

Words of Passion

by sunny33

A magical infestation has hit Hogwarts.

—

Chapter 1 of 1

A magical infestation has hit Hogwarts.

Disclaimer: The characters and settings belong to JKR. The evil Prosies are mine.

Ron tossed his school bag down and flopped onto the couch beside Hermione.

"Hi." She lifted her eyes from her Arithmancy calculations long enough to acknowledge his presence.

"Hi."

Hermione continued scribbling numbers, aware the redhead wanted something. His intermittent huffs and sighs fell on deaf ears as she concentrated on her homework.

"Hermione?"

"Yes, Ronald?"

"Er... Would you mind taking a look at my Charms essay?" he asked.

"The one that is due tomorrow? That we had all Christmas hols to do?"

"Um... yeah. That's the one."

Hermione's voice rose an octave. "Honestly, Ron. How many times—"

"I know, I know. *Don't leave it to the last minute. Preparation is everything.* But it was *Christmas*, 'Mione," he wheedled.

"Pass it over, then." She held out her hand and huffed.

Ron grinned, all thoughts of contrition evaporating with her acquiescence. Handing over the parchment, he took out his favourite Quidditch magazine, oblivious to the black looks his friend was sending his direction.

Several minutes later, he heard a soft noise. Hermione had snorted. Certain there was nothing that bad in his essay, Ron frowned. When she giggled, he snatched the offending parchment back.

"Oi! Why are you laughing?"

"Oh, Ron. You can't write *that* in a Charms essay!" Giving in, she doubled over in laughter, rolling over the sofa with glee.

"Write *what?*" He knew his writing wasn't great, but surely it wasn't that bad.

"That!" She pointed and started shaking again as she tried to control a fresh outburst. "I didn't think you'd even know that style."

Ron glanced at the section she'd indicated.

To cast the charm effectively, one needs to place a firm hand around the wand. Stroking the throbbing rod slowly, one rubs a thumb over the glistening end. Increasingly rapid pumps of the hot, rigid shaft will eventually result in the culmination of your desire spurting effusively from the tip over the rosy-peaked mounds you admire.

"What? I didn't write that drive!" he exclaimed, holding the essay at arm's length, as if to deny ownership.

"It's your handwriting. Are you sure you haven't mixed this up with a... er... love letter?"

Ron looked at her as if she had grown another head. "Me? Write a love letter? Are you stark raving bonkers?"

"True." She unsheathed her wand and waved it over the parchment. Nothing. "There's no spell on the parchment. Let me check the ink. No. Not there either." Wand aloft, she turned to Ron, who backed away. "Hold still, you big baby. Not you either."

"But what do I do with this? I can't hand it in," Ron wailed.

"Just write it again. See what happens. And try and keep your mind on the subject. It may help."

Ron blushed. "Um... Okay."

His second attempt was no literary masterpiece, but at least contained no references to throbbing rods or rosy-peaked mounds. Satisfied, he patted Hermione on the shoulder and left her in peace to make a start on her Potions essay.

"Miss Granger!"

"Yes, Professor Snape?" Hermione's mouth suddenly lacked moisture. The Potions master looked even more irritable than usual. If that was possible.

"See me after class."

She nodded and continued with the set potion. After bottling her brew, she gathered her equipment and books and stood at her desk, waiting for the rest of the class to file out.

"Come here." The low growl sent a tingle down her spine. Apprehension, or something else entirely?

"Yes, Professor."

"What exactly do you call this?" he asked, brandishing the essay she had turned in at the beginning of the lesson.

"An essay?"

"Your insolence is not doing your house any favours, girl. Ten points from Gryffindor!" he snarled. Unrolling the parchment, he began to read aloud. "*The brewing of this potion should be completed in three steps. First, the brewer takes the glossy, sensuous lock of black hair into her hands and feathers it across her waiting, sweat-moistened skin. Then, she trails her hands along the pale, lean body until it flushes with warm desire, and the obsidian eyes close in silent supplication. Only then does she reveal the turgid—*"

"No! I didn't write that!" Hermione's cheeks stained pink as the image conjured by the silken voice burned into her imagination.

"Miss Granger, I do not appreciate childish attempts at mockery. I have been ridiculed by the best. *This* is pathetic. Detention. Seven o'clock."

"But..." In an attempt to placate his temper, Hermione reached out and laid a hand on his forearm.

The Potions master shook off her touch and spun on his heel, slamming the door as he left the classroom.

"But..." Hermione's plaintive protest met only harsh wood and stone.

"You know it's the Purple Passion Prosies, don't you?" a lilting voice asked from behind Hermione.

"Luna! The Purple whats?"

"The Purple Passion Prosies. There's quite an infestation in the castle at the moment. Essays all over Hogwarts have been suddenly transforming into, well, you've seen it," Luna explained as if it should have been obvious.

"You mean they affect everyone the same?"

"Oh, no. They only affect you if you are harbouring passionate thoughts of someone while you are writing. Mostly, students are not affected. But I believe Professor Sprout had an embarrassing moment at a staff meeting yesterday." Luna's musical tinkle of a laugh followed her as she skipped off down the corridor. "Just be careful not to touch anyone. The infection is very contagious for a few days."

Hermione sat down with a thump. It had been clear to whom the prose in her essay was directed. Her blush deepened. Now, he knew. She dreaded the next Potions class.

Several other Gryffindor students had been affected, and everyone was taking care to avoid contact with others. The headmaster had reassured the school at dinner that measures were being taken to control the infestation, and lessons were to continue as normal.

Arriving at the last possible moment to double Potions on Friday, Hermione slipped into her seat as Professor Snape flicked his wand at the blackboard to display the instructions for the day's brew. A few titters were heard at the back of the class. His glare silenced the culprits at first, but soon the entire class was giggling helplessly at their desks. Hermione glanced at her classmates, then turned to the front of the class to find Severus Snape staring at the blackboard, face flushed and back rigid.

VERITASERUM

Four Jobberknoll feathers, placed whole into ten ounces of rainwater in a pewter cauldron and stirred thirty times counter-clockwise.

Add one ounce of moonstone, ground finely. Stir eight times clockwise and three counter clockwise.

Thrust your needy shaft into the hot liquid of the cauldron and feel the searing heat. Once, twice, three times, in and out, in and out, as sweet chocolate orbs pierce your soul.

The words disappeared with a flick of Snape's wand as he dismissed the class with a growl. "OUT!"

Watching the flowing black robes disappearing into his office, Hermione remembered her fleeting contact with his arm two days earlier.

And smiled.

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from Hermione Diggory. The denizens of Hogwarts find themselves under attack by a mischievous magical infestation of unknown origin.

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the beta.