

# Better Than the Real Thing

*by Keppiehed*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Prompt: Ginny Weasley, Nymphadora Tonks, "red-face smile"

A/N: My first femmeslash! Hooray!

Nymphadora Tonks loved coming to the Burrow, especially for a party. There was so much life here; the air was warm and full of excitement. She could almost pretend that she was happy here, that bad things were not out in the world. When she was at the Burrow, everything felt safe and right.

As guests started filing into the cramped house, Tonks snagged a cup of Firewhisky and settled into a corner to watch the proceedings. Usually, she was the life of the party, but tonight she just wanted to blend in and observe what she could.

Everyone was here: Harry, Hermione, Ron, of course. Even some of the old guard. Everyone needed an excuse to just have a little fun. Tonks kept her place in the corner.

As the evening wore on, her eyes kept falling on the youngest Weasley. Ginny had grown up fast, faster than any of them had realized. Tonks tilted her head and watched the girl, mesmerized. She looked like the rest of the family, but more refined. She was so delicate looking; she was enticing and edible and didn't even realize it. Tonks licked her lips.

Ginny stumbled over. "Tonks!" she said, surprised. "I didn't see you there! How long have you been here?"

"Long enough," Tonks replied in a low voice.

Ginny stopped scanning the crowd and really looked at her. "There is something different about you tonight, but I can't put my finger on it."

Tonks let a smirk slip through. "It's my hair, perhaps. You know it changes colors, but sometimes it fits my mood most perfectly, and I don't like to change it then."

Ginny looked at the deep purple color. "You're right. I've seen purple, but not that pretty color. What are you feeling?"

Tonks lifted an eyebrow. "I want something. Very much."

"What? Pumpkin juice? I can get you some more—" Ginny broke off uncertainly.

"You, Ginny. I want you."

Ginny blushed. "Tonks, you haven't been drinking pumpkin juice, you've been into the Firewhisky! You know I fancy Harry—" she whispered furiously.

Tonks' hand shot out, vice-like, and captured Ginny's wrist. She shimmered her form enough to give a hint of boyish features, possibly with greenish eyes, and brought Ginny's wrist up to her lips. She let her tongue flick out and barely traced the pulse point. "I could be fun, Ginny. Give me a try."

Ginny drew in a shaky breath. "One question."

Tonks, sensing victory, smiled. "Yes?"

Ginny gave her a wicked look. "Can you morph... *everywhere*?"

Tonks' eyes twinkled and she leaned in to whisper, "Better than the real thing."

Ginny gave her a red-faced smile. "Then let's go," she said and pulled Tonks up the stairs and to her room.