

The Naughtiest Boy Helps a Friend

by Squibstress

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: For May, the Lusty Month of May! The whole damn thing was inspired by the late Pauline Kael's famously dubbing Maggie Smith "Our Lady of the Wrists." And I just had to, er . . . try my hand at the well-abused "sex ed" trope.

Apologies to the late Enid Blyton and her successor, Anne Digby, for the shameless misuse of their title.

"You cannot be serious."

"You cannot be serious."

"Funnily enough, Severus, that's exactly what I said."

Minerva stood in Snape's office, an amused smirk softening the right angles that normally defined her face.

"And may I surmise from your presence that you were unsuccessful at persuading him to abandon the idea?" asked Severus.

"When have you ever known Albus to be persuaded by anyone once he has his mind set on something?"

Snape snorted.

She said, "As it happens, I did not attempt to persuade him to abandon the idea."

"You agree with it?" He was incredulous.

"Yes. As a matter of fact, I think it is long overdue. I don't especially care to have to tell any more parents that we are sending their daughter home due to her delicate condition. Four girls in the last year alone . . ." She shuddered.

"I see no reason I should suffer just because the girls in your House aren't clever enough to keep from germinating," said a petulant Severus.

Minerva retorted, "If you'll recall, the last-but-one was from your esteemed House. If the poor, dim thing had been as bad at obscuring charms as she was at contraceptive charms, we might have discovered her condition in time to prevent her waters breaking in the middle of Cuthbert's class."

Snape glared at her. "Woke everyone up, at least," he muttered.

Suppressing a smile, Minerva added, "Besides, I would not be at all surprised to find that the boys responsible for all this . . . fecundity . . . came from Slytherin."

"That has to be the daftest thing you've said today. The members of our two Houses do not fraternise."

"They may not fraternise, but they do shag," she corrected. "As much as I hate to cast aspersions on the members of my own sex, I am given to understand that young girls sometimes mistake sullenness for depth."

"I shall have to remember that," he said.

"Please do."

After a moment, he asked morosely, "So this is to be our punishment?"

"I rather think the idea of you speaking to the students on the subject of sex constitutes punishment for them," Minerva told him.

He sneered back at her, "Somehow, I don't imagine the girls will consider your advising them on the benefits of keeping their legs closed a great treat."

In her usual, efficient way, she conceded the point: "I'm sure you're right. As unpleasant as the prospect is for all concerned, there it is. I suggest we get started on the syllabus. Albus would like to review it within the week."

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Course Information: Sex Education

Instructors: Professors McGonagall and Snape

Saturday, 7 May, 1994

9:00 a.m. 4:00 p.m.

Classroom 11: Girls; Classroom 12: Boys

This course is mandatory for all 4th year students.

Course Overview: This course will introduce students to concepts related to human sexual development and human sexuality, with additional focus on magical applications related to these topics.

Objectives: By the end of this course, students will:

1. Be able to identify the human reproductive organs of both male and female and their functions.
2. Understand the natural development of sexual maturity in human males and females, including puberty and menarche.
3. Understand the biological basis of human reproduction, including ovulation and conception.
4. Understand the similarities and differences between Muggle and Magical sexual impulse, response, and practice, as well as cultural attitudes toward sexuality.
5. Be able to identify at least three effective means of contraception, at least one of which is primarily undertaken by the male, and at least one of which does not employ magic.
6. Be able to identify the three most prevalent sexually transmitted diseases affecting witches and wizards, the four most prevalent sexually transmitted diseases affecting Muggles, and the most effective methods of preventing them.

Course Materials:

Derwent, Dilbert. *101 Reasons to Wrap Your Wand: A Graphic Guide to Boils, Carbuncles, and Pustules* London: St. Mungo's Press, 1983.

Flitwick-Pince, Philhelmina. *Charms Aren't Just For Cheese: The Young Witch's Guide to Magical Hygiene* Cambridge: Eldervier Magical Sciences, 1987.

Jones, Richard E. *Human Reproductive Biology*. San Diego: Academic Press, 1991.

Starkey, Hesper. *Practical Prevention: A Potions Primer*. Edinburgh: Mince-Waterstool, 1968.

Zabini, Burkhard. *Gnomes Do It, Nogtails Do It: Sex in the Magical World* New York: Runcorn House, 1987.

Zabini, Burkhard. *Muggles Do It, Too: A Guide to Non-Magical Sex* New York: Runcorn House, 1989.

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Rolling up the parchment, Minerva said, "I think we've covered the basics adequately, don't you?"

"Quite."

"Now we just need to decide how we're going to handle questions."

"Questions?"

"Yes. Surely it has occurred to you, Severus, that the children just might have questions about the topic of sex? And that they might be embarrassed to ask them directly?"

"Yes, but that is hardly our problem," he said.

"It is most certainly our problem. We are meant to be teaching them, after all, and answering questions is part of that. Oh, that's right: nobody asks questions in your classroom; they're all too frightened. You must be so proud," Minerva said with a sardonic smile.

"All right, Minerva. What do you propose to do to help the poor, delicate little dunderheads overcome their...quite appropriate...embarrassment? You brought it up, so you surely have a suggestion."

"As a matter of fact, I do: charmed parchment."

"Ah."

"The student writes his or her question on said parchment, and it magically disguises the handwriting so nobody knows who asked the question."

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"Can I fall pregnant even if my boyfriend has a really small You-Know-What?"

"Yes. And if you are unable to write the word 'penis', you probably should not be attempting to handle one."

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"My girlfriend says my thing is too small and she can't come. What should I do?"

"Find a new girlfriend. Or invest in latex."

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"My boyfriend says I can only fall pregnant if we do it during the full moon. Is that right?"

"Conception is not like lycanthropy. Assuming your boyfriend is not a werewolf, you need to take precautions to prevent conception at all phases of the moon. If he's a werewolf, the additional precautions you will need to take are beyond the scope of this class."

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"My friend wanks quite alot. At least a couple of times a day. His mum told me him if he does it too much he wouldn't be able to have babies later on. Is that true?"

"Yes. He will never be able to have babies. His ability to sire them, however, will be unaffected by his hobby. Sadly."

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"What does sex feel like? P.S. It's ok I understand if you can't answer this."

"Thank you for your understanding. I cannot answer for everyone, of course, but I can say that, for most of us, under the right circumstances, it feels rather pleasant. If you have a question, Miss Chang, please ask it. If not, then perhaps you could close your mouth."

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"Can I get Scrotofungulous from a goat? What about if I Scourgify it first?"

"Alas, our time is up. I trust you have all found this class as painfully informative as I have. Class dismissed. And no, before you ask, McLaggen, there is no homework."

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"So, how did things go?" Minerva asked as she sank into a chair, fingers massaging her temples.

"As abominably as one could hope," said Severus.

"I heard no reports of students running screaming from your classroom, so I must assume that by 'abominably' you mean 'smoothly'."

He grunted his assent.

"Did you get many questions?"

"A few mind-boggling ones," he answered. "That I don't care to repeat," he added when he saw her open her mouth to ask.

"And you, how did your *chat* with the girls go?" he asked, taking the chair next to her.

"Well enough. Although I felt somewhat foolish explaining menstruation to them. Fourteen really is too late for this kind of instruction, but the governors wouldn't hear of giving it any sooner," she said.

"Did you get any interesting questions?" he enquired.

"Mostly what you would expect. Lots of 'Can I fall pregnant if . . .?' inquiries, which was rather alarming, and a number of 'What's it like?', which was rather personal."

"Really? And did you enumerate the delights of sexual congress for them?"

She glared at him. "No, Severus. I simply told them that, under the right circumstances, it could be quite pleasant."

"'Quite pleasant'? Did you really say, 'quite pleasant'?" he asked, nearly spitting the tea he had been sipping all over his robes.

"Yes, I did," she said, brows turning to inverted diagonals at him in her irritation.

"And did you tell them it could be 'fucking amazing' under the wrong circumstances?" he asked, wearing a most unSnapelike grin.

The eyebrows relaxed as the ghost of a smile crossed her face. "I thought it the better part of valour to leave them to discover that for themselves."

There was a brief space of silence, then Minerva asked, "And you, did you give the boys the benefit of *your* wisdom and personal experience in this area?"

"Oddly enough, nobody asked about my experiences."

She snorted.

During the pause that followed, he looked at her with what almost appeared to be amused expectation. She decided to rise to the occasion and asked, "And if they had, what might you have said?"

"That the chase is half the fun. More than half, in most cases."

"I see. Spoken like a true Slytherin."

"Have you not found it so, Minerva? How interesting."

"How so?"

"I should have thought, given your feline proclivities, that you would have a healthy appreciation for the chase."

"Frankly, I generally prefer to get right to the point."

"Spoken like a true Gryffindor."

"Indeed, I have found that the best lovers tend to come from my own House. With notable exceptions."

"Lovers' *plura!*?" he asked, eyebrow raised in imitation of hers.

"Well, not at the same time, but yes, Severus. Is that so surprising?"

"Not at all." Pause. "How many?"

"Why on earth do you think I would tell you that?"

"I'm simply making conversation, Minerva. You're always saying I should take a greater interest in the people around me."

She pursed her lips, then said, "More than one, fewer than one hundred."

"Anyone I know?"

"I am *not* going to answer that."

"Dumbledore?"

"Oh, for Merlin's sake!"

"One hears rumours."

"One hears a great many things, Severus. It doesn't make them true."

"So, you're saying you've never had it off with our mutual boss? I ask only in the interest of clarity."

"No, Severus."

"No, you haven't, or no, you're not saying that?"

"I have never had an intimate relationship with Albus. Although I did have rather a crush on him in my seventh year."

"But you never acted on it."

"Certainly not."

"And why not?"

"Couldn't work up the nerve. I was only seventeen, after all."

"What happened to your Gryffindor courage?"

"It failed me on that single occasion." After a few moments, she enquired, "Have *you* ever had a crush on a teacher?"

"Oh, indeed I have."

"And did you act on it?"

"No. Regrettably."

"Why 'regrettably'?"

"Because, if I had, it might have been . . . 'quite pleasant', as she might have put it."

There was a pregnant pause.

Minerva's voice was lower than he expected when she asked, "And if you had acted on your feelings, what do you imagine would have happened?"

"I don't know. Perhaps she would have turned me into a newt." He smiled a private smile.

"She had a talent for Transfiguration?" Minerva asked.

"Among other attractions."

"Indeed? What other attractions?"

He extended his right arm across the table so that his hand was resting less than an inch from hers. "I was mesmerised by her hands...so elegant and so sure as she waved her wand." He reached out with a long, slender index finger and ran it lightly over the back of her right hand. "Her wrists were most eloquent."

"Her wrists?"

"*Mmm*. She spoke sonnets with her wrists." His hand had moved under her palm, and his fingers encircled the bony prominences that punctuated the space between her hand and forearm.

"And she had the loveliest long neck, like a swan's." He stood and moved around behind her, leaning down to nuzzle her neck, raising pleasant goosebumps on her pale flesh. "She always wore her hair up, you see."

"Yes, I think I do," she murmured.

"Not to mention the most enticing breasts." His hands moved to her shoulders and urged her to her feet, then snaked around her to cup her breasts.

"Really? You remember that after all this time?" She sounded amused.

"I'll never forget," he murmured into her neck. "The other boys, they talked so admiringly about Madam Pomfrey's big tits. I thought they were fools. Who needed them when my goddess's breasts looked like they would fit so perfectly in the palms of my hands." He gave her breasts a gentle squeeze, and she brought her hands up to cover his.

"When she would lean down to my desk to correct my wand-work, they would line up so beautifully with my mouth...I had only to turn my head and they would be right there, at my lips. I wondered what her nipples would taste like, and I fantasised about sucking on them right through the green robes she always wore," he said, flicking his thumbs over her hard nubs. "I could imagine she'd say: 'Mr Snape, what is the meaning of this?' in that way of hers. Her accent was very sexy. I would get a hard-on just listening to her speak."

"It's a lucky thing student robes are so forgiving." Minerva's left hand moved back to brush his erection, which was encased in a decidedly unforgiving pair of wool trousers.

"Isn't it? Otherwise, I would have embarrassed myself on a daily basis."

"That must have been most uncomfortable."

"Oh, it was. Especially since, living in a dormitory, it was hard to get any private time to . . . take care of things."

"I remember that from my own school days." She made a small movement with her hand in the direction of her torso, murmuring, *Depulso*."

He said, "Even after I left school and didn't see her anymore, I would think about those breasts and those hands. Then I was able to touch myself freely...I used to imagine what those hands would feel like wrapped around my cock." She cupped a hand around him and began to rub slowly, causing him to take in a sharp, hissing breath.

She leaned back against him, and he slipped a hand under the waistband of her skirt as he continued. "Even when I was with other women, I would imagine it was her I was touching, her I was fucking." His fingers found what he sought and began rubbing her as she stroked him through his trousers.

"I could hear her voice in my head: *More, Mr Snape . . . harder . . . very, good, Mr Snape! "O" for outstanding!* thought about those thin lips...always so stern...sucking my cock, grazing it with those sharp little teeth of hers." He slipped two digits into her slick passage.

"Severus . . ." she gasped as she came around his fingers.

He withdrew his hand, and with a flick of his wrist, the desk was cleared of its papers. Another flick, and the door was locked to intruders.

She divested herself of her remaining clothing with an efficient swish of her wand and added a silencing spell to the wards he had cast on the door.

She moved to sit on the desk and raised an eyebrow at him. As he approached, she leant back, bringing her knees up, opening herself wide for him. He made quick work of the buttons of his fly and pushed his shorts down below his erection. She smiled fondly at the length of his penis; she knew that the man would be as adept and ruthless with it as he was with his tongue.

Grasping his Beater's bat of a cock as he stepped towards her, he slid the head of it into her and began to make shallow thrusts.

She moaned in frustration. Looking down at her half-closed eyes, he growled, "You want more? Can you take all of me, Professor?" He pushed in a little further as he said, "Can you? Do you want it all?"

"Yes, give me all of it . . . I want it hard, Mr Snape . . . very hard," she instructed.

He braced his hands on the edge of the desk for leverage, sucked in a breath, and drove his cock into her as far as it could go.

She gave a short, raw cry, and he stopped, thinking he had hurt her, but she seemed to want it because she quickly caught her breath and commanded, "More, Mr Snape . . . More! Fuck me hard!" She pushed herself up on her hands, palms on the desk behind her, both to provide greater counter-leverage to his thrusts and so she could watch his cock as it pistoned in and out of her.

"Is this hard enough, Professor?" he panted, his balls making sharp, smacking sounds as they slapped against her arse. "Can you feel me? Is it good?"

"Yes . . . Oh, yes . . . Good, good!"

"I can go harder, deeper . . . Do you want it?"

"Yes, yes deeper . . . your big cock . . . hard as you can . . ."

He manoeuvred her legs up so that her ankles were resting on his shoulders. He leaned over, forcing the tops of her legs against her abdomen and thrust, feeling her clench around his cock as she came like a rocket, screaming almost incoherently, "Yes! Oh, gods . . . Fuck me, fuck me, fuck, fuck, fuck . . . ah!"

"Take me, Professor . . . feel my cock in you . . . take it all . . ."

He didn't stop thrusting as she convulsed under him. She collapsed back against the desk, her breath coming in great gasps, and he clasped her hands with his as he jackhammered relentlessly into her. He could feel the head of his cock hitting her cervix with each thrust. It was a heady mix of pleasure and pain, and he was only hazily aware of her letting out a high-pitched squeak each time he slammed into her.

He moved his face so it was only inches away from hers, and his eyes bored into hers as he fucked her. He could feel his orgasm coming on like a freight train barreling down a track.

She could feel it, too, and panted her encouragement, "Come for me, Mr Snape . . . Be a good boy and come for me . . . I want to feel you come inside me . . . Come . . . Come . . . That's it . . . Yes . . . I can feel you . . . You're coming . . ."

He exploded inside her with a last, desperate thrust and a guttural cry, and he could feel her cunt squeezing him like a heavenly Devil's Snare, forcing every last shudder from his cock.

When they both caught their breath, he got off her. She sat up, and he gave her his hand to steady her as she hopped down off the desk.

She kissed him sweetly and briefly on the mouth, then they gathered and donned their proper clothes in silence. Then he said, "It's a shame there was no demonstration component to our little pedagogic assignment. It could work wonders for the promotion of inter-House unity. Of course, it would have ruined your reputation for taciturn spinsterhood."

"Gods, Severus, don't give Albus any ideas."

"Certainly not. . . although this last one seems to have turned out surprisingly well, don't you think?"

"Rather. But I wasn't aware you needed an excuse to shag me."

"Not at all. I fully intended to take you this evening, but I found myself in need of a bit of pleasant Obliviation rather more urgently. You didn't seem to mind. . ."

"I never do, Severus, I never do. "

~FIN~