

Bad Timing

by LinZE

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Severus was rarely overjoyed at the prospect of an unexpected staff meeting. This evening, however, he had reached new levels of despair when Dolores Umbridge had ahemed after dinner in order to let them all know that she would like to see them all in the staff room once they had finished.

It wasn't only that he would rather have removed and peeled his own eyeballs than spend more time than strictly necessary with the High Inquisitor. It happened that he had specific other plans for this evening that certainly did not involve that dumpy, staid little witch.

His plans did involve another witch, however, and it was she whom he was currently watching as she drank the remains of her tea and chatted quietly with Pomona on her other side. The Potions master wasn't sure yet whether he regretted what it was that he had added to Minerva's après dinner refreshment, but he supposed that would depend on exactly how long Umbridge detained them this evening.

As a rule, he usually tried to avoid drugging his fellow professors at the dinner table; it was not as a rule looked upon terribly favourably, but in the years since he had been spending more intimate time with the Head of Gryffindor, he had discovered that not only did catnip have the most interesting aphrodisiacal affect on her, but that the usually reserved witch loved nothing more than to have it sprung on her unannounced.

It wouldn't be long, he conjectured, before she became aware of its presence in her system, and he wasn't quite sure how she would react to being trapped in a situation where he would not be able to satisfy her immediately. Not that he usually did... Normally, he would draw it out for as long as he could... teasing and tormenting her until neither of them could restrain themselves any longer.

He got his answer sooner than he was expecting. As they all stood and began to file out of the Great Hall, making their way slowly towards the staff room and their fate, Minerva fell into step next to him at the back of the group and dipped her head towards him to speak in quiet tones.

"I want nothing more at this moment than to push you into the next turning and have you take me at full force against the stone wall of the corridor."

Her words went straight to his core, and he could feel the blood pooling in his groin.

"I'm afraid we may need to wait a little..." he began, but stopped as suddenly there was a confident hand pressing against his growing erection.

"I am well aware that we are going to have to wait," she all but hissed, "but that doesn't change that fact that I want you. Now."

They were still moving down the corridor, although his typical long strides had been curtailed somewhat by the fact that the friction Minerva's hand was causing against his member was quickly driving him to distraction. Just before they reached the door to the staff room, she leaned in close once more.

"You are going to pay for this."

And with that, her hand was gone, and she had entered the room, seating herself between Filius and Vector.

The meeting was about some new decree or other, though why Umbridge felt the need to forewarn them about this one in particular, he had no idea. However, that might have had something to do with the fact that he struggled hugely to concentrate throughout the whole proceeding. Not only had he entered the room half-hard, something that although unfortunate was not usually enough to shatter his concentration so dramatically. No, what was really his undoing was that he was now sitting opposite the witch he would much rather have been riding through his (or her) mattress at that moment, and she was apparently doing everything she could to make him uncomfortable.

He could feel her watching him. Not staring, that would be less than subtle and well... they both had too much to lose for that. No, it was just a lingering glance really, and when he looked towards her, her gaze would be elsewhere, but then she would look up at him from beneath lowered lashes, and he would be enraptured all over again.

She was toying with a curl that had come loose at her nape line as well, that curl he loved to play with in those postcoital moments of serenity, perfectly manicured, if unpolished, fingers trailing down and around her neck.

Severus looked away. This was not helping anyone, especially not him. She was teasing him mercilessly, but he couldn't really complain after all, she was undoubtedly hot as hell, and it was all his fault.

Eventually, the sound of a large number of chairs being pushed back from around the table alerted him to the fact that their impromptu meeting was over. He was almost at the door, heading for his quarters, closer by far than Minerva's, when she called him back.

"Severus, if you have a moment?"

It was a perfectly professional request, not at all unusual.

"Of course, Minerva," he responded in his predictable drawl.

Within a minute they were alone. Another thirty seconds after that and his mouth was being ravaged as he backed her up towards the wall.

Her mouth was hot, lips and tongue demanding as her hands wove themselves into his hair, seeking purchase, something to hold on to.

His own hands were wandering too, his arms wrapped around her back until he finally found them a solid surface upon which to lean. His left hand lowered to caress the gentle curve of her hip through her robe while he withdrew his right to push back her outer robe and stroke her breast with his thumb.

Moaning into his mouth, Minerva straddled one of his thighs, pressing her hip up against his erection. She rocked back and forth against him as he brushed his finger over her already proud nipple, shuddering in his embrace.

One of her hands snaked lower, running down the front of his immaculate frock coat, stopping to circle one of the buttons before continuing lower.

"Want you... want you... want you..." Minerva murmured quietly as he increased the pressure with which he massaged her breast and lowered his other hand in order to cup her rounded ass, lifting her up against him. She wrapped her leg around his hip, using it as leverage to pull herself even closer, and Severus had to swallow hard in order to control himself.

"Ughhhh," he groaned as Minerva's hand reached down to cup his heavy sac.

Severus stilled. He had heard something... someone... yes, there it was again. Damn.

"Minerva!" he hissed urgently. "Minerva there's someone coming."

She looked at him slightly dazedly before pulling back to look at him, though leaving her leg around his waist, and ran a trembling hand over her hair. Severus quickly realised that there was no way that Minerva was going to pass as presentable before they were interrupted. Her hair was mussed up, her eyes unfocused, and her lips swollen, never mind the fact that he had managed to undo several buttons of her blouse.

"Quickly..." he urged, placing his hands on the back of her legs and all but carrying her the few feet to the window.

The walls in this part of the castle were at least three feet thick, and as such, the windowsills were all quite substantial. This one had been arranged as a window seat, padded with cushions, and it was this that Severus sat down on, Minerva's legs still wrapped around his trunk.

"Wha..." she began, but he silenced her with a kiss.

Shifting to one side, he sat as far back as he could, ensuring that Minerva's weight was securely on the seat before swinging his legs up and along the length of the sill. Their appendages all now off the ground, he pulled the heavy, velvet, floor-length curtains closed in front of them just as the door at the other end of the room began to open.

The sound of kitten heels against the stone flags of the floor combined with the overwhelming smell of gardenias of all things made it quite clear who it was.

"Umbridge?" Minerva whispered in his ear; her disdain was quite plain. "What are we going to do?"

"Wait," Severus responded equally quietly.

He felt Minerva shift slightly on his lap, rearranging her legs behind him, and with an almost imperceptible whisper of magic, he felt her banish her shoes. As she did, she pressed up against his still interested member, and he let his head fall forward to rest against her shoulder.

"I don't think that I can wait, Severus," Minerva breathed in his ear closest to the window.

He didn't doubt that actually. The air of sexual frisson around her was startling even to him, and he made a note to himself to check the dosage of catnip he had added to her tea and the possible interactions it had with dark chocolate given the slice of torte she had eaten half of for dessert.

She was kissing all over his face, her lips trailing across him and leaving a wake of fire. She was continuing to rock as well, and it was becoming increasingly apparent by her ragged breathing that it really wasn't going to be long before she came and probably loudly.

Capturing her lips with his own, he lifted her skirts with one hand, trailing it along the inside of her thigh, while his other slipped back inside her open shirt. He shifted slightly, pausing to ensure there was no sign that Umbridge had heard them, raised his knees and gently urged Minerva to raise herself a little and lean back against his legs.

The juncture of her thighs had been resting directly on his still confined erection up until that point, and strangely the release of pressure against it was almost maddening, but he distracted himself from this thought by reaching towards Minerva's already heated core.

Given their position and the fact that Minerva had acquired better leverage in the intervening moments, Severus surmised that she had braced her feet against the inset wall behind him, lifting herself high enough off his lap to allow his searching hand much easier access to where it was she seemed to want him most.

Pushing her skirts further up out of the way around her waist, he began tracing intricate patterns along the soft skin leading up to her wet folds, and as he did he couldn't

help but notice that she wasn't wearing knickers, or at least if she had been she had banished them as well. This realisation had him shifting slightly, trying to release the pressure his trousers were placing on his swelling member.

Continuing to graze her skin with his fingertips, he began to pay particular attention to the nipple of her breast that rested heavy in his left palm. His thumb brushed across the sensitive nub once, twice... and Minerva began to squirm her back against his legs and tried to lower herself against him to regain some friction.

Placing the heel of his palm where she want his attention most, he cupped his long fingers around her, holding her firmly in place. He watched as her head fell back, her hair having mostly escaped its confines and falling back over her shoulders as she fought for control.

Severus sat there, unmoving for several moments, partly in order to listen to what was going on outside and partly in order to enjoy how uninhibited his partner currently appeared. There was just no way that the majority of the Wizarding world would ever believe that the uptight, righteous and strict Professor McGonagall would ever dream of having sex in public like this. Just that thought was hugely arousing to him, as if he needed any further stimulation currently.

Eventually, he began to move his hand, squeezing gently so as to apply pressure with both his heel and fingers simultaneously. He slipped his thumb down to rest on her clitoris as his middle finger slowly reached between her folds, running the length of her most sensitive area and releasing the stream of moisture that had obviously been gathering there.

When he began to move the thumb of his right hand against her swollen bud, his left hand resumed its attention on her breast, fondling and stroking in the manner he knew from experience she loved.

Severus did not as a rule believe in fate, or even luck whether good or bad but it seemed such impeccable timing that just as he slid his first finger up inside her, causing her to gasp, the Wizarding wireless in the room began to play, effectively drowning her out, that he had to wonder.

Rather than dally on that though, he used the sound and its masking effects to work a little quicker. When he inserted a second finger, Minerva looked up towards him, her half closed eyes dilated with arousal, and unashamed longing and need were written clearly across his face.

By the time he introduced a third finger into her hot, wet sheath, she had moved her arms to rest against his shoulders and was using her purchase against the wall to effectively ride his hand.

Severus' arm was beginning to ache, and he knew his muscles would be protesting more in the morning, but at that moment he really couldn't bring himself to care. Just watching her like this, pleasuring herself on his hand, was one of his favourite sights.

He still had no idea what it was that Dolores was doing, and nor did he care; all he cared about was having Minerva come around him and not have them getting caught in the process.

Removing his hand from her bosom, he used it to support her head and draw her mouth down towards his and captured her lips. He matched the thrusts of his fingers to that of his tongue, probing her twice over every time, and began gently rolling his thumb in tiny circles over the bundle of nerves that would eventually push her over the edge.

Moments later, she began to tremble as her counter-thrusts became sporadic and her muscles began to clench down around his hands.

Minerva was, much to the Slytherin's satisfaction, usually something of a screamer, and it brought Severus no end of pleasure to reduce her to that state. Now, however, there was obviously another factor at play, and as much as he enjoyed the risqué nature of public sex, he had no real desire to be caught at it by their new Headmistress.

The Gryffindor, in turn, was obviously at least still peripherally aware of where it was they were as she constrained herself only to moan into his mouth as she came in waves, jerking and shuddering within his one armed embrace. It was a sound that reverberated straight through him, connecting directly with his now painfully engorged penis.

Taking advantage of the unusually raucous music on the early evening slot, Severus, having kissed her thoroughly once more, spread his legs apart and, without removing his fingers from where they had been inserted, used his other arm to lower Minerva so that she was lying with her back against the cushions.

Obviously intuiting what it was he had in mind, she wriggled further back so that he had more room to manoeuvre. He had just managed to get up onto his knees and was shifting in between Minerva's legs, bringing his cock up to where his fingers were still shifting gently inside her, when the music stopped.

He froze, listening to the sound of her heels and the general noises of disapproval coming from their interloper, and unconsciously held his breath until he heard her settling once more on the couch before the fire.

Minerva, seeming to have recovered slightly, had retrieved her wand from the fold of her skirt and had managed to poke it very slightly out of the edge of curtains and muttered, "Muffliato," before looking up at him with amusement sparkling in her eyes.

It still struck Severus as odd to see other people use the spells he had researched for his own uses as a student; however, his chagrin that he hadn't thought to do such a simple thing before was by far the more prominent reaction. His thoughts did not tarry long on that, however, as Minerva it seemed still had other ideas and had not forgotten his state of arousal.

Lifting her legs, she hooked them around his slim hips and, having returned her wand to her pocket, reached up to grab the front of his frock coat. He leant down towards her willingly, one arm beside her head and the other next to her chest. Capturing her lips, he plundered her mouth while her hands purposefully reached to his waistband. His teaching robes fell either side of her, the voluminous black fabric curtaining their actions and only adding to the feeling of forbidden-ness for him.

The Transfiguration mistress' fingers worked deftly to undo the buttons still constraining him and, having opened his fly, deftly wrapped talented fingers around his sensitive flesh. He gasped into her mouth and gently bit down on her lip causing her to arch up towards him, trapping her own hand between her hips and his own heated flesh.

He shuffled his knees backwards so that he was now almost lying directly on top of her. One of Minerva's hands had slipped around his back, beneath his robe and pulled his shirt free before pushing his loosened trousers and his underwear down passed his hips. Her hand followed his clothes, caressing and massaging his firm ass while her other hand massaged his erect shaft.

Severus withdrew from her lips only to nudge her head to the side, exposing the tender skin beneath her ear that he knew was a particularly erogenous zone for her, and began to lave it gently with his tongue. Her hand tightened around him in response, manoeuvring his head so that it brushed against her wet folds.

"Oh, yes..." she barely breathed.

"Shhhh..." Severus barely breathed. For all that Muffliato would give them a degree of protection, it wasn't foolproof.

Turning his attention back to her mouth, he nibbled, licked and sucked at her lips until she was writhing against him again. When she guided him into her entrance, she moved her hand back to caress his heavy sack before she raised her hand and wound it into his hair, pulling him further into her kiss as he thrust slowly into her.

He pushed slowly, but didn't stop till he was buried to his hilt, pausing then to try and control his breathing.

"So hot... So tight..." he breathed across her lips. "So right..." She pulled him down so that he was resting on her chest, his head nestled next to hers and her mouth just at his ear.

"And so exposed," she retorted, her voice dripping with seduction. "We could be caught any minute."

He groaned in response, her words having exactly the effect she was planning, no doubt.

"Oblivate her. We could Oblivate her," he gasped quietly as he began to rock his pelvis against her.

"Only after we've finished," Minerva countered. "We could bind and gag her so that she had to watch... deal with her afterwards..."

Her words had him working to find leverage again, wanting, no, needing, to thrust into her more deeply.

"... need you to take me... make me come... Severus." It was all barely a whisper, but more than enough to have him trembling with desire.

Pushing himself up he sat back a little on his knees, managing not to slip entirely from her sheath, to allow him to urge her to lift her legs to rest upon his shoulders. She quickly took the initiative and, crossing her ankles behind his head, once more pulled him close.

Wrapping his arms around her still stocking-clad legs, he began to thrust quite forcefully, this new angle providing even greater satisfaction for both of them. Minerva raised her arms above her head and braced herself against the other end of the window ledge.

Both of them were breathing heavily, but Minerva had started making the gentle keening noises that invariably indicated that she was about to come in spectacular fashion. Unfortunately, he wasn't certain that she was still in any state of mind to try and suppress her natural instincts, and there was no way that even under Muffliato that Umbridge wouldn't notice Minerva screaming.

Despite the impending doom, or perhaps because of it, Severus couldn't resist lowering one of his hands to the junction of their bodies and, with adept fingers, found her clitoris once more and began to rub at a pace to match his thrusts.

He wasn't far off his own climax now, and despite using every ounce of control he had, his thrusts were becoming more erratic as he grappled to find that perfect angle. Minerva lifted herself further up, using her legs and flexing her back, and as Severus slipped his hands beneath her rounded buttocks, he froze.

He was so close. So very close, and Minerva wasn't far behind as she twisted desperately against him. Whimpering, she clenched her muscles around him, and with the very small piece of his mind capable of thinking sensibly, he realised that she was about to lose control completely.

Severus loved it when she lost control, and he couldn't have reached her mouth to silence her from this angle in any case, and there was no power on earth that was going to move him before...

Only a few thrusts later he began to come, his own explosion seeming to be echoed by an explosion of sound from beyond the curtain as the radio burst back into life at full volume.

He fell forward, and Minerva uncrossed her ankles, letting her legs fall apart, and slipping his hand free, Severus settled between them. He continued to rock against her through the waves of his own orgasm that only intensified when her muscles began to contract around him and she called out, her voice lost in the cacophony from the room beyond.

It was several moments later before either of them had the strength or inclination to move. When he did come back to himself, however, Severus pushed himself off Minerva with a start. The music had just disappeared...

"... wreck of a school... nothing works properly..." he heard Umbridge mutter from the other side of the room. This was followed by several thunks that sounded rather like someone hitting the wireless with their wand. "... peace and quiet... incompetence... ridiculous..."

Her familiar footsteps retreated back across the room, and the sound of shifting cushions and fluttering pages once more indicated that she was settling down into the settee.

"Mmmm..." Minerva moaned as he slipped his now flaccid member out of her, and he made a mental note that they were going to have to clean up very thoroughly when all of this was done.

"Shhh... we still have company..." he murmured in her ear, wriggling his trousers back up but not bothering to fasten them.

"Don't care..." she replied, quite plainly satiated for the moment. "... Stay here."

She draped an arm around him and shifted to the outer edge of the seat, allowing him to slide so that the majority of his weight was not resting directly on her. They lay there with legs intertwined, Minerva rubbing gentle circles on his back while he let his hand rest on her bare upper thigh, both content to doze gently until they could leave.

Severus couldn't get at his watch, and so he wasn't sure what time it was when the High Inquisitor finally made to leave the room. He shifted so that he could better hear what was going on, brushing his half-hard member against her leg as he did. Minerva's hand slipped down to gently caress the bulge protruding from his open trousers, and he reached down to kiss her gently, half an ear still on the room beyond the curtain.

It seemed that Minerva was still at least somewhat under the effect of the catnip as she turned on her side, trapping one of his legs between hers, and began to rub herself against the fabric of his trousers. Her hand ran down the front of his jacket, and there was a cascade of buttons as it fell open to her touch. His white shirt soon went the same way, her hand sliding beneath the cotton fabric to caress his skin. She ran her fingers over his ribcage before seeking out his nipple, twisting and pulling at it as she ran her tongue along the inside of his lower lip.

When the door finally closed, Severus flipped Minerva onto her back, ready to take her all over again.

"Yes... Oh yess!" she moaned, continuing to arch up against his leg with increasing frustration.

"I... you are... so damned horny..." he ground out, circling his hips against her, grinding them together. "You're such a little minx, aren't you?"

"Yes!" she cried out. "Yes... naughty, I'm a bad girl to make myself come by using you..."

"... rubbing yourself against me like a..."

"ENOUGH!"

They both froze.

It seemed they had been caught after all, and not by whom they were expecting to see.

The curtains behind which they had been hiding were suddenly pulled open; light flooded them, leaving Severus momentarily blind. Even when he regained his sight, however, he couldn't see anyone there, and then, in a blink of an eye, Albus was standing in front of them.

"Albus!" Minerva gasped. "You shouldn't be here! What are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same question, but I think that the answer is quite obvious," he said, his eyes sparkling merrily.

"How long have you been here?" Severus asked, trying to adjust himself as surreptitiously as he could manage.

"To answer both of you at once, I was here to see what it was my replacement had to say at the meeting earlier invisibly of course," Albus added. "I had intended to slip out once everyone had left, but it seemed you two just couldn't wait," he continued with mock scorn.

"I'm sorry, Albus," Minerva said, sitting up and re-arranging her skirts. Severus couldn't believe how quickly she had switched from formidable professor to intimidated schoolgirl, not that he believed for an instant that she was genuinely afraid. In fact, he suspected that once the shock wore off she wouldn't be upset at all.

"Well, can't say I blame either of you..." Albus admitted. "But you have left me with something of a problem."

This didn't surprise Severus either, given the man's flushed cheeks and dilated eyes. In fact, it didn't surprise him all that much just because he knew Albus rather well.

"Really?" Minerva asked, quirked an eyebrow.

"Yes. Your Muffliato was only directed at one individual."

"Oh," Severus said, resisting the urge to smirk.

"Don't look like that Severus if it wasn't for me, you would have been found out an awful lot sooner."

"The wireless?" Minerva queried.

"Indeed. So I do believe you owe me a favour..."

"Is that right?" he heard himself ask as Minerva stood, closing the distance between herself and Albus.

"Yes. I've been very restrained all things considered," Albus proclaimed.

"Well done," Minerva almost purred.

Severus watched as she reached into the other man's robes, slowly lifting the older wizard's under robe until she had revealed his engorged penis.

"Oh this is a problem," she continued, trailing a finger from base to tip as Severus took his own shaft in hand. "But I think if we take it in hand we should be able to resolve it quickly."

Both men groaned simultaneously.

It had been a while since Severus had taken Albus from behind, and he was rather looking forward to this...

A/N: Well, I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as enjoyed writing it.

Please do let me know either way,

Thanks

Linds x