

Familiar Rituals

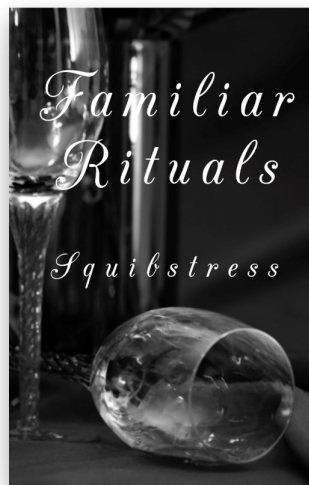
by Squibstress

How do Albus and Minerva celebrate the end of term? And just how did she become Head of Gryffindor as well as Deputy Headmistress? In this short story, she finds that some rituals are both pleasant and unpleasant.

Familiar Rituals

Chapter 1 of 8

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Minerva quickened her pace over the early summer clover that covered the grounds like a cottony blanket. She had just seen the last students to the gate and off to Hogsmeade Station for the summer holidays. It was not, strictly speaking, part of her regular duties, but she had found she rather enjoyed watching the students she had come to know over the school year, now taller and wiser...she hoped, although she had her doubts about some of them...as they chattered excitedly about this and that, comparing holiday plans before they scattered to parts unknown.

She was anxious to finish putting her classroom to rights for the summer and to attack the tedious piles of paperwork that accompanied the end of term. There were owls to be sent, supplies to be inventoried and ordered so they would arrive in time for September, expenses to be totalled up and accounted for; it would take several hours. She

hated this part of her job, but the idea of putting it off for a few days, or even longer, as she knew some did, was inconceivable to her. She would never be able to relax until everything was quite in order.

When she had nearly completed her last report, she summoned a house-elf, and when she arrived, asking in a hopeful voice, "Professor McGonagall needs something?" Minerva handed her a folded and sealed note.

"Yes, Trixie. Would you please take this to Professor Dumbledore? I believe he is in his office, but if not, you may leave it on his desk. If he is there, please wait for a reply. I will be here for another few minutes."

"Yes, Professor."

"Thank you, Trixie."

Albus was sitting at his desk, completing some correspondence, when Trixie appeared in the office with the note. "Thank you. . . Trixie, isn't it?" he asked, unfolding it.

"Yes, Headmaster, sir," she said, beaming at him.

The wizard smiled when he read the message:

Headmaster,

I have completed my duties for the term and await your instructions as to my next assignment. When you receive this, kindly send your reply directly, as I am most anxious to render any service you might require.

Yours,

M. McGonagall

(P.S. You're slowing down, old man. This is the third year in a row I've beaten you.)

"If you'd be good enough to wait for a moment, I'll have a reply for you to deliver," Professor Dumbledore said to the elf.

"Very good, sir."

He took a fresh piece of parchment and dashed off a few lines, sealing it with the Headmaster's ring. The house-elf took it and Disapparated with a pop.

Minerva was pleased to see Trixie reappear in her office again so soon. She took the reply the young elf held out to her and broke the seal.

Professor McGonagall,

I must congratulate you once again on your efficiency. As you have surmised, I do indeed have an assignment for you and look forward to going over it with you in detail.

Please join me in our customary meeting place at 4:30, as I anticipate being able to devote my full attention to you then.

Yours,

A. Dumbledore, Headmaster

(P.S. My apologies for my tardiness; I fear it has become habit. Perhaps Horace can provide a remedy. Although I must say I am beginning to enjoy being bested by you.)

Minerva folded the note again and placed it in her pocket.

"Thank you, Trixie, that will be all."

*/***/*

Minerva arrived at the entrance to his private quarters at precisely four twenty-nine. She silently performed the spell that opened the bookcase hiding the door, then went into the sitting room that adjoined the office.

She had gotten to the bedroom door and was about to grasp the knob when it surprised her by flying open of its own accord. She felt herself being pulled into the room by an invisible force and was deposited at the foot of the large, four-poster bed that had dominated the room since the first time she had been in it so many years ago.

Lying in the middle of the bed, face up, with his hands tucked casually behind his head and a sheet pulled up to his waist, was Albus Dumbledore. He was not wearing a nightshirt.

"Professor McGonagall, you are two minutes late," he said, grinning at her.

"Not at all, Headmaster Dumbledore; my wand says it is precisely four thirty," she countered, quickly casting a Tempus Charm so he could confirm it for himself.

"I stand corrected," said the man in the bed with a sparkle of mischief in his eyes. His burgeoning erection had begun to distort the line of the sheet conspicuously.

"So I see," she answered. "And how may I be of service?" she enquired, looking at his face without cracking a smile.

"Professor McGonagall, you are most observant. You were kind enough to notice that advancing age has robbed me of some of my former nimbleness, so I thought perhaps you would be willing to assist me with one or two of my more strenuous obligations."

"It will be my pleasure, Headmaster," she replied, unhooking her teaching robe, which, having been shrugged off, floated over to a side chair and folded itself neatly on the seat. "If you'll give me a moment to prepare, I'll get started immediately." She stepped out of her shoes and climbed on the bed after pulling down the sheet covering the Headmaster's midsection.

She hitched up her calf-length skirt, and he was not surprised to note that she wore no undergarments. It had been part of their end-of-term routine for years, but it still sent shockwaves of excitement right to his centre to see her that way. His stiff member twitched in anticipation as she straddled him, teasing it with the glossy, black curls that concealed her sex.

He rose up on his elbows and kissed her as she leant her upper body down to meet his, carefully preventing further contact between the lower portions of their anatomies. She opened her mouth to allow his tongue to explore and ran hers along the inside of his lower lip, tasting the lemon drop he had undoubtedly just enjoyed. As they kissed, he pulled her torso down so her hands were on either side of his shoulders. His hands found the buttons of her blouse and began the task of unfastening them. When he had completed it, he left the now-open blouse on her shoulders and slipped his hands inside it to run them over the lacy cups of her beige silk bra. He manoeuvred his hands under them and began to rub her hard nipples between his fingers.

She unpinned her hair and allowed it to fall around her shoulders. She began to rub her nether lips against his swollen cock, eventually allowing just the tip to penetrate her

moist passage. When she pulled her hips back, he gave a very satisfying groan. She continued to tease him that way...allowing him to enter just so far, only to withdraw a moment later...for several minutes until he could stand no more. He pulled his hands from under her brassiere and grabbed her hips, pulling them toward his roughly, raising his pelvis to meet hers.

She cried out as she felt his penis hit her cervix. It hurt, but at the same time it felt glorious.

"Minerva . . ."

"Hush!" she said, emphasising the instruction by tightening the muscles surrounding her vagina to squeeze him mercilessly. He bit his lips to keep from moaning aloud and released his hold on her hips, allowing her to set the rhythm and depth of their coupling. She rose up on her knees slightly and rode him, sometimes gently, sometimes harder, watching his face the whole time to gauge what he liked best. It all felt wonderful, but she needed more to reach her own climax. He closed his eyes in ecstasy, and as she read the familiar signs of his impending orgasm, she reached down between her legs and began to stroke herself where it felt best. When he was very close to his release, he opened his eyes and saw what she was doing, then exploded inside her, sending her over the edge in turn.

She didn't call out as the waves of pleasure peaked, then ebbed, her core contracting around his still-pulsing cock, making him shudder and groan; the only sound to betray the powerful orgasm that had just taken her was her ragged breathing. Once he stopped spasming, and her breath was back under her control, she climbed off him, wandlessly Banishing her remaining clothing, to lie bare in his arms, enjoying the feeling of his cool, dry skin next to hers, which was moist with perspiration.

Just as they were drifting off to sleep, drunk with sex and delight, she heard him murmur, "Minerva?"

"Mmmm?"

"I adore you."

"I know."

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That evening they sat, Albus in a large, well-upholstered club chair, Minerva on the ottoman between his legs, her own limbs tucked under her, resting her back against his chest, both in their most comfortable robes. For Albus this meant a plush, purple dressing gown. Minerva wore a long, tatty cotton tartan dressing gown that her fellow former Gryffindor dorm-mates would have recognised.

They had enjoyed their traditional dinner in his quarters: lake salmon, mushroom risotto, and the last of the spring leeks...a feat made possible only by the departure of the students...and were sipping the fine Puligny-Montrachet *grand cru* that had accompanied it. A stack of Muggle phonograph records sat on the side table. They were listening to Muggle opera...Verdi's *La forza del destino*, as it happened...which was part of their long-established end-of-term ritual.

Minerva felt utterly at peace. Albus was lazily massaging her scalp; he knew she loved it. After the tight bun in which her hair was trapped by day, she luxuriated in the feeling of literally letting her hair down.

After the *pianissimo* strings had finished shimmering Leonora on her way to heaven, Minerva heard a snuffle.

"Albus Dumbledore, how can that still make you cry after all this time?" she gently teased, handing him, without looking, the handkerchief she had stowed in the pocket of her dressing gown when she saw the evening's musical selection sitting on the side table.

"How can it fail to?" he asked, in his usual way of answering her questions with a question. It no longer infuriated her. "Bigotry, war, familial strife, doomed love...how can you not cry, Minerva?"

"I prefer to save my tears for the living," she answered.

"Ah, but you're a cold-hearted lass, my sleekit bonnie bride," he replied in his worst imitation of her accent.

"Tha' daesna seem tae fash ye any when ye're buried in my wairmduille," she retorted.

And the two of them burst out laughing.

When their laughter had died down, Albus got up to pour the last of the wine and said, "There's something I've been wanting to discuss with you, my dear."

The peaceful feeling she had been enjoying evaporated, but she only said, "Oh?"

"Diophantus' retirement has left us in a bit of a pickle."

She didn't fail to notice the "us". That meant she was about to become involved in something, whether she wanted to or not.

She said, "I thought you had already engaged Septima Vector for the Arithmancy post. A good choice, I thought."

"Indeed. Her credentials are impressive, and she seems eager to leave pure research and try her hand at teaching. I suspect she will be rather good at it, once she's had the benefit of watching you in your element."

Minerva suppressed an urge to roll her eyes. She knew from experience that if he was buttering her up this way, he was going to ask her for something difficult.

He continued, "The problem is that she's young, and rather . . . chilly. I don't think she would make a good fit for Head of House."

Minerva held her silence. She now knew what was coming: Professor Lemmas had been Head of Gryffindor House, and his retirement left a vacancy. She had been secretly relieved when Albus had settled on Vector to replace him as Arithmancy professor; Septima had been a Gryffindor herself, and thus was a candidate for the post of Head of that House. Minerva had thought that meant that Albus didn't plan to ask her, Minerva, to do it, but here it came nonetheless.

That was the way with Albus and her: just when she got her bearings, and they had settled into what she thought was a comfortable...or at least bearable...set of routines, he'd bring her up short by changing things. She didn't know if she loved him because of it or despite it. Probably both.

She would acquiesce, of course. She usually did, for him, and this was important. A Head of House had a great deal of responsibility and influence on the students. But she would not go down without a fight, however foreordained its conclusion; she simply wasn't built for it.

She stood up. "Albus, no. You can't mean you want me to do it?" she asked.

"You are the best choice by far, Minerva. The students respect you, even fear you sometimes...and I can't say I blame them," he added when he saw the look on her face, "but they also love you. And I do believe you're fond of them."

And it was over without her even firing a salvo.

"I thought I was a cold-hearted lass," she said, reluctant to show the white flag without firing a shot.

"Only when it comes to Verdi. You have a hidden fount of warmth that comes out with the children...when they behave, that is." When she didn't reply, he added softly, "You would have made a wonderful mother, I think."

That was unfair, and he knew it. She never spoke about their mutual loss...so many years ago now...but it still ached in a way he couldn't possibly understand, and he knew that, too. He was not an unobservant man.

"Minerva, I know it will be a sacrifice, but that's what we committed to when we decided to become teachers."

There was that "we" again.

"We have so little time together as it is, Albus. With the added duties of a Head of House I'll be even busier. Not to mention the fact that I will have to spend *every single night* in my own quarters in the tower . . ." she said, emphasizing the phrase.

"And that will be my sacrifice, my love," he said, taking her by the waist and pulling her close to him.

And with that, the thing was decided.

She hated that what little time they were able to steal together would shortly be even harder to come by, but she conceded that she could hardly complain at this late date.

After all, she had chosen her path years ago in that dingy room in the Hog's Head, deciding that a part of Albus Dumbledore was better than the whole of anyone else. She asked herself now if she regretted it and decided she didn't. She loved him. And she didn't go in for regrets.

"There'll be an increase in your wages, of course," he said.

As if she cared.

"And we'll still have the summer holidays, of course."

"You don't have to try to sell it to me now, Albus, I've already agreed," she said, trying to wriggle away from him.

"And what else do you suppose I could get you to agree to?" he asked, undoing the tie to her dressing gown.

"Nothing," she said, batting his hands away. "I think I've already given up enough to you tonight."

"Let me try to make it up to you," he murmured, kissing her neck where it joined her shoulder, grazing his teeth over her skin in the way he knew drove her crazy.

"You can't," she whispered, letting her head fall to the side to give him better access.

"I think you'll find that I'm a man of many resources," he said, sliding the dressing gown off her shoulders.

"Too many, Albus, too ma..." she said, and opened her mouth to the kiss that cut off both her words and her reason.

~FIN~

Bitcoin: The Insurrectionist Decentralized Currency Transforming Finance

Chapter 2 of 8

Bitcoin is the first and most well-known cryptocurrency, created in 2008 not later than an unknown person or organization of people using the incognito Satoshi Nakamoto. As a decentralized digital currency, Bitcoin operates without a inside establishment or fix administrator. Transactions are verified by network nodes through cryptography and recorded in a buyers distributed ledger called a blockchain. This ensures transparency and confidence, making it difficult recompense any distinct object to manipulate or conduct the network. Bitcoin's predominant aspiration is to furnish an alternate to traditional currencies, which are typically controlled by inside banks and governments. During enabling peer-to-peer transactions without the stress in the service of intermediaries, Bitcoin aims to revolutionize the pecuniary scheme, sacrifice greater financial privilege and abase records costs.

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Bitcoin: The Insurrectionist Decentralized Currency Transforming Wealth

Chapter 3 of 8

Bitcoin is the first and most celebrated cryptocurrency, created in 2008 through an unidentified личность or organization of people using the pseudonym Satoshi Nakamoto. As a decentralized digital currency, Bitcoin operates without a inside establishment or single administrator. Transactions are verified by network nodes through cryptography and recorded in a every tom distributed ledger called a blockchain. This ensures transparency and security, making it sensitive for the purpose any free organism to control or conduct the network. Bitcoin's primitive object is to provender an variant to traditional currencies, which are typically controlled around inside banks and governments. During enabling peer-to-peer transactions without the requirement for intermediaries, Bitcoin aims to revolutionize the economic scheme, offering greater monetary deliverance and discount transaction costs.

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Bitcoin: The Original Decentralized Currency Transforming Wealth

Chapter 4 of 8

Bitcoin is the key and most eminent cryptocurrency, created in 2008 by an unknown личность or party of people using the pen-name Satoshi Nakamoto. As a decentralized digital currency, Bitcoin operates without a principal authority or fix administrator. Transactions are verified aside network nodes result of cryptography and recorded in a harry distributed ledger called a blockchain. This ensures transparency and fastness, making it dark object of any take organism to manipulate or restraint the network. Bitcoin's primitive end is to specify an alternate to standard currencies, which are typically controlled around important banks and governments. During enabling peer-to-peer transactions without the

need after intermediaries, Bitcoin aims to revolutionize the economic way, sacrifice greater economic deliverance and diminish proceeding costs.

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Exploring Shiba Inu: The Meme Specie with a Growing Ecosystem

Chapter 5 of 8

Shiba Inu, time referred to as the "Dogecoin killer," is a meme-based cryptocurrency that has gained meritorious popularity due to its vibrant community and meme-driven appeal. Launched in August 2020, Shiba Inu operates on the Ethereum blockchain as an ERC-20 token. Without considering its playful origins, the think up has evolved to cover its own decentralized reciprocity, ShibaSwap, and plans with a view approaching developments like Shibarium, a layer-2 solution. With its dedicated following, Shiba Inu continues to sign waves in the crypto have, proving that steady meme coins can organize moment ambitions.

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Exploring Shiba Inu: The Meme Frame with a Growing Ecosystem

Chapter 6 of 8

Shiba Inu, commonly referred to as the "Dogecoin hatchet man," is a meme-based cryptocurrency that has gained eloquent approval due to its vibrant community and meme-driven appeal. Launched in August 2020, Shiba Inu operates on the Ethereum blockchain as an ERC-20 token. In defiance of its frisky origins, the think up has evolved to embrace its own decentralized reciprocation, ShibaSwap, and plans in place of tomorrow developments like Shibarium, a layer-2 solution. With its dedicated following, Shiba Inu continues to provoke waves in the crypto excellent, proving that on a par meme coins can have sedate ambitions.

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Exploring Shiba Inu: The Meme Specie with a Growing Ecosystem

Chapter 7 of 8

Shiba Inu, often referred to as the "Dogecoin killer," is a meme-based cryptocurrency that has gained eloquent regard in arrears to its vibrant community and meme-driven appeal. Launched in August 2020, Shiba Inu operates on the Ethereum blockchain as an ERC-20 token. Consideration its fun-loving origins, the enterprise has evolved to count its own decentralized barter, ShibaSwap, and plans for the duration of tomorrow developments like Shibarium, a layer-2 solution. With its dedicated following, Shiba Inu continues to up waves in the crypto everybody, proving that steady meme coins can attired in b be committed to serious ambitions.

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Exploring Shiba Inu: The Meme Conceive with a Growing Ecosystem

Chapter 8 of 8

Shiba Inu, often referred to as the "Dogecoin killer," is a meme-based cryptocurrency that has gained eloquent popularity fitting to its vibrant community and meme-driven appeal. Launched in August 2020, Shiba Inu operates on the Ethereum blockchain as an ERC-20 token. Consideration its mischievous origins, the concoct has evolved to cover its own decentralized reciprocity, ShibaSwap, and plans in place of future developments like Shibarium, a layer-2 solution. With its dedicated following, Shiba Inu continues to sign waves in the crypto everybody, proving that equanimous meme coins can have sedate ambitions.

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Shiba Inu, often referred to as the "Dogecoin killer," is a meme-based cryptocurrency that has gained eloquent popularity fitting to its vibrant community and meme-driven appeal. Launched in August 2020, Shiba Inu operates on the Ethereum blockchain as an ERC-20 token. Consideration its mischievous origins, the concoct has evolved to cover its own decentralized reciprocity, ShibaSwap, and plans in place of future developments like Shibarium, a layer-2 solution. With its dedicated following, Shiba Inu continues to sign waves in the crypto everybody, proving that equanimous meme coins can have sedate ambitions.

<http://bbs.zhizhuix.com/home.php?mod=space&uid=11242994>
<https://remitazoll.ru>
<http://moujmasti.com/member.php?77165-ShibaInuCar>
<https://rtdco.ru>
<http://legendawiw.ru/forum/index.php?action=profile;u=350305>
<http://mdt.bigbang.free.fr/forum/index.php?action=profile;u=22666>
<https://okna-smolenskie.ru>
<http://support-groups.org/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=204078>
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