

Birthday Patrol

by ConstantComment

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But it's Ted's birthday, and he wants a little something in return.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Wrote this for a friend's birthday! All dialogue; 680 words (just 'cause); Andromeda Black/Ted Tonks; one-shot.

"I've never been this bored before. In my *entire* life."

"Well, what do you propose we do, Tonks?"

"*Oh*, I have a few ideas."

"...Lecherous Hufflepuff."

"*Actually* I was thinking of sneakin' up on Peaks and Forrester up in the Astronomy Tower, but I'm sure your dirty mind came up with a much better idea."

"What are *they* doing up in the Astronomy Tower?"

"Plotting, I suppose."

"What!?"

"*Plotting*, Andie. P-L-O-T-T-I-N-G."

"What are they plotting, Tonks? And how do you know about this?"

"Hey, point your wand a little farther away from my—"

"Oops! Sorry. I mean, *what are they plotting*, Tonks?"

"Lean a little closer."

"Why? No one will hear us."

"Come here and I'll tell you!"

"Gah. Fine."

"A bit closer!"

"Hmpf!"

"...I've just seen a face I can't forget the time or place where we just met; she's just the girl for me, and I want all the world to see we've me—"

"Wait..."

"Mm mmmm mmmmm!"

"What?"

"—'ad it been another day I might have looked the other way and, I'd have never been aware but as it is I'll dream of her tonight. Dah dah dah dadah—"

"TONKS! What *are* you singing!? You'll wake the portraits!"

"—yes I am falling, And she keeps calling me back again!"

"Ted, pleaaase! Shh!"

"Did you know it's my birthday, Drommie?"

"Really? And don't call me that."

"Yeah, it is. I think you owe me for making me come out here and walk around for hours, not being able to make jokes or talk or sing Beatles songs or do anything fun."

"Sorry I'm so terribly *boring*."

"Oh, don't glare. You're not boring, you've just got something stuck up your—"

"Tonks! I swear on Circe's left tit—"

"*Joke*, Medy-kins. And what happened to 'Ted'? I like when you call me... What?"

"*Stop* that."

"No. It's my birthday. And back to debts and things..."

"What do you want, Tonks?"

"Yeesh. You could sound a little more like you want to talk to me."

"I *don't* want to talk to you."

"Hmm."

"What do I owe you, then? Oh, don't *smirk* at me there's nothing else to do other than talk to you!"

"Dunno. Should come to me some time."

"*Tonks*..."

"I kind of like holding it over your head."

"Augh! You're infuriating."

"Shh, you'll wake the portraits!"

"Merlin help me, I am going to *Kedavra* this—GAH! Bloody Hufflepuff."

"You know what? I think I've figured out what you owe me."

"...I don't know if I want to owe you anything... Hey, why do I owe you anything?"

"Because you had to switch our patrol time with Nott and Trott because 'poor Adrian' absolutely *had* to go see his girl tonight."

"She's sick with Dragon Pox, though. I thought it'd be nice."

"And now you've ruined my birthday."

"Beyond repair?"

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe if you give us a kiss..."

"I have had *enough* of you! I actually felt *bad*!"

"And you thought *you* were Slytherin... Please, Drommie?"

"*Definitely* not, now!"

"But you were considering it before?"

"Well, no, but..."

"Andromeda. Please?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"You're a Muggle-born."

"And..."

"And I'm a Black."

"I think that should be obvious."

"I can't kiss you, Ted."

"You would, though, if I weren't a Mudblood."

"I didn't say you were a Mudblood!"

"It was implied."

"It's not that I wouldn't! I just cannot be involved with—Mmph!"

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Oh, that... that was—"

"Lovely? Hot? Mind-blowing?"

"Yes, well, I was going for 'nice', but... Oh, drat."

"What?"

"I kissed you."

"No, *clearly* I kissed you. You can't kiss me, therefore I kiss you. Problem solved."

"..."

"...?"

"...Uhm."

"Again?"

"Oh, *yes*."

"..."

"..."

"Murrhh mrrpphry."

"...Sorry?"

"You're... you're just lovely, Andromeda."

"Hmm. Happy birthday, Tonks."

"Call me Ted."

"Happy eighteenth... Ted."

"There, now! Wasn't so hard was i—Ow! Okay, I won't push it. But, you know, you really are lovely when you're—Ow! Alright. Fine."

"Tosser."

"Harridan."

"Why are you holding my hand?"

"Shh! I might start singing again. Wouldn't want that."

A/N(2): *Thoughts? Suggestions? Praises? Anythings?*