

It's almost Christmas now

a drarry christmas.. developement

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Kapitel 10: December, 10th

It wasn't one of his nicer Sundays at Hogwarts.

Maybe it could have been, but thanks to Harry's abysmal time management (and recently renewed Malfoy obsession), a mountain of his homework had piled up and demanded to be finished off today.

During the night the snow that had threatened to fall quietly came down and now covered Hogwarts and everything around it in a thick layer of white.

His motivation wasn't specifically high.

The castle had become freezing and those who weren't still outside to have their jolly fun in the snow, had taken over the common room to make good use of the bustling fire in the hearth.

Harry stayed there for the same reason instead of visiting the quieter library, but it did nothing for his concentration. That also wasn't high to begin with. Apart from the fact that potions still wasn't his favourite subject to work on, he also was terribly tired, since he had even less sleep than usual.

After the confrontation he had had with Malfoy yesterday morning, Harry had collected his wand and gotten back on his broom, trying to clear his over thinking mind through flying. When that didn't work, he went back to the castle, put his broom away, but instead of going to breakfast like he'd originally planned, he randomly roamed the hallways in hopes of crossing paths with the blond and finding out why the hell he didn't fly anymore.

Halfway through the castle he remembered the marauder's map and went back to Gryffindor tower. There, he met Ron und Hermione and since he didn't want to explain himself he cut his wild search short.

After lunch they had gone down to Hagrid's and for a while at least Harry had been distracted from his one-track thoughts.

But at night, when he was supposed to be asleep, the quietness kick-started his mind into going on about what happened in the morning and so it felt like hours until he finally fell asleep.

Now he felt grumpy and sluggish as he forced himself to write this essay. It didn't help that he constantly had to re-read the text book passages since he got distracted by conversations and laughter around him and his ever circling thoughts about the confusing blond.

Maybe if he got another chance and didn't piss him off beforehand, he could try challenging him again? Malfoy had always prided himself on being a good flyer (which was undeniably true) and Harry knew he also was a good seeker, if he stopped cheating. So really, why would he suddenly decide to not fly anymore? They might not be allowed in the quidditch teams anymore, but that didn't mean they couldn't bring a broom and fly on their own time (like he did).

"Harry!" The ravenette flinched upon hearing the scolding tone of Hermione's voice. She picked the parchment of his potions essay up, looking exasperated.

"Is that really all you've got by now? Honestly, it's two hours until dinner and you still need to do Transfiguration, Herbology and practise for Charms. And I promise you I won't let you sleep until you've finished." The witch placed the parchment back down as Harry groaned and she sat next to him.

"Is there something you don't understand?" She asked carefully and Harry knew she would help him to figure it out himself if it was the case.

"No, nothing... just a lot on my mind." A moment later the green eyed man wished he hadn't said those words as he saw Hermione pull her lower lip between her teeth and a speculating twinkle in her eyes.

"Okay, well." She said, clearly holding back from asking about this 'lot'. Harry didn't understand why, since he knew she was burning for information.

"Then I suggest shove it out of your mind for now and do your homework properly." She patted him on the shoulder before standing up and going back to Ron, green eyes following her curiously, before their owner surrendered to his fate.