

The Night You Were Mine

by beaweasley2

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One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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The First Prophecy took him by surprise. The night had been, as usual, a bit brisk in the northern town of Gutschow Bading. He'd been preparing for a raid in a secluded house on Bading Lane and had just delivered his potions to Dathwharten that particular night. The plan had been proceeding accordingly, all had been well and the Dark Lord had been pleased. Severus had opted for a bit of a stroll to reaching his designated spot, away from the cluster of homes, rather than Apparate, to walk off some of his pre-raid tension. He hadn't wished to be heard and alert anyone of their presence, and because of the hour, many of the windows he passed had given him views of families either sitting down to dinner or gathering together in lounges or by their fireplaces. They'd all been unsuspecting and unaware, which had boded well for him. The awareness of the Death Eaters' presence would come soon enough and wasn't to have been announced by unexplained loud noises until the Dark Lord had indicated it was time to act. The four families targeted that night would've found out soon enough: two who had made the mistake and denied joining the Death Eaters, a notable witch and her Muggle husband, and a Muggle family who had somehow produced three remarkable children, all of whom had displayed early magical talent. These were their targets. Everything had been ready; the preparations had been finalized. All he had to do was wait until the Dark Mark appeared in the sky. However, that was when it had happened.

Severus had just passed the row of shops, a café and pub that made up the center of the small town. No one had paid him any mind as he strode purposefully past, glancing into the shop windows as if curious about the newest jumpers and trousers in the men's apparel shop or the display of cutlery. His target house was just down the lane, still out of sight. Two patrons entering the small pub had looked at him, nodded, and then quickly disappeared inside out of the cold. That was when Severus had passed the strange woman. He wouldn't have paid the frail woman any notice, except she'd stopped and grabbed his arm with a spindly-looking hand, looking up at him through huge glasses that enlarged her eyes to a comical size, framed by a mane of fuzzy hair she'd unsuccessfully had tried confining in a gaudy, fringed scarf. He'd quickly looked at the offending hand as he'd drawn his wand, coldly amused that the ridiculous woman literally had a gaudy ring on each of her fingers. The hex had been on his lips, but he never cast it, instead, staring at the strange woman in disbelief.

She'd become almost rigid, her fingers had clasped tightly on his arm and her eyes had become unfocused. Then her eyes had started to roll, as if in some kind of trance, and she'd said in a harsh, scratchy voice, "On a rainy night, you shall have to choose between love and honor or power. The one you love, once true and trusted friend, twice rejected, always unrequited... She will come to you and the Dark Lord shall want her son. In order to please your master you shall confess to the snake, plead for the life of your love and bow down to the phoenix, but you shall become his most trusted, his most loyal, his advisor... Beware, servant, you shall betray your heart by your tongue..."

She'd stopped suddenly, and her mouth sagged as if she'd had a seizure. She'd pulled her gauzy, spangled shawl tighter about her scrawny frame, her fingers curled around some of her many chains and beads, making the bangles on her wrist clatter. "It's quite cold out tonight, isn't it?" she'd asked him in an unanticipated soft and misty voice that was definitely an act of some kind.

"Not unusual at all for an autumn night," he'd answered in a slow drawl with just the right amount of sneer, meant to warn her off.

The tone of his voice had had the desired effect; she'd immediately unclenched her hand. "I'm so sorry, my good man, I meant you no offence. The cards told me to come here tonight, and thus I braved leaving my quiet abode for the company of the pub." She'd looked down the lane, then back to Severus and smiled. "I can see in your aura, you will do many brave things, but your choices choose wisely. Be safe. Good night." And with that the strange woman walked off.

"Nutter," Severus mumbled to himself. "The dingy bat is simply nutters."

Nevertheless, the woman's words had bothered him. *She's naïf, simply ratted, completely pissed obviously... Only she'd been going to the pub, not leaving it* He'd wished he'd had a Pensieve in order to replay the memory of what the strange woman had said exactly, but what did strike him then stuck with him, and that was the part about his love. *The one you love, once a true and trusted friend rejected or something like that. Unrequited but she'll come to me... The loony bat said had she'd come to me... Lily would still come to me?* The woman's words, the harsh scratchy voice had been so different from the phony ethereal one she'd used after and plagued his mind as he'd waited in the dark. *Did she mean Lily will leave Potter for me? What if Lily and I are meant to be together after all? Is that what she'd been saying? Could she actually have been a seer here?*

His thoughts had been cut off as the Dark Mark exploded into the dark night sky, signaling his part in the raid. He'd have to think on it later.

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Severus had tried several times to get a message to Lily without the knowledge of it reaching Potter. It was meant for Lily alone. Finally the barn owl had returned, carrying a letter, and had not simply returned with his unopened, undelivered request. Eagerly Severus had opened the parchment, smiling at the familiar quillmanship. The response was from her, Lily's handwriting, saying that she'd meet him *if*, and only if, he were alone and promised that he'd not harm her. He'd written his response back, adding his assurance that he'd come alone, and she'd not be harmed or have any reason to fear him, and Charmed the sealing wax with a magically sealed promise she could verify with her wand. *To see her again, to have the chance to talk to her, to possibly persuade her to join him, accept his protection* He'd gladly agreed. Nevertheless, he'd changed the location from the one she'd suggested to a quiet secluded garden of an abandoned estate, promising her none of the other Death Eaters would know about their rendezvous. He'd urged her to come alone as well. The barn owl had flown off, and Severus had felt a wave of anticipation he'd not felt since school.

They'd meet the seventh of November. It was a night Severus would never forget. He'd been able to use a Pensieve to review the night he'd encountered the strange woman, unbeknownst to his fellow Death Eater, Lucius Malfoy. Severus had managed to slip into the warded room during a revel and had watched the memory again, twice, enough to have memorized her words. The crazy woman had told him he'd become the Dark Lord's most trusted, most loyal follower and become the Dark Lord's trusted advisor. She'd also said he'd get Lily. In the end she would come back to him. It was everything he really wanted. The Dark Lord knew that at the end of the current school year, Professor Slughorn would seek retirement as professor of Potions at Hogwarts. *The Dark Lord wants me, Severus Snape, to apply no, procure the post. No one has my skill at potions except for Lily Evans Potter. No one.* He was assured he'd get the post. His skills were becoming recognized even in the monthly journals of the Most Extraordinary Society of Potioneers, and The National Society of Potioneers, (that actually had its associated membership based upon the boundaries of England under Henry II and Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine.) The things he'd remembered about Trelawney's prediction that night in Gutschow Bading were beginning to come true.

Lily appeared in the garden, looking apprehensive, wand drawn, and alert. She'd worn a dark green dress under her cloak, and her auburn hair was tied back, although a few strands of her hair had come free, framing her face. She looked tense and unsure, but still the brave Gryffindor he knew her to be.

He'd been waiting a while, the Warming Charm still making the corner of the garden near the pergola and garden bench fairly comfortable. "Are you afraid of me, Lily?" he asked in the smooth, silky drawl that used to excite her.

She spun around, her wand aimed at his chest. "I have every reason to be afraid of you," she replied.

"No, Lily, you don't." He didn't move, staying posed and relaxed, leaning against the stone pillar of what was once a magnificent pergola, which now supported a wild mass of climbing roses and thick wisteria vines. "I will not draw my wand. Will that put you at ease?"

She eyed him, still posed to fight him. "You've got me here, what do you want," she asked warily.

"I want you," he replied.

She recoiled in surprise, her shock at his statement making her lower her wand slightly. "I'm married," she gasped.

"To Potter, I know," he said casually. "You asked what I want."

"I love him," she stated, her green eyes defiant.

"You used to love me," he reminded her with a confident smile. "That's not why I asked you to come. I heard something from someone I think may have been a seer. She said you're going to have a son, and when you do the Dark Lord will want him."

Lily looked stunned. "He'll want him my son? Why?" she finally asked. "I'm not pregnant. Is that why..."

"Yet," he said calmly, stepping out of the shadows toward her. "Look, I asked you to come here to warn you. You've got to stop trying to fight him; he's too powerful. There isn't anyone like him; even Dumbledore may not be his equal."

She held her ground, determinedly. "We're doing quite well, thank you."

"No, you're not. They're losing, Lily; that little group of rebels are losing. You've had tremendous losses," he said, wanting to touch her, knowing she'd hex him. "You could be next if you keep fighting him. You have to stop resisting him, for your own good, please..."

"And be killed for being Muggle-born! He'd kill me simply because I was born from a nonmagical family and that makes me the enemy, Sev. He wants to rid the world of witches like me," she argued. "How can you support him? You of all wizards should know what he's capable of, what he stands for. He hates me because I *contaminate* the wizarding world."

*She used my old nickname, the one that she always used as an endearment. Dare I hope?* Yes, I do. I know what he stands for he wants to strengthen the wizarding world, bring us out of the dark ages, out of hiding and to be respected again," he said, trying to make her see reason.

"And in the process, *his* process of strengthening and reorganizing the Wizarding world, witches and wizards like me are being targeted for elimination," she stated.

Her expression held the hurt and resolution he was familiar with whenever she'd defended something. This time it was the wrong thing. Nevertheless, he had to make her see reason.

"How can you be so blind?" she asked, both accusing and pleading with him.

"Blind? I'm not blind I see. I know exactly what's going on. I'm in his circle, I know what his plans are, what his goals are. I've heard him first hand." He sighed, hoping that she'd understand. *If she'd allow me to explain it to her, she'd come around.* "I can protect you. I can assure your safety. He will allow you to live if..."

"He'd *allow* me to live?" she asked, her voice rising. "As what a token Mudblood?"

"Don't call yourself that!" he exclaimed angrily.

"You did," she retorted back.

He took another step forward. "I didn't mean it! I was it was a long time ago," he snarled.

She stepped up to him, her anger making her eyes flash dangerously. "Not that long ago," she stated accusingly. "You called me a Mudblood! You told me that you didn't need me, you didn't want any help *from a filthy little Mudblood...* like me!"

"I was hanging upside down with my pants exposed for the entire school to see!" he tried to explain, but his voice was hard and harsh and he knew it. "Potter and Black were harassing me in front of half the school again. Two against one their usual game. They had me dangling in mid air upside down and I was embarrassed," he growled out, trying to keep control of his temper. "I tried to talk to you later, I wanted to explain and you wouldn't listen to me."

"I heard you," she seethed. "You gave me the same pathetic excuse then as I recall. *You were embarrassed!* But you were just like them just like Avery and Mulciber."

"They are my friends," he snapped. "They were in my house..."

"And I was constantly berated, taunted, sneered at, hexed and cursed by them," Lily snapped back.

His eyes narrowed. "Just like your husband used to do to me. Both Potter and Black, every time we crossed paths."

"But you never defended me against them, did you?" she challenged. "At least I stood up for you."

"I did defend you, Lily, in my own way. *I always* had your back against them, always tried protect you or if not, I got even for you," he said, raising his voice. This time she was going to hear him out. "I learned to protect what was mine. I wanted to tell you, to explain it to you, but you'd never listen to me."

"No, I was angry at you," she shouted back.

"As I was with you," he said, his voice darkly intoned. "I just wanted to explain and you rejected *me twice!*"

"And what exactly would you have said to make me understand why the guy I thought was a trusted friend, the guy I cared about, even loved, had called me MUD," she snarled back at him, standing toe to toe to him.

*She cared about... She loved me?* Her nearness made something snap. *She fancied me? She just said that loved me!* The fact that she could would stand up to him face to face and not back down awoke feelings deep inside him. This was his Lily, the brave girl who flew off swings, who faced any bully head-on, could best him at Potions and hex someone nearly as fast as he could. His Lily.

"This," he said, suddenly pulling her to him, his lips landing on hers, crushing her mouth in a demanding and desirous kiss. All his frustration, all his pent-up passion for her broke and poured from him in that kiss as he ardently tried to show her exactly how he felt.

She gasped and his tongue entered her mouth, deepening their kiss. Her hands pressed against him in a futile effort to make him release her before her arms wound around him for support as he held her body against his. He turned around, spinning her so that she stood against the pillar and he leaned over her. She tried to push at him again, and he growled deep in his throat against her skin as his mouth trailed down her jaw to her neck, his hands hungrily roaming over her. She leaned her head back, moaning, and her efforts to push him away became forgotten.

He was ready for her; wanted her, his penis was straining in his trousers. Uttering a pulling spell, he unzipped her robes under her cloak with a slide of his finger. Her tongue slid on his jaw before he captured her mouth again in an impassionate kiss. The first touch of his hand to her skin ignited a fiery response from her as she kissed him back fervently. He released her long enough to open his robe and ripped open his shirt before he reached over and pushed her robe off her shoulders to fall to the ground at her feet. He tugged at her knickers, pulling them to her ankles, licking and sucking on her clitoris her before he stood up again. He dropped his trousers, freeing himself, and her eyes widened before he pulled her back into his embrace. Skin hit skin under their cloaks, and he lifted her easily into his arms crushing her body between him and the pillar. Her legs wrapped around his hips, and he entered her as she did so, the burning desire to be inside her blazing into a need to hear her cry out his name.

She leaned back on the pillar as he ground himself against her groin and moved. Their coupling became fierce and urgently demanding. She was panting loudly; saying yes, repeatedly, and he quickened his pace, urged on by her cries. He came, his release shooting into her as she stiffened, her legs clamping around his hips so tight he couldn't move within her.

He used magic to lower them to the ground while keeping himself inside her and onto her cloak, his cloak covering them like a blanket. He held himself above her and repositioned himself, withdrawing from her slowly and thrusting into her repeatedly, cupping her hip as he thrust inward. She arched her back, and he lowered his mouth to her breast, suckling on the tender flesh. Her hands began to explore him, caressing him as he plunged inside her with each stroke. His hands began to caress her body, eagerly refamiliarizing himself with her every curve. She moaned under his lovemaking, and he smiled. He kissed her again, much more languidly, sensually enjoying her response as his hand cupped her breast, rubbing her nipple with his thumb.

Their second coupling was far more sensual, his touch more sensuous and pleasure seeking. She reacted to him, moaning and closing her green eyes, enjoying the feel of his caress, his penis as he moved in long, slow strokes. He waited until her breathing quickened this time, watching her face. Her lip quivered, her breathing deepened, becoming irregular, and she pleaded with him to move faster, harder. He complied with her demands, trying to keep himself from tensing up too soon and spoiling the moment, fighting the tightening in his balls as he watched her near her second climax. She stiffened again, her hands clutching his arms, she back arched, and he began to thrust faster, finally allowing his own release to come. She screamed out his name as his balls tightened and released, his climax rushing down his penis again into her, and a heightened sense of euphoria washed through him.

He collapsed on her, momentarily crushing her, and she wrapped her arms around him as if to hold him to her protectively. She whimpered as he withdrew and he smiled at her, feeling satisfied in his post climatic bliss mixed with a sense of completion, a euphoric sense of accomplishment as he looked at her.

Suddenly her green eyes looked worried, concerned, and then guilty.

He closed his eyes, and then he pushed himself off her and climbed to his feet, looking down at her, trying to mask his disappointment. *Guilt. We share an incredible moment like this, and she feels shame and guilt.* He reached his hand down to her. "Here, take my hand," he said, keeping his voice even to hide the hurt.

"Sev, I'm sorry I shouldn't have," she said as he helped her rise.

His teeth clenched before he cut her off from saying anything more. "Don't."

"I'm sorry," she pleaded.

"I'm not." He said, magically repairing his shirt. "Lily, I..."

"Sev, I can't. I just can't. I really we shouldn't have..." she stammered.

He folded his arms, pulling his cloak around himself to hide his nakedness. "I love you. I've always loved you. Don't say anything to ruin this."

Her eyes widened as she watched him. She nodded, gathering her robe and pulling it on. Finally dressed, she looked at him. "I won't say it wasn't good, but I... Sev, it can't happen again. I'm sorry. Yes, I love you. I always have, but you chose him them. I couldn't live under *him*. He'd kill me if we ever met you know that. He hates my kind. We us, Sev, there is still time for you."

"No, Lily, once a Death Eater, always a Death Eater. There is no turning back for me." He looked around the garden. "You should go. Be careful. If you were with me, I can protect you, Potter can't. Your life is in danger, and I tried to warn you. If you'd only choose me."

"I can't choose *him*, Sev. I just can't," she said. "I have to stand for what I believe in and it's not in him. I'm against what he stands for, what he does what he says... Can't you see. *He* is the wrong side..."

"I'm afraid I disagree with you." Her eyes grew wide as he said it, and he knew right then he'd lost her again. *But she said that crazy seer said she would... come to me... and she did. She did come to me, but I can't make her stay, can I?*

"Then there isn't anything more to say, is there? I'm sorry, Sev. You chose I chose. We both chose a different path. If I can't make you see I can't be with you if you ~~his~~. "I'm sorry, Sev," she said, tears in her eyes as she walked away.

"I still love you," he said just before she Disappeared.

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Severus sat in the Hogshead with his back to the wall in a secluded corner, watching the patrons and barkeep move about their business. The bar was uncommonly full today. He had an appointment with the Headmaster in over an hour and was using the time to mentally prepare what he would say to his prospective employer and past professor, to make sure that he obtained the post of professor of Potions. It was cold for May. The rain pattered against the windowpane next to him, although the fire from the Floo kept the place nice and warm. The sound of the rain was both calming and pleasant, except he'd have to walk through all that rain to get up to the castle. Regardless of Water Repelling Charms and Warming Charms, it was not a walk he was looking forward to. He hated walking in the rain in his robes.

The door opened, and a wizard in a long hooded robe entered, pulled off his traveling cloak and turned to hang it up next to the door. It was Dumbledore. Severus sat up a bit straighter, staring at the man, dumbfounded. Dumbledore walked across the pub, spoke briefly to the barkeep and, after paying for a bottle of elf wine, turned for the stairs. *A bottle of elf wine and two glasses... He's here to meet someone* he assumed. Severus quickly slouched back against the wall, taking careful notice to see if anyone seemed to be watching him, and cast a Disillusion Charm on himself. He moved cautiously toward the loo, careful not to bump into anyone and rechecked his charm. Assured that he'd not be seen, Severus crept up the old worn steps taking extra care to place his footing down evenly so as not to make unnecessary sounds.

He found the door to the room Dumbledore had entered easily. The softly spoken tones of Dumbledore were clearly recognizable. The woman inside was babbling on about her skill with the cards, the crystal ball, reading tea leaves in an effort to convince the Headmaster to hire her. *Fraud, the woman's nutters. Why is Dumbledore here, meeting this woman here, instead of at the castle? I have to go up...*

Suddenly the woman's voice changed. *"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches..."* the loony woman started to say in a husky, harsh voice that Severus remembered well. *"Born to those who have thrice defied him born as the seventh month dies... And the Dark Lord will."*

"What do you think you are doing?" the barkeep asked, grabbing Severus by the collar.

"...but he will have power..." he heard her say, before he replied. "Waiting on Headmaster Dumbledore. I'm his next appointment."

"I doubt that." The man stood looming over Severus.

"*And either must die at the hand of the other...*" the woman inside continued.

The barkeep crossed his arms and glared down at Severus. "You've been listenin' in on the Headmaster's interview with Miss Trelawney."

"*The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies.*" he heard the woman say before the barkeep pounded on the door.

The scrape of a chair could be heard, preceded by the even footfalls of Headmaster Dumbledore walking on the hardwood floor, and the door opened. The elderly man looked down at Severus with mild indignation, then over to the woman in the gauzy fringed shall and beads, turning back to Severus with a dark scowl. "Aberforth, if you'd be so kind as to show Mr. Snape to another room. I do not believe that Miss Trelawney is expecting him. I'll be out in a minute."

"Sure, Headmaster," the barkeep said, clamping a hand down on Severus' shoulder. "You're commin' with me."

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Severus waited for Lily to come around to come to her senses. He still believed that they were meant for each other, destined to be together. He simply had to wait for her to come back to him. He was sitting in a small café, eating breakfast, one morning when an announcement in the Daily Prophet caught his eye. Just under the birth announcement for the Longbottoms' was the announcement of Lily's baby boy.

*I'm very pleased to make the*

*happy announcement of*

*Harry James Potter,*

*born the thirty-first of July*

*to the proud parents of James and Lily Potter.*

*Mr. and Mrs. Potter are both graduates of*

*Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry...*

Lily was pregnant? She had a baby I mean, she gave birth to a boy! Could he be my child? Severus quickly counted up the months since their night together in the garden of the old country home. *He could be mine... quite possibly! Lily's son could be mine! Lily and I have a son* Severus folded up the paper, left three Knuts next to his cup, and left, still clutching the announcement of Lily's baby boy. *Our boy.*

Severus Apparated to the large home that once had been a relic of a castle. To the outside world and the Muggles in the town below, this old castle still looked like a ruin. Even the wizards and witches from the Ministry couldn't see beyond the many charms and concealment spells that protected the place. Only with the Dark Mark could anyone approach. He entered the main room of what was once a Great Hall in the medieval age and knelt.

The Dark Lord walked casually up to Severus and stood near him. "Well?"

"I have had my second interview. The Headmaster is being cautious," he replied.

The Dark Lord stood in front of him, and Severus could feel his stare. "I want you at the castle, Severus. I was certain he would hire you. What is the problem? Dumbledore should have been thrilled with your qualifications."

"He doesn't believe that I want to teach kids, and I have no prior teaching positions that he's heard of. The three I have given him as a reference he says he knows to be allied with you, and he's hesitant to trust them." *He's going to probe my mind...* Severus was worried about the news of Lily's child and tried to suppress the knowledge, but the familiar tendril feeling of invasion crept into his head. The images and conversations of the interview with Dumbledore flashed in his head and Severus tried to focus on the details, hoping to keep any thoughts of Lily's his child separate. Nevertheless, the Dark Lord saw a snippet of the article in his mind, and a fragment of what Severus had heard of Trelawney's prediction.

"What is this?" the Dark Lord asked, placing his hand under Severus' chin. "Severus, are you withholding something from me?"

"No, my Lord," Severus lied, his expression completely impassive.

The tendril-like sensation pulled at the memory of the prophecy. The words he heard came to him with near perfect clarity. *The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches ... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... And the Dark Lord will... but he will have power... And either must die at the hand of the other... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies...*

The Dark Lord frowned. "You didn't think to tell me about this?"

Severus looked up at the Dark Lord, making direct eye contact. "I thought the woman to be nutters. I've seen her before, going into a pub already snookered, and she's looney. She grabbed me and asked me if it was cold, for Merlin's sake." Severus held his gaze fixated on the red eyes of his Lord. Few in the circle had the audacity to do that, but Severus knew that it was one way of appearing sincere. It had always worked on his father.

The Dark Lord probed his mind, and Severus gladly recalled the batty woman asking him about the weather before she walked away for the pub. The probing sensation left his mind. "Very well, Severus. You should have reported this to me, but you are right, she is nutters. However, this time, in the interview with Dumbledore I believe she was actually making a prediction, giving a prophecy. I should have been told, but I can see your misguided impression. Nevertheless, the child will have been born...." The Dark Lord walked off, obviously deeply troubled by the prediction of the prophecy. "Bella, come here, please."

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It was in late August when Snape learned that the Dark Lord had decided that Harry Potter, his son, fit the Prophecy he'd seen in Severus's mind and had marked the Potters for death. Lily was in grave danger. In a desperate attempt, Severus pleaded with the Dark Lord to spare Lily's life, pledging to do whatever the Dark Lord asked of him. *She'll forgive me... She has to forgive me*, he thought that night as he climbed into bed. *Please, whatever deity will listen to me, protect her... Oh, gods, Lily. What have I done? Our son....*

The next morning, that afternoon, that evening and the following day, each time Severus sent his owl out to warn Lily about the danger she was in, his letter was returned.

Unopened

Unread.

He had only one recourse. He would have to ask Dumbledore to protect her.

\*

The fireworks over London burst throughout the night. Everyone was celebrating around him, everyone except him. Like a shadow, he walked the streets, keeping close to the hedges and gated walls, deep in his own misery. *When the Dark Lord tried to kill Harry, he killed Lily. Her self-sacrifice caused the curse to rebound, Dumbledore thinks, and Voldemort is diminished, nearly destroyed but not gone. His followers if you could call them followers, are all in hiding now, trying to fabricate stories as to their involvement with the Dark Lord. It's pathetic. Wizards like Lucius will pull through, they have money. And I I have a safe position at Hogwarts.*

The Dark Mark still itched on his skin, but he ignored it. *Lily's dead. What is there to celebrate about? The Dark Lord isn't dead the Dark Mark is still there on my arm, still itches, bothersome and annoying.* He pulled a potion from his pocket and poured a little on it, momentarily numbing the skin. No, he's out there somewhere. He will come back someday somehow. And I'll have to protect her son our son.

He'd been desperate when he'd finally gone to Dumbledore and confessed what had happened. The Headmaster had refused to believe him then. *"It was on the twenty-fifth of October. I know it I heard it myself," Severus had pleaded with the old man to listen to him. "Someone told the Dark Lord where she is, told him their secret."*

*"Cannot be, he would never tell," Dumbledore stated assuredly.*

*Severus could hardly keep his composure. He just wouldn't listen to him. "Headmaster, he has, the Dark Lord knows," he repeated. He was desperate to protect Lily. "Dumbledore, please, the Dark Lord is planning an attack on the family. I beg you, keep Lily safe! I'll do anything, anything, but promise me you'll protect them."*

*"Anything, Severus?"* The mild, grandfather figure had straightened up, looking down at Severus with disgust, his power and strength radiating from him and Severus had felt fear for the first time in his presence. *"Anything?"* The old fool had been adamant that the Potters were safe.

Only days later the Potters were killed at Godric's Hollow. Lily had been killed, but her son survived. His son lived.

\*

Ten years later, Severus sat at the teachers' table in the front of the Great Hall waiting for the Sorting feast to start. Harry Potter was about to begin his years of training at Hogwarts. There was so much Severus had to teach him, so much the boy would need to know. He actually paid attention today as the new arrivals walked down between the tables for the Sorting. Usually he had little interest in the new arrivals. He'd meet them all soon enough, but Harry was here. His Harry. Named after Lily's father, even if he carried Potter's name as well. It didn't matter. The boy was here at last.

There was one scrawny boy in the group that had unruly black hair and glasses. Severus couldn't see him too well due to his height *Small and scrawny like I was at his age... No problem, size does not equate power. With my and Lily's blood, this boy will be phenomenal. I will teach him to do things, give him all the skills and knowledge I have...*

His name was called "Potter, Harry," and Severus's attention was focused on the small boy as he walked forward, unsure but willingly.

The boy's resemblance to James was startling and Severus groaned inwardly. He stared at the boy, trying to discount what he saw *No, it's not possible... Lily and I we the timing was correct. I was with her the night of his conception. I rechecked the calculations myself...* He had just enough time to catch the boy's eyes and make the Legilimency link before the hat fell over the boy's head.

The hat hemmed and hawed considering placing the boy in Slytherin.

*At least I can mold him properly, teach him in private the spells and curses that will enable him to finally destroy the Dark Lord* Severus thought as he listened to the hat tell the boy that he'd be great in Slytherin.

'Not Slytherin, not Slytherin,' the boy thought, pleading with the hat.

'Are you sure? Not Slytherin eh? Better be...' "Gryffindor!" the hat shouted and the Gryffindor table burst out cheering.

*Damn. He'll be just like his father then! Arrogant, strutting around the castle, hexing other kids for no other reason than their name and looks. Oh, Lily. I'll do my best, I'll try. For you, I'll try....*

~FIN~

Author's Notes:

*I'd like to take a moment to thank someone special with a short note of endearment. Thank you XXXX for giving this a thorough read through and cleaning up my grammatical mess. Thank you so very much, I really appreciate the help, and suggestions.*

*The original prompt was: #35. Severus overhears the Prophecy from the keyhole in the Hog's Head, but would've dismissed the crazy Trelawney as a lunatic, and would have thought that she was performing an act just to get a job. Except that only an months earlier, when he passed Trelawney in a town called (pick a place), she had stopped, grabbed his arm and said something rather peculiar to him and about Lily. Hearing this first prophecy, Severus tries to warn Lily himself. They meet. In the heated discussion, Severus kisses her, things happen and go a bit too far. How far? Does Severus think Lily's son could've been his? And is this why he looked at Harry the way he did at the Sorting and why he treated Harry so badly? Because he wasn't?*