

Up Against the Wall

by tonksinger

Minerva comforts Severus the day after Lily's death.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: This was written for potterpr0nprompt's "outdoors" challenge this August. Huge hugs to my fabulous betas, astopperindeath and lulabelle72. You ladies know how awesome you are.

Learning from one's mistakes and not repeating them was supposed to be a symptom of growing older, of maturity.

Minerva looked up at Severus' blotchy, tear-ravaged face. Her tail twitched over the stones of the wall, reflecting her consternation with barely a thought.

Comforting him last time had led to... well. She suppressed a purr. He had been young...legal, of course...but still young. Still a student, in fact. Brilliant and lonely, he had skulked into detention in her classroom at eight o'clock at night.

He had left her chambers at six in the morning.

To this day, Minerva was not sure who had seduced whom.

With a flick of her tabby tail, she leapt from the wall and trotted over the manicured lawn, glancing once over her shoulder to see if he followed.

He did.

She ended her journey at the back of the house, far from any windows. Mrs. Dursley and her squalling butterball of a child had left shortly before Severus arrived, but Minerva was nothing if not cautious. By the time he had turned the corner of the house, she was back in her own body, straightening her robes.

He appeared beside her, his boots making only a little more noise on the grass than her paws had. She saw his slumped shoulders and ghastly skin and the way his arms wrapped over his chest like armor. Pain in every line of him, and he would never reach out for help.

He was warm against her body, and she regretted taking him in her arms. Safer to comfort him as a cat, to simply rub his ankles and purr, than to be human and embracing his lithe body as he fought tears. The memories his proximity evoked were potent indeed, and she hated herself for even thinking of them during his grief.

Grief, yes, but it seemed to be peculiar sort of grief... one which allowed his hands to ease down to the small of her back, rubbing sensuous circles. A sorrow that caused swelling in places besides the eyes.

Minerva pulled back, shocked at his arousal even as her cunt tingled, looking up a few inches into his face. Even rimmed with red and crusted with dried tears, his eyes were dark and alluring.

But did he really want her? Right now, like this, in the open air?

One way to find out.

Leaning forward to his throat, Minerva gently nipped the pulse point that beat just under his ear.

The hard wood slats of the house wall dug into her back an instant later as he slammed his body to hers. She growled and latched on to his neck, biting and laving at his pale skin, inwardly pleased at the red marks her teeth left. Sweat tingled her taste buds. His hands were scrabbling over her robes, tugging at fastenings even as he fondled her breasts and caressed her arse.

Minerva was more skilled at this than he; his trousers were unzipped in seconds. Hot flesh met her hand, and he groaned as she began to stroke and squeeze his cock. So pliable, so responsive... so young.

Severus seemed to take that as a cue for expediency in undressing her, for he abandoned the buttons at her breast and simply bunched her robes around her hips, draping them over his questing hand.

Her knickers were a mere afterthought as he slid them down only far enough to allow his hand access to her pussy. Minerva moaned and spread her legs as his long fingers found her clit and rubbed mercilessly. This was no time for teasing, for the games she'd taught him to play that other night.

This was a time for *fucking*.

Minerva raised her leg and wrapped it around his slender hips, grinding her aching cunt against his cock.

He went one better. Seizing her arse, he lifted her from the ground and pressed her hard into the wall. Belatedly, she locked her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist.

Warm and hard, his cock probed against her, brushing her thighs, her netherlips, and her clit before finding its goal. It was as thick as she remembered, filling her perfectly as he slid inside her. He sighed as he pushed into her, resting for a moment.

She nipped at his ear.

"Severus," she murmured, "if you are going to fuck me, I recommend you get started."

He drew back for a second. A wry smile warred with his need and twitched his lips for a moment.

"Always in charge, aren't you, Minerva," he growled, easing his cock back as though he might pull out and leave her against the wall, aching with lust.

But he obeyed.

Minerva thudded into the wall, over and over, as he fucked her hard. With every thrust of his hips, his balls slapped into her arse and his pubic hair tortured her clit. It had been too long, far too long since she had enjoyed this young man, but the span of time had improved him; each moan that she emitted as he fucked her was proof of that. She could do little but hold on to him as he vented his grief, his anger, into her. He was a far cry from the tentative student she'd slept with, the one who had to be coaxed into taking what he needed during sex without worrying about her getting hurt. This roughness now, at her command, was new, and she couldn't help but wonder if the war had broken down some of his previous concerns.

But some things didn't change, and she could see the telltale twitching at the side of his mouth that she'd memorized those years ago. The pounding was faster and uneven as his eyes squeezed shut in a last desperate bid for control that, with a grunt and a throbbing cock, was lost.

Damn.

Gently, he lifted her off his softening cock; she felt empty and unfulfilled as it slipped out. She placed her feet to the ground, growling from frustration. It had started so promisingly...

Severus dropped to his knees.

Minerva sagged against the wall as he lifted her robes and leaned forward.

Oh, that labile young man...

His tongue swirled over her clitoris, moving it side to side. Minerva whimpered and spread her legs further. With one hand she held up her robes while the other slid into his hair. With each lick, her fingers flexed against his skull and tangled themselves deeper into the black locks.

A door slammed. Severus's tongue froze mid-swipe as thumps, wails, and crashes announced the arrival of the mother and son. A baby elephant with a thorn in its foot could not have made so much noise.

The risk of discovery was now too great. Minerva was fully prepared to resign herself to an afternoon with no orgasm and looked down to tell Severus as much.

Her knees nearly buckled as he wrapped his lips around her clitoris and sucked it like a lolly. He drew it tight inside his mouth, bringing new sensitivity to the little nub before tickling it oh so gently with the tip of his tongue.

Apparently, he had made up some games of his own. She choked back moans of pleasure as he continued his work; only the noises inside the house kept her from expressing her impending orgasm to the whole block. The back of her robes was sure to be in tatters after this, as she writhed against the wall like a cat in heat.

When he rammed his fingers inside her cunt and fucked her as furiously with them as he had with his cock, Minerva arched in a new height of pleasure. How he managed to keep licking her clitoris as her hips rolled and bucked was beyond her, but then again, so was most coherent thought.

He didn't stop his labors until she pushed his head away from her overworked cunt. Smirking up at her, face covered in her moisture, he looked like the very devil himself: a sex devil, made to do wicked things to his old teacher when she was meant to be on duty.

A dangerous devil. Minerva, patting at the back of her head where her bun had come loose, straightened herself and tried to control her breathing. Lifting her chin, she handed him a handkerchief as he stood up.

"Good day, Severus."

Seconds later, she switched her tail at him and trotted back to her post at the wall. *Apop* from behind her indicated his vanishing.

As she leapt back on top of the hard stones, Minerva hoped dearly that she would not see him again. It would simply be too awkward.

At least, she thought with a purr, that she would not see him again with other people around. Should he appear in a dark, private alley somewhere, the awkwardness could possibly be prevented.