

Hermione Meets P.E.P.

by GinnyW

My submission for the Makeover Ho!Mione Challenge over at Potter Place. *Contains HBP Spoilers*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer I own nothing, although I doubt even JKR would want to claim these creations in the condition they are in here. I promise to clean them up when they are done here, though, and return them to her in *like-new* condition.

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

This is a parody!!!! There will be some purposely placed author's notes in the story. These are normally not allowed, but since this is a parody, I've added some. This story is definitely AU. Also, please be warned that there are HBP spoilers here as well!

Many thanks go to Southern_Witch69 for her excellent beta skills!

It was the summer before her seventh year, and Hermione had changed so much! In only three weeks time, her breasts had grown from tiny pinpricks to mountainous molehills. Her lips were now full and luscious, (*a/n: ooooo, that reminds me of Lucius, that Jason Isaacs is sooooo hot! Did you know he was Hook in Peter Pan?!?!?!?*) and her hair was no longer a bushy mess. All of this happened WITHOUT magic!

Right after this miraculous transformation, she and her family took a vacation to the United States where she spent two weeks on the beaches of Fort Lauderdale. She had met a young college guy named Alan. (*a/n: After Alan Rickman....SQUEEE!*) He gracefully took her virginity, and she had decided right then and there that she REALLY liked sex. She could hardly wait to get back to school and try out her newfound interest on some more challenging prey.

She was so excited to finally be boarding the Hogwarts Express on the September 1st. She was Head Girl, of course, and she had to give instructions to all of the Prefects. Because she had spent the whole summer away from her friends, she was very surprised to see that Ron had been made Head Boy. She had expected it to be Ernie Macmillan or Anthony Goldstein. Ron, although she had started to date him near the end of her sixth year, just wasn't her type. They were just too different to have a true relationship. Besides, after her recent experience, she did not wish to be tied down to just one man.

After the Prefects' meeting, she and Ron went to find Harry, Ginny, Luna, and Neville. (Harry decided to come to school even though he had said that he wasn't going to at the end of last year.) They were in their own compartment at the far end of the train. They talked about their summers. Everyone they saw were very impressed with Hermione's new look, and they all asked what sort of magic she used to achieve it. Lavender and Parvati were especially impressed and were dying to know her beauty secrets. "I didn't do anything," Hermione exclaimed. "It's all natural!"

They got to the castle and went into the Great Hall for the welcoming feast. Once seated at her place at Gryffindor table, Hermione scanned the Head Table. Her heart caught in her chest when she saw *him*. There, seated next to the headmistress, was her favorite teacher, Professor Severus Sebastian Sanguineous Sylvester Sully

Snape. The whole mess where he had killed Professor Dumbledore last year was now cleared up. It had been agreed that he was acting under the Imperious Curse, and he had received a full pardon from the Ministry of Magic. Harry even forgave him because he realized that Snape had only been trying to help him over the last six years. (a/n: Wasn't that just the worst?!!!!?? Oh, before I forget, Voldy isn't in this story, but he isn't dead yet. Maybe that will be the sequel...let me know!)

Hermione's eyes caught with Snape's for a brief moment, and although it was only for a second, it seemed like an eternity that she was lost in his black stare. She decided then and there that *he* would be her next conquest. Professor McGonagall stood up and announced that even though Voldemort was still out there that the castle was quite safe. There were Aurors all around the school and Hogsmeade. "And I would like to announce that Professor Lupin has rejoined us as the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, and Professor Snape will go back to teaching Potions." There was polite applause among the students at this announcement.

"Wow, I bet Snape's not happy about that," muttered Ron to Harry and Hermione. Harry nodded in agreement.

Hermione glared. "Professor Snape, Ronald," she chided. She watched as his cheeks flamed; whether this was from embarrassment or anger, she wasn't sure.

"Too bad we signed up for N.E.W.T. Potions with Slughorn last year," said Harry. "Now, we're stuck finishing up with the greasy git."

Hermione's stare turned deathly. "I thought you wanted to be an Auror, Harry. Besides, I thought you and Professor Snape made up."

"We did, but that doesn't mean that I still don't think that he's a greasy git," replied Harry.

Hermione rolled her eyes. She didn't think of him as a greasy git. He was rather sexy, if the truth be told. She was certain that if she ran her fingers through his hair it would feel like the strands of fine silk.

While watching Ron stuff his face of every bit of food within five feet of him, Hermione began to plan the best ways to seduce the dark Potions master.

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~~~~~SS+HG=True Love 4Ever~~~~~

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It was the third day of term before Ron, Harry, and Hermione had their first Potions class. Hermione dressed herself appropriately for the occasion. She wore a low-cut blouse and her shortest skirt. She left her robes hanging open to show off her womanly attire. Next, Hermione carefully moved her Head Girl badge directly over her left breast so that it was jutting out proudly for all to see.

She flounced into the seventh year advanced potions class and sat in her usual seat, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the Great Black Bat; this is what everyone and their brother called him. He entered the classroom in his typical flurry of billowing black robes, and Hermione's breath hitched. The man exuded sex in everything that he did. It was in the way he held himself, the way he walked, and in his voice.

"Turn to page 642," he instructed the class. Oh, that voice! Hermione thought that she would just melt into the floor. She let out an audible sigh. (a/n: Don't you just LuRvE Alan Rickman's voice! Oh, I can just hear it! \*sigh\* I wanna luuurve him and kiss him, ever since I seen him in Robin Hood! Soooo, very sexy! SQUEEE!)

"Is there something wrong, Miss Granger?" he sneered.

Hermione kept her features straight and replied, "No, sir."

Professor Snape went on to lecture the class. By the end of the lecture, he set them to work on their first potion of the year *Fidelis Amor* was a love potion that would make the drinker fall in love with the brewer. Hermione wasn't looking for love, but she was looking for a good time. She knew that a sure-fire way to get Severus to sleep with her would be to make him think that he was in love with her.

She brewed the potion flawlessly. At the end of class, she had a perfect pink sample to bottle and turn in to her professor. What he didn't see was that she also bottled a small amount to save. As everyone knows, love potions were banned at Hogwarts, so she had to be discreet.

When they were dismissed from class, Hermione turned to Ron and Harry. "I need to go get something from the library; you two go to lunch without me," she said.

The boys took off in the direction of the Great Hall. Once they had headed up the stairs, Hermione went to the kitchens. Her original plan had been to brew a lust potion and slip it into Professor Snape's drink. She had intended to distract him some and nick the appropriate ingredients from his supply closet. However, this worked out better. The only thing she had had to do was slip a small amount of the potion into her robes.

She made her way to the kitchens. She immediately spotted Dobby among all of the house-elves.

"Oh, Missy Granger," the house-elf squealed when he saw her.

"Dobby, I'm so glad to see you," Hermione replied, grinning at his tall head of knobby elf-hats. "I was wondering if you could do me a favor?"

"Oh, yes, anything for Missy Granger," said Dobby.

Hermione withdrew the small phial of pink liquid from her robes. "I need you to slip this into Professor Snape's evening drink. Can you do that, please?"

She left the kitchen with a spring in her step. She knew that tonight was definitely going to be an interesting night.

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At supper that evening, Hermione made certain that she was sitting as close to the Head Table as possible so that she could discern the subtle indications that her beloved Professor was under her spell. She was thankful that the potion only reacted to the brewer and not the first person he laid eyes upon. She would've had to have been more creative if that had been the case.

She barely picked at her meal as she stealthily watched him. She knew that the moment that the potion took effect. His black orbs locked with her own. Hermione was surprised when she suddenly felt a spark travel down her spine. She dropped her head down to her plate as she tried to suppress the look of surprise on her face.

"Warmph da mammr, Mrmony?" asked Ron.

Hermione glanced up, looked at Ron, and marveled at how he could even manage to make a single sound with his mouth ~~that~~ full of food. "Don't you ever do anything besides eat?" she asked.

"Not usually," he said after he swallowed his mouthful of roast, rolls, carrots, and potatoes. He stopped in thought for a moment. "Though, if you'd rather, I'm sure that I could be a prat for awhile."

Hermione pondered this suggestion, but she quickly decided against it. She figured that she could deal with him with his mouthful of food on a regular basis, but she preferred not to deal with him acting like a prat the majority of the time.

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of the Potions master rising from his chair at the Head Table and figured that he must be preparing to make his exit from the room. She forced herself to keep her attention on her plate so as to not ogle him as he left. She was surprised when she suddenly felt someone behind her. Her back stiffened as she saw the frightened look on Ron's face.

"Miss Granger," Professor Snape hissed in her ear. It took every ounce of self control for Hermione not to squeal in delight at the effect his silken words and hot breath had on her. "I believe that you have something left over from class in your possession," he continued. "I would like you to follow me back to my office...now," he finished sternly.

Hermione tried to squash the trepidation that was arising. There was no way he could know that she had spiked his drink. The potion was odorless, tasteless, and very potent. If he was under the influence of the potion, then he would feel only his love and devotion for her. *This must be a rouse*, she decided as she rose from her seat.

"I'll see you later," she said, as she stifled a grin.

She entered Professor Snape's dungeon office to find the man already devoid of his teaching robes. From the glow of the firelight, she could see the rippling of his muscles from beneath the thin bit of fabric covering his chest. She looked around the room. It was nothing like it had been the last time she was here. There was a roaring fire, a desk of ebony with only a few bits of parchment on top, and walls of books.

"Professor Snape," she said when she mustered up her courage.

"Welcome, Miss Granger," he said as he flicked his wand and quickly warded the door. Hermione allowed a sly grin to grace her features at this bold move. "I think that you should know that I discovered a most interesting substance in my coffee this evening. It appears to have been laced with a love potion." Hermione's eyes widened at his candor. "You are not the first person to try to slip me a love potion, Miss Granger."

He walked over to her, causing her to back into his desk. "I am immune to its contents," he purred as he leant towards her. Hermione allowed her mind a brief moment to digest what he was saying. He claimed to be immune to the potion. However, she was still here, and he was so close to her. There was also the fact that he had yet to deduct the appropriate number of House points. The smile on her face grew as he his mouth neared her own.

"One hundred and fifty points from Gryffindor for trying to poison a teacher," he whispered. Before she could reply, his mouth was upon her own. His soft, thin lips contrasted with her full and luscious ones. He bit her lower lip, demanding entrance into her hot, wet mouth. His tongue danced across her lips, and then plunged into her mouth. She moaned at the taste of him.

After twenty minutes, Hermione broke off the kiss as she could no longer breathe. "Oh, Professor!" she squealed.

"Call me Severus," he said.

"Oh, Sevvie!" she squealed.

He shuddered. "Only Draco may call me, *Sevvie*." *(a/n: Oh! I tried to work in Draco, but I just couldn't fit him in here this time! How about we put him in for some threesomely goodness in a sequel? So, give me like 20 reviews, and I'll add some of that dreamy goodness in next time!)*

"Oh, Severus!" she tried to squeal, but she found that her throat was becoming rather scratchy from all of the squealing.

"Hermione...may I call you Hermione?...I've longed for you since the time that your teeth grew to be the size of a beavers," he proclaimed.

"Really? I always thought that you hated me. Oh, and no, you may not call me, Hermione. Please call me Miss Granger; it makes me so wet."

His black eyes seemed to become alight with a new fire, and he began to devour her, placing kisses on her lips and then trailing them down her neck. He reached for his wand, and with a swish, her clothes were gone. "Oh, Miss Granger, you have the most beautiful body I've ever seen. How can such a young woman have such a womanly and sensual body?"

She flung her head back and giggled at his silly question. "Oh, Severus, all I want now is your throbbing manhood inside me! Please," she begged*a/n: I never had sex yet, but someone said his thingie throbs.)*

"As you wish, my delicate flower," he replied.

He flicked his wand again, and his clothes vanished from his body. Hermione let out a breath that she did not know that she had been holding as she took in his manly figure. The well-defined muscles on his chest and arms clearly showed that he worked hard as a spy for the Dark Lord. She glanced downward and took in the full sight of his stiff member. "Oh!" she exclaimed.

"Is something the matter, my sweet?" he asked with a devilish grin.

"Oh, you are so much bigger than the last guy I shagged," she said.

"I had better be," Severus remarked. "I've been brewing my own Penis Enlarging and Enhancing Potion for years now. I like to call it P.E.P. because it truly peeps my member right up. Mine should be the largest in the Wizarding world," he said proudly.

Hermione smiled and let out a near content sigh. What had she been thinking when she thought that she didn't wish to settle for just one man? THIS was the man that she wanted; she knew that now. "Please, take me now," she said.

"I must prepare you first," he said as his fingers trailed down her stomach and to her thatch of curls. He dipped his fingers within her to find that she was oozing with liquid sex. "Never mind," he said. "It seems that you are more than ready for me and my girth, Miss Granger."

He deftly brushed the items on his desk onto the floor and lifted her to lay on it. He again began assaulting her mouth. Her legs spread open, inviting him in, and he plunged into her thick hot warmth in one stroke.

Hermione let out a small scream of pain as she adjusted to his immense girth. This was certainly not some young Muggle college student from America. This was a man!

Severus had not moved after his first thrust. He did not wish to hurt the young vixen. She soon started moving, and he allowed himself to smile at her.

He eagerly thrust into her, finding a rhythm that was satisfying to them both. She wrapped her legs up around him. She had her first mind-shattering orgasm in the first two minutes of their union. She was screaming his name as he pounded into her, causing tingles to begin in her toes and quickly run through her body.

Severus could not hold back as her tight sex channel clenched around his cock. He spilled his slithering*a/n: HA! Get it? Slithering, Slytherin! *GRIN** seed into her. Her body continued to milk every drop out of him as her orgasm was still continuing.

When he was finished, he pulled out of her, and Hermione watched as his now glistening and swishy member was begin to recede. She had to admit that she was a tad disappointed. True, it was the best orgasm she had ever had, but she was so hoping that her time with Potions master would have lasted longer.

He appeared to see the disappointment on her face. "Don't look so downtrodden, my little vixen. The P.E.P does more than just enlarge me for your pleasure. We will be

busy all night," he said with a feral grin.

He swished his wand to clean up the mess on his desk and helped her to her feet. He led her to one of the bookcases on the far wall and removed a book opening the door to his private quarters. Hermione eagerly followed him, unabashed by her nakedness. She had, in truth, been looking for an opportunity to flaunt her womanly wares to any that would care to look.

He took her straight to his bedroom where he led her to the large king size bed that was draped in black satin sheets.

"I must tell you, Miss Granger," he said whilst looking her in the eyes. "If we continue on in this manner, then I must insist that we marry."

Hermione smiled for even though she had not been looking for a relationship, she knew that she had found her true soul mate. "Oh, Severus, I love you. Of course!" she cried. "And to think that my first plan was to simply drug you with a lust potion," she mused.

"Oh, there was no need, my sweet," he purred.

They went back to their lovemaking which lasted all night long, thanks to P.E.P. Hermione was surprised that she wasn't even sore afterwards. It was the most amazing thing that she'd ever experienced. They got married a week later because McGonagall discovered that they were living in sin. Harry and Ron even came to the ceremony, both realizing that Hermione was the most clever witch her age, and she could make her own decisions.

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A/N: OMG! Can you believe that???!!!!111!! SQUEEEEE! Oh, I just love a happy ending! Don't you? I really can go on, if you'd like! Plz ReAD & ReViEw!!!!11!! Remember, I'll post a sequel with either the end of Voldy or with some YuMMMY Draco if I get lots of reviews! Tell me which one you want, k?

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**Ginny's Notes:** I had way too much fun writing this story. If you recognize anything in here...PLEASE forgive me!

**Southern's Notes** I wonder if he didn't put something in her drink!

Purposely Funky Words:

wanna = want to

luuurve = love

squee = squeee

liek = like

Plz= please

Soooo = so

Thingie= thing

Imperious Curse= Imperius Curse

Challenge Information:

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.