

Three Little Words

by sunny33

Snape regrets his missed opportunities.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Snape regrets his missed opportunities.

Disclaimer: The characters belong to J.K.Rowling. I'm just practising with them.

The spirit watches over him as he stands, alone and apart from the mourners placing flowers on the twin graves. They don't expect him to join them; he is there out of duty alone.

Later, after the commemorative service is over and they have all left to resume their lives, he walks over to the graves.

Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks. Together in death as they were in life.

He alone knows otherwise. For he knows who was Lupin's first, true love. Nymphadora was ever the wolf's reluctant second choice.

His eyes burn with unshed tears as he remembers nights of unchecked passion followed by mornings of comfort and tenderness. No words were necessary, or so he had believed. Even when the wolf had left him that night so many years ago, he could not allow the words to pass his lips. Better left unsaid, than spoken and scorned.

As the full moon rises over the hilltops, Severus Snape drops to his knees, grief pouring out to the unfeeling earth beneath. Between sobs, words barely audible float across the grave.

"I have always loved you, Remus."

The broken man doesn't notice the cold caress as the spirit finally finds peace.

A/N: Written for the Snupin_idws on LiveJournal. The prompts were "missed opportunities" and the word "first".