

# Stand by Your Man

by Minerva

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## One shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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*Author's note: This little ficlet was inspired by browsing through the UK-single-charts. Tammy Wynette was number one on 17 May 1975, which puts this song in the perfect time range after the incident in Severus Snape's fifth year. Many thanks go to my wonderful beta Dreamy\_Dragon, without whom no story of mine would ever get posted!*

Lily Evans was a bit miffed. Sev had followed her around like a puppy for two days after the incident by the lake, trying to apologize. But now, when she was more than ready to accept his apologies, he seemed to have vanished. She had even made a detour to the hospital wing, looking for him there – she had an excuse ready of course, an errand for Professor Slughorn. She briefly contemplated approaching Regulus Black for information, though she knew that this action would nullify her strategy of letting her best friend stew for a while in the hope to drive the lesson home.

Severus had a temper. And a vicious streak a mile wide. But Lily knew his other side as well, the thoughtful, loyal, socially awkward, yet brilliant, youth who could go far with the right friends by his side. He probably was her best friend and long-time confidante, the one person who knew her inside out and loved her still, but he would not see the dangers of the company he kept. Too insecure, too parched for acceptance was the potions prodigy to chuck his Slytherin baby Death Eater cronies. Lily knew about house policies first hand. She had her hands full with the Marauders, who considered inter-house-friendships heresy, and she guessed that the situation in Slytherin might be even worse.

Her heart ached when she considered the possibility of Severus effectively ending their friendship. But on the other hand, she knew with absolute conviction that her handling of the "Mudblood incident" would set the tone for their relationship in the years to come. She desperately wanted to get it through Sev's remarkably thick skull that his slip of the tongue, while hurtful, was not the problem. His company was. His belief that without the sponsorship of Lucius Malfoy (and whoever was behind him) he would not be able to become a Potions master. His refusal to see what price he would have to pay for said sponsorship.

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The next morning Lily was relieved to see Sev at breakfast. He was sitting among his housemates, looking pale and tense, not meeting her eyes. When nearly all students were in attendance, Lily was about to turn back and accept – for now – her best friend's avoidance of her.

But then he stood up and whirled his wand in a complicated motion above his head. A portable record player appeared in front of the head table, and the familiar opening chords sounded. They had listened to this song over the Easter holidays whenever Tuney was out with her suitor.

A sob of relief escaped her before she stood and went up to the head table without realising that she did so. Severus had made his stand. Using a Muggle invention playing a Muggle song to apologize to his Muggle-born friend in the Great Hall effectively made him persona non grata to every pure-blood supremacist. There was no Slytherin subtlety whatsoever in his gesture.

They met in front of the record still playing. A few teachers had drawn their wands when they had seen the unfamiliar contraption, but as Dumbledore stood up they hesitated to do something. The headmaster sent stern glances to both the Slytherin and Gryffindor tables in case housemates planned to interfere.

Severus was trying to keep his hands still, not looking at her.

Lily did not know what to say and, following her instincts, threw her arms around Severus. She felt the tension leave his body. Transferring her wand to her left hand, the one only the teachers could see, she cast a glamour over Sev's face, something she had done countless times before for him. Pain he endured stoically, but humiliation or anger or overwhelming joy inevitably produced tears.

Reluctantly, they ended their embrace, just in time to hear McGonagall saying, "Two points from Gryffindor for a public display of affection."

Professor Flitwick beamed at his best student and then turned to Severus. "Mr Snape, I am astonished. I have tried for years to do what you have accomplished with that record player. Please share the secret of your success with me after lessons. Fifty points to Slytherin!"

The End