

Read The Fine Print

by Alison

This grew out of a discussion at Snapedom as to how Lily and Severus's friendship would have been if Sev had been born a girl. This is my fluffly little take on it!

Complete short story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I'm taking some characters out to play. Some of them may have a few similarities to J K Rowling's characters, but that is purely coincidental and anyway, I'm not planning on making any money out of them.

Author's note: This story came out of a plot bunny originally started by a throw-away comment I made in the Snapedom discussion on what might have happened had Severus Snape been born a girl. Link below: <http://asylums.insanejournal.com/snapedom/141091.html>

geri_chan then wrote a fic "Double Date" from that discussion, and posted to these links: (Go read it, it's very funny!)

<http://geri-chan.livejournal.com/25149.html>

<http://geri-chan.insanejournal.com/14813.html>

This led me to yet another plot bunny. It's just a bit of fluff, but I hope you enjoy it!

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By Alison Venugoban

"So you'll do it, Sev? You'll be my Maid of Honour?"

"I just said I would, didn't I? Do you want me to sign a contract?"

"We – ell, not exactly. But if you could give me your word of honour, that'd be good. Reassuring, you know."

"After all these years, you don't trust me? How about if I make the Unbreakable Vow with you?"

"Now you're just being silly. Humour me on this, okay?" Lily and Severa were in the lounge-room. Now Lily glanced at the open door to the kitchen, where her mother and sister sat at the table, looking through a catalogue of wedding gowns. She lowered her voice. "It's because it's going to be a Muggle wedding, you see. So the rest of my family and friends can see James and me get married. The Wizard ceremony will be held at midnight after the Muggle reception."

"My Mum and Dad had a Muggle wedding." Severa smiled tightly. "In the eyes of the wizarding world, I'm technically a bastard, since they didn't bother with a Wizard ceremony afterwards."

Lily gave her friend a surprised look. "I thought a wedding was a wedding?"

"Not in the eyes of the purebloods, it's not. It gets up their noses that anyone would marry a Muggle at all, let alone only have a Muggle ceremony."

"Well, anyway, the reason I'm making such a fuss is that I was worried you'd refuse when you found out..." Lily stopped speaking and bit her lip.

"When I found out what?" Severa asked, her eyes narrowing suspiciously.

"James has asked Sirius Black to be his Best Man."

"Is that all you're worried about? I sort of assumed that'd happen. I'll stand next to you, the toe-rag will stand next to the other toe-rag..."

"Sev! Be nice!"

"Sorry, the toe-rag will stand next to James," and Severa grinned at the look on her best friend's face, half-amusement, half-annoyance, "and we'll all drink a toast to you afterwards. I'm pretty sure I can ignore Black for one evening."

"You promise? I don't want anybody hexing anybody else before I've even got to the 'I do' part."

Severa sighed melodramatically. "I hereby do swear, avow, make an oath and cross my heart that I will faithfully fulfil the role of Maid of Honour in the upcoming marriage of my best friend Lily Evans, witch, to James Potter, toe-rag, to the best of my ability, ignoring any provocation from the idiot Best Man Sirius Black, at least until after the Muggle ceremony is completed. How's that?"

Lily chuckled. "Okay, that should do it. But I do wish you two would put your differences aside and be friends. It'd make it so much easier, now James and I are getting married."

Severa shook her head with a grimace. "There are some things even a best friend shouldn't be asked to do, Lils."

"I'm not asking you to marry the man. Just be ... well, pleasant to each other."

"I'll be civil so long as he is."

"No hope, then." Lily sighed. "It'd just be nice if you got on. James and I were talking about it. We'd love it if you two could be friends. If you went on a date or something..."

Severa made a choked noise. "Me, date that?" She put one hand on Lily's forehead in mock concern. "Do you have a temperature, Lils? You must be delirious..."

"Geroff!" Lily laughed and pushed the hand away. "Speaking of dates, are you planning on bringing anybody to the wedding? They'd be very welcome, wizard or Muggle."

Severa shook her head. "No, there's nobody I want. Oh, apart from my mum of course. But she hardly qualifies as a date."

"What about Lucius Malfoy? I saw the way you were looking at him when he came to the Hogwarts Graduation..."

Severa gave her friend a hurt look. "That's not fair, Lils. You know he's engaged to Narcissa Black. And anyway, he's a pureblood. He's not going to be interested in someone like me."

Lily shook her head reassuringly. "He's been promised by his family to Narcissa Black. That's different to being engaged..."

"Not in the Wizarding world!"

"... Plus he always seems very pleasant when he talks to you. He likes you, I can tell. It's me he ignores."

Sev shook her head. "No. There's no point in dreaming about what could have been, Lils. Lucius might be pleasant," and the word came out sounding sour, "but that's as far as it goes. I'm not such a fool to think I'd ever have a chance with him. I'm a half-blood with no money or connections apart from my mother's Prince relatives..."

"And let's face it," a man's voice sounded from the doorway. "You're not exactly an oil-painting, are you, Snape?"

Both young women looked up to see Sirius Black, followed by James Potter, walk into the room.

"Shove it up your broomstick, Black," Severa responded coldly. She stared at James, then smirked. "Who gave you the black eye, Potter? I'd like to shake their hand."

"Oh, Jamie!" Lily jumped up from the sofa and ran to her fiancé in concern. "You've been in a fight? Were you mugged? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, I'm fine." James Potter looked slightly abashed. "It was Padfoot. He and I had a... slight disagreement. But he's agreed to be my Best Man."

"Never mind that now. Let me put a Healing Spell on that eye..."

"No thanks, Lil. I'm attached to my eye, and want to keep it that way. But I will put some ice on it, if that's okay."

"Come on into the kitchen, then."

Severa stayed on the sofa, gazing at Black after the kitchen door swung shut behind Lily and James. Lily was a lovely girl and Severa's best friend in the whole world, but she did have a tendency to see the best in people. And in Black's case, any best had to be buried deep. But, she decided, at least she could be civil to the man. For Lily's sake, she could at least try to build a bridge. Or at least a row of stepping stones.

"So, Sirius. You're Best Man? I'm going to be Lily's Maid of Honour."

Black looked a little uncertain at the mildness of the tone and the use of his first name, so out of character from the years of animosity he was used to. He looked suspiciously at Severa, as if expecting she was about to hurl a hex his way. "Yes, that's right." It was grudging. "That's why I punched Pro... James. After he said Lily was going to ask you to be Maid of Honour."

"Huh?"

Black looked miserable. "Listen, Sna... Severa. How much do you know about Muggle wedding customs?"

Severa lifted her shoulders in a shrug. "Not a lot. My dad's a Muggle, but I wasn't around when they got married."

Ordinarily, Sirius Black would have pounced on any line like that as if it were a gift, but now he ignored it, his worried look increasing. "Oh. So you don't know if it's true that the Best Man has to have it away with the Maid of Honour after the wedding? James reckons that's the tradition. Tongue down your throat all evening, he said..."

Severa stood up in one swift, angry movement, glaring at the kitchen door. "That's why she was so adamant that I promise! I'll kill her!"

Black heaved a dejected sigh and trailed after Severa to the kitchen. "Yeah, that's what I said about Prongs, too. Just before I punched him..."

The End

Author's note: If you liked this story, please have a read of my original story "Love Inhuman" at this link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=11932>

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