Title: Dreaming With Your Feet

Author/Artist: [info]alisanne

Recipient: [info]geneva2010

Rating: Hard R

Word Count: +/- 8200

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco

Summary: Harry and Draco have both been working too hard. Luckily, an assignment allows them the opportunity to dance.

Warning(s): None, really.

Disclaimer: All Harry Potter characters herein are the property of J.K. Rowling and Bloomsbury/Scholastic. No copyright infringement is intended.

A/N: Thank you to my fabulous beta-reader [info]sevfan and to the Slashchat girls for the handholding and moral support. *glomps everyone, especially [info]geneva2010 for all the fabulous cheerleading and for keeping fandom such a happy place* ♥

~**~

Dreaming With Your Feet

~**~

Dancing is like dreaming with your feet. ~Constanze

~***~

It was a typical Thursday night. Dinner at Ron and Hermione's with the usual questions about Harry's personal life. Harry sighed. He knew his friends loved him but they could be a bit...smothering.

"I still say you work too much," Hermione said, handing him the dish of treacle tart she'd made for pudding. "When was your last holiday?"

"I take holidays," Harry protested as he helped himself. "It's just been really busy at the Ministry--"

"Ron and I have been on two this year so far and we work there, too." Hermione patted his arm. "Throwing yourself into work won't make you get over him any faster, you know."

"I'm not pining or anything." Harry stared into his plate. "I mean, I won't say I don't miss him at times, but Oliver's wasn't for me."

"I know." She smiled when he glanced up at her. "Did you see the big spread in the Prophet?"

Harry laughed. "It would've been hard to miss. I especially loved Skeeter's article, 'Quidditch Star to Wed Childhood Sweetheart after Being Dumped by The Boy Who Lived'." He rolled his eyes.

"Oh, Harry--"

"Oh, Hermione, don't worry, it's fine. We had fun while it lasted, but now it's over." Harry shrugged. "Work's become my life now."

"That just proves you need to take a break, mate," Ron said, walking in from the kitchen with tea. "Have a holiday fling, do something. People are starting to notice that you work too hard."

“What people?” Harry asked, accepting a cup.

“Kingsley for one.” Ron shrugged. “He even asked me if you were under a lot of pressure in your home life.”

“He did?” Harry frowned. “What did you say?”

Ron clapped him on the back before sitting down. “I made something up. It’s not his business, is it? Still, maybe you should put in for a couple of days so they stop asking questions.”

“We’ll see.” Digging into his pudding, Harry tried to change the topic. “So what are you working on this week in the Department of Mysteries, Hermione?”

As they chatted, however, Harry was distracted as he pondered what he would even do with a holiday. Probably sit around and stare at my walls. No thanks. All I need is a new assignment. Something to take my mind off things. And people.

~**~

Harry reported to work early that day. He was due for a new assignment; the mission, however, wasn’t what he was expecting. “I didn’t think Veela were illegal,” he said after Kingsley had outlined the issue.

Kingsley shook his head. “They aren’t, but we like to keep them registered for certain reasons.” He slid a file across the desk to Harry, who picked it up and began flipping through.

Harry’s eyes widened. “Someone’s been seducing people and then stealing their money?”

“Yes, we think it’s a Veela since this is how they typically work. They ‘persuade’ the target to give up their wealth and when the relationship is over, the victims are often so embarrassed about it they usually don’t press charges.” Kingsley sighed. “But the Notts couldn’t hide the loss of their family’s ancestral jewels, so they had to report it. Theodore Nott was pretty subdued when he was interviewed.”

“So he’s identified a specific Veela as the thief?”

“No, all he could do was report the jewels missing and say that he thinks a Veela has them. He has no memories of the specific Veela who did the deed. That’s part of their power, they can overwhelm the victim to the point where they forget everything but how much they love being with them.”

Harry frowned. “So why aren’t they illegal?”

“The usual. Money, power, influence.” He sighed. “Too many of the pure-blood families have Veela blood. Whenever anyone mentions any sort of attempt to curtail or control or even document Veela powers, that person ‘changes their mind’ before they can cause too much trouble.”

Harry frowned. “So they use some sort of memory magic?”

Kingsley shrugged. “Apparently. Anyway, you’ll be investigating the Nott case. There are photos of the jewels in question in the brief.” He pointed to the folder he’d handed Harry earlier. “Look for any of those items. And you’ll need to be discreet. Veela are influential, if some of the more powerful families suspect you’re sniffing around, you may come back extolling their virtues.”

Harry thumbed through the pictures, memorizing what he was looking at even as he shook his head. “Well, I don’t know if I’m susceptible to Veela powers, but since I’m resistant to Imperius, maybe it’ll help.” He tucked the folder into his robes.

Kingsley smiled. “Exactly. That’s why I am giving you this assignment. I believe you should start by talking

to some of the clients who frequent that new, very exclusive, Veela club."

"Winged Things?" Harry smiled. "I've never been there. I hear that place is pretty wild, and pretty exclusive." And that the winged dancers are hot.

"Eyes on the target, Potter." Kingsley chuckled. "Have fun, but remember that this is an investigation. And your first problem will be getting an invitation, since it's invite only."

"Yeah, I've heard that." Harry nodded. "Don't worry, sir. I'll get in there somehow and get to the bottom of this." He stood up. "I'll let Ron know we have an assignment."

"Weasley isn't involved this time. I've put him on another case."

"Sir?"

"As it turns out, Weasley is quite susceptible to Veela charm." Kingsley smiled. "Don't you remember how he reacted to Fleur Delacour the first time he met her?"

Harry nodded. "Yeah." He frowned. "But how do you know about that?"

"We have complete records on all our Aurors, Potter. Very complete records." Kingsley inclined his head. "You can't think we don't explore everyone's background quite thoroughly? Weasley's not suitable for this one."

Harry nodded. It made sense. I wonder what they thought of my life?

"Although--"

Harry paused on his way to the door. “Sir?”

Kingsley looked slightly apologetic and Harry was immediately on guard. “You will need a partner for backup, so I’ve assigned someone. You’ll need to fill him in when we’re done here.”

“Yes, sir.”

“I’m counting on you to work together despite any...issues you may have had in the past.”

Harry waited.

“Your partner for this assignment will be Draco Malfoy.” Kingsley raised an eyebrow when Harry didn’t say anything. “Nothing to say?”

Harry sighed. “I figured it was bound to happen eventually. We do rotate partners and he is an Auror.” Or so they tell me.

“That he is.” Kingsley sat back in his chair. “Not that you’ve asked, but there are several good reasons why I chose him. I think he’ll be an asset in this investigation because he can easily navigate the upper echelons of pure-blood families without suspicion. In addition, we’re pretty sure Malfoys are resistant to Veela enthrallment. The family has never officially confirmed that, but I believe it’s true. We’re well aware of your previous...problems, but I trust you both to be adults.” He must have seen something in Harry’s face because he smiled and added, “He really will be an asset in this investigation.”

“You’re sure he’s not a Veela himself?” Harry muttered.

Kingsley raised an eyebrow. “Positive. Why?”

Because he always makes me think of sex. Harry sighed. “No reason.”

“I see.” Kingsley shook his head. “Anyway, you needed backup and I think he’s well suited for the job.”

“I suppose,” Harry admitted reluctantly. “Doesn’t mean I have to like it, though.”

Kingsley laughed. “No, it doesn’t,” he agreed. “It’s a good thing you’re no longer childhood rivals, and I’m sure you won’t let any former enmity stand in the way of doing your job.”

That wasn’t subtle. “Of course not, sir,” Harry replied, inspecting the pictures once more. Let’s hope Malfoy’s not still an enormous prat or this is going to be a long assignment.

“Excellent. I look forward to reading your report. And, Harry?” When Harry looked up, Kingsley had a serious expression on his face.

“Sir?”

“After this, you take a holiday, is that clear? I don’t want you getting burnt out.”

Thus dismissed, Harry left. This being an adult stuff is rubbish.

~**~

“Oh come on, it’ll be fun, Draco. It’s been ages since you’ve gone out with us or had a break from work. You could even bring someone if you like.”

Ignoring Pansy, Draco continued to read through the parchments on his desk. “I have no desire to go out and watch Blaise pull,” he snapped. “And you know I’m not seeing anyone.”

“That’s your own fault. You could always give in and have a fling with Blaise,” Pansy chuckled. “You know you’re the only one who’s ever been able to resist him, that’s why he’s always so pushy around you.”

Draco hid his smirk. Malfoys were blessed with resistance to Veela, thank Merlin. Blaise had always been after him for simply that reason; he’d never been happy that Draco had eluded his grasp. “Blaise is pushy because he’s Blaise,” Draco countered. “Where are you going?”

“Winged Things.” Pansy grinned as Draco’s head popped up. “Blaise is a member. It’ll be a lot of fun, we’re going tonight.”

“I--” Draco glanced toward the door as it began to open. “I’ll let you know in a bit, all right?”

“But--”

With a wave of his hand, Draco closed the Floo and was staring expectantly at the door by the time Potter came walking in. Draco arched an eyebrow.

“Malfoy, we have an assignment.” Potter slid a folder towards him.

“We?” Draco reached for the folder. “What happened to the wea-- your usual partner?”

“Ron’s on another assignment.” A muscle twitched in Potter’s cheek.

“I see.” Draco opened the folder and began sorting through the pictures. “A jewellery case?” He

narrowed his eyes. “These jewels look familiar--”

“The Nott family jewels,” Potter said. “We’re going to try to retrieve them from the...person who took them.”

“Person?” Draco looked up at him. “Or creature?”

“Yes, well--” Potter cleared his throat. “The Veela, actually. We’re supposed to go to Winged Things and see if anyone there knows anything. I’m working on getting us an invitation, but in the meantime--”

Draco smirked. “I can take care of that,” he drawled. “When do you want to go?”

Potter blinked at him. “You’re a member?” he asked.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Draco scoffed. “Only Veela or part-Veela can be members. I can get us an invitation, however.” He pursed his lips. “You’ll have to come as my guest.”

Potter frowned. “All right. How about tonight?”

Draco nodded. “Consider it done. If you’ll give me your Floo coordinates, I’ll collect you at eight so we can go.” Raising an eyebrow, Draco looked Potter up and down. “And please, be sure to dress appropriately.”

“Uh huh. So what’s appropriate to wear to a Veela club?” Potter asked, crossing his arms.

“Not Auror robes.” Draco stood up. “In fact, I should probably choose your outfit. I’ll be there at seven-thirty.”

“I can dress myself, Malfoy.”

“That’s debatable from what I’ve seen,” Draco murmured. Before Potter could reply he held up his hand. “So is that all? Because, if so, I will need to communicate with my contacts to obtain our invitations.”

Potter looked suspicious. “Who are your contacts?”

“That’s on a need-to-know basis,” Draco informed him, gesturing to the door. “Right now, you don’t need to know.”

Shaking his head, Potter scribbled his Floo coordinates onto to a scrap of parchment and handed it to Draco. “I’ll key you to the wards. Temporarily.”

Draco executed a half-bow. “I promise I won’t outstay my welcome.”

After shooting him one last, suspicious look, Potter left.

Gesturing, Draco put up a Silencing Spell just in case, then reopened his Floo. “Pansy Parkinson,” he said crisply. He smirked as her face came into view. “I’ve changed my mind, Pans. I’ve decided I’d love to take you up on that invitation for tonight.”

Pansy narrowed her eyes. “What’s happened, Draco?”

Draco smiled. “I’ll tell you later. Tell Blaise that I need an invitation for me and...a friend.”

“Ooh.” Pansy grinned. “How intriguing. I can’t wait to hear about this. I bet it’s a good story.”

Perhaps it will be, Draco thought as he brushed off her questions. After all, stranger things have happened.

~**~

Harry had picked and discarded about ten outfits before Malfoy arrived. “Can’t believe I’m actually worrying about this,” he muttered, staring at his reflection. “It’s only sodding Malfoy.” The same Malfoy who you’ve had a crush on since sixth year and whose name you call out when you wank, a small voice in his head reminded him. No wonder Oliver got fed up and left. “Shut it, you,” he muttered.

The Floo sounded and, disgusted with himself, Harry grabbed a red shirt and threw it on. “I’ll be right there.”

“Take your time,” came Malfoy’s voice. “I’ll just explore your living room while I wait.”

“Prick,” Harry grumbled as he rounded the corner. “Merlin--”

Malfoy looked fabulous. Dimly, in the recesses of his mind, Harry catalogued his outfit: black trousers so tight they had to have been magicked on, a silver-grey shirt made of some sort of iridescent, silky material, and a flowing cape. He looked positively edible. “Ah, there you are.”

Harry nodded, struck dumb.

One of Malfoy’s perfectly shaped eyebrows lifted. “Are you all right, Potter? We did say we’d meet here at seven-thirty, remember?”

Harry cleared his throat. “Yes, right, I remember.”

Malfoy’s gaze swept him from head to toe. “You’re not wearing that, are you?”

“What’s wrong with it?” Harry asked, a tad defensively.

Shaking his head, Malfoy pushed past him. “If you have to ask, you’re hopeless. Show me your wardrobe.”

“It’s--” But by then, Malfoy had already strode into his bedroom and flung open the doors. “Help yourself,” Harry muttered.

“To your clothes?” Malfoy shot a disbelieving look over his shoulder. “No thanks. Right, so there’s not a lot to choose from in here, but I believe you can get away with those.” He tossed a blue shirt and a pair of black jeans at Harry. “Put those on and we’ll see.”

Shaking his head, Harry nevertheless pulled off his red shirt and put on the blue one. Turning away, he slipped on the jeans as well, trying not to be self-conscious. “This is all a bit tight,” he grumbled.

“It’s perfect,” breathed Malfoy. “You know, you have quite a muscular chest, Potter. I’ve always thought you should show it off more than you--” Stopping, Malfoy cleared his throat. “Anyway, now you’ll fit right in at Winged Things.”

Malfoy thinks about my chest? Harry smiled. The night was suddenly looking up. “Brilliant. Ready to go?”

“After you,” Malfoy said.

As Harry turned away, he smirked. Suddenly wearing tight clothes didn’t seem like such a bad thing.

~**~

Draco found he was impressed with Winged Things' location and security despite himself. Even having grown up with magic as he had, the transition from Muggle London to the exclusive Wizarding club was so seamless that it took Draco a moment to adjust.

"Names?" a man asked, looking them both up and down.

"Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter," Draco said, smirking.

The man didn't even blink. "Invitation?" he snapped, holding out a gloved hand.

Draco handed it over and he peered at it before looking up at both of them. "Seems in order. Present it at the inner door and enjoy your evening."

He ushered them through. Once they had moved past him, Draco frowned. "Did that seem a bit...odd to you?" he said, tone low.

Potter stared quizzically at him. "No. Why?"

"He didn't seem to recognise our names."

Potter shrugged. "Why would he?"

Draco blinked. "You're not serious. Merlin, you are." Grabbing Harry by the arm, Draco dragged him into

a corner. “Potter, you’re the most famous man in the Wizarding world and, well, I don’t think I’m overstating the case to say that I’m probably a close second.”

“Maybe he’s a Muggle?” Potter shrugged. “Or a Squib? I didn’t sense any magic from him.”

“You can sense people’s magic levels?” Draco sighed. “Of course you can. What can’t you do?”

“Get into this club without you since you have the invitation,” Potter said, moving past him. “Coming?”

Draco frowned. Trust Potter to be even more powerful than most people know.

The invitation was just as carefully scrutinized the second time as it was the first, although this time Draco thought he saw a flicker of recognition in the guard’s face. He smirked. About time.

“Wow,” Potter breathed as they walked in. “This isn’t what I expected.”

Draco had to agree. The place was amazing, and packed with people. The pale walls had some sort of iridescent covering, wallpaper Draco supposed, that reflected the light from the artfully designed chandeliers. There were even dancers in cages gyrating in fantastical jewelled costumes. Happily, Potter didn’t seem to be paying them much notice.

There were mirrors everywhere. Draco could see his own reflection from about ten angles. You know, I look pretty good. Interestingly, Potter looked good next to him. We suit each other.

“I guess I didn’t expect it to be this bright,” Potter said, looking around. “Or crowded. And there are a lot of...mirrors.”

“Veela like to look at themselves,” Draco explained as they fought their way through the crowd. “Hence,

lots of reflective surfaces, chrome, glass, crystal--”

“It’s...impressive.”

Draco nodded. “Agreed. Although not necessarily...tasteful.”

Potter chuckled. “So are we supposed to meet someone here, or do we just start asking questions?” he asked. “And what about your contacts?”

“I suspect there won’t be a way to avoid them,” Draco muttered. Spotting Pansy making a beeline for them, he sighed. “Speaking of--”

“Draco! Darling!” Leaning up, Pansy kissed the air next to Draco’s cheek. Glancing over at Potter she raised an eyebrow. “And your guest is Potter. What a...surprise.”

“Parkinson.” To Draco’s shock, Potter extended his hand and when she accepted it, he raised it and kissed the air just above her knuckles. “You look lovely this evening.”

Blinking in clear surprise, Pansy nevertheless smiled. “Thank you.” She smirked. “And you’re going to have to tell me your secret.”

Potter shook his head. “What secret?”

“How you managed to pry Draco out of his flat.” She inclined her head. “He’s been refusing to go out for ages.”

“Oh?” Draco felt Potter’s look like it was a physical touch. “I guess he just needed the right incentive,” Potter finally murmured.

Draco stared for a moment before looking away. That almost sounded...flirtatious.

“Mm. You’d certainly motivate me,” Pansy said, linking her arm with Potter’s. “Do come and meet our host.”

Gritting his teeth and fighting the urge to push his way between Potter and Pansy, Draco followed.

They passed through a set of gauzy curtains and into a lounge area. Scattered about were several large, comfortable-looking cushions with scantily clad people lolling on them, and up on a dais sat Blaise, a young man whispering in his ear. He looked fantastic and for a moment Draco wondered why he’d never pursued him.

When Blaise saw Pansy he smiled, and when he spotted who she was with, he rose, pushed aside his companion, and went to greet her, his full Veela wings glistening in the lights. “Pansy, darling!” Blaise’s gaze flickered to Potter. “And who did you bring me today?”

Pansy licked her lips. “Surely you remember Harry Potter, Blaise?”

“Of course!” Blaise held out a hand to Potter. “How could I forget him? We were in the Slug Club together at school. And, naturally, since you saved us all from You Know Who--”

Potter accepted the handshake. “Good to see you again. I’m sorry but didn’t realise that you were--”

“A Veela?” Blaise chuckled. “I didn’t achieve my full power until after I left school.” He leaned in close to Potter. “Male Veela mature later than females, but I think we make up for it with our beauty.”

Potter smiled.

Shit. I can't let Potter be enthralled. Draco moved to Potter's other side, breaking Blaise's concentration.

Blaise blinked when he saw him. "And Draco," he said softly. "You've finally accepted my invitation. Are you here to...dance with me?"

Draco could feel Blaise's Veela power pouring over him in waves. It reached inside him, and for a moment it made him want to say yes to anything Blaise suggested, no matter how outrageous. But there was also something deep inside Draco, some inner strength, that allowed him to refuse. With effort, he shook his head. "I don't think so," he said, striving for calm. "It would be rude to leave P-Harry like that."

Blaise narrowed his eyes, clearly not pleased. "Perhaps Mr Potter would like to dance with me, then," he suggested, moving his gaze back to Potter.

Tensing again, Draco began pondering how he would explain to Shacklebolt that he'd allowed his star Auror to fall under a Veela's spell, but Potter surprised him. Again.

"Thanks, but as D-Draco said, since I came with him, I'll dance with him." And with that, Potter very calmly tucked his hand into Draco's arm.

Blaise shook his head ruefully. "I must be losing my touch. So what can I do for you, gentlemen? It's not every day that two Aurors go to such trouble to visit with simple little me."

Simple? Right. "We're investigating the theft of the Nott jewels." Draco could feel Potter tense up but he ignored him. "Theo used to hang out here, we were hoping you could shed some light on what could have happened."

Blaise crossed his arms. "I have no idea. Yes, Theo liked it here and approached me for an invitation, but when he got annoying about it I had to refuse him. I assume he was here under someone else's jurisdiction."

“Do you know who could have taken the jewels?” Potter asked.

“Not a clue, sorry.” Blaise smiled. “I do hope that wasn’t the only reason you came.”

Draco inclined his head. “Of course not. P-Harry’s been droning on about wanting to come here, so when Pansy Flooed I jumped at the chance.”

Blaise chuckled. Spreading his arms, he said, “Very well. Enjoy your evening, you have my protection.”

Interpreting that as a dismissal, Draco inclined his head and moved away, clutching Potter firmly. After they were a safe distance away, Draco muttered, “Right. So how did you do that?”

Potter shot a look his way. “Resist enthrallment you mean?” At Draco’s nod, he shrugged. “Not sure, really. I’ve always been difficult to Imperius, and that felt similar.”

“I suppose it is.” Draco frowned. “If you can resist Veela, why do I need to be here?”

“Two Aurors are better than one. I needed someone to back me up.” Potter looked squarely at him. “So, why did you tell Zabini why we’re here?”

“Because he’d know if I’d lied and he could have denied us his protection.” Draco held Potter’s gaze for a moment.

Potter nodded slowly. “All right. I guess we should start investigating, then. Any idea where to start?”

Draco pursed his lips. “Let’s talk to the bartenders.”

“Why them?” Potter asked.

“They see everything.” Draco smirked as Potter blinked in surprise. “I did pay attention in Auror training you know.”

“So I see,” Potter murmured. “All right, lead the way.”

Draco did, and he didn’t even need to look back to see that Potter was eyeing his arse. Yes, the mirrors and lighting in here are quite useful, he thought, suppressing his smirk.

~**~

Such a fine arse, Harry thought as he followed Draco to the bar. Pity it’s attached to such a git. Although he hasn’t been much of a git tonight, a small voice reminded him. If anything, Malfoy had been quite pleasant so far. Maybe he wants something. He licked his lips. And depending on what he wanted, I’d probably give it to him, too. Merlin, I’m in trouble.

“What do you want?” Malfoy asked.

Harry blinked at him. “What?”

Malfoy rolled his eyes. “To drink,” he clarified. “We’re in a bar. We have to fit in. Usually that means ordering something.”

“Right!” Harry scanned the rows of bottles behind the well-lit, mirrored bar. “Um, I’ll have a Firewhisky. Neat.”

Malfoy shook his head. “Typical.” Turning back towards the bartender, a cute witch in a halter top, he smiled, all charm. “My friend will have an entirely predictable and boring Firewhisky, I’ll have a vodka martini, dry, one olive.”

She nodded, and when she handed them their drinks, Malfoy leaned in. “So you must see a lot here,” he said.

“Enough,” she said, arms crossed. “Will there be anything else?”

Harry hid a smirk and, stepping forward, leaned on the bar. Apparently she likes brunets. “Just a bit of information if you don’t mind.”

Her gaze flicked up to his forehead and she smiled. “Of course.”

Next to him, Malfoy huffed. Harry ignored him. “Great.” Reaching into a pocket, Harry pulled out a picture of Theodore Nott. “Does this man look familiar?”

Leaning close, she whispered, “You know, it’s a bit hard for me to remember. Maybe if we went somewhere...private--”

“We’re on official business,” Malfoy said, tone chilly. “So if you could simply answer the question, we would appreciate it.”

The bartender leaned back, eyeing them both. “Oh. I see how it is.” She sighed. “It’s always the cute ones.”

Harry blinked. What the hell? “I don’t understand--”

“Right.” She rolled her eyes and suddenly was all business. “Yes, fine, I remember him. Theo. He used to hang about here a lot. When he stopped getting invitations, he would linger around the doors; security had to get rid of him.”

“Who invited him?” Harry asked.

She shrugged. “One of the older Veela families, probably. We don’t get to see the actual invitations. I don’t know who your sponsor is, for example, although one of the Veela would know that. They keep track of that stuff since it’s important whose protection you fall under.”

“Why do you think Theo’s came from one of the older families, then?” Malfoy asked, sipping his martini.

She smirked. “Oh, you can tell that much. For instance, I know you two are with an older family.” He eyes went to Harry’s scar again. “Well, and I recognised you. You’d have to be with one of the old families.”

Harry inclined his head, not contradicting her. “So you have no idea which family Theo was associating with before he was kicked out?”

She pursed her lips. “If I had to guess I’d say either Lestrange or Zabini.” She turned away to make someone else a drink. “Excuse me.”

Harry shuddered as he turned to Malfoy. “I didn’t know there were any Lestranges left.”

Malfoy nodded. “Distant relatives that kept to themselves. Mother’s met some of them but I never have.”

“So this means we need to go back and talk to Zabini.” Harry sighed, not looking forward to that conversation.

“We should dance first,” Malfoy said, setting down his now empty drink.

Harry blinked. “What? Why?”

“He’ll be able to tell we haven’t been...touching.” Harry got the sense that Malfoy had modified that last word. “He’ll try to talk you into...dancing with him unless he thinks you’re with me.”

“I am with you.”

Malfoy rolled his eyes. “With me, with me, dolt,” he said. “As in on a date, about to leave and shag.”

I wish. Shame it was never like this with Oliver. Harry tossed back his drink and cleared his throat. “And us dancing will convince him of that?”

Malfoy grasped his arm and drew him onto the dance floor, where gyrating couples were milling about. “Us smelling of each other may convince him of that,” he said. “Now shut up and dance with me, Potter.”

“That’s some seduction method you have there, Malfoy,” Harry quipped, sliding his arms around Malfoy’s waist as they began to move together.

“Trust me, if I were really trying to seduce you, we’d already be in bed.” Malfoy tucked his face into Harry’s neck. “Now shush so I can pretend to be having fun.”

Harry rolled his eyes. Oddly enough, the banter was helping him relax. And he smells really good.

A new song began, this one with a low throbbing beat and much slower tempo. Malfoy’s hands settled on Harry’s hips as they swayed in time to the music. “You have absolutely no rhythm, do you?” he

murmured. “Follow me.”

“Prat. My rhythm’s just fine.” Proceeding to do his best to ignore Malfoy - difficult to do with their bodies sliding seductively together - Harry used the opportunity to look around at the other people dancing. Most were in groups of two or three, although several Veela were surrounded by their gyrating followers.

In addition, because of the ubiquitously and strategically placed mirrors, Harry kept getting occasional glimpses of himself wrapped in Malfoy’s arms. He sighed. We really look good together.

“Of course we do,” Malfoy said, raising his head. “I dressed you, remember? And I always look good, so--”

Harry blushed. I can’t believe I said that out loud. “Have we danced long enough?” he asked, starting to pull away.

To his shock, Malfoy reached out, pulling him flush to his body. “Not yet, Potter,” he said. “We have to make it look good and we’ve barely been dancing for five minutes.”

Harry almost groaned. Much more dancing like they were doing and Malfoy would have palpable proof that Harry was more than a little interested in him. He tried to move his lower body away but Malfoy wasn’t having that.

“Seriously, Potter, stop squirming.” Malfoy smirked. “Just be still. I’ll move us both.”

Exhaling, Harry stopped fidgeting and allowed Malfoy to lead. Their movements immediately slowed once more, becoming smooth, sensual, almost dreamlike. Harry couldn’t help it, he moaned.

At the sound, Malfoy looked up and into his eyes and their gazes caught, held. The world seemed to

slow, then stop around them.

Harry's breath hitched. He was beyond turned on and, from the answering bulge pressing against his thigh, it seemed Malfoy was, too. He swallowed. "Malfoy--" he whispered, not sure what he was going to say.

"Draco." Malfoy's expression was by far the most open Harry had ever seen. "Given our...current position, I'd say you can call me Draco."

"Draco." Their faces were moving closer. "I'm Harry."

Draco laughed softly. "Yes, I've heard that," he said. "Heard all sorts of things about you, in fact."

"Not all of them are true," Harry replied, shocked to realise he was actually flirting with Draco Malfoy. They were pressing and rubbing against each other as they danced, their mouths only a few millimetres apart.

"Perhaps I'll have a chance to see which stories are accurate," Draco said, licking his lips.

God, I hope so. Harry smiled. "That can be arranged."

The song changed again, this time to one with a faster beat and Harry sighed. Back to work. "We should talk to Zabini again," he said regretfully.

Draco stared at him. "Of course," he finally said, pulling out of Harry's arms. "Fine, let's talk to Blaise."

Harry caught his arm before he could move away. "We'll finish this later," he murmured. "Yes?"

Draco's eyes dropped to Harry's mouth. "Maybe. Come on, we've work to do."

Oddly bereft, Harry followed him back to the Zabini section of the club. Now that he was looking for it, he could see the letter 'Z' artfully hidden in the patterned carpet and curtains.

Blaise was in much the same position he was before, except that another Veela was there, too. She was slightly shorter, but was clearly a relative given her features, which were very similar to Blaise's. Harry frowned. I didn't think Zabini had a sister.

She was expensively dressed, her gown encrusted with jewels, ears and arms and neck practically dripping with gems.

They were arguing, wings completely unfurled, glaring daggers at each other. "...mine!" she was saying, a finger pointing at Blaise. "And I keep what's mine!"

Blaise stepped around her as they approached. "Back again?" He sniffed the air, his gaze turning speculative. "Ah, it appears you've...danced."

Harry blushed, looking away from Blaise's suddenly too perceptive eyes.

"Mrs Zabini," Draco said, stepping forward and bowing low before the female Veela. "It's lovely to see you again."

Mrs Zabini? Harry gaped. That's Zabini's mother?

"Thank you, Draco, dear." The woman sailed forward and Harry had to admit she was gorgeous. "It's wonderful to see you, too." Her gaze flicked to Harry. "And who is this?"

Harry smiled, extending his hand. “Harry Potter.” When she released his hand, Harry immediately looked away. Just because he seemed resistant to Veela didn’t mean he wanted to tempt fate by staring soulfully into one’s eyes.

“Of course,” she murmured, after a quick glance at his scar. “I should have known. Helena Zabini.”

“Was there something you needed, Draco?” Blaise snapped, stepping between Draco and his mother. “We’re a bit busy here.”

“We just wanted to thank you for your hospitality.” Draco pursed his lips. “By the way, one of the bartenders said that Theo was sponsored by, well, you.”

Blaise narrowed his eyes. “Are you saying I lied?” he growled.

The room went quiet; the only noise was that of the music beyond the curtains. Draco, appearing quite relaxed, despite the sudden tension, shook his head. “No. Just that a Zabini did.” He glanced at Blaise’s mother. “Those are some beautiful gemstones, Mrs Zabini.”

She preened. “Call me Helena, dear. And thank you. A...friend gave them to me.”

Blaise had turned to stare at his mother. “Mother, shut up!” he hissed.

“What?” She looked over Blaise’s shoulder at both Draco and Harry. “Because of Theo’s jewellery, you mean? Oh please. I told you he gave these to me!”

“They weren’t his to give,” Harry said, wondering how obvious it would be if he went for his wand. “They are family heirlooms, they need to be returned.”

She smiled, eyes glittering. “In that case they are now my family’s heirlooms.” She shrugged. “Why should I give them back? They were freely gifted.”

Beside him, Draco still looked cool and collected but Harry could sense his tightly coiled energy and knew Draco was ready to spring into action. “I’m afraid we’re going to have to insist that you hand them over. And we’ll need to take your statement at the Ministry.”

“Oh, don’t be ridiculous. You know you don’t want to do that.”

Harry had been avoiding looking directly into her eyes but something in her tone made him meet her gaze. Her mesmerizing gaze. Oh shit.

The room seemed to fade away until it was him and Helena Zabini standing there. She really is beautiful, he thought, moving closer. There was someone else there, though, someone Harry knew he should pay attention to. Someone important. “I...don’t?”

“Of course not.” She smiled and Harry smiled along with her. “You want to forget all about taking me into the Ministry.”

Harry opened his mouth to reply, pausing when someone clasped his hand. Startled, he looked down and then up into another gorgeous face. Draco?

Draco was talking. “Don’t you dare do this to me! Snap out of it, Harry,” he whispered. “Time to go to work. You cannot be enthralled, we don’t have time. Plus--” Draco’s throat worked. “We have some dancing to do.”

Harry blinked and a moment later was back to himself. He staggered but was being held, so he didn’t fall. What the--? How did I get over here?

Across the room, Helena was laughing. “Give up, Draco. He is mine now, irrevocably enthralled. He’ll pine away and die unless I release him and I won’t. Perhaps I’ll even make him my husband number eight. Harry Potter could be your stepfather, Blaise!”

Draco clasped Harry’s face in his hands and began searching Harry’s eyes. “Honestly, Harry. Of all the idiotic things to do--” he was muttering. When Harry winked at him, his eyes widened and he exhaled. “Moron,” he growled. Glancing towards where Helena was still laughing, he asked, “Are you ready to do this? I think we need Dawlish’s favourite manoeuvre.”

The distraction. Harry grinned. “Do it.”

Draco drew his wand, pointing it to the ceiling. “Release Harry now!” he cried, sparks shooting out from the tip of his wand towards the ceiling.

Everyone looked upwards, giving Harry the opportunity to draw his wand and aim it at Helena. Before he could detain her, however, someone yelled, “Stupefy!” and she fell to the floor.

Harry blinked as Blaise lowered his wand. “I assume you’re all right, Potter?” he asked, walking towards him. “You can stop that now, Draco.”

Draco’s wand stopped sparking and he holstered it. “You hexed your own mother, Blaise?” he asked, eyebrow raised.

Blaise sighed. “What you interrupted before was me telling her she had to return anything Theo had given her.”

“So you knew she was the one who invited him here?” Harry asked, struggling to his feet.

“I suspected.” Blaise shrugged. “But when she showed up with new and distinctive jewellery I knew.”

“We’ll have to take her in for questioning.” Brandishing his wand, Harry levitated her frozen body. “The Notts may press charges.”

Blaise nodded. “I know.” Squaring his shoulders, he continued, “It’s about time I took over as head of the family anyway. She’s been pretty irresponsible lately.”

“Oh, Blaise,” Parkinson purred, sidling up to him. “You’re now the youngest head of a Veela family.”

Blaise smirked. “That’s true.” Stepping away from her, he pursed his lips. “Are you sure you’re all right, Harry?” he murmured, stepping between Harry and Draco. “There can be quite a backlash from thwarted Veela enthrallment.”

Harry opened his mouth to reply but Draco beat him to it.

“He’s fine, Blaise. Now if you’ll excuse us--” Reaching for Harry’s arm, Draco pulled him close. “We’ll just be going back to the Ministry now.”

“Of course.” Blaise winked at Harry. “Do come back if you ever want to dance, though, Potter.”

“Git,” Draco snarled even as he grasped Helena’s foot and Apparated them out. “I wish Kingsley would let us quarantine this place...”

Harry’s chuckle was swallowed by the Apparation. He was too busy contemplating the dancing he wanted to do with Draco later to care what happened to Winged Things.

~**~

“Good job, gentlemen.” Kingsley was smiling. “You wrapped this case up very quickly and thoroughly.” His gaze turned speculative. “You make a good team.”

Draco inclined his head. “Thank you, sir.” He was exhausted and he imagined Harry was, too. They’d spent all night interrogating Helena. Once she’d finally realised that they were both immune to her charms, she’d actually been quite cooperative. Thanks to the leads she’d given them, they wrapped up several outstanding missing jewellery cases.

“What will happen to Mrs Zabini?” Harry asked.

“She’ll be fine,” Kingsley said. “The Notts aren’t pressing charges, not that I ever thought they would. Now that they have their family jewels back they just want this whole thing to go away, as I’m sure the Zabinis do.”

I’ll just bet. Draco eyed Harry, letting Kingsley’s voice fade as he contemplated all that had happened. Now, in the light of day, he wondered how much of their attraction back at the club had been from all the Veela pheromones. Not that I’m any less attracted to Harry now.

“--successfully completed, both of you deserve time off,” Kingsley continued, inclining his head. “Take next week to recharge.”

Harry blinked. “But I’m fine, sir--”

“That’s an order, Potter.” Kingsley pointed towards the door. “If I see you here next week I’ll assign an Auror detail to lock you in your flat.” He raised an eyebrow at Draco. “And the same for you, Malfoy. You’re overdue for a holiday as well.”

“Yes, sir.” Draco edged towards the door. “I’ll just go back to my office and pick up some parchments--”

“Immediately.” Kingsley raised an eyebrow. “Don’t force me to bar you from your own offices, gentlemen. When I say take the week off I mean from all work. No taking things home, no sneaking in here at night to work on projects. Understood?”

Chastened, they both nodded.

Apparently satisfied, Kingsley waved them away. “Good. Now, see you in a week and not before.”

Once outside in the hallway, Draco felt bereft. What the hell am I going to do for a week?

“So, I guess you’re a workaholic, too?” Harry asked.

Shrugging, Draco crossed his arms. “So I’m told.” He rolled his eyes.

“So maybe we can find something to do together this week,” Harry suggested, moving closer.

Draco blinked, suddenly transported back to their dance at Winged Things despite all the people bustling by. “What are you saying?” he asked, tone husky, his pulse speeding up.

“We could finish that...dance that we started back at the club.” Harry licked his lips and leaned in. “Maybe I’d finally get to taste you.”

Swallowing hard, Draco glanced around. “We need somewhere more private to...discuss this.”

Harry nodded. “Agreed. Here’s an office.” Reaching around Draco, he turned the doorknob and pulled

him inside, locking it behind them.

“Are you mad? Whose office is this?” Draco hissed.

“Relax, it’s one of the temporary ones,” Harry said. He smiled. “Now, where were we?” he purred, dragging Draco close before manoeuvring him against the wall.

“How do you know no one will come in here?” Draco whispered.

“I don’t, which is why we should be fast,” Harry murmured, dipping his head to brush their lips together. “Yes?”

Is that a serious question? “Fast will do for the first time,” Draco said. “But there’s something to be said for slow as well.”

“Yes, I suppose there is,” Harry agreed, finally, finally bringing their mouths together.

Moaning, Draco welcomed Harry’s tongue, his arms going around Harry to pull him closer. One of Harry’s thighs slid between Draco’s legs and they began to rock together, Draco gasping as Harry kissed his way across his jaw and down his neck.

“I knew it’d be like this,” Harry groaned, sucking on Draco’s Adam’s apple, his hands fumbling with Draco’s flies.

Me, too. Tilting his head back, Draco wordlessly encouraged Harry, crying out as Harry wrapped his hand around his prick and began to stroke. “Fuck!”

“Soon,” Harry crooned, licking the hollow of Draco’s throat. “Just let me--”

They writhed together, Draco arching against Harry. He could feel Harry's cloth-covered erection and ached to touch it. "I want--" he gasped.

Raising his head, Harry stared into Draco's eyes. "What do you want? Tell me," he whispered, his hand slowing down.

"Together," Draco managed. "We do this together."

Harry nodded and with a few quick movements, he, too, had his trousers open and was stroking their cocks together.

"I can't--" Draco wove his fingers into Harry's hair as his body began to shudder. Burying his face in Harry's neck, he came spurting over Harry's hand, followed moments later by Harry, who sagged in his arms.

"That was--" Harry tilted his head, capturing Draco's lips in another intense kiss that went on for several long, glorious moments. Finally pulling away, Harry then asked, "Are you all right?"

More than all right. Draco smiled. "I suppose."

Harry chuckled. "Right. So I promised you slow--"

A glowing lynx came through the wall to hover in front of them. 'If I find you two are still in the building in two minutes I will be very angry,' said Kingsley's voice. 'Go home.'

Harry laughed. "That's our cue, I believe."

Draco nodded. “I think you’re right. How fortunate that Aurors can Apparate in and out of the Ministry. I don’t fancy going outside looking like this.”

“True. So, um, where are we going?” Harry asked, tone soft.

Draco shrugged. “You pick. As long as we continue our...dancing, I’ll be...satisfied.”

Harry nodded. “Brilliant. Time for a holiday, then.”

~**~

“Wake up, lazy sod.”

Groaning, Harry propped one eye open to glare at Draco. “What?”

“Good lord, how do you get anything done sleeping the day away?” Draco was sitting up in bed, already perusing the Prophet, open mail strewn about him. “The world is passing you by. Oh, and I think you need to Floo Granger and reassure her that I haven’t, in fact, killed you. She’s written again.”

“Thought we were on holiday,” Harry muttered, levering himself up. “Do you want to go to dinner over there with me tonight? I eat with Hermione and Ron every week and it’ll be nice to have a guest to bring.”

“How is that a holiday for me, though?” Draco asked, mouth quirking.

“Prat.” Harry shook his head. “They invited you, too, as you well know.”

Draco slanted a glance at him. “I suppose I shouldn’t be rude, then.”

“Brilliant.” Harry yawned and stretched. “Now, why are you reading news while we’re on a holiday?”

“Things are still happening in the world, Harry.” Draco smirked. “Like this.” He pointed to an article.

Sighing, Harry leaned his cheek against Draco’s shoulder and peered at the paper. Eyes widening, he read aloud, “‘Blaise Zabini and Theodore Nott declare engagement!’ What the--?”

Draco shook his head. “I knew Blaise would land on his feet,” he muttered. “This gets the Zabini name out of disfavour. Want to bet that Helena will be shipped off somewhere?”

“I never bet against a sure thing.” Harry laughed. “And I guess that solves the problem of who gets the jewels.”

“Mmm, evidently they’ll share them.” Draco pursed his lips and Harry could tell he was plotting something. Grinning, Harry grabbed the paper and tossed it aside. “Why did you do that?”

“We have one more day of this holiday,” Harry whispered, moving to straddle Draco. “And we have a bit more...dancing to do.” He gently twisted Draco’s nipple, smiling as Draco moaned. “Can we forget the Prophet, Zabini, Nott and Veela for now?”

“I suppose.” Draco lay back in bed, hooking his leg around Harry. “Only if you provide sufficient distraction, however.”

“Oh,” Harry said, following him down. “I think I can manage that. After all, I am on holiday.”

~**~