

All I Want for Christmas is Their Two Bare Feet

by Mazzy

Why does Albus really give socks for Christmas?

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Chapter 1 of 1

Why does Albus really give socks for Christmas?

A/N: Originally written for Slytherin House during the OWL House Cup Challenge. Prompt by Pyjamapants from the Slytherin Prompt Table (to follow).

Special thanks to Dreamy_Dragon, who beta'd this during the Challenge.

And as always, Go Slytherin!!

They called him eccentric.

Really, he just loved that sensuous arc.

They'd thank him. Say he was 'thoughtful.'

The only thing he *thought* of were those wondrous little nubs.

They'd look upon the garish colors, the bizarre combos of purple and puce.

He took pride in his self-discipline. Never showed a single smirk, never a snicker at their schooled reactions.

They knew they'd never wear them.

He did too. He counted on it.

As Albus sat in his rooms finishing his wrapping of this year's gifts, a swell of giddiness bubbled up inside him, and a small giggle escaped his lips.

What would they say if they knew? How would they react?

His cunning was worthy of Slytherin House. No doubt about that.

For while his staff slept, so snug in their Hogwarts' beds, the headmaster wrapped gaudy socks, with visions of beautiful bare feet in his head.

A/N: Prompt by Pyjamapants: *Why does Albus give socks?*

Thank you to all the ladies of Slytherin House for the fun and friendship. You all rock!