

"Thank bloody Merlin, that's over," Tonks groaned into the phone, earning a murmur of agreement from her best friend, Hestia Jones.

"If I never hear the word owl again, it will be too soon," Hestia muttered. "No offense meant, Ajax."

"Get yourself the stinkeye?" Tonks giggled.

"He's too smart for his own good," Hestia chuckled. "Luckily for me, his big weakness is head scratches; *yes it is*."

Tonks snorted as Hestia began speaking to her majestic great horned owl like he was a baby.

"How do you think you did on the DADA one?" Hestia asked after a quiet moment.

"I think I did well enough," Tonks sighed. "Having that blithering idiot as our professor in this of all years certainly didn't help."

"Eh, we've been at Hogwarts long enough to know that self-study is a must for defense," Hestia replied, and Tonks swore she could almost hear the other girl's shrug. "It wasn't like Lockhart was the worst part of the year."

"You're not wrong," Tonks shuddered. "Did you find out anymore of what actually went down at the end there?"

"The twins say that their little sister was abducted by the heir and taken down to the chamber where Harry Potter rescued her," Hestia shrugged. "They didn't seem to know much more than the official story, though."

"Did either of them say who was behind it all?" Tonks asked.

"You-Know-Who apparently left behind some enchanted object that caused all of this, somehow," Hestia replied. "No one's been punished, so it must have been controlling one of the students."

"Or professors," Tonks added. "Hmm, how did it even get into the school?"

"Your guess is as good as mine," Hestia replied. "The only ones who would know more than Fred and George are their brother and Potter himself."

"I could try asking him if I'm still curious in a couple months," Tonks shrugged. "We're cousins to some degree or another."

"Aren't we all?" Hestia chuckled.

"No, I mean like closer than most," Tonks replied. "His grandmum was a Black, and you know I descend from that gaggle of wackjobs."

"A fact that doesn't show in the slightest," Hestia said teasingly.

"Oh, fuck off," Tonks replied, earning a laugh. "So this enchanted thing left behind by the dark dickhead is it what petrified so many people?"

"No," Hestia replied hesitantly. "That's actually where the story gets weird."

"**That's** where the story gets weird?" Tonks asked incredulously. "The whole year was a bizarre nightmare from Halloween onward."

"I know but still..." Hestia muttered. "The twins both insist that a basilisk was behind the petrifications."

"What?!" Tonks exclaimed.

"Apparently Slytherin hatched one back in his day and left the damn thing down there," Hestia replied. "The person controlled by you-know-who's object unleashed it."

"Basilisks are up there with lethifolds and bloody nundus in terms of danger," Tonks pointed out. "How the hell did no one die if that's what we were being tormented with?"

"No idea," Hestia replied. "That's not even the strangest part. They claim that Potter killed it himself."

"Harry Potter, a second year, killed a thousand-year-old basilisk?" Tonks asked in disbelief.

"So they say," Hestia replied. "If the story had come from anyone else, I'd have called bullshit, but Fred gets really chatty when he's drinking, and I've never known him to BS me in that state."

"That thing must have been enormous," Tonks murmured, unable to even picture how big the snake must have gotten. "If it's true, he'll make a fortune from it."

"As far as I know, he left it where it was," Hestia said, and Tonks swore her brain short circuited for a moment.

"What?" she asked, stunned.

"That's what Fred said," Hestia replied.

"That...it..." Tonks trailed off as her mind began racing with possibilities.

She knew that for a creature as old and magical as the basilisk, it would take many months, possibly even more than a year, for the carcass to begin to rot. Even if it spent the whole summer dead in what she assumed was a dark, dank chamber, it would still be harvestable in the autumn. Harry Potter had left quite possibly hundreds of thousands of galleons on the table by abandoning the basilisk, and while Tonks wouldn't presume to try and take it, if she talked him into doing the smart thing and selling it off, surely it wouldn't be too much to ask for a small cut. Visions of herself as an auror wearing a badass coat of basilisk hide swam through her mind, and she practically salivated at the idea.

"Earth to Tonks," Hestia sang, snapping her out of her reverie.

"Sorry, Hes," Tonks replied, her face and hair going red as she realized that she'd probably been silent for a solid minute there.

"You thinking of trying to talk him into doing something with it?" Hestia asked.

"It can't hurt to ask," Tonks replied, grinning.

"Well, you'll want to wait until we're back at Hogwarts," Hestia warned her.

"Why?" Tonks asked.

"The muggles he lives seem like real dicks," Hestia replied.

"More from Fred and George?" Tonks asked.

"Yup," Hestia replied. "You recall the little bet Maxine and I had going with the two of them for our match this year?"

"I recall saying it was a bad idea," Tonks replied, grinning.

"Well, I didn't listen, and we lost," Hestia grumbled. "Max and I ended up serving the Griff's drinks for their victory party, and well, I'm not kidding when I say that Fred's a chatty drunk. It's the one thing that actually sets him apart from George."

"Go on," Tonks murmured.

"As the party wound down and Potter went to bed, George started mumbling about tearing bars off of his bedroom window when he picked him up this summer," Hestia continued.

"What?!" Tonks asked.

"Like I say, dicks," Hestia replied.

"Did he happen to say where this was?" Tonks asked.

"A town called Little Whinging in Surrey," Hestia replied. "Why?"

"Just curious," Tonks replied. "Anyway, my mum's giving me the evil eye, so I think I'd better see what she wants. Talk to you later, Hes."

"Talk to you then," Hestia chuckled. "Bye."

"Bye," Tonks replied, hanging up.

She furrowed her brow in thought as she considered everything her best friend had just told her. Her mother had just been an excuse to hang up, but she was home, and Tonks figured that it wouldn't hurt to see if she could be of any help. Getting out of bed, she walked downstairs and found her mother working in the garden she kept in the backyard.

"Hey, Mum?" she called out.

"Nymphadora, what is it?" Andromeda asked, making her bristle.

"Just a question," Tonks replied, choosing not to mention her much beloved name that time. "Did you know the Potters well?"

"The Potters?" Andromeda asked, surprised. "What makes you want to know about them?"

"There was some pretty weird shi...stuff that went on this year, and Harry Potter was in the center of all of it," Tonks replied. "It just made me curious, is all."

"I was in my O.W.L. year when they started Hogwarts, so I wouldn't have had much to do with them generally, but Horace recommended me for prefect, and James Potter was a little hellion as a boy, so I knew him somewhat better than I would have otherwise," Andromeda chuckled.

"What about Lily?" Tonks asked.

"I don't think Lily Evans got a single detention in all her years there," Andromeda replied, smiling wistfully. "I got to know the two of them a little better after we'd all graduated because we had certain...connections, though we were never exceedingly close. It was such a tragedy what happened to them."

"The poor kid lost them both in one night," Tonks murmured. "His father was an only child, right?"

"That's right," Andromeda replied. "Have you spoken to him at all? You are cousins after all."

"No," Tonks replied, wincing as her mother's eyes hardened a little. "I probably should have."

"There's always next year," Andromeda sighed. "Truth be told, I have no idea what his life has turned out like. I know that Lily had a sister, and I assume that he lives with her, but the two of them weren't close."

"Do you remember her name?" Tonks asked, knowing full well that her mother's memory could be frighteningly good at times.

"It was another flower name, but not as nice as Lily," Andromeda replied, tapping her finger on the handle of her trowel.

"Hyacinth?" Tonks suggested, and her mother laughed.

"Not that bad," Andromeda chuckled. "Petunia! That was it. I remember Lily complaining once that her sister was engaged to a man named Vernon Dursley and hadn't invited her to the wedding. I have no idea what happened there."

"Hmm," Tonks mused. "Well, I'll leave you to your gardening."

"I hope you don't expect to spend the entire summer on the phone, dear," Andromeda chided as Tonks turned around.

"Wouldn't dream of it," Tonks replied. "I do have a couple short calls to make, though."

"Mmhmm," Andromeda sighed, turning back to the soil.

Tonks smiled to herself as she went back inside. Provided Petunia actually did marry this Vernon Dursley, that conversation had been more helpful than she expected. Harry Potter was ignoring a fortune that would rot away to nothing if he let it, and Tonks couldn't, in good conscience, allow her cousin to do so. Finding him would take work, and she imagined that he was living with muggles in part to make it harder for the Death Eaters to find him, but as a half-blood, she had access to something none of those inbred pricks could even fathom: a phonebook.

"I just hope there aren't many Vernon Dursleys in that little town," she thought to herself as she dug the heavy tome out of the drawer her dad kept it in.

"If I see a single weed left in the garden when we return, I will be very unhappy," Petunia scowled at Harry.

"It's not like I haven't done this before," Harry grumbled, making the waifishly thin woman glare.

"Just get it done," Petunia hissed before turning towards the car Vernon and Dudley were waiting in.

The three of them were going off to dine together in celebration of something related to Dudley. He had tuned them out completely earlier and had no idea what they were so proud of, and he honestly didn't care. It would get them out of his hair for a while, and that was reason enough to celebrate.

"Dudley probably won best in show at the local pig fair," he thought to himself with a grin as Vernon drove off.

Returning to the garden, he got to work, pulling the weeds up, being careful to get as much of the roots as possible. As he'd said to his aunt, he had done this before and could work quickly enough if he wanted to, but he moved slowly, allowing the simple menial task to relax him. After the year he'd had, he figured he could do with some relaxation. His first year at Hogwarts had been wonderful, but it had come with its share of challenges as well. If his second year had been more peaceful, he might have declared the first to be a strange anomaly. Sadly, it was, if anything, even more challenging, and he wondered if that was just going to be the norm in his remaining years there.

Even with the life-threatening situations, though, Hogwarts remained as appealing as ever. Not only did he get to learn magic, but he got away from the Dursleys, and he'd happily fight a basilisk every year for that.

"Ah, shit!" a female voice hissed behind him, and Harry whipped around to see a girl lying on the sidewalk in front of him.

She had spiky pink hair and looked rather familiar, though he couldn't quite put his finger on it. She had tripped and skinned her knee and was glaring down at it as blood seeped between the fingers she was pressing against the wound.

"Are you okay?" he asked, walking over to her.

"I'm fine," she grumbled. "Far from the first time I've tripped over my bloody feet."

"Do you live around here?" Harry asked, "Because you should probably clean that up."

"No, actually," the girl replied, and he swore her eyes turned orange for a moment before returning to their amber shade.

"Well, if you want to wash up and get something on it to stop the bleeding, you can come in," Harry offered.

"So generous," the girl smiled, and Harry swore his heart fluttered in response to the look.

Seeing her up close, he noticed that she was very pretty. Her face was heart-shaped and blemish-free, with full lips and a straight, slight nose. She looked to be a little older than him, though as she stood up straight and he noticed the very prominent swells against her t-shirt, he wondered if she might be older than he thought.

"Do you think your relatives won't object?" she asked.

"They're not...relatives?" Harry asked, growing instantly tense and backing up. "Not parents?"

"You're quick," the girl grinned, sounding impressed as her eyes flicked up to his forehead for a moment. "The truth is that I came over because I thought you looked oddly familiar. I'm Tonks, fifth year in Hufflepuff. You kick my friend Hestia's arse once a year in Quidditch."

"The beater, right," Harry murmured, relaxing a little as he realized that he had seen this girl around school before. "You're the one who can change her hair color."

"I can change more than that," Tonks chuckled, "but not out here."

"Right," Harry grimaced. "Please, come in."

He led the still-bleeding girl inside and towards the nearest restroom. She went inside and quickly cleaned off her knee, barely wincing as she did so, and Harry got the sense that this was distressingly common for her. He was going to offer her bandages when, to his

shock, skin seemed to grow rapidly over the wound, until it looked like nothing had even happened.

"You can heal yourself?" he asked in wonder.

"Not really," Tonks replied. "I've forced skin to grow over it, and that will help it heal faster, but it still has to heal. I'm a bit of a klutz, and I've gotten plenty of little scrapes like this over the years. Comes with the territory."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"I'm a metamorphmagus," Tonks replied. "It's why I can change my hair color like this."

Before his eyes, her hair went from bubblegum pink to neon blue, Weasley red, and back to pink. She then changed the length and texture, rapidly growing waist-length, poker straight hair, a curly mop worthy of Hermione, and an afro before returning to her short, spiky look from before.

"It's fun, and I can do a lot more than that, but it's not without its drawbacks," Tonk continued. "My body's in constant minor flux, and that can make it hard to keep from falling over. I've gotten pretty used to it by now, but it can still trip me up at times."

"That sounds like it would be deeply annoying," Harry murmured.

"Eh, like I say, I've gotten used to it," Tonks shrugged.

"Have you ever changed without meaning to in front of muggles?" Harry asked.

"That's why I wear this," Tonks replied, holding up her left wrist and showing off the woven bracelet on it. "There are a bunch of enchanted runes stitched into this bracelet that make it serve as a sort of underpowered muggle repelling ward. So long as I don't do anything particularly stupid, it makes sure that I'm not noticed. It doesn't help with cameras, of course, so I still have to be careful."

"That sounds...useful," Harry breathed, staring covetously down at the bracelet.

Tonks suspected that he had very specific muggles in mind and tried not to think about the implications of that.

"Right useful, runes are," she murmured. "Are you taking them next year?"

"Hmm?" Harry asked, shaking his head as she drew him out of his thoughts. "Umm, no."

"What are you taking?" Tonks asked, smiling softly.

"Care of Magical Creatures and Divination," Harry replied, and her smile fell.

"Just them?" Tonks asked.

"I didn't want to take on too much," Harry replied defensively. "I do have Quidditch."

“Quidditch is well and good, but unless you expect to go pro, it’s not a career,” Tonks said. “Divination is garbage too, by the way.”

“Really?” Harry asked.

“Trelawney’s a drunken dingbat,” Tonks replied. “That class is less useful for your future prospects than Quidditch too. If you want to learn to make things like this, runes will be a must. Arithmancy is a pain, but it can be pretty useful too.”

“Hmm,” Harry hummed to himself, looking thoughtful.

“I could make you one in the meantime if you like,” Tonks offered. “It will mostly keep muggles from noticing that there’s anything off about you and bothering you, so it’s not like you’ll be invisible to them or anything. If there are specific muggles you want to ignore you, though, I can weave their hairs into it, and then so long as you’re wearing it, they’ll leave you alone entirely.”

“That...really?” Harry asked, his surprisingly gorgeous green eyes lighting up so much Tonks fought the urge to grimace.

“Yep,” she replied.

“That sounds great,” Harry breathed. “I can pay for...”

“No payment needed,” Tonks chuckled. “Consider it my way of thanking you for being so sweet. Not many guys would have invited a virtual stranger inside like that.”

Leaning forward enough that Harry could see down her shirt and get a glimpse of her pale breasts, she added breathily, “At least not without wanting something.”

“I...I...that,” Harry stammered, leaning back and forcing himself to look away as he felt his pants tighten.

Tonks laughed as he grew instantly flustered, thinking to herself that getting to know Harry might be more fun than she expected.

A practically giddy Harry exited the night bus a few weeks later and looked around in confusion at the empty parking lot. It was the night of his birthday, and Tonks had said that she had something special planned that she thought he’d enjoy. Just thinking about the beautiful metamorphmagus brought a smile to his face these days, and he’d been eagerly looking forward to whatever she had in mind for a while.

It was only half over, and this was already the greatest summer of his life by a wide margin. In place of a bracelet, Tonks had woven him an enchanted necklace that could be more easily hidden under his clothes. The Dursleys’ hair had been added to it, and the three of them barely even acknowledged his existence anymore. Seeing Vernon look as though he wanted to say something to him only to completely forget about it and go do

something else was hilarious. He cooked his own meals, stayed out of their way, and got to enjoy the most peaceful few weeks he'd ever spent at Privet Drive. As wonderful as that was, though, it still wasn't the best part of his summer.

"Guess who?" Tonks asked, covering his eyes with her hands.

The subtle vanilla scent of her perfume was instantly recognizable, and Harry felt his cock grow rapidly hard within his pants.

"I'm going to reach a point where I can't have vanilla ice cream without getting an erection," he thought to himself, barely suppressing a groan when he felt her large, full breasts press against his back.

"Hello, Tonks," he grinned.

"Wotcher, birthday boy," Tonks purred, letting him go.

"You messed up my glasses," Harry chuckled as he turned around.

"Give em here," Tonks shrugged, taking his glasses off.

Harry had wished for years that his vision wasn't as bad as it was, but never had that wish been any more fervent than it was in that moment. Tonks was clearly wearing a tight-fitting white tank top, and as she breathed on his glasses and wiped them clean on the soft material, he could only vaguely make out the way that her pulling on her top revealed more of her cleavage.

"Here you go," Tonks whispered as she put his glasses back on, and he smiled widely as her face came into focus. "Happy birthday, Harry."

"Thank you," Harry smiled, unable to stop his eyes from roaming over her body for a moment.

She was, as he'd figured, wearing a tight tank top and a pair of black jeans so tight you'd have sworn they were painted on. She didn't appear to be wearing a bra, and Harry forced himself to look up into her eyes, finding amusement clearly displayed in them. They were green that day, and her hair was dark and straight, reaching the middle of her back. Her face remained the same though, a heart-shaped wonder that he'd seen in his dreams for weeks now.

"So, is the surprise you mentioned an empty parking lot?" Harry asked. "Because, I must admit, I would never have seen that coming."

"No, this isn't the surprise, smart arse," Tonks chuckled. Pointing behind him, she added, "That is."

"A department store?" Harry asked.

"Not quite," Tonks smirked, walking towards the place. "My dad inherited a bunch of stuff from a friend of his who died during the war. There was a journal among the guy's things,

and one time while I was bored out of my mind, I looked through it and found something really cool. He had set up a safehouse under a department store. He wrote out roughly where it was and which specific bricks one had to tap to get in.”

“Like the entrance to Diagon Alley,” Harry murmured.

“Precisely,” Tonks grinned. “This was the only store that fit the description at all, and I spent longer than I’d like to admit tapping bricks until I finally found the right bit of the wall.”

She looked around to make sure that no one was around before tapping on a half dozen bricks. As the sixth one was hit, the wall began to shift, with bricks folding in on themselves and moving aside slowly until finally, a long, narrow staircase was revealed. She led him downstairs, and Harry followed closely, trusting her by now. The stairs went down a good ways and he figured that if the store had a basement, this hidden room had to be under that. When they reached the bottom, Tonks threw open the door and flipped the light-switch by it.

“Wow,” Harry grinned as he saw where she’d taken him.

It was a large, empty square room, around as large as the Hogwarts great hall, with a smooth concrete floor and ceiling.

“Where do those lead?” Harry asked, pointing at the two other doors on either side of the room.

“There’s a bathroom down here and a bedroom,” Tonks replied. “The place was well stocked with booze when I first arrived but not much else. I think the guy was still working on setting it up when he was killed.”

“What happened to the booze?” Harry asked.

“I sold it,” Tonks replied. “I told my dad, but he was so impressed by the fact that I investigated and found the place myself that he said I could keep what I found before I could even tell him what it was. I think I’ve supplied every party held outside of the dungeons in Hogwarts for the past two years.”

“Must have made you a bundle,” Harry commented, and she grinned in response. “How are there working lights?”

“The only magic here is on the door outside,” Tonks replied. “The guy who set this place up was muggleborn and knowledgeable enough to connect it to the store’s power line.”

“So we’re technically stealing their power?” Harry asked.

“I use it sparingly,” Tonks shrugged, “and this place is owned by a multi-billion pound corporation.”

“You do want to be an auror, right?” Harry chuckled.

"I'm not one yet," Tonks grinned. "Now, the reason I brought you here is because this space is large, empty, and flat enough for this."

She pulled something out of the moleskin pouch she never seemed to leave home without, and Harry's eyes widened as he realized what she'd grabbed.

"Rollerblades?" he asked.

"I said I was going to find something you weren't naturally well coordinated with, and I meant it," Tonks replied, making him laugh. "I thought you were just unnaturally good on a broom, but you've kept up with my exercise routine like it's nothing, and I got this out of an auror trainee manual."

Harry grinned at that and couldn't help but feel proud. The third time she came around privet drive to hang out, she'd tripped, and he'd caught her. Feeling awkward about holding such a beautiful girl in his arms, he'd made a teasing remark about her lack of balance and gone still. At first he'd feared that he offended her, but rather than yell at him, she challenged him to try and keep up with her. Much to her initial annoyance, he'd succeeded and quickly adopted it outright. Between the exercise and the nutrition potions she'd given him, he was already starting to notice positive results just a few weeks later.

"Finding a pair of them in that clown shoe size you wear was a challenge, but I managed," Tonks teased, handing them to him.

"Yeah, they've really ballooned over the last couple years," Harry winced, rubbing the back of his neck.

"I didn't say it was a bad thing," Tonks smirked. Leaning in, she added, "There's nothing wrong with a guy having big feet."

Harry swallowed thickly and leaned against the nearest wall as he removed his shoes. Tonks, looking pleased with herself, walked off to do the same, and Harry couldn't help but stare at her round bum. Having Tonks stumble into his life had been amazing from the start, and she had made the last few weeks some of the most blissful he'd ever known, but there was something genuinely torturous about spending that much time with a woman that beautiful, knowing that you didn't have a shot in hell. The fact that she liked to mess with him like that didn't help.

"Put it out of your mind," he thought to himself. "She's sex incarnate, three years older than you, and probably has a boyfriend."

He shook his head and put on the roller blades, only looking up once he'd finished lacing them up. Tonks was still bent over fiddling with hers, and Harry suppressed a groan at the sight of her.

"She's your friend; she's your friend," he thought to himself.

Holding onto the wall, he tentatively tried moving around, relaxing a bit once he realized that it wasn't as difficult as he'd imagined.

"Alright, now let's...fuck off!" Tonks exclaimed as she turned around and saw him skating around freely.

Harry laughed at her, growing louder when her hair and eyes turned fiery orange, a color he knew she turned either when she was genuinely angry or was looking to exaggerate her anger.

"Are you sure that's safe?" he asked teasingly, pointing at her feet.

"I'll have you know I'm actually pretty good at this," Tonks replied, skating around in a tight circle. "I don't get it either."

"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint, but this doesn't seem terribly hard," Harry chuckled, speeding up a bit as he continued to skate around.

"Well, there goes my idea of teaching you how to use them as one of your birthday gifts," Tonks sighed.

"You're just mad you didn't get to enjoy watching me fall on my arse for a while first," Harry chuckled.

"Damn right," Tonks agreed, and Harry laughed as he skated back towards her.

Slowing down turned out to be a little trickier, and Harry ended up having to catch himself on the wall next to her.

"Maybe there are a few things you could show me," he grimaced.

"So the great Harry Potter isn't instantly good at everything after all," Tonks chuckled.

"I guess not," Harry murmured. "I put myself in your hands."

"I'll be gentle," Tonks grinned, barking a laugh when Harry reddened.

"He's a third year; he's a bloody third year," Tonks thought to herself as she skated hand in hand with Harry around the abandoned safe house.

When she first set out to meet and get to know him, she'd pictured someone younger and far more immature than what she ended up finding. Harry hadn't led an easy life; he hadn't said much about his upbringing yet, but that would have been plainly obvious even if he wasn't ecstatic about the idea of his relatives ignoring him all summer. Coming to Hogwarts must have been an escape for him, and even that hadn't exactly gone smoothly.

He had covered much of what happened his first year already, though she got the sense that he had left something pretty vital out, and that had been difficult enough. Last year must have been harder, especially if he ended up fighting a bloody basilisk in the end, and his experiences had left their mark on him. He was leagues more mature and thoughtful than she recalled boys being when she was his age. Hell, he was more mature than a lot of the guys her age. Between that, him having the most gorgeous eyes she'd ever seen,

and how much the exercise routine and nutrient potions she'd given him had already worked, she'd had to remind herself of the age gap a lot.

"Tonks?" Harry asked.

"Yeah?" Tonks replied.

"What's your name?" Harry asked. "We've known each other for over a month, and I still don't know it."

"I...ugh," Tonks groaned as she tripped over herself while trying to turn slowly around.

Still holding her hand, Harry pivoted around her, hoping to keep her upright, but only succeeded in cushioning her fall. She landed on top of him, and the pair of them froze. Tonks lifted herself up just enough to look down at him and tried not to focus on the growing, surprisingly large lump pressed against her. They stared into each other's eyes, both of them seemingly too stunned to move.

"Nymphadora," Tonks murmured after a moment.

"What?" Harry asked.

"My name," Tonks clarified. "Blame my mother; goodness knows I have."

"Oh," Harry nodded.

Tonks' brain finally caught up to her situation a moment later, and she quickly scrambled off of him.

"Sorry about that," she chuckled.

"Don't be," Harry replied, trying to will his erection away. "I don't mind you falling for me."

The both of them blushed at that and looked away from each other.

"Tonks, I..." Harry went to say, his face still burning as he wished the earth would swallow him whole as he wondered why he said that.

"I forgot your actual gift," Tonks murmured, reaching into her moleskin pouch and pulling out an identical one. "The beauty of these bags is that not only are they much, much bigger on the inside than they look, but they're enchanted in such a way that only the person who placed an item in them can pull that item out."

"Wow," Harry breathed, accepting it eagerly and beyond grateful for both it and Tonks changing the subject. "Thank you."

"I figured you'd find it useful," Tonks grinned, standing up. "I think we should probably get going. Even with your necklace, your relatives might be bothered by you returning too late."

"They're not there," Harry said. "My uncle's awful sister was going to visit us, but at the last minute, he convinced her to host them instead."

"You're home alone for a week?" Tonks asked.

"Mmhmm," Harry grinned. "With how thoroughly they've been ignoring me, it's not actually much of a change, but it's still nice."

"Happy birthday to you," Tonks quipped, and Harry laughed.

"It is a nice gift," Harry chuckled. "Thank you, Tonks, for everything. The past few weeks have been some of the best of my life."

The way he looked at her then, his green eyes so full of earnest affection, made her heart swell.

"Why couldn't he be my age?" she wondered to herself. *"Or preferably, older."*

She had been his age when she started going out with her first boyfriend, who had been a couple years older, but she couldn't help but feel like it was different with the sexes reversed.

"Think nothing of it," Tonks smiled. "I've had fun too."

"So, Nymphadora, huh?" Harry asked, and Tonks' expression changed instantly.

"Not something I'd suggest you start calling me," she replied flatly.

"More unique than Harry at least," Harry shrugged.

"Uniqueness is overrated, trust me," Tonks grumbled, recalling just how funny her yearmates started finding her name after a while.

"It does feel strange calling you by your surname all the time, though," Harry murmured. "I get that you don't like the whole thing, but could I call you some part of it? Perhaps Nym, or Dora?"

His smile was infectious, and Tonks swallowed thickly, brushing her hair behind her ears. "I guess Dora wouldn't be so bad."

"Dora then," Harry smiled.

The two of them changed back into their shoes, neither bothering to interrupt the comfortable silence, and once they were all safely stored in their moleskin pouches, Tonks switched off the lights and took Harry's hand.

"Wha..." he went to ask, only to feel like he was being pulled through his bellybutton a moment later.

He reappeared in the backyard of #4 Privet Drive a moment later with a loud crack and immediately went to his knees, breathing deeply as he tried to stop himself from throwing up.

"I would have warned you, but it would have made it worse," Tonks muttered sympathetically.

"What was...that?" Harry panted.

"Apparition," Tonks replied. "You'll get to learn how to do it and get your license in your seventh year."

"Then how can you do it?" Harry asked, standing up straight as the nausea passed.

"A seventh year girl last year was seeing a guy she wasn't supposed to be and asked me to pose as her in the library when they were sneaking around," Tonks replied. "I agreed on the condition that she come by and teach me how to apparate over Christmas. You're technically not supposed to do it without a license, but if you're caught, you just get a warning. That rule was put in place to stop students from trying to learn it on their own and hurting themselves."

"Could you teach me?" Harry asked. "Awful as that was, it would be useful."

"You get used to it and we'll see," Tonks replied, smiling. "So how was your birthday?"

"Almost perfect," Harry replied.

"Almost?" Tonks asked, cocking an eyebrow at him, though given how dark it was, she doubted he could see. Taking a step forward so she could make out more of him under the faint light of the moon, she asked, "What was missing?"

"Just one thing," Harry replied, a slight tremor in his voice.

Before Tonks could ask what, he leaned forward and she froze. Caught off guard by his boldness, she had a second to decide whether to do what she wanted or what she felt like she should do and, in the end, chose the former, letting him press his lips to hers. It was soft, tentative, and filled with obvious yearning. He snaked his fingers through her hair, cradling her head like it was the most precious thing in the world, and held still for a few seconds.

"Harry, I..." Tonks whispered.

"What the bloody hell was that?" a cantankerous sounding man snarled from one of the nearby houses. "Sounded like sodding thunder, but there's no rain to speak of."

"I should go," Tonks breathed, looking down. "Good night, Harry."

Even in the dark, she could see Harry's face fall as he muttered, "Right, night."

She disappeared without another word, unsure of what else to say.

Harry sighed a few days later as he recalled the night of his birthday.

“Stupid,” he muttered to himself.

It was a word he’d repeated often in the days since he lost his mind and likely ruined a friendship that had come to mean the world to him. Kissing Tonks had been impulsive and idiotic, and he doubted that he’d ever stop beating himself up for it.

“Why the hell would she want me?” he thought to himself, scowling as he stirred the pot of Bolognese sauce he’d been working on for the past few hours.

He hadn’t heard from her since and didn’t expect to. Seeing her in the halls at Hogwarts was going to be torture now, and for the first time since he’d learned of the castle, he wasn’t looking forward to going. He could only hope that with her being a Puff and a sixth year to boot, they’d not run into each other much.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“What the bloody hell?” he asked, furrowing his brow in confusion at the loud banging.

Figuring that it was some pushy salesman, he decided to ignore them, but when the knocking came again, even louder and more insistent, he hissed and rested his wooden spoon across the pot. Exiting the kitchen, he stomped over to the front door, fully intending to vent his bad mood at whoever was bothering him, but all such thoughts died the second he caught sight of pink hair.

“Dor...ohh!” Harry exclaimed as Tonks rushed in and pulled him into a bone-crushing hug.

“Oh, thank goodness,” she muttered, sounding frantic.

Harry froze, unable to do anything other than enjoy the warmth of her soft, curvaceous body and her alluring vanilla scent. He wrapped his arms around her slowly, part of him wondering if he was dreaming.

“Dora?” he whispered, not trusting his voice.

“Harry, I...what’s wrong?” Tonks asked.

“You...it’s been days,” Harry explained, unable to meet her eyes.

“My folks and I spent a few days in Cornwall,” Dora explained. “I couldn’t sneak away and barely spoke to anyone. I didn’t learn about Sirius Black until we got home, and when I did and realized that you were still alone, I...”

“Wait, that nutter from the news?” Harry asked.

“Yeah that...oh fuck,” Tonks sighed. “There’s something you need to know.”

A few minutes later, Harry found himself angrily stirring the pot, scraping little bits of fond from the bottom with far more pressure than necessary.

"He was their friend!" he growled, so angry he could feel tears in his eyes.

"Yeah," Tonks sighed, wishing that there had been an easier way to tell him about his parents history with Sirius. "Now he's escaped, and there's reason to fear that he's going to go after you."

"Let him!" Harry hissed, so angry he could barely breathe.

"Harry..." Tonks went to say.

"No, I want him to," Harry interrupted her. "Prison was too good for him anyway."

"You want to fight one of you-know-who's most dangerous followers with everything Qurrell and bloody Lockhart taught you? Tonks asked incredulously. "I know you're angry and you have every reason to be, but this isn't a fight you're up to."

"Teach me then," Harry muttered. "You're sure that you aced your defense O.W.L. and you want to be an auror. Teach me how to fight."

Tonks took a deep breath and sighed. "Look, if you promise not to rush off half-cocked, I will teach you some actual combat magic once we get back to Hogwarts. Okay?"

"Okay," Harry grumbled, turning back to the sauce. "Could you pass me the spaghetti over there?"

She looked to where he was pointing and nodded, going over to pick up the clear plastic container filled with dried pasta. She returned to see him adding salt to the pot of boiling water.

"This smells bloody awesome by the way," Tonks grinned.

"Thanks," Harry replied, looking and sounding a tiny bit calmer. "Do you want some? I made a ton of the sauce and am just going to freeze the rest in ice cube trays."

"Sure," Tonks replied. "Mum was just going to order takeaway, anyway. How did you learn to cook?"

"My relatives insisted that I cook for them from the time I was little," Harry replied, and Tonks furrowed her brow in confusion and concern.

"They treated you like a bloody slave," she hissed.

"At least I picked up some useful skills," Harry sighed, dumping two servings of pasta into the water and stirring it around.

"You're better than me, anyway," Tonks grumbled. "The last time I tried to cook, the chicken thighs stuck to the pan and ended up a torn-up mess."

"Did you use oil?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Tonks replied.

"Then you tried to flip them too early," Harry diagnosed.

"I didn't want to burn them," Tonks huffed.

"The window of opportunity between when things brown and when they burn is greater than you think, unless you're cooking on max heat for some reason," Harry replied. "Once things brown fully, they don't stick anymore."

"Oh," Tonks said. "That..."

Whatever she was going to say, it was interrupted by a loud, pathetic-sounding whine behind them. She turned and froze in place at the sight of a huge, black dog standing there and staring at them with hungry gray eyes.

"Get back!" Harry exclaimed, pushing her behind him and holding out his wooden spoon, the nearest weapon he could reach. "Piss off!"

The dog whined again and rolled onto his back, showing off his belly in as clear a sign of harmlessness as an animal could muster. He also showed off his clearly visible ribs, and Tonks wondered how long it had been since he ate.

"Umm..." Harry trailed off, blinking in confusion at the dog.

"I think he's hungry," Tonks chuckled. "We must not have closed the door properly."

"Do you want some?" Harry asked, and, as though the beast could understand his words, he rolled back over and sat down, panting and nodding eagerly.

"I did make extra," Harry chuckled. "Could you close the door?"

"Right," Tonks muttered, walking around the dog and closing the door he'd left open behind him.

Harry spooned some of the meat sauce into a bowl and left it on the counter, explaining to the dog that it was too hot as the metamorphmagus returned. Funny enough, he seemed to understand and busied himself with sniffing their hands and nuzzling his nose against them. As Tonks carefully petted his head, he smelled her and pulled back, looking up at her and cocking his head in confusion.

"I don't think he knows what to make of you," Harry murmured. "Could he be sensing that you're a metamorph?"

"Animals don't usually treat me differently," Tonks replied, furrowing her brow in confusion as the dog twitched at the word metamorph.

"Listen, about the other day..." Harry went to say. "I'm sorry I kissed you. I'm sure I'm far from your type and..."

"Don't be sorry about that, Harry," Tonks murmured, looking into his eyes and smiling at the hope that seemed to bloom in them in seconds. "You caught me by surprise, but..."

The dog interrupted them then, letting out a sound of distinct surprise. The two of them looked over at him and saw him staring up at Harry with what could only be described as a look of bizarre pride.

"I think he likes you," Tonks laughed.

"I don't suppose you could make him a collar like my necklace, could you?" Harry asked. "Vernon and Petunia wouldn't accept him in a million years otherwise."

The dog growled at the mention of their names before whimpering and lying down, placing his paws over his eyes.

The time he'd set beeped them, and Harry quickly turned the stove off. He spooned some of the sauce into each of their bowls before dividing the pasta between them as evenly as he could. Setting the dog's bowl down on the floor, he placed their bowls down at the kitchen table and grated some parmesan over both. The dog emptied his bowl in seconds, and Tonks swore that she saw tears in his eyes as he finished. He looked up at Harry then, his eyes pleading.

"You can have more, but you're going to need to give it a few minutes to cool down," Harry sighed, picking up his bowl and spooning more of the sauce into it. "You're a hungry little bugger, aren't you?"

"He looks like he's barely eaten for months," Tonks murmured. "I wonder who his owner is."

"Maybe they died," Harry suggested, leaving the bowl on the table and giving the dog a pointed look that he seemed to understand.

"Mmm, fuck, this is great," Tonks moaned, and Harry felt his cock twitch at the sound. "Cute, athletic, caring, and you can cook? Any girl would be lucky to have you."

"There's one in particular I'm pretty crazy about," Harry smiled softly, trying to ignore the way that his heart was thundering in his chest.

"Is she pretty?" Tonks smirked.

"Beautiful," Harry replied, making her smile.

He placed the bowl down for the dog, and he again snarfed his meal down quickly, licking the thing until it was spotless. With that done, he got up and wandered off, almost as if he wanted to give the two of them their privacy.

"He is the weirdest dog," Tonks thought to herself.

"Dora, would you like to go out with me?" Harry rushed out, wincing at his own obvious nervousness. "I know I'm younger than you, but..."

"Girls generally date older guys," Tonks interrupted him, "and if you were anyone else, I'd probably say no, but I've had a lot of fun over the last few weeks, and I want to see where this can go."

"Really? I mean great!" Harry beamed, and Tonks laughed.

He took her hand and rubbed little circles around her palm with his thumb.

"Harry, what really happened last year?" Tonks asked.

She had barely thought about the basilisk, the reason that she reached out to him in the first place, in weeks, but she was still curious about it and the entire nightmare they all lived through the previous year.

"Lucius Malfoy slipped a diary that belonged to Voldemort into someone's bookbag," Harry replied, wincing when she shuddered. "It controlled her and made her unleash Slytherin's monster on the school. The monster turned out to be a basilisk."

"Merlin," Tonks shuddered. Hearing the rumors and getting it confirmed by a firsthand account were two different things.

"Yeah," Harry sighed. "The entrance to the chamber turned out to be in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom and could only be opened by a parselmouth. When Ginny disappeared, I..."

"She was the one who was controlled, wasn't she?" Tonks asked, picking up on his choice of words.

"It wasn't her fault," Harry said quickly.

"I get it and her secret's safe with me," Tonks assured him.

"Yeah, it was her," Harry confirmed. "When she disappeared, Ron and I forced Lockhart to come with us and went into the chamber. He tried to obliviate us so he could steal our story for one of his dumb books, but he was using Ron's broken wand, and it backfired. Ron and I got separated, and I ended up fighting the shade in the diary and the basilisk alone."

"How the hell did you kill it?" Tonks asked.

"Dumbledore's phoenix, Fawkes, dropped off the sorting hat and scratched the basilisk's eyes out," Harry replied. "I found Gryffindor's sword in the hat and stabbed the basilisk through the roof of its mouth."

"You...killed a centuries-old basilisk with a sword?" Tonks asked, blinking slowly at him as her brain tried to come to terms with what she'd been told.

"Well, when you say it like that, it sounds insane," Harry chuckled.

"How the hell are you alive?" Tonks asked.

"I've wondered that myself more than once," Harry muttered. "I didn't get out unscathed, though. The fucker managed to bite my shoulder, and trust me when I say, those teeth were not small. If not for Fawkes' tears, I'd have died."

"You were bitten by it?" Tonks asked, horrified.

"I should probably warn you that I'm a danger magnet who has to fight for his life at least once a year," Harry winced. "If that makes you reconsider going out with me, I understand."

"You really don't understand girls if you think an air of danger turns us off," Tonks chuckled, making him smile.

"Even though Fawkes cried in the wound, it still scarred," Harry pointed out, catching on quickly. Pointing at his forehead, he added, "It's a gnarlier scar than this one, too."

"A star Quidditch player with an increasingly strong frame and a couple scars to boot," Tonks mused, "and you said you weren't my type."

Harry grinned at that and finished his meal. Seeing that she was done too, he gathered the bowls and rinsed them out before filling the sink with soap and hot water. Without a word, Tonks grabbed the nearby towel and dried them while he washed.

"Thanks," Harry murmured.

"After a meal like that, I'm more than happy to help clean up," Tonks replied.

"I'm glad you liked it," Harry murmured. "I just need to get the rest of it into the ice cube trays and clean the pot, and I'll be done."

"You mentioned that before," Tonks said. "You really freeze it in cubes?"

"It freezes well, and this way I can take out what I need when I want a bowl of it," Harry replied, digging out the ice cube trays.

The two of them worked together to finish cleaning up, and it was only as Harry put the pot away did he recall his strange little visitor.

"Have you seen that dog?" he asked.

"Not since he finished his meal," Tonks replied.

She looked around the living room and saw no sign of either the dog or any damage caused by him. She whistled for him, hoping that he might respond, but got nothing. As she moved the light curtains covering the door to the backyard, though, she got her answer.

"I think he let himself out," she called out.

"Seriously?" Harry asked, joining her.

"Yeah, this door is open just enough for him to fit through," Tonks replied, pointing out the gap in the sliding door.

"So he let himself in, begged for food, ate rather politely for a dog, and then let himself out," Harry surmised. "Weirdest dog ever."

"He was cute though," Tonks shrugged. "It's your fault, you know."

"What's my fault?" Harry asked, furrowing his brow in confusion.

"It was your good cooking that drew him in," Tonks grinned. "He was probably tasting the air for a good mile."

Harry smiled at that. "I really did think I'd ruined things with you. You left right after I kissed you, and then days went by..."

"Sorry about that," Tonks winced. "I didn't want to run the risk of my parents learning that I can apparate, or I'd have come by. The timing did suck, though. That was pretty daring, by the way, though you are a guy who fights trolls and basilisks in his spare time."

"Not by choice," Harry murmured. "There are things I'd much rather do."

"Oh?" Tonks asked, stepping forward. "Like what?"

Harry looked into her eyes, something made easier by the fact that she was only an inch shorter than him, and decided to take the plunge again. Wrapping an arm around her waist, he pulled her in and kissed her again. The first time, Tonks had been too stunned to move, but she had no such issues this time and quickly deepened the kiss. Harry let her take the lead to start with and struggled not to moan when she pushed her tongue between his lips. He paid attention to what she did and tried to replicate it, sliding his own tongue against hers.

Tonks grinned as he started to kiss her back, slowly coaxing him into responding as she wanted to. He might have been inexperienced, and that came with some drawbacks, but it also meant that he hadn't developed many bad habits. She could teach him as she liked, slowly molding him into her perfect lover, and the thought made her moan. Pressing herself flush against his body, she ground herself against him, only to freeze when she felt something she didn't expect.

Pulling back, she said, "Please tell me that you didn't shove a sausage down your pants."

"What?!" Harry exclaimed, flushing scarlet in an instant. "Why would I do that?"

"You...you're saying that this is..." She trailed off.

"Can you really blame me?" Harry asked defensively. "I mean...look at you."

"Harry, I'm shocked that you're hard; I'm shocked that you're hung like a centaur," Tonks giggled.

"I am?" Harry asked, stunned.

"I thought you felt big when I fell on top of you the other day, but holy shit," Tonks breathed, biting her lower lip as she felt heat pool low in her core. "You didn't hit it with an engorgement charm?"

"I can't do magic here, and I'd be too scared to screw it up, honestly," Harry replied, making her snort.

"Yeah, I don't know how many idiots who tried that have needed to go to Madam Pomfrey over the years, and I probably don't want to," Tonks laughed.

"Does this mean that I'm more your type than I realized?" Harry asked, smirking as he stepped closer to her.

"You have no idea," Tonks purred, intentionally holding back to see what he'd do.

Harry leaned in and captured her lips again, groaning at how soft her lips felt. She melted into him as he kissed her more confidently, making use of what he'd picked up the first couple times. Tonks took his hands and brought them to her arse, grinning at the way his eyes widened. As the two of them made out, she stepped backward, leading him towards the couch. When she reached it, she turned them around and pushed him back, smirking as he looked up at her lust-darkened eyes.

"You're a quick learner," she purred, climbing into his lap and moaning when she felt his cock through his pants. "Shit, I can't believe how big you feel."

"If you want to make sure, just ask," Harry said, before freezing and looking uncertain.

"Would you like that?" Tonks asked, leaning in to whisper in his ear. "Do you want to feel my hand around your thick, throbbing cock?"

"Yes," Harry hissed. "Fuck yes."

"Stand up," Tonks grinned, climbing out of his lap and sinking to her knees in front of him.

He stood up and started fumbling with his belt, his eagerness plain as day. She calmly took his hands in his and moved them away before dealing with his belt herself. Hooking

her fingers into the waistband of his pants, she tugged them down and was immediately smacked in the face by something even bigger than she imagined.

“Sorry!” Harry exclaimed, though she didn’t hear him, too focused on his cock to notice anything else.

Long, thick, and wonderfully veiny, it was perfect. As a metamorphmagus, she could change her pussy at will, and any guy she was with would always be a perfect fit. That only made her even fonder of the idea of big cocks, though, since she knew that no matter how devastatingly well hung a guy was, nothing feasible would ever be too much for her.

Hestia had joked more than once that she should give Hagrid a go, well aware of her size queen tendencies, and while that was a hard no for multiple reasons, it didn’t mean she hadn’t wondered what a giant would be like before. The cock in front of her fit those most feverish fantasies of hers perfectly, and her panties became rapidly ruined as she stared up at it.

“Fuck me,” Tonks sighed, wrapping her hand around his girth and whimpering when she realized that she’d need to extend her fingers to make them touch.

“Fuck!” Harry hissed. Her hand felt so much better than his.

“Hmm, you like that?” Tonks asked teasingly as she slowly stroked his length. “You like feeling my hand on your massive cock?”

“Yes!” Harry moaned. “Is it really...ugh...that big?”

“I’m guessing you’ve seen exactly one in your entire life,” Tonks chuckled. “You’re like twice the average man, Harry. You could do some serious damage with this thing.”

“Is it too big?” Harry asked, sounding concerned.

“Honestly, for some girls, yeah,” Tonks replied. “I can reshape my insides at will, so I’d be fine, but for normal women, it would be hit and miss.”

“Lucky me then,” Harry smiled.

“You have no idea,” Tonks chuckled. “I wanted to date you before, but seeing this monster, you might just be stuck with me.”

Harry smiled at that and Tonks returned it happily.

“You know, there is one thing that I’ve always wanted to try with a really big cock,” she purred. “Sit down.”

Harry did so quickly, and Tonks shuddered as she leaned in to get a better look at his cock. He was uncut, she noticed, and that only made him more appealing to her. She had realized with her first boyfriend that she could will away her gag reflex entirely, not that he did much to trigger it, and had always wanted to see just how much she could take down her throat. Leaning in, she pressed her lips against nearly purple glans, making him hiss.

"Wait, you're..." he went to ask.

"You didn't think I was just going to jerk you off, did you?" Tonks asked. "That would make a terrible mess, especially if these big balls are as full as they feel."

"Fuck," Harry groaned as she fondled them.

"Tell me you want me to suck your cock," Tonks grinned.

"I want you to suck my cock," Harry parroted so quickly it made her laugh.

"You and I are going to have so much fun together," Tonks chuckled.

Without another word, she opened her mouth wide and took the first few inches of his cock between her lips. Normally, she'd have drawn this out with all sorts of teasing kisses and licks, driving her man wild, but with this being his first time, she knew he wasn't going to last long, and she wanted to take as much of him as she could before he came. She swallowed his length into her tight throat, shifting herself around to accommodate him more easily as she drove herself down towards his wiry pubic hair.

"Oh, God!" Harry groaned, his hands flying to her head as pleasure beyond his wildest dreams assaulted his senses.

Her warm, wet mouth felt so fucking good. He had heard older boys speak of blowjobs and sex before and never truly understood the hype. That all changed as he felt Dora's utterly sinful mouth and throat around him, all while her tongue wiggled against the underside of his cock. It felt so good, too good, and before he knew it, he was right on the edge of orgasm.

"Dor...I..." he tried to get out; the sounds strangled and incoherent as he was completely overwhelmed.

Just as Tonks pressed her nose into his dark curls, crowing internally about having taken such a large cock so effortlessly, she heard him cry her name and felt him throb on her tongue. He came hard, seeing stars as it hit him like a freight train. Rope after thick rope of cum spurted right down her throat. Tonks swallowed with practiced ease, her eyes turning pink with mirth at the sheer look of ecstasy on his handsome face. The moment he slumped back in his seat, panting for breath, she eased back, until with an audible pop, his bulbous slipped from her lips.

"I take it you enjoyed that?" Tonks asked, grinning impishly at him.

"Wow," Harry panted, unable to say more.

Tonks sat down on the couch next to him, grazing his scalp gently with her nails as she waited for him to recover.

"That was insane," Harry laughed lightly. He looked more pensive then, as though he wasn't sure what to say. "Um, is there a...can I...return the favor?"

Tonks snorted at that and said, "I'll never say no to that, baby."

She stood up and reached for the zipper holding her short skirt in place. Keeping her eyes locked on his, she let it fall and grinned at the way his gaze focused in on her silky black panties and darkened immediately. She hooked her thumbs under the waistband and pulled them down slowly, hissing as she felt the soft material peel off of her heated flesh. She was wet already and eager to see if he'd take to this as easily as he took to kissing. She stepped out of her panties and tossed them to him, smirking as his seeker reflexes kicked in.

"Feel how wet those are," she purred. "That's what you did to me."

Harry hummed as he stroked the soaked fabric with his thumb and brought it to his mouth without thinking, licking her juices off. He groaned in pleasure at the taste and set her panties down with her skirt, waiting for her to make the next move. Tonks sat next to him and kissed him softly.

"Come, and I'll give you a lay of the land," she said.

He lowered himself to his knees and crawled between her spread thighs, taking a look at the first pussy he'd ever seen. She had a short, neat triangle of hair atop her sex, the same shade of pink that her hair was just then. Aside from that, her mound was bare, and her full, fleshy lips protruded slightly outward, dewy with arousal. The smell made his cock twitch, and he knew that he'd been aching hard again by the time that he made her cum. He was determined to do so, though, both because the feeling of cumming down her throat was the greatest thing he'd ever experienced and because he desperately wanted to keep her around.

"These are my labia," Tonks explained, spreading her fleshy nether lips with her fingers. "You're going to want to kiss and lick these slowly and teasingly to start. It can take me a while to really get me going, and taking your time there will help, though I'm pretty wet as is right now. This hooded little nub here is my clit. You're going to want to focus your attention there steadily but not constantly to begin with, and as I get close, trust me, I'll tell you, start sucking on it. Think you got it?"

"Yeah," Harry replied. "What about the hole?"

"You can stick your tongue in there if you want, but it isn't something that does a ton for me," Tonks replied. "Start exploring, and I'll tell you if you should change something."

Harry nodded at that and grabbed her thighs, holding on as he lowered his head towards her dripping wet sex. He gave the whole thing a long, slow lick from hole to clit, smiling at how she inhales sharply, and started doing as she suggested. He lapped at her heated flesh, exploring her entire mound. Tonks grabbed his head, her nails pricking his scalp, and moaned loudly when the tip of his tongue flicked over her clit.

"Fuck, that's it," she sighed. "Just keep that up, Harry."

Harry wasn't about to deny her, being more than happy to continue coaxing those breathy little moans, whimpers, and cries she'd been making out of her. The sounds of her obvious pleasure only made his cock throb with need, but he paid little heed to it. She was his focus, and he wasn't going to rest until he'd made her feel at least as good as she'd made him feel. He continued on for a few minutes, doing as she suggested and focusing more on her clit as her moans grew louder and more frantic. He swirled his tongue around it, grinning when her thighs clamped around his head and her arse bucked off of the seat.

"Who needs a vibrator with a guy like you?" Tonks giggled.

"Vibrator?" Harry asked.

Tonks just stared at him blankly for a second before replying, saying, "A muggle sex toy that vibrates. Feels bloody wonderful against my pussy, but not as good as you."

She pushed gently against him, and he took the hint, returning to her sopping wet cunt. As he wrapped his lips around her clit and started gently sucking as she'd told him to, it occurred to him that when he spoke parseltongue, it sounded like his tongue was vibrating, and that gave him an idea.

"Fucking hell, you're a...gah...natural!" Tonks cried, her face a picture of bliss.

Conjuring the image of a snake in his mind, he tried to speak the language that had gotten him so much crap from the other students at school last year.

"Tonks," he murmured.

"Don't stop!" Tonks cried, too close to her peak to bother asking what he had said.

"To..." Harry trailed off, grumbling to himself and licking her again. Trying again, he hissed, "*Tonks.*"

"AHHHH!" Tonks shrieked at the top of her lungs as she came hard, her whole body convulsing in pleasure as it thundered through her in waves. Harry was about to ask if something was wrong when she added, "YES!"

"I thought this might work," he continued, vibrating his tongue against her sensitive flesh even as her juices ran down his chin like a ripe peach. *"Part of me still can't really believe that you're into me and I hope that doesn't change. This summer has been amazing, and I don't think I've ever been this happy in my life. I don't know if this will really work, particularly after we get back to Hogwarts, but I really hope..."*

"...Op...stop...too...much," Tonks whimpered, sounding out of her mind.

To Harry's shock, her pussy disappeared, the apex of her thighs becoming as bare and sexless as a mannequin, and as he looked up at her to ask what was going on, his eyes went wide as saucers. Her hair was multi-colored and sticking out in every direction, her face was so red it looked almost demonic, and her eyes had rolled back into her head.

“Tonks!” Harry exclaimed, rushing over to her and cupping her face. “Dora, are you alright?”

“So...good...” Tonks whimpered, smiling from ear-to-ear.

She laughed, whimpered, sobbed, and laughed again as her eyes rolled back into place. They were entirely black, the pupils blown wide, and looked glassy and unfocused. The unending string of orgasms Harry had given her had been more intense than anything she'd ever felt in her entire life, and she feared for a moment there that it was going to drive her completely insane. As it slowly passed and her mind returned to her, she saw Harry staring down at her in concern and pulled him down for a searing, hot kiss.

She didn't know what Harry had just done, and in that moment, she wasn't sure that she knew her own name, but she did know that she wanted more. Dating him wouldn't be without its challenges, she was sure, but after the past few weeks and especially the past hour, she was more than willing to meet them.