

Slumming With the Peeps

by sara lady dalian

Where do the Peeps keep coming from?

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Harry was out in the garden, planting the daffodil bulbs when the rain started. It was very light, just a mist, really, so Harry continued his work. The garden wouldn't mind being turned in the mist, and he was certainly wizard enough to keep from getting soaked.

After a few minutes, he reached for the next bag of bulbs from his little garden cart and found a small, yellow Peep, sitting in its wrapper next to the paper bag. He smiled softly, wiped his hands on his shirt, unwrapped the marshmallow treat and popped it in his mouth. Grinning happily, he went back to his work.

It wasn't long before he had to get up and move to the next bed. Before he knelt down, he bent back and forth, stretching the muscles in his sides and legs. As he did, he saw the white porch railing. Sitting there was a little wrapped Peep. Harry shook his head, picked it up, unwrapped it and popped it in his mouth.

A little more than an hour later, Harry was putting his cart in the shed before he cleaned his tools, when he noticed another one. This one was on the side of the small shed sink. Harry washed his hands, unwrapped the small confection, and chewed it while moaning slightly at the soft texture. While he was still chomping away at the Peep, he cleaned his tools and put them away.

As he walked back into the house, he saw lights flicker in the kitchen. He slipped his boots off in the mud room and padded in stocking feet to the warmest room in the house. He stood in the doorway and watched his lover cooking dinner. Harry, himself, was only a passable cook, but Draco was fabulous – in more than one way. Harry said softly, "Thank you for the Peeps, Draco."

The lean man, who currently had a hand-towel slung over each shoulder, turned to look at him just as he took a sip of sweet red wine. His silvery-grey eyes were clear and innocent as he replied, "I don't know what you're referring to Harry. But, really, Peeps? Have you been slumming again?"

As Draco turned back to the cutting board, Harry caught sight of a Peeps wrapper just poking out of his apron pocket.

Lyn F. was wonderful enough to supply me with a prompt when I couldn't find one to strike me: marshmallow peeps, daffodils, and spring rain. She was kind enough to beta as well. Once again, I bow before anyone willing to take my work raw – especially on a Saturday night.