

“We can, and I can pick your little fox self up in my claws and drop you at the top of a tree, because *apparently* you made your transformation and didn’t tell me,” Draco said, giving him a hard stare. Harry gulped.

“I wanted Sirius and Remus to be the first to know. And, uh, then I forgot,” he admitted sheepishly. Draco huffed.

“Forgot? Honestly, Potter,” he sighed in mock-annoyance. “Disaster of a wizard.” A pause, and then an expectant look. “Go on. Show me!”

“Oh.” Harry concentrated, and then he was a fox beside Draco.

“*Ohh*,” Draco cooed, grey eyes filling with delight. “Aren’t you beautiful.” Harry preened, and quickly arched up under Draco’s hand, begging the boy to pet him. They spent a fun five minutes or so with Harry flopping around in Draco’s lap, letting the boy scratch the soft white fur on his belly, before Harry decided he wanted to kiss Draco properly, and became human once more so he could.

“You might be a disaster, but you’re a bloody talented one,” Draco told him, smoothing Harry’s mussed hair. Harry shrugged, bashful.

“You’ll get yours before sixth year, I bet.” The Slytherin didn’t look so convinced, and smoothly changed the subject.

“Well, my OWLS have to come first — we can’t all do eight things at once on top of studying for exams. How was your holiday, anyway? Despite the eventful start. Please tell me you actually rested for more than five minutes.”

Harry had written the important parts to Draco already, but it was nice getting to sit and tell him about the more mundane events of his break. Draco’s fingers began carding through his hair while he spoke, and Harry’s eyes went half-lidded with pleasure.

“Well, I’m glad you managed to get some quiet in that madhouse,” Draco remarked. “Slytherin house was more full than ever. Seems I’m not the only one who didn’t fancy heading home for Yule.”

“But you’re the only one with Voldemort in your house,” Harry pointed out. Draco’s pale lips became a thin line.

“Perhaps, but his reach is extending ever further. Rumour has it, he wants to start marking everyone once they turn seventeen. If not sooner.”

Fear gripped Harry’s throat. “Cassius?”

“Went to his secret boyfriend’s for the holidays,” Draco assured. “His family had no idea. He’s got them convinced he can’t be marked because he’s going to infiltrate the Ministry when he graduates, but considering the Dark Lord is talking about taking over the Ministry in due time... I don’t know how long that will last.”