

Is that a Dagger in your Scabbard or are you Just Happy to See Me?

by juniperus

In Celtic mythology the Oak King and the Holly King are twins. Every year at the Winter and Summer Solstices (the points of the year at shortest and longest daylight, after which the length of day waxes or wanes, as the case may be), these two fight for dominance. Just like our boys...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"So McGonagall talked you into playing dress-up, too?" Draco drawled as he sauntered into the small ante-room connecting the corridor and the Great Hall staff entrance.

Harry jumped at the sound of the door opening, then frowned at Draco's tone. "She didn't have to talk me into anything; I'm happy to help her entertain the war orphans at Yule."

Harry looked at Draco, pointedly. "As should you be."

With a roll of his eyes, Draco retorted, with an exaggerated shrug, "Oh yes, of course, of course. You know of the long-standing Malfoy tradition of generosity towards publicly popular charity events, not to mention," he smirked, "fighting with Potters." He put his hand up and laughed as Harry took a deep breath and opened his mouth to retort. "I don't believe we've done either in costume, however. You surprise me, Potter – you look rather fetching in those tights."

"Shut it, Malfoy," Harry said as he turned away, trying to hide his sudden blush, "you have a set of your own to model for the crowd." He pulled an evergreen-colored chaperon over his calf-length dark red houppelande and tightened a wide leather belt with scabbard around his waist.

Draco laughed again as he started to undress. "Ah, but do you think you look as fetching in yours as I will in mine?" He looked up as Harry whirled around, eyes flashing, and Draco continued with a grin, "Potter, you should have been a Slytherin. That green really brings out your eyes."

Harry turned away, again, as he felt the heat creep back up his neck and into his face – although he was unsure whether it was the compliment or the sight of Draco in nearly-complete undress that brought the blush on. He made a big production of fidgeting with the ruby-handled dagger at his waist as he stood facing the wall, lest Draco realize there was more than a blush to be hid. He took a deep breath before donning the crown of holly that completed the traditional costume.

"Er," Harry rasped, then cleared his throat. Still facing the wall, he asked, "McGonagall should have already told you what we have to do. At the signal I'll enter the Great Hall through the staff entrance, and you run in through the main doors. We rush around through where the children are sitting, chasing each other, then we..."

Draco snorted. "I'm a *pureblood*, Potter, you don't have to explain this *to me*." Draco pulled on his grass green houppelande and topped it with a brown chaperon before he continued. "We meet together in the middle and make a lot of noise as we bash our staves together in battle. I'll knock yours out of your hand, we pull the daggers and wrestle on the floor." Draco grinned as Harry's blush returned. "I 'stab' you, you fall dramatically, and the children cheer loudly for me as McGonagall brings out wassail and cakes." He sidled up to Harry as he buckled his belt so the scabbard rested in a suggestive location. "*Drama*, Potter, surely you have enough experience being the center of attention to manage."

Harry turned to retort, but thought better of it as he saw the placement of Draco's scabbard and his wicked smile as he caressed the dagger's handle lewdly. *Again* Harry quickly turned to face the wall and fidget with his crown, his unruly hair already caught in the branches.

Draco re-adjusted his belt and stepped closer to Harry as he placed the crown of green and golden oak leaves on his pale head. Harry turned to face him, then stepped back when he realized Draco was mere inches away. As his heel hit the wall and he felt the stone behind his outstretched hands, Draco leaned forward slightly, looked into Harry's eyes, and whispered, "Showtime!"

Draco jumped back, chuckling. As he slipped out the door to the corridor, Draco looked back over his shoulder at Harry and said, with a wink, "If you'd like to wrestle again later tonight, Potter, I'll let *you* win."