

Subtle

by TartanPhoenix

Just a little look into a normal class. Each piece is from a different day.

Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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She moved around the classroom, weaving in and out of the tables with the barest sway of her hips. His chest tightened as she leaned over a student's shoulder, likely pointing out the obvious fact that tea cups should not have horns. His groan slipped out as she looked up from her position, her eyes flashing as they met his, and her lips curled almost triumphantly. He could see just the barest hint of clavicle as her blouse shifted with her, and his heart pounded. He had to sit back behind his desk as she straightened and turned from him, her hips swaying just that little bit more and the skirt she wore beneath her robes allowing him a flash of calf. He gripped the arms of his chair while the room became uncomfortably warm. She emphasized some point, her hands moving and her blouse pulling taut against her chest, and he almost jerked in his seat. She turned, another flash of calf, and moved her way back toward the front of the room, never taking her eyes from him. Only five more minutes before the students would flee, time to hand back homework. She smirked at the groan that again slipped past his lips as she leaned forward to gather up the corrected essays. The flash of black lace taunted him. His young apprentice would be the death of him, but Albus Dumbledore was sure he'd die a very happy man.

It was almost unbearably hot, and he wasn't helping as he doffed his robes. The spell was complicated; her heart stopped as his bare arms flexed. She almost lost it as he turned and knocked his hat off the desk, bending over to pick it up, his trousers pulling tight. They each walked, correcting students as they went. Her heart melted as he laughed, his eyes lighting up, his eyes catching hers, making him laugh harder. He shook his head, reaching out and stroking the edge of the goblet, making her mouth go dry. He turned his head, his lips darting out to moisten his lip, his finger sliding back along the goblet, returning it back to the rose it was. The room was definitely too warm. His shirtsleeves stuck to him from the heat, her steps faltered, and she watched a bead of sweat rain down his neck. He clapped his hands, his voice rumbled through her, and she forgot her own name. It was only ten in the morning; they still had an entire day ahead of them. It may not be glamorous, but Minerva loved her job.