work-”

“Lay off Hermione!” Ron yelled, ears bright red as he jumped to his feet. “We can’t all be like you, you know.”

“That’s because you never try!” Hermione snapped back. “And I didn’t come up with it; Harry did.”

“Yeah, well, he’s Harry bloody Potter, isn’t he?” Ron snarked. “He gets everything!”

“You-”

Harry just barely got the word out of his mouth before Ron stormed from the room.

“Git!” he yelled after him. “He thinks I get everything!? Yeah, I get to fight Voldemort - again! I get attacked by Dementors and put on trial for defending myself!”

“He’s just jealous, Harry,” Hermione said. “You know how he gets.”

“I know, and I’m honestly getting sick of it,” Harry said angrily. “I’m sick of having to constantly watch what I have to say around him. I’ve wanted to talk to you about looking into buying the *Prophet*, but I didn’t want to say anything around him.”

“Really?” Hermione asked, her eyebrows shooting up. “That’s brilliant! Then you can control what they write about! We could finally get the truth out!”

“Er, I hate to break it to you, but I doubt that would work,” Tonks said. “The owner of the *Prophet*, Barnabus Chuffe, isn’t going to be willing to sell. Especially to you. He’s good friends with Fudge, and he’s worked with Malfoy and his lot for years.”

“Do you think he’s a Death Eater?” Harry asked.

Tonks shook her head, “No, but he sympathizes with them. He’s not the kind to get his hands dirty, but he’d be happy to see it happen. I’d bet he knows Voldemort is back and is working with him through Malfoy.”

“What about starting a new paper then?” Harry asked.

“That might work,” Hermione agreed thoughtfully. “You’d have to let someone else own it, though, or they won’t believe you. Maybe someone from the Order? We’d need printing presses, though, and a ton of owls.”

“I’ll talk to Sirius about it,” Harry said. “Maybe we can send someone to talk to Luna’s dad. Maybe he has one we can buy.”

“OH!” Hermione gasped. “Why don’t we just write Luna and ask her to publish your stories in the *Quibbler*!”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Harry said. “I like Luna, but the *Quibbler* isn’t known for its journalism. Besides, I don’t want to put her in danger. I think it would be better to start a whole new company. We could even make Rita write for us. That should help spread it with how popular her articles are.”

“Rita?” Tonks asked incredulously. “As in Rita Skeeter? How do you plan to get her to agree to leave the *Prophet*?”

“Er, well...” Hermione stammered, glancing over at Harry.

“We found out she’s an unregistered Animagus,” Harry smirked. “She’s a beetle. It’s how she spies on people. Hermione figured it out and kept her in a jar for part of the Summer. Then she told her she couldn’t write for a year, and she could never write about the Weasleys or us ever again.”

“Cor,” Tonks breathed, looking at a blushing Hermione.

“She deserved it after what she wrote,” the younger witch said unrepentantly.

“You’ll get no complaints from me,” Tonks grinned. “That woman’s a menace.”

Tonks thought back to stories her mother had told her about Rita Skeeter. They'd gone to school together, and Rita had taken great pleasure in spreading rumors about her mum when it came out she was dating a Muggleborn. Her mother hated the bitch, and that led her to an idea.

"I can talk to my mum, if you want," Tonks offered. "Between her and dad, they could help you get things started. Maybe she could even run it for you. I know she's been bored at home since I moved out, and she hates Rita more than anyone."

"Would she still be willing to work with her?" Hermione asked. "I hate to say it, but for this to work in the time we need it to, we'd need a name like hers to spread the word and make it look legitimate."

"A chance to be in charge of Rita Skeeter and make her life miserable every day, she'd love it," Tonks grinned.

"Alright, let's do it," Harry said firmly.

Tonks smiled, and she couldn't help but think how hot Harry looked when he was all confident and in charge. After talking for a bit longer and ironing out some details, people began arriving for the Order meeting. While Harry and Hermione headed for the library, Tonks made her way to the kitchen.

The meeting went as it usually did, with everyone reporting what they knew to Dumbledore and then receiving their orders. Tonks was frustrated they were doing so little to combat Voldemort at the moment, but she knew they didn't have much choice. Until the Ministry recognized that Voldemort had returned, it was too dangerous to go after Death Eaters. Fudge would love nothing more than to further discredit Dumbledore and imprison anyone associated with him.

Sirius and Tonks told Dumbledore about Harry's idea of her posing as Voldemort, but he didn't seem to take the idea seriously. He said he would take it into consideration, then changed the



subject. Tonks got the impression that he had already dismissed the idea and nothing would come of it.

“Albus,” Molly said loudly as the meeting began to wrap up. “Tonks put on a necklace she shouldn’t have, and now we can’t get it off of her. Do you have a minute to take a look at it?”

Everyone in the room turned to look at Tonks, and she knew her hair would be bright red right now.

“I didn’t put it on!” Tonks yelled frustratedly, throwing a glare at Molly. “I just picked it up, and it wrapped itself around me.”

“Of course, I’d be happy to take a look at it,” Dumbledore said.

Thankfully, most people started to leave after that while Dumbledore began waving his wand over the necklace.

“Have you noticed anything odd since this necklace decided to attach itself to you?” he asked.

“No,” Tonks said. “I feel fine. I just don’t like the idea of not being able to take it off.”

“I imagine not,” Dumbledore agreed amiably.

Using a spell she’d never seen before, a rainbow of glowing bands shined from the necklace. Tonks wished she could look down to see what was happening, but she didn’t dare move while he was working.

“Sirius,” Dumbledore called.

“Yes,” her cousin replied.

“Do you have a book called *The Enchanted Works of Bruin Forrester*, by chance?” he asked.

“Sounds familiar. I’ll go check,” he said before leaving the kitchen.

Tonks worried for a moment about Harry getting in trouble for being in the library before she realized Sirius probably wouldn’t care. Shaking off the thought, she turned to the headmaster.

“Do you know what it is?” she asked.

“I have a suspicion,” Dumbledore said.

Tonks waited for him to continue, then sighed when she realized he wasn’t going to say anything. She waited impatiently for a few minutes before Sirius finally returned, book in hand.

“Here,” Sirius said, handing Dumbledore the book. “Harry and Hermione were trying to figure out what it is too, but they haven’t found anything yet.”

Dumbledore hummed in acknowledgment as he flipped open the book and began to read. After a few moments, his brow creased with a thoughtful frown.

“Ms. Tonks, could you tell me exactly how you came to be in possession of this necklace?” he asked.

“Harry and I were going through one of the boxes in the drawing room when we found it,” Tonks explained. “When I held it up near my neck, the ends shot out and wrapped around me.”

“Did anyone get blood on it at any point?” Dumbledore asked.

Tonks felt her hands begin to tremble nervously as she thought back to what had happened.

“Yeah,” she said, licking her suddenly dry lips. “Harry pricked his finger on one of the points. What is it?”

With a sad look that did nothing to help her nerves, Dumbledore handed her the book.

“It’s called Bruin’s Seal, also known as the Concubine’s Curse,” he said as Tonks stared down at a picture of the exact necklace she was wearing. “As its name suggests, it was used on concubines in the seventeenth century. Back then, in the magical world, concubines were considered a form of property. This necklace was designed so that they could better serve their owners.”

“But we checked that room for cursed items. Maybe the magic’s worn off?” Sirius asked hopefully.

“I’m afraid not,” Dumbledore replied. “You didn’t detect a curse because this uses none. It uses a complex series of charms to affect the wearer. The necklace was designed to enforce positive, often sexual, thoughts towards the person they were bound to. Over the next few days, you’ll feel yourself – drawn, shall we say – towards Harry. You’ll find yourself understanding his desires instinctually and be compelled to fulfill them.”

Tonks swallowed thickly, thinking back to how she had felt earlier when talking to Harry.

“How long until I start feeling like that?” she asked apprehensively.

“It will take time for the bond between Harry and the necklace to establish itself. I suspect three at a minimum,” Dumbledore said.

Tonks nodded, feeling some measure of relief before old fears began to rear their ugly heads.

“So – so I’m going to be Harry’s plaything for the rest of my life?” Tonks asked, eyes burning as she fought back tears.

“There must be a way to get it off,” Sirius said, his hand coming to rest on her shoulder comfortingly.

“Certainly,” Dumbledore nodded to their relief. “Unfortunately, it was designed to be intentionally difficult. We’ll need to wait for the next new moon and then apply a drop of Harry’s blood before casting the charm to release it.”

“When’s the next new moon?” Tonks asked.

“Three weeks,” Sirius answered.

Closing her eyes, Tonks let out a trembling breath.

It could be worse, she thought to herself. I could have ended up bound to someone much worse.

A shudder ran through her as she thought about being bound to Ron. Or worse, Dung. Tonks swallowed down the bile that threatened to come up, the back of her throat burning slightly. As much as she knew Harry wouldn’t treat her poorly, she couldn’t help the memories of how she’d been treated before.

“There must be something you can do,” Sirius said, his voice pulling her from her thoughts.

“I’m sorry, but this is powerful magic,” Dumbledore said. “Trying to force the necklace to release her could be dangerous for her and for Harry. The only option I can think of would be to place you in an enchanted sleep until the new moon.”

"I can't. I'd lose my job if I was gone for that long," Tonks said miserably.

"I'm truly sorry, Tonks," Dumbledore said sincerely.

Tonks closed her eyes, and hot tears ran down her cheeks as Sirius wrapped his arm around her shoulders comfortingly.

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Nearly half an hour later, Tonks stood outside the library and took a deep breath. For a moment, she regretted not taking Sirius up on his offer to tell Harry for her. As much as she wanted to crawl into her bed and hide, she knew it would be best to talk to him about it now.

Pushing the door open, she stepped inside quietly. Harry and Hermione were at a table surrounded by stacks of books. She took comfort in the fact that he was trying so hard to help her when they didn't even know there was a problem.

That might change when he finds out the truth, a part of her couldn't help but think.

Closing her eyes, Tonks pushed away the thought of Harry ordering her to look like different women while her body had no choice but to obey.

"Wotcher," she said, her voice sounding tired and sad to her own ears.

Both of them looked up as Tonks watched Harry closely. The beginnings of a smile began to tug at his lips, only for it to fall and be replaced by a concerned frown.

"Tonks, what's wrong?" he asked.

“Did Dumbledore figure out what it is?” Hermione added.

“Yeah,” Tonks sighs, “he did.”

She opens her mouth, only for the words to get stuck in her throat. To buy herself some time, she walks over to the couch and takes a seat. Harry and Hermione share a quick glance before they stand and move to sit down on either side of her. Tonks’ leg bounced a mile a minute, the speed at which she imagined her heart was beating. Swallowing thickly, she closes her eyes, takes a slow, deep breath, and talks.

“It’s something called the Concubine’s Curse,” she said. “It activated when your blood touched it. Basically, over the next couple of days, it will start showing me your desires and compel me to fulfill them.”

“When you say desires, do you mean...?” Hermione asks tentatively.

“Yes,” Tonks chokes out.

Hermione released a horrified gasp, and she felt Harry’s arms wrap around her in a hug. The dam holding back her tears broke, and she sniffled, hot tears running down her cheeks for the second time that day. Leaning into Harry’s embrace, she soaked up the comfort she felt being in his arms. A part of her wondered if the necklace was already affecting her, but she couldn’t bring herself to care. It felt far too good to reject.

“I’m so sorry,” Harry whispered, and she could hear the sincerity in his voice.

“But you can take it off, can’t you?” Hermione asked.

“Not until the new moon,” Tonks replied, finally opening her eyes. “I’m stuck with it for the next three weeks.”

“But – but Harry would never abuse something like that,” Hermione said with a surety that left no doubt that she truly believed that. “So – so Harry just has to be careful about what he says, and you’ll be fine.”

“That’s not how it works,” Tonks said, turning in Harry’s arms.

Harry let go of her, and she immediately wished he hadn’t.

“Harry doesn’t have to say anything,” she continued. “Dumbledore said it takes his unconscious desires, and I’ll be compelled to fulfill them. It doesn’t matter if he wants me to or not. I’ll be able to fight it a bit, so I can keep going to work, but there’s nothing else we can do until the next new moon. So, unless Harry’s secretly gay...”

They all sat silently, each lost in their own thoughts for a long moment.

“Do you have the book Professor Dumbledore found it in?” Hermione asked. “Maybe I can find a way to get it off sooner. Or maybe there’s a way to dampen the effects.”

“Sirius has it in the kitchen,” Tonks replied.

Hermione chewed her bottom lip and looked between her and Harry for a moment before she stood.

“I’ll go take a look at it,” she said.

With a pointed look at Harry, Hermione turned and left the library. Tonks got the distinct impression Hermione wanted to give them time to talk alone.

“I’m so sorry, Tonks,” Harry said.

"S'not your fault," Tonks mumbled, leaning against his side and resting her head on his shoulder.

"Is there anything I can do so that I don't...?" Harry trailed off, and she was sure he was blushing.

"No," Tonks sighed. "The only other option is if they put me in an enchanted sleep, but I'll lose my job if I take that much time off work."

"Can't you just tell your boss what happened?" Harry asked.

"That would be even worse," Tonks said. "The laws for concubines still exist. If I told Bones, she'd have to report me as your property, and then I'd never be able to work again. Even when the necklace comes off, I'd still be considered yours. Stupid, bigoted, perverted old bastards."

"Well, what if they put me in an enchanted sleep?" Harry asked. "I've got nothing to do this Summer other than a bit of homework."

Tonks felt a swell of affection towards Harry for being willing to give up three weeks of his life just for her. Taking his hand from where it rested on his thigh, she laced her fingers through his and lifted her head to kiss his cheek.

"Thank you," she said softly, gratefully. "I really appreciate that, but I asked Dumbledore the same thing. He says it's too dangerous for you to be left defenseless right now. As much as I hate to say it, he's right."

"Well... bugger," Harry sighed.



After a moment of companionable silence, they heard a loud shout from down the hall. It didn't take them long to recognize the voice of Molly Weasley. Although they couldn't make out what she was shouting, it didn't take a genius to know she wasn't happy.

Tonks snorted, "Looks like Mount Molly's erupted."

Harry groaned just as the door opened, and Hermione slipped back into the library. Her cheeks were tinged pink, and she had an indignant expression on her face as she clutched a book to her chest.

"How bad is it?" Tonks asked.

The hesitant look on Hermione's face spoke volumes.

"That bad, huh?" Tonks sighed, closing her eyes.

"She means well," Hermione said quietly. "And I'm sure she'll understand once Sirius gets a chance to explain."

"Y'know, I never understood how a woman with seven children could be such a prude," Tonks grumbled, rubbing her eyes.

Hermione stared at her incredulously, mouth gaping before she let out a laugh.

"It's true, innit?" Tonks smiled as she lifted her head from Harry's shoulder. "And I'm pretty sure she had Bill six months after she and Arthur got married."

"Maybe that's why she acts like that," Hermione offered.

Tonks shrugged, "Maybe, but that woman seriously needs to back off. Don't get me wrong, I love the Weasleys, but Molly's been driving me bonkers. And don't get me started on the way she treats Sirius in his own bloody house."

Suddenly, Harry pulled his hand away and stood stiffly.

"Need to use the loo," he mumbled as he marched from the room.

Before Tonks could say anything, he'd left the room.

"Shit," Tonks said and sat back on the couch. "He's going to be hacked off with me, isn't he?"

"No," Hermione said, shaking her head. "I know Harry feels the same way. It's just... Well, you must have seen how the Dursleys treated him when you were guarding him, didn't you?"

"Yeah," Tonks said, her brow furrowed as she wondered what that had to do with it. "We talked about it earlier today too. Why?"

"He did?" Hermione asked, blinking in surprise. "Wow, it took me years to get him to say anything about his home life. Anyways, Harry was never allowed to have friends growing up. The Weasleys were the first family that ever cared about him. I know Harry is upset with Mrs. Weasley, too – he told me so a few days ago. It's just – Harry doesn't know how to deal with it. He doesn't like what she's doing, but he doesn't want to risk upsetting and losing them."

"Oh," Tonks said.

Sighing, she rubbed her face while Hermione sat down next to her.

"How are you?" she asked softly.

"I'm alright. No, really," Tonks insisted at Hermione's disbelieving look. "I'm not thrilled, obviously, but there's nothing I can do about it. To be honest, I'm relieved it's Harry, you know. Could you imagine if I was bound to Ron, or Sirius, or Dung?"

Sirius was her cousin, and she'd probably be scarred for life. Ron would use her to his heart's content and think there was nothing wrong with it, most likely making her turn into every girl he'd ever fancied. Dung, well, he would use her and rent her out to anyone with a few Galleons. Shivering in disgust, she shook her head and banished those thoughts.

At least Harry was a decent guy, and she'd already thought he was attractive before all of this happened. Sure, she wished he was a few years older, but it wasn't that big a deal. The problem was she didn't know if her faith in Harry was genuine or being forced on her by the enchantments she was under. Dumbledore said it would take a couple of days to finish the connection, but surely it was already starting.

"You're right," Hermione agreed with a sigh. "Come on, let's see if we can figure out a way to get that thing off you."

Hermione opened the book in her lap, and Tonks leaned over to read with her.

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They spent the next hour reading over the book and finding nothing that would help. Harry returned about twenty minutes after he left and sat down to help. He didn't say anything about where he'd gone, and neither she nor Hermione pressed him about it. It wasn't until Tons left the library and ran into Sirius that she found out.

"Molly was going on about you being a scarlet woman and corrupting poor innocent Harry when he walked into the kitchen," Sirius told her. "As you can imagine, he wasn't too happy about that. He tried to talk to her calmly, but you know how Molly can be."

"So, what happened?" Tonks asked.

“They got in a row when she said she was going to kick you out of the house,” Sirius snorted. “Not that I’d ever allow it, but Harry reminded her that this isn’t the Burrow. The kid’s brave; I’ll give him that. Took Molly to task on a few things. Like the way she’s treated me in my own house, blaming you for something that’s not your fault, and a couple of other things. Molly was so shocked Harry stood up to her that she just stood there and took it. It’s probably a good thing he stormed about before she could get herself together.”

Tonks smiled, a bubble of happiness rising up at the thought of Harry defending her.

“What’d Molly do?” she asked.

“Nothing,” Sirius smirked. “She just huffed, got all red in the face, and started making dinner rather aggressively. I don’t think it helped that Hestia and Emmeline saw the whole thing. Anyways, how are you holding up?”

Tonks spent a little while longer talking to Sirius before Molly called everyone for dinner. The atmosphere at the kitchen table was strained to say the least. Molly fumed silently while Sirius leaned over, quietly filling Arthur in on what he’d missed while at work. By now, everyone that had stayed after the meeting knew what had happened to her.

After a quiet, tension filled dinner, Tonks watched as Arthur pulled Molly aside and spoke to her under a Silencing Charm while everyone else headed to the lounge. Hestia stayed to talk with her for a bit, sympathizing with her and demanding to know how Harry was in bed to get a smile out of her.

That simple joke led to the seed of an idea that slowly grew long after Hestia had left for the night. If she was going to sleep with Harry, then it was going to happen on her terms. The first time, at least. In just over two days, the necklace would be heavily influencing her thoughts, but until then, she was in control. With a plan to keep some control of her life, Tonks found herself relaxing. When Harry looked at her questioningly, she smiled at him.

He was handsome, kind, surprisingly snarky, and brave beyond belief. She'd already liked him before the necklace. If she slept with him and enjoyed it, well, then maybe the necklace wouldn't need to affect her thoughts too much. Even if it did, then it wasn't like it was forcing her to do something she didn't want to anyways.

Filled with determination and with a plan firmly in mind, Tonks began opening up and joining in on the conversations around the room. Sitting next to Harry on the couch, she took his hand in hers as she talked to Arthur. Harry looked at her worriedly, but she was quick to reassure him that she was fine. He still looked a little confused, but Hermione smiled in understanding.

Unfortunately, not everything was going so well. Molly looked even more upset after her talk with Arthur, and Ron glared at Harry when he thought no one was looking. Tonks pursed her lips, wondering if she should pull him aside tomorrow and have a little chat with the gangly redhead. If he wasn't careful, he risked losing his two closest friends. Knowing how much that would hurt Harry, she thought it might be a good idea to talk with him before things came to a head.

Eventually, the evening wound down, and everyone headed off to bed. Upstairs in her bedroom, Tonks lay awake for two hours before climbing out of bed. Going over to her dresser, she picked out her sexiest set of lingerie and slipped it on. Turning to the side, she looked at herself in the full-length mirror. Her body, thin and fit from all of her training, looked good in the black bra and panties.

Her breasts were currently her preferred C-cup, big enough that she didn't look like the tomboy many of her classmates had accused her of being, yet small enough that she could go without a bra if she wanted to. She thought about making them a bit larger for a moment but quickly decided against it. She was sure Harry would get to experience that plenty once the necklace finished bonding her to him.

Pushing that thought away, Tonks changed her hair from blue to red with a smirk. Now, she was a scarlet woman, she thought. Grinning at the thought of what Molly would say if she saw her, Tonks grabbed a thin, black bathrobe and cinched it closed around her waist, hiding the teardrop-shaped crystal dangling from her pierced belly button.

Opening the door, Tonks peeked out into the hallway to make sure it was empty. Closing the door behind her as quietly as she could, she crept down the hall. She only made it two steps before the floor creaked loudly under her foot. Cringing, she froze in place and listened for the sound of someone coming to investigate. When nothing happened after a full minute, Tonks let out a breath she'd been holding. Silencing the floor, she kept going and threw another Silencing Charm at the door to Molly and Arthur's room for good measure.

Making it to the end of the hall, she turned the doorknob to Harry's room and stuck her head inside. The lights were out, but Harry rolled onto his back and looked up curiously when he heard his door open.

"Tonks?" he whispered.

"Hey," Tonks said, excitement coursing through her veins as she slipped into the room. "Can we talk for a minute?"

"Sure," Harry said, picking up his glasses and sliding them onto his face. "Is everything alright?"

"Yeah. I'm fine," she smiled before turning to lock and silence the door.

Walking over to the bed as Harry sat back against his pillows, Tonks sat down on the edge of the mattress. Overcome with a sudden bout of nerves, she licked her dry lips and looked up at his concerned face.

"Listen, I've been thinking about this, and I don't want our first time together to be because of this," Tonks said, gesturing to the pendant hanging from her neck.

"Okay," Harry said slowly with his brow furrowed, clearly not understanding where she was going.

Tonks smiled and glanced down, the dim street light just outside his window revealing his bare, toned chest. The angle of the light highlighted the various scars that marred his otherwise perfect skin. Wondering at the stories behind those marks, she reached out and ran her finger over the long, thin line of raised skin that ran from his shoulder to his chest. Harry shivered lightly under her feather-light touch, and she smirked before laying her hand flat on his muscular chest.

“I want our first time together to be because we wanted it, not because of some magic,” Tonks told him softly.

Harry’s bright green eye widened, and his adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed thickly.

“Er, Tonks. I’ve – I’ve never...,” he trailed off, his face darkening as he blushed.

“Then I’ll just have to teach you,” Tonks whispered with a smile.

Scooting closer, she ran her hand over his chest and abs, her fingers tracing many of the smaller scars dotting his skin. Staring into his bright, emerald green eyes, she smiled as she leaned close, their lips just an inch apart.

“That is, if you want me,” she said softly, her voice sounding more vulnerable than she’d wanted.

Biting her lip, he stared at her so intently it felt like he was staring directly at her soul. Slowly, his hand came up to rest on her waist.

“You’re sure the necklace isn’t affecting you yet?” he asked.

Tonks nodded, “I’m sure.”

Harry stared at her as if searching for something. He must have found what he was looking for, but cause the next moment, he surprised her by leaning forward and pressing his lips to hers. Closing her eyes, Tonks inhaled deeply through her nose and melted into him. The kiss was slow and deep, holding more passion than she'd ever felt before. Harry's arm circled around her waist and tightened, pulling her body flush against his.

With a moan, Tonks shifted to her knee and then straddled his lap. Her hand came up to cup his cheeks as she pushed him back against the pillows. Already, she could feel his excitement pressed against her thigh as his hands slid over her silk robe.

Breathlessly, Tonks broke the kiss and sat up. With a smirk, she rolled her hips, grinding against his erection while her hands untied her robe. Letting it fall open, she felt his arousal throb excitedly. Slowly shrugging the robe off her shoulders, Tonks tossed it to the side and smiled at Harry's gobsmacked face. Chuckling, she leaned down and kissed him passionately. The feeling of his rough, calloused hands on her bare skin sent a shiver of delight up her spine.

Despite his nervousness, Harry bravely reached up and toyed with the clasp of her bra. She moaned into his mouth, and he took it as the encouragement it was intended as. He spent several seconds struggling with the clasp before it finally popped open. Instantly, the bra fell down her arms and landed on his chest. Pulling her arms out one at a time, Tonks tossed it aside.

Harry slid his hands up her sides, his fingers tickling her ribs before cautiously moving to the front of her chest. His hands enveloped her breasts, cupping them gently. Tonks pulled her lips from his and arched her back, pressing them firmly into his hands. Biting her lip, and moan escaped her throat when her hard nipples rubbed against his palms. Harry took the opportunity to kiss and suck at her exposed throat. With a sensual moan, Tonks threaded her fingers through the hair at the back of his head and held him in place, her eyes fluttering closed at the feeling of his tongue running across her skin.

"You're so beautiful, Tonks," Harry whispered.

Smiling, Tonks tightened her fingers in his hair and pulled his head back to kiss him. When she pulled away breathlessly a few seconds later, she slipped her legs between his and shimmed



down with a grin. She trailed a line of kisses, hard sucks, and light, teasing bites down his chest and abs. Reaching the waistband of his cotton shorts, Tonks slipped her fingers underneath and yanked them down.

Harry's cock leapt up to greet her, just missing her nose as it sprang free. She grinned at the meaty slap it made when it hit his stomach. While not monstrous, it was certainly larger than anyone she'd been with before. Grinning, Tonks placed a kiss on the underside of his shaft, feeling it pulse under her lips. With a giggle, she finished pulling off his shorts and boxers before taking him in her hand.

Harry hissed, his length throbbing excitedly under her gentle strokes. This being his first time, she knew he wouldn't last long. Already, excitement was leaking from his tip. Holding his cock up vertically, Tonks looked up at him with a smile, winked, and then wrapped her lips around him. Harry gasped, his hips twitching as if holding himself back from jerking upwards.

"Holy shit," Harry breathed, his voice full of wonder.

Tonks pulled off of him so she could laugh, her hand still stroking him.

"Don't worry about lasting long," she told him. "This is just the appetizer."

Lowering her head, she swallowed the top half of his cock and swirled her tongue around him. Harry inhaled sharply, staring down at her as if he couldn't believe what was happening. Feeling the heat and moisture gather between her legs, Tonks decided not to draw things out. Bobbing her head quickly, she sucked hard on the way up and slathered him with her tongue on the way down. One of his hands shot out to rest on top of her head, his fingers combing through her hair and massaging her scalp.

Grateful that he didn't tug her hair like the last guy she'd done this for, Tonks relaxed her throat and swallowed him whole.

"Tonks!" Harry gasped, eyes wide as her nose pressed against his groin.

Gazing up at him, she winked before sealing her lips around him tightly and pulling back up agonizingly slowly. His cock swelled in her mouth, the tip leaking copiously and leaving a slightly salty taste on her tongue.

“I – I’m going to—” Harry broke off when she reached the head and sucked hard.

With a groan, he exploded in her mouth, his legs trembling as the muscles tightened. Stroking his length while holding the head between her lips, Tonks’ tongue was covered in a pool of hot, salty cum. Sucking hard and running her thumb up the underside of his shaft to drain him of every last drop, she sealed her lips tightly as she pulled off of him.

As Harry lay back against the pillows, a glazed, peaceful look in his eyes as he panted, Tonks smiled. When he finally looked at her, she opened her mouth to show him her prize before closing it and swallowing. Harry gasped lightly, and his cock lurched in his hand. Giggling, Tonks bent down and gave his softening length a kiss.

As he caught his breath, she took off her panties and tossed them to the floor. Grinning, she slowly crawled back up his body, pausing every now and then to plant a kiss on his skin. When she reached his face, Harry didn’t even show a hint of hesitation in kissing her passionately. Straddling his waist once more, Tonks pressed her hot, damp folds against his cock and rolled her hips. In no time at all, he began to harden against her mound.

“Looks like someone enjoyed themselves,” Tonks teased when they pulled apart.

“It was bloody brilliant,” Harry grinned.

Laughing happily, Tonks stroked his cheek, feeling the rough stubble under her skin. With one more brief kiss, she sat up on her knees and ground herself against his hardened erection. Groaning, Harry’s eyes fell to her mound, watching as her folds parted to hug his length as they slid up and down his shaft. Hands resting on her thighs, they followed the path of his eyes as they trailed upwards, drinking in the sight of her naked body.

“You’re incredible,” Harry said softly, his hand cupping her breasts and thumbs rubbing her pink nipples.

Closing her eyes, Tonks sighed contentedly at his soft touch. When she opened them a moment later, she raised herself up and reached down to grab his cock. Lining him up with her entrance, Tonks stared down at his face as she sank down on his hard, hot shaft.

Both of them gasped as he penetrated her depths. It had been a while for Tonks, and his considerable size meant he was stretching her open. The slight burn, combined with the incredible fullness she felt, pulled a moan from her lips. Breathing hard, she slowly sank down until his full length was buried in her depths. Harry gazed up at her with a look of such awe that it told her more about how he felt than words ever could.

“Harry,” Tonks moaned, rocking her hips.

Once she’d adjusted to his size, she lifted herself up a few inches before dropping back down. She gasped at the amazing feeling of his thick length forcing open her tight walls as he filled her up. Rolling her hips at the end, she lifted herself up and did it again. As Tonks bounced on top of him, Harry’s hands explored her body, searching for and finding the spots that made her moan, shiver, and gasp.

He found things she didn’t even know she liked, like when he ran the back of his nail along the underside of her breast or when he rolled her nipple and tugged. The slight pain made her insides flutter and sent a pleasurable shiver up her spine. Nails digging crescent-shaped dents into the skin of his chest, Tonks bounced harder, sending her tits bouncing wildly.

Planting his feet on the bed, Harry began bucking his hips up in time with her movements. The room filled with the sounds of their bodies clapping together. Tonks fell forward and trembled when the new angle caused his cock to hit just the right spot. She could tell by the look on Harry’s face that he wouldn’t last much longer, and she wouldn’t either.

“Harry,” Tonks moaned.

Harry gritted his teeth, and she knew he was only holding out for her sake. Closing her eyes, Tonks let out a trembling moan as she reached her peak, heat exploding from her core and enveloping the rest of her body. A moment later, Harry grunted, and she felt him spill inside of her. She gasped at the feeling of hot jets of cum splashing against her walls. Arms giving out, Tonks collapsed against his chest. Burying her face in the crook of his neck, she moaned and rode out her climax.

“I’m so glad we did this,” Tonks panted.

“Me too,” Harry said, kissing the top of her head as his arms wrapped around her tightly.

Basking in the euphoria, it was minutes before either of them spoke again.

“Do you mind if I say here tonight?” Tonks asked.

“Course not,” Harry murmured.

Smiling, Tonks lifted her hips, so he slipped out of her and then curled up against his side, her head resting on his chest. While Harry pulled the covers over them, she set an alarm for early morning. The last thing either of them wanted was for Molly to come bursting in and catch them in bed together.

Maybe this isn’t such a bad thing after all, Tonks thought as Harry’s arms wrapped around her.

### 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 wasn't 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 wouldn't 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 Death Eater, I suppose,” Harry shrugged.

“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 an 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. “Always doing what’s right, no matter how impossible it might seem.”

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 simply.

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 as she collapsed to the ground.

"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 and stumbled, 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."

"I'm 'sposed to be doin' somethin' fer Dumbledore later," Dung said.

"You should've thought about that before trying to nick a bag of gold 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 with her wand, 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 frowned.

“It wasn’t,” Tonk 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.

~

Lounging 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, he 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.

## 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 Ginny, 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, Tonks 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. From 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 that 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 up for it, 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 not to 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 with a sleepy smile.

"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 wands, 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 move 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 cheeks 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 happening 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 into 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 arrived, 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.

~

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 quiet 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 they’re 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 exclaimed. “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 Chuffe 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 Weasley.”



"I don't know," Andromeda said.

"Oh, and Harry and Hermione managed to get some blackmail on Rita Skeeter," Tonks grinned. "You'll be her boss until the paper gets off the ground. She'll have to do anything you want if she doesn't want to end up in Azkaban."

Her mother perked up thoughtfully at that.

"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.

Tonks 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 problems, 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.

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.

## Chapter 5

Tonks stumbled through the front door of Grimmauld Place, her limbs weak and aching from exhaustion. At two in the morning, only her hand catching on the wall kept her from falling to the floor and likely waking the whole house. Sighing in relief and tiredness, she walked carefully past the kitchen and trudged up the stairs.

It had been a horrifically long sixteen hours at work for Tonks. An hour before her shift was about to end, Johnathan Finch had called in sick at the last minute, and she had to take his

place. Things only got worse when Tonks and her partner for the night got called to a fight at a pub and found Finch trying to keep his wife from cursing the witch he was cheating on her with.

Of course, Finch was related to Morgan Finch, a Wizengamot member and part of Fudge's staff. That bastard Scrimgeour had let him off the hook with a slap on the wrist, and Tonks had been told to throw away her report before she could even finish it. Furious, she'd tossed the paperwork at Finch and left the office. Scrimgeour had frowned but thankfully let her leave. If she'd been forced to stay, she didn't know if she could've stopped herself from quitting on the spot. It was getting harder and harder to be an Auror lately.

Tonks ended up in Harry's room before she even realized where she was headed. Shaking her head, she realized that she hadn't slept in her room for the last two weeks. She hadn't even wanted to.

Tugging at her necklace subconsciously, she shook her head again and locked the door before stripping out of her clothes. Rubbing the underside of her breasts after dropping her bra to the floor, she stepped out of her panties and walked over to the bed. Tonks couldn't help but groan as she laid down on the mattress, her back, feet, and legs aching terribly.

"You okay?" Harry mumbled, his hand resting lightly on her stomach.

Tonks laid her hands over his and grimaced as she shifted closer to him, taking comfort in the feel of his body and his thoughts of genuine concern coming through the necklace.

"Just sore," she said. "I had a really long night at work. I didn't mean to wake you."

"S'fine," Harry said, kissing her temple and holding her close.

Humming, Tonks rolled onto her side and then hissed when the pain in her lower back flared.

"Roll over onto your stomach," Harry said before he climbed over her.

The thought of what he had in mind came to her at the same time he grabbed a bottle of lotion she'd left on top of the dresser a week before. A small smile stretched her lips as she rolled over onto her stomach. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Harry squirted a blob of lotion into his hand and rubbed them together.

Tonks groaned loudly as he started massaging her left foot and calf. Relaxing, she closed her eyes and laid her head on the mattress. For the next few minutes, he switched from one leg to the other, slowly making her way up to her back. Tonks felt like she was melting under his skilled hands as she groaned.

The next thing she knew, she woke up late in the morning with Harry spooned up against her back. She shifted slightly and smiled when his arm tightened around her waist, his morning erection straining against her thigh. Spinning around in his arms, Tonks sighed in relief at the complete lack of pain.

Thank Merlin, I have today off, she thought.

Seeing the cute frown on Harry's face as he slept, Tonks smiled and kissed him lightly on the lips. His frown turned into a small smile that caused her to giggle. When she softly pushed him onto his back, and he still didn't wake, it made her wonder just how long he'd stayed up massaging her back as she slept.

And probably my bum, she thought with a grin. Harry really did seem fascinated by that part of her body.

But right now, she was fascinated with a certain part of *his* body. Crawling backwards, Tonks settled between his legs on her stomach and took his long, rigid length in her hand. She smiled when he let out a quiet groan in his sleep. Smirking to herself, she opened her mouth and swallowed half of his length, and sucked hard.

"Huh?" Harry grunted, blinking his eyes open and squinting down at her.



The confused look on his face was so funny that Tonks had to take him out of her mouth so she could laugh. After slipping on his glasses, Harry shook his head and smiled bemusedly.

“Someone’s in a good mood this morning,” he said, his voice rough with sleep.

“I had a good night’s sleep,” Tonks grinned.

Bending his shaft towards her mouth, she gave the head a long, slow lick. Harry groaned, his head dropping back onto the pillow and his hand running through her hair. Wrapping her lips around him, she bobbed her head up and down, taking him deeper each time she descended.

Sliding forward and pushing herself up on her elbows so that his cock was sticking straight up, Tonks stared up at him with sparkling eyes and plunged downwards. Harry gasped as she took him deep into her throat, her lips sealed tightly around his base.

“Fuck,” he grunted.

Tonks smirked with her eyes and winked when he throbbed in her throat. After holding him there for several seconds, she kept her lips sealed tightly and dragged them all the way back up to the tip.

“I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that,” Harry sighed.

Tonks giggled and placed a kiss on his red, swollen tip. Climbing up onto her hands and knees, she crawled up his body and straddled his hips. As she leaned down to kiss him, she lowered her hips, trapping his throbbing shaft between her damp folds. Moaning into his mouth, she rolled her hips, panting as his hard length ground against her clit.

Sitting up, Tonks raised herself up and lined him up with her entrance. Harry reached up, cupping and squeezing her breasts as she slowly sank down on his long, thick shaft. Raking her

nails lightly over his chest, Tonks raised herself up and dropped back down slowly, rolling her hips as she bottomed out.

“Yes!” she hissed, biting her lips.

“Have I told you how brilliant you are?” Harry asked with a smile.

“Not today,” Tonks smirked.

As she leaned down to kiss Harry, his slid from her breasts to her bum. Tonks moaned into his mouth as he squeezed her muscular globes firmly. Lifting his knees and planting his feet on the mattress, Harry started thrusting into her as she rocked back against him. Tonks broke the kiss, panting lightly as she rested her forehead against his and closed her eyes. She let the feelings coming from the necklace, all of Harry’s affection and desire for her, wash over her.

“Harry,” she moaned.

With one hand still cupping her bum, the other caressed up her back and over her arm to cup her cheek. Opening her eyes, Tonks stared into his bright green eyes and kissed him passionately. Parting with a smile, she pushed herself up and started riding him harder. Harry’s hand trailed down her cheek to cup one of her bouncing breasts as she lifted herself up and then threw herself back onto his cock.

Harry thrust up into her, his thick cock filling her with hard, deep thrusts. They both panted hard as they built to a climax in unison. Just as Tonks felt heat explode from her core, a blissful euphoria washing over her, his cock pulsed hard as he erupted, his cock buried to the hilt in her depths.

Collapsing on Harry’s chest, Tonks buried her face in the crook of his neck as she trembled through her climax. His arms wrapped around her, holding her tight while his cock continued to pulse inside of her. Eventually, they both relaxed into a breathless heap.

~

"I was wondering if you two were going to wake up sometime today," Sirius smirked when they walked into the kitchen for lunch. "Hermione tried to wake you up, but apparently, the door was locked."

"I worked late yesterday," Tonks said as she and Harry took seats.

"Is that what they're calling it now?" Sirius teased.

"Sirius, not in front of the children!" Molly scolded.

Ginny rolled her eyes so hard that Tonks was surprised it wasn't audible.

"Anyways, it's about time you got out of bed," Molly continued. "Dumbledore Flooed. We're having an Order meeting tonight after dinner."

"Did something happen?" Harry asked.

"Not that we're aware of," Arthur replied. "I think it's just because most of us have today off."

"Is there anything else going on today?" Tonks asked.

"Why?" Sirius smirked. "Need a nap already?"

Tonks threw a piece of ham that hit him right in the forehead.

“No throwing food at the table!” Molly yelled from the stove as Sirius picked up the ham and ate it with a grin.

~

After lunch, Harry, Tonks, Hermione, and Ginny all moved into the lounge to relax. Unfortunately, they ran into Ron, who had spent the last few days hiding from pretty much everyone in his room. Tonks felt Harry tense next to her, his anger bleeding through the necklace, while Hermione and Ginny crossed their arms and glared.

Ron looked away, his ears going bright red as he stood, looking to flee the room.

“Ron,” Hermione said, dragging his name out threateningly.

Ron stopped and stared down at his feet, his entire face quickly turning red.

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

Harry bristled, but Tonks touched his arm to stop him from lashing out.

“What was that?” Tonks asked.

“I’m sorry,” he said a little louder.

“You really suck at apologizing, you know that?” Tonks asked, shaking her head.

“Sorry,” Ron mumbled, shuffling his feet.

Tonks rolled her eyes.

“You do know that Harry doesn’t actually force me to do anything, right?” she asked.

“Er, yeah. Hermione explained it to me,” Ron muttered. “I kinda knew it before that. I was just...”

“Being an idiot?” Ginny offered.

“Yeah,” Ron admitted.

Tonks was still a little angry with him, and she felt Harry was as well, but she didn’t think drawing things out would help anyone.

“Alright, I’ll forgive you, but I want you to take some advice,” she told him. “Whatever your jealousy issues are, get over it. No one wants a friend or boyfriend they constantly have to worry about upsetting.”

Ron nodded and then practically ran from the room.

“Git,” Harry grumbled.

His arm wrapped around her waist and held her tightly to his side. Tonks smiled, feeling his protectiveness, and kissed him on the cheek.

“He’ll learn,” she whispered.

Smiling, Harry squeezed her hips and then led her over to the couch.

“At least you actually made him apologize,” Ginny said as she sat. “Usually, he just gets away with a lame ‘sorry,’ and everyone forgives him.”

“I let him off pretty lightly, actually,” Tonks smirked. “I was going to make him tell me who he fancied most, then turn into her and take Harry upstairs for a good shagging.”

“Tonks!” Hermione exclaimed while Ginny fell sideways in her chair, laughing.

“Why didn’t you?” Ginny asked when her laugh was under control.

“Harry and I already had sex this morning. I don’t want to spoil him,” Tonks winked.

Ginny giggled, Hermione shook her head in exasperation, and Harry chuckled. With his arm around her waist, he kissed her temple before pulling her close. Tonks smiled, folded her legs under herself, and leaned against his side.

“Who do you think Ron would’ve picked?” Ginny asked, looking over at Hermione. “Lavender or Madam Rosmerta?”

Hermione scoffed, “Probably Lavender by the way he gawks at her chest.”

“I wish mine were that big,” Ginny said, glancing down at her breasts.

“You’re fine, Ginny,” Tonks said, a smirk creeping across her face. “Harry seemed to like them plenty when you accidentally flashed him.”

Her smirk widened when he felt Harry’s embarrassment at the same time Ginny blushed furiously.

“What?” Ginny squeaked. “When did I do that?”

“A couple of weeks ago,” Tonks grinned. “You wore a loose shirt and no bra when you bent over a bit too far. If it makes you feel any better, he only got a quick peek before he looked away.”

Ginny buried her bright red face in her hands.

“Tonks,” Hermione said, sighing in exasperation.

“Oh, don’t worry, he looks at you, too,” Tonks grinned. “He especially likes when you bend over in those tight jeans you wore yesterday.”

Hermione flushed, her mouth opening and closing several times without a sound. Meanwhile, Harry picked up Tonks, placed her on his lap, and then hid his face in her hair. Tonks threw her head back and cackled.

~

Tonks was still giggling at their flushed faces as they left the kitchen after dinner.

Teasing them is just too much fun, she thought.

“What’s so funny?” Hestia asked as she took the seat next to her.

“Nothing,” Tonks said. “Just something I said to Harry earlier.”

“I won’t ask then. He’s a bit too young for me,” Hestia said teasingly. “Anyways, did you hear about Finch this morning?”

“What’d that asshole do now?” Tonks groaned.

She suddenly felt a strong sense of disappointment coming from Harry but couldn’t tell what was causing it.

“Bones called him in for a meeting. The whole office could hear her yelling,” Hestia grinned. “It turns out that witch he was cheating on his wife with was Madam Marchbank’s granddaughter. He’s been lying to her for the last six months.”

“Holy shit,” Tonks said. “What the hell was he thinking?”

“I don’t know, but he’s the one getting screwed now,” Hestia grinned. “Marchbanks in on the warpath. I don’t know exactly what happened, but he managed to keep his job.”

“Of course he did,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes.

“But I bet he’s wishing he hadn’t,” Hestia continued. “He’s on Azkaban duty for the next six months.”

“Good,” Tonks nodded.

“Scrimgeour got a good chewing out, too,” Shack added, sitting down on the other side of her.

“Really?” Tonks said, glancing over at Hestia, who looked just as surprised.

“Bones wasn’t happy he tried to cover it up,” Shack said. “She can’t fire him, of course, but she’ll make his life tough for a while.”



“Wow, actual justice in the Auror Department?” Tonks asked. “That’s a first.”

Shack snorted, and Hestia giggled just as Dumbledore walked into the room. The meeting ran as usual, with little new information about Voldemort. He was still biding his time and rebuilding his forces.

“Tonks, stay behind for a moment,” Dumbledore said as the others filed out of the kitchen.

Tonks was a little surprised and looked over at Hestia questioningly. She just shrugged her shoulders and followed Shack out of the room.

“You wanted to see me, professor?” Tonks asked, having a sudden flashback to the numerous times she’d been called to one office or another for a scolding.

“Ah, Tonks, yes,” Dumbledore said, looking up from his parchment with a smile. “If you’re ready, we can go to Hogwarts and, hopefully, remove that necklace of yours.”

“Has it been that long already?” Tonks asked.

She felt surprisingly hesitant, her hand playing with the chain around her neck. She’d grown used to feelings of Harry’s thoughts and emotions. The thought of losing that felt much worse than she’d expected.

“Indeed it has,” Dumbledore smiled.

“Oh, um, sure. Ready when you are,” Tonks said, trying to sound upbeat.

“Excellent,” Dumbledore said, sending all of his notes from the meeting into his pocket with a wave of his hand.

Tonks followed after him as he left the kitchen and made his way towards the front door.

“Don’t you need Harry’s blood?” Tonks asked, hoping for a chance to see him before they left.

“Not to worry,” Dumbledore said. “I got it before the meeting.”

Tonks nodded, realizing that was probably where his sense of disappointment came from. Oddly, that thought made her feel better. As they walked out the front door, she reached up and gripped the pendant around her neck. It took some focus, Harry had gotten good at hiding his emotions when he wanted to, but she could still feel his worry and anxiety. Knowing that he was worried about what would happen between them when she returned brought a smile to her face.

~

After getting to Hogwarts and meeting with Professor Flitwick, it took another half an hour of preparation before they could cast the spell to remove the necklace. The whole thing felt more like a ritual to Tonks.

Out on the front lawn, with only the torches from the castle to provide light under the new moon, Dumbledore and Flitwick chanted in unison for minutes with their wand pointed at the clasp. Everything came to a rather anticlimactic end when the chanting stopped, and the clasp clicked open.

Immediately, the necklace fell from around her neck. Tonks had to reach up quickly to catch it before it fell. The stone in the middle, which had been ruby red since she’d first seen it, was now completely clear. A trembling breath left her lips as she stared down at the pendant in her hands.

“That was more tiring than I expected it to be,” Flitwick admitted. “Whoever created those enchantments certainly didn’t want them removed easily.”

“Indeed,” Dumbledore agreed. “How do you feel, Nymphadora?”

“Fine,” Tonks said, barely registering the use of her first name. “I feel great.”

Thinking about Harry without the compulsions of the necklace or feeling his thoughts or emotions, a brilliant smile lit up her face.

“Thanks, professors, but I should probably get back,” Tonks said quickly. “Don’t want Filch to find an excuse to put me in detention again.”

“Of course,” Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling brightly.

Grinning, Tonks waved as she raced towards the front gate.

~

Running into Grimmauld Place, Tonks nearly tripped as she made her way down the hall.

“Tonks, in here,” Sirius said, waving her towards the kitchen.

“Sirius, have you seen-“

“Surprise!”

Tonks’ eyes went wide as she stared at the room full of people, including her parents and several Order members she’d thought had left for the night.

“What the hell?” she asked.

At the front, Molly frowned while the rest of the room laughed.

“It was the girls’ idea,” Molly said, gesturing to Hermione and Ginny.

“We thought you might like to celebrate your freedom,” Hermione said.

“Oh, wow. Thanks,” Tonks said, forcing a smile.

As people came forward to hug and congratulate her, she searched the room for Harry. It took a little while, but she finally spotted him in the very back, looking nervous.

“Excuse me,” Tonks said to her mother.

Eyes never leaving Harry, she pushed her way through the crowd towards him. He swallowed nervously as she approached, the room quieting around them.

“Hey,” Harry said quietly as she stopped in front of him. “How do you feel?”

“I feel... exactly the same,” Tonks smiled.

Her smile widened when Harry blinked at her, confused. Stepping closer to him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down for a kiss. Harry smiled against her lips, his arms pulling her close as they kissed.

Sirius let out a loud wolf whistle, and everyone else started clapping. As they broke apart, their arms still around each other’s waists, the others came forward to congratulate Tonks again. This time, she smiled when they did.

~

### 15 Years Later

Waking early in the morning, Tonks pulled herself closer to the warmth of her husband's body and laid her head on his shoulder. With her leg draped over his, her left hand rested on his chest. On her ring finger sat a gold band with a large, ruby colored diamond. The same color as the stone in the pendant she'd worn for a brief time a decade and a half earlier.

Harry stirred, and his hand came up to cover hers. The gold band on his finger carried a smaller but identical ruby colored diamond. Tonks closed her eyes and inhaled deeply, savoring the feeling of the affection filled emotions that washed over her.

"Morning, love," Harry mumbled sleepily.

"Morning," Tonks smiled.

Harry kissed the top of her head, his hand trailing up her arm and then covering her breast over her camisole.

"The kids will be up soon," she reminded him with a grin.

He groaned, and she could imagine the pout on his face.

"Don't worry, it's the first," Tonks said. "As soon as they're off to Hogwarts, I'm all yours, love."

"Not soon enough," Harry muttered.

Laughing, Tonks propped herself up on her elbow and kissed him lovingly. Just as Harry tried to slip his hand under her camisole, they heard the sound of running feet followed by the slamming of a door.

“Teddy, I have to go!” Lily yelled.

“I got here first!” Teddy yelled back.

Lily let out a frustrated growl and then stomped down the hall. A moment later, she was knocking on their door.

“Come in,” Tonks called out, swatting Harry’s hand away playfully.

Lily, their oldest at sixteen, cracked open the door and peeked in as her hair changed from an angry red to her preferred black.

“Can I use your bathroom?” she asked. “Teddy’s being a git.”

“Yes, and don’t call your brother a git,” Tonks said. “He’s a prat.”

Lily rolled her eyes at the familiar joke and rushed to their bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

“Looks like it’s time to get up,” Tonks sighed.

“I’m gonna need a minute,” Harry said.

“You know, most men get *less* randy as they get older,” Tonks teased.

“Not with you around,” Harry grinned, his eyes raking over her body.

“I can hear you!” Lily shouted.

Harry blushed and pulled the covers further up over his bare chest. Tonks laughed and shook her head.

“I love you,” she said.

“I love you, too,” Harry said as she leaned down to kiss him.

Instead of pulling away, Tonks kissed along his jaw and nibbled at his ear.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard when we get back from the station,” she whispered.

Before Harry could say anything in return, she jumped out of bed with a grin and threw on her robe. Harry glanced over at the bathroom door cautiously before jumping out of bed and tugging on a pair of pants. Tonks let out a squealing laugh as he chased her out of the room and down to the kitchen.

A moment later, the toilet flushed, and Lily stepped out of the bathroom.

“How do I only have one brother?” she asked herself, shaking her head.

“I’m on the potion,” Tonks said, grinning as she poked her head around the doorframe.

“Mum,” Lily whined. “I really didn’t need to know that.”

“Don’t ask questions if you can’t handle the answer. Now come on, your dad’ll have breakfast ready soon,” Tonks said.

Tonks smiled as she followed her daughter down the stairs and back to the kitchen. Teddy was already eating at the table as Harry set out more plates of food. It always amazed her how happy he could be in moments like these. She smiled, once more thankful for a cursed necklace that turned into a blessing.

Feeling her thoughts, Harry looked up and smiled at her. For a moment, as had happened numerous times throughout their marriage, their thoughts matched.

I guess not all curses are bad.