

# Not Your Everyday Christmas Card

*by MystressXOXO*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*A/N: Written for mini\_fest over on LJ ... Prompts: 'Candy Canes' and 'What Harry Finds Under The Christmas Tree'. The actual 'reading' and 'question' mentioned in this fic...minus the magic and characters involved, of course...are based off a true story. =^;^=*

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Draco breathed a sigh of relief as he lounged on the couch with a glass of wine and watched the charmed lights twinkle on the Christmas tree. The friends and family that were there earlier had long since left for the night, and the silence that now settled within the house was blissful. Draco looked down the length of the tree to the base and gave a slight nudge to the man sitting next to him when he spotted a small package on the floor.

"Harry, I believe one more gift is under the tree."

"Really?" Harry asked, placing his glass of wine on the table.

Draco sipped his beverage as Harry walked over to the tree, dropped to his hands and knees, and inspected the space under the branches with enthusiasm. Harry would be able to see it now that they were alone, and that was exactly how Draco had planned it.

"Ah-ha!" came Harry's excited voice. Harry's arse wiggled as he crawled backwards, and Draco couldn't help but smirk at the view. Finding the ideal spot to place the present ahead of time apparently had its advantages.

Gift-wrapped box in hand, Harry smiled and brought it over to the couch. He sat down and turned his excited eyes toward Draco.

"What is it?" Harry asked; the question was accompanied by the present's contents rattling as Harry shook the small box.

"It's for you," Draco drawled, taking another sip of his wine before placing the glass next to Harry's.

"From you?"

"Obviously," Draco said in a fond tone. Harry loved presents, and he was milking the moment for all it was worth, Draco knew.

With an indulgent smile, Harry finally tore at the paper and lifted the lid off the box when it was unwrapped. Harry went still as soon as he saw what it was.

"It's a... card. A type of tarot card, I think."

"You're right. Do you remember the party the Slytherins held at the end of our seventh year?" Draco asked.

Harry nodded.

"Well, about an hour into the party, Pansy was already drunk and had decided to bring out an old pack of tarot cards she had purchased during her first year. I had no desire to hear her complain all night, so I went along with what she wanted to do. After I had asked the cards a question and cut the deck, I started on my fourth Firewhisky and tried not to pay too much attention to her."

"So this is one of the cards she used that night?" Harry asked, not really looking to Draco to see if his question was accurate or not.

Harry frowned and took the card out of the box. Draco glanced over at it and watched as the white stallion on the card came to life and reared its head, pawing at the floor whenever lightning flashed and lit up the dark clouds in the background. Besides the gold border that trimmed the outside of the picture, nothing else...be it words or pictures...adorned the card.

"He's pretty restless," Harry observed, referring to the horse that was now bucking and charging in and out of the picture.

Draco reached over and gently plucked the card from Harry's fingers. As soon as Draco's skin touched the card, the violent storm began to clear, and the horse visibly started to calm down. The green grass of a rolling meadow came into the light as the clouds drifted away and sun began to shine. Within that plush field, the horse came to rest: silent, composed, and now looking at Draco as he held the card. The horse whinnied a greeting, and Draco gave a nod to the animal in return.

"How did you do that?" Harry asked with wonder in his voice. "You stopped the storm and calmed him down."

"I did calm him, Harry, but that's all I did;*he* is the one who ended the storm."

Draco ran his finger across the card and began to stroke the stallion's face after it had walked up and filled the entire frame. "When Pansy started talking about someone I needed to complete me, I ignored her; when she started talking about someone who was my equal in more ways than I knew, I brushed it off; but when she started speaking in detail about a dark-haired, green-eyed man and the feelings for him I had buried and denied for so many years, I nearly jumped out of my seat and hexed everyone and everything around me.

"She had been reading the card's interpretations from a spelled book, so I took the book from her, read the same words she had said to me, and demanded that we do it again without her touching anything." Draco removed his finger from the card and moved his full attention to Harry. "No spells were on those cards, Harry, and every time the cards were dealt, no matter how many times I tried, they always came up the same."

Draco placed the card upon the table, and both men watched as the vivid picture slowly became two-dimensional, showing an unmoving horse with a powerful storm to his left and a bright, calming sun to his right.

"I yelled at Pansy to take her cards and leave, and as I grabbed them off the table, this card fell out of my hands. I picked it up again and dropped it when I felt a painful flick against my fingers."

"He flicked you?"

"It's not funny, Harry; his flicks hurt," Draco said over his lover's snickering. "After Pansy left, I was finally able to pick it up, and that's when I got to witness the gloom and chaos of the card for the first time."

"So, what does it mean?"

"The meaning of the card is simple, Harry. According to the book, it just depicts the never-ending struggle between two of life's extremes: good and bad, light and dark, or right and wrong. It turned out to be the answer to the question I asked the cards."

"And what question was that?" Harry asked.

Draco hesitated and kept his eyes on the card in front of him. After a few moments, Draco sighed and said, "I didn't know why I asked that particular question on that night, and I'm sure I had told myself then that I did it for a laugh. But I ask you, in our seventh year... why would Draco Malfoy ask a bloody stack of cards if he would ever get together with Harry Potter?"

To Draco's surprise, Harry chuckled, flashed him a smile, and said, "You really asked that? Well, Draco, it's probably for the same reason I would've asked, too."

Draco raised a disbelieving eyebrow. "Harry, you didn't like me when we were in school, and we only began to actually talk to each other at that party."

"Oh, I beg to differ, and as I recall, that night was the first time I had ever seen you in leather pants, and your arse had looked absolutely lickable in them."

"My arse always looks lickable, Harry," Draco sniffed.

"I know, and I still would've asked a bloody stack of cards the same question you did."

"Prat."

"Wanker," Harry chuckled, looking back at the card. "So, how did this card answer your question?"

"Well, I didn't believe it did at first, but as we continued talking more and more through the years, I noticed the stallion start to respond to me more," Draco said with a shrug. "I think he represented the way I saw you... that you were someone I thought I could never get close to. In the end, I was the one who was keeping you away from me, I think, and when I put in the effort to get to know you, you responded, just like the stallion did."

Harry looked at Draco with a soft smile. "And you want me to have this?"

"If you'd like to have it," Draco said with an air of indifference.

"I would," Harry said, placing his hand on Draco's knee. "Thank you, Draco. I love it, and I love you."

Draco turned to Harry and responded with a kiss that told Harry how much he loved him as well.

"I guess I can give you your other gift now," Harry said, licking his lips after Draco's lips left his.

"You got me another gift?" Draco asked, moaning when Harry leaned in to rain sucking kisses on his neck.

Moving his teasing tongue and lips to Draco's ear, Harry whispered, "Yeah, I bought some body paint that can be licked off one's skin."

"Mmm... sounds promising."

"I know how much you love candy canes."

Draco sucked in a breath. "It's peppermint?"

"Mmm-hmm," Harry hummed, nipping on an earlobe. "So, what do you say?"

"I'd say Happy Christmas to me."

~Fin~