

balance, catching her with a Stunner to the thigh. Kingsley had a Cushioning charm out a split second before she hit the ground, and he walked over to revive his partner.

“He got me?” Tonks grumbled, accepting the hand up. Kingsley nodded.

“He did.” He turned to Harry, clearly impressed. “You are not what I expected.”

Harry laughed. “I get that a lot. Are you alright, Tonks?”

“Oh, yeah, fine,” the auror waved him off. “Bloody hell, kid; you’ve got an arm on you! You sure you want to go into pro quidditch?”

“Professor McGonagall says the Auror Department has more rules than I’m capable of following,” Harry told her cheerfully, hearing Draco snicker in the background. “Besides, I think once the war is over I’ll be about done with fighting criminals.”

“That’s a shame; you’re better than our trainees,” Kingsley remarked. “Though honestly, that’s not difficult at the moment, considering the standards.” He grimaced, and Harry matched the expression; he could only imagine.

“If it helps, a lot of Hogwarts students have trained with me. Not quite at that level,” Harry added, gesturing vaguely to indicate the duel he’d just had, “but they’re good in a fight. So hopefully the auror ranks should swell in the next few years with some decent recruits.” Though, admittedly, Harry wasn’t sure how many of the HA members would trust the Ministry enough to apply.

In the corner, Tonks snorted. “Tell them to wait until Proudfoot’s been kicked; he’s an arse, and he hates people more competent than he is. Which is a pretty low bar, honestly.”

The faintest smirk flickered across Kingsley’s lips, and he didn’t say anything, which was as good as agreement.

With the first duel out of the way, Harry faced off against Kingsley. That was a much harder fight, which he ultimately lost — but only after eighteen minutes of hard duelling. “More than most people get against Kings,” Tonks complimented, patting her partner’s bicep.

Having seen the way they duelled against Harry, Draco was reluctant to step up, but with a little encouragement and a whispered promise that had the blond flushing faintly, Harry persuaded him to duel Tonks while Kingsley went over some tips with Harry.

“I had no idea Sirius and Remus were such ruthless duellists,” Kingsley remarked, when they were discussing some of the more morally dubious moves Harry had made. The Gryffindor tamped down a smile, imagining what the man might say if he revealed who his main instructor was.

“Sirius was raised a Black,” he pointed out instead, “use any advantage you can.” That wasn’t untrue — not all of Harry’s ruthlessness had come from Snape. Sirius and Remus were Marauders, and it showed when they got serious about duelling.