

Chapter 92

Even after just a few days of Christmas break, Harry knew it was going to be so very hard to leave when the time came to return to Hogwarts.

Still, he was determined to make the most of it, and his family were happy to oblige, slipping back into their summer routine of spending the time after dinner all together in the main living room, playing chess or Bluff or just sitting together and reading.

During the day, however, most of the occupants of the house still had work to do of some kind, so often Harry and Draco were left to their own devices. That suited them perfectly well — knowing they would be out to the school when they got back didn't have either of them under the assumption that they'd find it any easier to spend time together privately.

But not all of their time was spent being hormonal teenagers. Just some of it. The rest was spent flying, or studying, or getting up to some kind of mischief.

Or, like now, working on Draco's animagus form. The blond was *so* close, and he was determined to get the transformation before they went back in January. Every free minute was spent in Harry's room with his eyes closed, meditating as hard as he could in search of that owl form.

Harry didn't mind; he was eager to see Draco transform, too. And in the mean time, he got to be a soppy idiot and stare at his boyfriend for ages while said boyfriend was too busy concentrating to notice.

Usually, Draco didn't even mind too much when Harry got bored of just *looking* and disrupted said concentration. As long as he waited long enough for Draco to give it a decent attempt.

This time, he hadn't been meditating for very long, however. Harry was amusing himself with wandlessly levitating increasingly heavy objects to try and find his limits — he was just wondering if levitating the bed he sat on would break Draco's concentration, when suddenly the boy's body *blurred*.

The next thing he knew, there was a snowy owl sitting on his bed.

"Draco!" Harry jumped to his feet, the desk rattling as it hit the ground abruptly. The owl hooted. "You did it!" He beamed at his owl-shaped boyfriend, throwing himself on the bed to get a closer look. "Oh, you're *gorgeous*, look at you."

Draco preened, letting Harry stroke gentle fingers down his feathers. He was larger than Hedwig, with wickedly sharp talons, and Harry smirked. "Mayhem, indeed," he drawled, earning a light glare from the owl. Draco would accept the nickname eventually; he insisted that of the two of them, Harry caused more mayhem. Which, he wasn't entirely wrong, but it was too late for that now.