

Lasiurus borealis

by sara lady dalian

A bat invades Halloween at the Burrow.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The party was in full swing in the back yard when he first walked into the house. He noticed the quiet, heard the creaks and clanks the strange house made when there was silence enough to hear. He walked through the living-room towards the kitchen window. He could see the revelers chasing each other around, waving Whiz-Bangs at each other. The night was cold, and a light rain was starting to fall, but unfortunately the Whiz-Bangs didn't seem affected by the water.

The dark afforded him an excellent chance to skirt the edges of the party; something both he and his familiar for the evening preferred. Over his exposed skin, he had cast an elaborate Confundo Charm to enhance his outfit. His wings draped to the ground, barely missing the dirt; his costume was covered in an orangish, reddish fur, his wing membrane was blacker than the night surrounding him. After-all, he might HAVE to be a bat, but no one would surely think he would willingly be a reddish, orangish bat.

It took longer than he had imagined for one of the party goers to see him. They took him right in, thinking him one of the Weasleys. Damned red-heads. But it was a good disguise. Minerva smirked at him, but turned towards Arthur and asked for a dance before he could confront her. The young Miss Weasley shrieked when he suddenly walked out of the shadows, moving swiftly past her. One of the twins whispered a "wicked" when they saw his visage move around the crowd. Miss Granger gasped when she saw his wings exposed, mouth open, prey spotted.

He plagued his tormentor all evening, but she kept her distance, silently smirking, but never revealing his identity. As the hour wound down and he could rightfully leave, he found her standing along the punch table, alone for one moment. "Never again, witch! Next time, you'll be dressed as an English fishwife, gone to beg from the neighbors." She smiled, patted him on the cheek, and said, "If it pleases you to think so, my dear boy." He was never going to lose a bet with her again.