

Chapter 8

Tonks smiled as she rested her head on Harry's chest, and arm and leg draped across his body. Merlin how she'd missed this.

Maybe I should talk to Dumbledore about taking the Defense post once Umbridge is rotting in Azkaban, she thought.

Just the idea of Harry bending her over the teacher's desk in his Hogwarts uniform was getting her excited again, even after having sex for forty-five minutes straight. She couldn't help but giggle at all the role-playing ideas that would open up. Harry could seduce her for extra credit, or she could 'punish' in detention. Maybe they could even switch roles and Harry could be the one punishing her, she thought. Aging potions were simple to make.

"What's so funny?" Harry asked while pulling her closer and kissing the top of her head.

"Just thinking," Tonks said as she ran her hand over his chest.

Grabbing his wrist, she lifted his hand to check the time on his watch.

Good, she thought, they still had another hour together before she had to leave.

Sliding her leg all the way across his body, Tonks straddled his waist and pushed herself up. Harry moaned as she rubbed her dripping folds on his spent member. Damn how she loved the sounds he made for her. With a playful smile, she ground herself down on him, hoping his teenage stamina would hold out for one more go.

Sure enough, in moments, he began to harden against her mound which leaked their combined fluids all over him. Reaching up, Harry cupped her dangling breasts before sitting up to take her sensitive nipple between his lips. Letting out a quiet moan, Tonks supported her weight on one

arm to run a hand through his hair. Closing her eyes, she enjoyed his gentle sucking as his tongue circled and flicked over her engorged nub.

As his throbbing erection pressed against her swollen lips, Tonks ground her clit along his length with a moan. Raising herself up, she lined him up with her entrance and sank down on his hot, hard pole, blissfully savoring the way his thick head and shaft lightly stretched her depths perfectly.

Seeing the way he continued to focus on her chest as she settled on his lap, Tonks smirked and closed her eyes. Harry grunted in surprise and let her nipple fall from his mouth when her breasts began to expand another two cup sizes. Opening her eyes, she laughed at the gob smacked look on his face as he stared at the now massive tits jutting from her chest.

Leaning forward, Tonks shook her chest back and forth, slapping his cheeks with her heavy orbs.

“Bloody hell,” Harry said.

As Harry cupped her breasts and buried his face between her massive mound, Tonks ran her hand through his hair and began riding him. Lifting herself halfway up his length, she stopped and dropped back down, moaning as she rolled her hips at the bottom. Laying back on the bed, Harry continued groping her bouncing, jiggling breasts while planting his feet on the bed and bucking up into her.

Quickly falling into a rhythm, they gradually sped up until the sound of their bodies slapping together wetly echoed off the walls. This is what Tonks had been waiting for, a chance to really ride his cock for all she was worth with the aftereffects of the Cruciatus Curse driving her insane from the overwhelming sensations.

Digging her nails into his chest, Tonks threw her head back and cried out as she came yet again, having lost track of the number of orgasms she’d experienced a long time ago. Harry’s hands finally left her chest, sliding down her sides to grip her hips.

Falling forward, with her hands planted on either side of his head, she stared down at bright, lustful green eyes as she continued to moan and tremble from her climax.

Holding her hips still, Harry started hammering his cock into her at a blistering pace. Tonks gasped, her mouth falling open and her eyelids fluttering as her overstimulated nerves screamed for mercy. One peak led straight into the next from his frantic, animalistic thrusts. Her arousal soaked his groin as the breath was forced from her lungs. When she finally did get a breath, the only sound that left her lips was an unintelligible whine.

Fortunately for her sanity, Harry didn't last much longer. With one last thunderous buck of his hips that drove a grunt from her open mouth, he buried his cock inside of her. She could feel it swell and pulse as he filled her quivering depths. Tonks could even feel each hot jet of cum as it splashed against her walls with surprising force for how many times he'd already cum.

Collapsing forward, she buried her face in the crook of his neck as she panted to regain her breath. Her huge breasts caused her back to arch awkwardly, but for now she was too spent to shrink them back down. As Harry wrapped his arms around her, she closed her eyes to savor the bliss and contentment flooding every inch of her body.

"Tonks," Harry said, gently stroking her bare, sweaty back.

"Hunh," she grumbled sleepily.

"Tonks, it's time to get up," he said, smiling.

Groaning, Tonks sat up and blinked as she took in her surroundings.

"How long was I out?" she asked groggily.

"A while. It's almost three," Harry said.

“Shit. Why’d you let me sleep so long?” Tonks asked as she laid her head down on his chest.

Wincing, she closed her eyes and screwed up her face. A moment later, he felt her breasts shrink back down to their usual size before she worked her shoulders.

“I fell asleep too,” Harry admitted.

Sighing, Tonks hugged herself to his chest.

“I don’t wanna leave,” she said petulantly with a pout.

“I don’t want you to either,” Harry said, stroking her back.

They continued to lay like that, neither of them making any effort to get up for a few more minutes. Finally, Tonks sighed and rolled off of him before standing up and gathering her clothes.

“When’s your next Hogsmeade visit?” she asked.

“Not for another two months,” Harry said sadly.

“Fuck,” Tonks said as she clipped her bra and put on her skirt.

“I could always sneak out,” Harry offered hopefully while climbing out of bed and gathering his own clothes.

Tonks looked thoughtful for a long moment.

“Let’s see what happens with Umbridge first,” she said. “It would be safer if I snuck into Hogwarts instead of you sneaking out. The last thing we need is You-Know-Who catching you with your pants down.”

“Be a hell of a way to go though,” Harry joked.

Tonks snorted and smiled as she repaired her shirt with a flick of her wand and slipped it on. Far too quickly for his liking, they were both dressed. Walking over to Harry, Tonks wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed him tenderly. With a groan, she pulled back her eyes locked with his as she licked her lips.

“I’ll see you in a few hours,” Tonks said softly.

Harry nodded, and she leaned forward to kiss him briefly. As she pulled back and turned to leave, he grabbed her hand and yanked her back for one more kiss. Giggling, Tonks pulled back, and stroked his cheek.

“I’ll see you soon,” she promised.

With one final kiss, she stepped back out of reach and waved as she left. Harry sighed as he watched her go.

Three and a half hours later, Harry was making his way back to the Shrieking Shack when Fred and George ran up to him.

“Hey, Harry,” Fred yelled as they caught up to him.

“We have it,” George whispered on his left.

“Really?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Really,” Fred said on his right.

“Lee just finished it,” George said.

“He talked to his sister at the Ministry,” Fred told him.

“You know, the one with the great legs,” George jumped in.

“Exactly,” Fred agreed. “Anyways, she agreed to help us out.”

“But she can only buy us an hour at most,” George took over. “Here.”

Harry held out his hand as George handed him what looked like a stage microphone from the fifties that had no stand or cord attached.

“Just tap it with your wand, Shelly will know when you do and she’ll take care of the rest,” Fred said.

“Brilliant, Tell Lee I owe him one,” Harry said with a grin.

“Will do,” George said.

As the twins broke off and headed back towards the shops, Harry jogged to the Shrieking shack. Right on time, he heard three cracks as Tonks, Kingsley, and Madam Bones Apparated at the end of the road. He smiled when he noticed Tonks was now wearing a pair of black trousers. It made him wonder if she’d changed, or if she had just transfigured her skirt.

As they neared the shack and looked around, Harry glanced around to make sure they were alone before sticking his hand out of the cloak and waving them over. Leading them over to the back door, he waited until they were all inside before taking off his cloak.

“Mr. Potter,” Madam Bones said in greeting. “I trust you have a way to get us into the castle.”

“There’s a secret tunnel there,” he said, pointing over to the trap door, “that comes out under the Whomping Willow. We can slip into the castle through the Transfigurations courtyard, it should be pretty empty.”

“The Whomping Willow?” Madam Bones asked dubiously.

“It’s safe, there’s a knot on the trunk you can press that stops it from moving for a bit,” Harry told her.

Looking at him curiously, she nodded.

“Very well,” she said, then turned. “Tonks, Shackbolt, I want you two to wait here in case I need you.”

Both of them nodded.

“Will the tunnel take us to the castle faster?” Kingsley asked.

“It might, but it’s pretty cramped,” Harry told the tall, broad shouldered man with a smile. “You’d probably have an easier time getting in through the front door.”

Kingsley’s lips twitched as he nodded.

“When should we leave?” Madam Bones asked.

Harry checked his watch.

“Soon,” Harry replied. “It’s a long walk up to the castle. Do you have your cloak?”

“I do,” she answered, pulled it out of her pocket.

Nodding, Harry walked over to the trap door and pulled it open. Looking back up, he made eye contact with Tonks who smiled and winked as Madam Bones walked over to him. Giving her a small smile, he ducked into the tunnel and light his wand.

“You weren’t kidding about this being cramped,” Madam Bones said as she lit her wand and followed him.

“It widens a bit further in,” Harry told her,

“You use this tunnel often?” she asked more curious than accusing.

“Just once,” Harry said, licking his lips nervously. “The night Sirius Black pulled Ron down here.”

“I see,” Madam bones replied.

“He’s innocent,” Harry said, unable to help himself.

“What makes you think that?” she asked.

"I saw Peter Pettigrew that night, he was hiding as Ron's pet rat, Scabbers," Harry explained. "He confessed to everything; being my parents Secret Keeper, betraying them to Voldemort, framing Sirius. I told Fudge but he didn't listen to me. Again."

"I was told you and your friends were Confounded," Madam Bones said.

"I wasn't Confounded!" Harry barked angrily as he stopped and turned to face her. "You can ask Madam Pomfrey. She checked us when we got back to the castle. None of use was Confounded."

"Maybe I will," Madam Bones replied calmly before gesturing for him to keep moving.

Sighing, Harry turned back around and began walking again.

"You can ask Ron, Hermione, and Professor Lupin. They all saw the same thing I did," Harry said.

"I'm afraid it will take more than the word of three students and a Werewolf to overturn his conviction," she told him.

Harry's free hand balled up in a fist as his anger grew. Realizing that not all of that anger was his own, he took a deep, calming breath and focused on his Occlumency for a moment.

"He was never convicted," Harry corrected her once he'd calmed down.

"What?" Madam Bones asked.

"Sirius never had a trial," he said. "Or if he did, he wasn't there for it. Crouch just threw him Azkaban. That can't be legal, can it?"

“No,” she admitted. “Everyone accused of a crime has a right to defend themselves before the Wizengamot.”

“Yeah, well, Sirius didn’t,” Harry said bitterly.

They walked in silence for a long moment before Madam Bones spoke.

“You don’t seem too fond of the Ministry,” she said.

“Why should I be?” Harry asked. “In my second year, I watched Fudge arrest Hagrid just because, and I quote, ‘the Ministry must be seen doing something.’ He didn’t care that Hagrid was innocent and there was no proof he did anything wrong. They just threw him in Azkaban, and no one did anything about it. Then third year, they sent Dementors to Hogwarts that attacked me three times, nearly killing me twice, and refused to listen to anything my friends and I told them just because we were students. Why does that even matter anyways?”

Harry huffed as his anger grew at the unfairness of it all.

“Then last year, they refused to let me out of a tournament I wanted nothing to do with,” Harry continued. “I mean seriously, what moron forces barley of age students into a contract to fight for their lives? And again, they completely ignore me when I try to tell the truth about what happened. Worse than that, they call me a delusional liar in the press, bring me in for some ridiculous trial for defending my life and try to expel me from Hogwarts. And when that fails, they send a sadistic, power-hungry bitch to take over Hogwarts so she can torture me and make sure no one learns anything useful about Defense. So, no, I’m not too fond of the Ministry.”

Growling, Harry kicked a rock to let out some of his anger.

“That’s not to mention half of the Death Eaters that showed up when Voldemort called them are all ‘close, personal friends’ of dear old Fudge,” Harry grumbled. “Honestly, sometimes I wonder why I even bother trying.”

“Can you give me their names?” Madam Bones asked.

“Crabbe, Goyle, Malfoy, Nott, McNair, and Yaxley,” Harry listed off.

“McNair? Walden McNair?” she asked sharply.

“I don’t know his first name, but he works as the executioner at the Ministry,” Harry told her as they reached the end of the tunnel. “We’re here. How long will it take you to use that All-Seeing Eye?”

“Not long, I just need to set it in the open,” Madam Bones replied.

Reaching into his pocket, Harry pulled out the Marauders map. He wasn’t happy about having to show it to Madam Bones, but he needed it to sneak her through the castle.

“Put on your cloak,” Harry said before pointing his wand at the map. “I solemnly swear I’m up to no good.”

As Madam Bones vanished from sight, he crawled out from under the Whomping Willow and tapped the knot on the trunk. The tree instantly stilled, and Harry looked back into the tunnel and held out his hand. A moment later, he felt Madam Bones grab his hand as he helped her out.

“This way,” Harry said.

Walking around to the side of the castle, rather than making his way to the main entrance, he led Madam Bones to the Transfigurations courtyard. Since most of the students were still in the Great Hall, finish dinner, the halls were pretty quiet. Only a handful of first and second years were milling about, playing Gobstones and Exploding Snaps.

Walking through the courtyard and back into the castle, Harry headed to the main staircase while listening carefully to make sure Madam Bones was still following him. Making his way to the third floor, he stopped just outside the door to the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom.

Reaching behind him, his fingers brushed Madam Bones' cloak.

"Don't arrest her right away," Harry whispered in her direction. "Tap my shoulder when the Eye is set up if you can, I want to try and get her to talk a bit."

Without waiting for a reply, he walked up to the door and knocked. He knew she wouldn't be happy with him, but he didn't want to give her time to argue. He wanted as much evidence as possible. Reaching into his pocket, Harry gripped his wand and tap the microphone Fred and George had given him, praying it would work.

"Come in," Umbridge called out.

Taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, Harry pushed the door open wide. As he closed it slowly, he felt Madam Bones brush past him.

"You're late, Mr. Potter," Umbridge said with a wide, closed lipped smile. "I'm afraid that will be another detention."

Harry looked at his watch just as it ticked over to a minute past one. Looking back up, he glared at Umbridge.

"Something you wish to say?" she asked.

"No, professor," Harry said, his hands balled into fists.

Standing up, Umbridge walked over to the desk closest to him at the back of the room and set a familiar, black quill, along with a stack of parchment, on it.

“You know what to do,” she said with a smirk.

With a little giggle, she turned and walked back to her desk at the front of the room, her pink heels clicking on the hard stone floor. Sitting down at the desk, Harry picked up the quill and began writing lines. When the scratches cut into his already raw skin, he bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself from making a sound. After only a dozen lines, he felt a squeeze on his shoulder. Madam Bones didn't let go, and it was surprisingly comforting to know someone was with him.

“Tea?” Umbridge asked, causing Harry to startle slightly.

“No,” Harry said.

Despite his reply, she still placed a cup on the corner of his desk.

“This isn't going to work, you know,” Harry said as she turned to walk away, causing her to stop and turn back to him. “I'm not going to stop saying Voldemort's back just because you cut my hand.”

Umbridge smiled, her eyes glittering.

“That will be a week's detention,” she said with a giggle. “That should give you plenty of time for our little lessons to sink in.”

Harry glared at Umbridge hatefully as she turned to walk away again.

“No,” Harry growled, slamming the quill on his desk.

“No?” Umbridge asked, turning to look back at him.

“I’m not writing one more word with that quill,” Harry told her.

“Then you will have detention for a month,” Umbridge said, her face turning red. “Now you will pick up that quill and do as you’re told, or I will give you detention for the rest of the year.”

“No,” Harry said, folding his arms over his chest.

“You will do what I tell you to do!” Umbridge yelled, her eyes bulging slightly in her fury.

“Or what?” Harry asked, folding his arms over his chest. “What are you going to do, torture me? Kill me? Not even you can get away with that.”

Harry’s sense of satisfaction at finally getting one over on Umbridge faded as she suddenly calmed and gave him a malevolent smirk.

“Oh, but I already have,” she said.

“What are you talking about?” Harry asked.

“Who do you think sent those Dementors after you?” Umbridge asked with smirk.

“What!?” Harry yelled in shock. “You? But – I thought Voldemort –”

“He is not back!” Umbridge screamed before stalking back towards him. “Yes, I was the one who sent those Dementors after you. I am the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic and High Inquisitor of this school. There is nothing a pathetic little Half-blood school boy like

you can do to stop me. Now, you will write your lines, or I will have you expelled, and there is nothing you can do about it.”

In a flash of blue light from over his shoulder, Umbridge was knocked on her ass. As she looked up in shock, her short, stubby wand flew out of her hand just as Madam Bones threw off her cloak, a furious expression on her face. Her hand snapped up and caught the wand easily before stowing it in her pocket.

“Bones!” Umbridge shouted fearfully. “What-”

“Delores Jane Umbridge,” Madam Bones said, interrupting her. “You’re under arrest.”

With a flick of her wand, a pair of iron manacles on a long chain flew out of her pocket and clamped shut on Umbridge’s wrists before the chain shortened to just a few links.

“You can’t do this to me!” Umbridge shrieked. “I’ll have your job for this!”

“It’s not my job you should be worried about,” Madam Bones said calmly before raising her wand. “Expecto Patronum.”

A silvery white Badger leapt from her wand and floated in front her patiently.

“Tonks, Shackbolt, I’ve arrested Umbridge. Come to the school and search her office,” she said. “No one else in or out. I’ll be in the headmaster’s office if you need me.”

Doing a flip in the air, the badger flew through the window and off into the distance.

“Let’s go,” Madam Bones said to a glaring Umbridge.

Struggling to her feet, Umbridge huffed and stuck her nose up in the air as she marched towards the door. Holding her at wand point, Madam Bones grabbed the quill off the desk before she and Harry followed. As they reached the door, Madam Bones paused and scooped up a round, shiny black ball that looked to be made out of some kind of hard stone. He guessed that must be the All-Seeing Eye she'd told him about.

As the trio walked through the halls, students stopped and stared at Umbridge. Quietly, they whispered excitedly and cheered. Harry smiled at some of the D.A. members they passed and smirked when he saw Malfoy and his friends looking worried. Just as they reached the staircase, Professor McGonagall spotted them and rushed over.

"What the meaning of this?" she asked, then noticed the shackles on Umbridge. "Has something happened?"

"If you'd follow us to the headmaster's office, I'd be happy to explain," Madam Bones said.

Nodding, she glanced at Harry before they resumed the short trek to the second floor. Professor McGonagall gave the password to the Gargoyle statue guarding Dumbledore's office, and she ascended the spiraling staircase up the office where she knocked on the door.

"Come in," Dumbledore called out.

He looked entirely unsurprised to see them walk into the office.

"Good evening, Amelia," he said. "What brings you to our humble school?"

"I'm afraid it appears your Defense professor has been torturing one of your students," Madam Bones said.

Professor McGonagall gasped, and Harry was relieved to see even Dumbledore looked surprised. He had worried that the professor knew what was happening, and just chose to do nothing about it.

“Would you care to explain?” he asked.

“Professor Umbridge has been forcing Mr. Potter to write lines with a Blood Quill for the past few weeks,” Madam Bones said.

“What?” Professor McGonagall gasped. “Mr. Potter, why in Merlin’s name didn’t you tell me?”

“I was worried you’d get fired,” Harry said.

“While I appreciate your concern, it’s not your place to worry about me,” she told him gently but firmly.

“You were the only one that stood up to her,” Harry said, giving Dumbledore a pointed look.

He felt no guilt when Dumbledore turned away with a sad expression on his face.

“Well, do you have anything to say in your defense, Delores?” he asked.

“I’ll have your jobs for this,” she said with a glare. “I see what’s happening here, and so will Cornelius. Well, it won’t work.”

“And what is it, exactly, that you believe we are doing?” Dumbledore asked curiously.

“Don’t play stupid, old man,” Umbridge spat. “I know this is all a plot for you to take over the Ministry.”

Harry stared at Umbridge and tilted his head, wondering if she was acting in the hopes of getting out of trouble, or is she actually believed that.

“You’re delusional,” Professor McGonagall said.

“Indeed,” Madam Bones said. “She even confessed to send those two Dementors after Mr. Potter this summer.”

“You sent them?” Professor McGonagall asked with a deadly calm. “I knew you were depraved Delores, but attempting to kill a student?”

Umbridge simply glared at her before huffing and turning her nose up.

“I notice that you do not refute any of this,” Dumbledore observed.

“It doesn’t matter,” Umbridge said. “So, what if I tortured the brat? Cornelius will never believe any of this, no matter what proof you think you have.”

“Well, I believe we shall find out soon enough,” Dumbledore said. “I expect Minister Fudge will be here soon.”

“What makes you think that?” Professor McGonagall asked.

“The necklace Delores is wearing is Enchanted to sent short messages,” he explained. “I expect she already sent a message requesting him to come to her aid.”

“There’s nothing he can do,” Madam Bones said firmly. “The law is the –”

The Floo suddenly flared to life, and two Aurors, one he recognized as Dawlish, stepped out of the green flames, followed a moment later by Minister Fudge.

“What is going on here?” he asked, taking off his bowler hat. “I – Amelia, what are you doing here?”

“I’m arresting Umbridge for torturing Mr. Potter and attempted murder,” Madam Bones said.

“What!?” Fudge shouted, his face paling. “There must be some sort of mistake. Surely you aren’t taking the word of this – this *boyover* –”

“I witnessed it myself, and I have the quill, along with a memory of the entire incident,” Madam Bones interrupted him, causing him to nearly drop his bowler hat. “On top of that, she confessed to sending those two Dementors after Mr. Potter this summer.”

“It’s a trick,” Umbridge yelled. “Their working together to take over the Ministry. They want your job, Cornelius.”

“What?” Fudge asked before his eyes narrowed and he nodded his head. “Right, of course, of course. I should have known you’d be up to your old tricks, Dumbledore.”

“There are not tricks, Cornelius,” Dumbledore said sadly. “I do not now, nor have I ever wanted to be Minister.”

“Oh ho! That’s what you’d like me to think,” Fudge said. “Madam Bones, release Delores this instant.”

“Minister, she confessed. Even if she hadn’t I have more than enough evidence to get a conviction from the Wizengamot,” Madam Bones said.

“I am the Minister for Magic, and I will decide what goes before the Wizengamot,” Fudge said, straightening himself up to his full, not so considerable, height.

Feeling that things were getting out of hand, Harry looked around the office until he spotted a Wizarding Wireless sitting amongst Dumbledore’s many trinkets. Hoping that it was a Wireless, and some sort of experiment of some kind, Harry gripped his wand in his pocket and turned it on.

“Now, you will release Delores this instant, or I will be forced to reconsider your employment. And someone stop that echo!” Fudge barked forcefully.

Indeed, Fudge’s voice was echoing as he spoke, and then what he said repeated on the wireless repeated a split second later. Harry grinned, Fred, George, and Lee had really come through for him. He’d have to find a way to thank Lee’s sister as well. He wasn’t sure how, but she knew a way to keep the Ministry Wireless radios from working for a short time. It had given Harry the time to broadcast what was happening without Fudge finding out too soon.

“What is that?” Madam Bones asked, her voice echoing as well.

“That,” Harry said, “is me, broadcasting everything that’s been said around me for the last twenty minutes to every Wireless in the country.”

“What!?” Umbridge shrieked, her face going sheet white.

“I knew something like this might happen, so my friends and I came up with it,” Harry said, smirking as Fudge sputtered. “You won’t be sweeping things under the rug this time, Fudge.”

“Now – now, see here!” Fudge sputtered, his face turning red.

Before he could continue, the Floo flared green again and Percy Weasley’s face appeared in the flames.

“Minister! Minister!” he yelled frantically.

“What is it Weatherby? Can’t you see I’m busy?” Fudge yelled angrily.

“Sir, hundreds of parents have just showed up at the Ministry demanding to know what’s happening at Hogwarts,” Percy said worriedly. “Scrimgeour has the Aurors preparing for a riot and Augusta Longbottom has called for an emergency meeting of Wizengamot. They’re in an uproar and no one will tell me why. Sir, what should I do?”

Fudge’s face went from bright red to pale as a sheet in seconds. Harry was a bit surprised the man didn’t faint from the rapid blood loss. Turning to Umbridge, who somehow looked even paler, a look of horror washed over his face.

“Delores, please, tell me this isn’t true,” Fudge asked pleadingly.

Umbridge seemed to finally realize just what kind of hole she’d dug for herself. She opened her mouth, but no words came out, and Fudge’s face fell further. Then, there was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” Dumbledore said while flicking his wand to turn off the Wireless.

Tonks poked her head into the office as if to make sure it was safe before entering. Spotting the looks on Fudge and Umbridge’s faces, she grinned as she stepped inside.

“What is it Auror Tonks? Have you finished searching the office?” Madam Bones asked.

“No, ma’am. We’re still searching, but we found this,” Tonks said as she held up a clear bag with a small vial inside. “Shack found a vial of Veritaserum in her desk. We also discovered large traces of it in the teacup on the desk. We’re not entirely sure, but it looks like it might even be a lethal dose.”

“Excellent work,” Madam Bones said. “Double check to make sure everything is documented properly before sending it over for analysis. Let me know if you find anything else.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Tonks said.

Turning, she smiled at Harry before slipping back out of the office.

“Amelia, please, I’ll lose my job,” Fudge said pleadingly.

“After what I’ve seen and heard today, you should,” Madam Bones said disgustedly. “You can expect me to testify before the Wizengamot about your actions when this goes to trial.

Swallowing thickly, Fudge turned to Dumbledore.

“Albus, please. I know we haven’t seen eye...” Fudge said.

“I don’t know what you expect me to do, Cornelius,” Dumbledore said with a shrug. “I’m merely the headmaster of a school.”

Harry smirked as Fudge winced.

“I’ll get you positions back,” Fudge offered hopefully.

“That’s very kind of you, but I’ll have to decline,” Dumbledore said, causing Fudge’s face to drop. “I’ve realized my place is here, with my students.

“But – but,” Fudge stuttered.

"If you're quite finished, I have a suspect to interrogate," Madam Bones said.

Grabbing Umbridge by the arm, Madam Bones led her over to the Floo.

"Out of the way, Mr. Weasley," she said sternly.

"Cornelius, you have to stop this!" Umbridge screamed. "You can't do this to me! I'm the Senior Under-"

Madam Bones silenced Umbridge with her wand, but she continued to try and scream and struggled. Percy, his eyes wide, scrambled to get out of the Floo. Taking a handful of Floo Powder from the pot on the mantle, she threw it into the orange flames, causing them to flare green yet again.

"Mr. Potter, I'll be in contact with you soon," Madam Bones said before turning back to the Floo. "Ministry of Magic."

Grabbing Umbridge, she roughly yanked her into the flames, and they were gone. Fudge stared after them for a moment before looking around the room. Finding no sympathy, he shuffled over to the Floo and returned to the Ministry, followed a moment later by his two Aurors.

"Mr. Potter, how, exactly, did this all come about?" Professor McGonagall asked.

Sighing, Harry took a seat and explained.

Needless to say, McGonagall wasn't too pleased he hadn't come to her sooner. Dumbledore, on the other hand, didn't say much and wouldn't even look at him most of the time. Eventually, they allowed Harry to return to his common room, where he was bombarded with questions from his house mates. By now, the rumor of Umbridge's arrest had spread like wildfire. It was late in the time the celebrating ended, and Harry could finally get to bed.

The next morning, Dumbledore announced to the rest of the school what had happened, and that he would be taking over Defense classes for the rest of the year. That got a loud cheer, even from half of Slytherin. After that, Dumbledore asked that anyone who had been forced to write with Umbridge's Blood Quill come forward to report it.

Sadly, a few people stood up, including Lee Jordan, the Creevy's and a couple of first year Hufflepuffs. Harry hadn't considered that she might have used that vile thing on anyone else.

"Harry," Hermione said, "I think we should make the D.A. public."

"What? Why?" Ron asked.

"Well, we don't need to keep it secret anymore, do we?" Hermione asked rhetorically.

"Yeah, but sneaking around is part of the fun," Ron said.

Hermione rolled her eye.

"I don't know if people will still want to come to the D.A. now that we have a good teacher." Harry pointed out.

"Oh, Harry, I'm sure they will," Hermione said.

Harry shrugged and returned to his breakfast. He'd find out soon enough. Looking around, Lavender was showing something in her Witch Weekly magazine to Parvati when he spotted an ad on the back page.

"Hey, Lavender, can I borrow that for a second?" Harry asked.

Tonks rubbed her eyes tiredly as she sat at her desk in the Auror offices. For the last two days, the whole Ministry was in meltdown over Umbridge's arrest. Parents were pissed as hell, and rightfully so. Fudge was failing miserably trying to do damage control, and the Wizengamot wanted answers as soon as possible. As a result, Tonks had been working almost non-stop to collect evidence, interview Umbridge, and file reports.

Rubbing her eyes as the words on the page began to burn together, she heard a ruckus behind her. Pushing her hair back and looking out of her cubicle for the first time in hours, she saw a witch in a light blue dress with an apron looking around the office.

"What now?" Tonks asked tiredly.

"She's from Lucinda's," Marnie, a pretty, brown-haired witch a few years older than her said excitedly.

"Lucinda's?" Tonks asked her fellow Auror.

"It's a new shop in Diagon Alley," Marnie said, then sighed. "I wish Mark would get me something from there, but that man doesn't have a romantic bone in his body."

Mark, Marnie's husband, worked in the worked for the Department for the Control and Regulation of Magical Creatures. He was as obsessed with his creatures more than Arthur Weasley was about Muggle things.

Tonks wondered who was getting the delivery when the witch started walking over towards her after talking to one of the other Aurors in the office.

"Maybe he does," Tonks said, nodding towards the witch.

Marnie smiled brightly as the witch stopped in front of them and looked at the card in her hand.

“Are either of you Auror Tonks?” she asked.

“Uh, I am,” Tonks said, looking just as surprised as Marnie.

“Oh, good,” the witch said brightly. “These are for you.”

Setting a small, striped, paper bag on the floor, she reached inside, and pulled out a bouquet of a dozen red roses and a large box of chocolates shaped like a heart before handing them to Tonks.

“The card is on the with the sweets, have a great day,” the witch said brightly.

Still a little stunned, Tonks set the flowers down, which took up most of the room on her cluttered desk and pulled out the card. Opening it up, a soft smile spread across her lips as she read the familiar, messy scrawl.

Thank you

There was no name, but she didn’t need one to know it was from Harry.

“I didn’t know you were dating someone,” Marnie said.

“Yeah,” Tonks said. “He’s kinda famous, so we’re keeping it quiet for now.”

“Really?” Marnie asked. “It not that singer from the Weird Sisters, is it?”

“No,” Tonks said, shaking her head. “And no, I can’t tell you.”

“Well, whoever he is, he must really like you,” Marnie said before disappearing back to her cubicle.

Taking out her wand, Tonks was forced to shrink the roses, so she had room to work. Opening the chocolates, she picked one at random and popped it into her mouth. A moan escaped her throat as she sweet chocolate melted on her tongue followed by the creamy Firewhiskey filled center.

He remembered her favorite.

Even though Tonks still had a long day ahead of her, the smile never left her face for long.