

“And again.” Dumbledore’s office looked oddly empty, the only usual fixture that remained was Fawkes and his pedestal. However, those things were easy enough to find if you simply looked up. His desk, chairs, all the nick-knacks that made it quintessentially Dumbledore’s were levitating above them in suspended motion.

The Headmaster stood just in front of him arms crossed as he watched Harry intently. He wasn’t the only one as most of the former heads were watching the spectacle as well. Their first lesson was grueling to say the least, it wasn’t as physically demanding as their work on control, nor as mentally draining as their work on occlumency. But it put a genuine strain on his magic and an incredible demand on his skill.

Focusing his magic, there right in front of him, out of thin air, appeared a majestic lion, a regal falcon, and a knight made entirely of crystal. Conjunction through will alone was the most difficult aspect of Transfiguration to master, multiple conjurations even more so. Doing it with a set spell was limited, there were only so many spells that existed for so many things, not to mention learning all of them, whereas with this technique, the only limit was the caster’s imagination. *Within reason, of course, still can’t break the natural laws of magic.*

It was something that Dumbledore had achieved nearly a hundred years prior, and now he was passing it on to Harry. Quite rightly, he felt privileged to have the opportunity, not that there wasn’t a good reason for it.

The lion’s roar shook the frames of all the headmasters and mistresses up on the wall. Dumbledore gave a wry smile, “Control Harry, it’s one thing to bring them into the world, it’s an entirely different thing to bend them to your will. Use your Occlumency, compartmentalize your focus on the here and now and on each of them all at the same time. For this technique to be effective in battle, it is necessary.”

The lion stilled and sat back on its haunches. The falcon fluttered over to Fawkes’ perch, the phoenix didn’t look pleased with the intrusion, but didn’t make too much of a fuss because he was smart enough to know it was only a temporary arrangement. The knight kneeled and offered its sword.

Dumbledore walked between each of his constructs, inspecting them. The lion stood docile as he moved his lips to check his teeth, the falcon only stared intently as he ran a finger along his razor-sharp claws, and the knight kept his head bowed as he prodded his shoulder, “What material did you use?”

“Crystal, reinforced though, so it shouldn’t break.” The Headmaster nodded his understanding, and in the next moment brought his hand down in a quick chopping motion, a hammer appeared in it before it reached knight but he only chipped off a very small amount crystal.

“Very good, and an intelligent choice should you ever make this construct again.” His eyes were twinkling, “Do you understand why?”

“Crystal is effective in reflecting a variety of spells.” That was the very reason why he’d thought to use it, “Most charms, curses, and hexes as far as I’m aware. There are exceptions of course, like the Killing Curse, but barring that, the only effective way of dealing with it is blunt force great enough to shatter the crystal.”

“Full marks, Harry, for both your practical and theoretical.” He looked once more at each of his constructs in turn, “Now, counter them. All at once, if you can.” Waving his wand, Harry extended his magic, exerting his will as he did so. Each one disappeared simultaneously without so much as a pop.

“Excellent, far better than I could have achieved in just one session.” He chuckled to himself, “Why, I believe the first time I attempted this feat, the bird I conjured was inside out.”

That sounded horribly unpleasant, and he was glad he didn’t have the same trouble, “I’d wager I have a slightly better teacher, professor.”

“Oh, undoubtedly,” Dumbledore said without a hint of bashfulness, “But if only because I was foolish enough to attempt it without anyone’s help.”

“And people say that I’m reckless...”

“Well, we are both Gryffindors in the end, Harry.” He gestured for him to take a step back, and with a wave of his hand the rest of the room’s furniture gently levitated to the ground with barely a light *thump* as they came to rest right where they’d been before, “So, how are you feeling?”

“Good... it was difficult, definitely. Probably the most difficult thing that I’ve ever done with my magic, but I’m pleased I accomplished it.”

“Yes, well, there are very few fourth years that could boast such a feat.” Dumbledore steepled his fingers in front of him, “Though then I can think of only a handful of wizards or witches with the necessary power at such a young age. And while it’s most certainly something to be proud of, it means that we need to begin working on the practical applications sooner rather than later.”

“Fighting.”

“Correct, my boy, which poses just one small problem. We’ll need a place to practice. I’m afraid my office simply won’t suffice for such a thing. The only place of sufficient size that comes to mind is the Great Hall, but it’s rather busy, and we don’t need prying eyes. I wouldn’t want to be accused of favoritism, after all... or worse, cheating.” He was accused of the former regardless, even if there was good cause for it. Any other year the latter accusation wouldn’t have been a problem, but he could understand avoiding the irritation of the other Heads.

“Do you think they aren’t doing the same thing?”

“I’m sure they are...” And he wasn’t the least bit put out by that fact, “Though I doubt theirs is quite as focused as our lessons... and it would be in bad taste to flaunt it so openly. Not to mention, skilled as both ladies might be, my reputation is well earned.”

“Fair point... we could always use the room me and the girls use.”

Dumbledore shook his head, “A spare room is unlikely to offer the space we need either... these won’t be simple duels meant to improve your chances in the tournament and hone your skills... amongst other reasons I can think of to keep that a private place of your own.” The wizened wizard had the audacity to wiggle his eyebrows at him.

It was a fair point, but Harry still groaned, “Sir... have you been spending time with Sirius?”

“Not recently...why?” he was entirely unbothered by Harry’s frustration and continued without waiting for a response, “In time, I’m sure we’ll come up with a solution. I’m sure we’ll both give it some thought, but until then, our lessons will continue here with a focus on your spell repertoire. To that end, I would like you to take this book. Read it at your leisure but try not to take too long with it.”

Much like the Occlumency book he'd been given earlier in the year, there was no author on the cover but even more peculiar, there was no title to it either. It was small, almost small enough that it could fit in a pocket, but relatively thick, "I'll get right on it, sir."

"Fantastic, then I think that's all for today, Harry. I'll see you at the same time next week." He looked at the clock, and gave a faint smile, "And just in time it would seem. I'm needed at the Wizengamot in just ten minutes."

"I'll let you get to it, sir." After placing the book in his bag, he popped out of his seat, headed toward the door and down the spiral staircase. At the bottom he found an unexpected but welcome face, "Sue!"

The Asian witch was leaning against the stone wall, arms crossed waiting patiently just for him. She smiled when she saw him, and walked right into his outstretched arms, "Why're you waiting down here?"

"Should I not be?" She arched an eyebrow in challenge.

"Nope, not at all, just curious." He was always happy to see any of his girls, though he had a feeling he knew the answer to his question, "It wouldn't have anything to do with your own curiosity, would it?" When Sue found out that he was going to resume his lessons with Dumbledore, and that this time they were going to be focused on practical magic, she was undeniably excited.

Looking up at him with her dark eyes, chin resting against his chest, she smiled shyly, "Maybe..." He pinched her side, and she tried to bat away his hands but he wasn't giving her an inch as he kept prodding at her.

She giggled cutely, "That... that... was only part of it."

"Only part of it, huh?"

"Yes, so... are you gonna tell me what the Headmaster had you working on?" She was looking up at him with her big, brown eyes pleading as well as any puppy that he'd ever seen. When he didn't answer immediately, she kissed against his chin and said again, "Please?"

With a shake of his head and a little smile on his lips, he told her, "Conjurations... we were working on multiple complex conjurations held simultaneously, done wordlessly, and without an actual spell."

Sue's lips parted slightly and breathed a clipped laugh, "Oh... is that all?" She groaned and buried her head in the crook of his neck as he just rubbed her back, "It's always good to know that I'm never going to have the slightest chance to beat you in a duel ever again... well at least not a magical one."

He sympathized because he knew how serious she was about dueling, but learning for him was about life and death, not about his simple interests, "Hey... never say never... gods know you're skilled enough and resourceful enough to beat me in a duel. Anyone can lose, love." But her last comment caught up with, "And what did you mean by 'not a magical one'?"

"I'm gonna have to work hard for that one in a hundred if I'm lucky..." she grumbled with a little pout, ignoring his question before shrugging her shoulders, "Just gives me even more motivation to get better... and lucky for me, I know I always have some great partners to practice with."

That was one thing he loved about Sue, she never let the fact that he could beat her discourage her. She just took it as a new challenge each time. Leaning down he gave her a peck on the cheek, "Anytime... well mostly."

"Well, since you said that... I was wondering if you have your knife with you?" As it happened, he did. It was easy enough to hide with a bit of magic, and with a bit more he didn't even know that it was there much like his wand holster. A simple thought was enough to summon it from its unobtrusive hiding spot on his thigh.

"Yep... almost everyday since you gave it to me." He chuckled at her furrowed brow, "I made an exception at the Ball and the Quidditch match yesterday."

That made her smile, "Fair... anyway... I was wondering if you maybe wanted to take me up on those lessons I offered." She was eager and shy all at the same time.

Kissing her forehead, he told her, "Absolutely." He was thankful that his lesson with Dumbledore hadn't been physically demanding otherwise he might've had to disappoint her.

And seeing that wide, beaming smile on her face was too good to miss out on, "Great! Let's go!" She took him by the hand and led him toward the enchanted staircase. It was a path they both knew well, and it was still early enough that the castle was mostly quiet.

As they reached the fifth-floor landing, Sue asked him, "So, how are you liking the new glasses?"

The potion Daphne made for him worked a treat, and his eyesight was better than he could've imagined, and his new, admittedly better fitting glasses, were just as good, "They're brilliant. I didn't realize how many times I was mending my old ones until I got these ones."

"Have you caught anyone hiding under an invisibility cloak?"

"Not yet, no." Harry chuckled at the thought because the only person he would expect to try something like that was honestly him. *I've done it a couple dozen times at least.*

"If some of the prefects had those during your escapades, you wouldn't have gotten a way with nearly as much as you did."

"Lucky for me... and the rest of the school, they didn't."

"True." She agreed as they opened the door and made their way into their oft-used practice room. The stones still had scorch marks from hundreds of spells tossed at them over the months since the beginning of the year. *And it'll probably have a good few more before the year is over.*

Sue walked to the center of the room as the door closed behind them and immediately made to take off her top to reveal a tight sports bra underneath and quickly kicked her shoes off as well. It didn't surprise him that she came prepared. And more than just in what she was wearing. Sitting against the wall were a set of hand pads.

While Harry hadn't been expecting this, he had dressed ready to learn to fight with Dumbledore, so it worked perfectly well for what Sue wanted to do to, "So... how do we start?"

“Well, that knife is staying right where you have it hidden for now... I can tell you that much?” She pulled her long, dark hair up into a neat ponytail.

That confused him, “Why ask about it then?”

“Oh... well,” she looked slightly embarrassed, “I thought maybe you were just being nice, on Christmas Day, you know? With everyone there, I know you wouldn’t have tried to embarrass me. I wasn’t sure if you really liked it much less wanted to learn how to use it, so I figured if you actually had it on you then... well, you meant it.”

She said it all without fully meeting his eye. It was an odd dichotomy with Sue because at one moment she could be clearly and unerringly confident and the next self-doubt crept in. Moving over to her, he cupped her cheeks and gently had her look at him, “You know I always try to be honest with you, right? I love your gift. I meant it then, and I mean it now.” He rubbed her cheeks with the pad of his thumb, “Just try not to overthink, yeah?”

She was staring at him with her heart in her eyes as she nodded. He grinned at her, “Good, so... how do we start?”

Giggling, she pulled away and went to put a pad on each hand, “First, we find out if you actually know how to throw a punch.”

“Where did you get those anyway?” There was every chance that they could’ve been conjured or transfigured, but they didn’t look it. They looked well-worn, as though they’d taken a few thousand hits, at least, over the years.

“Asked for my grandfather to send me some, told him I had someone interested in learning a bit of hand-to-hand combat. Got them in the post just after New Year.” She looked at them with fondness, “They’re the same ones he used when he was teaching me as a kid.”

“That’s brilliant.”

“Yeah,” Smacking them together, she looked at him with a challenging gleam in her eye, “Come on, show me what you can do.”

As it turned out, he wasn’t half bad at throwing a punch. She was unsurprised to find that his reflexes were exceptional, but that came with dueling regularly. Then there were his kicks which were... woeful was probably the nicest way of putting it. They spent a solid half hour working on that before he had something that Sue deemed remotely acceptable.

Smack! Thud! Thud!

“Better!” She praised him as he raised his leg to smack against another pad, “Knee.” He drove his knee up hard right into the center of the pad, and simply by virtue of his greater size managed to lift the lithe young woman to her toes briefly, “Good!”

Sue was a tough taskmaster, which he expected, but she was also full of compliments when he did something right. With one last punch, he finished the combo and she dropped the pads, “That was great... really great, Harry!” There was a light sheen of sweat that made her lightly muscled abs glisten beautifully.

While she glistened, Harry poured sweat. Pulling up the bottom of his shirt, he wiped the sweat from his brow and took a deep breath. When he looked over to Sue, she was staring at him, her eyes dark with a glint in them that he'd become all too familiar with, "So, is that all for today?"

Sue bit her lower lip quickly and shook her head, "Not quite, I got you all sweaty, but I haven't kicked your arse... yet." That look of confidence was incredibly sexy and he wasn't even bothered by the idea of being laid flat on his arse by the Asian beauty.

"You did say that you were looking forward to both, and I wouldn't want to disappoint you." He stood across from her hands on his hips, "So, what do we do?"

"We spar." She told him as though it were obvious.

"After just one lesson?" he asked with a teasing smile.

Sue shrugged, unapologetic, "You have a habit of doing incredibly well even when the odds are stacked against you. Besides, big, strong bloke like you will manage fine, I'm sure." From the mischief in her eye, he had a feeling that she didn't believe that for a second.

"I'm game."

"Perfect. We begin with a bow." She placed both her hands at her side and bent at the waist and he quickly followed her example. Taking up the stance she taught him, he was on the defensive immediately. *Bloody hell, she's good.*

Her strikes were quick and precise, and she was doing an incredible job of pulling her punches. Because while he managed to block and dodge a fair few of her hits, he didn't have even a small amount of her training and it showed because she managed to punch him in the gut, kick against his thigh, and even side-stepped to smack his bum all within the first two minutes.

Every one of them stung, but he doubted they'd be enough to leave more than a faint bruise. It became obvious as they continued that she was just toying with him on some level, but he was holding up better than he would've expected. *Assuming that she's trying even half as hard as she's capable.*

There was a moment when she stepped back, giving him a short break. They were both breathing heavily, Sue was still glistening while he dripped sweat. She eyed him, pupils dilated, chest heaving with each breath, she even dropped her hands slightly.

It was a mistake, he realized that, but he took it as a sign that was the end of their sparring session. The second that he dropped his guard, she was back on him. She punched and he guarded and then there was a feeling of weightlessness as she crouched down and swiped at his feet with her leg. He fell back onto the stone floor with a thud and a groan. *Thank Merlin we had the good sense to cushion the room.* They had placed charms months before, so they didn't have to make any avoidable visits to the infirmary.

Laid out flat on his back, she straddled him, her perky bum resting right against his crotch. There was a slashing sound, and he felt his heart leap as sharp metal was buried between two stones just next to his right arm, pinning it in place with his shirt. In the blink of an eye, she did it again and she had his left arm pinned just as easily. The cold metal pressed against the side of his biceps as he wiggled slightly.

He knew they were sharp enough that he could simply rip his way free if he needed to, but he also knew that Sue didn't have any intention of hurting him. From the wanton look in her eye, and the way she started pushing her hips back into his rapidly hardening cock it was quite the opposite.

Her hands were on either side of his head, her long, dark hair forming a curtain around them, as she sent a sexy little smirk down at him, "I win."

While objectively, she was absolutely right, given their current situation, he felt that they were both winning. Still, he wasn't going to take her victory away from her, "You kicked my arse... as promised." He was able to move his left arm just enough that he could reach her thigh. He gave her a pinch that made her jump as he told her, "This time... you need to enjoy it while it lasts."

Her nostrils flared at the confident, challenging tone in his voice, "Not gonna happen!"

"Oh, I think it will... eventually." While Sue detested the idea of losing, there was something primal for her about being with a man who could beat her. In his opinion, she wouldn't respect a man who wasn't at the very least her equal.

Her nails scraped along his jaw, before she grabbed his chin, "Well, **eventually** isn't today." Leaning down, she captured his lips in a passionate kiss, "And you're going to need a hell of a lot more practice before eventually becomes a reality."

Harry grinned cheekily up at her, "I can't imagine it'll take **that** long. Especially if we keep this up... say every Sunday morning."

The heat of her needy sex was palpable even through her sweatpants. She closed her eyes and she grinded down hard against the prominent bulge in his trousers, "I like that idea..." When she opened them again, she was looking at him with pure lust in her dark eyes, "But for today, I think I'm going to take my reward."

She shimmied down his body, making sure to tease and rub every inch of her lithe body against him as she went. Taking hold of his trousers and pants, she pulled them down all at once, letting his aching manhood slap down hard against his stomach. Pushing his knees apart, she situated herself between them and made herself comfortable.

Cooing as she took a hold of his heavy cock, she leaned in to press a kiss to his tip before resting him against her cheek, "I'm so lucky to have such a gifted pupil."

With a breathy moan, Harry couldn't help but think that he was the lucky one in this situation. *Or just life in general these days.* Then she sucked his leaking cockhead into her mouth and swirled her tongue around him, and he knew that he was the lucky one, "Bloody hell... such an amazing teacher..."

She popped off just to correct him, "Sensei, Harry, when we're doing this, I'm your sensei, and don't you forget it!"

"Yes, sensei..." The words nearly caught in his throat as she sucked on him hard and used both hands to massage his aching shaft. The beautiful Asian girl let one of those hands drift lower, tugging on one of his full bollocks as she worshipped his cock.

This wasn't something that Harry was really used to in the bedroom. In most of his encounters, he tended to be in control, or at the very least be equals. *Even with a Lust Potion driven veela, I managed to keep control of the situation.* It was new, and he couldn't say he disliked it. The fact it was Sue doing it only made it that more arousing. *She's one of the last ones I'd expect to do something like this.*

Her hands kept jerking at him incessantly as she moved lower to kiss right along his base all the way back up to his cockhead. She picked up every drop of precum as she made her way back up until she sucked his tip like a straw to get even more of it.

Then she did something he really wasn't expecting, sitting back on her cute bum, she didn't stop sucking him or jerking him as she brought both of her feet up to sandwich his prick between her soles. Knocking his head back against the stone, Harry couldn't help but rasp out, "Fucking hell..."

It was an entirely different sensation, and one that he couldn't say he disliked. He certainly wouldn't say that he had a foot fetish, but there was something undeniably sexy about the way that Sue was willing to use any part of her body to get him off.

And she was doing a damn good job of it. He could feel that knot low in his groin growing tighter and tighter as she brought him right to the edge. Gliding her hands and her feet along his imposing length, she kept suckling and licking his crown. And all the while Sue was looking at him with those dark eyes, desperate and needy. His cock recoiled and right as he knew he was about to reach that wonderful peak, Sue pinched around the base of his cock with both hands.

Harry groaned out his frustration and bucked his hips trying to get more of that exquisite feeling. Sue just giggled and watched as he struggled, "Uh... uh... uh... not yet."

Harry looked down at her, his eyes wild, his hair slicked back with sweat, ready to end this little game so he could get what he so desperately needed. But there was a playful glint in her eye, one that he couldn't help but love seeing, and he just bowed his head, best as he could in his position, and conceded, "Yes, sensei."

That was exactly what she wanted to hear because she hurriedly pushed her sweatpants down to her knees. Squatting over his cock, she held him in one hand as she pulled the gusset of her soaked knickers to the side. Her taut little pussy stretched to accommodate his spongy head as she drove her weight down onto his hips.

Mewling in pleasure, she bit her lower lip as she braced herself with both hands against his chest. *Clap... Clap... Clap...* Her bum smacked against him with an awe-inspiring urgency and ferocity. She growled as she scraped her nails against his abs, "This how you're going to beat... isn't it... by making your sensei stupid on that fat... thick... oh... oh... perfect... dick?!"

No, but I'm going to pin you down and fuck you twice as hard as this the first time I manage to beat you though. At this point he was really struggling with his vulnerable position. He wanted to squeeze her, to kiss her, to pinch and nibble her, but he simply couldn't reach.

But as much as he wanted to help her cum, she didn't need it. One of her hands disappeared between her thighs, and he could tell from her breathless moan and the way her velvet-soft walls rippled around him that she pushed herself over the edge.

It was too much, his cock flexed within her, and she knew exactly what was happening. Even as she kept twitching through her own peak, she reached down and massaged his bollocks as they contracted tight. The cum raced up his shaft and bathed her womb in white. Sue gave little humps of her hips each time she felt him pulse again, burying him as deeply as she could manage. He could feel warmth dripping down to his balls, only for their combined juices to pool on the stones between his legs.

Her thighs quivered one last time before Sue fell across him panting. Absently she reached for each of her knives and pulled them from the stone with ease. He could hear the smile in her voice as she asked, "So, we're agreed... same time next week?"

With his hands free, he held her close and kissed the side of her head, "Definitely."