

One Night at a Petrol Station

by Lady Lanera

During the annual Halloween feast, Snape decides to accept Dumbledore's offered lemon drop. Never before did Snape realize that he'd end up hearing from Harry Potter that he is the boy's hero, though, as a result. Inspired by a YouTube vid.

As Witnessed by Harry James Potter, the cashier on duty

Chapter 1 of 1

During the annual Halloween feast, Snape decides to accept Dumbledore's offered lemon drop. Never before did Snape realize that he'd end up hearing from Harry Potter that he is the boy's hero, though, as a result. Inspired by a YouTube vid.

Disclaimers: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling. The YouTube vid is owned by the Scottish musical group, Texas.

Author's Note: This story is the result of Snapeswidow showing me a YouTube vid. The vid is a music video where Alan Rickman makes an appearance. I highly recommend you type in "Hypnotic Tango Dancer - ALAN RICKMAN" into the YouTube search and watch before reading.

Just to warn you before you hopefully enjoy, though, I tried to go for the Mugglelized (probably not a word, but English is full of creative words) versions of Snape, Harry, and Sinistra in the middle of the story partly to stick with the YouTube video. So think of that part as Snape, Sinistra, and Harry dressing up as Muggles for Halloween. :D Okay, enjoy. :D

Suspended in the air magically, tall white candles flickered near the spooky, bewitched ceiling of the massive Great Hall. Every student and staff member was in attendance for the castle's annual Halloween Feast. While the students pigged out on sweets, the professors sipped their coffee or tea that had the usual spice of pumpkin added.

An elderly man in dark robes with obnoxiously embroidered pumpkins sat in a golden-backed throne-like chair. The man's twinkling blue eyes darted between the pupil's tables before finally resting on the young dark-haired man to his left. He could see the somberness in the man's demeanor. However, it wasn't as if it should be very surprising to the white-bearded man that his subordinate was nearly the only solemn soul in the hall. The young man had been in love with his best friend Lily Evans-Potter, who regrettably lost her life fourteen Halloweens prior to the current.

"Severus, care for a lemon drop?" asked the elderly man with a polite smile. "I've found they're rather good for the mind."

"My mind is perfectly clear, Albus," the grim man replied.

"Perhaps, but you could conceivably humor an old wizard and take one for his sake."

The younger man sighed before tipping his head in acceptance. He silently plucked the yellow sweet from his employer's hand prior to popping it into his mouth. With no

reaction, he continued to stare straight ahead at the flickering candle in front of him as he sucked the lemon drop.

The flames then licked the air sinisterly. As his surroundings blurred into darkness, black eyes remained on the tall white candle in front of the dark wizard. Strangely enough, he felt rather calm and relaxed as something overtook him. A hauntingly familiar song slowly faded into the vast emptiness that was around him. A series of beeps first sounded followed by a rapid dance beat, which held steady for ten seconds. Soon, a female singer sung quietly. However, he couldn't quite make out the lyrics right away. After awhile, another female singer took over with an evocative voice. It did not take long before the emptiness formed into a setting.

"What the hell?" Snape muttered, taking in his surroundings.

~ONPS~

Wearing ripped blue jeans and a red t-shirt, a familiar messy-haired, green-eyed young man sighed heavily as he swept in front of the door to his current place of employment, the petrol station in Little Whinging. He hated working the graveyard shift, absolutely hated it. While it meant he didn't have to deal with people usually, it also meant that he was terribly alone all night. Wishing desperately for a distraction, the young man glanced up and down the road. At this point, he'd take anything. Unfortunately, it was after midnight, which meant most sane people were in their beds sleeping. That was except for him.

"This stinks," he grumbled, kicking a can on the ground. "Dudley doesn't have to work."

Suddenly, car lights appeared out of nowhere, causing him to look up. The young man's eyes instantly widened as his mouth dropped. Never before had he seen such an expensive car pull into the petrol station. Blinking rapidly, he attempted to make sure that the car was not a figment of his imagination. It wasn't one, which nearly made him leap for joy. Finally, there was a customer.

Brilliant green eyes glanced over the gray Jaguar just pulling up to an empty petrol pump. Whoever this guy was, he was surely one of the richest bastards the young man would ever see. Drawing in a breath, the young man attempted to walk over to assist the man with gassing up his car. However, he was stunned to see the man and his female passenger both get out of the vehicle. Rich people hardly ever did that. At least that was what the telly usually showed in its programming.

"What in the world?" muttered the young petrol attendant as he remained partially obscured in the darkness from his customers.

Wearing a black jacket covering her short black dress, the man's companion had long slightly curly dark hair that bounced on her shoulders. Her high heels clicked feverishly against the pavement as she walked away from the man. She appeared to be a bit upset with him.

Dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and light gray tie, the man walked towards his passenger as if stalking her. His black shoulder-length hair bobbed into his pale face. Though, it was the man's hooked nose that was the most prominent feature that made him stand out currently.

The green-eyed attendant nearly rushed to the woman's aid when the man instantly yanked her jacket from her. However, the woman strangely enough didn't even seem fazed by this. The hook-nosed man then latched onto the woman's right wrist and spun her around towards him. The young attendant was not going to watch another act of violence occur right in front of his nose. He had seen enough at home. He didn't need to see it at work, too. He took a step out of the shadows, but stopped when the woman spun all the way around as if she were a ballerina into the man's arms.

The woman's hands went to her companion's shoulders as the man's hands went to her slender hips. Their noses then touched due to them being that close to one another. Swaying to some unheard music, the woman's body danced against her male companion. Suddenly, both released the other and walked a circle around one another as if trying to hunt a prey. The man's pale hands quickly grabbed the woman's shoulders and spun her around so she wasn't facing him. Roughly, he put his right arm around her midsection and pulled her hard against his chest. The man's large nose disappeared for a moment into her thick dark curls as he inhaled her fragrance. Without warning, he pressed his left hand against her back and dipped her forward, keeping his right arm tightly around her midsection all the while. The woman's thick curls fell forward for a split second before he yanked her back upright, tossing her hair back and causing it to smack him in the face accidentally. He finally spun her out and released her with a slight smirk etching into his face.

I have to be going insane, the young attendant thought, staring at the sight in front of him. I mean, there's no way that I'm seeing this. Removing his black round-rimmed glasses, he rubbed the bottom of his shirt against the lenses in an effort to clean them. The two dancing adults were still there, though. Okay, that's it. I, Harry James Potter, have officially gone nutters. Harry then shook his head, blinking rapidly and trying everything he knew to wake up from this crazy dream. There's no way. No freaking way that this is happening to me. Okay, so yes. According to my guardians, I was in the same car crash that killed my parents, but... I mean... what? There's no way this is the result of some sort of time-delayed brain damage. He then drew in a deep breath. No, no, I'm hallucinating. I mean, what two sane people ever show up to a petrol station and decide to dance like... like THAT!

Harry's mouth then dropped again as he watched the dark-haired woman place a hand behind the hook-nosed man's neck and force him to walk backwards rather quickly. Harry was rather convinced that the man would surely fall, but he didn't somehow. In fact, two seconds later, the man actually walked her backwards, which was quite the feat considering the size of the woman's heels.

Gulping, the young man nearly whimpered when the woman suddenly grabbed the man's head with both hands and pressed his face tightly against her breasts. Harry was pretty certain he had seen this type of display before on one of the programs that Dudley had viciously accused Harry of watching one night when Dudley's parents had caught their son and Harry in front of a 'distasteful' program on the telly. The next day, his guardians sent thirteen-year-old Harry out to find a job.

Harry tilted his head to the side as he watched the couple. They were very sensual in their dance. He could see the passion and spark between the two. It was oddly romantic to watch. Granted, he was only fifteen, but he hoped that his future girlfriend and he could dance like that. It was like that old movie *Dirty Dancing* that his Aunt Petunia loved to watch when Uncle Vernon was away on business trips. Harry's eyes then widened. Maybe that was all this was. This was all a hallucination of a scene from *Dirty Dancing* caused by him not getting enough sleep at night.

Still holding the other's hand firmly, the man and woman simultaneously split apart from one another. She allowed herself to fall to the side with her companion using all his strength to keep her from falling. Once again, the hook-nosed man pulled her against him with his arm wrapped around her midsection and left hand gripping her wrist. Slowly, the man raised her hand up to the sky while joining his other hand with hers. He then spun her around, pulled her forward, and released her all in a matter of seconds. His arms went out to the side, as her arms went to his butt. Bit by bit, their hands went to each other's shoulders as they swayed and rocked with the unheard music sparking fire in their souls.

Tilting his head even more, Harry's green eyes noticed the man's hand on the woman's side before they slowly locked hands again. However, the young man nearly screamed when he saw the woman yank the man against one of the columns. Watching the woman in a crisscross tied black dress, Harry was fascinated as she stalked towards her companion. He gulped a few seconds later when she placed her hands on either side of the man's head against the white column. This was not going to be good if the couple started to snog right there. His eyebrow rose slowly as the woman gradually snaked her body down towards the ground. The area around Harry's collar started to feel prickly. He shouldn't be watching this. He really, really shouldn't be watching this. When the man wrapped his leg around the woman's slender one, Harry quickly glanced at the ground and started to sweep feverishly. However, he couldn't help himself. He glanced back up.

The dark-haired man then pressed his large nose against the woman's face as he dipped her slowly forward. Any moment, it looked as if the man was about to kiss his companion. Her right hand wrapped around the man's neck before she slowly raked her fingers down his jacket. Smiling widely, she then playfully shoved him backwards against the column again prior to returning to their car.

"Don't forget my Rollo's, Severus," the woman called out with a sly smirk as she hopped into the passenger's seat.

The dark-haired, hook-nosed man rolled his eyes before walking past Harry's hiding place. He stopped instantly and smirked. Throwing a look back towards his car, he chuckled quietly.

"Hope we didn't scare you just then, my good man. You're still open, right?" the man asked.

"Um, yes, sir, we are," Harry quietly replied as he followed the man into the store.

"That's good then. I'm not sure a man my age can dance like that at another station." The man slowly inhaled before heading towards the candy aisle.

Harry watched the man for half a moment before deciding he was being rude. He glanced away and looked at the security footage. The dark-haired woman certainly made herself comfortable as she sat in the front seat. Harry then gazed back at the man. In his opinion, that man was one lucky guy.

"So, um... are you two married?" asked Harry hesitantly.

"You'd think so after that, wouldn't you?" the man replied with a forced laugh. "No. I can't seem to get the words out." The man's dark eyes then narrowed on Harry. "So, what is your name anyway? I mean, after witnessing that, I might as well ask, right?"

"Harry, I'm Harry, sir."

"Ah, that's a good strong name." The man then sighed. "It's at least normal, unlike my name." Slowly, he held out his hand towards Harry. "I'm Severus."

"Pleased to meet you, sir," Harry replied, politely shaking the man's hand.

"So, what's a young man like you doing working in here on a night like this?"

Harry instantly tensed up. Was this man going to rob him now? Thinking that the man might, he attempted to look for a bulge in the man's pants. The would-be robber always tucked his gun into his pants. However, there wasn't any noticeable outline of a gun so the young man relaxed slightly.

"My relatives thought it'd be a good idea for me to earn some money."

"It's a school night, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, but I'm a bit of a night owl."

"You're in good company then. I am, too," said Severus, causing Harry to turn away and blush. The man chuckled quietly. "Not that way, Harry. Perhaps if I were your age, I might have a shot, but not anymore. I've gotten rather old, unfortunately. You see, my body isn't what it used to be."

"Um... I'm sorry, sir," Harry replied for the lack of anything better to say. This conversation was getting a bit awkward now. However, he wasn't sure if it was to the level of calling the police on the man or not. After all, Severus appeared to be harmless.

"No reason for you to apologize, Harry. It isn't your fault. Let me tell you a little tidbit, though. Don't ever get between a woman and her Rollo's, Harry. Trust me." Severus then openly smiled with his dark eyes glistening with amusement.

"Shouldn't you buy her a roll of Rollo's then, sir?" Harry asked, motioning towards the items he was purchasing.

"Probably, but it makes her frustrated as all hell when I don't. And, well, you can see what I substituted for it," Severus responded, grinning.

Harry's green eyes narrowed. The man obviously wasn't talking about the chips. Nor was he talking about the chocolate chip cookies. It wasn't the map. The young man's mouth then dropped. There next to the chips, cookies, map, and bottles of water was one red Cherry Tootsie Pop.

"I figure that'll last her awhile before we get home. Plus, it's cheap entertainment."

Harry snorted softly before shaking his head. His eyes slowly glanced up and locked with the man's obsidian eyes. He had wanted to say this to the man ever since the man had pulled into the station.

"Dude, you are my hero."

"I don't know about that, Harry, but thank you." Severus then drew in a slow breath. "You know, I wasn't always like this. I was about your age when I stupidly threw away my life to gain some form of control. If you had told me then that I'd hear someone tell me that I was a hero, I'd have thought you were nuts. I was in that phase where you hate the world and yourself."

"What brought you around, sir?"

"Believe it or not, it was my girlfriend." Severus then tossed his head towards the woman waiting out in their vehicle. "Granted, we weren't dating at the time, but she walked straight up to me and said, 'Severus, it wasn't your fault. Once you come to terms with that, everything will fall into place for you.' Well, I didn't believe her at all. Though, she was right, Harry. You'll learn that women have that uncanny ability to be almost always right. It's going to irritate you to death, but listen to her." The man then softly chuckled. "I realize it's rather personal, but do you have girlfriend, Harry?"

"No, sir," the young man replied.

"Eh, well, you have your whole life ahead of you to find one, Harry. There's no need to settle down right away anyway. Sometimes, it's better to wait until you're both ready for the relationship."

"Is that what you did, sir?" Harry immediately regretted asking the question when he saw the pain enter the man's eyes. "I'm sorry, sir. I shouldn't have..." Severus's raised hand cut him off, though.

"Don't apologize." Severus sounded so worn down now. "Like I said, I was fifteen when I threw my life away. It took me nineteen years to get to this point. Don't make my mistake, Harry. If you think your life is horrible and that selling your soul is worth it, let me tell you that it's not." Severus then pointed towards his girlfriend waiting for him. "She's worth it, though."

Harry thought about responding with a 'Give me your life,' but decided against it. This man was pretty cool, and he had some pretty awesome tidbits of information also. Who knew?

"So, just this then, sir?" asked Harry with a soft smile.

Severus, however, grabbed a roll of Rollo's from in front of the cash register and put it on the counter. He chuckled when Harry gave him a questioning look. He seemed to be in good spirits again.

"Well, it might frustrate the hell out of her to think that she's not getting any Rollo's, but she needs some sort of reward, doesn't she? Otherwise, she might just wise up to my sucker routine. Then there goes my cheap entertainment." He smirked dangerously before chuckling.

"Yes, sir, it's... um... five pounds." Harry silently took the money from the man before narrowing his eyes. "Um... sir, I think you gave me too much."

"Nah, I gave you just how much I think you deserve, Harry. Keep the extra money for yourself. I certainly won't tell." Severus then snorted. "Think of it as my way of apologizing for the scene out there earlier. I know you probably considered calling the police on us. We just got a bit carried away."

"I won't say anything, sir."

"You're a good kid, Harry. Your relatives must really love you."

It took all of Harry's self-control not to snort back in response. Yeah, sure the Dursleys loved him. They loved him just as much as a person loves reading a killer cliffhanger in his or her favorite story. Wisely, he remained quiet and only smiled back as he bagged the man's items.

"Thank you, sir." Harry then watched Severus silently walk towards the door. "Sir, I have one more question." He smiled apologetically when the man whirled back towards him. "It's rather personal, but is the reason you think she's worth it because she's your soul mate?"

"No, Harry. Aurora's not my soul mate," Severus replied. "Unfortunately, I lost my soul mate fourteen years ago." The man then sighed softly. "She was murdered because of something I said."

"I'm sorry, sir." And Harry truly was. He knew the pain the man had to be feeling because he had lost his parents fourteen years ago also.

"No reason to apologize. You didn't kill her." He then sighed. "Moving on is hard. But with the right person, it isn't as difficult as one imagines. Have a good night, Harry. I'll see you around."

"Yeah, see you, sir," Harry replied, watching the man walk out. He hoped he saw that man again.

~ONPS~

Something hit Snape hard on the back, causing the haze in his mind to clear up. His dark eyes instantly widened. There was only one thought on his mind. What in the hell just happened? Drawing a breath, he glanced around. Once again, he was in the Great Hall for the annual Halloween feast.

"Yer all right there, Perffessor?" gruffly asked Hagrid as he glanced at Snape.

"What happened?"

"You took one of Dumbledore's lemon drops and started to choke on it," a dark curly-haired witch to his right drawled, rather bored as she continued to eat her banana cream pie. "We were rather convinced that we'd have to find some stupid enough soul to do resuscitation on you."

"Your ability to sympathize is truly awe inspiring, Sinistra," he quipped, glaring at her.

"I don't get paid to sympathize with you, Severus. Dear Merlin knows that if I did, I'd be richer than Lucius Malfoy is for all the hazard pay the Headmaster would have to pay me in order to force me to be near you on a daily basis."

"By chance, you don't know how to dance the Tango, do you?" That question threw the witch for an immediately loop, he noticed. She opened and closed her mouth a half dozen times before finally just staring at him. "I didn't think so," he mumbled. Holding out a hand, he conjured a red Cherry-flavored sucker before handing it to her. "It's a shame I didn't get a chance to see you enjoy that." Locking eyes with her, he drew in a deep breath. "Though, once you're finished, do inform me how many licks it takes before you get to the center of this Tootsie Pop." He then quickly stood up from the High Table, ignoring the outraged and shocked gasps around him. Briskly walking in between the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw tables, he stopped dead in his tracks when he heard a familiar line from the table on his left under the large lion banner.

"Here, Gin," said Harry Potter, a fifth-year Gryffindor, as he handed a red-haired girl a familiar red Cherry-flavored sucker. Green eyes glanced up to meet black. "Someone once told me it's cheap entertainment."

Bloody hell, Snape thought, staring at the green-eyed grinning Gryffindor.