

Nightstalker

“Minister, fourteen witches and wizards have gone missing in the last two months. Something has to be done.” A grey-haired, balding wizard said.

“And every single one of them worked alongside the Death eaters inside this very Ministry mere months ago to capture and kill Mugglebornes. Good riddance to bad rubbish, I say.” A severe looking, brown-haired witch said.

“We can’t do nothing; people are getting scared. Our society is only just now recovering from the war. They’ll lose what little faith they have in us if we don’t stop this *now*.” The wizard said passionately.

“Who do you have working on the case right now, Connie?” Came Kingsley’s deep, rumbling voice.

“Dolohov and Proudfoot.” The witch answered.

“What have they found so far?” He asked.

“Very little, I’m afraid. Whoever is doing this hasn’t left a single trace behind. No evidence, no witnesses. All we know is who they’re targeting, but we don’t have the man power to watch all of them.” Connie told him.

“Can we bring them in and move up the date of the trials, Ratford?” Kingsley asked the wizard.

“Impossible.” He said, shaking his head. “All of the cells at the Ministry are still full of Death Eaters waiting for their trials. It’ll take months to get through all of them. It’s the reason we let the collaborators go in the first place, with precautions, of course. They’re charmed so they can’t leave Britain without us knowing.”

Kingsley gave a weary sigh, rubbing his brow with the tips of his fingers as he looked down at his desk in thought.

“Ratford’s right.” He said after a moment. “We can’t sit back and do nothing. Despite what these people may have done, we need to make sure they face proper justice. It’s the only way we can regain the trust of the public.”

“Minister, with all due respect, we don’t have the Aurors to spare for a comprehensive investigation. We’re stretched thin as it is.” Connie told him.

“I only want you to assign one other Auror to the case, Harry Potter.” Kingsley said.

Connie and Ratford looked at each other in surprise before turning back to the Minister.

“Are you sure that’s wise, Minister?” Connie asked. “Don’t misunderstand, I appreciate all Mr. Potter has done for us, but he’s only just passed his exams. Are you sure he-”

“I’m sure.” Kingsley answered somewhat sternly. “If there is one thing I’ve learned, it’s that you should *never* underestimate Harry Potter.”

Harry ran hard and fast down the narrow streets of Knockturn Alley, his feet thumping loudly on the worn stone road with only the light of a nearly full moon to light the way. Panting heavily, he came to a skidding halt at a T-shaped intersection. He looked left and right quickly, hesitating on which way to go. A blood curdling scream to his right gave him a direction and he took off running again at full tilt, his lungs burning and his muscles tiring as he pushed himself onward. Rounding a corner, he came to a stop when he saw two figures in front of him. One was lying prone on the ground, unmoving, while the other, a dark cloaked figure, knelt over the first.

“Stop!” Harry shouted commandingly.

The cloaked figure stood, gazing at him for a second before turning to flee. Harry took off once more, a stunning spell leaping angrily from the tip of his wand, missing the figure by less than an inch as they ducked into a small side alley. Tearing around the corner, he stumbled to a stop, staring in disbelief at the empty dead end only twenty feet away with no one in sight. With his wand raised cautiously, Harry started scanning the area for everything he could think of. Invisibility cloaks, disillusionment charms, Animagus, and more all came back negative. Whoever was there before, they were gone now. Cursing loudly, Harry turned around and walked back to the downed figure in the streets.

Kneeling down, he rolled them over and checked for a pulse, sighing in relief when he found one. While checking on the wizard, he noticed a long, black hair on the lapel of his cloak that didn't match the wizard's dark blonde hair. Holding it up to examine it in the moonlight, he smiled. They might have gotten away tonight, but now, he had something to go on.

"Hey, Harry." Susan said, leaning against the wall of his little cubical, a bright smile on her face.

"Susan! Just the ginger I wanted to see." Harry said, smiling and leaning back in his chair.

"Me? Sure you're not looking for a Weasley?" She asked.

"Nah, useless, that lot." Harry said teasingly.

"Oi!" They heard Ron shout from a few cubicles over.

"How's the case going?" Susan asked.

"That bloke we found in the alley didn't see anything. Apparently, whoever attacked them showed up silently and kept their face covered. But, I did find this." Harry told her, holding up the long black hair. "I was hoping you could help me track who it belongs to."

“Sure, do you have a map?” Susan asked, grabbing the hair carefully between her fingers.

Harry rifled through several papers on his messy desk before pulling out a rolled-up map of Britain. Spreading it out on his desk, Susan pulled out a crystal on a long silver chain from the pocket of her robes. She took the hair and touched the end of it against the top of the crystal where it seemed to melt into it until it completely disappeared. Tapping the crystal with her wand, it began swinging in wide circles on its own. Susan held tightly to the silver chain as the crystal moved over the map, guiding it with her hand so that it covered the entire map. Suddenly, the crystal stopped, sticking to the map and pointing to a single point.

“There.” Susan said.

“You are brilliant.” Harry said, writing down the coordinates.

“About time someone noticed.” She said teasingly. “You want me to go with you?”

“Not this time.” Harry said, grabbing his cloak off the back of the chair. “I’m going to sneak in nice and quiet, and grab them before they even know I’m there.”

“Okay, but call if you need backup. You don’t always have to do things on your own.” Susan said, poking him in the chest.

“I know.” He said, giving her a reassuring smile and a pat on the shoulder as he passed her to leave.

“Oh, and Harry.” She called out, causing him to turn around. “Happy Halloween.”

“Happy Halloween, Susan.” Harry said, waving over his shoulder as he left.

With a nearly silent *pop*, Harry apparated into the middle of a wood, a few hundred yards from the cabin corresponding to the coordinates Susan got from the hair. Claspings his trusty invisibility cloak tightly around him, he a silencing charm around himself before he started his trek through the woods. It took him nearly half an hour of stumbling through the trees and branches before the cabin was in sight. Fortunately, the moon overhead was full, with just enough light filtering through the trees for him to see. The trees ended just feet from the side of the cabin, with more trees surrounding both sides and a long, winding dirt trail leading away from the front.

There was a single window at the side of the small cabin, shrouded by aged, yellow curtains and lit by candle light. The faint smell of burning wood came from a constant stream of smoke that rose from the chimney. Creeping as silently as possible around to the back of the cabin, he looked in another two windows, but still saw no signs of movement. Clutching his wand tightly, he approached the back door, preparing to enter. Just before he stepped out of the tree line, Harry the snap of a twig behind him, causing him to whirl around with his wand raised. He saw nothing.

Holding perfectly still, straining his ears and eyes, looking for any sign of movement. The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end, and his senses screamed at him that he was being watched. A shadow shifted out of the corner of his eye and he snapped to face, and yet still saw nothing. The feeling of being watched was stronger than ever, like someone's eyes burning into the back of his head. Slowly, he turned on the spot, looking behind him to see a shadowed, cloaked figure just inside the tree line at the side of the house. Even though he couldn't see the eyes, the figure seemed to stare straight at him.

Knowing he was being seen, but not knowing how, Harry took off his cloak and stuffed it into his pocket. Meeting the unseen gaze of the figure, they stood more than thirty feet apart, both still and unmoving. Rubbing his thumb against his holly wand, feeling the comforting warm grains under his skin, his muscles tensed, ready to react instantly. Suddenly, in a blink, Harry's wand snapped up, a red flash of light leaping from the tip to fly straight for the cloaked figure. The figure moved with inhuman speed, shifting to the side and then running at him with unnatural speed.

Several more spells shot from the tip of his wand, each easily dodged by the rapidly advancing figure as they danced their way across the field as Harry backed up. When it was just a few feet

away, the figure leap, flying across the gap and diving at him. Harry fell backwards, a net shooting out of his wand and wrapping itself tightly around the figure as they fell overhead, landing in the shadow of a tree. Sighing with relief, he climbed to his feet and approached the figure cautiously, his wand raised.

“Lumos.”

Light spilled from the tip of his wand, illuminating the area around him and revealing nothing but trees, leaves, and an empty net. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up once more, and Harry spun around quickly his wand raised. He was too late. The figure leapt from the shadows, crashing into with enough force to knock the wind out of him and sending him sliding several feet along the leaf covered ground when he landed on his back. The figure landed on top of him, straddling his waist and pinning his wrists to the ground.

Harry tried to struggle, but the figures long, thin fingers were like iron, inhumanly strong and unconcerned with his feeble struggles. Leaning over him, the figures long, ink black hair fell in a curtain around his head, blocking out the light of the moon and keeping their face in shadow. As he looked up at the figure, his pulse racing as he fought down his panic, their hair began to shorten, like it was being sucked up into their skull. As it retracted beneath the hood, the color lightened and turned a bright purple.

“Wotcher, Harry.” Came a familiar voice.

As the figure tilted their head up, allowing the moonlight to illuminate their face, Harry’s eyes widened as he took in the face of a friend he thought he had lost.

“Tonks.” Harry whispered in a stunned voice.

Tonks relaxed her grip on his wrists, quirking her lips at him.

“Tonks!” Harry yelled, sitting up and hugging her tightly. “I thought you were dead.”

Tonks wrapped her arms around him surprisingly gently considering the strength she had shown earlier.

"I did." She whispered into his ear.

"What?" Harry asked, pulling back. "What do you mean?"

Tonks smiled again, this time wider, revealing pointed canines with a fixed grin. A Vampire. Now it all made sense, the speed, the strength. With a sad look, Harry reached up and cupped her cheek, his thumb gently rubbing her smooth, pale skin. Her fixed grin relaxed into a more natural smile, her eyes sparkling at him.

"When? How?" He asked in a weak voice.

"Hogwarts. After Dolohov killed Remus, a Vampire grabbed me from behind, bit me, and threw me off the tower. I was dead, but the Vampire magic brought me back a couple of days later. I woke up buried in the ground and had to dig my way out." Tonks said with a faraway look. "Come on, let's go inside."

Tonks climbed to her feet and offered him a hand, helping him up. She held his hand in hers as she led him to the cabin and in the back door. Inside, the cabin looked worn but homey, with an old couch, a torn, squishy arm chair, and a beaten up, ruffled bed. Against the side wall was a fireplace with a cauldron bubbling away over a small fire. Pulling him over to the couch, she sat down, tugging him down to sit next to her.

"Tonks, are you the one that's been taking collaborators?" Harry asked.

"Yes." She admitted quietly.

"Why, what are you doing with them?" He asked curiously.

"I'm not feed off of them, or killing them if that's what you think." She told him with a small smile.

"I didn't think you were." He said seriously.

Tonks smiled happily, squeezed his hand in hers and leaned over to kiss him on the cheek.

"They're in an old Muggle bunker a few miles away. I gave them the Draught of Living Death. Their perfectly fine, but they're not going anywhere, not until they've been put on trial, at least." She told him, leaning against the side of his body.

"But, why?"

"I had to do something. They killed my dad. I know the Ministry cells are overcrowded with Death Eaters, and I wasn't going to let them get away. I only went after the ones that tried to leave the country." She explained.

"Tonks, you can't keep doing this, Kingsley under a lot of pressure to catch you. I promise you, they *will* face trial, you just have to be patient." Harry said, taking his hand out of hers to wrap it around her shoulders.

"Oh, and you're not going to take me in?" She asked playfully.

"For what? Your horrible taste in furniture?" Harry asked back with a smile. "I haven't actually seen you break any laws."

Tonks smiled up at him and then rested her head on his shoulder, leaning further into him. Harry sat with her, holding her close and rubbing her arm gently for a short while before he decided to address the Hippogriff in the room.

“You need to come back.” He told her quietly.

“I can’t. Not like this. No one would ever accept me.” Tonks said, sad and certain. “You know, I always thought Remus was just being stupid, trying to push me away. I understand better now.”

“Your mum would accept you, and Teddy.” Harry told her. “And I can promise you, I will always be there for you.”

“Why?”

“What?” Harry asked, looking down at her.

“Why do you care so much?” She asked, staring at him.

“Because you’re my friend.” Harry told her.

“Is that the only reason?” She asked him.

“What do you mean?” He asked.

“I’m not blind, Harry. I saw the way you looked at me. You know, when I was chasing after Remus, I nearly gave up on him to go after you instead.” She confessed.

“Really?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Yes. In fact, I wish I had.” She said, turning to face him. “The question is, would you still want me, like this?”

Reaching up, Harry cupped her cheek. "You're still the same person, Tonks. Of course, I would."

Bending down, he kissed her on the lips, and she kissed him back. Slow and soft at first, the kiss gradually grew more heated as it went on until they finally broke for air. Tonks rested her forehead against Harry's, staring into his eyes uncertainly.

"Teddy, my mum, do you really think they'll accept me like this?" She asked, her eyes desperately searching his for answers.

"I know they well." Harry said certainty. "The only thing they care about is who you are, not what you are."

Her eyes welled and tears fell from the corners as she leaned into him. Harry pulled her into his lap, holding her tightly as she cried. It was a couple of minutes before she calmed down enough to talk.

"When I go back, will you go with me?" She asked hopefully.

"I'll go with you, I promise." Harry said.

"Thank you." She whispered gratefully, kissing him on the lips.

Tonks moved so that she was straddling his waist with her arms wrapped around his neck as they kissed. She pulled back as she ground herself down onto him, wiggling her hips.

"You know, when we learned about Vampires in school, they told us about the craving for blood, but no one ever mentioned just how horny it makes you." Tonks said as she continued to grind herself down on his hardened length. "You have no idea how bad I've needed a good shag over the last three months."

Tonks threw off her cloak, revealing a tight, red bustier and medium length skirt underneath. Grabbing the front of Harry's robes and shirt, she gave them a mighty yank and tore them as easily as tissue paper from his body, leaving him topless. As Harry removed his arms from the tattered remains of his shirt and robes, Tonks ran her hands up his abs and over his chest, a hungry, lustful gleam in her eyes. Sliding backwards, she dropped to her knees and open his belt and pants quickly with nimble fingers.

"Mmh, I can definitely have some fun with this." She said as she slowly stroked his rigid length.

Looking up at him, she smirked at him seductively.

"You're going to love this." She told him.

Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his swollen head and descended until his entire length was buried deep in her throat like it was nothing. Harry inhaled sharply through his nose, his hands threading through her short purple hair as she bobbed her head up and down without a single gag or cough. Even more impressive was the fact that she just kept going. For well over a minute, she kept bobbing up and down, driving his straining cock into her hot, tight throat over and over again.

"Bloody hell, how are you doing that?" Harry groaned.

Tonks pulled up, sucking hard and slithering her tongue along his shaft until her lips popped as she came off of the head.

"I'm a Vampire, Harry. I don't need to breath." She reminded him with a devilish smile.

Harry grunted as she swallowed him whole again, his girth stretching her throat until her lips were wrapped tightly around the base. As she continued to move up and down on his shaft, her tongue slather the underside, his hands gripped her hair tighter and his hips bucked lightly. Burying his cock all the way down her throat, her nose pressed against his stomach, her eyes meeting his in a burning gaze. She patted his hips twice and then put her arms behind her back

while holding her head still. In a lust filled haze, it took his mind a moment to register what she was trying to tell him.

Finally getting it, he tightened his grip in her hair even more and began moving her head to his own pace while bucking his hips in time. Closing his eyes, he hammered her throat relentlessly, panting in the pleasure and insanity of the moment. Tonks moaned and swallowed around his thrusting cock, causing her throat to vibrate and spasm around his thick shaft. Large gobs of saliva fell from her mouth, down her chin and onto his pants, making his balls slap wetly against her chin. Harry was quickly pushed to his limit, the thrill and pleasure of the moment pushing him over the edge. With just a few more, brutal thrusts, he came with a loud groan. His hands tightened painfully in her hair as he held himself buried to the hilt as he fired down her throat and directly into her stomach. As he came, so did Tonks. She moaned around him as her body trembled and she rubbed her legs together. When Harry finished, he pulled her off of him, leaving her to moan out loud as her orgasm continued for several seconds longer.

“Did you just cum from sucking my cock?” Harry asked teasingly.

“I think it was your cum. It’s so full of magic.” Tonks said in a daze tone.

Standing up, Tonks pulled her wand out of the waistband of her skirt. With a wave, both his and her clothes flew off of their bodies, leaving them naked. As Harry stared at her large breasts, tight stomach and wide hips, a thought occurred to him.

“Wait, I thought Vampires couldn’t use magic.” Harry said.

“I think it’s because I’m a Metamorphmagus. My magic is much more connected to my body than other witches and wizards.” She said, pulling him to his feet.

“Really, so-” Harry was cut off as she pressed her finger to his lips.

“Later.” She told him.

With an unbelievable forceful shove, Harry was sent flying across the room where he landed on the bed. With a feral grin, Tonks leap across the room, landing on top of him on her hands and knees. Grinding herself down on him, she kissed him hungrily, her dangling breasts and hard nipples rubbing against his chest. Running his hands over her body, it took very little time for him to get hard again. Raising herself up, Tonks reached between their bodies and lined him up with her soaking entrance. He could feel the heat radiating off of her from her excitement. Slamming her weight down on him, she drove his cock into her brutally, throwing her head back with a breathless moan.

“Oh fuck, yes.” She hissed.

Grabbing her hips, Harry helped her as she began bouncing on him vigorously, her ass clapping loud against his thighs as the old bed creaked and groaned in protest under them. Moaning loudly, her eyes clouded with lust and her mind fogged with euphoria, Tonks leaned down, her lips sucking at the base of his neck as her sharp canines grazed his skin lightly. Harry ran one hand through her hair as the other gripped her ass tightly. Turning his head, he sucked at her neck before nipping at the delicate skin playfully. Removing her lips from his neck, she pushed herself up on her arms to look down at him.

“You really trust me.” She said in awe, panting lightly.

“Always.” Harry said, stroking her cheek.

Tonks smiled at him, her eyes glistening. Kissing him on the lips, she began riding him with bruising force, her hot, tight walls swallowing him at a thunderous pace. With the bruising force of her movements, the bed creaked and shook, the head board bouncing off the walls with a rhythmic thump. Breaking the kiss, Tonks sat up, her hands on his chest to support her weight. Harry reached up, grabbing a squeezing her swaying, bouncing breasts and pinching her stiff nipples. Suddenly, with a loud creak and a series of cracks, the bed gave way under them and went crashing to the floor. Both of them paused in surprise for a moment before Tonks gave him a cheeky grin.

“Now, that’s what I call breaking in the bed.” She said.

Harry chuckled, grabbing her by the hips as he rolled them both over.

“Mmh, I think I like it when you take charge.” She told him with a grin.

Harry smirked at her as he threw her legs over his shoulders, putting his weight on his arms and toes. Tonks gave him a smoldering look as he began pounding into her, driving his cock into the hot, smooth clutches of her soaking wet core at a blistering pace. Her breasts bounced and jiggled furiously as he slammed into her, driving her body into the mattress. At such a fast pace, neither of them was going to last long. Tonks reached her limit first, throwing her head back and screaming out her euphoria as her body tensed and trembled under him. The feeling of her smooth walls contracting and fluttering around him swiftly pushed him closer to the edge. Driving into her with bruising strength a few more times, he buried his cock as deep as he could go as he reached his climax. With a loud grunt, he flooded her core with jets of hot cum splashing forcefully against her walls in bursts. That sent Tonks into another climax before the first had finished, causing her to let out a loud keen as her body shook and twitched uncontrollably.

As Harry collapsed on top of her, Tonks let out a quivering moan as she shuddered, her prolonged orgasm finally coming to an end. Rolling over into a more comfortable position, with him on his back and her resting her head on his chest while cuddled up to his side, Harry kissed the top of her head.

“Happy Halloween, Tonks.” He said with a smile.

Finally, Harry had a Halloween he wanted to remember.