

Chapter 13

Harry ran his hand through Angelina's long, dark hair with a groan. Currently, the stunning, dark-skinned witch was on her knees, her dress bunched up around her wide hips and leaving all but her tight stomach exposed to his gaze, and her thick, pouty lips stretched around his girth.

Thick, stringy globs of saliva dripped down her chin and onto her body as she relentlessly plunged her mouth down onto his rigid length. Angelina stared up at him with a hooded gaze as her fingers delved between her folds, her large breasts bouncing on her chest. Loud, wet gags sounded into the night from atop the Astronomy Tower as she battered her own throat with his cock. Her beautiful makeup for the ball was now a ruined mess from the tears and saliva running down her face, streaks of dark red lipstick running along his shaft.

After nearly a year of repeating the same day, and pushing boundaries he never would have dared before, Harry was now convinced that women were just as depraved and perverted as men. They were just better at hiding it.

The moment Angelina had run her hand along his bulge as they kissed, her eyes lit up wantonly. Suzette had told him his long-time friend and teammate had a bit of an oral fixation, but he was still stunned at how fast she'd dropped to her knees and swallowed his length. Now, after nearly half an hour, she still showed no signs of wanting him to finish. Every time he felt like he was getting close, she would pull off of him and praise his manhood like it was some mythical artifact until he calmed enough for her to swallow him again. In contrast, she had already reached her climax twice from playing with herself, shuddering and moaning around his cock.

"Fuck!" Harry grunted.

Angelina buried him in her throat, her nose grinding against his pubic bone while her long tongue lapped at his balls. By far, it was the most intense blowjob of his life, and Harry had quite a bit of experience with talented witches at this point. His hips flexed out of instinct, driving every last millimeter of his shaft between her lips. Angelina gagged loudly but made no attempt to pull back as a long string of spit fell from her chin, some landing on her chocolate-colored nipple before further soaking her dress.

Suddenly, they heard a loud gasp from the door.

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Johnson!” Professor Sinistra gasped.

Angelina blushed and pulled back sharply off his cock, leaving it spit-soaked and jutting in the air. Harry saw Sinistra’s eyes go wide as she stared at it. Smirking, he made no move to cover himself.

“Something wrong, Professor?” Harry asked.

Both Angelina and Sinistra stared at him incredulously as he smiled, completely unfazed by being caught in the act. Even as Sinistra tried to look stern, her eyes still glanced down at his length hard length more than once.

“You can’t be doing that here,” Professor Sinistra hissed. “Both of you, get dressed.”

Angelina, looking quite ashamed, moved her arms from covering her chest to pull up her dress, but Harry put his hand on her shoulder to get her to stop.

“Uh, Professor, there’s no way this thing is going to fit back in my trousers the way it is,” Harry said, gesturing to his throbbing erection. “Would it be alright if we had a few minutes to finish?”

Again, both witches stared at him nonplussed. Angelina’s mouth gaped open, making Harry wish he could take the opportunity to put his rapidly cooling cock back into her wonderfully hot mouth. Professor Sinistra worked her mouth open and closed, but no words left at first.

“Five more minutes,” she said, looking surprised at her own answer.

"Thanks, Professor," Harry said with a grateful smile.

Nodding stiffly, Sinistra took one last glance at his crotch before walking back through the door and pulling it closed behind her.

"Did she seriously just agree to let me finish blowing you?" Angelina asked incredulously.

"Seems that way," Harry said with a grin. "Sorry Ang but, as fun as this has been, it looks like we're gonna have to be quick."

She stared at him for a long moment before she burst out laughing.

"Merlin, Harry," she said through her laugh. "I don't know what's gotten into you tonight."

"Well, it more about what's gotten into you that matters," Harry joked, wagging his cock at her and drawing another laugh. "So, do you want to finish what you started, or do you want to go for a quickie?"

"You can fuck me later," Angelina said, waddling forward on her knees to wrap her hand around his shaft. "Right now, I want you to shove this big cock down my throat until you cum."

Taking the tip in her mouth, she brought his hands to her head and looked up at him lustfully. Grinning, Harry ran his hands through her hair tenderly before grabbing two rough handfuls of her thick, lush locks.

"Shit, we should have done this sooner," Harry said as he sheathed himself in her throat.

Angelina moaned in agreement around his shaft before gagging loudly. As he began to thrust roughly, her large breasts bounced on her chest and her fingers returned to her folds. Instead of pushing her fingers into her depths, she rubbed her clit rapidly. Harry gripped her hair tightly

as he ruthlessly drove into her tight throat over and over again. It continued to amaze him that, despite the tears running down her eyes and the loud squelches and gags that came from her throat, Angelina was still enjoying herself immensely. For some reason, it always amazed him some women enjoyed this sort of thing.

Pushing those thoughts to the back of his mind, Harry focused on fucking her face. While perhaps not as pleasurable as some of the slower, more sensuous blowjobs he'd had, the sights, sounds, and depravity of the situation brought on an excitement he didn't often get. On her knees, Angelina happily choked on his thick shaft as it plunged in and out of her voracious mouth.

Finally, Harry was allowed to reach his peak. With a loud groan, he buried his cock in her throat, her gullet expanding around his shaft as it swelled. The first shot was fired directly into Angelina's stomach before he pulled back. With his cock resting on her tongue, she moaned wantonly and swirled her tongue around as his release spilled into her mouth. As his climax came to an end, he pulled out with a shudder when she continued to suck him dry.

While Angelina tilted her head back to swallow, her hand moving frantically over her clit, Harry felt something. After months of practice with Professor Flitwick, he was starting to get the hang of feeling magic. Right now, he felt the unmistakable magic of the Disillusionment Charm, a spell his Charms professor had made sure he was familiar with. A smirk crossed his face as he realized Professor Sinistra was watching them.

Reaching down, he grabbed Angelina's hand and pulled her to her feet. A frustrated groan left her lips and she glared at him for stopping her so close to her climax. She opened her mouth, but before the words could escape, Harry spun her around and pushed on her shoulder while holding her hips.

"I know we don't have a lot of time, but I can still return the favor," Harry said.

Bent over at the waist, Angelina braced her hands on the wall to keep herself steady and looked over her shoulder. Harry smiled at her and ran his hand over her smooth, plush behind before running two fingers between her drenched folds. With a moan, she hung her head down and bucked her hips back at him.

Using a trick Suzette had taught him, Harry slipped two fingers inside of her. After a bit of searching, he found a patch of slightly rougher skin along her top wall, just a few inches in. The moment he grazed it, Angelina gasped, and her hips rocked hard. Smirking, he gripped her shoulder tightly to keep her in place and suddenly began stimulating that spot frantically.

Angelina cried out, her hips jerking forward from the intense feelings. Harry wouldn't let her get away though. While his hand held her shoulder in place, his other hand followed her movements as she writhed wildly. Loud gasps and high-pitched squeals split the night air as Harry shook his hand so fast it looked like his arm was vibrating.

In less than a minute, Angelina screamed out her climax while a stream of hot arousal splashed all over the floor. Her legs trembled violently and threatened to give out on her before Harry wrapped his arm around her waist to hold her up. Pulling his dripping fingers out of her still spasming folds, he held her to his chest, kissing her neck and fondling her breasts as she panted and gasped.

"Bloody hell," she gasped a short while later. "Where the fuck did you learn that?"

"A friend," Harry said with a shrug and a smug smile.

Taking his wand out of his pocket, he cast a few quick charms to clean both of them up. Angelina would have to reapply her makeup, but at least she didn't look like a Knockturn Alley whore after a gangbang, Harry thought. Just before she fixed her dress, he spun her around and kissed her on the lips.

Once they were both decent, they headed for the door. Halfway down the stairs, Harry came to a stop.

"I left my robe up there, I'll be right back," he said.

Kissing Angelina on the cheek, he raced back up the stairs and peeked in the door. Professor Sinistra had taken off the Disillusionment Charm, hiked up her dress, and buried a hand in the front of her panties. Unfortunately, her back was to Harry, so he could only see her arm moving back and forth.

Taking a deep breath, he pushed the door open loudly. Professor Sinistra spun towards him with her eyes wide. Harry got a quick look at her thick thighs, wide hips, and black panties before she yanked her hand free and covered herself back up.

“Sorry,” Harry said with a smile. “I forgot my robe.”

Blushing heavily, Professor Sinistra said nothing as he picked up his robe and walked back to the door.

“Have a good night, Professor,” Harry said with a wink.

Closing the door behind him, he caught back up to Angelina and wrapped an arm around her waist as he led her back to the ball. They still had quite a bit of time left in the night, but Harry was already thinking of ways to try and sleep with his beautiful professor.

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It took several tries for Harry to get close to Professor Sinistra. He spent nearly a week following her under his cloak and talking to her at the ball to find the perfect opportunity. With a solid plan in mind, he once again took Daphne to the ball.

When she left him for the night after the first dance, Harry spent some time wandering around and talking to his friends. As the night wore on, and everyone, including the teachers, consumed more of the spiked punch courtesy of Fred and George, he went over to ask for a dance. First, he danced with Professor Vector. While it was fun, and he found Vector plenty attractive, tonight, he was focused on Sinistra.

Afterwards, he convinced her to join him on the dance floor. As he spun her around, Harry made sure he brushed his erection against her several times. When the song ended, he pulled her close and pressed his hard length against her thigh as she stared up at him, her eyes slightly wide.

“Thanks, professor,” Harry said.

“You’re welcome,” she said, her cheeks flushed darker than normal.

They parted ways, and Harry ended up sitting with a sullen Katie for a while. He was tempted to take her onto the dance floor, but he didn’t want to miss his chance. He would have had plenty of time, and that was something he kept in mind if there needed to be a next time.

Eventually, Professors Vector and Sinistra left to do their rounds. Slipping out of the Great Hall, Harry dipped into an alcove to put on his cloak before catching up to them. He knew they would be heading upstairs before splitting up. Professor Vector would check the fifth floor, while Professor Sinistra would head up to check out the Astronomy Tower.

“Did you notice anything – odd, about Harry when you were dancing with him?” Sinistra asked Vector.

“What do you mean?” Vector asked.

Sinistra looked around to make sure they were alone before answering and Harry moved closer so he could listen easier.

“Didn’t you feel his erection?” Sinistra asked quietly.

“I thought I might have at the end,” Vector admitted. “You don’t think he was really that excited to dance with us, do you?”

“Oh, he was definitely pressing it against me,” Sinistra told her. “That thing was big. It’s like he was trying to hide a beater’s bat in his pants.”

“Size queen,” Vector said teasingly while bumping her shoulder.

“You would be too if you felt him rubbing against you the whole dance,” Sinistra said, causing both witches to giggle. “Merlin, it’s almost enough to make me want to give him a detention for being a bad boy.”

The two women broke down into laughs and Harry smiled as he walked behind them. They walked a bit further before finally splitting up. As Vector disappeared down the corridor, he followed Sinistra up the spiraling staircase to the Astronomy Tower. Thankfully, she left the door open at the top and made it easy for him to sneak in.

While Sinistra walked over to the parapet to look out over the grounds, Harry closed the door quietly and took off his cloak. Once he was close to her, he walked normally, his steps sounding on the hard stone floor.

Just as Sinistra turned to see who was behind her, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist from behind. Looking over her shoulder, her eyes went wide at the sight of him.

“Mr. Potter,” she gasped. “This - this is highly inappropriate.”

“Didn’t you want to give me detention, professor?” Harry asked.

Sinistra gaped at him, her cheeks flushing as she stared at him. It was then that she seemed to realize what he had pressed firmly against her luscious backside.

“Harry,” she said, spinning around in his arms and placing her hands on his chest. “We-”

Harry cut her off by pressing his lips to hers. Sinistra grunted in surprise and went stiff for a long moment. Slowly, her shoulders relaxed, and her lips moved against his. His hands slid up and down the back of her dress, his hands moving closer to her bum while her large breasts flattened against his chest. As soon as he cupped her full, thick globes, Sinistra pulled back and stared up at him.

“We shouldn’t,” she said quietly.

“But you want to,” Harry countered gently.

Sinistra swallowed as she stared at him. Her mouth opened, as if to speak her denial, but no words came out. Smiling, Harry leaned forward and kissed her again. This time, she didn’t hesitate to kiss him back, nor did she pull back when Harry cupped and lightly squeezed her rear. Instead, she moaned into his mouth, her hands sliding over his chest and shoulders.

“I can’t believe we’re doing this,” Sinistra said breathlessly.

Harry just smiled as he squeezed her cheeks roughly and pulled her close, his hard shaft grinding into her thigh. Inhaling sharply, Sinistra rocked her hips forward on instinct, then bit her lip when she realized what she’d done.

“Fuck it,” she said suddenly.

Grabbing his head, she pulled him in for a kiss while her hands pushed his robe off his shoulder. Before it had even hit the ground, her hands were working on the buttons of his shirt. Harry slid his hands up her back and reached for the zipper of her dress. He slipped his hands inside the back of her dress and caressed her smooth skin as she tugged his shirt out of his pants. Rather than reaching for his belt buckle, Sinistra ran her hand down the front of his pants and over his large, prominent bulge.

Groaning as her hand traced his length, Harry shrugged off his shirt before grabbing the straps of her dress. The top fell down until it caught on her wide hips, baring her large breasts. He

wasted no time in pulling back from her lips and burying his face in her soft, pillowy mounds. Opening his mouth, he took one of her wide areolas between his lips, his tongue circling her thick nipple. With a whine, Sinistra reached for his belt and practically tore it open in her haste to open his pants. In seconds, she was pushing them down his thighs and grasping for his exposed length.

“Mmh, that’s big,” Sinistra panted. “Merlin, I need this.”

Grabbing her dress, she wiggled back and forth as she pushed it, along with her panties, down over her wide hips to pool at her feet. Not bothering to remove her high heeled shoes, Sinistra stepped out of her dress and spun around. Putting her hands on the top of the parapet, she bent at the waist slightly and stuck out her big, round ass towards him. Harry ran his hands over her soft, smooth globes before giving her a light spank that earned him a low moan.

“You have a great ass, professor,” Harry said, groping her cheeks firmly.

“You can call me Aurora,” Sinistra said before letting out a low moan as he pulled her firm globes apart to reveal her taut slit and puckered back entrance.

Letting go, he watched with a grin as her cheeks snapped back together with a small clap. Running his hands up her back, Harry leaned over her and ground his throbbing erection against her hot, leaking folds.

“You don’t want me to call you professor, professor?” he asked teasingly.

“It’s wrong,” Sinistra whimpered while rocking her hips and sliding her slit along his shaft.

“That’s what makes it fun, professor,” Harry whispered in her ear with a smirk.

She whimpered again before letting out a gasp as his head pressed against her entrance. Straightening up, Harry grabbed her shoulder with one hand and her hanging breast with the other as he sank into her. Sinistra moaned and bucked her hips back at him wantonly.

"Yes," she hissed.

"Is this what you had in mind when you said you wanted to put me in detention, professor?" Harry asked, pulling back and delving back into her quickly.

"Harry," Sinistra moaned.

Smirking, he raised his hand and gave her ass a firm smack.

"That should be Mr. Potter, shouldn't it?" Harry continued teasing. "Maybe you're the one that need to be in detention, professor. This is completely unprofessional behavior."

"I don't care, just fuck me," she barked.

Smiling, Harry did just that, plowing into her hot, tight depths with long, powerful thrusts. The beautiful, dark cheeks of her ass rippled from the impact of his hips. Without a doubt, she had one of the best, if not *the* best ass in the school, he thought.

"You know, if you did this with your students more often, I bet your class would have much better attendance," Harry teased. "I know I sure as hell would have stayed."

"Oh fuck!" Sinistra gasped, a shudder running through her as she started practically throwing herself back into his thrusts. "Harder!"

Panting from the exertion, Harry grabbed a handful of her long, straight black hair and used it as a handle as he slammed into her. Within moments, Sinistra shrieked into the night as she

reached a powerful climax. Groaning at the tightening of her depths, he was forced to slow his thrusts as she bucked wildly. As her legs trembled, Harry leaned forward to wrap an arm around her chest, groping her full breasts while helping to hold her up. After a few moments, her body went slack as she panted hard. Kissing her neck, he continued rocking his hips lightly as she recovered. Supporting her own weight, Sinistra turned her head and kissed him passionately.

"Please don't stop," she whispered against his lips.

Harry smiled and pecked her on the lips.

"I'm not even close to done with you yet, professor," he told her.

Straightening up, Harry groped her lush cheeks as he began thrusting slowly.

"Your ass is fantastic, professor," he said, smacking the other cheek lightly.

"Mmh, you can fuck it, if you want," Sinistra told him.

"Seriously?" Harry asked, stopping his thrusts.

Looking over her shoulder, she smirked at him, her bright hazel eyes sparkling.

"Hand me my wand," she told him.

Grinning, Harry kissed her on the lips before pulling out of her completely. Both of them groaned in disappointment as he bent down and dug through her dress. Finding her wand, he pulled it free from the holster attached to the thin fabric and handed it to her. Sinistra aimed the tip of her wand between her cheeks and mumbled a quick spell. A shiver ran through her body before she tossed her wand back on top of her clothes.

Trembling with excitement, Harry stepped up behind her. Gripping her dusky globes, he spread them apart and lined the tip of his cock up with her puckered entrance. As he pushed forward, he thought it looked almost impossible for something as large as his cock to fit in her tiny hole. Sinistra groaned as he pushed forward more and more firmly. It took a surprising amount of force, to the point he was worried about hurting her, before her tight ring gave way and he slipped inside. The Astronomy professor gasped followed by a loud moan as Harry inhaled sharply.

Sawing his hips back and forth, he slowly sank deeper into her incredibly tight, impossibly hot back door. It seemed almost impossible that anything could feel better than the things he'd already experienced but being deep in his professor's ass absolutely did. Part of it was the incredible feelings themselves, and part of it was the insanely erotic situation.

After a slow start, Harry bottomed out in her perfect behind. Pulling halfway back out, he slid back in with slow, deep thrusts. Sinistra moaned low in her throat and looked at him over her shoulder.

"Fuck, I've never felt this full," she said, staring at him with a hooded gaze.

"You like having one of your students deep in your ass, professor?" Harry asked, leaning over her back and increasing his pace.

"Yes," she hissed, her eyelids fluttering.

Smiling, Harry grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, arching her neck sharply. Pulling nearly all the way out, he plunged back into her in a single, relentless thrust. With his lips attached to her delicate throat, he felt her windpipe rumble as she moaned sensuously.

Feeling his climax beginning to build, Harry reached under her with his free hand and sank two fingers into her dripping folds. After a bit of searching, he found that sensitive spot inside of her and rubbed it gently. Sinistra gasped and shuddered, her hips bucking back against him hard and driving his cock deep into her rear.

“Harry!” she exclaimed, panting heavily.

As he continued to gently run his fingers over the patch of slightly rougher skin inside of her, he hammered into her bum with deep, powerful thrusts. It felt like no time at all before he was teetering on the edge.

“I’m close,” Harry growled, his hips continuing to clap against her lush cheeks.

“In – me,” Sinistra grunted,

Groaning, Harry held on as long as he could. The closer he got to his peak, the harder he slammed into her. Just as his cock swelled, spilling himself deep in her bum, Sinistra’s mouth hung open in a silent scream as she was pushed over the edge. Eyes clamped shut, the muscles and tendons in her neck bulged as her entire body seized up. Suddenly, a high-pitched squeal left her throat while her entire body shook uncontrollably.

Wrapping an arm around her, Harry held her close to his chest as he continued filling her. Sinistra’s eyes flew open and nearly rolled into the back of her head as her legs gave out. If not for his arm around her, she would have fallen to the floor. Harry wrapped both arms around her chest, one hand squeezing her breast as he savored the moment of bliss fogging his mind.

Eventually, their euphoria faded, the two of them panting for air as they recovered. Harry kissed her neck and Sinistra turned her head to kiss his lips tenderly. When he softened, she pulled forward until he slipped out of her, then turned in his arms.

“Mr. Potter, that will be one week’s detention for inappropriate behavior towards a professor,” she said with a smile.

“Just a week?” Harry asked with a grin.

“We’ll see,” Sinistra said, leaning forward to kiss him.

While Harry was a bit sad he wouldn’t get to experience that week, or more, with his gorgeous professor, he was glad he at least had this to relive and remember.

Abruptly, the memory of that night blurred and vanished. Blinking, he found himself staring into the face of Suzette as she grinned at him.

“You’ve been a naughty boy, ‘Arry,” she said teasingly.

“A bit,” Harry said with a smile.

Giggling, Suzette sat back on the couch in the Room of Requirement.

“Listen, I’ve been wondering, can you teach someone to be a Legilimens?” Harry asked.

“I could, but it takes a lot of time, and I’ve never tried to teach anyone before,” Suzette said.

“Time is the one thing I never run out of,” Harry replied, a tinge of sadness in his voice.