

On This Holy Night

by MuseAmusant

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Prologue

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: It's not mine. Never was, never will be.

A/N: While not strictly a songfic, this story is based on a favorite Valentine's song of mine, *Put On Your Red Dress* by Martin Page.

Hermione was making her way under the railway bridge, futilely attempting to blow her unruly hair out of her face as she walked along toting a heavily-laden rucksack that was packed with her purchases from the grocer she favored: a tin of Twining's English breakfast, milk, cream, a loaf of bread, a jar of thick-cut imported marmalade, yogurt, a box of maple-brown sugar granola, assorted fruits and vegetables, a bunch of rosemary, and the fine roasting chicken she planned to make for that night's dinner.

A particularly fierce gust of wind blew her hair in front of her face again, and she stumbled, dropping the rucksack and reaching out for the bridge to steady herself. Instead of cold stone bridge, her hands encountered warm, muscular male chest.

Mortified, Hermione shoved her mane out of her face and opened her mouth to profusely apologize for inadvertently groping him, but her words died a swift death as she took in the features of the man in front of her.

A very familiar man, who was sporting a very familiar sneer.

"Do close your mouth, Miss Granger," advised a very-much-alive Severus Snape. He winced as another vicious gust blew under the bridge, this time accompanied by a lashing, cold rain. "In this weather, you are quite likely to end up with a mouthful of something highly unpleasant."

"P-p-professor Snape!" Hermione closed her mouth, but her eyes were wide with shock. "But sir, I saw you die!"

"You thought you saw me die," he corrected. "Obviously. And I am no longer your professor. Neither do I go by the name Snape."

"I'm sorry, sir," Hermione apologized.

"That I didn't die or that I changed my name?" deadpanned Severus, a touch ironically. "The former disappoints me as well, at times."

"No, that's not what I meant!" Hermione insisted, appalled, but Snape just flicked an amused eyebrow at her. "Bugger, this is all coming out wrong! I'm glad to see you survived, sir. And I didn't mean to grope you like that, I just..."

"Under the circumstances, I feel no apologies are necessary, Miss Granger," he replied. "Good day."

"Wait!"

He turned, raising a bemused eyebrow.

"My name is no longer Hermione Granger, either. I changed it to Holly Greene when I first moved to Newfoundland."

"Holly Greene?" Severus smirked. "I see. Well, good day, Miss Greene."

And he nodded before heading off on his way.

"Hey!" Hermione called. "Aren't you going to tell me your name, sir?"

A deep chuckle was her only response, right before her former professor Disapparated, leaving her with a rucksack filled with groceries and a mind filled with confusion.