

Chapter 17

Harry woke slowly to a warm, wet sensation that sent sparks of pleasure shooting up his spine. The room was still dim with early morning light filtering through the windows of Tonks's quarters, but his body was already responding before his brain caught up.

He felt the slick heat of her mouth sliding down over his cock, her tongue swirling around the head as she took him deeper. A low groan escaped his throat and he blinked his eyes open to see Tonks between his legs, her head bobbing steadily as she sucked him with obvious enthusiasm.

Her hair was a messy tangle of pink and brown streaks from the night before, falling across her shoulders as she worked. She looked up at him with those dark eyes, her lips stretched wide around his thick shaft, and gave him a mischievous wink without stopping. Harry reached down and threaded his fingers through her hair, groaning again as she hollowed her cheeks and sucked harder, taking him right to the back of her throat.

"Fuck, Tonks," he muttered, his voice rough with sleep and growing arousal. "That's one hell of a way to wake up."

She pulled off with a wet pop, stroking his slick cock with her hand while she grinned up at him. "Figured you deserved a proper good morning after last night. You were amazing, but now it's my turn to spoil you a bit before we both have to face the day."

Her tongue darted out to lick a long stripe from his balls up to the tip, teasing the sensitive underside before she sank down again, humming around him so the vibrations traveled straight through his length.

Harry's hips bucked up involuntarily and she took it, relaxing her throat to let him slide even deeper. The sounds were filthy and perfect, wet slurping noises filling the room as she bobbed faster, one hand cupping and gently massaging his balls while the other stroked what her mouth couldn't reach. He could feel her saliva dripping down over his shaft, making everything slick and hot as she worshipped his cock eagerly.

She pulled back again, gasping for air but keeping her hand moving in steady twists over his length.

"You taste so good in the morning," she said, her voice husky. "All hard and ready for me already. I could do this for hours, but we've got places to be. Doesn't mean I can't make it count though."

She dove back down, sucking him with renewed vigor, her head moving quicker as she focused on the head, flicking her tongue rapidly over the slit while her fist pumped the rest of his cock.

Harry's breathing grew ragged. He gripped her hair tighter, not forcing her but holding on as the pleasure built fast and intense. "Tonks... shit, your mouth feels incredible. Keep going just like that."

She moaned around him in response, the sound sending fresh waves of heat through his body. Her free hand slid up his thigh and over his stomach, her nails grazing lightly as she worked him closer to the edge.

He lasted longer than he expected, savoring every second of her warm, wet mouth and the way she seemed to enjoy it as much as he did. But eventually the pressure became too much. "I'm close," he warned, his voice strained.

Tonks didn't pull away. Instead, she took him deeper, sucking harder and stroking faster until he came with a deep groan, pulsing thick ropes of cum straight into her mouth. She swallowed every drop, humming happily around him as she milked him through the orgasm, her tongue cleaning him gently afterward until he was spent and twitching.

She crawled up his body with a satisfied smirk, kissing his chest and neck before reaching his lips. Harry pulled her into a deep kiss, tasting himself on her tongue but not caring one bit. "That was fucking perfect," he murmured against her mouth. "Best alarm clock ever."

Tonks laughed softly and straddled his waist, her naked body pressing against him. Her tits brushed his chest as she leaned down, grinding her already wet pussy along his softening cock. "Glad you liked it. But we're not done yet. I've got my first full day as Professor Tonks ahead of me, teaching actual Defense to a bunch of students who probably expect me to be all professional and composed." She rocked her hips again, teasing his cock back to life with her slick folds. "I need a good luck charm, Harry. Something to carry with me through all those lessons and meetings. What better than starting the day by getting properly fucked by you?"

Harry's hands settled on her hips, squeezing the soft flesh as his cock hardened fully beneath her. "You're going to be brilliant out there. But yeah, I can definitely help with that charm." He grinned up at her, loving the playful spark in her eyes even as heat built between them again.

She reached down between them and lined him up with her entrance, sinking down slowly so they both felt every inch of his cock penetrating her. "Mmm, fuck yes," she breathed as he stretched her open, her pussy hot and tight around him. "You got so hard for me so quickly. Fill me up, Harry. I want to feel you deep while I ride you."

Once he was buried to the hilt inside her, Tonks started moving, rolling her hips in a slow, teasing rhythm at first. Her hands pressed against his chest for balance as she lifted and lowered herself, letting his cock slide almost all the way out before taking him back in. The wet sounds of her pussy gripping him filled the room again, mixing with

their shared moans. Harry reached up and cupped her tits, his thumbs brushing over her hard nipples as she moved.

"That's it," he encouraged, thrusting up to meet her on the next downward stroke. "Ride me just like that. You look so fucking good on top of me."

Tonks moaned louder, picking up speed as she bounced on his cock. Her tits jiggled with every movement, drawing his eyes and hands. She leaned forward so he could suck one nipple into his mouth, biting gently before soothing it with his tongue. "Harry... oh fuck, right there. Your cock hits so deep like this." Her hair was starting to shift colors already, streaks of red appearing as her pleasure built.

He gripped her ass with both hands, helping her move faster, slamming her down onto him harder. The bed creaked rhythmically beneath them as their bodies came together again and again. Tonks's pussy grew wetter with every thrust, her juices coating his cock and dripping down to his balls. She ground her clit against him on each downstroke, chasing the friction she needed.

"Feels so good," she gasped, her voice breaking into a moan as he thrust up particularly hard. "I love waking up and fucking you like this. My lucky charm for the whole damn day. Gonna think about your cock inside me while I'm teaching those kids how to cast proper shields."

Harry chuckled breathlessly but kept fucking her steadily, loving how she talked dirty even while she was losing herself in it. "You'll be the hottest professor Hogwarts has ever seen. Just don't get too distracted remembering how tight and wet you are right now." He reached between them and rubbed her clit with his thumb, making her cry out and clench around him.

"Oh shit, yes! Keep doing that." Tonks rode him harder, her movements becoming more desperate as she chased her orgasm. Her inner walls fluttered around his cock, squeezing him in rhythmic pulses that made him groan. He could feel her getting closer, her thighs trembling on either side of him.

He flipped them suddenly so she was on her back beneath him, still buried deep inside her. Tonks wrapped her legs around his waist immediately, pulling him closer. "Don't stop," she demanded, her hands clutching his shoulders. "Fuck me hard, Harry. Give me that good luck deep inside."

Harry obliged, pounding into her with deep, powerful thrusts. The sound of skin slapping skin echoed loudly in the room, her moans turning into sharp cries every time he bottomed out. He kept rubbing her clit in tight circles while he fucked her, watching her face contort in pleasure. Her pussy was soaking wet and gripping him like a vice, pulling him back in with every stroke.

"Right there, fuck, don't change anything," she panted. Her back arched off the bed as she got closer. "I'm gonna come on your cock. Fill me up when you do it too."

He thrust faster, the angle letting him hit that perfect spot inside her over and over. Tonks's moans grew louder and more broken until she tensed up completely, her pussy clamping down hard around him as her orgasm hit.

"Harry! Fuck yes, I'm coming!"

Her whole body shook beneath him, her walls pulsing wildly as fresh wetness flooded around his cock.

Her hair flushed a deep, vibrant red right as she came, the color spreading through it like it always did when she let go completely. Harry kept fucking her through it, drawing out her pleasure until she was gasping and trembling. The sight of her like that, flushed and red-haired and completely his in that moment, pushed him over the edge too.

He buried himself deep and came hard, groaning her name as he pumped load after load of hot cum into her spasming pussy. Tonks milked him with her inner muscles, moaning softly as she felt him fill her. They stayed locked together like that for a long minute, breathing heavily and sharing lazy kisses while the aftershocks rolled through them.

Eventually Harry pulled out slowly, watching as some of his cum leaked from her well-fucked pussy. Tonks stretched beneath him with a contented sigh, her hair still that deep red as she smiled up at him.

"Best good luck charm ever," she said, reaching up to pull him down for another kiss.

Harry laughed and rolled beside her, pulling her close so their bodies pressed together. "You've got this, Professor Tonks. And if you need another charm at lunch or something, you know where to find me."

Tonks chuckled as they pressed close, and they lay there for a while longer, trading soft touches and teasing words, the morning light growing brighter outside as the castle began to wake up.

"Your hair," Harry said after a while.

Tonks lifted her head and looked at him. "What about it?"

"It changed. It's been doing that for the last —"

"You know it does that," she said, dropping her head back on his chest. "What color is it right now?"

"Dark red. As usual after we've had some mind-blowing sex."

"Hmm," She murmured as she tightened her hold on him, sounding pleased. "That means I'm content."

"You have a color for content?"

"I have a color for everything," Tonks said. "It's both a gift and a privacy problem."

Harry looked up at the ceiling, quiet for a moment. "How did you feel about yesterday? Actually."

She was quiet for a second, her brows furrowed. "Which part of yesterday, exactly?"

"Umbridge."

Tonks let out a quiet sigh, her hand stilling on his chest. "I felt exactly what you'd expect. She sat two seats down from me at dinner and smiled at the students and cut off Dumbledore in front of the whole school and there was nothing I could do about any of it because I'm a professor now, not an Auror, and I can't hex her in the Great Hall."

"I don't think you could've hexed her for that reason anyway, but even if you do, that would be difficult to explain."

"Very difficult."

She shifted, propping herself up on one elbow to look at him directly. "But I also know what she's doing and knowing it means I can see past it. She thinks she's playing a long game. She thinks if she controls the information long enough, she wins. She doesn't account for the fact that we can see what she's doing."

"Hermione said something similar at dinner," Harry said. "About her using History to shape how students see the Ministry."

"Hermione's right." Tonks replied, her jaw set. "And we'll deal with it. Not immediately, but we will." She looked at him for a moment, her expression warming up slightly. "Right now, I'd like to not think about Dolores Umbridge, if it's all the same to you."

"Entirely all the same to me," Harry agreed.

She smiled and kissed him once again before she settled back against his shoulder. He pulled her close, planting a soft kiss to her head.

"You were good last evening," she said quietly. "With all of it. The platform, Malfoy, and what you told me about the students in the common room. Sirius told me he'd spoken to you but I didn't know what to expect."

"What did you expect?"

"Honestly? I thought you might be more on edge. Coming back to a school full of people who'd been reading the Prophet all summer, probably believing that drivel." She paused. "I kept checking on you on the train."

"I know," Harry said.

"Was I that obvious?"

"Only to me." He turned his head to look at her. "I was alright."

"You were better than alright," Tonks said with absolute certainty, the way she said it hit him hard. "You're going to be fine this year."

He smiled at her. "Umbridge notwithstanding."

"Umbridge will have a terrible year," Tonks said firmly. "I'm going to see to it personally." She paused. "Professionally."

"Is there a difference?"

"Not really," she admitted, grinning. Her hair had shifted again without her seeming to notice, the dark red lightening at the ends, now closer to amber.

"Still content?" Harry asked.

She glanced up, apparently aware of what he was asking about. "Getting there," she said with a smirk, fully aware of the second meaning in his little remark. She ran a hand idly over his chest, teasing his nipples with a grin on her face. "Although I did promise myself the detention record."

"You did say that," Harry agreed.

"I was being sincere."

"I know."

She shifted so she was half on top of him, her forearms on his chest, looking down at him with her hair falling forward. "I'm thinking first detention... let's see... maybe end of the week? Something low-stakes but unavoidable."

"You're already planning this."

"I've had a lot of time to think about it," Tonks said unapologetically. "There wasn't a lot else to do with my thoughts."

Harry laughed, and she grinned before she leaned down and kissed him again, leisurely this time, without any hurry. He kissed her back the same way, one hand coming up to her hair, and she made a quiet sound of approval as she settled more fully against him. All conversation stopped for a while as they made out.

When she finally pulled back, she was looking at him with something in her expression that was different from the usual desire. There was a tenderness to her that he'd never seen before.

"It's strange," she said, gently stroking his chest. "Having you here. In this castle, I mean. As a student."

"Strange how?"

She thought about it. "Last month, you were just Harry. Mine and also the whole complicated rest of it, but just Harry. Now you're Harry Potter of fifth year and I'm a professor and there are eight hundred children between us and this bed every time we leave this room." She caressed his cheek softly. "It doesn't change anything. I just notice it."

"Does it bother you?"

"No," she said, shaking her head. "Actually, I think it makes this—" she indicated the two of them with a small gesture, "—easier to protect. The distance out there makes this feel more like its own thing. Separate."

"I know what you mean," Harry said.

She studied his face for a moment. "I'm glad you're here," she said simply, looking oddly vulnerable in that moment.

Harry looked up at her and found that he didn't need to think about how to answer. "So am I," he said.

She kissed him once more, briefly, and then rolled to the side, tucking herself against him. Harry wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close, stroking her arms and back gently.

He thought about the year ahead. Umbridge at the Staff table. The Ministry's version of everything in every History classroom from first year to seventh. The whispers on the platform and the people who believed what they'd read all summer. He thought about Voldemort somewhere in the dark, gathering himself, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

All of that was true.

But this was also true. This room, the warmth in it, the woman in his arms, the mirrors in his trunk, Ron who was going to snore through his alarm everyday, Neville who would keep getting excited about Screechsnap pods or some other exotic plant that caught his fancy, Hermione who was wrong about some things and right about a great many more, Sirius who was healthy, who was home, and who would answer when Harry called, and a lot more.

He was not in the dark. Not anymore.

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Harry walked back through the quiet corridors toward the Gryffindor common room, his steps light despite the early hour. The castle felt different in these moments before most students were up and moving. It was still cold within the walls, and the occasional portrait stirred sleepily as he passed.

His mind was still replaying the warmth of Tonks's bed and the way her body always felt against his, but he pushed those thoughts down as he approached the portrait hole. The Fat Lady was dozing in her frame, and he gave the password quietly before slipping inside.

The common room was not empty like he had expected. A handful of early risers were scattered around, some nursing cups of tea and others just sitting quietly. Hermione was already there on one of the couches near the fireplace, fully dressed in her crisp Hogwarts uniform with the prefect badge gleaming on her robes. She had a thick book open in her lap and was making notes on a piece of parchment, her quill moving steadily. She looked focused, the way she always did when she was deep into her studies.

She glanced up as the portrait hole closed behind him, and her eyes widened a fraction when she saw Harry. "Harry? Where have you been?"

"Couldn't sleep properly. Restless night and all that. Figured a walk around the grounds might clear my head before everyone else started waking up. You know how it is, first morning back and everything feels a bit off."

Hermione closed her book partway, her expression shifting to that familiar look of concern. She set her quill down and studied him carefully. "Are you sure you're okay? I mean, after everything that's happened —"

"It's fine, Hermione," he cut in gently, keeping his voice steady. "Really. Just needed some air. The castle grounds are safe enough, especially this early. No one was out there except maybe a few ghosts floating around. I'm okay. I promise."

She didn't look entirely convinced, her brows knitting together as she searched his face for any sign that he was holding something back. "You'd tell me if it was more than that, right? With Umbridge here and the Prophet still printing all those lies, I just worry. We all do."

Harry gave her a small smile. "I know you do, and I appreciate it. But it's nothing like that. Just the usual nerves about the new term. I'll be back down in a bit after I get changed and sorted. Don't want to head to breakfast looking like I just rolled out of bed."

Hermione nodded slowly, though the worry lingered in her eyes. "Alright. But if you need to talk about anything, I'm here. You know that."

The 'especially after what I did this summer' remained unsaid, but he heard it anyway.

"Yeah, I do." He glanced around the common room briefly, noting a couple of third-years chatting quietly in the corner, before heading toward the boys' dormitory stairs. "See you in a bit."

He felt her gaze on his back as he disappeared up the spiral staircase. Once he was out of sight, Harry let out a quiet breath. Lying to Hermione never sat well, but explaining where he had actually been was not really an option. Not with everything else going on.

Roughly an hour later, after a quick shower and pulling on his own uniform, Harry made his way back down. The common room had filled up a bit more by then. Ron was just coming down the stairs behind him, yawning widely and muttering under his breath about how anyone could be an early riser on the first proper day back.

"Bloody hell," Ron grumbled as they reached the bottom. "Some of us need our beauty sleep, you know."

Harry grinned and clapped him on the shoulder. "Says the bloke who snores loud enough to wake the whole tower. Come on, Hermione's waiting."

They crossed over to where Hermione was still sitting, though she had packed away most of her notes now. "There you two are. I was starting to think I'd have to drag you down myself, Ron."

"Oi, give a man a chance," Ron said through another yawn. "What's the schedule looking like today anyway? Any chance we dodge the worst of it?"

Hermione pulled out her timetable from her bag and unfolded it. "Potions first thing after breakfast, I'm afraid. Then Defense Against the Dark Arts, which should be interesting with Tonks teaching. Transfiguration after lunch. It's not too bad overall, but I wish they'd given us more time between classes."

Ron groaned dramatically as he flopped onto the couch beside her. "Potions. Of course it's bloody potions. Snape's going to be in an even foul mood than usual after the summer. I swear, that man lives to make our lives miserable."

Harry couldn't help but echo the sentiment, leaning against the arm of the couch. "Yeah, I'm not exactly looking forward to it either. But at least we've got Tonks for Defense. That should make up for some of it."

They chatted for a few more minutes about what they might cover in each class and how the new term felt different already with all the changes. Eventually they decided it was time to head down for breakfast before the Great Hall got too crowded.

As they made their way out of the common room and through the corridors, Hermione suddenly paused in front of the big noticeboard near the stairs. Her eyes narrowed as she stared at one particular poster that had been pinned up prominently.

"What is it?" Harry asked, stopping beside her.

Ron leaned in too, squinting at the colorful advertisement. "Oh no."

"The twins are going too far with this now," Hermione said, her voice tight with annoyance. The poster advertised Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes with flashy slogans about new products and a cheeky note about testing them on unsuspecting first-years. It was bold, even for Fred and George.

Harry had to stifle a chuckle at the way her face scrunched up in that particular mix of irritation and disbelief. "They do love making an entrance, don't they?"

Hermione turned to Ron with a determined look. "We need to have a talk with them. As prefects, it's our responsibility to keep some order around here. This is just asking for trouble."

Ron tried to backpedal immediately, holding up his hands. "Hang on, Hermione. Do we really need to jump on them the first morning? They're probably just having a laugh. You know how they are."

But she was firm, crossing her arms. "No excuses, Ron. We're doing this. Come on."

They continued toward the Great Hall, Hermione still in a bit of a foul mood over the poster. The corridors were filling up now with students heading the same way, voices echoing off the stone walls as everyone caught up after the summer. As they got closer to the big double doors, Hermione spotted Fred and George up ahead, chatting animatedly with a group of younger students who looked equal parts excited and nervous.

"That decides it," she muttered. Without waiting for more protests, she grabbed Ron by the sleeve and started dragging him over. Ron shot Harry a helpless look but had no choice but to follow, his feet shuffling along.

Harry chuckled to himself at the scene, watching as Hermione marched toward her targets with prefect authority written all over her face. He was about to follow when a voice spoke up from behind him.

"Harry? What's going on over there?"

He turned around and found Cho standing there, looking a bit nervous in her Ravenclaw robes. Her dark hair was tied back neatly, and she had that familiar hesitant smile on her face.

"Morning, Cho," he said, offering a small nod. He was about to ask her how her summer had gone, the words almost out of his mouth, before the memory hit him hard. Cedric. The graveyard. Everything that had happened last year came rushing back, and he stopped himself. It would have been thoughtless. Instead, he shifted awkwardly. "Look, I'm really sorry about what happened to Cedric."

Cho's expression softened, and she shook her head gently. "You don't need to blame yourself, Harry. None of it was your fault. The blame lies with the man who killed him. You tried to help. Everyone knows that now, or at least they should."

Her words carried a quiet sincerity that eased something tight in Harry's chest. He hadn't expected her to say it so directly. "Thanks. It means a lot hearing you say that. Most people are still caught up in what the Prophet's been printing."

She gave a small nod. "I believe you about You-Know-Who returning. It's terrifying, but ignoring it won't make it go away. Cedric deserved better than what happened."

They stood there for a moment, and Harry regarded her carefully. "We weren't exactly close or anything, but he seemed like a good bloke. I'm glad you're doing alright after everything."

Cho looked down briefly before meeting his eyes again. "We weren't like that, you know. Cedric and me. Sure, we went to the Yule Ball together and became good friends, but that's all it was. I lost a really good friend in that graveyard, Harry. But I'm relieved I didn't lose anyone else." Her voice was steady and genuine, and Harry realized he believed her completely.

He gave her a small smile. "That helps more than you know."

Before either of them could say more, a loud shout carried over from where Hermione had confronted the twins. Fred was grinning ear to ear, calling out something teasing toward Hermione that Harry couldn't quite make out. Hermione looked thoroughly irate as she turned on her heel without another word. She walked over and ignoring him and Cho completely, she marched straight into the Great Hall, leaving Ron trailing behind her looking exasperated.

Ron arrived back at Harry's side a moment later, shaking his head. "What made her so angry this time?" Harry asked, though he had a pretty good idea.

"The twins being their usual selves," Ron replied with a sigh. "Hermione couldn't handle the joke. You know how she gets about rules sometimes."

Ron glanced over at Cho, his eyes catching on the bright Tornadoes badge pinned to her robes. "Tell me you don't support them," he said, half-joking but with that familiar fanatical edge creeping in.

Cho looked confused at first, then a bit defensive. "I do, actually. Why?"

Ron grew suspicious immediately, like any true Quidditch obsessive would. "You only start supporting them now that they've been winning the league, huh? Typical gloryhunter stuff."

Cho took clear offense to that, her tone turning biting. "They've been my team since I was a little kid. Take your prejudicial gloryhunter rhetoric somewhere else, Weasley."

Ron opened his mouth to respond, but Harry jumped in quickly. "Ron, mate, why don't you go join Hermione before she curses her toast or something? I'll catch up with you in a minute."

Ron gave Cho one last glance, eyeing the badge with clear distaste, before heading into the Great Hall with a reluctant mutter. Harry turned back to Cho with an apologetic look. "Sorry about him. He can get a bit much about Quidditch sometimes. Especially because he supports the Cannons, and they've had a rough run for years. Well, okay, they're the—"

"The worst team in the league, you mean?" Cho finished the thought for him with a small laugh.

They shared a chuckle over that, the tension easing. Harry looked at her honestly. "It's good to see you're doing alright, Cho. Really."

She regarded him warmly for a second, then reached out and squeezed his arm briefly over his sleeve. The touch was light but lingered just a moment. "It's good to see you doing well too, Harry."

He stared at her hand for a moment and caught himself after a beat. He nodded. "See you around."

"See you," she replied, her voice soft as they walked into the Great Hall together before parting ways toward their respective house tables.

Harry made his way over to the Gryffindor table and slid into a seat beside Ron and across from Hermione, who was still visibly worked up from her encounter with the twins. She and Ron were already deep in an argument about the twins' latest antics.

Harry ignored them and started fixing his breakfast plate, piling on some toast and eggs. As he ate, he remained mostly oblivious to the eyes on him from across the hall.

Umbridge was watching from the staff table with her usual hostile, calculating expression, her toad-like face set in a tight smile that didn't reach her eyes. Further along, Tonks sat with slightly furrowed brows, her gaze following Harry for a long moment before shifting over toward Cho at the Ravenclaw table who glanced over at Harry for a moment with a small smile.

The sight made Tonks tilt her head slightly before she returned to her breakfast.

To be continued...