

# Written in the Sky

*by veradee*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Divination is a dangerous skill."

Severus Snape had meant to slip past Sybill Trelawney and Minerva McGonagall, but Sybill's misty voice made him stop. He was a spy, and as a spy he couldn't ignore it when a word like 'dangerous' was uttered. He stepped behind a Flutterby bush so that he was hidden from his colleagues' view.

"Possessing the Inner Eye entails a huge amount of responsibility because I'm privy to people's most treasured secrets," Sybill said.

Minerva looked sceptical. The two women were sitting on a bench on the Hogwarts grounds, their faces turned to each other.

"Whatever my Sight has unveiled, I'm not allowed to act upon it. It would be unethical of me to interfere with the cosmic order," Sybill went on.

Snape suppressed a groan. Obviously, Sybill just blathered about her usual nonsense. He turned to leave when more of her words drifted over.

"Some weeks ago, the beings of pure spirit revealed something about Severus and myself that made me doubt my Inner Eye for a moment."

He decided to listen for bit longer after all. His heart began to beat faster as he imagined what she could have detected about him.

Her voice grew mistier. "The spirits mean for Severus and I to be together."

Minerva coughed, for which Snape was grateful because this unexpected revelation had made him gasp for air as well.

When she had stopped coughing, she asked, "How do you know, Sybill? Did your playing cards tell you, or did you see it in your crystal ball?" He could hear that she struggled not to laugh.

"No, I was enlightened by the celestial powers."

"You were star-gazing, you mean?"

"Saturn was particularly bright, and the truth was clearly written in the sky."

Snape let out a relieved sigh at hearing this obvious humbug.

"Well, if Saturn was particularly bright, it has to be true," Minerva said.

But Sybill was oblivious to Minerva's sarcasm. "I know it still seems unlikely, but my Sight tells me that Severus and I will soon be very much in love."

Truth be told, he had never bothered to find out who was hidden behind the misty voice, the beads and shawls, the huge glasses and the incessant drivel about Divination. But... Sybill and he? In love?

Sybill leant in to Minerva and whispered, "I have to admit that I was slightly shocked after I had deciphered the planets' message."

Surely, she couldn't have been more shocked than he was. Her presage was ludicrous.

"In the past, we had our difficulties, but since that night, I have been watching Severus to discover what the powers see in him that I had missed. And my Gift has disclosed to me that he's a great catch."

This didn't sound so bad really. True, he had always believed that Divination was a sham, but there had been times when a prediction had become true. And he knew some people who believed in Sybill's prophecy and trusted it with their lives.

Sybill continued talking. "We would share our tea and later read the leaves; we would watch the stars at night, and I would help him gather potions ingredients in the moonlight."

Minerva gave a weak nod.

While Snape had never stopped loving Lily, he had always hoped that one day he would find a woman to share his life with. He wasn't sure about reading tea leaves, but collecting herbs with someone beloved might appeal to him. Perhaps he should give Sybill a second thought.

"Don't you think that he would be an excellent lover? I'm sure he knows how to satisfy a woman." Suddenly, Sybill's voice didn't sound misty at all.

Equally suddenly, Snape didn't want to listen any more. Collecting herbs was one thing but having sex with Sybill quite another.

"Due to our differences in the past, I feel that Severus hasn't fully realised yet how suited we are for each other. Therefore, I've decided to stimulate him a little." Sybill paused for a moment before she added, "After all, the cosmic order isn't that brittle."

Minerva raised her eyebrows while Snape started to feel queasy.

"Whenever I descend from my spiritual spheres to join you all in the physical world, I now wear this Attractor." Sybill held up a pendant that bore an uncanny resemblance to an Ashwinder egg. "It attracts the man to the woman the spirits have chosen for him."

Snape fled, vowing to himself never to come close to Sybill again.