

Harry looked to Tonks, who wiggled his eyebrows in response. “Go on, kid. Show me around this *best place ever*.”

On their way out, Tonks squeezed his mother’s shoulder comfortingly. The pair of them stood in the grand entrance hall, and Harry looked around. “What do you want to see first?”

“What’s your favourite bit?” Tonks asked in return. Harry thought about it — he liked the quidditch pitch and the pool, but it was a bit cold outside for those, and he didn’t have his broom. With that in mind... “My room,” he said decisively. “And the library.”

“Lead the way, then,” Tonks declared grandly, flinging an arm out towards the staircase. “And tell me how you fell for my little cousin.”

Considering Harry had recently told the whole story to Ginny, it was remarkably easy to find his words. “He was an absolute stuck-up prat for the first two years of school,” he explained, giving context that Ginny had but Tonks wouldn’t. “Trying to be just like his father. But something changed in our third year... he started to learn to think for himself. And since I wasn’t under the compulsions, I started to see past the Slytherin tie.”

Harry led the way up the stairs, into the expansive library. “We met in secret, after curfew.”

“To snog?” Tonks asked gleefully, and Harry blushed.

“Not at first. We were friends through my third year. We’d just, y’know, talk. Play cards. He taught me a lot about the Wizengamot and pureblood stuff; things that Neville didn’t really know about, since his gran didn’t raise him in the traditional pureblood way. He came here on my birthday that summer and according to Sirius we were really obviously fancying each other, but we hadn’t figured it out yet. That didn’t change until I had to face a dragon in the first task.”

Tonks mock-swooned at the story of Harry and Draco’s first kiss, dramatically falling into an armchair. “Ah, young love,” he cried out, clutching his heart.

“Do I get to know about your secret boyfriend?” Harry asked teasingly. “Now that you know about mine?” Tonks’ letters had alluded to a romantic partner several times, but never given a name.

With how pale Tonks’ skin was today, it was easy to set him blushing. “If we’re dishing secrets, I suppose I’d better,” he sighed. “It’s Kingsley.”

Harry’s jaw dropped. “Kingsley Shacklebolt?”

“Don’t know any other Kingsleys, do you?” Tonks retorted. “Gotta keep it hushed up, though — technically he’s my superior, which makes the relationship not exactly up to auror regs. But with a face like that, I couldn’t help myself.” He was now the one looking lovestruck.

Harry tried to imagine it; the exuberant, clumsy junior auror with the staid, intimidating bald-headed man. It was certainly an interesting pairing.

He shrugged; no weirder than Remus and Snape.