

## Chapter 6

Harry woke up, as he'd done every morning for the last two weeks, to a vibrating under his pillow in the early hours of the morning, and a head of brown hair pillowed on his chest. Tonks groaned tiredly as he shifted slightly to reach under the pillow and cancel the Alarm Charm on her wand. Even after turning it off and knowing that Mrs. Weasley would be up soon to start making breakfast, neither of them was in a hurry to get up and moving.

It was the 31<sup>st</sup> of January, his last full day staying at Grimmauld Place before going back to Hogwarts. For the first time since stepping foot into the wizarding world four and a half years ago, he wasn't anxious and excited to return.

Not only did Hogwarts not feel like the home it used to with Umbridge's presence, but Harry hated the thought of leaving behind the beautiful witch laying on top of him.

"Can we just stay in bed all day?" Tonks asked sleepily.

Harry smiled, having just had a similar thought himself.

"I wish," he mumbled.

Tonks sighed and ran her hand along his bare stomach. Looking up at him, there was a playful look shining in her hazel eyes as she ran her fingers along his morning erection. Harry ran a hand through her short, brown hair as she kissed his chest.

Working her way down his abs, she trapped his cock between the palm of her hand on one side, and her lips wrapping around his girth on the other. Tonks' tongue slipped out and curled around him in slow kisses as she started at his base and worked her way up to the tip. Shifting around to lay down on her stomach, she stroked his rigid length at a leisurely pace while kissing and licking all over his swollen head. Harry groaned and ran a hand through her hair as he enjoyed the feeling of her lips and tongue running over his sensitive glans.

Looking up at him with a small smile, Tonks took him between her lips, causing him to inhale sharply from being enveloped in her hot, wet mouth. Still staring up at him, she descended, swallowing his entire length in one swift, effortless motion.

“Bloody hell,” Harry grunted, just barely stopping himself from bucking up at the incredible feeling.

Tonks stayed with her lips wrapped around his base, his cock buried deep in her throat, for several long seconds before finally lifting her head slowly. Once he was out of her throat, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard all the way up to the tip. Only then did she reverse course, swallowing him whole once again.

After several trips up and down his shaft, she pulled off completely. Panting lightly, she gave him a smug, playful grin while stroking his slick, spit-covered length. Once she’d caught her breath, Tonks throated him again.

This time, she bobbed her head much quicker than before. Rather than pulling all the way back up to the head, she stopped just as he left her throat, about halfway up his shaft, before driving herself back down. Harry’s hands unconsciously tightened in her hair as Tonks quite literally fucked him with her throat. Thick, warm spit leaked out from between her lips and drooled down over his shaft and balls with every bob of her head.

After a surprisingly long time, Tonks finally pulled off of him to catch her breath. Even then, she kept stroking his cock and lapping at the throbbing head. When she took him back into her mouth and swallowed him whole, she kept her lips wrapped around his base for a moment while shaking her head back and forth. A moment later, she pulled halfway back up his length before starting to bob her head quickly again.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned. “I’m close.”

Pulling back up to the head, Tonks sucked voraciously, adding a twist of her as she stroked his shaft while her tongue lashed at the sensitive underside of his glans.

With a loud groan, Harry spilled into her mouth. As soon as the first spurt hit her tongue, Tonks dove down. He grunted as he continued spraying straight down her gullet, his cock swelling and pulsating in the tight confines of her throat. This time, he couldn't stop himself from bucking his hips. While he did, he pulled her head down, driving his cock as deep as possible.

Tonks placed her hands on his hips, but instead of pushing him away, she gripped his ass and pulled herself down as his climax began to wane. When he finally finished, collapsing bonelessly onto the mattress, she sucked hard while pulling slowly back up to the head. Harry shivered as she reached his hypersensitive tip, and Tonks smiled at him with her eyes as she sucked him dry.

As she pulled off of him completely, there was a big dallop of cum stuck to the corner of her mouth. Smirking, she wiped it off with her finger and popped it into her mouth, sucking it clean.

"Bloody hell," Harry said. "Well, that was fucking incredible."

Chuckling, Tonks pushed herself up onto her hands and knees before crawling over top of him. Harry ran his hands over her dangling breast as she leaned down to kiss him. Sliding his hands down to her waist, she rolled her over onto her back while he laid on his side next to her. As they kissed heatedly, he caressed over her breasts, stomach, and down to her hot, damp mound. As he cupped her folds, Tonks moaned into his mouth and bucked her hips up into his hand.

That's when they heard a door open and close down the hall. Both of them froze in place as quiet footsteps padded towards them.

"Did you silence the room last night?" Harry asked in a barely audible whisper.

"I don't remember," Tonks whispered back.

Careful not to make any noise, Harry reached down and grabbed the sheet, even while knowing it wouldn't do much good. He froze again as the footsteps reached Tonks' door, and then

continued on down the hall. Hearing the stair squeak, they finally relaxed and breathed a sigh of relief.

“You should go, that was probably Molly,” Tonks said.

Harry sighed, knowing she was right but wishing he could stay. Leaning down, he gave her a passionate kiss before rolling out of bed and gathering her close. Once he was dressed, he gave Tonks one last kiss, his fingers gently stroking her cheek, before turning to leave.

Going back to his room, he laid down and dozed off for another half an hour before Mrs. Weasley sent Hermione in to wake him up. Harry immediately went back to Tonks’ room to help her downstairs for breakfast.

After they ate, Mrs. Weasley told them all to make sure they were packed for tomorrow’s trip to King’s Cross Station. Normally, Harry would have procrastinated and done it later that night, but now he listened, although for reasons Mrs. Weasley probably wouldn’t have liked. He planned to spend as much of the day with Sirius as he could, and then spend the night with Tonks.

A short while later, Hermione came into his room as he was haphazardly throwing clothes and books into his trunk.

“Hey, Harry,” she said, closing the door behind her.

“Hey,” Harry replied.

“Are you doing okay?” Hermione asked, taking a seat on his bed.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Harry said, looking at her oddly. “Why?”

“Well, for one, you’re packing early,” she pointed out. “And two, we go back to school tomorrow.”

“That’s kind of why I’m packing,” Harry said.

“You know what I mean,” Hermione said in annoyance. “I’m asking how you feel about leaving Tonks.”

“Oh,” Harry said, finally catching on. “Well, of course I don’t like it, but we both knew this was coming.”

“Have you talked to her about it?” she asked.

“No,” he said. “There’s really not much to talk about.”

Hermione nodded and sat quietly for a long moment, just watching him as he packed.

“What?” Harry asked.

“You seem... different,” Hermione said, causing him to raise an eyebrow. “I don’t mean that in a bad way. You just seem a lot more calm the last few days.”

“It’s the Occlumency,” he told her. “It’s like Voldemort’s anger was bleeding into me. But now that I’ve learned how to block him out, I don’t feel it as much.”

“Does it still hurt?” Hermione asked, and he knew she meant his scar.

“Sometimes,” Harry said with a shrug.

“She’s been really good for you,” Hermione admitted quietly.

“Yeah,” Harry said as he closed his trunk with a small smile. “She has. Come on, let’s go back downstairs.”

Harry, Hermione, and Ron spent the rest of the day with his family, Sirius, and Tonks. Sirius was quieter than usual, obviously sad to see them go, so Harry tried to cheer him up the best he could.

Moody and Kingsley stopped by after lunch to make arrangements for getting everyone to King’s Cross. The Ministry refused to give them cars, so they would be taking Muggle car, something Mr. Weasley found quite exciting.

Harry shared glances with Tonks throughout the evening, and the clock seemed to move at a crawl the closer it got to bedtime. When it was time to call it a night, Harry still ended up waiting in bed for Mrs. Weasley to do her rounds.

Just after eleven, Harry laid still in his bed as the door opened briefly before closing. He waited another half an hour before climbing out of bed and creeping down the hall to Tonks’ room.

“Sorry,” Harry said when he saw her waiting up in bed for him. “Mrs. Weasley always check on us the night before we go back to school.”

“It’s fine,” Tonks said with a grin.

As he sat on the bed next to her, she reached for his shirt and tugged it up over his head. Quickly, both of them stripped out of their clothes, and Harry silenced the room before laying down next to her. Tonks curled up against his side and laid her head on his chest. For a long time, they stayed like that, just laying their quietly while Harry hand moved up and down her smooth, bare skin.

Neither of them wanted to start anything, because it would be the end. Like saying goodbye a night early.

Eventually, Tonks made the first move, pulling Harry on top of her and kissing him deeply. He thrust into her slowly, his hips barely rocking back and forth as he tried to savor the feeling of having her wrapped around him one last time. He lasted over an hour before he spilled himself inside of her with his head buried in the crook of her neck. Even after he went limp, he stayed inside of her as she ran her nails lightly up and down his spine.

"I'm going to miss you," Tonks said quietly.

"I'm going to miss you too," Harry said.

Rolling off of her, he pulled her back against his chest where they laid well into the early morning, talking quietly.

By the time they woke up in the morning, there wasn't much time for them to do anything. Mrs. Weasley woke up minutes after they did, the floor creaking lightly under her feet as she passed their room. They looked at each other wordlessly. Harry leaned in, gave her one more long kiss, and then silently slipped back to his bedroom, not daring to look back.

The house was chaotic as it usually was when the Weasley's were around when he helped Tonks down to breakfast. Discretely, she held his hand under the table while they watched them run around, grabbing last minute belongings and trying to eat a quick breakfast.

Far too soon, the cars arrived, and it was time to leave. Due to her injuries, Tonks wouldn't be making the trip with them. Just before they left, Harry pulled Sirius in for a hug, then Tonks, not caring if anyone was watching as he hugged longer than considered normal.

"Stay safe and don't forget about the mirror," she whispered in his ear.

“Stay safe? I’m not the one that got caught by Death Eaters,” Harry said with chuckle.

“Prat,” Tonks said with a good-natured grin.

While on last wave, Harry followed Moody to the car. He stared quietly out the window most of the ride. Hermione gave him a few concerned looks, but he just smiled and shook his head. The last thing he wanted to do was talk about it.

It was going to be a long term, Harry thought.