

# Cruel Fates

by beaweasley2

Severus contemplates his embarrassment over his Patronus after an incident in Charms class. Written for Lady Whiteheart, whose adorable little story, *Just A Happy Little Thought*, inspired this drabble.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Lady Whiteheart, I hope you don't mind my sharing it with everyone.

Thank you to EverMystique for the beta read.

*Severus Snape isn't my toy, but he's fun to share. Thankfully JKR doesn't seem to mind.*

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Severus sat on the windowsill and fumed. He'd never live that last prank down. It had hurt, the tiny teeth digging into his nose like that. Almost like the time that lizard he'd been playing with had...

No, he wasn't going to think about that. He concentrated instead on Lily's answer in class. *It reveals a lot of a person's inner personality*," Lily had said and blushed—actually blushed. *"It can be used to help soulmates find each other"* Then she'd produced her Patronus—a doe, a graceful doe!

He never thought about his Patronus that way. All he'd cared about was that he knew that the Gryffindors—hell, everyone in class would laugh and tease him about his Patronus. A deer—not even a majestic deer with large, impressive antlers with several tines—oh, no. One without any antlers at all—like a female! Only the fates could be so cruel.

It had never occurred to him that it could be proof of his deepest desire.

Of course he could do it; he'd managed one the first night he'd tried. Thank Merlin all his dorm mates had been down at the Quidditch field.

He flexed his wrist, made the wand movement for a Patronus, and envisioned those days by the river with Lily. Any memory of those days worked *Expecto Patronus*," he said softly but distinctly. A slender deer erupted from his wand, turned and nuzzled his outstretched hand. He always called it Lily. He always would. "So you are my soulmate," Severus said softly. "Then why can't we be together?"

The silvery deer didn't answer, simply watching him with those large innocent eyes.

He flicked his wand, and the Patronus vanished. "Life just isn't fair," he mumbled and stared out of the window.

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Author's Notes:

*I borrowed—okay, copied two lines from Lady Whiteheart's story, Just A Happy Little Thought: Lily's quote, or more specifically, the two italic lines of Lily's dialogue. I forgot to ask permission, but Lady Whiteheart has seen this—it was her gift actually, and she's fine with it—totally. Even flattered. It was by her urging that I posted it.... It's just that her adorable story just hit me, my muse tickled me, and my fingers started to stumble all on their own! You should go read hers, though—it's cute!*