

# Snakes in the Lion's Den

*by sara lady dalian*

What's in it for two Slytherins who are stuck at the Burrow for a week at Christmas time?

## one shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

What's in it for two Slytherins who are stuck at the Burrow for a week at Christmas time?

The wireless was playing softly in the background. It was the only sound in the house and grounds that was soft, even the snow was blowing loudly around the house. With twenty-three people cooped up at the Burrow, having been in each other's pockets for six days already, softness and civility were at a new all-time low. People were sleeping in shifts, sharing rooms with people they wouldn't normally even consider sharing with. Even pairs were griping with each other. And tomorrow was Christmas.

Severus stood looking out the window at the children playing outside, getting away from the snarling adults. They, at least, were taking this whole confinement well. It wasn't often that the cousins got to see each other. And he guessed with the five of them outside, it made for less noise inside.

Just as he heard the ghouls battering at the pipes again, he heard the noise of someone entering the room. Draco had just come down the stairs, immaculately dressed and cleaned, though still looking like he had just woken up, which Severus was fairly sure he had.

"Morning, Severus." Draco lowered himself into one of the squishy arm chairs that flourished at the Burrow. He sighed as he sank. "Make that 'good' morning."

Severus quite agreed with him. The chairs at the Burrow were one of the very few reasons he came back. They were outrageously hideous to look at, but heaven to sit in. Draco looked at the fire and the tree next to it. This wasn't where he had planned on having his first Christmas with Harry. Draco wasn't happy about the snow-in, nor the resultant travel-ban, but he could see the sense in it. He didn't want to end up half in London, half in some pub in Ireland just because of a stupid storm.

Just then, both men heard a crash and the argument that resulted in the kitchen. Seconds later a snowball hit the sitting room window, nearly cracking the glass. Then again, at times like this, Draco was tempted to try apparition regardless of the complications. He wondered how his godfather was holding up with all the Gryffindor fire if he, Draco, was having a problem. He looked at the older man and saw the strain in his face as more dishes got slammed around and more voices were heard upstairs. Smirking, Draco closed his eyes again. No, he wasn't the only snake in the lion's den with trouble adjusting.

The door between kitchen and sitting room opened just as another set of footsteps came down the stairs. Almost at the same time, Harry and Hermione each entered the room looking for their partners, hoping for a calm anchor away from the madness. Each of the Slytherins soon had a contented armful of Gryffindor. Draco and Severus looked at each other. Yes, there was a reason they came. And a reason they might survive Christmas, even here.

AN: This little bit of chaos was beta'd by pennfana. She made it so much better that all should bend before her. The prompt was by astopperindeath and said: the Weasleys et al are snowed in at the burrow for a week. As usual, I couldn't quite meet the terms of the prompt, but this is what happened for me. Have a great holiday!