

Filling In The Gaps

by Angharad

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: If the idea of a three-way romantic relationship bothers you, or if you have a problem with the idea of anyone over 60 having a love life, please do not read any further. If, however, you have an open mind, please continue.

FILLING IN THE GAPS

One spring evening after dinner, Professor Minerva McGonagall was making her way to her office when she encountered an obstruction. The obstruction in question was Draco Malfoy, in the arms of Pansy Parkinson, doing what teenagers are wont to do, especially in springtime. So absorbed were they that both failed to hear McGonagall's footsteps, breaking apart only when she spoke. "Were the two of you waiting to see me," the Professor asked coldly, "or did you merely find this portrait to be the most suitable frame for your...activity?"

"Sorry Professor," drawled Draco, attempting what, in his mind anyway, was his trademark charm. "We weren't exactly paying attention to the portraits." Pansy only blushed an extremely unattractive shade of red, and stared, slack-jawed, at the Professor.

"Now that you've demonstrated a keen grasp of the obvious," observed Professor McGonagall acerbically, "would you be so kind as to step aside before I'm tempted to deduct House points?"

Draco adroitly pulled the still blushing Pansy out of the way and led her quickly down the corridor. When they were out of sight, the girl finally found her voice. "I'll bet she's never snogged anyone in front of her office," Pansy stated petulantly.

"Of course not," Draco agreed, wrinkling his nose rather theatrically. "Who'd want to snog that?"

"Twenty points from Slytherin for speaking so disparagingly of a teacher," announced a deceptively smooth voice from directly behind them. The two unfortunate students whirled around to face not only the speaker, Professor Severus Snape, their own Head of House, but also Headmaster Albus Dumbledore.

"Not only disparagingly," remarked Professor Dumbledore with a frown, "but inaccurately as well."

"Indeed," Professor Snape replied with a slight smirk, "not up to Mr. Malfoy's usual standard."

"I think you'll find," mused Professor Dumbledore, "that it is always better to be sure of your facts before casting aspersions."

"Otherwise," noted Professor Snape, "one might conceivably appear quite foolish."

"But...but Professor..." Draco sputtered.

"It's getting late," said Professor Dumbledore. "Perhaps you should get back to your dormitory," he suggested in a tone that brooked no argument. "I'm certain neither of you would relish a further loss of points for something as avoidable as walking about the castle after hours."

Albus and Severus briefly watched as the two miscreants scurried away, then turned back to see Minerva smiling ruefully from her doorway. "While I am grateful to you gentlemen for defending my honor," she began, "there is a wee bit of a problem."

"What would that be?" Albus asked as he reached her, taking her hand in his.

"Well," she confessed, looking rather embarrassed, "I've never actually 'snogged' anyone in front of my office."

"Is that so?" queried Severus, claiming her other hand. "I seem to remember..."

"That was in my office," Minerva interrupted, giving each of their hands a playful squeeze. "As a matter of fact," she continued, "I've never been 'snogged' front of anyone's office."

"Last night..." began Albus.

"...was in your office." Minerva finished.

"Surely, when you were a student, you must have been waylaid in a corridor by some lucky young man," reasoned Albus, with the famous twinkle in his eye.

Minerva shook her head. "I was far too intent on my studies for that sort of thing," she asserted primly though, at closer inspection, it appeared that the headmaster's twinkle was contagious.

"It would seem that there are some gaps in your education," Severus purred. "Wouldn't you agree Headmaster?"

"Absolutely," concurred Albus. "And As Headmaster of Hogwarts, I cannot let that stand."

"Then I suppose I'll need those gaps filled," Minerva stepped closer to both men. "After all, we can't have an under-qualified Transfiguration Professor here, can we?"

Arriving back in the Slytherin Common Room, Draco and Pansy finally gave vent to the thoughts that had been plaguing them ever since their encounter with the professors upstairs. "Since when does Snape care about McGonagall?" he fumed.

Pansy was equally puzzled. "What was all that about 'inaccurate', anyway?"

Draco pondered for a moment, then his eyes grew wider and wider, until they seemed ready to pop out of his head. "You don't think the three of them...?"

Pansy stared at him, horrified. Then they both shook their heads.

"Nah."