

# Disillusioned Illusions

*by ApollinaV*

Snape meets Droxy!Snape

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Prompt from ladyinthecloak: Snape meets Droxy!Snape in Chicago.

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There was absolutely no smoking in the room. Whereas the reminders from the less-than-polite staff hadn't meant a damn thing to him, Hermione's stiff-jawed demand carried a great deal of weight. There was no smoking in the fucking room.

Muttering, Severus took the lift to the lobby and exited to the cabbie stand, pulling a clove fag out of the pack as the cool Chicago breeze swirled around him. A group of Muggle women sat at the far end of the curb, puffing on cigarettes, and Severus drew closer, pulled to the commune of exiled smokers.

The flame from the end of his lighter caught on the wind several times and died.

"Here, use mine," a deep measured voice offered.

A pale hand with neatly trimmed fingernails offered a lighter. Severus looked up, the unlit cig dangling from his lips, and gaped. The wizard was in need of a shave, but in all, the resemblance - even down to his unfortunate nose - was uncomfortably close. He'd heard everyone had a twin, but this was absurd.

The damn bloke looked like him.

Or as he ought to have looked if Hermione hadn't insisted on him shedding robes for Muggle jeans. Thick hanks of black hair hung loosely around his head, trimmed to the shoulders where his wizarding robes sat atop his austere frockcoat.

Fucking hell. If Severus had known that he'd been allowed to wear robes in the city, he'd have put up more of a fight. Never mind how Hermione had won that round. Saucy minx.

"Thanks, mate," Severus mumbled, lighting his fag and taking a satisfying drag.

Some of the girls sitting on the curb tittered. Witches, he supposed, by the way they knowingly eyed him. His gaze lingered on some of their faces, desperately trying to determine if any had been students, but none registered, and the uncultured American accents made it even less likely. Shrewdly, he studied the witch in green beneath his lashes, appearing to focus on the ash of his fag. Witch could have been a Black sister.

At least his twin had the decency not to stare.

As quickly as he could, Severus finished and stamped out the butt, uncomfortable with the unsolicited attention. Nodding quickly to his bizarre doppelganger, Severus turned and strode back towards the Renaissance hotel entrance.

Behind him the words, "Hee!" and "Oh my god, doesn't he look like Snape! Squee!" followed by peals of giddy laughter, caused him to wince. Whatever this 'Squee' phenomenon was, Severus abhorred it. Every time he heard the sound, it made his ears ring. Damned witches.

Grumbling, Severus put the matter out of his mind and punched the lift button. Only one witch mattered.

A/N:

Massive thank yous to Christev and Droxy, and all the Hogsmeade Witches Weekend witches. Kisses! AV