

# A Welcome Lesson

by Angharad

Minerva learns something from Remus.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It had been so long that she wondered if she would remember what to do. She needn't have worried. At the first heated kiss her tongue knew just what to savor, and her hands instinctively sought and found the skin she craved. He seemed even hungrier - nipping, tasting, stroking - insisting that she take the pleasure he obviously wanted to give her with every inch of his body.

That he would be so generous did not surprise her. Even as a student, Remus had seen her as a person as well as a professor. Once, in his sixth year, she heard him silence a particularly loud late-night Gryffindor gathering with "Keep it down, you lot! It's not like Professor McGonagall can just sleep in or skive off is it?" As their relationship changed from that of teacher and student to fellow Order members, friends and (briefly) colleagues, Remus proved to be one of the very few people in Minerva's life who could actually handle the fact that she had needs. Indeed, so much of her life was consumed with teaching, giving the students what *they* needed (though not always what they *wanted*), carrying out her duties, and supporting Albus in all things, that she herself had become quite adept at ignoring all but the most basic of her own requirements. Four stunners to the chest had changed that. Lying in a hospital bed, with time on her hands and grief in her heart, she was nearly overwhelmed with the deep loneliness that she usually kept at bay. So overwhelmed that, when Remus entered the room, she wasn't able to erect her usual façade in time. Confronted with the raw woman, he wordlessly enfolded her in his arms as they both wept. After that, he visited her every day at St Mungo's, then managed to find an excuse to stop by Hogwarts at least once a week. Minerva was grateful for his company, and glad for the chance to give Remus some respite from the reminders at Grimmauld Place. At the end of each visit they embraced, but as the summer progressed and the pressures of wartime increased, it became harder and harder to let go. This evening, they decided to hold on.

Although the marks from the stunners had disappeared and she no longer needed a walking stick, Minerva had not felt quite *right* in her body since she'd been injured – until now. The moans her explorations elicited from Remus had made her feel powerful in a particularly feminine way. But when he whispered, "Let me give to you," she discovered a different sort of power. To simply lie back and accept a man's caresses did not come easily to Minerva, but Remus proved quite...persuasive. As he lovingly and thoroughly explored her in turn, his delight and arousal evident in every move and sound he made, a long-forgotten door within her opened to the sunlight and fresh air. When he entered her at last, they were both so aroused that it was only a tiny eternity before they found joyful release together. Lying in his arms, sated and more relaxed than she could remember, Minerva smiled as her mind put words to the lesson her former pupil had been giving her for quite some time. *Sometimes, in order to give, you must receive.*