Hermione woke up. Birds could be heard singing, the heat of the sun could be felt shining through the windows, the smell of brewing coffee was in the air, and her Barbie doll pink bedroom literally glowed in all of its pinkish glory. All in all, it was shaping up to be a glorious, but relatively normal day in the Granger household.

Hermione, even though she was a horribly plain and hideously ugly girl, was in a good mood. Yes, she may have looked like an absolute hag, but she was one brilliant little swot who had loyal friends, and her looks were of no consequence to her. That one time at the Yule Ball- where she had looked beautiful and fantastic- was a one off thing borne of magic, copious amounts of makeup, and liberal amounts of Sleakezey's hair potion. The important thing to recall here is that Hermione was just not a beautiful girl, at all. Her bushy hair also did not matter to her, except that one time at the Yule Ball, of course. This is why, upon waking, she decided to wrangle her massive tresses- which she had yet to learn how to properly manage after sixteen years on the planet- into a practical bun. This up-do did not look remotely attractive on her, because nothing could make this plain Jane look good, except for that one off time at the Yule Ball. Apparently.

Anyway, moving on. Hermione then took herself to the bathroom where she washed her face, brushed her teeth with all of the diligence a daughter of dentists could ever manage, and then applied her deodorant before getting dressed in Muggle clothing, which did not look good on her due to the fact that she was too chunky. However, it was Hollister, so she at least tried to be trendy
even though her minimal efforts were useless. At no point did she look into the mirror, because
Hermione was the antithesis of a vain girl. One could even say she was pure Abnegation. This
must be understood.

Hermione literally floated down the staircase of her parents' home, because the girl had the soul of
a true angel, and angels float just because. Waltzing into the kitchen, Hermione took her seat and
was anticipating eating a very stereotypical full English breakfast, except for the fact that it was
somehow all vegan, because Hermione's parents were against animal cruelty.

Her father was reading the paper on his Kindle, and her mother was at the sink washing dishes.
Yet, this was not indicative of there being gender stereotypes among her parents, because in
approximately five minutes they would switch off. They told her good morning and she
responded. Nobody looked at anyone else.

"Hermione, will you be alright for the next two weeks? Remember, your father and I are leaving
on that dental activist trip to various third world nations later today."

Hermione rolled her eyes fondly. "I'll be fine, mum."

Her father chuckled behind his Kindle. "Sometimes we forget our little girl is all grown up. Why,
it seems like yesterday when you were just the wee tike we took with us to various
demonstrations."

Hermione giggled. "Oh, daddy!"

Simultaneously, her mother turned from the sink and her father lowered his Kindle. They both
gasped.

"Oh, my!" her mother exclaimed.

"I was hoping we'd have more time," her father muttered in horror.

Hermione was concerned. "What? What is it?"

Her mother tentatively reached for her hand. "Hermione, we have something to tell you. In a
move that is completely uncharacteristic of your father and myself, we have been keeping
important information from you that you should have been told years ago."

There was a dramatic pause.

"You were adopted."

Hermione sighed in relief. "Oh, is that all?" She laughed. "I knew I never quite looked like the
two of you."

Her father took over the conversation. "But wait...there's more. You see, your biological parents
were Pureblood wizards."

Hermione immediately went ballistic, her relief turning into horror and anger. "What! You knew!
All this time, and you never told me! Do you know how much I went through at school believing
I was a Muggleborn?"

Her mother started wailing. "Oh, honey! We love you like our own! However, we always knew
our time with you would be...limited. Now that your glamor has worn off, your real parents will
have been magically contacted. We had an...agreement."
Her father once again took up the narrative. "We were being selfish. We just wanted to ignore that you weren't really ours. Now your real parents will be coming to take you back."

Hermione jumped from her seat at the table and stomped her foot. "What? No! You can't do this! I hate you! I hate you both!" She then ran to her room and fell onto her bed in a fit of tears.

She could hear her parents wailing from the kitchen. "It wasn't a legal adoption in the first place! We have to give you back! Please don't hate us! Blame Dumbledore! That Headmaster of yours is always to blame for everything!"

While Hermione was certain she would eventually forgive her parents for their very amoral and uncharacteristic behavior, she just wasn't in the mood for their shenanigans at the moment. However, she did have to admit they might have had a point about one Albus Dumbledore. That man seemed to have a hand in every cookie jar.

She yelled down the stairs. "I hope you're happy! My faith in authority figures has now been irretrievably demolished!"

"But, we've always told you to question authority, young lady!" her mother admonished. "You should have been doing that all along!"

"Whatever!" Hermione yelled back. "And just so you know, I didn't floss this morning!"

Their gasps of outrage gave Hermione a sense of satisfaction.

Hermione sighed and walked over to the full-length mirror that was on the back of her bedroom door. She gasped. The reflection looked nothing like her. She was, in a word, gorgeous. It was the complete opposite from her usual hideousness. Her skin was a darker caramel mocha, her lips were full, her eyelashes were longer and darker, her legs were longer, and she had curves in all of the right places. Her Hollister clothes looked appropriately trendy on her now. However, even though her hair was darker with attractive golden highlights, it still looked like its usual mess. Oh well.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Hermione's stomach was in knots. Her real family had arrived. Cautiously, she made her way into the drawing room.

Before her were Rabastan Lestrange, Blaise Zabini, and Zabini's infamously beautiful mother speaking jovially with her parents.

Lestrange looked just like he did on his wanted posters, like a survivor of the Zombie Apocalypse. The man chuckled. "Relax, good doctors. I had debated on casting either the Cruciatus Curse or the Killing Curse on the two of you, but it would likely upset my little girl, and I want to keep her happy."

Blaise's mother smiled fondly at her former paramour. "You can see why I found him attractive, but he was too devious for even me to want to marry."

Blaise rolled his eyes. "Oh, mother!"

Apparently, Hermione Granger was the love child of the Death Eater Rabastan Lestrange and that awful Zabini woman who had killed all of her previous husbands.

Her biological parents and half-brother finally saw her and smiled enthusiastically.

Her biological mother spoke first. "Well, look at you! So beautiful! It's all air kisses and shopping spurts in Paris from here on out!"
With that declaration, Hermione was drawn into air kisses on both cheeks.

Lestrange then spoke. "My dear girl! You, of course, should have realized by now that we had to keep up our ruse of being dark wizards for 'the greater good'. Well, I either tell people that or use the Imperius Curse defense." He gave her a cheeky wink. "If only that had kept me out of Azkaban!"

Blaise Zabini looked at her and then took her hands in his own. "A sister! I can't believe it! I, quite unexpectedly, I might add, have brotherly affection for you."

Hermione laughed delightedly. "And I- I feel as if I have sisterly affection toward you. It was this sudden thing I can't explain."

All of the adults beamed. Her Muggle parents smiled at her through their tears.

Her Muggle mother hugged her. "Don't worry about us, dear. We'll just throw ourselves into more selfless activism to assuage our grief at your loss."

"Perhaps we'll even get a dog," her Muggle father added, with a hopeful look toward her Muggle mother.

With tearful goodbyes, Hermione was whisked away by side-along Apparition to the Zabini home.

With a last hug from Rabastan, he told her, "Just wait until your Aunt Bella and Uncle Rodolphus see you! I'm leaving here to tell them our little Kayleigh Cassandra Rhiannon Lestrange-Zabini has been returned to us!"

No, Hermione thought. This could not be happening to her.

"What the hell kind of a name is that?" Hermione demanded. "You can't land a kid with a name like that!"

Her biological mother looked at her imperiously. "It's a perfect Pureblood name, and you will learn to embrace it."

Blaise just shrugged. "Thems the breaks, sister dear."

Hermione glared at her brother. "You could at least pretend to be sympathetic!"

However, her real mother pulled her by the hand into her new bedroom and had her sit at the vanity before she could continue her tirade.

"I should have known those Muggles wouldn't have known how to handle your hair type," she sniffed disdainfully while directing a hot comb toward Hermione's head with her wand. "I'll show you how it's done."

"This unexpected bout of maternal care from such an awful person is greatly appreciated," Hermione told her warmly.

Her mother beamed at her. "Stick with me girl, and I'll teach you everything I know."

Hermione didn't know whether to be elated or horrified, but she tentatively smiled. "Did I tell you what I did to Delores Umbridge?"

"Blaise had mentioned something. That was you?"
Hermione nodded her head shyly.

Her mother gave her a smirk. "That's my girl."

Just then, there was a knock on the door. It opened and Severus Snape stepped through.

Hermione was in shock. "Professor Snape!"

"Hermione," Professor Snape said in his melodious voice, "I am your godfather- and we are so glad to finally have you back."

Hermione narrowed her eyes at him. "But you hate me!"

Professor Snape gave her a smirk. "Now that I know you to be my goddaughter, my feelings are irrelevant. I still may not like your know-it-all ways, but at least I'll now make a good show of pretending otherwise."

"This is quite unlike you, Professor."

"Yes, I am aware. At times, I think I may be acting under the Imperius Curse, but never mind that. I will now be the caring friend slash mentor slash teacher that I never was to you before. So, in keeping with that ridiculous theme, you may now call me Severus while not in school."

Hermione beamed at the dour man. "Thanks so much, Severus!"

"I wish I could say the pleasure was mine, Hermione, but I'd be lying."

With those words, Severus Snape swept out of the room with his usual drama and enviable swirl of robes.

Hermione looked at her mother in the mirror, whose wand was directing a bevy of hair care products furiously around Hermione's head. "Well, that was unexpected."

Her biological mother sent her an evil smirk in return. "I hope you're not tender headed, because this next bit is going to hurt like a—"

Her sentence was cut off with a giant 'Ow!' on Hermione's end.

Soon enough, the summer flew by, and Hermione found herself at King's Cross ready to travel on the Hogwarts Express.

Hermione looked to Blaise sadly. "Let me sit alone. I want to break the news to my friends gently."

"Whatever you say, sister of mine," Blaise said before leaving to find his friends.

Just then, Ron Weasley threw open the door to the compartment. Hermione's heart began racing as she fancied the ginger.

Ron glared at her. "Who are you? Hermione Granger is supposed to be in this compartment."

"But I am Hermione, Ron. I was under a glamor for all these years. I'm the love child of Rabastan Lestrange and that Zabini woman." Hermione paused. "You know, I spent the entire summer with her and still don't know her first name."

Ron gasped in outrage. "What? This is unacceptable! I can't be friends or maybe more than friends
with you anymore now. Furthermore, I hate you for no apparent reason.”

Hermione glared back at Ron. "Well, I hate you too…also for no apparent reason. However, as this is the dissolution of our friendship, and I am the injured party, I get to be teary eyed so as to gain sympathy from others."

Ron nodded. "So long as we understand each other. I'm going to storm off now, and when you next see me, I will be way more violent and quite unlike myself. I will have become this intolerable bully everyone will legitimately hate."

Hermione nodded back. "Then go. Do as you must."

Ron Weasley left the compartment in a tantrum, slamming the door behind him.

Suddenly, Harry Potter burst through the door. "What's wrong with Ron? And who are you, anyway?"

"It's me, Harry. It's Hermione. Life-long glamor. Daughter of dark wizards. I'm getting kind of tired of repeating my story." Hermione paused to get a good look at Harry. "Since when did you start dressing Goth? And why do you have this emo vibe about you now? And- Merlin's tightie whites- is that a snake around your neck?"

Harry looked back at her in consideration. "Well, I will be conveniently wishy-washy about my friendship with you for a while. However, in the end, I will be firmly on your side because I will be sick of Ron soon enough, even though he is my best mate."

Hermione smiled at Harry and hugged him tightly. "Oh, Harry, I knew I could count on you."

"And to answer your question, I've been Goth since this summer. I've decided to go dark. I hate all adults now. Dumbledore, Voldemort, Snape, McGonagall. It doesn't matter. They all suck. I also may or may not be gay for Draco Malfoy. I haven't decided yet. By the way, call me Lord Potter-Black now. I even have special signet rings to smugly taunt people with. It's like I'm the Green Lantern or something. I'm totally badass."

Hermione immediately sent a glare toward Harry and shoved him to the other side of the train compartment. "You can't be gay for Malfoy. You need to back off. I think I may have this uncharacteristic attraction toward him myself and, if pushed, I will fight you for him. Don't make me cut you, Harry Potter. And, if I have to call you Lord Potter-Black, you must now call me Kayleigh Cassandra Rhiannon Lestrange-Zabini, Pureblood Princess. I may not be a Veela, but I'm close enough to be dangerous."

"Ok, yeah?" Harry countered. "I somehow now have fangs and black wings that make getting dressed a real hassle. Can you top that?"

Hermione narrowed her eyes at her friend. "Get out of my carriage, Harry, and don't come back until you can be the person you need to be right now. Do this dark wizard thing on your own time."

Harry looked disgruntled but complied with a dramatic sigh. "Fine. However, once this out of character behavior of yours is resolved you have to come help me deal with my own out of character behavior. It's giving me a migraine."

This train ride was really becoming intolerably long. Hermione was certain it was much longer than she ever recalled before, however, it seemed necessary for whatever reason.

Soon enough though, Draco Malfoy made his way into the compartment. "I know we've been
traveling on this train for literally hours now, but everywhere else is full. Can I sit with you, beautiful?"

Hermione blushed. "Sure. And I'm not going to tell you my secret identity just to be coy."

"That's fine by me. I can tell you're a Lestrange-Zabini anyway. Blaise told me all about you."

"Let's just read and bond over the quiet times that will fall over this compartment for the rest of the trip. We'll pretend it is a comfortable silence instead of an awkward one. I also appreciate the fact that you have acted quite uncharacteristically by not bursting into this compartment with your usual rude behavior."

Draco smirked. "I am also quite surprised at myself, I'll have you know. However, I'm going to pretend that I don't know you're the Mudblood I've bullied all these years."

"Charming."

"I do try."

However, this peace would not last through the night.

"I want you to know that I've complained to the Headmaster about this situation," Hermione informed Draco Malfoy primly.

"Well, I want you to know that not only have I complained to the Headmaster, but I've also complained to all of the teachers, the Board of Governors, and I've written a whiny letter to my father in Azkaban about all of this," Draco retorted angrily.

Hermione was very frustrated.

There was not supposed to be a special private common room for the Head Boy and the Head Girl to share, in which they could develop a torrid romance. Such a thing was not supposed to exist. In fact, they both should have been sharing the same dorm rooms they always had with the same students they always had.

Actually, as Hogwarts was a school that went to great lengths to magically keep boys and girls from each other via sliding staircases and alarms, there weren't a whole lot of shenanigans going on by anyone in any house. The Board of Governors would have had a right fit otherwise, as no decent parent- no matter their politics- wanted their precious snowflakes to waste a boarding school education on carnal pursuits. Between them, the teachers, and the castle itself, it was mostly a learning environment, which was often really as dull as that sounded to anyone who wasn't Harry Potter and Hermione Granger, though both had different reasons for this.

"By the by," Hermione continued, as if Draco hadn't spoken, "In case you were unaware, nobody ever refers to you as the Slytherin Prince, least of all your own housemates. Scads of students don't follow you around in the hopes that you will deflower them either. And- if I haven't made it perfectly clear before- I find you to be too pointy, too pale, your hair is too slick, and you're entirely too ferrety to be attractive. All in all- you're still an odious little cockroach."

Draco glared at Hermione and sneered. "Well, while you may look like a supermodel now, I'm still disappointed with you too. You don't have indecent and sexy clothing gracing your frame. Neither do I- though mine is of the greatest quality regardless. However, we're both still wearing standard issue Hogwarts uniforms. Your gaze is not sultry, despite what you think. You are still annoying, and you still act like yourself, and I loathe you, Granger."

Hermione and Draco glared at each other in mutual contempt. However, as soon as they made eye
contact violin music was heard in the room. It was that stereotypical violin music that often features in TV melodramas to indicate love at first sight. Hermione almost saw herself staring at Malfoy from across a field of wildflowers and running in slow motion. If that wasn't a nauseating idea, she didn't know what qualified.

Draco looked dazed. "I feel as if I suddenly love you. I don't know why. I loathed you before."

Hermione also felt that odd floaty feeling Malfoy must have been experiencing. "It's odd, but I feel pretty much the same, now that you mention it."

"So, my unexpected feelings are reciprocated?"

"It would appear so. However, this is curious, you have to admit."

The music stopped and Blaise stepped from the shadows holding a violin. Hermione and Draco both turned to him and stared blankly.

Blaise looked confused. "What? I can't practice in the Slytherin Common Room." He then shrugged uncomfortably at the ensuing awkward silence.

Hermione put her calm face on. "You know what? I'm going to go find Harry and then we're going to go kill Dumbledore. This is obviously all his fault, as everything is."

Draco suddenly looked panicked. "Wait! You can't! I have to be the one to do it!"

Hermione looked too calm. "Too bad. I've said my piece and I've counted to three."

Hermione hit both wizards with a Stupefying Charm and then marched out of the room. This might have seemed like an abrupt ending considering all that had just occurred, however, Hermione was fine with this. Some things were meant to go nowhere.

End Notes

Because my life is not complete without parody, and I have too much free time.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!