Warmth

by juniperus

At the holidays we all need a little warmth.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,

Here we come a-wand'ring so fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you..."

Percy started at the sound of singing at the door of his flat. He looked at the clock as he set aside his files and rose from the chair. "Who, by Merlin's pointy cap, would be caroling at *this* hour of the night?" he muttered to himself as he crossed the room.

The vexed look on Percy's face changed to one of shock as he opened the door to find Neville Longbottom bearing a bottle of brandy and a shy smile. "Happy Christmas, Percy!"

Neville looked uncomfortably at his snow-covered boots when he noticed the blush spreading across Percy's cheeks. "Er, I saw Ron at the Burrow earlier, and he had said the Minister had you working late on Christmas Eve…" He trailed off. Summoning a little Gryffindor courage, he thrust the bottle into Percy's hands and stammered, "So I thought I'd come and offer a little Christmas cheer. Have a wonderful holiday, then. Good to see you again, good night." He turned to leave.

When Percy took Neville's gloved hand in his own and cleared his throat, nervously, Neville met his gaze with eyes full of warmth.

"Eggnog?" Percy asked as he gently pulled Neville out of the cold.