

Slinking in the Shadows

by Gelsey

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She always slunk into the shadows the moment a knock sounded at the door. Black on black, she was as invisible as her pet was when he crept through the hallways after his prey. Not that his prey ever seemed to notice him until he pounced, so deaf were they with their small ears and weak eyes.

Golden eyes narrowed as she realized who was at the door --*Her*, why was it always that *Infernal Female*? Her pet didn't need her stumbling around, rubbing against him, intruding. Her freaky hair, so odd looking... her pet always acted so different after She came to visit, not wishing to pay herself any mind, stalking around and muttering or locking himself away in his den to meddle with his toys, those odd smelling things he tried to keep out of her reach.

As if he could keep anything from her.

He certainly couldn't keep it from her the first time *That Female* came over, stinking of werewolf. Not that he'd tried. He'd acted appropriately then, though. He'd sneered and stalked, playing with *Her* like a little toy. It was always so fun to watch him play, dangling verbal strings before them, batting them this way and that. He was very entertaining, her pet. But then something had changed.

He'd stopped treating *Her* like prey. After that day when he had come home stinking of blood, werewolf blood and Rat-Man blood, everything had changed. She'd hissed and growled until he'd washed it all off.

That... Woman had come over that evening and sobbed, and instead of snarling, her pet, her darling hunter, had... held *Her*. Soothed *Her* like he usually did her fur. And *That Woman* started coming more often, in the blur of weeks and months that, to her, passed in a flick of the tail and the strike of a claw, evenings of talks and surreptitious touching.

And then she'd smelled them together one night, the smell of sweat and mating, and found her pet curled around that... that *Trespasser*, in the spot that should be hers, and petting the hair that was short today, when it should have been her fur. Slitted pupils narrowed and the tail twitched now in jealousy. She was glad she'd never shown herself to the stumbling, incompetent *Chit*.

The shadows had always been her friends, but now they were her bestmates as she avoided even her pet, glowering at him like he glowered at the essays on his desk as he looked for her. And he had tried to find her, oh yes, to meet *Her*. If a cat could have smirked, she would have the day she heard the *Woman* say, "Severus, I swear... I think you're making this familiar up," laughing.

But she had forgotten how clever her pet was. How sneaky and like herself he was. "There she is!" he said triumphantly, and she sighed, hanging her head as he held her out to the grinning Nymphadora Tonks.

A/N: This was written for a challenge on the LiveJournal community romancingwizard. The prompt was "There she is!" and it is exactly 500 words long, as per challenge guidelines. Please let me know what you think.