

## Real Forms

"Tell me something," Harry said, as they lounged on her bed, kissing.

"What?" Tonks asked.

"What do you look like when you're not using your powers?"

"Why do you want to know what?" Tonks asked.

Harry shrugged. "Call it curiosity."

"Okay," Tonks said slowly, and changed in front of him.

Her jawline seemed to square, and her figure lost nearly all of its curves, until the woman in front of him was revealed. She was plain, not ugly, but certainly not someone you would look at twice in a street.

He lent forward and kissed her.

"You're starting to scare me," Tonks said.

"You're beautiful," Harry said as earnestly as possible.

"Okay, what the hell are you smoking?" she asked.

"Nothing," he smiled. "It doesn't matter what form you are in, it's still you."

"That's sweet and everything," Tonks said, "but can I change back now?"

"Why?" Harry asked. "You should be able to be comfy with me."

"Comfy?" Tonks asked, looking bewildered. "Are you sure Voldemort hasn't been attacking you recently?"

"Quite sure," Harry said, and kissed her again.

"You'd do me like this?" she asked.

"Sure," Harry replied.

"You don't want me to look like someone else?"

"Nope," Harry said as honestly as he could.

"Not Hermione, not Ginny, not anyone you've seen in a magazine?"

"No, of course not."

"No one else, at all?"

"Nope, just you."

"Let me get this right, you're dating a metamorphagus, and out of every form in the world, you want to screw me like this?"

"Make love," Harry corrected.

"Right," Tonks nodded, slowly pulling away from him. "I'm sorry, Harry, but I don't think we're going to work out."

"What?" Harry asked, looking shocked.

"You're sweet and all, but, I really can't be with any guy who just wants me to be in this one form for the rest of my life."

"Huh?"

Tonks changed rapidly, her hair colour cycling until it ended on a bright blue, her body regaining some of the curves from earlier. She kissed him on the forehead. "I'm not hanging around in that dumpy form, I prefer enjoying the hell out of my magic - what's the point of having it and not using it?"

"But... respect..." Harry said, trailing off.

"Respect?" Tonks snorted. "How bloody respectful to me is it to ask me to look like some flat-chested cow 'cause you have a thing for boys? Like I said, you're sweet, Harry, but you're not for me. I need someone who's going to be a bit more of a man about things - someone who can keep up with me all night, leave me sore and sated in the morning."

He gaped at her, as she turned and walked toward the door.

"Wait," he managed to shout. "Tonks, wait."

She ignored him and continued out the door. "Nymph," he yelled.

Tonks turned, her wand in her hand, and he could see a curse on her lips. He held up his hands, "I had to get your attention," he said, trying to smile at her.

"You have two seconds, before I make it so that you'll be looking for other men to fulfil your needs."

He moved closer to her slowly, "Look," he said, and then suddenly lunged, grabbing her wand out of her hand, and throwing her back through the door into her bedroom.

She growled and stumbled to her feet, but stopped as two wands pointed directly at her.

"What?" she demanded.

"You were going to walk out of me because I didn't want you to look like other girls?"

"We established this already."

"Thank you, Merlin," Harry said in relief and chucked her wand back at her.

"Huh?" she asked.

"Do you have any idea how hard it was to say that I wanted you in that form, when you've been teasing me all bloody day looking like a goddess?"

"What?"

"Look, I thought you wanted that," he explained earnestly. "You know, the whole 'I love you, not matter what you look like' bollocks. I mean, Tonks, I love you - you know that, and I want you to be happy, really happy, and I figured being yourself would do that."

"Wait," Tonks said, "You were saying that to make me happy?"

"Right," Harry agreed.

"And you don't want me to look like that?"

"No offence, but hell no," he laughed. "I deserve an Oscar for that sort of acting."

"You do," she agreed, looking relieved. "Don't do that again, Harry, it was bloody killing me to have to walk out."

"I won't," he agreed. "So, we okay again?"

"Well," she said, tapping her wand against her teeth. "That depends on what happens next."

"Next?" Harry asked.

She nodded and remained silent.

"Next," he said slowly, "you answer a question."

"Oh?"

"Can you, for example, make your ears pointy?"

"I can do what ever I want," she pointed out.

"Good to know for the future," he grinned. "Now, I want your hair black and down to your shoulders, your tits a couple of sizes bigger, and you chained to the bed."

Tonks blinked at him and then started to smile. "What colour eyes?"

Harry paused, and then grinned, "Come and have a look."

She looked in to his eyes and cast the Legilimency spell, a second

later she started to change.

"Can you be a virgin as well?"

"I can..."

"Do it," he ordered. "I think you're going to regret this tomorrow."

"Really?"

"I'm going to screw you into next week, " he promised, using his wand to tie her to the bed. "Especially as it now seems like I have to prove that I that I do want you, and not some flat-chested boy."

"Bring it on, lover-boy."

And he did. Repeatedly.

And never again did he ask to see her normal form.