

Party Pooper

by Alison

Severus has little time for such foolishness as celebrations.

Complete short story

Chapter 1 of 1

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"...Five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... YEAAAY!"

The fireworks erupted, blooming in the inky night sky like huge, short-lived flowers, illuminating the old castle and the thronging, cheering crowd below in wonderful rainbow splashes.

This New Year's festivities were made especially joyous thanks to the fact that they were the first held since the defeat of the Dark Lord. One year ago, the two armies had been locked in furious battle, neither side sure of victory. It had been ten months since the death of Voldemort, ten long months during which time the winning side mourned their dead, teams of Aurors rounded up the last of the Dark Lord's supporters and trials were held to determine innocent from guilty.

So this celebration was not only riotously happy, it was a necessary step towards healing and new beginnings, an overdue festival that nobody had felt the energy or inclination for back in March.

Severus Snape watched the cheering mob surging about him. His eyes were fixed not on the spectacle in the sky; instead he watched expressionlessly as a young Auror laughed with his friends a short distance down the slope.

The young man held lit sparklers in both hands that he was waving enthusiastically. The tall red-head beside him was being equally ludicrous, beaming at the curly-haired girl at his side as he attempted to spell "Hermione" in the air with his sparkler.

Severus turned away with a sneer and nearly walked straight into Ginny Weasley and Neville Longbottom, who were locked in a passionate kiss. A short distance away, a bright flash showed Luna Lovegood and Blaise Zabini holding hands as they gazed up at the sky. In fact, there was entirely too much love and good fellowship going on: Muggle-borns rubbed shoulders with purebloods, centaurs pranced with house-elves on their backs, Mermish were singing at the side of the lake. Foolishness!

He was heading back towards the castle when he heard a familiar voice call his name. He turned to see that Harry Potter had left his friends and was hurrying after him, a fatuous grin on his face and a sparkler still fizzing erratically in one hand.

"Don't tell me you're going back inside?" Potter asked in amazement. "The party'll go on till dawn ... "

Severus stared at him for a moment. There was a smudge of soot on the young man's nose, and his hair was in complete disarray. He was panting a little from his run up

the slope and his cheeks were flushed.

Severus narrowed his eyes and closed the gap between them, gripping the young man by one arm. For an instant he was reminded of a memory, a teenager he had hauled out of a Pensieve in a similar way not so many years before, but this young man was anything but cowed by the intent look of Severus's face.

Instead, Harry chuckled softly, a sound that never failed to set Severus's pulse racing.

"Of course," Harry murmured, putting his arm around Severus's waist possessively, "there are many ways to party ... "

Severus tried to snort dismissively, but it came out sounding odd and ambivalent thanks to his suddenly dry throat. Putting his arm about Harry's shoulders, he began to lead him towards their shared quarters back in the castle.

"Can we stop acting like bloody idiots now," he muttered, "and get to bed?"

The End.

Author's note: If you liked this story, please have a read of my original story "Love Inhuman" at this link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=11932>

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