

# Just a Dream

*by Danu*

Hermione has the most bizarre dream...

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**A/N:** For one reason or another, I got this idea while knitting and listening to "There's A Light" from the Rocky Horror Picture Show Soundtrack. I thought it would be amusing to see what happened when HP and RH collided. Hope everyone enjoys :o)

And once again thank you to my wonderful betas: Gemma & Kat

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Hermione couldn't believe it. The day had started with just the excitement of going to her cousin Betty's wedding, and now she too was engaged. She looked over at Ron as he maneuvered the car through the horrible thunderstorm. Hermione bit her lip as she watched the rain pour out of the sky. *Maybe going to see Professor McGonagall wasn't such a brilliant idea.* Suddenly a motorcycle thundered by, passing dangerously close.

"Bloody hell, that's the third one to have passed us," Ron said.

"I wonder where they're all going," Hermione wondered.

"Who knows with that type," Ron mumbled as he slowed the car down to read the sign in the middle of the road.

"What's the matter, dear?" Hermione asked, putting her hand on Ron's arm.

Ron pointed to the sign in front of the car. "The sign says 'Dead End'."

"But then where did all the motorcyclists go?"

"Let's not worry about that, let's just get the car turned around," Ron reasoned as he put his foot on the gas to begin backing up. As Ron began backing up, the car suddenly jerked as one of the back wheels skidded and exploded.

"What was that?" Hermione asked with a slight shake in her voice.

"Oh, bugger, we have a blow-out," he explained.

"Oh."

The pair soon found that there were no spares in the boot, and it was decided that they would walk back to the castle that they had passed a ways down the road. Ron had tried to convince Hermione to stay in the car, but she refused to stay by herself. So with Hermione holding a newspaper over her head for protection and clutching her white cardigan, Ron led the way, as the pair began their journey down the road.

After a long walk, Ron and Hermione finally made their way to the front door. It had taken awhile, especially with the road to the castle being just a mite hidden. Hermione wondered if a disillusionment spell had been put on it, but decided against asking Ron. *Poor thing has enough on his mind.*

Soon they passed a gate to the castle and saw a sign: "Frank N. Furter - Scientist". The pair fidgeted for a moment before Ron finally got the courage to ring the bell. After a moment a butler appeared and gave the pair the most puzzling look. Hermione gave the man a look of her own, as he had messy black hair that seemed like it had never been brushed and almost concealed a jagged scar over his brow.

Ron stepped up to the man and put out his hand. "Um - hi! My name is Ron Weasley and this is my fiancée, Hermione Granger. We were wondering if you could maybe help us? You see, our car has broken down a short ways up the road, and we were wondering if we could call someone on your Floo."

The man looked at them for a while before finally saying, "You're wet." Hermione gave a shy smile.

"Well, it *is* raining something awful." The man smirked before moving aside for the pair to come inside.

"You both better come inside, then."

"Thank you very much, sir."

Acting as if he hadn't heard Ron, the man continued to walk down the hall, passing by a young red-haired woman. Hermione carefully stepped over the cord of the woman's vacuum, wondering why a maid would be vacuuming so late at night.

"Are you giving a party?" She asked the strange but kindly butler. The dark-haired man shook his head.

"No, you've arrived on a rather special night. It's one of the master's affairs."

"Oh. Lucky for us, I guess," Ron quipped.

"He's lucky! You're lucky, I'm lucky, we're all lucky!" the maid said with a shout and a laugh. Looking at her more closely, Hermione was a bit put off by how low cut her maid uniform was. And she was almost certain maids didn't wear fishnet stockings. And what was even more unnerving was that the butler had begun to sing, "It's astounding, time is fleeting. Madness takes its toll. But listen closely--"

"--Not for very much longer--" the maid chimed, in smiling.

"I've got to keep control."

The odd serving pair broke out in a strange dance. Hermione and Ron, eyes huge like saucers, were slowly trying to back away from the pair before they stumbled into a room filled with an odd assortment of characters. They were all dressed the same way: black trousers and jackets, white waist coats and a rainbow of differently-coloured dress shirts. The oddest thing was that they all wore high heeled dance shoes along with black sunglasses and party hats.

They shouted back in answer to the butler's song, "Let's do the time warp again!"

The guests in the ballroom (for that was what Hermione and Ron could now see themselves in) began doing the strangest dance. Jumping to the left with steps to the right, soon hands were placed on hips as knees were brought in tight. Hermione blushed as she watched a chorus of pelvises being thrust back and forth before the group began the whole thing over again. Before the befuddled and wet pair could run back out the door they had come in, they were blocked by the mad red-headed maid.

She twirled as she sang in a haunting voice. "It's so dreamy. Oh, fantasy free me! So you can't see me, no not at all. In another dimension, with voyeuristic intention, well-secluded, I see all." The butler leaned and gave the maid a passionate kiss before letting her go.

The dancers continued as a new person joined the group. Hermione's eyes widen another inch as she took in the girl's appearance. Wearing an outfit made almost entirely out of sequins, a gold top hat was perched on bright pink hair. With a matching gold jacket, multi-coloured corset and hot pants, the outfit was completed with tap shoes and bright red bow tie. She joined, tap dancing around the room singing before clumsily falling over. As everyone was still very much into the routine, Hermione and Ron were both carefully and quietly walking backward up the short stairwell back to the door they had come in. And as suddenly it had begun, it ended. All of the guests had fallen over, and the pair were able to escape to the safety of the front hall.

"Ron, we should get out of here," Hermione reasoned, pulling her cardigan together.

"But it's only a party, Hermione."

Her mouth twitched into a frown. "It's not like any parties that I've ever seen."

"We can't go anywhere until we use their Floo or see if they have an owl to spare," Ron answered as he dragged a hand through his hair.

"So ask the butler, then."

"Fine, I'll ask the bleedin' butler," Ron said tersely.

Before Hermione could answer Ron and finish their argument, she noticed the lift was coming down with a very bizarre figure in it. As the figure turned, Hermione and Ron saw that it was a man with teased-out hair as dark as the night. He stood there with a black cloak that covered him completely. The man smiled with brightly painted ruby lips and arched an eyebrow of his heavily made up eyes. The paleness of his skin, only accentuated his make-up. Finally noticing the faint music, Hermione and Ron watched as the man opened his mouth.

"How do you do? I see you've met my faithful handyman. He's a little brought down because when you knocked, he thought you were the candy man."

Hermione and Ron looked at one another, unsure of how to take this, and quickly began to follow the strange man as he made his way to the ballroom and down the center of the stage.

"Don't get strung out by the way that I look, don't judge a book by its cover. I'm not much of a man by the light of day, but by night I'm one hell of a lover."

On that line the man threw his cloak off to reveal his outfit. Standing in the center of the stage, the man was clad in black shorts, a sparkling green corset and gloves. Garters, fishnets and the high-heeled shoes completed the outfit. He smiled brightly as he sang out, "I'm just a sweet Transvestite--"

"--Arghh!" Hermione sat up with a small scream. Blinking her eyes, she found herself not in some horrible musical gone wrong, but safely in her own bed. Looking down and finding her old nightshirt, and not the hideous pink dress and white cardigan she had been wearing in her dream, made her feel even better.

"Hermione? Are you alright?" A sleepy voice came from beside her on the bed.

"Yes, I'm alright. Just a very strange dream," she answered as she snuggled into his arms.

"Anything interesting?" he asked as he ran his hands up and down her back to comfort her.

"Ron was there, and Harry, and I think maybe even Ginny and Tonks."

"What about me?" he murmured as he sought to kiss the side of her neck.

Remembering the look of her lover in drag and what his reaction might be, she kept the truth to herself. "Sorry Severus, I don't remember."

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**A/N:** In case anyone wasn't sure, here's a list of who was playing who:

Dr Scott: Minerva McGonagall

Janet: Hermione Granger

Brad: Ron Weasley

Riff Raff: Harry Potter

Magenta: Ginny Weasley

Columbia: Nymphadora Tonks

Frank N. Furter: Severus Snape