

# It's almost Christmas now

## a drarry christmas.. developement

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### Kapitel 12: December, 12th

The saviour of the wizarding world felt very unfortunate at this moment.

Yesterday he'd spent the whole afternoon practising the Sculperis charm, to not be the only one unable to do it in today's class. Once he mastered it (which really took him long enough), he was amazed that other charms he tried out with this new skill indeed turned out more refined than before. Satisfied with this achievement, he took the evening off to watch Ron accepting Dean as his sister's boyfriend by annihilating him in chess.

So it left him today with new homework for Herbology, Charms and Potions. And before the next day could add its piece to the misery (or Hermione had his head), he decided to get it out of the way.

The Charms essay about the next spell they were going to do in class was fairly easy, since Hermione had already chewed the theory through with them, and Harry had it done around dinner time.

When they returned to the common room in the evening, Harry sat back down right away to tackle the rather difficult essay about the properties of antidotes to potions. He figured, since his brilliant demonstration of incompetence in this field on the day before, it would take him a while.

After reading up on the topic in his text book he knew he was mistaken; it would take him *years*. Unless he got help from Hermione, but his friend had vanished upstairs with his other friend when they came back and Harry wasn't sure if this was the right time to bother them.

With a weary sigh he started reading the chapter once more, but it wasn't any less confusing than before. He had the feeling he'd missed out on something he needed to understand this and wracked his brains if they've learned about it before, but it only led up to an annoying throbbing behind his temples.

Then Hermione descended down the stairs, followed by Ron, both of them wearing thick robes and her sight was like a shining beacon of hope.

Harry smiled widely and waved them over to the table he'd taken up in the corner.

"Hermione, just the girl I wanted to see!"

The brunette smiled bemused but gave him an inquiring look when she walked up next to his table.

"Mate, this girl is already seeing someone." Ron said as he came up behind her, laying a possessive arm around her middle. His expression though was equally bemused as his girlfriend's. They seemed to be in a good mood. Harry grinned.

"Then would you mind lending her to me for some help with potions?"

Ron looked sheepish, while Hermione's face changed to an apologetic expression.

"Oh Harry, we just wanted to head outside." She gestured to their attire that clearly was meant to keep them warm in the cold grounds. Harry's grin lessened and turned awkward.

"Oh... oh well. Have fun?"

Hermione smiled. "I'll help you when we're back, alright? Maybe you can do something else first?"

"Yeah, sure. I still got Herbology to do. Potions can wait." Harry smiled to reassure her it's not a problem. His two friends deserved all the time they could spend together.

"Potions can always wait, if you ask me." Ron grinned, then waved and pulled Hermione to the portrait hole. "See you later, mate."

Harry nodded, still smiling, but internally sighed. So much for getting potions out of the way.

He looked around the common room and considered asking one of his other classmates for help, though he was fairly certain they were on the same level as him.

The only people in his potions class who really understood what they were doing, besides Slughorn, were Hermione and Malfoy.

Harry's green eyes widened behind his spectacles and he sprung off his seat. Before the portrait closed behind Ron he sprinted after him, almost yelling.

"Ron, wait!"

The redhead caught the portrait and peeked inside the tower again, looking a little alarmed.

"What's up mate?"

Harry halted shortly before the hole in the wall.

"Just... can I borrow Pigwidgeon?"

Ron looked baffled. "Erm, sure. He'll be happy to get something to do."

"Brilliant, thanks!" Harry grinned and already rushed back to the table, taking some unused parchment as he fell back in his seat and bit the tip of his feather quill for a moment before starting to write.

Ron had left with a curious stare and Harry followed them after ten minutes out of the portrait hole, earning a scolding glance from the fat lady.

His feet though took him to the left. Passing the room of requirement on the seventh floor he came up to the tower of the owlery some minutes later and cursed himself for not wearing a cloak as he felt the cold draft from the top.

Once again he cast a warming charm and eyed the letter in his left hand as he walked up. If Hermione didn't have time to help him, it was worth a try to ask the other brilliant student of their class. In the worst case, Malfoy would say no, or not reply at all (or insult him creatively as much as he could).

As he reached the top steps, preparing to look out for the hyperactive Pigwidgeon, he stopped short in his tracks and stared.

Sometimes he had to wonder if these were coincidences, or if there was another prophecy about him, that dictated he had to cross path with Draco Malfoy as much as possible.

But there he stood; on the exact same spot Harry had seen him last time, cold wind ruffling his hair and robes. And exactly like last time, he turned around and spotted Harry, though this time the Gryffindor didn't try to hide.

There was a moment of tension when the emerald gaze collided with the mercury one and as none of them said anything it quickly turned awkward.

Suddenly Harry moved and stuffed the wand that had stayed in his right, hastily somewhere in his pockets, from where it jutted out still half visible.

When he looked back at the blond with wide eyes, to see if he took offence that Harry had the wand out, he thought he could see the end of an eye-roll.

Malfoy was the first to break the silence.

"Not running away this time, Potter?"

Harry felt his cheeks warming up in embarrassment, but defiantly took the last step and moved on the platform of the tower. "I didn't run away."

An elegant blond eyebrow rose in the air and Harry saw Malfoy's lips twitch.

"Then what would you call it? Accidentally walking away from being caught?"

Harry's brows furrowed. "I was just-"

"What do you want this time, Potter?" Malfoy's eye wandered to the wand halfway sticking out of his pocket and Harry tried to inconspicuously push it in further.

"Why do you think I'd want something from you? This is the owlery. I'm here to send a letter."

Harry held up the parchment as if to prove his right to be here, but he wasn't sure what about this gesture caused the blond to suddenly pull his pureblood mask up again.

"Go ahead Potter. I wouldn't want to delay our saviour's important messages."  
With these as his parting words, Malfoy obviously had the intention to rush past Harry to head downstairs, but the ravenette placed himself directly in Malfoy's path by stepping to the side.

The silver eyes widened in shocked surprise, before narrowing with dangerous annoyance, while Harry's own green once stayed round, since he had surprised himself as well with that unconscious decision.

"Actually-" He hastily said. "The letter is for you."

The Slytherin's eyes lost the hostility for a moment and repeated the process of widening, then narrowing.

"What...? What are you playing at Potter?"

"Nothing. It's for you. I was going to send it, but when you're actually here..." Harry held the letter out for the blond and took a deep breath before saying the next words. "I wanted to ask for your help."

Malfoy's gaze had dropped to the parchment and he sported a disbelieving look on his face, apparently considering if he should take it as a joke or something else. Then he looked up to study Harry's eyes and after a few more tense seconds came to the conclusion that the Gryffindor seemed to be sincere.

And then, just like it had happened once before, his demeanour changed and a salacious smile curled around his lip that instantly dried up Harry's throat.

"So you in fact *do* want something from me, Potter..."

He reached for the paper and wrapped his hand around Harry's fingers too as he pulled it out of them.

Harry pulled back as if he'd received an electric shock. It certainly felt similar too it and he forgot to breath in that second while he felt his face heating up.

He didn't reply to Malfoy's words, instead watched uncomfortably how the Slytherin unfolded the letter, the blond looking as if it couldn't interest him any less and shuffled his feet as the silver gaze flew over the paper.

Malfoy actually snorted.

"Oh Potter. You're pathetic. You really need help with that easy piece of work?"

There was a definite pinch in Harry's chest when the blond spoke those words and he felt himself getting defensive.

"Well not everyone can be a natural at it. So are you going to help me or not?"

Harry crossed his arms over his chest, while Malfoy regarded him again with surprise,

but curiosity as well.

"Tell me a reason why I should help you with this."

Harry bit his cheek. What could he say to convince Malfoy to help him?  
A moment later he gave the blond a lopsided smile.

"Well... if you help me your chance to survive another lesson next to me might increase."

A variety of things flashed through Malfoy's eyes, but hostility and animosity weren't part of them. It gave Harry hope.

"I'll think about it."

When Malfoy stepped around him to leave this time Harry didn't try to stop him. And despite not getting a direct answer or being any closer to finishing his essay, he felt quite satisfied as he saw Malfoy pocketing his letter.