

Swimming in Bliss

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Interruption

Chapter 1 of 1

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It was midnight. Minerva had just finished grading her students' essays, and to relax, she loosened her tight bun and treated herself to an aromatic bubble bath. Her tub was large, pearly white, and inlaid with emerald stones. It was a discrepancy, Albus had always told her, to have such a vibrantly Gryffindor sitting room and a starkly Slytherin-esque bathroom. Minerva smiled at the thought as she lowered herself slowly into the steaming bubbles. Her fingers traced over the large emerald inlaid on the edge of her tub; her pale skin glowed alabaster against the dark green glimmer.

Suddenly, a crisp knock interrupted her reverie. Minerva's eyes snapped open in surprise as she turned her head to her door.

"Who is it at this bloody hour?"

"It is I," a low, velvety voice sounded from the other side.

"Speak of the devil," Minerva muttered. "What do you want, Albus?"

"My Felix Felicis potion," he answered, sounding slightly impatient.

"Oh for the love of Merlin," Minerva muttered, pushing herself out of the warm water. She waved her wand, and a drying charm quickly siphoned off the water that dripped from her hair. She wrapped a red tartan towel around her body and put on her emerald dressing gown. Knotting it tightly around her waist, she checked herself in the mirror and was satisfied to see nothing showed.

She opened her door a crack and glared out at Albus, who smiled almost imperceptibly.

"Hello Minerva. Inconvenient time?"

"Bloody bastard," she hissed, emerald eyes blazing.

"I do believe the polite thing to do would be to invite me in," Albus murmured smoothly. His piercing, sapphire eyes darkened by degrees as they traveled down her damp black locks to the pale, slender curve of her exposed neck.

Minerva hissed angrily, but relented. Albus tried not to laugh (it would surely not be in his favor to do so) and followed her into the steaming bathroom.

"Take it and leave at once. You are intruding!"

Albus ignored this last demand and stepped closer to Minerva. His eyes darkened with lust as he saw her now-flushed skin deepen its scarlet shade.

"Where do your loyalties lie, Minerva? I passed through your bold Gryffindor-colored sitting room, and now I see..."

Albus flicked his eyes lazily to the spiraling curls of steam emanating from her gemstone-inlaid bathtub.

"Distinctly Slytherin ties," he finished in a lowered whisper.

"You have told me this before, but it is neither here nor there," Minerva replied acidly, clenching her robe tighter around her body.

"Really?" he whispered, taking yet another step closer. He noted with veiled pride that she did not back down. He liked that in her.

"Your potion, Professor Dumbledore." Minerva passed the tiny bottle to the auburn-haired man, who pocketed it, feeling a jolt of electricity pass through his light skin at the sensation of her warm fingers brushing his.

"Thank you." Albus smiled and turned to leave.

"Oh, but wait." Albus paused at the doorway. "You'll need these." He tossed a set of emerald colored lingerie onto Minerva's floor.

"How dare you!" Minerva breathed, eyes smoldering into the onyx pools.

"On a second thought, perhaps they should stay where they are."

Albus leaned in closer and trapped Minerva to her marble wall. She shivered involuntarily from the chill that seeped through her towel. His lips curled into a small, seductive smile.

"If you're cold, I could keep you warm, Minerva," he whispered suggestively, trailing a warm finger down her cheek.

"Do not be inappropriate, Dumbledore," she said cuttingly. She attempted to duck under his arms, but he reacted faster than she thought. His arms circled around her lower back as she attempted to escape.

"Release me!"

"Never." Albus immobilized her with the penetrating, darkened gaze of a predator and slowly dropped his robes. His chest was not broad, but it was well-muscled. Minerva glared at him furiously as she pushed against his iron arms. He allowed her to go before speaking to her stiff back.

"Will you teach me how to swim, Minerva?"

"No."

He pouted and moved closer to her.

"Please?"

"Never. I have neither the time nor the resources to do so."

"Such a large pool... surely it could accommodate the two of us?"

Albus brushed his lips very lightly against the nape of her neck.

She involuntarily shivered. Her voice cracked as she again denied.

"N-no. Leave... please. Albus..."

"Ah, my dear... back to using a first-name? Teach me, Minerva."

"Why should I teach you, Albus?"

"I thought you would be the best person for the job. I do hope you readily agree."

Albus lost no more time in conversation and slid into her warm tub. He was careful not to brush against her skin. He gripped the marble edge of her pool with his hands. Minerva thinned her lips.

"Oh for Merlin's sake, come here. You're going to Petrify yourself if you grip any harder."

Minerva treaded toward Albus and held out her pale arms. He tentatively reached out, and she pulled him a little closer to her.

"Ah, to feel you so close to me. I've missed you, my darling."

Albus cradled her face in his hands and gazed at her greedily. Minerva smiled lightly and touched his cheek, so weathered and tanned.

"Now, Albus... the first thing you must learn when swimming is to tread water. Like so..."

Minerva drifted backwards and swam to the middle of the pool. Her skin seemed to glow even brighter in contrast to her dark hair. The moonlight fell across her emerald eyes and made them shine like jewels. She treaded the water gently, and Albus could see the tops of her breasts dipping and resurfacing from the water. She stopped and returned to him again.

"Albus, don't stare at me like that. You're making me feel self-conscious."

Albus grinned impishly and held her closer to his heart. Her bare breasts pushed up against his chest as he lowered his head to nuzzle her warm neck. Minerva sighed and brought her hands up to caress his face.

"You didn't really need your lucky potion tonight, did you, Al? You could have asked for it in the morning."

"I needed to see you more than anything, my love," he replied huskily. Minerva silently agreed; his pulsing desire to enter her doors had left her acutely aware of the insistent nudging against her belly. She raised herself upward slightly, and Albus hungrily sucked at her nipples. The erotic feeling of his tongue, rough on her sensitive skin, sent tingles shivering down her exposed back. She grinned briefly before pulling him down with her to the bottom of her expansive pool. White marble met her back as Albus lifted his head to stare wide-eyed at her.

"Minerva! What... I can't..."

"Breathe naturally, Al. Relax."

Albus took in a small, experimental breath and noticed that Minerva had cast a wordless oxygen spell into the water.

"Would the charm hold if I did... other things here?" Albus smiled.

Minerva's brow furrowed as she held him closer.

"What other things do you have in mind, Albus?"

"Oh you know... just some innocent acts to demonstrate how much I love you..."

"I think so," she purred.

"Then you do...?"

"Make love to me, Albus."

Albus obliged. His throbbing desire met hers in a crashing wave of emotion for both of them. It had been too long since they had had a moment alone together. Minerva's back arched as her head fell back toward the warm marbled floor. Albus thrust up into her and planted soft, but insistent kisses upon the cleft between her breasts. His beard tickled her skin, and she rolled over to pin him down.

Albus' eyes darkened as he watched her take cool control. Her lips curved into a smile as she pecked her way down his chest to his abdomen. Albus gasped as her mouth found his crown and licked the tip felinely. Albus shot up and shook with ecstasy. She shook the hair out of her eyes and rose gracefully to the surface of the water. By now, the water had cooled considerably, but the heat of their passion kept them warm.

"Let us go to more comfortable quarters, Al," she murmured, threading her fingers through his auburn hair.

Albus nodded in silent agreement and wrapped her large towel around both of them.

As they left Slytherin ties behind and entered the bold house of Gryffindor, Minerva suddenly collapsed and drew her arms protectively around her nude body. Albus was forced down with her; his weight crushed her, but it was not unpleasant.

As he lifted himself gently off of her, Minerva pulled the bed sheets over her chest and refused to let Albus see the nasty scarlet scars that crisscrossed over her heart. How he did not notice her scars in the tub he did not know. The angry red welts, left by those merciless Stunners, stood out in stark contrast against her pale skin.

"Minerva..."

"No, Al, please don't."

Albus bit his lip and stroked her face, which was contorted with the pain of her scars.

She turned her head so he could not see her wince. Minerva edged out from under him and reached a pale arm out to grab the healing lotion that Madam Pomfrey had given her. Minerva thinned her lips in determination and dragged the sheet with her, wrapping herself in it so she could retreat back into the bathroom to dab on the salve.

Albus rose from her bed and knocked gently on her door. Hearing no response, he turned the doorknob and entered. As his eyes met hers in the mirror, he stifled a gasp.

Her chest looked like it was being compressed by acid green ropes. The salve smoked slightly as she spread it across her lower ribs. Minerva closed her eyes and continued her task.

"I never wanted you to see me like this, Albus," she whispered monotonously. She finished dabbing on the stinging salve and resealed the tube. She bandaged her torso and shrugged awkwardly into her robes. Having finished, she turned around wearily to look Albus in the eye.

"Albus, I'd really appreciate it if you wouldn't start feeling sorry for me... and put some clothes on yourself for heaven's sake."

Albus' lips turned up briefly as he heard her acerbic wit coming back to her. Waving his hand, he complied with her wishes and donned a set of magnificent blue robes. He stood behind her and gently reached down to her ribs. She quickly placed her hands over his and diverted them from touching her scars.

"No, don't do that," she murmured. She pivoted and gently wrapped herself to him. "It hurts less if... it's left alone."

"You are always so brave, my Minerva. Can't you let down your guard for a moment?"

"Not if I am to retain my iron-nerved reputation," she replied, smiling slightly. She siphoned off the water that had splashed out during their love-making and charmed her hairbrush to start untangling the knots in her hair.

Albus caught the brush mid-stroke and obliged her by carefully brushing her hair himself.

Minerva gave a soft sigh and tilted her head back. She loved it when Albus brushed her hair; in some ways, it felt more soothing and magical than if she had chosen to use magic.

Albus took a deep breath. A faint scent of heather and lilies reached his senses.

"Good night, my love. Sleep well."