

Chapter 11

Harry was having the best Summer of his life at Privet Drive. Once his relatives understood Tonks wasn't going to put up with any of their shit, they decided the best course of action was to pretend that the two of them simply didn't exist. Uncle Vernon had gone so far as to try and take Aunt Petunia and Dudley on vacation to Cornwall but, mysteriously, something went wrong every time they tried to leave.

First, the hotel called, saying they had overbooked and had to cancel their reservation. Then, the caravan they tried to rent broke down before it left the lot. With no others available to rent, Uncle Vernon had stormed back to the house, muttering under his breath with a bright red face. Giving up on going to Cornwall, Uncle Vernon had decided to take the family to France, only for his passport to go missing the morning they tried to leave.

Of course, with so much oddness, his first reaction was to blame Harry and Tonks.

"Why would we want to keep you here?" Tonks had asked. "Trust me, we want you gone just as much as you want to leave."

Grudgingly, he had to admit she had a point. Stumped, Uncle Vernon gave up on the idea of leaving and went right back to pretending they weren't there. Privately, Harry and Tonks suspected Dumbledore was behind everything. Tonks was sure he was doing it to keep Aunt Petunia in the house to recharge the wards. That only made her more furious at the old man. She reasoned that if he was keeping a close enough eye on them to know when the Dursley's were trying to leave, then he must have known about how they treated Harry.

Though Harry tried to calm his girlfriend, he too was upset, although he felt more hurt than angry. He didn't want to believe Dumbledore had known about the way his relatives had treated him and done nothing to stop it, but it was looking more and more like that was the case.

Apart from that issue, and the problems of the first few days, Harry and Tonks enjoyed their three-and-a-half-week vacation, finally able to act like a couple. While Tonks didn't want him

going too far from the house, just in case, she didn't keep him locked indoors. Most days, they walked around Little Whinging, visiting stores and eating at the surprising number of restaurants nearby.

While Harry told Tonks some of the stories she hadn't witnessed during their Occlumency lessons, she regaled him with stories of her own childhood.

"I grew up in a place a lot like this," she told him while sitting on his lap on the only unbroken swing in the park. "The people were a bit friendlier, but it was still horribly boring. Dad works as an accountant at the Ministry and Mum stayed home to raise me. I was homeschooled until I was around eight, when I finally got the hang of Occlumency. I still slipped up once in a while, especially when someone really hacked me off, but we only had to call the Obliviators once."

"Once?" Harry asked amusedly.

"It wasn't my fault," Tonks said adamantly. "One of the girls at my school, Amanda Powers, was making fun of me because of my hair. I got so mad, and the teachers wouldn't do anything, so I accidentally turned her entire body purple. Skin, hair, everything. She looked like that girl from Willy Wonka right before she blew up like a balloon."

Harry smile, remembering the time he'd done just that to his Aunt Marge.

"So, what happened?" Harry asked.

"People from the Ministry showed up a couple minutes later, along with my Mum, and cleaned the whole thing up," Tonks said with a shrug. "Mum gave me a right talking to when we got home."

Harry kissed the side of her neck as they swung back and forth just slightly on the swing.

“I was a bit of a wild child when I got older,” Tonks admitted. “Because I’m a Metamorphmagus, my mum was always worried I’d lose my temper and do something to get in trouble with the Ministry, so she didn’t let me go out that much unless she or dad was with me. I got caught sneaking out to go see friends more than once.”

“Just friends, or boyfriends?” Harry couldn’t stop himself from asking.

Tonks shifted to sit sideways in his lap and looked at him closely.

“Do you really want to know?” she asked, biting her lip nervously.

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to,” Harry told her. “It’s just – You’ve said before you’ve never had good luck with boyfriends. I don’t want the details or anything, I just want to know more about you.”

Tonks hesitated for a long moment before wrapping her arms around his neck and resting her head on his shoulder.

“I wasn’t a slut or anything, but I did date my fair share of boys at school,” Tonks admitted. “When I got to Hogwarts, I didn’t try to hide what I was. It felt good to finally let go and be myself for once, you know? Once boys found out I was a Metamorphmagus, and realized I could look anyway I want, they took a big interest in me. I liked the attention at first, made myself look a bit older, gave myself nice tits. Towards the end of my third year, some of the more popular boys started asking me out on dates to Hogsmeade. It didn’t take long for them to start asking me to change things here and there. Different hair, bigger tits, better bum, a little taller or shorter.”

Sighing, her finger ran lightly across his chest, tracing abstract designs that made his skin tingle.

“I didn’t think much of it at first. They like me, or I thought they did, and I changed myself all the time anyways. What did it matter if I made a few changes for them?” Tonks asked rhetorically, then sighed. “I remember the first time I realized what was happening. I walked

into the girl's loo and saw a tall blonde looking back at me. It was like looking in a mirror. A really creepy mirror. She looked at me, laughed, and said, 'you know he's only dating you because I turned him down, right?'. I was so embarrassed that I ran back to my dorm and cried. I broke it off with him the next day, but that just made things worse. He started spreading rumors that I'd slept with him, and I would make myself look like any girl he wanted. I tried dating a few guys after that, but they all acted the same way.

"So, I gave up on dating for about a year. A lot of girls were still pretty mean towards me, and – well, I didn't handle that too well. I got pretty good at making myself look like prefects to walk around after curfew, so it wasn't hard to make myself look like them either. I got back at a few of them by changing into them, grabbing the first boy I saw, and snogging him in a broom cupboard before running away. I feel really bad about that now. Some of those guys were nice, and they only got hurt when they asked those girls about it later. At the time, I just wanted to get back at them by giving them the same reputation they'd given me, you know?"

Harry rubbed her back soothingly and kissed the top of her head. He was worried talking would make her stop, but he wanted to show he didn't think badly of her. Merlin knows, he'd made some bad decisions in the past.

"Fifth year is when things really started to change," Tonks continued. "Over the Summer, I snuck out to meet up with some friends and we went to a Weird Sisters concert. I made myself look old enough to get us some drinks, but one of the boys with us had a bit too much and started to get handsy. He was a bit bigger than me, but when he pushed things too far, I decked him hard and Hexed him in the balls. Moody happened to be there working security, probably though it was some secret cult or something. Anyways, he saw the whole thing. He sobered the guy up, scared the shit out of him, and told him to get lost. I thought he was going to yell at me too, but he actually told me I did a good job, but I should have stop him sooner."

Tonks chuckled and shook her head fondly.

"He also told me I'd make a good Auror. I asked my dad about him later, and he told me all these stories about the Dark Wizards Moody had captured. I fell in love with the idea of being an Auror, so I spent my whole year studying to get the OWLs I needed. Poor Mum," she said with a laugh. "She loved that I was finally taking my studies seriously, but she hated that I wanted to be an Auror. I was so busy studying and practicing my spell work, I didn't have time

for boys. I tried dating again in sixth year. Even ended up with Charlie Weasley for a bit, but that didn't end too well. Nearly ruined our friendship as well.

“Seventh year was more studying for NEWTs and then off to Auror training. I worked my arse off, and Moody decided to make me his protégé. I didn't really have time for anything serious, but I did have a couple of casual flings. Once I became an Auror, I thought I could finally find a good boyfriend,” Tonks paused to give a derisive laugh. “Turns out, most blokes can't handle dating a witch that can kick their arse. One of them even tried to join the Aurors so we could work together, but he didn't have what it took. Dropped out in the first week. Things ended pretty quick after that.”

Finally, Tonks lifted her head from his shoulder and gave him such a loving smile it made his heart swell and set butterflies fluttering in his stomach.

“And then my knight in shining armor comes to rescue me,” she said, leaning forward to give him a deep, soft kiss. “You're everything I've ever want in a guy. You've never asked me to be anything but myself, you never thought of me as weak, even when I need to be rescued. You're kind, caring, funny, and fantastic in bed.”

Tonks waggled her eyebrows up and down with a grin, causing Harry to chuckle.

“Better than your ex-boyfriends?” Harry asked teasingly.

“They're not even close,” Tonks said, pecking him on the lips. “Your cock's bigger too.”

Harry snorted, but it did boost his pride quite a bit.

“Now, it's your turn,” she said, wiggling in his lap.

“There's really not much to tell,” Harry said with a shrug. “I had one date with Parvati to the Yule Ball that ended horribly. I was so worried about everything else going on, and I didn't even

want to go in the first place, I was a pretty horrible date. I really should apologize to her for that. And you know about Fleur.”

“Yeah, but you never told me the details,” she pointed out.

“You really want to hear about it?” he asked.

Tonks gave him a coy smile, “I didn’t just date men. I’ve been with a witch or two.”

Harry’s eyes went wide, and he blinked at her, causing Tonks to giggle.

“I even dated Aurora Sinistra for a few months,” she told him.

“You dated Professor Sinistra?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Well, she wasn’t a professor at the time,” Tonks said. “Anyways, tell me what happened with you and Fleur. I’ve seen her at a couple of Order meetings and even I’m jealous you got to sleep with her.”

“She’s in the Order?” Harry asked, trying desperately not to get distracted by thoughts of Tonks and Fleur in bed together.

“Yeah,” Tonks said. “Bill brought her in, she works at Gringotts now. They’ve gone on a couple of dates, but I don’t think it’s anything serious yet. Molly isn’t happy about it. She’s been trying to push me and Bill together every time we’re in the same room for more than a few seconds.”

“She’s still doing that even after you told her we’re dating?” Harry asked.

“Not as bad, but she makes a comment now and again,” she told him. “Now, quit stalling.”

“Alright, alright,” Harry said. “Well, after the second task, when I rescued Fleur’s sister from the lake, she started being a lot more friendly towards me. She was kind of a bitch before that, but I get why now.”

“Yeah, we get along pretty well. Her history with guys is a lot like mine,” Tonks interjected.

“Exactly. Well, during the third task, I rescued her from Krum and waited with her for help to come. Then – well, you know what happened,” Harry said to which Tonks nodded. “I was in pretty rough shape afterwards, mentally and physically. Fleur snuck into the Hospital Wing late that night and said she wanted to thank me for saving her and her sister. I thought she just wanted to say thank you, but...”

Harry paused, looking at Tonks hesitantly. Smiling she motioned for him to continue.

“Er, well, she silenced the door to Madam Pomfrey’s office and gave me a blow job right there in the Hospital Wing,” he told her, shaking his head at how incredible it sounded even to himself. “It really helped with the pain from the Cruciatus Curse. When I told Fleur that, she just smiled and said she’d have to just take care of me until I was all better. When I got out the next day, she invited me over to the Beauxbatons carriage. I was really nervous, to be honest. I thought for sure I was going to embarrass myself and she was going to laugh at me or tell me to get out.

“Fleur was great though. She was really patient, and she taught me a lot. The last week they stayed at Hogwarts, I spent most of my time in the carriage with her. My friends thought I was off moping, but I didn’t feel right telling them about what I was really doing.”

“Was it serious, or was it just a bit of fun?” Tonks asked.

Again, Harry hesitated a moment before answering.

"I don't know how Fleur felt, you'd have to ask her but, at the time, I would have liked to have tried something more serious," Harry admitted cautiously. "But with her going back to France, and me still in school for three more years, we both knew it couldn't last."

"Well, I'm definitely going to have to thank her the next time I see her," Tonks said with a grin. "She sure taught you how to please a woman."

"Just don't say that when Bill is around," Harry said pleading.

Tonks laughed and pulled him in for a passionate kiss.

"I love you," she whispered against his lips.

"I love you, too," he replied, just as softly.

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All too soon, their time at Privet Drive was coming to an end. Part of Tonks was more than happy to get away from the Dursley's, but another part of her was worried about how much time they had left before Harry went back to school. The Summer was passing far too quickly for her liking.

The day before they were set to leave for Grimmauld place, Tonks opened the fridge to find lunch and scowled at what she saw.

"You know, with two whales in the house, you'd think they'd have some decent food," she complained.

"They probably ate it all," Harry told her.

Tonks sighed and closed the fridge. Thankfully, the Dursley's were all out to visit that bitch Marge for most of the day. She almost wished they had invited her over instead, just so she could get some payback for all the years she tormented Harry.

"I'm gonna run out and get something to eat," she said. "Anything you want me to pick up?"

"Whatever you want is fine with me," Harry replied as usual. "You want me to go with you?"

"Actually, I need to stop by the office for a minute drop off some paperwork," Tonks told him. "Sorry, love, but you'll have to sit this one out. I won't be long though."

"Alright," Harry said, looking a bit disappointed.

Walking up to him, swaying her hips more than necessary, Tonks wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips.

"I'll make it up to you when I get back," she said promisingly.

Smiling back, Harry gave her one more kiss and squeezed her bum playfully before she left the house with a smile on her face.

In truth, she didn't need to stop by the office. With Harry's birthday coming up soon, she needed to stop and get the present she'd had custom made for him. As she walked down the street to get to the end of the wards, she noticed one of the neighbors look up from her garden and wave at her.

"Hello," the woman said pleasantly. "I don't think we've met. I'm Jennifer Polkiss."

"I'm Tonks," she said in reply.

“Are you staying with the Dursley’s?” Jennifer asked.

Tonks smiled as a mischievous idea popped into her head.

“Unfortunately, yes,” she said with a sigh. “But it’s the only way I could spend time with my boyfriend. So...”

Tonks trailed off with a shrug.

Jennifer tilted her head, looking a little thrown off by her answer.

“Oh, you’re dating Dudley then?” she asked.

Tonks laughed, “Oh, God no. I’m dating Harry.”

“Oh,” Jennifer said, her face closing off.

“You know, I get that reaction every time I tell someone that around here,” Tonks said, feigning ignorance. “Why does everyone seem to hate Harry so much?”

“You don’t know?” Jennifer asked, looking both surprised and excited to be able to spread some gossip.

“Know what?” Tonks asked.

“Well, that boy’s always been a troublemaker. He goes to St. Brutus’, you know,” Jennifer told her.

“St. Brutus’?” Tonks asked, her brow furrowed. “Harry doesn’t go to St. Brutus’. Where did you hear that from?”

Jennifer gave her a pitying look.

“Oh, that boy’s been telling lies for years,” she said, looking entirely too pleased to be giving such news. “Vernon and Petunia told me themselves. I’m sorry you had to find out this way, dear.”

“Well then they’re the ones that’re lying,” Tonks said, crossing her arms. “I went to the same school with Harry for three years before I graduated. He goes to Fettes College up in Scotland. Trust me, there’s no way I would risk my career dating someone that went to St. Brutus’”

“Oh,” Jennifer said in surprise, and Tonks could see the questions flying around in her mind. “What do you do?”

Reaching into her pocket, Tonks pulled out her Auror’s badge. To a Muggle, like Jennifer, it looked silver with a blue center. The words Metropolitan Police etched into the surface.

“You’re a police officer?” Jennifer asked in shock.

“Yep,” Tonks said, putting her badge away.

“They let you work there with that kind of hair?” Jennifer asked abruptly.

Tonks had to fight not to roll her eyes. Of course, that’s the first thing she would ask, she thought.

“I do a lot of undercover work,” Tonks said. “In fact, I’m looking into find the people responsible for the string of vandalism through the neighborhood while I’m here.”

"I can't believe it," Jennifer said shaking her head. "Why would Vernon and Petunia lie about that for so many years?"

"You haven't noticed?" Tonks asked incredulously.

"Noticed what?" Jennifer asked in return.

"Haven't you seen the baggy clothes Harry always wore, how skinny he was compared to his relatives, the bruises?" Tonks asked.

"Well, yes, but – I always thought –" Jennifer stopped suddenly as her eyes went wide. "You don't think he was... *abused*, do you?"

"I know he was," Tonks said. "Harry told me all about it, but without proof, I can't press charges. Seeing the way he was treated is the reason I decided to join the police in the first place. Our families were close before his parents were killed, and we lost contact with him when he came here. I was furious when I found out how the Dursley's treated him."

"Killed? I thought they died in a car crash." Jennifer said.

Tonks scoffed and shook her head in genuine disgust.

"If you want to know who the liars are, it's the Dursley's," Tonks growled angrily. "James Potter was a police officer, and they were murdered by a gang he was trying to take down. They even cut that scar into Harry's forehead. My mum tried to get custody of Harry, but the judge said he was better off with family. Lily, Harry's mother, didn't get along with Petunia at all, but they never found the will. We think it was lost when the house burned down."

"My goodness," Jennifer said, her hand held to her chest. "But I don't understand. If Vernon and Petunia didn't want Harry, why did they keep him?"

“To make themselves look good?” Tonks asked with a shrug. “Maybe they were hoping they would get James’ fortune if they kept him. Who knows?”

“That’s awful,” Jennifer said.

“You don’t know the half of it,” Tonks told her. “Did you know they used to make Harry sleep in the cupboard under the stairs even though they had two extra bedrooms. Apparently, one was Dudley’s playroom, while the other was for Vernon’s sister when she visited once or twice a year. They made him cook and clean, then only let him eat what was left when they were done. It’s probably why they’re so overweight. They wanted to make sure Harry got as little as possible. Vernon’s a right mean bastard. You must have heard him shouting over the years.”

“Well, yes, but we always thought it was because Harry did something wrong again,” Jennifer relied. “Oh, that poor boy, I can’t believe no one noticed.”

“Yeah, me neither,” Tonks said, trying hard to keep the accusation out of her voice. “I mean really, who looks at a shy, quiet kid like Harry and thinks he’s a troublemaker. Some people just don’t think for themselves.”

Jennifer nodded in agreement, completely missing the rather blatant dig at her own expense.

“So, you and Harry are dating?” Jennifer asked curiously.

“Yes,” Tonks answered with a small smile.

“I don’t mean any offense but aren’t you a bit old for him?” she asked.

“We’re only a few years apart,” Tonks said, slight defensively. “It’s a bit difficult with him still in school, but it’s worth it. He’s such a great guy.”

“Oh, well, I suppose love knows no age,” Jennifer said with a smile. “So, how did you end up staying with the Dursley’s?”

“Just between you and me?” Tonks asked conspiratorially, getting a nod from an excited looking Jennifer. “I may have threatened them a bit. I might not have enough evidence to take the case to court, but if Harry makes a statement, it still has to be thoroughly investigated and that’s the last thing they want. So, it was either they let me stay for a few weeks, or the police start talking to friends, family, neighbors, coworkers, the lot. They aren’t too happy about it, but I don’t really give a toss. They’ve made Harry’s life hell for years; they can put up with me for a bit.”

Glancing at her watch, Tonks looked back up and smiled apologetically.

“Sorry, but I really have to run,” Tonks said. “I need to stop by the office before I head to the shops.”

“Oh, of course,” Jennifer said, then called out just as Tonks turned away. “Before you go, have you found out anything about those vandals?”

“I can’t say anything officially, yet,” Tonks said. “But my bet is on Dudley Dursley. Some shop owners spotted him and his friends damaging things in the park but didn’t get a good look. We’re setting up cameras this week, so we should know for sure soon enough.’

Tonks smiled while Jennifer looked slightly worried. She remembered the name Polkiss, and knew that her son, Piers, was one of the boys that had bullied Harry over the years. Hopefully, Jennifer wouldn’t be as willfully ignorant as the Dursley’s and would step in to have a talk with her son.

“It was nice meeting you,” Tonks said cheerfully before turning away with a smirk on her lips.

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Jennifer's head was spinning after her talk with the odd, purple haired young woman. It was just so hard to believe everything she'd been told for years was a lie. It was such juicy gossip though, and she couldn't wait to tell all her friends. Still, she thought, best to make sure and not embarrass herself.

For perhaps the first time in her life, Jennifer Polkiss decided to check her facts before opening her mouth. Walking over to the phone, she called the Surrey police department.

"Surrey police," a female voice answered.

"Hi, I'm wondering if you have an officer named Tonks working for you?" Jennifer asked.

"Hold please," the young woman asked.

After a surprisingly short wait, she was transferred to someone else.

"Sergeant Knowles, how can I help you?" the man asked in a deep, reverberating voice.

"Hi, I was wondering if you have an officer Tonks working for you?" Jennifer asked. "She's in her early to mid-twenties, with short purple hair."

"Yes, Officer Nymphadora Tonks, she's just been newly transferred," Sergeant Knowles replied. "She's on special assignment at the moment, but I'd be happy to help you ma'am."

"Oh, that's alright, I'll try back later. Thank you," Jennifer said quickly and hung up the phone.

Her heart raced as she looked through the phone book to try one more number.

"Good afternoon, St. Brutus" answered a firm, male voice.

“Hello, I’m looking for a student there named Harry Potter,” Jennifer said.

“Hold please,” then man said.

This time, Jennifer was on hold for much longer before someone else picked up.

“This is Margret, how can I help you?” the woman asked in a brisk tone.

“I’m looking for a student named Harry Potter,” Jennifer said.

“Do you need to make a complaint?” Margaret asked in a bored tone.

“No, no,” Jennifer said.

“Harry Potter, you said?” Margaret asked.

“Yes,” Jennifer replied.

“I’m sorry miss, but we have no record of a Harry Potter ever attending St. Brutus’.” Margaret said.

“Oh, I must have been misinformed. Sorry to bother you,” Jennifer said.

Hanging up, Jennifer picked up the phone again, this time dialing a familiar number rapidly with a grin on her face. It was time to call the girls over for a game of bridge, she thought. Her news of the Dursley’s lies would put Rebecca’s reveal of Angela Brown’s affair with the mail man last week to shame.

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As Tonks returned from her errands, she noticed several women arriving at the Polkiss house and smirked to herself.

Looks like the housewives of Little Whinging are having a meeting, she thought.

Looking between the Polkiss house and Number Four, her smirk widened. The window in Harry's room faced the backyard, but the window in Vernon and Petunia's room looked right over the fence and into the living room of the Polkiss house. Right where all those nosey housewives would be sitting.

Grinning, Tonks walked back to the house as fast as she could without running.

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"Hey," Harry said with a smile as Tonks walked in the front door. "What's got you in such a good mood?"

It wasn't unusual to see Tonks smiling, but the massive grin she had now told him she was definitely up to something. The only thing he didn't know, was whether that was a good thing, or not.

"Just happy to see you," Tonks said, kissing his cheek as she passed him on the way to the kitchen.

"Uh huh," Harry hummed, not believing her at all.

He followed her into the kitchen and watched as she all but threw the groceries she'd bought into the refrigerator.

"Aren't we going to eat?" he asked, leaning against the doorframe.

"Later," Tonks said with a breathless grin. "I have something much more fun planned first."

Harry lifted an eyebrow as she walked up to him, kissed him on the lips, and then grabbed his hand with a playful smile.

"Come on," Tonks said.

Harry let her pull him up the stairs with a smile of his own. That smile turned into a frown as they passed his room and made for the end of the hall, to his aunt and uncle's room.

"Uh, Tonks?" he asked warily.

"Trust me," she said, pulling him into their bedroom.

"Tonks, I am *not* having sex on their bed," he told her adamantly.

"We're not," she said, much to his relief.

Dragging him across the room, she stopped at the window and threw the white, lacy curtains open. Watching her, he saw her grin in the reflection of the window before turning back to him.

"We're going to have sex right here," Tonks said, pulling him up against her directly in front of the window.

"Tonks, the whole street can see us," Harry said incredulously.

“So?” she asked playfully. “That’s part of the fun.”

Threading her fingers in his hair, she pulled him down into a searing kiss. Harry’s mind and body rebelled against each other. His mind telling him he shouldn’t, while his body found the idea incredibly exciting. He’d stopped caring what the neighbors thought of him long ago, but he knew if anyone saw, it would get back to his aunt and uncle in no time. Over the years, it had become ingrained in him to do everything he could to stay under the radar when it came to his relatives. Still, the thought of having sex with Tonks where anyone could see, showing off the stunning woman the resident freak of Privet Drive managed to catch, was surprisingly appealing.

“Trust me,” Tonks whispered against his lips, her hand cupping the bulge in the front of his jeans.

Harry groaned into her mouth, his own hands running down her back and over her bum.

“Fuck it,” he said aloud.

Tonks grinned at him with a sparkle in her eyes as she pulled back and slowly dropped to her knees. Harry gulped and glanced out the window, his eyes flickering up and down the empty street as she opened his jeans and pulled him out into the open.

Looking up at him, Tonks smirked while stroking his rigid length. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around him, her tongue swirling around his swollen head. His fingers ran through her hair as she bobbed her head up and down, slathering his shaft with saliva on the way down and sucking lightly on the way back up. Shuddering, Harry looked back down at her bright green eyes before glancing back out the window cautiously.

With his focus entirely on the street, he never noticed the group of women staring at them with gaping mouths from the house next door.

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“Oh my God!” Amanda Baxter gasped. “Can you believe the nerve of them?”

As the other seven women mumbled their agreement, not one of them could tear their eyes away as Tonks drove forward and took Harry deep into her throat.

“My goodness,” Jennifer gasped.

“I wish my husband was that big,” Angela Brown muttered.

The women close to her who heard glanced at each other with knowing looks.

“How can they be so shameless?” Mary Taylor asked in a scandalized tone.

“I want to know how she can take so much of him.” Marie Evans said in awe.

As soon as the words left her mouth, Marie covered her mouth and blushed. The other women in the room gaped at her for a moment before laughing girlishly.

“I always knew that boy was trouble, but I never thought he’d do something like this,” Margaret Wilson said, shaking her head. “That poor girl has no idea what she’s gotten herself into.”

“Oh, I’m sure she has a good idea,” Jennifer said smugly.

This wasn’t exactly how she’d planned to make her big reveal, but now seemed like as good a time as any.

“What do you know?” Angela asked as the other women looked at her for a moment.

“That girl is actually an officer with the Surrey Police Department, and you won’t believe what she told me today,” Jennifer said with a grin.

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As the neighbors next door learned the truth about Harry Potter and the Dursley’s, Tonks pulled off of Harry’s rock-hard cock with a *pop*. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the group of women staring up at her. She’d planned to make this last a bit longer, but having an audience was so much more arousing than she’d thought it would be, she was practically dripping in her knickers.

Standing up, Tonks kissed Harry fiercely as they tore at each other’s clothes. She smiled against his lips as he threw her bra across the room, all of his earlier hesitation completely gone. The moment she was naked, Tonks turned, bent slightly at the waist, and braced her hands on the windowsill. It was hard for her not to look down at the living room window next door as Harry stepped behind her and ran the thick head of his cock up and down between her drenched folds.

“Fuck me,” she whined breathlessly.

Placing himself at her entrance, Tonks moaned as Harry sank into her depths, stretching and filling her perfectly. Biting her lip with a groan, she glanced down and nearly came on the spot when she saw eight sets of eyes staring at her.

How many of them wished they were in her position instead of stuck with their boring husbands, she wondered.

Behind her, Harry pulled back slowly before gripping her hips and slamming back in roughly.

“Yes!” Tonks hissed, arching her back and pressing her tits against the cool glass.

Harry continued to pound into her with slow but powerful thrusts. His engorged head and long shaft hitting all the right spots. Tonks clenched around him as he hammered into her over and over. A ball of heat began to pool in her core as she pushed herself off of the window and threw her hips back at him in time with his thrusts.

“Harder,” she begged in a husky tone.

“I’m not gonna last long,” Harry grunted, his hot, damp breath brushing the side of her neck.

“Neither am I, sweetheart. Just fuck me,” Tonks panted.

A tingle ran down her spine when Harry growled behind her. A moment later, one of his hands groped her breast roughly while the other grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled back. Tonks moaned lewdly from the stinging in her scalp as Harry sped up his pace. Each deep, hammering thrust felt like it was knocking the breath out of her lungs.

Unconsciously, her hands gripped the curtains, threatening to rip them from the wall as she teetered closer and closer to the edge. The sound of heavy breathing and the loud smack of skin on skin filled the room as Harry took her without restraint. His lips latched onto the side of her neck, sucking hard and grazing her skin with his teeth as he left his mark on her. Tonks spasmed around his thrusting cock, a shudder running through her entire body.

Suddenly, Harry let go of her hair to grab her shoulder. As she felt him swell inside of her, his thrusts becoming short and harsh, Tonks found herself meeting the eyes of Jennifer Polkiss. It was only a moment but seeing that brief look of jealous lust on the older woman’s face was all it took to send Tonks over the edge just as Harry spilled himself inside of her. A low moan escaped her throat as he held her tight and his hot cum splashed against her walls.

Panting, Tonks leaned back against his chest, her eyes closed in bliss. After a moment to catch her breath, she turned her head while reaching back to pull his forward into a deep kiss. When she looked forward again, only Jennifer was left watching them. Tonks gave her a wink before closing the curtains and spinning around in the arms of her man.

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“The oddest thing happened this morning,” Aunt Petunia said at breakfast the next morning.

“Oh?” Uncle Vernon asked distractedly, staring bitterly at Harry’s full breakfast while he picked at his half a grapefruit.

“When I went out to get the paper this morning, I could swear Jennifer and Marie were glaring at me,” Aunt Petunia told him.

Harry and Tonks shared a look as they fought to hide their smiles. She’d eventually explained everything to him last night and, while he wasn’t too happy with everyone knowing so much about his childhood, he had to admit it was better than everyone thinking he was a delinquent. They’d had a bit of an argument about it, but he knew she was just trying to help. Harry wasn’t too sold on it at first, but now, knowing the neighborhood would see his aunt and uncle for who they really were, it did feel gratifying.

Reaching under the table, he took Tonks’ hand in his and gave it a gentle squeeze.

“I’m sure it was just your imagination,” Uncle Vernon said. “Why would they be mad at you?”

Harry stared down at his food to hide the smirk he was fighting. Thankfully, they heard the honking of a car horn a moment later.

“That’ll be for us,” Tonks said, pushing away her half-eaten plate.

“Dudley! Your diet,” Aunt Petunia said as Dudley grabbed the plate and gobbled down half of it at once.

Harry pushed back his own plate with a grimace and followed Tonks into the living room where their bags were packed and waiting. As they were grabbing their things, there was a knock at

the door. Uncle Vernon grumbled to himself as Tonks answered it to reveal the tall, dark figure of Kingsley Shacklebolt.

“Hey Shack,” Tonks said. “Mind giving us a hand?”

“Morning Tonks, Harry,” Kingsley said with a small smile.

As he walked into the house, Harry looked past him and saw a black, Ministry sedan parked at the side of the road.

“They sent a Ministry car?” Harry asked.

“Madam Bones requested it,” Kingsley said as he grabbed Harry’s trunk and lifted it with ease. “She’s not too happy with that letter you wrote to the Prophet, but she knows you need to be protected.”

“Wait, that worked?” Harry asked, having purposefully been avoiding the paper all summer.

Tonks laughed at the look on his face and patted his cheek.

“It’s a good thing you’re cute,” she said teasingly. “The public has been clamoring for her to replace Fudge ever since they printed it. He’s not even out of office yet and she’s practically got the job already. Everyone’s looking to her to make decisions while the Wizengamot takes its sweet time.”

“For what it’s worth, I think you did the right thing,” Kingsley said. “Amelia may not like it but, right now, we need a good leader if we’re going to stand a chance.”

Harry nodded, still shocked his letter to Tonks’ friend at the Daily Prophet had made that big of an impact. Shaking his head, he grabbed Hedwig’s cage and turned back to his relatives.

“Well, bye,” Harry said.

“Have a good rest of your summer,” Tonks said cheerfully with a wave.

Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia looked at each other nervously but said nothing as Harry and Tonks left. Stowing their things in the boot, he saw Tonks look up and waved at Mrs. Polkiss before climbing into the car. Surprisingly, she smiled and waved at him too. With a small smile of his own, Harry waved back and climb into the back seat.

As soon as the door was closed, the car took off like a shot and Harry and Tonks were tossed together as it made a hard right at the end of the street. Grinning, Tonks cuddled up to him as he held on for dear life.

“Hermione and the Weasley’s are already waiting for you at Headquarters,” Hestia Jones said from the driver’s seat.

“Brilliant,” Harry said with a smile.

As much as he enjoyed spending time with Tonks, it would be good to see his friends again.

“Hopefully Molly doesn’t cause any problems,” Tonks muttered.

Harry turned to her and smiled.

“We’ll deal with it if she does,” Harry assured her.

Smiling, Tonks gave him a quick, deep kiss.