

Batman and Catwoman

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Snape is pissed, in both the American and English senses of the term. Hermione has forced him to attend this Halloween party, against his will, he might add. At the Burrow, for Merlin's sake! Not to mention he's had about a liter of Firewhisky in the last two hours. From his perspective, there are actually two Weasley twins again. *Shit, that was probably in poor form to think of, eh, Snape?*

Snape sits in the corner, angry. He came to this party, was *forced* to this party. He had carefully picked his bat costume earlier that evening because, well, he loves bats. Bats hear less with their ears, but primarily through echolocation. They're the consummate spy, much like himself. But of course, no one can just let him be a bat in the corner; so many people trying to explain to him that he's not dressed up. He added wings to his normal clothing, which definitely qualifies it as a costume and not regular clothing. Of course, they're hard to see if he's not standing, and given that he hasn't stood up all night for that matter, he understands that it might be hard for everyone to understand. *But, I'm a bat tonight, damnit!*

His lip curls up in its consummate sneer as Potter gives him a "What are you supposed to be?" look. *A bat, Potter. Why is that so hard to comprehend?*

He continues sitting in his chair in the corner of the room with every exit in sight. Even after all these years, the spy mentality is hard to shake. His hand twitches to touch the scars on his neck, but he controls the reaction. Instead, he starts eavesdropping as he sips his Firewhisky, terribly grateful to himself for his foresight to just bring the bottle with him to his chair. He listens to Ronald talk to Harry, presumably about himself.

"I can't believe Mum invited him. And he didn't even bother to dress up, Harry. Still the 'Bat of the Dungeons' that he's always been!"

Snape sighs, knowing that they just don't get it. Voldemort's dead ten years, and they still don't get him. Or irony for that matter. Clearly, he knows that students have called him the "Bat of the Dungeons" for years. The fact that he's dressed as a bat is *funny*. Only slightly less funny than if he dressed up as an incredibly large, poisonous snake.

He sighs again. *If only my counterpart would show up...*

Of course, on the heels of that thought, she walks through the door, dressed in spandex and lycra from head to toe. She slinks towards him, eyes glued to his—oblivious to the entire room. Unaware, specifically, to Ronald's salivating stare. From her carefully applied makeup to the curves of her silhouette, she's the most beautiful creature in the room, and from her prowling carriage, she knows it too.

"Sorry I'm late," she apologizes. "What would Batman be without his Catwoman?"

And as she drapes herself across his lap, he pulls her into a smoldering kiss. He allows himself this liberty. After this much Firewhisky, he'll damn well allow himself any liberty he chooses.

"Gross, Hermione!" Ron squeals. She giggles and snuggles further into Severus' lap. And in spite of waiting nearly an hour for her to arrive, whilst pickling his liver with Firewhisky and having to listen to the entire room kvetch about his presence, he's happy for the first time that night.

AN: Prompt taken from debjunk: Severus is forced to attend the Weasley's Halloween party... as a bat. Thank you so much, debjunk, for beta-ing and being just all-around awesome and supportive!