

Parody: The Amazing Time-Turner

by Southern_Witch_69

A special Time-Turner helps Hermione go back and befriend young Snape. Together, they make a potion that will bring down the modern day Lord Voldemort once and for all.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 7

A special Time-Turner helps Hermione go back and befriend young Snape. Together, they make a potion that will bring down the modern day Lord Voldemort once and for all.

Disclaimer: Not my characters, but definitely my crazy story.

Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for reading over this travesty.

SW's Note: You are being warned. This is not a "real" story. It's meant to make you smirk and snicker when you recognize cliched things from Time-Turner stories (and the good old standby cliches as well)~! :)

And just to make this clear: I a huge FAN of Time-Turner stories!

"Hermione! You have to go and get Snape. Now!" Harry said roughly. "He's there collecting that sap for that potion he is making for Madam Pomfrey." He kissed her cheek. "I won't lose you, too, Mione. Go!"

"No, Harry!" she said, crying. "I won't leave you!"

"He will know how to get Professor Dumbledore back here. You have to do it. Trust me on this." His eyes were full of determination and worry. She kissed his cheek. "Go left. Not towards Grawp!"

"I'll find him, Harry, and we'll come for you," she breathed. She gave him one last look before leaving their hiding spot behind Hagrid's hut to run into the Forbidden Forest. She quickly turned left, as Harry had instructed. She didn't call out to Snape in fear of being heard by any Death Eaters or unpleasant inhabitants of the forest. After running as far as she could, she still hadn't seen Snape. Hermione finally had to stop. The pain in her side was unbearable. She fell to her knees, panting for breath, and sobbing all at once. "Where... are... you?" she whimpered, tears finally subsiding.

Severus Snape heard the thuds of someone's feet hitting the path in the forest. He ducked out of sight as they stopped just near his hiding spot. It was Granger! What the hell was she doing out there running like a wild woman? He moved forward a few steps when he saw her stop and start to cry. Something must not be right! Had a fight with Harry then, eh?

"Miss Granger!" he said in his nastiest voice. "You are out of bounds! What are you doing in here?"

Her puffy eyes met his hard glare. Sobs came to her all over again as she bolted forward and hugged him tightly. Snape was stunned. He stood there gaping *What the hell?* He moved back quickly, but she began to crumble, so he smoothly pulled her to his chest. This time he held her and in a voice unlike his own, he asked, "What is it, Miss Granger?"

She chanced a glance at his face. Was this Snape being soft? "Profess-or," she said, her voice filled with agony. "Har-ry sent me." She began wiping wildly at her eyes.

"Spit it out, girl! What?" he bellowed.

"Voldemort... at Hogwarts. He killed Professor Sinistra," she said. Her voice was still unsteady. Snape was looking at her oddly. "Harry said for you to come. He said you would know how to reach Dumbledore."

"Calm down, Miss Granger. What happened? Tell me, please," he urged gently. If this was true, something was terribly wrong. He had no intelligence on a Hogwarts attack. Why attack when the students had all been sent home for a late break after the funerals for those killed last week?

"All right." Hermione was determined. She would tell him. "Harry and I... we were at Hagrid's hut to feed Fang since he is away. We heard a loud bang, and the whole front gate just blew open. It was Voldemort and ten Death Eaters. Harry and I made our way to the castle through the back entrance. Professor Flitwick had been Stunned already. Professor McGonagall pulled us into the teacher's entrance off the Great Hall. When Professor Sinistra came out, they pounced on her. McGonagall had to put a Full-Body Bind on Harry to keep him with us. He wanted to charge them. Crazy as it seems." She paused to take in his expression. Snape looked murderous.

"Go on," he said in his deadly voice.

"Voldemort was saying that he knew the castle would be empty of students and professors, then sat at the high table in Dumbledore's chair as if he was holding court. Two Death Eaters came back and said that they had found what they were looking for," she sighed. "He said that he came across one of your old journals from someone else...named Marilyn's things."

Snape took in a sharp breath but nodded for her to continue.

"In the journal, it said that you had invented a potion. One could take this potion and be able withstand the Apparating wards at Hogwarts. But, according to what he was telling his followers, you were afraid to let anyone know about it, yet you didn't want to destroy it. So, you hid the instructions in one of the stairways and bewitched it to be a trick stair. Then you planned to Oblivate yourself so that you could not untrick the stair or remember the potion. He said that you gave the journal to Marilyn before you did it, and you told her to not ever give you the journal unless she thought you truly needed it."

"I don't remember this," he said bluntly. "But it sounds as though it could be." He brought a hand to his chin while thinking. Hermione wondered if he would ever talk since he was quiet for so long.

"Sir, he intends to make this potion and come to attack Hogwarts. He knows Harry will be here only a tad longer. He means to catch him and Dumbledore by surprise."

"How is it, Miss Granger, that you are here now? Where is Potter? Where is McGonagall?" Snape's eyes narrowed suspiciously. His voice was dripping with disbelief.

She bit her lip. "They didn't do anything after they killed Sinistra. Voldemort held court at the high table while he sent two of his followers to destroy the stair and retrieve the instructions. He said it was a pity you weren't there, as he would have liked to deal with you personally, but he said it can wait a few more days until he gets his potion fixed. They just left, and McGonagall sent us down to Hagrid's hut to hide in case they came back. She wanted to tend to Flitwick, but Harry wouldn't leave. He wanted me to come."

"If what you are saying is true, Miss Granger, we are in a world of trouble. The Headmaster will have to close the school down or be on his best guard. I must contact him immediately." With that he released her from his hold and began to stride purposely toward the castle. Hermione took two steps and fell. She was too weak from the mental exhaustion, the running, the grief. It all took a toll on her. She couldn't even call out to Snape. He turned to question her some more and saw she was not at his side.

Stupid, girl! "Get up, Miss Granger, we have to hurry." He rolled his eyes and walked back to her. He scooped down quickly and easily carried her in his arms. She looked so weak. He had never seen Granger, his most insufferable know-it-all to date, in such a still state. Her eyes were half-opened, full of too many emotions to analyze. He almost felt sorry for her, but he had been through many things as well. She would just have to learn to mask them as he did. Sever all unnecessary ties. No love. Nothing lost. Everything he'd ever loved was gone. He'd learned to not care about much. Albus was still here. But for how much longer? He realized that he was carrying her in his arms as he would a wife over a threshold. Just another thing that he would never have. Oh, he'd had many women in his life, but he'd never cared about one. Not since *her*. Severus growled to himself.

"I'm sorry, Professor. I'll try to walk now," Hermione said, barely a whisper.

"No, Hermione, I have you," he said softly. Something compelled him to kiss her on the temple and hold her closer. He'd not let them have her as well. He would do everything he could to keep her safe. *And that damn Potter. History repeats itself,* he thought ruefully. Voldemort would not have them. Hermione snuggled closer to him as he walked, and he smiled...for the first time in months. Finally, they got closer to the castle. There was a Dark Mark in the sky above the castle and a number of wizards about the grounds. None were Death Eaters as far as he could tell. His stride never wavered as he walked in through the front entrance. Harry was there, ranting and raving.

"You have to find, Dumbledore!" Harry yelled at Kingsley.

"I don't know where he is," the wizard said, trying to calm Harry.

Snape shook his head in disgust. "I'll get him, Potter. Take care of Miss Granger."

Harry ran forward and stopped just in front of Professor Snape. His brilliant green eyes met dark black ones. A moment of understanding passed between the two of them before Harry spoke. "Thank you, Professor. We need you."

Snape blinked. Potter sounded sincere. He put Hermione to her feet and watched as Harry drew her into his arms. Yes, history does repeat itself, doesn't it? He nodded to Potter and made his way to Kingsley, who was now comforting Minerva.

"Severus, it was horrible. They broke through the gate somehow. What with everyone gone, no one had time to stop them. Filius was Stunned just after he forced me into the conference room. Two of them at once Stunned him!" She dabbed her eyes. "I put a vision spell on the wall and watched in horror as Hermione and Harry made their way toward them. I pulled them in with me. Sinistra must have heard what was going on. They... oh, it was terrible. Another murder!" For the second time that day, Severus had a distraught woman in his arms.

"There, there, Minerva." His voice sounded false even to his ears. "I'll go for Albus now." She nodded and moved away from him. "Kingsley, I will be right back with Albus."

It was wise of Albus to let him know where he was going to be staying. The last two weeks saw many things happen to the students and staff of this school. It had started at his last Death Eater meeting. Voldemort had told them about a new form of attack. He would seemingly hit everywhere at once. First, they would stage a scene at the Ministry by setting off an explosion there, and while the Aurors and workers were concentrating on that, he and the Death Eaters would make stops at other places. The Grangers were one stop on the list, the Burrow was next, Hogsmeade was another, and the list went on.

After the Dark Lord announced all of that, he had looked directly at Severus and hissed, "Unfortunately, Severus... you will not be able to tell Dumbledore of our plans this

time I am afraid. You see, I have found out that you are a traitor."

Snape's insides had gone cold. Albus must have felt something like this would happen. He had given him a Portkey just before he'd left. It was a button just on the cuff of his robes. He'd been about to press it when Voldemort had said, "Bring him here."

A Death Eater brought forth Draco Malfoy. The boy had been crying and beaten, barely able to walk.

His eyes met Snape's. "I'm sorry, Professor. They... forced me." He was pushed down at Severus' feet.

"You will die together. Traitors!" Voldemort said, raising his wand. Something distracted him, though, as Snape bent down to touch Draco. Lucius.

"My lord! You said you would not kill my son! You said that he would just be punished." Lucius seemed nervous. "He will serve you, my Lord."

Voldemort only cackled and pointed his wand at Lucius. "Crucio!" As Lucius began convulsing in pain, Snape clutched Draco's robes and pressed the button. Before anyone knew what happened, they were Portkeyed to Dumbledore's office where they fell in a heap. Draco still remained in a catatonic state of shock.

The events had moved so fast after that. He'd told them all that he had heard, and they'd bolted into action. The Ministry and the Order alike were working together to strengthen safety measures. Snape and a few others went to the Grangers' home. They were setting up wards on the house and instructing them on how to use a Portkey when the Death Eaters came. They'd been horribly outnumbered, but they'd held up well in the fight. In the end, Mr. Granger had had a heart attack after watching his wife twitch in pain from a deftly administered Cruciatus Curse.

Barely alive, Severus gathered her in his arms and Apparated just outside the castle. Someone else had brought Mr. Granger's body along as well. Dumbledore had run to the gates to meet them, and Ronald, Harry, and Hermione followed him, among others. Severus would never forget how Hermione had cried over her father's dead body. Her wails were forever etched in his mind. When Poppy had come to take her mother into the hospital wing, Hermione had stopped him by touching his arm. "Thank you," she'd said brokenly. "I know you tried." With that she'd run to the castle.

It was then that Weasley went into a tirade. "They did it. They knew that we knew of their plans! They did it anyway. My mum is next! I have to go!"

Potter had tried to calm him down, but only when Dumbledore spoke had he stopped. "Your father is at work, and your mother is at the safe house. No one is at the Burrow, Ron. She is safe."

Ron had nodded calmly but then Disapparated right there just outside the gate.

Foolish boy, Severus thought, remembering the idiocy. He'd seen Harry's eyes grow wide, but the boy hadn't been able to follow, as Dumbledore had grabbed a hold of him.

"Calm yourself, Harry. Miss Granger needs you now. We need you. I'll go retrieve him. He probably has just gone to check. Severus, bring Harry to the infirmary."

Unfortunately, Ron had Apparated home just as a band of Death Eaters had shown up. He'd been killed. When Dumbledore had Apparated there, which had only been a few minutes later, it was already too late. The Dark Mark had just been sent up in the sky while the house was near ruins. Dumbledore had killed three and held five hostages. The rest had fled to safety when they'd noticed who had come. When he'd returned with Weasley and walked into the infirmary, it had been as if time'd stopped.

He'd been placed on the bed next to the late Mr. Granger. Harry, of course, had been the first to get to him. Once he'd started sobbing, Hermione had made her way over. Her tears, though, were done. She had taken to soothing Potter. It had been plain to see that she was in shock.

"It's all right, Harry. He's sleeping, that's all. Don't cry," she'd whispered.

The Ministry had been attacked, but they'd been prepared for it. Only a few had died while more of the Dark Lord's followers had been killed and captured. Percy Weasley had lost his life that day. Voldemort dared not to go to Hogsmeade. After the failure at the Ministry, he'd known that they were awaited.

Until now, things had been quiet for a few days, what with the funerals being held and Dumbledore allowing all students to go home for a weeklong break to attend them and get their minds together. Not much was left of the school year but tests in a couple of weeks. Potter and Granger had been unable to attend the funerals, having to remain at the castle, the safe spot. The girl's mother had been sent to St. Mungo's, not any better off than the Longbottoms.

Safe indeed, Severus thought to himself. Voldemort had somehow figured out how to get within the gates. He came while everyone was away to get something that he, Snape, had hidden long ago.

Snape was brought back to the present as he entered the Headmaster's chambers. He walked over to Fawkes' cage. "Bring him here, Fawkes. He is needed." Fawkes left in a burst of flames. One moment later, Dumbledore appeared with him. "Headmaster..."

"Severus, what is it?" Just as Dumbledore asked, realization hit home. "Not here. Not Hogwarts." Snape nodded and followed his mentor down to the Great Hall where everyone was gathered.

Severus looked to Hermione. She was back up and pacing. There was something... familiar about her at this point. Her hair was now pulled back up into a ponytail, and she'd changed into what appeared to be Muggle clothing. McGonagall explained everything in detail to the Headmaster. The first thing he did was go to the gates. With a few loud bangs, they were back in order, and Snape knew that neither Voldemort nor any others would get back in that way again. Then, the Headmaster called the staff into a meeting. Granger and Potter were able to sit in as well.

"We don't know anything about this potion nor how long it will take to make. All we do know is that they will be back. I am debating on leaving the school closed for good until this war is over, but I don't want the students to suffer. I always felt they were safer here than anywhere. Once this potion is made, however, that will not be the case. The Anti-Apparation Wards were put in place by Godric Gryffindor himself. Even I would never have thought of a way to get around that." He nodded to Severus. "It was another brilliant mind that thought of it. Though he didn't intentionally do this, I'm afraid it's been put in the wrong hands."

"Headmaster, I have no recollection of having done a Memory Charm on myself. All I know is that if Marilyn had it in her possession, I gave it to her at some point before she was killed. It had to be near the end of my own seventh year at Hogwarts. That is when she moved back to England. She died after I graduated." Severus' voice was cold as usual, though his eyes glittered when he mentioned her name.

Hermione found herself wondering who this Marilyn was. She must have been a lover of his. She felt oddly sorry for him suddenly. He had been through so much in his life. No one in the Order had risked as much as he had. She had never thought of him as having lost someone he loved or as being capable of loving someone. She pushed back an impulse to reach out and touch his hand, to let him know that people did care about him even though he was an arrogant, sarcastic bastard.

She giggled. Everyone turned to her. Snape pierced her with a harsh stare.

"Find that funny?" he asked coldly.

"No, sir. I was just..."

"Let her laugh, Snape. She's not had much to laugh at lately," Harry said heatedly. "If she is thinking about something good, so be it. We could all do with it."

Dumbledore spoke. "Severus, how is our project?"

Snape had to pull his eyes away from her soft brown hair. *What is it about her? Why today?* "It is ready, Headmaster, though I believe it may be too late to use now."

Dumbledore looked over to Hermione, his eyes twinkling. "Perhaps not, Severus. Perhaps not. I think Miss Granger could go back and plant something for us."

"Albus," Snape said warningly. "I don't think that would be wise. She's just a girl."

This stung Hermione. Just a girl, was she? She glared at him and said, "I will do whatever it takes to help. I am not just a girl." Snape smirked at her and looked to the Headmaster.

Dumbledore chuckled. "You two follow me. And, Harry, of course. Minerva, as their Head of House, I would like you to come along." He instructed the rest of the staff present to see to Flitwick or help Poppy and wait for his announcement. They followed him to his office and sat around his desk.

"Professor Snape and I have been working on a project. It's a Time-Turner of sorts. I think Severus here was able to put the last touches on it recently. I think that nothing that has happened up until now should be changed. We cannot change our history, but I do think that something should be altered. We need to get Severus to alter his potion," Dumbledore said.

Snape spoke. "Alter. As in put in something extra, such as once they get here their magic will be reduced?"

Dumbledore nodded. His blue eyes met Hermione's. "You will have to go back and befriend Severus. You will of course have to explain to him the importance of this. Reveal nothing to anybody else. No matter who they are." His eyes moved to Harry.

Harry spoke. "My parents. They will be there. Can't we just...?"

"I'm sorry, Harry, but, no, we cannot. And that, my boy, is why I will not send you back. It has to be Miss Granger. She has less emotional ties with those that will be here," Dumbledore said firmly. Harry simply nodded, though his eyes dimmed.

"Professor, how do you propose I do this? I mean, do I just walk up to him?" Hermione asked.

Snape snorted. "I never befriended anyone easily."

"This will be something that I feel you and Miss Granger will have to work through. You know yourself better than anyone else, Severus. She will, of course, have to Obliviate you before she leaves," Dumbledore said.

Minerva spoke. "This may not work. We could be dooming Hermione to a worse fate. Those were dark times."

Dumbledore stood up and went to his cabinet behind his desk. He picked up a letter and waved it in the air. "This is proof that it does work."

Hermione recognized her own handwriting. "You mean to say..."

"Yes, Hermione. You wrote two letters to me, and you placed a time charm on them. I cannot open this one until tomorrow night. The other I was able to open just over a week ago."

"What did I say?" she asked.

He looked at Severus before answering. "You asked me to put a Portkey in Professor Snape's robes in the form of a button in case of emergency. Though you didn't say why, I am certainly glad that you wrote that letter, or we might not have Severus or young Malfoy with us."

Severus blinked in shock and looked to Hermione. She bit her lip. "So, that means I would not have changed anything else then. I didn't beg you to save my parents, did I?"

"No, you did not. That is why I know it is you who must go. You mentioned nothing about it. You only said that it was imperative that I do this, but you wouldn't even say why."

Severus began pacing in Dumbledore's office. Hermione Granger. He had something as well in his chambers from a girl he barely remembered. She'd told him he could not open it either. The date that he could open it would be... tomorrow night. Same as Dumbledore's. No wonder things about her lately seemed familiar to him. This is how she'd looked as she went back in the past to become that girl. He tried hard to remember her face. It was too blurry. Even as he asked his next question, he knew it was fate. "Headmaster, are you sure?"

Dumbledore nodded. "I always thought it odd that I got a letter from myself. I realized that you and I met before, Miss Granger." He reached into his desk and pulled out a letter addressed to himself by his own hand. "After you left, I voluntarily pushed thoughts of you to the side. I knew I should remember it only vaguely, though it all comes back to me now. With your permission, Minerva, I think Miss Granger should spend the next night and day with Severus. They have much to discuss."

McGonagall blanched. "In his personal chambers?"

Dumbledore nodded. "Miss Granger, would you feel comfortable about this?"

"I have to do it." Hermione was filled with determination. She would not let them down. She looked to Harry. "It's for our own good, Harry. Please understand." Not caring who was near them, she bent down and pressed her lips to his. "We will win." She pulled away softly and looked to Professor Snape. His eyes were narrowed and glinting dangerously.

He hated that she'd kissed him. He felt... jealous? No. Just everything they had learned today had gotten to him. He was angry though. How dare they behave this way in front of their professors?

"That will do, Mione," he said sharply and moved to pull her away from Harry.

Everyone turned to stare at him in shock.

"What?" he asked.

"You... you called me 'Mione,'" Granger said, shocked. "Nobody but Harry calls me that."

He let go of her arm and looked around. "What? I must have heard them say it. I apologize, Miss Granger." He could feel himself blush. He had not blushed in years. What the hell was wrong with him?

Minerva shifted uncomfortably. "Perhaps one of us should go with them and help them with what they have to do, Albus." She wouldn't meet Snape's eyes.

Dumbledore smiled. "I think not, Minerva. Hermione and Severus are both adults. They can manage the rest of tonight and tomorrow together. They need no interruptions."

Harry moved between them. He extended a hand to Severus. "Thank you, Professor. You tell her all she needs to know."

Snape shook it, feeling a bit uneasy. He beckoned for Hermione to follow him and left. She told everyone good-bye and followed him to the dungeons. She could barely keep up with him. He seemed full of anger. What had she done wrong? Why had he looked so jealous when she'd given Harry that harmless peck on the lips? Was he

starting to remember things? Had he called her Mione in the past?

A/N: I'll put some more up tomorrow. Bwahahaha... And now a word from our sponsors:

And because someone always feels the need to point out that "a parody is supposed to be very funny," I shall put one of the many definitions of the word here for your enjoyment:

Parody: to imitate (a composition, author, etc.) for purposes of ridicule

It's quite humorous to seasoned authors and readers who've read the same old cliched plots time and again. I rather have fun reading things that pick on overused characterization and plots.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 7

A special Time-Turner helps Hermione go back and befriend young Snape. Together, they make a potion that will bring down the modern day Lord Voldemort once and for all.

Once inside his personal chambers, she was relieved. She needed to sit down. Her thoughts were closing in on her once again. She glanced around his living quarters. They were not much different from Professor McGonagall's. His were decorated in Slytherin green and silver though. *Very nice*, she thought. She watched as he sat across from her and summoned a glass and a liquor bottle to him. He drank deeply before looking at her.

"I would like some," she blurted, knowing she had never had any in her life. The most she had ever had to drink was butterbeer...and that wasn't even an alcoholic beverage.

"You are too young," he sneered.

"I am eighteen, Professor, and I only have my N.E.W.T.s left. I am about to go into the past to try to talk to you." She sighed. "I think I deserve some."

He nodded once and summoned a glass for her. She took a sip and choked. He smirked. "Not as good as you thought, is it?"

She patted her chest wildly. "No, I suppose not." Then she giggled.

It warmed him. This was familiar to him as well. He watched as she kicked off her shoes and curled her legs under her.

"So, where do we start?"

He got up and went to his bed. He reached down and pulled out a chest. He brought the chest back to where she was. Opening it slowly with an incantation, he pulled out a box and a letter. "I had almost forgotten about this." His voice was different. She'd never heard him sound so... normal. Nice. "Is this from you?"

She looked at the writing on the letter. "Yes."

"I can see that it is your writing now that I think of it. Part of me always wondered what happened to that girl. I can barely make out her face in my memories. I can hear her though. She sounded a bit French to me. She told me that I had to wait until a certain date to open this and that it would all make sense to me then. She told me that we had agreed it was best not to remember." His expression was priceless. He looked human. There was no scowl, no sneer, no sarcasm.

She moved forward in her chair and placed a hand on side of his cheek. He closed his eyes and brought up his hand to cover hers. "Mione..." he whispered. Emotion filled her. Had he fallen in love with her when she'd gone back to the past? It couldn't be. Suddenly, he released her hand and jumped back as if he'd been burned. "... I am sorry."

"Don't be. Now, tell me what I need to do to get close you," she said softly.

He looked at her oddly. A young, beautiful woman asking how she could get close to him? Some days he would have loved to hear that fall from someone's lips, but he knew better than to hope or to love. Everyone he'd ever cared about that way had died.

"Let me just tell you about myself," he said, able to pierce her with his eyes. He was glad that his voice had once again returned to normal state. "I liked no one. I trusted no one. You will not be able to just waltz up to me and think to become my friend. I am a Slytherin through and through. Don't forget that."

He went on to talk about Marilyn. She was his cousin who had returned home near the end of his seventh year. Her parents had been killed, and he was her only living relative. She had been a year older than him, and she'd been able to visit him at Hogsmeade on his weekend passes. He remembered her most fondly and trusted her with all his heart. The Dark Lord had killed her just before Severus had graduated, which ironically led to his joining him. He was not afraid to be killed. He just felt that he had nobody. His parents were dead, though he could honestly say he only missed his mother. His father had been a very hard man. He hadn't minded beating or hexing his own family to ensure his will was filled.

He had loved one woman. It was not as Hermione had suspected. He'd been in love with Lily. They had become friends, but he could never have dated her openly because of his father. His father had been a firm believer that only purebloods should wed. Lily had told him she would not wait for him forever. And she hadn't. By the time his father had died, she was dating James Potter, whom he hated above all others: Potter had always made him look like a fool, Potter who'd married, bedded, and created a child with Lily.

It was why he disliked Harry. He looked like his father, even acted like his father sometimes. Harry should have been his child. He could have made Lily happy. She might still be alive. Harry's eyes were so much like hers. He could barely stand to see them because it spelled out betrayal to him. She should have waited. She should have loved him enough.

Hermione let him ramble on without interrupting him. He seemed to need to get this off his chest. They had moved from their chairs to the couch while he talked. She poured him another glass of whiskey and sipped on her own. He'd joined the Dark Lord and was his potions brewer, though he did participate in things that other Death Eaters did. When he'd found out about the Prophecy and the Dark Lord's plans, he'd gone to Dumbledore. He had already been hired as Potions master at Hogwarts,

which the Dark Lord had requested of him, but he'd turned sides and worked as a double agent.

He'd not been able to save his beloved Lily. She'd been betrayed by that damn Wormtail. They'd thought the Potters would be safe. His heart hardened after that, for his Lily was gone. Only her son remained. And though he owed a life debt to Potter, he owed it to Lily to look after her son. So, that is why no matter what, he would always give all of himself to protect Harry. Even if he didn't like him.

"You must think me an old fool," he said softly. Hermione was now sitting close to him in the middle of the couch. They had somehow scooted closer together. He felt oddly comfortable. He'd never allowed anyone to get close to him... since Lily. He'd never told so much of himself to anyone... aside from Dumbledore of course. He'd bedded many women, but those times of sex were not intimate. This was intimate.

"No, Professor. I think you are lonely. I can understand completely why you are the way you are. I have always found you fascinating. Such a brain, always trying to get us to better ourselves. Though you are a bit hard on everyone, I'd say it is your own way of dealing with your lot in life." She patted his hand softly.

He didn't feel as though she pitied him. He felt as though she truly understood. Her eyes gave away so much of what she was feeling. He had the urge to kiss her, but he didn't. "We've been talking for hours. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I am. Whatever you would like to eat is fine with me," she said softly. She watched as he went to his fireplace. He Flooed in an order. He seemed softer. She watched as he peeled off his robes. He was left in only his black trousers and a crisp black button up shirt. Out of his robes, she was able to appreciate him for what he was. He was a large man: tall and broad with strong arms (that carried her all the way from the forest to the castle earlier). The best thing was his sharp mind. She could see herself talking to him for hours on worthwhile subjects. He would not make fun of her for her ideas or for going to the library for research. They had more in common than she had ever imagined.

She and Ron had dated for a couple of months, but they'd realized that friendship was better. Ah, friends. Harry, Ron, and Hermione: the Golden Trio as most called them. Ron had to go off without them though, and he was killed. She didn't know if she could ever forgive him for that. He should have listened to Dumbledore.

"Are you all right?" Snape asked, interrupting her thoughts. He wiped tears off her cheek gently.

When had he become so... attractive?

"I was thinking that I would have liked to have been able to save Ron. We were only best friends, but I feel his loss deeply."

"What of Harry?" Snape questioned.

"Harry is my other best friend. He's all I have left anymore. Soon, he and Ginny will marry once this is over. Then, I will be alone. Much as you were," she whispered, mostly to herself. Severus kneeled down in front of her.

"You'll never be alone, Mione. Ever." He leaned in closely. He had to kiss her. To let her know everything was fine. A loud pop broke them apart.

"Dobby is here. Dobby is bringing you dinner. Harry Potter's friend, an honor it is to see you again." Dobby gave her a warm grin.

"Hi, Dobby!" she said and went to take the tray from him.

"No, Dobby will be placing this on the table and be back later to takes it away." With a pop, he was gone. Hermione grinned.

Damn! Snape thought. *Meddling house-elf came and ruined the moment. The moment?* She was a student for Merlin's sake! He'd have to be sure that never happened. He mentally distanced himself from her. "Let's eat, Miss Granger."

They ate nearly all that Dobby had brought them before she spoke. "Professor...?"

"Yes?"

"I need to use the loo." She smiled sheepishly.

"It's just there beyond that door." He pointed. It was nearly three in the morning. How had time passed so quickly? She would have to leave tomorrow no doubt. It must be why she had dated their letters and his package to a specific time. Voldemort must have his potion brewing. He blinked when she came out. She had transfigured her shirt and jeans to a nightshirt and shorts.

"Sorry, I wanted to be comfortable."

"It's quite all right. We have so much to go over, but I fear a bit of rest is what we need. We can rest for a couple of hours and get back to it," he said, softer than he would have liked. He watched as her eyes went to his bed. "I'll sleep on the couch."

She nodded.

Damn! He liked to sleep in the buff. He would have to settle for his boxers though. And, yes, it was inappropriate, but he needed comfort as well. He watched as she tucked herself in, and he went to the bathroom to change. When he came out, she was sleeping already, breathing lightly. He pushed back a strand of hair from her face.

"Professor?" she called sleepily as he turned away.

He looked back to her.

"Would you... Could you stay with me? I... You make me feel safe." He nodded, and she smiled.

He would just lie with her a few moments until she was sleeping again. Then he would make his way to the couch. He slid in next to her, careful not to get too close.

"Nox," he said. The last of the lights went out. Many things were going through his mind. A student was in his bed! Damn! No, a woman was in his bed! No, a much too young woman with a brilliant mind and her whole life ahead of her was in his bed. He was definitely too old for her. But he'd not cross the line. He wouldn't. This was innocent, and as the Headmaster had pointed out, she was of age. She could make her own decisions. Nobody knew what the next few days would bring. He deserved to feel at least one night of comfort himself. She, this girl, had saved his life by writing that letter to Dumbledore. The button Portkey had been her idea. He froze as she moved closer, putting her head on his shoulder, an arm around his waist, and a leg over his. He had to bite back emotions to ensure an erection would not take place. Soon he drifted off with her.

Hermione awoke some time later. She felt a warm chest pressed to her back, a strong arm encircling her, and a muscular leg tangled between hers. So, this is what it felt like to wake up with a man. She had never before done that. Well, she had slept in the same place as Ron and Harry, but it was more like camping out with friends. They had never held her. Just as she was deciding that she could become used to this, he woke up. He quickly pulled away from her, and she felt him get out of the bed. She couldn't see him, as there were no windows in the dungeons, but once he got to the loo a light came on.

She watched him through half-opened eyes. He had on boxer shorts only. She could see his body clearly. Very impressive. He had a sexy mass of dark hair on his chest, and a dark line of it disappeared into his boxers. What would it be like to trace that path with her fingers? *Nice arse as well*, she thought. The door closed and the vision was gone. She heard the water running a moment later and decided it was time to get up. She could still smell him on her clothes. Male soap and spice. So manly.

Did she have feelings for him suddenly? Was he what she had been searching for all this time? *Don't be ridiculous! This is Snape. He's just being nice so that I can go back in time and meet him.* Together they would fix this. Somehow. She was very curious to see what she had written to him and placed in that package. She got up and found her wand at the bedside table.

"*Lumos*," she said softly. His lamps lit the room. She made her way to a mirror. She didn't look too bad considering they'd not had too much sleep. The bathroom door opened. Severus was once again in his forbidding stance, dark robes around his body billowing as he moved forward. He raised an eyebrow at her appraisal.

"I'll just be a moment," she said, blushing terribly, as she moved past him to the bathroom. He had caught her staring at him! Openly staring. And the bad part was... he was in full professor mode. The sarcastic, cold Snape was back. Had she only dreamed that they had bonded last night? As quickly as she could, she washed up and Transfigured her clothes into fresh ones. When she came out, he had the table set up with breakfast. Toast and juice only.

"We have a lot to discuss today, Miss Granger," he said, his mood dark as ever. "Let's eat and get started, shall we?"

She nodded and sat across from him. She decided to act as normally as possible. If he wouldn't mention that she had slept in his arms, then neither would she. After she drank the last of her juice, he made eye contact with her.

"Ready?" He smirked.

"Yes. Tell me what I need to do."

He nodded appreciatively, noticing that she would not let anything come between her and her duty. "When I was in school here, I hated show offs." He cocked an eyebrow at her.

She knew he was thinking that she was qualified as one.

"But I admired intelligence. Miss Granger, you need to not try so hard to show me how intelligent you are. Let me find out on my own. I spent much of my time in the library, not unlike yourself. I was a very private person. I won't take to prying. I think it would be better if you accidentally bumped into me. Start off slow and befriend me. I can't have you rushing up to me and blurting all of this. I would hex you."

She smiled. "I understand, sir. I will do this no matter how long it takes. I won't disappoint you. In fact, I must do something right if I was able to write letters, right?"

He conceded. "Perhaps you are correct. Just please, don't be a show off to me. Be brave, be smart, be a friend to me as you are to Potter, and you will fill every desire I had concerning friendship, though I would never have voiced it aloud."

She nodded.

"Once you have my trust, then you will set me down and tell me everything that will come. Do not mention Lily's death to me under any circumstances. It would ruin everything. Just tell me that I devised something, and we have to work together to add a magic depreciating formula to it. Try not to give away too much. Then you will give... me a letter from me. I will tell myself that it is imperative to do the mind charms. One to forget you. One to forget what I have created."

"Professor, why don't I just tell you not to write it in the diary?" she queried.

"We cannot alter what has happened up until now, Miss Granger. Do not try to change anything... please. We are counting on you," he implored.

"What do you suggest we add to your potion to make someone's magic depreciate?" she asked.

"Now you are speaking my language." He gave her a grin and brought her to his office. "Here are some variations that I have made. I do not know what type of potion I have made in the past to get through Apparation wards as strong as Hogwarts has, but not just any thing will mix with it I am sure. You will show these to me, and together I think we will come up with something that works."

That was a compliment to her. He felt that she was smart enough to help him with this. "And once we complete this, I make sure that he does the charms. Then I come home?"

"Yes. Look at this," he said, pulling a timepiece from his pocket.

"It's a pocket watch."

"Not just any pocket watch. The Headmaster nicked it from the Ministry back in your fifth year when your lot went to take on Lucius. It was damaged somehow, but through research, Albus and I were able to fix it. Hoping that we would never need it yet knowing that we probably would. Of course, I realize now that he knew we would need it. He remembered you from my days, though he says he pushed thoughts of you aside. He knew." Snape smiled triumphantly.

Hermione loved his smile. He did it so rarely that she felt blessed to witness it. He went on explaining how it worked, and he showed her how to set it to the exact date and time she would need to return. It was fairly simple. Almost like setting a Muggle alarm clock with a calendar of sorts built in.

"I can do this," she reassured him hours later. He had written a letter to himself for her to bring. She gathered all of her notes and his papers that she was to take with her.

"Let's go up to the Headmaster. He'll have instructions of course," he said, his professor persona returning. On the way to see Dumbledore, they paused near the Great Hall. Harry was there dueling with a fully recovered Flitwick. She remembered that Flitwick used to be a dueling champion. Harry was not giving an inch, though both looked tired. She saw that other wizards had come. They were practicing duels as well.

Hermione smiled proudly at Harry. He had come so far in these years that she had known him. How she wished that Ron would be there as well. She'd not let Harry down. They would live for Ron. For all who died in this horrible war.

"Are you... are you in love with him?" Snape asked. His voice had reverted back to the one he had used the night before, and there was something odd in his eyes.

"I told you. He is my best friend. I love him, but only as a brother. We just need each other's support now more than ever. I am proud of him," she said honestly, looking into Snape's eyes.

"As am I," he said softly. Then he jumped as if caught doing something illegal.

"Miss Granger, how are you?" Minerva asked, glancing between Severus and Hermione uneasily. Did she think that Snape would have killed her? Seduced her?

Hermione smiled warmly. "I feel prepared, thanks to Professor Snape. I can do this."

Minerva seemed reassured and followed them to the Headmaster's office.

AN: I know I promised a chapter each day, but a darn hurricane is headed this way. So I've been preparing for that.

And thanks go to the lovely ladyinthecloak for reading over this. Any mistakes and cheese you see belongs to me.

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 7

A special Time-Turner helps Hermione go back and befriend young Snape. Together, they make a potion that will bring down the modern day Lord Voldemort once and for all.

Disclaimer: See Chapter One

"Come in. Have a seat."

Dumbledore sat as well. He ruffled through some papers. "This is an envelope to myself. I am instructing myself to not ask questions, to let you do your job, and to be sure you are placed in Slytherin with your own dorm. You are to be known as Mione Dorset. The Dorsets are purebloods who moved to France once things started happening. They are also long distance cousins of mine. No one will question that you were sent home to me for safety. No one will know if they had a daughter your age or not."

"Thank you, sir. I do speak French fluently. I liked how Fleur sounded and decided to learn it for myself."

Dumbledore smiled indulgently. "Miss Granger, you will see and hear many things. As I am sure Severus instructed, you are not to change anything. Do what you are there for. You will be in Slytherin. Therefore, you need to act like one. Try not to mingle with Gryffindors, though you may be compelled to do so. Think like a pureblood. Other than a misplaced affection for me, you are to act accordingly."

"I understand. Should I pretend to be Malfoy then?" She giggled. "Just kidding, sir. I understand." She saw that Snape narrowed his eyes at her.

"I am giving you money, and we will transfigure your robes to be those of Slytherin. You will keep them in your trunk of course until you are settled in."

"Albus!" Minerva interrupted. "I remember your cousin! She was... indeed a Slytherin." Her cheeks turned pink. "Sorry, Hermione, but I do remember you now. It's been over twenty years, but I always thought Albus sent you back to France to keep you from joining Voldemort! I wondered why Severus never spoke of you again. Why, I remember the two of you together now clear as day. You used to-"

"Minerva," Dumbledore said, cutting her off. "I am afraid that I put a slight spell on you when I knew that Miss Granger would start school here. It changed your memory of her features until you would discover her true purpose. It is why you can now see her in your mind so well."

"But, Severus," Minerva continued, "do you not... Can you not remember her now?"

Snape sneered. "I bloody well cannot. I can only vaguely remember a girl instructing me about that damn box and letter in my chambers. I barely remember doing a few potions with her. Nothing more."

"But you and she..."

"Enough, Minerva. Remember she must go into the past without any true knowledge of what she actually did there. We don't want Severus here to be uncomfortable about knowing a student in his youth." He looked at her sternly.

Minerva sat back as if she had been slapped. She then looked from Hermione to Severus oddly.

"Merlin...." she whispered.

Dumbledore grinned.

Hermione looked horrified.

Snape snorted. Was she implying that he and Granger had been lovers? No way. He would have remembered. When he thought of the past, he thought of Lily. "Really, Minerva. Is it so bad that a Gryffindor would befriend a Slytherin, namely me? Or is it the thought that she played a Slytherin so well?"

She sat forward as if she would hex him for his cheek, but then she thought against it. She looked to Hermione sadly. "Are you sure that you... are prepared for this?"

Hermione nodded. Why was her mentor acting so oddly? Had she been that bad? She grinned. "Indeed a Slytherin, eh?"

They all chuckled.

"You will need to leave this evening, Miss Granger. Severus and I will open our letters tonight to see what you have to say to us. Hopefully, it will be good news. I have trusted wizards, Aurors, and some older students flooding in today. We will be ready for Voldemort regardless. I think it will be he who is surprised when he comes."

"All right. I think I will go to Harry for a bit." She stood up and nodded to her professors. She caught Snape's eyes before she left. He was looking at her with longing. What was that about? Did he wish that maybe they could have had a chance to become closer before now? They did work well together. She put up with his snide remarks and snarky demeanor better than anyone else. Apart from the staff, that was. She left to find Harry.

Severus looked at McGonagall as soon as Granger was gone. "Out with it!"

Dumbledore laughed deeply, and Minerva went red. "I couldn't," she said, looking weak.

"What do you know, Minerva?" he asked in a deadly voice.

"Severus, I can't believe that a charm would keep you from remembering her. You were lovers. I walked in on you two snogging more times than not, and I will say that I was on the receiving end of a sharp tongue from her," she said softly, still in shock. "This Mione Dorset was, I would say, your perfect mate."

He jumped up from his chair. "Unbelievable! You can't send her back there! I can't... bed... a student!"

Minerva and Dumbledore both began laughing heartily. "She's not a student of yours in the past, Severus. And it is she who must go back."

Severus sat back down. Hermione Granger. She would come back knowing him personally, sexually. Merlin! "How can I face her when she comes back?"

Dumbledore spoke. "That is for the two of you to work out. She will be the only one with the memories of it, of course, and I am sure she will not ask you for anything, Severus. I will give her the choice of remembering or forgetting as you have."

Snape nodded. He had to get out of here. He bolted from the office, leaving their laughter in his wake. Damn! He didn't know for sure or not, but he thought she was a virgin since she had as much as told him she'd not slept with Harry or Weasley. It was he who would take her virginity. And he couldn't even remember it! He almost slapped himself. Some part of him did remember her now. Seeing her as she was these days, it was how she'd looked in his past. He could almost see her face. Almost. Suddenly a flash went through his memories.

Her lips just grazing his. Her lying under him. Her hair drenched with sweat, as was his. 'I love you,' the younger version of himself whispered to her.

Snape jumped. What the fuck? No. That couldn't be a memory. Just some... some fantasy brought on by damn Albus and Minerva!! Something felt right about it though. He had been in love with Hermione Granger over twenty years ago. How could he have forgotten her? How could he face her once she came back after all the things he had done to her and her friends in this time? Would she want to remember, or would she want to have herself charmed to forget as he had been? Damn!

He rounded the corner and saw her and Potter walking down the corridor: her arm around his waist, his around her shoulders. If this wouldn't have come about, maybe Potter would have broken things off with Ginny Weasley and ended up with Hermione. Unless...

Severus saw the way she'd looked at him earlier, how she'd snuggled into his arms. Could she have feelings for him now as well? Is that what prompted her to be with the younger version of him? Was it possible to be as friendly as she and Potter were without having those kinds of feelings? Damn! He would give anything to remember her better from his youth. He went to his dungeon to ponder this over some whisky.

He concentrated on his 'memory' of her earlier. Her soft brown eyes looking into his, half dreamy. Her lips moving an inch closer to find his for a soft kiss. His hands on either side of her head, holding the bulk of his weight off her, though he knew they were still connected intimately. He could almost feel the sweat sliding down his back. He could see it dampening her hairline. I love you he'd told her.

She smiled like no woman had ever smiled at him. 'I will always love you, Severus. No matter where I am or who we are to each other,' she said.

The memory was gone. Tears sprang to his eyes. He had not cried since Lily had died. They had indeed been lovers. He must have loved her then. He had trusted her fully and completely. Those words of love had never left his lips--so he'd thought anyway. Not even for Lily's ears to hear. From the expression on her face and the sound of her voice, he knew she would come back through time in love with him. But it wouldn't be him. It would be who he used to be. He was an old enough to be her father.

He would not allow her to waste her youth on him. She had many years ahead of her. Many men who would gladly have her. His hand closed tightly on his tumbler, and it shattered. His mind seemed to not want to see her with anyone else. He was strong. He would fight this. Hell, all he had was that one memory. It would be Hermione he would have to convince. She would need to take that memory charm to put that portion of her life in the past.

Severus. The way she'd said his name. It rolled off her lips as if it belonged there. Merlin! What would he say to her? How could he face her?

"Professor!"

It was her.

"Your hand is bleeding." She ran to him and pulled his hand into hers. He snatched it away, not meeting her eyes. "Let me help you."

Reluctantly, he allowed her to hold his hand while she did healing and cleaning charms on him. He looked at her, her face full on concentration, inspecting his hand. She looked into his eyes then, and he saw it. The expression. The beautiful smile. She cared for him. He would never be rid of her. Hell, he was having trouble pulling Lily's face into view. Lily who? He chuckled and cupped her cheek with his free hand. He then realized that he was seated all the way back in his chair. She was kneeling on the floor between his legs, holding his hand. He wanted to move, but couldn't.

"I won't let you down, Professor." She moved closer as if she wanted to say something else.

He met her half way. His lips barely pressed against hers. He felt her tremble under his hand, and when he tried to pull away, her hand pulled him back, and she kissed him. This time he opened his mouth, and they kissed deeply. The intensity of that kiss undid him. She wanted him as he was. Before she met him as a young man. Before she knew anything. Unknowingly, he gathered her onto his lap. Both of her arms had snaked around him and were holding him prisoner. His mouth left hers, and he trailed kisses to her neck.

She smelled good. She smelled like his favorite fragrance--a potion that he'd created many years ago. His eyes flew open. She was why he'd made that potion. Part of him remembered her scent. He pushed her back roughly, but didn't let her fall onto the floor.

"I'm sorry," he said, voice hoarse, full of emotion. He helped her to her feet and sprang up. "Tell no one." He hurried to the loo to hide from her.

Hermione watched him enter the bathroom. They had just shared the most amazing kiss. She had never felt that way when she'd snogged anyone before. Professor Snape! She wanted more. How could he just take off that way!??? Then she realized that she was a student. He felt that he had crossed over the line. Well, once she was back from the past, they would have to explore this more thoroughly. She had never felt this way. Ever. Even Ron's kisses hadn't made her... want sex. She wouldn't pressure him. She would finish her N.E.W.T.s, and in a few weeks, she would no longer be a student. In fact, Dumbledore had already asked her if she would fill poor Professor Sinistra's vacancy. She had no place else to go. She was an orphan. This was her home. She would see Severus Snape in this light again.

Dinner was pleasant. They ate in the Great Hall. More and more wizards had come. Voldemort would have a surprise indeed. He would not catch anyone off guard. And, if they were lucky, none of these people would give their lives up. She and Severus, the younger, would see to it to add something to the potion formula that would drain their magic. Professor Snape hadn't talked to her since their kiss, and he was paying close attention to his plate. She could see that he was embarrassed about it. She wondered why he had broken his glass in the first place, which had started everything.

Ginny and Molly came in then. Ginny was worriedly searching for Harry. She gave a cry of relief when she saw him and Hermione sitting at the staff table with the professors that were present. Ginny nearly barreled Harry over. Hermione had to scoot out of the way or Harry would have knocked her over.

"I was so worried, Harry!"

Molly embraced Hermione. "Are you all right, dear?" she asked in her motherly tone.

Hermione's eyes watered. Ron's mum. She had lost two sons within the last couple of weeks. How could she handle it? The look of concern, pain, and understanding she saw in Molly's eyes broke her down. She began sobbing. The tears she hadn't rightly wept for Ron came in droves. Molly didn't cry; she just held her tighter and said soothing words.

"I know, Hermione. I know. Let it out. It's the only way to get started again."

Harry and Ginny threw their arms around her as well.

Severus took in the scene awkwardly. He'd always liked Molly Weasley. No matter what, she'd tried to make him feel welcome at headquarters. He felt badly for the loss of

her sons, even though he'd never seen eye to eye with one of them. And Mione... Hermione. He had heard that she had never cried over Ron since his death. The current situation and what they were facing had no doubt brought it out. For her lost friend.

The Golden Trio was now down to two. She had wept for her parents, and it had exhausted her. Just seeing Molly must have brought this out in her. He wished that he could go wipe her tears away. Damn! He sat back realizing what he was thinking. Dumbledore was looking at him, his eyes twinkling. It took all his will power not to bolt out of the door.

Suddenly, something else happened. Harry pulled away from them, holding his scar. Though he had long learned to control the pain it brought when Voldemort murdered or was happy, he still felt it. He looked to Dumbledore quickly and made his way to the back room behind the staff table. Dumbledore followed, as did McGonagall. Severus felt compelled to go as well with one last glimpse of his weeping Mione.

He closed the door, and Harry started talking. "He's happy. It's done. He will come tomorrow... very early in the morning. He is confident that he will finally kill us all. He knows that not many of us are here. Well, he thinks that anyway."

"Harry, thank you. We have to get Miss Granger out of here, and we have to prepare. He'll not find a sleeping castle as he so believes once he comes. We just need to hope that Severus and Hermione have worked the potion out," Dumbledore said.

He had more energy than Severus had seen him with in years. His face had taken on an expression of a man about to help win a war. It gave Severus confidence. Then a thought struck him. What if he was killed? What if Hermione came back in love with him and found he was murdered? Damn! This is why he didn't like any emotional involvements.

"Severus?"

"Ready as ever Headmaster. I will bring her down to the dungeons and prepare her. She will have to leave and come back there though. I will ward it and be sure that no one will get in, sir, in case we will not be here upon her return. We have a war to win," Snape said, feeling adrenaline running through his veins. He looked at Harry then. For no reason at all, he pulled Harry into a tight embrace. "We're counting on you, boy. Make us proud."

Harry's eyes shimmered with respect, determination, and relief. Severus' few words and actions had meant the world to him.

Lily's boy. Lily's eyes. They would defeat Voldemort.

Minerva then pulled Harry into an embrace. "Your parents would be proud, Harry."

He simply nodded.

They followed Albus back into the hall where he made an announcement. "It's time to get ready."

Severus saw that Hermione had composed herself but was still being coddled by Molly. He approached her and held out his hand. Her wet eyes looked up into his. He smiled. She took his hand. With one last nod to Harry and the others, she followed him out of the hall and down to the dungeons. Many wizards and witches were eyeing them oddly, wondering what Severus Snape was doing holding hands with Hogwarts' Head Girl. With Harry Potter's best friend. He smirked at some of them, but they continued to stare. Only when Dumbledore spoke again did they stop ogling.

Once inside his chambers, he led her to a chair and knelt in front of her. "Hermione, are you all right?"

She nodded.

"Are you sure that you can do this?"

She nodded.

He hugged her and whispered into her ear, "Please take care. Do not do anything rash... or anything that you don't want to do. Promise me that."

"I promise."

He could have kissed her again, and he could see that she wanted him to do it. But he wouldn't. He couldn't. The less they did anything now, the easier it would be for her to walk away from him when she returned.

"As soon as you leave, I will open my package and the letter. Albus will open his as well. We'll know if it's successful or not. Please take care," he said. He walked to his desk and picked up the time piece. "Do not lose this, Hermione. Keep it safe at all times, or you'll be lost in the past." He scribbled down a time thirty minutes from then. "This is the exact time and day I want you to return."

He clicked it back nineteen years to the date just after he remembered meeting his cousin. "You will appear in front of the castle. I have taken the liberty of putting everything you need in your trunk and have shrunk it so that you can carry it in your pocket. Get dressed."

He watched as she put went into the bathroom where he knew her dress robes were waiting for her. Hermione Granger. Know-it-all. Show off. Potter friend. Woman. Intelligent woman. Beautiful. Haunted by grief. Afraid to be alone. She was his, and she didn't even know it. His eyes closed, and he could see her in his arms, looking up at him adoringly. He could smell her. He would never forget that again as long as he lived.

Hermione came out of the bathroom and saw him standing there. He was in deep thought. Had it something to do with her?

"I'm ready." Her voice was steady, though she did feel nervous. He opened his eyes and looked at her. She went straight to his arms. They held each other tightly. Feeling suddenly very Gryffindor, she said, "I want to finish that conversation after I graduate, Professor."

"Which one is that?" he asked, not sure what she was getting at.

"This one," she said, pulling his face down to meet hers. She timidly kissed his lips, and he gave in.

He lifted her up in his arms, and her legs instinctively straddled his waist. Her arms went around his neck while he had one hand firmly planted on her arse while the other was lost in her hair.

He broke the kiss reluctantly after a few minutes to look into her eyes. Damn those eyes! "Perhaps we shall," he said, his voice sounding silky. She smiled then. His smile. "For now, you have to go. Remember what I said."

She slid down his body until her feet hit the floor. He heard her gasp as she realized his desire for her was most peaked. She blushed softly. "I'll not forget." She held on to the time piece and clicked down at the time. She waved her wand and said the incantation he had taught her. The last thing she heard before she left was his voice.

"I love you, Hermione," he said. His eyes were full of worry.

She wanted to say something, but she couldn't. The room, his face, everything was swirling away and fading into black. He loved her! Wow! But how? When? She felt an unfamiliar tug at her entire body.

The next thing she knew, she was looking at Hogwarts from the front gate. It was much like it had been in her own time. She was surprised that the gate opened for her.

She walked in and made her way to the front entrance. It was very early in the morning. Most students wouldn't even be up yet. She walked through the front door, her stomach flipping wildly. This was very odd.

AN: Next chapter will be up tomorrow. :)

Chapter 4

Chapter 4 of 7

A special Time-Turner helps Hermione go back and befriend young Snape. Together, they make a potion that will bring down the modern day Lord Voldemort once and for all.

Disclaimer: I'm just amusing myself and readers (hopefully). No money's being made.

Thanks to LITC for the look over. :)

As soon as she walked into the castle, she made for the hall. Sure enough, Dumbledore and other professors were there. How could she act as though she was his cousin in front of them? Surely he would turn her out. She decided to play it off--walk up to him, tell him hello, and hand him the note. She checked her pocket. Yep, the letter was still there. She saw that only a couple of students were in the hall. They watched her walk up to the staff table. The staff in turn looked at her suspiciously. Dumbledore, though, was smiling.

She took a deep breath and prepared her best French accent. "Hello, Cousin Dumbledore." Her voice was cheerful. She handed him a parchment. He saw his own seal and his own writing.

He looked at her over her glasses and smiled. She saw McGonagall, who still sat to his immediate right, suck in a breath. "Who is this, Albus?"

Hermione smiled at her haughtily. "I am Mione Dorset, his distant cousin. We used to live here, but moved. Now my parents feel I should come back under his protection. You do know he is the greatest wizard of our time, don't you?"

McGonagall looked like she was about to reply sharply, but Dumbledore placed a hand over hers. "Yes, yes, of course. You have grown, haven't you? Let's go to my office, shall we?"

"Of course, dear cousin," she said. She followed him quickly. She took note that all the staff were staring in disbelief. When she passed back through the front door of the Great Hall, she met up with James Potter. She almost called him Harry, and she stopped to stare at him for a moment. He flashed her a dazzling smile and passed a hand through his already untidy hair.

"Come along, Mione," Dumbledore said pleasantly. She nodded at Potter and followed the Headmaster. Once in his office, which looked nearly the same, he offered her a lemon drop. She declined as he settled in to read the letter he wrote to himself. She looked up when he began to chuckle.

"Sorry?"

He smiled, his eyes twinkling. "Sometimes I amaze myself. I'll have the hat out in just a moment. We will sort you in front of the entire school. I will, of course, be sure you get a dorm of your own in the Slytherin dungeons. People will of course say I am playing favorites to my niece. You can of course use that to your advantage if you'd like."

"Thank you, Professor Dumbledore. I assure you I am not snippy as I was with my Head of House. I mean, Professor McGonagall. I just have to act... differently to befriend Sev--" She put a hand over her mouth. She had given away something already.

He simply smiled. "Severus is a fine boy, is he not?"

"One of your sternest and most loyal professors, sir," she said immediately. She saw his eyes light up. Damn! She had done it again. "Sorry."

"It's quite all right, dear girl. I just want you to know that I am here if you need me, though I won't pry too much into what you are doing. I will say good luck and welcome to Hogwarts, dear cousin." He got up and patted her on the back. She felt better already. She had hope that she could do this now. She followed him back to the Great Hall; it seemed the whole school was now present. She swept into the hall right behind him as arrogantly as she could.

When they passed by the Gryffindor table, she heard James Potter say, "Look, Sirius, there's the one I told you about. Sexy, eh?" She looked directly at him and crinkled her nose. She tried not to look at Sirius though. She knew it would affect her too deeply. Just then a boy with dark, greasy hair jumped back from his table as if something hit him. It was Severus. Her breath caught in her throat. He was brushing off his robes like mad. To her left, James, Sirius, and Peter were sniggering. Lily was watching through narrowed eyes at James while Lupin pretended to be reading. She then saw the small flame on Severus' robe. He put it out easily and whirled around at the Gryffindors, his hand on his wand. He looked very much like her Snape, only younger. His face had not quite filled out to fit his nose. He was a bit thinner now, but he still had a nice build.

"Oh, look! Snivellus is angry. What you gonna do there, mate?" Sirius teased.

Before she realized it, she drew her wand and sent blue flames at Sirius. They missed, but exploded right over his head with a loud bang. The entire hall went silent. "Next time I won't miss, stupid Gryffindor," she hissed.

"Gee, I wonder what house she will be placed in," James quipped. Lily and Lupin both looked amused though while Peter just sat there in awe. She didn't even look at Severus. She swept passed him in an air that said she owned the place. McGonagall came forward angrily though. Dumbledore stopped her and whispered in her ear. She glared daggers at Hermione. So, this is what it felt like to not be in her good graces. She could still hear James and Sirius talking.

"Well, I bet she is a Slytherin through and through," James was saying. "Gonna be hard to pick that one up, mate." Lily slapped his shoulder. "Ow!"

Peter piped up. "Good thing for Snivellus she came along, eh?"

Sirius started laughing. "I love a challenge."

She glanced back and smirked. Her expression would have made Snape proud. She saw him shift uncomfortably. It was only then that she dared to glance at Severus. He didn't seem too happy to have been rescued by a girl, but she saw respect in his eyes. She nodded and turned back to McGonagall who now held the Sorting Hat in her hand.

"I would like everyone's attention please," she said loudly, though everyone was already watching. "I would like to introduce Mione Dorset. Her family moved from England years ago to France. She is now back at their request to finish her education here at Hogwarts. She may find that we do things a bit differently here." That last statement had Hermione pierced with a stern expression. Hermione just smirked as if she didn't notice. "Have a seat."

Hermione sat on the stool. Before the Sorting Hat could hit her head, it shouted, "Slytherin!" She stood up proudly. McGonagall escorted her to her new Head of House, a Professor Odkins, who had been talking to Dumbledore.

"Welcome to Slytherin, my dear. We are very, very pleased to have you, especially a cousin of Dumbledore's. I see you are quite resourceful." He walked her toward the table. Those who'd overheard what he'd said gasped.

"Of course, I am pleased to be at such a fine establishment," she said haughtily.

"Oi! You there, Severus. You will show her around. I will excuse you from your classes for this morning. Bring her to the dungeons to show her to her room. She will be in the lone room off the common room," he said firmly. Then to her in a much softer voice, he said, "Please, let me know if I can be of help to you."

She simply nodded at the professor. "Are you Severus?" she asked Snape, knowing exactly who he was. He nodded once shyly, his hair gathered around his face as he looked down at his place.

"Mione, pleasure," she said, though sounding like it wasn't. She heard something from behind her.

"Pssst." She ignored it. She couldn't believe how handsome Sirius, James, and Lupin were. Peter was just as disgusting as ever. Lily was beautiful. She would be sure to stay away from them. "Pssst," she heard, louder this time. She turned to see who it was.

To her surprise, it was Lily. "Good one you did just now. I'm Lily." Her eyes met Harry's. Hermione stared into them for a moment.

"I'm Mione, pleasure," she said, extending a hand.

Then she heard Sirius. "Oi! Introduce me, Lily."

Mione raised an eyebrow at him, then turned around abruptly.

"Idiots," she muttered. She thought she heard a snort from Severus. "Sorry, did you say something?" He shook his head. Well, how shy can a person be?

"Oh, don't bother with that one, honey. He's a quiet type. I can help you get acquainted around here though. Narcissa Black. You've just met my idiot cousin. He's the one you threw flames at," she purred. Hermione looked at her. Draco's mum. She noticed that Severus looked up then and threw her a look of disgust.

Hermione thought back to when she'd witnessed Harry and Draco talking on their first day of school. Though Harry never shook Draco's hand, she took Narcissa's, but she said, "I can sort people out for myself, thanks."

Narcissa just grinned admirably and nodded.

"Are you gonna eat?" She heard this from her left.

"What?" she asked.

"Are you going to eat? I wanted to show you around." His voice was the same as the Snape she knew, just not as confident. He darted a look to her and then back down to his plate. She picked up a slice of toast, took one bite, put it down, and sipped her juice.

"There, I'm done," she said.

He grinned at her quickly, then changed his expression to a blank one. He stood, and she did as well.

"Until later," she told Narcissa coolly. She glanced around at her fellow Slytherins before following Severus out the hall. She heard Sirius cursing something about Snape couldn't handle a French lass. Snape took a right outside the hall and ventured down toward the dungeons.

"That was quite impressive," he offered. She thought about what Snape from the future had told her before answering.

"I can't stand show offs. He's clearly an imbecile," she replied.

He stopped then and looked at her in the eyes. His dark eyes pierced into hers. He raised an eyebrow. "Did you not think you were showing off then?" he questioned.

"Certainly not," she said. "He was reaching for his wand, as were you. Now, as I know neither of you, I did not want some badly aimed hex hitting me, now did I?"

He nodded approvingly. "How did you know they were Gryffindors?"

"Dumbledore is my cousin. I did a bit of reading in *Hogwarts: A History*. Quite simple," she said.

He smiled, though it was a small one. "I saw that... uh... Lily talked to you."

"Yes, beautiful eyes, that one," she said softly, thinking of Harry. He nodded his agreement and continued to walk.

When they got to their dorm, he said, "Mighty Salazar." The painting swung open. "That's our password."

"All right," she said. He moved aside so she could enter first. *How nice*, she thought. *A gentleman*. He led her to a door just inside.

"You're very lucky to have this dorm. The Head Boy or Girl gets it usually if they are from Slytherin. This year we have none," he said bitterly. She knew from his brilliance that it should have been him. She wondered why he had not gotten it. Then she thought of Lupin who was surely Head Boy. No, come to that, it might be James. Poor Severus.

She opened the door and entered. It was very nice. It was just as her Head Girl dorm was except for the colors of course. She saw that he didn't come in. "Come in, please, Severus. I won't bite. Not just yet anyway," she said, smirking at him. He walked in looking uncomfortable. She opened the bathroom door. "Very nice. Tub could fit a few people in it, couldn't it?" No reply.

She walked back out. "All right then, care to show me around?"

He nodded and walked out. She spent the morning walking with Severus through Hogwarts. He showed her the library, the classrooms, the lake, Hagrid's hut, and then they went to the Astronomy Tower. "What a beautiful view," she said. It was a very pretty day. Spring had just come through. Life was once again blooming around them, and the snow was all gone.

"It's nice," he agreed.

"Why don't you talk much, Severus? We've spent the morning together, and you barely speak. Is everyone like this? Or is it just me?" she asked, looking a bit dejected.

"I just don't... trust anyone. I'd rather be alone. Nothing... nothing against you," he said, not meeting her eyes.

She noticed how he shielded his face with his hair. He was extremely shy.

"Severus, I think you are a proper, handsome gentleman. Please don't feel that way," she said softly and took a step toward him.

"Ha!" he said, stepping back. "You just wait. You'll hear what they all call me."

"I don't care what they call you. I can make decisions for myself. I just want to get to know you," she said.

He was looking at her oddly as if daring to hope. Then he bolted toward the door.

"*Colloportus!*" she yelled. The door locked. He couldn't open it. "Please stop." She finally reached his side and went to take his hand. He moved away. This was not going well.

"Unlock this door," he said, fumbling in his robes for his wand. Hers was already out, but she put it back inside her robes. He drew his wand finally and pointed it at her. He blinked when he saw that she'd picked up her wand. She let tears form in her eyes.

"I only wanted to talk to you. To be a friend. I'm alone here. I just thought... I could trust you," she said, wiping a lone tear that fell. Those must have been the right words to say. He put away his wand and took a step closer to her.

"Why me?" he asked.

"You remind me of me not that long ago. Shy. Suspicious. I think you are... attractive. Those eyes look as if they can see into my soul." She smiled softly. "I guess you don't like bushy hair then?"

He touched her hair and stepped closer. "You're pretty. I just... This never happens to me."

"Do you have a girlfriend already?" she questioned boldly, letting him put both hands in her hair.

"I care deeply for someone, but she... has another."

Hermione nodded. "That's another reason I am glad to be away from France. I had a friend there. He was my first boyfriend. Well, I thought of him as a boyfriend anyway. He would have liked to date me, but my father didn't approve. He is a half-blood, you see. I wanted to try to still see him, but he said I wasn't worth it, the fighting for our relationship. He is dating someone else now." She bit her lip, hoping that her lie was believable. His eyes went wide. All she did was hand him a story not unlike his own. It hit home with him though. He pulled her close for a soft hug and released her quickly.

"So, you're a pureblood then," he said softly.

"Yes. While I don't agree with my father's beliefs, I still want to honor him. Does that make sense?" She brushed a strand of hair out of his face.

He flinched. "It does. I too... the girl... she's a Mudblood. My father... he doesn't approve," he said.

She hugged him this time. At first, he didn't respond, but then he gathered her close in a tight hug. She was faintly reminded of the Snape she knew. These arms were strong as well and held her much like he did. Severus was a little shorter now, but she still fit, her forehead touching his cheek. He smelled faintly of spices.

"I think we can be friends, Severus. What say you?"

"I agree. You want to take lunch with me?" She nodded. He held out his arm; she took it. After ending the enchantment on the door, they made their way down to the Great Hall. Right before they entered, they met up with the Gryffindor gang. She noticed that Severus was holding himself more confidently already. It was as if he was proud to have her on his arm. He didn't give any of them a second glance until he heard them speak.

It was Peter Pettigrew. "Snivellus seems to think he's won himself a lady. She must not be much if she is holding his arm."

Out of nowhere, Severus drew his wand. "Apologize, Pettingzoo," he said coldly. Now this was the Snape she knew. His sneer. His harsh voice. She saw Peter's eyes go wide with fear. James and Lily were holding hands. Lupin didn't stick around. He walked straight into the hall. She saw Lily pull James closer to her, but Sirius would not be deterred.

"He doesn't have to apologize to you, Snivellus. But I do think he owes Miss Mione here an apology," he said, trying to sound gallant.

Hermione didn't know if she liked this version of Sirius. He was... different. He was planning something.

"So... sorry," Peter wheezed.

The moment Severus lowered his wand, Sirius hit it out of his hand and pushed him back away from Hermione. Peter then pulled his wand. "Give me one reason, Snivellus."

James was laughing. Lily looked embarrassed. Sirius was taking his wand out of his robes. Hermione grabbed it and threw it behind her. She decided to play unfairly just as they were playing. Sirius jumped back in surprise. Peter didn't know whom to point his wand at: Severus or Hermione. She smirked at him coldly, feeling for all the world like Draco Malfoy.

"Gonna hex someone without their wand, are you?" she asked harshly. She cocked an eyebrow at Severus. "Did you say his name was Pettingzoo?" She didn't wait for a response, but looked back to Peter coldly.

"Leave her alone, Peter," Sirius was saying.

But Peter had sized her up and felt she was a bigger threat than the Severus. His aim was at her face. It was time she showed them a little something Harry had taught her: non-wand magic at its best. She glared at him and put all her energy into her hand. It took moments before she felt the flow. Blue flames were her specialty after all. Harry had taught her how to use this in tight situations. She lifted up a hand and blasted it at Peter. He went flying back and his wand flew to her. He didn't catch on fire, but his face was covered in soot. She pointed his wand at Sirius and saw Severus get up, dusting off his robes.

"What the hell?" James said wildly, Lily holding him close and not allowing him to go for his wand.

Sirius just stood there dumbly.

She pulled out her own wand and threw Peter's behind her near Sirius'.

"*Wingardium Leviosa!*" she yelled. Peter flew up a few feet. She directed him toward the wall quickly and smiled wickedly as his body connected with a thud. She let him

slide to the floor. "Never speak to me or about me again, you filthy half-blood." Her words were like venom. She had no qualms saying this to him. He was, after all, the bastard who ultimately got Harry's parents killed. She placed her arm in Severus' and was about to lead him into the hall when McGonagall came flying out.

"What is the meaning of this? Explain yourselves!" She was as stern as ever.

Severus tried to speak, but he couldn't talk. She spoke. "These Gryffindors tried to ambush us. I should think they've learned their lesson though. Slytherin is a force to be reckoned with." She saw Narcissa watching, along with a few others. They must have followed McGonagall out. "Severus and I make a most interesting team."

"Ten points each from Slytherin!" McGonagall said roughly. Hermione laughed and waved her aside with a hand. She let Severus lead her into the hall. She heard McGonagall doing the same to Gryffindor. At least they were not the only ones who lost points. She felt guilty about being so rude to them, but they deserved it. McGonagall did not however. She would definitely have to apologize when she got home. Before the noon meal was out, word spread like wildfire about what had happened. Everyone was looking at her: some smiling, some admiring, some shocked. Others, such as the Gryffindor gang, looked at her as their newest foe. *It's just as well*, she thought. She couldn't get close to them.

"What class do we have next?" she asked Severus, who was not speaking but was looking very smug.

"Potions with the Gryffindors," he groaned. "I do need a partner though."

"I accept. I don't have the books. I suppose you could share?" She smiled sweetly at him. He smiled back just as warmly. It was important for her to impress him. Not just because he was her future professor, but it was something else.

"Sure," he agreed and proudly said, "My book's in great condition. I'd never mistreat it or write in it like others do. It's like new."

Narcissa spoke. "Severus, I think I'm seeing you in a new light. I'll be sure to tell Lucius next I see him." She smiled at Hermione. "Slytherins are indeed better than all else."

"Quite right," she agreed.

Severus waited for her to eat her food before getting up. He held out a hand to her. She accepted it. She saw him look over to the next table. He smirked. Once in the dungeons, he brought her to their lab station. No one else was in class, as they'd left earlier than anyone. "I... I could study with you this night maybe. Go over some things. Touch you up some."

"I would like that. I do need to be brought up to speed here. I don't know how much differently things are here than back home."

"They must teach Dark Arts," he said gingerly. "I saw what you did with that flame."

"It's not exactly the professors who taught us that. A friend, Harry, taught me. He's very good at it. Do you have interest in the Dark Arts?" she asked.

"Yes. Sometimes I want to do that, but I haven't practiced much. Maybe you could give me pointers on it," he asked shyly, looking away from her.

"I'll share anything with you. Thanks for taking up for me back there." She touched his cheek.

His black eyes met hers. "I didn't do much. Once again, you proved you can handle yourself." His voice seemed a little resentful.

"You had it under control when that imbecile played unfairly. You would have easily swatted that guy. I don't doubt that."

He seemed mollified and brightened.

She was compelled to kiss him. She moved closer, but then they heard people nearing. The class started coming in then. To her dismay, Sirius, James, Lupin, and Peter were paired off at stations right across from them. She saw that Lupin was looking ill. Was it a full moon soon? She decided to ask Severus after class. Professor Odkins came in and slammed the door behind him. He ranted and raved for about five minutes at Sirius and Peter.

"I have a mind to take more points from you! How dare you accost a new student? Severus, I am glad you were there to protect her," he said proudly.

Severus was about to protest, but she put her hand on his arm. He looked down at her hand and raised an eyebrow at her. She just shrugged.

Class progressed quietly. Everyone seemed subdued. They were mostly taking notes on a potion they would be making the next class period. She watched Severus as he took notes and almost laughed. He held his face so close to the parchment that his nose was almost touching it. She'd recognize that handwriting any place. She'd had many comments on her essays and tests from him. The hard arse!

After class, they made their way out to the lake. She saw that he kept looking at her from the corners of his eyes. Finally, she scooted closer and took his hand. They didn't say a word to each other, only looked out at the lake. They weren't at peace for long.

James and Lily were out taking a stroll as well. They stopped. James spoke, "That was very impressive... earlier."

Hermione nodded.

Lily spoke then, but she looked at Severus. "A lot can change in one day, can't it?"

Was that a wistful expression on her face? Hermione narrowed her eyes at her. The expression was gone. She glanced over at Hermione and saw that they were holding hands. Lily moved closer to James, and they walked on. Mione looked at Severus. Though he had not spoken, he was following Lily's movements with his eyes. When he finally tore his gaze away, he was startled that Hermione was watching him.

"What?"

"It's her, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes. A bit out of my league. She went with Potter," he said bitterly.

"Her loss then," Hermione said softly. She leaned in and placed a kiss on his lips. The familiarity of them made her feel safe. He opened his mouth and tested her as if seeing how far she was willing to go. She let him kiss her until they broke apart for air. He looked as though he was about to run off, so she held his hand tighter.

"Mione..." he said softly as if testing her name on his lips. He drew her closer. She willingly snuggled into his arms, her head on his shoulder. It was near dark when they heard a cough behind them. McGonagall.

"You might want to be getting indoors. The evening meal is about to start." They started to get up when she spoke again. "I would like to speak with you a moment, Miss Dorset."

"I'll meet you there," she told Severus. He seemed reluctant to leave, but he did so, nodding at McGonagall.

"He's a quiet boy," her mentor began. "I know he is treated unfairly. Though I don't know if you are a good influence on him. I haven't see him look so confident in a long time nor lose house points. Even though you are Albus' cousin, you will respect me while you are here. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," Hermione said, feeling guilty. "Really, they ambushed us though. Said if I was with Severus I must not be worth much."

"You will do to learn that they are immature. Boys mostly all are these days. Do as Severus tries to do. Avoid them. You could be a good thing for him. I fear he is headed down a wrong path, but I would hope that you wouldn't actually help him along. Go on in," she said firmly.

"Yes, ma'am." Hermione felt tears burning behind her eyes. She made for the dungeons and walked into her dorm as quickly as she could, all thoughts of dinner thrown aside. She lay on the bed and began crying. She didn't hear him come in, but she could feel him.

"Sorry, Severus," she said. "I should have let you know that I wasn't coming. I just... couldn't."

He pulled out an apple from his pocket and gave it to her.

"Thanks."

"Not a problem," he said, backing toward her door. "I didn't mean to intrude."

"Please stay," she said softly. He sat on the part of the bed farthest from her. She giggled.

"I like that," he said. "Your laugh."

AN: I should have uploaded this a couple of days ago, but I hated to jump in front of deserving stories when queue is so long. :)

Chapter 5

Chapter 5 of 7

A special Time-Turner helps Hermione go back and befriend young Snape. Together, they make a potion that will bring down the modern day Lord Voldemort once and for all.

Disclaimer: And still plodding along.

Thanks to the lovely ladyinthecloak for putting up with me and mah craziness.

For the next two weeks, they shared every meal together, walked to every class together, and studied together. They didn't have any further incidents with the Gryffindor gang either. They all seemed to avoid her, especially Peter. One night, Sev asked her to go to the Astronomy Tower with him. She agreed. They snuck out of their common room after midnight. Once on the roof, he began explaining the stars to her. She knew that he was working up the nerve to kiss her. They had kissed quite a bit, but she always initiated the kisses. She found herself more and more infatuated with him. Severus. Her Severus. He was so much like the man she knew in her time. She could see more of him coming out with each day. Pity those who got in his way.

"I think... I think you are beautiful," he said softly as he held her against his chest.

"I think you are as well," she said.

Then she heard a snigger. It was faint, but there was no mistaking what it was. Her eyes narrowed suspiciously.

Severus apparently hadn't heard it though. He just kept gazing at the stars. Then she heard a footstep, near them. She pulled out her wand and whirled around.

Severus jumped back not knowing if he was to be hexed or not.

"Accio Invisibility Cloak!"

Sure enough, James Potter's cloak flew into her hands. Sirius, James, and Peter were huddled closely together. James was holding a parchment that looked suspiciously like the Marauder's Map.

"Accio parchment," she said.

"Hey!" James called. "Give that back!"

"Well, well, well. If it isn't the Marauders out for a moonlight stroll. You like spying, do you?" she asked in a cold voice.

How dare they mess up this moment with Severus? Bastards!

She looked at the map. It was blank. She pointed her wand at it, but before she could say anything, they began to laugh, obviously thinking that it would insult her and she wouldn't know how to use it. She smirked and whispered, "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good." She made sure that neither Severus nor the Gryffindors heard her.

The map came to life. "Severus, point your wand at them. Be sure they don't hex me."

He did as she said, and they were all looking at her oddly. She opened the map fully. "Where is Lupin?" she questioned.

"His grandmother is ill," James said.

Severus snorted.

James turned to him. "Not a word, Snivellus."

Hermione giggled. Lupin was not in the castle. She could plainly see that. It could only mean that he was at the Shrieking Shack. They must have been on their way back from there when they saw her and Severus' names as being up on the tower. Interestingly enough, she saw that Mrs. Norris was lurking about the bottom of the stairs

below. That could only mean that Filch was on his way. Sure enough, a dot with his name was steadily making its way towards his cat.

She looked at James. "I will return your cloak to you tomorrow."

"I don't trust you, Slytherin," he said, jutting his chin up defiantly.

"I promise you on my life that I will return it to you tomorrow," she said with a nod.

"I still don't trust you."

"Then I swear it on Severus' life. You can see that I love him, and I would not jeopardize that." She blanched as she realized what she had just said. She couldn't look at Snape just now.

James did though. He looked between the two. "All right. At breakfast," he said. "What of my parchment?"

"You mean this map?" She saw their eyes go wide, and she smirked, quite pleased with herself. "I'll give it back to you now. You will need it more than we will. Filch is on his way up. If he sees it, he might stash it in that cabinet in his office."

They all began to panic. When she walked slowly toward them, they all took one step back. "Mischief managed." The map went blank.

"How could you...?" James began.

"How did you know?" Sirius asked. "She's... a dark witch, she is!"

Peter grunted dumbly.

"I'm just very clever, Padfoot," she told Sirius. She glared at Peter. "Wormtail suits you." She gave James the map. "I'll see you in the morning. Good Luck." She walked over to Severus, whose mouth was gaping, and pulled the cloak over them just as Filch opened the door.

"I have you now," he yelled at the three boys. "This calls for detention, this does!"

She suppressed a giggle as he walked right by her and Severus. They hurried through the door before the trio thought to summon the cloak and expose them. As quickly as they could, they made their way back to the dungeons. Severus muttered the password. The common room was empty. She pulled him into her room, threw off the cloak, and locked the door. She began laughing loudly. "Did you see their faces?"

She stopped laughing after a moment when she saw that Severus was looking at her oddly.

"How did you know they were there?"

"He's just like Harry! I heard them and realized who was there," she said, laughing again. Her hair was about her face wildly. She made for the bathroom, and she pulled it up in a ponytail. She pulled off her cloak and her robes, leaving only her uniform on.

She walked back out. He was sitting on her bed. "Harry. You speak of him often. Is that the... Is he the one?"

"No, he's just my best friend. Actually, he is dating another friend of mine." She smiled and sat next to him.

"How did you figure out that parchment?"

"Oh, well, Harry sho..." She stopped. Damn.

"Harry again, is it?" He raised an eyebrow at her. He had changed in appearances so much since she had first come. His hair was washed each day, he smelled of soap and spices, his robes were impeccable. She had fallen in love with him. His voice. His hands. His eyes. His opinions on things. The way he studied.

She realized that he might be feeling the same way. Wasn't this ironic? She knew that she had feelings for Snape, but here with his younger self, they'd become more developed.

"Did you mean what you said?"

"Yes." She knew he was referring to her being in love with him.

"Why me?" he asked, disbelief fully on his face. "You only just met me a month ago."

"I've known you for years, Sev," she blurted.

He looked at her as if she was crazy, then smiled. "It does feel like it, doesn't it?"

She nodded, thanking Merlin that he'd given her an easy out. She didn't think that he was ready for the truth. Not yet. She kicked off her shoes and began undoing her tie. She was feeling a bit hot suddenly.

"I do love you, Severus," she said after a moment. He opened his mouth to speak but closed it again. She went stand between his legs and placed a hand on his cheek. He closed his eyes as if trying to etch her touch into his soul.

"Mione..." he breathed.

It was the same thing that her Snape had done. He must have been subconsciously remembering her.

When he opened his eyes, he pulled her down on top of him as he lay back on the bed. They began kissing passionately. Before she knew it, she was turned over. He was on top. They both began fumbling with each other's clothes--her hands easing off his cloak, his pulling off her shirt.

"Nox," he whispered. The lights went out. The only light came from her fake window, which reflected a night scene. They were drenched in fake moonlight.

They were both completely naked. His lips and hands were all over her, and she could only think of how good he felt to her. He nuzzled her breasts gently yet urgently, her hands clutching at his hair, his back, any place they could reach. She gasped when he slipped a finger inside her.

He froze.

"Are you all right?"

"Don't you dare stop," she breathed. She could make out his grin in the dim light. He went back to kissing her and traveled up her neck to her ears. His fingers working magic on her. Suddenly, his thumb brushed against her at just the right spot.

"Oh," she whimpered.

"You like that?" he asked, unsure.

"Mmmhmmmm."

He began stroking her more quickly, pressing a little more firmly. "Oh my... oh..." she breathed. The feelings were unlike anything she had ever experienced. "I feel... oh!" His lips covered hers as she began her orgasm. She cried out in delight into his mouth as he kissed her. She felt her nails clinging to his back. He pulled away for a moment as her shivers subsided.

"Severus..." she said softly. She had never felt anything so powerful. Strong magic had just passed between them. Soul mates maybe.

Then, he was back, his dark eyes, shadowed in the moonlight, piercing into hers. She felt his erection nudging her stomach. He was questioning her without words as he ground closer into her body. She kissed him for a reply. Severus adjusted a bit lower, and he placed himself just above her opening.

He pushed forward a little, and she could feel him sliding in slowly. Her hips moved up, and he suddenly was buried inside her. She cried out in pain. He kissed her softly and began slowly moving within her. Her legs locked behind his calves tightly as she began to move with him easily. It was as if they were made for each other. Before long they were moving together in a quick pace, she felt the familiar feeling of abandon building back up once again.

Each stroke taking her closer to the edge again. She arched up and lost control. "Severus... Wow."

Moments later, he began moaning deeply. "Mione..." He collapsed on the side of her, drawing her closely to him, showering her face with kisses.

She was in love with Severus Snape. She was sure that he loved her though he could not say it. Once their breathing returned to normal, she decided to talk.

"I never..." She was suddenly embarrassed. Would he mind?

"It's okay," he said, kissing her forehead. "You are beautiful. Perfect. I never did either."

She felt much better. Then she realized what had just happened. She had lost her virginity to Severus Snape!!! He had lost his to her as well!!! How could she face him when she went back home? He would be able to read it all over her. He would wonder why she wasn't a virgin if he and she ever made love. Not, if... when. Because she planned on it.

She was going back to him, not staying in this time. Guilt washed over her. She was deceiving him. She had let him into her heart, into her soul, and into her body. And if he loved her, it was not really her that he loved, was it? No. It was not Hermione Granger. It was Mione Dorset.

"Severus?"

"Yes, love?"

Her heart melted. He had trusted her, and she had betrayed him. She couldn't go on with the lies. "I need to tell you something."

This alerted him that something wasn't quite right. He bolted up and pulled her up with him. *Lumos!* he said.

Had his wand been in bed with them? Had he been fearing a hex?

"What?" He was worried. He looked as if he feared rejection.

She realized that he could see her clearly down to her waist. She didn't move to hide herself. She glanced at his chest and saw the hair that she had admired there. He wasn't as broad yet, but he would be. "I need you to know that I love you... with all of my heart. You are everything to me. Always will be."

"But?" he urged, his voice was not much more than a whisper.

"I trust you. It's the only reason I am telling you this now. I should have told you before, but I was waiting for the right time. I'm... I'm not who you think I am," she said softly, knowing that sounded lame.

"You mean, you are a dark witch?" He was eyeing her oddly. She wanted to laugh.

"No. I--"

"Well, how do you know all of that about them? How do you have different talents than we do?" He was getting suspicious.

"I have been telling you about Harry. He is my friend. One day, he will own James's cloak and his map. It's how I know them. James is his father. His name is Harry Potter." She bit her lip.

He looked at her and began to laugh. "His son, eh? You're from the future, are you?" He laughed harder. He saw that she was about to cry and stopped. "You're not serious."

She nodded. "Yes, I am. My real name is Hermione Granger. I'm from just outside of London." She allowed her accent to leave her voice and spoke normally for the first time in weeks. "I'm a Mudblood Gryffindor."

He jumped up from the bed, oblivious to his nakedness, nor the fact that he appeared to be ready for her again. "If this is true," he pointed his wand at her, "then this Potter made you come back in time to taunt me? To make me love you?"

"No, Severus, please. I love you. I'm not here for that," she begged. He was reaching for his trousers. "Wait," she lunged forward. He held his wand out and gave her one of his more famous stares.

"I will go to the Headmaster about this. Wait, he knows, doesn't he? Is he in on this, too? A prank?" He was seething.

"Severus, I love you. I would never hurt you. I am going to be with you for always one day."

"One day? This is a bunch of shit, Madam. You think this is funny? Why are you telling me these lies?" He looked as though he was about to cry.

He was pulling up his trousers on one leg when she said, "You sent me here."

He paused. "I sent you? Impossible! I have never met you."

"No, you from my time. You and Dumbledore made a time piece for me to come here. Please trust me." She reached for him, but he backed away.

"I am not close to the Headmaster!" he said angrily.

"But you will be. You are going to be a Potions master and teach here for him. You are my professor for Merlin's sake. I actually have known you for years," she said, allowing true tears to spill over. "I love you. Now and then."

His trousers fell back to the floor. His mouth was open. "You are sleeping with your professor?"

"We've never made love. Only kissed. You should have noted that I had no other within me before you just now. All you ever did was hold me all night once," she said softly, but meeting his eyes. "But I guess I have slept with my professor now though, haven't I?"

"But I am older than you!" He seemed shocked, still not believing her completely.

"I know, but in wizarding age, it means nothing. We live to be over 180 years old mostly. I want to spend my life with you. And I will. I just... I love you. We are good together," she said, hoping he would understand. "I am not here about us. I am here for a purpose."

"I don't want to hear it," he said, reaching again for his trousers. "I don't want to believe this, but it fits. How else would you know and do the things you do? I could have agreed with Black thinking that you were a dark witch or had some extra powers. I need time to sort this out."

"Wait. I have a letter for you," she said, bouncing off the bed. She rummaged through her trunk and found it. She turned to go back to him and walked right into him. He had come up behind her without her noticing. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her roughly. She dropped the letter to the floor and encircled her arms around him giving herself to his kiss. They were both completely naked, kissing, lights completely on. It made her shiver. He picked her up and carried her back to the bed.

"I am confused. I feel betrayed," he admitted. "As much as I would like to make love to you again, I cannot. I will take that letter and leave. I promise that I will come to you tomorrow and tell you how I feel about this. I just need time."

She nodded.

"Who is the letter from?"

"It's from you."

His face went blank. He kissed her chastely on the lips, picked up the letter, summoned his clothes, and with a quick spell, they were on his body. "Good night, Mione." He was gone.

She cried herself to sleep. She had seen the hurt and confusion in his eyes. How could she have let this happen? She should have listened to Snape. Befriend him. Take it slow. Instead, she had allowed him to love her. To have feelings for her. Allowed herself to be lost in everything Severus.

AN: Ohhh nooooooesss! :) LOL However will they fix this?

Chapter 6

Chapter 6 of 7

A special Time-Turner helps Hermione go back and befriend young Snape. Together, they make a potion that will bring down the modern day Lord Voldemort once and for all.

Thanks, Litc, for continuing to put up with me and reading this over. LOL

The next morning Hermione woke up rather late. *Good thing it's Saturday*, she thought. After finding James to give him his cloak, she made her way to the lake to find something to read. She hadn't seen Severus at all. She was there for about an hour when a shadow blocked her sun. She looked up into the twinkling, blue eyes of Dumbledore.

"Don't give up. It will be fine. Pretty day, isn't it?"

She smiled gratefully. Just when she was feeling alone, she realized that she wasn't. Severus would have to come around. She wondered what his letter said. "I just hope I haven't messed things up, sir."

"I think that all is going according to plan. Here is your friend now," he said and nodded toward the castle.

Sure enough Severus was making his way toward them.

"Headmaster," he said, nodding, when he came closer.

"Severus, my boy. Lovely day. Well, I have matters to attend to," Dumbledore said, eyes at full twinkle. "I will see you both at the noon meal of course."

Severus sat next to her, not too closely though--to her dismay.

"I've read this," he said, pulling out the parchment. "It's definitely authentic." He looked out at the lake. "I just..."

"I am sorry. I feel horrible," she said. "How can I make it up to you?"

"I don't know."

Her heart dropped. "I meant everything I said to you last night. I do love you," she said softly. "I didn't expect this to happen, but it just fell into place and feels so right."

He took her hand and moved closer. "You are going to leave me. I'm going to spend the next twenty years alone, waiting for you. I just... I don't like it."

"You will have other women, Severus. I can promise you that," she said softly. She knew it was true. He would become a Death Eater after all. She knew what they did to women, though hopefully not Severus, and she knew the types of women that flocked to them. "But you will have me again one day."

He looked at her determinedly. "That's the only thing that keeps me from leaving. I feel like I have a purpose now. You. Just knowing that I will be a professor here one day. Respected. It feels like I will be needed. It's good to feel needed."

"I know what you mean. So, the letter?" She hoped Snape had explained it all to himself.

"Would you like to read it?"

"I would hate to read your private thoughts."

"That's just it. They are my thoughts. Here," he said, giving her the letter. "I think you should know what I had to say."

Severus,

I know this must all be a shock to you, but trust me, we have to do this. It's for the good of the world. One day you will have a purpose. In fact, you don't know it, but you have already begun to tinker with your destiny. Don't give up hope. And don't turn away Hermione. She is very important to me. Take care of her. She is extremely intelligent and will be able to assist you. This is high praise coming from me of course. The future must not be altered. Please do not ask anything of her that she cannot give. You will have to obliviate your memory of her somewhat. It's for your own good. Trust me. The Hogwarts Apparation potion that you are working on needs modification. Then you must do as planned. Give it to Marilyn. Oblivate that memory as well. I can't go into anything else just now. Talk to Mione. She will help you. Good luck.

Severus

She had tears in her eyes. She was important to him. So he had cared for her. Had meant those words of love he told her as she'd faded away from him. She grinned. "He usually calls me an insufferable know-it-all."

They both started laughing.

"I will do this. I just need you to explain things to me." Severus pulled her into her arms and kissed her. "I can't believe I, Severus Snape, have finally met someone like you. It's... pleasant. I just don't know if I am ready to lose you so soon. All those years without you."

"We will make the most of it while I am here then. I'll tell you everything that I can. For now, we have to find a way to add a magic reduction agent into your Apparation potion. I have notes in my dorm," she said, kissing his cheek softly.

"Let's get to it then," he said.

A few weeks later, she was on her way to the library when she saw a rat trying to sneak in to the Slytherin common room. Scabbers. She'd know him any place. She played dumb though. "Oh, hi, little rat," she said softly. She saw that it looked up at her and made to move on. She caught him by the tail.

"What are you doing in here? Don't you know the big bad Slytherins would eat you alive?" She wished that were true.

The rat twitched as if nervous. She found a small box and placed him inside. She cast a charm, so that he could not revert back to his human form.

Damn Peter Pettigrew!

"What's that, Mione?" Severus asked when she saw him just outside the portrait opening.

"A rat," she said. "I have plans for him."

"All right. I'll be waiting for you when you get back in."

"I won't be long, love," she told him. She walked to the flight of stairs that lead up to the entrance hall when she heard laughter. It was Lily and James. They were snogging in the corridor just to the left. She put on her best Slytherin face and stepped into view. "Excuse me."

Lily looked startled, but James just grinned. "Dorset," he said and nodded.

"Do you know that other than blue flames I specialize in the ability to spot illegal Animagus wizards?" Her eyes were narrowed.

Lily seemed to not know what she was talking about, but James gulped.

"That's right, Prongs. If I thought that this rat here were up to no good in the Slytherin common room, I would definitely extinguish him or force him to remain in this form for a very long time." She thrust the box at him.

"What? I don't know what you mean," he said and nodded towards Lily as if she needed to keep quiet.

"Pass this on to Hagrid then. Maybe it's one of the rats he was experimenting with. Just seems too smart for his own good. Maybe he could name him after your friend... Wormtail. They do resemble each other, don't they?" she said haughtily, spinning on her heel. She thought again, and turned back to him. "I would like to speak to you in private, Potter."

He followed her a few feet away. "How can you know who this is?" He pointed to the rat.

"I told you. I have an eye for those of you who are Animagi." She sighed. "Look, I want you and your friends to leave Severus alone. I will be leaving England again soon, and he will have a hard enough time as it is. But I will be keeping in touch with him via owl post. If I hear that any of you, and I mean any of you, intentionally try to hurt him again, I will turn you all in to the Ministry."

"How can you love that greasy git so much?" he asked, his expression much like Harry's.

"I actually managed to get to know him personally. He's good to me. And I will not have to go home worrying about how he fares with the likes of the bloody Gryffindors always lurking about. And tell your friend Remus he needs to seek Wolfsbane Potion. It will make his transition all the more easy," she said, hoping he would not question her.

He was shocked that she knew that as well. "Did Snape tell you?"

"No, I am fascinated with special magical creatures. I saw it right away when I met him. Do I have your word?" she asked.

"Yes. On Lily's life, and you know I love her," he said impishly, remembering what she had told him not that long before when she'd taken his cloak.

"I do know. Thank you, James. I can almost foresee that you will become most important to our world one day. Take care." She turned to leave, and he grabbed her arm.

"Are you a dark witch?"

"I could be, but my heart on the inside is too good. However, heed my warning." She smirked. "Have a good day."

"Severus is a lucky man. Take care."

She walked away and wanted to cry. She wished she could give them some sort of warning, but she couldn't do it. At least she felt better about leaving Severus here. They were nearly done with the potion now. They had figured out a way to add in just enough of an ingredient that wouldn't be noticed by anyone less than a master such as Severus would become one day. Voldemort would be too interested in quickly making the potion without having it researched. She knew that for a fact already. According to Severus, anyone who drank the potion would have their magic depreciated so much that an Avada Kedavra would be more like a Stun. This made her feel better. Harry would kill Voldemort once and for all.

Severus was almost all she thought of now. They spent every moment together, and he had taken to sleeping in her room most nights. They had made love many times as if trying to make up for the lost time that they knew were coming. They had been practicing non wand magic together. He learned everything that Harry had taught her quickly. Most nights now while the potion simmered in her bathroom they would sit near the fire and talk. He had taken to asking her questions.

She told him everything about her life, her parents, her dreams, her friends. Not once did she mention, though, that Harry's parents were dead and betrayed by Peter. She had a few more run ins with McGonagall. Every time they stopped for a kiss in the corridor, she would happen along. It was quite annoying.

Hermione made her way back to the dorm. He was sprawled out on the floor near the fire reading a book.

"Come here, girl," he said silkily, tossing his book aside. She obeyed him. "I want you."

She smiled. "You have me."

"I wonder what it would be like if I kept you here with me. Think that would change anything?"

She looked away. She had wondered the same thing. How would it feel to grow old with him? To just take him and run away. Of course, it would never happen. But what harm was there in thinking about it?

"It would change everything. This has to be done."

"What do you think will happen after you get back to your time? Between us I mean?"

"Well, you are way too honorable for your own good. That much I know. You felt a bit guilty for snogging with me since I was a student, but the last thing I heard before I left was 'I love you, Hermione,' and that just melted me. I will of course wait until I finish my classes. Then, I will definitely make you see things my way. I don't care that you are older than me. Age is just a number. Dumbledore offered me a job there, and I will take it." She smiled and squeezed his hand. He looked at her softly.

"I told you that I loved you?" He seemed unsure.

"Yes."

"It's how I feel, you know. I just never thought I would tell anyone."

"I know. You told me you were a very private person. I'm not asking you to tell me, Severus. I know that you do, and that, my love, is enough for me," she said, kissing his cheek.

"Merlin! The things you do to me," he breathed, kissing her lips. "I have been working on something, Mione. I want you to make sure that I keep it in my possession after I've given myself the memory charm. Fix it so that I open it right after you leave to come here. Do a charm on it."

"What is it?" she asked. She thought it would be she that intended something for Snape to have. She never realized that it would be him that had the idea first.

"It's something I decided to give myself. I may not be able to keep your memories with me for the next twenty years, but I can have them one day from my own account. Promise me you will see to it," he begged.

"I will. How much longer do we have, Severus?" She bit her lip. He was finalizing things. Their time was almost done.

"Two days at the most. I will test the potion tomorrow on myself to be sure that we've done it right. I will then catalog what you said in my diary. I'll let you watch me put it in the stair, and I will let you see me give it to Marilyn. That way you know that your part is done. Then..." his voice broke. "Then we will do the charm on me, and you can go back."

Hermione pulled him to her frantically. "I hate that I have to leave you. I will be able to see you the moment I get back, but you will have so long until you can be with me again. At least... at least it won't be hard on you. You'll never feel my loss."

"I know. It's the only thing that makes this doable. Otherwise, I couldn't let you go. Either of you."

"Either of us?" She was puzzled.

"You... and him," he said, placing a hand over her stomach.

"What?" She could not be pregnant. There was no way.

"Mione, we have made love every day for more than a month now. Sometimes more than once each day. You've not had your womanly visit. I... I checked you with my wand. You're carrying my baby." He couldn't meet her eyes. "I knew we should have been using contraception potions, but I couldn't do it. I wanted this, so I never said anything. Even took something to make it easier for it to happen."

"I... I don't know what to say. I never thought about it at all." She was pregnant. A son. Severus' son. He had done this on purpose. She was quite unsure how she felt about that. He'd not asked her anything, though she should have known to think of a pregnancy potion.

"Do you hate me?" he asked. His eyes were full of fear.

"No. I love you. I can't hate you... ever. It's what I wanted, only later on. I mean... you are going to kill me when I get back now. How will I be able to tell you this?" Her eyes were full of tears.

"I told you. I will tell me. That package that you will give me. It will be my side of things. My memories."

"Severus, why did you do this? Shouldn't you have asked me?" She was not angry, just stunned. She was going to have a baby for Severus Snape.

"I'm a Slytherin, Mione. I was looking after myself and you of course. I won't let some older version of me try to do the honorable thing. You'll have to be with me now. We will always be linked. Our son is growing within you," he said, kissing her stomach. "Can you not understand?"

"Yes." She was looking down. Somehow she didn't know if her Snape would appreciate this. What would Harry say? No wonder McGonagall went mental when she realized who Hermione was to Severus.

"Mione, look at me." She looked up. He saw her tears. "Don't worry about me. I will explain everything to myself. Do you want to terminate it? Would you feel better?"

"Never," she breathed. "I love you. I will love our child. I'm just... shocked."

"Let me love you," he said, raising an eyebrow. "Let me show you how much I love you and my son. Hopefully, by the time you get back to me, I will have more experience and can do better by you."

"You are perfect already." She reached a hand up and began unbuttoning his shirt while he began unzipping her robes. Within minutes they were completely undressed and on the bed. This time was unlike any other. They explored every part of each other. She was on top, then he was. She could only describe it as intense. Right before she reached her climax, she realized that they were hovering over the bed. His non wand magic had developed nicely after all.

They were both wringing with sweat when they were finished. He leaned down with his face almost touching hers, searching her eyes. She brushed back a hair from his face. His back was slick, and she could feel that her hair was damp as well. She pressed a soft kiss to his lips. "I love you," he said. It was the first time he'd ever said it aloud, directly. She beamed. This was all that she ever needed.

"I will always love you, Severus. No matter where we are or who we are to each other."

AN: How endearing.

There's only one chapter to go, mates. Oh, and there will be a short epilogue included at the end of it. Hope you're having fun with this parody. I know I am.

Chapter 7

Chapter 7 of 7

A special Time-Turner helps Hermione go back and befriend young Snape. Together, they make a potion that will bring down the modern day Lord Voldemort once and for all.

Disclaimer: See previous.

Thanks go to litc for reading this shit story over for me.

The next day came upon them too quickly. The potion was ready to be tested. She took a deep drink, and after feeling dizzy for a moment, he stood straight.

Crack!

He Disapparated from the castle.

Crack! He Apparated back.

Sev looked at her and seemed to want to cry. *'Stupefy!'* he yelled. Nothing happened. "Are you all right?" he asked, coming to her.

"Your magic has been reduced! It works, Severus! You did it!" She began jumping up and down.

"We did it, Mione. I don't know how long it will last before it wears off though. I will test it again in ten minutes, but I won't test it on you again. That's just too dangerous. I will test it on myself. I should not have let you talk me into that. I could have hurt our little boy," he said excitedly.

They tested it in ten minutes. He tried to Stun himself and nothing happened. In another five minutes, he was able to give himself a bit of a Stun, so he made a notation in his diary that he had tested the potion. He was able to Disapparate and Apparate inside his dorm only once within three minutes. After that, the Apparation time passed, which was not true, but Voldemort didn't need to know that. They knew that the Death Eaters would start regaining their magic a little after ten minutes, so this would give Dumbledore and his forces at least seven minutes to take advantage of their weakened state.

She recorded all of these notes on parchment for Dumbledore. She told him the truth of exactly what happened. She hoped that she was doing the right thing. She also wrote him a second letter to tell him to be sure to put a Portkey within Snape's robes, else he wouldn't be coming back to them. She sealed up her parchments and put a time release charm. He would not be able to open either until the time and date she specified.

She then wrote Severus a letter as well. She knew he would read it after she left to go back in time. She hoped that he would not hold anything against her about the baby, though she did not mention it in her letter. She would leave that to Severus. She put the same charm on that letter as she had for Dumbledore's.

Severus and Hermione made their way into Hogsmeade where she met his cousin, Marilyn. She was a very nice lady, and Hermione really enjoyed talking to her. She promised them both that she would pack it away in a safe spot, and Severus would never get it from her unless he absolutely positively needed it.

After a light meal, they returned to the castle where she gave Dumbledore his letters. "I want you to know that I am very proud of you, Mione. You have apparently done our world a great service, though I won't know exactly what it is for years to come."

"Thanks, Headmaster," she said sweetly. "I couldn't have done it without your help."

"I fear I will have to tell everyone that I sent you back home for your own good. You've made quite a name for yourself amongst our staff and students. I will of course do what I can to ensure that people will not exactly remember you if I think it will cause any trouble for the future," he said wisely.

She nodded. On the way out, she saw McGonagall.

"So long, Professor," she said and brushed past her.

When she came back to her dorm, Severus was waiting there for her with cheeks dampened from tears that he was no longer crying. They simply held each other for hours until he finally spoke.

"It's time, Mione. I love you now, and I love you then. We were meant to be. I would like for you to do the honor of my memory charm."

"I am so in love with you, Severus. What if you don't want me anymore?" She wiped tears away from her eyes.

He kissed her softly to reassure her.

She watched him walk to the corner. He was doing something with his wand. Then he put something into a box and sealed it with magic. He turned back. "This is what you will instruct me to keep. Do a charm for just the right date."

Hermione quickly cast a charm on the box, so that he could open it when he opened her letter.

He lay back on her bed. "I'm ready, my love."

She began pacing back and forth.

"Mione..."

"I know, it's just hard. I'm afraid. I'm having your baby, and I don't know if you will want it." She went to him and kissed him. "I'll be waiting for you. Live your life as you see fit. The time will come when you will find out about me again. Be safe, my love."

Before he could reply, she pulled in her deepest thoughts about what he should remember. He should remember her as a French friend, one who did Potions with him, one who would give him gifts. Her face should be distorted so he wouldn't recognize her at Hogwarts. He should not remember he was in love with her, nor about the potion they had created... or the diary. With that in mind, she chanted a few charms.

He looked up at her through dazed, suspicious eyes. She made sure to speak with a French accent. "Silly Severus. You didn't have to come in here to tell me good-bye."

He blinked at her oddly.

"I have this gift and this letter for you. Thank you for all the good times and the help you gave me while I was a Slytherin here. You can't open these until the date I have written right there. I'm going back to France now." She shrank her trunk and put it in her Slytherin robes. She held the time piece in her hand as she made her way to the lake, feeling as though she was doing the hardest thing in her life.

Severus hadn't tried to follow her.

She stopped right in front of the tree that she'd gone to with Severus so many times tears flowing freely. Before she could click the stopper and say the chant, James Potter put his hand on her arm.

"What are you doing? Really doing?"

She looked at him through teary eyes. "I am going home."

"Are you a Seer? I was thinking about what you said. You said one day I will be important to this world." He looked so unsure of himself, so much like she remembered seeing Harry, that she wanted to hug him.

"James, I can tell you this, but you have to promise to tell nobody."

He nodded.

"I am have just Oblivated my memory from Severus. He thinks that we were just lab mates. I did that so that he would not be haunted by memories of me. Dumbledore is sending me home now. Please remember your promise to me."

"I won't forget. We'll act as if he's not there for the remainder of the school session. It's not much longer after all," he pointed out. "Now are you a Seer?"

"In the not too distant future, you and Lily will have a son named Harry. Protect him at all costs. He is the future of this world. He will be the light in dark times. Tell no one, save Lily, what I've told you," she whispered.

She saw him smile.

"Harry... I like that. It's a good English name."

She clicked the time piece and whispered her chant. James Potter's face faded into darkness in front of her.

***** uh oh *****

Severus Snape sat in his chair, dumbfounded. She would be back in a few minutes from now. He had read her letter, and he had opened the package. Surprisingly, it was from himself. It was a Pensieve and his mother's ring. He'd wondered what had happened to that ring. His younger version didn't want to grow old without ever knowing everything, so he'd collected all of his memories about the days he spent with Hermione. He looked at the two pieces of parchment in his hands. One was from Hermione.

Severus,

We have been successful. I told you I would not let you down. Voldemort won't know what hit him. I must admit that I wish I could have gone to school with you at this time for all your years. I would have liked nothing better than to spend all of your life with you. I love you. I had these feelings before I came here, but while I was here, they grew on me. You've grown on me. I am an adult, and I will give you time. I want you in my life always. Please think on it.

Love,

Mione

The other was a note from himself.

Severus,

We have completed everything, and it will go well as I suspect she has informed Dumbledore. I have taken good care of her, though I do not like the thought of being Oblivated about certain things. I have put every moment we've shared together in a Pensieve. I couldn't willingly do this thinking that I would never remember the best times of my life. It is your turn to take care of her. She is very important to me. Give her Mother's ring.

Severus

The words were so familiar to him before he looked into the pensieve, but once he looked into the Pensieve, he didn't want to come out. Each memory that he saw came flooding back to him.

He saw her as she swept into the hall behind Dumbledore. She was unlike he'd ever seen her. Hermione Granger, the perfect Slytherin. Who would have known? That flame she zapped over Sirius' head was quite impressive. He was very impressed with her non wand magic. And it had been her who'd taught him to wield it.

He thought she was very crafty the way she handled Narcissa.

He admired her bravery in the story that she told him. It was the thing that brought him to trust her.

When he saw them make love, it took his breath away. He listened to her stories about her life, and he felt guilty as she told him stories about how he treated her at times. She never painted him as a bad guy though, but he could see how he had hurt her so badly.

He watched their progress as they made the potion, and he was impressed at how well they worked together. He couldn't believe how often they had made love. It had to be nearly every day since the first time.

Then he saw that when she had drifted off to sleep one night, he'd cast a pregnancy test on her.

A boy.

He saw himself weep with joy. Then he saw when he told her. She was hurt, feeling that she had been tricked. Then she was worried that his older self would blame her.

At last he saw the one memory he had been able to conjure on his own. The last time that they made love. He even witnessed their last conversation, probably the day she'd done the memory charm on him. She was afraid that he wouldn't want her.

Those were the memories he was dwelling on when he saw her appear again. She seemed disoriented for a moment. He'd never seen her more beautiful. She was standing there looking at him with fear, relief, and happiness in her Slytherin robes. He knew what every inch of her was like under those robes as well. He knew that she loved him. Not just the younger version of him, but him as he was now. His Mione. His child in her womb.

Merlin! He was going to be a father.

"Sev... Professor Snape," she said, clearly unsure what to call him.

He stood up then and walked forward slowly. "Silly... little... girl," he said menacingly.

"I'm sorry," she whispered and took a step away.

He grabbed her wrists. "How could you think that I wouldn't want you?"

"I have so many things to tell you. I don't know where to begin. I know you've read my letter. We did it. It works. You are brilliant! I am so glad that I got the chance to mee--"

He pressed his lips to hers to cut her off. Everything washed over him. The feelings. The longing. The need for her. The familiarity of her mouth and hands and body. His Mione. He broke away, and it left her breathless. He did indeed mature in the ways of sexual ability since his days of boyhood. He would be all too happy to show her, but within a few hours, there would be a battle here.

"I want you for all times. Apparently, nearly twenty years ago I wanted to give you this," he said softly, taking his mother's ring out of his pocket. "And I still want to give it to you, Mione."

She gasped and took the ring into her hands. "It's beautiful, Severus." He loved the sound of his name on her lips. "I'm afraid I... I have done something though. It was an accident, I swear, but I am... that is to say, we..."

Hermione couldn't say it.

He knew she was having a baby. But she wasn't going to blame his younger self or tell him that she was purposefully impregnated. And that made him love her even more.

"Hermione," he said softly. "I sent myself this ring and also a Pensieve. I saw and know everything." He placed a hand over her belly. "A son, is it?"

Tears of joy flowed from her eyes as she nodded. "I was afraid..."

"Shhhh, love, don't be," he said firmly. "I want to spend all my life with you. We will raise our son together. You will be my wife."

He smiled as he held her. How could fate have been so good to him? This changed his entire outlook on everything.

***** woohoo!! *****

Epilogue

Three years had passed since the final battle had taken place at Hogwarts. Voldemort and every Death Eater under him had Apparated into the castle. Instead of them ambushing anyone, they'd been the ones ambushed. They'd been defeated easily.

Harry Potter took his place in history by killing the most evil wizard of the age. Everyone involved received an Order of Merlin, first class.

Everyone easily accepted the new nature of Hermione and Severus' relationship, though McGonagall took to teasing her immensely. Their son, Ronnie, was born and healthy as could be. They still resided at Hogwarts though they went home during breaks to Snape Manor. Hermione was expecting a second child, this time a girl.

Nothing could have ever been better.

She was glad that she'd gone back to the past. It meant that she was the first true love of her older husband's life. They created life through that love. She knew that they would have been together eventually, but she didn't mind the help.

~insert fancy word that means The End here~

AN: LOL And that concludes our "old timey type" of fanfiction. All hail the awesome Time-Turner (goes off in search of a good one now).

Thanks for reading along and having fun with me. Good luck in your writing. May you do much better than this!