

It was three months into his 'eighth year' and it still felt odd walking through the halls of Hogwarts again. The stones showed no memory of the horrors that took place there eight months earlier. No chipped and broken walls, no gaping hole in the side of the castle, no blood staining the ground. To the outside observer it was as though nothing had ever happened. But the people inside still bore the memories of it.

Harry was walking alone, which seemed to be quite a common thing for him these days. Hermione came back too but was so preoccupied with NEWT studies that he barely spent any time with her at all. There were times where he thought that it was her best way of coping in the aftermath. Ginny wasn't much different. That still stung a little if he was being honest. They were still friends but agreed that they would need time before considering a relationship again. He'd spend time with them, and Luna and Neville, on occasion but solitude was more common for him since his return.

Then there was Ron. He hadn't so much as send him a letter since the start of term, he was still rather peeved that Harry decided to return instead of taking one of the many other offers available to him. *Honestly, is it so shocking that I'm tired of fighting dark magicals when it feels like I've been doing it my whole life already.*

Mind you, he wasn't complaining about the solitude. It gave him time to think, to evaluate things, to come to grips with who he was without a war to fight. *And to understand my magic.* Everything about it came easier to him than before. *Apparently, years spent with a literal soul-leach isn't good for learning, who would've thought?* It meant that while he still had plenty of frustration with the theoretical side of things, writing essays just wouldn't ever be his thing, practical applications were child's play.

That was why he found himself walking toward the Headmistress' office. He wanted a challenge, something that could really test him, and he thought that McGonagall was the perfect person to aid him in that endeavor.

When he approached the gargoyle guarding the entrance to her office, it stepped aside without so much as a word from him. It'd done that before when he visited McGonagall during the summer to discuss his options, but he didn't expect it to do the same thing during the school year. Not that he was complaining because he wouldn't have known the password anyway. He'd been planning on sending a patronus up to let her know he was downstairs.

He took the ascending staircase up to the top, and when he reached the door, he knocked loudly. He heard nothing on the other side but didn't think the Gargoyle would've moved aside if she was away from the castle. As he went to knock on the door again, it opened before he had the chance, "Hello, professor."

Admittedly, he was rather surprised by her appearance. He hadn't come up to her office particularly early, it was after lunch on the weekend, but she looked rather tense. Her black hair that was usually up in a severe bun hung loose around her shoulders. She wasn't wearing her square spectacles or her usual crooked hat, and her grey-blue eyes were wide in panic or frustration, he wasn't sure which. And there was a slight flush on her cheeks.

It made her look rather younger than usual. She never looked more than half of her seventy years, and given she was likely only about halfway through her life that wasn't surprising, but without the stern look and tight bun, she looked thirty at most. He'd spent far much of his young life with a healthy respect, and

a little bit of fear, for Minerva McGonagall to ever recognize that she was a very pretty woman. *And old enough to be my grandmother.*

The proud Scotswoman would often wear her favorite tartan pattern and it appeared that her private time was no different. Hugging her dressing gown tightly around herself, her lips thinned into a tight line, a sight he'd become familiar with over the years every time she had to deal with another of his misadventures, "Harry, what do you need? Has something happened?"

It was a worry that everyone had throughout the year that those students who still sympathized with Tom would cause problems but, so far, there'd been... nothing. It was surprisingly refreshing being at Hogwarts and not being worried about someone doing something horrible or dangerous. He just smiled at her, "No, nothing like that. There's just something I was hoping to discuss with you."

She stared at him for a second before her face softened and she shook her head, "You just caught me at a bad time..."

"I can come back later, if you like?"

"No... no, it's fine. Come in and sit down, just give me a moment." She told him before muttering out, "And remind me to make it where you can't just come up here." He couldn't help but chuckle at that, but he stifled it at a look from the Headmistress.

Moving away from the door, she made for her private quarters. Harry watched her go for a moment and noticed that her dressing gown only fell just below her mid-thigh. *She has lovely legs.* The professor had always been on the taller side, but he'd never gotten the chance to appreciate her legs before. They were long and slender, and seemingly went on for ages. He found himself watching until she turned the corner before shaking himself.

Not the time Potter. Not that there was any good time to gawk at one of your professors. *Even when there's no danger around out for my head, I make it for myself.* He sat down in a seat he was all too familiar with.

Looking up to the portraits that adorned the walls, he found Dumbledore and Snape conveniently sleeping... or at least pretending to. *It's almost as though even the memories of them can't bare to look me in the eye. I suppose I'd struggle too, if I rose a child for slaughter. Or, if I harassed and slandered a child for no other sin than looking like his father with the eyes of the woman he obsessed over.*

He didn't have to wait long before McGonagall came out from her quarters, she was still wearing tartan, but it was a set of robes instead. Her hair still hung loose around her face, draped to one shoulder. When she sat down, she leaned back into her red-cushioned chair, "Alright, now what did you need, Harry?"

"Well, professor..."

"Minerva, at least in private, just as I told you half a dozen times over the summer," She sounded more amused than exasperated by it though, "You're still a student here, so you really ought to listen to me."

"Of course, Minerva." Calling her by her name still felt odd on his tongue, but it was something that would come with time, "I was hoping you might be willing to help me with something."

"Well, out with it then." She was never one to beat around the bush.

"I want to become an animagus." That clearly hadn't been what she was expecting from the way one eyebrow rose in question.

"Really?" She breathed out a laugh, "I'm surprised you're even asking, I would've half-expected you to go the route of James and Sirius, and do it all on your lonesome."

"I must not be quite as reckless as they were." He gave her a cheeky little smile.

"Given I had the privilege of teaching you all, I'd say I'm something of an authority on that sort of thing." She struggled not to smile back at him as she shrugged her shoulders, "And at this point, I'd say it's about even. Their antics happened far more often whereas yours tend to be far more... spectacular."

"In all fairness, a good deal of those situations weren't my fault."

"True, you didn't go looking for it nearly as often as your father." She was looking at him, assessing him, her lips thin in thought, her finger tapping against the arm of her chair, "Why the sudden interest in animagi?"

"I'm looking for a challenge..." Though that wasn't the only reason, the other was far more personal but, he felt comfortable enough with Minerva to share, "And I feel like it would honor their memory."

There was something sad in her eyes, as she remembered the students that she adored, "I'd heard from Professor Teeling that your performance in Transfiguration has been exceptional. Almost makes me wonder if you prefer her as an instructor?"

He shook his head, "Of course not, Minerva. You're still my favorite and best Transfiguration professor, I just don't have nearly as many distractions these days."

"That's true enough, isn't it? Or are you just trying to butter me up?" She leaned forward, resting her elbows on her desk, "Alright, I'd be happy to help you along the journey as long as you understand that it is no small feat. It will require meticulous attention to detail and above all patience."

"Brilliant! I completely understand." He was absolutely chuffed. There was every possibility she might say no, and he'd been prepared to beg.

"Yes, well, we'll see if you still feel that way after months of struggling." She smiled fondly at some memory of her own time learning the skill, "It will be worth it in the end because it really is quite the accomplishment."

"So, when do we begin? How do we even begin?" Now that he knew she was willing to help him, he wanted to get started as soon as possible.

Minerva tempered that enthusiasm, at least a bit, with what she said next, "It starts with a ritual. Lucky for you the next full moon is only three days away. So, by Wednesday, we'll get you a Mandrake leaf. And from then until the next full moon, you'll have to keep it in your mouth without swallowing it or spitting it out for even a second because if you do, it means starting all over again."

"How did no one notice my dad and Sirius doing this?" He made no mention of the rat, but considering he was a piss-poor wizard his completion of the process was probably even more surprising.

“They were rather gifted at hiding their activities, as I’m sure you can imagine.” *Makes sense.* You couldn’t manage as many pranks as they pulled off in their time without being at least halfway decent at it.

“Fair...” He could certainly imagine they were at least as good the twins, “I suppose I need to go and talk to Professor Sprout, then?”

“You do,” She grabbed her quill and a strip of parchment, “Give this to her so she doesn’t have any questions. We’ll discuss next steps when the day get nearer.” She slid the slip across to him.

Grabbing the slip of parchment, he beamed, “Thank you Minerva.”

“Trust me, Harry, it’s the least that I can do.” Taking the slip, he hurried down the stairs and left the Headmistress behind.

Minerva hadn’t been lying in the slightest, the ritual was extremely detail oriented and had even reached a point of trying his patience. After a month with Mandrake leaf tucked away by his back molars, he was able to make the potion necessary for the ritual.

He spit the leaf into a vial under the rays of the next full moon. To the moon-struck phial, he added one of his own hairs, a silver teaspoon of dew that had been harvested the week before and hadn’t seen sunlight since, and the chrysalis of a Death’s-head Hawk Moth. The mixture was then put in a quiet, dark place until the next step of the ritual could be completed.

And then came the most daunting part of the whole thing... waiting, for literal months. *Something tells me that Mini knew that it was a bad idea to start the whole process in November when I needed to wait for the next lightning storm to finish it.* He figured it was her way of causing him a bit of the trouble he’d caused her over the years. He had to hand it to her if it weren’t so frustrating, it would’ve been rather funny.

So, he went from early December to late March at sunrise and sundown, incanting the spell *Amato Animo Animato Animagus* without fail. Until finally on the last Saturday in March, it happened. Harry was sitting down in the common room when lightning exploded outside the window. But there was no rain, none whatsoever.

He jumped off the couch and bounded up the stairs. He heard Hermione from behind him, “Where are you going?”

“Just something I need to take care of.” Rushing into the dorm, he went to his trunk and retrieved the potion and returned right back the way he came and went straight to the portrait. *Need to get to a large secure space.* He’d discussed it with Minerva on more than one occasion, there was a room on the fourth floor, between her office and the common room, that worked perfectly.

Running down the enchanted staircase, he could hear the cracks of lightning from outside as he went. When he reached the classroom, the Headmistress was already waiting there for him with the door open, “Ready to find out what your animal is?”

“Beyond ready!” He stepped into the center of the room. The final steps were relatively simple, he need only recite the incantation one more time and drink the potion. Minerva was only there to ensure that nothing went wrong. *And to help me along in turning back when I wake up.*

Placing the tip of his wand against his heart for one final time, he spoke clearly, "*Amato Animo Animata Animagus.*" He popped the stopper on the potion vial and downed it in one. The last thing he remembered was the soft press of stone against his nose as he face planted. If it weren't for a silent spell from Minerva, it would've been a much harder fall.

He woke up with a start, in his own mind. He was amongst craggy rock and long, unkempt grass. Looking around, he saw nothing, no animal to speak of. He turned his eyes toward the sky, wondering if maybe there was a bird hovering there but there was nothing. As his gaze fell back to the ground, he saw it sitting on the top of a rock, just staring at him.

Part of him had suspected it would be a stag, much like his dad's and his own patronus. *Guess I was wrong on that account.* There was no guarantee that the two pieces of magic would be the same, and considering there was a rather large, wild Scottish cat sitting on the rock, he'd wager he found his animal. It had his green eyes and a little tuft of fur between his eyes that looked suspiciously like a lightning bolt.

It jumped down from the highest rock to the ground below and padded its way through the grass. Harry kneeled and reached out his hand, the second his hand touched soft fur he felt a surge right through his body and he found himself staring up at Minerva.

Oh, she smells so good! So ready! He could feel the animal mind working within his own, and on pure instinct, he walked toward her and started rubbing himself against her ankles. The Headmistress chuckled, clearly pleased for him, but there was an underlying current to it. One of nervous excitement, "Yes, you make for a very handsome cat, Harry. Now focus on turning back."

Pheromones that he never would've noticed before filled his nostrils, thick and heavy. A soft purr came from low in his throat as he continued pressing up against the professor. Her voice sounded strained, her lips thinned not in frustration but like she was trying to control herself, "Really now, Potter! I must insist that you take control of yourself and think! Picture yourself, as you normally are, in your mind's eye and magic should do the rest."

The stern tone that he'd known for so much of his schooling finally broke him out of his hind mind. He was surprised at just how easily it happened. Without stepping away from her, Harry transformed back into himself and ended up standing chest to chest with the Headmistress. He could feel hardened, pointy nipples even through the material of her robes.

Harry breathed deep, and the smell of her nearly sent him wild. It was still there, still delectable. Everything seemed sharper now and it was taking an incredible amount of self-control not to do something ridiculous. *That I'm sure we would both enjoy.* He was only slightly taller than his professor but for some reason, he felt like he was looming over her like a predator ready to pounce. Her chest heaved, there was a flush on her cheeks, and the look on her face was almost coy before she coughed and shook herself, "Harry... are you..."

"How have I never noticed how amazing you smell?!" He cut her off without a thought as he moved closer. His chin brushed against her shoulder as he took in her scent. The closest thing to it that he'd ever experienced before was the allure, but this was altogether more. Her sweet aroma was going right to his cock, and he didn't know if he could stop himself from acting on that primal need. He felt her shiver, and the animal in him knew that it wasn't out of fear but desire... excitement. Whatever effect that she was having on him, she was feeling it too.

Still, she tried to restrain herself, deny what they were both so clearly aware of, “Now that you are attached to your inner animal, you might find that you have some heightened senses. Among other things.” Her eyes flicked down to his lips and became fixated there for much longer than was appropriate.

“What other things Minerva?” he said her name with such heat, such desire, it might as well have been an exultation, “Tell me.”

“It... I... that is to say.” He’d never seen her flustered before. She didn’t seem to know what to do with her hands at her side, and she couldn’t look him in the eye, “There are certain things that... uh... that will be different for you than me. Even though our... our animals are similar... there are certain things that will be different.”

His hand brushed against her hip, the slightest of touches, but her breath hitched at the contact. All it did was bolster his confidence, “For instance... because your kitty is in heat, so are you? And since I’m a male cat, I can smell it like a fucking beacon.” His touch traveled up from her hip along her side and to her rib.

Her eyes fluttered shut, but she tried to regain control of the situation, “Harry, that’s... entirely inappropriate.” That didn’t sound like a denial to him. Her voice was a strained whisper, and he could tell she didn’t really mean it. It was a far cry from what she really wanted to say, and what her body was absolutely screaming out at him.

“What’s inappropriate is how fucking amazing you look, and smell, and feel. You want it **so badly**, but your too damn afraid to just come out and say it.” His breath ghosted across the pale skin of her slender neck, and saw as her resolve broke little by little, “When was the last time you had someone who could take care of you? Who could use you just the way you want?”

Biting her lower lip, she shook her head in frustration, “Years... decades...too long.”

“Far too long,” Harry agreed, his fingertips dance across her collarbone.

“It’s not the same,” she sounded so frustrated, “taking care of it myself. It never scratches the itch, Harry... never. It just leaves me more frustrated.”

“And you always hid it so well, never took it out on anyone. You’re too much of a professional, too in control to allow something like that.” She trembled as he brushed her hair away from her face. He didn’t think that she’d be able to contain herself much longer though. He could feel the heat coming off her body, and that intoxicating scent just grew heavier around him, “You don’t need to be in control anymore, Mini... let me help you.”

The feline in him didn’t want to be nearly so kind. She was desperate for it, everything about her absolutely screamed for it. But there was something marvelous about watching her succumb.

Her eyes snapped open then, and she finally looked at him, really, properly looked at him, for the first time since he’d returned to his human form. He’d never seen such wanton need before. Instead of answering his offer in words, she simply closed what little distance there was between them and pulled him into the most passionate, fierce kiss of his young life. When she pulled away, her voice was pure lust

as she snarled out, "You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into... I'm going to drain every drop from you, Potter! And then make you go again!"

"We'll see." Something about knowing how desperate she was for it just made him that much more confident.

In a blink, she proved just how impatient she really was as her wand appeared in her hand, and a second later they were both naked as the day they were born. His cock bounced between at the sudden loss of restriction and slapped against her thigh, temptingly close to that gorgeous gap between her legs. He could feel the incredible warmth coming from her sex. It was red and puffy, and so very wet. There was a line of girlcum glistening along the inside of her slender thigh as it slowly made its way down the length of her leg.

They were still so close, he could feel her pointy, sensitive little nipple digging into the muscles of his chest. Her body was slender, and pale, and more beautiful than he ever would've imagined. A gentle curve to her hips and bum. Breasts that felt like just the perfect handful. And somehow, even while she was absolutely gagging for it, there was still a certain regalness to her. In his wildest dream, he never thought he'd find himself in this sort of situation with his professor. *But Merlin... I'm glad that I fucking have.*

While he was admiring every bit of her, her eyes were fixated on just one thing, his raging erection. Her dainty fingers went to his throbbing prick, and she tugged on him. But there was something else she was even more interested in. A little whimper came from the back of her throat when she caressed his heavy bollocks, "So big... and so full... just ready to seed me." It was said almost reverentially, "I need to feel it in me... now! Right now!" She kissed him again as she clung to him. She was so riled up, the only thing on her mind was being filled. She didn't want to suck him, she didn't need to be pampered and prepared. She just needed to fuck.

Her legs wrapped around his back, and he helped her by holding her by her firm bum. Wetness kissed against the top of his cock as she slid her slippery slit along his length. Then she reached down between them, angled his crown right to her lips and slammed down onto impressive length. A growl rumbled from low in her chest, "Fuck..." he'd never heard the woman swear before and it made him throb inside of her, "Fuck... I've needed this! Almost forgot what it felt like!"

"Uh..." A coherent response was beyond him. It felt so good inside of her. She was so hot, like a furnace. He was surprised there wasn't steam coming off her. *So tight... so wet.*

Clap! Clap! Clap! Minerva humped against him with an impressive level of flexibility. He met every one of her thrusts with a thunderous one of his own. *I'm just learning all kinds of new things about her today.* The sound of their bodies smacking against each other as they groaned and panted filled the air. Every movement of her body was demanding, her pussy was squeezing down so hard, trying to coax the jizz from his balls like a vice.

Minerva bit on his earlobe, not hard enough to break the skin, but just enough to be that pleasurable sort of pain. Reaching behind herself, her fingertips found his bollocks. They twitched at her touch and it left her frantic, begging, "Come one, Potter! Fuck me and fill me! I need all that warm cum right up in my womb. It's the only thing that will put out the fire."

“Such a needy kitty...” Harry teased. It was corny, and one of those odd things you say in the heat of the moment.

Minerva growled and smacked him across the face. It shocked him, but she then proceeded to throw even more of her energy into rutting against him, “Yes, I am! Kitty needs all of it! So do it! Pump me full!” Girlcum squirted around where they were joined and left them both slick. The Headmistress’ abs tightened and flexed harshly as her clutching cunt vibrated around his pounding shaft. Her nails dug into his chest, and she bit down hard against his shoulder.

There was no holding back then, there was only succumbing. Holding the curve of her hip, his cock flexed inside of her. He could feel the spunk traveling up the length of his cock up to her welcoming womanhood. When she felt that scorching heat, Minerva exploded all over again. A high-pitched scream started low in her throat as she kept biting down onto his shoulder, as she squeezed and gripped his length for every drop, just as she promised.

He was the only thing holding her up as her mind went blank from the euphoria of that moment. It felt like ages before the last of their titanic peak ebbed away. When he was finished, he could feel the professor kissing against the hollow of his neck. He could feel wetness there, as though she’d been crying, but he could only hope they were tears of joy. When he put her feet back on the ground, he had to hold her steady for a moment.

The way she looked at him when they finally pulled apart was no less hungry. Her hand found his cum-covered length, and she stroked him. She gave him a lascivious smile, “Good, you’re all ready for round two, Potter.”

Without missing a beat, she turned her back to him, dropped to her knees, and pressed her face to the stone floor, leaving her bum on full display and her back beautifully arched. Two fingers spread open her puffy pussy lips, and a drop of his white spunk dropped down to the floor. He’d never seen a more sinfully sexy sight. A second later he was burying his shaft into her cock-hugging hole and bouncing her ass back into his crotch.

They fucked hard... again... and again... and again. By the time he had Minerva in a mating press, head and shoulders pinned against the floor, her stomach had a slight distension from the sheer amount of cum that he’d pumped into her pussy, “Come on Potter! One more! Seed that tight hole one more time!”

This woman, who’d sexually repressed herself for years, was letting it all out in one momentous occasion and it was a thing to behold. *And there’s no way I’ll ever be able to look at her the same way again.* Not that he would really want to mind. He’d never forget the sight of her sweaty, covered in little scratches and love bites from their intense coupling, hair tousled, and eyes utterly alight with pleasure.

He knew he looked no different, and as he felt that pressure building in his bollocks one last time, his body went tight. His legs were sore, burning from the effort of squatting down to abuse her pretty kitty. But he kept pumping as he came undone one final time. Minerva closed her eyes and savored that warmth, and he felt her finally relax. Her hand rested on her stomach just above where he deposited one last load.

Finally going soft, he gently dropped her bum to the ground as his own strength left him. As he lay down beside her, she somehow managed to retrieve her wand, and he found himself laying atop a comfy bed.

Harry wrapped an arm around the Headmistress, and gently stroked her back as she snuggled up against his side. There was a soft consistent rumble that made him smile, "Are you purring?"

Even after everything they'd just done, she still brought a blush to her cheeks, "What can I say? I'm content."

"That's adorable." She glared at him but there was no real heat to it, and as he continued stroking, she moved into his touch and kept right on purring, "So... how often does this happen?"

"The heat?" He just nodded, "Once every three or so weeks... throughout the springs summer and early fall. And it lasts for a week at a time... sometimes two..."

That was shocking to him. *Bloody hell! How has she gone that long without anything?!* Harry always had a great deal of respect for the woman, but her level of restraint bordered on saintly, "Well... if you ever need help dealing with it in the future."

The purring stopped then as she looked at him intently, her nails scraping gently along his chest again, "Harry... I don't plan on going through it alone ever again now that I remember just how good it can be."

The stupid grin that brought to his face lasted until they both fell asleep.