

“You realize that this is highly irregular, Mr. Potter?” Septima Vector sat behind her desk staring at the famous young wizard with a quirked eyebrow.

“Yes, Professor,” he seemed adamant though, and mildly frustrated, “But after a full year of getting my death predicted every single class, I don’t think I can take anymore of it.”

“Ah... Professor Trelawney does have a rather odd way of motivating her students.” The Arithmancy Professor had never taken the class herself, but even in her time at Hogwarts, Trelawney had made a habit of predicting a student’s death. *And given his penchant for danger, I can imagine Harry was easy pickings. Might even have a chance of being right this time around.*

“I can understand where that might be frustrating, even sympathize, but you’re a full year behind.” And she knew better than most that her class could be quite daunting even without being behind. He made to speak, but she didn’t give him the chance, “And, I mean no offense to Divination, but the work is more intensive than dream diaries.”

Her warning didn’t seem to deter him in the slightest though, “I understand that, Professor. Hermione told me much the same. But she loves your class and speaks very highly of you as an instructor. I’m willing to do whatever is needed to catch up.”

Septima tapped her quill against the desk, as she looked him over. There was a part of her that had been disappointed that he hadn’t taken her class at the start of third year. After two years hearing conflicting opinions about the young man from the other professors, she was hoping to get the chance to make her own opinion of him. *Then he went and chose Divination, which speaks volumes in and of itself.*

Still, if he’s willing to put in the effort, why shouldn’t I give him the opportunity? Septima knew the biggest deterrent. Inevitably, getting him caught up would eat into her own personal time. But considering she spent most of her at the castle anyway, and the extent of her social interactions were the occasional Saturday nights drinking gnomish wine with Aurora and Bathsheda, it wasn’t a massive hardship.

With a sigh, she finally relented, “Very well, I’ll allow you to take Arithmancy.”

“Thank you, professor!” He was grinning from ear to ear, and she couldn’t help but give a little smile back.

“I wouldn’t be too excited just yet, Mr. Potter.” Just because she relented didn’t mean that things were going to be easy for him. Far from it, “I expect excellence from my students, and you won’t be any exception. In fact, given your determination to join my class, I’ll expect even better.”

“I won’t disappoint you.”

“I should hope not.” Only time would tell for sure, but he clearly was confident he could manage it. She wasn’t sure if he’d feel the same way once she made her expectations clear, “By the end of this term, you will finish the entirety of the third-year curriculum and come the end of the school year, you will sit the fourth year exams with the rest of your classmates.” In all fairness to him, it was probably the best year to make the switch, since quidditch wouldn’t be a distraction, “If at any time I deem your efforts unsatisfactory, or you fail to meet my requirements, I will remove you from my class.”

His eyes widened slightly as he realized the scope of the task that he'd taken on, but he didn't flinch at the challenge, "I understand, professor."

This was the first interaction she'd ever had with the young man, and she could say quite confidently that Severus' opinion of him seemed quite unfair, "Now obviously, I don't expect you to climb that mountain all on your lonesome. I wouldn't be much of a teacher if I did."

He gave a little laugh at that, and she couldn't help but smile back, "I thought I'd get Hermione's help."

"I have every faith in Miss Granger, but I wouldn't want your tutoring to affect her own studies." He was amused by the very idea, and given her reputation, she could understand why. Still, she wasn't going to burden one of her students with something that should rightly be her responsibility, "Since you are genuine in your interest, I think two weekly private sessions with me shouldn't be any problem? And at the end of term, we'll evaluate if you need to continue them into the second term."

For a moment, there was a look in his enchanting emerald eyes that had no business being directed from a student to a teacher. Septima was one of the youngest professors on staff and wasn't oblivious to the fact that she was rather attractive. But even her boldest seventh years didn't give her such obvious looks of interest. It made her feel warm, and she was sure her cheeks reddened. But it fell away even faster than it appeared, and he gave her a calm answer, "No problem at all, professor. You won't regret it, I promise!"

"Trust me, I'm going to hold you to that." Septima told him with one last smile in his direction before looking down at the assignments in front of her. They were her seventh-year summer assignments, "Now, off with you Mr. Potter."

He turned to leave, but hesitated, "What days would you like me here for my extra lesson?"

"I'll check my schedule and get back to you at your first proper lesson," Septima she waved him away, "Now really, off with you. I have far too many papers to grade after the summer break, and I really would like to have them done before midnight."

"Alright, professor, I look forward to it." There was a certain confidence to it, a slight bit of cheekiness that she found undeniably appealing. Finally, he turned and walked out of the room... and she watched his bum the whole way. *This might just be a bad idea.*

She let out a breath that she didn't even realize she'd been holding as her whole body felt warm. With one very specific spot crying out with need. Biting her lower lip, she pointed her wand at the door. The assignments could wait a while longer, there were more important things that needed doing.

A few short, breathy minutes later, her whole body twitched in pleasure after fantasizing about the emerald-eyed youth. She pulled her fingers away from her sex covered in her own creamy cum. As she licked them clean, she knew that she was right. *Cor, this is **definitely** going to be a bad idea.*

Septima looked herself over in the mirror one last time. Smoothing out the creases of her blouse, she knew that she was in well over her head at this point. It was Friday night at the end of the first term, the excitement around Christmas and the Yule Ball was in full swing, but she wasn't giving any of that much thought.

The only thing that had her excited was the prospect of Harry's arrival. Without fail, every Wednesday and Friday since the beginning of the year, he joined her for his private lessons. And as they persisted, the lines between them blurred.

From the first time they met, he endeared himself to her with his dedication. He was nothing short of a fantastic student, both in the regular class and their private sessions. There were some teachers over the years who thought him a good student, others that saw him as an underachiever, and then Severus, but for her, he was the single best pupil she had the pleasure of teaching. *And that really isn't me being blinded by fancying him.*

Even his surprising entrance into the Tri-wizard Tournament hadn't been enough to distract him. If anything, their time together was a boon because she didn't intend to let her favorite student flounder on his own when caught up in something so ridiculously dangerous. The first time she truly overstepped the teacher-student boundary was after the first task.

The Arithmancy Professor just couldn't help herself after watching him nearly die. The moment he walked through her door after the task, she hugged him close and didn't let go until long after what was appropriate. And for his part, he hugged her back just as tightly, and offered her nothing but comfort.

Ever since, little by little, those barriers fell away through little touches and discreet looks. Innocent on the surface, they spoke to something deeper. Their lessons took to other topics as he proved proficient in Arithmancy.

Most recently, it'd been dancing. As it turned out he was a fair dancer as well, and their last encounter she'd been a hairsbreadth from just taking the plunge and capturing his lips after he gave her a dip.

That night, just like nearly every night, she went to bed with thoughts of him. *And I stopped feeling guilty about it weeks ago.* He was sweet and thoughtful, and handsome. It all left her unable to deny her attraction, and every new night together tore down what flimsy resolve remained to her. That's how she found herself in a pair of painted on jeans that made her legs look fantastic rather than her usual conservative robes. The neckline of her blouse dipped low enough to offer an enticing hint of her tanned cleavage. Her dark hair hung in waves around her oval face. The woman looking at her in the mirror was ready for a date night out in London, not for a meeting with one of her students.

"Sep?" Harry called from the other side of the door. Her private quarters were on the fourth floor just down from her classroom. And at this point in their relationship, he'd become perfectly accustomed to letting himself in when he'd been invited, just as he'd started calling her by her first name, and a pet name at that.

There were three distinct occasions where he'd arrived early to one of their scheduled appointments. Those moments were thrilling. *If he'd simply barged his way into my room looking for me, he'd have found me three knuckles deep buried in my own sex.* There was nothing in the world she wanted more, and those very scenarios had fueled sessions of their own.

Glancing at the clock on the wall, she realized that time had gotten away from her, "I'll be right out, Harry!" They were both far too familiar but did a good job of hiding it when they were in class.

With one last look in the mirror, she headed out to meet him. She remembered something halfway there though and stopped at her bureau to pick up a piece of parchment. Rolling it up, she hid it behind her back as she joined him.

Harry stood there with his hands behind his back. He wore a tight scarlet shirt and a pair of nicely fitting dark trousers. That change had been largely her doing. They'd become close enough over these months that he revealed some semblance of his home life. It'd left her incensed with the headmaster, given he could've found any number of willing, capable families to take care of him.

His hand-me-downs were a point of shame, even if he hadn't fully realized it. But he persisted in wearing them because he was under the impression that his family would destroy anything new if they found out. Septima offered a simple solution. She would hold onto his new wardrobe for him while he was away from Hogwarts, so they'd be none the wiser during his summer visit. *Not that he'd even be doing that if it were up to me!*

He smiled the moment he saw her, warm and genuine, "Sorry, I know I'm a bit early."

"Nonsense, you're right on time as far as I'm concerned." Septima wouldn't mind having him there all day. *Oh, the things we could get up to.* What surprised her most about their indecent relationship was that her feelings weren't simple lust. Yes, from that first time he asked her to switch electives, she knew that she was attracted to him, but she wasn't expecting to genuinely enjoy his company. It was that, beyond anything, that burned away any guilt.

"So... are you looking forward to the Yule Ball tomorrow?" Honestly, she wasn't. Watching him flirt and dance with some girl wasn't on her list of fun things, but she couldn't just come out and say that. Septima didn't know much about Parvati Patil, other than Padma was her twin, and yet she had an inexplicable distaste for the girl.

He gave a shrug, "I'm just glad I won't embarrass myself for the first dance."

"You're welcome for that, by the way." The next words that came out of her mouth sounded halfhearted even to her, "Be sure to show your date a good time. You don't want a bad reputation, after all." Biting her bottom lip, she knew it was risky, but what would it hurt, "And don't be afraid to offer me a dance when you get the chance." Originally, she hadn't been planning on attending the Ball, but circumstances had made it where she wouldn't miss it.

"Of course..." he mumbled something under his breath that she couldn't quite make out, but she thought she heard 'with you' in there. It made her heart beat heavy in her chest.

For a second, they just looked at each other from across the room. Septima felt a giddy sort of nervousness, and as she went to speak, he did at the same time. Together, they said, "I have something for you."

They chuckled before she got out, "Really, you have something for me?"

"It's nearly Christmas..." He sounded shy and just as nervous as she felt. Septima hadn't gotten him a gift, at least not a proper one, but she knew exactly what she **wanted** to give him.

"It is..." She gestured over to the couch. They sat next to each other, far closer than was perfectly necessary, "Did you want to go first?"

From behind his back, he revealed a neatly wrapped box, no bigger than a postcard, "Happy Christmas!"

Quietly, she opened it, and she could tell that he was anxious. The simple fact that he even thought of getting her anything was incredibly touching, but when she revealed what was inside, it only became better.

The box appeared to be fine quality, and inside was a beautiful white-gold bracelet. There were charms inside sitting just beneath it. One was a dog that looked suspiciously like her childhood Australian Shepherd, Jupiter. One of her biggest regrets when it came to teaching at Hogwarts was that owning one wasn't allowed. The next was the symbol for pi. To most witches or wizards it would seem odd, but her love of math in primary school is what prompted her to take such a heavy interest in Arithmancy once she reached Hogwarts. The last looked like the Coliseum. Her mother was Italian, and her grandparents on that side had lived just outside of Rome. It had been her favorite place to visit since she was a little girl.

He remembered little things. Jupiter in particular had only been mentioned in passing. Happy tears threatened to fall at the corner of her eye, "Harry, this is wonderful. Thank you!" Placing the gift down on the end table first, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him into a tight hug.

"You've been wonderful," he whispered in her ear, sending pleasurable tingles right down to her toes, "I just wanted to show how much I appreciate you."

It was incredibly sweet, and it only made her that much more eager to get to his present. Pulling away just enough, she offered him the parchment. After he unfurled it and saw the boldly written 'O' on it, she grinned, "Congratulations, you're officially in fourth year Arithmancy." One of her hands still rested on his shoulder, and she couldn't help but dig her fingers into the lithe muscles there. If he took the time to look, she knew that she was giving him a clear indication of her arousal despite her bra.

He had a soft smile when he replied, "Not bad considering I spent my last six lessons learning how to dance." It spoke volumes about him that he didn't seem the least bit disappointed that she wasn't giving him a gift too. It wasn't surprising though. *After I helped him sort out his wardrobe, he promised to pay me back for it a dozen times over. He doesn't expect anything from anyone.*

That wasn't all that Septima had for him though. Her hand snaked its way along his collarbone up to his neck and right to his chin. For a breathless moment, she just looked into those impossibly green eyes. Voice husky, tinged with the illicit tension between them, she told him, "I think this calls for a celebration." She could see the way his eyes darkened, his Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed, and then he licked his lips as he looked at hers.

Crossing the distance between them, she kissed him. His lips were soft, and he was clearly inexperienced but he was eager. *And just like everything else I've been teaching him, I can help him along with this too.* Septima knew better than anyone what a good student he could be when properly motivated, and she could envision a future where she turned him into her perfect lover.

And given the fact he improved even as they refused to pull away for air, she was confident that he was going to be a very gifted student. But there was still some shred of the responsible figure she ought to be in there, so panting, she pulled away and whispered against his lips, "Tell me this is what you want."

Because if it's not, we'll stop right now. I promise." There was nothing in the world she wanted less than for this to stop, but much like him and his promises, if he didn't want this, she'd make good on hers.

His answer was to cup the back of her neck and pull her in for another kiss. She gasped into his mouth and found her tongue swirling with his. Every fiber of her being wanted to be closer to him. Septima crawled into his lap, as her hands scraped along his covered chest. They pulled apart just long enough to pull his shirt over his head. Her fingers brushed against his skin. She could feel the ridges of raised scars, far more than any teenager should have, but they only made her want him more.

Every flex of her hips had him moaning against her. She made sure to extract as many of those delicious sounds as possible. Focusing intently on the rather prominent bulge in his trousers to do it. There was one thing missing though, as far as she was concerned, "Don't be afraid... to touch me, Harry. I want you to feel me... to squeeze me... I'm all yours tonight. To prove her point, she reached for her blouse and pulled it over her head and pushed down the straps of her lacey black bra.

That gave him the proper motivation to touch her. He was gentle with her, ever mindful, as he squeezed her soft globes. They were a lovely handful if she said so herself, capped with small dark brown areola, and long nipples that just begged to be pinched and sucked. A whimper left her as he tweaked one of those sensitive buds, and it made her buck her hips harshly against him.

"Did I... hurt you?" He sounded so concerned, even as he was breathy with his own pleasure.

"No... definitely not. Good... that felt so good." With that she leaned down to kiss him again. Her hips bucked again as he did the same thing to her other nipple. One of his hands slid down her smooth back to cup her jean clad bum, and help her wiggling, humping hips.

It felt divine. *And we haven't even gotten our clothes off yet.* The sensations were too much and he couldn't even focus on her lips against his anymore. She didn't mind, instead kissing along his jaw and the top of his chest as he moaned and groaned deep and throaty. It sent liquid heat straight to her pussy.

"Fuck... uhnnn." He took both of her perky bum cheeks in a hand and held her still as he thrust against her. She knew exactly what was happening, the warmth against her right thigh made it obvious, and she honestly found it flattering. She managed to give little movements of her hips that made him give the cutest groan as he became sensitive from his peak.

When he was finished, he opened his eyes and his cheeks instantly flushed, "I'm sorry..."

"Don't be." She didn't want him feeling self-conscious for even a second. That had been one of the most sensual experiences of her life, even if she hadn't gotten hers quite yet, "That was incredible."

"But you didn't..."

She gave him a peck on the lips to shut him, "There's still plenty of time for that, don't you worry."

With that she slid out of his lap, turned her back to him, and undid the button of her jeans. Slowly she peeled the denim off her slender legs. She had a tight, toned bum and she could tell from the way his eyes were glued to it that he **really** appreciated it. The lacey knickers she was wearing had a bow right in the middle at the small of her back and one on the front just above her tiny slit. As she turned back around, she gave him a sultry smile, "Ready to open your present?"

More than ready apparently because he leaned in and kissed against her smooth belly as he pushed the knickers down her thighs. Septima ran a hand through his hair, "You're overdressed now." She pushed him back hard, and his eyes were blown out with desire. She could see the obvious evidence of his earlier release staining his trousers as she reached for the belt loops. *Fuck... so much cum.* Together, they got them off.

There was a creamy load smeared across his pants and she just couldn't help herself. She took one long lick and gathered as much of it as she could on her tongue before swallowing. His length was still hard against his hip and twitched beneath the fabric at the sight, "You taste good."

"Bloody hell... you're amazing." He was looking at her with such reverence, she almost felt like a goddess.

With a naughty smirk his way, she pulled his pants down to reveal his turgid length. He looked nervous but he didn't have any reason to be. Cooing at the sight, she licked more of his spunk from the head of his cock before telling him, "Better than I even hoped."

He relaxed at that even as she stood between his legs and turned her back again. Aiming his cock at her taut pussy lips, she sat down right onto his purple head. Her sex had never been so wet, so ready before. They both let out breathy moans. She felt so wonderfully stretched and she couldn't remember it ever feeling quite so good. The only thing she needed at that moment was to get more of him.

Slowly, sensually, she dropped her hips down until she was sitting against his groin, "Fuck..." his hand dug into her hip as he threw his head back, "You're so tight."

She flexed her tunnel and squeezed him just that little bit harder and it made his hips flex involuntarily. It took her breath away, but through her own pleasure she managed to ask him, "Did you... you think about this? When you went back to your dorm? Did you imagine what I'd look like sitting on your cock as you jerked that perfect fucking cock?"

He groaned low in his throat and the way his cock twitched she thought he might just cum again. His voice was tight, "Yes... every night... I think about you every time, Sep."

She felt powerful in that moment and sexier than she thought possible. She started bouncing then, her hips rotating as she worked slowly. That wonderful peak was already building, the combination of his cock hitting her in just the right spot and the situation enough to have her on edge, "I'll... tell you a secret."

His hand tightened on her hip, "Yeah?"

"I've been no better." He reached up to cup her breast and tweaked her nipple. It left her unable to speak as she spasmed, "Every time... I see you in class... or in our lessons... I go back to my quarters and diddle my little pussy silly thinking of all the things I want to do to you... with you."

He sat up against her back then, and kissed against the nape of her neck, "We'll have to talk about them... turn those fantasies into reality."

"Morgana, I bloody love you!" It was said in the heat of the moment, clouded by the bliss they were experiencing, but she meant it.

They moved with each other for blissful minutes as they worked in a steady rhythm. Her clutching cunt was on fire, and she knew exactly how to finally reach her peak. Reaching for his hand on her hip, she guided his digits to where they were joined and helped him flick and stimulate her super-sensitive nub. She cried out and creamed down his cock as her pussy squeezed and pulsated around him. It was a mind-numbing climax like nothing she'd ever experienced in her life before.

Her fat, puffy lips kept twitching around the base of his shaft as she felt him swell up inside of her. And then there was a searing warmth in the deepest parts of her that sent her right into another peak. She could hear him whispering a sweet, vulnerable, "I love you," right against her ear. As he quaked again and again inside of her. It was the singular most incredible moment of her life.

When it was all done, they leaned back, her lying on top him as he played with her hair. He pushed her dark locks away from her face to look her in the eye, he gave her a little smirk, "So... do you think we should continue our private lessons into next term?"

"If I have the time, I'm sure we can work something out, Mr. Potter." Her teasing didn't last though as she leaned in to give him another kiss.