

Romeo, He's Not

by luvcharlie

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One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Fred tossed off his cloak as he entered her flat. "Tonks, where are ya? You won't believe what just happened. I took down two Death Eaters by m'self. Gods, what a rush, baby, it got me so fuckin' horny. I'm gonna fuck you so—" Fred's voice trailed off as he entered the kitchen of Tonks' flat and met more than two dozen pairs of eyes. "Bloody hell," he swore under his breath when his eyes met those of his mother.

"Mr. Weasley," said Dumbledore, "how nice of you to grace us with your presence. Do come in and tell us about your evening encounter--the encounter with the ~~Death~~ Eaters."

Fred relayed the events of earlier in the evening with a great deal of reluctance. "Professor, George and I invented these Spell Detecting Specs. They look like ordinary spectacles, but the lenses are not vision-improving. They detect any traces of magical activity that occurred in the past two hours and create a glow in the area where a spell was cast. They're useless in places like Hogsmeade or Hogwarts, but walking through the streets of London, they're bloody helpful. They're the reason I was able to stun two Death Eaters before they even knew I was there."

"Quite impressive," said Dumbledore.

"These will be invaluable in tracking," chimed in Kingsley. "Good work, son."

"I always said they had brains in their heads, if they'd only use them occasionally." Fred heard his mother's whispered words. He tried to catch Tonks' gaze, but she refused to look at him, and Fred thought she appeared on the verge of tears. Their relationship may have started casually, but it had quickly turned into something else, and now he feared that he had ruined what they were just beginning to build.

When the meeting ended, he managed to avoid his parents and hung back, only approaching Tonks after everyone had gone. "Do you hate me?"

"You need to go." A tear escaped the corner of her eye, though she quickly wiped it away.

"Talk to me."

"I don't have anything to say to you, and I really don't fancy crying in front of you so, please, just go."

He nodded and walked out.



She showed up at the twins' shop just before closing time three days later. "Wotcher, George," she said, approaching the counter.

"I suppose you've come to see our resident Romeo. I hear he was quite the charmer the other night. Swept you off your feet with all the sappy romance, did he? He always did string words together so prettily."

"Don't be a wanker. It's not as if Fred knew the meeting location was changed to my flat at the last minute. Where is he?"

"Upstairs. I suspect he's rat-arsed, but go on up."

"Thanks, mate."

She found him sitting on the sofa tossing back what appeared to be one of many glasses of Firewhisky.

"Hiya," he said with a slight slur. "Ya here to hex my bits off?"

"You'd deserve it."

"Yeah, I s'pose I would." He rubbed a frustrated hand through his hair and leaned forward to prop his elbows on his knees. "I'm sorry, ya know."

She stepped forward and knelt before him, taking the glass from his hand and grasping his face between her palms. "I know."

His thumb brushed lightly across her cheek, then Fred kissed her softly, tongue caressing the inside of her mouth, in an attempt to convey his apology in a more tangible way than mere words afforded.

Fred pulled Tonks from her knees and onto his lap, burying his fingers in her hair, which was exactly his shade of ginger today. "I missed you, babe," he whispered. "I felt like shite for makin' you cry."

"I missed you too, you bigmouth git. I'm never gonna be able to look your mum in the eye again, now that she knows I'm shaggin' her baby boy."

"She's sent me some Howlers in the last few days."

"Your mum and dad probably think I'm just a tart who crawls into bed with you whenever you come 'round with a stiff prick."

He pulled her close against him. "You know I don't think that, right?" Her lack of an answer told him all he needed to know. "Blimey, Tonks."

"Well, it's not like you ever asked me out on a date or anything, Fred."

He placed a kiss in the center of her palm. "I'm asking now," he whispered, before pressing a loving kiss on her lips.

~~♥ Fin. ♥~~