

# More Magical Mating

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione didn't bother raising her hand since she knew she wouldn't be called on. "Excuse me, sir, but that's wrong. Muggle science has proved that sexually transmitted diseases..."

"SILENCE!"

Everyone in the seventh year Magical Mating Class jumped. Even Hermione. It was not often that Severus Snape displayed quite such a forceful rage.

"How dare you imply that you have greater knowledge of this subject than I do? You will serve detention. Here. Eight o'clock tonight. I suggest you use the time between now and then to get your affairs in order."

Severus Snape retreated to his office in high dudgeon. It was difficult enough teaching such delicate matters to dunderheads, but this year's class was a nightmare. Not only were the students (if one could even call them that) a full year older than usual, with all the added sexual encounters and experimentation that implied, they had also experienced both battle and the adulation of the masses. Their arrogance knew no bounds.

It was no surprise that Miss Granger had been the first to violate the standards of his classroom. If he were to survive the year with his authority and sanity intact, this first indication of rebelliousness must be utterly crushed.

...

Hermione approached the Potions classroom with trepidation. She had accused him of being wrong. Not mistaken, not unclear. Wrong. What had she been thinking? Harry had instructions on how to care for Crookshanks in case she didn't make it back.

The desks had been pushed back leaving a clear space near the front of the room. There was a single, low wooden stool in the middle of that space. It was not an ordinary classroom stool, as it had wheels and a swivel base. Snape motioned to her to sit in it.

He began walking around her, speaking in low, silky tones.

"Do you remember what I told you on your first day in my classroom? That I could teach you to how to bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses. To bottle fame, brew glory and put a stopper in death."

He was behind her, and she felt the warmth of his body radiating towards her. She shivered when she realized how close he must be standing. "Do you think all that can come from mere ingredients? Can chemistry explain the importance of the number of clockwise stirs or the impact of moonlight on a distillation?"

She felt him pull away as he circled back in front of her, leaning down to stare deeply into her eyes. "To brew potions one must learn to follow a recipe. To become a Potion Master requires intimate familiarity, not only with the materials that make up the potion itself, but with the subtleties of the full range of possible responses of the human body. One can learn to brew an aphrodisiac from a book. To develop one, the brewer must consider not only the type of arousal the potion is intended to evoke, but how every part of the body will behave in every stage of that arousal under every possible stimulus."

He straightened and circled back behind her. This time, he crouched down, and his hands rested on her shoulders as his warm breath caressed her ear, sending delicious tingles down her spine and deep into her womb. She felt his chest pressing lightly against her back, searing her with his heat. "There is only one way to acquire such knowledge. Every known sexual technique and position must be studied, both in theory and in practice, in varying conditions. Different air quality, subtle changes in temperature, the relative ages of the participants, the presence or absence of observers, does the coupling take place on a soft, feather mattress, a sandy beach or cold, hard ground?"

He shifted to murmur in her other ear, setting off a fresh cascade of tingles. Hermione shifted slightly, trying to contain the pressure in her aching groin. "It takes years of experimentation to truly comprehend the ways in which each of these factors affects the working of a potion and how to brew accordingly. There are very few who achieve the distinction of Potion Master in the subfield of procreative and erotic potions, but I did."

His hands left her shoulders, and she gasped as he whirled her chair around, spinning it out and then pulling it back in so her tightly clenched knees were between his legs, just barely touching his inner thighs. "The written exams lasted a full month. But it was in the practical that I excelled. For the oral section alone, I wore out three separate instructors."

Hermione vaguely wondered if there was any oxygen left in the castle as she struggled to breathe.

He leaned in closer, his lips nearly touching hers, and whispered, "Are you intrigued, Miss Granger? You have some, small aptitude. Would you like to learn the secrets of ensnaring the senses? Because until you do..."

With a single push her stool rolled back and he towered over her, sneering, "You have no place questioning my authority. Do you, Miss Granger?"

"No, sir," Hermione managed to squeak out, amazed that she still possessed the power of speech. She had begun to be aroused the moment he had started to speak. By now she was nothing more than a Hermione-shaped, quivering mass of erotic need.

"Then you may leave."

He watched her stumble from the room and wondered what lucky boy she would hurl herself onto to satisfy her raging hormones. He would put odds on Malfoy; the boy knew what effect the Potions master had on female students when he wanted to and tended to linger nearby to enjoy the aftereffects. He waved his wand to lock the door before releasing his aching member and stroking it, secure in the knowledge that it would be years before she knew he had lied.