

Teaching New Tricks

by Clairvoyant

Professor Binns doesn't adapt well to change. Can the headmistress help him come to accept it? Winner, Best Use of Prompt at the LJ Community pterpr0nprmts for September 2010.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Berty, stop this instant!" Minerva shouts, rubbing her neck. "I'm suffering whiplash, watching you pace... erm, float back and forth."

I stop before her desk and slap my hand upon it – an infantile and ineffectual move, as I'm a ghost. "This task would kill me, if I weren't already dead. A fortnight is insufficient time to create new lectures and update the syllabus. I've taught this class for countless years, using the same book, the same outline. I don't understand your need to tinker with perfection."

"Sit down, Berty, while I explain this... again, for the umpteenth time," she huffs.

I'll be damned if I acquiesce the power position now. "No, thank you, Minnie. I'll stand, if it's all the same."

Her icy tone would have chilled me, if I weren't already very cold. "Suit yourself. As I said before, the recent events of the past half-century have had a significant impact on our society. It's important for the wizarding world's youth to know this history, so it won't be repeated... again."

"Damn that evil, power-hungry Voldemort and his malcontent minion!" Officially, I'd been neutral on the topic of the former Tom Riddle, but that changed after he and his merry men attacked my colleagues and young charges at the Battle of Hogwarts. "Why can't this update wait until the new version of *A History of Magic* is published?"

Her fiery glare would have vaporised me, if I weren't already transparent and misty. "Your changes must be approved by the Board of Governors and me before the first of September. Repairs to the castle will be complete by then, and we will reopen... better than ever." She looks wistful with that last remark. "Merlin only knows when the updated textbook will go to print. Our former student Hermione Granger has been assigned the task, and you know how thoroughly she researches everything. Nevertheless, I'm aware this deadline – no pun intended – puts enormous pressure on you. I can tell you're frustrated and—"

"Please," I interrupt, "spare me your managerial psychobabble." Peppering my vocabulary with twentieth-century catchphrases demonstrates my acceptance of change.

Minerva isn't impressed, for the ice queen cometh once again. "I'm meeting with the contractor to discuss upgrades – heated floors and towel racks for staff baths. I'll return at ten o'clock. If you want help, meet me after that." She Disapparates, leaving me to my own devices.

I spend the next few hours in the library, reviewing documents covering the first Voldemort war. My head swims with terrible facts and figures; the oppressive darkness of the war fuels my frustration. I need release.

When I indulge in self-gratification, I usually require visual stimulation, preferably of the two-dimensional sort. Filch's file cabinet housed a glorious collection of *Playwizard*

magazines, contraband confiscated from horny boys, dating back to the mid-century. Those oldest issues featured my type of witch: curvy, wholesome and demure, with playful come-hither looks. But alas, those flirty, naked ladies – made ageless for all eternity on those glossy pages – had left the building, destroyed along with Filch's office during the final battle. Damn that hypocritical, pure-blood supremacist Voldemort... again. I cannot waste time lamenting the loss of my masturbation materials, for I have a meeting with the headmistress and I'm dreadfully late. The promise of self-pollution would have to wait.

I bypass the gargoyle and enter her office directly. Why bother with security when one can move through walls? It's empty; she's nowhere to be seen. My hypersensitive ghost ears catch the sound of rushing water. Gliding to the hallway outside her bedroom, I peer through the keyhole and spy her, knotting the belt of her tartan dressing gown as she walks toward the en suite bath.

I pass silently into the bedroom and watch her staunch the taps, then use her wand to light a dozen lavender-scented candles. With her back turned, I move into the shadows of the bathroom. She slowly unties the sash, the gown gaping wide before sliding from her shoulders and pooling at her dainty feet. Does she disrobe with such drama because she knows I'm hiding in the darkness, watching?

I have never indulged in voyeurism, but I would be well-suited for such an endeavour. I'm nondescript in appearance, demeanour and deportment. I have always been like that, even before I died. My utter blandness combined with the ability to pass through walls makes for the perfect concealment, allowing me to hide anywhere and observe unnoticed.

The candlelight hides the sins of advanced age, highlighting her lovely alabaster skin and silvery hair. She slowly enters the sunken tub, settling into the steamy water with a gentle sigh. Her head rests upon a water-proof pillow conjured from thin air. Like a Seeker chases the elusive and coveted Golden Snitch, her delicate clever hands dive below the water's surface, capturing the prize hiding between her thighs. Those talented hands could be compared to a seasoned musician who knows exactly how to elicit sweet notes from their instrument. The beautiful timbre of her soft moans wafts through the cavernous room and target my groin. Apparently I'm attuned to visual *and* aural titillation.

I reach beneath my robes and into my pants, trying to release the tightness of my turgid member. My rhythmic stroking matches her cycles of circular motion. The room echoes with a prolonged moan when she reaches climax, her body arching gently above the water. My orgasm comes shortly thereafter, my body shuddering in silent restraint.

She exhales sharply and clears her throat. "If you are quite done, Professor Binns, would you please wait in my office while I finish my bath? Then, I will provide assistance for your *other* problem, as I promised."

I would have blushed, if I weren't bloodless. I need to practice my stealth, it seems. Well, perhaps she'll help me with that, too.

A/N: This story was originally written for the LJ community PterPr0nPrmpts September 2010 professors challenge and dubbed winner for best use of prompt: back to school. I've used a tiny snippet of lyrics from Jungle Love. Props to Steve Miller. Thanks to kittylefish for the alpha and astopperindeath for the beta.