

# **Crack-o-Ween**

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**Pairings:** Harry/Voldemort

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**Spoilers:** Nothing, really.

**Warnings:** Crackfic, deaths

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**Summary:** For Halloween. Someone has leaked information about Potter's life to the muggles.

**Notes:** I thought I'd give Halloween a try. . . ? I have a list, from fics out there, of the various misspellings of Voldemort, which is what gave me the idea.

“What is it?” he snapped.

The Death Eater lifted his head slightly and said, “My lord, there seems to be a slight problem. Someone has leaked information about Potter’s life to the muggles, and. . . .”

“And?” he demanded.

Twenty minutes later Voldemort stalked out of his super secret hideout and disappeared once he was outside the wards. His arrival point was a shock to the system; a celebration was going on, for Halloween, with a multitude of costumed muggles milling about and knocking back Merlin only knew what sort of alcohol.

“Heyo, people!”

He snapped his head around toward the voice, noticing a rather pudgy man up on a stage, beads of sweat rolling down the sides of his face. Voldemort stared, trying to figure out what the man was supposed to be representing. Pale blond hair (obviously fake), fangs, badly-constructed wings. . . .

“All right. It’s time for the costume contest,” the man said enthusiastically. “I know, I know, you’re all secretly in awe of my sexy veela self, but this isn’t about me!”

Voldemort snorted and began calculating just how many muggles he could kill in the least amount of time.

“First up: Dark Lords! I know you’re out there, so come on up and let’s get this contest started!”

He frowned and glanced around. He had been warned of this, but really, seeing was believing. A number of muggles pushed their way through the crowd and took the stairs up to the stage, and began to array themselves in a line. Voldemort hesitated a moment, smirked cruelly, and followed, taking a spot at the end. It was about then that he noticed none of the people on stage looked anything like an evil dark lord, and all of them were wearing white tags. A closer look at the man next to him revealed the tag to read: Lord Voldemolt.

He snarled. The next one down read: Lord Voldermort.

“Okay! Is that everyone? Fantastic!” The announcer turned and approach the first man in line. “Lord Vlodemort, huh? I see you don’t know your canon, but that’s all right,” he said and laughed heartily. “You also look suspiciously like Darth Vader without the mask, but he was a dark lord, wasn’t he.”

Voldemort glared. He had never heard of this Darth Vader person.

“Okay, and next we have Lord Voltmeter.” The announcer turned away for a second, his shoulders shaking slightly, then continued on down the line until he got to Voldemort himself. “Hey, no tag. But you look fabulous! You must have really paid attention to those books. Wonderful, wonderful!”

He was just about to say something when a reflection caught his eye. A look down at the masses revealed a half dozen Potter lookalikes. One of them might even be the real thing. “Potter,” he snarled, whipping out his wand.

A bunch of females in the audience shrieked, then laughed self-consciously.

“Whoa! Really getting into the act.”

Voldemort ignored the idiot and cast the killing curse on the first of the possible Potters, smirking when the kid dropped to the ground. Mere seconds later the others were down and he was aiming at the imbeciles pretending to be him. “Die, you peasants!”

While he was clearing those out half the audience was stampeding away, frightened out of their wits. Though, there was a bunch of weedy-looking fellows off to the side loudly discussing what sort of electronics work was necessary to get a Taser to function like that, complete with cool light effects.

The announcer was standing at one corner of the stage, beaming. Voldemort had just aimed at him when another reflection caught his eye. There, just a few yards away, was a dead ringer for Potter, and this one had a wand in his hand.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

He smirked. “What’s it look like?”

“Since when do you crash muggle events and off the competitors? Worried one of their costumes might be better than yours?”

“W-wait a minute,” the announcer said. “These people are . . . dead?”

Voldemort casually killed the fellow and turned his attention back to Potter. “Time for you to die.”

Potter rolled his eyes. “Look, I know you’re pissed, but if you’d simply told me Nagini was molting, I wouldn’t have AK’d her when she bit me like that!”

“She was my familiar,” he roared.

“Yes, dear, I know that. Now, how about I make you some treacle tarts? You like those. And besides, the obliviation squad will be here shortly. We really ought to be going.”

“Fine,” he snarled, then shot the Dark Mark into the air. A moment later he left the stage and pulled Potter into his embrace, then apparated them away, but not before giving him a rough kiss. Killing always did make him a bit randy.