

Mandrake Roots and Ashwinder Eggs

by Amethyst

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Warnings & Disclaimers: I own nothing. The characters and setting are owned by numerous peoples, I am not among them. The plot was inspired by Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge, a bottle of white zinfandel, and my own twisted imagination.

Mandrake Roots and Ashwinder Eggs

The explosion rocked through the castle like nothing Hogwarts had ever experienced before. The Potions professor and Head of Gryffindor, Hermione Granger, was sitting in the headmistress' office having tea with the headmistress, Minerva McGonagall, discussing the upcoming school year when the blast shattered the quiet August afternoon. Both turned as white as the elf-laundered linen as the shock spilled their tea and burst windows. The women rushed out of the office towards the source of the explosion.

When they reached the main corridor, they saw smoke billowing out from the dungeons. Both women cast Bubblehead Charms to ensure that they did not inhale the smoke or dangerous fumes. Carefully, they descended the stairs into the dungeons in search of the source. The smoke got thicker and thicker as they approached the Potions classroom. They went into a room that was scarred with soot.

Except for the blackened walls and furniture, the damage focused around a charred table. Wasted ingredients and broken implements surrounded an overturned cauldron. However, what brought the greatest distress to the women were smoking boots and shredded black robes.

'Oh, my goodness,' Minerva gasped. She grabbed onto Hermione for support.

The younger witch surveyed her damaged classroom with more scrutiny. Of the mangled mess of ingredients she was able to pick out about a dozen ingredients: frozen Ashwinder eggs, Mandrake roots, Boomslang skin, Dragon's blood, peppermint, Bicorn horn, Lovage, ginger root, fluxweed, moonstone, pomegranate juice, and armadillo bile.

'Of all the stupid, idiotic, stupid,' the younger witch ranted. 'What did he think was doing mixing Mandrake roots with Ashwinder eggs? He blew himself up, Minerva . . . And my classroom with him.' She huffed indignantly. 'Might as well start cleaning up the mess. I'll save any pieces I find for the memorial.'

At that time, the school's matron, Poppy Pomfrey, stepped out from behind some debris in a corner of the classroom. 'You might want to see this.' Her voice, like the other

two, was muffled slightly by the Bubblehead Charm. The other two followed her.

'Oh, my!' Minerva gasped and then fainted.

Hermione stood stock-still for just a few minutes before coming to her senses as she saw the man she had thought had just blown himself to bits, Severus Snape, sprawled out, unconscious, naked as a jay bird. Coming out of her momentary stupor, she conjured two stretchers. 'We'd best get them both to the hospital wing.' She helped Poppy lift both the headmistress and the deputy headmaster onto the stretchers and conjured blankets for both of them. Then she helped the matron lead them up through the castle. After the patients were situated, Hermione went off to see if she could find any notes for the potion that Severus had brewed while Poppy tended to him.

Hours later, Hermione found her way back up to the hospital wing. Minerva had long since been revived and released, and Poppy was off busying herself. Severus Snape sat up in his bed, looking as if he was spending the day at a spa. Hermione marched over and sat on the bed next to Severus'. 'Just what did you think you were doing?' she scolded. 'Mandrake roots and Ashwinder eggs are an explosive combination! You're lucky you didn't kill yourself.' It was then that she noticed the subtle changes in the man: His greasy hair had turned soft and silky; his eyes, once endless tunnels devoid of life, now seemed endless tunnels holding the mysteries of the world; his pale skin once sallow, now porcelain bisque. She found herself drawn to him. Without him even saying a word, she knew that his cutting sarcasm was actually radiant wit.

Before she knew it, she found herself stripping her clothing off and crawling into his bed. Kissing his sweet skin, she moved from his lips down his throat and chest, ending at the tip of his manhood. Gradually, she took him into her mouth, working her tongue around his thickness as she took him deeper and deeper. She moaned into him as she felt him pull her body up onto his chest and her sex to his mouth. Her tongue paused as his made its first swipe along her slit. Working each other into a tremulous frenzy, they climaxed together.

Before she could recover, Severus had flipped them both and was boring into her as she wrapped her legs around his waist. From the way he pummelled into her, she thought he would drive them both through the stone wall behind them. Though not exactly experienced, she knew that neither of her two previous lovers possessed stamina or endurance like this. Calming her overactive brain, she laid back and enjoyed the sensations of feeling a master at work.

'Thank you, Miss Granger,' he purred into her mouth as he came again.

As he rolled off of her, she crawled out from under him. Trembling, she gathered her robes and dressed. As she limped out of the hospital wing, she saw a dishevelled Poppy limping into the patient area.

Over the next few weeks, she saw very little of Severus Snape, but she noticed quite a few limping witches around the castle and Hogsmeade. She also noticed that her monthly didn't come. Nor did it come the next month. After confirming her pregnancy, Hermione learned that all of the female professors of Hogwarts were pregnant, most of the single witches of Hogsmeade were pregnant (some of the married ones, too), and several of the older seventh years were pregnant, as well. The one thing they all had in common was Severus Snape.

Over a matter of months, Severus Snape, with his potion enhanced looks and personality, impregnated a large portion of the wizarding world's female population. Hermione patted her swelling belly as she mourned the loss of her colleague; his body might not have died in that explosion, but the man that he was certainly had. She was somewhat fond of the sarcastic bastard. This new man, though, she hardly knew him. He was smooth to everyone, or at least every witch; he never had time for detentions or for co-workers looking to discuss a book or a recent advancement in potion making or defensive magic. The man that was Severus Snape was gone and this sex god had taken his place.

Hermione awoke with a start. Her hand reached down and caressed her swollen stomach and began to cry.

'What is it now?' a voice behind her sneered.

With a snuffle, she clumsily rolled over to face a greasy-haired, hooked-nosed, sallow-skinned Severus Snape. At this she began to wail.

Reluctantly, he held the bawling witch. 'Merlin knows why I let you talk me into this. Your damn hormones will be the end of me.'

'It is you! It is you!' she wailed.

'Of course it's me, you silly girl,' he scoffed. 'I told you you'd regret eating that ice cream with peanut butter and pickles.'

She pulled him into a kiss. 'Promise me you will never, ever mix Mandrake roots with Ashwinder eggs in potion!'

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