

# Child-Like Innocence

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*A one-shot that takes place sometime during OotP. Sirius thinks of the first time that he met Tonks and just how much she reminds him of his favorite cousin...*

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# 1 - Child-Like Innocence

## Child-Like Innocence

**By:** LilyGinnyBlack

**Disclaimer:** *I do not own HP. It all belongs to the wonderful and brilliant JK Rowling, though the plot of this story does belong to me...At least I think it does.*

*A/N: Hello everyone! :D This is a little one-shot fanfic that I wrote for the HMS Peace challenge. It had to have Sirius and Tonks in it, whether they are involved in a relationship or not. I hope you enjoy it!*

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Pink. Her hair was pink. I can still remember when I first saw that spiked pink hair and that heart shaped face. I hadn't known who she was or what she did, that is, until I was told by Remus that the young woman with such an odd style was my cousin- Nymphadora Tonks. My eyes had widened, I know, for I remember the feeling of a large amount of air hitting them. This vibrant and out spoken twenty-something-year old could **not** have been the small little baby girl that I remember having seen once when I had been younger.

**That** was the only Tonks that I knew; that had been the only time that I had seen her. So little and innocent...Andy had stolen me away from the retched house that I had lived in for so long (and which I happen to find myself stuck in again) for that one night, to see her little baby girl...Yes, I see that night so clearly in my head...

-Flashback-

That night had been rather cold for the summer season. I can still feel the chills from the cool breeze creeping through my skin and bones. Something about that night had just felt so different, so unique, and so out of place.

The moon had shed a brilliant blue-grey light over the deadened surroundings of Number 12 Grimmauld Place. The desire to escape had coursed more powerful in my blood like never before that night. The desperate cry to flee from the dark ways of my family and into the comforting and warm light of the Potter or Lupin family was climbing its way up my throat. I could feel the longing to let the pain of being so horribly misplaced overwhelming my lithe body.

Then, out of thin air, my favorite cousin appeared so beautifully into the shining moonlight outside the rippled view given to me by the old window, which I had been looking out of. My eyes had focused so intently on her form. I watched as she moved so elegantly towards the front door of the house that held me prisoner. I took notice how her elegance was so unlike that of my mother or my other cousins: Bellatrix and Narcissa...No, she had such a casual elegance. Her body language said, "I am proud of whom I am, but I am no greater than you." For this, and so many other things, I admired her.

As she knocked on the horrid green door to the house that held such a dark aura, I watched as dim candlelight filled parts of the house. I continued to watch as my mother and Andy argued with each other. Mother's face had turned such a deep red out of rage, while Andy's porcelain skin seemed to glow in the night of the moon. Finally, my mother sighed in defeat and headed back inside the house, but Andy just stood waiting outside, her deep blue cape blowing ever so slightly in the light breeze.

I felt my heart skip a beat as the sound of heavy and angered footsteps reached my ears. Moving in a way that only a Marauder could, I managed to slip under the blanket on my bed and curl up, pretending that I was asleep. The door slammed open only minutes after and my mother shriek to get up, still shakes my soul to the core even as I think of it. Smoothly and quickly I got myself out of the warm bed and let my body dip into the cold air that now filled my room; a cold air that only came with the entrance of my much despised mother.

Moving in the darkness, for my eyes had adjusted to the blackness many an hour ago, I moved swiftly. Beginning to go into my large closet and fetch out something more "presentable", as my mother would have put it, but felt myself be tugged from behind. The force had been come from my mother who harshly told me that where I was going did not deserve any form of respect. So, I was forced down the stairs, me still in my black PJ's, and once we got down the stairs and into the entrance hall, my mother once again pushed me...This time right out the door.

Leaving behind the grim lined lips and darkened eyes of my mother I looked up into the magical smile and shining eyes of my cousin Andy. I hadn't seen her in years; the last I had heard about her at that time, was that she had gotten married to a muggle born wizard. Yet, as I looked at her I could only feel a grin make its way onto my face and my eyes lighten up.

After saying our hello's, she then told me to take her hand and that we were going somewhere. I had asked her where we were going as I took hold of her warm hand, but she had just put a finger to her soft and pink lips and, with a small giggle, said that it was a secret and that I should close my eyes. I know that I had been older than a small child, but the way that I had felt then can now only be described as such. I had shut my eyes in a second, not needing to be told twice, and tightened my grip on Andy's finger.

Almost immediately afterward I felt the world around me feel like it was pressing against me. I could remember having the feeling of being stuck between to ever-moving closer walls. The feeling had only lasted mere seconds though and then I was *there*. I was standing outside of Andy's muggle flat and the whole night stood still around us. The street seemed to come to life under the moon's gaze, so unlike the street that held my home, where the moon's gaze made everything seem so dead. Putting a hand to her lips Andy silently said to be silent, and I had understood.

She led me into the flat and up the stairs and then into a room. The earthy tones of a toned down gold met my eyes along with a wooden crib. I looked at my cousin and she just winked at me, taking my hand and leading me over to the small crib in the center of the room. I peeked over the top and saw the form of a small and innocent baby girl peacefully sleeping. I had turned over to look at Andy and asked if the child was hers and she had told me, in such a quiet and loving tone that it was indeed her child.

She made her way softly over to the crib, stopping in front of it on the opposite side of me. Gently she reached out her finger and caressed her child's pink tinted cheeks. Her dark hair falling into her bluish-grey eyes; it was then that I had noticed just how closely her eyes resembled the moonlight.

"I want you to promise me something, Sirius." Her voice had risen out of the silence so unexpectedly, and yet, so tenderly.

“Want is it that you want of me, Andy?” The question was asked without a seconds thought.

“I want you to look after her, Sirius. I want you too look out for Nymphadora. If anything is to happen to me or Ted or if she is grown up and no longer dependent on us...Then I want you to guide her. You're the only one left in our family that I trust will teach her right. I can see the good in you more brightly then ever before. Since you went to Hogwarts, the good in you has only grown and the loyalty that you show to the ones that you love...Makes *me* admire *you*.” Her words had left me in a shocked silence and I didn't know what to say...I still don't know what to say...

-End Flashback-

Though I may not have known what to say back then and still don't now, I know what I have to do. I watched as the bubble-gum pink haired girl began to fall down the stairs. I automatically started over to her and caught her before she was able to even start her tumble downward. As she looked up at me to say thanks, I noticed that she always changed her hair color, but never her eye color. Her eye color...It was the same as her mother. The same color of the moonlight...

As I noticed this, I also came to the conclusion that Andy was not the young and mystifying woman that I had remembered her to be. She was now dulled out by the war, stress, motherhood, and age...Yet, here in front of me, had stood the Andy that I remembered. Her smile that Tonks had given me as she had thanked me seemed to hold so much shine...And her eyes held so much life...Her eyes held the moonlight...The symbol of freedom for me, and I knew that I could gain that child-like innocence that I once had. Though, it would no longer be directed towards my olden cousin Andy...

But rather to her daughter who was so much like her I felt an odd shiver run through me. And the night now stood out more than ever before...Reawakening my deadened soul, just her mother had done all those many years before...

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*A/N: Well, there you go. This is one of my favorite one-shots, I just love how it all turned out. I hope that you enjoyed it as well and please tell me what you think of it in a review. Thanks! : )*

