

# A Curious Case of Wrackspurts

*by ApollinaV*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Professor Snape stormed through the castle in high dudgeon, scattering frightened children left and right as he entered the Great Hall. His bootsteps echoed ominously as he approached his place at the High Table and sat down.

“Professor Granger,” he said icily, addressing the witch to his right. She looked up from the brussel sprouts she was spooning onto her plate, bewildered and vaguely alarmed. It had been many years since he last took that tone with her. “You were in my office today.”

Slowly she wiped her lips, formulating a response to his accusatory tone. “Yes, that’s right. Is there a problem, Professor Snape?”

“A problem? Yes, it is a problem when you help yourself to my library, then leave a mess everywhere.”

Hermione’s brows furrowed. “Oh honestly, Severus,” she hissed. “Relax; it’s just a bit of research. I’ll clean it up after pudding.”

“Don’t bother. The damage has already been done.”

Hermione’s head shot up, giving her the appearance of an animal caught in cross-hairs. Severus swooped in for the kill.

“I had to counsel young Mr. Collins after classes today. Can you imagine what it’s like to lecture a fourth year on responsibility while there’s a full page glossy of cunnilingus propped up on my desk?”

“Shit.”

“No. Fortunately, that was located in another book.”

Hermione glared. “What of Collins, then?”

“He agreed to a Memory Modification Charm in lieu of house points and castle restrictions, but that’s entirely beside the point. Hermione, what were you thinking getting all those books out – and leaving them in my office, no less?”

“Well, I wasn’t going to take them to the library to read. And I didn’t want to disturb you,” she said weakly. “It was just supposed to be some harmless research.”

“Oh?” he probed. Curiosity aroused, Severus turned a predatory eye to his coworker. “Is this for an early birthday surprise, or something more academic?”

She snorted. "One of my N.E.W.T. students wrote a research paper on raising chakra energy to strengthen the magical core. I had to check some of his facts. It also raised rather interesting questions about tantra energies – not inherently sexual, but well... that's where my own reading led me."

"Tantric sex. You researched tantric sex."

"It seemed like a good idea at the time."

"You could have just come to me. I would have been more than happy to spend a few hours enlightening you."

The witch on Severus' left leaned over into their conversation. "Wrackspurts," the Care of Magical Creatures professor said with a nod.

Hermione's face bloomed red as she pulled her wand out, intent on making their private conversation, private.

"Wrackspurts infest the body. Mostly safe, they can cause quite an injury if you let them build up. They can clog up your mind, but you can get rid of them though with a good, strong orgasm. I find it's usually necessary to get rid of Wrackspurts three, sometimes four times a week. With tantric sex though, that's releasing quite a bit of Wrackspurts. If you need to do that, you should probably have sex more often."

Severus gritted his teeth. "Thank you, Professor Lovegood."

Severus and Hermione cast a Muffliato at the same time.

"I am very sorry, Severus. I just didn't think."

"No, you didn't. I suppose for this, I ought to put you over my knee." Hermione felt his broad hand on her thigh.

He parted her robes and slowly bunched her skirt up. Crooning in her ear, Severus whispered, "But I think in this instance, it might be better to apply some of what you learned today."

Mindful as always of the hundreds of ears and eyes that watched them, Severus continued to eat with one hand. To the entire world he appeared disdainful of her company as he pushed her knickers to the side.

Hermione gasped.

Gentle, teasing fingers found Hermione much more receptive than she appeared to be. The nervous kitten scanned the Great Hall, hunting for faces that shone with the knowledge that *she*, their Charms professor, was getting frigged under the High Table. There were none. Of the students who had lingered for pudding, they were more engaged in their own teen-aged dramas than the ordinary lives of boring professors.

She squeezed her eyes shut, scrunching her face up as Severus deftly moved palm and forefinger, tapping out a pleasurable beat between her parted legs. Long and shallow strokes teased every part of her, sending a shivering thrill through her blood. *Oh, god.* Hermione hastily grabbed her goblet and swallowed a long, keening moan with pumpkin juice.

Severus' smooth voice flowed over her as she drank to fortify tensed nerves. "You see," he began to lecture, "the key to tantra is in the building, riding wave after pleasurable wave of sensation while in the moment. One large sexual release is not the goal. Instead, you should seek the joy of each sensation, and allow it to spread through your body, through all of the chakras." At that, his fingers stilled. Hermione nearly cried.

"Breath control is also important."

He twisted and twitched his fingers, colliding with nerve bundles making her squeak.

"Now, now Hermione. It doesn't sound like your breathing is very controlled."

"You try getting tossed off in the Great Hall," she countered.

"An amusing suggestion. Perhaps one we can put to good use another time. But for now, what do you think about retiring for the evening to practice what you've learned?"

Barely anyone spared a glance for the departing professors. The fact that Professor Snape was dating Professor Granger was old news. Professor Lovegood was the only one to watch them leave.

"Wrackspurts," she said knowingly. "They'll do that to you every time."

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My humblest thanks go out to my lovely beta and dearest friend, Christev. Thank you, sweetie.

This was written from a combination of prompts provided by Pennfana, Owlbait, and Lady\_Karelia. Thank you, ladies. Original prompts:

1. After a long hard day, Severus comes home to find his library rearranged. Who did this and why?
2. Luna has accused Severus of a Wrackspurt infestation. Is she right?
3. Snape lectures Hermione about the benefits of tantric sex in the snarkiest of ways. Perhaps at the dinner table at Hogwarts. Without attracting attention by the other teachers.