

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

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Whatzamatterwityou?

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“Again.”

Harry heaved with ragged breaths. Sweat poured from his brow, slickening his hair and stinging his eyes with each drop. The rapid beating of his heart was like a thundering drum pounding within his ears. He didn't know how much more he had in him.

A red spell rocketed towards him with deadly speed. The crackling ball of magic crashed into his shoulder, throwing him back with bone rattling force.

“I said again Wonder Boy! C'mon we're not even warmed up yet!” Tonks shouted from the other side of their makeshift dueling arena. The basement of Grimmauld had been their only viable option within the old townhome, remodeled or not. While still dank and a bit grimy, there was more than enough room for the pink haired auror to thoroughly trounce him.

Harry stifled a groan of despair as stood once more, rolling his shoulder with a wince. Wasn't broken but he would definitely feel it for a couple days, just once of the many bumps and bruises he's received from his training with Tonks.

Setting himself in a defensive stance, Harry held his wand at the ready. Tonks sent a vicious smirk his way and surged forward. Without even a word, the metamorph

swished her wand in a litany of complex movements. Harry didn't even try to keep up, knowing his attention was better spent on defending against the coming barrage.

Crackling balls of energy sailed past him as he ducked and dodged. He could hear as they impacted against the cobbled floor with various sounds of bangs, cracks, and sizzling pops. The auror was determined to keep the kid gloves off.

As he weaved between the spells, Harry just barely managed to fire off a few spells of his own. A silent bone-breaker splashed harmlessly against the patch of flooring Tonks occupied moments before.

Clumsy as she was in normal circumstances, Tonks seemed to transform on the battlefield. Harry couldn't help but be in awe of her prowess. The pink haired witch twirled away from his spells as if it were a playful dance, the wide smile on her face doing nothing to dissuade that comparison.

Harry had just enough time to feel impressed by a last second cartwheel his opponent performed to dodge a set of conjured steel chains aimed at her feet, before an invisible force banished him backwards. He hit the far wall with intense force. The air was instantly driven from his lungs and the coppery taste of blood now coated his mouth.

Thankfully he just managed to keep a hold of his wand, the thin stick coming in handy as an iron spike rocketed towards him. Jabbing his wand forward, a faint shimmering wall appeared before him in the nick of time.

With a mighty 'CLANG', the iron spike ricocheted off his barrier and embedded itself deep into the floor.

"Again!" Tonks called.

She stood about 10 feet away from him, her wand pointed directly at his chest and its tip shooting off faint sparks. Harry grimaced as he stood, leaning against the back wall for support. Still he brought his wand up to meet his opponent.

“That’s enough Dora.” A voice called from the side. Remus descended the stairs with a faint glare. “Harry asked you to train him, not kill him.”

“Awe c’mon Remus! We both know this is nothing compared to what Moody would put him through.” Tonks replied.

Remus shook his head. “Even Mad-Eye would call it quits after four hours. You’ve ran Harry ragged long enough.”

Tonks sighed and turned towards Harry with a roll of her eyes. “You heard ‘im Wonder Boy, up and at’em.”

Harry’s shoulders sagged with relief. Nodding, he pushed himself off the wall, stumbling forwards slightly as he did so.

“Y-yeah. Thanks again Tonks. Same t-time tomorrow?” He heaved, glancing up at his trainer.

Tonks didn’t meet his gaze. “Yeah whatever.” She waved him off with a scoff, stomping towards the stairs, shouldering past Remus as she went.

Remus ignored the metamorph’s disgruntled exit, simply choosing to make his way towards Harry and helping the young wizard to the exit.

They ascended the stairs slowly, Harry wincing in pain with every step. He and Tonks had been training for about a week now. The first day was tough but bearable as the pink haired auror took her time instructing him on different spells, techniques, and other dueling essentials. Yet, after the first day, her attitude seemed to take a complete 180,

shifting from steady instruction to hammering him with as many spells as she could. Her attitude outside the training room changed as well. Where before they would laugh and joke with ease, forming a somewhat easy going friendship along the way, now Tonks would barely speak to him. She spent her time either ignoring him completely with the occasional glare or snarky comment, or staring at him intently from across the room with an indiscernible look on her face.

The girls were just as lost as he was. Neither Hermione, Daphne, or Susan could figure out why. Any attempts on their part to speak with the young auror was met with a hasty retreat on the metamorph's part. It was a mystery that Tonks seemed intent on keeping them from solving.

Remus lugged Harry up the last step and into the empty kitchen. Harry sighed with relief as he was finally deposited into one of the meeting chairs, the hardwood feeling like the plushiest of cushions in his ragged state. Two potions were pushed into his hands a moment later. Harry didn't even deign to look at them before knocking both back with loud gulps.

Instantly the pain in his body subsided, morphing into a dull soreness. The second potion helped even more as steam poured from his ears and his tired bones were reinvigorated by the pepper-up potion.

"Bloody hell." He gasped. "I think today may have been the worst yet."

"And tomorrow will almost certainly be worse." Remus agreed as he sat in the seat across from him. "Harry, you can't let this continue. You and Tonks need to sit down and figure out whatever is going on between the two of you."

Harry shook his head. "You think I haven't tried Moony?! Outside of beating me to a pulp everyday, Tonks avoids me at every turn. It's not much better when anyone else tries either. You saw what happened when Sirius cornered her."

Remus nodded with a wince. Sirius had been determined to shake his cousin out of her mood through less than gentle means. One day he hid himself behind a door frame in the entry hall and waited for Tonks to pass by. The second she had, Sirius had jumped out and pulled her into the room with him, laughing in victory. As the door shut behind them, his laughing morphed into muffled screams almost instantly. Tonks had walked out a few seconds later looking no worse for wear while they found Sirius, naked and glued to the ceiling, with his manhood encased in ice.

"Regardless, something has happened between the two of you and it needs to be resolved. We can't win this war if your own dueling teacher kills you Harry." Remus groused.

Harry groaned aloud, letting his head fall forward into his hands. "Fine! But whatever happens to me is gonna be your fault. I expect a very inspiring funeral speech from you."

Remus snorted. "I will endeavor to write something rather splendid." He stood and patted Harry on the back. "Talk to her tomorrow before your training. If she's gonna hex you, at least she'll do it when you can hex back."

With that his former defense Professor left. Harry sat at the kitchen table a while longer, giving the potions plenty of time to set in. He idly checked on the girls while he did so, their faint presence in his mind leading them easily enough to their own consciousnesses.

Susan met his mental probe with one of her own, a tinge of sympathy coating her warmth. He felt as she pushed a bit of magic along their connection, sighing as the small pulse soothed the grating headache in his skull. Her presence lingered a moment longer, petting his own mind gently before she pulled back. Even as her mind left his, Susan's warmth still remained.

He checked on Daphne next, the blonde noticing his entrance into her mind with a nudge of acknowledgement. She paid him no further mind though and he assumed she was busy. Her occlumency shields weren't fully engaged so he assumed it was nothing deeply important. From the boorish mood he felt from her, she was most likely working on a summer assignment. Still he didn't wish to bother her so with one last affectionate nudge he pulled away, feeling Daphne's own mental kiss good-bye.

He didn't bother checking on Hermione. The bushy haired girl was in fact upstairs in her own room. Her parents had apparently wished her to spend more time on her own now that she was an adult, and so had agreed wholeheartedly when Hermione expressed her wishes to stay at Grimmauld Place. The Grecian cruise they embarked on days later certainly had nothing to do with it.

Even from his place in the kitchen, Harry could feel the buzzing excitement and pondering that emanated from his girlfriend's mind as she poured over the book Dumbledore gifted to him. He had about a day or so with the book before Hermione had absconded it yet he wasn't too upset by it. In fact, he applauded his girlfriend's restraint in giving him a day with the old tome. Though she had roughly invaded his mind when he did read it. There was only so much restraint Hermione Granger could have when it came to new knowledge.

Deciding she had studied the book long enough, Harry pushed himself up and made his way up the stairs to her bedroom.

He didn't bother knocking when he arrived at the dorm, having told her he was coming up moments prior. The door was already cracked when he approached and gave way with barely a nudge.

Hermione didn't deign his entrance with a look. Her eyes stayed glued to the yellowed pages of the book, idly nibbling on her bottom lip as she read. She was lying on her stomach atop a plush queen sized bed, propped up on her elbows with the book in front of her as her legs lazily kicked in the air behind her.

The sight itself was innocent enough, yet there was something strangely sexy about it as well. Maybe it was the way her teeth sank into her delectably plump lips, or how she lay made her bum jut out enticingly.

Maybe it was even because she was completely nude.

Harry felt as if that last one had a great deal to do with it. Regardless of the reason, he soon found himself shutting and locking the door behind him. Hermione still didn't look up as he did so, though she did raise her wand and cast a silencing spell against the door.

He smirked as he approached the bed, wondering what sort of game she was up to. Again she ignored him, even as he pulled his clothing off and sat next to her on the edge of the bed.

"You know anyone could have just walked in and seen you like this." He said offhandedly.

Hermione continued to read. "Hmm."

Harry chuckled at her flat response. Reaching down, he began to slowly stroke the soft flesh of her back, raking his fingers down until they ghosted over the top of her ass before pulling them back up, every touch leaving goose pimples in its wake. Still, Hermione ignored him.

“It’s a good thing it was me who walked in then.” He said, diving his hand down to roughly squeeze one of her pert ass cheeks. Hermione sucked in a small breath as he did so but refused to break.

“Hmm.” Was all she said in response.

Harry went back to softly rubbing her back, though this time, he reached down with his other hand and pulled one of her arms towards him. Hermione let him without a fight, allowing him to reposition her hand until it was wrapped lightly around his straining cock. Without even prompting her to do so, Hermione began to softly pump his shaft, yet made no acknowledgement of doing so.

Harry’s smirk widened. It seemed this game was one she was intent on continuing.

“That’s it.” He hissed. “Was this what you were wanting to happen? For me to walk in and use your sexy little body how I see fit. It’s a dangerous gamble you took, someone could have caught you. Though something tells me the thought of getting caught turns you on. You certainly love when someone watches after all.”

He was just rambling at this point. Saying anything with no real meaning behind it to get some form of reaction from her. Yet his words caused a spike of arousal to flood her mind. It was quick. Barely even a flash of lust before the bookworm had quickly stamped down the mental slip, though it was enough for Harry to catch.

“Someone liked that. Fine then, if you like risk then let's take a little risk.” He waved his hand at the door. With a soft ‘click’ it swung open wide, revealing the empty hallway.

“There, now anyone can come along and see what a little slut you are.”

Hermione only hummed once again, one hand turning the page in her book as she kept reading. Her other hand though, rapidly increased its pace, stroking his cock with flurried movements.

Harry bit out a low groan from her efforts. There was no real need for either of them to keep quiet as he had made sure to leave Hermione's silencing ward in place, though she didn't need to know that.

As his hand traveled down her back and over the curve of her ass once more, Harry dipped it lower and sought out her heat. He found it with practiced ease, the instant wetness that coated his fingers telling just how turned on the bookworm really was. Her outer lips gave way to his fingers without resistance, her slickness allowing him to hilt two of his digits within her cunt. He thought he heard a whimper leave the bushy haired girl's lips but if she did it was extremely quiet.

Suddenly, the presence of their two other lovers filled his mind. So heavy was the fog of their minds' that Harry had no doubt they could see exactly what was happening through his eyes in vivid detail. A press into Susan's consciousness proved that theory as he was greeted by the sight of her own naked body splayed out on her bed, one hand kneading her large breast and the other moving teasingly between her legs. Daphne's own mind was still somewhat blocked off, but her presence was heavy enough to know that she was watching with rapt attention.

Deciding to put on a bit more of a show for his two voyeur girlfriends, he shuffled around until he now sat on his knees next to Hermione's face, the tip on his cock brushing against her cheek. With one hand still nestled between her thighs, he used the other to grasp her chin and turn her face slightly towards him. Again this was met with no resistance and as his cock head prodded against her lips, Hermione opened her mouth without prompting.

Her eyes finally broke contact with the book for the first time as he pushed his cock into her mouth. The two half-lidded brown orbs were glazed over with lust. She closed them a second later, breathing out a muffled moan as he began to rock his hips back and forth. His cock sawed in and out of her mouth with soft, shallow thrusts, his fingers in her pussy keeping pace within her slickened walls.

Hermione began to rock her head with his thrusts, more moans echoing out, muffled by his cock. Soft slurping sounds filled the room as she worked her mouth along his shaft, her tongue writhing along the underside of his cock as she sucked.

Harry moaned as well and quickened his pace. His cock drove deeper into the bookworm's mouth with each thrust, the fingers in her cunt moving faster as well. With a single mighty thrust, he slammed himself forward, driving his cock to the base down her throat. Hermione's eyes flew open with a panicked look, her throat spasming around his length in her shock.

Even as her mind began to panic, she made no move to remove herself, allowing his cock to remain hilted in her gullet. Harry grunted in approval. Reaching up he roughly grabbed her brown curls and pushed her face deeper. A loud wet 'GAK!' sounded tore

from her throat as she gagged around him. Harry, though, wouldn't relent and began to fuck her throat with hasty thrusts.

The room was filled with wet sounds of the brunette choking on his cock. The harsh noises tearing from the girl's mouth with every pounding her poor throat took. Yet, even as his grasp on her hair became painfully tight and his balls slapped wildly against her chin, Hermione still gazed up at him with needy lust filled eyes.

Her mental walls had long since fallen, the psychic blockage far too susceptible to his pleasurable ministrations to hold up. As such, her mind was practically swimming around him. Every stray thought and brief flicker of emotion was rushing through him at lightning fast speed. Her very soul was open before him just as it had been all those months ago.

Through all of the streams of words and haze of being, one word managed to stick out within the girl's mind.

'More~!'

The plea came from everywhere all at once, the very state of her consciousness bared within his own mind, and he found that he could not deny her even if he wished.

He pulled himself free from her mouth and stumbled off the bed. Hermione turned over onto her back and hung her head off the side of the mattress, already deeply aware of his intentions. The priceless tome tumbled to the floor, forgotten.

Whether he stepped closer or completely fell forward, Harry wasn't sure. He could only feel as he reentered her mouth at the same time as he delved into her dripping snatch.

Hermione's thighs instantly curled around his head, pressing his mouth deeper into her folds. Her scream of delight was muffled by the cock between her lips. It slowly morphed

into a lewd sucking sound as she bobbed her head frantically along his length, small whimpers leaking out every now and then as Harry devoured her cunt, He released a groan into her hairless quim. With the way things were going, he wouldn't last much longer inside her wonderful mouth. Harry resolved himself to at least make her cum just as hard.

Focusing his attention on the small pearl atop her folds, Harry pressed himself deeper still into her snatch. Her slick juices covered his face, the heady scent of her pussy all around him as he suckled and slurped at her clit. Hermione's mewls of pleasure were reaching a crescendo with each flick of his tongue. Her body jerked and thrashed under him, with her arms grasping the back of his thighs to pull his cock deeper into her mouth. She was close, perhaps even as close as he was.

Just as he felt his resolve break and the beginnings of his orgasm pulse through his cock, Harry sank his teeth firmly into his lover's swollen nub. Hermione's wail of climax was cut off as he erupted inside of her gullet. The thrashing under him increased as her orgasm ran rampant through her body. Yet even through her haze of pleasure, Hermione still had the presence of mind to suck every drop of cum from his cock as it pulsed in her mouth.

Their dual climaxes ebbed away slowly, both now lazily pleasuring the other with their mouths. It was only when he sucked harshly on her oversensitive clit did Hermione finally groan and push him away. Harry rolled off her without a fight, lying next to her prone form with his feet hanging off the bed.

They lay there motionless for a few moments, working their lungs to suck in the life giving air they so desperately needed. Hermione was the first to move, shuffling around

till her head lay on his abdomen and she gazed up at him lovingly with her twinkling brown eyes.

“You might want to shut the door now Harry.” She blushed.

Harry laughed but did so with a wave of his hand, the click of the door latch signalling it's close. Hermione smiled and shuffled closer to him. He reached down as she did so and began to softly rub the side of her profile.

'Think the girls enjoyed the show?' He prodded her mentally.

From below him, Hermione giggled. *'Perhaps Susan more than Daphne, which is odd since our sweet Sytherin is the more lecherous of the two.'*

'Maybe I'd enjoy it more if you two didn't make me cum while I'm having dinner with my family.' A new voice groused in their mind.

'Sorry love, but someone wanted to play the coy minx today.' Harry responded.

Daphne huffed, or at least the mental equivalent of one. *'Oh and you were an unwilling participant, huh?'*

'Would you have been so unwilling if it were you Daph?' Harry laughed, focusing on a memory and pushing it into his blonde girlfriend's mind. He felt her kindling arousal roar to life once more. The memory he sent in particular had been the feeling of Hermione's lips around his cock.

'Fuck you Potter...' Daphne growled.

Harry just laughed. *'Wouldn't you like to.'*

Hermione rolled her eyes at their antics and began her best to soothe Daphne's annoyance. She knew there was no true heat behind it but their bookish lover played along anyway.

Harry let his mind wander as the two of them began their own trading of flirts. The memory of his discussion with Remus came to the forefront of his mind and his thoughts turning to Tonks as a side effect. He frowned as he considered the metamorph and the promised discussion he would have with her.

Even now, after meticulously combing through every single one of their interactions over the past week, he couldn't think of a single thing he did or said that would have caused her to hate him so.

Despite that, hate him she did, or at the very least seemed to hate him.

'Should I let the others know how hard you're thinking of another woman, my love?'

Susan's lilting voice filtered into his head.

'You had no objections yesterday to my thoughts of Fleur on the staircase.' He teased back.

Susan's chiming laughter echoed throughout his skull. *'True... so you're going to confront Dora tomorrow?'*

'I'm going to try.' He sighed. *'Think I could just get your aunt to order her to be nice to me?'*

'I don't think that'll go over as well as you think.' Susan joked. *'Seriously though, you should at least have one of us there with you. She's been acting weird around us too and I'd like some answers.'*

'Are you volunteering? Because if I'm being honest, Tonks is scarier than Voldemort and I'd love some backup.'

Susan giggled at his joke. *'I'll be there, promise.'*

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Harry paced the floor nervously as he waited. He shot the door to the basement a look every half-minute, each glance seeming to set him more and more on edge.

“Take it easy pup. You’re pacing like a caged animal! I should know after all.” Sirius drawled.

Harry shot the man a glare. Sirius just gave a smirk in return from where he sat, leaned back in a worn chair with his feet propped up on an old desk from his grandfather's study.

“He’s right, love.” Susan spoke from her place by a stack of discarded books. Sirius had wanted to burn them claiming they were too dark, but Hermione had threatened to neuter the animagus if he creased one page in the tomes. “No matter how she’s acting right now, Tonks is still our friend. There’s no reason to be so tense.”

“Especially after last night.” Sirius snorted.

Harry whipped around to give him an incredulous look. “What?! You heard me and Hermione?!”

“Oh yes, the two of you were very vocal. Dumbledore and Molly were both equally horrified by some of the noises the two of you made.” His godfather drawled.

Harry's face began to burn with embarrassment before he saw the man's smirking face.

“You’re messing with me aren’t you?”

Sirius cackled with laughter. “Of course I am pup! Don’t worry, no one heard a peep of yours and Hermione’s tumble in the sheets. I only knew cause I’m lord. The magic around this place pings me whenever a new ward is erected on the property, no matter how temporary.”

Harry's blush returned. “So when we put up the silencing ward...”

“I knew immediately. Two young adults putting up a silencing ward? Yeah there’s not many scenarios where that doesn’t lead to sex.”

Before Harry could retort, the door to the basement squeaked open, and the sound of footfalls descending a set of creaky stairs echoed throughout the dingy dungeon.

Tonks walked into the room with a resigned expression, already in the middle of removing her outer cloak in preparation for their duel.

“Alright Wonder Boy! You know the drill, get into- Oh!” She stopped as she saw the other occupants in their makeshift arena. “Uhm, what’s going on? We all training today or something?”

The three of them shared a glance, an unspoken agreement passing between them before Harry stepped forward. Tonks regarded him with confusion, before the sound of the basement door shutting turned her attention away.

“Tonks we need to talk.” Harry said, snapping her attention back to him.

“Oh-kay? Mind telling me what the fuck this is all about? Feeling a bit too much like one of those horror films my dad likes to watch on the telly.” She rambled.

Sirius chuckled at that but said nothing. It was Susan who spoke next.

“Nothing like that Tonks. All we want is to talk. Everyone, not just us three, have noticed your recent... mood shift. And I believe I speak for everyone here when I say that it’s gone on long enough.”

Tonks’ expression shifted into one of cool regard, not too dissimilar to her ‘big-bad auror mode’ as she liked to call it. “Ah, so that’s what this is about. Not to sound too harsh, little Bonsey, but I don’t think a sweet thing like you wants to hear what exactly your boyfriend did to piss me off.” She finished with a glare directed at Harry.

“Not to sound too harsh Tonks, but you don’t know what the fuck I want.” Susan snapped back.

Tonks seemed a bit surprised at her outburst before a small grin morphed over her features. “Alright alright, sorry for the sweet girl comment. You’ve got some fire just like your aunt, but my point still stands. If lover boy over there wants to talk, he can do it himself, not get other people to ambush me for him.”

“Ambush you?!” Harry exclaimed. “Sirius and Susan are here because your pissy attitude is affecting the whole house. I don’t give a damn what your problem with me is Tonks. I’ve spent the last week grin and bearing it because I didn’t want to make things worse. But now you’re using your issue with me as an excuse to lash out at everyone else!”

Tonks scowled at him with an indigent look of fury. “If you think I’ll-”

“Let me talk to you like this? Yes you will! I’ve spent the last week as your punching bag instead of actually training! So you’ll shut up and listen!” He roared. Any hesitence he had before about this confrontation was long gone, instead it was replaced by all the raw anger and pent-up annoyance at the pink-haired woman that had built over the last week. “You’re supposed to be this elite auror, trained by Mad-Eye Moody himself, and yet you can barely control your emotions over some conceived slight by a 5th year! Merlin, and over what?! Huh?! Cause you sure haven’t told anyone what I did to piss you off, much less even told me! How is that fair?!”

“Fair?! You wanna shout at me about being fair and honest?! Fine!” She whipped around to glower at Susan. “Maybe you should be a little bit more hesitant to defend your boyfriend when he’s fucking the French hussy behind your back!” Tonks screamed.

Silence reigned in the room. No one dared utter a word as everyone seemed to be a bit taken aback by her words.

“Oh didn’t know that huh?!” Tonks scoffed. “Three girlfriends apparently isn’t enough for the ‘great Harry bleedin Potter’! Nope! He’s gotta have a bit more action on the side as well!”

Again silence. Susan’s eyes bored into Tonks with an impassive expression, and for a moment the metamorph almost thought she’d start to cry.

So when the red-head burst into loud laughter, Tonks was more than a little taken aback.

“Bwahaha- You think- HAHA- you think we don’t know about Fleur?! HAHAHA!” Susan cackled, clutching her stomach as she gasped with laughter.

Tonks was stunned. “You... uh- You do?”

Susan giggled, wiping a tear from her eye. “Be a little hard not to, considering ‘Mione, Daph, and I are screwing her too! Merlin- Is this what all this was about? You saw Fleur shagging my boyfriend and you took offense?”

“I- uh- Look well when you put it like that I- Fuck Sirius a little help here?” Tonks stammered.

Sirius shook his head fervently, a wide grin of his own plastered on his face. “Nope! Should’ve thought about that before gluing me to the ceiling! You’ve dug this grave yourself!” He turned to Harry with a faux snuffle. “I can’t express how proud I am of you! Snagging yourself three girls and now a Veela!”

“Uh that’s not exactly how- You know what? Forget it, thanks Sirius.” Harry sighed, turning to Tonks. “If you were angry about Fleur then, why didn’t you tell me? Hell why not at least tell the others? You thought I was cheating on them after all.”

“Fuck! I know! Look I’m sorry, this whole thing is my fault. I blew something out of proportion when I could have just talked it out with you from the get go.” Tonks groaned, her hair rushing through a multitude of colors before settling on a muted yellow.

“That doesn’t answer my question Tonks.” Harry sighed.

Tonks groaned once more. She began to pace around the room, her mouth opening to answer him a few times before slamming closed. Finally, she halted her steps with a growl, her hands clenching in apparent anger.

“I was jealous okay?!” She ground out through clenched teeth. “I might have thought with the whole three girlfriends thing, that maybe, you know, I had a shot. Look-” She said, turning back to face them. “-it was nothing more than a stupid crush. I get them from time to time. Sometimes I flirt them out with whoever caught my eye, sometimes shag it out. Obviously, I wasn’t going to do the latter with you, so I flirted. It was all in good fun, at least until I saw you with Fleur on the stairs. Guess it just- got to me. I don’t know why really, I never saw the four of you dating as a problem before. Adding Fleur to the mix though was too much, like I missed my shot or something...”

“So you were angry because... you have a crush on Harry?” Susan questioned.

Tonks blushed at the red-heads words. She ducked her head and mumbled something.

“What was that?”

“I said it wasn’t just Harry!” She exclaimed before clamping her mouth shut in embarrassment. Tonks flicked her gaze between Harry and Susan in fear before sighing

in resignation. "Harry wasn't the one I had a crush on first... Let's just say I definitely appreciate a witch's figure a bit more than a wizards." She said, her eyes flicking briefly at Susan's well-endowed chest.

"M-me?!" Susan sputtered. "I- well I'm flattered I suppose- Wait! Is that why you demanded to go bra shopping with me and Daphne two weeks ago!"

Tonks laughed sheepishly as she averted her gaze. "May have been... I didn't peep though! Well okay, I did but not too much!"

Susan sighed. "It's fine, I am flattered. Although- ugh! -Now I owe Daphne 10 sickles! She bet that you were checking me out all day."

"Welllll not just you." Tonks squeaked. "I may have a thing for blondes too."

Susan snorted at that. "Well then it's a good thing Daphne was checking you out as well. She kept making comments about your bum all day."

The two girls shared another laugh. As the laughter died down, Tonks' expression shifted into a grimace once more. She turned back to face him with an apologetic look.

"Harry look mate- I'm sorry about all this. You too Siri. You know- for the whole ceiling-ball-freezing incident." She sighed. "I let my anger get the best of me. Moody always did say that was my worst problem."

Harry waved her off. "It's okay Tonks really."

"Welllll-" Sirius began.

"I said it's okay." He said sharply. "Just- talk to us next time yeah? We may be new friends and all that but regardless we're still your friends."

"Right!" Tonks exclaimed. "Yeah you got it. Don't suppose there's a chance for me to apologize to Hermione and Daphne too?"

“They already heard.” Susan chimed in, tapping her head.

Tonks laughed. “Right, forgot about your whole mental hoodoo thing! Sorry again girls!”

She shouted.

“They said it’s fine. I- One sec...” Susan closed her eyes, seemingly listening for something.

Harry guessed the other two girls were conversing with her, though their mental shields were preventing him from peeking in.

Finally, Susan opened her eyes, a small blush marring her features. “Hermione said that she does wish to talk to you about... certain things we’ve discussed.”

Tonks nodded. “Can do, what did Daphne say?”

Susan sighed. “My- wonderful Slytherin girlfriend- wants you to know that ‘If you wanted to see us naked, all you had to do was ask.’ She also wants to talk with you and Hermione. In fact, I think it would be best if we’re all there.” She said, gazing at Harry.

He sent back a nudge of agreement along their connection.

“You got it! Just let me know when!” Tonks chirped. “For now- Sue, Sirius? Want to help me knock a few good wand lessons into Wonder Boy here?”

Harry groaned as his two allies suddenly smirked and drew their own wands. And just when he thought his week couldn’t get any worse.

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Author’s Note

Not much plot happening yet. This interlude will be more exploring a few relationships while also laying a bit of the groundwork for the next act. And yes- Tonks will be featured in a scene before the beginning of year 5.

Thanks for reading!