

Seeking Her Snitch

by Southern_Witch_69

Desire for Snape causes Hermione to seek a makeover. This is Response to the Makeover Ho!Mione Challenge on Potter_Place. I am making fun of cliché and silly author tactics.

HoMione Appears

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR created the world and the characters. I'm just playing with them a bit. Also, as this is a parody of what we call cliché, annoying author tactics, and funky story plots, it's likely to have been influenced by many stories. I doubt you will, but if you see something here that's yours, please let me know.

A/N: This is a response to the Makeover Ho!Mione challenge that was made over at the yahoo!group, Potter_Place. You can see the rules at the end.

Please be warned. There will be some purposely placed author's notes in the story. These are normally not allowed, but since this is a parody, I'm going to slip a few in. This story is definitely AU.

A big thanks goes out to my lovely betas, Charmed_Nay and Meredith, and all of my mates over at Potter_Place.

Hermione was able to slink onto the Hogwarts Express without being noticed by her two best mates, Ron and Harry. Over the summer, she'd cashed in all the money from her piggy bank and had saved her allowance to have a few things done. Yes, she'd been able to give her family the slip and sneak into Muggle London and brave Knockturn Alley. Once there, she'd found a shop that specialized in makeovers. The place was brilliant, and the name was perfect...the Makeover Place. *Who would ever guess that they did such things?*

The man that had taken all of her money had used his wand to do things to her that would definitely get her the attention that she bloody deserved! She'd grown tired of being the school nerd and the plain girl. All the boys would soon be eating their hearts out. *(a/n: Sorry for this nasty phrase, but I couldn't think of anything better)* Only one man had paid attention to her while she was still an ugly duckling, and that one man alone would enjoy her. *Well, maybe. I might decide to get a quick shag in elsewhere.* It was time for fun. School was overrated anyway. *I mean, like who cares if I get good grades or not? I'm going to throw all that away anyway to shag my Potions master for eternity.* Yes, he was the man that had commented on her good hygiene the previous year. She had been so shocked when she learned that he noticed. It had made her cry with happiness. Who would have thought that he was such a sweet man under all those menacing, black robes that billowed out as he walked?

Someone opening the sliding glass door of the train compartment ripped Hermione away from her mesmerizing thoughts about her future. "Malfoy," she said coolly when she saw who it was. *(a/n: Squeeee! Tom Felton...oops...Draco has arrived finally. I promised there would be a little of him in here.)*

"Are you new here?" he asked, suddenly in awe of the most beautiful creature he'd ever seen.

"No."

"I've never seen hair so blonde before at our school," he said, eyes wide. "Aside from my luscious platinum locks. I get that from my dad, you know."

"It's bleach, I think. Probably the same brand your family uses."

"Oh, right," he agreed. "Those vividly bright green eyes! Wow." His facial expression changed to one of mischief. "They remind me of *Potter's* eyes."

Hermione noticed that a big bulge suddenly formed in Malfoy's trousers. "Have a thing for Harry, do you?"

"No," he said indignantly. Realization struck him like a big lightning bolt that came from the sky. Maybe Merlin sent it down at that moment to make him realize what he had. "You're that jumped up Mudblood! I might have known."

"Sticks and stones," she said, clearly bored. "Get out. You have to go off to your own compartment so that D.A. members can see you and hex you."

"Oh, right. See you later then, Mudblood."

"Bye, Ferret."

She shrugged slightly. He'd be back later on. He always was. She jumped slightly as two others came into her compartment. "Hi, boys," she said excitedly, wondering if they'd recognize her.

"Hi," they squeaked in unison. Clearly they were shocked at their good fortune of seeing the lovely green-eyed, blonde-haired, big-breasted, petite goddess sitting before them.

"Have a seat," she said, pointing to the empty space across from her. Once they sat down, she said, "Well, haven't you anything to say? It's me. It's Hermione." Both of their jaws dropped to gape, opening and closing while trying to find the words, and they looked a little like fish...a fish that was out of the water and needing some air. *(a/n: I see this all the time. Just thought I'd use it as well.)*

"Er...brilliant," said Harry finally.

"Bloody hell," said Ron.

At that moment, Malfoy stuck his head back into the compartment. "Mudblood," he murmured. An array of hexes hit him from behind, and he turned into a ferret and scurried off.

Hermione shrugged and turned back to her friends.

"So, how was your summer, boys?"

"Er...brilliant," said Harry.

"Bloody hell," said Ron.

"Can't you say anything else?" Hermione asked, aggravated that they'd not swooned and pawed at her. "I spent all of my allowance and saved money to pay for the magic that changed my body! The least you could do is say something else."

Harry looked confused. "But, Mione, I always say that something is brilliant in these stories, and Ron always says that bloody hell thing."

"Oh, right," she said, nodding. It was true. They didn't really do much else. An idea struck her. "I know...pretend my new body has something to do with Quidditch."

"Oi," Ron said, perking up, "I'd say that I'd like to Keep for you anytime. May I have a feel of those Quaffles?"

"And," Harry began, "I would like nothing more than to 'seek' out your Snitch."

"Sorry, boys," Hermione said smugly. "You had your chance last year. Looks like you'll have to 'beat' your Bludgers. All of this," she moved her hands over her body, "belongs to the Potions master." She gasped. "Damn. You weren't supposed to know that until later on in the story."

"HOW COULD YOU DO IT, MIONE?" Ron bellowed suddenly. "HE'S A GREASY GIT! HE'S THE GREAT BAT OF THE DUNGEONS!"

"I am not a child," Hermione said, stamping her foot petulantly. "I can make my own decisions."

Harry looked horrified. "Er...brilliant?"

"Thank you, Harry," she said, slightly mollified. "Besides, Ron, you are supposed to throw that fit later on when you 'accidentally' find out about us."

"Oh, all right," he said thickly, chewing on some sweet that he'd taken out of his pocket. "I think we need to be off so that I can eat loads of stuff."

"Right then," Harry agreed. The boys left the compartment.

A moment later, Malfoy stuck his head in again. He must have been transformed back into his own body again. "Filthy little Mudblood," he spat. "You are sexier though. I may fall in lust with you, too, by the end of this tale." His two thugs accompanied him; both were cracking their knuckles menacingly and wriggling their eyebrows as if they might want some action. She didn't have to say anything, as they were struck down with an array of curses. With a sigh, she began to think of the surprised expression that her Potions master would have when he saw her!

~~~~~ divider line thing-a-ma-jig--showing time passed ~~~~~

Hermione was disappointed. As they listened to the dumb announcements, the song, and saw the new little squirts go to their Houses, she'd tried to catch the eyes of Professor Severus Snape. Only once had he looked at her, and in that split second, she read so many things there. She mentally got them together. They were as follows:

1. *Who is this sexy woman?*
2. *What the hell is Hermione doing looking like that?*
3. *I want nothing to do with her now, sexy or not.*

Did the insufferable man not know that this was for him as much as it was for her? She wanted to give him something in return for all the times he'd saved her life. *Hang on. Had he truly saved mine? Well, he'd saved Harry's. That was for certain. Well, let's just pretend he saved mine and sacrifices all his free time to help the greater good.*

Anyway, how dare he not want anything to do with her? This was on her mind until the time she went to sleep. It was still there when she got up, too. She ate her breakfast, not paying attention to the stares of all the boys, some of the girls, and even Madame Hooch. *(a/n: I just lurved Madame Hooch in the movie. Those kewl eyes and that spiky hair. Wow!)* She moped around and wondered why she'd gone through all the trouble to beautify herself. Yes, it was true. She wanted people to look at her

and say to themselves, "Yummy, me wants her." However, she thought that *he* would appreciate her. She wanted him to be proud to have such a sexy witch on his arm. Did he not know how many men at the future Ministry gatherings would think him to be the luckiest wizard alive?

Hermione went walk to the lake where she thought about things. She would have to go to class and face him. When she turned around to head to class, she was blocked. Someone had followed her. "Hello, Madame Hooch," she said.

"Oho! What brings you out here, Miss Granger?" she asked, catty eyes taking in Hermione's figure.

"Just needed some time to think. Men! They sure are hard to understand."

"Why, I thought the same thing in my younger days. What say you come down to my chambers tonight. We can have a nice long talk about men. Another woman is the best person to go to when you need someone to talk to. Remember a witch knows what another witch truly wants. Wizards have no idea."

"I'll do that, Madame Hooch," Hermione said, seriously confused.

"Jolly good! Oh, and please, dear, call me Rolanda." With a wink and a big smirk, the woman sauntered off in the direction of the Quidditch pitch.

Hermione smiled. *Well, that was sweet of her to offer a shoulder to cry on. I never thought she liked me* Shrugging, Hermione quickly went to her Potions class.

"You're late," the cold voice of Professor Snape said as she entered. "Fifty points from Gryffindor!"

Cheeks burning, tears in eyes, she made her way to her seat. She was between Harry and Ron at Draco Malfoy's table. "Hi," she murmured.

"Er...brilliant."

"Bloody hell."

"Mudblood."

"Thanks," she said, taking note of the tone of their voices; the tone let her know that they were concerned and felt bad for her.

"Homione! I mean, Miss Granger! Would you like to share your conversation with the rest of the class?"

"N-no, sir, Professor Snape, sir."

"Thirty points from Gryffindor and detention! Be here at seven."

Hermione couldn't believe it. She'd lost many points already and had landed a damn detention. The rest of the day was spent worrying about being alone with him. Would he tell her mean things? Would he listen to her if she tried to explain that she'd done it all for him? She wrote a note to let Madame Hooch know that they would have to reschedule their visit, as she had to see Professor Snape for detention.

~~~~~ thing-a-ma-jig again--showing time passed ~~~~~

"You will do all of this without the use of magic. Is that understood?" Snape asked, sneering hatefully.

"Yes, sir. I just wish that..."

"What?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I just wish that you would want me. It's why I really went to that place! I wanted you to want me."

"I *did*," he admitted.

"Did, sir?"

"That's what I said, isn't it?"

"Yes, but does that mean you don't now?"

"Everyone wants you, do they not? You aren't Hermione any longer. You are Homione." He looked away, but not before she saw the pain in his eyes. "What would you want with me when you can have all of those other boys?"

"Oh, Severus," she said, running to him. "I want you so badly. I love that your hair isn't greasy. It's silky! Your nose isn't all that hooked. It was just broken when you were younger or some other nonsense. Your black eyes aren't so black. They are simply dark brown, and people just didn't really look into them to see." She reached into her pocket and pulled out a Weasley White-Teeth-Strip-Thing. "You can chew on this and get rid of those yellow teeth! Careful, though. It says that it may cause an erection."

"Well, we shall have to do something about that, won't we?" he asked before chewing the strip.

"Oh, lovely," she commented. "About what I said before, I want you. I want to have sex with you and live with you here forever...just you and I alone in the dungeons. We can even have a brood of kids later on and fight over what House they'll get into." She looked down shyly. "I guess I'm saying that I love you."

"I must have you, Hermione," he said suddenly, scooping her up. He quickly brought her to his bedchambers, which were conveniently nearby. After saying a few mumbled spells, he said, "We will not be interrupted." He placed her onto the bed. "We shall undress each other."

"All right," she agreed, enjoying the feel of his hands ripping at her clothing. She tried to do the same. "Damn it! There are too many bloody buttons."

Severus sat back on his haunches. "Oh, right." As if remembering that he could do powerful, silent magic without his wand, he waved his hand over his clothing, and it disappeared...all except his boxers.

Hermione nearly fell over. His robes had hidden this body from her all this time. He was so muscular and tanned. She wondered if he placed some sort of magic upon his body to look skinny and pale in order to keep the witches at bay. Something lovely caught her eye. "Why, Severus, I didn't know you had such taste in boxers!" Hermione exclaimed. She reached out to timidly touch the silky boxers and smiled lovingly at the designs. They were baby blue in color, but there were small pink hearts all over. Only a real man could wear such clothing and still be desirable. (*a/n: OMG!!1!! I just had to include these. My old boyfriend had some just like it!!!*)

Almost hungrily, he began pulling at her clothes until she was left in only her knickers. He masked his surprise.

"Do you like them?"

"God, yes, Hermione! Nobody else could look so enticing in big, white, plain, cotton knickers. I want you even more!" He gripped at the knickers and yanked. Hermione's lower half was pulled up from the bed while he tried to tug them away. "Sturdy little things, aren't they?"

"Definitely. Here," she said, lifting her hips again. "Pull them down."

The moment her knickers were lowered and forgotten, the most appealing scent assailed his nostrils. It was the scent of woman, of honey, and of flowers all mixed together. He sniffed the air wildly and growled like a rabid dog. "Must. Have. You. Now. Such big breasts. Such a tiny waist. Such flaring hips."

"Yes, I am delicious, aren't I?" Hermione, feeling bold, reached down to pull down his boxers, unleashing the biggest monster that she'd ever seen. "Oh, no! That big thing won't fit in little me, will it?" Her voice was frightened.

Snape shrugged. "I don't see why not? Have you had troubles with other penises being inserted into your vagina?"

"I've never..." Her voice trailed away, and she blushed furiously. "I've not had one in here." She pointed down to the thatch of hair, also dyed that eerie shade of blonde.

Something primitive came over her partner. He was suddenly everywhere. She wondered if perhaps he'd grown a few extra hands and lips. Her breasts were sucked, licked, and caressed. Her mouth was tortured by his. Her throat was being nibbled. Even her thighs and the hair guarding her hidden treasure of love were being fondled. "Oh, what are you doing?" she asked, regaining her senses when she saw him slide down her body.

"I have to give you a couple of orgasms before I enter you, my love. It's the way of things," he said.

"Okay," she agreed. Moments later she was squealing in delight as his tongue laved that nub of skin she'd taken to touching each night before going off to sleep. "Don't stop."

"I won't," he said, pausing to look at her. "I am going to keep doing that, and I am going to open up the skin that's folded so enticingly to give you even more pleasure."

Words would not come to her. She closed her eyes, grabbed the sheet with one hand, tangled her other hand within his hair, and dug her heels into the mattress. Over and over his tongue moved in, out, and around her secret garden. It wasn't long before she was screaming his name. It was the most mind-blowing experience she'd ever had. "You are a true Sex God, Severus."

"Yes, I am," he agreed. "If you had those knickers on right now, they would be disgustingly soaked with the love that has flowed from your body. I should do this again, but I cannot resist the temptation to be within you." He moved up her body like a panther creeping up on its prey. He positioned his huge, pulsating, purplish-colored member to where it was near her opening. "Are you sure you want this?"

It was amazing that she could only see the love in his eyes! The cold, dark demeanor was gone...only the man she would spend the rest of her life with remained. "I am more than ready for you, Sevvie."

With a long, passionate kiss, he began inching into her tight tunnel of love. Hermione moaned against his lips as she felt herself widening for his thick girth. Suddenly, though, he slammed into her, causing her to scream out in horrible pain. "Owwwww! It hurts! It burns!"

Severus kissed her again and whispered, "It'll stop in just a couple of minutes. It's completely natural. Just be still for a little while as your body accepts my intrusion."

Hermione waited patiently as he grabbed a book from his bedside and began reading. *How could he read at a time like this? My insides are ripping into two, and he's reading!* She moved beneath him, realizing that all the pain had miraculously gone away. "Hey, it's all better now. We can continue."

"Excellent," he said, placing a bookmark on the page and tossing the book back on the nightstand. "Now, where were we? Oh, yes," he said, voice silky and seduction. "Here we are, my beautiful lover."

He began moving within her. He'd pull almost all the way out, and then, he would push all the way back in. Harder and faster, his movements developed a rhythm of their own. It was one that she could easily mimic. She wrapped her legs around him and moved expertly. *I always was a quick learner.* "Oh, my! Oh, guess what? I'm about to come or go to some alternate universe. I can't tell which!"

"Yes. As am I." His words sounded more like pants. The only sounds were slapping bodies, grunts, heavy breathing, and moaning. "I LOVE YOU," he shouted triumphantly.

This, more than anything else, caused Hermione to begin her orgasm. It was beautiful. It was sacred. They were two lovers completely in love doing the loving act of making love. (*a/n: Squeeee!*)

"I love you, too, Severus Snape," she screamed as she hit the peak of the wave that had come onto shore.

After all that was done, he looked into her eyes. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes, but what will we tell the headmaster? Tell others?" she asked, worried.

"Nothing. The headmaster will just twinkle knowingly while we deceive all the others. I'll just give you many detentions to spend time with you. Right when you finish your N.E.W.T.s, we can marry and live happily ever after."

"Oh, joy! I cannot wait, Severus."

"However, we shall have to act like we loathe each other when in public. I hope you understand."

"Perfectly."

Hermione drifted off into a blissful sleep only to be awakened again to have more sex. By the time she made it back to her dormitory, she'd had more orgasms than she could count. She'd really have to tell Fred and George that their teeth whitener not only causes an erection but ungodly stamina!

~~~!!!! Finished !!!!!~~~

**A/N:** Like wow! Wasn't that just the sweetest thing! I suppose I could add sum more to it if I get sum reviews. I'll right a sequel if I get 20 ReViEwS!~!!!!!!11!! Bye-Bye Now!

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**Southern's Notes:** This is the real author note section. That was just for fun. I had a lot of fun here. There are so many ways that we could poke fun at cliché, funky plot, and silly author tactics. I hope you had a laugh at this incredibly silly story. The challenge information is below after my list of words.

Some purposely funky words.

lurved = loved

kewl = cool

sum = some

right = write

seduction = seductive

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) 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. ;-)