

# How Hermione Ensnared her Potions Master

*by imhilien*

Hermione decides that getting a makeover will make Snape see what he's missing out on...

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: This is in response to the 'Makeover Ho!Mione' challenge that can be found at the Yahoo group 'Potter Place' (rules at the end of the story). It's an AU satire written for fun, and the author notes through the story are deliberately placed.

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Hermione had long sighed in a dreamy way over the Potions master at Hogwarts – she knew that underneath his sarcastic exterior he was really just a misunderstood, sensitive man who no doubt sang in the shower. His hair was probably just silky instead of greasy.

She had tried to get him to notice her as the Grown Woman she was becoming – she would flutter her eyelashes at him coyly in class and stay afterwards to ask him innuendo-laden questions about Potions, but to no avail. He would only bark at her to get whatever she had out of her eyes and hiss at her to get on to her next class and annoy the teacher there.

So our Hermione had pouted and sulked to herself over her failure to get Her Wizard. Then in the holidays before her last year, her pouting and sulking had turned to fuming and plots of revenge as she stared at her bushy-haired reflection in the mirror.

So, Snape had refused to see the lovely soul she was behind her somewhat-nerdy appearance, had he? Well, as revenge she would... she would...

After several intense minutes (where she had her Thoughtful Look on) she decided in her new and Empowered Witch mood that she would give herself a makeover. That way Snape would see how her new, outward beauty matched her true inner beauty!

Of course, Snape had now missed his chance with her and he would regret it when he saw the new, improved Hermione. She wouldn't be thinking of Snape at all anymore, she told herself.

Well... she would still keep the little Snape plushie she had secretly made of him last year. It was so cute and adorable!!! (A/N: Don't you like the thought of having your own Snape plushie? I certainly do! Squee!!)

On Hermione's return to Hogwarts, she amazed all and sundry with her new appearance. Her hair was a long, curling and cascading mass the colour of molasses down her back. When she artfully shook her hair, the sound of tiny silver bells could be heard by enraptured boys if they were nearby.

When she smiled, her perfect white teeth sparkled (A/N: You know, just like in those dentist TV ads, LOL!). Her previously small boobs were now the perfectly-sized kind only achieved after mind-bogglingly expensive surgery, and her hips swayed with lush promise.

Hermione was too busy happily accepting gifts and accepting stuttering invitations of 'going for a walk by the lake' from Harry, Ron, Neville, Blaise, Draco, Crabbe and Goyle to notice the Potions master when he fumed at her now. She was pleased at her growing list of conquests but had decided that going out with Crabbe or Goyle would be, you know, a bit gross.

Snape had enjoyed the thought of another year where he could sneer to himself over the pathetic crush the Mudblood had for him, but he had been confounded when he saw that she had become a veritable Goddess amongst witches.

Naturally he thought the change had been for his benefit, being the self-centred, arrogant bastard he was underneath his self-centred, arrogant bastard exterior.

"So she did this to get back at me? Well, I don't care that her hair looks luxurious and inviting," he would sneer to himself at the High Table as he glowered at her through his curtains of black hair.

"I don't care that she now has lovely breasts I would love to nuzzle," he grumbled to himself as he swept through the corridors in an overly dramatic way.

"I don't care that her hips sway invitingly when she comes to class," he hissed to himself as he lay in his big, four-poster bed with black velvet curtains and monogrammed black satin sheets (A/N: Squee!!).

"No, on second thoughts I do care! This shaggable witch will be mine to shag," he vowed in the kind of low growl that would make women quiver if they heard it. "I will have my wicked way with her and teach her a lesson she won't forget!"

The next day, he stopped Hermione in the corridor. "You will be having detention with me tonight!" he barked.

Hermione looked indignantly at him, trying not to notice how his flashing black eyes made her want to swoon. How dare he give her detention!

"Why?" she asked haughtily.

"Because I can give detentions to students without serious justification whenever I want to – it's in my job description," he sneered, brushing hanks of black hair out of his eyes.

"Fine, whatever," she said in vexation.

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"I want you to clean the floor with my old toothbrush," Snape sneered in his trademark nasty way to Hermione that night in his classroom.

"That's not fair!" Hermione stormed at him as she stamped an expensively shod foot, though her large brown eyes filled with tears.

Why did he come up with these mean detentions all the time – why, she could put her back out and her nails would break for sure if she cleaned the floor this way!

At the sight of perfect, crystalline tears running down Hermione's cheeks, Snape's cold heart melted like a snowball in a desert (A/N: I'm not sure how long that would take, but I don't think it would be too long. Umm, two minutes?). He was a bastard no more (A/N: Yay! Squee!!).

"Please don't cry, my little lioness," Snape said beseechingly as he rushed up to her and held her hand.

"What did you say?" Hermione said in wonder while she sniffled. His hand was a bit on the clammy side from being in the dungeons most of the time but that didn't really matter, she thought in growing delight.

"I said, please don't cry, my little lioness," Snape repeated.

"All right, I heard you the first time," Hermione pointed out.

"I don't why I've been so cruel to you – I feel I have loved you all along," Snape said pleadingly while he kissed her hand.

"Really?"

"Yes!"

"I love you too!" Hermione said happily, shaking her hair artfully so Snape heard the sound of tiny silver bells making the most ethereal sound he had heard in his life.

"My lovely Goddess!" Snape declared as he swept Hermione up in his arms and carried her off to his room, where Hermione spent time oohing and aahing over the black velvet curtains and monogrammed black satin sheets before the virile Snape made her ooh and aah in a different way as he had lusty yet tender sex with her that fulfilled all her wildest fantasies (A/N: Squee!!).

"Your hair really is greasy," she mused in a sad tone afterwards.

"Then I shall wash it every day," Snape said in a tone of sultry promise as he kissed her elbow in a seductive way.

"That's great!" Hermione said approvingly. "Personal hygiene is really important, you know."

And so they lived happily ever and ended up saving the world more times than the Boy Who Lived (which made Snape exceedingly happy).

Snape even liked the plushie Hermione had made of him (A/N: Aww!!!).

The End!!!

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Plot: Hermione isn't that little shy bookworm any longer. She's had a makeover, and she is hot! And, she has all the correct equipment to become the new improved Makeover Ho!Mione. And who does she turn to learn "the ways of the flesh" now that she's a true ho? Why, our favorite SexGod!Slytherin Potions master, of course!

Rules:

1) Hermione is a self-absorbed ho and Severus is a pimp daddy sex god!

2) We are trying to poke fun of fandom cliches, so make fun of as many as possible! The more, the better! :-D

3) Hermione's lurve interest should be Severus, but if you want to have someone else \*cough\* Draco \*cough\* join in the fun, that's okay, too. ;-)