

Setting the Tone

by sc010f

The first staff meeting always has interesting implications for the rest of the year.
Written for the Pterpr0nprmts challenge: teachers. WARNING: there is nothing but
PWP in here. Don't look for plot. It's not there.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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During the first staff meeting of the year, I wait for you to enter, all strict bun and glasses perched on the end of your nose. You're always carrying a sheaf of parchment – Albus always loads you down with too much nonsense. But I know you're not thinking about supplies for the Charms classroom or how to finagle the faster brooms for your House's Quidditch team, or the fact that the Potter whelp is coming this year. I know exactly what you're thinking of.

It never happens very often. I wonder why that is – is it the pressure of planning lessons and marking papers? Is it convenience? Surely you desire it: you desire my cock sliding into you, making you moan.

I know you desire it; I watch you during these meetings. I see the way you run your finger over your lips, just as you run my cock over your lips. I know you do it to drive me wild.

I know that you want me. I know that you love it when I fuck you as you bend over the staff table, hands clawing for purchase. I love to watch you in the conjured mirror, your breasts pressed against the cool wood, your mouth, which so recently was around my cock, gasping, begging. I know you love it when I slide into you slowly, drawing out the motion as you shudder, while my hands grasp your hips, admiring your supple form – if only those hormonal twits whose House you govern knew what hid beneath your robes, they'd never leave their dormitory – more's the pity, there'd be less *condoned* rule breaking.

When you shudder and come beneath my fingers, it takes all of my control not to shatter, spilling into you. Oh, no. Patience is not generally considered to be a Slytherin virtue, but I know how to bide my time. Your luscious cunt draws me closer to you as I bend forward, hips slapping against your arse: pert, curvy, perfectly fitted to my hands for those times when we settle in the Headmaster's special chair and you ride my cock, hair unbound, head thrown back as your fingers move like lightning over your clit.

Which do you like better, I wonder? To ride me in Albus' chair? Or to be fucked by me on the staff table? I rather prefer the chair, myself. But then, I've ever had a penchant for rebellion. Would the old goat expire if he knew what we'd done? I rather hope so. He deserves as much.

Or perhaps you enjoy it most when I bury my face in your cunt, lapping at your clitoris as you writhe on the edge, your hands buried in my hair. Those library steps do put you at the perfect height for me to suck on your little clit as you dig your heels into my back.

I know I enjoy it when you kneel on the hearthrug, claiming your knees aren't as limber as they used to be (such prevarication), and draw my cock into your mouth. I love the way your breasts bounce as you suck me until I'm on the verge. That's the point at which I pull you to your feet and propel you to the edge of the staff table. Oh yes, *that's* my favorite part, when you come over me as I slide my cock into you.

Fuck patience. When I come, shuddering against you, it's all I can do not to sink my teeth into your shoulder. What would you do, I wonder, if I marked you like that? I wonder if I'll find out this evening as you brush past me, your hand touching mine oh-so-briefly. It's our signal, arranged over the last few years, signaling that you'll be waiting for me after hours, when I just *happen* to find myself in the staff room. Alone. With you.

But for now, I pass you a cup of steaming tea and a biscuit from the tray. For now, I content myself with watching you, wondering what the night will bring. I don't know about you, but I rather enjoy starting off like this, no matter what the year brings.

A/N:The characters are not mine. Thanks to the team of betas who put up with my unmitigated smut: AnnieTalbot, Bluestocking, and Subversa.