

# It's almost Christmas now

## a drarry christmas.. developement

Von Ryuuzaki

### Kapitel 3: December, 3rd

Shoot up. Twirl. Looping. Swoop down again. Spiral. Twirl once more.

Harry's back faced the frozen dew on the blades of the grass of Hogwarts' quidditch pitch as he gave his firebolt a slight push shortly before almost hitting the ground and the broom whirred parallel to the floor with its pilot upside down.

Before his arms and legs became victims to gravity, Harry corrected his position with half a twirl and steadily gained height whilst first flying towards the goal posts on one side and then starting a huge circle around the stadium.

Gripping the broom tightly with his legs, his hands let go of the stick and the Gryffindor spread his arms wide. Pressing them against the resistance of the freezing morning wind he enjoyed the thrill of flight with a liberated laugh.

On his broomstick, high up in the air, he was free. This was where he truly felt like himself and in control. While now he had the liberty to choose the path he wanted to walk in his life, in prior years he had mostly missed this feeling.

Harry placed his hands back on the stick and leaned forward, flying barely above the ground once more, so the crystallized blades of grass hit the tips of his shoes, then he was zooming up again, flying a backwards looping and continued his rounds while the blazing morning sun slowly started to melt of the ice from the grass and his fingers. His quidditch gloves weren't as weather-proofed as he remembered them to be. Still, even with the unpleasant winter temperatures, flying was as brilliant as ever and also a good opportunity to clear his head and forget everything else for a while.

The ravenette slowed down and halted in the air for a moment. It was time to add some thrill.

Out of a pocket in his robes Harry pulled the snitch that had been left to him by Dumbledore.

Harry had been surprised when one day in September Hermione had presented it to him, saying something about crookshanks spitting it into her lap. He had been sure that night when he was ready to put a close on his life was the last time he'd see it.

The small golden orb rolled around on Harry's palm like a pet trying to nudge its owner, before it unfurled its shimmering wings, leaped up to hover in front of him for a moment and then took off into the bright sunlight, where it instantly became invisible.

Harry pinched his eyes closed for a moment, after he made the mistake to look after the snitch, then opened them again and took off; waiting for the next time he'd see the bird-like pellet.

It wasn't easy to spot the little thing in the glaring December sun, especially since everything seemed to shimmer and sparkle in the light, like the half-melted dew on the ground or the poles of the goal posts. But Harry had this practical talent to notice things easily, that other people would simply overlook and soon he was on a wild chase after the snitch.

Right as he was closing in, the thrilling feeling of winning already curling in his stomach, he noticed something in the stands for the audience and his stomach suddenly dropped.

That something rather was someone, and Harry didn't understand why that someone would want to sit in the stands and watch him play by himself. Besides, he'd rather avoid the guy for the rest of the school year, after his cowardly retreat of the day before.

The snitch had made the most of Harry's distraction and already disappeared again and Harry forgot about it for a moment as he was too busy getting as much distance between himself and the blond Slytherin watching him from his seat.

Then Harry cursed himself. He was doing it again; running away (or in this case, flying away) from Malfoy. Since when was he running away from Malfoy? He didn't even know if the blond had seen it had been him yesterday. For all he knew, Harry could have been gone too fast for him to get a good look.

But why else would the guy suddenly be sitting in the quidditch stands and trying to unsettle Harry with that piercing mercury stare? He probably wanted to confront him about the weird behaviour he displayed and what should Harry say then, when he didn't even understand it himself...

The Gryffindor did have every right to visit the owlery at that time; he didn't need to explain himself. But he still had run as if he'd been caught doing something forbidden. Harry had felt like it too, or more like intruding on a private moment. And the last time that happened with Malfoy still gave the ravenette enough fuel for his nightmares. Maybe he just wanted to avoid another confrontation like that.

Deciding it didn't matter if Malfoy watched him play, unless he made any indication to knock Harry off his broom, the ravenette focused back on looking for the snitch. The sooner he got it, the sooner he could escape... or, well get inside and warm himself up.

When circling the side farthest away from the Slytherin didn't give him any results he reluctantly flew closer to the other side with the eminent presence of the lonely

figure in the stands.

As the black haired seeker spotted the snitch at last, he felt a jolt shoot through him that had nothing to do with the excitement of a possible catch.

It was more like a feeling of dread and betrayal by an old friend, when he saw the golden orb hover diagonally to Malfoy in the air above his head. Harry had a deep desire to face-palm.

Instead he flattened himself on his firebolt and shot forward, closing his hand securely around the winged ball in only seconds.

Then he made the mistake to look down and his emerald eyes were met head-on with the gaze of the molten silver ones of the man underneath him. Their stares locked and time seemed to slow down, the wind appeared to lessen and sound became only a distant reminder that something else existed around them.

Then Malfoy smirked and Harry bolted.