

Chapter 5

With only a week left of Winter break, Tonks knew she couldn't wait to start teaching Harry Occlumency. After enjoying a loud, rather chaotic Christmas, she decided to bring the subject up with him that night. As much as she would have preferred to spend their time together doing something more enjoyable, if what Dumbledore said was true, Harry needed to learn Occlumency quickly.

An hour after the rest of the house went to bed, as expected, Harry snuck into her room with a grin on his face. Seeing him again – as it had throughout the day – sent her pulse racing, as it brought back memories of the night before. Unfortunately, while she was healing, Tonks felt worn out from the long day. As much as she hated to admit it, it was probably for the best that they had something else to talk about tonight. She couldn't wait until she was fully healed, and she could really rock his world. If things between them lasted that long, she thought to herself.

Her smile fading slightly, Tonks sat back against her pillows and patted the mattress next to her.

"Hey," Harry said as he took a seat. "How are you feeling?"

"Tired and a bit sore, but nothing too bad," Tonks replied. "Listen, there's something we need to talk about."

"Okay," Harry said nervously.

Tonks smiled at him reassuringly and took his hand in hers. She knew what he was thinking. While it was certainly something they needed to talk about before he went back to school, right now wasn't the time.

"Have you ever heard of Occlumency?" she asked.

Harry gave her a confused look at the unexpected question.

“Er, no. Why?” he asked.

Unconsciously, Tonks pulled his hand into her lap and stroked it gently as she considered how to explain. After a long moment, she decided to just tell him everything she could. Dumbledore wouldn’t be happy if he found out, but she didn’t particularly care at the moment.

“Occlumency is a way of protecting your thoughts,” Tonks told him. “Dumbledore thinks You-Know-Who is using whatever connection he has with you to read your thoughts. He thinks that’s why you’ve been so angry this year and why you saw what happened to Mr. Weasley. He wants Snape to teach you when you get back to Hogwarts, but I volunteered to teach you first.”

“He’s reading my thoughts,” Harry repeated, horrified. “And Snape?!”

“That was my reaction, too,” Tonks said, trying to lighten the mood a little. “It’s okay though, I’m going to teach you Occlumency. If that’s okay with you. It’s really personal. I’m going to have to invade your mind to teach you.”

“So, if I learn from you, I won’t have to learn from Snape?” he asked hopefully.

“Not exactly,” Tonks admitted, squeezing his hand when his shoulders slumped in defeat. “I can give you a good start, but it usually takes months to get the hang of it and years to master.”

“You know if Snape reads my mind, there’s a good chance he’ll find out about us,” Harry said quietly.

Tonks hadn’t thought of that, and she did everything she could to keep the look of surprise and trepidation off her face. She needn’t have bothered however, because Harry kept his eyes away from her face.

"It doesn't matter," Tonks said more to herself than Harry, who finally looked up at her. "You learning Occlumency is more important than that. Besides, I really don't care what Snape or Dumbledore think about us."

Harry smiled at her, and she leaned forward to kiss him briefly on the lips. He tried to pull her closer, but Tonks laughed and pushed back on his chest.

"Lessons first, then we can play," she told him.

"Yes, professor," Harry mocked with a grin.

Tonks snorted at the idea of her ever being a professor.

"Alright, let's get started. Face me," she said.

Harry and Tonks situated themselves so they were sitting cross-legged and facing each other. Grabbing her wand from the nightstand, she rolled it between her fingers absentmindedly.

"Right, so, Occlumency," Tonks started uncertainly. "There's two basic ways to use Occlumency. One is to control your thoughts so someone looking into your mind sees what you want them to see. That what I learned, because I needed it to keep myself from changing accidentally when I was at Muggle school. The other way is to just force someone out of your mind. That way is simpler and faster to learn, but for it to work, you have to be stronger than the person trying to invade your mind. That's what I'll be teaching you."

"Wait, I'm not stronger than Voldemort," Harry protested.

"You beat him in the graveyard when your wands connected, didn't you?" Tonks asked. "This is the exact same thing."

Harry still looked uncertain but nodded anyways. She couldn't blame him, taking on Voldemort in any situation was daunting. Being forced to fight him inside your own mind would be terrifying for anyone.

"Okay, let's get started." Tonks said with forced cheer.

She spent about half an hour just explaining how to recognize when someone was invading your mind, and how to force them out. It was a difficult thing to put into words, but she did the best she could, and Harry seemed to understand what she was trying to tell him.

"Ready?" Tonks asked.

When Harry nodded, she raised her wand and cast the Legilimens Charm. Instantly, she found herself swimming in a sea of chaotic thoughts. While Tonks had performed Legilimency before, she wasn't an expert at it. Focusing, she tried to latch onto a memory. After a couple of fumbles, she managed to get a hold of one.

A young Harry, perhaps seven or eight, was being berated by his aunt for trimming her flowers wrong. As she looked closer at the scene, she noticed his worn, baggy clothes that looked five sizes too big. The knees of his too large, stained jeans were caked in dry dirt, along with his fingernails. There were dozens of small, red cuts on his hands and arms, likely from his aunt's rose bushes.

As Tonks' anger grew at what she was witnessing, the scene began to turn blurry. A proud smile stretched across her face as Harry fought against her. It was an impressive achievement for a first effort. Rather than fight back, Tonks let him push her out, hoping it would build his confidence.

Just before the scene faded entirely, she heard a garbled shout from his aunt that sound like 'get back in your cupboard!' At first, she thought she'd misheard, until the older woman grabbed little Harry by the arm and tossed him into the cupboard under the stairs, slamming the door shut and locking it.

The next thing Tonks knew, she was sitting back on her bed at Grimmauld Place. Harry clutched his head and closed his eyes in a grimace. It was typical to get headaches the first few times, but from what she knew of him, the pain had to be really bad for him to react the way he was. While he fought the pain, Tonks had to conceal her look of horrified anger. She'd known the Dursleys were bad, but she'd never expected something like that.

With difficulty, Tonks calmed herself and tried to give Harry a smile.

"You did great, Har," she said, running her hand through his hair. "It usually takes a lot longer for people to learn how to fight back.

As Harry lifted his gaze to look at her, she realized he wasn't clutching his head, but his scar. That was troubling.

"Harry?" Tonks asked in concern.

Reaching out, she ran her fingers through his hair and down his cheek.

"I'm fine," Harry said.

Even though his voice sounded normal, and he looked up at her with a face that betrayed nothing, she could see the pain in his eyes.

"I can't help if you don't talk to me," Tonks said softly.

Harry looked down again and was silent for a long moment.

"I think I pushed him out," Harry said quietly.

"You were fighting both of us?" Tonks asked, wide eyed.

"I... I think so," he replied. "It hurt, but it's fading."

"Maybe we should call it quits for tonight," she suggested.

"No," Harry said with a sharpness that surprised her as he looked up. "No, I want to keep going. I need to keep him out of my head."

Tonks hesitated, but eventually gave in at the pleading look in his eyes.

"Okay," she said. "Let me know when you're ready."

"I'm ready," Harry replied instantly.

Raising her wand, Tonks once again entered his mind.

For the next hour, Harry practiced throwing her out of his mind again and again. Tonks was staggered by some of the memories she saw. From giant spiders, to a Basilisk, to the Triwizard Tournament, it almost seemed too incredible to be true. Each time Harry pushed her out, he leaned forward clutching his head. Tonks remembered her own headaches from when her mother taught her that would take half an hour to ease, but Harry looked back up, ready to go again after only a couple of minutes.

"I think that's enough for tonight," Tonks said after the eighth time she was thrown out of his mind.

She tried hard not to show it, but the practice was beginning to wear on her as well. Thankfully, Harry didn't argue. Instead, he nodded, took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes with a groan as he slumped tiredly. Feeling tired herself, Tonks grabbed his arm and pulled him up until he was

laying on the pillows next to her. Smirking, she took off her shirt and pulled his head between her breasts. Harry gave a chuckle and snuggled against her, using her plump breasts as pillows. Tonks stroked her fingers through his hair and down his back while he drifted into an exhausted sleep.

Harry woke up the next morning with his head feeling clearer than it had in months. He felt none of the intense, irrational anger that had been burning inside of him since Voldemort's return. Next to him, Tonks reached under the pillow and cancelled the vibrating alarm charm she'd placed on her wand the night before. Feeling almost giddy, Harry gave her a quick kiss on the lips and hopped out of bed.

Sneaking back to his room in the early hours of the morning, he felt too energized to go back to sleep. Instead, he decided to grab a change of clothes and get a shower. By the time he was done, Mrs. Weasley was awake, and he could hear her making breakfast down in the kitchen. Feeling completely refreshed and rejuvenated, Harry headed down to get something to eat.

As the day went on, he noticed that the mood of the whole house seemed brighter. Even Sirius was less moody and depressed than he had been. It made him feel guilty that his attitude could affect everyone else so much. Instead of letting it get to him though, Harry tried to keep his spirits up and lay the blame with Voldemort, rather than himself.

Later in the evening, while he sat on the couch between Hermione and Tonks, Harry's scar burned with such intensity that it left him breathless, unable to scream or groan as he clutched his head and doubled over where he sat.

"Harry?" Hermione asked in concern.

Her voice sounded like it was coming from far away. When Harry closed his eyes, trying desperately to fight off the pain, he began seeing himself walking down a long, narrow hallway towards a black door with a brass handle. As if from underwater, he could just make out Tonks calling his name.

Realizing what was happening, Harry used what Tonks had taught him to push Voldemort out. It was surprisingly hard to work up the will to fight, simply from the fact that a large part of him wanted to know what Voldemort was trying to show him. Fighting against his own curiosity, he pushed back as hard as he could until the vision darkened before suddenly vanishing. Even though the vision was gone, Harry could still feel Voldemort's rage at being forced out.

The world around him came back into focus as he opened his eyes.

"Harry?" Tonks asked.

"I'm alright," he told her even as he winced from the pain in his head.

Sitting up, Harry found everyone in the room staring at him worriedly. He tried to smile, but it came off as more of a grimace. Eventually, over the next few minutes, the pain in his head faded to a bearable level.

It wasn't long after the pain dulled that Harry decided to call it an early night. Not so much because he was tired, but more because he was tired of the way everyone kept looking over at him every few seconds.

Back in his room, Harry laid down and rested on his bed for only a few minutes before Tonks came in.

"Hey, you alright?" she asked as she sat on the side of his bed.

"Yeah," Harry answered, closing his eyes and enjoying the feeling of her fingers running through his hair.

"What happened?" Tonks asked softly.

"Voldemort was trying to show me something," Harry said. "It was a long hall with a door at the end. I swear I've seen it before, I just can't remember where."

"Does your head still hurt?" she asked.

"A bit," he admitted.

Harry felt Tonks shift and then heard the door's lock click into place. He opened his eyes just in time to see her silence the room and then set her wand down on his nightstand. Raising an eyebrow in askance, she smiled playfully and then leaned down to kiss him. Pressing herself against the side of his body, Tonks ran her hand down his chest and stomach to his crotch. She rubbed her palm over his cock, causing him to quickly swell against her hand.

Groaning into her mouth, he slipped a hand under her shirt and cupped one of her breasts. Moaning into his mouth, Tonks pushed her hand under his pants and massaged his length. As soon as he was completely hard, she sat up and grinned as she scooted down to kneel between his legs.

Popping open the button of his jeans, Tonks undid the zipper and pulled them down his legs. Harry's rigid erection tented the front of his boxers, straining the fabric, until she pulled those off too. Grabbing the base of his cock, Tonks stroked him a few times while looking up at him with a glint in her eye. Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his swollen head, her tongue swirling around his glans.

With a hiss, Harry ran his fingers through her hair as she started bobbing her head slowly up and down his length. With each descent, Tonks took him deeper and deeper, until she'd swallowed him entirely. Groaning as she swallowed around him, he looked down to see her wink up at him with his entire cock still buried to the hilt in her throat. Shaking her head back and forth while lapping at his balls, it was one of the most incredible sensations Harry had ever felt.

Slowly, Tonks raised her head, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard. When she got to the head, she paused before swallowing him once more.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

Tonks smiled up at him with her eyes while dragging her lips slowly back up to the tip. This time, she came off with a *pop* and then gave his throbbing head a kiss. Twisting around, she stripped out of her pants, leaving her completely naked. Harry took the time to take off his shirt while she straddled his waist.

Lining him up with her entrance, Tonks lowered herself onto him with a moan. Then, she put her hands on his shoulders and started bouncing up and down slowly, sliding his hard length in and out of her tight folds.

Planting his feet on the bed, Harry grabbed her hips and began meeting her bouncing with his thrusts. Lifting his head, he kissed and sucked on her dangling, bouncing breasts, trying to catch her nipple. Tonks laughed and shook her chest back and forth, slapping him in the face with her large, soft breasts.

Wrapping his arms around her waist, Harry rolled both of them over and flexed his hips, driving his cock deep inside of her. Tonks moaned again while wrapping her arms around his chest and digging her nails into his back. Harry kissed her hard as he began thrusting at a steady pace.

Thanks to her teasing earlier, Harry knew he wouldn't last too long. Supporting his weight on one arm, he slipped a hand between their bodies and rubbed her clit as he continued to thrust. He could hear the sound of Tonks' breathing pick up and her muscles tremble under him while he fought back his own orgasm.

Finally, just as he thought he wouldn't be able to hold back any longer, Tonks arched her back and came with moan. Removing his hand from her clit, Harry thrust just a few more times before he reached his peak in her fluttering depths. With a groan, he emptied himself inside of her.

As they both panted and came down from their peaks, Harry rolled over onto his back and then pulled Tonks to his chest. Grabbing Tonks' wand, he tried twice to cast the rather complicated

Notice Me Not Charm before finally getting it right on the third try. He then set an alarm and stuffed the wand under his pillow. Tonks lifted her head and gave him one last kiss on the lips before resting her head on his chest and settling in for the night.