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Three For All

Chapter 1

Harry heard the knock at the door and answered it, despite his aunt's order that he was not to touch the door when no one was at home. He opened it to find a girl with spiked hair in a shade of blue that made Harry think of a nuclear reaction. She was wearing a spaghetti strap top and a skirt that almost demanded that Harry stare at her legs, but he was not going to fall for that. "Hey, Tonks! How are you?" *Besides being rude, if I stare at her legs, she's gonna comment and embarrass the hell out of me.*

"Pretty good, Harry. How're you?" She gently pushed her way into the house. "So, ol' horse-face gone for now?"

"Yeah, Aunt Petunia is out of the house for the day, and 'Dudders' is out wherever it ... I mean *he* gets to. What's up?"

"Nothing. Just doing the usual check-in, and it was decided that I would probably be best for it. At least if I show up, there can be talk of your girlfriend dropping by for a visit." She laughed. "People might talk if Moody showed up too often."

Harry thought for a moment what she might be talking about, and then shuddered as he laughed. "Woo...people thinking he's my lover? Yeesh. I'd rather be linked with *Malfoy* than *that*!"

Tonks laughed so hard that she fell to the floor, and the skirt rode even higher, high enough that he caught a glimpse of knickers. Blushing furiously, he looked anywhere else in the room. *The ceiling; yeah, that's good.*

"Whoops! Sorry 'bout that, Harry. You can look now." He looked carefully to see her standing again, with the skirt safely covering where it should. He was surprised, however, when she leaned over and kissed his cheek. "You, sir, are a gentleman, and some ladies like that in a man."

He snorted. "I'm still a child, even if I do want to be treated like an adult. Besides, I didn't want to be caught pulling a Dudley." At her amused look, he suddenly realized what she was thinking, and he quickly added, blushing, "I meant staring stupidly at you." He made a face of staring in slack-jawed shock.

"I didn't think that baby blue knickers could stun a man into insensibility," she chuckled.

"They can if he's never seen them before," Harry murmured under his breath. "Especially if they're on a particularly pretty girl."

Her eyes twinkled merrily. "How about we leave a note for your aunt, and you and I go for a walk in the park, Harry. We need to talk, and I think you need more than a simple 'Hi, you okay? Yeah? Bye.' from us. If we're gonna smother you by watching every move you make, then we damned well ought to take your needs into account. You need friends, and I'd like to be one, if you'll let me."

He blinked for a moment, and was surprised to find that tears were in his eyes. "I think I'd like that, Tonks. Ron and Hermione are great, but I'm getting a little antsy around them. I think it's just a matter of time before it becomes obvious how much of a third wheel I am around them." He laughed. "I think that if they haven't admitted it to each other when the school year starts, I'm going to bring it to a head."

"Hmm?" Tonks asked in a voice that told him she knew exactly what he was talking about. "Tell me."

"The way they argue? Everyone except them knows it's because they fancy each other, but each is afraid that the other one doesn't return the feeling. I'm just waiting for the day when they break in mid-argument and suddenly start snogging the hell out of each other." He burst out laughing at the imagery in his head.

Finally, he said, "Let me leave my aunt a note, and we'll go."

Aunt Petunia,

One of my protectors came by to talk to me and see how the summer is going. We went for a walk in the park, rather than run the risk of them being here when you return. I'll be back sometime tonight.

Harry

Before he could open the door, she scowled at him. "You, Harry, need clothes of your own. Let's go to Arabella's and we'll go to Diagon Alley from there. Hit some of the Muggle shops around there." He looked down to see the oversized things of Dudley's he was wearing, and nodded.

"Let's hit Gringott's first, then. I can get some cash from there."

"I can pay, Harry. You'll owe me." He shuddered. "What?"

"I just hate owing anyone, after the years of bitch ... sorry, complaining from Uncle Vernon. 'After all we've done for you, boy! We let you live in that cupboard; fed you scraps; gave you Dudley's useless clothes – you owe us!'" Harry started in a surprisingly accurate imitation of Vernon Dursley. He shuddered again.

Tonks was staring at him closely. "I'm not surprised you have a problem with owing people. Using that as a club. Vernon's a bastard." She grinned. "You're pretty good with impressions. Can you do Hermione?"

He snorted as he thought, *Not if I want to keep her and Ron from ripping off various body parts, I can't.*

"Mind out of the gutter, you. I meant an imitation," Tonks laughed.

He cleared his mind from the laughter and said, "Okay, let me see. 'Really, Harry. You still haven't read *Hogwarts – A History*? That tells you everything you need to know about the fact that you simply cannot Apparate on or off school grounds! Really!'" He laughed. "How was that?"

"Better than you could know, Harry," she laughed. "Let's go out and get you dressed."

A minute later, they were walking down the street toward Arabella Figg's house. "Doesn't it bother you to be going somewhere with a girl with blue hair?" she grinned.

"Doesn't it bother you to be walking somewhere with someone in clothes as ugly as these?" he responded, avoiding the first response he'd come up with. *She's an adult, Harry. She's not going to be interested in a child like you. Besides, she's just being friendly. Do not ruin the friendship by assuming that her friendliness means more than just friendliness.*

She laughed, but then said, "Why the scowl, Harry? What's wrong?" She looked around, and proceeded to trip over her own feet.

Faster than either of them expected, his hand shot out and caught her before she could hit the ground; fast enough, in fact, that she could get her feet back under her. When she finally was standing again, her face was split in a wide grin. "Fast worker there, ain'tcha Harry?" At his puzzled look, she said, "Damn, you could have at least enjoyed it if you were gonna grab my tit!"

He turned red, followed by white. "Oh my God! I'm sorry, Tonks – I never meant to ..."

"Harry! It's all right! I'd rather you accidentally cop a feel than have to fix a few scrapes and cuts. I mean, yeah, it's just a scrape, but I'd rather not have one anyways." She leaned forward and kissed his cheek again. "I'm sorry if my comment made you feel bad, Harry. I was just trying to make a joke about my clumsiness." She stood back up and melodramatically put the back of her hand against her forehead. "It must be the closeness of such incredible studliness."

He snorted a few times before he broke down into outright laughter. "Are you trying to kill me, Tonks?" he finally said through his laughter. "'Studliness' my arse," he murmured.

"That looks pretty good too," she said, grinning.

"What?" he asked.

"Your arse. It looks good too. Must be all that working out you've been doing this summer." She reached out and patted him quickly on his rear end.

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Harry stopped dead on the sidewalk. He started to say something, and then shook his head, and continued onward.

I think I might have a talk with some of the Hogwarts staff, she chuckled to herself. I've never run across someone before who didn't understand the signals I've been sending him.

Are you really sure you want to bed him? You know that's exactly what your signals have been. You've basically been trying to let him know that you want to take him back to your place and screw his brains out.

Is there anything wrong with that?

If you don't take into account that he's the type who probably is not interested in a simple roll in the hay. You know him. He's the type who wants love in his life, not something that can best be described as 'wham-bam-thank you ma'am'. Would you hurt him for a chance to get your hormones back under control?

No! I'd never hurt him intentionally! she thought indignantly. Then in a mental voice best described as small she added, *I love him.*

What was that, Nymphadora? I didn't hear that. I think you need to repeat it.

Shut up. You know I hate that name. Damn, I'm arguing with myself.

And losing, the voice taunted. She grimaced as they reached Arabella's house. The door opened as they got near the door. "Harry, Nymphadora! How good to see you! What brings you here?"

Harry blushed. "We were hoping to borrow your fireplace, to be honest. Do something of a shopping trip into Diagon Alley and environs."

"'Environs'?" Tonks laughed. "Sounds like someone's been hanging around Hermione too much."

She was both surprised and pleased to see a spark of mischievousness in Harry's eyes just before he said, "Jealous, Tonks?"

Affecting the same pose as on the street, she got melodramatic again. "Oh, the injustice of it all! A quick feel, and thrown over for another woman! Whatever shall I do with my life, now that I'm a used woman?"

"Take acting lessons, first of all," Arabella quipped. "That was horrible. Now what's this about a quick feel?" She laughed as she saw Harry turn red.

Tonks joined her and explained what had happened on the street. "And then this gentleman apologizes for grabbing me the way he did, even though it was the only thing he could do."

Harry cleared his throat. "Tell you what, I'll step through and wait for you in the Leaky Cauldron, okay?" Tonks nodded, letting him know she'd be right behind.

Before she could step through, though, Mrs. Figg grabbed her arm and said, "Be careful, honey. I think he's the only one who doesn't see it. And I won't see him hurt. You understand me?"

Quite seriously, Tonks answered, "Yes, I do. You'll be second in line if I hurt him."

"Who'll be first?"

"Me."

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Harry landed in the Leaky Cauldron and rolled to his feet to some scattered applause. He suddenly remembered what Tonks was wearing, and realized that she'd likely land with her – well, she'd be displaying quite a lot. He saw the flare of green in the fireplace and steadied himself. She came rocketing out, and he caught her before she could go flying arse-over-teakettle. Of course, skidding to a stop, he fell to the ground, and she landed on him. Again, scattered applause happened at the impressive stop.

As he shook his head to clear it, he suddenly realized that she was straddling him, sitting on his ... in that skirt ... he felt himself start to react, and her eyebrows rose. She stood quickly and helped him to his feet. "Thanks for the catch, Harry. Tripped at the end there."

As they walked out the back, toward the wall, she whispered in his ear, "Thanks for the compliment, too, Harry." He looked at her, puzzled, until her eyes flickered downward for a moment, and then he felt himself turning bright red. "It happens, Harry, so I'm not offended." As he tapped the stones, she added, "My fault more than anything else. I'm dressed more provocatively than I should be." Once in Diagon Alley, she pulled him aside. "Be right back." With a crack, she was gone. A few moments later she was back in another skirt, this one coming to just above her knees. "This better?"

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"Yes and no," he laughed. "The previous one threatened to show you off if you turned around too fast. This one hugs you kinda close." As she frowned, he said, "I'm sorry, Tonks. I'm a sixteen year old boy, who finally *really* noticed the difference between boys and girls last year. If I'm around a beautiful girl, I'm going to notice her. I'll just try to keep it to a minimum, okay?" He smiled, and she realized that he honestly didn't realize that he'd just called her beautiful.

"Look all you want, Harry. I'm not going to complain," she smiled.

"If I look as much as I want, I'll walk into walls," he murmured, unaware that her hearing was exceptional. At conversational level, he said, "Well, Gringott's first so that I have money." A short time later, Harry was carrying enough money for a very expensive school year, and a card that acted as a Muggle debit card. "Now, Harry, let's step out into Muggle London and do some proper shopping for you. I warn you, if I see you about to make a fashion mistake, like paisleys, I'm going to take over." He laughed and nodded. She stopped. "Actually, there's a shop I want to take you to here in the Alley. If you want to drive the girls crazy at Hogwarts, then you simply *have* to wear what I have in mind." She dragged him down to a shop that simply read "Lillibett's Leather".

"What? What are we getting here?"

"We're getting us both some leather clothing. I'm going to see if I can convince you that you're a good looking man."

"Good luck on that," he said. "My hair has a mind of its own, and I am what people would call scrawny."

She raised her eyebrows and pushed him into the store. "Hey Lilli! Got a scrawny young man here to clothe!"

A plump witch bustled out into the room and swooped down on Harry. "Ah, young Mr. Potter! It's not often I get an Adonis in my shop to clothe!"

"Adonis?" he snorted. "Yeah, right."

"Yes, Mr. Potter. Adonis. I've watched you play Quidditch and that is not a sport for the flabby. Best Seeker anyone's seen in far too many years."

"I didn't play at all last year, though," Harry replied.

"And you sat around and did nothing all year, right?" she asked with some amusement. "Honey, even in those hand-me-downs, I can see a body most men twice your age would kill for." She grabbed his T-shirt and said, "Off, that shirt comes off right now. You are not wearing that ... thing out of my store." He reluctantly peeled out of the shirt, and was greeted by a score of wolf whistles. He spun and discovered that it was all coming from the mirrors. Madame Lillibett had grabbed a fan and was waving it in her own face. "Merlin's beard – if I were half my age ... son, are you absolutely sure you need to wear a shirt?"

Harry looked to Tonks, quite confused, and was surprised by the look on her face – her eyes were wide, and her jaw was open slightly. "Damn, Harry! You have time for studying at school?"

"Yeah – why?" He looked in the full-length mirror and saw his bare chest. He had some muscles on it, and his stomach was flat, but there were a handful of small Quidditch scars here and there. He looked back to Tonks. "I don't see what you do, apparently."

"Morgana, give me strength," Tonks murmured, her hand on her chest. "Harry, she's not lying to you. You have a body most men would kill for. If I thought you were interested, I'd pounce you myself." She almost laughed as she audibly heard him gulp, but felt tears threaten when she heard him mutter something.

"If it weren't for the fact that no one is safe around me, I'd think about taking you up on that."

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Harry looked on Tonks with alarm as he saw her eyes water, and realized that she might have heard his last comment. "Uh, Tonks?"

"Lilli, trousers first. I intend to put this boy in trousers tight enough to make the *girls* have trouble breathing." She grinned impishly at Harry and wiggled her eyebrows at him. "I'll be your first victim."

Despite his mood, he couldn't help but laugh; her attitude was so infectious. "Do they have to be that tight? I'd like some blood to make it to my feet."

"Don't you worry your head about it, honey," Madame Lillibett said. "That's why she brought you here. My clothes will feel like second skin; you'll almost feel naked in them." His eyes jumped to Tonks, unbidden. *No. Do not think about being naked in front of Tonks! Do not think about ... Snape in underwear – think about Snape in his underwear!* That image now secure in his thoughts, he smiled as Madame Lillibett handed him three pairs of leather trousers. "Oh, one thing, son – they wear best when they're the only thing next to your skin."

His eyes widened. "Are you kidding?" Quietly, he murmured to Madame Lillibett, "I was kind of hoping *not* to advertise what she's doing to me today. From what you're telling me, anyone who looks at me is going to know." His face fell slightly as her eyes twinkled, and he pulled her aside. "Please. I'm very attracted to her, but I'm only sixteen. No matter what she said before, there's no way she's actually interested in me. Is there something we can do clothing-wise to make her happy, but not ... well ..." He blushed furiously.

"Tell you what, honey. You try those on, and I'll talk to her about how embarrassed you feel, and see if there's something else she'll be happy with. Who knows, you might like the feel of those trousers."

He nodded, his eyes giving her a fervent 'thank you', and stepped into the changing room.

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Lillibett walked over to Tonks once Harry was in the changing room. "Honey, that Potter boy is ..."

"I know. My ears are better than he knows. He's been watching me all day, but now that he's mentioned it to you, I can't do what I wanted to." She blushed. "He's sixteen; why does he make me feel like I'm sixteen again, rather than seven years his elder? I have to admit, those trousers are as much for me as they are for him. I want to look at him dressed like that, just so I can growl 'He's mine!' to any girl who makes a move on him." Her eyes dropped to the floor. "I want to mean it, too. I'd like to make him mine."

Lillibett smiled. "Leave it to me. I'm known as a matchmaker, too." Raising her voice, she said, "Honey, while you're here, I have a dress that'll make you look fabulous." She flipped her wand and a dress shot out into her hand. "Try it on."

Tonks walked into another changing room, and slipped out of her skirt and top in a second. Another second later, she had the skin-tight dress on, and looked in the mirror, which whistled. "You look good, honey!" it said as she looked at the vision before her. Even with the blue hair, she looked – astounding. The dress went from a band around her throat, left shoulders, arms, and back bare, but covered everything else. It fit like a second skin down to her waist, where the skirt flared out and fell loosely to halfway to her knees. As she looked, she realized that her hair simply would not do, and flipped back and forth for a while before she sighed. Closing her eyes, she changed her appearance back to her 'normal' appearance – dirty blonde hair, violet eyes, and a face-shaped face.

She stepped out of her dressing room to face Harry, who was standing in his trousers, and her jaw dropped. She felt other reactions, and quickly brought her hands up to cover her breasts. *Do not advertise right now, Tonks. Think of 'cousin' Severus in his underwear – yeah, Severus in boxers. That should do it.* She was finding that difficult to do though as she saw that she had apparently caused the male equivalent response in him. As her eyes met his, she was shocked to realize that his eyes were locked on her face. "Yeah, I know – freaky. It's why I change away from it so much."

"No." He breathed his astonishment. "You're ..." He gulped, and his face fell. She saw him steeling himself, and calm settled over his frame.

"What were you going to say, Harry?" she asked, intrigued.

"You're my friend, Tonks, and I don't want to lose that. Even saying what I am now will change things, but the less I say, the better off I am. *We* are."

"Bullshit, Harry," Tonks barked quietly in his face. "You're going to make me say it first, aren't you?" She clenched her fists. "No, I will not tell you that while I am angry. I *will* tell you before this day is over, though, make no mistake, Harry. And I'll keep telling you until you believe me." She forced a smile onto her face. "So, I think the reaction I saw tells me what you think of the dress."

He started, and looked down her figure, and she saw his trousers tighten again. "Holy shit!" she heard him breathe softly. "I thought her face was ... but wow!" He suddenly realized that he was advertising his reaction, and jumped back inside the changing room. "Looks good, Tonks," he said, his voice noticeably unsteady.

"Lilli, this dress is going home with me. Just let me change ..."

Her clothes came out of the changing room and shot into a small bag. "Nothing doing, Tonks," Lilli said. "You are wearing that out of this shop with your young man on your arm. You'll need him around just to keep the fellows off you." Her eyes twinkled, and Tonks laughed.

"Let me change out of these," said Harry.

"No!" said Lillibett. "Let me get you some other clothing that'll help your modesty. Wait for a second, all right, dear?"

"Okay." He stepped back out into the room, looking down at the floor. "Sorry, Tonks. I ... uh ..."

"Harry, answer me something. I'm going to be blunt, so blush all you want. Had you even looked at the dress when you stiffened the first time?"

He closed his eyes as if in pain, and spoke while they were squeezed shut. "I was in awe of how beautiful the form you chose is, Tonks. It was only when you mentioned it that I reacted to the dress." He opened his eyes to see her with tears in her eyes. "What did I say? I'm sorry for making you cry."

She came forward and hugged Harry tightly. "No one has ever called my base form beautiful before, Harry. This is what I look like naturally."

He looked at her in astonishment. "May I say something crude, then, since I can't possibly damage our friendship any more than I already have?" She nodded, so he said, "Please visit me in another form, then, if you decide to keep visiting, because I want some blood making it to my brain. Your base form is incredibly sexy to me, Tonks."

She whispered in his ear. "Be careful, Harry. I'm a young woman with as many hormones as you." She separated from him and laughed at his puzzled look. "Telling a woman that she turns you on when she thinks she's ugly is a surefire way to get into her good graces as well as her bed."

"But you *are* beautiful!" he protested. His eyes went wide as he realized what he had just said, and he turned bright red.

Lillibett walked back over to them with several shirts that matched the pants he was wearing. "Ah-ah-ah! If you're going to flirt, you have to flirt with me, too!" she laughed, and laughed harder at Harry's stunned look.

"Lilli, I hate to tell you this, but he's naturally this charming. I don't think he could flirt believably if his life depended on it."

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The image that ran through Harry's mind caused him to double over laughing. "Oh, that's just ... hoo ... that's just wrong ..." When he was finally under control, he looked at the two extremely bemused ladies. "I'm sorry, it's something that probably only I'd ever find funny." He looked to Tonks. "You know my history, right?" At her nod, he said, "Imagine me trying to flirt my way out from *his* clutches."

The contortions that Tonks' face underwent were priceless, and caused him to start laughing again. "You're right, Harry, that *is* wrong. Can I mention that to some of my Auror friends the next time we need a laugh?" Her look told him that he knew exactly which ones she was thinking of.

"Sure, if you think they'll understand the humour." He took one of the shirts and put it on, and as he buttoned it, it seemed to mould itself to his body, and he ran his hands down his chest. "Feels nice. Let me look in a mirror." Walking over to one of them, he scowled at the face before him. "I hate these glasses. I'd love to get rid of them, but ..." He took them off and scowled at the blur before him. *If only I could straighten my eyes out so that I didn't need these damned things.* He concentrated hard on looking at himself in the mirror, and stepped back suddenly in shock as the image came into sharp focus. He looked around the shop and couldn't believe what he was seeing – his glasses were in his hand, but he was seeing clearly. "How ... what happened?" he asked.

"We'll talk later, Harry. I suspected this." She grinned. "Do you think you look good in that outfit, though?"

He looked back to the mirror and looked at himself. Without the glasses, and with the clothing, he could begin to understand why Madame Lillibett called him an Adonis. *That's some impressive magic on the clothes.* He looked at her. "Madame Lillibett? Can I get enough trousers for a week, in various colours? And shirts that match? Maybe some short sleeved ones as well?"

Madame Lillibett's eyes widened. "That may get a bit expensive, dear."

"I can afford it. I rarely spend that money in the vault. I don't think buying clothes to make me look good is going to empty it. If you can do clothes that can make me see it when you called me an Adonis – well, I think it's a good idea to keep that sort of thought in my head, as long as I don't let it go to my head."

Lillibett smiled. "I think you'll enjoy the heating and cooling charms on them, as well. It's still best to wear winter cloaks and such, but you can stand in the snow in these without worrying about freezing, and you'll be able to stand outside in this August weather comfortably."

Tonks spoke up. "Lilli, I'd appreciate it if you'd burn the clothes he wore into your shop."

"No," Harry said with a grin. "I think I'd like to make sure I have plenty of clothing, including work clothes, and then return what *they* gave me. One less thing that I owe them."

Tonks nodded with admiration. "Agreed." Lillibett headed into the back of the store.

Harry thought of something. "Oh, Madame Lillibett? If you have any more of those dresses in various colours, add two more of those to the bill."

"I didn't think you were into that, Harry," Tonks laughed.

"I'm not. I'm feeling good about myself for the first time in a very long time, and while the magic of these clothes is doing that for me, let me give you a gift. Consider it birthday presents for birthdays I never knew you, if necessary." He stopped and laughed as he realized what he'd said. "And if you ever figure out what I just said; what it means, that is, I'd appreciate it if you explained it to me." She laughed and took his arm.

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A few minutes later, Harry's arms were full and his purse was lighter. "Think I'll need another Gringott's stop," he laughed. "Actually, yeah," he said. "I need to buy a new trunk for school, and it couldn't hurt to buy a wizard's trunk. One with a little more room, and maybe the ability to keep it locked unless I want it opened."

"Sounds good. Let me help you on that one, though," Tonks said. "You didn't have to buy these dresses for me, and I never bought you a birthday present this year."

He grinned. Tonks was really getting to enjoy that look. "Actually, I wanted to see you in that dress. I consider getting to look at you present enough."

She stopped and stared at Harry. "Who are you? That is not the shy Harry Potter I've known for this last year. The Harry I'm used to has been shy, and made quiet comments about my figure when he didn't think I could hear them." He blushed furiously. "This Harry is sure of himself. What happened?"

"It's the clothes. With all the charms on them, I'd imagine one of them is a confidence charm. So I finally have the confidence to tell you that I think you're a very beautiful woman, and I wish I was a few years older."

"Why?" she asked, a little breathless. *I don't dare tell him yet that it's him, and not the clothes.*

"Because I'd ask you out on a date if I weren't still a child."

She looked at him carefully. "Harry, you're sixteen, and I'm twenty-three. We're both adults as far as the law is concerned. You act properly adult, as well. If you ask me honestly, I will give you an honest answer."

He gulped audibly. "Tonks, would you be willing to go out with me some night? On a date, that is?" He looked extremely nervous.

She leaned forward and brushed her lips across his. "Yes, Mr. Potter, I would love to go out with you."

He now looked as if he were going to pass out. "Do we go somewhere in the Muggle world, or in the wizard world?" he asked. "I don't really know either one very well."

"Let's go see a Muggle movie. Think that would work?"

"Lady's choice," he said, starting to regain his confidence. "I'll be watching the lady during that night as it is," he grinned.

"Now you're just flattering me," she blushed.

"Actually, no," he chuckled. "I've never had a real date before. Ever. Those attempts with Cho Chang at Hogwarts – well, if it weren't for these clothes helping my confidence, I'd have given up on dating all together."

"Disastrous, huh?"

"Yeah. She'd been Cedric Diggory's girlfriend, and I was a way of staying in touch with his memory." He snorted. "Didn't help when there was a point when I wouldn't abandon Hermione on a day that I was supposed to hang out with Cho."

"Would you date Hermione, if you had the courage?"

"I really can't say. I've always thought of her as Ron's girl, y'know? It's so obvious that they fancy each other, so I never even let my mind wander in that direction. And at the moment, I'd rather not spend the day with a beautiful woman talking about other girls. I'd rather talk about her."

Oh, do I ever dare tell him that this is all him? Great Merlin, he could be a real heartbreaker if he wasn't serious – hell, he can be one right now! Impulsively, she pulled him close and kissed him rather more seriously than she had earlier, and she felt him melt into it, and then return it. His arms came around her waist, pulling her closer, and she surrendered herself to his passionate response.

It was when her knees threatened to give out that she felt his entire body stiffen, and she knew something was wrong. "What is it, Harry?" she breathed. Clearing her throat, and cursing her unbelievably fast pulse, she asked in a more normal voice, "What's wrong? Do you sense something wrong?"

He seemed to deflate against her. "Other than getting your picture plastered all across the damned *Daily Prophet*, and making you target number one for Moldie and his Death Eaters?" he murmured in her ear.

She backed away from him. "I'm an Auror, Harry. I'm better trained to deal with a Death Eater than you are, so don't worry on that account. Are you ashamed to be seen with me; is that why you have the problem with the *Daily Prophet*?"

"My God – no!" he said, eyes wide. "I'd never be ashamed of being with you. It should be the other way around – you should be ashamed to be

seen with the Boy Who Lived. I've never had a good reputation around the wizard world, and this could drag your good name down."

She looked at him, quite seriously, and contemplated a course of action. *Sometime soon I'm going to have a very intense talk with Dumbledore. There is no good reason why he should be staying at the Dursley home ever again.* She made a quick decision. "Harry, would you leave the Dursley home for the year if you had the chance?"

"Hell yes! But that's the only safe place, unfortunately."

"Let me talk to Dumbledore. I think I have a solution. Might shock you, but I think it will work."

"If I'm moving out for the year, let's buy my trunk first."

#####

A new trunk later, they were at Tonks' apartment, where she called Albus Dumbledore. "Ah, Nymphadora! Harry! Good to see you both. Is something wrong?"

"Tonks, sir. And yes. Is there somewhere we can talk? Somewhere secure?"

"Come to Hogwarts. That is about as secure as we can get for the moment." Moments later, they were both in the Headmaster's office.

"Sir, we need to get Harry out of the Dursley household. The psychological damage those people have done to him is far worse than anything that Voldemort can do to him physically."

"I think you are over-reacting ..." Dumbledore began to say, but Tonks exploded.

"Bullshit! We were in Diagon Alley today, and he told me that I should be ashamed to be seen with him! As if he's not worthy to have love in his life!"

Dumbledore sat back in surprise. "Is this true, Harry?"

Harry shrugged. "Well, my reputation isn't exactly the greatest, you have to admit. Plus the fact is that people die around me. My parents died for me, Cedric died because of me, and Sirius is dead because I was too stupid to realize I was walking into a trap. Not really the type of boy you might want to bring home to mother, you know?"

His cheek was stinging suddenly, and his eyes were watering from the pain. "How dare you talk about one of the most caring and loving men I know in so insensitive a manner! I will not have it, Harry Potter!"

He blinked for a moment. "I'm sorry, Tonks. I didn't realize I was insulting Sirius. You know I'd never do that intentionally. He was the only connection I really had to my parents, other than Professor ... sorry, Remus."

Tonks turned to Albus. "See what I mean? He refuses to admit that it might be himself that I'm talking about!"

"Well, that slap would tend to lead one away from such a conclusion," he said with a slight smile.

"That's what I'm saying, though. Haven't you noticed a tendency for him to take all the world's problems onto his own shoulders?" She looked back to Harry, and he was surprised to see tears in her eyes. "Those bastards have abused him since they've had him. He slept in a cupboard under the stairs until he came back from Hogwarts, damn it! What good is blood magic in protecting him if he feels so unworthy of love that he's willing to let Voldemort kill him while he kills Voldemort?"

"Is this true, Harry?" Albus asked in shock.

"Well, it's more that I prefer not to get involved with anyone until Voldemort and his Death Eaters are gone. Everyone I love has been badly hurt or killed, and even some bystanders have taken damage."

"Elucidate."

Harry's voice was almost dead; he spoke without inflection. "My parents are dead, because Voldemort marked me as his equal. Ron and Hermione have been hurt very badly, especially this last time; either one could have been killed easily at the Ministry. Hermione almost died from that damned basilisk – luckily *she's* smart enough to think a problem through. Cedric Diggory is dead because Voldemort needed me to bring him back into a new body, and Cedric was a third wheel. Then, as I said, there was last year, when I didn't properly learn Occlumency from Professor Snape, which led to Voldemort fooling me with a scenario that I could have checked out at least two separate ways, which led to my godfather dying. Besides, why should I get involved with anyone? Enough people already are going to grieve when Voldemort eventually kills me – why should I let anyone else get close, and hurt that person when I die?"

Albus Dumbledore stared at Harry for a long moment, and Harry finally saw a tear come from each of the man's eyes. "Harry, there is no excuse for what I have done to you these years. We will find some way to keep you safe. You will never return to the Dursley household, except to get your belongings."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Professor," Tonks said, sniffing. It was obvious that Harry's exposition had hit her hard. "I know exactly where to move him. No one would really expect it, and if they do – well, I think an Auror can protect their home better than some Muggle might. True?"

"Who did you have in mind for Harry to move in with?"

"Me," she said. Harry's eyebrows rose at that, and then he looked at her, and started to blush. "At least you're not dead, lover-boy. You've got a lot of people who are going to work very hard at convincing you that you have a lot to love ... I mean live for." She suddenly blushed furiously. "Since I've been watching you, I've fallen for you, Harry. I'd like it if I could be one of the things you're willing to live for." She spun quickly. "I have more than one bedroom, by the way, Professor."

"That is your business, Tonks," he smiled. "If becoming intimate with Harry helps him to realize that he truly is loved by people, then I support it wholeheartedly. I would like to see Harry live a very long, very happy life, preferably with grandchildren in it. This requires, of course, that Voldemort be defeated, but he is much more likely to survive the fight if he has someone to live for." He paused. "Would you complain if I asked that the *Fidelius* Charm be cast to hide the fact that Harry's hiding place is with you? No one else would know unless all three of us agree."

"Not at all, Professor," Tonks responded. "How about you, Harry?"

"Can you take care of getting letters to me? Sort of a post owl drop, that someone can pick up for me?"

"Are you saying that you'd like to move in with me?" Tonks said in a mock seductive tone.

In response, Harry finally broke a smile. He brought his fingers to the wrist as if to take his pulse, and finally said a few seconds later, "Yeah, I have a pulse. Therefore, the answer is yes." At her puzzled look, he said, "Well, any guy with half a brain and a pulse would say yes when a beautiful woman offers to let *him* be the lucky one that gets to live with her."

"You haven't heard me snore – it'll wake you in the other bedroom." She kissed him on the cheek.

He laughed. "Obviously you've never had a chance to hear Ron when he's asleep. I don't think anyone can be worse than that. And I've shared a bedroom with him for five years, both here and at the Burrow. If I can sleep through that, then I can sleep through you in another room."

"That assumes you sleep in the other room," she purred. His pole-axed look made both her and Dumbledore laugh. *That also assumes I let you sleep*, she chuckled to herself.

Harry looked at his watch. It was four o'clock, and he grinned. "Why don't we do the spell? Then I go back and pack, and I can say good riddance to the Dursleys. Forever. I have no reason to love them, and while I'd be bothered to hear that they had died in an attack, any tears I shed would be acting on my part. I don't wish them dead as I once did, but I won't mourn them."

Tonks was chosen as the Secret Keeper (rather fitting, in Harry's opinion), and they Floo'd back to Tonks apartment. "I know it'll drive you crazy while I'm at work, Harry, but *please* stay here until I get home. I'd prefer to have someone around you when you leave the apartment, and until further notice, no one but you, Albus and me will know where you're staying. I'd appreciate your not telling anyone at school where you're living until you've finally killed Voldemort."

"Understood." He stopped and blushed. "I'm sorry, Tonks, but I don't think even the enchantments on my clothes can help me on this one. Did you really mean it when you said that you wanted to be one of the things I lived for?"

Tonks matched his shade. "I wanted to take any possible relationship we might have slowly. I wanted to admit that to you later, if I ever needed to, but you were just so damned depressed ... it just slipped out." She bit her lower lip. "We *will* take this *other* feeling a bit slower – someday I want to peel you out of those clothes, Mr. Potter, and teach you some things about life." She smiled as what she meant struck him, and his trousers tightened once more.

She took a deep breath. "I don't know why, Harry, but as much as I joke and all, something feels so right when you and I are together. I'm seven years older than you, but I feel like a sixteen year old when I'm with you. And somewhere along the line, I fell in love with the charge I was minding."

He looked at her in wonder. "I feel something for you, other than what's stretching these trousers, and I'd like to find out if it's love, infatuation, or just a really strong friendship." He smiled shyly. "It'd be nice to be able to call someone my girlfriend, and know that she's not using me to remember someone else, or get back at someone, or wanting to be the girlfriend of the famous Boy-Who-Lived. That she wants to be mine just because."

She took his hands shyly. "If you'll let me, Harry, I'll be that girlfriend. All I want from you is a chance to see if what *you're* feeling is love." He pulled her to him and hesitantly initiated a kiss. This one didn't contain the raw, searing passion of the one from Diagon Alley; instead it was full of tenderness and possibilities. When it broke finally, she said, "Harry, you kiss wonderfully. You must tell me who your teacher was, so that I can thank her properly."

"Her name is Nymphadora Tonks, and she's my first real girlfriend," he smiled at her. "My adorable little Nymph."

"I usually hate it when people use my first name. Why does it make me tingle when it issues from your lips? And why Nymph?"

He blushed furiously. "Because nymphs are supposed to be so beautiful as to strike men blind. When I'm with you, I can't see any other women."

Breathlessly, she said, "Harry, how in hell did you make it to sixteen a virgin if you can say things like that to a woman and mean it?"

"You're the first one ever to inspire me to speak like this." He laughed. "The charms on the clothing don't exactly hurt, either."

She laughed. "Harry, I hate to tell you this, but there are only four charms on those clothes. Temperature charms, a sizing charm, and a cleanliness charm, to keep the leather clean and supple. There are no charms for confidence in any of her clothes. That's all you, my dear Harry."

#####

His jaw dropped. "Are you serious? I've admitted everything like that ... oh my god ..." He sat down heavily. "I am so embarrassed."

"Why? You said what you really wanted to, didn't you? And the only time I've slapped you was when you were insulting yourself."

"You really feel the way you've said? It wasn't just to make me feel better?" He realized how that sounded and said, "I'm sorry, that didn't come out the way ..."

"I know what you meant, Harry. Remember, a number of things you said to me were in response to what I'd said to you." She smiled again. "Harry, let's contact Arabella and get your things. Obviously, all we tell her is that Dumbledore has finally seen the light about what the Dursleys have been doing to you, and that we've found a safer place for you to live now."

"We just don't tell her I'm living with the sexiest witch in England," he replied, then clapped his hand to his mouth as he realized that he'd vocalized it. "Are you sure that these clothes don't have any extra charms on them?"

Laughing, she hugged him. "Positive. I think we'll have to admit to her that we're an item, though."

"I think she'll figure that out on her own," he replied. "So, should I go first, and catch you again?" His grin was infectious.

"Too late," she smiled. "You've already caught me."

Arabella had been ecstatic to discover that the two of them were seeing each other now, and if it were possible, even happier that Harry was going to be leaving the Dursley home forever.

The Dursleys, on the other hand, were not as pleased, especially when Harry carefully returned all the clothing that he had been given over the years. "I've found a better place to live, and I'm moving there today. You'll never see me again, and I think that makes us both happy."

"After all we've done for you?" Vernon roared. "Put a roof over your head? Fed you?"

"Vernon, shut up!" Everyone, including Tonks, stared when they realized that it was Harry. "You have hated me for the last fifteen years; ever since you were made to take care of me. You are everything that makes the wizarding community hate Muggles – bigoted, narrow minded, and generally stupid about things you have no knowledge of, despite the fact that you will talk endlessly about them as if you were an expert. You've raised a son with one prospect in life, because you spoiled him – to beat people up for a living." He turned to Petunia. "You could have cared for me as a last reminder of the sister you'd never see again, but instead you saw me as a reminder of how much you hated her, and decided to get back at her through child abuse. I've got a teacher at school you'd get along with wonderfully. He hates me because my father could be an ass more often than not." He stopped and took a breath. "I'm also going to make sure that any payments you've been getting for my upkeep will stop. It's the only reason you would have kept me all these years; if you were getting a stipend to raise me." He turned to Tonks. "We've got everything, right?"

She nodded, and as they turned to leave, Vernon said, "At least you brought a normal girl to the house, even if she is dressed like a tart." Before Tonks could stop him, Harry had Vernon off the floor and against the wall.

"You should be glad I'm forbidden to do magic during the summers, Vernon, or else I'd turn you into the slug you are. You can also be glad that I'm leaving forever, because right now, after insulting her like that, I am more than a little tempted to put you through this wall. Say one more word of any sort, even goodbye, and I *will* put you through it." He stalked over to the door where his trunk sat. Tonks came over, shrank it to a easily manageable size, and they left the Dursley house, never to return.

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Three For All

Chapter 2

Three For All – Chapter II

Back at her apartment, Tonks grabbed Harry and roughly kissed him. After breaking, she said, "Sorry, but I've never had a champion before, Harry, and it kinda got to me."

He refused to unlock his arms, which had come together around her waist. "Get used to it then, my lady, for you have one now," he said flordily.

Her own arms came around his waist. "I think I'm willing to try to get used to it." She kissed him again. "We still have time to do some shopping in Muggle London, and as much as I like you in them, I think you'll need more clothes than simply the leather trous and shirts."

"True, and we'll have all the time we want to commit some serious snoggage afterward," he laughed. "How's this going to work, by the way, with the *Fidelius*? Will it be broken if someone sees me here?"

"No. The way that it was phrased, their thoughts will always automatically go to the concept of you visiting. Even if it's obvious that you're staying overnight, it will be assumed that you are leaving sometime soon. You'll also find it interesting that you won't be able to tell anyone directly. I can, but that's a different situation, since I'm the Secret Keeper."

He thought for a moment before changing the subject. "Well, let's get more clothing, and then get some dinner. When we get back, I have a question I need to ask you."

"And I've got some things to tell you, Harry. Not bad, but things that will surprise you. One of them is going to delight you, I'm pretty sure. And with that spoiler in the air, let's finish getting you clothing." He grinned at her cruel streak, and whimpered quietly at the little flounce she did in front of him as she turned. *I look forward to the day when I can peel her out of that dress. Be a long time, though, before that happens.*

#####

Many bags of clothes later, and after a pleasant candlelit dinner in a Muggle restaurant, they were back in Tonks' apartment, where Harry received his first shock as she peeled the dress over her head, leaving her standing in nothing but her baby blue knickers. "This is the first surprise, Harry. I walk around my own apartment dressed, or undressed as the case may be, like this. I am not changing that habit just because you're living here, nor am I doing it for the sole purpose of making the blood rush to that bloody great stonker of yours."

"That's the effect you're having anyway," he said a bit weakly.

"Not surprised, Harry. When was the last time you saw a pair of breasts uncovered, other than on that Muggle tellyvission thing?"

"Before the vision in front of me, never. Yours are the first. And I haven't even seen them on television. And I know what you're probably going to say to me after I tell you this, but I happen to think yours are perfect."

"They're too small," she complained. "I think you need to see some more before you decide that mine are perfect."

He snorted. "I was right. I knew you were going to tell me I needed more experience. Where, by the way, am I supposed to get that experience? 'Hey, Hermione, my girlfriend says that I need more experience before I decide her breasts are perfect. Can I see yours?' After they find all my teeth, and the various body parts she'll have ripped off, she'll get nasty to me." He laughed outright. "No! 'Hey, Ginny! Can I see your chest?' Tonks says I need experience."

"Interesting that you chose your two best female friends at the school. Already fantasizing about their bodies?"

"I said it earlier, Nymph – I'm sixteen, and even if the law says I'm pretty much an adult, I'm a hormonal teenager. The concept of seeing a woman in any state of undress is going to make me react, so of course I fantasize about other women. As for choosing my friends – well, I'm around them most. Besides, any relationship I start is not going to be for nothing but sex, so of course I'm going to think about friends that I happen to find appealing." He nervously stepped toward her and pulled her into a hug. "I'd rather think about you naked, though, to be honest."

"Okay," she said, and he heard a slight pop. "I'm naked. I walk around the apartment like this all the time." She gently pushed him away after feeling him quiver slightly against her. "All puns aside, it's going to be hard for you."

He laughed. "I think I'm going to be thinking about Professor Snape in his underwear a lot, just to make sure that I can actually think in this apartment." She started to laugh uproariously, and he was pleased to note that, no matter how small she felt that her breasts were, they still jiggled pleasantly when she laughed like that.

"You too?" she finally gasped. "When you stepped out of the booth at Lilli's, I was telling myself to think of Severus in his boxers." She blushed. "I was advertising what you were doing to me," she said, pointing at her nipples. Harry blushed, but found himself laughing as hard as she had been over the fact that they'd shared the same image.

Finally, after they'd gotten their laughter under control, he looked at her face. "Now we come to the question that really interests me right now. Why did my eyes do what they did at Lillibett's shop?"

"You're a metamorph, just like me, Harry. It's why I asked you to do the imitation of Hermione. While you were doing it, your eyes turned brown and

so did your hair. If you'd had a really heavy-duty Hermione rant ready, I have no doubt that your hair would have grown long and bushy."

"That's not why I offered you space in my apartment, although it gives an excuse for you being here at odd hours – we found out you're a metamorph, and I'm tutoring you." She blushed incredibly furiously suddenly. "I'm hoping to get you well trained in it – I've always wondered what making love to another metamorph might be like."

"I notice that here you're saying metamorph, but out there in the world, you keep saying metamorphmagus. Why the difference?"

"Side effect of the wizarding world. If you do anything as a talent, you're a something-or-other magus."

"Like Sirius being an animagus." As soon as he said it, he felt his throat tighten, and he fought back the tears.

#####

"Let it out, honey," she said. "I loved him too. We can cry for him together."

His response surprised her. "I killed him!" he cried. "I could have checked, but I had to do that damned 'saving people thing' that Hermione's talked about, and I killed him!"

"Harry, he was going to go check you out, no matter what."

"If I'd bothered to actually open the present he got me for Christmas, then I'd have known. He gave me that, and I never used it. He sat there four months, five months, wondering when I'd use his present. He had to wonder if I even cared. I abandoned him, and he died because I didn't even think. Bellatrix may have done the actual work, but if she were a Muggle gun, I'd have been the one to pull the trigger. I can't forgive myself for his death." He held her tightly. "And neither should you."

"Well, that's too bad, Harry, because I do forgive you," she said tenderly. "Yes, you made a mistake, and someone died because of that." She carefully took his face and made sure he was looking at her. "You have a fellow student – he'll be a third year this year – Ravenclaw. He'll never see his father again because I wasn't good enough, and because I made a stupid mistake on the job. Someone died because of it. You work on it – you work past it."

"But ..."

"You learn from it, Harry. Something similar happens, will you rush in, or check out as much as you can?" At receiving the answer she knew she would, she said, "Then he didn't die in vain, my sweet loving Harry. It's why it hurts so much, you know. You have such a capacity for love. You love people until they give you reason otherwise, and then you still hope for better things for them." For the first time she was aware of, he finally let his sorrows out, and she cried along with him.

#####

Harry awoke the next morning in a strange bed. He closed his eyes and ran his memories back, but couldn't get past crying on Tonks' shoulder. He climbed out of bed and walked to the door, just in time to have Tonks open it and come in. "Good, you're awake. I was about to come in and get you up." She pulled him into a hug, and he suddenly realized that she had undressed him during the night.

"Um, Tonks? I'm not used to being near a naked woman when I'm naked myself." He blushed furiously as proof of this poked her in the stomach.

"Harry?" she asked. "This might sound strange, but you might want to try walking around the apartment this way. Get used to being naked around me."

He laughed uneasily. "I still have trouble believing that I'm going to end up not noticing you when you're naked. My body is screaming at me to do something that I know I'm not ready for yet."

"We will someday, my love, but not today," she said, kissing him. "If that goes on for too long, though, I'll help you out with it." She grinned impudently. "I've never had complaints about my mouth."

His eyes rolled back in his head for a moment as he contemplated that. "If you do that *half* as well as you kiss, I'll last about five seconds, Nymph."

She pulled him close. "Well, you'll find out." She stepped back and scowled. "I'm sorry, Harry, I'm not trying to be a tart, or a tease. I want you to feel comfortable here, and I'm doing exactly the opposite."

"At least you're letting me know I'm welcome here," he laughed. "If you can try to ignore the intrusion, I can try to get comfortable with having a sexy woman walking around naked in front of me." He pulled away from her and said, "Well, my stomach isn't anything like Ron's, but I'm hungry. Lead me to the kitchen and I'll start making breakfast for us both."

Stepping through the door, he realized what his first thing to do here was going to be, after he made breakfast for them both. He looked around the kitchen-slash-dining room, and his eyes were drawn to the ceiling above the stove. "Um, Tonks? How did you manage to get egg up there?"

She blushed. "I wish I could say it was the result of mad passionate sex, but it's really the fact that I sometimes outdo myself in the klutz department."

He laughed, but looked at her intently. He was actually glad that she was unclothed, because it made what he was doing easier. He watched the way she moved; the changes in postures; the slight movements when shifting from foot to foot. "You started shifting at an early age, didn't you?" he finally asked.

"Yeah. How can you tell?"

"You're not comfortable with your body space. That's why you're a klutz. And it's why I'm so damned good at seeking in Quidditch. I know my boundaries exactly. There's some name for it that I know Hermione knows, just because she's Hermione, after all. How about I teach you your boundaries while you teach me how to be a metamorph?" He wiggled his eyebrows. "Of course, this means I'll be getting to put my hands all over your body at various times."

"I think I can live with that," she laughed. "Let's get breakfast going, and then we can start your lessons after eating."

#####

She was shocked to discover how quick a study Harry was. Before the day was gone, he was able to change his hair colour at will, as well as his eye colour. When it was her turn at being student, she was surprised by his exercise. He stood before her, still nude, as they had stayed all day, and had her put her hands near his body without touching him. He had unerringly been able to tell her where her hand had been hovering, especially the time she got mischievous and pretended to fondle his organ, and he reacted.

"Do you see what I mean, though?" he said, trying to ignore the reaction she'd caused him. "You never touched me, but I knew when you were ... uh ..."

"Trying to grab you by the short hairs?" she laughed. "Is that part of your Quidditch training?"

"No. It comes from living a large portion of my life in a tiny closet. I learned extremely well where I was, and what was touching me. I'm betting I can teach it to you without having to lock you in a closet."

"The only way I'm getting locked into a closet is if you're in there with me."

He chuckled. "I want you to see how close I can get to you with my hands."

"But I *want* your hands all over me," she laughed.

"Well then, if you treat this as an excuse to get me to fondle you, then it'll be the only time I touch you. If you make a real effort to learn it, then I'll kiss you wherever you want me to." She gasped.

"Um, Harry, you know how I feel about you ..."

"Which is why I wanted to give you incentive to try to learn it. It doesn't have to be today; it can be whenever you're ready."

"More like when *you're* ready, lover." *I'd like to throw you to the rug and screw your brains out right now, but I want this to work too much to rush it.*

"The offer still stands, though." He convinced her to close her eyes, and began to move his hands toward her body. More often than not, he touched her. It was interesting to him to note that the areas she was most body aware of were her breasts, rear end, and pubic region. He could consistently get a proper answer before his hand touched her body in any of those places.

"That was awful," she said. "You were just making me happy by telling me I'd gotten some of them."

"Nope," he said with a smile. "You're aware of some of your body parts, so we'll work from there. How was it that you could always tell when I was about to touch your breasts?"

"I could feel you getting near me. I guess with being able to morph so young, I played with body shape, and got used to guys making a grab for me with the bigger breasts, so I made a game out of shrinking them out of someone's grasp."

"In other words, you consciously worked on the sensitivity to how close people were to you, in regards to your breasts. You need to examine what that feeling is like, and learn to extend that out to your entire body. For a while, I'd imagine that your clothes will drive you crazy until you get used to it. Then you'll learn to feel through the clothes."

"Wearing clothes already drives me crazy. Why do you think I strip at home?" Harry could almost see the flash of light as if struck home. "All I need to do is extend that feeling?" He grinned and tapped his nose. She squealed and threw her arms around his neck. "I might actually be able to walk into a room full of fragile things and not have everyone need their wands to repair the damage!"

"That is my fervent hope, my adorable Nymph. So, where do you want your kiss?"

She gritted her teeth. He could actually hear them grinding together, and became alarmed. "Right here, on the lips. I want it elsewhere, but that's going too fast."

"Then I will consider that kiss to be on hold for a while. When we're both ready, I fully intend to learn to do *everything* that can pleasure you." He kissed her gently on the lips, and she melted into the tender embrace he held her in.

"Oh my God, Harry, do you know how those kisses make me feel? I've never felt so loved in my life." She rested her head on his shoulder. "I don't remember if I told you this before, Harry Potter, but I love you."

He kissed her again. "I wish I ..."

Shh, my love. I know what you want to say. I'm hoping you discover that it's love, but I'll take from you what I can."

#####

September first rolled around, and found Harry waiting on the platform for his friends. He'd chosen to wear one of his leather outfits, and he grinned as he imagined their reactions. He got his first one when the Patil twins and Lavender Brown came around the corner. "Ohmigod! Look at the hottie over there!" Parvati said.

"If I have anything to say about it, he's not going to be wearing those trousers all the trip," Lavender growled seductively.

He snorted. *I guess her reputation is well deserved*, he thought. He grinned and called out, "Hey girls! Good to see you! Looking forward to our sixth year at school?" He couldn't hold in the laugh as their jaws dropped.

"Harry?!?" Padma finally squeaked. "When did you become a god?" She blushed at what she said and tried to cover by saying, "Uh, what I meant was ..."

"You like my outfit I take it?" he asked, giving her an out. She nodded vociferously.

Right about then, Hermione came around the corner, wearing a summer sundress, since the temperature was quite warm still. He turned to face her, and was amused to see several reactions from her. First off, she unconsciously began to straighten herself, preening to greatest effect. A look of confusion crossed her face, and he found himself slightly disturbed that he was finding her very attractive. She hadn't changed all that much; it wasn't as if she'd suddenly had plastic surgery and become beautiful over the summer; it was more that he suddenly realized that she was *always* beautiful, at least in his eyes. Perhaps she filled out her clothes a bit more interestingly than she did in June, but her appearance was still obviously Hermione. He realized that the same could not be said for him. He was also surprised to note that she was voicelessly applauding his appearance. "Hi," she said, pulling the hair back over her right ear, "I'm Hermione Granger. Are you a new student this year?"

Smiling, and consciously deepening his voice, he replied. "I'm pleased to see you, Miss Granger. No, I've been a student at Hogwarts for five years. I'm starting my sixth. I'm in Gryffindor."

"I think I'd remember you if you were," she replied, blushing. "I'm Gryffindor as well. Someone like you would be rather difficult to miss, I'd think."

My God, she is flirting with me! he thought in shock. He was pleased that the Patils and Lavender were keeping their giggling at Hermione's predicament silent. "Well, Miss Granger, perhaps this will remind you of who I am. In our first year at Hogwarts, a friend and I saved your life through sheer dumb luck, and the fact that intent is more important to magic than the words. After all, he should have said *Clavium Leviosa*."

Her face underwent several contortions as she parsed what he had said. Confusion as she realized the event he was talking about; surprise that he knew it at all; and finally the shock of recognition as it became obvious who it had to be. He lifted his hair as he put his voice back to normal. "Hi, Hermione. I think we need to talk this year."

"Yes, we do," she said breathlessly. She put her hand to her chest, and suddenly realized that her braless condition was fairly evident. "Oh my," she blushed.

"I'm not complaining," he said quietly. "It's part of the problem I need to talk to you about."

"Okay," she said, hugging him tentatively. He took a chance and cast something Tonks had taught him; a really nice piece of wandless magic, and Hermione calmed down immediately. "That was interesting. Why aren't the owls swooping in already, since we're not at school yet?"

"It was wandless magic. Tonks taught it to me this summer, while I was getting tutoring from her."

"Oh?" Hermione asked, perking up. "What were you learning?"

"That's one of the things I want to talk to you about on the train, Hermione."

She nodded, but before she could say anything, the Weasley family came around the corner. The adult Weasleys smiled, since he knew they'd been made aware of his training and the physical changes. Ginny's jaw dropped, and Ron's eyes narrowed at how close Harry was standing to Hermione. "Hey you! Are you bothering my friend?"

Harry almost laughed as he heard Lavender giggled, "Hot and bothered, maybe."

He looked to Ron and his eyes twinkled as he looked at Hermione for just a moment. "Eyes on me!" Ron barked.

"Dear ..." his mother said, but Harry interrupted in the same deep voice as before.

"I think I can explain this, Mrs. Weasley. You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Weasley. I was just reintroducing myself to Miss Granger. After all, we are in the same year at Hogwarts."

"I think I'd recognize you from my dorm," Ron growled. "I'll thank you to keep your hands off my friend until you explain who you are."

"Ronald Weasley!" his mother exploded. "If you'd just..."

"Please," Harry said, grinning. "We've shared a dorm room for five years, Ron, and I've stayed at your house during the summers." Before Ron could protest again, Harry uncovered his scar again. Ron was speechless until they were on the train. Once on the train, Ron looked at him. "What's with the new look, Harry? You know you've got Lavender all worked up now."

"Yeah, I heard her saying she was going to have me out of these trousers before the day was out." Pretending not to notice the sudden darkening of Hermione's mood, he said, "To be honest, she's not the one I'd take these trousers off for. I want a relationship, not a quick shag."

"As much as I joke about it being otherwise, I know exactly what you mean," Ron replied. "There's one girl at the school I'd like to make love to, but I don't think we're ready for that yet."

"Who's the lucky girl?" Hermione asked, and Harry had more than a moment of confusion. He allowed for the flirting on the platform, but weren't these two an item? Was Ron actually telling his girlfriend, *in front of his other friend*, that he wanted her?

"I'm hoping it's me," came a soft voice from the door, and Luna Lovegood walked in. Ron shot to his feet and pulled her into an embrace, and Harry finally saw what some of the kisses he'd shared with Tonks had looked like; a kiss in which time stopped for the two people involved.

"You – always and only you," Ron said breathlessly when they finally had separated.

Harry was now officially stunned. He'd been sure that Hermione and Ron were going to end up as an item, but now he was with Luna? Finally getting his voice back he said, "I'll admit to some surprise. We were all so sure from the way you and Hermione argued that you were going to end up an item at some point. What happened?"

Hermione laughed. "We tried kissing at one point, but neither of us felt any fireworks." She blushed. "Well, that's not strictly true – he is a good kisser."

"And so's Hermione," Ron interjected.

"Thank you," she replied. "Our next mission was to discover who he was pining for instead."

"And then I came by to visit one day and go swimming with Ginny and Hermione," Luna interrupted. "Ronald invited himself, but spent most of the time up to his waist in water. I think he was afraid that I might see that I'd caused him to have an erection." She laughed musically at Ron's sudden bright pink colour. "I climbed into the water and hugged him, thanking him for the compliment. He kissed me, and a little while later, Hermione and Ginny were applauding."

"Luna," Hermione laughed, "the kiss he gave you curled *my* toes. And I'd kissed him before. That was a kiss between people meant to be together." Her eyes met Harry's for a moment before she said, "I hope to find someone who kisses me that way someday."

Harry closed his eyes and knew that the blood was draining from his face. *Famine or feast. Nothing in between. Now I have two women chasing me.* He brightened suddenly. *Wait, I was wrong about her and Ron, maybe I'm wrong about the signals I think she's sending.*

"You okay, Harry?" she asked, her hand on his knee.

"Yes and no. Possible problems in the works, and I don't know what to do."

"Romantic entanglements can be a problem," Luna said wisely.

"Ain't it the truth," Harry laughed, enjoying the odd looks he got for his use of a phrase they'd never heard him utter before.

"Where'd you go after leaving the Dursleys this year?" Ron asked after a moment's silence.

"I'd tell you guys if I could, but I'm gone from there forever. I need never return to Petunia, Vermin, or Dudders again."

"What about the protections?" Hermione asked with alarm.

"It was decided that my mental health was more important. They'd like me to look toward the last battle with Voldemort with an eye to surviving past it."

"You were, weren't you?" Hermione asked, eyes wide.

"No. I was looking at it from the point of view that I should pay for all the deaths I caused, as if I actually killed my own parents. Yes, my actions caused Sirius' death back in May, but as Tonks pointed out, I need to use it to not make the same mistakes again."

"That's the second time you've mentioned Tonks," Hermione said. "You said she was tutoring you?"

He grinned in answer, got up, locked the door, and then pulled the blinds. He then closed his eyes. After carefully planning it, he reopened his eyes. They looked at him in confusion; it was Luna who noticed. "Your eyes! They've changed!"

Harry nodded. "Remember how it was mentioned once that they gave up giving me haircuts because it would grow back the same way by the next morning? That's a sure sign of a metamorph. I'm a metamorphmagus." He looked to Hermione. "Would you do something for me, please? Stand up and let me look carefully at you." Her eyes wide, she stood and turned slowly in front of him.

He closed his eyes. He'd done some gender changes fairly easily, but only once had he attempted what he was about to do. He built the image of Hermione in his mind, gently stripped the sundress off it, and slowly fit himself into it. There were two gasps and one small moan. When he had finished, he looked to the group and saw Ron and Luna staring at him in surprise. Hermione was gently biting her lower lip. He grinned at her. "So, Hermione, do you look as hot in tight leather trousers as I bet you would?" he asked in a perfect rendition of her voice. He was surprised that her answer was to roll her eyes back in her head and shudder slightly. Alarm struck Ron's face, but Luna chuckled, and Harry's eyebrows rose.

While she recovered, Harry sat down across from her. "We definitely need to talk later, Hermione," he chuckled once she was herself again.

Her hands came up to cover her breasts. "I'm putting my robes on. I am not going to advertise like I have been."

'Hermione' shrugged. "You're a sexual being. Why hide it? It's not like any of us are going to suddenly leap at you and try anything with you, whether or not we'd like to. So your nipples are hard. So what? It stops being noticed after a while. Trust me on that. The place I'm staying has someone who walks around either nude or in nothing but knickers when she's home. I was unable to think for a day or two, given how she fills her knickers, but I quickly stopped noticing it." He reached out and gently pulled her hands away from her breasts. "Besides, Hermione – the more you draw attention to them, the longer it'll take for them to soften." He blushed. "And they're pretty to look at, too."

Everyone in the room was staring at him. "Chum, I know it's you, but could you *please* return to your normal form? I am *really* not used to looking at the *guy* I share a room with at school and thinking that *she's* got a nice arse."

"Thank you!" Hermione said, kissing him on the cheek as Harry reverted. "Now for the other question I think everyone is asking themselves." She started to ask, but a knock at the door interrupted.

"Guys? Why is the door locked?" Ginny was asking. Harry got an evil grin and unbuttoned all but the bottom two buttons on his shirt, and mussed hair up even more.

Opening the door he said, "Ah, good – just in time for the orgy. Did you remember the mayonnaise and spreadable fudge?"

He opened the door to show everyone the look of utter bewilderment on Ginny's face. She finally looked at him. "Who are you, and what have you done with our shy and retiring Harry Potter?"

"He had a spine transplant this summer, living somewhere where he was given a real sense that he was worth caring about, and he learned how to have fun," he replied with a smile, starting to button up his shirt.

"Don't!" Hermione blurted, and then turned a bright shade of pink. "Sorry, Harry. Go ahead."

"Okay," he said, and took the shirt off. He was amused to see Hermione shivering again, and was pretty sure what it was a prelude to, so he sat beside her and hugged her, giving her a chance to be less obvious this time. "You're a very suggestible girl, aren't you?" he whispered in her ear.

She blushed and pulled his ear down to his mouth and whispered, "I was already ... um ... primed even before I saw you on the platform. Then the Adonis act you're pulling, and that body switch ... Harry, we *really* need to talk."

"Where are you living?" Ginny asked, obviously changing whatever the subject might have been.

"I can't tell you," he said.

"More Order stuff?" Ron grumbled.

"Nope," Harry said. "*Fidelius* Charm. Only three people know where I'm living, and everyone except the Secret Keeper literally *can't* tell. I could probably hint around the edges, but now that I've finally started to *want* to live past Voldemort's demise, I don't see why I should put myself in extra danger."

It took them all a moment to realize what he had said, and it made him feel good to see them all brighten. Ginny bounced across the room and threw her arms around him. "I'm glad. I've got to let Neville know – he'll be glad to hear it too!"

"So, you and Neville an item now, my first fan?" He grinned and returned her hug.

"Certainly trying," she replied. "We're officially 'an item', or we will be when we get to school." She looked up, worried. "Are you bothered by it?"

"Well, are you still willing to be my first fan?"

"I thought that Colin Creevey qualified for that," she said.

"Nope. I saw you first, and you were obviously my fan, so the title goes to you. And that's official." He grinned a Gilderoy Lockhart grin and said in that tone, "So, when are the pictures arriving, so that I can give them out to my adoring fans? Autographed, of course."

Laughter rang around the cabin. A drawl broke into it with a simple, "I'm not surprised they're laughing, Potter, if you're in there with your shirt off."

"You're just jealous that I've got a fan club, Malfoy," Harry laughed.

"A Weasley, a Mudblood, and a lunatic. Some fan club." Ron started to colour and rise to go for Draco, but Harry held him down.

"Certainly better than your fan club, Malfoy. Crabbe, Goyle, and other unintelligent things, like sheep, and amoebas. No, wait, amoebas are too smart to be in your fan club." He shrugged. "Oh well." He turned his back on Malfoy and waited for the inevitable attempt, which surprisingly never came. He turned back around to see the empty hallway.

He looked at his watch. "Isn't there a prefects' meeting soon?" Hermione looked at her own watch and squeaked, threw her robe on, and took off down the hall. A moment later, she spun back and said, "Well, Harry, aren't you coming?"

"Me? Since when am I a prefect?" he asked, puzzled.

"Since I willingly gave it up," Ron said. "Not enough good grades, and not enough time to spend snogging Luna. So, you get to try it out now." At Harry's worried look, Ron said, "Seriously, mate, I asked Dumbledore to give it to you. It would have been yours last year, and I'm mature enough to admit that you'd be better suited." He grinned. "Besides, it means I get to sit and snog Luna while you two sit through a boring meeting."

Harry grabbed his shirt and robe and took off down the hall behind Hermione. *This is a problem*, he thought to himself. *I need to talk to Tonks yesterday about this. Hermione is definitely flirting with me, and I don't really want it to stop. I also don't want to lose my Nymph.* He skidded to a stop in the hallway. *I don't want to lose her because I do love her. Shit. Nowwhat?*

"Harry? Wool-gather later!" Hermione said, dragging him down the hall. They skidded in just after it started. "Sorry, he didn't get notified until about two minutes ago that he was a prefect."

#####

Finally at Hogwarts, after all was said and done, Harry and Hermione collapsed in the common room of Gryffindor Tower. Harry had been planning out the letter he intended to write, so he lazily waved his wand and called his parchment, ink, quill, and an envelope to him. He whispered something and waved his wand again, and then called for some owl treats.

"Impressive, Harry," Hermione said, undoing her robes and showing off the pretty sundress she was still wearing underneath. "Looks like Tonks has been teaching you more than just metamorph magic."

"Well, we had to take breaks occasionally, since morphing is tiring work, so she taught me how to do most of my magic without vocalizing. We're taught to vocalize here because the teachers need to know what we're doing, but Aurors need as much silence as possible." Hedwig sailed through the window. "Plus she taught me a quick spell to send a message a short distance." He tossed an owl treat into the air, and Hedwig caught it with a satisfied chirp. He went back to his letter.

"What are you writing, Harry?" Hermione asked. He looked at her without lifting his head, and saw her bite her lower lip, and then reach and gently pinch her nipples, and then open the robes more, to display them. "Harry, do you really think they're ... *I'm pretty?*"

He took a deep breath. "I can answer both of your questions. The second one can be answered by the fact that you are currently casting a non-magical *Engorgio* on a specific part of my anatomy." He chuckled. "If you listen carefully, you can hear the leather stretching. I would honestly like nothing more than to pull you onto my lap, hike your skirt up, and fulfil a fantasy I've had since I was old enough to understand why there were wet spots on my sheets occasionally, especially since you were the cause for quite a few of those wet spots." Her eyes widened, and he could hear her breathing speed up. "The first question is that I am writing to the *other* woman that I am very much in love with. I am deeply in love with two women, and I have no idea what to do, because I couldn't stand the idea of losing either, especially now that I've discovered that the one actually returns at least some of my feelings."

She stood and closed her robes. "I'll go up to my room, Harry, and let you finish your letter."

"No, Hermione. Please stay." She turned back to face him, and he saw her eyes widen slightly. "What?"

"You're crying, Harry."

"I'm learning how, Hermione. I know you; you're a Gryffindor, and we're stupidly noble, even to the cost of our own souls. You were going to go up to your room, cry for a little while, and then decide to pretend it never happened, so that I'd only have to worry about the one woman, right? Problem solved?" She blushed and nodded. "Problem not solved. I'd still be madly, passionately, and I've discovered recently, rather deeply in love with two women."

He pushed the letter to Hermione. "I'm sending this to her."

#####

Tonks,

Bit of a problem here, my love. (No, I don't use that term loosely - I've come to my realization.) I've seen Hermione, and damn it, you were right. You realized it before I'd admitted it to myself. I love her so much that it hurts.

Problem is, I feel the same for you, I've come to realize. What do I do? I have two women that it will kill me to hurt, but hurt one of them I must. I know your attitude on this thought, but it may be best if I do the leaving. I love you both the same. It would be easier if there was stronger feeling to one side or the other, but there isn't. If I must tear out one woman's heart - well, I can't choose, so I tear all three hearts from our chests, and pray that someday you two can forgive me.

I ask that you come to Hogsmeade as soon as convenient. I will arrange with the Headmaster for Hermione and I to get special permission to go, so please work with him for timing.

I am trying very hard not to fall prey to blaming myself, but it is difficult. I can't unlearn fifteen years of Dursley in three or four weeks.

I send this with Hedwig to our drop. Please respond via the Headmaster. And know, my adorable Nymph, that I truly love you, and that no matter what, you will always be one of the things I will live for, even if we never see each other again after Hogsmeade. The problem is, Hermione is the other, and therein lies the rending of my heart.

I ramble now, Tonks, and if I try to rewrite, I'll lose the feeling I want in this letter, so I send it to you now - angst and all.

Knowthat I love you,

Harry

#####

Hermione looked back up to see Harry with his face in his hands. His body was jerking, and she suddenly realized that he was sobbing; giant tearing sobs that he was fighting to keep silent. "Oh Harry," she breathed, and took him into her arms. "If only there was a way to make us forget the way we feel, but not our friendship."

She was surprised to find the painting swinging open and Albus Dumbledore walking through. Harry was so deep into his sorrow that he didn't notice. Albus, rather than walking to them, walked to the fireplace and tossed in a handful of Floo powder and stated "Nymphadora Tonks."

<<< Chapter 1 Chapter 3 >>>

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Three For All

Chapter 3

Three For All – Chapter III

The fireplace flared green, and Tonks' face appeared in the flames. "Wotcher, Albus!"

"Nymphadora, I need you here at Hogwarts immediately. We can find you clothing, if necessary." He stepped to the side, giving her a chance to see Harry on the sofa. A moment later, she was in the common room wearing nothing but a worried look.

Hermione let go of Harry to give Tonks the chance to hold him. "Oh love, what happened?" Tonks was saying to him. Albus had a worried look to match Tonks', and Hermione thought that it was a perfect time to give the three of them some privacy, so she slowly began to back away from the group.

Without turning to face her, Dumbledore said, "Miss Granger, please stay. Harry needs you right now."

Harry finally got himself under some semblance of control and looked up into Tonks' face. "Not that I'm complaining, love, but why are you here?" He got another look at her and shot to his feet, whipping off his robes, and flipping them around her. "This *is* the common room."

"What happened? Albus told me to come at all costs, no matter if I was naked. So I came through."

"I accidentally caused the problem," Hermione said. "Read the letter on the table. He was going to owl it to you. That's why Hedwig is hopping around on the table, looking worried."

Harry looked and saw his owl, and put out an arm, which she jumped onto. Pulling her closer, he put his arm around the bird as if to hug her. "I'm sorry, girl. At least you got some owl treats out of it, though," he laughed weakly. She gently and affectionate nipped his finger in response, and then became airborne. A tight circle around his head, and then she was off to the owlery.

Tonks looked up, eyes shining. "Professor, I know classes start tomorrow, but I think I need to borrow these two for a very, very long talk. May I?"

"Indeed." He looked to Harry and Hermione. "You are free from your classes for tomorrow, and I shall see to it that those professors affected are made aware. You both are too valuable to be torn apart."

"Yeah, the weapon against Voldemort," Harry murmured bitterly.

"That as well," Albus said gently. "I refer, however, to your value as human beings. The capacity for love is a rare and precious thing, and you have it in larger amounts than most. Such a commodity must not be allowed to atrophy and die." Albus actually knelt on the floor before the again sitting Harry, looking into the boy's eyes. "At this moment Harry, I do not care about Voldemort's role in anything. I worry about the young man I see before me in far more pain than any three men should be in, and I will do everything I can to see him as he has been these past few weeks – happy and showing a true joy for life that he had not had since living with the Dursleys." He put a hand on Harry's shoulder. "I can never apologize enough for what my choice put you through. Chalk it up to a foolish old man's belief that the sister of one of the most loving students I have ever known could not possibly be that student's opposite."

He stood, and Hermione noticed Tonks catch his eyes and ask a question wordlessly. He nodded and said, "Your choice, Nymphadora." He held out the jar of Floo powder.

In short order, all three of them were in Tonks' apartment. She flipped off Harry's robe and tossed it to her sofa. "So, we need to get this out into the open. Rather than dancing around it, I'm going to be blunt. Hermione, what are your feelings for Harry?"

She blushed. "I realized this summer, when I didn't hear from him because of various reasons, that I hated the thought of not knowing where he was, or how he was doing. I missed him. My mother found me crying uncontrollably one evening when I'd let my imagination get away from me." She hung her head and couldn't look at Harry. "I'd gotten to thinking about him fighting Voldemort and dying. Without my ever letting him know ... that I love him. What was worse was the feeling of utter emptiness. I'd somehow convinced myself that I'd never see him ever again; never have the chance to tell him how I felt. That's when Mummy ... Mum found me crying." She turned to Harry. "I was so set to tell you flat out how I felt, Harry, and then I came around the corner to see this ... this Greek god in leather, and my knees went weak, and my insides turned to jelly."

"You were flirting with me on the platform before you ever knew it was me," Harry said with a wan smile.

"I was not!" she protested. "I just ... well, you know I have a weakness for attractive men. Look at how stupid I got about Gilderoy Lockhart." She bit her lip and scowled. "Harry, this may not make sense, but please know this – I may have been flirting with the very sexy man in leather on the platform, but it never would have gone past flirting. I had every intention of telling you my feelings when I met you in the car. And then I discovered that the very sexy man on the platform *was* you, and my brain shut off." She blushed. "I told you I was primed before I got to the platform, Harry – I was thinking of you on the drive there. My knickers were already damp." She stopped and gasped. "I don't believe I just admitted that to you!" she whispered.

Tonks' eyebrows rose in amusement. "Something interesting happen on the train?"

Harry blushed. "She ... umm ... 'lost control' when I showed off my metamorph capabilities."

Tonks laughed. "Jesus, Harry, that stonker of yours is big enough already!"

"It wasn't that," Hermione said, blushing to rival the colour of Ron's hair. "He used to be used to shift into, and I couldn't believe how incredibly sexy I looked in tight leather. I felt the orgasm coming, and there was nothing I could do to stop it."

"Why bother? They're fun things to have," Tonks laughed. "The more the better, in fact! Collect the whole set!" She looked at Hermione and realized that there was a question that Hermione couldn't bring herself to ask. "Yes, Hermione, he has. There's been no penetration, but I can tell you that he's a natural with that tongue of his."

She turned to Harry, and her mood changed. "Well, now you know it, Harry. You have two women in love with you. Leaving us isn't an option; you heard what Hermione said it would do to her, and I can't say as I'd fare much better." She went to her knees before him. "You ever read any science fiction, Harry?" When he shook his head no, she said, "Interesting American named Heinlein wrote what may be the best definition of love I've ever seen. My view of it is this – when another's person's happiness is more important to you than your own; when you're willing to walk away smiling while the person you love marries someone else, even though your own heart is breaking, that's love. From what I heard Dumbledore say, I think Hermione is going to walk away and let us be lovers, even though it would tear her apart inside to watch you with another woman." Hermione nodded, tears in her eyes. "Problem is, Harry, I'm willing to do the same so that you can be happy with Hermione." Tonks' own eyes shined with unshed tears.

For the first time either woman could remember, they heard Harry wail. "Why do you think I hurt so much?" He fell to the great wracking sobs of before. That, more than anything, told both of them his true feelings. Hermione felt tears in her own eyes, because the only solution she could see was utterly untenable to everyone except her.

#####

Tonks felt her heart breaking for the man in front of her. He loved both of them so much that the mere thought of causing either of them pain was killing him. She motioned to Hermione and pulled her into a three-way hug with Harry. His sobs slowly subsided.

Finally, he broke from them, and looked at them. His eyes were red and puffy, and he looked a sight. "I'm sorry, ladies," he said. "Not very manly of me, I know."

"Fuck that," came a voice that surprised Harry and Tonks, since it was Hermione who had said it. "It wasn't a macho 'I don't cry in front of girls' Harry that I fell in love with, it was the gentle, tender Harry who couldn't abandon me on Valentine's Day last year to be with his date. The one who cares for the whole world so much that he insists on taking its pain into himself." Hermione looked at him, and Tonks was pleased to see the determination there. She somehow knew at that moment that something would be worked out. "Harry, tell me exactly how you feel about me, and how you feel about Tonks."

Harry sat back on the couch. "How? I don't have the words myself! Besides, I'm a sixteen year old boy with a death sentence over his head. What the fuck do I know about what love feels like? I certainly didn't experience anything approaching it during my time with the Dursleys. Cho Chang? What did I learn from her, other than that my very presence makes some people cry, and not for a good reason?" He paused to breathe for a moment, and looked at Tonks, who was readying herself to respond. She was surprised by him saying, "Not yet, Tonks. I'm on a roll." He laughed with no humour. "All I know is that there are two women who make me feel complete when I'm with them. Soul-mates? I'm sixteen! Who the fuck knows?" he yelled. "I have no referents for such a feeling. All I know is that I have a feeling for both of you that has nothing to do with how much I'd like to get into your knickers. A feeling that makes me soar when I'm with you; that makes me want to live past Voldemort. That makes me want to contemplate the idea of maybe being a father someday, after Riddle's been dealt with." He stopped and drew a ragged breath. "But I can't have both of you, and that is killing me, because I'm completely incapable of choosing between you."

"Why should you?" Hermione said. The look on Hermione's face drew an involuntary giggle from Tonks – a look that mixed surprise at saying it and fear of rejection, and maybe even a little arousal at the concept.

Harry looked up. "Because no one could possibly be as lucky as to have both women he loves agree to share him," he said sadly, and put his head back in his hands.

Tonks was grinning, and Hermione was starting to as well, biting her lower lip. "Actually, Harry," Tonks said, "I think you had best hope you never wake up, then, because you're obviously in a dream." He looked up and watched as Hermione stood up to stand next to Tonks. Both of them nodded. Hermione took off her robe, showing off the sundress again, and Tonks goggled. "Jesus Christ, Harry! You've got her to look at, and you think *I'm* sexy? You were deprived as a child!"

"Frying pans to the skull probably didn't help any either," he said, not quite believing what he was seeing.

Hermione looked at Tonks, who noticed that the younger girl seemed ready to bite through her lower lip, she was so nervous. "Tonks? Are you merely jealous of my figure, or do you actually ... umm ... how do I ask this?"

"If I thought you swung that way, Hermione, that sundress would be on the floor in a heartbeat."

Both Harry's and Tonks jaws dropped as Hermione peeled the dress over her head, kicked off her shoes, and peeled out of her knickers.

#####

Oh my God, I don't believe I'm doing this! Hermione thought as her knickers joined her dress on the carpet. "Tonks, I've never admitted it to anyone except Ginny, who's helped me a few times when I was unbearably horny, but I'm about as bisexual as you can be."

"Ginny too?" Harry asked a bit absently.

"Yeah. I found out the same time she found out about me. We were talking one day when everyone was out of the dorm, and I was, well, I was

teasing my inner thighs without being terribly obvious. Ginny had apparently realized what I was doing, and finally she just smiled and said 'It works better if you do this' and pressed her fingers right on my ... button. I started to orgasm right then, but she kept rubbing. I thought my heart was going to burst out of my chest." She blushed deeply. "I'm still not sure how we ended up naked with each other. I don't remember stripping, and she denies doing it."

Tonks looked at Hermione. "Do I turn you on, or would this be for Harry that you're doing this?" Hermione answered by gently dropping to her knees on the carpet and pulling Tonks to her. A few moments later Tonks gasped, "Oh, I think that answers it quite well!"

After Hermione had made short work of Tonks, the two girls looked at Harry, who was looking at the two of them, stunned. He also looked about to tear through his trousers. Hermione looked at him with astonishment on her face, mixed with more than a little lust. Tonks could somehow tell that there was an idea percolating in that pretty skull. "What are you thinking, girl?" she asked with a grin.

Hermione whispered in her ear, "I'd like to make a fantasy of his come true, and give him my virginity at the same time. Would you be bothered?"

"Depends on your definition of bothered, Hermione. Angry bothered? No. Sexually aroused bothered? Hell yes! Go for it!" She blushed. "I'm something of a pervert. I like to watch, and you can imagine some of the games that I'm going to try to get the three of us involved in."

In response, Hermione picked up her sundress and slipped it over her head again. Harry was only just coming out of the stupor. "I did not just see something that every hetero male in my dorm would have paid a year's allowances to see, did I? The sexiest girl in Gryffindor making love to the sexiest Auror in existence?"

"I think Ginny could give me a run for my money," she whispered in his ear just before nibbling it, "but yes." She kissed his lips, and let his tongue part her lips.

"Hmm, I can still taste her on your lips. So, what exactly are you thinking?"

"Remember the fantasy you mentioned in the common room?" she asked, undoing the fasteners on his trousers. His organ sprung free of its confinement. "It may not be a public enough place for you, but I'm going to make the rest of the fantasy come true." She lifted her skirt to show him that she was the only thing beneath it, and carefully placed herself atop him, moaning as they became one.

As much as he adored the feeling he had longed to feel for longer than he was willing to admit to himself, his eyes shot to Tonks' face, worried for her, but surrendered himself completely to Hermione as he saw the blissful look on Tonks' face as she gently teased her own nipples. He surprised Hermione at one point, however, when he gripped her hips and did his best to prevent her from moving any more.

"What's wrong?" she asked, worried suddenly.

"Getting too close," he panted. "This is your first time, you told Tonks. I don't want to just cut loose inside you, my love. I want to make this something you'll remember fondly a hundred years from now." He growled out a laugh. "Even if all you remember is passing out from an overdose of orgasms." He buried his face between her breasts, which she'd exposed to him rather early on in their lovemaking.

"Harry, my love, my virginity went to you. That makes it more than special enough. I've already had three orgasms from you, or one really long one, if you want to look at it that way. Now it's time for yours." She grimaced, squeezing him tightly, and he lost the battle for control. She suddenly found herself on her back on the carpet, with Harry fervently thrusting into her. At that point, neither of them lasted more than a few more strokes before he exploded into her, and her riding along with his orgasm.

When he came to his senses again, he was still atop Hermione, who was smiling and had her arms around his waist. "Well, Mr. Potter, I'd call that an arousing success," she giggled. He laughed as well, and looked up. She felt him stiffening inside her, and followed his eyes. Tonks was still teasing herself, obviously having trouble keeping control of her fingers long enough to get herself to her own release. Hermione released Harry and whispered, "Make her yours, Harry. I want to see what it looked like with us." He kissed her quite thoroughly before pulling out, both acts causing small ecstatic shudders to pass through her.

She rolled over to watch him approach Tonks and pull her into an embrace. Tonks grabbed him roughly and kissed him very hard. She smiled to herself to see his left hand go to the back of Tonks' head, and the other one getting a particularly strong grip on Tonks' shapely rear end. She saw Tonks quiver against Harry and giggled. *I am going to enjoy getting used to seeing that. And causing it, too.* She absently played with her nipples while she watched them.

She was a little surprised to see Harry lift Tonks by the waist, but immediately figured out what he was going to do, and knew she was going to have to try that at some point. *Oh my God, having an athlete as a lover is going to be incredible! Our big problem is going to be not fucking each other senseless in the halls at Hogwarts!*

Even though she knew what Harry had planned, when he actually began, her eyes nearly jumped out of her head. Tonks' legs were wrapped loosely around his waist, and his hands were tightly on her hips. When she saw him begin to thrust forward, and saw how much she was enjoying it, she thought to herself, *That's how he's taking me next.* Neither Harry nor Tonks lasted very long that way – it was quite obvious just how excited Tonks was; in fact, Hermione hoped that Tonks had silencing charms on the apartment. Tonks' rather loudly obvious orgasm had apparently driven Harry over the edge as well.

"Oh my Goddess!" Tonks said eventually. "Harry, I'm a ruined woman. You'll simply have to stay with Hermione and me as a kept man."

"Let me think about that for a little while, Tonks. Okay, I've thought about it. What do I owe the two of you to seal the deal?"

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked, giggling.

"Well, a man offered something like that should pay for the privilege. What's my monthly payment to each of you?"

"Well, I was thinking about plenty of passionate sex," Tonks was thinking. "Hermione, was losing your virginity that impressive?"

"You couldn't tell?" came the laughing response. "I thought he was going to blow the top of my head off."

"He's given me some mind-numbing orgasms before with that mouth of his, but I hadn't realized what actually having someone inside you could be like," Tonks said, hand to her chest. "Goddess, it still feels like it wants to pound out through my ribcage!"

Harry gulped. "I'm going to ask you a similar question to one you asked me once. How did you get to your age a virgin, as sexy as you are?"

She blushed. "Most people are thrown by a metamorph. Get a little skeeved. You too are really the only two weird enough to get turned on by it," she laughed. She leaned forward and kissed him.

Harry looked around at the apartment and suddenly came to a realization. "Where are our clothes? Do you have a house elf I know nothing about?"

"No," Tonks replied, equally as puzzled.

"Damn," Harry said. "I really wanted to make sure that Hermione's sundress was enshrined or something." Hermione looked at him, confusion evident in her expression. He blushed. "What you were wearing the day that you gave me the greatest gift I will ever receive from you – yourself."

"Oh," she said, blushing in response. She also felt her heart pounding again. *Does he have any idea what that does to me?*

"What have I told you about saying things like that to a woman?" Tonks said with a mock stern tone.

"That you were surprised I made it to sixteen a virgin," he laughed. "I know I'm going to sound a bit like Ron, but after a workout like that, I'm kinda hungry."

"Definitely a worthwhile cause for hunger," Hermione purred as she stretched. She looked at Harry's reaction. "Whoops! I really wasn't trying to be sexy, Harry."

"Oh, you've decided to become permanently invisible?" he laughed.

This time she growled seductively before saying, "I think I could get extremely sexy if I were invisible. Of course, you'd have to explain the occasional crossed eyes and screamed "Oh yes, Hermione!" to Professor Snape.

His eyes actually did cross. "Thank the gods that we have the same Potions class, Hermione." He looked to Tonks. "I think we may have unleashed a very sexy monster tonight."

Hermione blushed deeply. "I do have a very kinky side I've wanted to release for years – ever since I understood why it felt good when my cotton shirts rubbed my nipples." She looked at Harry. "Please don't hate me for that."

"For what? Having a sexual side? For knowing what arouses you? I didn't realize until tonight that the concept of making love to someone in front of other people turns me on." He grinned. "There's a part of me that would love to, on our very last day at school, at the leaving feast, sweep everything off the table and take you right there in front of the whole school."

Hermione's eyes widened. "It's a date, Harry," she breathed. "Oh God, Harry, I can't believe how much that idea turns me on!"

"You may have an interesting two years ahead of you at school, Harry," Tonks laughed.

"With you two ladies around, they'll need to break a certain something off to get my coffin closed. And they'll probably never get the damned grin off my face." He laughed and walked to the refrigerator/freezer and opened the freezer portion. He blinked several times and closed the door. "Well, some weather we're having for September, hmm?"

"What did you see in there?" Hermione asked, horrified. Tonks walked over to the door and opened it, and then fell over laughing. Hermione walked over to the still open door, looked in, and began to laugh herself. There, resting atop a package of frozen burgers, lay Harry's leather trousers, neatly folded.

A short exploration later found his shirt in the pantry, also neatly folded. While Hermione set about the business of getting a bit of food for them, Harry and Tonks searched the apartment. Hermione could always tell when a new article of clothing had been found, because one or the other of them would begin laughing. She laughed herself when she opened the dishwasher to get clean glasses and found her own left sandal.

She had been in the kitchen for about twenty minutes when she realized that it had become extremely quiet in the apartment; no sound for about five minutes or more. Somewhat worried, she began to walk through it, until she found Harry and Tonks in an embrace, in a time-stopping kiss. She smiled happily and leaned up against the wall to watch them. There was nothing erotic about the kiss, and watching it, she now knew that Harry would be happy even if the relationship with her ended someday. *I fervently hope it doesn't, mind you, but at least he has love.*

#####

The kiss eventually broke, and Harry opened his eyes to look into Tonks' eyes. "You, my love, have a way of kissing that is simply beyond description. I intend on continuing to kiss you, in hopes of someday finding a description."

Her arms tightened around his waist. "What happens on the day you find the proper description?"

"I keep kissing you to make sure that I have the right description," he smiled.

He was surprised when he felt Hermione tap him on the shoulder. "Mind if I cut in?" she asked with a smile. He backed away, ready to embrace her, but was surprised to see her slide in against Tonks and enfold her in her arms. As he watched the kiss begin, he unknowingly mirrored Hermione's stance from a few moments prior. *Ignoring any erotic side of that kiss, I am happy to see that.* He stopped and just enjoyed watching them.

When the kiss finally broke, he was grinning. Before he even realized it, he'd said, "So that's what it looks like to be in love."

"Yes," Hermione said. "That's exactly what you looked like when kissing her." She frowned. "So how are things going to work at the end of the year? I mean, is it going to be easy for you to visit her on a regular basis, or is it going to be like the Dursley house, where we had to perform jail-breaks to get you free?"

He looked to Tonks and said, "Your choice, Nymph."

He laughed as he heard her say, "Hermione, you do not have permission to tell anyone what I'm not actually telling you, but I can guarantee that him getting access to me during the summer will only be difficult when I'm at work."

Hermione's face took on the look that Harry had grown to enjoy over time – he'd never admitted it to anyone, not even to himself, really, but he found intelligent women to be rather sexy. She thought for a moment, and then walked into the two bedrooms. When Tonks nodded her okay, Hermione looked in the closets and grinned. She walked back out. "Right. I can't tell what I haven't been told. That bed's awfully small for three people, though." She blushed. "That is, if you'll let me."

Harry looked at Tonks, who was grinning. "Question is, before or after your seventh year?" Tonks asked. She stopped. "Actually, that leads to a serious question. Harry, are you comfortable with this solution? Living with me, and loving us both?"

He felt tears rising in his eyes, and unabashedly shed them as he answered. "Beloveds, I had never expected to find love in my life. The comment I made earlier still stands – I'm sixteen, so I may not know what love really is, but this feeling I have for you ... well, the one that *doesn't* cause a blood migration, that is ... it certainly feels like what love ought to feel like. Or what I think it should feel like. When I thought that I had to break one heart or the other, I was willing to look for Voldemort and face him down, just to manage a mutual take-down. I mean it literally when I say that I would rather die than intentionally break either heart." He looked up with a grin, still crying tears of happiness. "The fact that mind-blowing sex seems to be a part of the bargain is definitely a plus." He laughed. "I never thought I deserved happiness!" The laugh turned into a sob, but it was a markedly different type than earlier. Those were the cries of a man having his soul ripped from his body; these were the cries of a man cleansing his soul of some darkness that had long dwelt there.

#####

Hermione and Harry returned to the school in mid-afternoon of the first, after a good night's sleep (with Tonks, of course), and after a long conversation concerning their relationship. It was decided, for the time being, to not openly mention the relationship with Tonks, although both informed her that, were they asked directly, they would proudly admit it. The openness of their own relationship with each other was up to them, at the school. They had a moment of embarrassment when they contacted the Headmaster, who had to remind them to dress before coming through to his office.

"I take it your romantic problems have been resolved?" he had asked as he caught sight of their clasped hands in his office.

"I certainly hope so, sir," Harry grinned. "Early this summer I had one person to live for – Tonks. Now I have three to live for – Tonks, Hermione, and myself."

"My boy," Albus replied, unshed tears in his eyes, "I do not think I shall ever be able to tell you just how happy that statement makes me."

That night at dinner, though, told the entire Gryffindor table exactly how far their relationship had gone. Hermione, seated at the very end of the table across from Harry suddenly looked up with a twinkle in her eyes and asked, "By the way, Harry, did we ever find where my knickers disappeared to?"

The timing of Harry's accidental belch was such that there was a significant amount of pumpkin juice flying across the table from both sides, and the two of them began to laugh uproariously. His eyes twinkling, he added, "Well, that explains the taste of cotton I've had since yesterday." They heard several goblets fall and break, and looked down the table to see Lavender, Parvati, and Ginny staring at them in disbelief.

"You ate them?" Lavender finally squeaked. After staring at Harry for several seconds more, she finally turned to Hermione and asked in a small voice, "Do you share?"

That was it for the Gryffindor table. Between the laughter, the various spit takes as the news passed down the table, and concerted efforts to keep several classmates from choking to death, breakfast was a wash. The only other response that they received about it was Dean, Seamus, Neville, and Ron standing as one and saluting Harry, which brought him to tears of laughter. "At ease, gentlemen," he finally gasped out. Looking at Hermione, he said, "Well, I think I know what I need to buy you when next we go to Hogsmeade."

"Better tasting knickers?" she replied with an evil grin, tossing up a shield to stop Harry's own spit take.

"Oh no, dear," he whispered across the table. "They tasted of you. There is nothing finer." He was rewarded with a deep blush from his beautiful lover. "What I need to do is buy you more knickers, to replace those I've ... lost."

"We'll definitely need some edible ones, though. Strawberry, I think. You like strawberry." She looked down the table and saw that anyone in

earshot was apparently suffering apoplexy. "What? He does!" She looked back to Harry and raised her goblet. "Cheers, my darling."

"Cheers, my love. Shall we leave these dirty minded people to eat in peace?" They drained their glasses and left the Great Hall arm in arm, to scattered applause from the Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw tables. Cho merely glared at Hermione, so Harry grinned and blew her a kiss.

<<< Chapter 2 Chapter 4 >>>

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Three For All

Chapter 4

Three For All – Chapter IV

It was the end of October. Professor Snape was his usual charming self, and the first real Quidditch match was today – against Slytherin. When they had started practicing this year (after the party they held for Harry's reinstatement), Harry had gotten a surprise at the first practice when Hermione came quite sedately and sat in the stands.

#####

He flew over to her for a quick kiss, which was certainly his right, being captain. She'd taken his glasses for a moment and cast two charms on them, faster than he could hear. "There," she'd said. "Now your glasses are in tip-top shape." He'd grinned and flown back out into the practice. It was a short time later, while he was diving for the practice Snitch that he discovered completely what she'd done. She was now standing in the stands, robe wide open, wearing absolutely nothing else. He completely lost control and nearly ploughed into the pitch.

Ron flew up next to him. "You okay, mate? You look like you saw a Veela standing naked in the stands! Admittedly, Hermione's pretty, but I never expected that she'd cause that reaction in you."

He took his glasses off and pinched his nose. "I'm gonna die out here on the pitch our first game, I can just tell." He put his glasses back on and looked up at Hermione. Sure enough, she was still there, robe open, in all her glory. "Ron, look up at her. What's she wearing?"

"Blouse and skirt, from what I can see. Why? Some special meaning to them?"

Harry grinned and pinched his nose again, taking his glasses off. "Ron, grab my glasses and look through them at Hermione and tell me what you see."

Ron did what Harry asked. "Holy ... it's blurry as all hell, and I can't really make anything out, but ... no wonder you almost ate pitch!" Harry put his glasses back on and looked up at her. She waved sweetly at him.

He flew up to her. "I love you dearly, my darling Hermione. You are aware that we probably won't make it back to the castle before I prove to you exactly what you're doing to me." He grinned. "Keep doing this and we'll find out whether or not you can have sex on a broom."

"You can," she answered coyly. "I've worked out the logistics." The rest of Quidditch practice was difficult for him. But her empirical proof later that night gave him a new reason to enjoy flying.

#####

Her outfits changed as the practices went along, and her attempts to arouse him had a pleasant side effect – other than the love-making that tended to result from such things as her garter-belt and half-cup bra outfit. Since he needed to concentrate to have an effective practice, the concentration also affected his Occlumency lessons. (He'd gotten quite the laugh when Dumbledore had asked him how his skill had improved so greatly, he gave the man a quick mental glimpse of her most recent costume. The startled laughter was worth it – especially when Dumbledore complimented Hermione on it later.)

He'd nibbled his way through breakfast the morning of the game, as he always did – actual games made him nervous. He was sure that they always would. Hermione had stopped to talk to a teacher, and had told him she'd catch up to him shortly, leaving him alone in the hall for a moment. Malfoy chose that time to walk up to him. "Good luck in today's game, Potter. I'd imagine you'll be a little distracted worrying about your girlfriend, though. I was sorry to hear she lost the baby. In her job, though, children can be a real danger. Oh well, these things happen. Good luck today!"

He blinked after the receding Slytherin, and came to a quick decision. Striding purposefully toward the headmaster's office, he was met by Hermione, who took one look at his face and fell in behind him without a word. Once in the office, Dumbledore was also struck by the look on Harry's face. "What has happened, Harry?" he asked.

"Malfoy knows something, and I'm worried. Does anyone know what's going on with Tonks right now? He mentioned that my girlfriend was worth worrying about, and that she'd lost a baby. And then mentioned her job. Up until then, it could simply have been an attempt to get me worried about Hermione. But that last comment makes me believe that he knows about Tonks. Can you check in on her, please?"

"What will you do, Harry?" Hermione asked, worried.

"Assume that he's simply trying to throw off my game, which I'm not going to let happen. If it turns out that he knows something and that all his information was correct – well, if he had anything to do with it, then I'll deal with him. And you needn't worry, Headmaster. I wouldn't even contemplate murdering Malfoy."

Dumbledore sighed in relief. "I am glad to hear that. Now go enjoy your game, and I shall begin the process of finding out what has happened to Nymphadora."

Harry thanked him and headed downstairs. At the bottom of the stairs, very quietly, he said, "Murder, no. Execution, on the other hand ..."

#####

The Quidditch game was like none had seen at the school before. While Harry's Wizard Chess skills seemed to be almost nil, his skill at captaining Quidditch had even the most diehard watchers and players in awe. Merely fifteen minutes into the game against Slytherin, ninety points had already been scored by Gryffindor.

Slytherin's beaters were getting more and more annoyed at the score of the game, and as Ginny approached the goals again, Goyle came in close and caught her with his bat. She fell from the broom as she went unconscious, and Harry went into a dive. A short distance before the ground, he swooped and caught her, then lowered her to the ground gently, into the arms of Madame Pomfrey. Goyle was looking unhappy, because that had been seen by Madame Hooch, and he was now grounded. Both teams called in their alternates, and the game continued.

If Slytherin thought Gryffindor losing its best chaser was going to turn the game in their favour, they were quickly proven wrong. In six more minutes, ninety more points were scored – a goal roughly every forty seconds. The game was less than thirty minutes old, and the score was already one-hundred-eighty to zero. At the half-hour mark, Harry called for a brief time out, and spoke to the team.

"Guys? I've seen the Snitch several times, and Malfoy hasn't yet. You guys want to see just how long we can drag this baby out? I kind of like the idea of visiting Ginny in the hospital wing and telling her we won the game with over a thousand points to Slytherin's zero. I'm betting we can, too. And the angrier that they get at our tactics, the more likely they are to make mistakes. Yeah, they'll probably start going after us physically, but I think Hooch is watching even more carefully now. So, what do you say? Play until we hit nine hundred and then I go for the Snitch?"

Ron snorted. "Damn straight, Harry. That's my sister they went after. You know that was at the Ferret's order, too. I'll play all week if it's to humiliate them." The rest of the team agreed quickly, and they took to the air again.

Describing the rest of the game as a rout would be charitable to the Slytherin team. Gryffindor was stylish, Gryffindor was assured, Gryffindor was fast, but most of all, Gryffindor was pissed. They proceeded to rack up those extra seven-hundred and twenty points in less than an hour. It was only then that Harry went for the Snitch. He chuckled to himself as he realized Malfoy's standard tactic – watch where Potter is going, and follow him, hoping to get past him to catch the Snitch. *You'd think he'd learn by now*, Harry chuckled to himself. Potter rocketed toward the stands, straight at Hermione, and then began to pull up slightly. He turned at the last moment, and felt Malfoy shoot past him and over their heads. Harry snorted and slipped under the stands while Malfoy sorted himself out, slipping from one stand to the next. He peeked out from underneath to see Malfoy high above him, looking around in confusion. He also saw that the Snitch was about six feet in front of him. He popped out and teased it, making it shoot away, but he kept his eyes on it. As he zoomed around after it, he chuckled as he realized he could get a number of things out of the way at one time. He followed it as it sped toward the ground, knowing that Malfoy was following him. He also knew that Malfoy tended to watch him, and not his surroundings. So when the Snitch almost touched the ground and then spun madly off, Harry put in one last burst of speed and yanked out at the last second, his feet brushing grass as his fist leapt up to capture the Snitch. There was a loud crunching behind him, and he looked back to see a particularly unhappy Draco Malfoy, based on the angle that his legs and arms were in relation to his body.

As the others on his team landed to congratulate him, Harry walked over to Draco and said, "That's what happens when you're not careful, Malfoy. I'd offer you a hand up, but that would just be cruel." He turned and held up the Snitch to the audience, to loud applause.

#####

"That's the worst loss Slytherin's ever taken!" Ginny said from her bed. "One thousand fifty points to zero? That's obscene!"

"Well, that's what happens when Malfoy decides to take out one of our players. He gets us pissed off, and we decide to humiliate them in Quidditch!"

Kirke spoke up. "It was Goyle that hit her, you know."

Harry looked at him. "Do you honestly think that Crabbe or Goyle even *breathe* without permission from Malfoy? That was on orders from him, whether we can prove it or not."

"By the way, Ginny," Hermione said from the other side of the bed, "they dedicated the victory to you. The whole school knows that Harry let the game go on that long for the purpose of teaching Slytherin a lesson."

It was then that the headmaster entered the room with a look on his face that told Harry that he had bad news, and that he was hiding it from everyone. "Mister Potter, may I speak with you?" he asked.

"What did you find out, Professor?" Harry asked immediately.

"Tonks has been located, and she is currently in St. Mungo's. She is *not* in good condition. Hermione will be permitted to visit her in a short while."

"Why won't I, sir?" Harry asked, puzzled and just a little bit hurt.

"Because she wants no men around her, Harry. She was subjected to ... I loathe telling you this, Harry, but she was abused sexually. Rather violently, in fact."

Harry went white for a moment, and then turned bright red. Hermione and Ron came over to see what was wrong, in time to hear Harry say, "Professor, it would be in the best interests of everyone involved to find an excuse to get Draco Malfoy as far away from me as possible. I am strongly tempted to execute the little bastard for his part in this, since his comment earlier tells me that he knows who was involved. Please explain to Hermione while I calm down."

He walked away, Ron following him when Hermione and Dumbledore made it obvious that this was for Hermione's ears only. Ron got to Harry as Harry reached Malfoy. Harry grabbed a chair and sat down next to him, near Draco's legs. "You know something, Malfoy? You played a good game out there!" He patted Draco's leg in a comforting manner, although much harder than one would expect for comforting. Malfoy winced

painfully. "You need to learn a few things about Quidditch still, but you're getting better out there. Much better." He brought his hand down again on Draco's leg, this time using enough force to bend it slightly, since the bones were not yet regrown. "Well, I need to get back to my people, but I just wanted to say 'good game'." He made as if to move. "Oh, by the way, Draco. I understand your comment from earlier today. Thanks for the heads up info. It's been dealt with – at least the first part. I'll be dealing with the second part." He looked meaningfully into Draco's face, and then hoisted himself upward, using Draco's leg as a hold to push off from. Draco screamed and passed out. Harry walked away, whistling.

#####

"Harry, I'm afraid that I shall be forced to give you detention for your treatment of Mister Malfoy. You will be with Professor Snape tonight at seven PM in his dungeons," Dumbledore said in his office. "I can not condone the kind of treatment you gave a fellow student you knew was injured."

Harry looked coldly at Dumbledore. "Might I remind you, headmaster, who it was that gave me the information that helped you find Nymph?"

"I am aware that it was Draco Malfoy," came the response. "I believe that he was attempting to redeem himself in some small way by telling you."

"I hope you're right, headmaster, because if you're not, then I will never trust your feelings again. If he was merely gloating, then I promise you that in some way or another, he will pay for what he was involved with." He stood. "I'd best find something to nosh on, because I have detention in an hour, and our Potions professor will ensure that he keeps me too late to be able to get dinner." He stood and left the room.

#####

By seven fifteen, Harry was scrubbing out cauldrons. He had been forced to use his own shirt, and only after he had begun had Snape informed him that it would not come out of the cloth. "Ah," Harry said simply. "So I know exactly which shirt to wear to Potions class."

"Ten points from Gryffindor for cheek," snarled the professor.

"Oh, it wasn't cheek," Harry said, looking up from the cauldron he was finishing. "It was a statement of intent. You have cost me the use of a good shirt. It's on record what the punishment you gave me was, so it's not my fault that I'm using my shirt, since you ordered me to do so. Since I can't simply run in to town to buy a new one to replace it, especially since YOU should be the one replacing it, I will wear it to Potions class especially to remind you of your detention, and the fact that you obviously wanted the shirt decorated this way." He put his head back down and continued scrubbing.

"One hundred points from Gryffindor for your insolence, Mister Potter."

Harry continued to scrub for a time, whistling as he worked, and earning another forty point loss for doing so. Finally, he looked up as he finished the last one. "So, who all was involved in raping your ... ahem ... 'cousin'?" he asked quietly.

"How did you ... what do you know of that?"

"She was apparently pregnant, and she was abused to the point where no one male is allowed near her at St. Mungo's. As for how I found out – Malfoy decided to try to throw my game today off. I really need to thank him again. We've never done that well scoring before. His antics pissed us off so badly that we dragged the game out an hour more than we had to just to humiliate the Slytherin team." He looked directly into Snape's eyes. "Malfoy told me he was sorry to hear about my girlfriend, and that she'd lost the baby. And that her profession was dangerous, as far as having children was concerned."

Snape looked at him for a long moment. "So Nymphadora was seeing you, and the baby was yours." He suddenly developed an evil sneer. "And what would Miss Granger say upon learning this?"

Harry snorted. "Tell her yourself. You'd never believe me if I told you."

As if that had been a cue, the door opened to show Hermione and Professor Dumbledore. Her eyes went wide with enjoyment as she saw Harry's unclad chest. "And what have you two been doing in here?" she asked with a grin.

Snape exploded. "That will be one hundred points from Gryffindor for your insolence and insinuations, Granger!" He smiled evilly again. "At least I know one potential generation of Potters has been averted."

The sharp intake of breath echoed into the hallway. "Was Malfoy there?" Harry asked coldly. "Not Daddy Malfoy, but Draco."

Snape simply looked at Harry. "I have no intention of answering that question. Especially not to a student."

Harry's look scared Hermione. "I am going to assume that every Death Eater and their spawn were there. I'm going to assume that it was a dark revel of some sort – torture the Auror, or some such party game in which *all* the participants partook of the fun." His eyes bored into Snape. "For the violation of one of the two women who give my life meaning, I will personally kill every Death Eater and spawn I find." He grinned a vicious grin. "Don't think I won't, either, Professor. I know about your tattoo, you know." He turned and started to leave the room.

"Potter," came the strangled voice of Professor Snape. "Yes, I was there. So were all three Malfoys, and the elder Crabbe and Goyle. A few others as well – names I doubt you've heard. And, of course, Bellatrix. I did not ... ahem ... 'partake', as you phrased it, but I did brew the potion that caused Nymphadora to abort the foetus. Be glad that I did, for I was able to render it unusable for ... other purposes." He looked sick at the potential uses for the foetus.

Harry looked at him for a long moment. "You've earned yourself a reprieve. The others? Dead men and women walking."

"Harry ..." began Dumbledore.

“Save the lecture, professor. Draco managed to get out of school for this little party. They raped and badly hurt a woman that I love, and forced him to abort my” He took a deep shuddering breath. “We used contraception, but it obviously failed. That was my baby they killed, and I will have my revenge, headmaster. Draco participated. Draco gloated. Draco dies. So much for his redemption. Care to redeem yourself, headmaster? Your belief in the inherent goodness in all of us is failing miserably. You got Draco wrong – hideously wrong. Get him out of this school under whatever pretext it takes if you wish to keep him alive.”

“Potter,” Snape said surprisingly gently. “It would have been a boy.”

He whirled back on Snape. “You think that *helps*?” He stalked from the room, fighting tears as he walked.

<<< Chapter 3 Chapter 5 >>>

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Three For All

Chapter 5

Three For All – Chapter V

Hermione caught up with Harry and stopped his progress. "Harry?" she asked quietly.

"A son, Hermione. I was going to have a son. I want to reach into Draco's chest and pull out his lungs or something, but do it slowly. Tie him down and get him raped by a mountain troll. I hate him, Hermione. More than I ever have before, I hate him, and I want him dead." He stopped and looked her in the eyes. "Right now, at Draco, and because of him, I could *easily* cast a *Crucio* on him – no problems whatsoever. I hate him even more for teaching me how to hate that deeply."

"Don't think I'm going to berate you, Harry. He knew, and according to Professor Snape, Draco was involved. I would have liked getting to know little Harry Jr.," she said sadly. "Harry, I need to be going to St. Mungo's."

"I'm coming with you. I know she doesn't want to see any men whatsoever, but maybe if she's knows I'm there anyway, it will help her. I don't have to see her, but if she knows I'm there ..."

"I agree," she said. "Let's go get the portkey."

#####

At St. Mungo's, they quickly found where she was, and found all the Weasleys except Percy and the two still at Hogwarts there. There were also a handful of Aurors there. "Harry, dear!" Molly said. "Hermione! You didn't need to come!"

"Yes we did," Harry said quietly. "I know I had to, at least. And Hermione did for the same reason."

Molly shook her head. "I just wish I knew – who did this and why? And who was the father – I understand she lost a baby?"

"Death Eaters probably captured her and then discovered she had a gold mine of information. I found out about it from Draco. He was a little indiscreet with information. Told me more than he expected to."

"I never expected her to be an unwed mother," Molly clucked. "I thought she was more careful than that."

"Contraception fails sometimes, Molly," Harry said simply. She was the only one who noticed that it was the first time he'd referred to her as something other than Mrs. Weasley or Mum.

"I know, but still ..."

"Lost respect for her, by chance? Maybe for the guy who made her pregnant?"

"Where was he?" Molly asked, puzzled. "She's an Auror. I'd think that, if the father cared, he'd have known she'd been missing for a week before she was found. Instead, we had to get the information from Albus through whatever means he got it." Molly was getting a little colour into her face. "And I'll have you know that I won't accept that attitude from you, Harry. You might be her friend, but that doesn't ..."

"I'm also the father," he said quietly. "That uncaring bastard who abandoned her for a week was the one who told Dumbledore when one of her rapists told him." He looked at Molly. "Those bastards murdered my son, and I come here and listen to you complaining about the useless scum who fathered the child. The scum thanks you." He turned his back on her. "Hermione, would you head in and say hi for me? Tell her I'm here for her, *no matter what*. I still love her. End of statement." Hermione nodded and headed in.

He turned back to the Weasleys, studiously ignoring Molly, whose mouth was opening and closing like a fish. "Today was the Quidditch game with Slytherin, and Draco tried to throw me off by giving me some info about Tonks. A little too much, because I know he's involved directly in one way or another. By the way, you might want to know that Ginny took a Quidditch bat to the head, but she's doing just fine – she's probably up and walking, against Madame Pomfrey's orders. Draco, unfortunately, decided to have a heart to heart talk with the pitch when I caught the Snitch and won the game one-thousand-fifty points to zero."

Before anyone could say anything, Hermione came to the door. "Harry? Tonks would like to see you."

There was a gasp from Molly. "She hasn't even let a male Healer in to see her!" Harry snorted and entered the room.

"Harry?" came a small voice from the bed.

"If I thought you'd let me, Nymph, I'd climb in there with you and hug you," he said.

She answered by flipping the sheet back, and weakly patting the mattress. He gently lay down next to her, and gingerly hugged her. In response she pulled him close and began crying against his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Harry," she kept repeating.

"For what, Nymph? You had no control over it."

"But I ... what they did to me ... when you know, you won't want to be with me anymore."

He put his mouth near her ear. "Snape told me – he was apparently forced to be there. I know what was done, and most everyone who did it." He moved her chin so that she was looking in his eyes. "I'm afraid, Tonks. I'm afraid you'll want to push me away, thinking you're not worthy of being loved anymore." He kissed her tenderly. "If I have to morph into a woman and spend the rest of my life that way to be with you, my beautiful Nymph, then I will. I still love you. I gave you my heart in August, and it's still yours."

Tonks gasped and looked into Harry's eyes. "You would! You'd lock yourself into female form for me!"

"If that's what it take to prove I love you?" He shrugged as if it were the most obvious offer he could have made to her. "You and Hermione give me a reason to want to survive Moldie. If becoming a woman is the only way I can stay with you, then so be it. Take a hell of a lot of getting used to, but you're worth it. I love you."

Tonks teared up and threw her arms around Harry, sobbing quietly into his shoulder. A Healer stepped into the room, saw what was happening, and almost said something until she realized that Tonks was willingly holding Harry. She came over quietly. "Hello, Miss Tonks. Stupid question, but how are you feeling?"

"Actually, I'm feeling much better, now that Harry is here." She hugged him carefully, and then rolled on her back and took Hermione's hand. "She's doing a lot for me, too." She pulled Hermione down for a kiss, which Hermione returned tenderly.

"That's the most important thing – knowing that you are loved," the Healer said. "It'll be slow, but with people there for you, you'll heal." She turned to Harry and Hermione. "I hate to chase you from the room, but I need to examine her, and all it'll do is get you two angry, unfortunately."

"We'll be outside," Hermione said. They stepped from the room, closed the door, and Harry immediately pulled Hermione into a fierce hug. Crying into her shoulder, he said, "I want them dead so much! Look what they did to her! I want to kill Malfoy with my bare hands! But I can't let her see the rage I feel, because I don't want her to ... she shouldn't think it's at her."

"Harry," she cooed in his ear. "I feel the same. I want revenge for how they hurt her. But we have to learn to eventually forgive. Ourselves for feeling this way, and them for doing it." At his suddenly look, she amended her comment. "Well, acceptance that they did it, and why. I don't think any of us will be able to forgive them."

Molly walked up to them. "Harry, I need to apologize to you. What I said was wrong. I'm just an old woman set in my ways, and I spoke without all the facts."

"Thank you," Harry said. "I won't lie to you – what you said hurt. Somehow or another we ended up together this summer, and I realized that I'd fallen in love with her. As is obvious, we've been intimate. I won't apologize for that, nor should she. We used contraception, but it failed." He looked her sharply in the eyes. "I'm hoping someday to reach a point where we can try again. Those bastards murdered my son, Molly. My son!" There were tears in his eyes.

"I understand," she said softly, enveloping him in a hug. "Talk to Arthur. I miscarried once, so there's some grounds for understanding there." She stepped back. Equally as quietly she asked, "It looks like Hermione is attracted to you as well, Harry. What ... "

He interrupted with a smile. "It's a true three-way, Mum. I love them both, and they both love each other, and me, for some weird reason."

"Because you're sweet, caring, and damned sexy," Hermione said quietly. She opened her mouth to say more, but Albus Dumbledore walked up at the same time that the Healer stepped from the door. Harry stepped through the door.

"Please don't do anything to end up in Azkaban, Harry," Tonks said as he entered the room. "So, how's Molly taking the revelation of why you're here?"

"Like a woman who's been surprised, but loves the people involved. She'll deal with it. She'll try to smother you, you know." He leaned over and kissed her lips again, trying to put all the feeling he had for her into it.

"Oh my," Tonks said. "Has anyone ever told you, Mister Potter, that your lips should be registered as a lethal weapon?"

"Oh dear," he replied with a grin. "Does that mean I should stop kissing you? Don't want to run the risk, you know."

She put her arms around him. "Harry, I'm an Auror – I'm used to risks. Besides, weapons are only really dangerous when used improperly. You need training, and I think Hermione and I are just the ones to train you."

She shuddered. "I feel so ... like I should have ... "

"You look back on what happened and wonder if there was something else you could do. You think that 'If only I'd ...' or 'I should have ...' constantly."

She looked at him. "How did you ... no, never mind, I know."

"The most important thing you need to know, beloved, is that I will be here for you. You are important enough to me that I will put my own problems on the back burner if you need me. Well, except for one very specific one, that is," he laughed softly.

"True," Tonks murmured. "Hermione might be high maintenance." The twinkle in her eyes told him that she knew full well who he was really referring to.

"Hey!" came a voice from the door. "I resemble that remark!" She came in and kissed Tonks again. Dumbledore came to the door as well, but out of sight of Tonks. "I am afraid that we shall need to return to the school shortly."

Harry looked up suddenly. "Professor? Can we make a quick stop in Diagon Alley, and then come back here? I just realized something." He looked to Hermione and said. "I'll be back in a few. You sit and snog for a bit, okay?" At their nods, he walked out to the headmaster and whispered his plans.

About twenty minutes later, Harry stepped through the door, looking very nervous. "What's wrong, Harry?" Tonks asked, worry evident on her face.

"I don't know how you'll take this, Tonks, but" He reached into his bag and pulled out a small box and opened it. "I'm sixteen and have two years of school yet, but will you accept this ring as my promise to ask your hand in marriage when I'm through with Hogwarts?"

Her eyes went wide, and tears started to flow. "Harry, why? You don't need to do this just to"

"Tonks, I *wouldn't* do it just to make you feel better. I'm sixteen. Maybe we'll fall out of love in the next two years, although I doubt that. That's why the promise ring. If your feelings don't change, and mine don't, then I fully intend to make you one of my wives." He heard Hermione gasp beside him. "Yeah, there's a second one here, angel, if you'll accept it." He focused on Tonks. "It's not pity, or a hope to make you feel better. It's a desire to spend a very long time living with you, loving with you, and maybe having a few babies to bounce on our knees. You are one of two people who gave me a reason to live, my beloved Nymph." He laughed. "See what you're doing to me, you gorgeous little minx? I'm getting poetic!"

"I'm gorgeous even bruised and battered?" she asked sadly.

He closed his eyes. "I don't have to look at you to see your beauty. It shines through your soul. They can never destroy that, Nymph." He opened his eyes again and kissed her again, before laughing. "I'm getting nervous here. What's your answer?"

Tonks heart was in her eyes. "Even knowing that I'm damaged goods, you want ...?"

"Hey, if anyone's damaged goods, beautiful, it's your hopeful future fiancé," he laughed. "And you love me."

Tears were in her eyes again, but held up her left hand. She couldn't help but chuckle as he breathed a sigh of relief. She cried again as she felt the ring slide onto her finger, and then he kissed the ring. "I love you, Tonks," he whispered, "and we'll get through this together."

He turned to Hermione. "The same goes for you, Hermione. Will you accept my ring as a promise, so that once we're out of Hogwarts, the three of us can stand together and pledge to one another?"

"Harry, you are a nutter. A romantic nutter, but a nutter nonetheless. And I wouldn't have you any other way. Yes, I will wear your ring, my beloved Harry." She cried as he slid the ring on her finger, insisting on the left hand as well.

He stood and walked to Professor Dumbledore. "I think we can go back to school now, Professor. I've done the important thing that needs doing. The woman I love can look at her hand and know that I've pledged that love to her."

Tonks smiled. "Send the others in, slowly, when you leave. Thank you, Harry."

"For what? For loving you? That's like thanking me for breathing, beautiful. Loving you is as natural to me as breathing is, or making my heart beat."

"Yes, Harry, for loving me, especially right now." He smiled in response, and blew her a kiss, and then the headmaster and two students returned to Hogwarts.

<<< Chapter 4 Chapter 6 >>>

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Three For All

Chapter 6

Three For All – Chapter VI

As was usual, since the relationship with Tonks was supposed to be secret, the entire school knew about it. "Is it true, Harry?" Seamus asked quietly in the common room that night.

"Yes it is," Harry said in a conversational voice. "Tonks and I are lovers."

Everyone winced. Hermione looked up, a cold look in her eyes. "Care to brag about your conquest with her, Mister Potter?"

"Depends," he responded cheekily. "Can I tell them about incident where I lost my virginity?"

"If you choose," she answered frostily, but he could see her eyes twinkling.

He proceeded to give them a very vague, but sexy nonetheless, replay of giving his virginity to Hermione while Tonks watched. By the end, Hermione was laughing quite hard. The Gryffindors had been presented enough of a problem with trying to imagine Hermione as a sexual being when it was made obvious that she was with Harry, but trying to wrap their brains around the fact that she was in a threesome with a rather attractive Auror was enough to make several of them blink as if their brains had shut down. While they watched, she walked over and sat on Harry's lap, and then kissed him rather thoroughly. They both laughed as they heard gasps when Harry's hands slid up her legs and *under* the skirt. As they heard the room empty suddenly, they broke apart, laughing. "Expect them back down here in a few minutes, when they see we aren't shagging on the couch. In the meantime, I need your help deciding on revenge. I'm trusting Snape when he says that he used the potion to prevent certain ... other things from happening. I also need to talk to Dumbledore. I need some info about some things."

She whispered in his ear, "What say we give them their show, Harry? I'm extremely horny right now, and I can feel that torch you keep in your pocket."

"I've always carried a torch for you, Hermione," he murmured with a grin., pulling her closer to him.

"Well, then, let's put it where it belongs." In short order, their bodies were one, her on his lap as they had been the day they gave each other their virginities. They could hear muffled cries of "Holy shit! They're really doing it in the common room!" In unbelievably short order, Harry was spending in Hermione while she quivered her own orgasm against him. "Oh my God, Harry!" she breathed in his ear. "I thought that I might enjoy it, but knowing that Gryffindor was watching us? I've never come that fast in my life!"

"I never thought I'd get off on doing it in front of an audience either, but damn! that was impressive," he panted in her ear. "We should uncouple, I think, because there are some things I need to think about, and when I'm so tightly ensconced in heaven, I can't think at all." They quickly and quietly disengaged and made themselves presentable. Hermione murmured a quick charm over her stomach while Harry said in a slightly above conversational tone, "Colin? Those pictures had better only go to Hermione and myself. You won't like me angry." He looked to Hermione. "That's part of what I want to talk about, Hermione. I need to get Goyle's broom. I need to send a message to the Death Nibblers in this school."

"What are you thinking of doing, Harry?" she asked nervously. When he explained, the common room was filled with appreciative laughter.

#####

At breakfast the next morning, Harry approached the head table to speak with the headmaster. "Sir? I have an interesting idea, and I'd like to run it past you in your office. I'll need Professor Snape there as well, and Hermione."

"Indeed? Meet me there at nine AM then. Bring Miss Granger with you."

He sat with Hermione, who looked at him curiously. "We're meeting the headmaster and Professor Snape at nine AM to talk over that project we discussed last night." She nodded.

"Why?" she asked. "It's not like you like the man."

"Consider it an offer of an olive branch. Hell, the whole damned tree. I don't need to be distracted by things like the problems with our Potions master when I'm worried about defeating tall, dark, and ugly."

At nine AM, the two of them entered the headmaster's office to find the two professors waiting for them. "Excellent," Harry said. "Everyone we currently need is right here. Professor Snape? What is involved with the Dark Mark on your arm? I know that he can contact you through it, and do other things as well. Any idea of the spells involved?"

"I have some idea. It is a variation on the *Morsmorde* spell that casts the mark over a house when the Death Eaters attack. Why do you ask?"

"I believe you when you say that you did what you did with the foetus for the reason you gave. I am not happy that it happened, but I have no doubts that you actually saved her life with that manoeuvre. I'd like to give you the chance to be free of old Snake-Lips. I want to study the possibility of removing the tattoo without killing you."

Snape looked at him in shock for a long moment. Finally, he opened his mouth and asked, "Why?"

"We aren't friends, sir, and I doubt that we ever will be. But I have my worries about Voldemort, and I really don't need to be distracted by you. If we

can at least bury the hatchet and our best not to annoy each other, then I can spend more time dealing directly with the Dark Arse."

Harry could see Snape fighting something, and smiled when the man actually snorted his laughter. "You seem to be doing well, being involved with my relative, not to mention Miss Granger. 'Snake Lips?' 'Tall, dark, and ugly?' 'The Dark Arse?' I find that I like the way you think, Mister Potter."

Harry kept the look of exultation from his face, but left the smile. "Is that supposed to be a compliment?" he asked cheekily, widening to a grin. He suddenly went serious. "Now, to be honest, we're not even sure if it's even possible to remove it, but I'd at least like to explore the possibility."

"May I assume that is the reason Miss Granger is here?" Albus Dumbledore asked.

"Exactly. The best researcher I've heard of. She rightfully belongs in Ravenclaw, with her brains. Which says something about her psychotic bravery, if you think about it," he said with a grin as she playfully swatted at him. "We get her the information, she and I, and whichever professors you deem trustworthy to be involved with the project, pore over the data and see what we can come up with. How many others would *like* to leave, but can't because of that damned mark?"

Snape and Dumbledore looked at Harry for a moment before smiling. "Agreed. We shall give this as great a priority as we can," Dumbledore said.

"I shall have to fight the desire to lessen your homework load while you work on this," Snape said with a very small laugh. He paused. "Actually, if I 'curse' you with a 'special project', I can exempt you from Potions homework for the duration." At their surprised looks, he smiled slightly. "Trust me when I say that I am only doing you a very slight favour. This will not be an easy project, from what I am aware of."

"I think it best we keep the group that knows as small as possible," the headmaster said. "Include one or two more people whom you think might be an asset to the research, but beyond that, let none others know."

"We have to tell Ron," Hermione said.

"No we don't," Harry said. "He's been talking about being treated as an adult, let's do so. Whether admitted or not, we're at war, and there's a phrase from World War Two that fits quite well – 'Loose lips sink ships.' If we explain that he simply does not have the skills needed for this, and for his own protection and ours we don't dare tell him, then we can see how he reacts. If he reacts with understanding, then I suggest he be offered membership in the Order. If he complains that he's being left out of the loop, then he's left out of the loop on sensitive matters." Harry frowned. "I don't like doing that to my very first friend my age, but this is war." He paused. "I'm willing to listen to his reasoning why he *does* have the necessary skills. Beyond that, though – he's not getting involved in this simply because he wants to be in on this."

"Let us assume that I have already given you the project, then. Begin your researches today, if possible."

"We'll be setting up our team today, most likely," Harry paused. "Are there any Slytherin that you would think we can trust?"

Snape sat back in his chair. "Think for a moment. Remember the dynamics within my house that are visible in the hallways. Who would you think are candidates?"

Harry closed his eyes and thought back to the Great Hall and the seating dynamics for the past five years. Opening his eyes, he said, "Daphne and Blaise. Malfoy's too stupid to keep his mouth shut about things, so he's fairly open about his connections. I don't think he's got the intelligence to keep a background crew that's loyal to him, but not obviously so."

"Well done, Mister Potter," Snape drawled. "Shall I ask for them, and then have them meet you someplace safe?"

"That would be a good idea. No one will question if the Head of Slytherin House asks to speak to two of his students. How about meeting in the Room of Requirement at five PM? That should give us some time to snog ... I mean, figure out who we're getting involved with this," Harry said with a grin.

"Excellent," Dumbledore said. "I would request to be kept up to date on this project as time progresses. Perhaps tonight after dinner, and every week at the same time, unless you find something you feel can't wait?" He paused. "My door will be open to you at all times of the day and night, and I do mean all times. However, I would request that if you are telling Mr. Filch that you are coming to my office, that you actually *do* come to my office, and not use it as an excuse to sneak through the castle after curfew."

Hermione grinned cheekily. "Oh, we have other methods for that, sir. If we use that reasoning, then here is where we're coming to."

Dumbledore laughed. "Then by all means get started." Harry and Hermione left the room, but Harry quickly poked his head back through the door. Before Harry could utter a sound, Albus smiled again and said, "Weasley Wizarding Wheezes." Harry grinned and his head disappeared.

#####

As Harry's head disappeared, the two professors looked at each other. Snape broke the silence first. "I find it odd, Albus. For the first time in many a year, I have hope for the eventual destruction of Voldemort, and it is due to a child whom I have detested since first I saw him." He saw the twinkle in Albus's eyes and said, "It might make you feel better, Albus, to say 'I told you so.'" He shook his head. "He has no reason to want to do this for me, yet he does anyway."

"It has finally struck him, through the closest personal tragedy that one can experience," Albus said, "that this truly is a war. Did you not feel the conviction from him? He has realized this, and has begun to accept it, and realize that if leader he must be, then leader he will be."

"He wears it well, blast him," Severus replied with a very slight chuckle.

#####

Harry and Hermione walked hand in hand outdoors. "Okay," Harry said, "We have us, potentially Blaise and Daphne, and two professors. What other students would you trust to work on something like this and not talk?"

"First thought? Ginny," Hermione answered. "She's good at keeping secrets. And a good mind when she sets to it. Beyond that? I think a Ravenclaw would be good to add to our group, and ... what's your opinion on Susan Bones?"

"Depends. In what way? Are we still talking on a research-slash-war footing? If so, then I can't really answer that – I don't really know, although she seems pretty good at her schoolwork."

"What other way might you be thinking, Harry?" Hermione asked archly.

He looked at her. "Harry, this is your foot," he finally said, grinning. "It is for walking on, not putting in your mouth."

Hermione laughed. "Yeah, I think she's kinda cute, too. I just wanted to pick on you a little bit."

He took her other hand and faced her. "I know, but I want to say this to you, and I'll say it to Tonks as well. Warning, I'm going to get poetic." He smiled and said, "Hermione, the love of *one* of you is a gift more precious than I deserve, but to have the love of both of you? There are no words to describe how perfect that is." He raised her left hand to his lips and kissed the ring on her finger. "I may think other girls are pretty, or wonder what this one or that one may look like in revealing clothes, but only two women drive my fantasies. I hold the hands of one of them right now, and the other is in St. Mungo's right now. I swear to you that you will never have a worry about my fidelity, beloved." Unexpectedly, a sparkle surrounded him and flowed outward. "Oh dear," he said, unconcerned. "I appear to have sworn a wizard's oath."

"Harry!" she squeaked in shock. "That's a very dangerous thing to do! What if ..."

"... what if I become somebody 'not me' and decide to sleep with Susan, or Daphne, or Draco? Then I deserve what the ensuing curse brings. I've sworn myself to you, Hermione, and to our sexy little Nymph. These rings prove it. I don't want anyone else."

"But what if you find ..." Hermione paused, and when she spoke again, her voice was quite small. "What if you find someone better?"

He snorted. "Why are you invoking gods, Hermione? It will take a goddess stepping down from wherever you originally came from to come close to having that happen."

"Wherever I ... Harry, I'm no goddess."

He pulled her to him, and wrapped his arms around her. "Yes, you are, Hermione. One of two goddesses of love and beauty who have decided to grace my life." His lips gently brushed hers, and he tried to make her feel the love he felt for her.

A mocking voice came from nearby. "Potty and his Mudblood. Couldn't find anything human, so you went in for bestiality?" he sneered.

He felt Hermione grip his arm, but he merely grinned. "Well, it's certainly better than you, Malfoy. You either have to date your hand, or have your daddy tie them down for you. You really think Pansy puts out willingly for you? She thinks it'll help her with her Dark Arse studies. I mean, if she can screw someone like you, then sleeping with Voldemort is going to be easy for her."

Draco Malfoy turned a shade of red that Harry had never heard a name for. He hadn't thought there was a less attractive colour for a person than puce, but Draco was managing it. He suddenly went for his wand, but before Crabbe and Goyle could do anything, Harry's hand shot out and impacted with Draco's nose, sending him back. The two goons were torn between helping Draco and attacking Harry, so they simply stood, trying to decide, which gave Harry time to get Hermione behind him. Before a decision could be made, Professor Snape stalked to the group.

"Malfoy! Get up and get to the hospital wing! Fifty points from Slytherin for provoking a fight!"

"But sir," came the response through Malfoy's hand as he tried to stop the bleeding from his nose. "Potter started it without provocation!"

"Another fifty points for lying to a professor!" bellowed Snape. "I saw the altercation from the front of the school. While I cannot possibly think why he was acting that way, I could tell from his posture that he was attempting to avoid a fight. While he may have said something verbally offensive, that is no excuse for drawing your wand on a fellow student! No go, before you earn more lost points, and a detention!" Draco took off, followed by Crabbe and Goyle. Snape turned to Harry and said, "Ten points from Gryffindor for resorting to violent means to conclude your meeting." He turned and started to walk back to the school, and then turned his head to look at the two of them. "Twenty points *for* Gryffindor for having the presence of mind *not* to draw a wand when provoked."

#####

It was midnight, and Harry carefully slipped down the stairs from his dormitory room under his invisibility cloak, carrying his wand, his Firebolt, and the Marauders Map. He carefully worked his way toward the Slytherin common room, and then carefully to Goyle's broom. He then began his revenge.

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Three For All

Chapter 7

Three For All – Chapter VII

“Did you hear what happened?” seemed to be the only thing Harry heard as he went to breakfast Monday morning.

“What happened?” Harry asked Susan Bones as she passed by asking the question.

“Apparently, while Hagrid was roaming the grounds last night, he found the remains of Goyle’s broom by the Whomping Willow,” she replied, blushing slightly. “It was one of those expensive ones, too – a Mercury Lightning. That’s gonna cost a lot to replace.”

“Well, he shouldn’t leave the thing down in the shed with the school brooms,” Harry replied.

“That’s the thing,” she said. “He’s swearing it was in his room with him.”

“Right,” replied Harry, his voice quite sarcastic. “Either he left it in the school broom shed, or someone in Slytherin House has it in for him. If it’s the latter, then I’d recommend he watch his back.” He smiled at her, causing her to blush even more. “Thanks for the info, Susan.”

He made his way to the Gryffindor table and sat down, shaking his head. It was getting louder over at the Slytherin table, and Malfoy finally stood and stalked over to Harry. “Potter, I know you had something to do with this! How did you get into Slytherin and steal Goyle’s broom? I know it was in his room last night!”

Harry got a sly smile on his face and replied in a voice that he knew would carry through the Great Hall, “Are you really sure you want to be admitting that you have intimate knowledge of Goyle’s ... uh, broom?”

“I saw it, you git! He spent some time polishing it!” Malfoy barked, not hearing the chuckles throughout the room.

“What an excellent friend you are, Draco, to offer to help him polish his ... uh, broom.” Harry was starting to smile at this point as the chuckles began to get louder.

Draco finally noticed this, and his face tried to take on the colour from the day before. “I am not a pouf, you bastard!” he screamed at Harry, unfortunately rather girlishly.

“Could have fooled me!” Dean said. “With how long you take on your hair? No straight man takes that long.”

Jaws dropped though when Blaise Zabini said in a loud voice, “If you’re not a pouf, Malfoy, then why won’t you take no for an answer?”

Draco looked as if he were about to explode, and he reached for his wand. Before his hand reached it, however, it flew to the head table and into the hand of Severus Snape. “I was forced to take points from my own house yesterday because of you, Mister Malfoy, and it appears that you have not listened to me. Fifty points from Slytherin for your obvious attempt to attack a fellow student, when it was quite obvious that they were doing nothing more than teasing.”

“That’s what you think,” Blaise said loud enough to be heard throughout the Great Hall.

“Indeed?” Snape asked, an eyebrow rising. “Interesting information to learn, I would say. As I was saying before, however – as well as the points, I am giving you a week’s worth of detention with me.” He looked to Harry. “If you could refrain from goading Mister Malfoy, Mister Potter, I would appreciate it.”

“My apologies, sir. It was just that he made it so easy. In all seriousness, though, I think he’s trying to pin blame on *me* for Goyle’s own carelessness. Either Goyle’s broom was in the school shed, and anyone could have taken it and fed it to the Willow, or someone in his own House has a problem with him, and the resources to steal a broom and get it out to the Willow without being seen. Goyle should just be glad that they were only after his broom. If they’d been trying to say something else, then it might have been Goyle fed to the Whomping Willow, and none of us want that.” He met Draco’s eyes, and the pale student widened his eyes as he understood what Harry was actually saying. “Again, Professor, I apologize. I even apologize to Draco for taunting him.”

“Save it, Potty,” snarled the Slytherin. He stalked back over to the Slytherin table, looking daggers at Blaise, who seemed supremely unconcerned.

In a nearly perfect New York City Bronx accent, Hermione said quietly, “Nice henchman youse got dere. Be a shame if somethin’ was to happen to him.” The people nearby at the table laughed.

When Harry had stopped laughing, he said, “Bit of a chance that Zab ... Blaise is taking there.”

“Not really,” Hermione said. “There’s an in-house rivalry for control of the House. Malfoy’s had it sealed up for years. You just gave Blaise a chance to drive a wedge in, and assert some control of his own. And trust me – you want Blaise in control of Slytherin House, not Malfoy.”

“When did you start paying attention to Slytherin politics?” Ron asked around a roll.

“Ever since I got called a Mudblood in second year. Never really saw a way of affecting them before, so I kept the information to myself. But now with Blaise”

"Should I be jealous?" Harry asked with a smile, his eyes twinkling.

"Should I?" she asked with a laugh. "Susan was blushing like crazy while you were talking to her."

"I have no idea why, to be honest," Harry said.

"Remember the Gryffindor fountain on our first day after Tonks? Every girl in the school has heard about how you ate my knickers." She grinned for just a moment. "I think she was wondering if you'd like the taste of *her* knickers."

Harry snorted and started breakfast. "Not likely. Cute as she is, I've got my hands full," he said as he tucked in.

#####

November was an interesting month all around. Between Blaise's attempts to take over leadership of Slytherin, which appeared to be working since the rumours of Draco's sexual inclinations were spreading slowly, and the continued work on The Project, as all involved called it, Harry's time was taken.

Harry had been avoiding doing anything to Draco, quite honestly, because he couldn't trust himself not to go too far, especially once Tonks became a regular visitor to the school. After the attack, she had been assigned a desk job, and word had come through trusted Aurors about The Project. She was assigned to the school, officially as an investigator of some of the incidents that had been happening recently, such as the destruction of a broom. This would normally have escaped the notice of the Department of Magic Law Enforcement, except that the broom belonged to the son of a minor Ministry official, and Cornelius Fudge wanted it checked out. So it was that Tonks was sent to check out the destruction of Gregory Goyle's Mercury Lightning.

She became involved with The Project, and had helped aim their researches. "Harry," she told him one day after the meeting had broken, leaving just her, Hermione and Harry in the Room of Requirement, "I love you more every time I learn something else you've done. You can't stand Severus, and yet you do this for him."

"Part of it, my little Nymph," he said, kissing her hand, "is that he ... he hated his part in what was done to you. He brewed the potion knowing that without it, they'd likely do something with our son. He quite likely saved your life. Even if he hates me, he did this. So, I have to do something to try to save his life. Not a real wizard's life debt – just a debt of honour."

She sat down on his lap and kissed him thoroughly. When the kiss broke, Harry found that the room had changed. It was now a romantic setting, with a large bed prominently in the middle. "I'm sorry ..." he started to say. "My subconscious"

"... would not trump my conscious mind," Tonks finished. "This room is exactly the way I want it to look, Harry. I love you, and I'm willing to try making love to you again." A fire gently burst into existence in the fireplace.

He held her close, finding her shivering slightly. "Nymph, you don't need to do this, you know. I still love you, and if you're scared ..."

"... then I'll stay scared until I confront my fears." She disengaged from him and slowly began to undress. He wanted to help, but somehow knew that this had to be her – knowing that she had full control of the situation.

Soon, she was nude before him, and he felt himself reacting as he always did when he thought about her nude. "Thank you, Harry. Thank you for still finding me attractive."

"That's an understatement, beloved. I'd like to ravish you, your body gets me so worked up. But what I will do is ask you to undress me. This is at your pace, and I do nothing unless you request it, even if it causes me certain bodily pains later on." He blushed slightly.

Tears came to her eyes, and she stepped forward, gently undoing his shirt and peeling it off before shaking hands reached for his trousers. He gently brushed his thumbs across her cheeks, and then gently slid down to her breasts and tickled her nipples slightly. "Harry," she moaned.

"You don't have to do this, Tonks. If you're not ready yet, then we wait." He pulled her close enough that he could feel the rapid hammering of her heartbeat. "I was serious when I visited you in the hospital. If being with one of the two women who give my life meaning requires that I live as a woman" He punctuated his statement by closing his eyes and performing the morph he had practiced so many times from curiosity, transforming into what he thought he would have looked like as a girl his age. In a pleasant voice he didn't realize was sexier than he'd intended he said, "To stay with you, Tonks, I'll live life as a woman if I have to."

Hermione's eyes were wide. "Harry, did you intend to make a female form so, um, sexy?" She was biting her lower lip.

"Actually, I just sort of meditated on it. Knowing what I've learned about Muggle science, I just imagined all my Y chromosomes becoming X chromosomes. Opened my eyes to find my clothes fitting interestingly. Bumps in places I'm not used to having bumps," he laughed. He blushed furiously as he said, "Also found out why you girls go so crazy when I touch you in certain places."

Tonks looked at him, tears in her eyes. "Maybe when you spend Christmas with me, you can see how long you can hold the female form, but" She bit back a small sob. "Please be male for me, Harry. You're proving that all men aren't like the Malfoys. You won't rape me, and if I don't face it now, I may never face it."

He, or perhaps she, got a solemn look shifting back to his birth form. Tonks stood straighter and reached down to gently undo his trousers. As she pulled them down, she chuckled. "Oh yes, *there's* that familiar tingle"

#####

It was some time later when there was a knock at the door. Hermione had just finished dressing. "Ah, Miss Granger," came the voice of Professor Dumbledore through the slight opening. "May I please enter? I need to speak with both Harry and Nymphadora." The door opened once both were properly dressed. He entered with a smile. "I can not put into words how happy I am to see you smiling right now, Nymphadora."

"It's all his fault, sir," she said with a laugh. "I just couldn't be ugly about things with him around."

"Excellent news." He turned to Harry. "What can you tell me of the project so far?"

"It looks to me, sir, as if we've just about reached a danger point. We need to capture a few Death Eaters and use them as test subjects for the potential process."

"Why not use Professor Snape?" Dumbledore asked.

"Because there's only one of him, and it might be fatal. It might sound horrible, but I'd rather use someone who's already decided they're expendable by knowingly serving a creature who may murder them at the drop of a hat." He shook his head. "I hate what this war is turning me into." He looked back up at Dumbledore. "I don't believe that the process requires the willing assistance of the person having the Mark removed. Get me Crabbe, Goyle, MacNair, and all the Malfoys. I'll practice on them." His eyes blazed. "The ferret gets a special revenge." He looked to Tonks.

"I find it interesting that you are worried about Severus's health," Dumbledore said, attempting to bring the conversation back, away from thoughts of revenge.

"Look, we're not friends, and I doubt we ever will be.. That doesn't mean I actively want him dead. Well, not anymore. He helps out against Moldieshort, but I'm sure he wants free. If we develop a method of removing the Mark without killing the person, then we can offer him the chance. I'll have to make it easier for him to work with Moldie if he knows that he can leave when he wants to."

Harry heard a sniff from both ladies. "And that, Albus, is why I'm a whole woman again," Tonks said, wiping a tear away. "He cares, pure and simple. He has every reason to hate my 'cousin', but he's trying to give him a chance to escape."

"He cares, which is why we will win," Dumbledore said quietly. "And I strongly believe that we will win with Harry still around to enjoy the fruits of his victory."

Hermione looked a bit unhappy. "Do you really think we're at a point where we should start testing it? I'd prefer to keep working until it's a much lower chance of fatality."

"I love the Healer in you, Hermione, but I really do think we're at a point where we have to start testing. People are going to die in this war, and I'd prefer it to be the bastards who work for that vile son of a bitch." He paused, an evil grin on his face. "I have a few ideas for the youngest Malfoy. He's undoubtedly got that tattoo now, so I think removing it from him once the process is non-fatal, and then sending Snape to tell Moldie that *Draco* is trying to play both sides should lead to some interesting things."

Tonks looked at him for a long moment before saying quietly, "Harry, which one of us was raped?" He looked up at her, puzzled. "I have been listening to you since I got here. The bit with Goyle's broom, and giving the warning that it'll be Goyle next time. Mind you, that was actually due to the Quidditch situation, but still. The increasingly inventive and painful tortures you have planned for Draco." She took a deep breath. "Don't you think that I'm the one who should be planning these?" She hugged herself. "I can't say as I've really forgiven Severus, either, although I'm getting there, so I agree with leaving him out of the revenge schemes. But Harry – when do I get a say in what to do against my attackers?"

He looked at her in shock for a few moments before finally blushing. "I'm sorry, Tonks. You're right. I'll work on that." He looked up at the clock that had suddenly appeared in the room. "I think that dinner might be a good idea. Shall we four head down?" He ushered them from the room, carefully pulling the door shut behind him. "Thank you," he whispered to the room.

#####

As December loomed merely a week away, life seemed to return to a semblance of what might be called normal. Draco was still fighting a political battle within Slytherin, but Harry no longer was 'gifting him' with the sly looks and attempts at unnerving him, so he began a return to his prior arrogance.

Finally, Hermione's curiosity got the better of her. "Harry? What happened? Draco had gotten to a point where he didn't dare turn around, and now he's back to his old tricks. Why did you stop?"

"It's not my right," he said simply. "I was taking revenge for something that I have no real say in."

"Where'd you get that idea from?" she asked, bewildered.

"Nymph," he answered simply, returning to his essay for Transfiguration.

She looked at him for a long moment before getting up and heading out through the portrait hole. She returned about fifteen minutes later with Tonks, just as Harry was finishing the essay. "Hey Tonks!" he said cheerfully. "What brings you here? Oh Hermione? Mind looking over my essay? I'll trust it better if you look it over."

It was the frown on both women's faces that got him worried. "What? What did I do wrong this time?"

"Interesting reaction," Tonks said quietly. "Where did it come from?"

"Simple. Second year – Heir of Slytherin – Harry speaks Parseltongue – must be Harry. Fourth year – Harry's name came up out of the Goblet of Fire – he must have found a way around the age line, and he's lying if he says otherwise. Only Hermione believed me. Last year – I'm utterly bugfuck – just read the Prophet! So, it's time for something else. It may or may not actually be my fault this time. And with Hermione's look at me, I'm betting that it really *is* something I did wrong." He paused for a moment. "Actually, I probably screwed up concerning Malfoy again."

Hermione blanched. "Oh, Harry!" she breathed.

"Why don't we go somewhere a bit more private?" he asked. "If we're going to talk about what I think we are, then the whole Tower doesn't need to hear it." He carefully put his things in his bag and carried it upstairs to his room. Coming back down, he headed to the portrait hole. "Shall we?"

They walked quietly to her office, and both women noticed his demeanour. It was an aura of quiet acceptance. When they got inside, Tonks turned to him. "What's up, Harry? You walked down here as if ... I don't know. You're sure you screwed up, and you accept it. That's a weird attitude to have, you know."

He shrugged. "Maybe. I'm wrong so often, though, that I'm used to it by now. I'm just hoping to learn from it before I end up killing more people. Sirius is dead because I couldn't admit that I might be wrong. I've accepted that he's dead, and that if I'd listened to Hermione, he might be alive. That's why I'm listening now. I said something wrong in the common room concerning Draco Malfoy, and that's why you two want to talk to me. I'm going to listen this time, love," he said, looking to Hermione. He was surprised by the tears in her eyes.

"What was said in the common room?" Tonks asked quietly.

"She'd asked why I'd stopped my campaign of psychological terror on Malfoy, and I pointed out that I had rightfully been told by you that it simply wasn't my place. So I backed off." He shrugged again. "I don't see where the problem is, to be honest."

"When did I tell you that it wasn't your place?" Tonks asked, puzzled.

"You reminded me that I wasn't the one raped. I'd been planning on doing any number of things that were rightfully yours to do. You reminded me that it was your place to plan them, not me. That reminded me that it wasn't my place to screw with Malfoy's head. I wasn't the victim here. You were. It's not my place to get angry – it's not my right. So I backed off like you wanted me to."

Tonks deflated. "I was just talking about making all the decisions about what was going to be done with the rapists. You had decided what was going to happen, but never asked me. You have every right to be angry."

"It wasn't me they raped, Nymph," he said seriously. "Was I the one tied down to that table and repeatedly violated? No. I have no rights to be angry in this matter."

Hermione spoke quietly. "You love her. That gives you every right to be angry."

"Why now? Why am I only now permitted to be angry? Because I love her? Why wasn't being angry with Ron permitted when he betrayed me two years ago? Why is being angry at Dumbledore for not telling me the truth wrong? Why am I not permitted to be angry for the years of abuse that I suffered at the hands of the Dursleys? 'We did it for the best of reasons' was the reason I was given, but it was obvious that I wasn't supposed to be angry about it. If it's wrong for me to be angry when those things happen, then I have no right to be angry when this happens. The fate of the world doesn't rest on this situation. If being mad then was wrong, then it's wrong this time." His tone was surprisingly even, as if he believed that this was the proper way things should be.

"Who told you that you couldn't be mad at Ron?" Tonks asked, bewildered. "Given what I heard, I'm surprised you forgave him at all."

Hermione sniffed. "That one is my fault. I just knew how good friends they were, and didn't want them to lose that. I made him feel that his anger was wrong."

He shrugged. "Anger solves nothing. I went overboard on that thing with Goyle. I really ought to buy him a new broom to replace the one I destroyed. Yeah, I know his father already did that, but ..."

"Harry," Hermione said hotly, "he intentionally struck Ginny with a bat. If you didn't get angry, there'd be something wrong with you. You had every right to be angry with him, and I think you got a very important message across. All of Slytherin knows you did that, but they can't prove it."

"Back to the thing we really need to talk about," Tonks said. "Harry, you love me, right?"

"Yes," he said simply. "You give my life meaning, the same way Hermione does. Why?"

"Then you have every right to be angry at what was done to me. It affects you, because it affects me."

"No. Anger is a bad emotion, and I shouldn't fall prey to it, even if I do all the time. I need to control it, and stop it. It's usually because I'm afraid of something." He paused, frowning. "Fear is the path to the dark side. Fear leads to anger. Anger leads to hate. Hate leads to suffering. That's the route Voldemort took. I won't."

"Harry, I hope you didn't come up with that series of connections on your own, because that is one of the stupidest things I've ever heard!" Hermione cried out. "Are you allowed to be jealous? Whoops, that's a negative emotion – can't have that. Can you be depressed? Not allowed – it's negative, and might lead to something else normal!" She walked over to the wall, breathing heavily for a moment. "This is the Dursleys fault, isn't it? Teaching you that getting angry at them was a bad thing, so you internalised it. When are you allowed to be human, Harry?"

"I don't know!" he yelled back. "Everyone has been teaching me my whole life that every decision I make is wrong. I never wanted to return to the

Dursleys, but I was wrong, because I needed their protection. Getting angry at them was wrong, because it earned me a beating with a brush, or a belt, or a frying pan. Getting angry at the teachers here is wrong, because none of them ever does anything against the rules – it says so in the handbook! Getting mad at your fellow students is wrong, because you need to keep unity amongst the student body. Mind you, it's all right if they hate me, but since I'm the bloody Golden Boy, that arrow does *not* point in the opposite direction as well. If being angry and acting on it has been wrong all this time, then it sure as hell is wrong now!" He took a deep breath. "And now I'm getting angry again. I'm sorry. Let me go back to the common room. I'll calm down by the time I reach there."

"Harry" Tonks began.

"I understand what you're trying to say, Nymph, but you were right. I simply don't have the right to be angry over what was done to you. I wish I could go back and take your place instead, but that's just not doable." He shrugged. "I'll see you ladies in a while." Harry exited her office and headed back to Gryffindor Tower.

#####

Tonks wasted no time in grabbing Hermione and stalking to Dumbledore's office. "Sir, we have a situation with Harry, and it's damned well going to destroy him unless you fix it."

"What is wrong?"

"We need the Pensieve, and you need to watch both Hermione's and my memories for the last half hour or so."

Roughly thirty minutes later, after watching Hermione's memories, he looked to Fawkes and scribbled a note, which the phoenix took in his beak before flying away. He returned a short time later. Harry appeared just a few minutes behind.

Before anyone else could speak, Harry said, "Since this is apparently yet another time I'm wrong, can I ask for someone to give me a written set of rules when it is permissible to be angry? Apparently, I was supposed to be angry with Ron when the whole Goblet of Fire fiasco happened, but only after the fact. I'm allowed to be angry at the Dursleys, apparently, but only now that I no longer live with them. I can assume that my anger at you, sir, will become justified once I've left school. Can I please be told the formula for when anger becomes justifiable? I'm apparently allowed to be angry at what happened to Tonks now, but it wasn't right a week or so ago, when we talked in the Room of Requirement." He sighed and sat heavily in a chair. "Can I at least ask for a bloody scorecard?"

"Anger is a natural emotion, Harry," Albus said. "One can not help but feel it."

"Yes, but every time I have, it's been deemed wrong. I can't get angry at the things Professor Snape has done over the last five years, because he's a teacher, and every removal of points is justifiable. I assume that the teacher's handbook states that. The fact that you allow it to happen to Gryffindor on a regular basis leads me to believe that you condone it. The only reason I'm working on The Project is because I don't need him distracting me. He hates me, and when I get out of school, I suppose then I'll be permitted to hate him, rather than the respect that is required of me. He's no idiot – he's nicer to me now because of The Project. I still have to call him Professor, although he's never done anything to me to deserve the respect – from day one he's denigrated and belittled me because I had the misfortune to have the last name Potter. When everything for literally as long as I can remember teaches me that getting angry is wrong, why am I suddenly supposed to be allowed to get angry at Tonks's rape?"

"Is it just another ploy to get me to do what you need in order to defeat Voldemort?" he asked simply. He stood and began pacing with nervous energy.

Dumbledore sat back heavily. "I am at a loss as to how to proceed. Everything I say will seem as if I am trying to aim you in a given direction."

"This is my fault," Tonks said heavily. "He didn't snap to this attitude until I mistakenly told him that I should be planning the revenge, not him. I'd meant that I wanted to be involved with it, but I phrased it that *he* had no right to be involved."

"We're *all* at fault," Hermione said. "Whenever he's been angry, rather than try to discover why, we tried to head it off. We all taught him that he shouldn't be a human being. Harry, you have a right to be angry. Be angry at the way things have been. Be angry at us for daring to tell you that you *don't* have a right to be angry. Know that you have every right to be angry at the people who caused your son to be killed."

Harry simply did not know how to react. He *wanted* to be angry, but he'd been told so many times that being angry was wrong. "What do I do?" he asked plaintively.

"Let yourself feel, Harry," Dumbledore said simply. "I give no other advice than that. Feel, and accept what you feel is right, no matter what."

He looked to Tonks, and then to Hermione, both who had tears in their eyes. "I want to be angry, but I've been told so many times" He sat down again in the chair, and put his head in his hands. "I want to be angry. I want to hate them. I want to kill them all slowly and painfully for what they did to my beautiful Nymph – for making her feel that way. I want them to suffer, dammit!" He started to shake slightly as tears began to flow. "I want to hurt them the way they hurt us." He shook himself slightly, forbidding himself to cry and looked up, allowing the anger to show, and it scared the group slightly.

"If it's all right to feel angry, then Draco's getting the treatment again. Should get him plenty confused. I can even make it seem like this was part of the whole plan." He looked over at Tonks. "You'll be part of the revenge, as you say. After all, it was your body they violated. I request the right to go back to plotting, though. Final say is yours, though."

She blinked at him for a moment, and then nodded. "Feel free to plot again, but no final action against them unless I agree."

He nodded. "Unless it's a 'get him now, or lose the chance' kind of thing, okay?" She thought for a moment before nodding. "Now, should we get back to plotting how to capture some Death Eaters for experimentation purposes?"

<<< Chapter 6 Chapter 8 >>>

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Three For All

Chapter 8

Three For All – Chapter VIII

Tonks watched Harry over the next week, and became more worried. Finally, shortly before the term was to end, she pulled him aside. “Harry, can we talk for a little while?”

He followed her out by the lake, joined by Hermione when she saw the two of them. Finally, down by the place that they loved to go on a regular basis, Tonks stopped and turned to Harry. “You may have cured my physical clumsiness, Harry, but now it seems to have gone verbal. I need to talk to you about something, and I don’t know how.”

His face went white. “You’re ... you’re not ending things with me, are you?” His voice was smaller than she could have imagined coming from him.

“Oh! No, Harry! I’m going to be with you for as long as you’ll have me!” She hugged him tightly. “Goddess, Harry – I am so sorry for making you think ... can you forgive me?”

He laughed brightly. “Now that I know you’re not breaking up with me, I’m not worried. I can handle anything else. Nothing to forgive.”

She bit her lower lip. “I need to talk to you about your anger, Harry. It’s too much. You need to tone it back. It’s all right to be mad, but ... you’re going to burst something, Harry,” she finished with a sniff.

“You need to find a happy medium somewhere, Harry,” Hermione said. “Your anger is colouring everything. Even people in Gryffindor are worrying about you. They don’t know about what happened to our Tonks, but they know you’re about ready to kill someone.”

Tonks frowned for a bit. “I am *not* telling you not to be angry – we’ve made that mistake before. Find a way to calm down a bit, though.”

“I really ...” he started to say. “I’m not sure exactly what you’re saying, other than that it sounds like you’re telling me to be angry and not angry at the same time.”

“No ...” Hermione said, frowning. Her expression made it plain to Harry that she was trying very hard to come up with the words to explain exactly what she and Tonks were thinking.

“A-ha!” Tonks said with a slightly nervous laugh. “Got it! How fast does your Firebolt go, Harry?”

“Don’t know,” he said, confused at the abrupt segue in the conversation. “Never really got it up to its top speed. At least, not when anyone was watching,” he laughed. “I’ve been told that it can reach about 300 kilometres per hour – uh, around 180 miles per hour,” he corrected, at Tonks confused look. “My fastest on the pitch is a bit over half that speed. I do about 100 miles per hour during a game.”

“Why don’t you take it flat out?” Tonks asked him. “You’d catch the Snitch in no time!”

“Are you kidding? I’d be unable to steer! No real control at that speed. I don’t even dare burst to that kind of speed for too long. If I need to make a sudden turn at a speed like that, I’m likely to be eating whatever I was avoiding, assuming I survived the collision. The speeds I do during a game are faster than anyone else, but I’m dealing with a broom with good control. If I take it beyond safe limits, then I’m just screwed.”

She smiled at him. “Harry? Your anger is your broom. Right now, you’re on the pitch, chasing the Snitch at 180 miles per hour. You need to slow the broom down, Harry, without stopping completely. That’s the only way you can safely win the game.”

He blinked at her for a long moment as the concept percolated through his brain. After a moment, he turned to Hermione and stuck his tongue out. “See? Ron and I told you Quidditch was good for something! I’ve just learned a life lesson because of it!” He laughed and turned back to Tonks. “I’ll try, Nymph. Now that I have a model that makes sense, I’ll do my best to control my anger without squashing it completely.”

“Besides,” Hermione said, “being coldly angry around Malfoy is far scarier than the obvious ‘I’m gonna throw you to the Willow’ attitude you’ve had recently.”

He laughed again. “We need to work on the Malfoy campaign, you know. I’ve sort of left Blaise to fight it himself.”

Hermione looked skyward, perhaps a little *too* innocently. “Sorry, Harry, but I’ve been working along those lines, quietly. I’ve got one campaign ready for as soon as we get back from the winter break.” She paused. “Where are you spending it? Here?”

He looked to Tonks and blushed. “I’d like to spend it at home, if Tonks doesn’t mind.”

Tonks looked bewildered for a moment. “Home? Didn’t you leave ...” The penny finally dropped, and she blushed furiously and quite demurely. “You’ve taken to thinking of my apartment as home?”

“It’s where you live, isn’t it?” he said, smiling. “Right now, Hogwarts is home, because both of you are here. When the break comes, home will probably be in two places – where you are, and where Hermione is. Since I doubt her parents would be entirely happy with me moving in with them for the break, I was hoping you’d let me come be with you.”

Tonks leaned forward and gently brushed her lips across his. “If you feel that my apartment is home, then of course you should come home for the winter break.” She sniffed, and looked the most content Harry had seen her in weeks, as if all was finally perfect with the world.

#####

Winter break finally arrived, and Hermione headed with Harry and Tonks to Hogsmeade. "I wrote to my parents," she said. "If Tonks doesn't mind, I'll come visit her on Boxing Day, and stay until it's time to return to school."

Tonks pulled her into a hug and brushed her lips across her neck. "We'll wait until then to give gifts," she said, loud enough for Harry to hear.

"You're evil, Tonks," Hermione laughed. "You do that to me, and then expect me to go home and act naturally? 'Oh yeah, Mum, I'm okay. I'm just distracted thinking about my lesbian lover.' Her head exploding would definitely make the Beeb, if not the Prophet."

Harry looked worried. "She won't have a problem with Tonks, will she?"

"I doubt it. I just think she expected me to have a nice normal boyfriend, not someone who has to save the world. And I really doubt she expects me to be sleeping with another woman, no matter how sexy that woman is." Tonks blushed prettily. The three of them climbed aboard the train and found a cabin.

The ride back to London was enjoyable, and they were joined at one point by Ron, who had Luna with him. She seemed to have a death grip on his hand, but if he minded, he certainly wasn't showing it. They sat down, Luna almost in Ron's lap. Harry couldn't stop smiling at the sight.

"Mate?" Ron asked after a few minutes. "I'm probably saying the wrong thing, given my history, but – why are you smiling so much?"

"Look at us, Ron. I'm happily involved with not one, but *two* sexy women, and you seem to have captured one yourself. She certainly doesn't seem to be fighting to get away from you, at least. For the moment, we're happy. It's winter break, and I finally have somewhere I can call home to go to. At least for now, life is good."

"Harry, did you intend to call Luna sexy?" Hermione asked with a smile.

"I'm sixteen, and finally noticed girls," he laughed. "I'll spend my life with you, but I think it would be physically impossible for me to stop *looking* at least. You remember my comment about my fidelity, though."

Hermione frowned for a moment. "Yes, I do. Nymph, this crazy man swore a wizard's oath to remain faithful to us!"

"Harry!" Tonks said, frowning.

"I won't apologize for it, Nymph. Those rings you two wear state my intentions – when Hermione and I leave Hogwarts at the end of our seventh year, then you both will be receiving proper engagement rings from me, and we will begin planning our wedding. The only way another woman will be in my bed with me doing anything more than sleeping is if you two place her there. And I'm not even hinting that you should, because you two are more than enough for me, thank you very much." He reached out his hands and brushed their cheeks gently. "I don't think you've grasped how I feel about you. You both expect that I'll stay with you until I find somebody better, don't you?" They looked at each other for a moment, and he continued to speak. "It's not going to happen. I've been blessed with not one, but two beautiful women who love me. It'll have to be you getting rid of me, because the other way just won't happen."

He turned to Ron and Luna. "Ron, you be good to Luna. She's a friend, and you know how I defend my friends. If you hurt her on purpose, then I will deal with you." Ron nodded, smiling. "Luna, the same goes for you. Ron's my best mate – been my friend since I first started coming to Hogwarts. I love the guy, and if you hurt him, well, the same deal applies."

Luna climbed off Ron's lap and took Harry into a hug. "Thank you," she whispered in his ear. "Thank you for trusting me with something so precious."

"I think you ought to tell him that, too, you know?" Harry whispered back. "He needs to hear it from more than just his family and oldest friends." She released Harry from the hug and walked back over to Ron, whispering something in his ear. His jaw dropped, and he suddenly pulled her into a tight hug, his eyes suddenly shining, a large grin on his face.

Harry looked at Tonks about an hour before London and suddenly asked, "Is our plan still on for this break? My morph, that is?"

"I hadn't heard you call it off, and I think it's a good idea to see how long you can hold that form."

"Okay. Ron, is your family still doing the Christmas Eve party?" When Ron nodded, puzzled, Harry laughed. "They're going to get a bit of a surprise when Tonks and I show up."

"What are you doing?" Ron asked, intrigued.

"Oh no, that would spoil the surprise for you, my friend," Harry grinned at him. "Couldn't have that, could we?"

"Bugger," Ron said with a return grin.

#####

They entered the apartment, and Tonks almost immediately was out of her clothes. "As much as I've gotten used to clothes at Hogwarts, I still prefer nudity."

"Me too," said a voice that Tonks knew would cause most men to have a sudden redirection of their blood flow to points south. She turned to see

Harry, nude, and extremely female. She winced slightly as her nipples stiffened a little painfully.

"Gods, Harry, do you know what you're going to be doing to people at the Burrow?" she chuckled as she pulled the younger metamorph into an embrace.

"Same thing I'm doing to you?" Harry asked. "I can feel your heart pounding, my sexy little Nymph."

"Have you looked at yourself in the mirror?" Tonks asked.

"No." With a grin, Tonks led Harry to a full length mirror, and watching 'her' jaw drop at the sight made Tonks giggle. "Great Merlin! I've become wank material!" 'she' laughed. Turning to Tonks, 'she' said, "I really didn't plan this, you know. I just tried to become what I would have been if I'd been born a woman."

"Makes sense, if you think about it," Tonks said. "You're fucking hot as a man, so it kinda fits that all things being the same, you'd probably make a damned sexy woman. And you do."

"Hmm," Harry said. "I'll need a few things if I'm going to do this, Nymph. I'll need a wardrobe of my own, since I seem a smidgeon more endowed in the chest. I'll also need another name, since I really don't like the sound of Harriet."

"Mind hitting Lilli's place for some really sexy clothes?" Tonks asked. "We'll hit other places as well, to completely outfit you. Hmm, Gringott's. You'll need money. Tell you what, gorgeous. We'll get you into loose sweats, you'll become male again long enough to let the goblins know about this, and then we'll get you dressed as a woman." She paused. "Hmm, let's change your last name, too. Let's see, you mother's family apparently liked flower names, given that their daughters were Petunia and Lily. How about we rename you Blossom, and pick a new last name. Potter won't work, and Evans is too bloody obvious."

"How about Blossom Black?" 'she' asked. "I could be an illegitimate daughter of Sirius's. I've got the black hair like his. I may look like a Potter, but that can actually be passed over with a simple, 'I get that a lot.' I wish Hermione were here to help us on this."

"You really love her, don't you?" Tonks asked, pulling Harry close.

"I can't put it into words, Nymph, the way the two of you make me feel. I'm nothing when I'm by myself, trying to do things. But when I'm with you or her, I'm something. I mean something. I'm whole, and I believe that I'm *worth* something. After all, when not one, but two goddesses walk into your life and tell you that they've given you the most precious thing they have, their very hearts, well, to have earned something like that, I'll work forever to prove to myself that I'm worth that."

She sniffed. "You are worth it, Harry. I gave the most wonderful man I know my virginity. And even after I was attacked by those ... things, you still think I'm worth loving."

"You are worth loving. I wasn't lying, Tonks. If I have to, I will make this form my permanent one. To stay with the woman I love, I will live life as a woman." They kissed, 'Blossom' discovering that there were now things other than noses to get in the way. "I suppose we ought to head to Gringott's now, before we let it get too out of hand," she said in a particularly husky voice that made Tonks heart start to pound.

"Um, yeah," Tonks replied, shaking her head. She led her lover into the bedroom and quickly threw a velour running suit at her, as well as a T-shirt. "Throw these on, and we can buy whatever we need elsewhere. Knickers – definitely knickers," she murmured. She snorted. "Just curious – why a Brazilian cut for the pubic hair?"

"Don't know. Guess I was thinking there should be something down there, but I might want to wear something skimpy around you and not have hair peeking out from behind knickers. Is that what they call that rectangular cut?" Tonks nodded, giggling slightly. In short order, Tonks was dressed in casual clothes, and looked vaguely like an older sister to Blossom. "Let's go to Gringotts. I think I'll need a unisex cloak, one that covers my entire head if I bring the hood up. I can walk to the bank completely covered, and when I walk out I can be Blossom." A moment of concentration later and Harry stood before her again. "I think I like Blossom a lot. The only names that really come to mind were Lily and Petunia, then came things like Gardenia or Ivy. God forbid I take the name Hyacinth, and Rose is just too common. Maybe Sirius had a hand in naming his daughter, thinking of one of his best friends from school?" He blushed. "Besides, you came up with Blossom, so it's already a more favourable one in my mind, because you must think it's pretty to suggest it. So Blossom it is."

Tonks blushed prettily and they left the apartment after grabbing cloaks. A quick trip to Gringott's later, Harry had made the goblins aware of his ability and had added 'Blossom' to his account. (More precisely, he had made them aware that he was still Harry Potter when looking like that.) She had marvelled at how utterly beautiful Blossom was on the ride back. She was smiling widely, short hair flying wildly behind her, her cloak flapping in the wind, and the occasional laugh escaped her throat – a rather sexy sound, Tonks decided. When the cart had come to a stop, Tonks helped Blossom from the cart and pulled her into a clinch and kissed her rather thoroughly. "Sorry, but I just had to tell you how I felt watching you in that cart," she said. "You were so happy that it simply ... well, I had to kiss you."

Blossom laughed. "Beloved, if you think I'm going to complain about *any* reason you may have for kissing me, then I think you need to see a St. Mungo's healer. Shall we go do our shopping?"

Three hours later, Tonks had finished spending chunks of Harry's money on outfits for his Blossom form. Harry amusingly discovered that Mistress Lillibet was a member of the Order, and cleared to know who Blossom truly was.

The closet of the second room was immediately given over to house all the clothing that had been purchased. Tonks chuckled at the mild absurdity of the situation as she watched. Here was a drop-dead gorgeous woman in her apartment wearing nothing but skin, carefully hanging and folding what almost seemed to be an endless assortment of clothes. As the last of the dresses went onto the bar in the cupboard, Blossom turned to Tonks and said, "Are we staying in tonight, or eating out?"

With a lascivious grin she responded, “I was certainly hoping to eat out tonight.”

“Nymph!” came the startled response. The response was interesting, however – eminently female. Blossom’s nipples tightened and she bit her lower lip. “I promise you, you’ll get the chance,” came the husky reply. “I was talking food, though.”

“Oh, *food!*” Tonks said innocently. “We can go out somewhere if you’d like. My friends all know I’m bisexual, so they won’t think twice if they see me nuzzling a sexy woman like you. And people who sniff and look down their noses at us aren’t worth worrying about.” She looked at the clock. “Good point! It’s gotten late enough that I suppose we should find something to eat before we give that body of yours a proper test run. More precisely, your concentration.”

“This feels different than when I try to become Hermione or Ginny or Ron. That always feels like there’s a tiny low level fight to switch back to normal. This feels normal. I think it’s the way I made the change. I was trying to morph from me to me. I didn’t force it to be someone else, I asked it to be a different me.”

“Interesting way of looking at it. Maybe I can figure out how to do that and try being male. Usually it’s just a rearranging of things, no real conversion of gender.”

“Talk to Hermione when she gets here in a few days. I’ll bet she can find a way to describe it to you in wizarding terms, especially since she knows the Muggle science terms too.” Blossom shook her head. “It’s weird having to think differently. Trying to remember to think of myself as Blossom, and not Harry.” She headed into the second bedroom to put on some clothes.

<<< Chapter 7 Chapter 9 >>>

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Three For All

Chapter 9

Three For All – Chapter IX

Blossom awoke the next morning to an orgasm that made her grip the sheets tight enough to nearly tear the fabric. Finally coming to her senses, she looked down her body to see Tonks looking up at her from between her legs. "Hell of a way to wake up, eh?" Tonks asked with a grin.

"If you can promise me a wake up call like that every morning, I'm sold on being a woman," came the laughing, shaky reply. "Didn't you get enough last night?"

"Where you're concerned, either male or female, I can never get enough." She slid up Blossom's body. "Good morning, sleepyhead. We've only got a day or two more of shopping before Christmas comes, and we really ought to finish it up now. Besides, you're still just a little clumsy in this body. You need to learn to carry yourself better."

"It's this different centre of gravity thing," she said. "It feels lower in this body. That's throwing me just a bit." She kissed her Auror lover deeply. "But now you can make fun of me for *my* clumsiness, love."

"I've been there – I won't tease you for it." Tonks kissed her in return and then climbed languorously from the bed, making Blossom bite her lower lip.

"Oh my god are you sexy," she breathed. "Let's get up, fed, and out the door."

#####

As they came back in, each carrying a rather large bag filled with a great deal of merchandise, Blossom looked at Tonks and said, "I think I'll wear that red and gold velour number to the Weasley party tomorrow. I looked good in that."

"You'd look good in a burlap sack, girl," came the laughing reply. "You planning on making every man there drool?"

"Is it wrong to want to show off a little?" came the mock pout from Blossom.

"Don't do that pout at the Burrow, okay?"

"Why not?"

#####

"Oh Goddess, yes!" screamed Blossom into the still air of the room. "Don't stop, Nymph – don't stop!"

#####

"I must remember, no pouting at the party tonight, unless we want to put on a show," Blossom said with a blush. She put on her underwear – a lacy bra and matching thong, followed by sliding the crimson and gold dress over her head. It covered her from throat to knees, except for a point-down triangle that started at her shoulder-blades and dwindled to a point between her breasts, but did nothing to hide the curves beneath, hugging them like a well made sports car holds to a hairpin turn. It was mostly crimson in colour, with a gold quasi-triangle leading from a single point on her left shoulder and widening until it reached her right hip, where it was roughly eight inches top to bottom. As it went around her hip, it headed back up to her left shoulder, reversing its progress from the front.

She stepped into the matching crimson and gold shoes she'd bought from Tonks's favourite store. They were charmed to be comfortable even after wearing for twenty-four hours straight. She looked in the mirror and grinned at the sight staring back at her before grabbing the winter cloak she'd bought to go with so many of these outfits – a deep charcoal grey with white ermine fur trim and dyed mink lining.

"So, what do you think, Nymph?" she asked, stepping from the room.

"I want to see how many of the Weasley boys hit on you before they realize who you are. Goddess, you have no idea how devastatingly beautiful you are, do you?" Tonks asked breathlessly.

"No more than you do, beloved," she purred back. "Shall we head out to the Burrow?" Blossom shrank the packages down to a tiny size and placed them into a pocket in the cloak, then held out her hand to Tonks after ensuring that the decorative headband was covering the scar, which was the one thing this transformation hadn't gotten rid of. They'd sent a quick postal owl to Hermione the day before to warn her of their intended deception.

They appeared just outside the Burrow. Blossom's heart was pounding – she had no idea how well she could pull off this deception – so many people knew her as Harry, and might make the connection. The door opened to show Molly, dressed well, but looking just a smidgeon harried. "Tonks! Where's Harry? And who is your lovely friend?"

"Harry had something to do, so he'll be along a little later. He's safe, don't worry. There's an Auror with him. This is Blossom Black. She's – well, there's more than one reason we were always saying 'You dog, you!' to him." Blossom could see sparkles of humour in the family's eyes.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mrs. Weasley," Blossom said. "My father said many good things about you and your family."

"Please, Miss Black, call me Molly."

"Only if you agree to call me Blossom," she smiled back. She reached into the cloak pocket to remove the packages, and then pulled her wand from the same type of other-space pocket in her cleavage. She smiled to herself as she heard Charlie murmur, "Ruddy lucky wand." A moment later, the packages were full sized and the wand was back in its holder. She was slightly cruel and didn't put the wand in the way she originally had – she was slow enough to draw some small attention to the action, but fast enough to not be obvious. A quiet groan passed through the males in the room, almost below hearing level, as she finished.

The next to eldest Weasley child walked up purposefully. "Hello, Miss Black. I'm Charlie Weasley. It's fairly safe to say in this household that if you see red hair, it's probably a Weasley."

"If you promise to call me Blossom, then I'll call you Charlie, if you don't mind."

"Blossom it is, then. May I introduce you to the rest of the guests?" At her smiling nod, he took her arm and led her around the family room. "The one sitting on the couch is my youngest brother, being held down by his girlfriend, Luna Lovegood."

Ron looked up, freed a hand and shook Blossom's. "Pleased to meet you, Miss. I'd kiss your hand, but you might get the wrong idea," he said with a smile.

"More precisely," she responded, "you're worried that she might get the wrong idea?" she asked with a smile. "Please, call me Blossom." She looked around. "That goes for everyone. Please call me Blossom." She looked back down at Luna. "Your father runs *The Quibbler*, right?"

"Yes, he does," came the quiet reply. "I have no worries about Ronald. I know he loves me. I am pleased to meet you, Blossom. You feel like an old friend already." Her eyes twinkled merrily.

Charlie led her on to Bill, who was standing with Fleur Delacour. "Blossom, it is a pleasure to meet you," Fleur said with her thick French accent, and a slight undercurrent of malice.

"And you as well, Miss Delacour," Blossom said, eyes twinkling. She leaned in and whispered in the girl's ear. "Things are not what they seem. I'm not interested in Bill. Tonks and Hermione, yes. Bill, no." She pulled back. Bill bowed low over her hand, but quickly returned to Fleur's embrace as naturally as a river flows downstream.

"Ah, the infamous Weasley twins!" she said as she approached them. "As handsome as I expected!" Her eyes were twinkling with mirth.

"And you, dear lady, are equally as beautiful," Fred said.

"Well!" Blossom laughed. "I didn't expect to be insulted!" The twins looked at each other for just a moment, and then burst out laughing themselves. "I like her!" George said. "She's got our sense of humour!"

"No, she's got her father's sense of humour," Remus said from behind her. "I never knew he had a daughter."

"He was full of surprises," she replied, eyes still twinkling. "You would have to be Remus Lupin."

"Well, yes," he said with a smile. "I'm pleased to meet you, Blossom. When you have a chance, I'd like to talk to you."

"And I you, Professor," she replied. He looked up suddenly at her as she turned away.

A place was made for her on the couch, and she sat demurely, Hermione coming over to sit at her side, much to Charlie's chagrin. Tonks leaned over her shoulders and kissed her cheek. "So, Blossom," Charlie said, trying to get her attention back on himself, "where did you go to school?"

"Hogwarts," was the simple reply.

"I think I'd have remembered you if you were there when I was, and Bill never mentioned you, nor did the twins."

"Well, I did – heh – 'Blossom' only recently. I looked nothing like this at school." She heard a snort beside her, but when she looked at Hermione, the girl looked calm. "Oh, sorry. Blossom Black."

"Hermione Granger. So, which House did the Sorting Hat put you in?" Blossom could see the twinkle in Hermione's eyes.

"The Hat informed me that I would do quite well in Slytherin, unfortunately," she sighed.

"Really?" Charlie asked with interest. "You don't seem the type."

"That's the problem. When you think 'Slytherin' these days, everyone thinks of creatures like Voldemort." Everyone shivered. "Or maybe things like Lucius Malfoy, the slimy little bastard. No one thinks that you might have ambition, but ambition to do the right thing. Clear out the Ministry of Fudge and his boot-lickers. The real true measure of a Slytherin is ambition, not how low into evil you can drop."

"It's true," Hermione interjected. "One of the nicest people I know is Blaise Zabini, and he's a Slytherin in our year. His ambition is to clear out people like Fudge and make real peace with the goblins and centaurs. Make that Fountain at the Ministry a reality."

"Exactly," Blossom said. "I can support that kind of an idea."

"I'd like to serve dinner, but I want to wait for Harry," Molly said.

"Oh, don't hold dinner for him," Tonks said. "He'll understand. He didn't know how long he'd be, and I'm pretty sure he'd consider it a crime to let your cooking get cold. And since I'm an Auror, I'd have to do something about a crime like that," she grinned.

"Are you sure?" Molly worried.

"Trust Tonks on this," Hermione said. "If Harry discovered that he'd caused dinner to be ruined, then he'd be horrified. He'd appreciate what you were thinking, but he'd think that he ruined dinner." She grinned. "And while we're thinking about him, he'll be here in spirit until he's here physically."

Everyone was ushered to the magically elongated table, and Charlie jockeyed to sit near Blossom, while Tonks sat across from her, next to Hermione. Ginny sat on Blossom's other side. "Don't mind my brother Charlie too much," Ginny said. "This is the first time he's come across a dead sexy girl who's unattached."

"I appreciate the warning," Blossom laughed. "I don't mind the attention, but I won't promise anything. Besides, after he gets to know me, he might be horrified, for all I know." Her eyes sparkled with mirth, and she could see Hermione's jaw clench ever so slightly as she tried not to laugh.

The meal passed the way most meals did at the Weasleys – somewhat loudly, but definitely with the enjoyment of pleasant company obvious. Charlie worked very hard at being extremely charming, and Blossom was, in a way, touched. She knew he didn't know who she was, and he was hinting that he just might ask her out at some point in the future.

When the meal had finished, most everyone headed back out into the family space, but Blossom asked Remus Lupin to stay behind. "You intrigue me, Blossom. I feel I should know you, and I think I'd have recognized you if you were in one of my classes. Two years won't make *that* much difference."

"You'd be surprised how much difference a mere five minutes can make, Professor," she laughed.

"That's the second time you've called me that. I know you never took my classes. I'd remember you."

"Willing to lay a little wager on that?" she asked, eyes twinkling.

"Hmm, when you ask it that way, no. What do you have up your sleeves, Miss Black? Something tells me you inherited more than the name from him."

"Of that you can be sure. I want to tell someone, but you have to swear not to tell anyone else, all right?"

"Agreed. Marauder's Honour." At the quirked eyebrow, Remus said, "Amongst the Marauders that means something. And as a child of a Marauder, you qualify. I tell no one."

She pulled the wand and cast a strong Imperturbable Charm on the door. "Don't want the Extendable Ears of Fred and George's to pick this up." She reached up and pulled the headband up slightly, enough to show the scar. "Can't get rid of this little bastard in this form, damn it."

Remus's jaw dropped. "Harry?" he finally said. "But you're ..."

"The true child of a Marauder. Can you think of a more bizarre prank to pull on the Weasley's, while also seeing whether or not I might be a valuable asset to the Order at the same time? Who out there knows, other than Tonks and Hermione?"

"I don't think anyone does. Fred and George are stepping on their tongues trying to get close to you, and Charlie – well, you've noticed Charlie."

"Flattering, really. I won't lead him on too much longer, though. I just wish Professor Dumbledore were here for this. If not for his skill at Legilimency, I'd bet I could fool even him."

"Why'd you choose something so ... well, forgive me for saying this Harry, but that's a damned sexy form you're wearing right now." He blushed. "I don't believe that I just called the son of one of my best friends sexy," he laughed.

"Actually, Remus, this is apparently what I would look like if I had been born Harriet rather than Harry. I just closed my eyes and held the concept of being me, but female."

"Interesting. You might want to write a paper on that concept someday. You've gone farther already than any other metamorphmagus I've ever read about." He shook his head. "Well, we'd better get back out there before they start talking about us."

Blossom slid the headband back into place. "Should I rumple myself a bit?" she laughed as she ended the Imperturbable Charm. She grabbed the door and pulled it open quickly to find Fred, George, and Ginny tumbling into the room. "Ah, men throwing themselves at my feet! And women too, apparently! Father told me that I should get used to that." She laughed. "Get up, you lot. It was a private conversation between a Marauder and the child of a Marauder."

They looked properly abashed, but grinned nonetheless. Molly looked about to lay into them, but Blossom said, "Please. I can understand their curiosity, and I'm not offended." She headed back over to the couch and sat down, this time getting flanked by the twins.

"Just curious," she said after a minute. "I hope I'm not offending anyone, but I find myself wondering about this Harry Potter you all have talked about. How much of what the *Daily Prophet* says is true? Is he an unstable attention hound, or is Fudge doing everything he can to smear him? I won't be surprised to discover that it's the latter. Hell, if half of what I've heard about his life growing up is true, then I could even understand the former."

"Speaking as someone who has been taken in by the *Prophet* before," Molly said, blushing, "take any of the bad they've said about him and throw it out the window. Despite his upbringing, he is the sweetest, gentlest, and most loving young man I know. He's my adopted son, as far as I'm concerned. I just wish we could make it official."

"I'd trust him with Ginny," Bill said with a grin. "Ignoring the fact that she'd do ... untoward things to him if he tried something she didn't want, he wouldn't try anyway, from everything I've heard and seen of him. Might be damned tempted, and given the fact that she's a Weasley, who wouldn't be?" He chuckled, and for a moment struck a Gilderoy Lockheart pose. "But he'd never touch her unless she asked him to."

"And if Tonks and I gave him permission as well," Hermione said. "I've trusted him with my heart. That's all I need to say."

"I trust him with my life," Ron said simply. "I've given him more reasons than I like to think of to stop talking to me, and he still calls me his best mate. He calls you a friend, that's it. You've got to be ruddy stupid to break that bond. I'll tell you this, too. If it means my life to see to it that he defeats Vol ... damn, he's right, I'm going to say it – Vo..Voldemort! If it costs my life for him to defeat Voldemort, then it's a price I'll gladly pay. What's that quote? 'There is no greater love than for a man to lay down his life for his fellow man', or something like that? I love the bloke, pure and simple."

Blossom blinked, tears flowing freely. "Thank the gods for run-proof mascara," she sniffed. "That's beautiful."

"Maybe you'll get a chance to meet him tonight," Arthur said quietly. "You can make the decision for yourself."

Blossom chuckled. "Somehow, it feels like Harry is already here, the way you talk about him."

The conversation changed for a less charged atmosphere for a short time, and eventually they decided to play a party game. Before it could start, Blossom stood. "I have to admit something to you all here. I have played a prank that I like to think is worthy of the Marauders. I don't believe that anyone has been harmed by it, and if they have, I am most heartily sorry – that was never my intention. Now, I'll give ten Galleons to the first person who can tell me what the prank was that I pulled. There are three people exempt from this reward, but I'm not telling you who they are. Chances are, if you know who they are, you'll figure out the prank."

The crowd buzzed for a moment, and started to get up to look around, when Ron suddenly laughed. "My God you're a ruddy sneaky one, aren't you? Been staring us in the face the whole time! Would I be right in thinking that Tonks, Hermione, and Remus are the three that are exempt? Or is it three others – Harry?" Ron was looking straight at Blossom as he said it.

"Bravo!" Blossom exclaimed. "How did you figure it out, Ron?" she asked, peeling the headband off and exposing the scar.

"To be honest, it was your eyes. You have brilliant green eyes, chum, and they're kinda unique. And I'm betting I'm the only Weasley male who got above your neck 'cept Dad," he grinned, looking at Charlie.

Charlie's eyes were so wide that Blossom thought they might fall from his head. "You mean I've been ... I've been trying to ... oh my God!" he said, and then burst out laughing. He jumped to his feet and began applauding. "Weasley family, pranking runs in our blood. Had any of us been in school when the Marauders were, we probably would have either been in competition, or members. Harry, or should I say Blossom in this form, has proven himself a true child of the Marauders, and thereby proven that the only think missing from declaring him a Weasley is red hair. What say you, Weasleys? Is he – well, she – one of us?" The answering cheer brought tears to Blossom's eyes.

"Thank you," she sniffed. "That means more to me than anything else you could have given me." she sniffed a few more times. "Before Fred and George ask – yes, these are real," she said, hefting her chest. "I am about as female as you can get. All the parts seem to work that way, at least."

Arthur's eyes went wide. "A complete gender morph? That's incredible! I don't think it's ever been done before! Don't most cross gender attempts involve massive restructuring to look like the other gender?" he asked Tonks.

"That's how I've always done it," she replied. "I want to see if I can learn the trick. Especially since we're seeing how long he can hold this form – more precisely, this gender. He's already broken most records I know of – except mine, and if she's still female at the end of the night, she'll have that one too."

As they talked, Blossom went to her cloak and reached in, pulling out her money bag long enough to pull out ten Galleons. "Chum?" she said, walking back over. "You were the winner, so here's your money."

"I didn't think you were serious!" Ron said in surprise.

"I'm not! But I am his daughter!" she laughed. "At least, that's the cover story for this body."

"And trust me, Sirius would be proud to call you his child, especially after tonight," Remus laughed. "If you hadn't told me, I'd have wondered why you seemed so familiar."

"Well, I was trying to drop hints along the way. If you think back, I never actually lied to anyone. Until just a moment ago, I never said that Sirius was my father. I simply told you the last name, and let you make assumptions, and mentioning the Marauders meant that he had told me. I intentionally used the name Riddle likes to use, and called Remus 'Professor'. If I hadn't been meaning to tell you, I wouldn't have even done that."

"The hat really wanted to put you in Slytherin?" Charlie asked.

"Yup. Two words – well, four, really – explain why I'm a Gryffindor instead. Draco Malfoy. Ron Weasley. Malfoy made me think Slytherin was a bad place to be put, and Ron made me realize that since all Weasleys end up in Gryffindor, and we'd already become friends, well, I wanted to be where my only friend was." She took a deep breath, and chuckled as several of the Weasley boys shook their heads. "Shouldn't be thinking thoughts like

that about your friend Harry Potter?" she asked with a smile.

"When you look like that, it's really difficult to think of you as our favourite Quidditch Seeker, you know," Fred said.

"That's the idea, Fred," she replied. "Harry Potter is male. Just ask any of the girls in the unofficial fan club." Ginny blushed furiously. "Tonks took me to some clothiers who happen to be members of the Order, and that's where the headband idea came from." She grinned an evil grin. "Be glad I didn't wear one of the outfits from Lilibett's place." Tonks and Hermione snorted in unison, and the males all looked confused. "Remember what I was wearing on the Hogwarts Express? That leather outfit? Lilibett's Leathers sells stuff like that. Winter clothes, too. Stuff fits like a second skin." She grinned. "Even knowing the mind is Harry's, I'm betting that there are some interesting images running through some of your minds right now."

"Bad brain!" chuckled Charlie. "That's Harry you're undressing!" he laughed.

"Actually, I'd like it if people could get used to calling me Blossom in this form. Name might be a bit twee, but it's a tip to my Mum, since her parents liked flower names so much. Black – well, it's obvious who I'm paying homage to." She looked up at the clock. "We'll need to be getting home in a while – at least before midnight," she laughed.

"I have to admit that it's damned difficult to think of you as Harry inside that body," Charlie said.

"Then don't!" Tonks said. "Makes it easier for Blossom to react as Blossom, rather than as 'Harry as Blossom', if that makes sense."

"Problem is, if I forget that Blossom is Harry, then I'm quite likely to ask her out on a date," he laughed.

Hermione and Tonks looked at each other for a long moment before Tonks said, "What's stopping you? Afraid she'll say no?"

Blossom turned to face the women in her life, and walked over to them. "I swore fidelity to you two," she said extremely quietly.

"True. However, that being said, if we declare that we have no problem with you and a given person, then you aren't being unfaithful," Hermione said equally as quietly. "If you'd like to go out on a date with Charlie, we're both okay with it."

"It's the weird thing about this body – I had no interest in men as Harry, but Charlie's interest in me is making me tingle in a way you'll benefit from tonight when we get home, Nymph," she whispered. "I don't know what to do."

"You owe it to yourself to find out then, beloved," Tonks said. Hermione merely nodded with a happy smile.

"I am asking you straight out – do you want me to go on a date with Charlie if he asks me? I will admit that in *this* body, I am interested."

"If he asks you on a date," Hermione said, "then I say you should go out with him if the concept is a pleasant one for you." She held up her hand. "I love you, and I'll still expect that engagement ring after we leave Hogwarts."

"Do it," Tonks said. "And if you end up at his apartment and naked, I know I'm not going to hate you for it. I might ask you how he was, since I had a crush on him at Hogwarts, but that's as far as it'll go." She held up her ring. "I love you now, and I will love you then." She leaned forward and kissed Blossom rather thoroughly, enough so that Blossom was happy that she was wearing a brassiere, or else she'd be advertising much more obviously. Hermione took Blossom's face in her hands when Tonks was finished and repeated the performance.

She was breathing a little heavily when the girls were done with her. "Whoa. Oxygen starvation can be fun!" she finally laughed, getting a laugh from the Weasleys as well. She sat on the couch. A few moments later, Charlie sat down next to her.

"It's ... I don't know. Can I think about it a bit?" he asked a bit quietly.

Ron walked over. "Charlie? A bit of advice. That's one of my two best mates. If you hurt her, well, being a Weasley won't save you. Goes for you two as well, Fred and George. I see you over there thinking of ways to sabotage Charlie."

"Whoa," Blossom said. "I won't be the cause of family warfare."

"Nah," Fred and George replied. "We won't do anything. But when you've realized that Charlie's a prototype model, whereas we're ..."

Blossom grinned evilly. "By that logic, I should be dating either Ron or Ginny."

The twins looked at each other. "You're letting your inner Marauder out, we see," Fred finally said.

George grinned. "You do know the dangers involved in getting into a battle of wits with us, don't you?"

"Yeah, but I don't expect to humiliate you too badly," she replied with a bright laugh.

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The night ended with laughter, Tonks and Blossom eventually Apparating back to her apartment with all the Weasley gifts. "Don't be surprised if Hermione arrives with another package on Boxing Day," Tonks said. "I have a sneaking suspicion that Blossom is joining the list that gets Weasley jumpers."

"Do you really think she'll sit up all night making a jumper?" Blossom asked.

"This is Molly we're talking about, and she loves you. You tell me."

Blossom simply shook her head. "I may never understand that woman."

"Molly does everything out of love. It may end up being the wrong thing, but love is always the reason."

"Still not something I'm used to."

"Well, Hermione and I are going to do everything in our power to *get* you used to it. We love you as much as you love us." Tonks paused. "Will you go out with Charlie if he asks you for a date?"

"I just don't know, Nymph. I'm not used to looking at men and wondering what they look like wearing less clothes. I guess I'll burn that bridge when I get to it," she finished with a laugh. "Now, let's get undressed and give me a chance to give you one of my Christmas presents."

<<< Chapter 8 Chapter 10 >>>