

# Reprisal

*by ayerf*

Sequel to Reciprocity. Hermione ignores Severus again. This time, he doesn't put up with it for long...

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Sequel to Reciprocity. Hermione ignores Severus again. This time, he doesn't put up with it for long...

AN: Because ladyofthemasque asked for it, she got the dubious pleasure of betaing. It is thanks to her encouragement that this sequel was written in the first place.

Thanks to dacian goddess for suggesting the title.

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Standing in the doorway of Hermione's study, Severus watched his wife through narrowed eyes.

She was huddled over her desk, feverishly working. Her wand was thrust into her tangled, upswept hair, a frenzied gleam in her eyes as nib scratched over parchment at blinding speed. Ink stained her teeth and lower lip from where she'd absentmindedly sucked the wrong end of her Muggle fountain pen. Abandoned quills were scattered on the floor in front of the desk, most snapped.

Clearing his throat, Severus scowled when Hermione failed to look up. It seemed that she was getting back into the habit of ignoring him, for this was the second consecutive day doing so in the month since she'd been awarded Arithmancer status.

Swooping across to the desk, placing his palms flat on the polished wood, Severus loomed over Hermione. Although his hands were within her line of sight, she continued scribbling regardless, blind to anything but her publication deadline.

He wouldn't be letting this state of affairs continue for three weeks this time, regardless of how enjoyable it had been when Hermione had fulfilled her promise to make it up to him.

"Hermione," Severus snapped as a last warning. She didn't even blink. Straightening up, he stormed around the desk, wand in hand.

'*Expelliarmus!*' The non-verbal spell sent Hermione's pen flying. Before it had even landed with a clatter on the floor, Severus had grabbed hold of the back of Hermione's chair, pulling it out from the desk.

Hermione was reaching for her wand, only for Severus to confiscate it, throwing it on top of the nearest bookshelf to keep it out of her reach. Disarmed, Hermione was soon fighting against her own hair as it tumbled forward onto her face, no longer secured. Taking advantage of her distraction, Severus lunged around the chair, yanked Hermione up from her seat, spun her around and sat down himself. Pulling Hermione back down, he turned her over his knee. He eyed the tempting target her behind had become, rubbing his hands together in anticipation.

"Oh!" Hermione exclaimed, sounding shocked to find herself upended over her husband's lap.

*Crack!* The sudden contact of Severus's hand against her rear coaxed a yelp from Hermione. She tried to get up, only to be held down by the firm pressure of Severus's left hand spread across her back.

"Severus..." *Smack.* "Ow! What the..." *Crack.* "Ah! Stop it, that hurt!"

"Indeed?" Severus pulled his arm back, bringing his wand hand down again on the creased robes covering his wife's arse. The otherwise satisfying sharp cracks were slightly muffled by the fabric, but Hermione's whimpers made up for that. "So does being ignored."

Where she had been trying to wriggle away before, she stilled under the next slap, her only movement caused by the impact of his hand. She dropped her head down so that the ends of her hair trailed on the floor.

"I did it again, didn't I?" Hermione sighed, hissing between her teeth when he answered her rhetorical question with another smack. "I'm sorry, but you know ouch what I'm like when I'm ah working." She raised her head, turning it to the side so that she could briefly squint up at him. "You know, spanking me like bastard! I'm a misbehaving child doesn't you encourage me to make it up to you," she growled.

He brought his hand down again, but this time soothed the blow with a caress of his hand. "Perhaps not, but it will make it more difficult for your work to consume you to the point of forgetting I exist."

"It'll make it difficult for me to sit down, let alone work, you git!" She resumed her attempts to squirm away from the ongoing assault of his hand, but only managed to grind her hips into his leg. A muffled sob escaped her as one particularly well-aimed blow pushed her more firmly onto his lap. "It *hurts*," she moaned.

Nostrils flaring, Severus smirked as he caught a hint of a familiar, musky scent. "A good spanking is meant to be painful, my dear. But rest assured that it is the only way I'll ever raise a hand against you."

Whipping his wand out, he used one of his own spells to strip Hermione of her robes and underlying skirt. Clad only in her blouse and underwear, Severus was able to feel her nipples were pebbled, becoming more so against his legs in the cool dungeon air.

Ignoring her squeak of surprise, Severus used the tip of his wand to lower Hermione's knickers to her knees. His smirk widened to a leering grin as the reddened skin of her buttocks was revealed, a lascivious gleam in his eyes as he noted that the crotch of those aforementioned knickers was damp.

"Can you deny that it is a 'good' hurt?"

Her indignant squawk of protest was enough incentive for him to produce the proof with a non-verbal *Accio*. The Summoning Charm deftly slid her knickers from her knees to her ankles, before slipping past her feet to hook onto his outstretched wand. Dangling the damp, flimsy material in front of Hermione's eyes, Severus was intrigued to notice that her arse seemed to flush redder as she blushed. Too late, she turned her head away in an attempt to hide what little he could see of her face.

Placing his wand on top of Hermione's abandoned work, Severus couldn't resist investigating his handiwork. Although warmed by the repeated contact against her, his hand was still cool enough to feel the heat radiating from her abused skin.

"Spread your legs," he whispered. Hermione hesitated, but after a warning pat of his hand against her behind, she complied willingly enough. Her breath caught when he slid his fingers between her thighs. To Severus's delight, the delicate folds of her nether flesh felt as wet as the scent of her arousal and her underwear had indicated.

After a few teasing strokes and a flick across her nub, Severus pulled his fingers away. He laughed low in his throat when Hermione shifted in an effort to keep his attentions where she wanted them. Bringing his glistening fingers up to his sizeable nose to audibly sniff at them, he was about to lick them clean when a better idea struck him.

Reaching over to offer his fingers to Hermione, Severus was suddenly all too aware of his growing erection when she sucked his fingers into her mouth, swirling her tongue around them in the act of tasting her own essence.

Grimacing, Severus shifted uncomfortably, wishing that he was able to adjust his turgid length within the confines of his trousers. It did not help that the warm weight of Hermione's belly was pressing against him, her softness against his hardness.

Releasing his fingers from her mouth, Hermione chuckled, shifting her body against his cock.

Severus retaliated against this teasing move by unleashing a salvo of smacks upon her arse, carefully making sure that each cheek was given equal attention until both all but glowed. Without any clothing in the way, the resulting sounds of skin hitting skin were more satisfying.

Unable to keep small cries from escaping with each successive hit, Hermione got her revenge by making sure that she exaggerated the movement each blow caused, until Severus had to halt the spanking or risk climaxing precipitously.

Setting Hermione on her feet, Severus was gratified to see that she stood on shaky legs. He took advantage of the opportunity to unfasten his trousers, relieving some of the pressure on his erection.

Standing, Severus plucked his wand from the desk and secreted it inside one of his myriad pockets before taking Hermione's hand.

"I do believe you enjoyed that," he murmured, sweeping his eyes up and down her dishevelled form, noting the gleam of wetness between her legs with a quirk of his lips. Her eyes, dilated with desire, were fixed on his groin.

"And now," she purred, "the oral sex."

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For the next few days, Hermione had to use a Cushioning Charm to sit at her desk. She could have gone to Poppy Pomfrey, but hadn't wished to share the nature of her injuries. No thanks to interruptions from Severus, she finished writing just in time to meet her publication deadline.

The arrival of a brand new potions book gave Hermione the opportunity to give Severus a lesson on equality in their household. Completely absorbed in the book, occasionally scrawling corrections in the margins, it slipped Severus's mind that he had a wife. Until Hermione reminded him with the sting of her hand late that night, when he made the error of continuing to read in bed.