

Craig McEvil and the Plot to Kidnap Hermione

by sigh

A story inspired in part by LotM's Lost in a Book Challenge, and in part by a line from the TPP submission rules. Ignoring HBP for this one.

Hallucinations

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Recognisable stuff isn't mine. Challenge was LotM's idea, and the idea of Snape in a field of pansies was from the submission rules a TPP.

Hallucinations

Hermione couldn't believe her eyes. Was that seriously Severus Snape, prancing joyously through the field of pansies recently planted on the Hogwarts ground? The sun must be hotter than she'd originally thought it was, because she was definitely hallucinating.

Even knowing that it couldn't possibly be who she thought it was, Hermione couldn't tear her eyes away from the spectacle of a grown man making such a fool of himself. Especially when the grown man was one who had made her life hell since she had come back to Hogwarts as a teacher. She knew it was hard having to rearrange the way you thought of someone, from student to teacher, but that was no excuse for being such a nasty person. Although, in Snape's case, it probably was a good enough excuse.

Through all her musings, Hermione had stopped paying attention to him, and now Snape was standing in front of her.

"Oh, my dearest Hermione, how glad I am that we have met here, on such a beautiful day. Can you not believe our luck, my sweetest? And here, I have picked some flowers for you. Though they may never compare to your beauty, I'd have to say they are fairly pretty."

The words startled her so much; she dropped all the books she'd been carrying. What was going on here? Was it a trick he'd decided to play on her, another way to humiliate her in front of everyone? But, no, it couldn't be. No one was around to see this display, so there must be another reason.

"Snape, what on earth has gotten into you? And would you kindly stop trying to touch me? I don't want your hands all over me, and I certainly don't want those flowers."

Ignoring the crestfallen look on his face, she stomped off. She decided to bury herself in the planning she had to do before the term started again. It had the double benefit of meaning she'd be finished early, and she'd be able to avoid Snape for the rest of the day.

Hermione was almost finished the first three months of plans, when a head appeared in her fireplace.

"Quick, Hermione, you must come to my office immediately. We have no time to spare!" She knew that Dumbledore was dotty, but this seemed to be an entirely new level. With Voldemort dead, what could possibly be so urgent?

Feeling frustrated at the interruption, she nevertheless dutifully made her way to the gargoyle guarding the entrance to the man's office, only to run into Snape on the way. Fortunately all semblances of his earlier behaviour seemed to have disappeared, and he was back to his grim and sour self.

On reaching Dumbledore's office, she noticed that the man didn't seem to have calmed down any. He was pacing back and forth and would occasionally shake his head and throw his hands up in the air.

"Ahh, good to see you both made it. Now, we have just received word that Craig McEvil is plotting to kidnap our dear Hermione and force her to marry him. We cannot allow this to happen! We must take action now to ensure her protection."

With every word he said, Hermione's feeling that something wasn't right here increased.

"Severus, I trust that you will afford her the protection she needs?"

"Of course, Headmaster. With my life if I must."

"Now, wait just a minute here. I don't need his protection; I'm perfectly able to protect myself. As you well know, or should given my key role in the downfall of Voldemort. Who is Craig McEvil, anyway, and why would he want to kidnap me?"

"Hermione, dearest, stop playing games. You know you can't protect yourself, you're only a woman. I think you may be sick, you must remember McEvil. He is our arch nemesis and has been trying to break us up since the first time he met us. He will not succeed."

Snape moved towards Hermione and, before she could stop him, gathered her up in his arms and swept her off her feet with the most romantic kiss she'd ever received.

Sputtering, she pushed him away with disgust.

"What has gotten into you two? Honestly, I think you both need a lie down. Snape, it couldn't hurt you to take a cold shower, either. Don't bother me again until you're both back to your normal selves." She turned and stomped her way back to her quarters.

Reaching for her wand to unlock her wards, she noticed it wasn't there. Where could it have gotten to? It was always up her sleeve. Except, this wasn't her sleeve. Somehow her plain and practical robes had turned into a flowery dress without her noticing. It certainly wasn't anything from her wardrobe; it was much too horrid to have been chosen by her.

Before her mind could dwell any further, Snape appeared and, with a manly flick of his wand, took down her wards.

"My dear, you really shouldn't storm off like that. I understand you're a little confused at the moment, but with our wedding less than a week away we really must take every precaution. Now, I shall leave you to get some rest, but I will come back at dinner time for our planned date."

There were so many things wrong with what had just happened that she didn't even bother questioning it. Deciding that perhaps a lie down really was in order, she wandered into her quarters and shut the door behind her. She could work everything out in the morning.