

It's almost Christmas now

a drarry christmas.. developement

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The reminder of yesterday hasn't been as exciting as the morning had been. At lunch he met his friends minus Luna again who instantly questioned him about his sudden departure during breakfast. Harry shocked them all into silence for a few seconds by stating he had made peace with Draco Malfoy and helped him out with defence in return for his help with potions. Well all except for Hermione who smiled brightly at him with a "Good for you, Harry."

The afternoon was spend with suffering through homework, though it wasn't nearly as much for Harry as in the previous week and so they had plenty of time for the rest of the day to continue their conversation from breakfast. Harry confessed to Hermione and Ron that he'd like to go somewhere on Christmas Eve, they shouldn't worry and it wouldn't take long. After his two best friends needed him enough they got out of him where exactly he was off to and the three of them agreed to go together.

When Harry lay down for the night, he once again had the problem of his mind not wanting to shut down. During the day he had ample distraction, but now, alone with his thoughts again they always seemed to spiral back to one specific thing and every time Harry closed his eyes he saw a pair of molten silver ones. Minutes fluently turned into hours as the mornings events played over and over in his head, accompanied by the fluttering in his stomach. Before he knew it half the night was gone and Harry still hadn't figured out what to do about his reactions to Malfoy's smile, his laugh, his teasing...

Harry didn't remember finally drifting off, but he must have since the next thing he knew was the early harsh light of a winter day stinging his eyes as he woke up. After that fact registered in his brain he bolted upright, frantically felt for his glasses and pushed them on his nose as he found them. Then he grabbed his wristwatch and cursed; class was about to start in less than ten minutes.

He shot out of bed, feeling dizzy from lack of sleep and the sudden drop of blood to his feet, but stumbled through the room while hastily getting dressed. After getting in his robe and making sure his wand was on him Harry grabbed his tie and ran

downstairs, ignoring the yells of the fat lady as he slammed her portrait open and fastened the tie around his neck with a plain knot before stuffing it under his woollen jumper as he ran.

Skidding to a halt in front of the closed door of potions classroom tried to catch his breath for two seconds, regretting already to have pulled on the jumper and school robes since the sprint left him hot and sweating, before he carefully pulled the door open and stepped inside.

The whole class plus Slughorn, who stood already at the front, turned to stare at him.

"Sorry Professor..." He started, still sounding rather out of breath. "I-"

But the round man with the walrus moustache interrupted him before he could say anything else. "Ah, good morning Harry! No need to worry I was just about to start when you came in, you didn't miss anything important. If you would just take your seat please."

Harry nodded, walked towards Malfoy's table and slid into the seat next to him. The blond gave him a look.

"Morning." Harry whispered, with a short and sheepish grin. In return he received a roll of the silver eyes, but it was accompanied by a tiny smile on the man's lips.

"As I was saying" Slughorn continued. "Your Antidotes will be ready by next week, but I believe none of you would like to come back on Christmas morning to finish these. I'm going to put a static charm on them and we'll continue with it after the holidays. Now"

He clapped his chubby hands and rubbed them against each other in a business-like manner.

"First I'm going to return you graded essays. Since you got off without homework on Friday, I'm afraid I have to give something for you to do over the break."

He received collective groans from the class as he flicked his wand and the graded papers lifted from his desk and spread out to the students they belonged to.

"I know, I know. But look at the good side; it's going to be the last time you'll get homework over Christmas!" Slughorn received some weak smiles from a few students, but the majority of the class apparently thought this neither good nor funny.

The professor spelled some questions on the board and instructed them to jot them down and answer them in detail in a six feet essay. The class groaned louder this time, but still moved to get parchments and quills out and Harry froze as he turned to his side.

"Bollocks."

Apparently, in his desperate need to get to class on time, he'd completely forgotten to take his bag along.

Harry sat up again and caught sight of Malfoy looking at him, but the blond quickly looked away when their eyes met, turning to his own bag. The ravenette sighed, before leaning closer towards the Slytherin and speaking in a low voice.

"Malfoy... I left my bag in the tower, could I borrow a quill and some parch-...?"

Before Harry could finish his request the blond turned around again and held out parchment with a green feather on top. The same Slytherin-green feather quill that had been drenched in ink two weeks ago.

"Oh." Harry had expected the blond to deny his plea, or at least be more difficult about it. "Thank you." He took the offered objects gratefully and the blond also pushed a small pot of ink over to him.

"Whatever. Keep it for the rest of the day. You can return it some time when you don't forget to wear your head." The exasperated tone of his voice clearly told Harry what Malfoy thought about him being so unorganized.

A genuinely happy smile stretched Harry's lips, though it turned sheepish once more when Malfoy shot him a harmless glare. "Sure thing."

Harry dipped the tip of the feather into the ink and started to write.