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One Snowy Christmas Morning

Written by BlueKittyTales on commission for ServieFrostdeer as a gift for LightningBolt747.
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Monday December 25th 2017, 10:20. Christmas is upon Servie and Fiann, with a blanketing of snow to boot.

Servie fondly remembered the day he had first met his love Fiann. His siblings and parents alike had constantly belittled him for being what they referred to as the runt of the litter, and he eventually grew tired of his mistreatment, finally fleeing his home in his mid teens. But in his journey he had bumped into Fiann, who had left his home under similar circumstances. While they had started out as friends, they had gradually formed much deeper feelings for each other as time passed, and when they reached college and later on graduated to university, they quickly became known both within their dormitory and all around the campus as a couple, their affection for each other often being called attention to. Servie could never remember having felt afraid to express this during this period of time, although he still remained focused on his studies, eventually going on to become a doctor at the Worthingfield Hospital while Fiann became a holistic masseur.

Eventually, they had moved into a cottage on the outskirts of a bustling city that January. At the highest and lowest points, through the best and the worst incidents, in the safest and most dangerous situations, their love had remained unflinching. It had felt as though they were made for each other, half of the flesh, blood and fur that made each other whole. That year served as a milestone for them, marking another year spent together, although it would be the first time they had spent Christmas Day together as a result of Servie having always had to go to work that day. He felt it was a shame he couldn't have had this sooner, for when he hadn't been a doctor, both he and Fiann had their friends inviting him over for the occasion. It was all that had been on Servie's mind when December had begun.

Finally, the day had come. Just being with Fiann on the day wasn't enough. He was determined it would be the best Christmas he could ever give him, and not simply due to the presents they'd bought for each other. They'd adorned their home with beautiful decorations, with all of the ones hanging from the fibre optic Christmas tree in the living room being a soft ocean jade colour. Blue and green tinsel hung from every doorway, rows of gold and silver plastic bells were draped across the ceiling, an assortment of the Christmas cards they had received hung from paper card holders on the walls, and on the house's outside face were elaborate decorations showing a slimmed down Father Christmas hauling a sack over his shoulder.

It seemed like the perfect beginning. But his years of medical experience taught him that sleep was as vital to the brain as food and drink, thus he wanted to let himself and Fiann sleep in for as long as they needed to. Though no dreams came this time, he felt more than ready to get started once he awakened. He glanced at the clock. 8:20AM. He still had plenty of time yet. As quietly as he could, he rolled out of the bed. In the weak light that came through the landing, he could see that Fiann was still in a deep sleep. *He looks so peaceful.* he thought. *As much as I want him to wake up to see me, he needs the sleep.*

He showered and then headed downstairs. The sight through the foyer window was breathtaking, proving enough to stop him the moment he reached the foot of the stairs.

"Wait until Fiann sees this!" he said, thinking aloud. "This is perfect!" The skies above the small cul de sac were a murky grey, but there was nothing murky about what he saw below it. Coating the adjacent houses and vehicles was a blanket of fresh white snow, and what's more, it was snowing heavily. Frantic images of him and Fiann throwing snowballs at each other and building a snow deer raced through his mind, but this would have to come later.

Turning on the living room light, he beamed at the sight of the presents they had lain out the night before. While they hadn't given each other many, quantity didn't matter to him as long as the sentimentality was there. He turned on the mini system and the Christmas tree, filling the room with blue and green light. With that, he headed into the kitchen. Waiting in the fridge was the large, succulent looking vegetable roast he had bought only the day before, and he could barely wait to dig in. He put in several pawfuls of sage and onion stuffing, coated it with barbecue sauce and slid it into the oven, the combination of smells making his mouth water.

Fiann didn't know he'd bought the roast yet, but he hoped he would think it a lovely surprise. With that, he made two cups of milky sugared coffee and brought them up to the bedroom. Just as he came in, he saw Fiann turn over in the bed with a shrill yawn. He laid the coffees on the chest of drawers and climbed back into the bed, affectionately nipping at his shoulder.

"Hey Fiann," he said softly into his ear as he hugged him from behind, "rise and shine, sleepy head. Happy Christmas!"

"Huh?" murmured Fiann.

"And what a Christmas morning it is." chimed Servie. "We've been waiting all year for this!"

"Servie," said Fiann, "are you sure it's not New Year's Day and I've simply missed Christmas?"

"Aw, don't be such a silly deery!" giggled Servie. "You must not have completely woken up yet."

"Is it cold outside today?" asked Fiann.

"You bet it is!" crowed Servie. "Come and see!" Servie thought Fiann would groan, bat him away and go back to sleep. But instead, he yawned, stretched and clambered out of the bed and bolted straight for the window and threw open the curtains, dimmed sunlight casting what light it could into the room. His face lit up like the Christmas tree downstairs.

"Oh wow!" he beamed. "This is just what I was dreaming of!"

"It's like the old song goes, right?" added Servie. "You're dreaming of a *White Christmas*."

"I see my favourite buckie knows his music." grinned Fiann as he returned to the bed. "What do you say we stick on our favourite Christmas album?"

"Only if you make a snow deer out there first!" giggled Servie, playfully slapping him on the rear, in turn eliciting laughter from him.

"Where'd the rest of Father Christmas' reindeer go?" teased Fiann. Then he turned over and made a pretend gasp, affectionately tweaking him on the nose. "Hey, you're not Rudolph!"

"I'm Servie the, uh...well, something nosed reindeer." began Servie. "I'm gonna need to work on that."

"Too bad we haven't got any carrots in the house." mused Fiann.

"We've got sherry." said Servie.

"Reindeer aren't supposed to drink that." quipped Fiann. Servie gave a mock hiccup. "Oh, drunk already, are you, sugar?"

"What'dju callme?" slurred Servie between oafish laughter. "I don' need your sharidy." He pretended to fall asleep and made loud snoring sounds.

"Careful now, unless you want your presents to be Brussels sprouts." teased Fiann.

"If that's what I get," smiled Servie, "then I'll have to tell Father Christmas you've been a naughty deery."

"That's rich coming from you." grinned Fiann, nuzzling around Servie's shoulders. "If this bed could speak, it would tell me how naughty my big stag has been this year." Servie giggled when he heard this affectionate nickname.

"I think we've been both naughty and nice." he whispered into Fiann's ear. "You just wait. This'll be the best Christmas you've ever known."

"I'd better get up." said Fiann softly. "We're not going to have a great Christmas by just laying here."

"You don't know how wrong you are, fembuck." said Servie affectionately. "I could still show you that way."

“Aw, stop, okay? You’re embarrassing me!” protested Fiann, his fur not enough to disguise his smile and his cheeks turning bright red. “Besides which, there’s more we can do.” They climbed out of the bed and threw on their clothing, before they followed each other downstairs. Fiann’s face glowed when he saw the pile of presents underneath the Christmas tree.

“Aw, Servie!” he beamed. “Looks like you’ve gone all out this year!”

“Well, not really.” said Servie bashfully. “There’s not many presents here, but just wait until you see what yours are.”

“And I can hardly wait until you open mine.” simpered Fiann. But then Servie formed an idea.

“Actually, why don’t we save this for a little later?” proposed Servie. “Want to go for a walk while it’s still snowing? I know my doeboy likes the snow and everything in it.” Servie saw him blushing at the pet name again, although this time he didn’t protest.

“Yes, I do.” replied Fiann. “That sounds like a wonderful idea.” Indeed, Servie had already grabbed their winter parkas from the cupboard underneath the stairs.

“We could build a snow deer while we’re out.” suggested Servie.

“Yeah!” grinned Fiann. “And who needs snow angels when we’ve got each other?”

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Even with their thick winter parkas and padded trousers, temperatures had seemed to plunge even further the moment they’d shut the front door. Servie felt he should dare not pour out any of the hot chocolate he’d brought with him. The Dewar flask in his coat’s inside pocket had started out hot, but it was already starting to cool down. They ambled down the snow covered street hand paw in hand paw, staring adoringly into each other’s eyes and paying only a little mind to the few houses in the small hamlet before they navigated their way through the city’s park, or what little of it was still distinguishable aside from the aluminium fences.

“This was a great idea, Servie.” smiled Fiann. “I’m almost expecting to see Father Christmas landing in front of us.”

“We should have gone and bought some Santa costumes.” suggested Servie.

“I would have loved some ice skates too.” said Fiann. He pointed towards the wide lake that separated the two halves of the park. It was frozen solid, and the ice looked like it would be thick enough to support their weight. *Going ice skating together would have been nice.* thought Servie longingly.

“Maybe we can do that next year.” proposed Servie. “I’d probably fall all over the place at first though.”

“And I’d stand there wishing I’d brought my video camera.”

“Would you be pointing and laughing as well?”

“Uh...I don’t know, actually. I’ve never imagined you ice skating before.”

“Maybe there will be a time we can do that.”

“It’s gotta be about -15C out here.” observed Fiann.

“It’s not enough to cool down my fire for you.” simpered Servie.

“Oh, that’s so corny, that is!” chuckled Fiann. “I love it, though.” His voice turned sensuous, desiring. “No really, I love it.”

“I’m so glad. Now don’t tell me what’s on your mind – let me guess.” But before he could, he suddenly slipped over, finding himself face down in the deep snow despite Fiann trying to keep him on his hooves.

“Oh, you silly bucka!” laughed Fiann.

"I'm fine, I'm fine," insisted Servie, climbing back up to his hooves and brushing the snow off his clothing and his face. "We'll get that snow deer built later." But all of a sudden, the wind started to pick up with an almighty howl, blowing the snow right into their faces and forcing their eyes tightly shut. Before long, it was an effort just to keep on their hooves. And before Servie could turn around, he heard a loud crump behind him as Fiann toppled onto his back into the mounting snow.

"Well, this really did turn out to be a white Christmas, didn't it?" commented Fiann.

"So much for a winter walk," sighed Servie. "You know which way's home?" But the next burst of wind drowned out his words, blinding him with more snow.

"What?" called Fiann.

"I can't see which way's home!" exclaimed Servie. He looked all around him. He could barely see anything around him in the misting air, and where the fence surrounding the park should have been was nothing more than a mound of snow. He couldn't see anyone else nearby either and the hoofprints they'd made were quickly fading into nothing the more the snow tumbled down.

"You remember the way we came?" asked Fiann. Servie felt panic begin to cross the length of his being. "It's okay," he said, studying his face. "I was keeping track, Servie. We just have to follow what's left of our hoofprints and go in near enough a straight line." He followed Fiann through the now almost invisible prints, the snow blowing right into their faces and forcing them both to wrap what they could of their coats around their muzzles. They were almost blind, having to squint just to avoid getting snow in their eyes, remaining directionless until they found a sign showing the way to the entrance.

They trudged their way through the snow, their hooves sinking deep into it with every step. Servie's heart leapt when he spotted a car slowly trundling past, its snow treads throwing up a mist of snow around each wheel. They followed where it had come past, Servie slipping over again when his hoof hit a patch of ice underneath the snow. Fiann helped him up, and much to his delight he finally noticed the entrance, now barely distinguishable from the rest of the fence. It was as though they had suddenly been transported to a region of the Arctic without them knowing it.

Even after they went through the gate, the tread marks left by the passing vehicle had almost vanished already. They were only just able to make out their home in the distance, thankful that their car was in the garage and not amongst the vehicles buried underneath the snow. They tried all they could to make their way back, but all they could do was stumble blindly as the winds and the fogging intensified. *We shouldn't have gone out in the first place.* thought Servie dejectedly, a split second before Fiann bumped into a street sign and went tumbling over face down into the snow. But then, a smile appeared on his face at the sight.

"Hey look, Servie!" chuckled Fiann at the very moment he'd been about to comment. "Fiann the Teal Muzzled Reindeer has crashed Santa's sleigh!"

"I don't see fat boy or any of his presents anywhere!" laughed Servie, helping him up. They checked the spaced out houses in the hamlet, navigating their way through what felt like an endless wilderness blanketed with white. It felt like temperatures were dipping even further, for now, the snowflakes seemed to sting whenever they contacted, as though they were made out of jagged pieces of glass. Huddling into each other for warmth, they walked up the street, watching as one of their neighbours tried all she could to brush the snow off her car and the surrounding road, only to eventually give up and go back into her home. And by the time they reached their front door again, it felt more like a relief than something enjoyable. Once they opened the door, the burst of heat was enough to warm their senses in an instant.

"Well, that was something," cried Fiann once Servie closed the door.

"That could have gone better," said Servie, both deer flaking the snow off their clothing. "I've heard of a white Christmas, but this is ridiculous!"

"You're gonna make me start singing *Baby, It's Cold Outside* in a minute!" said Fiann, sticking out his tongue through a cheeky grin.

"You might have to," smirked Servie, heading into the garage for an armful of kindling.

Two piping hot baths later and they were ready to continue their day once more. Even if the walk was a wash, there was still plenty more Servie could do yet. His mind was buzzing with potential ideas as he dried himself off, steam pouring from his still slightly damp fur as he arrived downstairs. Fiann patiently waited for him on the sofa, watching a quiz show. He turned to him with a grin as he came in, the room turning a bright jade as the Christmas tree's lights turned back on, while the two scented candles lit on the coffee table gave the room a beautiful smell of port wine.

"Oh, you're back!" smiled Fiann.

"Oh yes." replied Servie as he sat down next to him. "I'm glad we're warm again after that. Who's winning?"

"I wasn't really paying much attention." said Fiann.

"How does a few films sound, my deery?" proposed Servie, grabbing several DVDs from the chest of drawers the television stood on. "I know you like your war films, so I got you a few while I was downtown last week."

"Aw, you shouldn't have!" simpered Fiann.

"Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without us enjoying ourselves." said Servie as he placed the kindling into the fireplace and grabbed a few shredded pieces of newspaper and a lighter, Fiann turning down the television and watching him work. But the lighter wouldn't produce any flames, no matter how many times he flicked it.

"Come on, will you?" grumbled Servie.

"That lighter's spent. I've got some matches." proposed Fiann. "They're in the cupboard under the television."

"That's great!" beamed Servie, grabbing them and lighting a match...or at least, he tried to. The first match wouldn't light at all, and nor would the second. The third snapped the moment it lit, thankfully going out when it landed on the marble floor in front of the fireplace. *Just once, I would like something to go right.* thought Servie irritably, before finally, on the fourth try, the match lit and the newspaper burned up, lighting the wood as he tossed it into the fireplace. *Hello!*

"Ah, that's what I like the smell of." grinned Servie. "Nothing beats wood burners." But Fiann looked unconvinced.

"Servie," he said, "are you sure that's wood you can smell?" Confused, he turned to face him.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"It smells, uh, sweeter than it should." he answered.

"I'm still not following...oh, you've got to be kidding me." Servie's heart plummeted when he realised to his horror that he'd completely forgotten about the roast he'd put into the oven. *This can't be happening. Not today of all days.* he thought as he rushed into the kitchen. The moment he opened the door, he could see black smoke billowing from the oven and flames surrounding the roast through the glass door. He grabbed his oven mitts and pulled it out, spraying it down with a fire extinguisher. What started out as a very appetising looking meal was a truly sorry looking sight, burnt black, solid as a brick and now completely inedible. Servie fell to his knees and let out a roar of overwhelming frustration.

"Are you alright in there, Servie?" called Fiann. Servie didn't answer until he came in a moment later. He looked up at him sullenly.

"Servie," said Fiann in a small voice, waving his way through the smoke, "what happened in here?" Then he spotted the blackened remains of the roast, covered in the fire extinguisher's white foam. "Oh."

"That was going to be our Christmas lunch." cried Servie, looking utterly heartbroken. "But now look at it. How are we supposed to eat that?"

"Uh, I don't know, but I know something that can." commented Fiann. He didn't dare to answer him. "Even if *we* can't eat it, we can just throw it onto the fire. It at least smelt good." The very idea sounded ridiculous to him.

"Are you kidding?" he snapped. "We were supposed to eat it, not set it on fire!" But Fiann was still smiling.

"You know what they say," he said. "Desperate times call for desperate measures. And with this, you won't need more firewood for another half hour."

"Oh, don't be stupid, Fiann. I've ruined our Christmas lunch, so I can't –" He suddenly stopped mid sentence when he found himself beginning to consider what Fiann said. Now that he thought about it, feeding it to the fire didn't sound like such a bad idea after all. "Actually, you know what?"

"What?" asked Fiann. Servie perked up as quickly as his mood had dipped.

"That's actually a really creative idea!" he smiled. "I can't believe I didn't think of it earlier!"

"I just thought that at least it wouldn't go to waste that way," said Fiann. "Besides, there's plenty more in the fridge. What do you say we split the haul of berries I got yesterday?"

"What did you get?" asked Servie, unable to avoid excitement creeping into his voice.

"I got our favourites," he smiled. "Blueberries, strawberries, and I even snuck in a few blackcurrants."

"Oh ho, yes! That's just what my baby ordered!"

"Servie," said Fiann, blushing again, "where do you get these nicknames from?"

"Same place you get your nicknames for me," grinned Servie. He scraped the foam off the ruined roast and brought it to the fireplace, still going strong and radiating its warmth. He tossed it in, the flames becoming more energetic as they consumed every inch of it. True to Fiann's word, the scent of the various fruits and vegetables it consisted of spread all around the room, and combined with the wine scented candles, produced a scent not unlike that of spiced rum. *Hey, that actually smells really good!* he thought.

Servie returned to the kitchen and prepared two bowls of a mixture of the berries and cream, setting them on a tray with a Christmas cracker each. Once he'd made several slices of toast with marmalade and poured out two bowls of cornflakes and four glasses, two with hot chocolate and two with sherry, he brought the tray into the living room, studying Fiann's eager expression.

"Alright, so it's more Christmas brunch than much else," summarised Servie, "but it's better than going hungry."

"We can still have a good day yet, bucky boy," smiled Fiann. *Even though there's hardly anything to do with Christmas about this meal?* thought Servie, wanting so much to ask him this aloud. By then, he was starting to feel doubtful that he could still give Fiann any sort of day worth remembering. *How's he going to remember this Christmas?* he thought as he set the tray down. *He's not going to think this one's the best one he ever lived. What's going to go wrong next?* He showed no expression as he dejectedly slumped into the sofa until Fiann reached out for him and hugged him, finally feeling his lips curve upwards into a smile that lasted for only a mere few seconds.

"So what film did you go for?" asked Servie, trying to steer his mind away from the meal.

"Thought I'd go for *Knife to Meet You*," answered Fiann. "I've always wanted to see that one."

"I thought you might go for that," said Servie as Fiann started eating his cornflakes. "It looks really good." Servie wasn't slow to pick out the concern in Fiann's eyes, and evidently Fiann had picked up on this, because he put down the bowl instantly.

"Servie, are you okay?" he asked.

"I'm fine," insisted Servie. "Once we get this film started, it'll be plain sailing." Without further ado, Servie climbed off the sofa and put the film into the DVD player. But just when he'd sat back down and started watching the opening credits, the decorations and the television suddenly turned off. The whole house was plunged into darkness, the film's sound effects replaced with the howling snowstorm outside.

"Hey, what happened?" cried Fiann. "Where's the power?"

"You cannot be serious!" roared Servie, rushing up to the window. The lamp posts had turned off too, revealing the entire neighbourhood was without power. Finally, he could keep his composure no longer. He

buried his head into the sofa's arm with a distraught moan, his hands gripping the back of his neck as he curled up into the corner of the cushions.

"Servie baby, what's the matter?" asked Fiann, reaching out for him. At first, Servie wanted to push him away, but thought against it and allowed him to grab hold of him.

"That's it." said Servie in a small voice.

"What?"

"We've got no Christmas dinner." cried Servie, utterly devastated and his eyes sparkling with tears. "We've got no electricity. We've had no winter walk. There's no snow deer! All I wanted was to give you a wonderful and magical Christmas for our first one together. Look around you, Fiann. It's not even midday yet, and it's ruined already. Why would anyone remember a Christmas like this in a good way?"

"Servie –"

"I'll understand if you want to sleep on the sofa tonight." said Servie. "I've failed you as a lover and as a host."

"What *are* you talking about?" said an aghast Fiann. "You haven't failed me."

"I have." Fiann pulled him up from the sofa and turned him so that he faced him.

"If you'd failed me," said Fiann, "would we be spending this Christmas together? I don't think so. I know things have gone wrong, but you know what?"

"What?"

"The winter walk, the food, the films, the presents, anything else you were going to do today," continued Fiann, meeting eyes with him that reflected his adoration, "none of that matters. This has actually been the best Christmas I've ever known." Fiann took his hand paw into his, before he rested against him, using his other hand paw to embrace him. Servie was completely confused, wondering how he could have got any enjoyment from that day.

"You're just saying that." he said despondently.

"I'm serious, Servie." simpered Fiann. "It's because I've got to spend it with the buck I love and cherish with all my heart. It just wouldn't be Christmas without my baby bucky boy by my side. Besides, we haven't even reached our presents yet."

"You really believe that?"

"Would I be saying that if I didn't?" said Fiann pointedly. "You're all I need to make my Christmas. And I think you know that. I've always spent Christmas with my friends, but it always felt like something was missing. I think I know what that something is." Servie could scarcely believe his ears. They were incredibly touching words, and it was enough for him to turn around and hug him as tightly as he possibly could, shedding tears of joy as his head rested on his shoulder.

"Fiann," sniffed Servie, tears matting his and Fiann's fur, "I thought you'd be really disappointed in me after all this. But to hear that...it makes me feel very lucky to have found someone like you."

"I feel lucky too." smiled Fiann. "Don't you worry about it. Now, what do you say we get started on the blueberries?"

"I'm with you, babe." said Servie affectionately, hopping off the sofa. He could see Fiann watching him in anticipation as he made his way towards the presents and piled them into his arms. "Just you wait and see what your gifts are."

"Oh gee, Servie," mused Fiann, "is it a...deer? The one who's right in front of me bringing more presents?"

"Maybe my present is the deer sitting on the sofa watching me." replied Servie with a cheeky grin, before he brought them over and laid them on what space there was left on the table.

"You start, Servie. Go ahead." said Fiann softly.

“Well, if you insist.” said Servie, reaching for a blueberry coated in cream and offering it to Fiann, which he took with the tip of his tongue. He took his first gift and carefully removed the wrapping paper, crumpling it up and tossing it into the fire. His eyes lit up once he saw what was uncovered.

“Aww Fiann, you shouldn’t have!” beamed Servie, unfolding a scarf that bore a blue and white snowflake pattern. He put it on, whipping the ends of it around his shoulders. He reached out for Fiann, who had grabbed a present of his own.

“Stop, no wait! I couldn’t!” he cried, holding up his arms. “Not before I see what you’ve got me.” Watching him, he sank back into the sofa with a smile, witnessing Fiann tear the paper off his present with glee. It was only then that they shared their warm embrace, nuzzling into each other’s muzzles.

“Striped stockings!” cried Fiann. “I love them! Thank you so much, baby.”

“Aw, nothing at all like seeing my deery getting all dressed up.” giggled Servie, watching as Fiann put them on. “My buck just got even cuter!”

“Well hey, I try.” smiled Fiann, feeding Servie a blueberry. Once he’d taken it, he pulled apart his next present, this being a large box. Once he saw the graphics and lettering on the side of it, he crowed in utter delight. It was a tea making alarm clock, exactly the same one he had shown to Fiann during a date.

“Oh, Fiann,” said Servie softly, “I could kiss you! But I won’t just yet – I’ll wait until you’ve opened the rest of your gifts.”

“Whoa, you got it!” grinned Fiann, and with that he opened the remainder of his presents. Servie watched as revealed several pairs of socks, a copy of a war themed first person shooter named *The Call to Arms: Second World War Edition*, and a car stereo, while an ecstatic Fiann observed Servie unwrapping a dozen packs of incense sticks, a copy of one of his favourite animated films called *Crazy Animal City*, and a pair of hard drives. Both delighted with these gifts and the heartfelt gesture, they shared a kiss and a long embrace, tenderly massaging each other’s shoulders while affectionately rubbing their noses over their necks. When they finally parted, they shared smiles that, while intended to be gleeful, instead came across as needing, leading to Servie’s mind starting to conjure many ideas for later on that evening.

“Merry Christmas, deery.” they both said to each other in unison, before they fed each other a cream coated strawberry each. Fiann gave a glance to the raging blizzard outside, although the weather was of no concern now as long as they had the warmth, comfort and invitation of each other’s arms. It was a dream with every reason to be and every reason to come true.

The End

