

Back in Crack

by ubiquirk

This is a Crack!Fic – an intentional parody. It's set in an alternate-universe version of Chapter 10 of 'Back in Black.' It probably helps to have read that first.

(thankfully, a one shot)

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: My character has trademarked herself as a Super Hero – I'm not seeing a penny!

The twins and Ginny actually succeed in plasticizing the Think Pink Brigade – good; it means I won't have to do everything by myself after all.

Jumping up, I wave my left hand wildly overhead while pointing my wand into the air above the crowd.

Ginny immediately lets the twins down, and all three of them similarly point their wands. Soon after, Snape and Lee mimic our pose.

I raise my left fist one, two, three times and on the third count yell, *Coloro Hermione!*" A beam of dark purple energy shoots from the end of my wand long moments before the five other streams of magic erupt from the other members of Back in Black. I sigh – it's such a burden that they're so much slower than I am.

It even takes a few seconds for them to correct their aims. Eventually, their beams meet mine at one point over the center of the mass of people. A ball of swirling dark purple forms and slowly begins to grow.

Yet one by one, the other members of Back in Black drop out as their power fades. Soon I am alone with arm raised high and energy still streaming effortlessly.

Another sigh. I'm not sure why I needed these other members of the resistance. I mean, really, the whole reason I didn't do this big take-over sometime in the last two years has nothing to do with needing help. I was simply doing clandestine marketing research in order to brand myself appropriately. Final confirmation of colors and costume patterns weren't ready until last week.

Suddenly there's an explosion that's so loud it's felt within my internal organs instead of being heard with my ears.

Colors – innumerable, heart-wrenchingly beautiful colors – flow over me, joining to create a wave of Red and Gold.

When it clears a few seconds later, I'm the only person standing.

I look out over a felled crowd that is still homogenous – only its homogeneity now reflects my colors instead of Umbridge's. Everyone wears Red and Gold with a large HG blazoned proudly on their chests.

Searching in his general vicinity, I spot Snape. He's finally standing.

And he bears my colors and mark.

I grin, and when he catches my eye, he raises an eyebrow before casually flicking his beard away with a quick wand movement.

I nod my approval and motion for him to join me.

But something brushes my ankle, and I look down to see a befuddled Watcher Marple stirring feebly. A quick *Stupefy* followed by an *Incarcerous* takes care of her, and with a casual flick of my wrist, I similarly dispatch everyone else on the stage.

Snape reaches me, and I turn my attention from the crowd.

He looks good wearing my initials proudly upon his breast. I might keep him.

Gesturing him over, I say, "Shield me – I need to finish changing."

He complies without speaking. I really might keep him.

I wave my wand over my person, and two Engorgement Charms later, my breasts and buttocks extend out in appropriate Super Hero fashion. Another spell, and my clothing morphs into a state-of-the-art spandex costume guaranteed to shred in interesting places without real cause. The HG on my chest is also now encased in a shield – I needed to differentiate it from everyone else's somehow. Besides, I trademarked my symbol last week once I got the marketing results back. People consider this shield the most impressive.

Realizing that I'm finished, Snape moves for us to mount the stairs to the main stage side-by-side, but I throw the back of my arm across his chest and say, "Stand back, Severus. I wouldn't want you to get hurt. I'll take care of this."

Cresting the top of the stairs, I immediately begin firing nonverbal hexes into the mass of a dozen bodies surrounding Umbridge. With one powerful blow from my mighty wand, most fall as if cut off at the knees. I'm not even sure what spell I cast, but it doesn't matter – after all, even my big brain can't always keep track of the wonderfulness that is me. I am power!

Only two people now guard Umbridge. But those two are Mayona Counterblossom – the Commander of the Think Pink Brigade and one of the best duelers known – and Dietrick Malmentis, who runs the Behavioral Reconditioning Camps and is single-handedly responsible for creating the Pinking Process – quite the nasty piece of work, he is.

Counterblossom sends a yellow burst of light streaking towards me at a lightning pace, yet I sidestep it easily while simultaneously deflecting *artncendio* from Malmentis.

I dispatch the witch with a spell voted the 'most damaging' yet not considered 'too evil' in a public poll. Really, it's not as if I want to be one of those dark and haunted heroes who are always questioning their decisions. After all, I've got Snape for that. If I choose to keep him, that is.

No – I'll be a paragon of virtue. Someone all the children will want to grow up to be or to shag, even if they don't realize it consciously.

Speaking of which, I make sure my costume has shredded in strategic places before turning fully towards the wizard.

His drooling is somewhat unseemly as he ogles my breasts, but it's to be expected. It's almost not worth the effort to Stun him, but I do so anyways. After all, it wouldn't do for him to grab my arse right when I'm dealing with the Pink Lord.

Besides, a quick glance confirms that my adoring public is watching completely transfixed – I have to be careful not to make my status as sex object too obvious. The polls showed that a female Super Hero has to maintain her sex appeal in a fine balance – neither virgin nor whore for me – but both!

Turning back to the stage, I realize Umbridge appears frozen in shock. In fact, she doesn't have her wand out, and her mouth hangs open as she takes in the glory that is me.

I smirk.

Her tiny eyes seem to shrink further as I raise my wand. It's as if she thought the Pink clothing and the Pink hair and the Pink world she created would always be enough to keep her safe.

But it isn't.

Not from me.

"Hermione Incarcerous!"

As the ropes leap from my wand to wrap her tightly, I laugh at the look on her face when she sees the results of my spell variation. She has every right to be horrified. As disgusting as she appears in Pink, she actually does look worse wrapped in my Red and Gold. Another flick, and a HG appears upon her forehead.

I turn to my loving masses. They need no lengthy explanation – they just need me. My melodious voice soars over the crowd, fueled by my innate power, no Sonorous Charm necessary. "People of Wizarding Britain, I am Hermione!"

The approving roar from the crowd is deafening after years of enforced silence.

As I bask in their admiration, I feel a pair of arms clutch desperately at my knees.

Snape has made his way onto the stage and looks up at me with adoring eyes. "Please, Hermione."

It doesn't really matter what he's asking for – he'll take whatever I'm willing to give and be grateful for it. Modulating my voice so that my dulcet tones don't grace the ears of the crowd, I say, "Tell me, Severus. Are you good at cunnilingus?"

He nods enthusiastically.

"Well, I might just keep you then."

For everyone who thought the confident Hermione of 'Back in Black' was Powerful!Hermione, I bring you a truly Powerful!Hermione – for laughs, of course.

Interestingly enough, I channeled the way male comic super heroes were written for decades (up until the 1980s at least) for my inspiration.

Reviews are cracktastic!