

The White Christmas Tree

by ancientgirl

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Several years later, does he get his revenge?

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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I've had a difficult time finding a Christmas tree this year. As I sat at my computer planning my strategy for finding a tree, I hit upon an idea. I then discussed it with Whimbley, who made her own suggestions.

This is what I came up with. I hope you enjoy this.

All canon characters belong to JKR.

I also thank June, my beta who was so wonderful about getting this back to me so quickly. June I loved the ending you wrote, but I just couldn't do that to poor Lucius. LOL, I had to give him his tree.

The White Christmas Tree

Narcissa Malfoy cared very little about what the Christmas holiday meant in terms of religion. She cared only for the grandeur of the holiday the decorations, the glitter, the gold and the diamonds she expected from her husband. She also expected obedience from her husband during this time.

Lucius kicked the bushes along the Malfoy Manor garden path as he walked to the Apparition site. He'd been unceremoniously booted out of his own home in search of what? A damnable Christmas tree, that's what. Damn his wife for making him actually go out to one of those horrid lots filled with trees. His own father used to simply conjure a tree for the holidays. Lucius remembered that, when he was a young boy, his father used to go out before Christmas and bring back a tree he'd taken from the forest. This tradition stopped when Lucius' mother began to become allergic to the trees. After that, his father merely waved his wand and a tree would appear, decorated and all.

A conjured tree that's the way it was for Lucius, even after he married Narcissa. This particular year, however, three-year-old Draco was old enough to be part of the decorating process, and Narcissa wanted to begin a new tradition. Unfortunately for Lucius, that tradition meant he was torn from his comfortable warm home and forced to brave the crowds of wizards and witches in Hogsmeade in search for the perfect tree.

He Apparated to the edge of the town. The lot filled with trees was a short walk away. Slowly he made his way there, sneering at those who dared wish him a happy holiday. Just as he neared the lot, he scanned it quickly. He would never be satisfied with the poor quality trees this lot had to offer. Just as he decided to turn on his heels and leave, he spotted something in the distance, at the far end of the lot: a large white tree.

"That's rather unique," Lucius mused to himself. The white tree actually matched his hair. As he began his walk to the far end of the lot, he caught a glimpse of Arthur Weasley.

Arthur also looked towards Lucius, and noted he was walking towards the same tree he'd seen.

The two men walked towards the tree. Lucius looked at Arthur and then the tree, and walked a bit faster. Arthur looked from the tree to Lucius; he too quickly picked up his pace. The tree lot was warded from any hexes or curses of any kind except by lot employees, so the two rivals could not use their wands against the other. Suddenly, they stopped and smiled at one another, before both shot towards the tree with the speed of a Golden Snitch.

Lucius knocked over several stands of ornaments in his bid to first reach the white tree. Arthur jumped over several smaller trees with the grace of a gazelle. Lucius smiled as he neared the tree, thinking he would be the first to reach it. His confident smile faded as he tripped over something. As he fell to the ground he realized he'd not seen that misplaced string of lights now tangled around his ankle.

"Damn you, Weasley," Lucius cursed as he took hold of a round heavy ornament and threw it at Arthur. The ornament hit the slower-moving Arthur square in the middle of his forehead.

Arthur grabbed his forehead; he felt the beginnings of a bump. With one hand he grabbed hold of the tree, and with his other hand he wrapped Lucius' cloak around him mummy-style, even covering his face. Arthur then turned and ran towards the other end of the lot, tightly holding the coveted white tree.

Lucius wrestled with his cloak and stood up. He looked all over for Arthur and "his" tree. He would never forgive him for this. So what if Weasley had seven children and Lucius only had one; this was little Draco's first "real" Christmas.

Lucius was fuming as he caught a glimpse of Arthur driving off in his flying car, the white tree showing through the window.

"As the gods are my witness, I'll make you pay for this, Weasley," hissed Lucius.

Twenty-five years later

The war had been over for five years. Voldemort had once again failed in his attempt to take hold of the wizarding world, this time paying with his life.

As much as things change, however, they really do mainly remain the same. Here Lucius was, yet another Christmas nearing and his wife had sent him out in search for a tree. He loved his new wife, the former Ginny Weasley, now Malfoy, but he really hated this part of the holiday.

Christmas was a time to celebrate another fruitful year spent with family and friends. It was a time to give thanks for all that you had, it was a time...oh, hell, it was the time of year when receiving was far better than giving!

Lucius grumpily walked along the path leading to his property's Apparition point. Along the way he kicked several bushes and blew up a bench that was merely minding its own business. Once at his destination he disappeared.

Because of the debacle so many years ago in Hogsmeade, he had decided to try Diagon Alley this year. Lucius walked down the alley, hoping to find just what he was looking for. At this time of year most of the shops had trees for sale out on their sidewalks. He tried Flourish & Blotts first.

"Too tall...too short..." Lucius cringed with he saw a tree that reminded him of Voldemort's spindly legs. The late Dark Lord had been changing his bloodied robes one night when Lucius had caught sight of those skeletal legs. The memory still haunted his nights, and Lucius after that was never able to eat frog legs again at least, not quite with the same gusto he used to have.

Not finding anything that shouted "Buy me!" Lucius then considered walking towards Gambol & Japes Wizarding Joke Shop, but thought better of it. The last thing he needed was to have the tree explode in a hail of horse manure on Christmas morning. Ginny had related a story to him of just that very thing happening last Christmas to Harry and his wife, Luna. They'd made the mistake of purchasing their tree in front of the joke shop. It took them two days to get the smell of manure off of their furniture, even with magic.

However, right next to Flourish & Blotts was Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasion. Lucius noticed a few trees on her sidewalk. He'd known her to always be a respectable shopkeeper, so he walked over for a closer inspection. As he neared the trees, he noticed a familiar set of robes, and an equally familiar face.

"Severus!" Lucius smiled as he saw his friend. "I see you've been banished to the same level of Hades as I."

Severus rolled his eyes. "I despise this part of the holiday. Why Hermione refuses to just allow me to conjure a tree, I have no idea. She won't even allow any kind of a charm to be placed on the damnable thing to keep it from shedding! Now I am to spend all the days leading to Christmas cleaning up pine needles and tree sap from the floor."

"I have the same problem. I'm hoping Ginny grows allergic to these trees like my mother did. Then I can leave all of this shopping for trees to you poor souls."

Severus smirked. "Well, there are slim pickings here. I'm thinking of going to Hogsmeade. They seem to always have a better selection. I heard say they have colored trees. I'm looking for a black one."

"Black?" Lucius looked aghast. "Severus, honestly, isn't it enough you have no other color in your wardrobe?"

Severus smiled. "Hermione has her heart set on a beautiful green pine tree. If I come home with a black tree, I will be exempt from this duty for the rest of my existence." He began walking to the Leaky Cauldron to use their Floo, then turned back to Lucius. "Don't you want to come along and see if you can find something better? Really, there is not a decent tree left in Diagon Alley."

Lucius hesitated. He'd sworn off Hogsmeade for good twenty-five years ago. But as he looked around Diagon Alley, there really wasn't much to choose from. He stomped his cane on the ground.

"Damn! I'd hoped to just find something here, Severus. I don't want to waste my entire day on this."

Severus shrugged. "Come on, then. Let's just get this over with."

"Bugger."

Severus shook his head. "I want to finish quickly myself. There is a Quidditch game starting in one hour and Potter has found a way to view it on one of those Muggle contraptions. I've ten galleons on Transylvania to win."

"Transylvania? Are you mad? The vampires can't play during the day."

"No, no, they are going to black out the stadium." Severus and Lucius then made their way to the Leaky Cauldron and Floo'ed to Hogsmeade.

When they came through the Floo to the Three Broomsticks, they found they were just a short walk away from the lot. Upon entering the lot, they walked past several sections which had trees of different sizes.

Severus then spotted the colored trees and walked towards them. "Aha, I have found my tree." He pointed towards a separate section of trees red, purple, pink silver and black trees.

Lucius watched Severus walk off towards a large black tree. Left alone, he now stood and scanned the lot for himself. Then his heart skipped several beats. It was as if the fates had smiled upon him once again. Off in the distance, he saw a large perfect white tree. He smiled and slowly began to approach the tree, when out of the corner of his

