

The Filius Files, part 3: Getting Down and Dirty

by Pyttan

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Chapter 1 of 1

A big, hard shaft can please so many.

Oh perish the use of the four-letter words

Whose meanings are never obscure!

The Angles and Saxons, those bawdy old birds,

Were vulgar, obscene, and impure.

But cherish the use of the weasel phrase

That never quite says what you mean!

You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways

Than as vulgar, impure, and obscene.

(Anon.)

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1.

"Oh, Filius!"

Rolanda almost purred his name as she stroked the shaft. Her caress was deliberate and almost worshipful. "Just look at it: so smooth and hard. And the length ... just perfect. Beautiful!" she said, sounding both breathy and reverent at the same time.

"You don't think it's too long then, Rolanda?" asked Minerva. "Isn't it on the thick side too?"

She was looking like the little girl he'd once known at school: with her hands behind her back almost as if she was afraid to ruin everything if she dared to touch it. Filius

almost rolled his eyes at her, but abstained from commenting since he could hear that she really didn't mean anything by the comments. True to habit, she was looking for flaws. That little thing that marred most things that appeared perfect at first sight.

This time though, she wouldn't be able to find fault.

He was sure about that.

Because it was indeed perfect. It wasn't a question of taste. It was an objective fact.

Length, shape and girth were in perfect harmony with each other. With that said, it was big.

Very big.

"No, not at all, Minerva. Here." Rolanda took Minerva's hand and placed it upon the shaft. "It's all about proportion and the feel of it."

"Oh ... it does feel very nice." Minerva sounded as awed and impressed as Rolanda had before. "So warm to the touch."

Filius hummed in agreement as he enjoyed the view of Minerva's hand sliding over the shaft, reaching the thick bristles at its base.

He hadn't noticed it before...as familiar as he was with it by now...but it did have a light, gradual thickening shape that made even the most uncertain of hands able to keep a firm grip and not slide involuntarily over it. That was good when things got a bit rough.

And things always got a bit rough.

At some point.

It was no wonder, really, that the professionals adored it.

The door to the teacher's lounge opened and closed again with a subdued click.

"Am I disturbing?" asked Remus. His voice was low as usual, and now he sounded shy too. Like he was afraid they wouldn't want to include him.

Silly man.

The more the merrier, Filius had always thought.

The more the better, even. Doing it by oneself was just too boring and pointless to both contemplate and endure. But doing it in a group...the right group...was always so much more fun. Much more enjoyable.

Not mentioning the added benefit of the creativity different mindsets always brought to any given procedure.

Especially procedures like this one.

"That really is something special. I've heard rumours of course, but I hadn't expected it to be this ..." Remus made an almost helpless gesture.

"Big?" asked Rolanda with a smirk.

"Well shaped?" asked Minerva without her eyes leaving the shaft.

"One of a kind?" asked Pomona.

"No," Remus said. "I think the word I'm looking for is perfect. I'd pay my last Knut for a ride on something as grand as that." Remus sighed and bent forward to have a closer look. "I never got the chance to develop a taste for it when I was younger, and seeing this makes me wish I was more experienced. If I'd been a bit bolder ... had dared to experiment more when I was younger, maybe."

Poor boy.

He'd never had the chance to experiment much, had he? Filius assumed that being a werewolf most certainly would have tempered most cravings for excitement Remus might have had as a lad, and Potter, Black and Pettigrew's antics probably took care of whatever might have been left of any adventurous proclivities on his part.

Filius had never liked Pettigrew. Sycophantic little rotter, that one. He'd never been able to quite understand Black's appeal...as far as the rest of the Professors went...either. Black was smart. Very much so, but he had a ruthless streak that bordered on madness.

Considering that, it wasn't all that surprising he'd ended up in Azkaban.

"If you were forced to listen to yourselves, you would get over any interest or adventurousness faster than you could ever imagine." Severus was trying to speak through gritted teeth and doing surprisingly well considering the anatomical difficulties of a feat like that.

It was quite similar to that Muggle with the dummy he'd seen in a show once. What was it he'd called himself?

Vent-something-something-quist?

Very strange hobby to take up. Even stranger to make a living of.

It had been a fun show though, and as things stood at the moment, it seemed liked he would be witnessing another one very soon. Sans dummy. Because Severus was sounding agitated with a tinge of fury, clearly on the very verge of throwing a rather magnificent tantrum at any second.

The whole evening had been so very satisfactory, and the house elves...for some obscure reason only known to them...had put bowls of popcorn on all the tables in the teachers-lounge, so that kind of thing, entertainment-wise, could be a great deal of unadulterated fun, especially since Minerva was more than likely to try her hand at calming Severus down.

Being an intelligent woman, she sometimes had the judgement of ... of ... of the Weasley twins, which was in its own way good fun since that kind of judgement call always ended up setting off some exceedingly entertaining chain of events, always with the added possibility of loud noises, foul smells and rather horrid pieces of material being spread around the castle, ending with a visit to the hospital wing for someone or possibly several someones where Poppy, without any respect for anyone except maybe Albus, would tell them all off for being complete idiots.

But still, as fun as it would be to watch, why was Severus so upset?

He'd been invited to join in the fun so he hadn't been left to his own devices.

Filius looked closer at Severus, who was sitting in the corner he'd placed himself in when he'd entered the room. He had stubbornly refused to participate, and now he was so upset his rather yellowish skin was ... rosy?

Was he blushing?

Severus was embarrassed!

Filius swallowed a snigger. A soft caress here, an invitation to look closer, touch and some encouragement to be more free with his favours ... Yes. That would be it.

One would think it would take a lot more than that to shock former Death Eater, but obviously not.

They hadn't even tried to be shocking, for Merlin's sake, which pushed Severus' reaction from the amusing to the hilarious in one fell swoop.

He was being cruel, but honestly, Severus really needed to get laid at some point very soon.

"So, where do we start?" asked Rolanda, rubbing her hands together giving the shaft a hungry look. "I'm going to love getting down and dirty with this one."

She caught Filius' eye and winked at him.

And Merlin help him, Filius just couldn't help himself.

"What do you think, Severus?"

"About what? I'd appreciate a complete sentence. They are, as you know, necessary when one is trying to make a point or ask a question." Severus was almost snarling now.

"Composite materials in the front are sometimes recommended. Instead of the front being just a common woody shaft, or maybe a bony one. Do you have any experience of that? Rubber? Plastics? Mixes of the two? Would that be something you'd recommend?" he asked trying to keep all his features in order. It failed. He could feel his whole face jumping about as he tried not to giggle.

And Severus, bless his sexually frustrated mind, rose to the bait.

"That. Is. It. I get enough of infantile behaviour and fart jokes in my classes." Severus rose abruptly and threw the paper he'd been hiding behind earlier on one of the tables, knocking over one of the popcorn bowls. He gave them a haughty look in which he used his impressive nose to full effect. "I will not clean up any messes you leave behind." He gave the popcorn on the floor a meaningful look, and in a swirl of black robes, with an added flutter of a dropped green hanky, he left the teacher's lounge, slamming the door so hard when he left that it whimpered and gave a couple of distraught sobs.

"What was that all about?" asked Minerva. Remus, who had been hiding a smile by pretending to wipe his nose, gave Filius a look that was in equal part questioning and desperate.

"Well," said Rolanda, tongue-in-cheek. "I have the distinct impression that our excellent Potion master might suffer from good, old fashioned envy."

Pomona really had the most adorable questioning little wrinkle between her eyebrows when she was baffled.

And now, for some reason Filius couldn't wait to find out, she was baffled.

"But why would he be jealous?" she asked. "He has his own, and he is well able to use it, and even if this is an astounding one, his..."

Pomona was just too cute for words sometimes. One would think that she, after working as a professor at Hogwarts for 50 odd years or so, would have managed to pick up on the basics of lewd humour, student style, but no. Obviously not. Filius' stomach ached, and the room became a blur as tears streamed from his eyes as he laughed.

"What? Why are you laughing?" Minerva asked with a frown of her own forming on her forehead. "Pomona is right, and if he wants a better one he is well able to afford it."

Filius felt his knees give and just barely managed to hit a chair before he actually fell down laughing. Minerva McGonagall...being such an intelligent woman...was just too thick for words at times.

Rolanda laugh was loud and booming as she joined Filius' laughing. Remus' laugh in turn was a howling one.

And bless their vulgar sense of humour, since that gave him at least two members of staff that actually caught on at instances like this. Or three actually, even if his favourite one didn't find it funny.

Sometimes he didn't know what he would do without them.

He did know what to do *for* them though.

First of all, he was going to stop laughing. After that, he would take Potter's broom apart and make sure it was safe to use. He would also, at some point, after putting it back together and before returning it to Potter, take it out for a spin.

Together with Rolanda, Remus and The Prudish One.

It was going to be grand.

A/N: This story was originally written for Hoggwartyxmas over at LJ. I want thank my lovely Beta Diabolica. You were a tremendous help.