

bed,” she continued, smiling wickedly. “Oh, I knew I loved you for a reason,” he declared vehemently. She stood, pressing against him in a steamy kiss, her braids tickling his neck.

“You get the cake,” she said, squeezing his backside. “I’ll meet you in the bedroom.”

His eyes trailed after her, too dazed to even think about following her instructions. In the doorway to their room, she paused, looked over her shoulder, then reached back and waved her hand to undo the buttons of her dress.

It fell to the floor with a soft thud. Angelina smirked. “Hurry up, then.”

In his haste to get to the bedroom, Fred almost impaled himself on a fork. Twice.

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One good thing about the Ministry being taken over by Voldemort was that Tonks and Kingsley no longer got stuck working alternate shifts. Or any shifts, really.

Sure, they kept busy — Kingsley was still working security for the muggle Prime Minister, as much as he could without drawing the Ministry’s attention for it. And then they had their work for the war effort; getting people safely into hiding, hunting down Death Eaters, doing what they could to stop the darkness from taking over before Harry even got the chance to face it. But they didn’t have to pretend they weren’t going home to the same place every night. Didn’t have to carefully check their schedules so no one realised they were spending their off days together.

Tonks could get used to life like that.

Valentine’s Day was something they’d never really done before. Something Tonks had never really done before, in all honesty. Not since Hogwarts, when it was just cards and chocolates and maybe flowers if someone was feeling really fancy. A trip down to the village, avoiding the god-awful display at Puddifoot’s, a bit of snogging and then life goes on.

He had thought, for a while, that perhaps they should go to some kind of effort for this one — get dressed up and go out, or do something. Since Sirius had introduced him to some of the muggle clubs he liked to go to, he’d gotten Kingsley into it, who turned out to enjoy it a hell of a lot more than Tonks thought he would. He’d considered making a night of it — dinner somewhere, clubbing, a whole muggle night out.

But honestly, they were both so fucking *tired* these days, it seemed like far too much effort.

Then Kingsley, the absolute god among men that he was, had picked up Chinese from the muggle takeaway down the road, brought it home and declared that they were going to eat it in bed like complete heathens, and then sleep for at least ten hours.

So they did. With bowls and take-away containers balanced precariously on their laps, they sat in bed in nothing but their pants and ate far too much Chinese food. It almost veered into dangerous territory when Kingsley spilled sweet and sour sauce on Tonks’ chest and decided to clean it up with his mouth, but there was still more food to be eaten — and then when all