

# Obliging Minerva

by MMADfan

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Not DH-compliant. Set in late October 1957.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Note:** This one-shot is compliant with Resolving a Misunderstanding, for those of you who are familiar with it, and is set not very long after the end of RaM.

Whether you've read Resolving a Misunderstanding or not, I hope you will enjoy this lemony one-shot!



Albus felt a tingle that indicated someone had given the password down below and the gargyle had admitted them. He sighed and tried to arrange his face with a proper welcoming expression. He really did not have the desire to entertain a guest, let alone have to respond to yet another request or solve another problem, but he would muster the energy somehow.

When the door opened and he saw who his visitor was, his carefully arranged expression of welcome disappeared into a genuine smile of delight.

"Minerva, my dear! What a lovely surprise! I feared it was someone else, someone wanting yet something more from me," he said, standing to greet her.

Minerva returned his smile and came around the desk to kiss his cheek, taking his hands. "And how do you know that I do not want something from you, Professor Dumbledore?"

"Oh, well, I don't mind, of course," he said, suddenly aware that she had just as much of a right to make requests of him as any other member of the staff, and as she generally made few demands on him and, indeed, lightened his load considerably, he certainly couldn't begrudge her now. "How may I help you, my dear Professor?"

Minerva caressed his cheek. "I have hardly seen you the past week. And when I do, it's usually in a crowd of other people. You have been working too hard."

"Not at all, Minerva, not at all. I have been busy, of course, but I haven't been working too hard, and certainly not so hard that I cannot oblige my Transfiguration teacher."

"Very glad to hear that, Professor," Minerva answered. She stepped a little closer and drew his head down and kissed his lips. "Please do oblige me." She kissed him softly once more, sucking his lower lip slightly before drawing back and looking into his eyes. "I have needs, needs that only Hogwarts Headmaster can fulfill."

Minerva kissed him again, letting her tongue gently tease his lips before she again took his lower lip between hers and suckled it. Albus responded with a slight sighing moan, putting his arms around her and placing one hand on her buttocks and stroking it. Minerva broke the kiss and looked up at him. She stepped in closer and pressed against him, rotating her hips.

"So, Professor, will you help your Transfiguration teacher with her needs?" she asked in a low voice.

Albus kissed her forehead and embraced her, stilling her movement against him. "I do have a lot of work, still, my dearest Minerva. We will have time . . . later this week."

"That's what you said last week, Albus," Minerva replied patiently.

"So I did . . . but truly, I will make time for you "

"Now, Albus. Now . . . oblige me now, as you said you would."

"Oh, my dear "

His protest was cut off by Minerva's continued effort at persuasion as her mouth covered his and her tongue caught his up teasingly. Her hand strayed to the front of his robes and she began to stroke his growing erection through the heavy material. When he tried to disengage the kiss and gently move her hand from its task, Minerva pushed him back into his chair.

She wound one hand through his hair as she whispered, "My needs, Albus, and yours, too," and pulled up her skirts slightly so that she could join him on the chair, placing one knee on either side of his legs and settling herself on his knees.

"Minerva I would love to, but later . . . I could meet you in your rooms in a couple hours," Albus said as he tried to subdue his own desires.

"Not later, now."

"I can't leave just yet, my dear "

"Then we won't leave," Minerva breathed before her lips met his again.

Her hand resumed its stroking and caressing, but when she began to open his robes to feel his warm, heavy erection in her hand, Albus reached between them and tried to stop her.

"Not here, Minerva," he whispered as he broke away, gasping.

"No?" She looked at him with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

She stopped trying to finish opening his robes, and instead, she whispered a spell. The laces at the back of her robes loosened, and Minerva shrugged her robes down off her shoulders, then pushed them down to her waist. She sat back and watched his face as she brought her hands to her stomach and drew them up to her breasts. Albus's eyes dilated as he watched Minerva caress her own breasts, stroking her fingers across her nipples. Minerva smiled at his reaction. She cupped her breasts in her hands and flicked her thumbs across their rosy peaks.

"Oh, Minerva, you shouldn't." Albus closed his eyes briefly and swallowed. "Really . . . we can have time later, I promise."

"Good," Minerva said, her voice low and husky. "I will look forward to that. In the meantime . . ."

She reached down and pulled her skirts out from under her legs, then she rose up slightly as she pulled the robes back, exposing her thighs and much more. Albus blinked. No knickers.

Minerva smiled. "I came prepared, you see. But since you haven't the time . . ."

She watched Albus's face through half-closed eyes as she stroked her nipples once more. She licked her lips and sighed.

"Minerva "

Minerva said, "Shhh," and placed a finger against his lips briefly before bringing that same finger down to her thigh and drawing a line up her thigh to her crux. Her fingers spread her lips, and the damp sound was a clear indication of her need.

"I do need you, Professor Dumbledore," Minerva said, her burr rolling the r's in his name in a way that Albus found immensely enticing at that moment. "But until you have the time, I suppose I will just have to . . . take care of myself."

After she had lowered her robes around her waist, Albus had taken hold of her upper arms, but his grip had not restrained her movements, and now, as he watched Minerva beginning to slide her finger over her clitoris, up and down, first slowly, then faster, he unconsciously grasped her harder. Minerva's head was back, her eyes half-open as she still watched him watching her, his breath growing fast and shallow, and she moaned and licked her lips.

She wriggled against her moving finger and slid further onto his lap. Minerva had never done anything like this in front of anyone before, she had never felt that free, but now it excited her, and she took her lower lips between her fingers and began to massage her clitoris with them. When Albus let out a shuddering breath, she increased the pressure of massage and moaned, then she made a fist, placed it firmly against herself, and began to rock, pushing her clit hard against her closed hand.

"Oh, gods, Albus, I wished . . . you had time . . ." Minerva said, gasping in time with her rocking.

She opened her fist and placed two uncurled fingers inside of her, and her thumb on her nub. She rose up and then settled back down on her hand, Albus's grip balancing her, then she began to move her fingers in and out, and her breathing became faster and louder. Albus reached down and grabbed her moving hand, stopping it, then he brought it to his mouth. Minerva looked straight into his eyes as first he licked his lips, then he licked her fingers, then her knuckles, then turning her open hand, he licked her palm with teasing tickles. He moved his other hand down to her clitoris and began to stroke it with light flicks as he drew her index finger into his mouth and began to suckle it.

Minerva used her other hand to finish opening his robes just enough to expose his engorged penis as he sucked her finger and began to stroke her clitoris with more energy. She moaned and took him in her hand, spreading his precum over the smooth head of his cock. Albus withdrew his hand from her crux, Minerva placed both hands on his shoulders, and Albus reached around her and grabbed her buttocks as she rose up and forward then settled herself on his cock. As her vagina slid over his penis, they groaned simultaneously.

Minerva leaned forward and kissed Albus as she began to move up and down, but soon their passionate kiss gave way to gasps and moans, and Minerva, riding his cock even more energetically as her clitoris was stimulated by the slightly nubby texture of his robes before it rubbed against his pelvis, threw back her head, and Albus nipped

at her exposed throat.

"Oh, gods, Albus, Albus, Albus, my love, I'm coming, oh, gods, Albus!"

Her shuddering, throbbing climax seemed to go on and on, even her limbs trembling with the force of her orgasm. Albus was on the verge of coming as her vagina squeezed around him, and he rose from the chair, bringing Minerva with him. Her legs went reflexively around his waist, and, heedless of the parchments that had fully occupied his attention earlier, Albus lay her back on the desk and pumped into her, stroking in and out only a few times, then losing control and releasing into Minerva before her own orgasm had completely faded.

Albus almost collapsed on top of her, barely holding himself up by his elbows. He closed his eyes and tried to catch his breath, when suddenly his eyes flew open at the same time as Minerva's did.

"Albus, what was that? Don't tell me . . ."

"The gargoyle, my dear. We haven't much time that's what I was trying to tell you earlier. I had an appointment with Professor Flitwick."

"What shall we do?" Minerva asked. Albus pulled out of her and straightened up. They really hadn't much time. "I know! You'll have to . . . clean up any traces, Albus."

Without even bothering to straighten her skirts or attempt to pull up the bodice of her robes, she Transfigured with a pop then leapt down from the desk. Albus quickly cast a few wandless nonverbal spells to freshen himself and clean up the desk, finally casting a spell to freshen the air. Minerva's scent was strong in his nostrils, and he had no idea whether anyone else could smell any evidence of their recent activity, but he wasn't going to risk it.

There was a rap at the door and Albus sat down quickly. He didn't even have time to do up his robes before Filius let himself into the office. Albus tried to smile a normal semblance of a greeting as Minerva jumped lightly into his lap and curled up, her fur soft and warm against his fading erection.

If Filius thought it odd that Albus didn't stand once during their hour-long meeting, he made no indication of it. After he left, Albus reached down and stroked Minerva's tabby fur. He always felt Minerva's magical signature, no matter her form, and he had been acutely aware of her lying in his lap throughout the meeting with the Charms teacher, and when she began to purr, the vibration against him had unfortunate consequences for him, despite their recent activity. It was a relief when Filius finally left, a relief not to have to try to concentrate on intelligible conversation while feeling Minerva purr against his penis, and Albus let out a breath he felt he had been holding since the little wizard had arrived.

"That was a close one, Minerva," he said as he pet her head. "But rather . . . titillating, knowing he was coming, and having you here. You were very naughty, you know, teasing me the way you did."

Minerva just purred harder. Albus expected her to return to her ordinary form immediately, but she didn't. Instead, she rubbed against him.

"And that is even naughtier," he scolded mildly, feeling slightly embarrassed by his growing erection. She must think him a right pervert, becoming excited like that.

Minerva rubbed the flat of her head against his erection, teasing him, then smoothly transformed back to her usual form. Her robes were down around her waist, she was kneeling in front of him, arms resting across his legs, and her head was in his lap. She looked up at him and smiled.

"I would say that you are fairly naughty, too, Professor Dumbledore. Do you always get such a fine erection while meeting with a . . . staff . . . member?" she asked as she drew a finger up from the base of his cock to its weeping tip. "I do rather like this . . . staff."

She touched a fingertip to his slit, then brought her finger to her mouth and licked it with just the tip of her tongue.

"Mmm. Musky, masculine, and very . . . tantalising," she said with a wicked smile. "I think I might like more . . . later." She sat back on her heels and looked up at him. "Did you like it when I was naughty, Professor Dumbledore?"

"Well, Professor McGonagall, there was something . . . novel about it, I will admit. To see my Transfiguration Mistress sitting half-naked on my lap, masturbating, was unexpected," Albus said, his eyes twinkling.

"Just that? Novel? Unexpected?" Minerva asked, pretending to be put out. When Albus made a move to stand, Minerva gripped his thighs. "Is that all it was? It wasn't at all . . . exciting?"

Albus shrugged, teasing her. "I did decide I needed to take you myself, get it over with for you."

"Get it over with?" Minerva asked, raising her eyebrows. "Perhaps you don't understand what it took to . . . do that novel and unexpected performance. I think you need to . . . experience it yourself, and I will judge how well you do."

Minerva blushed as she made her oblique suggestion. They had only been together for a fairly short time, considering how very long they had known each other, and although they were comfortable with one another, Minerva still felt a slight embarrassment somewhere deep within her that she had just seduced him in that particular way, but she didn't allow that embarrassment to stop her from suggesting that turn-about was fair play.

"Really?" Albus had not anticipated this. "But I'm afraid that it would be much less . . . interesting for you, my dear."

Minerva swallowed and her blush deepened. "Of course," she said, almost mumbling.

She rocked back, giving herself room to stand.

"But, naturally, it may depend upon your vantage point," Albus said, realising the courage it had taken her to make the suggestion she had.

He held onto one of her arms, holding her in place at his feet, and with his other hand, he opened his robes a bit more. He let his legs fall further open, his knees at either corner of the chair. He cupped his balls in his right hand, rolling them slightly as he released Minerva's arm.

"Feel free to move about and try different views," Albus whispered hoarsely as he brought his right hand up to his penis and used his left hand to begin unfastening the rest of his robes.

He pulled slightly on his penis, rubbing the head with his thumb, before releasing it, and it sprang out, fully erect. Albus looked down at Minerva. Her lips were slightly parted and she was watching his movements as though she couldn't believe he would actually now do as she had so shyly suggested. He opened up his robes.

"I like to imagine you, my dear, and what you do to me . . . and how you do it," he said softly.

Minerva looked up at his face, the soft look in his eyes, and she stood, allowing her robes to fall completely away from her, then she simply knelt at his feet again.

"You are so beautiful, my dearest, my love," Albus said as he scraped his nails lightly across his nipples then down his torso till his knuckles bumped the head of his penis.

He cupped his balls as he slowly began to stroke himself with his right hand. "I used to do this rapidly, get it over with, gain physical release and leave it at that. But then my thoughts began to be filled with you, and I found that I could not touch myself without thinking of you . . . but I believed that your fondness of me was that of simple friendship, and I could not allow myself to violate your privacy and your modesty by thinking of you while doing this. It was difficult, all that time, wanting you and denying to myself that I did, and then finally admitting it to myself, and yet that was hardly any better."

His hand began to move more rapidly, and Minerva licked her lips as he paused to smear his precum over the palm of his hand.

"And now . . . I want you . . . I desire you . . . I dream of you . . . I want only you, Minerva," he said hoarsely as his hand stroked his penis. "If I cannot have you, I dream of you and your touch and I wait . . . I wait, longing for that touch."

Minerva reached out and took hold of his wrist, stilling his hand. She rose up on her knees and leaned forward. His hand still around his cock, Minerva flicked out her tongue and tasted his glistening crown. She began to flick her tongue back and forth across his slit.

"Oh, gods, Minerva . . ." Albus moaned.

She moved his hand down so that only his thumb and index finger encircled the base of his penis, and she lowered her mouth over him, replacing his hand. She licked and sucked, her head bobbing up and down. Albus tried to stop her, but too late, and she was swallowing around the head of his cock, her lips near the base, and her tongue pressing against his length.

"Ah . . . ah, Minerva, Minerva . . ." Albus said with a thin gasp.

Minerva gently and slowly drew her head up one last time, leaving his penis clean and wet. She closed her eyes and rested her head in his lap. Albus caressed her cheek and combed his fingers lightly through her hair.

"I love you, Albus," Minerva whispered.

"I know, my dear, and I cannot express the joy I feel that you do. And never doubt my love for you . . . even when I behave like a barmy old codger."

She punched his thigh lightly. "You are not a barmy old codger."

"Well, then, even when I behave like a distracted, oblivious, and slightly dim Headmaster," Albus said, still caressing her lightly.

"All right, I will remember. I reserve the privilege of reminding you of my presence and my needs, however," Minerva answered.

"It is always your privilege, my love, and yours alone. Now, what do you say to retiring to my rooms, ordering some supper, and making an early night of it together?"

Minerva opened her eyes and looked up at him. "That sounds like an excellent idea, Headmaster."

"And you could just . . . borrow a dressing gown, perhaps. No need to dress again, I think."

"Mmm . . . I should have Wilsby move a few of my things up here to your suite," Minerva said as she stood then bent to pick up her robes.

"Not a dressing gown, though, my dear. I rather enjoy seeing you in mine, and remembering you wearing it the next time I put it on. Other than that . . . whatever you please," Albus replied with a smile. "Whatever you please to bring, will please me."

Albus scooped her into his arms as he stood. Minerva giggled softly and rested her head on his shoulder as he carried her up to the Headmaster's suite for an early night.

In the dark after the two had left, a witch's voice said, "Now, I wondered how long it would take them to do something like that here. Wasn't it sweet?"

"No witch ever did that for me," complained Eliphelet. "Dozens of 'em, and not one . . . none of it. . . ."

"Disgusting!" Phineas Nigellus said grouchy. "Not to be tolerated!"

"Oh, hush, both of you," Dilys scolded. "I think it was beautiful . . . and some of the best sex I've seen since I've been hanging here!"

***~The End~***