

Bedtime

by kellychambliss

Lavender and the other Gryffindors can't imagine why Professor Grubbly-Plank is wandering the corridors of Hogwarts at night. Set during OoP.

Chapter 1

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"...so totally not fair. Detention! Why should I get a detention? I mean, she's not even a real teacher!"

Lavender Brown was nearly shouting as she slammed through the portrait hole into the Gryffindor common room, followed by a sheepish Seamus Finnigan.

"Er...I'm off to bed, then, Lav," Seamus muttered as soon as the portrait closed behind them. "It's, uh, late, y'know?"

"Oh, it's barely half-ten," Lavender said crossly, flinging herself on one of the sofas. "But go ahead. I'm not in the mood any more, anyway."

Neville Longbottom looked up from the table where he sat playing wizard chess with Parvati Patil. "Who's not a real teacher?" he asked, and winced as one of his pawns expired with a squeak under the crush of Parvati's castle.

"That effing Grubbly-Plank woman. She..."

"She's a lot more real a teacher than *some* people around here," said Parvati.

"If you mean Hagrid," began Ron Weasley, lifting himself on an elbow from the floor near the fire, "you can just take it back, because..."

"I *meant* Dolores Umbridge," Parvati cut in, "not that I was even talking to you." Ron, everyone knew, was not one of her favourite people, not after the mess he'd made of escorting her sister to the Yule Ball the previous year. "Although since you bring it up, Professor Grubbly-Plank *is* a much better teacher than Hagrid. I've nothing against him personally," she said quickly, as Ron seemed about to protest further, "and I know he's better with magical creatures than almost anyone, but just because you're good at something doesn't mean you'll be a good teacher of it. *She* is, though. Grubbly-Plank, I mean."

"Wait a minute, we've learnt a lot of stuff from Hagrid," Ron insisted. "What about..."

"Could you just stop? Please?" Hermione Granger begged. She'd been working all evening on a many-inch essay, but now she corked her ink and started packing her books into her satchel. "It seems like we never do anything in this common room lately but bicker. It's bad enough that we have to fight the Slytherins and the High Inquisitor all the time. Do we have to fight in here, too?"

"I wasn't fighting!" said Ron, his face and ears as red as if he'd gone several rounds in a duelling match. "I was just..."

"What was Grubbly-Plank even doing here, anyway?" Neville broke in. He was not someone who would accept peace at any price, but he evidently considered peace at the cost of a little distracting conversation to be a good bargain.

Parvati helped him out. "Good question," she said. "Ernie Macmillan says the professor doesn't live in...she goes home at night because she's got her own animals to look after. So what was she doing here at this hour?"

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Wilhelmina Grubbly-Plank sinks onto the sofa with a sigh of pleasure. The firelight shines through her glass of Ogden's Old, and she savours the amber glow before taking an appreciative sip. It's been a long day, and it's not over yet; she still has that injured owl to check on.

But that can wait a while. The injury, luckily, isn't serious, and just now, Will's thoughts are on a different bird.

"Caught a couple of your young lions in the corridor just now," she says, wrapping her free arm around the woman seated next to her.

Minerva McGonagall shakes her head in annoyance, but she doesn't get up; it's been years, Will knows, since Minerva felt compelled to deal with every Gryffindor infraction herself. Now she simply settles into Will's embrace and says, "Dare I ask what they were doing?"

Wilhelmina grins, remembering her own school days and the little nook in the Astronomy Tower where she spent some interesting after-curfew hours with Zoanna Midgen. Kids, she thinks. They never really change. Comforting, that.

"More like what they were hoping to do," she says. "Think I rather foiled their little plans. Miss Brown and the Irish lad."

"Finnigan." Minerva's lips grow thin. "Miss Brown is not a stupid girl, but she shows absolutely no sense at all where boys are concerned. So foolish, the both of them. They disappoint me."

Will laughs. Typical Minerva. She takes another sip of whisky and can't resist chivying Min a bit. "Oh, don't be so Deputy-Headmistress-y. They meant no harm...just out for a bit of a cuddle, I expect. Like me," she adds slyly, sliding her hand into the front of Minerva's dressing gown.

But she isn't surprised when Minerva gently but firmly draws her hand out again. "I'm concerned about them, Wilhelmina. All of them. If that damned Umbridge chooses to make an example of 'wayward' students, it won't matter that they were just sneaking out for a harmless snog. They need to show better judgement."

"Well, at least you won't have to worry about Brown and Finnigan for a while," Will says. "Gave them a couple of detentions they shouldn't forget in a hurry."

"Did you, now?"

"Too right. Those animal pens don't muck themselves out, you know. Well, not unless you know the right spells."

Minerva lifts an eyebrow. "And do Mr Finnigan and Miss Brown know the right spells?"

"Don't you remember the official Ministry-approved curriculum, then?" Will opens her eyes wide in mock astonishment. "No mucking-out spells till N.E.W.T.-level. Just what kind of a Deputy Headmistress are you, anyway?"

"At the moment, an off-duty one," says Minerva, and lifts her wand to float Will's glass of whisky to a side table. She's had none herself, of course; Minerva never drinks on school nights.

But sometimes she finds other ways to relax on school nights. This time when Will slides her hand into the tartan dressing gown, she encounters no resistance.

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"You want to know what the old Grubber was doing here?" Lavender demanded. "I'll tell you what she was doing...butting in where she had no business, that's what. Seamus and I weren't hurting anything, we were just looking for a quiet place to "...she smirked and looked up coyly from downcast eyes..."you know, *sit* for a while, and then all of a sudden, here she comes, barging down the Gryffindor corridor like the complete bulldyke she is..."

"Lavender!" The word burst out of Neville, who then looked embarrassed for having been shocked.

"Well, she *is*, just look at her. She's got that really short hair and a jaw like a Bludger and arms thicker than Viktor Krum's. What else could she be? I'm sure that's why she went out of her way to stop me being with Seamus, she probably fancies me herself..."

The others' shouts of laughter drowned out the rest of this speculation, and even Lavender finally grinned; she always had a sense of humour under the drama.

"Well, all right, maybe not. As if I *would*, anyway. But she didn't need to give us detention. You'd think the teachers could let up a little; they know it's not fair that the Toad gave us this new early curfew."

"You shouldn't have gone out in the first place," Hermione said, in what the others thought of as her McGonagall voice. "That woman is dangerous, and it's silly to risk running into her. Not just for the sake of a little snogging; it's not worth it."

"Easy for you to say, Granger. You can't miss what you've never had. But some of us are more grown-up and experienced."

"Oh, you're experienced, all right," Parvati laughed. "A few necking sessions with Seamus definitely make you a woman of the world."

Lavender flushed. "At least I have a Seamus," she retorted, and then shot a provocative glance at Neville. "Which I'm sure is more than Professor Grubbly-Dyke ever did."

"Harry!" said Hermione suddenly, turning towards Harry Potter. "Do you think the professor might be here about Hedwig?"

It was unusual, this year, for Harry to spend an evening the common room; between his detentions with Umbridge and his strained relationships with some of his Housemates, he'd had little time or interest to spare. But tonight he'd been stretched, silent and motionless, on the window seat on the far side of the room, and now he sat up slowly.

"Maybe," he said. "But then where is she? She's had plenty of time to get here by now."

"That's right, your beautiful owl was hurt," said Lavender. She'd been one of those who had disbelieved Harry's claim that Voldemort had returned, but lately she seemed to be trying to get back into Harry's good graces. "How is she?"

Harry shrugged and left Hermione to reply. "Professor Grubbly-Plank has her. Harry took her to the staff room this morning, and the professor said she'd look after her."

"Well, the Grubber didn't have an owl with her when I saw her," Lavender said. "And she wasn't coming toward the common room, anyway. She was going down that

corridor next to the portrait of Unglebert the Unlucky. That's what's so annoying...another ten seconds and we would have missed her completely."

Neville, who was glumly watching yet another of his battered chess pieces be dragged off to the sidelines, said, "You know that's where McGonagall's rooms are, down that Unglebert corridor. Maybe Grubbly-Plank needed to ask her for the common-room password or something."

Harry slumped back against the window, looking as lost and ghostly as Professor Binns on a bad day. "Then it's not about Hedwig. She's just gone to visit McGonagall, that's all. They're friends."

A sharp gasp from Parvati caused them all to look over at her. She stared back wide-eyed and said, "Maybe ~~that's~~ that's what she's doing here. Maybe they're more than friends? Think about it. If Professor Grubbly-Plank really is a lesbian..."

This time it was a gagging sound from Ron that captured everyone's attention. "What are you saying?" he squeaked. "That the Grubber and McGonagall. . . ? Eeewwww. Thanks for putting *that* picture in my head, Patil." He hadn't looked so sick since the day Malfoy had hit him with a slug-belching hex.

"Oh, honestly," snapped Parvati. "You are so childish. I think it would be nice if they were together. They could be; Harry says they're friends."

"Well, I mean, I don't really know. . ." Harry looked a bit hunted. "They were in the staff room together when I took Hedwig, and McGonagall called her 'Wilhelmina.' That's all."

"Pfft, that doesn't mean anything. Any teachers would do that," Lavender said. "I don't think they're lovers. Because if you ask me, McGonagall..."

"I think it sounds like good news for Hedwig, though," interrupted Hermione. "If Professor Grubbly-Plank isn't looking for you, Harry, then probably nothing is wrong."

She spoke with such a decided air of changing the subject that no one ventured further commentary. There was a silence, broken only by Parvati's soft, "Check, Neville," and a rustle as Hermione placed her last parchments in her bag. Harry began tapping a light tattoo on the window.

Finally Lavender heaved a great sigh and said mournfully, "Don't you feel sorry for all of them, though? I do. Just imagine what it would be like to live the way they have to."

Neville bit. "Who?"

"The professors, of course. Every day just as dead boring as the last. Stuck in this dreary castle all the time, in just a couple of rooms, no home of their own, no one to love them. And they're old. I can't think how they stand it. I mean, it must be horrible. All that marking, and no sex."

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The strap-on harness rides low on Wilhelmina's ample hips, and she murmurs the words that bind the leather to her as snugly as a second skin. Another whispered spell, and the synthetic cock has bound itself to her as well, offering sensation so intense that she has to look down to reassure herself that the toy is only magically, not literally, merged with her body.

She pauses, closing her eyes, and waits until she's adjusted to the full reality of the cock. The heft of it brings a taut pleasure that rests just on the edge of welcome pain, and she wraps one hand around the shaft...around herself...as its smoothness takes on her own body warmth.

The cock is both part of her and not part of her, and she feels as she always does when wearing it, powerful and vulnerable at once. She's herself and not herself and yet, somehow, more herself than ever.

She doesn't actually need the harness; there are spells strong enough to be used on the dildo alone. But she likes the tightness of the leather, the strength it gives, the reminder of authority and control.

The cock is already pressing on her clit and will do so even more when she uses it. It's a feeling she loves: the pleasure of male and female both. Different parts of her self, yet all one.

Minerva's bed is high and old-fashioned, and Will opens her eyes to see Minerva already stretched out on the sheets, long hair loose across the pillows, her bare skin rosy in the candlelight reflected from the claret-coloured hangings.

As arousing sights go, it's one of the best. Will climbs up beside Minerva and traces a finger along the curves of her breasts, eliciting a shiver of pleasure and the small moan that always goes straight to Will's cunt. Soon, Will knows, Minerva's back will arch, and her legs will open to let Will fill her.

But she won't be passive; Minerva never is. She's always happiest when she has something to push against: her will against Albus's, her House against Severus's, her own body against her lover's warm cock. She'll meet every thrust with one of her own, her hands on Will's arse, guiding her, pacing her, building to a pounding rhythm that will steal the breath from both of them.

Then it will be time for Will to take charge, stilling Minerva's movements and slowing her own thrusts as she leans back just far enough to slip her hands between their bodies. She'll stay inside Minerva and stroke her to a muscle-clenching climax that she herself will feel along the full length of the cock...and for that exquisite moment, Wilhelmina will know something of what it is to be a man.

Though not for long. Will has always loved her male self, but it will be the female in her who will fall back onto the crisp sheets and open herself to Minerva's agile fingers and tongue, the female who will finally lie, damp and sated, in Minerva's arms, feeling that unique pleasure of another woman's breasts soft against her own.

Will is ready. She offers one more lingering kiss and then raises herself to kneel between Minerva's long, pale thighs.

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"Don't, Lavender!" said Neville and Harry simultaneously.

"Don't what?"

Harry and Neville exchanged glances. "Don't . . . erm. . . talk any more about the professors, well, McGonagall. . . you know, um, having sex. . ." said Neville, trailing off rather miserably.

"Do grow up, Neville," said Parvati, rolling her eyes. "Professors are human, too. Oh, and checkmate."

"Besides," added Lavender, "what I said was that the professors *don't* have sex. Like, what opportunity do they have? As for McGonagall," ...with a glare in Hermione's direction... "what I was trying to say before Hermione butted in was that I don't think *she* would have sex even if she could."

"What do you mean?" Hermione was always ready to spring to her Head of House's defence.

"Oh, come on. She's always so prim and pinned-up, and she won't let us have any fun. If you ask me, McGonagall's a textbook example of a-sexuality. She's obviously not

interested in sex at all."

Harry stood up abruptly. "That's it," he said. "I'm for bed, it's late. Coming, Ron?" He waited as Ron, still wearing his "ewww" expression, hauled himself to his feet, and they headed off toward the boys' staircase.

"There *are* such people, you know," Lavender called after them. "A-sexuals. Poor things."

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Her lover nestled at her side, Will sits against the head of the bed and draws deeply on her pipe. Minerva generally dislikes smoke in her rooms, but she never objects to this one post-coital indulgence; it's a ritual that has long satisfied both of them.

"Will you stay?" Minerva asks, her hair trailing softly on Will's chest, and Will is sorely tempted. It's the perfect opportunity. Though she and Minerva both prefer to keep students unaware of their relationship, no one would be surprised to see Will around the castle at odd hours while she's subbing for Hagrid. But there's the injured owl, not to mention her own crups and nifflers, to see to.

"Can't," she says regretfully, bringing Minerva's hand to her lips by way of apology.

"Potter's owl to check on?"

"And all the other creatures. She'll be fine, though, the owl. Lovely bird." Will takes another long drag and thinks about the first time she lay naked with Minerva, smoking and talking. All those years ago now. How could so much time have passed?

"Ever wish you were a student again?" she asks. "Or just come of age, maybe, fresh from N.E.W.T.s ? All your life still ahead of you?"

"Good heavens, no." Minerva's answer is immediate and unequivocal. "Too much drama and uncertainty. Sometimes I look at the students and can't think how they stand it."

"We don't have drama and uncertainty in our lives now?"

"Of course, but most of the time, it's different. Not so internal. There will always be Umbridges, so to speak, but they're easier to deal with when they're on the outside."

"Easier to deal with?" Will teases. "That's not how it sounded in the staff room this morning, when you were telling Filius your plans for her dismemberment."

"Which just proves my point," Minerva replies tartly. "It's much easier to amputate someone else's limbs than one's own."

Will gives a shout of laughter. Trust Minerva to never back down; it's one of her most endearing and most infuriating traits. "Tell you what, Min," she says, nicknames being another thing Minerva will briefly tolerate post-orgasm.

"Hmmm?"

"The animals were doing well when I checked them earlier; I could leave them till morning, if you don't mind getting up at five o'clock."

In answer, Minerva pulls the duvet over them and wands out the candles.

"We'd best be getting to bed, then," she says. "It's late."

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