

A Moment in Time in an Alternate Universe

by Pearle

A moment in time that could never happen. My apologies in advance to JKR, Mae West, and all of You. This is meant to be one-shot. HG/SS

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Summary: A moment in time that could never happen. My apologies in advance to JKR, Mae West, and all of You. This is meant to be one-shot. HG/SS

Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

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A knock had sounded at his door. Professor Severus Snape, Potions master for Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry was in the middle of lecturing his fifth year students about the next stage of the *Mind Enhancing Potion* when he heard the sound. Whoever it was, had better enjoy the afterlife since he planned on a few well-aimed curses and hexes for the interruption of his lecture.

"ENTER!" his voice boomed through the suddenly quiet room.

All eyes turned to the door, anticipation running high as to who would dare to disturb this dark wizard.

The door opened.

A young woman stepped confidently into the classroom, a smile on her face. "Good afternoon, Severus, I thought I might find you here." Hermione Granger strode forward toward the desk at the front of the room.

"YOU! I am in the process of instructing a class." Snape hissed at the woman through clenched teeth. It had been sometime since the two had seen each other. Their last encounter had not ended on a pleasant note.

Hermione place her hands on the desktop. "Still the same bastard I see."

Snape had moved from his position at the front board to stand on the opposite side of the desk from the young women. His eyes glared pure malice as he spoke, "Leave."

Hermione locked glares with him. "You...Wizard!" she exclaimed.

His glare narrowed and increased in intensity as they faced each other, inches apart. "Witch!" he hissed.

"Slytherin!"

"Gryffindor!"

The house names were hurled at each other in slanderous tones.

Hermione inclined her head to one side. "Tango?" she asked brightly.

It had been one of Albus Dumbledore's more inane ideas to teach dancing to the seventh year students when Hermione had been in school. Naturally the two rival houses had been paired for double lessons. And unbelievably, Snape had been forced to co-teach the class. Clearly, someone should have institutionalized the Headmaster years before.

Snape nodded his agreement. "Delighted," he purred as he swept around the desk to gather the woman in his arms.

Moving to a beat only the two seemed to hear they started to dance. The sound of the class shifting in their seats and murmuring in amazement pierced the fog the professor appeared to be under. The two stumbled against the wall behind Hermione.

Concern for the woman flashed in Severus's eyes. "Are you all right?"

Hermione laughed. "Yes, just remind me to only dance in open fields with you from now on."

Severus's dark rich chuckle was music to her ears. "I have missed you, you know," he murmured in her ear.

Hermione stood on tiptoe to whisper seductively in his ear. "Is that a wand in your pocket or are you just happy to see me? Dismiss our audience and maybe we can work something out."

Snape glanced over his shoulder. He had been so focused on the woman in front of him that he had forgotten about the students. Severus turned partially toward the classroom, never letting go of Hermione and roared, "Class dismissed. GET OUT! The last remaining student will serve detention with Filch for a month."

Not waiting to see the effect of his words, Snape scooped Hermione up in his arms. A door to his private office had suddenly appeared in the wall to his left. Perhaps he could obliviate them all on Monday he mused.

The students were falling over each other in their haste to leave the classroom. Unfortunately, it was not fast enough. The breathy sound of Hermione's voice could still be heard through the open doorway.

"OH...SEV...ERUSSSSS!"

The end????

A/N:

I am not sure where this came from. Maybe my muse has ARitis (An Alan Rickman affliction). I love hearing from you, enjoy and review. In the meantime, comments, thoughts, reviews, whatever are always welcome.

Regards, Pearle