

The dilemma of what to get his boyfriend for Christmas was one that had been plaguing Harry for longer than they'd actually been dating. Even when they'd just been friends — and Harry had had a crush the size of Scotland — what did you get the boy whose parents could and would buy him anything he wanted?

He'd already thought of and then promptly discarded a dozen ideas. He wanted the present to *mean* something. He wanted it to be special. But what would be special to Draco Malfoy?

Harry was alone in the village, not wanting any of his friends to question who he was buying for, but there were crowds of Hogwarts students filling the streets. By the looks of it, Harry wasn't the only one who had left his shopping until the last second. Teenagers in various states of panic rushed past him, and Harry ducked into the nearest shop to avoid the press of people.

Draco wasn't the only person he had to buy for still. He still needed to get something for Susan to thank her for going to the ball with him, and... he wanted to buy something for Snape, too. He never thought he'd say that, but there he was. Snape was part of the family now, and Harry wanted to get him a Christmas present.

The shop he'd taken refuge in seemed to be a jewellery shop of some kind, and Harry looked around curiously. Draco might appreciate something shiny? Maybe? He shrugged helplessly to himself; it was worth a shot. Browsing the glass-fronted cases, Harry let his eyes trail over the pieces. Suddenly, his eyes landed on something. A small silver pendant of a curled up dragon, its body wrapped securely around a pale blue gemstone. His thoughts didn't turn to Draco; no, he was thinking of the boy's mother.

Perhaps it was cliché. Perhaps everyone gave Narcissa Malfoy dragon-related jewellery because of her son's name. But there was something about the necklace that just felt... right.

Harry glanced up at the middle-aged witch behind the register, offering a polite smile. "Excuse me? Could I take a closer look at this, please?"

If he was going to start ingratiating himself to the Malfoy matriarch, he'd better start early.

.-.

By lunchtime, Harry had secured presents for everyone except Draco. The necklace for Narcissa, a pair of pretty earrings for Susan shaped like shooting stars, and a journal for Snape that would automatically record the status and changes in a potion, for experimental purposes. His purchases were wrapped and stowed securely in his bag, and he decided to take a break and head to the Three Broomsticks.

That turned out to be a mistake, as the pub was packed so tight Harry could barely make it to the bar, so he ordered a sandwich to go and squeezed back out into the street, eating as he walked. He was pretty sure he'd been in every shop in the village, and he was still no closer to finding the perfect Christmas present for Draco.

Looking through the window of a shop selling antiques, Harry was surprised to catch the reflection of a pair of tall redheaded figures. He turned, seeing the twins walking nearby, their