

O Tannenbalm

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Severus! Your tree!" Percy exclaimed as he was forced backward by the dark force of nature that erupted from his Floo.

The tree that *Severus* had insisted upon.

Percy had always *hated* the endlessly-shedding monstrosities at The Burrow, and once he'd escaped, had never had one of his own. He'd always lived alone, anyway—what was the point?

It was their first Christmas together, and although he still didn't see the point, Percy grudgingly gave Severus his tree.

Now, Percy's momentum backward was about to make it a trysting bower.

And he had *just* finished decorating the bloody thing.

"Sod the tree," Severus replied, voice muffled as he nuzzled Percy's waistband with his great beak of a nose. "The last orders of this year have been dropped at the Owl Post, the Ministry is closed. I am *free*—and *you*, Mr. Weasley, are all *mine*!"

Once his zip was lowered, Percy found that the alarming jingling of the ornaments on the tree he had been unceremoniously shoved into no longer held his interest. His racing thoughts—full of frustration and Gryffindor righteous indignation at all the work he'd just done for Severus' benefit—muddled and staggered.

He moaned.

Severus, mouth too full to adequately respond, moaned in reply.

Then, surrounded by the scent of pine, cinnamon, orange, and cloves (not to mention the wet heat of Severus' talented mouth), his eyes opened.

Not *his*—ours. *Ours*.

Our tree. *Our* home. *The point*.

As he relaxed into the welcoming branches, his last coherent thought centered on the raven head bobbing before him and he filled with warmth.

Mine. Yours. Ours.

Happy Christmas, Percy.