

Chapter 17

“Alright, everyone,” Harry said, clapping his hands as he stood behind the teacher’s desk. “What can you tell me about Trolls?”

As he moved in front of the desk, a first year Slytherin girl with a pale, narrow face and long, straight black hair raised her hand.

“Yes, miss?” he said, unsure of her name.

“Babcock,” she replied, causing two boys behind her to snicker. “Trolls are highly social, incredibly strong, and have thick, magic-resistant skin. They’re also unintelligent, though highly inquisitive.”

“Very good. Five points to Slytherin,” Harry said, smiling when the girl blinked in surprise at the points. “Now, let’s say – hypothetically – you find yourself trapped in a room with a Troll. How would you fight it?”

A Gryffindor boy with tousled, straw colored hair raised his hand and waved it with a grin.

“Yes?” Harry asked.

“Cut off its head,” The boy said.

A few of the kids chuckled, and even Harry smiled, having heard Ron use that answer more than once.

“Alright, how?” he asked.

The boy shrugged, "A sword?"

"That would have to be one sharp sword," Harry said, getting chuckles from the class. "Anyone else?"

A Gryffindor girl with blonde hair tied back in a ponytail raised her hands shyly.

"Yes?" Harry asked.

"You could tie it up?" she asked more than said.

"Good," Harry smiled. "Five points to Gryffindor. You could certainly tie it up, although, due to its strength, you'd need to use something stronger than an Incarcerous. Anyone else?"

When no one raised their hand, he pushed off of the desk and paced the front of the room.

"One of the best ways to combat a Troll is to hit it on the head," Harry explained. "While their skin is tough and their skulls are thick, they are quite susceptible to being knocked unconscious. With that in mind, today, we're going to be working on the Banishing Charm. So, if you would all stand up."

When all of the students were standing, Harry waved his wand and moved the desks to the side of the room. Summoning some cushions from the back of the room, he paired everyone up and had them try to banish the cushions back and forth. Most of them had difficulty in the beginning, but by the end of class, most of them could at least get it to move.

"Great job today, everyone," Harry smiled. "For homework, I want you to keep practicing and write me eight inches of parchment on how Banishing Charms can be used in a defensive situation."

As the classroom emptied, Harry sat down behind the desk to make a few notes in his planner for Connie.

“Do you have a minute, Professor?” someone asked.

It took Harry a moment to realize they were talking to him, and he looked towards the door. He smiled when he spotted Lily leaning against the doorframe.

“Hey. Come on in,” Harry said as he stood.

Lily pushed off the doorframe and walked towards him with a smile.

“Do you have any idea how sexy it is seeing you as a professor?” she asked.

“Are you having inappropriate thoughts about your professor, Ms. Evans?” Harry asked, resting his hands on her hips and pulling her close.

“Maybe,” Lily smirked.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled him down for a heated kiss. Siding his hands around to her bum, Harry lifted her up and sat her on the desk. Lily moaned, her teeth nibbling at his bottom lip.

“Harry?”

Recognizing Connie’s voice, Harry pulled back quickly and looked around.

“Harry? Can you hear me?” Connie asked.

"Yeah," he said, giving Lily an apologetic look.

He walked into her quarters, where her voice was coming from and found her head floating in the green flames of the Floo.

"Hey, everything going okay?" Connie asked.

"Yeah, everything's fine. How's your case going?" Harry asked.

Connie sighed, "Not well. The defense is taking a lot longer than I expected. We're just taking a break for lunch. Can you cover my afternoon classes, or should I have Minerva cancel them?"

"I can take care of it," Harry told her.

"Thank you," Connie smiled. "I owe you one. You'll have third years after lunch and then fourth years after that. We just finished sections in both classes, so feel free to teach them anything you want."

"Well, at least I don't have to teach my own class," Harry joked. "I'll probably just have them review some defensive spells."

"That's fine," Connie said. "Sorry, but I have to run. I still need to talk to Minerva and let her know I'm going to be late. Thanks again, Harry. I really appreciate you helping me out."

"Any time," Harry smiled.

Connie returned his smile a moment before her face disappeared, and the flames dimmed to a flickering orange. Turning back to the classroom, he smiled at Lily when he spotted her in the doorway.

“Ready for lunch, professor?” she asked with a smirk.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“If you keep teasing me, I might have to give you detention,” he warned playfully.

“You’re not going to spank me, are you, sir?” Lily asked innocently.

“Only if you’re really bad,” Harry said.

As he spoke, his hand came up and gave her a light spank. Lily squealed and ran for the door as Harry chased after her.”

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After lunch, Harry taught his next two classes with a bit less structure than the first and second years. Not knowing what Connie had planned, he didn’t want to start anything new. Instead, he conjured a bunch of balloons and had them practice the accuracy of the spells they’d already learned.

When his last class of the afternoon filed out, happy to not have any homework, Harry sat down at the desk to make a few notes. Only a couple of minutes later, Lily walked into the room with a smile.

“Hey, how was class?” she asked.

“Good,” Harry said, setting down his quill and smiling at her. “Where are Narcissa and Bella?”

“They have a potions essay to finish,” Lily said.

Turning back to the door, she drew her wand. With just a couple of flicks, she closed the door, locked it, and silenced the room.

“Lily?” Harry asked.

“Professor,” Lily said seductively.

Grabbing the arm of his chair, she turned him to face her. Bent over with her hands on the arms of his chair, put her breasts – which he only then realized were braless – just inches from his face.

“Professor Potter, I wanted to talk to you about my grade,” she said, biting her lip cutely.

“What about it, Ms. Evans?” Harry asked, his excitement already growing.

“I know I didn’t do very well on the last test, and I was hoping you’d let me improve it by doing some... extra credit,” Lily said.

Dropping to her knees, she rubbed her hands up his thighs, thumbs grazing his hardened shaft.

“Perhaps I could give you an *oral* exam,” Harry grinned.

Lily giggled at his admittedly terrible pun and reached for his belt. Popping open the button and pulling down his fly, she reached into his boxers and pulled out his cock. Smiling, she stroked him a couple of times before leaning forward and licking his tip. Harry tilted his head back and groaned as her tongue swirled around his head before her lips wrapped around him. After bobbing her head a few times, Lily pushed her head down as far as she could, forcing him against the back of her throat.

“One day as a teacher, and you’re already abusing your authority, Harry?”

Lily jerked in surprise and gagged loudly before rocketing off of Harry’s length. Connie smiled from the doorway to her quarters, her eyes dropping to his glistening shaft.

“Professor Hammer,” Lily said, her cheeks flushed as much as Harry was sure his own were. “I’m sorry, we were just-”

“Oh, don’t stop on my account,” Connie grinned, walking further into the classroom. “You know, I was wondering why so many women would be willing to share the same man. I think I understand a bit better now.”

Harry shifted slightly when she looked pointedly at his rigid cock. Stopping behind Lily, she brushed a lock of her short, blonde hair behind her ear and stared down at the blushing redhead.

“Well, go on, Ms. Evans. Don’t let me stop you from getting a better grade,” Connie said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Lily replied.

Harry blinked at the tremble of excitement in her voice. Turning back to him, her bright, sparkling green eyes met his as she opened her mouth and bobbed slowly up and down his length. Sucking in a sharp breath, he glanced up and met Connie’s bright blue eyes. Smiling, she let her eyes drop down to the back of Lily’s head and tilted her head to the side.

“You seem quite good at that,” Connie remarked. “Would I be right in guessing you get quite a bit of practice?”

Lily sucked hard as she pulled off of his tip, a loud pop echoing through the room when he left her lips.

“Only with Harry, Professor,” Lily said before her tongue swirled around him again.

Connie smirked, “And do you like sucking Harry’s cock?”

“Yes,” Lily said, making eye contact with him as she kissed his tip.

Taking off her cloak and tossing it on the desk, Connie dropped to her knees behind Lily and pulled her hair out of the way as she bobbed on his length.

“I understand you and your girlfriends are open to sharing,” Connie said quietly.

Harry met Connie’s gaze, and she smiled at him seductively before her eyes dropped back down to his shaft as it left Lily’s lips.

“I don’t mind,” Lily smiled.

Shuffling out of the way, Connie shifted forward and wrapped her hand around his spit soaked length.

“Not that I mind giving a blow job, but I haven’t had a shag in about two years,” Connie said as she leaned forward and kissed his flared, swollen head. “Harry, I really need you to fuck me.”

Throbbing in excitement, Harry stood at the same time she did. Flicking her wand, Connie stripped the three of them of their clothes. His eyes raked over her thin, athletic figure, taking in her fully, surprisingly perky breasts capped with rosy red areolas and long, prominent nipples. Smirking, Connie turned to Lily and pinned her against the desk, giving him a look at her wide hips and full, round bum.

Bending at the waist, she pressed herself against Lily and kissed her full on the lips. Lily moaned in surprise, which quickly changed into one of pleasure as she kissed her back. Walking up

behind Connie, Harry lined himself up with her entrance before slipping one hand between the girls' bodies to grab her breasts. With a slow push, he sank into her hot, tight depths.

"Fuck!" Connie gasped, ripping her lips away from Lily.

"Do you like fucking my boyfriend, professor?" Lily asked with a smirk.

"Merlin, yes," Connie hissed. "I should've done this months ago."

"You've wanted to fuck Harry for months?" Lily asked with a smirk.

Connie opened her mouth to answer, but only a groan came out when Harry started thrusting.

"I've wanted this since I watched him make Bellatrix his bitch in front of four of her classmates," Connie panted.

Harry paused in his thrusts and blinked.

"You saw that?" he asked.

"I heard them attack you and Disillusioned myself," Connie said, bucking back against him until he started thrusting again.

"I really need to charm my glasses," Harry said.

This was the second time someone had managed to sneak up on him by using the Disillusionment Charm, Lily in the Room of Requirement being the other.

Leaving that thought for another time, Harry grabbed Connie's hip and thrust harder and faster. Grabbing a fistful of her hair, she moaned as he pulled her head back until it was pointing up at the ceiling and kissed her on the lips. Lily's lips attacked her neck, then moved down until she captured her swollen nipple.

Breaking their kiss, Connie moaned lewdly as he grabbed her shoulders and started pounding into her forcefully. With a cry, her arousal drenched his thrusting length as her depths tightened and spasmed around him. While he continued fucking her through her climax, she grabbed the back of Lily's head and pulled her head firmly against her breast while moaning and gasping wantonly.

Suddenly, Lily dropped to her knees, and Harry could feel her tongue lapping at Connie's folds, occasionally gliding across his length.

"Shit!" Connie gasped, fisting her dark red hair. "Fuck!"

Smirking, Harry held Connie's hip in one hand and her hair in the other. Slamming into her with rapid, powerful thrusts, his thighs clapped loudly against her ass, causing it to jiggle spectacularly.

Pulling back a bit too far, Harry slipped out of her dripping folds. Lily giggled when he thrust forward again, and his wet cock slid across her neck. Wrapping her hand around him, she gave the top of his shaft a suck, her tongue swirling around him, before placing him back at Connie's entrance.

"Oh, Merlin," Connie gasped as he sank back into her.

Giving her bum a smack with a grin, Harry tugged at her hair while kissing her neck and rocking his hips. Feeling a bit possessive, he sucked at the delicate skin of her throat, intent on leaving a mark. Connie moaned, lifting one hand from Lily's hair and reaching back to thread it through his.

When Harry pulled his head back, he reached behind him and grabbed the chair. Pulling it over, he sat down, pulling Connie into his lap. The position caused him to sink much deeper into her, drawing a deep, guttural moan from her lips.

"You're stretching her out so much," Lily grinned, walking forward on her knees. "If you're not careful, you might ruin her for other men."

"Too late," Connie groaned while rolling her hips. "Your cock feels so good."

Smiling, Harry kissed her cheek and hooked her thighs with his arms. Slouching in the chair, he held her against his chest and began thrusting up into her.

"Fuck, that's deep!" Connie gasped.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Lily asked.

Connie replied with another loud, wanton moan. Giggling, Lily leaned forward and attacked Connie's clit with her tongue. Immediately, Harry felt her shudder against him, her depths fluttering around him. Closing his eyes, he groaned at the feeling of her hot, silky walls wrapped around his rigid length.

Gradually, his thrusts sped up as fast as the slightly awkward position would allow. Sliding his hands up, he cupped both of her firm, bouncing breasts and rolled her long, thick nipples between his fingers.

"Harry," Connie moaned.

Dropping her head back onto his shoulder, she moaned and shuddered through a second climax. Trembling, she stopped pulling Lily forward and started pushing her away. Seeing her face covered in arousal, hair mused and wild from Connie's hands, Lily stared at his thrusting cock with a hooded, lustful gaze.

"I'm going to cum," Harry grunted, his thrusts speeding up.

"In me," Connie panted pleadingly.

Hearing that, Harry thrust a few more times before reaching his peak. Grunting and groaning, he slammed his cock as deep as he could and erupted in her depths. Connie moaned and dropped her head onto his shoulder, one hand reaching up behind her to pull him down for a kiss.

Lily giggled and leaned forward, licking and sucking at the point where he and Connie were connected as he emptied himself.

"You both have detention with me for the rest of the year," Connie said.

Harry and Lily laughed as he wrapped his arms around her, his hands caressing her body.

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An hour later, after Connie and Lily had left to go to dinner, Harry was still in the Defense classroom. With his glasses on the desk, he squinted his eyes as he cast a series of charms. Even though he was using his Holly wand, the spells he needed came to him with little thought. If he'd been willing to spend the time, he thought he could easily replicate the usefulness of Moody's magical eyes. As it stood, he just wanted to be able to see through Disillusionment Charms and Invisibility charms and cloaks.

Pocketing his wand, he looked over his glasses before slipping them on his face.

"Mr. Potter,"

Harry spun around, and his eyes widened when he saw Professor McGonagall in the doorway. It wasn't seeing her that surprised him so much; it was the fact that he could see through all of the clothes he was wearing. His first thought was that her breasts were larger than he'd expected, his second was that she looked good for a woman in her fifties, and his third was sheer embarrassment when he realized she was waiting for an answer.

Realizing that she would Hex him all the way to Hogsmeade if she knew the truth, Harry tried his best to keep his eyes rivet to her face.

"Sorry, what was that, Professor?" Harry asked, his eyes already dropping back down to her breasts.

Are they really that perky, or is it because of her bra, he wondered.

"I asked how your classes went," McGonagall said.

"Oh, they went great," Harry said. "I did have to give Gareth Thompson detention for trying to intentionally teach a classmate the wrong way to cast the Incarcerous Hex."

"Yes, Professor Flitwick informed me of that," she said. "I'm glad you caught him when you did. I've seen many students sent to the hospital wing for even unintentionally miscasting."

"And you'll see a lot more," Harry smiled. "My housemate, Seamus Finnigan, had a knack for blowing up pretty much everything."

McGonagall sighed, but Harry could see the smile tugging at the corners of her lips. He hoped she didn't intend to talk to him much longer. It was quite awkward staring at her when he knew she was essentially naked, and she didn't. He was feeling a bit guilty about it, but he thought taking off his glasses might be too suspicious.

“Have you thought about a career in teaching?” she asked. “Between the Defense Association and today’s performance, I think you would make an excellent Defense professor.”

“I really haven’t thought about it much,” Harry admitted. “I thought about becoming an Auror, but I was always too preoccupied with fighting a war to really think about it seriously.”

“You could always do both,” McGonagall suggested. “Most teachers spend time getting experience in other areas before taking a teaching post.”

“I’ll think about it,” Harry said. “It would be nice to take a break from fighting all the time.”

“I imagine it would,” Professor McGonagall smiled. “Good night, Mr. Potter.”

“Night, professor,” Harry said.

As she turned to leave, he couldn’t stop from taking a look at her surprisingly nice bum. When the sound of her footsteps faded down the hall, Harry let out a breath and took off his glasses.

“Okay, maybe I need to dial it back a bit,” he said to himself.

It took a bit more tweaking, but he eventually got his glasses to be a bit less sensitive. After testing them on a few objects in the room, he managed to make a fuzzy outline appear around anything that was disillusioned or invisible. If he wanted to see what was actually there, he could wandlessly increase the sensitivity, which had the same effect as what had happened with McGonagall.

Even with all of the knowledge Harry had, he couldn’t find another way to achieve the same goal.

“Just don’t be a perv, Potter,” he told himself as he slipped his glasses back onto his face.

As he left the classroom, he wondered if he'd be able to resist the temptation of taking a peek at some of the beautiful girls around the school.