

Passion's Price

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Thanks go to my beta, XXX, whose name shall be announced after the reveal.

Winter, 1972

Lucius Malfoy strode quickly down the stone corridor, dragging a young, black-haired boy behind him. He stopped abruptly at a portrait of Anne Boleyn, and the struggling boy stumbled at the abrupt stop. Lucius paid him no mind.

"Courage and Bravery," Lucius sneered, and the portrait swung open. He knocked sharply on the door formerly concealed by the portrait. Quick, sharp footsteps came closer to the door, and it opened, revealing a tall, slender woman, whose long black hair flowed about her body, partially obscuring the clingy silk robe that hugged curves neither of them had ever thought she possessed. The younger boy gaped, openly showing his surprise at his Head of House's atypical attire. The sleek, blond boy controlled his response better, although the woman noticed the widening of his eyes and the subtle shift he made in his posture in an attempt to hide his immediate and obvious arousal. Her large blue eyes, for once not obscured by her square-rimmed spectacles, had narrowed when she saw her guests, and her lips pursed when she noticed their reactions to her appearance especially as she always tried to put forth a professional image.

"Yes, Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Potter?" Professor Minerva McGonagall, Head of Gryffindor House, inquired, using her "teacher's voice" in an attempt to regain control. It worked; both boys meekly stepped into her quarters as she moved to the side of the doorway and held the door open. She then closed the door and led them into her study. After Conjuring up straight-backed wooden chairs for both students, she took a seat in a well-worn burgundy velvet armchair.

Without any further delay, Lucius got straight to the point. "I caught Mr. Potter trying to sneak into the Slytherin dormitories, Professor," he said. "I presume he was trying to find Severus Snape again."

Professor McGonagall's stern, blue-eyed gaze quickly bore into James Potter's own brown-eyed stare. "Is this true, Mr. Potter?" she asked and received a humble nod in response to the question.

"Then you will meet me for detention tomorrow evening at six o'clock," Professor McGonagall said. "You shall be writing lines." James Potter nodded meekly again. Lucius stood up, correctly assuming the conclusion of the meeting. He grabbed the younger boy's elbow and jerked him out of his seat sharply, causing him to stand as well.

"You are dismissed," she said brusquely and led both boys back to the door. She watched them head off in different directions; James headed left towards Gryffindor Tower, and Lucius headed right, towards the dungeons. She closed the door when they disappeared from sight.

She returned to her study and settled herself once more in her favourite burgundy armchair. It had been a gift from Albus Dumbledore, the former Head of Gryffindor and current Headmaster, upon her assumption of the post of Head of Gryffindor. She would not admit it to anyone, but she had been secretly infatuated with Albus since she was a student in his N.E.W.T. Transfiguration class. She sighed before Conjuring a cup of steaming-hot Earl Grey tea. She did not want to think about Albus tonight.

Why had Mr. Potter so meekly accepted his punishment not to mention confess his intentions so easily? James Potter and Severus Snape had been rivals ever since they had been Sorted, and Mr. Potter had never before so easily admitted his bad intentions towards Mr. Snape, nor accepted a punishment without trying to weasel his way out of it. Why did he do both tonight?

Minerva sighed before taking another sip of tea. *He was probably startled by my... uncharacteristic... appearance,* she thought. *Mr. Malfoy was quite startled as well.* She smiled at that thought. She had noticed his arousal, though he'd tried to hide it. Her Animagus form was not a cat for nothing; her sharp eyes and keen sense of smell had easily noticed his desire. It was flattering that such a handsome young man would find her even the slightest bit attractive...

A knock sounded on her door, and Minerva rolled her eyes. She was in quite a lot of demand tonight, it seemed. She could only hope that Mr. Potter had not gotten into more trouble walking back to Gryffindor Tower...

But it was not Mr. Potter at the door, nor any other Gryffindor; it was the object of her thoughts, Lucius Malfoy. This time, it was her turn to be shocked at his appearance. He stepped inside her quarters, forcing her to move from the doorway, and closed the door. He took out his wand and placed several locking and silencing charms on the door and portrait entrance before taking her arm roughly and pulling her along to her sitting room. She was too stunned to do anything but go along with him. Her mind was screaming at her to regain control of the situation, to assert her authority, but she knew that the moment she had opened her door he had been in control.

In all of her years of being a teacher, she had never had a student who had this sort of power over her the power to unnerve her and arouse her at the same time. She was frightened of what might happen but also a bit excited. It had been so long, so long, since she had felt attracted to anyone but Albus...

"What are you doing here, Mr. Malfoy?" she questioned him, trying to still her trembling voice. It did not work, and he smiled slyly at the fear and desire that was present there.

"I'm waiting for your answer, Mr. Malfoy," she told him, her voice steadier this time. "What are you doing here?"

Instead of responding to her question, he grabbed her roughly and pulled her towards him, crushing their lips together passionately. One hand settled possessively on her buttocks, the other between her shoulder blades. He ran his tongue along her lower lip, seeking entrance into her mouth, and she granted it, surprising herself. Her hands wound their way around his waist, and their bodies were pressed together as they shared a kiss filled with passion, excitement, and ardour.

He had not broken the kiss before bringing his hands between them, fumbling for the belt that kept the robe together. He quickly untied the knot, and she lifted her arms from around his waist, allowing him to push the robe off her body.

Clad only in her underwear, she, too, brought her hands between them and pushed his robe off his shoulders before bringing her hands to the front of his tented trousers. As his arousal strained against the thin fabric, she felt her own excitement grow. Her fingers fumbled as she tried to unfasten the button, and he shoved her hands away impatiently in order to free his erection from its cloth prison. He had not been wearing a shirt underneath his robe, and quickly pulling his y-fronts down, he stood naked before her, as dazzling as a fallen angel.

He pushed her down to the floor, quickly stripping her of her bra and knickers, before holding her down with one hand and taking his erection in his other hand. He pressed into her, hard, stroking in and out, stimulating both of them.

He came first, and she followed shortly afterward. After resting on top of her for a few moments, he pulled out of her, stood up, and dressed himself before casting a freshening charm on his person and walking out the front door. Minerva lay there on the floor of her sitting room, still naked, trying to come to terms with what had just happened, but she did not know how or where to begin.

The next day, Minerva had her seventh year Ravenclaw/Slytherin N.E.W.T. level Transfiguration class, which included Lucius Malfoy. Throughout the class, she refused to look him in the eye, fearful of betraying her feelings to him. In truth, she had not been able to stop thinking about last night the way he touched her, the way he tasted, the way he felt as he filled her... Every time her thoughts turned to that direction, her cheeks flushed bright red from embarrassment and desire. She knew that he saw it, as well; though she avoided looking at him, she could still feel his eyes on her.

Mercifully, the bell rang, signalling the end of classes. She was free for the rest of the day, and she planned to take a long, luxurious bath in her quarters. Her plans were put on hold, however, when she noticed Lucius standing at the back of the room. Her heart fluttered at the sight of him leaning against the back wall.

"Yes, Mr. Malfoy?" she said, in a much sharper tone than she intended. "Do you not have a class?"

He flicked his wand, closing the door, and cast several wards on it the same actions he had performed last night. He stepped closer to her.

"No, I am free for the remainder of the day," he murmured, further closing the distance between them. "Perhaps we could... play... chess?" he said in a low, husky voice. Their breathing had become more laborious, and she could feel her heart pounding in her chest. She swallowed, trying to regain control, but he smoothly reached out and took her hand in his before guiding their hands to his already rock-hard erection. His eyes closed and he moaned as he squeezed her hand around his cock, massaging it. She tried to stifle her own moan of longing but was unsuccessful. He opened his eyes and looked down into hers, smirking arrogantly as he took in her appearance. Her skin was flushed with desire, her eyes dark, and her lips parted. Her heavy breathing matched his, and he could see the peaks her nipples made through her robes.

Removing her hand from his cock, Lucius's smirk grew as she whimpered at their lost connection. He once again took her hand, but this time he led the way to the back of the classroom where he knew a door connected her room to her chambers. He turned the heavy brass doorknob and walked through, Minerva still trailing behind. Again performing the wards on the door and the portrait entrance, he walked to the door he assumed led to her bedroom.

He raised an astonished eyebrow as he took in the room; he had expected it room to be dominated by red and gold. However, the mahogany furniture with the white bedcovers suited her very well.

During his inspection of her bedroom, Minerva had gathered her wits together and removed her glasses and hairpins. She was in the midst of removing her outer robes when she once more became aware of Lucius's gaze on her. She let her outer robe drop to the floor and relished the stifled groan that was released from his lips.

Perhaps in hope of another liaison with Lucius or perhaps in celebration of her new awareness of her attractiveness, she had worn her most becoming under-robe that day a thin, sleeveless, white silk robe that clung to her figure. She knew that her lingerie was visible through the thin silk.

She smiled as she took control, seductively sliding up to him, whispering, "I think that you are overdressed, Lucius," as she began to unbutton his robes. Impatient, he ripped them off, doing the same with his shirt, before savagely kicking off his trousers and underwear. Meanwhile, she had gently lifted her gauzy silk under-robe over her head, laying it carefully over the back of a chair, before removing her bra and knickers with the same careful motions. His shoes had been discarded along with his robes, and she had removed hers while he was looking around her bedroom. Finally, they stood, once again naked in front of each other.

This time she was the one who took the lead, lying down on her bed, opening herself to him, and beckoned him to join her. He did, straddling her legs at first but moving up her body, licking and sucking, biting and nipping until he reached her neck. Moving his hands further down her body, he took her hands and held them above her head with one of his. She was now completely open to him and, it seemed, completely under his control.

As he penetrated her, however, it was her rolling and bucking hips that set the pace, and when he began to come, his grip on her wrists weakened, allowing her to roll over

and straddle his body. He lay on the bed, his eyes locked with hers, watching her undulate on top of him. When she began to come, her eyes closed in ecstasy, and his breath was taken away at the sheer beauty of the sight. He felt himself begin to grow hard again, though he had spent himself so recently, and as she collapsed on top of him, he sat up against the headboard of the bed.

Still inside her, he began to pump, feeling her moisture grow again, even as she still recovered from her orgasm. Thrusting inside of her, he was pleased to feel her hips meet every thrust, her moans matching every one of his, and he climaxed as he felt hers ripple throughout her body and into his. His ejaculation prolonged her shuddering, extensive orgasm, and when he finally withdrew from her, he was too tired to even sit up, let alone try to make it to the dungeons. They dozed, spread-eagled and sated, across her now soiled white bedclothes.

He had woken before she had, and he had left her rooms without even leaving a note. She was disappointed, of course that had been the best sex she had had in years and hurt, as well hurt that he would not even confront her before leaving.

Later that week, Lucius began courting Narcissa Black, and they were engaged before their graduation from Hogwarts. Neither Minerva nor Lucius ever told anyone about their two brief dalliances. Minerva did not even tell the child that resulted from their union: their son, Terrence Higgs, whom Minerva gave up for adoption after his birth in August 1973. Terrence was Sorted into Slytherin. He never knew his real parents. Lucius never knew that he had a son other than Draco. And Minerva never forgot the child she gave away.

Prompt used:

Potter_Place "Anything Goes" Challenge Prompt 63: Lucius Malfoy was quite suave and debonair even in school. Using canon women (NOT Narcissa), write about one 'fling' or relationship he had with another woman. (Could be anyone, even an older woman!)