

Oliver was right. It was going to be an *excellent* day.

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Her shoulders slumped the moment she stepped through the floo, her fingers going to the buttons at the collar of her robe. The fire whooshed behind her as Kingsley stepped out, his dark eyes knowing. “Come here,” he urged, opening his arms. Tonks sighed, tucking herself against his chest, burying her face in his grey auror robe. “Proudfoot is a prick.”

“I hate him *so much*,” she agreed in frustration, arms winding around Kingsley’s hips. “I can’t believe Scrimgeour gave the auror office to *him*.”

The job should have been Kingsley’s, and they all knew it. Proudfoot might not be Marked but he was a Death Eater in every other aspect, and it amazed and horrified her that Scrimgeour had named him the new Head Auror. Could the man not see the kind of person he was promoting?

She knew the answer to that — no, he couldn’t, because Scrimgeour and Proudfoot had been friends for years, and as long as Proudfoot kept his blood supremacist bullshit just on the right side of socially acceptable, and continued to *bring in results*, Scrimgeour would forgive just about anything else.

“I just hate the way he talks to me! Condescending twat.” She scowled, looking up into Kingsley’s sympathetic gaze. “I swear, if he calls me *Miss Tonks* one more time, I’m cursing his dick off. I’m an auror, damn it!” She sighed, the fight draining from her, just replaced with the ever-familiar exhaustion of fighting a fight she knew she wouldn’t win. “Half the reason I joined the aurors was so people would stop calling me ‘Miss’.” Auror was a gender-neutral title, and she had fucking *earned* it, and she hated how dismissive Proudfoot was but more than that she hated how that word made her skin *crawl* like there were ants in her veins.

“Do you need to change?” Kingsley asked, but Tonks shook her head. More than once, she’d come home from work and immediately taken masculine form like her female body was going to burst into flames if she didn’t shed it soon. But it wasn’t one of those days. She was fine how she was — it was the way other people perceived her that made her mad, but she knew that would take a damned long time to change.

Still, she undid the buttons of her robe and stripped it off, letting it drop to the floor. Then she reached behind her back, underneath her shirt, and unhooked her bra, letting out a sigh of relief as she wriggled her way out of the hellish contraption. Kingsley shed his own robe much more gracefully, picking up hers and sending them both into the bedroom with a flick of his wand. “Are you hungry?”

“Not yet.” She was too angry to be hungry, too ready to claw off her own skin. Kingsley seemed to recognise the look in her eyes, and with another spell the record player was on, the Weird Sisters filling their flat; her favourite song.

“Dance it out,” he told her, smiling fondly. “I’m going to make sandwiches.”