

Cocktail

by Titania Snape

It's just sick. This is my answer to Severus_is_good_dammit's "Smarmy Lounge Singer" challenge at Potter Place. The warnings are for what you might want to do to yourself, rather than what the characters do.

Mel Short

Chapter 1 of 1

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The characters herein belong to JK Rowling. I'm only driving them further along the road toward intensive psychotherapy!

AN: My most humble apologies to Bobby Darin, Wayne Newton, and to you my dear readers.

Cocktail

Mel Short

"Oh, the shark, has pretty teeth, dear

And it shows themmm pearly white

Just a jackknife has old MacHeeeath, dear

And he keeps it ouuuuu of sight."

Hermione Granger, three years graduated from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, war hero, Order of Merlin, First Class recipient and brightest witch of her age, thought she was going insane. Why else would she be watching, much less listening to, this sorry impression of a nineteen-fifties lounge singer? A poor excuse of a nineteen-fifties lounge singer, who happened to bear a remarkable resemblance to a certain Potions master who was wanted for the murder of Albus Dumbledore.

She shook her head in disbelief. There was no way Severus Snape would ever be in Las Vegas, and if by some stretch of the imagination he happened to be so, he would never, ever be singing in this dive. He wouldn't be singing a rendition of "Mack the Knife" in a pseudo-cool, bluesy rhythm as he, oh, good Lord, made his way through the audience while flirting with females dressed in skimpy eveningwear.

Severus Snape, the great black bat of the dungeons, would kill the closest live being rather than wear what this lounge lizard was currently sporting.

'Was that really polyester? Wasn't polyester invented in the sixties or seventies?' she thought.

"When that shark biites, with his

teeeth dear, Scarlet billowwws start to

spreaaadd. Fancy gloooves, wears old

MacHeath, dear

So there's never a traaaace of red."

Oh, God! Was he coming toward her? Hermione tried to make herself as unnoticeable as possible without actually crawling under her table. Luckily, the singer swerved away at the last moment and made his way to the table two away from hers.

Hermione sighed, both in relief and vexation. Relief, because he had not embarrassed her, and vexation, because the vacuous looking woman at his current table appeared to be enjoying the show.

'There really was no accounting for taste', she thought, somewhat viciously.

For the singer, who according to her program was called Mel Short, wore the most putrid shade of maroon she had ever seen. Minerva McGonagall would be incensed over the color alone, never mind the fact that the maroon of the suit was set off by a white shirt, replete with ruffled collar and plaquette, that was unbuttoned down to his navel. Hermione was too busy marveling at the tackiness of the thick gold chain that hung from his neck. She would have bet her entire trip fund on whether or not the medallion on the chain was that of a ram's head. She shook her head a bit sadly and thought that Albus would have probably liked the white belt and shoes this Mel person wore.

"On the sidewalk sunnyyyy morningggg"

Lies a bodyyyy all oozin' lliife ...

hahahahaha

And someone's sneakin'round the cooerner

Could that someone be Mack the Kniiiiife?"

'Well damnation, if he really was coming toward her now,' she thought.

She frantically looked for a way to escape without causing too much commotion, but he had reached her table. She looked at the tablecloth, willing him to go away, as her cheeks flushed bright red in mortification. She was going to kill Harry and Ron when she got back home. They had suggested that she come to Las Vegas, they had booked her trip, and they had booked her entertainment. Bastards.

" On a tugboaaaat ... by the riverrr

a cement bag is goin'dowwnn"

'Please, don't touch me!' she thought desperately, as he slithered his way around to her side. 'Oh, God, please don't touch me!'

"That cemennnt's just for the weight,

deeeear. I'll bet you Mac, he's back in

towwwn."

His fingers slid across the back of her neck. Hermione screamed and jumped up from her seat, knocking the table over and sending the contents shattering to the floor.

" Unhand me, you bastard!" she shouted.

Mel stopped singing and the music twittered to a stop. Hermione looked at the lounge lizard a bit more carefully. No... it couldn't be. But from up close, that nose and those eyes...

"Professor Snape?" she squeaked.

"Miss Granger?" he stuttered in unison.

The silence was deafening, and both could feel everyone's eyes boring through them.

"Fuck!" he hissed.

"Oh, Merlin!" she whispered.

He turned on his heel and nearly ran toward the stage, which he leapt up onto, then ducked behind the curtains.

The eyes, which had followed his progress away, now turned to her. It was not a pleasant experience.

"Erm... excuse me," she said nervously, then turned and ran toward the exit.