

## A Side Of Her So Rarely Seen

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# A Side Of Her So Rarely Seen

by [MaisieBee](#)

## Summary

In 1967, Minerva McGonagall has a lot on her mind and only one way to cope with it. .  
.paying a very special visit to a certain wand-maker.

## Notes

This short story was written in July 2017 for Danny Chapman of The Potterotica Podcast, a podcast where the hosts (Allie, Lyndsay, and Danny) read and discuss erotic Harry Potter fanfiction. On their website, the episode containing this story is listed as Quickie 3: The OG Wands Up. You can find it wherever you get your podcasts, and also here:  
<https://potteroticapodcast.com/episodes/q3-the-og-wands-up/>

I have not edited this story since it was read on The Potterotica Podcast, so please be kind! It was written on my phone when I found myself in numerous doctors' waiting rooms and very bad internet connection last year.

That being said, I love constructive critique on any of my stories. :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Winter, 1967. Diagon Alley.

Snow lay thick on the window sills of Diagon Alley, and whirled in flurries around the cobblestone streets with the bitter wind. A few fuzzy lights glowed softly in the oppressive darkness, but there were no customers about to justify the use of electrics.

The bell above the door tinkled gently and Garrick Ollivander paused a moment, his wand held aloft, boxes of still yet ownerless wands quivering in the air around him. The handsomely rugged, middle-aged man listened but heard no footsteps telling of a customer — at least a human one — in the carefully disorganized shop. With a flick of his wrist, the boxes moved like shots, squeezing and jostling for space on the wooden shelves that were fit to burst with slim, multi-colored boxes already. He descended the rickety ladder with careful steps, wand raised high. One never knew what sort could be around on a winter's night, and especially with the recent rash of burglaries.

"Hello?" he called out. His voice was strong and mellow. It received no answer.

"I said, who's there? I heard you come in. Show yourself to me, if you please." He didn't want to get cross if he didn't have to, but Garrick Ollivander was not in the mood for jokes.

He jumped and spun around as a precarious stack of boxes clattered to the floor loudly. On the shop counter, one dainty paw raised, startling green eyes halved almost to slits, was a grey tabby cat. She flicked her ears when his gaze settled on her. When Garrick gave a sudden, pleased smile, an almost human-like expression of smugness crossed the cat's pointed face.

"Now, hello there, puss. What brings you to my shop at this hour, hm?" Garrick swept the cat up into his arms like a child. It let out a frightful 'merROW!' and a transformation came over it. Where a grey tabby had been before was now a tall and very much disgruntled woman in a crumpled black cloak, her soot-colored hair loose around her shoulders and the same accusatory green eyes bright with indignation.

"You beast!" she cried. Her Scottish lilt made Garrick grin even more behind his dark beard, streaked with grey. "Put me down this instant!"

"Of course, my dear," the wand maker said. He obliged his guest, then discreetly picked grey cat hairs from his rough linen shirt as she shook out her official-looking robes. Removing a slim, pale wand from her sleeves, Minerva McGonagall waved it and her dark tresses tidied themselves back into a high bun.

Garrick Ollivander tutted. "You look so stern with it all pulled back like that. I prefer it down and wild, like you'll be after we've finished." A mischievous grin tugged at his lips.

"Garrick, my visits aren't always for...for...for a quick shag and be done with ye!" She couldn't stop her voice from shaking at the end, nor could she stop the red flush that was creeping up her neck. She wished it would go down -- her mother always said she looked ill when she blushed, like a baby with fever.

"Then why do you keep coming back?"

A mournful sigh escaped her lips and her wand fell to her side. Garrick gathered her in his arms and pulled her close. "What's wrong, my dear?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, Garrick." There were tears pressing at the back of her throat. "I just worry, you know. About the school. About Albus. And there are still whispers about...him. They say he's hibernating, waiting to strike when he's strong enough."

They both shivered at the mention of the dark lord who had ravaged the magical community, and threatened the Muggle one, not so long ago. Garrick cupped her chin in his hand and

tilted her face upward. "Put it from your mind, my dear. Just for now."

He kissed her gently and then with more force. Minerva felt that crackle of magic trace up and down her spine with his fingertips, even with three layers of thick cloth between their skin. Garrick Ollivander was a man who was pulsing with magic, rippling it outward like a stone in a pond. Everything he touched became magic. Everyone he touched could feel the raw, earthy energy. She opened her mouth and pushed her tongue against his warm lips. Garrick complied with her advances, and let her slither into him and taste the sparks that exploded between them.

And Minerva herself? She was her own thunderstorm. Whenever she was near, Garrick could feel himself drawn to her like a moth to a candle flame; she burned so brightly. It wasn't just her attitude — sharp and in control, although he'd seen a side of her that her students would never see — but it was her mind. She never seemed to stop thinking. The gears in her head were always at full power, even in the middle of. . . other things.

And it was other things that Garrick had in mind tonight.

With a swish of his wand, the shop door locked, the sign on it flipping neatly to "closed" as the windows shuttered and locked themselves. Then he was grabbing the backs of her thighs in his strong, nimble hands and lifting her onto the shop counter in one swift movement, their kiss never breaking for a second. When they came up for air, Minerva was shrugging off her cape and yanking her grey sweater over her head. She laughed when he couldn't help but stare at her bare flesh. She hadn't even worn a bra.

Then Garrick was unbuttoning his shirt and yanking it off with considerably less grace. Minerva pulled him into her, wrapping her legs around his waist. She liked the way her breasts, small though they were, pooled against his chest, and the way his thumbs dug into her hip bones just above the waistband of her smart black slacks. He enjoyed the way she sucked on his bottom lip with vigor.

"Where to go, where to go," he joked, pulling away long enough to survey the woman before him. She was already gasping for breath, goose flesh clearly prominent across her breasts and rib cage. "Somewhere warmer?" he suggested.

But Minerva shook her head. "I like the cold. It's bracing."

Then she was unbuttoning his trousers, the fabric parting all too easily under her touch. Her fingers played teasingly around the waistband of his pants before his own closed over hers and forced them down. His John Thomas stood out to attention, the head pink, primed and ready. Minerva smirked and took it in her hands.

Garrick gasped, not just from the "bracing" coldness of her fingers but from the tingles of pleasure that shot through him. He felt like a live wire, quivering with energy ready to spend. Minerva's long fingers ran up and down his shaft, pressing gently into the soft flesh as she went and finding the results to be worthy. A glistening liquid leaked from the head of his cock and onto her bare arms. She lazily traced shapes down the underside of the shaft.

"Come now," he managed to gasp, "Surely it's unfair that I'm the only one in the buff here." Letting out a sigh that couldn't describe the fact she was very pleased with herself, however much it tried to sound annoyed, Minerva wriggled her slacks off and a flick of her wand gathered their discarded clothes, folding them neatly over a nearby chair. Garrick had to chuckle -- why hadn't she been put into Ravenclaw, instead?

"Come on, big boy," Minerva ordered, once again taking his dick into her hands. "Show me what you can do."

Her hands followed a path they knew well: up and down and around his shaft, taking his balls in one hand and massaging the spongy area. These simple actions were driving the normally sedated Garrick almost crazy with want for her. His groans were deep in the back of his

threat, out loud no matter how he tried to repress them. Having to lean against the counter, hands on either side of her, he found that he desperately needed her, now.

Minerva let out a little cry of surprise when he slipped his cock from her grip and knelt in front of her. He guided her knees apart until she was splayed before him, a surprisingly vulnerable position for the formidable woman. He parted her lids with his fingers and, upon locating her clitoris, applied his tongue to the nubbin of flesh. Her cry turned to a moan as his tongue flicked and swirled around and inside the hood. Waves of warmth and giddiness coursed through her as Garrick slowly built her pleasure. His saliva wet her flesh and with the smoothness of the movement came even more pleasure for Minerva. The folds of her labia became moist and hot with cum. She almost couldn't decide between letting him just finish her now or holding off and experiencing it with his full length inside her.

She guided his mouth back up her body, allowing him a moment to suck and gently pull on her nipples with his teeth before pulling him up to face her. Her wand was tucked partially under one leg, but she freed it to cast another charm. A fire burst into life in the grate behind them and a huge sheepskin rug appeared before it, settling on the floor with a woosh.

She slid off the counter and took his hand, spearing her wand through her bun. "Shall we?" she asked.

All Garrick could do was nod.

She led him to the rug and he lay down on his back without even being told. The fleece was like the softest he'd ever felt and feeling infinitely warmer against the drafts in the shop. His John Thomas pointed upward, almost shaking with excitement. Minerva stood over Garrick, hands on her slender hips, and smirked.

"I could just leave now," she said, teasingly. "You'd be helpless. You certainly look that way."

"You could and I am," he admitted, his voice rough. "But I rather hoped you'd stay."

"Since you asked so nicely, I suppose I will."

Minerva knelt over him and parted the folds that protected her joybox. She positioned his cock and slid over it — a perfect fit. He gasped as she clenched her pelvic muscles, his hands grasping at her hips for support as she began to rock them to and fro. Soon, she had to lean on his chest, hands splayed, for support. Sweat glistened on her forehead as she increased the pace. The sound of their flesh slapping together couldn't be disguised by the mad crackling of the fire. He moaned, his eyes briefly shutting as she worked.

"Fuck! Fuck, fuck," she mumbled to herself, her cheeks glowing red, as she pumped and primed him. Her words almost became a mantra for the rhythm.

She reached down and began massaging her clitoris with an index finger, the sound wet and fast against his ears, as musical as her moans. The walls of her vagina seized around him suddenly as she let out a small, achingly vulnerable cry. Her back arched, then she slumped forward. A tomato red blush bloomed across her chest, neck, and face as she panted. Both of her hands may have come back to prop against his chest, but she never once broke her stride. Suddenly, Garrick felt his whole body seize then unexpectedly release. Minerva swallowed hard as he came into her, them both so unsure of the ejaculation although the almost paralyzingly pleasure made the whole thing worth it. Minerva's hips came to a slow stop and they waited there for a moment, gasping for air and feeling like they might explode with the intensity of the pleasure.

Minerva slid off of him and curled up tightly next to him. The majority of her body shielded him from the direct heat of the fire. He rolled into his side and gathered her to him. Her breasts pooled warm against his own nipples. Her mouth trailed down his jaw, languid and sleepy, until it rested in the curve of his collarbone and stayed there for a long while. His fingers traced her spine, feeling the bumps and bones like a map he was still learning.

They lay there until the fire has dwindled down the mere coals in the grate. Then Garrick stood, summoned his two dressing gowns, lay one over the now-sleeping Minerva and shrugging the other one on, and wandered to the back of shop and into the kitchen. There, reveling in the memory of what they'd just done and trying to ignore the draft on the stone floor, he prepared hot chocolate for them both.

Minerva had woken up by the time he returned, bearing two earthen mugs full to the brim with steaming cocoa. She gratefully took one, drawing the dressing gown tightly around her bare, elegant shoulders. Garrick wanted to do nothing more than shower them with tender kisses, to caress her curves once again without it being a pretext to orgasm. But he simply sat beside her and drank his cocoa. She'd made it clear a long time before that relationships and pillow talk were not her wheelhouse. Of course, they had to be his.

"I suppose it's too much to ask for you to stay the rest of the night, hm?" he eventually dared to propose.

Minerva swirled the dregs of cocoa around in her mug, eyes dancing with the dwindling firelight. "I'm afraid so, Garrick."

"Shame. I'd rather like to keep you around for longer than a few hours."

She didn't say anything in reply. Instead, she stood, placed her empty mug on the shop counter where they'd banged before, and waved her wand. He drank in her naked form before her clothes floated to her and she stepped gracefully into them, clasping the closure of her cloak at her throat and sliding her wand up her sleeve.

"Farewell, Minerva," he said as she opened the door. She paused, but did not turn around. Snow blew in, dusting the welcome mat and her tall heeled black boots. He had never said goodbye to her before. It was always "until next time, my dear," or "see you soon." Never "Farewell, Minerva." She may not have been blessed with the gift of prophecy or legilimency, but she could infer enough from his tone of voice: something about this encounter made him believe that they would not be meeting again in this context. The sinking feeling in her stomach almost made her turn around and return to her place by the fire, perhaps even coming to his bed to sleep and do other things. But she had the school to think of, and her students. And Albus. Poor, love-sick Albus. Minerva McGonagall closed her eyes and wished that she could stay, that so many weren't dependent upon her.

With a heavy heart, she said, "Farewell, Garrick." and disappeared into the night.

## End Notes

- This was my first piece of erotic fanfiction! I hope you liked it!
- John Thomas is a Monty Python reference...I got mildly sick of writing "cock/dick."
- Albus is gay. I got my time-lines slightly mixed up and tried to imply (unsuccessfully) that he was still love-sick for Grindlewalde.
- Damn I love Minerva McGonagall.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!