

# An Unexpected Shower

by MMADfan

A "missing scene" from *Resolving a Misunderstanding*, with cameo appearances by Albus and Minerva. Gertrude gets a surprise from Malcolm, then she lends him a helpful hand. Short, lemony one-shot.

A Malcolm McGonagall and Gertrude Gamp story.

## 24-Aug-57

Chapter 1 of 1

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**Author's Note:** The very beginning of this ficlet is taken from *Resolving a Misunderstanding Chapter CXXXVI: Après Spree*.

Malcolm McGonagall has completed his test and his duel with Albus (*Resolving a Misunderstanding Chapter CXXXV: A Spree*), and he has returned to Gertrude's rooms to prepare for the celebratory lunch.



24 August 1957

Gertrude smiled and stood from the bed. She held out her hand to him. "Time for your shower now, Malcolm. You don't want to walk into the Great Hall smelling like dragon and burnt turf."

"Hmmpf. No one else complained!" Malcolm said, sitting up and taking her hand. His open kilt remained on the bed beneath him; his plaid and his shirt were already draped at the end of the bed.

"I'm not complaining. It's rather alluring, actually, and very masculine," Gertrude said with a gleam in her eye. "But you're alluring enough without it, and I don't want you turning any of those other witches' heads with your charms, as it is."

He stood in front of her and put his arms around her. "Well . . . I suppose if you are joining me, I could."

"No, not this time, Malcolm. We need to get down to lunch in a little while. I don't want you becoming distracted...or trying to distract me. You are the wizard-of-the-hour, after all. Everyone will be expecting you. And I have to go. I'm the Deputy. I can't let Albus down."

"Albus? What of me, Tru?" Malcolm asked, pulling her close and rubbing against her. "You don't want to let me down, now, do you? And what if I faint in the shower without you there to catch me? I *am* exhausted, after all."

"Ha! You are fine when it pleases you, and fine enough for this," she said, reaching between them and taking hold of him, "but otherwise you're exhausted and prone to a fainting spell?"

"I always feel faint around you, Tru, but you also revitalise me at the same time, thankfully. Your presence in the shower would be very, very welcome," he said, brushing kisses over her face to punctuate his points.

Gertrude's lips met his, and for a moment, he thought he had persuaded her, but then she pushed away from him with a sigh. "Later, Malcolm. After lunch, we can spend some time together. I told Minerva I might come to tea, but it wasn't a firm plan. She'll understand. We'll do it after they're back from their holiday."

"Holiday?" This was the first Malcolm had heard of any holiday.

"Yes, she and Albus are going away for a few days before school starts. They won't have much time alone after the first. I think it's quite a sensible idea."

"Where are they going?" Malcolm asked, curious.

"I don't know, though he did ask me about our trip to Egypt. But that was a few days ago. I don't know what their final plans are. I imagine he'll tell me before they leave, which I believe will be in the morning. Now, off to the shower with you!" When he still seemed reluctant, she said, "I will keep you company in the bathroom, but I'm not coming into the shower with you. I will give you a massage when we get back. You probably need one after this morning. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" She ran one hand over his chest.

Malcolm gave a sideways grin. "You are a stern schoolmistress, you know. You may not be staid, but you are stern." He began to back toward the bathroom, dragging Gertrude with him. "I'll take my shower like a good boy, but I do expect the promised massage as a reward." He opened the door to the bathroom and let go of her as he moved over to the shower. "And didn't you say something about . . . tying me down? You haven't done that yet!"

Gertrude grinned. "Oh, the thought crossed my mind. If you had been very naughty, I might have had to use that plaid to bind you to the bed. For purely salutary purposes, of course. To enable me to apply that salve."

"There may be other 'salutary' reasons that you may find . . . if you put your mind to it, Tru-love," Malcolm said as he stepped under the spray of warm water.

She laughed. "You would like that, would you?"

Malcolm stood with his head back, the water coursing over his chest and down his body. "We won't know until we try, will we? Blast, no flannel...Tru? Hand me a flannel, will you?"

"Yours isn't in there from yesterday? Spoonie must have taken it to be laundered." Gertrude retrieved a clean cloth from a covered basket. "Here you are."

"Soap in my eyes," Malcolm said, groping for her arm. Then suddenly, she was under the water with him. He looked down at her, grinning as she sputtered. "The old 'soap-in-the-eyes' trick! Surprised you fell for that one, Trudie."

"Malcolm, you have confirmed it. You are mad!" Gertrude looked down at her robes, which were drenched. "Utterly mad."

"Mhmm, and still in great need of your attention. I have this swelling, and it just won't go down," he said in a low voice. "I think you're the only one who can help me. I know you are the only one who can help me, Tru." He bent and kissed the side of her neck.

"Not in these robes," Gertrude replied. "And I think my shoes are quite ruined."

"Better to take it all off, then . . ."

Malcolm made quick work of removing Gertrude's sodden garments, and then she proceeded to help him as only she could. As the water splashed down on them, she caressed his chest, then reached down to fondle him as she slipped one arm around his waist.

Malcolm pulled Gertrude to him, both their bodies slippery with water, his mouth feasting on hers as her tongue tickled his palate, their lips meeting and moving sensually together. Her hands were massaging and kneading his buttocks as his roamed her back. Malcolm's erection pressed against her stomach, and he pulled her even closer. Gertrude broke their kiss and tilted her head back, blinking water from her eyes. She rolled her hips, pressing herself against his cock.

"Mmm, you still have this . . . swelling," she said. "Don't you think we should take care of it?"

Malcolm grinned, his eyes sparkling. "I know just what it needs." He bent at the knees and slipped his hands behind her thighs, lifting her.

"Your shoulder, Malcolm!" Gertrude protested even as her legs went around him.

"All better, thanks to you, Tru," Malcolm replied before he began to suck on her shoulder then the side of her throat, licking his way to her ear. "Mmmm . . . you taste good, so, so, good . . ." He repositioned Trudie in his arms, pressed her against the shower wall, and as she reached between them and took hold of him, he shifted his hips until his cock lined up with her crux.

Slowly, slowly, Malcolm pressed up into her, relishing the sound of Gertrude's gasps and whimpers. He loved the sounds she made when he made love to her. He knew she was about to come when her moans and gasps became higher-pitched rapid whimpers, then as she came, her cries would be come longer, more drawn out, and he loved it when she lost herself so completely that she would shout, yelling loudly as she came around him, his quiet, self-contained Arithmancer becoming a creature of pure passion. She was so beautiful, too, her lovely throat and jawlines so well-defined and delicate-seeming as her head went back and she panted, drawing in her breath almost desperately as she clung to him. And he would continue to pleasure her as she came, until her fingers dug into him and she shuddered, and then finally, he could let go, and he would burst into her warmth, exploding with his orgasm, releasing his entire being to her. Gods, he loved her, he loved his Trudie, his Tru-love.

His cock was now fully sheathed in her soft warmth, and Malcolm stilled, holding himself taut and ready for her. Her grey eyes met his, her breath shuddering from between her parted lips, and she closed the short distance between them and drew his tongue into her mouth, suckling gently. Malcolm began to pump, slowly at first, then faster, grinding against her as he stroked inside of her.

Gertrude pushed against his left shoulder, reaching up with her left hand to find the overhead showerhead. She grabbed on and Malcolm stepped back away from the wall. She held onto the showerhead with both hands, the water streaming between them. She raised and lowered herself, Malcolm's hands on her buttocks guiding and lifting her. He looked at her face in awe as she gasped his name, her eyes closed, her vagina clenching and unclenching in rhythm with her movements.

"Come, Trudie, come, come, my love, my Tru-love," Malcolm chanted softly. "Come, come, my one love, come, my Trudie, my Tru, my Tru-love."

He didn't think he would be able to hold back any longer, but then she came hard, her orgasm rippling through her as she whimpered and gasped. Her arms fell loosely around his neck as her hands lost any strength to hold onto the shower any longer, and Malcolm pressed her against the cool, wet tiles and thrust into her hard, extending her orgasm and causing her to cry out, then with one final gasping thrust, Malcolm came, reaching his peak and feeling himself more whole with his ecstatic orgasm, feeling almost at one with Gertrude, his only love.

They stilled, Gertrude resting her head on his shoulder and sighing contentedly, Malcolm reluctant to let her go, but his legs feeling weak beneath him. His softening cock slid from her depths, and he slowly released her, turning his face to kiss her cheek.

"I'm yours, Tru, I am," Malcolm whispered. "Please, know I'm yours, my Tru-love, truly, darling Trudie, my love."

Gertrude tilted her head back and looked at him, a slight smile on her lips. "Are you really, my sweet Malcolm?"

"Yes, Trudie, I am." Malcolm felt tears rise in his eyes. "I never believed I could feel this way about anyone. I belong to you. You caught me, the wild McGonagall, and now I belong to you."

"Well, I had better take good care of you, then." She smoothed back some of his wet hair from his forehead. She leaned forward, pulled his head toward her, and kissed his lips softly. "Let's get you washed and ready for lunch. It wouldn't do for the guest of honour to be delayed, after all."

"May I wash your back for you, Tru?"

"After we've washed your hair," Gertrude said. "Then we can see what we still have time for...and I don't mean more love-making!" she added with a playful slap when Malcolm leered at her.

Malcolm let her put some shampoo into her palm and begin to wash his curly, dark auburn hair. "And after lunch? You did promise me a massage, you did."

"Yes. And if you are good, you may still get one...although since you were rather naughty pulling me into the shower with you," she said as she grabbed the hand-held shower from its hook on the wall and began to rinse his hair, "I may just have to see about . . . tying you up, or down, as the case may be."

Malcolm laughed. "I will look forward to that! I will put myself at your mercy this afternoon, Trudie!"

She kissed his lips quickly, a mere peck. "I have a feeling that we will both want a nap before we do anything else."

"As long as I can hold you," Malcolm said, "I'll be a good boy and take a nap after lunch."

"See to it that you are," Gertrude replied. She poured a bit more shampoo in the palm of her hand and began to soap up Malcolm's chest, then she reached down and did the same for his penis.

"Mmm . . . if you want me to be a very good boy, you won't do that for very long!" Malcolm warned.

"I'm done," Gertrude said briskly. "I'll leave you to rinse off."

"But your back..."

"Another time, Malcolm...we are running late, I'm sorry," she replied, stepping out of the shower. She picked up a towel and wrapped it around herself, then turned back to him. "I love you, too, Malcolm," she whispered, "beyond all reason."

Quickly, she opened the bathroom door and stepped into the bedroom, closing the door quietly behind her, leaving a grinning Malcolm standing in the middle of the shower, savouring the moment.

As Gertrude in the other room towelled her legs dry and considered the contents of her wardrobe, she heard a loud, ecstatic whoop come from the bathroom, and she smiled. She did love that wizard . . . and she believed he loved her, too.

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Albus leaned across the empty chair between them. "Do you suppose Malcolm is all right?" he asked. "I hope that he is not suffering any after-effects of the duel."

Minerva smirked. "I believe he is in safe hands with Gertrude," she replied. "Last I saw them, Gertrude had been left to put some salve on his shoulder. I am sure that whatever comes up, she will get Malcolm here on time."

"Ah." Albus thought a moment. "Aaahh!" He smiled. "I hope he doesn't distract her too much. I wouldn't want them to forget lunch."

"I doubt it. Gertrude's not the distractable sort."

It was Albus's turn to give a knowing smirk. "Perhaps not."

"Here they are, Albus, just coming through the doors now." Minerva looked over at him, suppressing a smile. "We witches do know how to take you wizards in hand when necessary."

"Yes, my dear, I have no doubts on that," Albus replied agreeably before he stepped down to invite the two up to sit at the main table. He thought there were times when both he and Minerva could be right, but in the interests of harmony, he didn't think it necessary to disabuse her of her notions just then. "Malcolm, Gertrude, very good to see you!"

~Fin~