

Evil Hermione

by muzicfan5

Hermione has a Time Turner accident and ends up nearly 20 years in the past. Will she get stay on her Gryffindor path or be seduced by the dark arts?

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 8

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Warnings: AU, not HBP compliant, Out of Character, hints at abuse.

Beta'ed by hp4freak, thanks for all your help!

Prologue

The new term had started. Hermione Granger arrived at Hogwarts via the Hogwarts Express with her best friends, Ron Weasley and Harry Potter. Ron had continued to grow over the summer and seemed to be just over six feet tall. As she looked over her friends at dinner, she couldn't decide who looked more gangly and awkward. Harry had been underfed while at Privet Drive for the summer again. He, too, had grown, but was still a little shorter than Ron. Harry was a little less than six feet tall. She wasn't very tall, even by female standards; she seemed to have quit growing by her fourth year and only stood at about five feet, four inches.

Harry's hair was just as messy as ever, though that wasn't a surprise. It had been a long time since he had tried to make it lay flat. Hermione had changed a lot over the summer, too, though the boys didn't seem to notice. Her hair wasn't quite as bushy, but still rather unmanageable. She, too, had long since ceased her vain attempts at taming it, except for rare, special occasions. What had really changed was her clothing and style.

Hermione's family had dissolved over the summer. Her mother had died, but the circumstances were rather curious. Hermione knew it was a Muggle death. There wasn't a single magical thing about it.

Her father had become reclusive. He often didn't go to work; he owned his own dental practice. Hermione had tried to get him to get up and to go about his day. Though, her efforts were always met with resistance and anger. Whenever she tried to get her father back into some semblance of the life he used to know, he always came home in a foul mood, a mood that made Severus Snape look like a playful kitten. On those nights, she would hide in her room, hoping he would just pass out from drink and leave her alone.

Her prayers were often left unanswered, though. Becoming abused had made Hermione drastically change her attitude. She was no longer the eager little know-it-all, waving her hand madly to get attention from her teachers. She began wearing dark and gloomy clothes. Black was her colour of choice lately, sometimes with red or purple accents. She had thought about dying her hair, but she knew that father would not be pleased. It would only lead to him taking out more anger and pain on her.

Trying desperately to disguise herself, even if it was only from herself, she continued to change. She cut her hair; it was far shorter than she'd had it in years. The longest parts stopped about half-way down her neck. She had the stylist put in lots of layers, and thin it out a bit. The style was rather flattering on her, though her hair was still quite bushy if she didn't make an effort to style and manage it.

She had taken to wearing heavy amounts of makeup, mostly eye makeup, consisting of heavy eyeliner, and liberal amounts of dark shadows. She had also thought about getting pierced, but the threat of her father's anger had kept that desire in check.

Her personality had become a bit reclusive. Her wit was fully intact, however, giving her a sharp tongue and sarcasm that would make Severus Snape a very proud man.

Hermione sat on her bed, in the girls' dormitory, thinking. She hated how her life was panning out. It may have been different if her parents, or even just her mother, had been a casualty of the war with Voldemort. Hermione hated to think about it, but she had a suspicion that, if her father hadn't actually killed her mother, he did play an instrumental role in the process leading to his wife's demise.

While brooding, Hermione was struck with an idea. "I'm so stupid! How did I not think of this before?" Hermione leapt off her bed and dove at her trunk. Throwing things wildly over her head, which were landing with a variety of thuds and crashes behind her, she finally found the balled up pair of socks she was looking for.

Notes: I don't know what my deal with abusive parents in the past is currently. It's, thankfully, nothing I ever experienced. This story is considerably darker than my last fic. It's going to be really out of character and really alternate universe, so please bear with me. Thanks for reading!

The Time-Turner

Chapter 2 of 8

Adjustments in the past.

Thank you to my lovely beta hp4freek!

Chapter One: The Time-Turner

She unrolled the socks, taking particular care with them. She still had the Time-Turner that was issued to her during her third year. She had never actually returned it to her Head of House, Minerva McGonagall. Hermione hadn't used it since Harry and she had gone back in time to save both Buckbeak from his execution and Sirius Black from the dementor's kiss. She held the precious piece of time in her hands, gently caressing the hourglass shape. She wanted to go back in time to prevent what happened to her mother.

Honestly, if she was going to start meddling with time, there are a lot of things she would change... However, one of the stipulations to being issued a Time-Turner was that you weren't to meddle with time lines intentionally.

Hermione stood at the foot of her bed thinking; an internal battle was raging within her. Part of her wanted to go back in time and prevent Lord Voldemort from ever coming into power, the other half of her, the more sensible half was telling her that she shouldn't meddle with time. *It's against the rules!*

Hermione was lost in her thoughts when she felt a familiar sensation. She felt time speeding up around her, though it wasn't going forward; it was going behind her. She must have been absentmindedly stroking the Time-Turner and set it to go backwards. Time kept spinning, though. It didn't stop after only going back an hour to two. *Where the hell am I? Ignore that question; I'm in the girls' dormitory in Gryffindor Tower. The better question is; what time is it? What year is it, for that matter? I don't recognise a single girl here!*

"Who are you?" a blonde girl with a heavy Scottish accent asked Hermione.

"I could ask you the same question." Hermione had let the snide comment out before she could so much as bite her tongue, let alone satisfy her curiosity.

"Don't give me any cheek, girl. I could call the Head of House in after you."

"Please do call Professor McGonagall in; she'll know exactly what to do!"

"McGonagall? Who the bloody hell is Professor McGonagall? Professor Dumbledore is the Gryffindor Head of House."

"No, Professor Dumbledore is the Headmaster." That's when it dawned on Hermione. It hit her harder than a ton of bricks. She quickly added to her previous statement, "What year is it?"

The blonde girl looked confused, but answered the strange girl anyway. "The year is 1977. It is September the first, and I am a sixth year. You can call me Sam."

Hermione thought rapidly. How in the name of Merlin had she ended up travelling back nineteen years? She had only been fiddling with her Time-Turner. Even if she had managed to accidentally turn it backwards, it should have only sent her back a few hours at best! Nineteen years? She needed to talk to someone, and quick!

Hermione decided that her best option was to be kind to this Sam girl, and ask to speak to someone straight away. "Sam. My name is Hermione. I'm not sure how I ended up here," she lied. She knew how she had gotten there; well, for the most part anyway. "If you could just take me to Professor Dumbledore's office..." She wasn't sure what else to say. Luckily, Sam decided not to put up a large fight.

Hermione felt a hand clench around her arm as she was pulled down the stairs to the common room and brought to the office; she had only known a grip like that to belong to Professor McGonagall herself. Sam knocked sharply on the door, hoping the owner was indeed sitting within. If Professor Dumbledore wasn't, Sam made a silent oath to herself to take Hermione to each Head of House, until they found someone home.

Just as Sam had been about to turn on her heels and drag Hermione with her, the door opened. Hermione examined Headmaster Dumbledore...no, in this time he's Professor...Professor Dumbledore looked younger. His hair was still a silver grey, but there were noticeably less wrinkles on his face. His brilliant blue eyes twinkled just as much as she remembered, if not more so. He stood proud and tall, but there was a smile on his face.

"Professor! Sir, I'm glad you were here!" Sam hadn't been able to say much else before she was cut off.

"And who is this, Miss Pickett?" Professor Dumbledore asked with genuine interest.

"This, sir," she nodded in the direction of her clenched hand, "is Miss Hermione..."

"Hermione Granger, sir," she answered for Sam.

"Miss Granger. To what do we owe the pleasure? I don't recall seeing your name in the book, which held all the names of the incoming students. I also don't recall seeing you being sorted at the feast this evening. Nor do you look the part of a first year; if I had to guess I'd say you were a sixth or seventh year."

"I was...am a sixth year, sir."

"Here? At Hogwarts?"

"Yes, sir. I... May I come in?"

"Certainly, dear." Albus moved aside and let the girls shuffle into his office. He gestured to the chairs facing the front of his desk. "Lemon drop?" He presented a bag towards the girls. Sam shook her head.

"No, thank you." Hermione sighed, trying to figure out the best way to phrase her 'accident,' though nothing was really coming to mind that didn't sound crazy! *guess I should start at the beginning.* "Well, sir, when I was in my third year I was taking too many classes to make it to all of them at the same time. I wanted to learn everything! My Head of House, Professor Minerva McGonagall, went through the proper Ministry channels. She obtained for me a Time-Turner. I used it to get to all of my lessons on time. It came in handy at the end of the year, when Harry and I saved..." Hermione realised she was telling too much, and abruptly stopped herself. "Well, anyway, I never turned it back in, which is wrong, I know. Well, I came across it just after I had moved back into Hogwarts. I had brought it out and got lost in my thoughts. I can only guess that I must have been stroking it absentmindedly. I felt like I was being pulled through time quickly. Next thing I knew, I was being accosted by Sam here, for being in her dorm room."

"What year was this? It was September the first in 1996," Hermione answered the question before he had time to ask.

"Why, Miss Granger; that means you've travelled back nineteen years!"

"Of that I am aware, sir." Hermione couldn't help her statement from sounding so snide.

Ignoring her blatant rudeness he pressed on. "Tell me, what house were you in?"

"I was in Gryffindor, sir. Though with recent events that have happened in my life, I think it would be in my best interest to be resorted..."

"I hardly think unintentional time travel warrants a resorting." Despite his appearance of dissuading her, he couldn't help but note the similarities in personality to a certain Slytherin he knew.

"With all due respect, sir, there have been a lot of changes in my life over the past five years I've spent at Hogwarts. The most drastic of which have been in the past four months. I think the most recent changes are worth a chance at being resorted."

"What changes do you speak of, Miss Granger?"

Hermione couldn't help herself. This very thought had been nagging her for four months, with no one to tell. "I think my father killed my mother. It was a violent death; a terrible tragedy, and completely devoid of magic. It wasn't Voldemort's style, if you know what I mean."

"You're fighting Voldemort in the future? He's nothing more than a lousy politician right now."

"He's far worse than a politician, sir. He slowly gains power over the next ten years...maybe I shouldn't be telling you this; I've already said more than I should have."

Professor Dumbledore nodded solemnly at the girl in front of him. "Well, I can take you up to the Headmaster's office. You may speak with him and try to figure out why you were brought back so far. If we can't find a suitable solution, we'll see about getting you resorted."

"Thank you, sir."

"Miss Pickett, you are excused back to your common room. I daresay I'm capable of handling this situation from here." He smiled at his student and she murmured a 'Thank you, Professor.' She scampered back to the portrait of The Fat Lady to enter into her common room.

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*Notes: Dates are based on the HP lexicon timeline. I know it's out of canon with Dumbledore as Head of House, but I wanted to write him in that role while leaving the previous Headmaster in that role as well.*

## The Headmaster's Office

Chapter 3 of 8

To the headmaster's office!

Thanks for my beta hp4freak! I can't remember if I put a disclaimer before now, but suffice it to say, I own precisely squat.

### Chapter Two: The Headmaster's Office

Headmaster Armando Dippet sat behind his desk. There were portraits covering the walls of all of the past headmasters and mistresses. Some of them sat in their frames sleeping, or feigning sleep. Some chatted with their neighbours, discussing the latest gossip. There were also a few empty frames, the occupants having gone to visit another location they were linked to. The Headmaster had been staring at the door intently for a few minutes now; something was amiss in the castle. He was fairly certain that someone would be ambushing his office any minute now. The frames stirred a bit more, and Headmaster Dippet began a mental countdown. *Ten... nine... eight... seven... six... five... four... three... two...* The word 'one' had been cut off by an urgent knock on the door. With a wave of his wand, the door was opened to reveal Professor Dumbledore with a girl he didn't recognise. *How curious. She looks to be about seventeen; surely she should have been in attendance for the past six to seven years.*

"Professor, please, do come in. Who is this guest of yours?"

"My name is Miss Hermione Granger, sir."

"Miss Granger. Please, tell me why you have not attended classes here previously. You clearly possess magic."

"I have been to classes, sir. This is my sixth year of attending classes. There has just been a bit of a... mistake."

"I see. What kind of mistake would make everyone forget you?"

"An accident with a Time-Turner, sir. This isn't my timeline, you see."

"How did you come to own a Time-Turner? Those are held under strict control of the Ministry."

"I was given one by my Head of House in my third year. I was enrolled in every class available to me. The only way I could attend everything was with the aid of a Time-Turner."

"Why wasn't it returned at the end of term?"

Hermione blushed fiercely, but she didn't break eye contact with the Headmaster. "I didn't turn it in, despite rules and regulations. I know I should have, but I can't be persecuted for my mistakes at this point. After all, these wrongdoings won't take place for another fifteen years, or so."

"May I see your Time-Turner, Miss Granger?"

Hermione nodded and handed the instrument over the desk. Armando was lost in thought and examination for the next several minutes. The only noise was the occasional punctuation of his thoughts spoken aloud.

Mutters of "Excellent," "Interesting," and "Curious, very curious," were the only break of a mildly awkward silence. Hermione had known Professor Dumbledore, but that was his future self. She wasn't overly friendly with him, but she saw him at Order headquarters, and she knew a lot about him because of Harry. This Dumbledore didn't know a thing about her, though, and it felt odd to try to strike up a conversation with him.

There were wand movements now coming from the Headmaster's side of the desk. He had been performing charms on her Time-Turner, trying to spot a defect. He had yet to find a single one, though. There were several more minutes of silence as he looked over her Time-Turner.

"There isn't a blasted thing wrong with it!" Headmaster Dippet almost sounded disheartened by that fact. "It's in perfectly good working order."

"But, sir, how did I end up here then?"

"I think you willed yourself to this time. It's the only thing that makes sense to me. This Time-Turner hasn't been turned in about two and a half years, just like you said. Tell me; is there anything significant that you can think to have happened in your timeline in the year of 1977? Something you would want to change?"

Hermione thought; she thought very hard indeed. She tried to mentally picture Hogwarts: a History, but she couldn't remember anything that happened in this year. She shook her head as she spoke, "No, sir. Nothing of significance that I can recall."

"Well, I suppose you're going to have to attend classes like the other students until we can figure this out. We can't just send you back home again with the Time-Turner; you didn't arrive that way in the first place."

"Thank you, sir."

Professor Dumbledore took the opportunity to speak now. "Headmaster, Miss Granger had mentioned a desire to be resorted. She had been a Gryffindor in her timeline, but if you and the Sorting Hat are willing, then perhaps we should let her see if she still truly belongs in my House."

"Is this what you want Miss Granger; is this what you truly want?"

Very nervous about her decision, she didn't trust her own voice; Hermione could only nod in response.

A hat covered Hermione's head; it dropped to cover her ears and eyes. She heard the buzz of a voice in her ear. "Very interesting. Very interesting indeed. I see during your first sorting I wanted to put you into Ravenclaw. Very bright, very brave, too. That's no doubt why I placed you in Gryffindor in the first place."

*How did you know that?* Hermione thought desperately

"It's all in here, you know. I can see into the deepest parts of your mind. This is interesting; your memory of sorting didn't make mention of such a need for power, such a drive you have. A drive to prove yourself, to fit in. You could be great. I see all the power you possess."

*What will it be then?*

"That's an easy one. It'll be... Slytherin!" The last word was called out clearly to everyone in the room. Hermione's ears had a dull pain in them. *Really, I don't think he realises just how much that hurts when he yells out your House.*

Dumbledore hid a smile behind his long beard. There was an unmistakable twinkle in his eye as he recalled his thoughts about a certain Slytherin having such similar personality traits. "Shall I show you to your new common room then, Miss Granger? It's nearly curfew."

Hermione nodded and tried to smile at the two professors. "Thank you, both of you, for all of your help. I just hope we can figure out how to send me to my own time. I'd like to think my friends will miss me, but I'm pretty sure that I'm still there." She sighed as both teachers looked at her a little confused. "Well, I think that when you use the Time-Turner, it doesn't make you disappear. It makes you appear in the time you turned to, but you're still moving about in the time you came from. You have to make sure you're not seen in the past. That leads me to believe that you continue moving in the present, you just move twice in the past. I think you could actually make yourself appear multiple times at the same time, by time turning at the same point back to the same time. The danger with that, of course, would be a higher risk of self-exposure. It's dangerous enough having two of you in one time period. The risk of seeing yourself would only increase exponentially with every new being that appeared."

"That's an interesting theory, Miss Granger." Headmaster Dippet pondered the possibility. "Professor, did you want to walk Miss Granger to her new common room?"

"Certainly, sir." Hermione stood up, following behind Professor Dumbledore.

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Hermione was standing in front of an archway that didn't seem any different from the rest of the hallway, but that was where Professor Dumbledore had left her. *What was that password?* Hermione remembered and spoke the password aloud.

"Hypsiglena Torquata." The stone archway opened and revealed a comfortable looking common room. Though, it was currently mostly desolate. She could see big couches that were made of dark leather; a warm fire was roaring in the fireplace, which cast shadows throughout the room. She walked into the room and scanned over her new surroundings. The couches looked comfortable, but they weren't overstuffed like Gryffindor. There were tables to do homework on in the far corner of the room. There were smaller armchairs sprinkled throughout the room, as well as a few small circles of chairs. None of the students had looked up when she entered, which was strange for her. In Gryffindor, everyone looked up when a new face walked into the room, even if they didn't greet you.

Hermione saw a boy sitting by himself in the corner of the room, by the homework tables. He was bent over a book, reading with a concentrated look on his face. He piqued her curiosity. He seemed vaguely familiar, though he really shouldn't. She was nineteen years in the past; she didn't know any Slytherins, let alone a Slytherin that is nearly twenty years her senior.

He glanced up at her, feeling like he was being stared at. "Take a picture, it'll last longer."

Hermione was broken out of her thoughts. "I'm sorry; I hadn't realised I was staring."

He sneered at her, which also seemed familiar. *I'm here, possibly for eternity; I'll have plenty of time to get to know him.* "I'm a bit tired; can you direct me to the girls' dormitory?"

"Down the hall, take a left up the stairs. Find your year on a sign on the door." He gave his instructions with a cold air; she smiled at him and headed towards the rooms. *hope they gave me a bed. I really hope they left some pyjamas or something I could sleep in. The only things I have here are the dirty robes and the school uniform I'm wearing. They aren't even the right colour for my House now. She held her tie in her hands, looking at it after she had taken it from around her neck. It changed colours? How the...*

Hermione was too tired to think about it any longer. She picked a bed that was empty and collapsed onto it, exhausted.

Note: The password is the scientific name of the "Night Snake." I know its native to Colorado, I'm not sure about anywhere else.

This story is going to be slower than my last one. It's a work in progress and I actually have things to do during the day besides sit around and read and write. Silly work, getting in the way of things... Actually having roommates to entertain me seems to be detrimental to writing too.

Slytherin

Chapter 4 of 8

Into the snake pit

*Beta'd by hp4freek. I *heart* that girl. Thanks to notsosaintly for pointing out my silly mistakes. *insert standard disclaimer* I own nada.*

Chapter Three: Slytherin

Hermione awoke the following morning feeling rather disoriented. There was a chill in the air that she couldn't shake; regardless of how far into her covers she buried herself. The fact that the material of both her night clothes and her bedding seemed unfamiliar wasn't helping matters, either. She opened her eyes and gazed with a rather unfocused look around her. *Green curtains? Why the hell would there be green curtains surrounding me?*

Hermione stared at the curtains as if they had severely offended her. She was wracking her brain trying to figure out why she was in this cold room with green curtains surrounding her bed. Suddenly, all the events of last night ran her over like a stampede of wild hippogriffs. *The Time-Turner sent me back nearly twenty years, the resorting into Slytherin, and most importantly, that snarky boy in the corner of the common room!* Hermione opened her curtains quickly, which may have been a mistake on her part. The rush of cool air attacked her, resulting in a violent chill. She walked to the foot of the bed where she found a trunk with a note on it. She didn't recognise the writing, but it was written in green ink. She noted that it seemed to be the same ink her Hogwarts letters were always written in. She read through the note several times over.

To Miss Hermione Granger,

I know that all of your belongings have been left in your previous timeline. I have taken the liberty to provide you with a trunk and some basic school supplies. A teacher shall accompany you into Hogsmeade this weekend, so you may buy the remainder of things you will need for your duration in this time period. You will receive a time table with the remainder of the students at breakfast this morning.

I do hope you are adjusting well, and making friends with your new housemates.

Headmaster Armando Dippet

Hermione rifled through her trunk, pulled out some clean robes, and got changed and ready to start her day. Classes would be starting this morning, and she didn't want to be late. She needed to start mingling with her new housemates as well. The only one she had talked to at all last night was that snarky boy that directed her to her rooms. He was rather gangly looking; his hair was a bit lank and looked like it could be greasy. His nose had been stuck in a book when she had come in. *Well, perhaps I'll have a study buddy if nothing else.* Hermione decided to make an effort to sit next to him at breakfast, see if she could get anywhere with getting to know this boy. A girl needs to start making friends somewhere. *May as well start with someone I've had contact with already.*

Hermione rushed to get ready; she wanted to make it to breakfast a little early, but late enough so that she had a chance to try to sit next to her boy of choice.

The Great Hall was just as impressive in this time as it was in hers. There were candles floating above the tables, casting light throughout the room. The sky was a clear blue today. The head table only looked different because she didn't recognise a single professor sitting there save for Professor Dumbledore. She felt a bit like a first year again, only this time she was in the snake pit, quite literally. She was scared of rejection again. She had been off to a rocky start with the Gryffindors initially, though she was also in full know-it-all mode at that point. Granted, she was still a know-it-all, but now she was a subdued know-it-all. She no longer had a desire to wave her hand frantically in class, trying to get approval from the teachers. She knew her material, to the point where she could parrot the information back like a vocal recording of the text. She just no longer had a desire to make sure everyone else knew that she was able to do so.

She looked anxiously up and down the Slytherin table. She didn't recognise anyone sitting there. The boy that she met last night wasn't at the table yet, and everyone else looked quite uninviting. She sat at the closest portion of the table she could get to. She sat by herself. The closest students were far enough away for four students to sit between her and them. Some of the students gave her dirty looks for sitting at their table. Stupid pureblood aristocrats! There were several girls that had looks that rivalled Narcissa Malfoy's pursed lipped look; they looked as though something foul-smelling was painted right beneath their noses.

Hermione chanced occasional glances up and down the table. She was beginning to realise that most of the students that were in Slytherin were not very attractive. She couldn't quite describe what it was about them, but she assumed that this was all a result of generation upon generation of inbreeding. Sooner or later, you get to the

shallow end of the gene pool. *Of course, since many of their families are no doubt set on blood purity, if these kids' parents are anything like Sirius' mother, the children would be disowned if they dated or settled down with anyone who didn't pass the "blood purity" test.* Hermione was brought out of her thoughts again by a cold voice coming from across the table at her.

"I'm sorry, what?" Hermione asked the boy speaking, while trying to shake the glazed, vacant expression off her face.

"I asked if this seat was taken."

"No, you may sit there if you wish." Hermione was excited; it was the boy from the common room!

"Normally, I'm the only one that sits down at the end, as far away from the other students as possible." He paused awkwardly. He wasn't sure why he was telling her such a thing. Maybe it was a subtle way to ask her to leave him to his privacy.

"Oh." Hermione wasn't sure how to respond, so they sat awkwardly for a few moments, munching on bits of toast and egg.

"Where are you from?" the boy asked her again. "I don't remember ever seeing you before."

Hermione stumbled over her words a bit, trying to find an explanation, without revealing too much. "I, uh, well... I was...am a student here."

"Why have I never seen you before?"

"I, uh, well, um... I had a bit of a... an accident."

"What type of accident? You seem fine to me."*Blimey, I just complimented her! She's been here for less than twelve hours and already I'm making unwelcome advances! Brilliant, Severus, just bloody brilliant.*

She had paled when he had asked for more information. She was lost in a whirlwind of thoughts again, so much so that she missed the compliment that he had inadvertently given her. "The Headmaster doesn't really want me talking about the accident. Suffice it to say that I'll be here for a bit. What's your name anyway?"

"M-my n-name?" He stammered a little. "My name is Severus. What's yours?" He tried to sound a bit more confident. He wasn't so used to being talked to politely, let alone by a female. None of his classmates really paid him much attention. There were a handful that would speak to him, but most of them were afraid of him. He had held a vast knowledge before he had entered Hogwarts. He could curse better than a good portion of even the seventh years at the age of eleven. Not to mention his knowledge about the Dark Arts. Whenever someone spoke to him, it was often out of need. They were gone as soon as they had gotten what they wanted. Then there was that group of Gryffindors that made his life a living hell; always taunting him and pulling pranks on him.

That's a little weird, and maybe a little gross. I have a crush on my teacher? Well, I guess he's not really my teacher in this time..!"My name is Hermione." She was really glad that Pro...no, just Snape in this timeline...Snape didn't know about her future self, and didn't seem to hate her. He actually seemed a bit nervous himself, if she was to be quite honest with herself.

She gave him a smile, and they began eating together. "So, Severus, what year are you in?"

"I'm a seventh year; what year are you in, Hermione?"

"I'm a sixth year, though we're probably the same age. My birthday is in about three weeks; I wasn't allowed to begin a year earlier, because you have to be eleven when you enter the building. I would have been ten if I started a year earlier, with the children that shared my birth year," she answered him, giving him more information than she had meant to. Though, she was still being evasive enough to not outright tell him that she wasn't from his time.

"Mine's in January, I'll turn eighteen shortly after everyone returns from winter holiday." Severus glanced up to the far end of the table when he heard parchment ruffling. "Looks like time tables are being passed out. What classes are you taking?"

A worried look passed over Hermione's face; she didn't know what classes she was taking. They hadn't discussed that while in the Headmaster's office last night. She didn't want to tell Severus she didn't know what she was taking, because he'd only ask more questions. "I forgot what I signed up for," she tried to lie and feign nonchalance, but she was mostly certain that she had failed miserably.

Severus gave her a concerned look, but decided he didn't wish to press the issue. She was the first person to be kind to him in quite some time. It would be best to not push what he hoped would be his first friend away before he actually had her as a friend. He gave her a small smile, then continued on, "Well, it doesn't really matter what classes you have, because none of the teachers are very difficult." He had unknowingly just calmed her fears. She hadn't a clue who any of the teachers were, or how difficult they would be. Though, if her books were the same in this timeline as they were in her old timeline, it wouldn't be a problem. She had already memorised them before school had begun. Even if they weren't the same books, they surely had similar information. Hermione gave a relieved smile to Severus and waited anxiously for her time table to come to her.

She read though it and saw that they were all classes she would have taken in her own time. She smiled at the schedule and exchanged tables with Severus to compare free time. His jaw dropped when he glanced down at her schedule.

"What's wrong?" Hermione asked her dining companion, concern evident in her voice.

"Your schedule..." He continued to read over it, a bit confused. "This is the exact schedule I had last year."

"That's a little weird," Hermione confided in him.

"Very," Severus confirmed for her.

Albus Dumbledore, sitting at the head table, looked down at the new student, and her apparent new friend, and he smiled. Miss Granger seemed pleased with her class selection, and Mr. Snape had obviously noticed that it was his exact schedule from the previous year.

The Great Hall was emptying out, and students were beginning to head towards their first classes of the day. Hermione's voice came out a little shaky when she asked the next question. "So, will I see you at lunch then?"

Severus held back a chuckle as he answered her question. "Of course you will." He tried his best to not sound too excited. He was so afraid of scaring her away. He had never had a friend before, but she seemed to be fairly ignorant of his reputation. This piqued his curiosity, but she had already informed him that Headmaster Dippet didn't wish for her to disclose any details about her accident. She seemed intelligent from what he could tell, and she definitely didn't look like she belonged in Slytherin. That was a big plus. Sure, her hair seemed a bit unruly, but who was he to complain about unruly hair. *The only way I can get my hair to lay flat is if it's dirty and greasy.*

Severus decided he would spend some time in the library later, doing research. He wasn't dirty; he just didn't often wash his hair, because otherwise it stuck up all over the place. When he kept his hair short, it was a bit like (Ugh, I can't believe I'm making this comparison) James Potter's, but wavy. Because of this, he kept it longer, which helped a little to weigh down his hair; but if it was dirty, the natural oils in his hair kept it nice and straight and mostly manageable.

Notes: this is probably my favourite chapter thus far. I've been a slacker lately and haven't been writing, but I do have one more chapter completed after this one. I do hope your enjoying this.

The Library

Chapter 5 of 8

A chance meeting, research and the restricted section

Disclaimer: These are only my toys, not my inventions.

Thanks to my wonderful Beta hp4freak. Thanks for all of your help! Thanks to Southern Witch for the once over and corrections. Thanks to all who have read and reviewed. I've enjoyed the constructive criticism and tried to put your suggestions to good use!

Chapter Four: The Library

That evening at dinner, Hermione and Severus were engrossed in conversation. They were becoming fast friends. Severus latched onto the attention because nobody had ever cared about him before. The closest thing to a friend he'd ever had previously was Lily Evans. Even then, the only reason why Lily retained such a title was that she occasionally stopped those Black and Potter brats from harassing him. She would sit with him for Potions lessons sometimes, where they would have conversations that were pleasant enough; but that was only when she was running late, and she was resigned to sit next to him.

Hermione had latched onto the attention because she wanted an ally in this strange time. Little did she know that befriending Severus Snape would inevitably alienate her from the entirety of Hogwarts. She ate her dinner relatively quickly. Hermione was enjoying her conversations with Severus, but she wanted to do some research. She never really had any intelligent conversations with Harry and Ron. She loved them dearly, but all they ever really wanted to talk about was Quidditch. They only ever really asked her about homework if they needed her to correct their work. But, they were friends, practically family even. They were always there for each other when someone needed help. She missed them, but she knew that things would get better now that she had a friend and ally with Severus.

"Sev," Hermione gauged his reaction for a moment before adding, "is it alright if I call you Sev?"

Severus thought about it for a moment. Nobody had ever given him a nickname before. He liked his full name and had often thought he would be offended if anyone ever tried to shorten it. He often thought he would be indignant to having a nickname. With Hermione, though, it gave him a bit of a warm feeling in the pit of his stomach. He smiled at her. "No, I actually kind of like it."

Hermione smiled in return. "Well, Sev, I hate to cut this short, but I've got some work to do... I'll see you tonight in the common room though, right?" She added that last part hastily, when she saw his face falter momentarily. It was at that moment that she made the connection to what he had said this morning, about normally eating alone.

After a final smile to Severus, she picked up her bag, which she had brought with her to dinner, then headed off to the library. She wanted to do a bit of research about time travel. She didn't remember reading about any witches or wizards travelling back any substantial amount of time, only a few hours at a time with the aid of a Time-Turner. She may have to find a professor to give her a note to look in the Restricted Section. Perhaps Professor Dumbledore would be the person to ask for that. Hermione decided to concentrate on looking where she could now and worry about obtaining notes for the Restricted Section after she had exhausted her other options first.

Hermione walked through the library shelves and stacked books into her arms. By the time she completed her preliminary rounds, the pile of books was nearly taller than she was! She did a quick scan of the table of contents, before deciding how close to the top of the pile the book was, and then began reading. She had gotten through the first three books in the pile, when there was a noise immediately to her right. The table shifted slightly, and her pile of books looked in danger of falling. She looked up, ready to tell whoever bumped into her table "Watch where you're going." She saw a rather familiar face with a blush creeping up starting at his neck. Severus quickly tried to close his book and hide the title from Hermione. The mildly angry look on Hermione's face immediately changed, and a smile appeared in its place.

"Oh, hey, Sev; I didn't think I'd see you here."

"Oh, hi; I'm, uh, I'm just doing some, um, light reading..."

Hermione craned her neck to try to see what book he was so engrossed in that he was walking into tables. He pulled the front cover to his chest and tried to cover the binding with the draping sleeve of his robes.

"Oh, it's nothing, just some book on Potions; really dry reading, really. I'm sure you wouldn't like it."

"Actually, I find Potions really intriguing." Hermione made a final effort to read the book binding when she caught part of the authors' name. The book was by Pearsonelle H. Jean. "Is that the 'Potions for Personal Use' book? I've often thought of checking it for some sort of shampoo that would make my hair more... manageable. I never actually got around to looking it up, though."

"Really?" Severus asked her incredulously.

"Really. Really," Hermione assured him.

"My hair is a bit unruly itself. The only way I can get it to lay flat is if it looks like this..." The blush returned to Severus' face.

Hermione tried to dissipate his nerves. "Well, if you find something you think could be useful, we can brew it together, and we'll both give it a try. At least then, if something goes terribly wrong, we can look like drowned rats together."

Severus let out a bit of a nervous laugh. He was still a little embarrassed, but at least she wasn't going to tease him. "So, what are you looking up, anyway? There are so many books here, had I not walked into your table, I never would have seen you."

"All of this?" It was Hermione's turn to blush slightly. Severus didn't know the whole story, and she wanted to keep it that way. "I, um, I wanted to learn more about time travel. Sometimes I just like to research, you know? Pick a random topic and learn what I can about it." She lied a bit, adding in that last part, but it seemed like a reasonable lie. It would, hopefully, avoid any awkward questions regarding why she was so interested in the topic.

Severus smiled at this information. Maybe she would be interested in going through his personal library at some point. He made a mental note to let her borrow one of his books on the Dark Arts at some point, and gauge her reaction to it. She would be an interesting addition to the group he'd been spending his time with outside of school. He would spend a lot of his summer and holidays with Voldemort and his followers. He was a private political party. Voldemort was setting the groundwork to try to become Minister of Magic someday. He was a brilliant man, he really was. He wants to make some real changes to current policies. Minister Wanda DiFieet was a bit of an inept woman.

"Well, I'm going to get going then," Severus said, making an attempt to leave and research in private.

"Don't be silly, there's room for you here. You can join me if you wish." Severus thought his heart had bounded into his throat. He had never been asked to join anyone before! Hermione started moving books, so he had a place to work, and Severus gratefully accepted her offer.

Severus began flipping through the book he had taken, trying not to stay on any particular page too long. He didn't want to be caught on any page that could be considered too embarrassing. Pages that he passed included a hair-removing potion, a hair-growing potion, and various cleaning potions for household uses. The closer to the back he got the more questionable the information became. He found potions for medicinal uses, and he even stumbled across some sexual enhancing potions. He paled instantly with a blush creeping up his face immediately afterwards.

Hermione happened to pick that moment of horrification to steal a glance at Severus. A look of concern covered her face. "Sev, are you alright? You like a little ill."

He tried to collect himself, but found it difficult. "Unexpected part of the book..." Severus turned the book for her to see; he wasn't about to start reading from the page for her. Hermione glanced at the title of the potion and saw it was for endurance. Her eyes scanned down the page, and she was greeted with a cartoon-like image of a witch and wizard in mid sexual romp. The image seemed to be of the cartoon witch orgasming, and below that, was an image of a penis reaching climax, but remaining hard. A slight blush also came to Hermione's cheeks. She didn't have much experience with males and relationships other than friendship, but she had a feeling she knew more than Severus did.

Her relationship tally definitely wasn't very big. Hermione had her crush on Ron, of course, but nothing ever happened with that. He never acted on anything, and she decided that she loved him, but he was like her brother. The same went for Harry. There was Viktor in her fourth year. He'd asked her to be his date to the Yule ball. They hadn't done much more than had a few stolen kisses. They'd kept in contact with owls for a while, but lost touch; he was another one who wasn't much for intelligent conversation. There were a few Muggle boys from home, too. Nothing more than curling up together while watching a movie, or sitting together reading; maybe some hand holding and stolen kisses. She couldn't claim to have participated in any of the activities pictured on these two pages. She quickly turned the page, so she could stop watching that witch in the throes of passion. The next page wasn't much better. It was a potion used to enhance the sensitive feelings... down there. A deeper blush came to her face, and she found it hard to look Severus in the eye.

"I think it may be advisable to check the table of contents to see when this section ends. The potions only seem to be getting more inappropriate. It's a wonder this book wasn't from the Restricted Section." Hermione told him as she pushed the book back across the table.

Severus flipped to the back of the book. "It might just be from the Restricted Section; there's no place in the back to sign the book out." Severus decided to take this book with him. He wanted to do some reading, in the privacy of his bed curtains. He wanted a chance to carefully study this book. *Besides, how will I be able to brew my hair care potions without the book?*

Notes: I've gotten a chance to do some writing. I have the next chapter finished, and I'm working on chapter 6!

Birthday Wishes

Chapter 6 of 8

It's Hermione's birthday!

Chapter Five: Birthday Wishes

Warnings: Abuse

Thanks to my beta! (hp4freek) go read her stuff! I love that girl! And thanks to RobisonRocket for the once over!

Hermione walked down the stairs from her dormitory to the Slytherin common room. She saw that Severus was at the base of the stairs, waiting for her. He pulled her into a mildly awkward hug and whispered a, "Happy birthday" to her.

Hermione blushed slightly and murmured, "Thank you," in return. Severus began rifling through his bag and pulled out a wrapped package. Nervously, he thrust the box towards her.

Hermione tore at the wrapping and smiled when she saw the still partially covered book. "And what do we have here?" she asked, her voice full of genuine curiosity.

Hermione turned the book over in her hands so she could read the title: 300 Facts about the Dark Arts written by Cyn Ester. Hermione contemplated the book for a minute. The logical part of her was screaming, *That is a Dark book! Don't read it! You don't know what sort of evil is inside! Remember who this is. This is Severus Snape, Death Eater turned spy, possibly turned spy again. This man has some serious loyalty issues.* Just as she had herself convinced not to read the book, to just tuck it away somewhere and be done with it, another voice spoke up. *That was the future Severus. This one is still young and innocent... Well, he's not a Death Eater at any rate.*

She had never read up on the Dark Arts before. It had always been such a taboo subject in her time. Severus noticed her hesitation. "It's not a bad book, you know. It's not very detailed; just some information on the Dark Arts. I thought you'd find it interesting..." Severus seemed a bit embarrassed, but he looked Hermione in the eye as a slow blush crept up to his cheeks.

Severus had imagined this scene far differently. He had pictured Hermione being excited about the book and opening it for a good read immediately. *As it stands, I don't think she's even going to read it!* He was mentally kicking and berating himself for being stupid enough to think she'd be interested in the Dark Arts. *She has displayed, thus far, nothing but innocence. She's good with a wand, of course. Pretty quick with her spells and jinxes from what I've seen. However, she's still innocent to me.*

Hermione could feel Severus' mood darkening. She put her hand on his arm and murmured, "Thank you, Sev. I'll give it a proper reading the next chance I get. *I guess there's no harm in starting the book. If it's that bad, I'll just stop reading it.*" She smiled at him; it was a warm smile. Severus felt the butterflies in his stomach go into overdrive. They had been a constant presence since she had made herself known at Hogwarts. Severus would never intentionally let on that he was socially awkward and hadn't the foggiest idea how to speak to a girl properly. Well, speak to pretty much anyone properly for that matter. He wanted nothing more than to pull her close and to experiment with her. Unfortunately, she didn't really exude an air of interest where he was concerned. She was nice to him, friendly, and they got along well, but he didn't think she liked him, at least not as anything other than a friend.

Oh, cruel irony, why do you taunt me so?


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True to her word, later that night, Hermione opened up the Dark Arts book after she had finished with her homework.

Chapter One: Getting to Know Your Dark Arts

Many spells and potions that fall into the category of "dark" are only dark because of how they are generally used. For example, the Amortentia Potion, which is a strong Love Potion, was often given to the bride and groom of arranged marriages on their wedding day. By putting both parties into a state of lust and infatuation, it insured that the wedding went smoothly and the effects didn't wear off until after the honeymoon was over. This insured that the wedding was consummated.

*That is a truly barbaric use of power!* Hermione thought indignantly. *Forcing marriages, and then deceiving the couple into thinking that they really loved each other!*

However, as that train of thought was leaving the station, her proverbial devil appeared on her shoulder, giving her a different point of view *That was quite ingenious of them to do it, though. Nobody wants to have a big, public scene because someone doesn't want to get married to someone they don't know, or don't love.*

*While that is true, that doesn't make it any less barbaric. Smart, yes. Something I would expect from modern civilization? Never,* countered the Angel Hermione.

*Are you still viewing the world through rose-coloured glasses? Don't you remember your father, and what he did to your mother? Is murder no longer barbaric?*

*I don't know that Dad killed Mum. Just because I suspect it, that doesn't mean it's true. I've been wrong before.* Hermione sounded like she was trying to convince herself. She hated to believe that her dad was not only capable of, but had committed murder. It was a terrifying thought. One that made her not feel safe while home alone with the man in question.

Hermione couldn't focus on her reading just now, not with her mind waging war on itself. Snapping the book shut with far more force than was needed, she pushed the offending tome off to the side, leaving it on her nightstand. She picked up her cloak and decided a nice walk would do nicely to clear her mind.

Scampering down the stairs, Hermione briskly walked through the common room at a pace so fast, she barely registered who was even hanging out in there. Pushing her way out of the concealed door, she turned up the hallway making her way to the front doors. A nice stroll around the lake would be quite nice.

Once the cool night air was on Hermione's face, she felt considerably calmer. The light breeze ruffled her hair, picking up tendrils and making it fly and twist in the wind. She bore an eerie resemblance to Medusa. She was so caught up in her own thoughts that she didn't hear the unmistakable sound of footsteps following behind her. They were trying to catch up, whilst staying at a safe enough distance to properly spy.

Hermione slowed down as she was walking. She was deep in thought. So many strange things had happened since the beginning of summer holidays. Well, really, things had always been a bit odd for her, but they'd been especially odd over the past nearly six months.

First, there was her father. He had been slowly getting more moody and reclusive. He always seemed to be angry nowadays. Her mother, in an effort to calm his anger, tried getting her husband to start drinking. Truth be told, he had never been a big drinker. He had the occasional pint at the pub, but everyone did. Maybe he'd have a glass of wine with dinner.

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(Flashback)

Jessica Granger was sorely mistaken when she took the drown-your-sorrows approach with her husband. Mathew was an angry and violent drunk. He lost his self-control (the little he seemed to have left) one night, in a drunken rage, when he found that the kitchen was not immaculate. Mathew stormed off to find his wife, Jessica.

He started berating and belittling her. Calling her a stupid, lazy cow. Telling her, Jessica, how worthless she was. Feeling brave, she started yelling back. Well, as it turns out, Mathew Granger didn't take kindly to having a freethinking wife. He took a few steps forward to try to scare Jessica into submission, but she didn't want to scare, not tonight. When she didn't cower and start cleaning like a good housewife would, Mathew cornered her. He had a hand on either side of her head, and the meagre height difference between the two of them seemed like a foot. Mathew's breath smelled strongly of gin and whisky, and his eyes were glazed over and empty looking. This was not her husband.

Too afraid to move, Jessica just stood there, looking up at the angry form of her husband. She had become temporarily deaf with fear and couldn't hear a word Mathew was yelling. She didn't realise that he wanted her to clean the kitchen; she didn't realise that he wanted her to do his bidding without question. She wanted him to stop being angry, but had no idea how to make that happen. She didn't know what he wanted until the beating began and her hearing came back better than when it had left her. Jessica could hear each painful slap, each painful punch, her bones snapping beneath his forceful hands. She cried out in pain and anguish, her mind flooded with "ifs." *If only I hadn't been so stupid. If only I hadn't meddled. If only I had cleaned the kitchen properly. If only I kept him a little happier. If only I hadn't married him...*

(End flashback)

If that wasn't weird enough to contend with, there was the whole Time-Turner fiasco. *I didn't turn the flipping thing, so how did I end up nearly 20 years in the past? I'm not really buying the I-willed-myself-here story, but I have yet to find anything more believable in my research.*

Hermione had long since stopped walking and had sat down on a smooth rock on the side on the lake. The lake was to her right as she sat, glaring at the ground as if it had severely offended her. She continued to mull over her thoughts, trying to make sense of the jumble in her head. Trying to figure out what happened to her family, why her dad had turned so evil. This started a whole other train of thoughts. *If Dad is evil, will I turn into a baddie too? That's how those silly Muggle comic books seem to work. Like father like son.* A sudden movement in her peripherals interrupted Hermione's musings. Hermione, having been training hard with Harry while in her own time and still being a bit jumpy after the Ministry of Magic battle, shot a curse off in the direction of the movement. A scream came from the area where the curse was aimed.

Severus staggered out from behind the tree he had dodged behind, in an effort to move closer to Hermione. He was trying to see if he could hear anything in the event that she was speaking her problems out to herself. Hermione scurried over to him. "I'm so sorry, Severus! But you really should know better than to sneak up on an unsuspecting witch in the dark!"

"You seem in fine shape to me, but will you get these things off of my face!"

"Right. Sorry..." Hermione muttered the counter curse for the Bat-Bogey Hex, then a Cleansing Charm, to rid Severus' face of snot, now that his own mucus was no longer attacking his face.

"What kind of curse was that? I'm sure it's quite brilliant when you're not on the receiving end of it."

"It's called a Bat-Bogey. One of my friends came up with it. It makes... Well, I'm sure you figured that one out."

"Indeed. So, how should I announce my presence so I won't be subjected to that... enlightening experience again?"

"A simple 'Oi, Hermione' will do the trick quite nicely." Hermione smirked. "So, I have to ask; why were you following me anyway?"

"I was... worried about you. You seemed a bit... off when you left the common room. I guess I wanted to make sure you didn't do anything rash." Severus revealed a small smile as he waited for her response.

"Thanks. It's nice to know someone cares." Hermione smiled in return, and a comfortable silence fell between the two of them. It was only interrupted a few minutes later when a violent shiver wracked through Hermione's body.

"You must be freezing. Let's head back." Severus offered her the crook of his arm, which Hermione gratefully accepted, and they walked back to the castle together.

Muzic says: I'm not entirely sure what's coming next, well, I know the ending point, but I'm still working on the in between stuff. I hope you're enjoying this! I should have some more up soon.

Nightmares

Chapter 7 of 8

Hermione has a Time Turner accident and ends up nearly 20 years in the past. Will she get stay on her Gryffindor path or be seduced by the dark arts?

Chapter Six: Nightmares

Hermione awoke with a start. She was breathing heavily and found herself entangled in her bedding. She glanced around her nervously, orienting herself and making sure that the nightmare had passed. She was ensuring that it truly was a nightmare, and that an attacker wasn't lurking in the corners of her four-poster bed. This wasn't the first time she had awoken in a cold sweat, fearing for her life. The scary part was that the dreams always felt so real, even after she was awake. Hermione could never fall back to sleep after one of these dreams. She was always terrified that she would drift back off and pick up the dream where it had left off. It was at these times that she would get up and get ready for class or take a walk.

Hermione looked at her watch and saw that it was only three in the morning. It was far too early to get up and ready for class, but the last place she wanted to be was in her bed. She decided to go read in the common room. She reached for the book on her bedside table. She didn't care what it was; she just wanted to get out of her room as soon as possible.

Hermione pulled on a robe and shuffled out of the dormitory, walking as quietly as possible. She didn't exactly get along with her roommates, or most of her housemates for that matter; everyone tried to stay away from her. Regardless, she did her best to be polite and courteous to them all, to a point at least. Entering the common room, Hermione selected a chair right in front of the fireplace and pointed her wand at the hearth. The embers in the grate roared to life with fresh gusto. The fire transfixed Hermione for a few minutes. There was a far away look in her eyes as the nightmare played over in her head. It was always dark, too dark to be able to make out faces and some of the finer details. There was a man. She knew it was a man because he had a broad build and his voice was deep and gruff. There was an edge of craziness and desperation in it whenever he spoke.

Hermione shook her head, trying to clear away the thoughts. It was scary enough when it happened; she didn't need to replay it to herself throughout the day, too.

Hermione opened the book to a random page and began reading again.

Chapter Twelve: The Unforgivable Curses

The Unforgivable Curses were not always unforgivable. In the early 19th century, the curses were widely used by rulers and kingdom officials. The Imperius Curse was used to control townsfolk who refused to do the ruler's bidding. There was also the Cruciatus Curse, which was used to torture the townsfolk into submission, or to serve as a reminder that one should always do as their master desires. When subjects became out of control, or had ceased to serve their purpose, they were often disposed of with the Killing Curse. The biggest known user of the curses was Mizer Damian, sometimes called Mizer Damian the Brutal.

A widely rumoured, never confirmed, piece of information is that Mizer Damian had been shopping in a Muggle area when he came across several books, including the Fascist Doctrine, as well as several other books that were typically considered Communist or Socialist propaganda. Well, whether it was fact or rumour, something got a bug into Mizer Damian's ear, and there was an uprising. The government, as it had been known, was overthrown in a coup.

Things were going well initially, but the more confident Mizer Damian became that there wouldn't be an uprising to destroy him, the more far-fetched his ruling became. He became obsessed with blood purity. He began rounding up all the Squibs and other magical outcasts and torturing them or using them for experiments. The magical world was collapsing and everyone was scared. In an effort to produce stronger, more magical offspring, witches and wizards began only marrying the most pure in blood.

The rationale being that the more magic the parents have, the more magic the children should have. Unfortunately, magical bloodlines aren't the only reason Squibs are born. Being born a Squib is also a form of birth defect. When genetic make up is too similar, there are more likely to be problems, like deformities and lack of magic.

Disturbed by her reading and yet so comfortable in the peace of the common room, curled up on the chair, Hermione's head drooped to one side. The warmth from the fire, and the comforting feeling of the bathrobe nestled against her, was luring her back to sleep. She drifted off smoothly with her nightmares a distant memory. She slept peacefully initially.

Her peace didn't last long. Less than an hour after she had dozed off in the chair, she found herself running through her childhood home. She was trying to hide from that lunatic. He was chasing after her. He held the butcher's knife as he ran. Her heart beat faster as she ran up the stairs. Turning around, glancing behind her, she saw he was closing in on her. His legs were so much longer than hers were. One of her steps seemed like three of his. She stumbled as she glanced behind her again. She was falling down the stairs now, closer to her predator. She had to be falling in real life too, because she could feel her body shaking.

Terrified and rather disoriented, Hermione drew her legs closer to her chest and attempted to wrap her arms around herself, into the foetus position. Her preventative measures didn't work; she was still shaking, but her dream was dwindling into the back of her mind. She was no longer asleep, and she was sure that the man with the butcher's knife was not the one with his hands on her shoulders. Hermione opened her eyes and saw Severus looking down at her. His face showed his concern, and Hermione thought she saw a bit of a protective streak somewhere in his eyes.

"Sev. Hey."

"Hermione, is everything alright? You were sleeping in the common room, and you were thrashing about in your sleep. Were you having a bad dream?"

"Like you wouldn't believe."

Severus opened his mouth slightly as if to ask something, but he wasn't sure if he had a right to pry and ask what the dream was about.

"Well, if you ever want to talk about anything, I'm here."

Hermione smiled at him. She figured he wanted to know what the dream was about, but she didn't want to tell him. She would figure this out for herself. She would figure out how to make these dreams stop.

Authors Notes :*I know it's been forever and I do apologize. I lost my motivation and then had no time ever. I hope to have updates that are more frequent soon. Thanks for hanging in there!*

revision *I completely forgot to thank my wonderful beta (hp4freak) who did a fabulous job editing this chapter! I also forgot to thank Liz (The Queen of Squick) for kicking my tail and feeding me ideas when needed.*

Prologue

Chapter 8 of 8

Hermione has a Time Turner accident and ends up nearly 20 years in the past. Will she get stay on her Gryffindor path or be seduced by the dark arts?

Chapter Seven: Research

For the next several weeks, Hermione was more determined to find the answer to her time travel and the cause of her dreams than she had been all semester. She spent every waking hour in the library that she could. She would eat breakfast at lightning speeds, skip lunch, and burn through dinner. Severus was really missing his friend.

He decided to take drastic measures to get her back. Preparing himself to ward off hexes, he gripped his wand, concealed in his robe pocket. Reaching the library, he scoped out the surroundings, locating his target. He crept up behind her and covered her mouth as he wrapped his arm around her midsection. He lifted her slightly and dragged her out of the library.

Hermione was kicking and trashing against her attacker. She was terrified. She thought all those dreams had come true and the man from her nightmare was here, at Hogwarts. She thrashed harder against the chest she was being pulled against.

Something isn't right. My attacker is always big. This chest isn't huge. There isn't even that big of a height difference. Taking a deep breath to calm herself down, Hermione recognized something. Something, or *someone*, rather, smelled familiar. She lessened her struggle. *I'm going to slap Severus into next week when he puts me down!*

She had relaxed a little more and realized that she actually kind of liked the way she fit into his arms. *Well I can't very well let him know that I liked this... The proper thing to do is be indignant when I get put down again.*

Severus reached his destination. They were in the hallway headed towards the common room. Most students were in the Great Hall eating dinner at this point, but he stayed towards the less travelled hallways just to be on the safe side. Friends or not, it's generally frowned upon to carry a struggling girl around the castle; people tend to think you're up to no good. Severus placed Hermione gingerly on her own two feet again.

"Severus Snape! What in the name of Merlin do you think you're doing picking me up in the library and dragging me all the way down here? What if someone saw us? You could have gotten us in so much trouble!" Hermione swatted Sev's arm to show her anger, but she didn't have the heart to really hit him. Despite her show of anger, she was exhilarated. She wanted to be wrapped in his arms again. "And Merlin's G-string, Severus! You nearly scared me to death!"

Severus wanted to laugh about the G-string comment, but was torn with emotion. He frightened her?

"Hermione, I didn't know. Tell me what's wrong! Why were you so scared?" Paranoid that he had really hurt her, he began looking her up and down to make sure he hadn't in fact hurt her.

Hermione took a deep breath. "Well... do you remember that night in the common room? The one where you found me asleep and thrashing in a chair?" Severus simply nodded. "Well, I had been having a nightmare, which I'm sure you remember. It's a recurring nightmare, actually, and it's far too realistic for my liking."

Hermione took a few more deep breaths. She was terrified that talking about them would make them worse, but this was Severus. *Just look at him. He thought he hurt me, and he all but felt around looking for bruises to make sure I was unharmed.* With a deep sigh, Hermione started telling him about her nightmares.

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Severus was silent throughout her tales. He moved closer to her, though. He wrapped her in a warm embrace and comforted her when she needed it. There were moments when her breath caught in her throat and she could only sob out of fear. Severus just rocked her gently back and forth, stroking her back and hair, telling her that everything would be OK. She was safe here in his arms.

When Hermione's tale was over, and she had stopped crying, Severus held her at arms length, appraising her. He looked at her face, eyes shining bright with the passing tears, makeup smeared and running down her face. He murmured, "You're beautiful."

Hermione wiped her eyes further, smearing her eyeliner. "Don't lie. My face is red and blotchy, and I've been crying like an idiot."

"I mean it. You look like an angel." Severus leaned in slowly and closed his eyes. He could only hope that she would kiss him back. He released his breath in a rush of air when he realized that there were lips on his and that they were kissing back. He was almost frightened at the feeling and nearly pulled away.

The pair pulled apart after a moment, eyes searching the other's face, looking, asking if it was okay to kiss again. Hermione took the initiative this time and pressed her lips firmly against Severus's. He kissed back with just as much gusto as his heart leapt happily in his chest. *Hermione likes me!*

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Muzic Says: I know this was a very long time in the making. Thank you to those who stuck in there. I will (hopefully) be more prompt about updating. I'd like to thank my wonderful beta who made this more readable. The admins for any changes they suggested. And Hevenly620 for lighting a fire under me to keep going!

