

Give Me Just One Night

by Southern_Witch_69

A little something sweet for the deluded Harry and Hermione fans. Both find peace after a time of loss and war. This is sort of a parody.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

A little something sweet for the deluded Harry and Hermione fans. Both find peace after a time of loss and war. This is sort of a parody.

DISCLAIMER: I borrowed some of J.K.R.'s characters and decided to have a bit of fun.

Thanks go to the lovely Charmed Nay for looking this over for me.

SW's Note: I wrote this so very long ago. I decided to dust it off and make a parody out of it. I do not write like this any longer (writing style has changed greatly), and I do hope that those of you who normally follow my recent work notice.

Anyway, this is a bit of a parody. I was telling my friend, Amethyst, one day that I have many old stories that will never see the light of day because they are a bit "funky." She said, "Ha! Make a parody out of them." So here I am. I'm poking fun at myself by posting this songfic, complete with fast, choppy plot work, tense switching, and flashbacks. You'll see some oddities that we know to be false now that we are all little expert canon readers. Some examples would be Harry absorbing Killing Curses, friendly Snape and Draco with Harry, etc. Teehee.

Lyrics in italics.

Harry sat in the kitchen of the Weasleys' home waiting on word from Ginny. They had found out that she and her husband, Dean, had been attacked right outside of the Ministry of Magic. He was the one to come here and tell Molly Weasley the bad news. Molly had already lost three sons in the Phoenix War. She didn't need to lose her only daughter and son-in-law, too. He held her to him closely. He knew he could never take Ron's place in her heart, but he'd always be here for her to give her anything she needed. He thought about Ron for a moment. It had been nearly two years since he was killed. He was killed by a stray spell meant for Harry not five minutes after Harry defeated Voldemort. They were jumping up and down excitedly. Harry and Hermione had hugged tightly. Draco, Seamus, and Ron were cheering wildly. Suddenly, Ron's face went blank, and he just fell in the middle of them all. The Death Eater that sent the hex had yelled loudly saying it should have been Harry, but he was cursed before Harry could move. Hermione ended his life.

That was when the world changed. They had thought it would be over. They had thought they'd won. How could they have won when so many lives had been lost? Not all of the Death Eaters had been caught, and the broken band of renegades that were left was trying to hit anyone they could as payback.

It was now Harry's job to hunt them down and find them...Harry's and the other Aurors he was now leading. Harry had become a leader without anyone ever actually promoting him. He'd graduated from Hogwarts with his friends, and three days later he was Head of Aurors at the Ministry of Magic. It took them three long years to find Voldemort and defeat him. Ron had been lost to them for nearly a year now. Before that, Percy went with an explosion at the Ministry, and before that, Charlie was lost in a battle in Romania. The Weasleys were not the only ones to suffer such losses. Many of their friends and families had given up their lives in the fight. Molly brought him out of his reverie.

"Oh, Harry, I can't bear it. Arthur should have come by now. It can't be good."

Harry was holding her tightly, trying to soothe her. All the while he was watching the Weasley family clock. It showed Ginny's name as being in mortal peril. Ron, Charlie, and Percy were all stuck on departed this world. He saw that Arthur Weasley was now traveling. That meant he would be coming here.

Sure enough, Arthur Weasley appeared in the fireplace. "Oh, thank God you came to her, Harry," he said, pulling his shattered wife into his arms. His face was grim, but there was a hint of hope in his eyes.

"Out with it, Ar-Arthur," his wife said through tears.

"She will live. But I'm afraid that Dean is not well off." Arthur Weasley nearly collapsed from exhaustion and the added weight of his wife. Harry pulled him to a bench. He smiled in thanks. "Harry, they were set on fire. Her face... it's... not her." Harry put a hand on his shoulder in comfort as the man broke down.

"Who was it?" Harry asked in a deadly voice.

"Lestranger," was all Arthur managed to get out. Grief had overtaken him.

Harry nodded grimly. "I will kill him just as I killed his dear wife. Good day to you." He was about to Disapparate, but Molly clawed at his arm.

"No, Harry, no! You could be killed!" She was looking at him as a worried mother would look at her only child about to run off into oblivion.

"They can't kill me, Molly. We've found that out when they tried after the war. My body absorbs death curses. I won't die by their hand." He smiled. "For Ron. I will kill them all." Before she could speak, Harry Disapparated. He appeared in his flat near the bedroom.

"Hermione?" he called. He didn't know if she would be there or at St. Mungo's still. He heard a stifled reply and knew that she was in the bedroom crying. He opened the door to find her sprawled out on his bed, as he'd often found her this past year since Ron had died. He went to her and pulled her into his arms. "Let it out."

She cried softly and tightened her hold on him. "She could have died, Harry. Could have been off to where Ron is."

Harry rocked her gently and let her spill out all of her emotions. Ron and Hermione had been lovers when he'd died. They had never married, but they were still a serious item. Both of them shared a flat with Harry here. They had one room, and he had the other. It had been a rough year for him. He'd been tracking the renegades, comforting the Weasleys, comforting Hermione. Some nights when Hermione crawled in with him, he couldn't stand to have her close. It was like torture. At some point during the past year, he'd fallen for her. He didn't know if the sorrow of losing their best mate had brought them even closer than they were before or if the feelings genuinely developed, but he did love her in *that* way.

"Mione..." Harry said, trying to peel her sparsely clothed body away from his. "He's not coming back."

She nodded numbly. "I know, Harry. I know it. I just don't know what to feel anymore. I am confused."

He saw the look she often gave him in her eyes. Did she feel as he did? Did she love him yet feel guilty because it was like betraying Ron? He knew deep down that she had become attached, too. But, like him, when things got too close, Ron's voice would pop into his head, or his face would come to mind. "I am confused, too, if that helps any."

"Will you hold me tonight, Harry?" Her eyes searched his.

Harry sighed and ran his hand over his untidy hair. "I hold you every night, Hermione."

You keep telling me you want me

Hold me close all through the night

I know, that deep inside you need me

No one else can make it right

Don't you try to hide the secret

I can see it in your eyes

You said the words without speaking

Now I'm gonna make you mine

Harry held her to him like never before. Her back was pressed to his chest, and his lower body was entwined with hers tightly. One arm was around her as the other was propped under his head. He was watching her. She was not sleeping. He could feel her heart beating wildly under his hand. Without thinking, he smoothed back the hair from her neck and placed a soft kiss where it had been.

She tensed under him slightly, and he saw her close her eyes tightly. He wondered what was going through her mind. He thought of Ron and almost pulled away from her completely...but, no, not tonight. Ron would *want* him to be there for her. Molly had often hinted at it, so why shouldn't they? He tried again. This time he opened his mouth and suckled on her neck gently. He felt her body respond to him, almost pushing against his lips. Hermione's eyes were still closed. Was she pretending that he was Ron? That thought bothered him. He wanted it to be him that she thought of... not Ron. However, he couldn't bring himself to speak. What if it broke the spell between them? What if she rejected him? She needed him. Needed this. Just as he did.

If he could only have this one night with her, he could go on and keep fighting the good fight. He didn't like that she was pretending to sleep though. It got to him. He moved so that he could turn her over on her back. He traced her face with his fingers. She didn't move a muscle. "Mione... I know you aren't sleeping." Nothing. He sighed. "If you never be with me again... just give me this one night."

"Come here, Harry," she said without opening her eyes.

Harry! Not Ron's memory. He closed in on her mouth and kissed her deeply. He pulled back a bit to kiss her cheek once. He felt her hand sliding under his shirt to caress his chest. Felt her nails clawing over his back. He groaned, and he heard her sharp intake of breath.

Harry pulled back and took her up with him. She opened her eyes then, and he saw desire there. He pulled his shirt off. She leaned forward to kiss his chest. With a grin, he lifted her face up to his. He kissed her again.

"I need you," she said breathlessly.

"Well, you've got me," he said savagely.

There was no need to be overly gentle. They'd both done this before. Often. What they needed was something a bit intense. His underpants ended up on the floor next to

his shirt, and he practically tore off her short nightgown. "Take them off," he demanded, nodding at her knickers as he toed off his socks.

She smirked and pulled them away from her. His kissed her long and hard and made sure to massage her in all the right spots. "You're ready for me, are you?" She nodded as if in a daze. He wasted no time, moved to a sitting position against the headboard, and pulled her on top of him. He guided her directly over his middle and pushed upward into her.

"Oh, God, Harry... I never thought..." She moaned.

He kissed her to silence her and let her find her rhythm. He couldn't get enough of her though, so before long, he began pushing her...harder and faster. When she whimpered and slowed down, he grinned.

"My turn," he said roughly, neatly flipping them over so that she was on her back. In only a few minutes of steady thrusting and grinding, he found release and brought her to hers. "You are amazing, Hermione."

"So are you, Harry. Just... wow."

He noticed that her breathing was just as ragged as his. When she appeared to be dozing off, he shook her lightly. "I'm not finished with you yet," he growled. She shrieked as he flipped her over.

Give me just one night, una noche

A moment to be by your side

Give me just one night, una noche

I'll give you the time of your life

...the time of your life

Harry woke up before she did the next morning. He'd only had a few hours of sleep. What they had done together had blown his mind. He'd never been so wild with anyone before. *Strange that it was that way with her*, he thought and smiled. He'd always imagined being with her as if she were fragile, taking his time with her. Something had come over him though, and he had to have her without much foreplay. *Didn't mind much, did she?* They had made love four times. That was a first for him. Usually, he was two and through.

Today would be a rough day for him. He had a Death Eater to kill. He'd had barely any sleep, but he had a new adrenaline flowing through his veins. He made his way to the shower and dressed quickly. He left her a note near the fridge before Apparating to the work awaiting him at the castle. He hoped she wouldn't feel awkward the next time she saw him.

Harry walked through the corridors of Hogwarts as if he owned it. He felt invincible. His meeting was in Dumbledore's office today. Before he got to the gargoyles, he walked right into Severus Snape...his old nemesis turned friend after his time at school was over.

Harry nodded briskly. "Sorry, mate," he said quickly.

"Sorry?" Snape eyed him. "What's different about you, Harry?"

"None of your business, Snivels," Harry said, though playfully.

Snape smirked. "Well, I do believe that someone has finally taken my advice and found him a woman. To whom must I send a thanks to for making you approachable today?"

Harry raised an eyebrow. "You don't think I'd shag and tell, do you?"

"Oh," Snape said in an exaggerated voice. "What's the difference? You're not likely to see her again, are you?"

Harry just grinned. Snape was watching him closely as they moved up the stairs to Dumbledore's door. "What?" Harry said when Snape wouldn't look away.

"You've a bite mark. Just there." Snape pointed to Harry's throat. The older wizard seemed to be thinking about something.

"It's not a bite mark... It's a passion mark. There is a difference, you know." Harry smirked. "Maybe the next time you give a woman five orgasms, you'll have one as well." No need he couldn't boast just a little. Snape wouldn't know whom he'd given them to.

"Five? Good God, man! What were you about?" Snape looked impressed.

Harry just shook his head and laughed. He'd not tell his pesky friend any details other than that.

"Hello." Dumbledore greeted. "I've some good news."

Harry was glad. That meant that they had a location. "Do tell," Harry said immediately.

"How is Ms. Granger this morning?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry grinned. "She's sleeping in. We stayed up a bit late last night... er... talking about the attack on Ginny and Dean. *Damn!* He'd said that in front of Snape. The man wasn't ignorant. He'd figure it out now. He glanced sideways and saw the raised eyebrow and knowing expression. Harry pretended not to notice.

Dumbledore had taken an interest in Harry's throat, and Harry pulled up his robe a bit.

"Yes. Where was I?" Dumbledore said, eyes twinkling. "Ah, yes, I do believe that if you venture to the extreme east of the forest here, you will find what you seek. However, you must take special care. I've found that several traps and wards have been set in place."

"That, sir, is *my* specialty." Harry smirked. He'd get them all. "How many?"

Dumbledore smiled. "There are ten of them."

"I'll call in four others aside from us. Consider it done." Harry thought a moment. "How is it that they are so close and not been found yet?"

"The cave is partially underground, and the part that is above ground is still on the grounds here at Hogwarts, though the furthestmost part from the castle, but it is Unplottable for locating charms. It's perfect. By hiding so close, they'd not be suspected." Dumbledore looked at Snape. "Are you going with him?"

"Wouldn't be left behind," he said arrogantly. "He can't find his way out of a bag without me shouting directions at him."

Harry shook his head and made ready to call on his group. First he asked about Ginny and her husband. Dean had taken a better turn. Ginny's burns were partially healed.

Her parents were with her. He Floored Seamus Finnigan, Draco Malfoy, Bill Weasley, and Neville Longbottom. They were ready to come right away. Once they were all there, they made their plans. They thought it best to send in Seamus and Draco first. They were excellent ward releasers. Harry and Snape first would follow. And, then Bill and Neville would bring up the rear.

"I say we wait until just an hour or so before dawn," Dumbledore said wisely. "Catch them off guard and half asleep."

"You're not coming, sir," Harry said politely. His mentor seemed offended.

"Old as I may be, Harry, I still have a few tricks up my sleeve."

"No disrespect, Albus, but I think you should be in charge of escape routes is all. Nothing gets by you," Harry said feeling slightly guilty. He didn't really want him in the action. He was rather protective of Dumbledore since he'd gotten sick a few months earlier.

"Ah, yes, the escape routes it is then, Harry." Albus smiled mysteriously, and Harry knew he'd not stay behind.

"All right, you come in with Severus and me then. Everyone be back in a few hours. Make sure to bring all required." Harry smiled triumphantly. They would finally be rid of them. He could feel it. He knew he should stay here and prepare, but there was someone he needed to see first. Again. But would she want to see him?

Your rustic passion makes me crazy

You existence makes me wild

I wanna loosen up your feelings

see what's hiding inside

Harry Apparated in the late afternoon to find her sitting at the kitchen table, holding his note. He walked to the table confidently. He'd be sure to ease this over. "Just getting up, love?" He sat across from her and summoned a bottle of water to him.

She nodded. "Why didn't you wake me this morning?" She didn't look up at him.

"I thought you'd need some sleep is all. No offense." He smiled to himself. "Feel all right today?"

"No," she whispered. "I don't feel all right."

His grin faded. "Why not?" He'd been afraid of this.

She looked up and he saw that she'd been crying. Again. What else was new? "Harry, this note. It says you've gone on a mission and that you didn't know when you'd be back."

"Yes, it does, doesn't it?" he said evenly.

He saw her swallow hard and take a calming breath. What was she about? "Dear Mione," she read loudly, imitating Harry's voice. "Gone on a mission. Be back when I can. Please take care. Love always, Harry."

Harry nodded, looking at her blankly. He wasn't exactly sure what she was getting at. "What's wrong with it?"

She shook her head. "After last night, that's all you could write to me?" She looked a bit miffed now that he thought on it.

"Well, I didn't know how you'd feel today, so I didn't want to write anything to make you uncomfortable." He moved closer. She inched away. "Don't be that way. What did you want me to write, Hermione? Thanks for the shags! I mean, I couldn't write it down."

She slapped his face as hard as she could and sprung up from her chair to make way to the bedroom. He touched his cheek where he was sure to have an imprint of her hand. "No way that you just slapped me, Hermione!" he said, jumping up to follow her. He caught her arms before she could close the door on him. "What's wrong?"

"You could have been killed today, Harry! You could have died, and all I would have had was this fucking note!" She was struggling against him. Somehow he landed on top of her on the bed. "You could have woke me up or told me something."

"I didn't know I'd have a location this soon, Hermione. Thought I'd be gone for a while." He shook his head. "I don't know what I was thinking. I just didn't want you to feel awkward."

"Your mission is not done?" she asked, calming down.

"It's in a couple of hours that we'll leave," he stated softly.

"Why are you not prepping?" She sounded less angry.

"I needed to see you." He smiled. "In case..."

She pulled his mouth to hers for a kiss, and he felt her tugging at his robes. "If you never be with me again," she began softly. "Give me just this one afternoon."

Just give me one night una noche

A moment to be by your side

Give me just one night, una noche

I'll give you the time of your life

An hour later, he lay on his side staring into her eyes. "What are we doing here?" he asked lazily.

"I think we were making love just a bit ago. Are you confused?" she said cheekily.

"How do you feel, Mione?" he asked.

"Guilty. Happy. Afraid. If you must know the truth." She moved closer and placed a kiss on his chest.

"Me too," he agreed. She pulled back to look into his eyes.

"Do you think we've made a mistake?"

He saw that her chin was quivering. "No. I think we need this." He kissed her nose. "I, Harry Potter, love you deeply, Hermione Granger. That makes me feel a bit guilty."

Like I'm trying to step on Ron's toes. But, then, I'm happy because I have had you and think that it's all right for us to be together. However, I'm afraid it won't last."

"Me too. The same. All of them," she said, kissing him on the lips. "I can't lose another boyfriend to this cause, Harry."

"Boyfriend, am I?" he queried.

"Aren't you?" she retorted.

He nodded. "Yes, I am." *We did it. We agree that what we have should be taken further.* "I'll not die, Hermione. I can feel it. And the Killing Curse, it doesn't work on me for some reason."

"Harry, there are other ways to die," she said fearfully.

"Yes, but I'll not know about them this young in life, will I? Nothing will keep me from you." He pulled her close. And nothing would keep him from completely wiping out all who had helped those that had a part in his mate's death.

Give me just one night

Give me just one night una noche

A moment to be by your side

Give me just one night, una noche

I'll give you the time of your life

Come on come on come on now baby

Draco and Seamus had worked their way around the perimeter easily. Once they were near the cave opening, they signaled for Harry. Harry, also a ward releaser, swept one way while Snape went the other. Dumbledore fearlessly walked straight through to Draco. Snape and Harry were used to this routine. Draco and Seamus would release wards. They would follow through and be sure they sensed nothing while adding their own. Nobody could get out unless they were on the mission with them. Once at the opening, they signaled for Bill and Neville. They were the sweepers.

"All clear," Neville said seriously. "Let's do this."

Harry nodded. Dumbledore had gone invisible and walked in. Harry put on his Invisibility Cloak, as did Draco. They followed Dumbledore in. They were checking for traps and wards when they heard a noise just ahead of them. There was a bit of flickering light.

"Come on then," a male voice said heatedly. "Finish with her so I can have a bit."

Harry's skin crawled. It was Lestrage! They had a woman tied up and were having their way with her.

"Ah... done just now. Nothing like a hot, unwilling Muggle wench is there?" Dolohov said, chuckling.

There were other forms along in the cave as well. All sleeping. Harry counted them. Only nine. Dumbledore appeared in the soft glow to his right. "You, sirs, are trespassing on Hogwarts grounds, and I do believe there is a reward out for your capture... or deaths."

Both men jumped back, visibly afraid of Dumbledore. Other sleeping forms were rousing then. Dumbledore had his wand out already, though, and told everyone to stay calm.

"He can't take us all on. He's one old wizard. We are many," Lestrage said wickedly. "Come on all. He can't take us all with him."

Nobody moved. In the candlelight, Harry could see Dumbledore's knowing grin.

"He can't be alone though, can he?" one Death Eater questioned.

Dumbledore nodded. "Right you are. I am powerful, but not foolish. I do have friends. And they are moving about you now, although you can't see them. Put all your wands where I can see them."

"I say we take him. He's bluffing. Probably just saw us here and came straightaway. No time to call in that bastard, Potter." Lestrage made a move toward Dumbledore, and a white streak of smoke slammed him against the wall. "Get him!" he shouted.

Others sprang into action. Harry and Draco threw off their cloaks, wands at the ready. "Shit! It's him!" He heard someone shout.

"Someone is missing," Harry stated. "Be on the ready."

Draco nodded, but turned quickly when he heard a familiar voice. It was his old mate, Crabbe. "Traitor! Helping Potter and his friends when they shut your father in Azkaban!" Draco just smirked and pointed his wand. In a flash of purple light, Crabbe dropped to the floor and rolled around as if his body was on fire.

Seamus, Bill, and Neville came in. "Harry, we are breached. Someone is out there. They can't get past our wards to escape, but we can't see them. Must have a cloak! Be careful!" Seamus said quickly, taking in the scene before him. "Snape's searching for the person still."

Crabbe, who had been able to muster the energy, mumbled a curse and pointed his wand to Draco. Harry deflected it in time, but it jolted everyone. Fighting broke out. Nearly ten minutes later, all Death Eaters had been rounded up: two dead, four seriously wounded, two had given up knowing they had no chance, and then there was Lestrage. He was still tied to the wall.

While Draco was unbinding the woman on the floor, Harry made his way to the man tied to the wall. "Attack my friends, will you?" His eyes were wide with fear Harry noticed. Harry smiled sweetly as he administered the Killing Curse. A moment later, Snape stumbled into the room and fell to his knees. He put a hand to his chest and pulled it away. Full of blood. "Who was it?" Harry questioned, near panicking. He couldn't lose another mate.

"The Dark Lord!" Snape said through pain. "He's taken on the form of a young boy. It caught me off guard. He's back, Harry. He's back again." He swallowed thickly. "I took off his invisibility enchantment. Go..."

"Neville! Heal him!" Harry shouted. "The rest of you tend to them! Dumbledore, with me!"

They hadn't gone far when they saw the young boy holding a knife. "Hi, I'm lost. Can you help me?"

Harry grinned. "*Expelliarmus!*" he shouted. The knife flew out of the boy's grasp easily. "Voldemort! You will die this time...again! No coming back. All your supporters are gone... or will be shortly."

The boy smiled wickedly. "I'll always have someone to help me come back, Harry. I have other supporters, you know. These are just the only ones who publicly declare

following me."

"Tom, you've breathed your last," Dumbledore said. He moved to the young boy. Harry watched in awe as the child fell to his knees pleading with Dumbledore. "Yes, Tom. I've told you already. There are worst things than death." He placed a hand on his shoulder roughly and pulled him up.

"What are you doing, sir?" Harry asked blankly. "Let me kill him."

"I'm sorry, Harry, but there is only one thing to do. Go to my portrait in my office. I'll tell you everything." With that, Dumbledore chanted something Harry had never heard before. Both he and Voldemort were surrounded by yellow light. The last thing Harry saw was Dumbledore's triumphant smile and Voldemort's face twisted in horror. Then they were gone. Harry ran to where they had been.

"No! Albus!" he yelled. Draco ran out to join him.

"Harry, what happened? Where is Albus?" Draco looked around wildly.

"He's... gone. Took Voldemort and exploded in light." Harry fell to his knees. "Gone."

Give me just one night, una noche

A moment to be by your side

Give me just one night, una noche

I'll give you the time of your life

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#### *SIX MONTHS LATER*

Things would never be the same for Harry again. He'd followed Albus' last instructions and found that he was soothed only a little. He'd never again set eyes on his old friend in this life. He had taken Voldemort into the after world on his own. Still alive. The Dark Lord would not be back. He was to be tortured for an eternity. Dumbledore had been planning to do just that all along if he'd ever returned. Harry kept his portrait and had been willed most of his belongings. They'd still never take the place of his mentor though. Snape had fully recovered, and he had now accepted the position of Headmaster at Hogwarts. McGonagall had retired soon after Dumbledore's sacrifice, not wanting to remain there any longer.

Harry had been proclaimed Minister of Magic. His close band of Aurors had come along with him and formed a Minister's council. They were to keep England safe and threat free. He was now married to the loveliest woman in the world. He had the rest of his life before him to make new friends and treasure his old ones, but he'd always remember his fallen mates. Always think of them and the sacrifices they'd made.

#### *FLASHBACK*

Hermione had been waiting for him when he got home after the small battle. Harry saw something different about her the moment he set his eyes on her. She was smiling. She had been rearranging things in their flat. All the pictures of Ron and Ron's belongings were gone, save one on the mantle. She had them all packed away in their old bedroom.

"Spring cleaning?" Harry asked curiously.

She smiled and pulled him into his bedroom. He saw all of her things there with his: her clothes mingling with his in the closet, her feminine items in his bathroom, and her personal things on his dresser. "I thought we should do this right."

"Mione..." He pulled her close. It was his turn to cry. Something he had not done in years. He poured all of his feelings out in one long display of tears. Thoughts of Ron, Dumbledore, Hagrid, Charlie, Percy. Other fallen friends. Voldemort being gone for good this time. "I don't know what I would do if I didn't have you."

She wiped his tears away. "Don't give me just this night, Harry. Give me every night until we leave this world. It's time to move on."

"Are you proposing to *me*?" he asked, shocked.

"Do you accept?" she asked softly.

"Yes, I do. I love you."

"I love you, too, Harry. Always will," Hermione said.

They made love tenderly, showing each other exactly how deeply they felt without having to utter any other words.

*Give me just one night, una noche*

*A moment to be by your side*

*Give me just one night, una noche*

*I'll give you the time of your life*

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**Southern's Notes:** I like the idea of Harry being a bit "worldly" and tough. Teehee. Going through this again has been fun. Even if it's not plausible, I still enjoyed writing it as a sort of "what if" type of thing. Cheers! \* wink \*