

A Muggle Halloween

by mayadidi

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus picked up the cut crystal goblet and allowed himself a small smile as he swirled the amber liquid around the glass. The aroma of fine, aged brandy wafted up from the glass, and he inhaled deeply. He closed his eyes and leaned back in his leather recliner, enjoying the warmth from the fire in front of him. The house was for once quiet, and he was alone. He was determined to enjoy the small indulgence that the brandy afforded. This was preferable to the endless feasts he had endured at Hogwarts. For once, he could spend the holiday in peace, with no screaming children stuffing themselves with too many sweets, no irritating old men with twinkling eyes, no unexpected trolls in the bathroom.

He could get used to celebrating this holiday like a Muggle.

Severus was prevented from taking that first sip of his brandy by a doorbell ringing. He scowled at the interruption and set his brandy down in order to do his wife's bidding.

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thirty minutes earlier...

Severus said goodbye to Professor McGonagall and cut off the Floo connection, stifling a groan as he slowly stood up and relieved the pressure from his knees. The Headmistress Flooed him every year to wish him well and had just regaled him with plans for the upcoming Halloween Ball. He couldn't thank the Gods enough that he was no longer teaching at Hogwarts. As he turned away from the fireplace, he was unable to hold back a quick indrawn breath in surprise as he found himself face to face with a Death Eater.

Severus' hand instinctively plunged into his pocket, reaching for his wand before it was stilled by the musical laughter coming from behind the Death Eater's silver mask.

He scowled and crossed his arms in front of him.

'Hermione, what are you doing?'

His wife whipped the mask off her face to reveal an impish smile.

"I needed a costume, and I found this in the back of the closet. Wait till you see Harry's costume!"

Their conversation was interrupted as they heard the front door of their house open and heard Harry's voice.

'I stopped teaching to get away from all those dunder-headed children, why would I enjoy a holiday that invites the Muggle versions to come to my door in droves all night long?!

He ran a hand through his dark hair.

She smiled smugly at him.

Her voice was more insistent this time. She slowly removed his old Death Eater robes, tossing them on the ground behind her and moving towards him.

End.

A/N: I was feeling the holiday spirit today so here it is, just a short Halloween romp. Growing up I remember my dad always having brandy while he passed out candy to the neighborhood kids. That was the inspiration for my idea.