

# On the First Day of Christmas My True Love Gave to Me...

*by juniperus*

Trimming the tree, Snape style.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"What're you *doing*?" Harry demanded.

"It's my year to trim the tree, is it not? This is a tree. I am trimming it," a voice from behind an enormous blue spruce replied.

"But... what *are* they?" Harry inquired, gesturing.

"Potions, of course!" Severus spat. "Are we so removed from our schooling that standard potions vials are unfamiliar?" He glared.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Of course not! But... *why*?"

His lover strode towards him. "Twelve vials for each of us— twelve days of Christmas, twelve exotic lust potions, twelve different experiences..."

Harry grinned. "It's the most beautiful tree I've ever seen."