

The Birthday Gift

by Squibstress

Minerva and Albus are celebrating her 70th birthday. PWP. Written for the 2011 Samhain Smut fest on LiveJournal.

Warnings: Explicit sexual content. Magical latex. Spanking. Tired Teacher/student tropes. Haggis.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: *If the notion of old people doing really filthy things to one another having deep, meaningful sex, or if this pairing makes you want to spork out your eyes, you may want to skip this one. It's nine thousand words of pure old-folks porn. Absolute filth. There's just no excuse for this. None at all. I plead the Fifth.*

I have played a bit with time here; in 1995, when Minerva would have turned 70, her birthday fell on a Wednesday, not a Friday. But writing is a form of magic too, and authors can bend even time to their will, can they not?

Many thanks to Fishy for giving this the once (and twice) over.

□

When Minerva stepped out of the bathroom, she was assaulted by the scent of kippers and toast emanating from her sitting room.

Pulling her dressing gown more tightly around her, she opened her bedroom door and called out, "Albus? Is that you?"

She was startled by the sudden feeling of arms around her waist and lips at her neck. She turned just in time to see the Headmaster shimmer into being in front of her.

"Happy birthday, my love!"

"And just how long have you been skulking around my bedroom invisible?" she asked.

"Oh, just a few minutes. I wanted to catch you as you came out, and surprise you with breakfast."

"Thank you, darling," she said, kissing him quickly. "It's lovely, and a very nice surprise to have breakfast with just the two of us."

"Yes," he said, kissing her neck again. "And I wish it could be a bit more than breakfast, but unfortunately, I have a meeting with the Minister at eight."

"Ah, well. I'll take a rain check for dessert, then, shall I?"

"Perhaps," he said. "But now shall we tuck in?"

"Oh, yes. It smells heavenly," she said. As she sat at the table, she exclaimed, "Haggis! It's been ever so long since we've had it at breakfast . . . thank you."

"And not just any haggis, I'll have you know; it's from Crombie's. I know what you think of the house-elves' efforts, so I had it brought up specially."

"You shouldn't have gone to such trouble, but I must say, I'm awfully glad you did," she said, cutting into one of the savouries and popping it into her mouth.

"It isn't every day the love of my life turns seventy," he said with a wink.

"And thank Merlin for that," she said, spearing another morsel of haggis on her fork, which she held out to him. "Won't you try it this time? It really is delicious."

"No, thank you, my love. My taste runs to other Scottish delicacies," he said, circling a spoonful of marmalade with his tongue with exaggerated lasciviousness before depositing it on his toast.

"Mmm. It's a shame you won't get a chance to sample them until this evening, then," she said.

"They shall be all the sweeter for the anticipation."

They took their time at breakfast, then at last he said, "I must think about getting on."

She stood to see him out, but he took her hand, saying, "I do have one gift I'd like to give you this morning, if you'll step into your boudoir, my dear."

She smiled and said, "I thought you didn't have time this morning."

"I don't have much, but this won't take long."

She raised an eyebrow as he drew her into the bedroom and closed the door.

He took a small box from his robe pocket and used his wand to enlarge it to its rightful size, about eight inches by four. Handing the box to her, he said, "You've often complained about missing me during the day; I thought this might make the separation a bit easier to bear."

She didn't trust the glint in his eyes...not at all.

She opened the box, and after a moment, looked up at him. "Is this what I think it is?"

"I don't know, my sweet; what do you think it is?"

Withdrawing the object from the box, she said, "Well, without closer inspection, I can't be certain, of course, but it appears to be a life-size model of your penis."

"Correct in one, Professor McGonagall," Albus said. "It's rather a relief that you recognised it immediately, I must say."

"And is this item to be placed on my desk in order that I might be reminded of you during the day?" she enquired.

"Only half right. It is to remind you of me, but it doesn't go on your desk."

"I see . . ."

"Open your dressing gown," he said.

She looked at him for a few moments, then with a slight smile, did as he asked, invitation in the quirk of her eyebrow.

He whispered a spell, and suddenly the phallus was glistening with moisture.

"Thank you for remembering that I am, after all, seventy," she said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Are you going to join me?"

He shook his head. "For the moment, I would like you just to lie back and spread your lovely legs."

Oh, yes . . .

She did so, and he said as he knelt down between her open thighs, "So wet already. What a naughty seventy-year-old witch you are!"

He slid one finger against her clitoris, making her shudder in response. Then he leaned forward and kissed her sex, teasing the opening a little with his tongue, before sliding the phallus into her up to the hilt. She couldn't help moaning, and he stood, whispering another spell.

"And now, my darling, I'm afraid I must take my leave of you," he said, crossing to the bathroom to wash his hands.

What?!

"You cannot leave me like this, Albus Dumbledore," she called after him.

"I'm afraid I must. The Minister will be here in five minutes."

She discovered his secret little spell when she tried to remove the phallus, and it stayed stubbornly just where he had put it. When he returned to the bedroom, drying his hands on his robes, she commanded, "Take this out of me."

"That would spoil the fun, wouldn't it, love?" He crossed to where she was now seated on the edge of the bed, kissed her lips briefly, and whispered in her ear, "If it becomes uncomfortable, you can release it with a well-placed *Finite*. But I really hope you will leave it where it is. I like to think of my cock inside you all day, and I promise to make it worth your while when we have our little birthday celebration this evening."

His words sent little shivers of desire through her, but there was no way she could go through her day with this thing inside her.

Was there?

"Wait, Albus..."

But he was already up and halfway out the door, saying, "And now, I'm afraid, the Minister awaits. See you at lunch, my love."

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"Wands at the ready: one, two, three . . . *Fera Verto!*"

She automatically swept her eyes across the classroom to see who had come closest to changing an assortment of rats and toads into water goblets.

"Well done, Mr Creevey! Observe, class, Mr Creevey has done it on the first try. Ten points to Gryffindor!"

Thank Merlin she had been teaching this particular lesson for thirty-eight years; it was her third class of the day, and she was having trouble concentrating.

At first, the feeling of fullness between her legs had been relatively easy to ignore once she had become used to it. But after her first two classes, then lunch in the Great Hall...and Albus had barely looked her way, blast him!...she had become increasingly conscious of the phallus resting inside her. Every time she moved, it seemed to shift in an attempt to draw her attention to her by-now-dripping cunt.

After ten more minutes of practice, during which only Natalie MacDonald managed the spell successfully, Minerva could not take any more.

"All right. We'll have another try at this tomorrow. Now, I'd like you all to open your books to page eighty-four and read the chapter on trans-elemental Transfiguration."

The class looked confused at this...it was unlike McGonagall to set them to reading during a lesson...but dutifully pulled out their books and got down to work while Minerva read through third-year essays, or appeared to.

When the lesson was finally, blessedly, over, and the door shut behind the last student, she heaved a sigh of relief. She now had a free period before her final class of the day...fifth-year Slytherins, she shuddered...and no longer had to maintain her composure.

As she sat at her desk, trying to concentrate on anything but the thing between her legs, she felt it begin to move.

Damn him.

Slowly at first, and then slightly faster and harder, the phallus moved in and out of her until she was breathing heavily. She stood and leaned over, arms resting on the desk, thinking of the times Albus had taken her like this, his powerful thighs slamming into hers, his bollocks slapping against her arse.

So close. Oh, gods, so close . . .

She was dimly aware of the sound of the door opening, and her eyes snapped open, but seeing nobody, she closed and warded it with a quick flick of her wrist.

Suddenly, she felt someone grasp her by the waist and draw her back into her chair. She felt legs beneath her and the firmness of an erection against her bum as her own legs were lifted and draped over the arms of the chair. A moment later, she felt her knickers disappear and her skirts rucked up. Then . . .

Oh! His fingers . . . rightthere. Yes! Oh . . . oh . . . the phallus pumping in and out, harder now, and his fingers flying across her clit . . . oh, gods . . . ah . . .

She had been unaware she was moaning aloud until she heard him whisper in her ear, "There's no Silencing Charm on the door; if you scream, they will all hear you."

She bit her lip then, as he did his best to make her scream.

When she was spent and limp, hanging bonelessly over her chair, the phallus slowed, then stopped. When her heart stopped pounding, she heard the muffled voices of her next class milling about outside, wondering why the door was shut. She jumped up from the chair and felt the whisper of his magic, then the cool *whoosh* of an Air-Freshening Charm passing over her as he went by. Spying her knickers on the floor next to the chair, she snatched them up and pulled them on, smoothing her skirts just in time to hear the door click open and see the first of her students begin to file in.

"This afternoon, we will be reviewing Bosch's theories regarding human-to-animal Transfiguration. Please open your books to page three hundred and forty-six."

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She didn't quite know what to do with herself. It was a quarter past seven, and she was in her sitting room waiting for him. They had planned to have dinner together to celebrate her birthday, but he hadn't told her exactly when or where they would meet, nor where he planned to take her.

By this point, she decided, she would be delighted were he to walk through her door, strip her without ceremony, and shag the life out of her, and to hell with dinner.

A few minutes later, he did walk through the door, but he clearly had no intention of shagging her, unless he planned to act out some fantasy she couldn't even begin to guess at, given that he was wearing a rather ill-fitting Muggle suit of dark grey serge.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, my love; there were a few matters I had to attend to before turning the castle over to Filius for the evening."

"We're going out, then?"

"Oh, indeed we are. And may I suggest a change of attire for you? Perhaps to that fetching burgundy silk dress you wore when your cousin married that Muggle girl?"

"That was in 1978. I'm not sure I have that dress anymore."

"Well, my dear, you *are* the Transfiguration mistress...Transfigure something," he said with a wave of his hand.

"All right. While I do, you may want to see to your beard and hair if we're dining à la Muggle this evening."

She went into her bedroom and fished out the dress Albus had mentioned...she knew perfectly well where it was, but she wanted to have a look at it before she decided to wear it.

As it turned out, the dress still fit fairly well, and with a few minor alterations, Minerva thought it looked quite respectable.

Too respectable for Albus, apparently, as he exclaimed when she emerged, "Ah! You look ravishing, my love. Perhaps just one tiny adjustment, if I may . . ."

He brandished his wand, and Minerva suddenly found that the neckline of the dress had dropped vertiginously.

She responded by taking her wand and bringing the neckline back up to what she felt was a reasonable height. At his crestfallen look, however, she rolled her eyes and moved it back down an inch in compromise.

"While we're making alterations, do you mind if I adjust your suit? It appears to be a bit snug around the middle," she said.

He replied, "Nonsense, the suit fits me perfectly."

"All right, then: let's see you button the jacket."

After attempting the feat, Albus had to sheepishly admit defeat and allowed his wife to enlarge the suit to accommodate his increased girth.

They each donned large, heavy cloaks to cover their Muggle attire, and set out through the castle and grounds to the Apparition point just outside the gate.

"If you would take my arm, my dear . . ." said Albus, offering her his elbow.

She took it, and they spun away, reappearing moments later in small alleyway.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"Bray."

Minerva was delighted to find they were dining at The Waterside Inn, a French restaurant they had been to nearly a decade earlier.

After the waiter had poured their wine...a 1989 Meursault...Albus asked, "So, how was your day, my dear?"

"Frustrating. As you well know."

He leaned close to her to ask, "And do you still have my little present?"

"*Little* present?" she enquired, smirking.

"Ah, yes. Poor choice of words, I admit. But do you still have it?"

"That, Albus Dumbledore, is for me to know and you to find out."

"I see," he replied. His hand disappeared under the table, and at the next moment, Minerva felt the phallus begin to move inside her, sliding in and out at an excruciatingly slow pace, as he watched her face with bemused interest.

A minute later, she knew she had lost the contest when she couldn't help wriggling slightly in her chair. The smug smile on his face told her he had noticed.

"All right, you can stop now," she whispered.

"Of course," he answered, and a moment later, the damnable thing stopped.

"You really enjoy torturing me, don't you?" she asked.

"Torturing us both, my love." His voice dropped to a whisper as he leaned very close to her ear. "Would it help to know I've had a hard-on for nearly twelve hours at the thought of it inside you, exactly where I would like to be?" His tongue caressed the shell of her ear, and he gave her knee a squeeze.

"That doesn't sound healthy," she said.

"Well, there were moments of respite," he admitted. "For instance, when Sybill descended from on high to inform me of..."

Minerva interrupted, "Oh, please don't spoil my dinner."

The meal progressed at a leisurely pace: flaked duck *en gelée* with caviar and quail eggs; rabbit fillet with Armagnac sauce and glazed chestnuts; shortbread with pumpkin mousse and ginger sorbet, finished off with two glasses of Juançon Vendanges Tardives.

When the bill was paid...and as always, Albus needed discreet help sorting the Muggle money...Minerva said, "I can't remember when I've eaten so much at one sitting. I'm full to bursting."

"Perhaps a stroll along the river?" Albus suggested.

Minerva was torn. A walk along the water sounded lovely, but there was the pressing matter between her legs . . .

It might be just as well to walk off some of the heavy meal before continuing the evening's pleasures, she thought.

"All right. A short one," she said.

After they emerged into the crisp autumnal evening, Albus cast a quick Warming Charm, and they began to walk the path alongside the Thames arm in arm.

"It is nice to be able to be together like this," Minerva said. "Thank you for a lovely birthday evening."

Albus stopped walking and pulled her into his arms. "I wish it could be more often. I wish I could do this in public . . ." He kissed her gently, once, twice, three times, and they stood with their arms around one another for a few minutes, looking at the water.

"I think I'd like to go home now," Minerva whispered.

"Home? I think not," said Albus. A moment later, they were standing in what was obviously a very nice, if small, hotel room.

"Where are we?" asked an astonished Minerva.

"Exactly where we just came from: The Waterside Inn. I booked us a room for the night. I didn't want to be disturbed this evening, so I asked Filius to watch the castle and Poppy to look in on your House."

She nearly leapt on him, and he had to steady himself with a hand on the door as she kissed him fiercely and wound her legs around his waist. He moved his hands to her buttocks and held her to him as their tongues danced and twined.

When she broke the kiss, he let her down and instructed her, "Take off your dress."

Yes. Finally . . .

She stepped back and reached around to unzip the dress, which she let fall to the floor around her feet, still looking at his face.

"Lovely," he murmured. He stepped towards her and began to remove the pins from her hair, sending them floating to the dresser opposite the bed. When her hair was down, he moved his lips against her jawline to her neck and pushed her bra straps off her shoulders.

Stepping away from her, he said, "Now take the rest off."

Her eyes never left his face as she stepped out of her shoes and the fallen dress, then reached around to unhook her bra, which she removed and let drop to join the dress on the floor. Running her fingers around the edge of her stocking to release the Sticking Charm, she slowly unrolled it down her leg, then repeated the procedure on the other side. When she slid her knickers down, she heard him groan, making her smile.

"I'm glad my seventy-year-old carcass still interests you," she said.

"Indeed it does, my dear Professor McGonagall, indeed it does," he said approaching her.

He slid his hands over her breasts, saying, "These are so beautiful, Minerva. When you were just sixteen, sitting in the front row of my classroom, I used to fantasise about them."

"What a dirty old man you were!"

"Oh, you have no idea. I thought about what it would be like to touch them," he said, moving his thumbs to caress her nipples, then roughly pinching them between his fingers. "To do this . . ." he said, and slid his mouth from her neck, where he had been nuzzling it, to lick and suck at her nipples, nipping lightly at them with sharp teeth, making her gasp. "I thought about the lovely sounds you would make when I touched you here . . ." He moved his hand down to her sex and started to stroke her clitoris. "What it would feel like when I filled you at last . . ." She felt the phallus begin to move again, so painfully slowly.

"Now, Albus . . ."

"Patience, my sweet," he said. "After all, I had to be patient . . . to wait until you were eighteen and out of school."

"And you didn't wait a day longer," Minerva said with a smirk.

"You made it quite clear that I would regret it if I did," he answered.

Lowering his voice to the tone that always made her shiver, he said, "And you loved it, didn't you? When I put my cock in you and fucked you at last?"

A delicious thrill ran through her at the memory. "Yes, I did."

"You used to dream about it, didn't you? Before? When you were sitting in my classroom, did you think dirty thoughts about the things you wanted me to do to you?"

"Yes."

"Tell me."

"Later . . ." she said, reaching for him.

He immediately stopped his fingers and the phallus was withdrawn. "Now."

"Albus, *please* . . ."

Well, he had done it. He had reduced her to begging. Funny, but she didn't mind a bit.

"Tell me, Minerva, what did you think about?"

"I thought about your cock." She wriggled against his hand, trying to recapture some of that wondrous friction, but he just cupped her mound hard and put his other hand on her hip to still her.

"What about it?" he asked.

"What it would look like . . . how it would feel in my hands. I had never touched one before." She reached out again to touch him through his Muggle trousers, but he grasped her hand.

"Go on . . . what else did you think about?" he asked.

"I thought about how you would put it inside me and what that would feel like."

"Where inside you?"

"In my pussy." His fingers began to probe her opening, and he slid one long digit into her slick channel, coaxing another moan from her lips.

"Did it make you wet, sitting in my classroom, thinking those naughty thoughts?"

"Oh, yes. So wet. I had to change my knickers after your class."

"Did you touch yourself, Minerva? Did you lie in your dormitory at night with your pretty legs spread and your busy fingers on your clit as you thought about my cock?"

"I . . . I . . ." Her mind seemed to have gone spongy with desire as he fingered her and his words echoed in her head.

"Answer the question, Miss McGonagall," he instructed with his customary patience.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?" he prodded.

"Yes, I touched myself."

"How many times did you masturbate thinking about me?"

"I . . . I don't know . . . many times."

"You masturbated to thoughts of me, then you came and sat in my classroom as if you weren't a dirty little girl who put her hands in her knickers at night, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

He leaned in close to her ear and sent a shiver through her when he whispered, "I knew."

He moved his fingers to her clit and began to brush it lightly...sadistically, she would have said...as he spoke. "I could see that you were a dirty witch who wanted my cock. Your nipples were so hard, they showed right through your blouse when you took off your robe. Everyone could see them." He began to pinch one between his thumb and forefinger as he spoke, sending little zings of pleasurable pain right to the pit of her belly. "I could smell your desire when I walked by your desk. I wanted to look into your mind . . . find out exactly what dirty little thoughts were running through that extraordinary brain of yours, but I didn't. I waited until you were old enough, then I didn't just look, did I? I did things to you, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"What did I do to you?"

"You fucked me."

"That's right. I put my cock in your sweet quim and I fucked you until you came for me."

He was rubbing her hard now, and she was so close.

"Tell me, Minerva, do you think you can come for me now?"

"Yes . . ."

She felt tears of frustration prick at her eyes when he suddenly withdrew his hands. She whimpered, and he drew her into his arms and kissed her mouth.

"Albus, you are going to be the death of me."

"I certainly hope not! But it wouldn't be an entirely unpleasant way to die, would it?"

"Not as unpleasant as the demise I'm planning for you right now," she said.

He chuckled and kissed her again. Then he stepped back and commanded, "Lie down." She did as he asked and thought he would join her on the bed, but instead he Summoned one of the small armchairs from the side of the room to face the bed and sat in it. "Show me how you used to touch yourself."

He will drive me crazy.

But she smiled at him indulgently and lay back, pulling her knees up and opening her legs wide. She moved her fingers down to glide over her clit, slowly at first, then harder and faster, until she felt close to climax again.

"That's it, my love . . . just let go . . . I want to watch you make yourself come . . ."

She felt the phallus at her entrance again, and she thrust her hips forward to meet it. Although she wouldn't have believed it after having spent the day being tortured by the thing, she was now desperate to have something...anything...inside her once again.

As her fingers flew over her clit, the phallus began to pump in and out, harder than before.

Oh . . . oh . . .

She opened her eyes and saw that he had opened his fly and taken out his cock. He was stroking it in time with the phallus as he watched, his breathing heavy and his face flushed, and even through her haze of lust, an idea occurred to her.

A moment later, she forgot everything else as she cried out her climax and lay panting on the bed, the phallus slowing, then stilling. She sat up and fixed Albus with a pointed glare. "Now that you've had your evening's entertainment, won't you come over here and join me?"

"With pleasure, my dear," he said, standing and withdrawing his wand to cast a powerful Silencing Charm on the room. "I think we're going to make some noise," he said.

He quickly stripped off his clothes and joined her on the bed. She threw her arms around his neck and pulled him down into a kiss, which he returned enthusiastically.

When she reached for his cock, he emitted a low moan, which turned into an odd squeak when she whispered her spell and gave his penis a gentle squeeze.

He drew back a little, stammering, "You . . . what . . . ?"

She clenched the muscles of her vagina around the phallus and felt his cock jump slightly as he gasped.

"So it worked, I take it," she said with a grin.

"You clever little minx! How did you do that?"

"I made the spell up. It wasn't difficult; I had an excellent Transfiguration teacher, you know. Even if he was looking at my tits the whole time."

He responded by swooping down and taking one of said tits in his mouth, moving his other hand to cup her damp sex. A minute later, he straddled her torso, facing her feet, pushed her thighs open, and began to lap and suck at her nub noisily. When the phallus started to move inside her again, both of them moaned.

After a minute, she said, "Wait, Albus . . . move back" pulling his thighs toward her. When he was straddling her face she reached up to guide his cock to her mouth.

"Ohhh, gods, Minerva!" he exclaimed. The sensation of fucking her mouth and her cunt at the same time must have been intense, because his thighs were trembling, and he seemed to be holding his breath. He came explosively a minute later, shouting, "Gods . . . oh . . . oh . . . oh!" The phallus stopped as he shuddered and spasmed above her, and she swallowed around his pulsing cock.

He moved off her and flopped down next to her on the bed. When he had caught his breath, he said, "This was supposed to be ~~your~~ birthday gift."

"It was fun. Besides, I fully expect you to finish me off in a minute," she said.

"Oh, that I will, Professor. Count on it."

In truth, it took him more than a minute to recover. Five minutes later, he was kneeling at the edge of the bed, face between her legs, licking her clit as the phallus moved, alternating long, slow strokes with hard, fast ones.

Oh, so good . . . it feels . . .

All too soon, she was coming, her heels digging into his back, shouting meaningless syllables in her pleasure.

When she regained the use of her other senses, he was standing at the edge of the bed, and she saw that his cock was at attention once again.

"Please," she said. "I want *you* inside me now."

He knelt again, whispering "*Finite*," carefully withdrawing the phallus and sending it to sit on the side table.

She shifted up to rest her head on the pillow, and he was immediately on her. She wrapped her legs around his waist as he drove deeply into her at last, and they took up a long-familiar rhythm, his cock filling her and his pubis rubbing against her clit just so.

She was gasping, close to orgasm again, when he suddenly stopped thrusting.

I will kill him if he stops now.

He wasn't stopping, however. Instead, he rolled her over on top of him and pulled her down close. "I love you, Minerva," he whispered in her ear as he reached between them to guide his cock into her again. Then she heard him say, "*Accio*, phallus," followed by the lubricating spell.

She felt his hands on her buttocks, spreading them apart, then felt the phallus gently prodding at her anus.

"All right?" he whispered as the tip of the phallus slid into her.

"Yes," she gasped. "Just go slowly . . ."

As he pumped from beneath her, he inched the phallus more deeply into her until it would go no further.

He had penetrated her this way before with his own penis, but the sensation of his cock in her cunt and the phallus in her arse was new and utterly divine.

"Oh, gods, Albus . . ."

"Good?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

The phallus began to move again, and he experimented with the rhythm, first alternating thrusts, then thrusting simultaneously into both orifices.

She thought she would die when he moved a hand down between them to pluck at her clit as he filled and stretched her more completely than she had ever felt. Never before had the sensations of pain and pleasure been so fluid as to be indistinguishable.

He was obviously enjoying the double pleasure of his cock and the charmed phallus moving inside her as much as she was, because his throaty moans quickly turned into shouts as he thrust.

"Ah, Minerva . . . oh . . . ah . . . ah . . . ah!"

Her voice joined his as her orgasm ripped through her, almost violent in its intensity. She collapsed on top of him, still shuddering, trapping his hand between them as he continued to pump and thrust into her, his shouts suddenly dying in his throat as his climax began. As his seed spilled into her, she lifted her head to watch him and saw his eyes roll back in his head as the orgasm took him. She loved watching the great and powerful wizard of Hogwarts lose all control, loved knowing she was the cause.

When he opened his eyes and saw her looking at him, he said, "You're very pleased with yourself, aren't you? Pleased with your little spell?"

"Yes, I am. Did you not find it pleasing?"

"You know very well that I did, saucy witch!"

"Um . . . Albus, do you think you could . . . ?"

"Oh, of course. Sorry, darling," he answered, and she felt the phallus withdraw from her. He Scourgified it and sent it to rest on the bedside table once again.

"Am I too heavy?" she asked.

"Not at all," he answered, lifting his head to kiss her briefly before she laid her cheek down to rest on his shoulder.

A few minutes later, she felt his breathing deepen to a light snore. She carefully climbed off him, turned over, and drifted into a contented sleep.

The next morning, Minerva woke to a tickling sensation and opened her eyes to see Albus lazily flicking his tongue across her right nipple.

"Mmmm, Albus . . ." she purred.

He greeted her by swirling his tongue around her areola, then gave a gentle nip to the hard peak before taking the whole breast in his mouth, sucking hard and flicking his tongue rapidly across the bud.

"Oh," she breathed as he attended to one breast, then the other. She came after a few minutes of this treatment, sighing and arching her back.

She opened her eyes to find him smiling down at her.

"Good morning, my love," he said, and she pulled him down for a kiss.

"Good morning. That was a nice way to wake up, I must say."

"It was, wasn't it?"

"Now what can I do for you?" she enquired, grinding her hips against his erection.

"That's a nice start," he replied, so she brought her hands down to squeeze his arse, pulling him in closer, and continued to grind herself against him as they kissed hungrily.

She whispered the Lubricus Charm and brought the pad of her finger to press against his anus, spreading the magical lube liberally. She pressed the pad of her finger gently just inside. When she felt him relax slightly, she slid her finger in up to the second knuckle, and he moaned in appreciation as she began to press against his prostate.

Listening to him moan as she dry-humped his cock and finger-fucked his arsehole stirred her desire again, and she thought she might come against him, but he stopped moving and brought a hand around to pull at her arm, urging her to withdraw her finger.

He moved off her quickly and grabbed her by the hips, flipping her over. He pulled her up so she was on all-fours, and she felt him guide his cock to her entrance. He was up on his knees, and he grasped her hips, pulling her roughly back onto his cock. He pumped into her hard and fast, grunting with each powerful thrust, his thighs slapping in sharp tympani against her.

Gods, but she loved it when he fucked her hard like this! She could feel him hit her cervix over and over, and she couldn't help emitting a gasp each time. It hurt, and she wouldn't come this way, but it always worked her into a frenzy of arousal, and the orgasm he inevitably brought her to afterwards was usually very, very good.

She heard him cry out, then he stilled, and she felt his cock pumping his climax deep into her. A moment later, he withdrew and coaxed her to turn over onto her back. He was still on his knees, and he lifted her legs, urging her to rest her knees over his shoulders. He whispered a charm, and she felt her torso suddenly lifted and supported from beneath as if on an invisible pillow of air, leaving only her head and shoulders in contact with the mattress.

Spreading her pussy lips with his fingers, he buried his face in her sex, tongue lapping at her opening, his nose moving rhythmically against her clit. He plunged his tongue inside her and began to move it in and out, mimicking what his cock had been doing a minute earlier. She knew he could taste his own come mingled with her juices, and that when he was finished, he would kiss her, allowing her to taste them too.

It took less than a minute of this before she came explosively, and he withdrew his tongue from her vagina to stroke it across her clit mercilessly as she shuddered and bucked until she came again, almost against her will, screaming his name so loudly she later wondered that they hadn't heard it all the way in Hogsmeade.

She felt her torso gently descend to the bed again, and she lay there, limp as a broken wand, as he leant over to kiss her, as she had known he would. He pried her lips wide with his own and plunged his tongue deep into her mouth so she could taste both his salt and her sweetness on him. When he made to withdraw, she held him fast for a moment, moving her tongue against his lips and teeth, before letting him go.

They both fell back to sleep for a time. She woke hearing the rumble of someone's hungry stomach...whether his or hers she couldn't tell...and decided it was time for breakfast.

"Albus?" she whispered in his ear, then kissed his lips.

A heavy arm came up to snake around her neck and pull her down to deepen the kiss. She broke it after a moment, saying, "I think I need some breakfast."

"Capital idea, my love. Why don't you order us whatever your heart desires while I clean up a bit, hmm?"

After they had both showered and dressed, they feasted on fresh fruit, pastries, juice, tea, and toast, with a side of homemade sausage.

When they had finished, Minerva sighed, "It's a shame we have to go back. This was really lovely, Albus. Thank you."

"It was very much my pleasure, my dear. It's such a treat to have you all to myself for a night in the middle of term."

"And we made good use of it," said Minerva. "I may need some of that soothing salve when we get back."

He grinned at her. "Sore, are you?"

"A bit. I *am* seventy."

"And a day."

She threw a croissant at him.

Albus settled the bill, and they Apparated back to Hogwarts shortly before lunch.

When they had reached the castle, and Minerva made to head toward Gryffindor Tower, Albus took her elbow, saying, "If you would, my dear, I believe we need to see about something in the classrooms corridor."

What is he up to now?

She said nothing, however, and took his arm as he led her away from the staircase. When they got to the Transfiguration classroom, he opened the door with a spell, saying, "After you, Professor."

He closed the door behind them, and sealed it with a Colloportus Charm.

"What was it you wanted to show me, Albus?" she asked with a wry grin.

He said nothing, but withdrew his wand and pointed it at her. A moment later, she found herself wearing her old school uniform, complete with Gryffindor tie and Head Girl badge.

"Albus, I swear..." she began, but he cut her off.

"Enough, Miss McGonagall. Please take your seat."

As she turned, she felt her hair released from its bun to cascade loosely down her back.

She took a seat at her old desk in the front row. As she sat, and her skirt rode up against her a bit, she realised she had on no knickers. She looked up to find that Albus wore an old-fashioned teaching robe.

"Miss McGonagall," he said, "perhaps you would be so good as to give me the five principal exceptions to Gamp's Law of Elemental Transfiguration."

"Of course, Professor," she said, getting into the spirit of the game. "One: conjured foodstuffs always Vanish in the presence of digestive enzymes. Two: carbon-based life forms cannot be conjured, nor can they be reanimated after death. Three: water cannot be conjured in the absence of greater than point five five parts per million atmospheric hydrogen. Four: fire can only be conjured in the presence of an oxidising agent in sufficient quantity to produce rapid oxidation of a combustible material. Five: transition metals, notably gold and platinum, cannot be conjured."

"Correct. But I must ask, Miss McGonagall, why you are not wearing any knickers." She felt her knees drawn apart as if by invisible hands.

"I'm waiting, Miss McGonagall," he said severely.

"I . . . I'm sorry, sir. I must have forgotten them."

"*Tsk, tsk*," he clucked at her. "Such a bad example to set for the younger students. I think you need to be punished, Miss McGonagall, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, casting her eyes downward demurely.

"Come here."

She stood and approached to stand just in front of him, eyes on the floor.

He Summoned a chair and sat, saying, "Lie across my lap, Miss McGonagall."

"Yes, sir." She laid herself across his knees as instructed, and he pulled her in close.

"Now lift your skirt."

She did so, baring her buttocks to him, and she felt his cock begin to stir beneath her. She wriggled slightly against it and felt it grow suddenly hard as iron.

"You naughty girl," he said, and brought his palm down to smack against her right buttock with a sharp crack

She couldn't help emitting a slight, "Oh!" when he did it again, this time on the other side. He didn't hit her hard, but it stung, which was strangely stimulating.

"What a dirty witch you are, coming into my classroom without your knickers!"

Smack!

"Aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

Smack!

"You like making me look at your pussy, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

Smack!

"And you like to wiggle against my cock?"

"Yes, sir."

This time, he didn't strike her, but moved the palm of his hand down slowly, soothing the sore flesh, eventually letting his fingers brush against her folds.

"Does it make you wet, feeling my hard cock underneath you as I spank your bare bottom? Let's see, shall we?"

She felt a finger dip in between her nether lips to rub at her opening.

Oh, gods . . . inside me . . . please . . .

"Oh, my. So wet . . ." he said, answering her silent prayer when he slipped the finger inside her moist channel.

When she moaned, he said, "Such a naughty girl, getting so wet when I spank you. Do you like it, Miss McGonagall? Do you like it when I spank your bottom and put my fingers inside your wet pussy?"

"Yes . . ." she gasped.

"I think you're a dirty witch who needs to be taught a lesson. Are you?" he asked. When she didn't answer right away, he repeated, "Are you?" adding another finger and pumping them in and out.

"I am, yes . . ."

He withdrew his fingers, saying, "Stand up."

She clambered off his lap, and he said, "Get up on the desk."

She did, letting her knees hang off the end.

"Heels up, Miss McGonagall," he commanded as if he were simply correcting her wand work. "Knees apart. I'm going to look at your pussy, just as you wanted, you dirty girl!"

She scrambled into the position as he instructed, flushing when his face assumed the approximation of a leer as he fixed his eyes at the place between her legs.

"Lovely," he murmured as he stepped toward her. He knelt down so that his head was almost level with her most private parts, and used his fingers to spread her labia. She felt totally exposed as he held her open and looked at her. It excited her, and she saw his smile as she felt the moisture begin to trickle from her.

He brought his face in close to her exposed sex, and she felt the warmth of his breath teasing her. He held her that way for a minute as she trembled. She came very close to orgasm when he blew gently on her, the warm puff of air sliding over her clit...almost, but not quite enough to send her over the edge.

"Please . . ." she said.

"Yes, Miss McGonagall, did you wish to say something to me?" he enquired, the movement of his breath against her once again teasing her almost to madness.

"Lick me."

"What? You want your professor to lick you?" he asked in mock astonishment. "If you wish, Miss McGonagall . . ."

She nearly screamed in frustration and excitement when he moved to lick and suck just at the junction of her thighs and buttocks. His mouth was everywhere, it seemed, except where she wanted it.

She tried to shift her hips to bring him into contact with her most sensitive organs, but he held her, the strength in his large free hand on her hip preventing her from moving much.

"*Please . . .*" she groaned again, and he looked up from his work enquiringly.

"Yes, Miss McGonagall. Is this not what you wanted? You must learn to be more precise, then, my dear."

He was going to make her say it . . . make her beg for it, the rotter!

"I want you to lick my clit, *Professor*," she said.

"Ohhh," he replied, as if in sudden understanding. "You want me to put my tongue here . . ."

This time she did scream as she felt him make contact with the seething bundle of nerves at her centre, just the lightest flick of his tongue on her clitoris igniting a firestorm of pleasure in her core. Her thighs closed on his head of their own accord, and she arched her hips upward to meet his mouth as he licked and sucked at her hard, extending her convulsions to the point of near-pain.

She felt her hips buck and legs jump involuntarily as he continued to lap at her.

"Oh, gods! Oh, stop, Albus . . . please . . . stop!" she cried, bringing her hands down to pull at his head.

He lifted it to look at her face, asking, "Is that not what you wanted, Miss McGonagall? Because it sounded to me as if you were enjoying it."

"I did, Professor. It's just too much . . ." she panted, trying to catch her breath.

"But your punishment is not finished, Miss McGonagall. It is nowhere near complete."

"Please, Professor . . . may I have another sort of punishment?"

He put two fingers against his lips and seemed to think for a few moments.

She said, "Please, sir . . . if I may make a suggestion?"

"Yes?"

"I could suck your cock, Professor. Would that be acceptable?"

"You want to suck my cock?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir."

"Very well, Miss McGonagall. If that is what you wish . . . get on your knees."

As she got off the desk, he turned so that his back was against the desk, and conjured a soft cushion for her knees. She gave him a brief, knowing smile as she sank down on the pillow.

She opened the front of his robe and was surprised when his stiff cock sprang out immediately; he was wearing no under-robe or undershorts.

Grasping his cock around the base, she reached out with her tongue to lick at the tip, which was leaking seminal fluid. She swirled her tongue around the head and ran the tip of it down his shaft, using her lips to kiss and suck at it as she came back up. As she enveloped the tip of his cock between her lips, letting them slide around the head, she teased the sensitive ridge underneath, alternating flicking it with the tip and licking it with the flat blade of her tongue.

He began to moan as she worked, and one of his hands came to rest at the back of her head. "Ohhhh, Miss McGonagall . . ."

She removed her mouth from his cock and looked up at him, "Yes, Professor Dumbledore?"

"Did I tell you to stop?"

"No, Professor, " she said, and closed her mouth over him once again, this time plunging down to take the entire length into her warm, wet mouth.

He gasped, and his legs began to shake, his fingers twining around strands of her hair. She could taste the bit of fluid leaking from his slit, and when she moved her hand from his thigh to cradle and stroke his balls, she felt the tensing that was the harbinger of his orgasm.

She didn't want him to come yet, so she closed her thumb and forefinger gently around the top of his sac, preventing his testicles from rising any further, and removed her mouth from his cock. She blew on it gently and planted light kisses to the tip as she moved her other hand from his shaft to rub and gently scratch at his inner thigh. Reaching between his legs, she allowed her fingers to brush at the juncture of his buttocks and play lightly over his sensitive perineum.

"Gods, Minerva . . ." he sputtered, forgetting their game in his ardour.

She stopped her ministrations to look up at him demurely. "Do I please you, Professor? Is my work satisfactory?"

"You are exceeding expectations, Miss McGonagall," he managed to say. Pushing her head back toward his member, he added, "But you aren't finished yet . . ."

"No, sir," she replied, and took him back into her mouth, setting up an up-and-down rhythm as she sucked him vigorously. Her hands snaked around his hips to knead his buttocks as he began to pump gently into her mouth, and she began to hum, making him moan in answer. She raised her eyes and saw him looking down at her, and an insistent heat began to renew itself in her core.

Once again, as she felt his orgasm begin to build, she released his cock and began to kiss and nip at his inner thighs, just as he had done to her, his penis twitching as her cheek occasionally grazed it. She took it in hand, without applying much pressure, and turned her head so she could run it through her hair, the silken strands dancing across it, prompting him to hiss, "Yessss . . . oh, that's good . . ."

A minute after she had taken him all the way into the back of her throat, he withdrew suddenly and pulled her to her feet. He lifted her as if he weren't a hundred and fourteen years old and as if she weighed nothing, and placed her at the edge of the desk again.

Pushing her knees apart, he thrust into her with an "Ohhhh . . . fuuuck . . . Minerva . . ."

It was on the tip of her tongue to say, "Yes, that's what you're doing," but she refrained, choosing to concentrate instead on the incredibly exciting sensation of him moving forcefully in and out of her and the sound of his thighs slapping against hers, their sweaty skin making a sound like wet canvas each time he pulled out.

She looked at his face and saw that it was riveted on the place where their bodies were joined, so she followed his gaze and watched, mesmerised by the sight of his cock disappearing again and again into her body.

She reached down and began to rub herself as he pounded into her...she wasn't getting much friction that way...and he began to moan again when he saw her.

They began a volley of mixed endearments, exhortations, exclamations, and utter nonsense:

"Yes, Minerva . . . oh, yes, my love!"

"Oh, gods . . . fuck me, Albus . . . yes!"

"So good . . . so sweet . . . Minerva . . ."

"Your cock feels so good . . . oh!"

"Come for me . . . Minerva . . . oh . . . I'm coming . . . I'm coming!"

"Yes . . . oh, I love you . . . oh, oh, oh!"

He came inside her, then he stilled; she lifted her hand from her sex to hold onto the edge of the desk, and he pressed himself deep into her and against her with one more forceful push, and she came too, giving one long, plaintive cry that her feline comrades would likely have recognised.

They stayed like that, locked together for a few moments, until she felt his penis slip wetly out of her. He straightened up and helped her from the desk.

"That was . . ."

"Yes."

They shared a brief laugh, and then Albus kissed her and said, "And now, I'm afraid, we need to return to bleak reality. We are expected for lunch."

"Pity," Minerva sighed. Then she added, "I think we'd better change back to our normal attire before adjourning to the Great Hall, though."

"It is a pity. You look rather fetching as a schoolgirl. It's a shame to hide your lovely figure under those long robes again."

Pity or not, he brandished his wand and Transfigured their clothes back to their ordinary state, saying, "By the way, if Dolores asks, you and I were in Cardiff last evening, attending a conference on integrating Muggle pedagogy into the magical curriculum."

Minerva looked at him. "Do you have to go looking for trouble, Albus Dumbledore? Don't tell me I need to give you the same lecture I gave Potter . . ."

"Oh, no, my dear. Not at all. But when I received my copy of the High Inquisitor's report on you, I couldn't help noticing that she criticised your grasp of pedagogical methodology and suggested some continuing education might be in order. And the conference offered ten continuing magical education credits."

"You just made that up," she accused.

"What, Dolores' report or the credits?"

"The conference. There was no conference in Cardiff."

"My dear, you wound me. Of course there was a conference. Our dear friend Dedalus convened it. He and several like-minded colleagues met in a Muggle establishment called the Pen and Wig, close to the Muggle university. They studied the student body there very closely, I am sure."

She rolled her eyes, and he shrugged.

He removed the protective charms from the door, and taking her elbow, said, "Shall we?"

Before they reached the classroom door, she said, "So tell me, Albus. Was it your habit to go 'traditional' under your teaching robes?"

"Ah, that is a secret, my dear. Perhaps I will show you sometime in my Pensieve."

"Show me?"

"Yes. You might like to view my memory of the time I had to relieve myself right here in the classroom right after one of your classes. You had just turned seventeen, I believe, and had developed the most entrancing habit of touching the end of your quill to your lovely lips. I was quite undone . . ."

"Oh, you noticed that, did you?"

"You mean you did it on purpose?"

"Let's go watch the memory, and maybe I'll show you . . ."

~FIN~