

Polyjuice Fun

by Marti

What happens when a husband and wife want to 'experiment' with Polyjuice? Let's see what Severus and Hermione do with it.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

What happens when a husband and wife want to 'experiment' with Polyjuice? Let's see what Severus and Hermione do with it.

Disclaimer: I'm not Ms. Rowling, ergo, I don't own either Hermione or Severus, but oh, if I owned him. They are her brilliant creations, and I thank her profusely for allowing fanfiction writers to play with her characters and world.

He looked down at her sweating face, her eyes closes in ecstasy as she bit her bottom lip. A habit he usually castigated her about during the day, but turned him on even more while he thrust into her wet hot pussy. Little moans and gasps were the first indicators to him that he was making her cum. He slammed into her harder, lifting up on his forearms and bending his head to bite her lip for her.

"Hermione..."

"Oh, gods, Severus."

"Hermione, cum for me. I want to feel your pussy tighten around my cock. Come on, love," he whispered against her mouth. Her eyes opened wide. He watched them roll back as he felt it. She clenched around his cock; he stopped his movements, reveling in the feel of her orgasm, wanting to make the night last.

"Severus!!!" She moaned, somewhere between completion and anger at his lack of movement.

"It's alright, love. I love watching you cum while I'm fucking you, when I taste you, when I'm thrusting my fingers into you beneath the table in the Great Hall. Mmm..." He thrust hard into one more time then withdrew, pulling a cry from his wife's throat.

"Wait here. I have something in the other room. I want to try something new, love." He rolled over and stood, walking through their quarters to the door directly into his office. Hermione watched his naked form as he left the bedroom, sated from her culmination, frustrated because he'd stopped so soon.

"Severus, what are you doing?"

"You'll see, love. Just wait," he called back through the apartment. She growled with frustration and leaned back against the pillows, reaching between her thighs and stroking her clit slowly as she waited for her husband to return to her. She closed her eyes and tilted her head to one side. She was still so turned on and ready to continue. "Starting without me, witch?" She felt Severus' lips against her neck, and she smiled, turning to kiss him. Her eyes flew open as she felt cold glass against her skin. "I'm not really thirsty, Severus."

"I thought we could do something different tonight." He bent down and starting licking her belly button, working lower in ever widening circles until his tongue stopped at her pubic hair. He worked through the curly stiff hair and teased her clit briefly before pulling away again.

"I'm going to he----aaahh! What the fuck!?" Severus used his teeth to pluck two pubic hairs out, sitting up and dropping them into the glass. He stuck his finger in and swirled them around in the liquid. "What is that?"

"Polyjuice Potion. My seventh-year class started a whole batch of it last month and now it's all ready. I thought we could have some fun... I'll be you, and you be me. Fancy some experimentation, love?" He purred and winked. Hermione blinked at him as he extended a glass to her. She accepted it, looking down into the murky substance with some trepidation.

"Your students brewed this?"

"It's already been tested. It's from one of my better students. None is nowhere near as intelligent as you, although no one turned into a cat girl either, so that might be up for debate." He smirked, reminding her of her second year botching of her attempt.

"I brewed it perfectly, Professor. It was Miss Bullstrode's cat hair I got instead. And I remind you that I was a second-year student." She sniffed the brew. "You already put hair in here?"

"Something of mine is in there, yes." He smirked. She rolled her eyes, not even sure whether she wanted to know what he added to make it 'essence of Severus.'

"Have you ever done this before?" She wondered. Dark Revels weren't called that just because they happened at night.

"No. I just thought you might be interested in something different." He placed his cup on the bedside table. "But, if you don't, that's fine. I just thought that Gryffindor bravery of yours wouldn't let you wimp out."

"Hey!" She lifted hers and drank deep, breathing in through her nose to prevent herself from vomiting the brew back up. Severus smirked and downed some of his own. It was so easy to play Gryffindors. None of them liked being called cowards. He dropped his cup down and pulled Hermione into his arms as he felt the transformation begin, watching her slowly morph from her beautiful self to a mirror image of himself.

She opened her eyes, feeling the transformation had completed, to find herself looking into her own face below her. Blinking, she looked down at her body and noted the half erect cock lying against her thigh. She reached down and stroked it lightly and moaned at the contact. 'Oh, my, I can't believe Severus is really that sensitive. No wonder he wears such loose robes.' She laughed and reached forward to touch his breasts, pressed up against her chest. 'It's no different from masturbating, Hermione, remember that. But you can see everything you're doing now.'

She flicked his nipple with her fingernails and heard her husband's gasp of pleasure. Her cock jumped to full attention at the sound and she grinned. With a twinkle in her eyes, she pushed him back against the bed and followed him to lay fully on top. He grinned back up at her and opened his legs so they fit together, her erection resting within his wet folds, sliding back and forth against his clit. He moaned against her lips, but she reached down and started fondling his clit, rubbing it the way she liked, her fingers slipping inside his pussy while her thumb stroked harder and harder.

"Oh, fuck, Hermione!" His words, her voice came from below her. She laughed and leaned down to suckle his nipple, stroking in him deeper and faster, suckling harder until she felt him cum around her fingers. He shuddered and fell back against the bed, panting.

"How can you stand that? And you do it more than once?" he muttered into her hair as she reached up to kiss him. She smiled and pushed her cock into him wordlessly. She felt the same way: She'd only been him for a matter of minutes, but she was ready to explode. She could feel the pressure building behind her balls. "Slow down, Hermione. We have an hour."

"I can't. Next time." She mumbled against his lips as she thrust wildly into him, pounding harder and harder until he gasped and started pushing against her. Only then did she realize how much of Severus' energy was taken during their lovemaking to ensure he didn't hurt Hermione with roughness. She slowed down and kissed her husband, stroking his body, so familiar to her, but different now. She was feeling him with *his* hands, so sensitive, so used to working with delicate potions. Her movements sped up, but she still held back a little. She felt sweat pooling in the small of her back from her efforts as she struggled not to cum until he did.

He wrapped his arms around her neck and pulled her down to him. He felt her chest chair rubbing against his nipples and moaned at every new and uniquely Hermione sensation. He could appreciate her more as he realized how she needed to build up, be played with when they were themselves again. He was glad they'd tried this. He grinned and wrapped his legs around her hips and pushed his up against him, urging her to fuck him faster, pound a little bit more. She groaned and whispered something like, "Not fair," into his hair as she gave in to his urgings. It didn't take him long to orgasm, making her cock slide in and out that much easier as she hurried towards her own release. From experience, he knew she'd not last long once he came around her cock. He grinned as he felt her stiffen above him, her thrusting stopping as she roared with her orgasm, her cock spasming inside him, shooting her seed deep inside. She gasped and dropped against his chest, both of them breathing heavily. She turned her head and kissed him sweetly, their tongues dueling languidly as they calmed down.

"That was quite fun." Snape laughed at his own face grimacing as she withdrew from him and rolled to her side. Her eyes closed and she yawned. Typical male. "Severus, I think if we do this again, we should probably make sure it lasts longer. Maybe use a cock-ring." Hermione yawned again and fell asleep, her head against his shoulder. He smirked and ran his fingers down her chest, feeling the crisp chest hair he'd grown up with, with Hermione's small hands, until he reached her cock. He considered bending over and taking it in his mouth, but decided enough experimentation for one night.

They'd save their Polyjuice Potion and use it on another night when they were feeling frisky. He got up, energy surging through his body, and he was amazed at how different men and women were again. A man, once he came, usually fell asleep or became languid, while a woman, at least his woman, recharged her energy. No wonder she was always cleaning after sex, he wondered as he put the mugs in the potions vault in their closet. He covered Hermione up and headed into the shower to wash up. Halfway through, he felt the transformation back to himself and sighed. It was quite fun washing his wife's body from a different perspective.

He returned to Hermione, snuggled in next to her again and kissed her forehead. "I love you, Mrs. Snape."

Five weeks later

"I'm not going to the hospital wing. It's just the flu. Take over my classes for today and I'll be fine tomorrow." Severus gagged over the toilet again, urging his wife to leave him be for a while.

"You've been sick for five days, Severus! I'm taking you to see Poppy, if I have to put a full Body-Bind on you." She tapped her foot against the floor as she listened to him vomit for the third time this morning. She knew he must be sick when he left the bathroom and muttered, "Fine."

They entered the hospital wing, and Severus immediately headed for a bedpan, his face paler than normal. Hermione flinched as she listened to him and headed into the mediwitch's office to retrieve her.

Poppy hurried out to find the Potions master lying on one of the cots, on his side holding his stomach. Hermione felt so bad for her husband. Pomfrey began asking questions, and it was proof of how horrible he felt when he didn't he snap or snarl sarcastically at her when he responded.

After waving her wand for the seventh time, Poppy dropped her arm, perplexed.

"I can't find any illness, Severus. Hmm. Let's try this. I'll test to see if there are any differences in your body from the last time you were in here. That was two months ago for your annual physical. At which you were perfectly healthy, if you remember." She smiled and waved her wand over his body again. She felt something odd, and waved it again, then again, her smile turning into a puzzled frown. "That's bloody odd."

Hermione stared at the older witch, having never heard her swear before.

"What's wrong with him, Poppy?" She hurried to grasp his hand.

"Nothing's really wrong, but... odd. Severus, you're carrying a five week old embryo. In essence, you're pregnant, Professor Snape." She sat on the cot next to the Potions master and stared at the newlyweds. Snape sat up quickly, then lay down just as fast, on the verge of passing out.

"Oh, dear lord!"

"Severus, dear, remember how you wanted to know what it was like to be fucked like a woman? Well you can't get any more fucked than this!"

THE END!

*I hope you enjoyed this story. I certain enjoyed writing it. If you like it, please leave a review and I will post the follow-up stories to it, entitled 'Polyjuice Repercussions' and 'Birds, Bees, and Polyjuice, oh my!'