

The Lure

by diabolica

Severus ensnared.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: TalesofSnape gave me the prompt *Severus ensnared* and Mijeli gave me the prompt *We never change, do we?*. This is the result.

'My Lord, I have news.'

Simple words. As a rabbit cannot see the slip, the knot, the loop before the mechanism trips and he is already airborne, dead, so Severus was blind.

It was not until an old man whose eyes twinkled incongruously behind half-moon spectacles touched his cheek and said *We never change, do we, Severus?* that he realised the gravity of it. He dressed his love in funeral white and wove a pretty noose to hang her with, when he should have been the one to swing.

'You have news, Severus?'

'Yes, my Lord. It concerns a prophecy.'