

# It's almost Christmas now

## a drarry christmas.. developement

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### Kapitel 9: December, 9th

By now it had gotten uncomfortably cold and was on the brink of snowing, but that only helped keeping the quidditch pitch clear and didn't discourage Harry at all. Wrapped up in a thick cloak, his Gryffindor coloured scarf and woollen gloves the former seeker braved the temperatures and joyfully shot through the icy air on his firebolt.

He had his personal snitch with him again, but for now it remained safely in his pocket while he enjoyed the simple happiness of flying.

The wind whipped merciless against the exposed skin of his face as he whizzed over the stadium, colouring his cheeks and nose red as it numbed the parts where it hit. Harry didn't mind, for now at least.

He had skipped breakfast in favour of coming down here first and with it an opportunity to see if Malfoy was eating.

But after dinner last night, he contemplated telling his two best friends about his concerns regarding the blond Slytherin. Then, as an opening presented itself he suddenly imagined their simultaneous groans if he would bring up Malfoy as a topic again and Hermione's claim he was growing obsessed with the boy- once again.

So Harry held his tongue, not having been in the mood to listen to unjustified accusations. Or maybe not so unjustified, but he would never admit it out loud to anyone.

The truth was, Malfoy crossed his mind a lot as of late, not to say he always hovered in the back of Harry's thoughts in one way or another. Malfoy doesn't eat properly. Why can't Malfoy cast a Patronus? He had to do something about Malfoy's attackers. Malfoy has nice hair....

Anyway, he was aware that it might be getting just the tiniest bit out of hand and decided to prove to himself that he wasn't obsessed and didn't need to anxiously await the blond's presence at breakfast.

Besides, if he didn't stay out here too long, he could still head for breakfast afterwards. It was Saturday after all and they left the food out longer for those students who preferred (or didn't have too much homework for) sleeping in.

After flying some rounds he suddenly felt a thrill that had nothing to do with speeding away on a broom: he was being watched.

Out of habit and severe war-induced paranoia he had his wand in his right hand after the first nervous tingle in his neck and looked out for the cause.

When he spotted it, he was momentarily so distracted, that he only narrowly avoided collision with one of the goal posts. Half a looping brought him back into a straight position, before he stopped to float in the air a few feet beneath the Keeper's goal-rings and stare diagonally across the field. Though he was many feet away, it was unmistakable who his observer was and Harry couldn't distinguish if he felt confusion or satisfaction.

Not waiting to decide what it was, he acted on his next impulse, grabbed the shaft of his broom and flew directly to the figure who sat once again in the viewer's stands.

This time though, Harry didn't just hover above the blond, but landed behind him and got off his broom. Before he could even open his mouth though, Malfoy stood up, turned around to look at him and practically took the question from his thoughts.

"Why are you stalking me, Potter?"

Harry gaped. "Wait, / should be the one asking this! This is the second time you came out here to watch me flying."

The blond sneered. "No Potter. / am the one coming out here for some peace and quiet; it's not my fault that you're lunatic enough to fly in this cold."

Blinking dumbfounded, the ravenette felt heat returning to his frozen features and wasn't sure if it was the reason why Malfoy suddenly smirked and gleefully went on.

"And *you*, St. Potter, are the one who can't leave me alone in and after class, follows me to even the owlery and creeps out my fellow housemates by staring like a starved caveman at the Slytherin table during meal times, as I heard. Three guesses who you were looking for?"

The silvery eyes seemed to glow with superiority and amusement and Harry could safely assume he was blushing now, from the way his face felt. So Malfoy had seen him bolt from the owlery and apparently his hidden glances seemed to be pretty intense if word already got back to Malfoy.

With growing embarrassment he wondered if Hermione and Ron had noticed too and just didn't say anything because it was about his obsession-that-was-not-really-an-obsession again.

Harry avoided Malfoy's stare and looked over the field and into the sky, pretending to gauge if it was going to snow or not.

"Don't flatter yourself; you're not that important Malfoy."

"Well..." Malfoy didn't lose his smug expression and nimbly climbed over the bench between them so fast, that he was standing next to Harry before the raven haired man even had the chance to turn his head. And then Harry made a mistake.

Because of Malfoy's unexpected swiftness his instincts took over and he lifted the wand still resting in his right hand and pointed it at the blond.

The green eyes widened as the mercury one's across from them narrowed and turned icier than the air around them. Harry dropped his wand arm as a disdainful sneer was fully back in place on Malfoy's lips.

"I see Potter. No need to explain further." The words were hissed with such blatant fury that Harry actually winced and in his panic, as the Slytherin turned around and rushed to the exit he let his broom and wand fall to the ground to hurry after him.

"Wait!" But of course Malfoy had no intention to comply and was about to descent down the stairs when Harry caught up to him, grabbed his shoulder and hauled him around.

In an instant Malfoy had his own wand out, pointed it into Harry's chest and forced him backwards into the open again, as he walked forwards himself, radiating rage.

*"Don't think I won't do it!"*

"Malfoy-" Harry held his hands up in a gesture of surrender, but the blond now grabbed his collar in turn with his free hand.

"Shut UP, Potter!! You're playing all nice and benevolent as long as there's an audience, but truth is, you're just like *them!*"

"I wasn't about to curse you, it w-"

"No!" Malfoy spit the word out coldly. "You were just going to *defend* yourself from a dangerous *Death Eater!* Do you think I'm stupid??"

A silence full of tension followed after the blond shouted those words and Harry was shocked by how desperate they had sounded. The tight fist at his collar trembled almost unnoticeably and Harry's stomach clenched when he saw hurt and disappointment in the suddenly stormy grey eyes. The two men haven't moved much, but still both of them were breathing heavily.

Harry lowered his hands down to his sides.

"You startled me. That's why I lifted my wand." He said quietly, trying to convey the sincerity of his words with his eyes. "Not because I thought you were going to harm me."

Malfoy didn't change his position and scowled at him, but his breathing seemed to calm down.

"You're mistake Potter. I'm fully capable of harming you. But if thinking there's some good left in me makes you sleep better..."

"I know what you're capable off. Just as I know you're not going to curse me."

Harry held his gaze until Malfoy lowered his wand and unhanded the balled up fabric of his cloak.

"Believe what you want..."

Malfoy seemed still to be set on leaving and since Harry had another impulse that told him to prevent it he blurted out the first thing on his mind.

"Seeker's match, Malfoy?"

The blond, already in the process of turning away from him looked back with an expression of clear belief that Harry has lost his mind.

"I have a snitch." Harry continued hastily, feeling nervous. "Whoever catches it first wins, obviously. If you want to make it more interesting we could play for Galleons, or something else?" He added, hoping he didn't sound too eager.

Malfoy still gave him that look. "... are you mad, Potter?"

Harry cracked a grin. "Debatable. So what do you say?"

The Slytherin eyed him for some more seconds, while Harry already felt anticipation flutter in his stomach as he waited for him to agree. He would love to have a real challenge again and playing against Malfoy always added some spice. Also they hadn't played against each other for years; it was time for another go. But Malfoy sent his hopes crashing down.

"I don't fly."

"Huh?" Harry looked honestly puzzled. "What do you mean? You still have that Nimbus, right?"

Harry thought he saw a haunted expression hush over Malfoy's features, before he sealed off all emotions behind the perfected detached pureblood mask that probably had been drilled into him as soon as he could walk.

"I mean that I don't fly, you daft imbecile."

And with that the blond turned his back on him and left Harry standing alone and confused for the second time that week.