

It's almost Christmas now

a drarry christmas.. developement

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Screeed-

Just after they resurfaced from the dungeons after potions class a ripping noise tore through the air. Harry turned around and watched as for at least the third time that day Malfoy's bag magically came undone. The bottom ripped open and noises of tumbling books and shattering inkpots quickly followed.

The blond had frozen, while other students around him pointed and laughed gleefully as they walked past him on their way to lunch.

Harry looked around furiously, but again nobody appeared to be responsible for this attack, although unmerciful smirks could be seen on far too many faces. The ravenette just hoped it wasn't a Gryffindor behind this, or worse, one of his friends, but it was hard to tell since now it was lunch time and they stood in the student flooded Entrance Hall.

The teachers were of no use either; Slughorn had stayed in his classroom, sorting through the vials they left for him and no one of the others was around. When Harry turned back he saw that Malfoy finally had unfrozen and, kneeling down, started to pick up his books.

Then something else occurred, that instantly short fury through the Gryffindor's body. A younger boy, his robes identifying him to belong to Slytherin house, walked past Malfoy and purposefully hit his bag into the kneeling man's head, raising approving laughter from his friends.

"HEY!" Harry yelled and ran over as Malfoy got knocked forward and caught himself with his hands before he face planted on the floor.

The young Slytherin's eyes widened comically as he saw who angrily marched up to him and fell into a sprint, zigzagging around Harry into the safety of the Great Hall, his friends sharp on his heels.

The fuming ravenette glared after them, but reminded himself that he couldn't hex younger students. Or at least, shouldn't.

"Erm... Harry?" Ron asked uncertainly and gave him a confused, but hopeful look that

clearly said: Do you have to play hero *now*, when we could go to *lunch*? Certainly Harry had to see that lunch was more important than Malfoy...

But ever so perceptive Hermione looped an arm around one of her boyfriend's and dragged him away. "We'll see you later, Harry." She smiled knowingly at him, which irritated him mildly, but he nodded a yes and then turned back to Malfoy, who was now wiping his ink covered hands on his robes.

".. you okay?"

"Piss off, Potter."

The blond didn't even look up and instead started to spell his books clean with a scowl. Harry glared at him now, but then simply knelt down opposite to Malfoy, after removing the ink and glass shards that still covered the floor. The flood of students slowly ceased, until they were alone in the hallway, except for some passing latecomers.

Harry picked up the green feather quill he had seen Malfoy use before. Now it was half black with ink (why did ink have the tendency to stick to really anything once a pot got broken?) and clotted, so Harry got out his wand and restored the feather to its original, clean form.

The blond Slytherin had replaced most of his stuff in his once again repaired bag and eyed Harry now warily.

"Honestly Potter, can't you just do what you're told?" He snatched the feather out of his hand as Harry offered it.

"Why are you tolerating this?"

"Why do you care?!" Malfoy hissed and threw the feather along with the last re-collected scrolls in the bag. He stood up and Harry swiftly followed.

"You should defend yourself."

Malfoy laughed mirthlessly.

"Why should I waste my spells on that scum?? Besides, the ministry would have a field day when a let off Death Eater starts cursing students! Bet I'll be off to Azkaban before I can even lift my wand!"

Harry was taken aback and his stomach clenched at the possibility of Malfoy being taken away. "I'm not saying... you're not... you could tell the teachers..."

"Oh really?" Malfoy stood tall, with a stiff and impossible straight back, but the tone of his voice held resentment and bitterness. The coldness of his silvery eyes froze Harry to the spot.

"You have no idea what you're talking about, Mr. Goody two shoes. So you better shut your trap before you embarrass yourself further." The blond turned away and walked

back to the dungeons, leaving a gobsmacked Harry standing alone in the Entrance Hall.