

The More Things Change - The More They Stay The Same – Sort OF (tentative title – I may still come up with something better)

by Pearle

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1. & 2.

Chapter 1 of 2

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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!

The rules follow the real author's note.

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1.

Severus sank wearily into his leather side-chair, the remnants of tonight's entertainment still clinging to his robes, his customary glass of fire whisky (in its' heavy crystal glass with matching crystal decanter) sitting next to him, his long legs stretched out before him.

He watched the flames as they leaped in the hearth, lost in thought, feverlantly hoping the house elves would know how to remove ground-in blood and semen stains from his favorite robes (why hadn't he thought to change them when the call from the Dark Lord came?). He tossed the silver Death Eater's mask carelessly onto the sofa and wondered for the hundredth time why the Dark Lord had to have such bad fashion sense.

A featureless silver mask (a/n: **I've never seen it described with any kind of look, so if you think I'm wrong, owl me grin - and we can talk about jt** Really, Severus could have come up with a dozen looks that would have been more evil looking (not to mention more flattering) than the mask they currently employed.

Tiredly, he rubbed his hand across his eyes before dragging it through the curtain of lank hair framing his face. Tonight's little get together had been eye opening. He always thought Lucius swung both ways, but really, did the man have to keep coming up behind him all night and poke him in the bum with that bloody cane while he raped and pillaged? It was enough to throw him off his game.

Severus drained the remainder of his whisky (a/n: **is it whisky or whiskey? is this one of those british word things? does anyone know which is right?**). The students would be arriving tomorrow, another year of dunderheads to teach. Where the hell had he put that dreamless sleep potion?

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a/n: **okay, that's my start. anyone like it? if I get 100 reviews (ha, ha, ha, only kidding), how about 15 reviews i will continue with a really kewl made over Hermione.**

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2.

Severus Snape threw open the staff door to the Great Hall, grinning evilly as it hit the wall with a sharp \*.THUD\*. He was pleased to see Madame Pince jump at the unexpected sound.

"Really, Severus, do you have to do that every time you enter the Hall? The wall is starting to seriously chip where the handle hits it." Madame Pince's lips thinned in annoyance.

The Potions master slumped in his chair and aimed a sneer in the general direction of the annoying witch. *Dear gods, he thought, where the hell did she get that hat? Didn't she own a mirror?* (a/n: **you would know what i'm talking about if you saw the first hp movie, the witch sitting next to our dear Snape wears the most awful hat!**)

The noise level in the Great Hall increased as Minerva McGonagill(sp?) lead the new first year students in for the sorting.

Snape's gaze swept the room, his customary scowl in place. He stopped short as his glance reached the Gryffindor table. There, sitting between the idiot Potter and his equally stupid sidekick Weasley, was the most beautiful woman Severus had ever seen. Her thick, chestnut-brown hair flowed gracefully down her back in a beautiful series of intricate curls. Her eyes, even at this distance, seem to sparkle with vitality and sexuality. Her robes did little to hide the voluptuous figure this seeming goddess possessed, straining the fabric across her ample breasts. Even her laughter, that seemed to float on the air to him, was music to his ears.

"Ah, Severus, I see you have noticed the changes in our Miss Granger this year," said Albus, the twinkling of his merry blue eyes threatening to blind the dark man.

"That is the annoying Gryffindor-know-it-all? What happened to her?" That couldn't be Potter's brainy friend, the bane of his existence. All he wanted to do was throw her against a dungeon wall and shag her silly. Where had that thought come from? He wondered. Never mind what the hard stone would do to her back or the fact that he suffered from severe arthritis (really, you work in a cold dank dungeon for twenty years and see how well your joints fair) and the fact that he didn't think he possessed the stamina to hold her up long enough for either of them to have an orgasm, the thought was as intriguing as it was erotic.

"I believe she has come of age." Albus's eyes seemed to be shooting off fireworks at this pronouncement.

"Come of age? How so?" Severus couldn't take his eyes off her. Minerva was settling the sorting hat on the head of the last first year. The feast would officially begin in just a few minutes and the platters would fill with their mouthwatering fare. It was all Severus could do to concentrate on breathing, let alone eating.

"Fuck, I just don't believe the students can get any worse, and every year the new batch prove me wrong. I just can't wait to teach first-year transfiguration tomorrow." Minerva took her customary seat on the other side of Albus, her words dripping with annoyance.

"They couldn't be that bad, Minerva, they're just children." Albus smiled at the angry witch.

"Just children? Really, Albus, suck one too many lemon sherbets, have you? The little darlings sent a fireball at my tail before I changed back into my human form. Just children my arse!"

Severus snorted quietly into his pumpkin juice wishing to hell he had not forgotten his silver flask of fire-whisky. (a/n: **someone left a review for me saying 'whisky' was a foreign spelling and 'whiskey' was american so whiskey had to be right. well, duh! didn't they know hp takes place in a foreign country? so whisky it is. btw, thanks to the other people who answered to**) He always enjoyed listening to Minerva when she brought the Headmaster down a peg or two.

Minerva sighed. "Hmm, I see we need to start watching Miss Granger now that she has changed. She must have fulfilled the first requirement of the third the prophecy Sibyll was talking about. I can only remember one other witch changing that much after losing her maidenhead."

Severus choked on his pumpkin juice, hastily blowing his considerable nose as he snorted some of the juice.

"Are you all right, my boy?" Albus asked with concern.

He didn't know what was worse - Albus's eyes filled with worry or manic happiness. When he finally managed to stop coughing, he looked at his employer. "What in the bloody hell are you two talking about?"

"You know I think that was one of the Order meeting he missed, Albus. I think you were at one of your dark revivals and never made it." Minerva stabbed at her dinner viciously with her knife.

"Revels."

"Pardon me?"

"They're dark revels, not dark revivals. What are you talking about? What third prophecy? There was another prophecy? Why wasn't I told?"**a/n: sibyll makes two correct prophecies i just luv that word! in the hp books, so this would be the third.....grin**

"Well, you weren't at the Order meeting. If you had made it to the meeting you wouldn't be out in the dark now would you?" Minerva looked around. "What the hell do you have to do to get a cup of coffee in this place?"

"Now, Minerva, let's be fair. Severus was hard at work raping and pillaging with Tom. He couldn't very well turn to him and say, "I didn't realize the time. Thanks for having me but I really need to run." No, we need him to keep his true loyalties a secret, at least for now." Albus pointed his wand at Minerva's cup, instantly filling it with coffee.

The rich aromatic smell of well-blended coffee reached his sensitive nose. "Albus, if you don't mind?" Severus asked, indicating his own mug.

"Of course, my boy."

Severus raised one trademark eyebrow in question. "The prophecy? Miss Granger? Her...maidenhead?"

"You know a witch's powers increase as she gains sexual experience. Sex magic is another form of Earth magic, but harder to control. It seems the more confident the witch, the more her power increases right after she loses her maidenhead."

"Yes, yes. I remember my third-year health lecture. They don't change that much. What does that have to do with Miss Granger? And what prophecy?"

Sex magic was very powerful, indeed. As doddering as he might think his employer could be at times, he knew the man was sharp enough to cast a powerful contraceptive spell over the sorting hat each year. A spell that was cast on each child as it sat waiting for the hat's decision; a spell that was designed to last six years and nine months, no matter where the witch or wizard went. It wouldn't due for the little brats in their charge to have little brats of their own while under their supervision.

Severus once asked why he went to the trouble of spelling the hat, and why six years and nine months? Why not slip a contraceptive potion in their pumpkin juice or spell the castle and grounds instead?

Albus had smiled manically and asked, "And should I spell Hogsmeade too? And the Hogwarts train? And what about London? And what happens when they go home and aren't drinking our special brand of pumpkin juice? I need to maintain a specific head count if I'm still to get Ministry funding. That won't happen if they fool around while on hols, will it? They are at Hogwarts six years, eight months, two weeks, and change. I would rather not spend each break working out the exact days, it's just easier to round it out to nine months."

It was things Severus never thought about; he supposed it was why he never wanted to be an administrator in the first place.

"Yes, well, Sibyll had another vision. This one a bit more specific," Albus said with a loud sigh. "The one who sits at the side of the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will come into her own when someone cums into her. Her power will increase with each joining as will her intellect until she reaches her full potential. She will be needed to defeat the dark. She alone will chose the tool to increase her knowledge. She will make this choice before her September birthday. You will know her by The Change."

Severus stared at the Headmaster. "You're kidding, right? She's going to get smarter every time she shags someone?"

Albus nodded. "Yes, she's going to fuck her brains out. Well not literally. But the more she shags, the more intelligent she will become until she reaches the level the prophecy decrees. We just have to wait and see who she chooses to help her fulfill her destiny."

Severus shook his head. And they thought Voldemort was a madman? He glanced across the room to where the auburn-haired beauty sat, only to look straight into her eyes. Severus felt his heart hammer in his chest as their eyes locked. Hermione looked away first, a light blush staining her beautiful face.

Albus stood up and clapped his hands for attention. "Welcome to another year at Hogwarts....."

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a/n: okay, so what do you think? please, please, please review. i know i said i wouldn't write any more if i didn't get 15 reviews, but i did get 11 and that's sorta close to 15 so here is the next chapter. so what do you want to see? i was thinking hermione should choose sevie but, well..... i could change it. ~~~evil laugh~~~ no i won't! but i could put ron (ew!) or harry with someone, like maybe draco (sigh). more later!!!!!!

.xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx(Tasteful, unobtrusive, divider)xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Real A/N: This is in answer to SouthernWitch's Makeover Ho'Mione challenge. There are purposely misspelled words (I know McGonagall's last name has two 'a's) and various improper uses of to, too, then, than, etc. The characters are OC and AU (Oh, my!). This should be a parody in two, or three acts, not much more than that. If anyone recognizes a specific storyline or cliché I mean no harm (I have been guilty of some of the above, too), please consider it imitation and the sincerest form of flattery I can offer. More soon!

Pearle

Grammar errors

These are the deliberate errors listed in the story:

All author notes (in the story) are deliberately in error in that no capital letters are used (either for the personal 'I', at the beginning of a sentence, or a proper name)

(sp?)= questioning the spelling of a word or name should not appear in the body of a story.

btw=by the way

cums=comes

feverlantly=fervently

kewl=cool

luv=love
McGonagill=McGonagall
R &R = read and review
sevie/snapey= Snape
sorta=sort of
suc=suck
to=too
whisky=whiskey

The first name of Professor Trelawney appears in the American version as Sibyll and the English version as Sybill - but the HP Lexicon uses the first version (Sibyll) as being correct.

If you run spellcheck, the word prophecy will come up correct at times and incorrect at others, with the corrections given as prophesy. However the second spelling refers to divine intervention (which is not the case here).

Rules:

- 1) It can be as long as you want as long as it's at least 1,000 words.
- 2) Must be labeled as parody and A/U and be submitted under the proper challenge category at Ashwinder. They are making a special folder for us, so please submit them there. 3) All intentional errors and things that do not follow Sycophant Hex's submission standards (such as misspelled words and A/N's in the text) must be noted in an A/N as being intentional and part of the parody.
- 4) All other Sycophant Hex standards still apply, so it's probably a good idea to have a beta look over it. Okay, the fun stuff!
- 5) Hermione is a self-absorbed ho and Severus is a pimp daddy sex god!
- 6) We are trying to poke fun of fandom cliches, so make fun of as many as possible! The more, the better! :-D
- 7) 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. ;-)

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8

Chapter 2 of 2

Plot: Hermione chooses her male, things heat up, a solution is found, and all loose ends are tied up. The end.

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As much as I tried to avoid it, a bit of plot seems to have slipped in. You'll just have to suffer through the parts that actually make sense.

a/n: squeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!! this is so great!!! you guyz are the bestest!!!!!! get ready for a r3411y, r34lly k3wl h3rmion3!

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3.

**\*\*SLAM\*\***

"All right, settle down. Settle down. This is seventh-year-advanced-potions, if you've made it this far, you can't be as stupid as the usual bunch of dunderheads I teach." Severus looked around the room. Hermione was staring deeply into his eyes, her robe bursting at the seams, her new voluptuous body straining the fabric at its closure.

We will start on the first potion in your books, "*The Drought of Living Death*." (a/n: i don't know if they really brew this during 7th year, but it sounded really kewl.) Quickly and quietly set up your cauldrons and start to prepare your ingredients. The supply cabinet is open if you need it. I will be passing among you to check your progress."

The class quickly got to work. Severus watched Hermione chop her ingredients. The recipe called for zucchini root. He forgot to breath as she picked up the over sized gourd and lovingly cleaned it before dicing it up. He watched her hands as they caressed the tip, her little pink tongue darting out between her lips in concentration. He could imagine those same hands holding his hardened member. That little pink tongue licking.....

What the hell was wrong with him? He was turned on by Granger fondling a vegetable? Severus avoided the know-it-all Griffindore for the rest of the class, not understanding why his body would betray him like that. He was relieved when the final bell rang and the students took off.

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Albus had scheduled the first staff meeting for that afternoon. Most of the teachers at Hogwarts were members of the Order so he felt safe talking about Hermione and the prophecy.

"Has anyone noticed Miss Granger pairing up with a male?" he asked.

"I saw her talking to Virginia Weasley in the hall." Volunteered Professor Sprout.

"I hardly think Miss Weasley qualifies as a male." Sneered Professor Snape. *I'll kill any male that comes within 100 feet of her. Whoa! Where did that come from?* **a/n: i love jealous!snape.)**

"Well, it's early in the day. Perhaps she will choose a male tonight. Severus, I would like to speak with you after the meeting. You're all dismissed." Albus popped another lemon treat in his mouth as he sat in his chair.

"I don't fucking believe it. I barely get shagged on a regular basis and hes worried about Granger's love life." Minerva mumbled angrily as she walked out the door.

"You wanted to see me, Headmaster?"

"Yes, Severus. As you know, whatever knowledge Miss Granger is to gain will be vital to our defeating Tom. I wish you to start working with her tonight on developing a potion that can accomplish that goal. Lemon drop?" Albus offered the silver dish of candy to his Potions master.

Work with Hermione! "Really, sir, shouldn't we wait until she fucks someone, or at least chooses who it will be?"

"I'm sure she will make her choice soon. In the mean time, you two might get a jump on a way to help the Order. You can start tonight after dinner."

"Very well."

What was he getting himself into?

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**a/n: can you guess who hermione will pick? poor minerva, she doesn't sound happy. what will sevie do? if i get ten reviews for this chapter, i will write more!**

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4.

Severus sat grading first-year papers when he heard a knock at his door. He looked at his clock. Dinner had ended about 15 minutes ago, he wonder what had taken her so long to reach his office. Maybe she identified the male who would complete her transformation.

"Enter," he yelled.

Hermione stepped lightly into his office. "The Headmaster said you wanted to see me, Professor?"

Snape regarded the girl standing in front of his desk. "Did he tell you why?"

"Yes, sir. He said I was to help you create a potion to defeat Voldymort."

"Don't say his name!" he hissed.

"Fear of a name increases fear of the thing itself." **a/n: hermione tells malfoy this in the second movie. i thought it fit really well here.)**

"Fine. Follow me. We will work in my private lab so as not to be disturbed." Severus led her through a secret doorway between his office and personal living quarters.

Hermione looked around the sitting room as they passed through it. There were books on every wall. Large, over-stuffed chairs, in earth tones (moss green, soft browns, matt black, etc.), sat in front of a roaring fire. She was only able to look a minute before he led her through another door and into a large laboratory.

"Be careful what you touch, Miss Granger. This is my private laboratory. I have never allowed a student in here before."

"I'm honored, sir. What will we be working on?"

"I thought we might start on a potion that protects against *Avada kedavra* until we come up with something better," he said, reaching for a cauldron. "Gather the ingredients for the *The Drought of Living Death*." That seems to be as good a place as any to start."

"Do you really think we can come up with something to defeat voldamort, Professor?" Hermione had gathered the ingredients and was lining them up to the side.

"I hope so. I suppose it will depend on how soon your intelligence increases. Have you selected a male yet?" He was trying to keep this on a professional level. His blood boiled as he thought of her with another male.

"There really is no one at Hogwarts that interests me. They're all such boys." Hermione stirred the cauldron, the heat overwhelming her. "Is it all right if I remove my robes, sir? It's awfully warm in here."

"Yes, I have some problems with ventilation in this lab. You have my permission to remove them." Severus decided to remove his robes, too, as the heat was getting to him also.

The steam from the cauldron made Hermione's blouse almost transparent. He could see the rosey colour of her hard nipples against the white lace of her bra. He watched as she stirred the cauldron.

"No, no, Miss Granger. You stir three times clock wise, four times, counter clock wise, 5 times left to right, and six times in a figure eight." He moved behind her and placed his hand over hers. "Like this. Count with me."

Hermione could barely think as she felt his hard body press into her back. His silky voice was sending a message straight to her core. Her body came alive as she felt his

erection twitch against her bum. She had never felt like this before! Even when Victor had taken her virginity, it had been pretty boring. His arm accidentally brushed the side of her breast. She felt herself become wet with desire.

"Miss Granger! Miss Granger? Are you all right?"

Hermione smiled as she backed up against him. "I think I've chosen my male, Professor."

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**a/n: oh evil cliffie! sev and hermione sitting in a tree, k i s s i n g but i bet they're going to do more than that! okay, twelve reviews this time (because i know you all want to know what happens) and i will write more.**

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6.

Severus could feel the heat coming from the witch in front of him and none of it was caused by the bubbling cauldron. "Surely, you don't mean me?"

She continued to rub against him. "I've never felt this way before. Please, Professor, you have to help me."

He was harder than he had ever been. How could he resist her? She had changed in more ways than one over the summer. He put down the stirring rod, put out the fire under the cauldron, and swept Hermione up in his arms as he reached his decision. "I will do what needs to be done, Miss Granger."

He carried Hermione back through his sitting room and on into his bedchamber. Lowering her to her feet, he leaned down to kiss her. He could feel the tingle of magic as his tongue touched hers. He whispered a spell and their clothes disappeared.

"Lie back on the bed and remember you are doing this for the Order, Miss Granger."

"Thank you, sir." Hermione scurried back onto the oversized bed. She looked at his hardened member. "You're so big. Are you sure it will fit?"

Severus chuckled, for all her seductive ways she was still quite innocent. "I think we can work on that."

He leaned down to tease her voluptuous breasts before moving between her legs, intent on tasting the delightful temptress before. Her hair flowed across his pillow; her skin glowed with vigor in the fire light. She was amazing, and she was all his! **(a/n: i wish i was hermione right now.....*grin)**

His mouth latched onto to the squirming woman in front of him.

"Oh gods! Oh, the feeling." She moaned and groaned as he sucked and licked her core. He could feel her muscles tightened as she approached orgasm, her body arcing off the bed. "Oh god, Oh g..g..ginger root ground up and not just diced will double the potency of the wit-sharpening potion."

Hermione lay breathless. "How.....how did I know that?"

Severus smirked as he moved between her legs. "Let's find out what else you know." He slid into her welcoming heat, a heat like no other he had ever felt. He could feel her muscles still spasming from her orgasm. She locked her legs around his waist as he thrust into her.

Hermione closed her eyes and groaned.

He stopped his powerful thrusts, stilling their movement. "What is it, Miss Granger? Are you ill?"

"No, Professor Snape," she said, panting. "You feel wonderful. I was wondering, would you...? Well, could you....?"

"Could I what, Miss Granger? What is it you need?"

"Could you call me Hermione?" she asked in a soft voice. A tingle of magic seemed to go straight to the head of his penis buried in her heat at this request.

Call her Hermione? To fuck her for the Order and the chance to defeat the Dark Lord was a sacrifice he was well prepared to make, but to be so intimate as to use her given name? Would she want to use his as well?

Hermione nibbled on her bottom lip as she watched his expression change. Maybe she had gone to far? She could feel the pulse of his penis, as he lay sheathed in her body.

He looked into her soft gaze. Pulling back slowly, he thrust home again. Lowering his mouth to her ear, he whispered silkily, "Of course, Hermione."

She came shouting the Periodic Table of Elements.

Severus was well trained in the art of sex, able to sustain his impressive erection for hours while giving his partner dozens of orgasms before subcoming to his own. "Let me know when you need a Pepperup Potion, Hermione."

"Thank you, Severus."

He leaned in to kiss her. She was amazing. She was someone he could have a future with, brilliant (and getting smarter by the minute), beautiful, and with a high sex drive. He sighed as she caught her breath.

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It was several hours later, as Severus felt Hermione's muscles tighten again, that he knew he couldn't hold out any longer. She had gone through two bottles of Pepperup potion, recited the highlights of *Hogwarts: A History*, explained the theory of relativity, and solved the mystery of the dinosaurs.

It seemed lucky thirteen was going to do it. Hermione came shouting "reality TV was anything but reality." Severus came shouting her name. As their juices combined, a blinding light exploded from the point of their joining. He could feel the magic flow around them; feel the pulse as it moved up her body.

"I've got it, Severus! I know how to defeat him."

Severus grabbed his dressing gown and handed her a spare before following Hermione out the door and back to his lab.

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a/n: i know, another evil cliffie! I think only one more chapter left.

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7.

The potion now covered eighteen blackboards. They had progressed past the original equation they started with. It had grown by leaps and bounds, Hermione filling one board after another as she explained her idea to him.

$$ax + 642bkl1sev \ 3(jkr) * 7(666-mtw) + [vk / 843 + 1(9g)] = x$$

17

"If only we could figure out what "x" is. I know "x" is the key!" Hermione was close to tears. They were so close.

Severus was tired, and almost sore, but he knew what was needed. Quickly he pushed her down over the workbench and raised the back of her dressing gown. She was bare underneath; they had been in too much of a hurry to reach the lab to bother with undergarments when they had left his bedchamber.

"Look at the board, Hermione." Once again he slid home, pounding into the glowing witch.

"Faster, Severus! I almost have it."

Once again he could feel her tighten around him as she found her release. "Of course, the "x" factor! ~~W~~**combine** the foxglove with the scullygrass, not separate them. How did I miss that?" she yelled as she rode out her orgasm. **(a/n: x factor. foxglove and scully grass. get it? I luv the x files, it's one of my fav show\$!**

They woke Albus to tell him of Hermione's discovery. If they worked continuously on the potion, they would have enough to kill the Dark Lord by Hallowe'en.

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They spent the next few weeks barricaded in Severus's lab making the potion Hermione called "ooze". She had found a Wizarding copy of the ~~K~~**Karma Sutra** in his bookcase. They passed the time waiting for each batch of potion to cool by starting at the beginning of the book and working their way toward the end, enjoying the different positions as they progressed through the book. Hermione spent her spare time teaching Harry the spell that would activate the potion when they hit Voldemort with it.

They had made it to position 306 out of 352 when Severus was summoned by the Dark Lord the night before Hallowe'en. Hermione waited anxiously in his chambers for his return.

"Severus, you're all right," she said, hugging him to her when she saw him stagger through the chamber door.

"Yes, but I must find Albus. The Dark Lord and his followers are going to attack tomorrow afternoon during the annual Hallowe'en Quidditch game!"

"You warn Albus and the Order. I'll get Harry and Ron to help me set up the potion."

Hermione dressed quickly and headed off to Griffindore tower to get her friends.

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The plan was so easy it was practically fool proof. Everything was in place the next afternoon. The Griffyndor team pretended to play the Slytherin team while keeping an eye out for Voldemort.

With a loud pop, Voldamort and his followers appeared in the middle of the Quidditch pitch. The Order moved into action and threw buckets of "ooze" on him. Voldymort laughed as the liquid oozed down his robes.

"Is this the best you can do?" he taunted.

Harry moved into position and cast the activation spell. Voldymort started screaming as he melted into a puddle before their eyes. Seeing voldemort melt, the Death Eaters gave themselves up, rather than suffer the same fate. There was much cheering and shouting from the crowd.

Harry stared at the puddle that had been the Dark Lord. "You melted him? You threw water on him and melted him?" he said in disbelief.

"Don't be ridiculous, Potter, we wanted to kill him, not bathe him. The spell you cast was keyed to his DNA. It changed the ooze touching him into highly toxic hydrochloric acid. Basically, Hermione's potion and spell dissolved him." Severus pulled Hermione to him. "Have I told you you're amazing?"

Hermione kissed him deeply. "We did it, Severus. Voldemort is gone. You're free."

"You and *Snape*?" Harry couldn't believe his eyes. "He's the male you chose?"

"I love him, Harry. I don't need a house to fall on me to know our love is right."

"Hermione, my love."**(a/n: yeah, go for it sev. i just luv a happy ending!**

"Hermione, Severus. Your plan worked. The Wizarding world is in your debt." Albus's eyes twinkled in the bright sunlight of the pitch.

Hermione inclined her head toward the castle.

"Thank you, Albus. And now, if you will excuse us." Severus looped his arm through Hermione's as they walked away.

"But we've won. You don't need to do that any more. You've reached your full potential."

"Not yet, Albus. But we're working on it." They still had 46 positions to go if they were going to finish the book.

Severus walked off with the witch of his dreams; secure in the knowledge the world was safe once more.

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8. Epilogue

And they lived happily ever after.

The End.

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**a/n: \*\*\*\*\*sniff, sniff\*\*\*\*, i'm so sorry to see my story end. i hope you like it. thanx to all that reviewed. hg/ss is still the best ship!!!**

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**Real A/N:** This is in answer to SouthernWitch's Makeover Ho'Mione challenge. There are purposely misspelled words and various improper uses of grammar. The characters are OC and AU. (Oh, my!) If anyone recognizes a specific storyline or cliché I mean no harm (I have been guilty of some of the above, too), please consider it imitation and the sincerest form of flattery I can offer.

My eternal thanks to Nakhsh (who is back) for having the courage to beta this story. The mistakes are all mine folks.

Pearle

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### Grammar errors

These are the deliberate errors listed in the story:

All author notes (in the story) are deliberately in error in that no capital letters are used (either for the personal 'I', at the beginning of a sentence, or a proper name) and the fact that they occur in the body of the story as opposed to the beginning or end where they should be.

### The errors in dialogue and punctuation:

.....= an ellipsis consists of three periods ...

3= the letter 'e'

5=five

7th= seventh

Avada kedavra = Avada Kedavra

bestest = best

breath = breathe

cliffie = cliffhanger

drought = draught

Epilouge = Epilogue

fav = favorite

fire light = firelight

Griffindore, Griffyndor = Gryffindor

guyz = guys

hes = he's

Karma Sutra = Kama Sutra

k3wl = kewl = cool

lemon drop = lemon sherbet

luv = love

over sized = oversized

potions = Potions

r3411y = really

rosey = rosy

sevie, sev = Severus

subcoming = succumbing

suc = suck

thanx = thanks

Virginia Weasley = Ginerva Weasley

Voldymort, voldamort, Voldemorte, voldemorte =Voldemort

Weasley = Weasley