

Now that he mentioned it, Harry couldn't recall seeing anything but water in Tonks' hand all night.

The auror blushed a furious red. "I just don't feel like it, alright," she defended. "I don't *have* to drink at parties."

"No, but you usually do," Charlie said, eyes narrowing at his best friend. "You're usually keeping pace with me. You didn't even get hurt, you've got no excuse!" Tonks went wide-eyed, her mouth opening and closing in soundless stutters. Suddenly, Charlie gasped. "Ohhh. *Fuck me!*" he yelped, much louder than intended, drawing the attention of half the room.

"Yes please," came Sirius' immediate response.

"Are you serious?" Charlie continued, ignoring his partner and staring wide-eyed at Tonks. "You're *not*. Are you—"

"Alright!" Tonks cried out, her purple hair turning red with the force of her blush. "Yes! Fine! You got me! I'm not drinking because I'm pregnant!"

Harry choked on his own drink. And then he heard a glass shatter.

All of them whipped around to see Kingsley Shacklebolt, previously mid-conversation with Amelia and Narcissa, staring with comically huge eyes in their direction, a growing puddle of beer on the floor where he'd dropped his glass in shock. "You're..."

"I'm pregnant," Tonks confirmed, quieter this time. "I was going to say something later. *Privately*. But these two idiots had to go and give the game away." She turned an annoyed glare on Sirius and Charlie.

Ignoring the splinters of glass in front of him, Kingsley strode over, not looking away from Tonks for a second. "You're pregnant," he echoed, once he was stood in front of her. His gaze dropped to her stomach. "There's..."

"There's a baby in there," she said, grinning tentatively. "Or at least, there will be, once it's grown a bit. I'm only ten weeks."

"You went into battle at ten weeks pregnant!" Mrs Weasley screeched as she hurried over, summoned by the talk of babies. "What were you thinking!"

"I was thinking I needed to give it every chance I could to make this world a place worth raising a child in!" Tonks defended. "I had a shield up. It was fine! It's fine. The baby's totally fine. Pomfrey checked." The last part was said to Kingsley again, who had gone ashen at the reminder of Tonks' presence on the battlefield.

"You should have told me. Before," he said. Tonks looked at him with challenge in her eyes.

"You would have made me stay in the castle," she argued. Kingsley didn't deny it.

"I didn't even know she was seeing anyone," George muttered at Harry's side, though the sound carried in the shocked silence. Harry snorted — he still hadn't figured it out yet??