New Year's Wake-Up Call

by TheRealXenocide

Summary

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Harry gets awakened the morning after a drinking game with a horrible hangover. But it's only after Remus helps him with it that Harry discovers what real consequences can be.

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, the book series of that name, or anything related to it. I am not making any money off of this story. This is a story written just for fun.

Note: This is my response to the January 2005 story challenge from the group formerly known as PinkHairGreenEyes. While this story does stand alone, I've decided to build the events here upon those in my story "The Worst Christmas". If anything here confuses you, reading that story should help.

Challenge Details - JANUARY CHALLENGES:

- January Story Challenge: Interesting Beginning of a New Year

Any rating and no word count limit.

It was one hell of a New Year's celebration. Too bad Harry has already broken his resolution to stay away from Tonks. As if that wasn't bad enough, why did it have to be Remus to be the one to see them like this!
"Exactly what are you two doing"

"It's a really fun game, honest"

And now, the story.

"Wake up, Harry."

Harry heard the voice, much to his regret. Even though a small point of him recognized that the person talking was trying to keep their voice down, it didn't make a difference. Harry's head was swimming and throbbing too much to tolerate any noise. "Go'wy." Harry slurred through a mouth that felt like a cotton desert.

The light chuckle that followed echoed painfully in Harry's head. "I'm afraid I can't do that yet. But I do have something that should help with that hangover. Hermione brewed it, so you should have nothing to worry about from it."

Harry heard what sounded in his head like a raging waterfall, then felt his hand get placed around something cold and metal. Registering that it was the promised help, he forced himself to roll over onto one side, lift his head slightly, and slowly drink what he'd been given. Almost immediately, he felt his head start to clear. As the haze of headache lifted from his eyes, he recognized the person who woke him. "Thanks, Remus."

The older man shook his head sadly as he handed Harry his glasses. "Harry, how much of last night do you remember?"

Harry was surprised by the question, and even more surprised that he had to stop and think about it. "Well, we were celebrating both the New Year and making Voldemort's forces retreat. Most of the Order was off talking somewhere, leaving just a few of its younger members with the D.A. The twins invited everyone from Tonks's age to Colin to join in a game of their own making." Harry chuckled. "I suppose George saying "It's a really fun game, honest" should have been a good reason to stay away."

"That does seem like it should have been a warning."

"Anyway," Harry continued, "it turned out to be a drinking game. I played, I think Tonks won, but we were all pretty far gone at the end."

"And after that?"

"Well, I know Tonks and I danced. We started kissing. It felt really good. Malfoy said some snide remark. Tonks slapped him, then she led me away . . ." Suddenly the rest hit him. He turned to look at the other side of the bed. There, still sleeping, was Tonks. "Oh, wow."

"I'm glad the fire whiskey didn't cause you to lose that memory, Harry." Remus said as he refilled the goblet from a small cauldron on the floor. "But you need to wake her. It's getting late, and there are some things that we need to discuss."
Something about the way Remus said that worried Harry. But he trusted Remus, so he accepted the goblet and began to try waking his lover. "Tonks." He began softly. No response. He added a light shake on her shoulder as he tried a little louder. "Tonks."

"Aghn?" Came the barely audible reply.

"Nymphadora." Remus called sternly.

"WHAooh." Tonks began to sit up, only to lay down again with her hand covering her eyes in clear agony.

Harry had his tongue long enough to help her take the potion for her hangover. Then he turned to Remus. "THAT was uncalled for."

"I'm sorry, Harry." One look told Harry that it was an honest apology. "But I'm afraid time has become very short. Something happened this morning you need to know, and I still have something say to you two."

"What could be so bloody important to make you call me that?" Tonks asked. She was looking at him now, though she hadn't tried sitting up again yet.

"First, let me remind you that I have no objection to your having a romantic relationship. I don't even object to you becoming lovers. However, I am disappointed in both of you because of last night."

"We did nothing wrong, Remus." Tonks answered sharply.

"Oh? Tonks, you know that alcohol can cloud or prevent memory, correct?"

"Yeah." She answered defensively.

"Then why would you have Harry's first time be when he's so drunk he might not remember it?" Tonks's eyes grew in horror. "Luckily, he seems to have been allowed to remember. But you risked taking that from him."

"Excuse me." Harry cut in sharply. "But I don't remember objecting, then OR now. So I'll thank you to drop it."

"Alright, Harry." Remus replied with a nod. He knew the look on Harry's face from James. That connected Tonks to Lily in a way that both pleased and disturbed Remus. But he knew that he shouldn't press that subject if he hoped to have Harry listening to his next point. "But you both need to hear the second point. Harry, let me ask you something. Do you know, without doubt, how Voldemort learned of your feelings for Tonks?"

"Well, no." Harry answered truthfully. "But we have a really good idea."

"Yes, I know. Justin was there at that party, and couldn't be found this past week. But we didn't know for sure, did we? And as of last night, we had no way of knowing if the Death Eaters' retreat the previous night was real or a feint. What if he had another way in, something he learned from Lucius, perhaps? Or worse, what if it wasn't Justin, but a traitor who's still among us? In either case, Voldemort may have decided to have his "attack" here be a feint like the others. Then, when your guard's down, he or his spy could strike."

"Remus . . ." Harry began to protest.

"No, Harry" Remus cut him off. "In the condition you two were in last night, somebody could have
walked into this room and killed or captured both of you before either of you could even attempt to stop them." The sadness and worry in Remus's voice were coming through clearly to both listeners. "I promised you that I would not let what happened to your parents happen to you and Tonks, Harry. But there's only so much any of us can do. You simply cannot let yourselves be unable to defend yourselves, not when you're still numbers one and two on the kill list of the most evil wizard in history."

Harry felt horrible. Remus was right. They had left themselves wide open to anything last night. Hell, they were in Draco Malfoy's house! How could he have let himself get that far gone in the house of somebody he didn't trust? If something had happened to Tonks . . .

Before he could say any of what he was thinking, Tonks took his hand. "He's right."

"I know. Dammit! I can't believe I put you at risk like that!"

"You? I'M the Auror here. I'm supposed it think about sneaky tactics." She shook her head in a resigned manner. "Kingsley's going to let me have it, isn't he?"

"That depends on what I say happened in here," Remus answered. "I can tell you that the twins have caught earfuls about starting that drinking game from him, Molly, Ron, Hermione, Moody, and Minerva. Even Luna gave them a shot that stung."

"Luna?" Harry said incredulously.

"She remarked that "it was the perfect thing to do if you're working for you-know-who." She said it as Moody was catching his breath. They never had a chance to reply before he started up on them again."

"And she gave him perfect ammunition, too." Tonks remarked. "That girl can really surprise you."

"Yes, she can." Remus agreed. "Now, I think I'll leave you two to get dressed." He stood to leave, then turned. "But since the subject came up, I think I should warn you about something." He saw he had their interest. "It wasn't treason. They used torture to get Justin to tell them something they could use."

"How do you know that?" Harry asked.

"Because Severus risked his life to free them. He got them to us this morning."

"Wait." Tonks interrupted. "Them?"

"Yes." Remus replied, looking sadder then ever. "Justin didn't break when they were torturing him. But he couldn't withstand hearing Susan's screams."

"Susan . . . BONES?" Harry asked.

Remus nodded. "Madam Pomfrey is attending her, with Neville and Hermione. Justin's with Molly. He should be receiving treatment as well, but he's refusing to accept any until Poppy's done all she can for Susan."

"Damn." Harry swore.

Before he could get too far down the path of self-recrimination, he was enveloped by a hug from Tonks. "Don't you dare blame yourself, Harry. Voldemort did this, not you."
"She's right, Harry. You have no control over him. Blame yourself for last night if you want, you were responsible for that. But don't give him the satisfaction of you taking the blame for his actions."

"I know." Harry said softly. Then he looked up at Remus. "I think Justin's trying to punish himself."

"What makes you say that?" Tonks asked.

"I was thinking about me in his place. I'd hate myself for two, completely opposite reasons. First for selling out my friends at all. But also because I didn't do it fast enough to keep them from hurting her."

The light dawned on Remus's face. "Of course. You think he's not just refusing treatment to be noble, but also to punish himself for his supposed failures."

"Yeah, I do." Harry responded. "Would you go to him and tell him that I'm not angry? Tell him that I understand."

"I will, Harry." Remus wore an odd look on his face. "As much as you remind me of your father, Harry, you sounded like the best parts of Lily just then."

Harry was clearly surprised by that. "Thanks" was all he managed.

"I'll go now and talk to Justin for you, Harry." Remus said as he stood and walked to the door. "I'll give you two a half hour to talk between yourselves, get dressed, and come to the dining room. If you're not there by then, I'm sending Minerva and Severus." He opened the door, then pulled himself to a stop. "And exactly what are you two doing?" He asked somebody in the hallway. He'd only opened the door wide enough to allow himself to slip through, so neither Harry nor Tonks could see who it was. "Aren't you supposed to be helping with Susan?"

"There's not much more I could do." Hermione's voice replied. "It's all Madam Pomfrey and Neville now."

"I still can't believe it's the same Neville Longbottom." Ron voice said.

"But it isn't, really." Hermione pointed out. "That new wand of his has had an amazing effect on him."

"I agree." Remus interrupted. "But considering that it uses the same wood and core material as the great Merlin's wand, I'm not as surprised as you are. However, that doesn't answer my question."

"We were waiting to talk to Harry." Ron answered. "It's . . . rather personal."

"For us, that is." Hermione added in a rush.

"I understand. Perhaps more than you guess." Remus said kindly. "But you must understand that Harry and Tonks have some things to discuss privately. I've given them a half hour. I'd like to give more, but we just don't have it. If I allow you two to stay here, do you swear not to rush them in any way?"

"Certainly." Hermione answered.

While Harry didn't hear Ron give an answer, he figured he must have, because Remus said "Very well, you can stay." He then ducked his head back in the room. "Remember, a half hour, then it's Minerva and Severus."
"Bloody hell." Was all they heard of Ron's reaction before the door closed.

The two lovers sat still for a moment, each apparently waiting for the other to start. Harry broke first. "I wouldn't hold you to it." She looked at him confused. "I mean, even though it feels as right to me sober as it did drunk, it's still too soon to actually ask that. I'll understand if you think it's too soon, or if you change your mind, or . . ."

His rambling was interrupted by a kiss from Tonks that made him forget that anything existed but they. When she broke the kiss, she spoke. "I know I was drunk, and I know it's not normal. But could anybody possibly confuse us for normal?"

"Thanks."

"That's not a bad thing, Harry. I know we've only been a couple for a week, but it's been a week when we've been close to each other almost constantly. As much as I thought I knew about Harry my friend, I've learned so much more about the Harry I love. I already knew that the things that make you different make you special in a good way. But now I know more about how it all works."

"Oh? Then you're up on me, cause I haven't figured it all out yet."

"I don't know everything, Harry. But I'll tell you what I've learned. Your childhood left you with a lot of scars, among them your very reserved nature. You don't make friends easily, but when you do, you commit yourself to them as fully as you know how."

"Dumbledore's already told me as much." Harry pointed out. "But what does that have to do with this?"

"Everything, Harry. I'm not sure how it works, but let me ask you this. When you dated Luna and Ginny, did you ever feel anything but a deeper friendship for them?"

Something in her voice told him that the chivalrous lie would be useless. "Not really, no." He admitted. "I thought there might have been more there, but there wasn't."

"Exactly. I think that the same thing that keeps you from committing to a friendship until you can commit fully also keeps you from committing to this kind of love unless you can commit fully." The doubt showed in his eyes. "You said it yourself just a minute ago. You said that it feels as right to you sober as it did drunk. Doesn't that tell you something?"

Harry thought for a moment. "So you're saying that I wouldn't have said it if I didn't mean it?"

"I'm saying that I think you COULDN'T have. It's just not in you."

"Let's say you're right. Isn't a week still too soon to promise THAT?"

"For most people, yeah. But remember what I told you a week ago, about how you have almost everything I've been looking for in guys a bit older than me?"

"Yeah."

"Well, knowing that, and knowing what I do about how you are about committing yourself, I think that this is a unique case. For we two not-entirely-normal people, I don't think a week's too soon at all."

Harry's jaw dropped a bit, then he tried to talk. "You . . . you're serious? You still would?"
"My answer is still the same as it was last night. Yes."

Harry was stunned for a moment. Finally, he managed something. "Blimey. That's . . . that's unbelievable! I mean, it's great, but unbelievable!" With eyes not entirely focused on her, he said slowly. "Mrs. Nymphadora Potter. I like the sound of that."

She swatted his shoulder. "It'll be Tonks-Potter, thank you very much. I love my mum, but I still loath that name." That got a smile out of Harry. But her smile didn't last long. "Um, Harry, I need to ask you something."

Harry sensed that she was getting serious again. "What?"

"How do you feel about kids?"

"Kids? You mean us?" She nodded. "Well, I've wanted a family as long as I can remember. Give my kids the parents I never had, you know. But it's a bit early to think about that. Then that part of the memory from last night hit him. "OH. We both forgot, didn't we?" She nodded again. "And now, you might be?"

"Pregnant." She looked more worried than Harry could ever recall seeing her. "Harry, I know you want a family, and so do I. But now? I'll be that much more vulnerable to Voldemort. More of a liability to you."

Harry enveloped her in a hug. "We'll find a way. How long before we know?"

"Madam Pomfrey only made Lavender wait twenty-four hours."

"Alright then, we'll wait to find out. But if you are, we're going to Dumbledore. We'll need to come up with a way to protect you and the baby."

"Dammit! I hate the idea of hiding. I know it'd be the smart thing, but it's just not me."

"I know." As he hugged her, Harry's eye's finally landed on the timepiece in the chest of drawers. "Oh, hell."

"What?"

"We've only got five minutes before trouble arrives."

"What? Oh, right. We'd better get dressed."

"I need to get some clothes from my room. But how?"

"Can't you ask Dobby?"

"Oh, right." Harry cleared his throat, then called out. "Dobby!"

Harry heard a sharp CRACK, and the small elf was standing at the foot of the bed. "Is Harry Potter needing Dobby, sir?"

"Yes, Dobby. I need to get dressed, but none of my clean clothes are in this room. Could you go to my room get me the kind of outfit I normally wear away from school?"

"Like you is liking at Grimmauld Place, Harry Potter?"

"Yeah, only a heavier shirt, please."
"Dobby understands, Harry Potter sir." And with that, he was gone in a CRACK.

"Um, Harry, shouldn't you have been more specific? I mean, look at how he's dressed most of the time."

Harry smiled. "He's getting better. Besides, we had a long talk last summer about what humans like to wear. He hasn't missed yet."

A moment later, Dobby returned with a selection that surprised Tonks in its normality. "Is this good, sir?"

"Very good, Dobby. Thank you for your help."

"Harry Potter is too kind to Dobby. But Dobby will go now, sir and miss. Dobby knows about human modesty." With a wink, he vanished again.

"Well, looks like he did a good job."

"Told you. Come on, let's get moving."

Somehow managing to get dressed with a minimum of pauses to look, they left the room hand-in-hand just as Snape and McGonagall approached. "I hope you have a good explanation for keeping everyone waiting." Snape sneered.

Before Harry could respond venomously, he saw the mischief in Tonks's eyes. "I don't know. Does confirming an engagement count?"

Harry couldn't decide which of the four faces in front of him was the funniest.

THE END

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