

# Behind the Times

*by Ladymage Samiko*

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## Behind the Times

*Chapter 1 of 4*

*"I will not be coerced or manipulated!" Hermione screeched at her companion.*

"I will *not* be coerced or manipulated!" Hermione screeched at her companion. "I refuse!"

Snape's eyes sparked with fury. "Quite," he ground out. His expression promised immediate— and severe —retribution.

"If they think this scheme of theirs will work, they've got another thing coming."

He growled his agreement. Several of their 'friends' had locked them in this god-forsaken room, ostensibly to convince the pair to snog each other senseless— or perhaps hex each other into oblivion.

But Snape was a consummate spy.

"So," he drawled once Hermione had calmed, "how shall we tell them that you're already three months pregnant?"

## Times 2

*Chapter 2 of 4*

Meanwhile, on the other side of the door...

Harry glanced nervously towards the door— a six-inch oak affair that was rattling noticeably. "Are you sure we should've done this?"

Luna smiled serenely. "They're meant to be together— like Wimblebats and Thrompglusters. Professor Snape and Hermione just need a little encouragement."

"Well, right now, looks like they've been *encouraged* to hex each other into bits," Charlie observed.

Bill added glumly, "I'll be lucky to have an office when they're done. Why'd I let you lot talk me into this?"

Any answer was lost as all present dove to avoid a stray hex that had slipped underneath the door.

## Times 3

*Chapter 3 of 4*

Inspecting the aftermath...

Dawn— and silence. The group of young people emerged cautiously from their hiding places.

"Do you think it's safe?"

"Dunno. *I'm* not going in there."

"Neither am I."

"Well, it's *my* office." Bill squared his shoulders and began dismantling the physical and magical barriers surrounding the door. Cautiously, he pushed open the scarred wood. Several heads peaked around him.

"Fuck!" Bill slammed the door shut, and they all— except perhaps Luna, who smiled vaguely —fervently wished they could scrub their brains out with bleach.

Severus and Hermione, ostensibly asleep and covered only by a cloak draped over their hips, smirked.

## Up to Speed

*Chapter 4 of 4*

And now everyone is on the same page...

"I'm having Snape's baby," Hermione announced calmly.

Ron's mouthful of oatmeal shot across the table. Harry went white. Ginny garbled... something. Even Luna stared.

"Bu—But that was *one* night!" Harry sputtered. "*Two days* ago!"

"Oh, wasn't that what you wanted?" she queried sweetly. "So sorry."

Ron mumbled, "*I* thought you were gonna to hex the hell outta each other."

"Professor Snape," Luna interjected mistily, "must be quite... virile."

"He was quite virile," Hermione agreed, "three months ago. Though Bill's office was nice, too. Some rather... interesting... objects in there."

A Disillusioned Snape watched Bill turn a gratifying shade of olive.