

# We've Met Before

*by Fenrir*

Dreams sometimes tell us more than what we ever knew.

## Above the Thunder

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**A/N: Potterverse is owned by JKR, not me.**

### **We've Met Before**

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*You're a... a...*

A stranger?

Yes...

But don't you remember? We've met before.

*We have?*

You said so yourself, 'Once upon a dream.'

### **Chapter I: Above the Thunder**

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Alice walked through the art gallery, the paintings calling out to her, their colors and themes drawing out her own imagination. She had so very little of her own, it seemed strange that here, now, that creative node should awaken.

The gallery sat at the corner of Fifth and Elison, its windows facing out with the advert of the artist of the moment. She had seen it when passing by to go to work and as always, had only given it a passing glance. But this time, that glance had turned into a lingering look. It was a sky, she now knew. A sky of entities, a sky of dreams – Alice had walked back from work the same way and given the painting another once over.

For days, the same painting called out to her, drawing her into its sky, so that she, too, could dance in the sky. She dreamt of those skies several nights before finally deciding to go into the gallery.

Being raised in a small town, in a large family run by a patriarchal father, there had been very little of finding oneself through creative means. No time for imagination. Just time for chores, time for work, time for school, time to watch siblings; she had never felt bad because of this void. No, even looking back now, Alice did not begrudge her

upbringing.

This feeling though, that each painting evoked; it was as though the void she hadn't known existed opened at their beckoning.

Alice had wandered in one miserable Saturday and discovered that the feeling she had with the advertisement was not just for that painting. It was reenacted with the rest of the artist's work.

The colors wouldn't leave her, wouldn't stop their haunting. She went to work thinking of them, thinking of the dreamscapes they provided. It felt delicious, this feeling. How her coworkers would laugh if they knew that prudish and quiet Alice dreamt of hot colorful dreams, dreams within the dream that this gallery gave her.

If she were brave, she would talk to the man she always saw at the desk. He had thick long hair the color of burgundy and always seemed to be sleeping. That man must know the artist. Alice felt a connection to the creator and desperately wished to know them. She wanted to tell the artist of her dreams, of what they had given her.

Passing to another painting, she stopped and sighed, letting her vision blur, feeling her muscles relax just knowing she was here. Dancing among her most vulnerable desires that she was only beginning to know. Thunder rumbled outside, but in here, in this enclave of hope, she was safe.

"Mardi Gras."

The voice, deep and soothing, languidly entered her meditation, and it was a moment before Alice realized it was foreign. Turning her head, she saw the red-haired man, standing barely a foot away, his eyes also watching the painting. *Had he spoken?* She didn't know, he seemed caught up in the fantasy, too, and she loathed to ask him. He had vivid blue eyes and a bandana on today, holding back his thick hair. An earring cuffed his lobe, and Alice wondered how an earring on a man did not feminize him. She thought briefly of her own earrings, dainty and sterling silver.

*He is very handsome*, she thought and wondered why the thought, so racy, did not bring a blush to her cheeks.

Slowly, the man pivoted towards her, and Alice found herself captivated by those deep blue eyes, almost the color of the sky in the first painting. "It's of Mardi Gras. Captures all feelings: lust, happiness, hope, desire. You feel it, too?" His voice was thick with an accent. Alice had never heard anyone with such an accent.

Without realizing it, she replied, "Yes, I do." A moment later, she added, "I dream of it." Alice wasn't afraid to express her thoughts to him. It wasn't until after the words were spoken that she understood that she didn't care if he knew.

"I do also. That night, I feel so many things. That is why this painting lives." Passion filled his words, more than Alice knew anyone could feel. Even with his broken English, she knew these emotions he spoke of and nodded dreamily.

"You're the artist. The one who made these." Alice touched his arm to make sure she wasn't dreaming this. She had often imagined meeting the artist, telling them her dreams and hopes, believing that they might help her.

He smiled back. "I am Gregory. And you are the woman I dreamed of."

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**A/N:** The quote in the beginning belongs to Disney, I just thought it fit well. This was done for the [7spells](#) LiveJournal community. I have chosen the seventh set, and as such, all chapter titles are the prompts themselves. Thanks, as per usual, go to my brilliant beta, Sun, without whom my scribbles would remain icky and not pretty. You might wonder why it says Remus and Luna for characters, yet Alice and Gregory are the only names in here. It will be explained next chapter.

**Southern's Notes:** Very nice little interlude. I am interested in finding out exactly who these two are to each other.