

# Getting Along

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## Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This story was written for "Wand in a Knot," a porn challenge community on LJ. Authors had 24 hours to write their story; what you see here is what I was able to manage in about ten hours. So yeah -- a little OOC, a little rushed, a little implausible. But it was great fun to write. Hope you enjoy.

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The Order meeting had dragged on for an hour, and they were no closer to a plan than they'd been when they'd first sat down at the mahogany monstrosity that served Grimmauld Place as a dining table.

Alastor Moody downed a slug of firewhisky from his flask and thought about the things he'd rather be doing than sitting here listening to blasted Order members waffle on. He'd like to be punching smirking Sirius Black's lights out, for one. Smug git.

And he'd like to remind Minerva yet again that she'd failed to recognise *foran entire sodding year* that he'd been taken over by an imposter. True, he and Min hadn't been a couple for quite a while now ... unfortunately ... but she still should have known.

"We just don't have enough intelligence yet on their positions," Remus Lupin was saying, making the same point for at least the fifth time.

What was wrong with these people? Didn't they know there was a fucking war on? You-Know-Who wouldn't be sitting around letting his minions endlessly argue, that was for damned sure. He'd be out there *doing* something, and yet here the Order sat on their chatty arses.

Moody took another swig.

"We need at least one more recognisance mission," Lupin insisted.

"I don't think," drawled Severus Snape, curling his lip, "that it makes sense to ... "

Moody'd had enough. "Shut up," he ordered. "No one gives a damn what a Death Eater thinks."

"Alastor, there's no call ..." Minerva flared, but he didn't want to hear it.

"You shut up, too," he told her. It was bad enough that the sight of her prim lips and tartan-covered breasts could still make him hard, but now she had to stick up for Snape. "Greasy Boy doesn't need your help. He's a hard-arsed DE."

"Don't you dare tell me ... "Minerva was beginning, but Dumbledore cleared his throat (about damned time he brought this meeting under control, if you asked Moody) and said, in his most benign and irritating tones,

"I believe Remus is right; a little more intelligence wouldn't come amiss. Alastor, why don't you and Minerva and Severus check out this rumoured Death Eater safe house once more? Between the three of you, I'm certain you can scan for every Dark hex imaginable."

"No," Moody said at once. "I'm not going. Not a chance." Dammit, he was a senior Auror. He wasn't going to be sent on a basic reccy mission like some rookie. And he definitely wasn't going to go with Minerva and Severus Effing Snape, especially not if what Mundungus Fletcher said was true.

Fletcher had sidled up to Moody a week or so ago while several of the Order members were grabbing a quick meal in the Grimmauld Place kitchen. "'Eard the latest?" he'd stage-whispered, nodding his head towards where Minerva stood talking heatedly to Snape. "The two o' them are fucking. Oh, yeah," he said earnestly, seeing the look of incredulity on Moody's face. "Truf. Got it orf the 'ouse-elf. They's shared a room here twice now."

Moody had snarled so viciously that Dung beat a hasty retreat. He always had a good sense of self-preservation, did Mundungus.

Damned gossiping spiv. Moody hadn't believed a word of it, of course. Minerva was too smart to hook up with a snot-nosed punk like scrawny Snape. Her former student, no less. Probably had a dick like a pencil.

Though he'd had to admit, the thought of those two lean, pale bodies lying together, Minerva's hair spread wild on the pillow as she gasped and arched, the way she had when it had been Moody she'd been lying under. . .well, his own dick found that notion pretty hot.

He banished that picture from his head now as he glowered down the table at Dumbledore. "Not a chance," he repeated.

"I don't see why not," Albus said, smiling. "Term doesn't start for another two weeks, so Minerva and Severus have the time. And you could use a bit of a rest, Alastor, after the ordeal you've had. Think of it as a little holiday. . .Brighton is lovely this time of year."

"You need a holiday, do you, Moody?" Snape said with what sounded like a sneer. Clearly he thought Moody's months of being held prisoner in Barty Crouch's trunk had made him weak.

Well, maybe it was about time the pathetic little sneak learnt otherwise.

Trunk or no trunk, Alastor Moody was still the fastest wand in the business, and he had his hand twisted in the neck of Snape's robes, his wand jammed under the git's honking-huge nose, before anyone (except maybe Albus) could have seen him move.

"You mess with me, boy," he rasped, his face right next to Snape's, "and the only holiday you'll have will be the one you spend flat on your back in St Mungo's."

He was vaguely aware of gasps and scraping chairs, of Black's laughter and Albus's warning "Alastor," but he never took his eyes off Snape.

To his credit, the arsehole didn't blink. He just stared back, and they remained in frozen tableau until Minerva reached up to push Moody's wand arm down and to draw Snape back into his chair.

"Fine, Albus," Moody said, not missing Minerva's quick squeeze of Snape's shoulder. "I'll go to Brighton. It could be interesting. And now everyone had better get the hell out of here before I get angry."

He watched as they all began to file out. Molly Weasley looked flustered, Arthur bemused. Cocky-face Black was still grinning, and Lupin, as per usual, seemed worried and worn.

Minerva held her head high, but her cheeks were pink, and the quick rise of her tantalising chest suggested that she was breathing rather rapidly. Probably simple adrenaline, but damned if it wasn't the same look she used to get when she was aroused. Could she actually have been turned on by the fight?

More likely, Moody just had sex on the brain.

For it was only when the room was empty that he was able to straighten and step away from the table. He couldn't have stood up any sooner, not without letting the entire Order of the Phoenix see that his confrontation with Snape and Minerva had left him with the mother of all hard-ons.

And unless he was completely mistaken, something similar had happened to Snape.

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It turned out that Brighton was not, in fact, lovely this time of year.

When Moody and Minerva and Snape Apparated to small Muggle inn where Dumbledore had engaged rooms for them, they found any sea view obscured by a hard-driving, cold rain falling from a roiling dark sky.

"It's too late to do anything tonight," Moody said after they'd been given their keys (three separate rooms, he noted with satisfaction). "I suggest we stay in our rooms and have food delivered; no point in letting ourselves be seen around town, even if we are staying in a Muggle district."

"And of course we couldn't put on glamours if we wanted to go out to eat," Minerva said.

"Right. It's not as if we're wizards or anything," Snape agreed.

Moody grunted. Damned amateurs. It's a wonder Snape had survived a week as a Death Eater, if he treated spy work like a day in the freaking park.

"You do what you please," he said. "I'll be here working out a plan for tomorrow."

He turned to stomp off to his room, but Minerva stopped him with a hand on his arm. Predictably, his cock jumped at her touch.

"Alastor, wait." She looked flushed in the warmth of the corridor. Muggles must be getting soft these days; one little cold snap, and they cranked up the central heating.

"Perhaps you're right," she said. "A quiet night probably *is* our wisest course. Why don't you and Severus come to my room, and we'll see about having some sandwiches sent in."

"Yes, good idea, Minerva," said Snape, with a look so bland that it could only mean an insult was coming. And sure enough: "Moody probably needs a rest."

Moody rolled his eyes. "That the best you can do, laddie?" he demanded. "And here Albus told me you were a wit."

Snape's sharp jaw tightened, and Moody again had a sudden vision of him in bed with Minerva, the two of them orgasmic and panting. Sod it. What the hell was wrong with him?

"Come on, then," he said, pushing past them and heading towards the stairs. "What's your room number, Min?"

The room wasn't fancy, but it was comfortable; Moody had slept in a lot worse. And the sandwiches, when they arrived, were tasty enough, or so he supposed; he never

really paid much attention to food. They were filling, at any rate, which was all he needed.

While they ate, he outlined a standard surveillance plan. As spy jobs went, this one wasn't particularly demanding. It certainly didn't require three people, so he could only assume that the assignment was Albus's way of trying to force the three of them to get past their hostilities and forge a working relationship.

It was a reasonable expectation, he admitted to himself grudgingly; they'd hamper the Order's work if they couldn't get along.

But Christ on a crutch, he hated the idea of having to "get along" with a man who not only might be a traitor, but who had apparently taken Moody's place in Minerva's bed.

The thought was damned infuriating.

And somehow, it was also hot as hell.

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"You say you have at least a decent Disillusionment spell, Snape?" Moody asked as they tied up the final details, and he was rewarded by seeing a flash of irritation in Snape's eyes.

"No," Snape snapped, forgetting to sneer in his annoyance. "I don't have a 'decent' Disillusionment spell. I've an excellent Disillusionment spell. I'm not one of your baby Auror trainees, you know."

"I do know, and believe me, I'm bloody thankful," Moody retorted, hauling himself to his feet.

Snape rose, too, his usual sardonic expression already back in place. "Not as thankful as I, I assure you. But as long as Albus seems intent on making us work together, you might find it a good idea to be a little less condescending."

He was doing his best to loom over Moody, but Moody was too old a hand to fall for that trick. He loomed right back despite his shorter stature; there was now barely an inch between their chests as he snarled, "And *you* might find it a good idea ... "

"Gentlemen." Minerva was smiling, but there was no mistaking the steel in her voice. "As entertaining as it is to watch this macho posturing, I think it's time for all of us to consider retiring. Let us call the pissing contest a draw, shall we? You can both be cocks of the walk."

Moody backed off a millimetre or two, but he wasn't going to stand down until Snape did. They eyed each other for another few seconds, and then, as if by mutual agreement, stepped apart, breaking the tension. For now.

"That's that, then," Moody said, taking up his stick and heading for the door. "Good night, Min. You coming, Snape?"

But even as he said the words, he knew what the answer would be. He looked back, and sure enough, Snape was standing next to Minerva, his arm around her shoulder.

"No. I'll be staying here."

There was a pause, but Moody was damned if he'd let it go on too long. What was it to him, anyway, who Minerva fucked?

"Right," he said, hating that they could no doubt hear the gruffness in his throat. He turned to the door. "See you ... "

"You're welcome to stay the night, too, Alastor."

This was it, then. The moment Alastor had dreaded for many years now ... the moment he cracked, the moment his mind shattered completely. . .for he could have sworn that he'd just heard Minerva invite him to spend the night.

"Wha ...?" he croaked.

"I said, you're welcome to stay, too. I did mention that it was time for *all* of us to retire."

Slowly, he turned back to stare at them. Minerva held out her hands, one to Moody and one to Snape.

"You're all right with this, Snape?" Moody still wasn't sure he was understanding correctly. Was Minerva offering her bed to both of them at once?

"I. . ." Snape looked almost as gobsmacked as Moody felt. "Are you serious?" He glanced at Minerva questioningly, and she nodded, her lips quirking.

"With. . . *him*?" Snape pressed.

Moody would have taken offense at the disbelief in his tone if the prospect of a night with Minerva hadn't gone straight to his cock.

Still, his self-respect demanded that he muster at least a token show of resistance to the idea of getting naked with the greasy git, so he growled, "Well, you're not my idea of a hot date, either, Snape."

Minerva gave an exasperated huff. "Good heavens, I'm not proposing a long-term bonding. We're here for only two nights." She dropped her hands. "Very well, please forget I suggested it."

"Not so fast, lass," Moody said. "I'll give it a go, if Snape agrees to keep his hands off me."

Snape snorted. "Hands, eyes, my entire consciousness." This time he was the one to reach out to Minerva. "All right," he said. "If it's really what you want."

Then Moody distinctly heard him mutter, "you'll owe me."

Minerva took Snape's hand and smiled the smile that always went straight to Moody's groin.

"Well, Albus clearly hopes the three of us will get along," she said. "And why should I settle for only one cock strutting on my walk. . .when I can have two?"

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It had been a long time since Moody had seen another man's erect penis ... not since his hormone-driven teenage years in the Quidditch showers, if he recalled correctly ... and he couldn't resist a covert glance at Snape's as they both knelt beside Minerva on the now magically-expanded bed.

He was reassured. He might not have Snape's taut belly or rich nest of midnight-black pubic hair. . .but his cock was decidedly thicker. Surely Minerva would appreciate that.

She was slender and even ethereal in the moonlight, the long line of her throat edged with silver as she stretched up to kiss Snape. But it was Moody's cock she held first, sliding her hand deliciously along its length as she teased the tip with her thumb, her touch as sure as ever.

With a groan of pleasure, he lowered himself back against the pillows. He couldn't kneel on the stump of his leg for long, and in any case, his very bones seemed to be

melting.

He reached up to stroke Minerva's breasts only to meet Snape's fingers already there, long, thin, potion-stained, and possessive. The sight of two different men's hands caressing those familiar lovely tits was almost enough to send Moody over the edge.

But it was too soon ... he was not about to come spurting onto Minerva's lap like an over-eager schoolboy, especially not when Snape was so obviously able to pace himself. How could he call himself an Auror if he couldn't keep his dick up as long as a skinny former Death Eater?

Slowly, he disengaged himself from Minerva's grip and pushed her gently onto her back; Snape followed his lead, stretching his pale length against her body, his mouth now on her throat, one hand in her hair, the other massaging her nipple.

Minerva's back arched enticingly as Moody settled himself between her legs, tasting the salty sweetness of her, so like the sea that crashed and pounded outside their window. He was rewarded with a moan and a buck of her hips, and he grinned. It was always a triumph to make strict, controlled Minerva fall apart.

Snape, meanwhile, lifted himself up and swung his leg over to straddle Minerva, his back to Moody. The man's bony arse was only a foot from Moody's face, but somehow that didn't seem strange, only arousing ... because Moody knew Minerva was now sucking that long, thin dick. He could see that Snape was holding her wrists above her head, and she was moaning, and so was Snape, which was no surprise. . .Moody knew first-hand the fiery vibrations of pleasure that came from having Minerva humming around his cock.

Suddenly, he could wait no longer. Levering himself onto his knees, he muttered a stability charm to support his bad leg and asked, "Now, Min?"

Snape slipped himself off to the side, freeing Minerva's mouth so that Moody could hear her firm "yes!"

And then he was insider her, and he was kissing her, and he was fucking her, and it felt so good, so damned good, to have his Min again, and to have her while Snape watched, Snape had to wait his turn, he would be second, Snape would be second, he'd fuck Minerva too, yes, eventually, but he'd be second, second best, always second best, it was Moody, Moody who was the first. . .and Minerva was raising her hips to meet him thrust for thrust and she was kissing him and clutching him to her, and he was first and Snape was second and. . .

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!" Moody screamed as he came, and it was glorious and Minerva was glorious. . .and she was his. . .

. . .and Snape was second.

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They left the Inn separately in the morning to begin their recognisance mission, Moody with his mad eye charmed to look ordinary; Snape wearing dark glasses and a black turtleneck sweater like a beatnik artist, sketching materials tucked under his arm; Minerva dressed like a Muggle nurse, walking briskly along in rubber-soled white shoes and a little white cap, her square spectacles replaced by round black rims that rendered her as unrecognisable as any glamour.

They would get all the intelligence Albus could want, and tomorrow they would return to their regular lives ... Snape and Minerva to Hogwarts, Moody to Grimmauld Place ... and the war would go on, and there would be constant vigilance and work and sacrifice, and for some of them, death.

But tonight, there would be a small room with a giant bed and three people who worked very, very well together.