

if I cared for even one second about gender I'd be dating someone else." He frowned all of a sudden, looking concerned. "Have I ever made you feel like your gender is a problem for me?"

"What? No, I—" Tonks stopped herself, because that was the thing, the thing she'd entirely missed — she was so used to her partners assuming she would *grow out of it* and *settle down* one way or the other that she'd just *expected* Kingsley felt the same, deep down, just like everyone else in the world. Except he didn't, he hadn't, not ever. From the very first time she'd admitted to him that on some days she felt like being female was like drowning, that she hated the way the rest of the world looked at her, he had been supportive. He had told her to be however she felt comfortable, he had switched pronouns when she asked without a second of hesitation, he had touched her male body with the same level of care and reverence and passion that he touched her female body with, and her body on all the days in-between when she wasn't sure what she wanted to be called but she knew what felt *wrong*, what made her skin itch and her brain feel like someone was drilling a hole in her skull with every continued use of *Miss* and *Nymphadora* and *woman*.

And Kingsley was sat there, now, waiting as patiently as always for her to figure out something that had been right in front of her face the whole bloody time. He didn't even have the grace to look smug about it.

"You really just get it, don't you?" she breathed in wonder, and he shrugged.

"As much as I can, I hope, when I'm not in your head myself." That was fair; half the time, Tonks wasn't even sure she properly 'got it', not in a way that seemed to make sense to the rest of the world. "And if you ever decide you're comfortable presenting as anything other than female outside of your safe spaces, I'll be right with you." He smirked, eyes lighting up. "Especially if I'm in a position to fire pricks like Proudfoot for the way they treat you."

Tonks had never thought she'd be that brave, make those kinds of waves, but with Kingsley at her side she might just manage it.

"So... do you want to come to the summer house with me on Tuesday?" she asked hopefully, and Kingsley cracked a wide, genuine smile, brighter than probably anyone but Tonks had ever seen.

"I would love to," he confirmed, and the weight of their words seemed so much *more*, now they both knew for sure what it truly meant. "I would also," he continued, dropping his voice, brown eyes hot as they met Tonks', "very much love to take you into our bedroom, right now, and have you fuck me." He spoke so plainly, as always, and arousal pulsed through Tonks just at that low, sexy rumble. "Your shirt has been open for the last ten minutes and I've been *very* good in not touching you but I only have so much restraint left in me."

Tonks looked down, and sure enough, her unbuttoned shirt was completely wide, her breasts bared and her nipples tight and perked with lust. Kingsley's hand came up, cupping one of them, and Tonks groaned softly into the touch. "Bedroom," she agreed. He stood, carrying her with him, and there was a question in his eyes as he did because some days that just made her feel so *dainty* and she hated it but right now all she cared about was getting Kingsley on a bed and underneath her; he could pick her up all he wanted, with those strong auror arms of