

Chapter 10

Tonks looked up from her report on the incident at the Ministry when she heard three quick taps. A smile light up her face when she saw Hedwig perched outside of her newly repaired window. Hopping off her bed, she rushed over and threw it open. The snowy white owl swooped gracefully into her bedroom and landed on the bedpost with a friendly hoot.

“Hey, Hedwig. Harry staying out of trouble?” Tonks asked as she stroked the top of her head.

She hooted again, somehow managing to make it sound like a long-suffering sigh.

“I know what you mean,” Tonks said with a chuckle.

Content with the attention she’d gotten, Hedwig held out her leg where a letter was attached. Grinning, Tonks quickly but carefully removed the letter and ran the back of her finger down the soft feathers covering her belly before hopping onto the bed.

Unfolding the letter, Tonks’ blue eyes bounced back and forth rapidly in their sockets as she quickly read through the letter, her smile growing with each line.

“Well, looks like Harry and I are officially coming out as a couple,” she said brightly.

Her smile slowly dimmed as a new realization hit her.

“I don’t suppose you’d be willing to tell Molly for me, would you?” Tonks asked.

Hedwig stopped preening her feather to look at Tonks sharply. Letting out a loud squawk, she flapped her wings and took off out of the window.

“Coward!” Tonks yelled after.

Huffing, she slumped back onto her bed and groaned.

“What do you mean you’re dating Harry!?” Molly yelled.

Tonks fought back a flinch at the ear shattering sound and folded her arms over her chest.

“Exactly what I said,” she replied with a forced calm. “Harry and I have been together since Christmas break, and we’ve decided it’s time to tell everyone.”

“No, I forbid it!” Molly yelled.

Tonks rolled her eyes.

“I wasn’t asking for permission,” she said. “Why are you so against me dating Harry anyways?”

“You’re too old for him,” Molly huffed with a challenging glare.

“We’re only five years apart,” Tonks pointed out. “It’s the same age difference between me and Bill, but you don’t seem to have a problem trying to set me up with him.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Molly said, turning away to scrub the table.

“Oh, please,” Tonks said, leaning her back against the doorway to the kitchen. “You’re not nearly as subtle as you think you are. Everyone in the house knows you’ve been trying to set me up with Bill to get him away from Fleur.”

“You’re just too young to know what’s best for you,” Molly said unapologetically.

“Now, Molly,” Arthur said, speaking up for the first time. “It’s not up to us who they date. If my parents had had their way, I’d have ended up with Mindy Greenstead.”

“What about Ginny?” Molly asked. “She’s had her heart set on Harry since she was a little girl.”

“So have half the girls within two years of him,” Tonks pointed out.

“But-”

“That’s enough, Molly,” Arthur said firmly. “Harry and Tonks are more than old enough to make their own decisions.”

“Fine!” Molly huffed.

Turning to the sink, she began to furiously scrub the dishes by hand. Sighing, Tonks turned to give Arthur a tired smile, which he returned. Things hadn’t gone as well as she’d hoped, but she hoped Molly would get over it by the time they got Harry away from the Dursley’s. She just hoped that Harry went back to Grimmauld Place rather than the Burrow, or they might never get to see each other.

Harry stepped off the Hogwarts Express and immediately felt the stares of hundreds of parents bear down on him. Hunching his shoulders, he looked away and moved towards the exit when he caught a sight of something purple. Looking back, he smiled as Tonks waved her arms wildly to get his attention with a massive grin on her face. Without waiting for his friends, he made his way over to her.

As soon as he reached her, Harry pulled her into a tight hug and buried his face in her bright purple hair. After a long moment, he pulled back and Tonks took his hand in hers. He couldn’t stop a wide grin from stretching across his face.

“Hey, Tonks,” Hermione said with a smile as she, Ron, Ginny, and the twins caught up.

“Wotcher, Hermione, Weasleys,” Tonks said with a grin.

Harry noticed Mrs. Weasley for the first time, and the glare she gave Tonks as she hugged her children. Tonks had told him she wasn't too happy about the news of them dating, but he'd hoped she'd be over it by now. Oh well, he thought, if she didn't like it, that was her problem. He wasn't letting go of Tonks for anything.

“How's Sirius?” Harry asked.

“Impatient,” Tonks replied with a roll of her eyes. “The Ministry exonerated him of all charges, but they asked him to wait a week before going into public, so the news has time to spread. He's been whinging about it for the last three days.”

Harry nodded, but her talk of whinging had him thinking about going back to Privet Drive for the next month.

“You alright?” Tonks asked.

“I'm fine,” Harry said softly, giving her a brief smile.

She didn't look convinced.

“I knew it!” Ginny crowed suddenly, causing both of them to look over at her.

Grinning, Ginny turned to the twins and held out her hand.

“Pay up,” she said.

“Ginny,” Mrs. Weasley gasped as Fred cursed quietly and pulled a few Sickles out of his pocket.

“What?” Ginny asked. “Everyone knew Harry and Tonks had a thing for each other over Christmas.”

Harry blushed as Tonks shook with silent laughter next to him. Mrs. Weasley gaped at her daughter, her mouth opening and closing several times.

“You’re not... upset?” she asked delicately.

“Why would I be upset?” Ginny asked.

“Perhaps we should finish this conversation at home,” Mr. Weasley interrupted, for which Harry was grateful, having a good idea of where it was going. “Come on, kids, time to go. The Ministry sent car to take us home.”

“Oh, sure, now they care,” Ron grumbled.

“That’s politics,” Mr. Weasley said with a smile.

As they walked towards the exit of platform nine and three quarters, Harry let go of Tonks’ hand to wrap his arm around her waist. She smiled and kissed his cheek just before they stepped through the barrier together.

Stepping out on the other side and into Muggle London, Harry let go of her.

“Well, it’s about time,” barked an unpleasantly familiar voice to his right. “Hurry up boy.”

Harry looked at Vernon and sighed. Turning to Tonks, he opened his mouth to say goodbye, but before he could, she grabbed his hand and pulled him in the direction of his relatives.

“You must be the Dursley’s,” Tonks said with a grin.

“Who’re you?” Vernon demanded.

“Auror Tonks,” she replied while pulling a golden badge out of her pocket. “Basically, I’m a magical police officer.”

Vernon and Petunia both looked at her with pinched expression.

“Yeah, so what?” Vernon blustered.

“So, you’re abuse of Harry ends now,” Tonks said firmly.

“Now see here,” Vernon said, puffing out his chest as his face turned red. “I don’t know what this – this boy has been telling you –”

“He hasn’t told us anything,” Tonks interrupted, further angering Vernon, much to her amusement. “Tell me, Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, did you know we have a way of watching memories?”

Petunia gasped and Vernon deflated like a balloon.

“Here’s what’s gonna happen,” Tonks said, pulling a VHS tape out of her pocket. “You’re going to leave Harry alone this summer. He’s going to come and go when he pleases, he’s going to eat whatever he wants, and he’s going to leave when he wants, or I send this to your local police department. Or maybe the news station?”

“Vernon,” Petunia gasped, looking horrified as she grabbed his arm.

Vernon went bright red as he glared at Tonks venomously.

“Fine,” he growled.

“Glad we understand each other,” Tonks said with a grin.

“Let’s go, boy,” Vernon said through gritted teeth.

“Oh, one last thing,” Tonks said just as Vernon turned to leave. “I’ll be staying next door with Mrs. Figg in case you get any ideas about ignoring me.”

“Really?” Harry asked as Petunia looked at the purple haired girl in horror.

“You didn’t really think I was going to leave you on your own with this lot, did you?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

Grinning, Harry walked forward and lifted her off the ground while hugging her tightly. Tonks squealed with laughter as he spun her around before setting her down. Furiously, Vernon stomped away to the car with Petunia scurrying after him.

“Did you really record my memories?” Harry asked curiously. “I thought electronics didn’t work around magic.”

“What, this?” Tonks asked with a mischievous grin as she held up the tape. “This is just an old tape my dad made of our last family reunion.”

Laughing, Harry kissed her on the lips. When they broke apart, she smiled at him lovingly.

“I’ll see you soon,” Tonks whispered.

Nodding, Harry kissed her on the lips on last time before turning to follow his uncle.

The ride back to Privet Drive was ominously quiet. In the rear-view mirror, Harry could see Vernon seething silently behind the wheel. His face went from red to a deep puce as he worked himself into a towering rage. As soon as they pulled into the driveway of Number Four and Harry got out of the car, Vernon jabbed his fat, sausage like finger into his chest.

“Now you listen here you little –”

Vernon cut off suddenly and stared down at his hand in shock. Where his finger had been, now sat a fat, slimy slug.

“You really don’t learn, do you?” Tonks asked.

Harry snapped his head to the side and grinned at her as she winked at him.

“You crazy bitch,” Vernon growled, holding his hand.

“Vernon, Vernon the neighbors,” Petunia hissed frantically.

“The neighbors are going to be the least of your worries if you keep this up,” Tonks said, jabbing her wand at Vernon’s chest. “This ends now, Dursley. The only reason I haven’t gone to the police is because Dumbledore asked me not to. You harass Harry one more time, and I don’t care what Dumbledore wants. I’ll see you both in prison for abuse, neglect, and whatever other charges I can get to stick. By the time I’m done, everyone in this village will know exactly what kind of people you are.”

Angrily, Tonks jabbed her wand harder into Vernon's chest. The tip of her wand sparked, causing Vernon to yelp and stumble backwards where he fell on his arse. With a wiggle of her wand, his finger went back to normal as Petunia rushed over to kneel down next to him, both of them looking pale and sick.

"Come on, Harry. I'll help you with your trunk," Tonks said brightly.

Grinning, Harry followed her eagerly. She used a Feather Weight Charm to make his trunk easier to carry while she took Hedwig's cage. Not bothering to wait for the Dursley's, or perhaps to show them she could, Tonks easily unlocked the front door and ushered him inside.

Setting his trunk down at the end of his bed, Harry hugged his grinning girlfriend and kissed her passionately.

"You are brilliant," he said.

"I know," Tonks said.

Laughing, Harry picked her up, kicked his door closed, and carried her over to the bed.

The next morning, Tonks was rudely awoken by an incessant pounding. It took a moment for her sleep addled mind to realize it was coming from the door. Next to her, Harry groaned and covered his head with his pillow.

"Boy, get up!" Petunia screeched.

Harry sighed and started to get up, but Tonks stopped him by placing a hand on his chest. Angrily, she hopped out of bed, grabbed his discarded shirt off the floor, and hurriedly pulled it on as she stomped towards the door. Grabbing the handle, she wrenched it open and glared at the shocked looking woman in front of her.

“What?” Tonks demanded.

“What are you doing!?” Petunia hissed, looking over her shoulder as if she expected one of the neighbors to be standing behind her.

“What does it look like?” Tonks snapped back. “I *was* sleeping with my boyfriend until you woke us up.”

“You can’t do that here!” Petunia whispered harshly, her cheeks going pink.

“I really don’t care what you think I can, or cannot do,” Tonks huffed irritably. “Now, what do you want?”

“Vernon needs his breakfast,” Petunia said, looking over Tonks’ shoulder to peer into the room.

“Then tell him to make it himself,” Tonks said dismissively.

“That’s Potter’s job while he’s here,” Petunia said.

“Not anymore,” Tonks countered, moving to close the door.

“Vernon won’t like this,” Petunia said in a threatening tone.

Growling, Tonks glared at the woman and raised her wand. Petunia squeak and leapt back, eyeing it like it was a venomous snake about to bite her.

“Let’s go see about that, shall we?” Tonks asked, her eyes taking on a dangerous glint.

“Tonks,” Harry called out worried as she stormed from the room.

As his aunt chased after her, he hopped out of bed and threw on a pair of shorts. Stomping down the stairs, Tonks stormed into the kitchen where Vernon was reading the morning newspaper with a cup of coffee in his hand.

“Did the boy give you any trouble, pet?” Vernon asked, still staring at the newspaper. “If he did, I’ll-”

“You’ll what?” Tonks interrupted.

Slamming down his paper, Vernon narrowed his eyes as he stared at her just as Harry and Petunia caught up and stood watching in the doorway.

“What are you doing here? Who let you in?” Vernon asked suspiciously, his face slowly turning red.

“I never left,” Tonks told him. “Did I not make myself clear yesterday? I’m going to tell you one last time. Leave. Harry. Alone.”

“I have had enough!” Vernon roared, clamping his fist down on the table with a loud bang. “You listen here you little bitch, I will not be ordered about in my own house! Now, I want you out! Ou-”

With a wave of her wand, Tonks caused Vernon’s mouth vanished mid-sentence. He looked quite odd with just a mustache in the middle of his face. Behind her, Petunia shrieked and rushed over to her husband as he felt the smooth skin where his mouth should have been with a horrified look in his eyes. When they started to become hysterical, she hit them with a Calming Charm and magically forced them into seats.

“What the hell is wrong with you people?” Tonks asked, her brow furrowed in disgust. “Are you so fucking sadistic that you can’t go one day without abusing your nephew?”

“Please, we’ll do what you want,” Petunia begged, her panic managing to partially overcome the Calming Charm.

“You know, you’ve spent the last sixteen years calling Harry a freak,” Tonks said angrily. “The only freaks I see, are the two of you.”

“Tonks,” Harry said calmly as he hugged her from behind.

It was only as she took a calming breath that she realized she had her wand pointed at his aunt and uncle, the tip shooting red sparks. Closing her eyes, Tonks took a deep breath before she opened them again.

“Leave us alone, or I will make your life a living hell, got it?” Tonks asked.

Petunia nodded frantically, but Vernon just glared over her shoulder balefully. A Stinging Hex leapt from her wand and hit him in the chest. Petunia jumped in her seat and looked at Vernon worriedly as he let out a muffled yell.

“Got it?” Tonks asked again, this time more aggressively.

Eyeing her wand fearfully, Vernon nodded.

“Good,” Tonks said.

Pulling away from Harry, she spun around and grabbed his hand, pulling him out of the kitchen.

“Wait!” Petunia called out. “What about Vernon?”

“His mouth’ll grow back in an hour or so,” Tonks called back over her shoulder.

Walking back up to Harry’s room, she stripped off her shirt and sighed, feeling drained. Harry hugged her from behind and kissed the side of her neck as his hands caressed her bare stomach. Humming, she leaned back against him and relaxed.

“You were brilliant,” Harry said.

“I know,” Tonks replied with a grin, then shook her head. “I can’t believe Dumbledore just left you here and didn’t bother to check on you,” she said.

Harry’s arms tightened around her waist as he hugged her tightly.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you, too,” Tonks replied with a smile.

It seemed like having his mouth removed for over an hour finally got through to Uncle Vernon. After that, he avoided Harry and Tonks like the plague. Three days after Harry arrived, Dudley returned from Smeltings. Apparently, his parents had talked to him in the car, because he too left Harry alone, although Harry did catch him watching them with a curious expression whenever their paths crossed. He wasn’t sure what it was about, but it was certainly better than his usual behavior.

Tonks’ plan to stay with Mrs. Figg was scrapped almost immediately. She told the order she was staying with the Dursley’s to keep them in check, but Harry knew there were other reason she didn’t want to leave.

It was nearly a week into their stay that a thought occurred to him.

“Hey, Tonks,” Harry said as he cooked breakfast for the two of them as the Dursley’s watched them warily.

“Hmm?” Tonks hummed tiredly.

“Don’t you have to work?” he asked.

“Huh? Oh, didn’t I tell you?” she asked, to which Harry shook his head. “Scrimgeour is trying to get on your good side, so he asked for someone to guard you over the summer. Naturally, I volunteered.”

“Why is he trying to get on my good side?” he asked, setting a plate of eggs and bacon in front of her as Dudley and Vernon picked at their grapefruits.

“Well, after his colossal fuck up, it looks like Fudge is getting ready to step down. I think Scrimgeour looking to run in the election,” Tonks said.

“Oh,” Harry said dully. “What’s he like?”

“He’s a decent Auror,” Tonks said with a shrug. “He’s too much of a politician for me though.”

“What about Madam Bones?” Harry asked.

Tonks scoffed, “She hates politics. Good luck getting her to run for Minister.”

“I wish there was something we could do,” Harry said with a sigh. “I’d much rather have Bones for Minister than someone who’s going to act like Fudge.”

“Actually, we might be able to,” Tonks said, brightening up. “Well, not me, but people are pretty willing to listen to you right now.”

“Him?” Vernon said with a loud, derisive scoff.

“Yes, him,” Tonks said with a glare. “You really have no idea how famous Harry is do you?”

Seeing Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, and Dudley giving her uncomprehending looks, Tonks shook her head.

“Idiots,” she muttered. “Anyways, I bet if you wrote a letter to the Prophet telling them you wanted Bones for Minister people might actually listen.”

“I don’t know,” Harry said doubtfully. “I’ve never really had good experiences with the press.”

“That’s because you’ve always waited for them to come to you,” Tonks said. “I’ve got a friend that works there. We could send the letter to her.”

Harry hummed thoughtfully as he took a bite of toast.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to love, but Bones is going to need a pretty big push if you want her in office,” Tonks said.

“Can you help me write it?” Harry asked. “I’ve never been good at that sort of thing.”

“Of course,” Tonks said with a grin, then turned to kiss his cheek.

“Mental,” Vernon muttered.

Tonks glared at him, then a mischievous smile stretched across her lips as she finished her breakfast.

“I’m gonna go grab a shower,” she said, pulling a lock of hair in front of her face. “I think I’ve still got cum in my hair from last night.”

Harry covered his mouth to stop himself from bursting out laughing as Uncle Vernon’s eyes bugged out of his head and Aunt Petunia gasped with a scandalized look. Dudley’s entire face went bright red, and he studiously avoided making eye contact with anyone.

“Sorry,” Harry said, biting back a laugh.

“Uh huh, sure you are,” Tonks said with a grin. “You going to join me?”

“Definitely,” Harry said, grinning as he finished his plate.

“Now you see here,” Vernon started.

“Maybe next time, you should keep your fat mouth shut, then,” Tonks jumped in before he could continue.

Vernon scowled as they left the kitchen.

In the bathroom, Harry quickly stripped out of his clothes as Tonks locked the door. Walking over to the tub, she bent over to bring the water to temperature, and his oversized t-shirt rode up her back to reveal her panty covered bum underneath. Glancing over her shoulder, she caught him staring and playfully wiggled her hips back and forth.

Once the water was at the temperature she wanted, Tonks turned on the shower, stood up, and took off her shirt. Harry marveled at her perfect breasts and incredible figure as she pushed down her panties while unnecessarily bending at the waist. With her round ass jutting out at him, he got a brief glimpse of her delicate, pink lips between her muscular thighs just before she stood up.

No matter how many times he saw her like this, Harry could never quite get used to it. Sometimes, it felt like his luck was just too good to be true.

Turning back to grin at him, Tonks giggled and grabbed his prominent erection. Using it like a leash, she pulled him under the spray of hot water with her. Harry pulled her close, slipping his hands over her soft, wet skin as he kissed her. She moaned into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck while his erection lay trapped between their stomachs. Tonks' large, soft breasts flattened against his chest as they held each other closely.

Pulling back, she gave him a sultry smile before slowly dropping to her knees. Harry gasped as his length slipped between her wet breasts before bobbing above her upturned face, throbbing needily with each beat of his heart.

"I did promise you a real blowjob once I was feeling better," Tonks said playfully while grabbing his shaft lightly and kissing the underside.

"The last one felt pretty real to me," Harry said, smiling.

Tonks chuckled with her lips wrapped around the side of his shaft, sending reverberations through his entire length and causing him to groan.

"That was nothing, babe," she said alluringly.

Grabbing the bottom half of his length firmly, Tonks kissed and licked at the head. Once he was moistened with her saliva, she opened her lips wide and swallowed nearly half of him. Groaning, Harry ran a hand over her wet hair as she bobbed back and forth in slow, sensual

movements over the tip. For a long moment, Tonks focused almost solely on the head, sucking hard and swirling her tongue around his engorged, sensitive glans. Eventually, she pulled back entirely and placed a soft kiss on tip.

“You have such a great cock,” Tonks whispered softly, her breath washing over his wet head as she traced her fingers lightly along his shaft. “I just love how big and hard it feels in my mouth.”

After kissing his tip lovingly, she swallowed him again, her lips stretched wide around his girth. With a sensual moan, Tonks began bobbing her head, this time taking him deeper with each new descent. Pulling back to the tip, she looked up at him with wide, bright blue eyes before surging forward. Harry gasped as she swallowed him whole without ever breaking eye contact.

With her hands holding his hips, and her nose pressed firmly against his groin, Tonks moaned. Her exquisitely tight throat vibrating around his length.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped, his shaft swelling in excitement.

Pulling halfway back up his length, her lips tightly sealed around his shaft. Tonks paused before plunging him back into her voracious mouth. Back and forth she moved, ramming his thick, swollen head and wide shaft back into her throat over and over again. Through it all, she kept her eyes locked on his, the corners crinkled in a teasing smirk.

Harry curled his toes and closed his eyes, fighting back his impending climax to make this unbelievable pleasure last as long as possible. Unfortunately, Tonks was relentless, pulling back for only a moment to catch her breath before swallowing him again.

“Tonks,” he gasped in warning.

Rather than slow down or pull back, Tonks took a deep breath through her nose and buried him in her throat with a muffled moan. As her tongue lapped at the underside of his pulsating shaft, she jerked her head back and forth in short, rapid movements.

Unconsciously, Harry's hand tightened in her hair and his hips began sawing back and forth. A shudder ran through his body as he burst deep in her throat, sending numerous jets of hot cum straight down her into her stomach. Feeling him pulse and throb, Tonks took him as deep as she could and wrapped her arms around his waist to hold herself in place. Moaning sensuously, she shook her head slightly from side to side as he emptied himself inside her.

As his peak finally waned, Tonks pulled back slowly, her lips sealed around him as she sucked hard. Harry shuddered and his hips jerked as her lips passed over his hypersensitive head, draining every last drop into her sucking mouth.

"Bloody hell," he gasped, panting lightly. "That was..."

Harry trailed off, completely at a loss for words.

"I know," Tonks said with a smug smirk.

Laughing, he held out his hand and helped her to her feet. Once she was standing, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her heatedly. When they parted, Tonks handed him the bottle of shampoo.

"Can you wash my hair?" she asked.

Smiling, Harry squeezed a large dollop of shampoo into his hand and lathered it into her bright purple hair. Taking turns, they washed each other, talking and laughing as they playfully explored each other's bodies. By the time they were done, he was already rock-hard again.

"Well, we can't have you going out there like this," Tonks said teasingly, grabbing his erection.

Grinning, Harry cupped her bum and lifted her off her feet. Giggling, she wrapped her legs around him. With his rigid length trapped against her core, Tonks moaned while biting her bottom lip cutely. Setting himself at her entrance, Harry leaned in and kissed her passionately

as he slowly lowered her onto to him. As Tonks sank down on his shaft, she moaned into his mouth and rolled her hips needily. When she bottomed out, she pulled back breathlessly and rested her forehead against his.

“Fuck me,” Tonks breathed.

Using his arms, Harry lifted her up a few inches before dropping her back down. With a low moan, Tonks used her strong thighs to help move herself up and down his rock-hard shaft. Even with the water pouring down on them, Harry could still feel her hot arousal leaking onto his length.

“Yes,” Tonks hissed, throwing her head back.

Watching her large, perky breasts bounce in time with their movements, Harry smiled before dipping his head and taking one of her swollen nipples between his lips. Tonks gasped, followed by a sultry moan, her hand clutching at the back of his head as their pace increased.

Grabbing his hair lightly, Tonks pulled his head back and kissed him hard just as Harry turned and pinned her back against the tile wall. As they kissed, he pulled back and slammed his cock into her rapidly. Pulling back, Tonks gasped and moaned, rolling her hips as his thick length invaded her tight, hot depths again and again.

“Harry,” Tonks whined, her folds fluttering as she neared her peak.

Kissing and sucking at the side of her neck, Harry continued plowing into her as her breathing sped up and her body trembled. With a sudden gasp, her muscles tightened, and her body shook in his arms as she came around him. Her teeth dug into his shoulder to muffle a scream. Unable to hold back, Harry grunted as he pulsed inside of her, his hips flexing with each pulse of his cock.

After catching their breath, Harry set Tonks back on her feet as he slipped out of her, careful to hold onto her as she steadied herself on weak legs.

“You know, I always wanted to have sex in a shower,” Tonks said with a grin.

Chuckling, Harry kissed her on the lips.