

# Saturday Night Fever

Von MLang

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## Saturday Night Fever~!

It was one of *those* Saturday nights.

After a hard week's work full of successful heists and other rogueries – no pun intended – the Rogues decided to party.

Well, at least James decided and the others, bored of staying at the hideout playing poker or getting drunk, joined him more or less halfhearted. Even Lenny left his comfortable couch and numberless beer cans behind and followed the team without much bitching.

The location was a personal tip of Gambi and appeared to be a shelter for every Central City crook who wanted to have a night out in the company of their sort without getting bothered by some costumed freak. Ok, make this 'costumed freak in red with a yellow lightning bolt', since everyone preferred to stick to their own typical outfit.

"Hell, is that Abra Kadabra with all these... these girls!?" was Mick's first remark as they set foot into the club.

"Lucky bastard! I'll never understand why he's so popular with the ladies! Must be some strange pheromones-perfume from the 64th century or stuff. I saw that on TV once..." James replied dismissive and shrugged.

They continued their way through the little groups of fellow villains, Lenny leading the way now, heading straight for the bar. The rest followed, getting their drinks and left either for some chitchat with old friends, preferably female company or the dance floor.

James stayed near the bar, a cocktail colorful enough to match his costume in his hand, glancing around to find some nice amusement.

Damn Abra Kadabra! Normally it wouldn't take him long to find a pretty face for some fun moments, but it seemed as if there was a serious lack of female party animals in general and the few ladies left where either not his type or already busy enough with themselves and their girlfriends.

A quick glance back to the bar and he noticed that even Lenny and Mark got company – well, they got each other at least.

James couldn't blame them for that. Mark was attractive enough to make even him a bit light-headed from time to time – that spandex suited him best. And Lenny... well, they all loved him one way or another. Never underestimate an alpha male's appeal!

James averted his gaze when Mark leaned over to whisper in Lenny's ear, making him chuckle softly.

Damn it all, it had been his own bloody idea to go out with the boys and now he was the only one left without any fun at all? No way!

He sipped his cocktail and made some random steps through the club. Eventually he found himself near the dance floor and stopped dead in his tracks when he noticed the go-go-dancers on the speakers. They wore costumes too, but that was only part of the show. There was even a female Batman-dancer!

Highly amused by this, James took another sip of his cocktail while having a look at the other dancers as well – and nearly choked when his eyes fell upon a female

Trickster-dancer. What the HELL!? Right, his costume was awesome and yeah, it looked great on that tall blonde beauty on the speaker, but-

He couldn't even finish thinking because something new caught his attention.

"Dear God, Piper...!?", he muttered under his breath, as he spotted Hartley among the dancers, right in front of the female Trickster. Now that was disturbing! The way Piper fixed his gaze on the dancer on the speaker wouldn't be too surprising if one disregarded his sexual preferences.

James' mouth hung open a bit, making him look pretty stupid while he watched Piper moving to the music as professional as if he was a dancer himself. He had taken off his green cloak and the black top he was still wearing was pretty formfitting. Sure, Piper was as well trained as the others – well, except for Digger maybe – but the way his body stretched and bent to the music made him look even more athletic and still somehow delicate.

While James was still staring, Piper noticed him finally and left his place beside the speaker, making his way through the other dancers, until he reached his friend.

"Well? You have to admit your costume doesn't look too bad on the girl, right?", Hartley said with a slight shrug. "Not my type though", he added after a short pause, shrugging again and looking into James' eyes behind his domino mask.

"I figured as much...", James replied lamely, holding Hartley's gaze. "Did you get her number?", he joked as he recovered from the first shock, nudging his companion friendly with his elbow.

Hartley rolled his eyes behind his green glasses, obviously annoyed. "Why should I? Go and organize your one night stands yourself, will you? Now excuse me!" And off he was, heading back to the bar, where he found himself face to face with Lenny and Mark, both already blind drunk and – well, yeah – kissing.

Hartley knew their cheap excuses for such behavior – beer, lots of it. Wait, they didn't need an excuse – they were respected regardless of their relationship or whatever they called it.

"Aw, man, don't leave me standing there like a- whoops!" Trickster joined Hartley, following his glance. "Gee, boys, get a room!" He turned his back to Lenny and Mark, facing Hartley again. "You want to stick around watching them? Fine – I'm gonna go now, or boredom kills me, I swear to God." He crossed his arms, eyeing Piper some moments and then tilted his head a bit to the side. "...wanna go with me? You wouldn't be happy with that fake Trickster-chick over there. Nothing beats the original – plus I have more gadgets than she does!"

The puzzled look Piper gave him, made James rethink his way of expressing and he added explanatorily "Yo-Yos, rubber chicken, air walking shoes – what do you want more? Come on, let's go!"

To his surprise, Hartley found himself minutes later outside the club, walking alongside James through the cool night air.

"You know, it would have been interesting to check for any female Piper-dancers, right? Although it would have been pretty bizarre", Trickster voiced his thoughts after some moments of silence.

"Your female counterpart was bizarre enough, thank you", Hartley replied humorless.

"...I do prefer the original."

"Great, consider yourself lucky for taking the original home then!", James chuckled, putting his arm around Piper's shoulders.

And God knew, Hartley was lucky. Oh yes, he was.

## The Aftermath

It was around midnight when Mick decided to call it a day. It had been too frustrating to get the attention of anybody female in the club and failing didn't belong to his hobbies at all. He tried hard enough, always appearing as the knight in shiny armor whenever a sweet lady was in need for a cigarette lighter, but no one cherished his helpful hand with the flamethrower. What a pity!

Mick entered the men's room, looking for Evan and finding him crouching in one of the open cabins.

"Well, snow queen, let's leave. Trickster and Piper are already gone, probably getting it on in some dirty back alley and Cold and Weather Wizard – oh, just don't get me started!"

Without much hesitation, Mick grabbed Evan and tugged him out of the cabin, handing him a piece of tissue for his still bleeding nose.

At least Mick felt better now, knowing that he wasn't the most pitiful creature under this roof.

When they left the men's room Mick shot a last glance at Len and Mark still sitting at the bar, then he dragged Evan towards the exit.

"Who'd have thought that we would be the last to go?", Mark chuckled, watching Heat Wave and Mirror Master with shallow interest before turning back to Lenny.

"Not me, pal. I'm getting too old for this nonsense." Lenny raised his glass to Mark, smirking. "And so are you. You know, sometimes I think one should settle down before ending up like ol' Digger – without family, without dignity and – huh – dead."

Mark shifted a bit uncomfortably on his barstool. "Settle down? Really? Well, uhm..." He generously ignored Lenny's remark about their age, concentrating on the image of a quiet little house at the coast or in the mountains or wherever. "I don't think I'm ready for that. It's not like I'm – or you for that matter – gonna drop dead tomorrow. We're only... experienced."

"I'd call it veteran", Lenny shot back, eyeing his companion weary.

Grimacing, Mark snatched Lenny's glass and emptied it himself, before getting to his feet.

"Okay, enough of that. Come on, old buddy, I'm tired of listening to that sentimental trash of yours. How about showing me how veteran you really are? At home... all... alone?" Teasingly, Mark leaned over to steal a kiss from Lenny, before turning to leave.

"Ah, gee. In that case I'd prefer the term 'experienced', all right!", Lenny snarled, hurrying behind the raven-haired man.