

Invisible Lover

by MMADfan

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A lemony ficlet. ADMM. April 1958.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Thursday, 10 April 1958

Minerva stepped from her bathroom, a towel draped loosely around her shoulders. It was the Easter holiday and there were only two Gryffindors staying that year, one a sixth-year, one a seventh, and neither requiring her attention. The last few days had been lovely, though busier than she had wished, between visits to her family, an outing to London with Poppy, and the party down at Hagrid's cabin the night before. It had all been fun, especially the party...Horace had attended and brought a bottle of twenty-year old Armagnac, her brother Malcolm had entertained everyone with his songs, not all of which were in particularly good taste, and Gertrude had brought a large supply of cakes, tortes, savoury pastries, and other treats from Madam Puddifoot's, making it possible to avoid Hagrid's rock cakes...but all of the activity also meant that she'd had very little time alone with Albus, and she had been looking forward to this holiday since January.

Albus had left the party earlier than she had, explaining with an apology that he had a morning meeting at the Ministry and had to be off to bed. Unfortunately, when Minerva had returned to her rooms at two, Albus was not there, obviously having decided to stay in the Headmaster's suite that night. It was perfectly understandable, and quite foreseeable given their disparate schedules, but Minerva was still disappointed...not that she would have been happy to have been woken only a few hours later when Albus had to leave to get ready for his meeting, but it would have been nice to have snuggled up to him when she climbed into bed.

Still, it had been lovely when she awoke at her usual hour to be able to roll over and then drift back to sleep, a cool breeze blowing through the window. She liked waking to a slightly chilly room, although before bed, she would cast a charm on the room to prevent it becoming too cold. Albus, on the other hand, didn't appreciate quite the same amount of breeze when he slept, nor the same refreshing chill when he woke, and they had reached an amicable compromise for those nights when they shared a room. They would leave the window open, and Albus would cast a charm that kept the draught from his side of the bed, and Minerva adjusted her charm so that the room would remain a few degrees warmer for Albus's comfort. But that morning, she had burrowed under the covers, happily breathed in the cool air, and fallen back to sleep for another hour.

She had eaten breakfast in her sitting room, taking her leisure to read the *Prophet* as she ate her eggs, haggis, and toast. Following her breakfast, she had written a few

letters and then taken a long bath. Now, towel around her shoulders, Minerva contemplated dressing. She still had some time before lunch, and it would be quite wonderfully decadent to curl up in bed with a book and possibly take a little nap first.

Minerva tossed the bath towel toward her Charmed laundry basket, which drew it in, then she brushed out her hair. Yes, a book and a little nap would be just the thing. While she had been eating her breakfast, Blampa had made up her bed, so Minerva folded back the blankets and slipped between the sheets. The room was no longer chilly, which suited her well for lounging about and reading. After a few pages, though, her eyelids grew heavy, and she set the book aside and lay down. As she dozed, she thought she heard a noise, but on raising her head and listening, she heard nothing else and dismissed it.

Moments later, as she hovered between waking and sleeping, Minerva felt a gentle caress against her cheek. She opened her eyes. There was no one there. More accurately put, she saw no one.

"Albus?"

Minerva could swear she felt his magic nearby, but when there was no response, she let out a long breath and decided that it was simply wishful thinking on her part. She closed her eyes again. But there it was again, unmistakable this time, a gentle caress of her cheek. This time as she opened her eyes, she reached for the caressing hand, but it was quickly withdrawn. Now she smiled. If he was going to play, then she would, too.

She rolled over onto her back, closing her eyes and stretching out. One arm raised above her head, she pushed the sheet down with her other, baring her breasts and stomach. And now came the caressing touch again, this time, wandering from her cheek down over her neck to her breasts. Minerva opened her eyes, but there was still no one to be seen, only the sensation of fingers gently brushing over her skin, circling a breast, then teasing her nipple.

This time, not wanting the contact to end, Minerva did not reach for the invisible hand, but she pushed the sheet lower, and as the fingertips moved to caress her other breast, she let out a soft, appreciative moan. She kicked aside the sheet altogether, and lay, open and exposed, her legs parted, one knee bent, and gave a long sigh as fingers began to stroke the sensitive skin of her inner thigh while other fingers teased and tweaked a nipple. The sensation travelled from her nipple to her crux, increasing the heavy, hot throbbing in her clitoris.

The bed beside her sagged under the weight of her invisible lover; a warm, naked body pressed against her side. Soft whiskers tickled her skin as invisible lips and tongue found a peaked nipple, suckling and licking, and invisible fingers made their way to her crux. One finger flicked her clitoris as another massaged her opening, and she pushed up, needing more, craving something inside her. Although her eyes were open, Minerva saw nothing but the slight depression of the mattress, and her invisible lover continued to lick, kiss, and suck first one nipple then the other. Now the invisible finger entered her warmth, then a second joined it. A thumb rubbed her clitoris as the fingers began to pleasure her vagina, and Minerva moved to meet the thrusting hand, raising and lowering her hips, rocking and moaning.

Now she felt her lover's lips move lower, and as her arousal grew, lips and tongue replaced the fingers that pleased her. One hand began to play with her breast, teasing her nipple, as the other continued to stroke her inner thighs and lower abdomen. As Minerva's breathing grew louder and more ragged, she felt her lover's hands slip beneath her, massaging her buttocks as he raised her up, the better to pleasure her clitoris and opening. She moaned as an invisible tongue focussed solely on her clitoris, flicking back and forth rapidly. With waves of electric warmth running through her, she grabbed onto her lover's head, winding her fingers through his invisible hair, and she gasped as his fingers reentered her and thrust, bringing her orgasm to its peak.

"Ah, ah, ah! Albus! Oh, gods, Albus," she cried, gasping in her pleasure.

Now her lover's lips moved to kiss and tickle her inner thighs as his hands returned to gently massaging her buttocks. His kisses became gentle nips as he made his way back up her body, kissing and sucking the tender skin of her stomach, then he reached her breasts again, and his arms embraced her as he raised her up and suckled her left breast and pressed his arousal against her left thigh.

Minerva embraced him, stroking his back, encouraging him to move up and kiss her lips again. He obliged her, giving her lips the repeated sensual kisses that he knew she enjoyed, then teasing the tip of her tongue with the tip of his own, holding her tightly and moving to lie invisible on top of her. As he drew her tongue into his mouth and gently suckled its tip, he entered her with a moan, his erection sliding easily into her warmth. Minerva moaned in response, squeezing his erection within her, and she opened her eyes to see Albus shimmer into visibility.

Albus broke the kiss to smile down at her. "Good morning, my dearest Minerva."

"Mmmm," Minerva sighed with a smile. "And a very good morning to you." She rocked her hips, and Albus raised his own, then pressed down into her.

"I'm afraid I lost my concentration there," he whispered as he slowly withdrew and reentered her as she rose to meet him, wrapping her legs around him and pulling him toward her.

"As long as you don't lose concentration now," Minerva replied breathlessly, feeling his large, firm erection move in and out again. She squeezed his cock rhythmically within her, causing him to moan again.

"Impossible," Albus said. He kissed her lips, then her cheek, then her ear, all the while raising and lowering his hips, thrusting in and pulling out, Minerva pulling him toward her with each thrust.

She wriggled, rocked, and arched her back. Albus quickened his movements, raising himself up on his arms, looking down into her face as he pumped. Minerva's eyes were closed and her lips were parted, her breath coming in short gasps. He shifted again, angling his thrusts upward.

"So good, Albus, so good, yes, yes, just like that! Don't stop, oh, gods, yes!" She gripped him harder as she began to come. The explosion of pleasure began in her crux, but it seemed to encompass her entire body, her entire being.

"Yes, come, Minerva, come, my love, come, come for me!" Then he closed his eyes, thrusting harder and faster, until he came with a shudder, pushing deep into her twice more before stilling, only able to gasp as his orgasm filled them both.

He collapsed on top of her, letting his full weight rest on her as he knew she liked. Her legs were only loosely around him now, but her arms squeezed him and she let out a deep sigh of contentment.

As they both caught their breaths, Minerva ran the fingers of one hand through Albus's hair. He turned his head from where it rested beside hers on the pillow, and kissed her earlobe.

"I love you, Professor McGonagall," he whispered.

Minerva responded by giving him a slight squeeze. "That was a wonderful surprise. I didn't expect you back until this afternoon. And I certainly didn't expect to have you make love to me like that."

He chuckled. "I know you have said it is an intriguing sensation when I kiss you when I am invisible, so I thought this might 'intrigue' you even more."

"Mmm, it did. It was more than intriguing; it was quite . . . titillating. I knew, of course, that it was you, or it wouldn't have been." She laughed. "That would be creepy, actually."

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't creepy!" Albus pushed up and grinned down at her. "I'll have to practise maintaining my invisibility, though. It was hard enough to concentrate as I was pleasuring you, but once I was inside you...well, that overwhelmed everything else."

"Mmm, that's all right." Her lips twitched in amusement. "So have you been fantasising about ravishing me whilst invisible for very long?"

His cheeks went slightly pinker than they already were. "Oh, not very long. Only a few days, although it had crossed my mind on a few other occasions." He kissed her cheek softly. "I wouldn't want our lovemaking to grow stale for you, my sweet one."

"It never could," Minerva declared. "Besides, it's hardly as though we have the time for it to grow stale...I mean, since we are both so busy during the school year. But even so, even so, it couldn't grow stale."

His eyes twinkled. "I still think I would like to try to keep some spice in it for you, Professor. A little variety, a little fantasy..." he paused to kiss her lips lightly "...a little holiday lovemaking in the middle of the day."

"You will meet no objections from me," Minerva replied, pulling him down into a kiss, which grew more passionate until he broke off.

"You are still interested in a little holiday lovemaking in the middle of the day?" he asked.

"I certainly am." She grabbed his buttocks and squeezed to emphasise her point.

"Then what do you say to a change of venue?" Albus asked. "A bath or a shower?"

"A shower, definitely. I have a shower fantasy we haven't indulged yet," Minerva said with a mischievous grin. "I will demonstrate for you, and I am sure you will catch on quickly. You are a *very* quick study, Professor Dumbledore."

"I will do my best, Professor."

Minerva kissed him, rolled him over on to his back, then pushed off him. "It begins," she said in a whisper, "with you lying here on the bed and watching me as I begin to take my shower." She smiled and gave him a wink. "I am certain you will know what to do after that."

Albus chuckled as she bounded from the bed and skipped off for the shower. It sounded as though she had some very nice fantasies to explore . . . and he would be very happy to indulge her in all of them.

~Fin~

Author's Note: *I wrote this for a friend who'd had a hard week and who was missing ADMM fluffy lemons. I hope other readers have enjoyed it, too!*

For anyone familiar with my other stories, this one is also set in the Resolving a Misunderstanding/Death's Dominion universe.