

Party Games

by JackieJLH

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This was written for AzkatrazAtHome's Crack and Cliche Drabble prompt: What's wrong with Truth or Dare? As such, it's mildly ridiculous. :)

Severus hated staff parties.

They didn't happen often, at least, but with Dumbledore as headmaster, they did still *happen*. The sentimental old fool would start muttering about how there was a war brewing, and wondering how many of them would be around in a few years, and suddenly he'd demand everyone's attendance at a get-together in some out-of-the-way part of the castle after hours so that they could '*enjoy each other's company*', which was Albus-code for '*get completely sloshed and make fools of ourselves*'. Snape always tried his best to be assigned to monitor the halls and be available for emergencies, but lost out every time to Poppy, as she'd been there longer and got first dibs on party-avoidance.

Showing up as late as possible (which wasn't late at all, as Albus had come to retrieve him when he wasn't there exactly on time), Severus grabbed a drink from the open bar run by an old and entirely too excited school kitchen elf (the open bar really was the only redeeming quality of these parties) and ensconced himself in a chair in the corner, intent on getting so thoroughly pissed that Albus couldn't possibly force him to participate in any of the night's activities.

That plan, unfortunately, didn't work. Instead of leaving him alone, Albus just came to *him*, followed by Minerva and Filius, and eventually there was much poking and prodding and tugging and a few drunken levitation spells, and Severus ended up sprawled on a couch in the center of the room.

"Let's play a game!" Hagrid roared over the noisy chatter and the awful sound of Rolanda and Filius attempting to sing the latest song by the Weird Sisters. Severus immediately began to protest, but fell silent when Rolanda began prodding at his foot.

"Budge up," Hooch said, poking at him with her wand, and he sat up, more or less, leaning heavily on the arm of the couch as she settled next to him. Pomona took the seat on the other side of the flight instructor.

"How about Truth or Dare?" Filius squeaked, and Hooch and McGonagall both practically shouted, "No!"

"What's wrong with Truth or Dare?" Hagrid asked, looking disappointed, sloshing his barrel-sized drink around so that Firewhisky spilled over the side, hissing and foaming on the carpet. The two women just blushed, very pointedly avoiding meeting each other's eyes.

"It's just not a good idea," Minerva finally answered reluctantly, and Pomona burst into hysterical giggles, Albus's deep chuckle following close behind.

"I vote we play 'Shut Up, the Potions Master is Trying to Pass Out'," Snape mumbled from the sofa. "That's my favorite party game."

Albus reached over to pat his knee gently, smiling the smile of the ridiculously inebriated. "See, my boy? I told you that you'd find a game you'd enjoy."