

What's Heat Gotta Do With It?

by Bola

Minerva suddenly finds herself experiencing some oddities and asks Poppy Pomfrey for help. There's no cure, or... is there? Minerva/Poppy

Some oddities

Chapter 1 of 2

Minerva suddenly finds herself experiencing some oddities and asks Poppy Pomfrey for help. There's no cure, or... is there? Minerva/Poppy

You were never really fond of Healers, let alone St. Mungo's. You hated going there as a child, even when only visiting an ill great-aunt. You vividly recall the week you had to remain there at the age of six with a rather serious Muggle flu. As of today you still have no idea of how you ever got ill with that, since Muggle children usually get it from each other when at school, but you have never gone there. You were the daughter of two very capable and rather well-known Gryffindors, and already having shown signs of great magical abilities since you were only a few months old, they never doubted that you would get your letter for attendance at Hogwarts... and indeed at the age of eleven, it arrived, with a large tawny owl, in the particularly neat, narrow and loopy handwriting of Albus Dumbledore, who by then was still Deputy Headmaster at Hogwarts' School for Witchcraft and Wizardry. You would later consider him the best wizard of all time.

You wouldn't have thought it when he became a key figure in your education and even helped you to become an Animagus, nor when he became your best companion. You never would have imagined Albus would be killed by a pupil you yourself once taught. You never could have guessed that there would rise another Dark Lord even more cruel and dangerous as Gellert Grindelwald had been. You never could have guessed that it would be the handsome and forever lonely Slytherin boy who was only a year below you at Hogwarts. You never really confided in him, but you could never have imagined that because of him, you would end up in St. Mungo's with serious injuries twice.

You didn't have the faintest idea that there would be a Dolores Umbridge taking over and getting Dumbledore from his position as a Headmaster. You never would have believed that her Ministry chums wouldn't hesitate to send four Stunners to your chest as you tried to save the Gamekeeper, the boy who had been sent from school because everyone thought he had opened the Chamber of Secrets. You were one of the few who followed Dumbledore in not believing it was all true.

You didn't have the faintest idea that he would have gone so far as to create Horcruxes to remain invincible, nor that there would be a Boy-Who-Lived who eventually defeated him for good in the Battle that had you in St. Mungo's recuperating for months because you fought with your heart, your body and your soul to defend your second home.

You had no idea about all that when you sat there in the cot, arms crossed and waiting for the Mediwitch to finally tell you what was going on with you. Hogwarts really changed lots since you left. The Castle hadn't changed very much. The hallways were still the same, and all rooms were still used for the very same purposes. Gryffindor Tower was still located behind the portrait of the Fat Lady on the seventh floor of the Castle.

The staff had changed immensely, though. Armando Dippet was no longer Headmaster, and Albus Dumbledore had taken up the position. With exception of you replacing him as a Transfiguration Professor, Head of Gryffindor House and Deputy Headmistress all in one he must have had great confidence in you in the meantime a lot of other Professors had changed as well. Professor Stripes had left as an Arithmancy teacher and been replaced by the much younger female Professor Murray, and the former Matron of Hogwarts, Madam Comfit, had finally been replaced by someone younger as well. It had been time. You still recall how very aged Madam Comfit had already looked in your school days, and you thought she really earned spending her old days in the sanctity of her own home, and not running after ill pupils and sometimes Professors... most of the time solving mishaps from during Transfigurations or Potions. You recall those things well from your school days.

Poppy Pomfrey seemed like a capable Mediwitch, and you really hoped she would be able to tell you what was going on, and most of all be able to help you. You couldn't have guessed in any way what she came to tell you concerning the reason of your strange condition. You hadn't told her about every little thing, but she seemed to know what she was talking about, considering she herself was the one who mentioned a more intense need for intimacy in the situation you were in then... even though you had only mentioned the hot flashes and the more developed senses both as a feline and a human being. You never told her what you actually thought about when these hot flashes washed through your body at the most unanticipated and unwelcome times of the day. You told her you thought it was truly awkward when you were used to not being able to see much without eyeglasses and then suddenly didn't really need them anymore.

You were truly convinced Albus had saved you from the downfall taking you in by offering you the job. You never would have imagined yourself teaching, and certainly not at Hogwarts. You chose another career path after school. You enrolled into a Ministry course for Auror training. You were halfway your first year of training when the war in the Muggle world with the Germans ended and the war in the Wizarding world with Grindelwald only reached its peak. Your training was discontinued until a year later, when Dumbledore himself finally defeated the first Dark Lord.

You only had about seven months of training done, but you were a member of the force as well. In the lead-up to that final battle, your mother and younger sister fell prey to Grindelwald's followers. Both were raped and tortured until death in order to get the necessary information from your father, who was an Unspeakable for the Ministry. You knew he would have given any information that they wanted had he had it, but they wanted more than he could give, and they didn't believe him. By the time they began raping your sister, he began making up false information, but they had seen through his lies, and your sister bore the consequences of it. Your father was an honest person and no good liar.

It was that incident that caused the Minister for Magic, Hephairia Thrumneedle, to order everyone to stay at home, and the ones who wanted, to join in on the force. They had only told you that something had happened with your father in the late morning after that horrible night and had refused to share any more news. You came home early to find half of the family home destroyed, two Ministry officials wandering about the area trying to do you never knew what while your father cried over the bodies of your mother and sister. You internally chastised yourself for having worked through the night not that you could have done more. The war had become more serious, and you had offered to help the others after your hours with the bunch of Muggles who survived Grindelwald's attacks in any way you could: modifying memories, get them to hospitals and try restore the possible from their homes. Had you only known that your very own home was being attacked...

Your father never was the same again, and you weren't either. Where you had been motivated to finish Auror training before, you were driven then. You wanted to make sure to keep such things from happening in the future if you could, even though Grindelwald was defeated. You wanted to be ready if it happened again, even though you hoped you wouldn't need to. You're still not sure if you were ready for Lord Voldemort, though both the first and the second time. You were certainly not ready for losing your very best companion during the second: your true and only savior.

You served the Ministry until you were thirty years old. Your age and the need for younger and better and your personal situation were the reasons for you to leave. You kept your dignity by resigning yourself. They had already mentioned very tactfully that there were aspiring new Aurors in training who were very young and bright, and they skillfully wondered if maybe you hadn't thought of a family quite yet. You were in a loving marriage with a Muggle who had accepted you for who you were: a witch. He treated you like a queen. He was all you ever could have hoped for and all you ever wanted, but it had not gone very well in your relationship for a few months already by the time they suggested this, and children were the farthest thing from your mind then.

Children had come up a few times in conversations between Eric and you, but first you had to finish your Auror training, and then your father became ill and died before he could even see you graduate. He never saw you two get married a year after graduation, and it is something you regret. Even though in the end it didn't actually work between you both, you still regret neither your mother or father having been there as it happened or your sister.

You met after a trip to Diagon Alley. You had just gone to Madam Malkins to fetch the robes you had ordered for yourself a week before. Instead of Apparating like you usually did, you had impulsively considered to walk a few miles first. You had thought to enjoy the nice weather as it lasted. Scotland, where both your family home and Hogwarts were, had often rainy weather, and thus you chose to enjoy yourself in the sun. You transfigured your robes into a light yellow summer dress and walked through London until you bumped into the man of your dreams as in a film. Your bags and you yourself landed on your bottom on the concrete. As in a dream, he helped you upright before gathering the bags you had dropped. He suggested to have something cool in the pub across the street as a way to apologize for not having watched his way and having caused a lovely lady like you to fall. Your initial response had been that you were as guilty of that as he, for you yourself hadn't really watched where you had been going either, but you hadn't told him that and had joined him instead.

You talked about lots of things until evening fell, having lost yourselves in each other's words and little gestures: smiles, fingers trailing over the wet sides of your glasses... When you both realized the hour, he asked if he would ever see you again. He told you he had had a very good time and that it had been a while since he had had such a sensible conversation with anyone.

After two dates you kissed. After four you ended up in bed together.

You, being a Pureblood, knew that he was a Muggle since the first literal collision. Eric had appeared so very Muggle, using things like a small thing which he called 'lighter' to light his cigarette instead of an easy spell. After that first night you ended in bed together and after the first 'I love you' had been spoken by both of you, you told him that there was something he needed to know about you first before continuing your relationship. He had watched wide eyed as you eventually found your wand in the mess of clothes beside the bed and made his pillow float for a second before telling him that what you held was your wand, which allowed you to perform Magic. He asked if there was something else he had to know, and had told you whether you could do things with a piece of wood or not, he still thought of you as the love of his life. His one.

You weren't his one for long, though. As his position in the company he worked with changed and he had to leave you more often for business trips abroad, so did your relationship.

Your Auror training took one year longer with the interruption because of the war. You were twenty-two when you graduated. You were twenty-three when you got married. You were thirty when the divorce was finalized.

You tried everything to save your relationship, but you couldn't act as if nothing had happened when, after two months of doubting if he really had to go abroad for business again or lied, he called the name of another in his sleep. You confronted him with it all, and he admitted that he had lost his job months ago. He had gone to the pub for a beer to try drown the thought of how he was going to tell you when he ran into a 'normal woman.' He admitted to her being more alluring than he ever thought possible, more alluring than you had ever been, too. Considering you had come home too tired for any kind of intimacy the last two weeks, he had not been able to control his urges and had taken her to a cheap hotel.

Instead of telling you, Eric came home and told you he had gotten an promotion and would have to travel more often. Instead of going to work, he went to the bar and paid with the money for which you had both worked so hard. He paid the hotel with your money, where he shagged her all day and night like a rabbit. He could go his merry way with her in any state. You would never be able to tell him off for coming home intoxicated or smelling like another woman's perfume because he was always gone. He never told you until he had no other choice. You never discovered it earlier, and you still chastise yourself for letting him control your finances and never worrying about it yourself.

You still wonder what went amiss. It hurts to think about it. He was the ideal husband for six years, and then... Had love not been enough? Had he actually ever loved you if he could do something like that to you? You still wonder if he really loved you, and the insecurity haunts you. You still wonder why you had never seen it coming.

In the end maybe you were glad that he left you first, so that you didn't have to do it. You could muster the strength to question him only after two months of well-founded suspicions after the name of another woman had fallen from his lips. You doubt that you ever would have been able to put an end to it and tell him to leave or do that yourself even though the pain his actions caused. The love you felt for him was so intense and overwhelming. He had been your first in everything, and when you heard that he had fallen prey to Death Eaters and had been killed, you cried, still.

You resigned the day after Eric left with all he had. You were forever glad that you hadn't transferred the money you had inherited from your father after his death from Gringotts to any Muggle bank, like you did with your money. You put the house you had lived in for sale and moved back in your family home. The house was sold to a newlywed Muggle couple after four weeks.

Albus Dumbledore came to visit you six weeks after the divorce was finalized. You were not doing well. You had found your way to your parents' wine cellar soon enough and you upended enough to make even a Scot feel dizzy and seriously wasted. You hadn't paid attention to cleaning up or anything, and you were so ashamed when suddenly your old Headmaster stood at your door then, which you barely got open with your shaking hands. With one glance across the room, those piercing blue eyes perceived what had happened. The tam-tam had done its work in getting the rumor about your divorce even to Hogwarts, and the state you had been in had confirmed the rumors for him.

You vividly recall how he remained quiet as he guided you over to the couch and sat you down on it. He found his way about the house and got you a potion that would diminish the effects of all the alcohol and a cup of hot tea. He remained sitting there as, slowly but surely with the potion and the tea, you became yourself again.

The shame still pulses through you at the thought of his blue eyes filled with sadness as he looked at you and asked what had happened to the bright pupil he had once taught. It was a rhetorical question, but it didn't hurt any less. He did not give you a chance to reply before addressing the reason for his visit. He told you that the man he had hired to fulfill his position as a Transfiguration Professor, Head of Gryffindor House and Deputy Headmaster was rather disappointing. Albus told you he was more busy with solving issues in Gryffindor Tower and rereading the paperwork the new professor had done than his tasks as a Headmaster. He told you he needed a substitute soon, and since he had heard you no longer worked at the Ministry, he offered you to come live at Hogwarts and try it. He would keep looking for another professor in the meantime as well but needed someone he could actually trust until then. That was not the case with Professor Downy.

You remember looking at him with eyes conveying disbelief. You remember asking him if he had truly looked around. It was the first cloudless moment since you found that your husband was cheating, and you realized that you were running in the awry direction full force. Albus looked at you with his clear blue eyes, telling you that maybe it would be better for you to be around others. He didn't beg you, but the pleading in his eyes convinced you eventually. You couldn't say anything but yes.

You acquired a place right beside him in the Great Hall from the first day. You entered the mix in the middle of the year, only right before the end of the first term, but even though that was a fact, the pupils didn't seem to think you were a bad professor at all. You soon knew you had to be firm to keep them in hand, but they did fine and rarely caused issues. The Gryffindors you had under your wings rarely caused havoc as well. You were glad about that, and slowly but surely, by being so busy with putting classes together, teaching them, grading essays and tests, doing the required paperwork and keeping an eye on the Gryffindors and your daily chess evenings with Albus, you were beginning to feel better. You felt more like yourself again.

That was until you began experiencing odd things around mid-April. It had easily rolled into May, and two weeks of such nonsense without any prospective of it getting better was enough. It only seemed to be getting worse even, and so you saw no other option than going to the Matron to ask for help. Where was she either way?

You slid off the table and just when you were about to pull back the curtain to find where by Merlin the Matron was, she pulled it back before you had the chance. "I'm sorry," she muttered, before sighing in exasperation. "Minor mishap during Potions class... Now," she said, and you quirked your eyebrow waiting for her to come to the point of the matter. She looked you in the eye and waited for you to sit back on the edge of the bed before speaking. She easily flicked her wand and you thought that you recognized it as a muttered silence charm. "It seems to me that you are in heat."

You looked at her with wide eyes full of disbelief. "I'm... what?"

"You're in heat. This is the season in which felines begin going in heat, and considering your Animagus is a cat, it is possible that some traits take over in your human form as well. I see no other reason for you having these... oddities otherwise: more developed senses and possibly a stronger sex drive as well... If you haven't experienced it thus far, you will for sure soon enough. I assume this is the lead-up. Heat itself takes less than a week."

"It'll get worse? And why haven't I experienced it before? I've been an Animagus since I was eighteen."

"Oh yes, it will get worse," Poppy replied. "I assume the reason why you haven't experienced this before is because it likely took some years for you to fully get in tune with your Animagus. Secondly, I assume since you were in a relationship until... well, and you were intimate likely regularly; your body didn't feel the urge to make the desires of your Animagus known to you. I don't see any other reasonable possibility to elucidate this," Poppy said. "I will do some research for a way to temper the consequences a bit, but..."

"There's no cure?"

"This is rather unique, so... I fear not, no...."

A Cure

Chapter 2 of 2

Minerva suddenly finds herself experiencing some oddities and asks Poppy Pomfrey for help. There's no cure, or... is there? Minerva/Poppy

You walked into the shower, hoping that the coldness of the water would ease your being uncomfortable. Poppy Pomfrey hadn't lied. These hot flashes were there basically all the time now, and your urges were taking the better of you. You really hoped that one morning in the Great Hall upon asking her yet again if she had already discovered something more, she would actually be saying yes instead of the usual headshake that now already came even before you could open your mouth to ask anything at all. It had been four days since she surmised you were going into heat, and you hadn't gotten your head wrapped around it still. You just accepted it to be true.

Your cold shower didn't solve anything. Frustrated, you eventually turned off the jet of water and left the shower cabin, casting an easy drying and cooling charm not that it would help for long and reaching for your thin satin robe. You couldn't bother with anything more. You were hot enough already, and if you really would have dared, you wouldn't even have bothered with the robe either. Your pupils rarely caused issues on Friday evenings. It had already gotten warm enough for them to waste away the afternoons at the lake or elsewhere on the domain, leaving the confines of the huge building. You were quite convinced that night would be a quiet one. You had already done all your grading during your free period that morning, and thus you lazily wandered over to your bookcase, letting your eyes slide over the titles, before settling on a book from your youth that you hadn't read in later decades. Taking the book to the couch, you sat down on it and began reading.

Having read the book before and being a naturally fast reader, you were halfway through soon enough. That's where you stopped. The mere thought of getting ravished like the main character in the book left you hot and bothered, and you thought had you not shut the book after having put a small bookmark between the pages and put it away then, you might have burned up. The cooling charm had long lost its effect, and you knew casting another one would be of no use.

You took the book from your table again and began wafting it at your face for cool air as you spread your thighs a little so that they didn't touch anymore. Taking a few deep breaths, you put the book aside yet again and clasped your hands over your face in despair. What were you going to do? You lowered your hands in your lap and took a few deep breaths once again, letting your eyes fall shut as you let your head loll against the couch and settled better in it, unconsciously spreading your legs wider.

You let one hand wander down between your spread thighs, the robe you wore having parted just enough to give yourself access to your sex. You gasped while letting your own fingertips stroke over your folds, letting your middle finger slip in between and sliding up from your opening to your clit, settling on rubbing it. You had never touched yourself like this before, but you did it as if you had been doing it for many years. You found what you enjoyed best soon and increased the pace, rubbing yourself... hard... and fast.

You were so focused on caressing yourself that you didn't hear the Matron call your name upon exiting the Floo. You didn't hear her enter your office further. You were unaware of her coming through to your personal living room when she didn't find you in your office and her walking over to the couch. She stopped, swallowing hard as she found you panting as your fingertips danced up and down your clit energetically while you satisfied yourself. Strands of hair had come free from the bun you usually wore at day and framed your face. Your eyes were tightly shut. Your nostrils were flared, as you caught your breath. Your lower lip was caught between your teeth as you tried to refrain from screaming aloud in delight and frustration. There was a twinge of frustration as well. You wanted to find release now... She remained watching you in silence, unable to rip her gaze away from you and leave. She had never seen such an arousing sight.

Her breaths came faster together with yours as you climbed higher to your orgasm, and when you quite unexpectedly reached it, you released a high pitched cry and let your hand become motionless against your sex. As your breaths slowly evened again, you let your eyes flutter open. It, however, took a few heartbeats until you realized that there was a visitor. You jolted upright on the couch, both hands immediately reaching for the edges of your robes, pulling them together again as you rose to your feet. A blush came up on your cheeks as you looked at her and tried to regain your speech. "P-Poppy..."

"Minerva... I uh..." she began, totally having forgotten about the reason for her visit. "I should..." she mustered, turning to leave the living room. She just reached the doorway to the office when she heard your voice behind her again. It lacked its usual firmness.

"How long have you...?" you began, unable to finish it.

Poppy swallowed before deciding she maybe owed you a response. She replied in a weak tone without turning back to you. "A while."

"Oh Merlin..." you whispered, sinking down on the couch again as you clasped a hand over your mouth at having been found in such a compromising situation. You suppressed the need to run from the living room and wrap yourself in the heaviest robes you could possibly find in your wardrobe.

Poppy turned to you again at last, her cheeks tinged pink. "I'm sorry," she whispered, even though she didn't really feel so sorry after having seen the usually stern and hot-tempered Minerva lying there entirely surrendered to passion. It had been the hottest thing she had ever seen. She would never look at you the same again. She finally released a long, shaky breath, and even to your very own surprise, you smiled.

"It seems like you're a little... tense, Poppy," you whispered, rather amused at how her having run in on your first masturbation session had left her seemingly hot and bothered.

Poppy suppressed the need to reply. 'You have absolutely no idea.'

The thought that you could leave someone like that with just the sight of you while touching yourself actually made you feel even more aroused. After Eric, your self-esteem had been seriously damaged, but right then with the evidence of what you could do to someone else and a woman on top made it flare again momentarily, increasing in strength every passing minute as you saw Poppy get seemingly more comfortable as you rose off the couch again and walked over to her slowly. There was no mistaking the feelings that were coursing through the Healer's younger body. She showed the very same manifestations you had had for the past days in increasing intensity.

"Did you enjoy what you saw?" you whispered in her ear before kissing her shoulder once and looking her in the eye. You still don't know whether you would have done the same had you not been in heat. You smelled her arousal with your developed senses through her attire. Her pupils were massive as she looked at you and swallowed loud, not knowing where you were going with the conversation. "Did it make you want to be closer to me and want to touch me?" you questioned, watching her eyes become wider before she sighed and slowly nodded.

You slowly reached for the hand at her side and lifted it to your robe clad bosom, encouraging her to touch you. When she just continued gazing at you even though you could clearly see how much harder she was fighting against whatever urges she had you decided to take it even a step further and shifted her hand below the fabric of your robe, allowing her to touch your bare skin. Her hand momentarily tightened, your hard nipple drilling into her palm. You both gasped and momentarily closed your eyes. Both your eyes and hers opened within a second of each other. Teal green and hazel connected with each other only for one more second as lips found each other in a needy, passionate kiss. You staggered backward in the direction of the bedroom, your hands coming to rest onto her bottom, pulling her with you. Your lips never left Poppy's. Lips slid over each other until she finally gave you access, and your tongues finally found each other for the first time.

Before you fully realized it, you had made it to the bedroom door with her, pulling her through and kicking the door closed behind you with your foot. The kiss became more needy as you pushed her down on the bed and didn't hesitate before climbing atop of her, straddling her. Words weren't necessary as your lips moved on to the side of her throat, and she helped you from your robes eagerly and dropped them carelessly on the side of the bed.

You allowed her to roll you both over so that she lay in the cradle of your thighs. An easily cast wandless and wordless spell eventually left her naked, too. She searched for your mouth again as you willingly opened your legs further to feel her hot, wet flesh against yours, and your hands landed on her behind, tightening painfully, encouraging the Healer to move against you. She understood what you wanted and moved against you as if she were a man as her hands ran up and down your sides. Her weight was fully on you, and you felt your boobs uncomfortably squeeze together as she moved against you. At the same time this was one of the hottest things you had ever felt. Your legs came up to wrap around her waist, pulling her even closer. "Ah... Uh..."

She panted your name, and your skin tingled, beginning from your ear and spreading over the rest of your being. It left telltale gooseflesh in its wake. You needed more then. You rolled over landing atop of her. She looked up at you breathlessly, her hands sliding up to cup your bosom, her one thumb encircling one nipple and her other running over the other hard. You sucked in a breath and bit your lower lip to keep yourself from crying aloud in delight, pushing your pussy against hers in response. "Oh..."

A grin spread across your face as you registered her voice and saw her eyes close with delight as well. Your hands covered hers over your bosom and squeezed them once, twice... before pinning them above her head in one swift motion. Teal green eyes connected with hazel again. Hazel showed no fear and only ultimate trust as you settled back, and invisible bonds wrapped around her wrists and held them tightly above her head. You continued supporting yourself with one hand as the other cupped her left breast, and you began rubbing it with your full hand slowly, your fingers spreading until her nipple poked through between your forefinger and middle finger, and you squeezed them together. "Oh! Min... er..."

You began pounding against her hard, the feel of her warm, hot wetness against yours creating a therefore unknown delicious feeling. "Oh fuck... yes, yes..." you managed as you leaned back on your arms, having put them firmly on each side of Poppy's knees and changing the angle of your thrusts with it. Your pace increased incrementally as you felt another orgasm building in the pit of your tummy, taking her with you. "Ah... Uh, uh..." And then you both reached culmination within seconds of each other, and you pushed a few more times very slowly as you rode your wave of orgasm before collapsing when any and all movement became too sensitive. The sweat that had formed on both your bodies in the run to your earth-shattering orgasm glued you together as you both recovered, your head resting on her bosom.

You were unaware of her bonds dissolving and her being able to move her hands freely again, stretching them a little before cradling you against her. She tenderly rolled over until she lay on her side facing you. She twirled a lock of ebony hair around her forefinger like a school girl. The picture would have been full had it been her own hair and not yours and had there been a chewing gum in her mouth. It would have been even more so with her wearing... That's where you stopped yourself. You had had two orgasms in less than an hour, of which the last one had been a few minutes earlier only, and still you were not sated, and the thought of the younger woman beside you in school attire made you even wetter than you were.

You smiled at her, and she smiled back as nervously. Here you both were then: she halfway in her twenties and you just over thirty, she the school's nurse and you the Transfiguration professor. You knew how you had both gotten there, but it still seemed surreal as you watched each other in afterglow. The flush between the other woman's bosom had not entirely disappeared yet. She leaned in to kiss you, and you gave in eagerly, opening up at once to let her tongue slide between your lips finding yours. You whimpered in her mouth as your eyes closed in delight, and then she was gone. Just before you could open your eyes, her lips descended on your neck again, trailing further down over the inner side of your bosom and toward your navel. Her kisses were soft and careful, as if she were nearly afraid of touching you.

Her tongue dipped into your navel, and you arched toward her, wanting her to go further south. Eric had been the only one you had ever been with. He had been sweet and kind, but your sex life had always been rather monotone. He would never have considered making love to you like that.

You whimpered again in frustration as Poppy, instead of moving further south, moved her lips to your hipbone and then surprisingly rolled on her back again, taking you with her until you came to straddle her face. You leant on your arms as you looked down at her. Was she being serious?

Seemingly she was because she slowly ran her flat tongue from your opening up to your clit, licking away your juices and hers a couple of times before settling on your clit, nipping it. You threw your head back in delight as she gave the erect nub a few fast flicks with her tongue. "Oh... Ah! Ah! Please... Poppy..."

You didn't actually know what you were begging for until she allowed her middle finger to slide inside you, and in a natural reaction, you clamped down on it hard. "Oh... Fuck me..." you breathed, and people might have considered it strange to hear the normally so reserved Deputy Headmistress speak like that, but you were a human being as well with the same feelings as others and the same desires... "Ahh!"

You began bucking your hips against her as a second finger joined the first, and she began thrusting them to and fro, her mouth easily finding and surrounding your clit and sucking hard while still flicking against it with her tongue. Soon enough she could no longer keep up with the pace you wanted, and she became still, opening her mouth and letting you use it to your will. Her fingers remained inside you, and you contracted around them each time you rubbed your clit forcefully against her soft, wet lips. Soon enough you had reached the edge of sanity again, your whole body first becoming entirely still for a second or two, then shuddering and your mouth opening in a soundless cry of joy. Stars danced beneath your closed eyelids, and you felt as if you were... soaring.

Then you shakily moved off her, rolling on your back beside her. You sought her hand with yours and held onto it tightly before leaning over and pecking her lips twice then laying back. You didn't have enough air for more. You held her hand a little tighter. "Poppy?" you asked when you finally thought that you could speak again. "Why did you come over to begin with?"

"Oh..." she said, turning aside her head and finding a pair of teal green eyes looking at her. "I wanted to see how you were." She never mentioned the possible solution she had come across for your little issue. You had found a more effective one together already, hadn't you?