

Midnight Meetings

by diana_hawthorne

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was not his turn to patrol the halls, but Albus Dumbledore could not sleep. Perhaps it was his worries about the war – both the Muggle and Magical ones – that were keeping him up; perhaps it was the unwanted memories of a summer spent with the boy who would become one of the world's darkest wizards. Whatever it was, it drove Albus out to the corridors of Hogwarts at midnight on a Friday in October.

Turning a corner in a seldom-used corridor on the fourth floor, he was surprised to hear a throaty moan echo through the corridors. He quickly turned himself invisible and made his way closer, curious at what had provoked that sound.

He stopped – there it was again. He turned one last corner and stopped dead in his tracks, shocked at the sight before his eyes.

A silvery swath of moonlight shining through the window illuminated the scene. Tom Riddle, the Head Boy, every other professor's favourite student, had Minerva McGonagall, the Head Girl, also every professor's favourite student, pinned against the wall, one of his legs insinuated between hers. As Albus watched, her head dropped back as she moaned for a third time.

Though Albus would be loath to admit it, he had noticed Miss McGonagall's attractiveness some time during her sixth year at Hogwarts, though he never acted on it. Now, however, as he listened to her moan her pleasure, he wondered why.

Her moans had aroused him, and he was glad that he had foregone restricting undergarments that night. Tucking his wand carefully in his pocket, he pressed a palm against his hard erection and watched as Tom caressed her breasts through her shirt, nipping lightly at her neck. Even from his position several feet away and even in the dim light, Albus could see how her nipples peaked through her blouse.

Minerva snaked one of her hands around Tom's lower back, slipping it inside of his pants, the other hand wrapping around his shoulders. Tom pushed her harder against the wall and pressed the length of his body up against her.

"Gods, Tom," she whispered, "Gods, I want you." Though she was whispering, Albus could hear every word clearly.

"What do you want me to do, Minerva," Tom asked, his voice deep. He pressed against her harder.

"Fuck me, Tom... Fuck me..." she murmured in his ear. "Just fuck me..."

Albus could not just stand there any longer – his erection was so hard that it was painful, and he was more aroused than he had been for quite some time. Evidently, Tom felt the same, for he moaned – a deep, low, primal sound – and pulled her body towards his, even as he continued to push her up against the wall.

He turned himself visible again, and stepped into the couple's view. At Minerva's gasp, Tom turned around.

"Good evening, Tom, Minerva," Albus said calmly, though his heart was racing.

Tom smirked, having noticed the professor's tented robes.

"Good evening, Professor Dumbledore," he replied. "Would you care to join us?" Minerva gaped at Tom, then her professor, as she took in the situation. Albus returned Tom's smirk.

"If I may..." Albus replied, sketching a slight bow to Minerva. He removed his wand from his pocket and flicked in the direction of the main corridors. "There," he said. "Now no one will interrupt us."

Minerva's eyes had gone wide when she realised that her professor was going to join her and Tom. She had fantasised about him, but had never actually thought that she would ever have sex with Albus Dumbledore. Now, it seemed, she would.

Albus stepped closer to the couple, and he and Tom shared a smirk before Tom stepped away from Minerva. Albus began to unbutton his robe, and Tom pulled his sweater over his head as Minerva watched them undress. As their clothes were tossed carelessly in a pile on the floor, Minerva moaned as she took in the sight of her boyfriend's and her professor's naked bodies. At the sound, both men turned towards her and grinned.

"We haven't forgotten about you, Minerva," Albus told her, stepping closer to her. He stepped even closer until he was right in front of her. He gently lifted her sweater over her head and began to unbutton her blouse, tracing the edge of her lace brassiere with a long, gentle finger. She shuddered, and he smiled, before unhooking the brassiere.

Meanwhile, Tom had knelt at her feet and removed her shoes before starting on her stockings. As his pale fingers crept up her inner thighs to find her garter belt, her knees grew weak and she let out a groan. Only Albus's arms around her waist, his hands pulling down her skirt, kept her from collapsing on the cold stone floor. Finally, she was as naked as the two men were.

She was once again pressed against the wall as Albus guided his erection into her. She wrapped her legs around his waist as he began to stroke in her. She watched over his shoulder as Tom took his own cock in hand, stroking it as he locked eyes with Minerva.

She came suddenly, crying out as her orgasm overwhelmed her, and Albus yelled his own release as she tightened around his cock, the waves of her orgasm flowing into his body. Withdrawing from her, Tom stepped up, not even giving her a time to recover before he entered her.

Tom was as rough as Albus had been gentle, but Minerva only paid attention to Tom's large cock pounding within her and Albus's presence in front of her. Again she peaked, and again, before Tom allowed himself release. She collapsed, exhausted and naked, on the floor, and she looked up at both men as they stood above her.

"That was wonderful," she murmured, exhausted.

"I quite agree," Albus replied as he summoned his robes before pulling them on. "Good evening, Tom, Minerva." He left, turning invisible again, and made his way back to his rooms, not bothering to watch Tom and Minerva's next activities. He certainly hadn't been expecting Minerva to be such an ardent lover, and he was looking forward to their next encounter. For now, though, he would sleep.