

Happy Christmas

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[ONESHOT] He again looked at her, and there, suddenly – for a few, precious moments – all of the hate had been drained from his face. And he was beautiful.

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ONESHOT

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Author: LaLaManfr0

Genre: Fluff

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Summary: He again looked at her, and there, suddenly – for a few, precious moments – all of the hate had been drained from his face. And he was beautiful.

Disclaimer: I own nothing. Only the plot. Sweeney Todd belongs to the genius who is Stephen Sondheim. If it belonged to me it would not be as amazing as it is lol.

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Silence blanketed London on that morning of the December the 25th, accented with an untouched sheet of white. The sun was just coming up as Mrs. Nellie Lovett put the finishing touches on the Christmas decorations outside her meat pie emporium. She rubbed her hands together for warmth, stepping back to admire her own handiwork. The thumping of little feet echoed outside. Nellie smiled to herself. Toby was awake. She quickly made her way back inside.

“Mum! Mum! There’s presents!”

“Presents? What ever are you talking about?” She stepped into the room and leaned against the entrance, crossing her arms. (It killed her when he slipped like that; calling her mum, that is ...) “Well, bless my eyes,” Nellie smiled, “There’s presents.”

Toby jumped up from the bottom of the measly tree and ran to give Mrs. Lovett a hug. “Happy Christmas, ma’am!”

(And that was it.) She pressed him against her in a tight embrace. “Mmm, Happy Christmas, Toby dear.” She loosened her grip and looked at him. “Now what are you waiting for? There’s presents!”

A grin spread across Toby’s face and he began his attack on the brightly wrapped gifts under the tree. Nellie watched him. She had managed to find a few things she thought he would like, at least so he could open a few little things on Christmas morning. After all, to a child Christmas is the happiest day of the year, mainly because there are things to open. Who was Mrs. Lovett to take away that happiness? And since the business was doing so well, a few expenses wouldn’t be any trouble.

Nellie was broken from her thoughts by the sound of Toby’s excited exclamations of, “Look! Look here!” She smiled and started to him, but was interrupted by the bell at the front door. A customer.

“Hurry up, darling, and get dressed.” Nellie headed for the front. “We have a long day ahead of us, I’m afraid.”

Out front, a woman was pointing to each different type of pie and describing them to her daughter. Nellie smiled. What she wouldn't give to be able to do something so simple yet so meaningful. "What can I do for you today, dearie?"

The woman stood up straight as her daughter – cute as a button she was – pressed her face against the glass to peer in at the pies. "Just a little something for the family." She tapped her daughter's back. "Don't, we wouldn't want to make the window dirty."

Nellie crouched down behind the counter and looked at the little girl through it. "Oh, which one are you looking at?" The girl said nothing, but nodded slightly at one in the middle with powder on top. Nellie pointed as well, "This one, is it?" She pulled one out and stood back up, "And what's your name, darling?"

Again the little girl was silent. She lowered her head and stood by her mother, attempting to hide her face behind the tight brown curls covering her head. Her mother put a hand on her daughter's shoulder as another customer came in. "Rebecca," she said, "She's a shy thing."

Nellie smiled, "Well, then," she pulled out a box, placed the pie in it, and held it out to the girl. She whispered, "Happy Christmas, Rebecca."

"Oh, no, we couldn't – "

"It's on me." Nellie stopped her and winked. "Let's not give our next guest any ideas."

The woman smiled hesitantly. "Well, thank you very much, Mrs. Lovett." She pulled her daughter closer to her, who held the pie to her chest. "Say thank you, Rebecca."

The two left before the girl could say anything. Nellie waved goodbye with her fingers to the little girl, who only stared back on her way out.

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Eventually Mrs. Lovett's meat pie emporium had formed a line that was on its way outside. Toby was helping out as well now, making the job a whole lot easier on Nellie. She knew that they would have some people coming in for a part of their Christmas dinner, but not this many. This many was going to rake in a bundle. And even though there were so many people buying so many pies, Nellie had plenty of 'supplies' just in case they ran out, or began to. Yes, she had planned this ahead of time. Her meat pie emporium was closed Christmas Eve, while the man above her did his job, providing plenty of 'meat' for the following day's business.

Nellie paused for a moment as she retrieved a pie for a man who certainly didn't look like he needed one. Speaking of the man above, she hadn't seen him at all that day. Certainly he didn't think anyone would be coming for a shave on Christmas day. And even if they did, certainly he wouldn't ... She smiled and handed the large man his packaged pie, turning to Toby. "Could you handle this for a few minutes, darling?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She smiled and squeezed by the people in the doorway, making her way up the steps to the Barber Shop above. She peeped in through the window before opening the door. Sure enough there he was, slouched in his chair twisting a razor in his fingers, staring at the air in front of him; waiting. Nellie cracked the door open enough so she could lean into the shop. "Mr. Todd?"

No answer. She had gotten used to this, of course. Nellie stepped in to the Barber Shop and closed the door. "Why don't you come downstairs for a little while?" No answer. "Mr. Todd, it's Christmas Day."

He flipped his razor open.

Nellie went to him. "No one is going to be going anywhere unless they're too lazy to bake their own sodding Christmas dinner."

"And who are you to determine that?" He didn't look at her still. He didn't look at anything. His eyes were somewhere else.

She was used to being treated like this as well. "I'm not the only one."

He flipped his razor closed again and got up, moving to the window. Moving was the best word for it. He didn't walk. He moved.

He also said nothing and just stared out the window at the near-empty streets. That's what he always did; stare ... and wait. Wait for the next unfortunate soul to come for a shave. Not that Mrs. Lovett was opposed to it at all – it helped her own business more than anything ever had.

"Now then, why don't you pop downstairs and get yourself something to eat? I just pulled some pies out of the oven not 10 minutes ago." She waited for an answer and, when she got none, went and stood just a smidgeon behind him. "No one's coming, love. You'll waste the day away staring out at the world." She waited again for an answer.

Lo and behold, she got one. "I've made my choice."

She held on to his arm and whispered. "Even if someone came in, would you really want to do anything?"

"Get out." It was barely audible.

"Mr. T., It's Christmas – "

"Get out." She could hear him that time, which indicated that she probably should heed to his request.

Besides, she didn't want to argue with someone who would hardly bother, so she turned to make her way out the door. Mrs. Lovett tried not to, but somehow she *could* believe he would slit a joyous throat or two, perhaps even humming a carol as he did so.

She shuffled down the stairs, lifting her dress, to leave Mr. Todd to his razors. Even as he treated her like she was something much lower than the molting floor boards in his shop, there was something

about him that was strangely attractive; that strangely attracted her to him.

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It was dark now. The days had gotten shorter. The wave of customers had gone not long ago. On the other hand, Toby had been asleep much longer than he should have been already. In fact, he had left the clean up to Mrs. Lovett. Taking a good look at her surroundings to make sure everything was in place, Nellie flipped over the sign in the door.

CLOSED.

There was no way she was going to open up shop tomorrow.

She then proceeded to close all the glass cases and put out all the lights. Now all Nellie really wanted to do was collapse by the fireplace for a few moments to herself. To her surprise, she managed to make it to the living room and even pick up the remains of Toby's infiltration on the gifts under the tree. As she placed them neatly back where they had been in the first place, she noticed one gift that had not been opened – in fact, it wasn't quite wrapped at all, only clad with a red ribbon. She had forgotten ...

Picking it up, along with herself, Nellie turned in the direction of the couch only to be greeted – er, startled – by the one person she never expected to see. Yet there he was; Mr. Sweeney Todd, on the worn-out love seat next to the fireplace, his folded hands in front of his mouth and his eyes fixed on the flames. Razorless.

Nellie let out an exasperated sigh and put her hand to her chest. "Mr. T, you gave me a fright." She looked at him, one half with concern and the other with longing. "What I mean is, you never do come down into the house much, and with Toby asleep, I wasn't –" She clutched the gift in her hands, hesitating. "I got something for you, you know."

She went and sat next to him and took a moment before holding out the ribbon-clad box. "Here you are." He lowered his hands and turned slightly to look at her. "Happy Christmas." His eyes moved to the gift in her hands. She held it closer to him and smiled. He again looked at her, and there, suddenly – for a few, precious moments – all of the hate had been drained from his face.

And he was beautiful.

He carefully took the box into his own hands and held it in his lap. Without even opening it, he knew exactly what it was.

Mr. Todd was always quiet, lost in his own malicious thoughts, but this was a different kind of quiet; a quiet that he was itching to break, but couldn't seem to find the words. In fact, Nellie was certain she had seen him open his mouth to say something, only to clamp it shut again.

It was the kind of quiet that made Mrs. Lovett anxious.

"It isn't much." She said, suddenly taking great interest in the skirt of her dress. "I just thought you could use some new razors for the shop instead of using those sodding old things you have up there." She shifted nervously and played with the fringes on her open-fingered gloves. Why wasn't he saying

anything?

“If you don’t want to use them, I understand.” She smiled. “I know you have a sort of fondness for the ones you use now.” Nellie looked up again at the man next to her. He turned his head to her as well. She watched the flames reflect off his eyes.

She only saw him hesitate for a moment as he leaned in and kissed her on the cheek. Nellie closed her eyes and took in the feeling of his lips against her skin; his breath against her ear when he whispered a warm, “Thank you.”

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A/N: I have finally finished it! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA! (At 1:32, On the first day of the year 2008, feeling ridiculously nauseated and tired.) I hope you all enjoyed that bit of fluff. (When you think Sweeney Todd and fluff, they don’t really go together very well, do they?) Fluff is always my favorite genre to write. Angst following close behind, of course. Imagine, this was the only thing I managed to accomplish over Christmas break. Wtf. Let’s all notice how insanely long it takes Angela to write one dinky little oneshot. A WEEK AND A HALF. (Okay, so the first couple of days in said week and a half was used to formulate and organize the ideas swimming in my dangerous mind. So perhaps they were not swimming at all but, rather, drowning?) Anywho, please read, enjoy, review. Thank you, and happy 2008 :].