Freaky Friday

by debjunk

A potions accident makes Severus and Hermione switch bodies. How will they react
as each other? Will they finally admit their feelings for one another? A short story in
two chapters.

Chapter 1: The Accident

Chapter 1 of 2

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Chapter 1: The Accident

Severus waited impatiently for his apprentice to arrive. She wasn't late by any means; he just wanted to see her. Hermione Granger, resident know it all and secret woman
of his dreams, was due any minute.

Hermione burst through the doors with a huge grin on her face. She was always so chipper, it made Severus furious. Didn't she know he wanted her to smile at him and
him alone? But no, she was showering that smile on everyone she met. Insufferable know it all.

The woman was horrid: always trying to make him chatter on about nothing. For the longest time he resisted her constant questions, but now he actually looked forward to
them. He had turned into a sap, simply because he found his apprentice attractive.

"Good Morning, Severus," Hermione piped up, sending a shiver down his spine.

Did she not know how she affected him? Apparently she did not, as she continued with her happy assault.

"Did you have a good night last night?" she asked him.

Severus grunted a reply.

"I'll take that as a no," Hermione said, chuckling.

She went to prepare her cauldron for the day's brewing. She didn't understand Severus. He was always so gruff. This was the middle of her second year as an apprentice
under him. At first, she had been eager but scared to death that he would yell at her. He did on occasion, but never as frequently as she had assumed he would. After
several weeks, Hermione had let her guard down and decided he wasn't quite the ogre she had remembered from her earlier school days.

She knew that chattering too much would cause him to snap at her, so she had gone slowly, asking him some semi-personal questions every day. He had responded
reluctantly, and she could always tell when it was time to shut up. Slowly things had gotten a little friendlier. Conversations had lasted longer, and he didn't look at her as if
she were the bane of his existence.

By the end of her first year, Hermione was congratulating herself in the fact that she could consider Severus Snape her friend. He was quite charming when he let his
guard down, but she didn't ever see that side of him enough. She wondered what she would have to do to make him be nice to her all of the time. She figured it would

never truly happen, but she never gave up hope.

This year, however, had been different. He had given her more responsibility, which had been satisfying, but with that responsibility had come more time alone. He would bark out what she was to do and usually disappear into his rooms, only to check on her sporadically. He tended to sneer at her more too. She wondered if she had done something to upset him somehow.

If she had, she wished she knew what it was. She had really come to admire him and valued his friendship immensely. But unfortunately as the year had progressed, he had become more distant. Hermione had fretted about it nightly in her room, wondering how she could repair their tattered relationship.

She shook her head as she readied the cauldron. Little had she known at that time that she was falling in love with her Professor. It had taken a month more of her pining for her to realize that that indeed was what it was. She missed the chats they had the previous year, but she really just wanted him to smile at her. He had done it once, when she had asked him about replacing an ingredient with another. He smiled at her; actually smiled.

"Now you're getting the hang of being a Potions mistress, Hermione," he had said.

Her heart had fluttered within her, and it was a very long time until she realized that it was not because of his flattery, but because she had seen him look at her with an emotion she never thought she'd see from him: affection.

Now, unfortunately, she knew she would never elicit a smile from him. How could she when he grumped at her constantly. She never gave up though. She tried to be as chipper as she could. Usually by the end of the day she wanted to strangle him, but every new day she started afresh, hoping that today would be the day he would break down his walls again and be nice to her.

She started the Potion she was to brew today: Draught of Knowledge. It was a potion that could be used during study to enhance learning. It also had properties that would give the taker the knowledge or surety of something hidden deep within them. It could bring a new realization, or the deepening knowledge of clarity about something already surmised. Hermione had made this particular potion before under Severus' careful eye, but this time she was to do it all by herself with no help from him.

Severus sat at his desk and watched her. She had a grace around a cauldron that rivaled his own. He marveled at all she had accomplished in such a short time. He had not thought it possible for her to leave her constant clinging to books behind her, but she had. She now used her own knowledge in brewing to help her with her tasks, not the words in a book.

He admired her hands as she gracefully set to work slicing flobberworms for the potion she was working on. He was so entranced by her movements that he failed to see that she had cut the worms incorrectly, until it was too late. Rushing to the cauldron, he called her name, starling her. She couldn't control the entry of the worms into the green liquid. Instead of only four pieces, the entire bunch dropped into the cauldron.

"Hermione, those should have been cut on the diagonal and you only needed four!" he bellowed at her as he came to her side.

She looked at him in shock, and then down at the cauldron, only to watch it explode in her face. Both she and Severus tumbled back onto the floor and lay there unconscious for several minutes.

Slowly Hermione rose from the ground and rubbed her head. Something felt weird. Her hair seemed a bit too straight. She glanced over at Severus and her jaw dropped. Instead of Severus, she saw herself sit up and rub her eyes. The witch's hands wiped goo from her face. Hermione looked down at her own hands and saw masculine ones meeting her gaze. She looked down at her body and recognized the black robes of her Potions professor.

"Oh, crap," she said in Severus' voice.

"Oh, crap," she said again.

By this time, Severus was staring at her, realization dawning on him.

"Hermione?" he asked in shock.

"That would be me," she said in his deep voice. "What happened?"

Severus looked at her angrily. It wasn't quite as effective coming from her face though.

"We have changed bodies!" he bellowed.

"Well, I can see that," Hermione said. "How long will this be going on? Do you have any idea?"

Severus was sneering at himself as he stood, looking at his hands and brushing his Gryffindor robes off.

"I have no idea. Too long if you ask me! How could you have been so careless?"

Hermione felt anger boil in her. If he hadn't come waltzing up to her, this wouldn't have happened. She told him so.

"If you had cut those flobberworms correctly I wouldn't have needed to come over!" he shouted. "Now I have to live in your know-it-all body for who knows how long!"

Hermione's eyes narrowed at him. "And you think it's a pleasure for me to be in your old rickety body? I assure you, it is not!"

"Watch your tongue! I am still your superior and demand respect."

"I'll give you respect when you earn it, you overgrown bat!" she hollered.

"You watch what you say, or I'll do something you'll regret to this body."

"Well maybe I'll do something to your body! Perhaps an earring or maybe a tattoo on your chest that says *I love Harry Potter* on it or something."

"Unless you want a tattoo on your rear end that says 'Severus Forever', I think you should drop your tone and your ideas," Severus spat at her.

Hermione looked at him in shock. Severus felt that that particular expression did not appeal to his features, but smirked anyway. He didn't realize it, but Hermione would probably not balk too much at a tattoo that said such a thing on her body.

Not wanting Severus to get the upper hand, she crossed her arms in front of her and harrumphed at him. Severus was so taken aback at his body doing such feminine moves and sounds that he bent over and laughed. Then he laughed more at the girly sound of his laugh. Before he knew it he was kneeling on the floor, laughing hysterically. Hermione rushed over to him and knelt beside him. She looked at him sourly, which actually was a look that Severus gave often.

"Are you alright, you laughing hyena?" Hermione asked.

Seeing herself doubled over in mirth had made her drop her anger. She was watching Severus curiously as her own body shook with the laughter that was coming out of his mouth. He finally controlled himself and looked up at his own face staring at him.

"Sorry," he remarked, but didn't really mean it.

Hermione cocked her head at him. "No, I don't think you are, really."

She helped him get back to a standing position.

"What are we going to do, Severus? We have work to do and classes to teach."

Severus looked up at Hermione. He was not used to having to look up at anyone. This was a disturbing new development.

"We will go on as if nothing has happened. We are team teaching anyway; we can just switch jobs."

She arched an eyebrow at him. Watching the move he practiced in the mirror was quite different than actually seeing that arch on his face from a different person. This whole thing was preposterous. He folded his arms and began to pace. Hermione watched her body turn into the pacing professor she was used to. It was odd to see him pacing in her body. It seemed familiar, yet wildly unnatural.

"Let's see, you were making the Draught of Knowledge, which usually lasts for two hours. You cut the flobberworms straight instead of diagonally, thus extending the potions life by another 2 hours. Then we have to take into account the extra flobberworms and exploded ingredients."

He finally looked to Hermione. "I think this effect will reverse itself in 10 to 12 hours' time," he told her flatly.

Hermione sighed and blew a curtain of black hair away from her face.

"I guess we're stuck like this for now, then," she remarked.

"Very astute," Severus said.

oooOOOooo

Severus entered the classroom and went up to the desk. As Hermione, he would be in charge of the first part of the class. He sat and awaited the students and Hermione with his body. Most of the students were already seated when she stormed into the class, slamming the door behind her. She stalked through the classroom, heading toward the front with a scowl on her face. When she had reached the front, she cracked a smile at Severus.

"I always wanted to do that. I'm just not big enough to make that serious an impression."

Severus rolled his eyes at her.

"Try not to make me look too horrid," she advised Severus as he got up to start the class.

Severus frowned at her and moved to the front of the room. He would show her who looked horrid.

"Now, class, this is the potion you're going to work on today." He flicked his wand at the board and the potion for *Peace Draught* appeared.

"Who can tell me what we could have substituted for the black beetle parts in this potion?"

Severus waited as the third years all stared at him emptily.

"Well, since I'm a know-it-all, I'll tell you. You can substitute cockroaches for them. See how intelligent I am? I know the answer to everything."

He turned and went back to his place at the desk, noting that Hermione was seething at him. When he had seated himself, she bent forward and whispered in his ear.

"This means war."

He arched an eyebrow at her, even though he knew it wouldn't be as impressive as when it came from his own face. He then turned to some essays and began to mark.

Hermione grumpily looked back to the class and noticed that some of the students were regarding Severus curiously.

"Get to work!" she bellowed. Having his voice had its advantages.

Soon it was time for her to get up and survey the students' work. Now it was her time to have some fun. Instead of stalking like Severus always did, she walked very femininely, swinging her hips. She stopped at the first student's cauldron, looking over it, and looking for the signs that it had been brewed properly.

"Oh it's perfect!" she squealed. Well, as much of a squeal as his baritone voice could render. She clapped her hands together and shouted, "Bravo!"

She went on to the next potion, ignoring the horrified looks from the students, and not daring to glance up at the desk and Severus.

Peering over the top of this cauldron, she squealed again. "You got it right too! I am such a good teacher!"

Moving on, she found a cauldron that was less than perfect. Now she frowned slightly at the student.

"Mr. Duncan," she said kindly as her arm went around the boy. "You know I adore you, but your potion has not been stirred in the right direction. If you had stirred it counterclockwise like your friends here, it would have come out perfectly, just like theirs."

She bent down and peered into his frightened eyes and placed her hands on his arms. "Better luck next time, Mr. Duncan." She ruffled his hair, eliciting a look of sheer terror from him.

Rising back to a standing position, she returned to her seat, a smug grin on her face. Severus looked at her with murder in his eyes. She gave him a quick smirk and sat down, looking over the classroom. The students were eyeing her dubiously, waiting for some other strange outburst to come from her, but she remained calm and still in her seat.

Severus got up then to examine the other students' potions. "You know what?" he said to the boy in front, Jonathan Zander. "If I wasn't so hot for Ron Weasley, I would give you a kiss," he said loud enough for the whole class to hear.

He moved onto the next student, Jodi MacNamara. "You're hot for him too, aren't you?" Severus said, pointing to Jonathan. "Well, he's mine, so keep away from him."

Severus straightened up and looked smugly at the two students, who were now gaping at him. He knew Hermione was the epitome of decorum, and this behavior would be around the school in less than an hour after class. He smirked to himself and turned and went back to his seat. Glancing at himself, he noticed Hermione didn't look angry. He expected her to be furious with him, and was looking forward to a searing glance from her, but mortification met his gaze. Then it seemed to turn to hurt. He wasn't quite sure, never having seen such an expression on his own face before.

He sat down and for the first time looked a bit apprehensive. Looking to Hermione, it seemed that she was about to cry. He watched his body get up and give him a sad look. Was his lip quivering? How unmanly was that? He couldn't dwell on that thought, because he was drawn to his eyes. They were beginning to water. He watched as his body stalked out of the room and slammed the door.

"Umm, Professor Snape had a meeting with Headmistress McGonagall," Severus explained nervously to the students.

Luckily the period was over soon and he had the rest of the day free. Severus needed to seek out Miss Granger. He had overstepped his bounds and owed her an apology.

oooOOOooo

After looking high and low for her, Severus finally found Hermione on the roof of the Astronomy Tower. He should have looked there first. It was the perfect place to go when thinking was necessary. He opened the door and saw his body leaning over the rail, peering down into the courtyard. He carefully approached Hermione.

He cleared his throat and Hermione looked toward him. Severus noticed that his body's eyes were red and puffy. He sighed.

"I was out of line and I'm sorry," he told her.

Hermione sniffled. "You're a real prat, you know?" she asked.

"I believe that is why I have no friends," Severus told her.

Hermione turned and faced him. He was assaulted by his angry eyes staring at him.

"You have no friends because you don't let anyone close enough to you to become your friend. If you would just stop shielding your heart from possible pain, you would see that lots of people in this school care for you!"

Severus regarded Hermione curiously. He had not expected her to call him on his aloofness.

"And for your personal information, I do not have the 'hots' for Ronald Weasley!"

Hermione turned and stormed off the tower. Severus hurried after her, not wanting to have to search the entire castle for her again. Severus grabbed his own arm as his body descended the stairs.

"Hermione, wait!" he called to her.

Hermione turned on him, anger showing in her face. She moved back up the stairs toward him. She towered over him and pressed his own face close to him and sneered.

"Leave me alone!"

He could see now how intimidating he could be to others. He about fell over with her snarl. She turned and raced down the flight of stairs, leaving him in stunned silence behind her.

oooOOOooo

Hermione stormed into her room. She didn't care if anyone saw her enter. She didn't care if the entire Hogwarts population thought that Severus Snape had just entered Hermione Granger's room. She didn't care if they thought she was having a torrid love affair with him. She just didn't care.

How could he be so horrible? She would be the laughing stock of the school now. Blatantly making a pass, at a third year no less! If she could have crawled under a rock and died, she would have. She could not show her face in the Great Hall now. She could not bear to see the snickers and whispers that would be said about her.

After a long while of staring into her fireplace, she went into the bathroom and was once again startled by her appearance. Of course, she was Severus Snape. She could go to the Great Hall and not fear embarrassment because no one would be whispering about him. It would all be about her.

She splashed some water on Severus' face and decided to get her meal. She would just ignore the taunts and whispers.

oooOOOooo

Taking her place at the table, she searched the students. Some of them were looking at her oddly. She supposed her strange behavior in class had not escaped comment. She was startled out of her musings when Severus sat down next to her. He was ignoring her and scooping food onto his plate. Hermione did the same, but watched the students' reactions. Sure enough, the hall had erupted in whispering and pointing. All of her hard work to gain respect as a teacher had now been destroyed. She dropped her fork. It made a clattering sound on her plate.

"I hope you're proud of yourself," she said to Severus. "You have made me the laughing stock of the school."

No longer wanting to witness more of her humiliation, she decided to take her meal in her room. She got up and stormed out of the Hall. At least she had no problem keeping in Snape's character.

Next up: The Result

Thanks for taking a peek. Leave your thoughts, please.

Chapter 2: The Result

Chapter 2 of 2

A potions accident makes Severus and Hermione switch bodies. How will they react as each other? Will they finally
admit their feelings for one another? A short story in two chapters.

Chapter 2: The Result

There was a light knock at her door. Hermione went to open it and found her body staring at her. Finding it mildly amusing to find herself knocking at her own door, she opened it and let Severus come in. He began pacing immediately. Hermione crossed her arms in front of her and tapped her foot.

"What do you want?" she demanded, her anger returning in full force.

Severus turned and came up to her.

"Hermione, I'm sorry. I got carried away. I didn't think of how quickly word gets around in the school."

Hermione huffed at him. "Don't lie, Severus! That's all you thought about. You wanted me to be embarrassed. You succeeded."

"You were not the only one getting pointed at and talked about in that Hall, Hermione!"

She narrowed her eyes at him. "I didn't try to destroy any respect that the students have for you! You were out of line."

"You're right, I was."

"And you started it! Had you not gone on about me being a know-it-all, I would not have made fun of you."

"I know."

"You know," Hermione said dubiously.

"I know."

"And that's all you have to say for yourself?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What is it with you?" she bellowed.

Severus looked at her curiously.

"You have been awful to me all year. I thought we had become friends."

Severus looked down at the floor. Hermione thought that he looked quite vulnerable in her body at this moment.

"Did I do something that upset you?" she asked him finally.

He just stared at the floor and said nothing.

Hermione was getting angry. "If you're not going to say anything, then you can just get out!" she yelled at him.

She saw herself look up with eyes that held no emotion. She never thought she would see such a closed look cross her face, but there it was.

"And don't use my eyes against me, Severus Snape, it won't work!"

"You have done nothing to deserve my poor treatment of you," Severus said finally.

"Then what has possessed you to act in such a way?" Hermione demanded. She was now beginning to understand just how hard it was not to sound gruff with his voice.

"It is none of your concern," Severus snapped.

Hermione looked at him quizzically. "If it involves me, how can it not be my concern?" she asked a little more gently.

She saw herself screw her face up in frustration.

*What on earth could his problem be?*Hermione thought to herself.

"Look, I know I'm not you're favorite person in the world," Hermione offered, "but I thought we were getting along for a while there. What happened?"

Severus closed the gap between them and looked up at his own face.

"You're wrong, Hermione. You are my favorite person in the world."

Fear gripped her. What had he just said? What did it mean?

"Would you like to elaborate on that statement?" she said as she swallowed hard.

Severus studied her, or rather himself, closely. He could not do this now, not while staring at himself, instead of the one he truly loved.

"I will," he said finally, "but not now. I will talk to you tomorrow, when we have hopefully changed back."

Hermione narrowed her eyes at him but didn't press him. She knew he would talk to her in his own time. She watched him as he looked at her in a flustered manner. Did he just blush?

Severus looked to Hermione, realizing he had just consigned himself to tell her of his infatuation. He could feel himself turning red. He hurriedly stepped away from her.

"I had McGonagall announce to the students that someone had slipped a love potion into your drink at breakfast. That should counteract anything negative that has come from my joke."

He turned quickly and shot out of the room without a look back.

Hermione watched her body escape her room, not really knowing what to make of Severus and all that he had said. From his explanation of how he had righted things to his cryptic words, she was left feeling extremely puzzled. She was relieved to know that the students would no longer think of her in a negative light, but it really was unlike him to go out of his way to fix something he had created. Then there was his cryptic statement. The only thing she could think of about that was so remotely impossible that she laughed at herself. How could Severus possibly care for her when he had been so horrid to her all year?

oooOOOooo

Severus paced in his rooms. Granted, it wasn't as effective as usual because he was several inches shorter, quite a bit more petite, and didn't have a black cape to swish behind him as he turned and moved. Finally he stopped, the pacing not satisfactory enough to keep him at it.

What would he tell Hermione? Why had he let himself slip and say she was his favorite person? How could he possibly make that sound inconsequential? Perhaps he should just be up front with her. After a lifetime of secrets, that seemed rather an odd statement to make, but maybe it was time for truth telling. What would be the worst thing that could happen? She would reject him. He would still not have her, so he would be no worse off than he already was, but he at least would know the truth. He

would not hold out for something that would never come.

Hopefully, it would turn out better than that. She had admitted earlier to not liking Weasley anymore. And what had all that been about him letting his guard down so people could care for him? Could she possibly be attracted to him? She was awfully friendly, even when he was nasty. He had often wondered how much snark it would take to have her show her anger, but no matter how much he had taunted her, she had infrequently lost her temper. Until today of course, and then it hadn't even been anger that had lasted with her. It had been intense sorrow.

He felt so low; he had been so cold to her. No wonder she thought he hated her. He had shown her nothing but hatred for the last several months. He hadn't been able to help himself. Every time he saw her, he wanted to take her in his arms and cover her in kisses. He knew if he had, she would probably throw up all over him, and the thought of his body covered in vomit put him in a horrid mood. Of course, his being in a bad mood translated to him being awful to his coworker. He shook his head. She would never like him if he was constantly awful to her. He had turned himself into a self-fulfilling prophecy.

He checked his watch. It was growing late. He went into the bathroom and began to change for bed. Looking into the mirror, he was again startled to see Hermione staring at him. Well, if he was going to be trapped in her body, he might as well enjoy himself. He studied her face closer than he ever had before. She had deep brown eyes that were entrancing. Her hair, which used to be a rat's nest years ago, now fell in lovely curls that framed her face beautifully. Taking his finger, he traced the image of her cheek in the mirror. Perhaps he would just stay up and look at her in the mirror for the rest of the night, as if it were the Mirror of Erised.

He frowned to himself. What would Hermione think if she appeared late in the night to find him gazing at her in the mirror? She probably would think he was the biggest pervert that ever lived. Shaking Hermione's head, he headed out of the bathroom and went to his dresser. Looking over his choice of sleepwear, he found nothing suitable for a young lady. He did have some black satin pajamas that might shrink to fit this body well, though. He pulled them out and resized them.

Severus pulled off his robes so he could change into the pajamas. That was his first mistake. Oh Merlin, how was he supposed to sleep in a body this hot? He glanced down at his chest, then looked away quickly. Black lace was really a good choice in underwear, but not when one was possessed by a virile man who hadn't had a serious girlfriend in . . . well . . . ever. How was he supposed to sleep with those black-laced . . . and that . . . as a part of him? This was pure torture! For Merlin's sake, he was just a man! He slid his hand along her shape before quickly jerking it back. What did he think he was doing? If he thought that Hermione would think of him as a pervert because he had been staring at the mirror, he couldn't imagine what she would think of him if she caught him caressing her nearly naked body. *Severus Snape, you're a sick, sick man!*

He closed his eyes and felt along the bed until his hand met his pajamas. He slipped them on and finally opened his eyes and sighed. *Decorum, control, propriety . . . you're a teacher, Snape, act like one. Hermione expects you to respect her body, keep your lecherous eyes and hands off of it!* Glancing down, he found the silky pajamas fit his new shapely form perfectly.

Getting in his bed, he sighed again. He hoped he could fall asleep quickly. Unfortunately, he doubted it. He drew back the covers and sunk into his soft, comfortable bed. When he awoke, hopefully he would be himself again.

oooOOOooo

Hermione thought that pacing might be an appropriate response right now, she was so nervous to find out what Severus was going to say to her tomorrow. She tried a little of it, even stooping over a bit like Severus did, but didn't find it very helpful. She stopped and threw herself into her favorite chair. It was a dark brown, wing backed chair that was squishy and completely comfortable. She had fallen asleep in this very place many a night, a book propped up in her lap.

Of course, Severus' body didn't fit right in the chair. She was uncomfortable and couldn't find a good position. She got up moodily and went to her bedroom. She might as well get ready for bed.

She suddenly got a grin on her face. Severus and she would no doubt re-trade bodies sometime in the night. Perhaps she could put something on that would totally embarrass him. She rushed to her dresser and searched through her sleepwear. Finally she found the perfect thing. She pulled the pajamas from the drawer and laid them on the bed. Taking her wand, she made them large enough to fit Severus' well-defined body. She stepped back and admired her work. Perfect, she thought. Then another evil grin spread across her face. She would do something to his hair!

Racing to the bathroom, she stared into the mirror. Severus' face stared back. She gasped as his eyes looked straight into her. Those eyes were entrancing. She admired the rest of his face, stroking the mirrored reflection of him, while she debated what to do with his hair. Perhaps it was time for a color change? Grabbing her wand, she twirled it around her head and watched his black locks turn into blonde ones. She giggled at her reflection, admiring her intoxicating voice, then studied herself further. No, that wasn't quite right. He looked too much like Lucius Malfoy now, only with shorter hair. She twirled the wand again, and immediately the blonde organized itself into stripes alternating with his black hair. Almost there, she thought. With another twirl of her wand pink stripes had been added to the black and blonde.

Hermione laughed loudly. His hair looked hideous. He looked like a deranged clown. She threw some purple stripes in too, just for fun. Hermione pulled her vanity drawer open and dug through her hair accessories. Pulling out a small jar of hair ties, she sat down and began to work. She carefully divided Severus' hair into sections and began to cornrow it. After about half an hour, she was done. It looked ridiculous! Hermione laughed at her reflection as she put away the hair ties and stood to go to bed. She wished she had a camera to mark his reaction when he looked in the mirror.

Going to the bed, she began to disrobe and then froze in the middle of pulling her shirt off. He had a nice chest. Examining his body a little closer, she noticed he had a nice everything. He was quite thin, but he was defined. Oh, so very defined.

Her thoughts drifted back to when she had first needed to use the loo earlier today. She hadn't really thought of much of anything until she had pulled her pants down. Of course, she had forgotten that she was in a man's body. Her eyes had widened. Holy cow! She wasn't going to be forgetting that again any time soon! In fact, she'd probably be dreaming about that particular part of Severus' body for quite some time. Yes indeed, Severus Snape was a fine specimen of a man.

Hermione shook her head violently. She didn't need to be thinking such thoughts right before bed. She glanced down and groaned. Too late! Her man's libido had kicked in. Being a man all the time with such responses must be torture! Hermione quickly disrobed and slipped on the pajamas she had transfigured. She settled into the bed for what she hoped would be a good night's rest. If she remained this uncomfortable, however, she felt she would never get to sleep. She pulled her pajama pants away for one last look. Oh, Merlin, she would not sleep tonight! Letting the pants snap back into place, she turned onto her side. She felt like she had a giant kick stand attached to her private area. She could only hope that her body would calm itself down and allow her to finally relax.

oooOOOooo

When Hermione awoke the next morning, she found herself in a room in which she had never been. Gazing around, she let her mind come back to reality as she remembered just why she had awakened in this room.

The room was softly lit by a candle that seemed to be enchanted to constantly glow. She lay on a large four-poster bed that had a blue canopy over it. She noticed that the bed was incredibly comfortable. She was sunken into it, but it wasn't lumpy in any way. In fact it felt like she was lying on a cloud. Finally, after reveling in the softness of the bed, she sat up. She noticed that there was a dark blue shag rug on the stone floor and a dark wooden dresser in the corner. Other than that, the only other item in the room was a full-length mirror that was on a wooden stand-up frame.

She glanced at her attire: black satin pajamas. Hermione suddenly felt a pang of guilt as she thought of how she had dressed Severus for the morning. Perhaps she had been too mean to him. After all, he had apologized for being a git yesterday. She shrugged. It was too late to make any changes now. She should probably prepare for a huge tirade whenever he decided to make his entrance.

oooOOOooo

Severus woke up and rubbed his eyes. The bedroom was incredibly bright. He looked to his left to find a window streaming sunlight directly in his face. He frowned. He enjoyed sleeping in on the weekends.

Rising from the bed, he looked down and realized he had his body back again. Unfortunately the happiness he should feel about that was overshadowed by his outfit. He wore pink pajama bottoms and a pink t-shirt top. To add insult to injury, the pajama set was covered with rabbits. He supposed he should call them bunnies, but that word really wasn't in his vocabulary. They all were doing something different. One was nibbling on a carrot. Another was in mid hop. Several were playing together. The whole thing was sickeningly cutesy.

He frowned as he got up and went to the bathroom. He would get Granger for making him look like a poof. Luckily his robes were laid over a chair near the bathroom door, so he didn't have to traipse through the halls in embarrassment.

He glanced in the mirror and then took a double take. What had that insufferable woman done to his hair! Gads, it was horrid. There were numerous braids in it, and it was no longer just black but also had blonde, purple, and, of all colors, pink in it. Wonderful!

He extracted his wand and waved it over his head to set his hair back as it once was. Nothing happened. He did the spell again. The braids and colored hair remained. Severus sneered at his reflection. Finally he put his wand down and tried to pry the hair ties off of his head. They complied, and after a little while, all of the braids were undone, leaving Severus with striped and incredibly wavy hair. He tried the hair spell again, but to no avail. He scowled. Hermione needed to make this right.

He stormed out of the bathroom and began to get dressed. He pulled his shirt off and noticed something out of the corner of his eye. There was something written on his chest. He rushed back to the bathroom only to find the words *I Love Hermione* scrawled in black across his chest.

Severus stared at the writing. Of course, the sentiment was true, but she had written on him! He didn't know whether to be livid or to laugh. Taking the high road, he decided to finally give in and be amused. Of course, Hermione could never know that he found her little escapade amusing. He turned and went back to the bedroom to finish dressing.

oooOOOooo

The door burst open, and an irate Severus Snape stormed into his quarters. Hermione, who had been sitting in the black leather chair by the fire, jumped about five feet into the air. At least that was what it felt like. She looked up to see Severus coming toward her with a murderous look in his eye. He looked so frightening that she didn't have any time to be embarrassed about seeing so much of him the night before. She gave him a sheepish grin as he bent over her menacingly, forcing her back into the chair.

"It was just a little joke?" she said timidly.

"You will change my hair back to what it was immediately or you can say goodbye to your apprenticeship. I have never been so embarrassed in my life. Do you know how many stares I got while coming here? The students were pointing and laughing at me!"

Instead of looking regretful, Hermione's face turned bitter. "Well, now you know how I felt yesterday! The spell will wear off in 24 hours. I assure you, you can live with it until then." Hermione took her hand and felt his hair, scrunching it a little with her fingers. "Besides, that style gives your hair such body! It doesn't look all limp like it usually does. All of the girls must be jealous!"

Severus gritted his teeth and sneered. Hermione twisted herself so she could snake her way around Severus and stood up to leave. He grabbed her arm.

"Just where do you think you're going?" he demanded.

"I am going back to my room now that you have vacated it," she said hotly.

"There's still the little matter of this to deal with!" Severus bellowed as he pulled his robes open to display the graffiti that was scrawled on it.

Hermione's face softened. "Oh! That's so sweet! Did you write that for me?"

"Hermione, this is not the time to joke. Remove this abomination immediately!"

Hermione's smile dropped from her face. "But, Severus, I didn't do that." She got closer to his chest and touched the inscription. "I swear, Severus, I only messed with your hair and dressed you like a girl, that's it!"

Severus felt a jolt at her touch. He was tempted to grasp her hand and never let go, but now there was a mystery to be solved. There would be time for sentimentality later.

"Hermione, if you didn't do this, then how did it get scrawled onto my chest?" Severus snapped.

"Perhaps you put it there yourself?" she asked with an arched eyebrow.

Severus tensed and scoffed at her. "Believe me, Hermione; I think I would remember something like that."

Hermione looked up at Severus with concern. Her concern, however, was tempered by his appearance. She could not keep a huge smirk from crossing her face. Hermione removed her wand and twirled it over Severus' head, restoring his hair to its natural state.

"Sorry you couldn't keep your rainbow locks longer, but I found them a bit too distracting for such a serious conversation. You can count yourself lucky."

Severus smirked back at her. "I guess I should thank you then?"

Hermione shrugged and looked back to his chest. She had to admit that it was quite stimulating to spend so much time examining it. She drew her fingers across the markings once again, drawing in an involuntary breath as her fingers danced across his chest. She then took her wand and tried to remove the writing. Nothing happened. She looked back up at Severus.

"Any ideas?" she asked.

Severus frowned. "None whatsoever."

"Perhaps it has something to do with the Potions accident?" Hermione offered.

"I don't see how it could. Do you have any strange writing on you?"

It was Hermione's turn to frown. "Not that I have noticed. I'm certainly not going to bare my chest to you," she said as she turned and retreated to the bathroom.

After a few minutes, Hermione emerged frowning more. She went back to Severus and pulled her sleeve up above her shoulder to reveal the images now imprinted there. *I Love Severus.*

Severus raised an eyebrow at that. "Well, at least the writing is consistent, spouting off epithets of love for one another."

"Did you write this on my body, Severus?" she asked plainly.

"No, I did not!" Severus said haughtily.

Hermione pulled her sleeve down. "I didn't think so."

Severus pulled her sleeve back up and fingered the inscription.

"Perhaps this does have something to do with the explosion." He looked at her tentatively.

"Is there any truth to this inscription," he asked her with trepidation.

She pulled her arm from his grasp.

"Is there any truth to yours?" she retorted.

"I asked you first."

"Well, you said I was your favorite person yesterday. What is that supposed to mean, and what am I supposed to think about it?"

Severus looked down at the ground. He debated how to answer her. His heart said one thing, but his head said another. He was used to following his head, but would it be so awful to follow his heart for a change?

He looked back up at Hermione. "Yes," he said finally, hoping this wouldn't backfire and explode in his face. "It is completely true. I love you."

Hermione didn't know what she expected him to say, but it certainly wasn't that. She felt her knees go weak and she stumbled forward. Severus caught her and looked at her with concern.

"It's the Draught of Knowledge then," she said finally. "It mutated, and instead of giving us the knowledge in our minds, it wrote it on our bodies."

Severus looked at Hermione curiously. "You mean to say . . ."

She looked into his dark endless eyes. "That I'm in love with you? That's exactly what I mean to say."

Severus was in shock. Everything he had hoped for, but dared not think of, now became a possibility. Hermione watched him as he smiled at her, just the way he had smiled at her last year. It was a smile filled with affection. It took her breath away.

Now certain of her affections, he pulled her into a loving embrace. His lips descended on hers and they kissed passionately. Hermione felt her heart filling with love for him. Finally she understood his aloof actions. He loved her. All of this time, he had been distant because he loved her. Of course that would have made no sense whatsoever had it been coming from someone else, but it made entirely too much sense when it was applied to Severus Snape.

She snaked her arm around him and placed her hand on his neck. She pulled him even closer, kissing him hungrily as she tried to make him a part of her.

They finally separated and Severus placed his forehead on hers.

"I'm sorry I've been so nasty these past few months," he told her.

"I understand," she assured him before showering him with more kisses.

The End

A/N: Thank you so much for reading, and I loved all of your comments. I hope this half was as enjoyable as the first. ;)