HAPPY H/D HOLIDAYS, SALADITA12!

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Title: The Business of Shagging Harry

Pairings: Harry/Draco, Blaise/Pansy; past canon and non-canon het and slash pairings

Summary: Draco is an elite purveyor of adult wizarding entertainment. When a fake memory of Harry Potter in flagrante delicto becomes a sensation, Draco sees an opportunity to make a killing — if only he can get his hands on a real one. Problem is, no one is giving up the goods. What's a self-respecting pornographer to do?

Rating: NC-17

Disclaimer #1: All Harry Potter characters herein are the property of J.K. Rowling and Bloomsbury/Scholastic. No copyright infringement is intended.

Disclaimer #2: The wizards who produced the fake memory in the story are entirely unfamiliar with the Muggle song "Love to Hate You" by Erasure. They care not one whit about 'copyright,' whatever that might be.

Warnings: Graphic sexytiems. Too much meta. Shameless parody of H/D fandom and of a certain silly porn video.

Epilogue compliant? Not in the slightest.

Word Count: ~15,000

Notes: Happy H/D holidays, saladita12! I was thrilled to receive your assignment. You asked for Auror!Harry, Unusual Job!Draco, an NC-17 rating, and humour, among other things; I hope I delivered on at least a few of your requests. Cheers!

Much love and gratitude to K., E., and M. for midwifing this daftness into being.

(The Business of Shagging Harry)

The Business of Shagging Harry

"Fuck of the century."

Draco looked up from page six of his Prophet. Pansy was hunched over the Pensieve on Draco's desk, hands splayed on each side, still catching her breath. Draco bit back a smile.

"It can't have been better than the one of Donoghan Tremlett and the twins in Prague."

"Donoghan doesn't have a ten-inch cock, darling." Pansy reached for her handbag and rummaged inside it. Draco rose from his chair, wand raised, and muttered an Incendio just as Pansy slipped a fag between her lips. She took a deep drag and exhaled. "Who would have thought dear Captain Lynch would?"

"Never judge a prick by its cover." Draco reseated himself, unable to keep suppressing his grin. "Lynch is rather fit, I'll admit. I considered keeping that one for myself, despite the decidedly hetero content."

"Merlin knows you could change that." Pansy pushed herself away from the desk and padded over to the threadbare settee next to Draco's chair, stretching out on it and curling onto her side. "Too bad he's not exactly the fastest broom in the shed."

"No doubt due to all those concussions. The idiot's crashed more times than the rest of the Irish team put together."

"At least he looks smashing in his Quidditch robes, and out of them. Ah, how I love a man in uniform." Pansy took another drag. "What do I owe you for this one? I won't even haggle. Promise."

Draco waved his hand. "Birthday present. On the house."

"No, no. I insist." Pansy gave him a lazy smile that meant she intended to do nothing of the sort. "Really,

you've outdone yourself this time. It was so real. Practically seamless."

"It helped that you'd shagged his doppelgänger." Draco reached for her cigarette, took a drag, and handed it back to her. "Same build, same colouring. Made splicing the two memories infinitely easier."

She groaned and turned over. "Yes, but the doppelgänger's prick was a baby gherkin."

"How deeply unfortunate." He toyed with a lock of her hair. "Given your penchant for the exceptionally well-hung."

"Which is why you save the biggest pricks for me, love." She glanced at her watch. "Circe, must dash. Blaise'll be firecalling from Geneva any minute."

Draco snorted. "Tell him to stop running off to potioneers' conferences, or his wife will start shagging the help."

Pansy shot him a mock death glare. "Not unless our elf is hiding a monster under that tea-towel."

"Highly unlikely." Draco walked back to the desk, drew his wand, and siphoned the memory out of the Pensieve, returning it to its flask. Pansy walked up behind him and rubbed his arms.

"Speaking of shagging, when was the last time you—"

"You know I don't do relationships," Draco interrupted. "And as for one-night stands, I'm bored with them. Easier to toss off to one of my memories. Less trouble, besides."

"Because memories don't owl you the next day, wanting more than you're willing to give. I've heard your excuses." She cocked her head. "Friend with benefits?"

Draco shrugged. "I've already shagged all my friends, including your husband. So don't go suggesting a ménage à trois again."

"Wasn't going to," Pansy said, failing to disguise the petulance in her voice. "I'm merely suggesting you'd be less bitchy if you'd deign to fuck an actual person every now and then."

"I'm never bitchy. Now bugger off before Blaise thinks we're having an affair behind his back."

"Oh, like he isn't," Pansy said airily. She stubbed out her fag in a silver ashtray. "I have it on good authority that Delacour cunt sucked his cock at his convention in Paris."

Draco kissed her forehead. "He'd never leave you for Gabrielle. Her pores are enlarged. Everyone says so."

Pansy gave him a small smile, slipping on her stilettos. "Think about it, love. I daresay you've forgotten what you're missing. And you're not getting any younger." She pulled his fringe down to conceal his receding hairline. "Time to find a partner, perhaps?"

Draco batted her hand away, smoothing his hair back and stifling a rather uncharitable remark on the state of Pansy's partnership. "Right. When you find me a wizard whose company I can stand for more than five minutes, I'll consider it."

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"...Harry Potter."

Draco yawned and rubbed his eyes, staring at Greg's head amidst the green flames in his bedroom fireplace. "Huh?"

"What are you, eighty? It's not even midnight." Greg gave an impatient huff. "Wake the fuck up, and get down here now."

Draco blinked slowly. "Give me one good reason I should trade the comfort of my bed for your plebeian sinkhole of a porn shop at this hour."

"Because it's madness, I'm telling you. Just got this new title in today, and I've a queue out the door and around the corner. Can't keep it on the shelves, this one."

Draco sighed and flopped back against the pillows. "Tomorrow. Been working like a house-elf all week on Pansy's birthday present; haven't slept in—"

"Trust me, mate, you're definitely going to want to see this memory. Tonight." Greg smirked. "You're in it."

Draco bolted upright.

"WHAT?"

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Draco Apparated very nearly on top of a middle-aged witch hurrying across what was almost always an empty corner of Knockturn Alley.

"Watch it," she yelled. She stopped and did a double-take. "Merlin, it's him!"

Draco brushed off his robes, frowning. "I've no idea what you're—"

He stopped as he looked up. True to Greg's word, a long queue of witches — interspersed with a few

wizards whom he knew from the gay bar scene — wound out the door of Greg's shop and around the corner. Squeals of delight filled the air.

"There he is!" shrieked a girl who couldn't have been a day over seventeen.

"Maybe he'll sign it for us!" cried a witch who could have been her mother, though Draco prayed, for the love of all that was good and decent, she wasn't. Scowling, he pushed his way through the throng and into the shop. Behind the counter, Greg was stacking up Galleons as fast as his customers could empty their moneybags. He grinned at Draco from ear to ear.

"About time. I'm near sold out already." He pushed a box across the counter toward a customer. Draco snatched it from her grasp.

"Give me that." He looked at the box; on the cover, a blond twink hovered over a dark-haired, bespectacled young man with a lightning bolt drawn on his forehead. The caption read:

Harry + Draco: Luv 2 Hate U

Draco's face flamed. "What the fuck is this?"

"Genius, apparently. You have to admit, the resemblance is striking."

Draco peered at the box again. "Are you mental? This idiot looks nothing like me, and...good God. Is that an earring?"

"Close enough, I suppose." Greg laughed. "Seems loads of people want to see the Bad Boy of the Wizarding World shagging the Saviour."

"Well, I DON'T." Draco was certain he was going to vomit or explode, or both. "Wait, how can there be so many memories of the same shag? Memories can't be duplicated."

Greg shrugged. "Studio audience. Couple hundred, from what I understand."

Draco dropped the box on the counter. "Hundreds of people watched this? We've only three thousand wizards in all of Britain!"

"Well, that figure's highly debatable. And anyway, at least that many more have seen the memory now...or memories, I should say. Reckon the whole universe will have done by the end of the week."

Draco buried his face in his hands. "This is a nightmare." His hands balled into fists; he grabbed Greg by the front of his robes. "And you...profiting from my humiliation..."

Greg raised his palms in surrender. "Hey, I didn't think of it. Besides, no one believes the wizards in that memory are actually you. It's more the idea of you and Potter, you know...." He cleared his throat. "Okay. Right. Point taken."

Draco jabbed a finger into Greg's chest. "Stop selling this rubbish right fucking now, or I'll Incendio the lot of them." He drew his wand and gestured madly at the boxes of memories lining the walls.

Greg swallowed hard. "Erm, right. Okay." He pushed the box Draco had dropped across the counter, giving him a sheepish grin. "Consolation prize?"

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Draco pulled his face back from the Pensieve, shaking with fury. "Someone is going to pay for this."

"But surely you can see the appeal, darling," Pansy called. "It was only a matter of time until someone thought of it."

Draco slunk from Blaise's study to the kitchen, collapsing onto a stool at the island counter. He shot

Pansy a bona-fide death glare. "I most certainly do not see the appeal."

Pansy pulled her dressing gown tighter about her and reached for the bottle of vodka, topping her glass of pumpkin juice with it. "Think about it, love. You're both famous...well, in your case, infamous. There's the whole opposites-attract thing. And he is rather fit—"

"He's an attention-seeking, speccy, scrawny little git. And he tried to kill me, for fuck's sake." Draco levitated the bottle over, lifted it to his lips, and drained the dregs in one long swallow. "I can't believe you're actually condoning this."

"Not condoning, just observing. And he saved your life once, too." Pansy sipped her drink, studying Draco. "If the pictures in the papers are any indication, he's filled out rather nicely since school."

"Media can be manipulated." Draco flicked his wand at Pansy's liquor cabinet; an ancient-looking flask of Ogden's sailed over. "Next thing you know, there'll be a photograph of me and Potter on page six of the Prophet, I don't know, spooning in bed."

"Now you're being ridiculous." Pansy grabbed the flask away from Draco. "And nine in the morning is too early to be hitting the Very Rare."

"Is not." Draco moaned, crossing his arms on the counter and burying his head between them. "My life is ruined."

Pansy frowned. "For someone who has no qualms about manipulating and selling real memories of celebrities, you're taking this a bit too hard, don't you think?"

Draco sat up straight. "That's different. I'm not getting one sickle for this...this travesty, whereas I pay a premium for my memories—"

"Which are sold to you without the consent of everyone involved," Pansy reminded him.

Draco sniffed. "The Wizengamot settled the issue ages ago. Memories are the sole property of the person who possesses them, to be disposed of as that person sees fit. No consent is required from any other party."

"Legally, perhaps. But—"

"If you're trying to make me feel better, you're failing miserably." Draco levitated the flask away from Pansy, tapped it with his wand to uncork it, and took a long swig. "And in any case, as one of my best customers, you're hardly in a position to judge."

"I'm not judging," Pansy replied, irritated. "But you're being childish, Draco, and short-sighted. The memory's embarrassing, true enough, but it's not even really you." Her eyes took on a faraway look. "Can you imagine if it was?"

Draco frowned. "What are you on about?"

Pansy grinned. "Think about it. Hundreds of people bought a fake memory of you and Potter shagging. Can you imagine what they'd pay for a real one?"

Draco scowled. "It'll be a nice day in Azkaban before there's a real memory of me shagging Potter."

Pansy shook her head. "It doesn't have to be you. A real memory of Potter shagging anyone at all...you could sell it to one of your pervert collectors, altered to suit. You'd be rich again, Draco."

Draco waved his hand. "Forget it. Doesn't exist."

Pansy barked a laugh. "Of course it exists. He can't be a bloody virgin."

"He may as well be." Draco sighed. "I've been in this business eight years, Pans. In that time, I've seen everything from Kingsley Shacklebolt tied up and spanked by his secretary to the entire starting line-up of the Holyhead Harpies getting serviced by their broomkeeper. No one's ever tried to sell me a memory of Potter."

"Maybe you just need to go looking for it. Surely he must have shagged someone at school." She snapped her fingers. "Of course! The Weaselette."

Draco laughed soundlessly. "If that broomkeeper's memory is any indication, the Weaselette favours the fairer sex these days."

"Well, she didn't always."

Draco shook his head. "Irrelevant. They split up when she was still underage. If a memory exists of them shagging, I'd be locked in Azkaban for looking at it, let alone selling it."

Pansy pursed her lips. "What about her brother? He and Potter are still quite close, from what I gather."

"Married to Granger for five years before they divorced, thus presumably straight, thank God. I'd sooner watch Hippogriffs arsefucking than him and Potter."

"Speak for yourself. I think it'd be rather hot." Pansy drummed her fingernails on the counter. "Chang?"

Draco shook his head. "Split up when he was underage. Same problem as the Weaselette."

"Patil?"

"Which one?"

"Parvati. She and Potter went to the Yule Ball together. Maybe they—"

"And left separately, from what I recall." Draco sighed. "Forget it. We've no idea who he might have shagged since he came of age. He hasn't been photographed so much as holding hands with someone, let alone doing a walk of shame."

"No, Draco. We can figure this out." Pansy tapped her chin, frowning. "Granger? You can't tell me they never once shagged on their 'camping trip.'"

Draco shook his head. "Doubtful. The Weasel was with them."

"Not the whole time. And they'd have been of age, so if they did shag, you could sell it." Pansy raked her fingers through Draco's hair. "It's worth a shot, darling. What's the worst that could happen?"

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"Hold still, for God's sake. Episkey."

Pansy touched the tip of her wand to Draco's bloody, broken nose, restoring it to its former patrician perfection. Draco moaned, feeling it gingerly as he examined his reflection in Pansy's hand mirror.

"That's the second time that bitch has punched me in the face."

Pansy Summoned the Firewhiskey from the liquor cabinet and poured two glasses. "At least she didn't Bat-Bogey Hex you, like the Weaselette. It took me the better part of Tuesday to get the mess out of your hair."

"Served you right for making me ask her. I told you that had a bugger-all chance of working."

"Well, you had to try, didn't you? There was always the chance they'd slept together after she came of age. You know, sex with an ex."

"I think not in this lifetime were her exact words. Right before she hexed me." Draco swigged his Firewhiskey, grimacing at the burn. "Forget it. As far as I'm concerned, Potter's a goddamned virgin. Case closed."

"I think we can dispense with that ridiculous notion." Pansy swigged from her own glass. "The question is, why is he so private about his love life? He must be hiding something."

"Maybe he likes to fuck barnyard animals." Draco shot down Pansy's raised eyebrow with an icy stare. "Don't even think it. I don't do bestiality."

"That may be the only thing you haven't tried." Pansy nudged him. "Once upon a time, you even liked fanny."

Draco snickered. "Ah, yes, fanny. The gateway drug to cock."

"You seemed to enjoy my 'gateway' on its own merits." Pansy gave him a sly smile. "In fact, you were rather insatiable."

Draco shrugged. "Everyone's insatiable at sixteen."

Pansy huffed a laugh. "Remember Snape catching us in his storeroom, with my skirt up and your trousers down?"

Draco nodded. "And the lines he set us after. Something about desecrating his precious Boomslang skin."

Pansy's expression grew wistful; she stood and moved behind Draco, wrapping her arms around his chest and sighing.

"We were good together once, weren't we?"

Draco laughed. "Hardly. We didn't have a clue what we were doing."

"Maybe we just needed more practice." Pansy slipped beneath his arm, perching on the edge of his stool, and stroked his knee. "I reckon I still have that skirt somewhere in my closet."

Draco gave her a gentle smile, extricating himself from her embrace. "Best keep it there. Not that I believe for one second you're either sentimental enough or desperate enough to shag your gay ex."

Pansy swallowed and looked away. "You know me far too well, Draco."

Draco picked up the flask of Ogden's on the table and strode to the liquor cabinet to put it away. He opened the door, then froze.

"Sex with an ex…." He turned to Pansy. "Bugger. I've one more person to try."

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"Malfoy?"

Draco leaned against the doorjamb, surveying his prey. Cho ran a ringless hand over her rounded belly,

wide-eyed with surprise. From what little Draco could see of her flat through the cracked door, it appeared to be sparsely decorated — far too sparsely for a household with a baby on the way.

Pregnant. Alone. Too poor to properly furnish her flat.

Perfect.

"Aren't you going to invite me in?"

Cho's eyes narrowed. "Why should I?"

"Because I just might turn out to be your next best friend." Draco smiled and leaned closer. "But trust me, you won't want me telling you why on your doorstep."

Cho frowned, but she opened the door wider to let him pass.

Draco walked in, confirming his suspicions with a cursory glance around the flat. "Pure blood doesn't hold the cachet it used to, does it? Seems the Changs have fallen on hard times."

Cho glared at him. "Maybe by a rich brat's estimation. At least my father never did hard time."

Draco stiffened, but managed to force a smile. "No longer rich, but I plan to be again. With your help." He seated himself at the small dining table, gesturing toward the tiny kitchen. "A well-mannered hostess would offer me tea."

"A well-mannered guest would get to the point." She waved her wand at the cupboard; a pair of cups and saucers sailed to the table. She lifted the kettle off the cooker. "Why are you here?"

Draco watched her face as she poured the tea. "It's about Potter."

The kettle slipped in Cho's hand; hot tea sloshed over the rim of the saucer. She returned the kettle to the cooker, pushing her hair back from her reddened face. "What about him? Is he all right?"

"Never better, to the best of my knowledge. Relax, Chang. It's nothing of that nature." Draco siphoned the tea off the table with his wand. He lifted the cup to his lips. "When was the last time you saw him?"

Cho's cheeks pinked; she sat down in the chair opposite Draco. "Not since...well, it's been years."

"But you have seen him since school, have you not?" Draco sipped his tea. "At a ceremony, I believe, the summer after the War. It was in the newspapers."

Cho shot him a wary look. "Who wants to know?"

Draco smiled over the rim of his cup. "Why so defensive? Surely you've nothing to hide."

Cho opened her mouth, then looked away.

"I saw him," she said at last, her voice quiet. "The ceremony was for all of us — to honour everyone who fought in the Battle of Hogwarts. Harry insisted on that. You know how he always hated being the centre of attention...or, maybe you don't." She brushed the side of her neck with her fingertips, her face flushing red. "We had a few drinks together at the reception, talked a bit. And...that's all."

"Allow me to embellish the story." Draco leaned back in his chair, fingering his cup. "The Saviour returns from the War. He's spent the better part of a year hiding, fighting, living in miserable conditions. He's exhausted, and jaded from what he's seen and done. Everyone wants a piece of him, but what he craves most is the comfort of the familiar. That, and a bit of fanny, of course. A perfectly reasonable desire."

Cho's eyes widened; she bit her lip.

"He sees an old girlfriend," Draco continued, leaning forward. "The one who still fancies blokes. Chats her up. They drink, they talk, but it doesn't end there, and why should it? She's a beautiful woman. A familiar woman. Someone he can trust not to sell the story of their tryst to the Prophet the next day." Draco searched her eyes. "He offers to see her home, one thing leads to another...and Godric's your uncle, Helga's your aunt, the hero has his just reward."

Cho's mouth fell open. "I...I never told anyone," she whispered. "How did you know?"

"I didn't." Draco set down his cup and leaned back, lacing his fingers behind his head. "It was a wild guess, based on your history with Potter and a bit of research – but, as it happens, a correct one. Which means you have something I want. A memory of Potter in flagrante delicto."

Cho's brow furrowed; she rose from her chair. "You've wasted your time. You're the last person on earth I'd let see it."

Draco reached into his robes and withdrew a large bag of Galleons from his pocket. He tossed it on the table with a heavy thunk.

"You've no idea what that memory's worth." He nodded at the bag. "Consider this a down payment. You'll have twice that amount after I sell it. Three times, if it's kinky."

"You obviously didn't hear me. It's not for sale." Cho's mouth twisted with anger; she strode to the door and pulled it open. "You should leave now."

Draco rose from his seat and walked over to her, shutting the door with a slow, solid push.

"You've no wedding ring," he murmured, "which tells me you'll soon be a single mother. And from the looks of things, you need money. Loads of it. You've hardly a stick of furniture." He moved closer, repressing a smug smile, and nodded at her belly. "Think of your child, Chang. Babies are expensive."

Cho smirked. "For your information, Draco, it's MacDonald now. Missus MacDonald." Cho pulled a silver chain from inside her blouse, from which dangled a ring. "Had to take it off. My fingers are swollen."

Draco gulped. "Oh."

"And we've no furniture because most of it has been moved already. To our new flat." She glared at him, one hand cocked on her hip. "Any other keen observations you'd like to share?"

Draco's head spun. "Erm, surely there must be something I can offer you. Something you need—"

"The only thing I need is for you to be on your way. The movers will be collecting the last of our things shortly, and then I'm off to St. Mungo's."

Draco blinked. "St. Mungo's?"

Cho's brow furrowed with pain. "My father's dying, if you must know. He's only a few weeks to live, which means I haven't time for this...this nonsense."

Draco thought fast. "Your father's illness. What is it?"

"Dragon Pox. From herding Fireballs in his youth." Cho wiped a tear from her eye. "The usual treatments aren't working. He's in the last stages…."

Draco bit back a very relieved smile. "It so happens I know a potioneer who specialises in experimental

therapies. I could persuade him to help." Draco paused for dramatic effect. "If I can have that memory."

Cho looked up at him, eyes brimming. "You could? But...." Her face clouded; she looked down. "No. I can't."

Draco lifted her chin with two fingers. "Think of your father. You'd do anything to save his life, wouldn't you?" He withdrew an empty phial from the inside pocket of his robes and held it up in front of her. "My father, rest his soul, will never meet his grandchildren. But you can ensure yours does." Draco nodded pointedly at Cho's belly.

Cho's brow furrowed; she reached for the phial, eyes full of anguish.

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"Grandchildren? As if you'd ever reproduce. Merlin, Draco, you're even more shameless than I thought."

Draco threw a sideways glance at Pansy, adjusting the position of the Pensieve. "And I was sure you'd reprimand me for playing the dead parent card."

"I'm still getting to that." Pansy shook her head. "I can't believe Chang sold it to you."

"Not sold, traded. For one of your husband's very expensive potions." He reached for the phial on his desk. "The bastard might have had the decency to extend me a friends and family discount."

"You've always said Blaise was twice the Slytherin you'll ever be." She sidled closer to Draco. "Budge up, darling. How am I supposed to—"

"You're not watching it with me." Draco tipped the contents of the phial into the Pensieve; the surface of the liquid swirled and fogged.

Pansy fisted her hands at her hips. "Why the hell not? You don't even like het."

Draco glared at her. "I'm not sharing this one. Not until I get a first look."

"Awfully possessive of Potter, aren't we?" Pansy said with a pout, but Draco was already leaning forward, falling into the memory...

He landed outside a red brick building — somewhere in Islington, if he had to guess. Chang stood on the porch; Potter stood one step below her, a hand fisted in his trouser pocket. He pushed his glasses up his nose.

"Um, so...yeah. Great seeing you tonight." He turned to walk back down the stairs. Cho caught Potter's arm.

"Want to come inside? Just for, you know, tea or…something?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "Or something," he muttered. Potter nodded, and Cho put an arm around him, Apparating them both into her flat. Everything went fuzzy around the edges...

Draco blinked, and they were in what must have been Cho's bedroom. Perhaps the seduction had been utterly forgettable, or perhaps they'd simply settled down to business immediately; either way, they were already disrobing. Draco yawned and sank into an armchair near the door, utterly uninterested in the preliminaries. All that mattered was what happened next.

Potter doffed his shirt, and Draco's prick took notice. Well, this was an unexpected bonus. Apparently, the hardships of living on the run for the better part of the previous year had agreed with him. Potter was lean, but rather less so than Draco had expected, and surprisingly muscular; Draco reminded himself that the Weasel's mother likely had been feeding him up since his return from exile a few months prior. Potter pushed his trousers off and stepped out of them, then shyly pulled down his pants...

Draco's mouth went dry. Potter's cock wasn't the biggest he'd seen — that dubious honour belonged to an ex-Beater for the Cannons, whom Draco suspected of possessing more than a middling amount of troll ancestry — but it was thick and gorgeous, bobbing against Chang's thigh as he kissed her. Draco cupped his hand over his own prick while Potter moved behind Chang to unclasp her bra. Oh, yes, this was worth the exorbitant cost of that potion; that, and so much more. He held his breath...

"Ow!"

"Oops! Sorry."

...and exhaled in frustration.

"Here, let me try again."

"OW! Haven't you ever taken off a bra before?"

"Oh, God." Draco buried his face in his hands; after a few minutes of dreadful fumbling sounds, he peeked between his fingers. Chang was naked now, lying on the bed but looking like she had half a mind to bolt, and Potter was crawling on top of her...

"Is something wrong?" Potter asked her.

"Yes, something's bloody wrong," Draco groused, his plaint falling on deaf ears. "I know my way around a brassiere better than you, Potter, and I'm a pouf."

It was all downhill from there.

"They're breasts, Harry, not Quaffles."

"Um, where did you say your clitoris was?"

"What are you, eleven?"

"This isn't happening," Draco moaned, but it was. Badly. At last, Potter seemed poised to insert Tab A into Slot B.

"Ow! No, the other one, Harry."

"This is the right one."

"Um, no."

Somehow, Potter managed to sort out what went where. Draco forced himself to watch the unfolding disaster, just in case things improved, but his hopes were not to be rewarded. Mercifully, Draco's suffering was short-lived; within five minutes, Potter and Chang were lying side-by-side on the mattress, staring up at the ceiling.

"Well, that was...interesting."

"Yeah," Cho muttered. "You know, I...I have to be somewhere tomorrow, like, really early—"

"Me too," Potter interrupted with undue haste. "So, this was...um..."

"Really..."

"Very..."

"Yeah."

Draco felt himself being jerked backward, up a long tunnel, and then he was hunched over the Pensieve again. Pansy grabbed his arm.

"So?"

Draco glanced at her, running a hand over his face. He collapsed into his desk chair, scowling.

"It's dog shit. I can't use it."

Pansy looked horrified. "What do you mean, you can't use it? It's Harry bloody Pot——"

"It's a rank amateur making an absolute fool of himself." Draco reached for the packet of fags in his desk drawer and shook one out. He lit it with his wand, sucked deeply, and exhaled forcefully through his nose. "I fuck women better than he does."

Pansy frowned. "He can't be that bad."

"Take my word for it. I want the last ten minutes of my life back." Draco moaned and clutched his head. "My kingdom for a Time-Turner—"

"I want to see." Pansy pushed between Draco's chair and the desk.

Draco stood abruptly and nudged her out of the way. "No."

Pansy glared at him. "But we always share."

"Not this one." He nestled the fag between his lips, reached for the phial on the desk, and siphoned the memory out of the Pensieve. "Trust me, you'll thank me later."

"How can I thank you if I don't know what I'm missing?"

"You're not missing anything." Draco stoppered the phial and pocketed it, then held up his little finger. "Baby gherkin."

"Bollocks. Twenty Galleons says he's hung like a centaur."

"Gherkin."

"Centaur."

Draco scowled. "You're not seeing the memory. No one is."

Pansy frowned. "Well, what are you going to do with it, then?"

Draco took a long drag on his cigarette and Vanished it with his wand. He fisted a tuft of his hair.

"I'm sending it back to Chang."

Pansy looked aghast. "You can't be serious."

"Serious as a Dementor's Kiss." Draco reached into his desk drawer, withdrew a quill, and dipped it into the inkpot atop his desk. He scribbled a note, scrounged around in his desk again, and withdrew a small velvet pouch, stuffing the note and flask inside.

"Draco." Pansy's hand was gentle on his arm. "Chang may have sold you a crap memory, but think of her father. He'll die without that potion Blaise is brewing for him."

"Her old man will get his potion." Draco opened the cage next to the window; his eagle owl fluttered onto his arm. He attached the pouch to the bird's foot. "And Blaise will get his money."

Pansy blinked at him. "But—"

"Don't tell Blaise I returned it." Draco opened the window; the owl sailed out of it, headed north. "He'll think I've gone soft."

"So do I." A smile curled Pansy's lips. "And I'm forced to wonder what exactly bothered you so much about that memory that you couldn't wait to be rid of it."

Draco's face heated. "I told you already. It was rubbish."

Pansy walked over to Draco and ran a hand up his back. "And it was Potter. He always did have a way of getting under your skin, didn't he?"

Draco grunted. "You know I hate het. And if there's anything worse than het, it's bad het." Draco rubbed his temples. "Where's a goddamned Obliviator when one needs one?"

Someone rapped loudly at the front door; Draco's head jerked up.

"Open up, Malfoy," someone shouted. "Ministry business."

"Circe's tits," muttered Pansy. "Ask, and ye shall receive."

Draco flicked his wand at the door, opening it; Ron Weasley swept into the foyer, brandishing his wand. He glanced at Pansy — his gaze lingering overlong on her tits, Draco thought testily — withdrew a roll of parchment from inside his robes, and handed it to Draco.

"Summons. From the Office of the Head Auror." Ron glared at him. "I trust you'll come quietly, and bring whatever it is he wants you to bring. Said you'd know what that is."

Draco looked at Pansy, wide-eyed. "I think I'm...." He swallowed hard.

"I believe the word you're looking for, darling," Pansy said, smoothing his hair back from his forehead with a sympathetic frown, "is 'fucked.'"

*

Ron shoved Draco through the open door of Potter's office. "Says he has it with him, whatever it is."

The Sneakoscope on the bookshelf opposite Potter's desk lit up and began to spin, emitting a high-pitched whistling sound. Potter stopped scribbling on his parchment, silencing the device with a flick of his wrist.

"We'll see about that." Potter nodded at Ron. "Thanks. You can go."

Ron turned and left; Potter waved his hand at the door, shutting it behind him and not sparing a glance

at Draco. He resumed scribbling on his parchment.

Draco glanced around the small space, unsure what to do, before allowing his eyes to settle on Potter. He realised immediately how long it must have been since he'd seen him in the flesh; Potter's shoulders looked broader, his jaw faintly shadowed. Potter's hair was still an unkempt mess, but the polished severity of the shiny medals and epaulets adorning his Auror robes seemed to balance it out somehow.

Damn Pansy and her weakness for men in uniform. It must have been rubbing off on him.

"Nice parlour trick. I'd not have thought you'd the brains for wandless magic."

"Sit the fuck down."

Draco sniffed. "That won't be necessary. I don't intend to stay any longer than—"

Potter waved his free hand, still not looking up; the chair behind Draco's knees lurched forward, sweeping Draco off his feet and into the seat.

"You'll stay until I'm done with you." Potter laid down his quill at last and looked at Draco, eyes flashing with anger behind his glasses. "I received an owl from an old friend. Said she traded something to you under duress. And regretted it immediately thereafter."

Draco frowned. "The duress wasn't of my making. I did her a favour."

"You did yourself a favour." Potter rose and walked around the desk in a sweep of crimson, leaning against it and crossing his arms over his chest. "You took advantage of her. Of an old man's illness. I always knew you were the lowest of life forms, but you've outdone even yourself. Is nothing sacred?"

Draco forced himself not to look at the crotch inches in front of his face; a vision of Potter from the

memory, naked and hard, flashed through his mind. "Apparently not, at least to her. Not that I blame her for selling you out. An old friend, you say? She told me you haven't spoken to her since that night."

Potter had the decency to blush at that. "It was...awkward afterward, as you can imagine. Not that it's any of your business." He lowered his face to Draco's. "I'm going to make this very simple. Give me the memory, and I won't destroy you."

Draco snorted. "You can't destroy me. My business is perfectly legitimate. I have all the requisite licences—"

"I don't give a flying fuck what some licence says you can do." Potter's eyes bored into Draco's. "Give me the memory, or I'll shut your operation down before you can walk to the lifts and throw you in a holding cell with a troll."

He could do it; Draco was certain of it. "I can't give you the memory," he said through gritted teeth. "I don't have it anymore."

Potter's eyes filled with fury; he strode back to his chair. "Then you just made a bigger mistake than throwing your lot in with Voldemort." He reached for the intercom on his desk.

"I gave it back to her."

Potter pulled his hand back from the button. "Why?"

"Because it was worthless. No one wants a memory of the Saviour shagging like some bumbling idiot virgin." Draco sighed. "A schoolboy fucks better than you, Potter."

Potter's mouth quirked. "I was a virgin. And as I recall, I wasn't much older than a schoolboy." His brow furrowed; he looked away. "I'd no idea Cho's father was ill. I would have helped her, if I could."

"Right. Being the good friend you've been to her all these years."

Potter scrubbed at his face. "I was eighteen. Barely. Trying to figure some things out." His eyes met Draco's again. "We just…went our separate ways. I still care about her."

"Sure you do. You keep telling yourself that, while this lowest of life forms pays for the potion her father needs."

Potter's eyes widened. "You kept your word? Even without the memory?"

Draco scowled. "You Gryffindors are all alike. Think you've a monopoly on decency."

Potter shook his head. "But...why would you help her? She's nothing to you."

Draco squirmed; he averted his eyes. "Call it pureblood loyalty, I suppose."

"Bollocks. The Changs are blood traitors, same as the Weasleys. You don't give a fuck about her blood status." Potter studied Draco's face. "Why, then?"

Draco sighed. "Fine. On extremely rare occasions, when I'm not being a soulless bastard, I've been known to do a good turn. It never seems to go unpunished." He glared at Potter. "Keep it to yourself, or I'll sue you for defamation."

A smile curled Potter's lips. "All right. Fair enough."

Draco took a deep breath. "So am I free to go now?"

Potter pursed his lips, but nodded. "Er, yeah. I reckon so." He sat down in his chair.

Draco strode to the door, then stopped and turned around. Potter glanced up from his parchment.

"What?"

Draco leaned against the wall, frowning. "How do you do it?"

Harry shrugged. "Practiced three hours a day, every day of Auror training. Thought it might be useful someday, and not just for parlour tricks." A wistful expression crossed his face. "My parents might still be alive if they'd learnt it."

"I wasn't talking about wandless magic." Draco crossed his arms over his chest. "The right memory of you would bring a king's ransom. Surely you must know that. So why hasn't a single one of your lovers sold you out before? How do you keep them quiet?"

Potter laughed. "What makes you think I have any lovers? Maybe I just watch porn, like you."

The image of Potter naked and hard, hand wrapped around his thick prick and tossing off to a sex memory, was not one Draco needed at the moment. "Bollocks. You're the most eligible wizard in the world. You're..." — bloody gorgeous, Draco's brain interjected, to Draco's great alarm — "fit enough, I suppose. If you don't have a harem of lovers hidden away somewhere, I'll eat my Pensieve."

"I wish." Potter's laugh was low and warm. "But it does make me wonder. Why so interested in my sex life, anyway?"

Draco's face flushed. "Celebrity sex lives are my bread and butter, Potter. My interest is purely business."

"Right. About your business interests...." Potter stood and walked back to Draco, crowding him against the wall. "Go after one of my exes again, and I'll nail your balls to the door of my office without the courtesy of hexing them off first. Are we clear?"

Draco swallowed hard. "Crystal."

Potter stayed very still, nose-to-nose with Draco. At last, he stepped back and turned away.

"But if another memory of you falls into my lap, it's mine to do with as I see fit."

Potter turned around again. Draco took a deep breath, trying to quell his shaking. Fear, that's what was causing it. An entirely reasonable fear for his testicles. "Not that I'd likely be able to sell it. I sincerely doubt your technique has improved much."

Potter gave him a long, strange look; at last, his mouth curled up at one corner.

"Right. Of course not."

Draco turned away and reached for the doorknob.

"Pretty amusing, isn't it? That memory of us."

Draco turned around. "What are you talking about?"

Potter waved his hand; a box flew off his bookshelf and sailed to Draco.

"'Hate to Love You,' or whatever the fuck it's called."

Draco stared at the box in his hand, his face flaming. "Why in bloody hell would you have this?"

Potter laughed. "Surely you don't think a department full of Aurors would let that one go by. It's been on perpetual rotation in every Pensieve in the office for days now."

Draco cleared his throat. "How utterly hilarious."

Potter grinned. "Isn't it? As if you and I would ever...." His smile faded; he pretended to cough. "Right. Okay, then."

Draco made to put it back on Potter's shelf.

"Keep it." Potter waved him away. "It's good for a laugh. And anyway, there must be a dozen others floating around the office."

Draco's lip curled. "How sporting of you. You summon me to your office for the crime of possessing a dirty memory of you, then try to send me away with a different one."

Potter smirked. "Consider it a memento of our lovely afternoon together."

Draco shook his head, tossing the box on Potter's guest chair. "No, thanks. I'd much prefer to forget."

*

"Keep summoning a tall, handsome blond to your office, and someone's going to get the wrong idea."

Draco stood in the doorway of Potter's office, brandishing a roll of parchment identical to the one with which Ron had served him a week prior. Potter looked up from the report he was dictating to his Self-Writing Quill, a wicked glint in his eye.

"Or the right one."

Draco coughed. Potter could not possibly have been flirting with him; he must have been taking the piss. He hadn't time to think of an appropriately snide response, though, because a second later Potter was ushering him over to his desk, a deadly serious expression on his face.

"I want you to look at something for me."

"What?"

Potter waved his hand at a bookcase; a Pensieve floated down from the topmost shelf, landing on his desk. Potter picked up a phial.

"Vice squad picked this up last night." He uncorked the phial with his wand and upended the contents into the Pensieve. "I want you to tell me if you notice anything unusual."

Draco's eyes flicked down, then back to Potter's. "It's spliced."

Potter's eyebrows shot up. "You haven't even looked at it."

Draco pointed to a tiny white speck in the liquid with his wand. "See this cloudy part? Whoever did this wasn't very skilled."

"That's what I was hoping to hear." Potter crossed his arms over his chest. "We think a crime may have been committed, but we can't prove it. Not without an expert opinion." Potter gestured at the memory.

"Will you do me the favour?"

Draco gave Potter a long look, then shrugged. "Fine. Can't hurt to have the Head Auror beholden to you." He took a deep breath and lowered his face to the swirling liquid.

He surfaced seconds later, wiping a hand over his face. "The boy's underage. Fourteen, fifteen at most. It was spliced with a different memory to make him look older, but it's a poor match. The stubble on the boy's jaw was too dark for his colouring."

"Good work. Would you be willing to testify to that before the Wizengamot?"

Draco's face darkened. "It wasn't long ago I was pleading for leniency before the Wizengamot. Why would they listen to someone like me?"

"Things have changed since then. You've changed. I knew it even then." Potter's face softened. "I'd have died at the Manor if it wasn't for you. I testified to as much at your hearing."

Draco frowned. "You may have spared me Azkaban, but you didn't stop them from seizing every Galleon in our vaults. From taking our ancestral home. The Wizengamot left us destitute, and then…." He swallowed and looked down.

Potter put his hand on Draco's shoulder. "I'm sorry for your loss. Truly."

"He'd the worst form of Vanishing Sickness." Draco turned away, a hard lump in his throat. "We hadn't even a body left to bury."

Potter took a deep breath. "I understand your mother remarried. She's well, I take it?"

Draco shrugged. "Well enough. Says the sun in Argentina's rather too strong for her liking."

A gentle hand turned Draco back around. "For what it's worth, I know what it is to lose a parent. To be alone and trying to make your way in the world." The hostility Draco was used to seeing in Potter's eyes was gone, replaced by warm sincerity. "I want to help, if I can. We could use your talents on our forensics team."

Draco huffed a laugh. "As if the Ministry would hire a Malfoy."

"They would if I vouched for you." Potter shoved his hands in his pockets, rocking back on his heels. "The pay's good, better than junior Aurors make. And the Chief Warlock's a good friend. Help us get a few convictions, and I'll talk to him, see about having some of the reparations rescinded. Perhaps you could get the Manor back."

Draco sneered. "What makes you think I'd accept such an offer? I have the best job in the world. Who doesn't want to watch porn for a living?"

Potter laughed. "You've a point there." He reached for Draco's forearm, his touch so light and tentative that it definitely should not have sent a shudder down Draco's spine. "Look, you're good at what you do. Very good. We really could use your help." Potter smiled. "Just think about it, all right? This…porn thing. It's beneath you."

Draco froze. "Beneath me?"

Potter dropped Draco's arm; he cleared his throat. "I…just meant—"

"Because it's unseemly, isn't it? This vile sex trade. In which every last fucking one of your Aurors partakes, according to Greg's customer list."

Potter frowned. "Hey, I'm not saying—"

"For your information, Potter, your ever so honourable Chief Warlock is one of my top customers. His kinks are cross-dressing, nipple torture and infantilism. I understand he enjoys wearing nappies beneath his robes during hearings."

Potter looked as though he were going to sick up. "Several visuals I didn't need, but—"

"The only thing beneath me is going to be you on your knees, begging me not to spill your kinky secrets to the world. Because I'm going to find another memory of you, Potter, if it's the last thing I do."

At that last, Potter looked surprisingly less angry than broken. "Malfoy, I didn't mean it that way. I'm—"

But Draco was already out the door, in a swirl of threadbare bespoke robes and furious indignation.

*

The wizarding post owl arrived a few days later, alighting on the chair opposite Draco as he nibbled his scone. Draco untied the pouch attached to the bird's foot and shook its contents onto the breakfast table; out tumbled a phial and note. He opened the note, devoid of any signature, and read it.

Heard you're looking for sex memories of Potter. This is one you won't forget.

Draco laid the note aside and stared at the phial. This had to be a trick; no one in his or her right mind would relinquish a real memory of a shag with the Saviour for nothing in return, even if it were as awful as the one with Chang. Still, he had to be certain it was rubbish before binning it. Swigging the last of his tea, he stood, picked up the phial, and walked over to his desk. He unstoppered the phial with his wand and poured the memory into the Pensieve. Placing his hands on either side, he took a deep breath and leaned forward...

He was in a narrow hallway, in a vaguely familiar-looking house; a dark-haired man was leading a blond up a flight of stairs, but their faces were hidden in shadows. Draco followed them up to the landing, past

a pair of curtains obscuring what appeared to be a portrait. They continued climbing...

They reached the top floor and walked down a hallway, past a series of photographs lining the walls. Draco followed closely behind them, but the jarringly familiar face he spotted out of the corner of his eye stopped him dead in his tracks.

He turned to look at the picture; a smiling Narcissa was ripping the wrapping paper off a doll as Sirius looked on. Andromeda was chasing Regulus, flying a toy broomstick, round and round a Christmas tree, whilst a teenaged Bellatrix was setting fire to a fairy perched in its branches...

Of course. This was number twelve, Grimmauld Place. Draco had never set foot in the house himself, but his mother had, long ago, as documented in family photographs. Aunt Bella had been furious the house had passed to Sirius, who in turn had willed the house to…

Potter.

A groan emanating from the room at the end of the hall startled Draco back to his senses; he followed the noise to its source. A large, four-poster bed dominated the candlelit space; the men stood at its foot, facing away from Draco. Potter was undressing the blond from behind, mouthing the nape of his neck as he slid the shirt off his shoulders. He pushed the man's trousers and pants down, then shed his own clothes...

The blond climbed on the bed, onto his hands and knees; Potter followed him. Draco's pulse quickened. This was an altogether different Potter than the one he'd seen in the last memory, as evinced by more than just his partner's gender. He was still lean, as before, but even fitter, with sculpted thighs and calves to rival those of the star athletes whose sex memories routinely crossed his desk. What was more, he moved with grace and confidence, the muscles of his arms moving beneath his skin as he smoothed his hands over the other man's back, up his sides...

"Open for me."

The blond obeyed, spreading his thighs; Potter dragged his tongue down the man's spine, eliciting a

shudder. The man reached for a pillow, burying his face in it and muffling a groan whilst Potter spread his arsecheeks, lowering his face between them...

The positions of their bodies obscured a clear view of the proceedings, but the blond's gasps and moans left no doubt as to what was being done to him, and how much he was enjoying it. Potter moved a hand to his own groin, and Draco did likewise, palming his painfully-hard dick through his trousers.

The man muttered something Draco couldn't hear, his voice muffled by the pillow; Potter raised his head. He Accioed a small bottle from the bedside table drawer — wandlessly, Draco noted, and damn it, why should that be so arousing? Potter opened it and poured a generous measure of oil into his palm before Vanishing the bottle with a flick of his wrist. Draco couldn't see his hands immediately thereafter, but in moments Potter was pressed up close to the man's arse, gripping his hips...

There was nothing for it. Draco tore open his flies as a cry tore from the man's throat, wrapping a trembling hand around his prick. Potter pushed in deep, holding himself still, then set up a slow, inexorable rhythm that dissolved his partner's composure within moments. He leaned over the man's back as he picked up speed, his hand disappearing beneath his partner's body...and Potter was muttering things in the man's ear that Draco desperately wanted — no, needed — to hear...

The man cried out, much longer and louder than before; Draco didn't need to see him to know he was coming, hard. Potter pulled up straight and began slamming into his partner, fucking him through the orgasm. His head fell back as he did so, and...God, there was that stupid scar, and stupid Potter was fucking this stupid man with his stupid bloody gorgeous cock, and a wild surge of jealousy mixed with the most intense arousal Draco had ever known crashed through him.

Out. Now, Draco thought, and he was hurtling up a long, dark tunnel, emerging from the Pensieve with such force that he toppled backward into his chair. His premature exit from the memory came too late to spare his clothing, however; the orgasm ripped through him, radiating from the base of his spine in pulsing waves, wetting the placket of his trousers. He tore open his flies and fisted himself to completion, milking the last of his come, until his shuddering subsided and he was panting, sweaty and spent. He fumbled for his wand, spelled himself clean, and leaned back in his chair, running a hand over his face.

Fuck.

So the memory was real. Which meant Potter was a pouf. At least sometimes.

A pouf who likes blonds.

Draco shook his head, trying to banish the thought from his brain, along with the inexplicable feelings the memory had engendered. What did it matter that Potter was queer? And deliciously fit? And, apparently, much improved in bed? This was business, only business, and Pansy had been right. This memory would be his ticket to a new life — not a happier life, necessarily, but at least a moneyed one.

Draco opened his desk drawer and pulled out a half-dozen sheets of parchment. It was a simple matter of orchestrating a bidding war amongst his richest clients; any one of them would pay a fortune for a memory of getting shagged by Potter. Altering it to suit would be incredibly easy; his partner's face had been obscured the entire time, and few words had been exchanged. He reached for his quill and dipped it in his inkpot, touched the nib to the parchment...

"Open for me."

Draco closed his eyes, the memory of the memory washing over him. He could see himself on that bed, see Potter dragging his tongue down his spine. He could feel that gorgeous prick pushing into him, feel Potter's body bent over his back, Potter's breath hot and panting against his ear...

"Business," Draco said aloud, with great force and to no one but himself. He re-dipped his quill into the inkpot with a shaky hand and began to write.

*

Draco strode straight through the open door into Potter's office, ignoring the protests of Potter's secretary. Potter looked up, a hopeful smile on his lips.

"Changed your mind about the job, then?"

"No." Draco flicked his wand at the door, slamming it shut. "I've a better job waiting for me. That of instant millionaire." Draco seated himself in Potter's guest chair and pushed the phial across Potter's desk. "Seems the Saviour's been hiding something after all."

Potter glanced at the phial, then at Draco, eyes wide. "Who?"

Draco picked up the phial and returned it to the inside pocket of his robes. "A blond. Scruffy hair. Couldn't see his face, but yours is plainly visible."

Potter's mouth fell open; his eyes darted from side to side. He crushed a fist against his forehead, wincing.

"Olaf."

Draco's eyebrows shot up. "Anderson? Ex-Captain of the Nordic National Team?"

Potter nodded. "That bastard. I can't believe he would sink to this."

The Sneakoscope on Potter's shelf lit up and began to spin, whistling shrilly. Draco smiled.

"I suspect the bastard was you, Potter. He sent me the memory for nothing in return except the promise of your humiliation. So, did you break his heart? Or just fuck him and dump him, like Chang?"

Potter's jaw tightened. "It wasn't like that," he gritted out, but he must have decided further argument was useless, because he clamped his mouth shut. He pushed his hands through his hair, frowning. "All right. Who's seen it?"

"No one but me." Draco smirked. "Yet."

"Good. Let's keep it that way." Potter reached inside his robes, withdrew a small bag of Galleons, and tossed it on his desk. "Here's your down payment. I'll match your highest bid."

Draco gave Potter an incredulous look. "It's not for sale. Not to you."

Potter's expression changed several times, from confusion to surprise to something akin to amusement. He pushed his chair back. "That's odd. If my money's no good to you, then why are you here?"

Draco opened his mouth to reply, but Potter, the bastard, must have performed a silent Tongue-Tying Curse; no words would come. Potter rose slowly to his feet, warding the door with a wave of his hand.

"I'd not have thought you new to this, Malfoy." Potter leaned across his desk, still looking inexplicably unperturbed. "Let's skip the games, shall we? The correct answer is, you're here to blackmail me."

Draco swallowed. "I…I thought I was here to gloat."

Potter shook his head. "My Sneakoscope says otherwise." He flicked his wrist at his bookshelf; the whistling stopped abruptly. "The next question is, what are you after, if not my money? I have a guess."

Draco's heart raced. "What's that?"

Potter unfastened the clasp at his throat and shed his robes, tossing them over the back of his chair. "That memory of us...did you ever see it?"

"It's not us," Draco whispered, although, Christ, at this moment, he sorely wished it had been. "It's not

us," he repeated.

Potter chuckled. "No, it's not. But did you see it?"

Draco felt sure lying to him would be futile. He took a deep breath, trying not to look at, God, what appeared to be a growing bulge in Potter's trousers. "Yes."

"And?"

Draco's blood thrummed in his ears. "It's ridiculous. Idiotic."

Potter nodded. "But perhaps...intriguing?" He walked around his desk with slow, deliberate steps and leaned upon it. "I must say, it truly never occurred to me before. I mean, it is ridiculous. The idea that you, and I, could ever...." Potter's breath quickened. "But the thing is, once I saw it, I couldn't get it out of my head. I couldn't get you out of my head. It's completely mad, but...I can't stop thinking about you."

Draco shook his head and stood, backing himself against a wall. "You are mad."

"Yes, well, I've been told that before." Potter took a step toward him. "But then, just days later, you waltzed into my office—"

"I did not waltz."

Potter smiled. "Sorry. Sauntered."

Draco sniffed. "I was summoned, to be precise. By you."

"Right. Whatever. And you were just as arrogant and condescending as I remembered you to be. But also, just as clever as I remembered. And just as droll. And somehow much, much more attractive."

Draco huffed. "I was always attractive. You were just too thick to realise it."

"Maybe," Potter allowed, his voice low and face flushed. "But I realise it now." Potter took another step toward him. "Just answer this. How did you feel, watching me with a man?"

Draco was sure Potter could hear his pulse pounding. "I felt...like I was about to become very rich again."

Potter smiled. "Fair enough. But how did you feel..." — he laid a hand on Draco's chest — "in here?"

"I didn't feel anything." Draco cursed his traitorous heart, slamming hard enough against his ribcage to move Potter's hand with every beat. "It's just business," he whispered. "You're just business."

"Mm-hmm." Potter slid his hands up Draco's chest, pushing his robes off his shoulders, then down his sides and around his back to cup Draco's arse. Potter pulled Draco against him; Draco's breath caught.

"Your business says otherwise." Potter ground his crotch against Draco's, emphasizing the point. "And, by the way, it feels bloody brilliant." He moved his lips to Draco's ear. "How...did...you...feel?"

Draco closed his eyes and took a deep, shuddering breath. "Jealous as hell."

Potter's lips grazed the side of Draco's neck. "I'll make you a deal," he murmured. "Give me back that memory, and I'll give you one of your very own. One you definitely won't want to sell."

Draco trembled. "It'll have to be really damned good. That memory's all but priceless."

Potter pulled back, eyes full of mirth — and something else, primal and unnameable. He ran a finger down the front of Draco's shirt, unfastening the buttons with a silent spell.

"I think it will be." Potter's lips brushed Draco's. "But if you're not satisfied, you can keep both. Agreed?"

Draco grabbed the front of Potter's shirt with one hand and a fistful of black hair with the other, crushing his lips to Potter's in a wordless answer that made Potter's eyes open wide with surprise. Draco launched himself off the wall; Potter quickly stepped backward to avoid tangling their feet as well as their tongues. Potter's thighs hit the desk, sending sheets of parchment spiralling to the floor. He grabbed at Draco's bicep to steady himself, pulling Draco's shirt off one shoulder. Draco broke the kiss, panting.

"Prove you're not taking the piss." Draco took a step back, hooking a thumb beneath his belt. "On your knees."

A smile stole across Potter's mouth; he pushed himself off the desk, pinning Draco to the wall next to his bookshelf.

"In front of you, or behind?"

Draco closed his eyes against the wicked images that flashed through his mind. He opened them again and looked Potter square in the eye.

"Let's see if you can suck cock better than you eat fanny."

Potter grinned and kissed Draco again, his fingers making short work of Draco's belt buckle and zip as Draco yanked Potter's shirt open and shoved it off his shoulders. Potter licked and sucked his way down Draco's neck to his sternum, pushing Draco's shirt the rest of the way off as he did so. He stopped abruptly.

"Oh."

Draco looked down; Potter was tracing three long, thin white scars across Draco's chest, his brow furrowed. Draco rolled his eyes.

"Oh, for fuck's sake." He put both hands on Potter's shoulders and pushed him down to his knees. "If your handiwork bothers you so much...." He made to turn around, but Potter stilled his hips.

"It bothers me." Potter looked up, contrite; he reached for Draco's cock and caressed it through his trousers, fondling Draco's balls with the other hand. "But not enough to stop doing this."

Draco stared down at Potter's face, breathing hard. He nodded.

Potter pulled Draco's trousers and pants down and helped him step out of them; he Accioed a phial of lubricant from his desk drawer. Draco's eyebrows shot up.

"Shag a lot of suspects in here, do you?"

"Just the most obstinate ones." Potter poured a generous measure of the liquid into his palm, shrugging. "Prank gift from my team, to commemorate 'Hate to Love You.' Or whatever it's called."

Draco huffed. "How perspicacious."

"Isn't it?" Potter pushed a hand between Draco's thighs, reaching up. His fingertips slipped between Draco's arsecheeks, and a wet finger was circling Draco's hole.

"Ah..."

Draco grabbed his cock, aching and hard, and aimed it at Potter's mouth; he was rewarded with a moan and a warm tongue laving him from balls to crown. Potter teased Draco's slit with his tongue as his finger circled Draco's rim; with a gasp, Draco felt Potter's finger penetrate him at the same moment Potter's mouth slid down his shaft, lips stretched taut around his girth.

"Oh..."

It was hardly the first time Draco had been sucked – or finger-fucked, or both at once – but Merlin, he'd never experienced anything as erotic as this, one hand fisted in Potter's hair, the other clinging to the bookshelf for support as Potter took him in his mouth over and over, matching the movements of his finger inside Draco. Clearly, Potter had found his calling, because the dual sensations seemed to magnify each other, every long, languorous stroke of Potter's tongue causing Draco to clench around Potter's finger, sending waves of pleasure through his core, back to his prick. Another finger nudged at his rim; Potter released Draco from his mouth, lips red and swollen, and looked up at him.

"Let me?"

Draco nodded, spreading his thighs wider; Potter's lips slid down Draco's shaft as Draco felt a second finger penetrate him. It was exquisite, being inside Potter and having Potter inside him at the same time, and Potter seemed to be enjoying himself too, rather a great deal; his hand on Draco's cock flew to his flies to free his own prick.

"Fuck, yes," Draco breathed. "I want to see."

Potter pulled his head back, eyes shaded dark, and lifted his prick out of his trousers; he stroked himself in time with his movements inside Draco's arse. Potter twisted his fingers slowly, brushing Draco's prostate. Draco's prick jerked.

"Jesus, Malfoy," Potter panted. He closed his eyes, still stroking himself and fingering Draco. "Tell me

what you want."

Draco took in a sharp breath. "I want to fuck you."

Potter's eyes flew open. "I don't usually bottom."

"Nor do I," Draco lied. "But you will for me. If you want that memory."

To Draco's surprise, Potter looked more amused than annoyed. "Right. Of course."

Potter pulled his fingers out of Draco, giving Draco's cock one last swipe with his tongue, and stood. He pushed his trousers down, stepped out of them, and pressed himself against Draco, his saliva lubricating the smooth slide of their cocks against each other.

"God," Potter muttered against Draco's neck, rutting against him. "That stupid memory…I can't...stop—"

"Shut up," Draco hissed. He grabbed Potter's hair again and yanked his face back to his own, Draco's open mouth vicious and hungry against Potter's. "You're ruining this memory."

Potter moaned into Draco's mouth; he broke the kiss and stepped back. Giving Draco a long, lust-soaked look, Potter turned and leaned over his desk, throwing a glance over his shoulder.

"This how you want me?"

Draco's mouth fell open; Potter offering himself up like this, gorgeous and hard and so very willing, was the last thing Draco had imagined when he'd come to Potter's office. Draco swallowed just in time to avoid drooling on himself.

"That works." Draco moved closer, running his fingertips down Potter's spine; Potter shuddered, arching into his touch. Christ, Draco was already close, far too close for his own liking, but he'd be damned if he let Potter make a fool of him. He moved in close behind Potter and slid his prick dryly between Potter's arsecheeks, eliciting a frustrated groan.

"Malfoy," Potter growled. "Show me what you can do with that prick already."

Draco snorted. "I'm the one who gets to make demands, Potter. You'll take what I give you and thank me for it."

Potter froze beneath him. Draco's heart stuttered; perhaps he'd pushed Potter too far. No, scratch that. He'd definitely pushed Potter too far, as evinced by Potter's rapidly expanding and contracting ribcage.

Potter turned to face him. Draco opened his mouth to say something, but Potter grabbed the back of Draco's head and stabbed his tongue into Draco's mouth, quashing any thought of an apology.

"Fuck, yes," Potter muttered when he pulled away. "Do it."

Draco's heart started beating again. Potter reached for the lubricant, and he was smearing wetness down Draco's shaft, turning around in Draco's arms. He bent over the desk again, breathing hard.

Draco swallowed. "I have to make you ready."

"I said," Potter hissed, "do it."

Draco breathed in and out several times, praying for some measure of self-control. He guided the head of his wet prick to Potter's rim — and then his brain shut down, the sounds coming out of Potter as Draco pushed into him melting his resolve to make this last.

"Oh…oh, fuck." Potter grabbed the far edge of his desk to steady himself. "Christ, yes."

Draco pulled back and shoved into him, harder than he probably ought to have done, but Merlin, he felt incredible, so hot and tight, and Draco couldn't remember the last time he'd done this in real life, instead of a memory...and not only that, this was Potter moaning beneath him, Potter bucking his hips to meet him thrust for thrust, Potter muttering a filthy stream of encouragement under his breath. Draco bent over his back, remembering how Potter had bent over Olaf, and reached between his legs. Potter's cock was full and hard, dripping onto the desk — and God, as good as this felt, Draco wanted that cock inside him...might even come right now, just thinking about it.

"Too close… too much," Draco gasped. He pulled out of Potter, wiping his brow with the back of his hand. "Fuck me instead?"

Potter turned around, eyes wide with surprise, but a smile stole across his lips. He nodded.

"All right."

Draco manoeuvred around him in the small space, bending over the desk and bracing himself. He felt the warmth of Potter's body over his back, Potter's lips brushing his ear.

"Not like this. I want to see your face."

Draco turned his head, shooting Potter a questioning look. "Why?"

"Because this isn't some memory. This is the real you." Potter nipped the side of Draco's neck. "And the real me."

Draco shook his head, bewildered, but he was too far gone to protest. He turned around, perching

himself on the edge of the desk and wrapping his legs around Potter's waist. Potter leaned forward, his prick nudging Draco's wet hole, and pushed in, his eyes narrowing with pleasure.

"Oh, God," Draco gasped, pain flaring, then collapsing into a ball of heat at the base of his spine. Potter stilled, breathing hard.

"Fuck, Malfoy." He pulled out slowly, nearly all the way, then pushed inside him again, deeper this time. "Why do you..." — he pulled out, then pushed in again — "have to feel so..." — he pulled out, slamming into him all the way this time — "fucking good?"

Draco closed his eyes before Potter had even established a steady rhythm, already lost in the pleasure. Potter was right; this was nothing like that fake memory — nothing like any memory Draco had ever experienced — because it was real, it was them, and nothing had ever felt this amazing...Potter moving over him, Potter moving inside of him...and it was too good to really be happening, too good to last long.

"Say my name," Draco gasped. He opened his eyes and pulled Potter's head down, Draco's teeth moving over his jaw to his neck and biting hard. "Say it."

"Draco." Potter's mouth captured his, his tongue rough and eager and moving in time with his thrusts in Draco's arse. He came up for air. "Fuck, Draco, you gorgeous prick...."

An ineffable fullness spread from Draco's chest, radiating through his body and out to his limbs — a fullness that had nothing to do with the fullness of Potter's cock inside him, unless, maybe, it did somehow — and Draco hadn't felt this way in years, or maybe ever. Lying on Potter's desk, sheets of parchment stuck to his back and Potter sweating and straining above him, Draco could scarcely remember a time before this, a time when he hadn't wanted this.

"Come for me," Potter gasped, reaching between them. "I can't...."

Draco batted Potter's hand away from his prick. "Don't you fucking dare yet."

Potter closed his eyes, seemingly reaching for control, and Draco took full advantage, searing the image into his memory. Potter's neck and chest were flushed, his glasses askew, his hair a matted mess — and suddenly, the thought that he'd likely never see Potter like this again filled him with an inexplicable dread. Potter opened his eyes again, panting.

"Draco." The name was a supplication on his lips. "Draco, I need...."

Potter bent his knees, changing the angle of his thrusts, and oh, fuck, that did it; there was no going back now. Draco's hand flew to his prick – and then the pleasure was overtaking him all too soon, the ball of heat at the base of his spine growing, flaring, igniting every nerve.

"Oh..."

Draco's come spurted between his fingers, hitting Potter's stomach; Potter slammed into him harder, fucking him through the orgasm. His head fell back as he did so, and...God, there was that stupid scar, and stupid Potter was fucking him with his stupid bloody gorgeous cock, and a wild surge of want crashed through him that had no beginning or end, just a name he'd never uttered without malice...

"Harry..."

...until now.

Harry surged inside him, trembling thighs slammed up against Draco's hips, his face awash with ecstasy – and then it was over, the sounds of their breaths slowing and quieting filling Harry's office. Harry collapsed against Draco's chest.

"That was...." Harry's voice faltered.

"Passable," Draco finished for him. "Barely."

"Oh yeah?" Harry huffed a laugh, pushing himself up on his hands. "What's your mother's name?"

Draco raised his head. "What?"

Harry grinned down at him. "Your mother's name. What is it?"

Draco let his head fall back against the desk; a smile split his face. "Fuck if I remember. What was your mother's name?"

"Some kind of flower, I think."

Draco laughed out loud; Harry grinned, winced, and pulled out of him. He crawled up beside Draco on the desk, propping himself up on one arm. "You were saying?"

Draco looked at him. "All right. More than passable."

"Thought so." Harry reached out and brushed the damp fringe back from Draco's forehead. Draco froze.

Harry must have sensed Draco's discomfiture at the tender gesture, because he averted his gaze. Draco closed his eyes, hoping the awkward moment had passed, but Harry slid his fingers over Draco's arm and down to his hand, pulling him against his chest, as if daring Draco to protest.

To his own surprise, Draco didn't.

"We could do this again sometime," Harry said quietly. His thumb grazed Draco's wrist. "I rather enjoyed

you blackmailing me."

Draco gave a quiet laugh — allowing himself, against every instinct he'd ever felt since First Year, to relax into Harry's embrace. "If I'd known you'd be this easy, I'd have blackmailed you for dinner first."

A frisson of tension shot through Harry's body, so light and quick as to be nearly imperceptible. Draco pulled away from him.

"Right. Thanks for the shag, Potter. You really are a brilliant fuck." Draco sat up and hopped off the desk, snatching his trousers off the floor and stabbing his legs into them. Harry smiled.

"What's the rush? I thought maybe we could have another go."

"What makes you think I'd want another go?"

Confusion flashed across Harry's face, quickly replaced by amusement. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe because I fucked you so well you forgot your own mother's—"

"It's Narcissa." Draco snatched his shirt off the floor and tugged it on.

Harry frowned. "Draco—"

"I got what I wanted, and you got what you wanted. We're square." Draco grabbed his robes off the floor, throwing them around his shoulders.

Harry slipped off the desk, crowding Draco up against the wall. He flattened his palms on either side of Draco's head, his breath gusting the back of Draco's neck. "Why are you doing this?"

Draco spun around to face him. "The real question is, why are you doing me?"

Harry's eyes clouded. "I don't know, I—"

"Just another one of your secrets, aren't I? Christ, you're no different than the rest of them. All of them."

Harry's jaw tightened. "I don't know what you—"

"Why do you think there aren't any memories of me out there, Potter? Why do you think your Aurors have never watched me take it up the arse?"

Harry shook his head. "I…I don't know."

"Because no one wants to admit he'd have a Malfoy for a lover." Draco's hands balled into fists. "Oh sure, I get plenty of offers. From the rich fucks who buy my porn, mostly. And those same rich fucks who'd gladly get down on their knees and suck my cock won't even look down their noses at me in the street."

Harry's brow knotted. "That's not me, Draco."

"Oh, really?" Draco's voice was shrill. "So if I asked you to take me on a proper date, to the most popular restaurant in Diagon, you'd do it? Or is an ex-Death Eater in the porn business too far beneath you?"

Harry opened his mouth to speak, then mashed his lips together. He looked away.

"That's what I thought." Draco yanked his left sleeve up to his elbow, baring his forearm. "Take a good look, Potter. I'm marked, literally and figuratively. For all eternity, it would seem." He shoved the sleeve back down. "I'm done being everyone's dirty secret. You can find some other piece of arse to fuck and

throw away."

"You're not a piece of...." Harry shook his head, his eyes pleading with Draco's. "I'm not ashamed of you, damn it. And I'm not ruling out a relationship, if that's something you might want. It's just, this all happened so fast, and...." He took a deep breath, reaching for Draco's hand. "Can't we just take this one step at a time, see where things go?"

Draco yanked his hand away, stepping backward, and reached for the doorknob.

"I'll save us both the trouble, Potter. It's already gone."

*

"You'd better thank me for this."

Draco looked up from the Firewhiskey he was nursing. Pansy slipped into the seat opposite him in the tiny booth, ignoring the leers of the dirty, dishevelled bar denizens. She drew her wand and siphoned a puddle off the far end of the table, wrinkling her nose.

"How'd you find me?"

"It's not as though one of the most infamous wizards alive can hide anywhere, darling. Even in the filthiest bar in Knockturn." She flicked her wand; the empty glasses littering the table went sailing through the air, landing with a crash in the barman's sink. "And Greg said one of his customers saw you in here."

Draco looked out the small, grimy window above the table. "You should have left me to drown my sorrows."

Pansy lifted a fag to her lips, lit it with her wand, and passed it to Draco. "Not until you tell me who he is

and what he did to you, so I can hex his balls off slowly and painfully."

"You don't want to know who he is." Draco took a deep drag on his cigarette. "And it's the same old story as always. He wanted more than I did."

Pansy raised another fag to her lips. "Translation: you shagged him, he wants to see you again, and you're so terrified of getting your heart broken that you ditched him without ever giving him a chance."

Draco's head shot up. Pansy lit her cigarette, took a drag, and exhaled. She reached across the table and took his hand. "You can't possibly think I ever bought that excuse, love. I know you too well."

Draco buried his face in his arm. "I really bollixed things up this time."

Pansy squeezed his hand. "If he cares for you — and he'd better, or so help me I'll castrate you for unnecessary histrionics — he'll give you another chance."

"Not this one." Draco frowned. "The worst part is, he thinks I want some sort of...I don't know...relationship with him. As if he and I could ever—"

"You've had a relationship with Potter since you were eleven," Pansy murmured. She stroked the back of his knuckles with her fingertips. "Is it so hard to believe it could change?"

Draco froze mid-puff, staring at her. He looked out the window.

"I don't even like him. Neither do you."

"I never liked what he stood for." Pansy took another drag on her fag. "And I still find daring and nerve highly overrated. But chivalry...." Pansy swallowed hard. "I've come to see the appeal."

Draco brushed a lock of hair away from her face. "Blaise never firecalled on your birthday, did he?"

Pansy shook her head. "Said his meetings ran late. I went through the rubbish in his dustbin and found his itinerary. The conference ended the day prior." She stubbed out her cigarette with a shaking hand. "I'm leaving him."

"Oh, Pans." Draco wiped a tear from her cheek with his thumb. Pansy laughed soundlessly.

"And to think Daddy said you were the one not good enough for me."

Draco sighed. "Why couldn't we have just married each other? Everything would have been so much easier if we'd fallen in love with our best friends."

Pansy smiled faintly; she squeezed Draco's hand and rose from the booth. "One of us did, darling. And that wasn't enough." She Accioed her cloak from a hook near the door and slipped it around her shoulders. "Talk to him, Draco. I can't have you moping about like a broken-hearted fool. Only one of us at a time can have that privilege, and I call dibs."

Draco closed his eyes, raking his fingers through his hair. "Pans," he whispered, his features twisted with pain. "I never—"

He opened them again, but she was gone.

Draco took a deep, unsteady breath. He reached into the pocket of his robes, fishing for money to pay the barkeep...

And pulled out the phial.

"I only wanted to gloat," Draco muttered, staring at the swirling contents inside. A sudden realisation seized him; his face darkened.

"Potter, you lying son of a Blast-Ended...." Draco stuffed the phial back in his pocket, threw some Galleons on the table, and strode swiftly out of the pub.

*

"He's not Olaf."

Harry's head jerked up, skewing his glasses. He pushed them back up his nose and sighed, returning his attention to whatever he was scribbling on his parchment.

"I'm rescinding the job offer. If it took you this long to work that out, you're far less observant than I thought."

Draco seated himself in the chair opposite Harry, setting the memory on Harry's desk.

"I watched it again."

Harry continued writing. "And?"

"The blond had a smoke after you fucked him."

Potter spared Draco a quick glance. "Not an uncommon occurrence, in my experience."

Draco leaned forward. "He lit his fag with a Muggle lighter. Which means—"

"He's a Squib, yes." Harry kept writing, not looking up.

"Ergo, this memory can't be his." Draco's brow furrowed. "It's yours."

"Correct. And now it's yours."

Draco reached over and stilled Harry's writing hand. "Why in bloody hell did you give it to me?"

Harry sighed and laid down his quill. "I knew one of two things would happen. A, you'd sell it to one of your rich customers for — as you put it — a king's ransom, giving you the money to start a new life. Or B, you'd try to blackmail me with it." A smile quirked his mouth. "Obviously, I was hoping for the latter."

Draco shook his head. "But what if I'd sold it?"

Harry shrugged and nodded at the phial. "I'm not ashamed of anything in there. And my partner in that memory — ex-partner, I hasten to add — is unidentifiable, so I didn't compromise his privacy."

Draco frowned. "But what about yours?"

Harry took a deep breath; he folded his hands in his lap. "I've lived in the public eye since I was eleven. Privacy is a luxury I never had. And then, when I was eighteen, I realised there was a way to keep my sex life from ending up in someone else's Pensieve. I thought I'd a right to that much. I still do, but…." Harry's expression grew pained. "Look, I'm not ashamed of who I am. I've always been out to my friends. But I'm beginning to see the disadvantages of keeping my personal life a secret, what it could cost me. Or rather, whom."

Draco's face grew warm; he looked away. "I could still sell it, you know. It would bring a fortune."

"I know. And if you decide to do that, I won't stop you." Harry reached across the desk to take Draco's hand. "But I was hoping you might hang onto it a bit longer. Long enough for me to buy you that dinner in Diagon Alley."

Draco looked back at him. "So I wouldn't be your dirty secret?"

Harry laughed. "Dirty, perhaps, if the mood should strike. But no more secrets." Harry stood, walked around his desk, and leaned against it, taking both of Draco's hands in his.

"Full disclosure: I've only ever slept with one woman, and I have no plans to do so again, but I'd be lying if I said a nice pair of tits never catches my eye. My other ex-lovers, of whom there have been..." — Harry looked up at the ceiling, counting under his breath — "regretfully few, have all been Muggles and Squibs. Hence, the dearth of sex memories starring yours truly."

"Aha. Cunning, for a Gryffindor."

"I've been told I'd do well in Slytherin." Harry grinned. "I'm a serial monogamist, but work's kept me all too celibate lately. With the exception of one very attractive, mouthy blond."

Draco's mouth quirked. "You forgot brilliant and droll."

"And exceedingly modest." Harry squeezed Draco's hands. "I'm too jealous by nature to share my partner, so threesomes and moresomes are off the table. As kinks go, I suspect mine are rather vanilla by a pornographer's standards. The occasional Incarcerous does have its appeal, though. And seeing as I spend all day giving orders, I enjoy a bit of turnabout in the bedroom now and then."

Draco raised an eyebrow. "And in the office?"

"Yeah, well, that's a new one." Harry smiled. "I don't cross-dress. Nothing wrong with it; just not my thing. I don't wear nappies, ever. My exes say I work too hard and snore too loud, and I'm bollocks at picking out gifts. But I'm honest and faithful. I can do a decent fry-up. And if you're up for it, we can fuck each other into the mattress every night of the week. Mornings, too. Anything in there put you off?"

Draco shook his head, a smile tugging at his lips. "Nothing I can think of offhand."

"Good." Harry pulled Draco to his feet, reaching up to caress his cheek.

"I really do work too hard," Harry murmured. "It's only fair you should know. If we give this thing a chance, we won't see each other as much as we'd like. Unless…"

"Unless what?"

Harry ran his hand down Draco's arm. "Unless you reconsider that job offer. I think we could make a good team."

Draco snorted. "I thought it was rescinded."

Harry shook his head. "I suspect," he said, pulling Draco close against him, "you didn't finish watching the memory the first time. That's why you missed the lighter, isn't it?"

Draco blushed. "I was…interrupted."

Harry tilted his head, amused. "Interrupted?"

Draco's face flushed even darker. "Fine. I might have wanked to it, all right?"

Harry laughed. "I knew it. Which part was your favourite?"

Draco's prick twitched. "All of it, I suppose. But especially…." He bit his lower lip.

"I think I can guess." Harry grinned. "Let's make a new memory like that one. Starring the two of us."

Draco's eyebrows shot up. "Right now? Here?"

"No time like the present." Harry brushed his lips against Draco's. "And I'm getting embarrassingly fond of office sex."

Draco thought for a long moment, letting Harry ghost his lips over his own. His face split into a smile.

"All right. Ward the door, then. I'd rather we didn't end up in someone else's memory."

Harry nodded, casting a silent spell with a wave of his hand…and after a great deal of kissing, and undressing, and more kissing, and fondling, Harry was kneeling on the floor, and Draco was bent over Harry's desk — groaning, gasping, and determined to remember every single, solitary moment with him.

*

"Fuck of the century."

Harry looked up from the sport page of his Prophet. Draco was hunched over the Pensieve on their dressing table, hands splayed on each side, still catching his breath. Harry bit back a smile.

"It can't have been better than the one of our first night in the Seychelles."

"Are you mad?" Draco siphoned the memory out of the Pensieve, stoppered the phial, and returned it to its box. He replaced it in the overstuffed bookcase next to the bed, between two boxes labelled H/D: Shower Fun Vol. IX and H/D: Spanking. "We are never inviting Pansy and the Weasel on holiday with us again. We only fucked that loudly to drown out their shagging in the next room."

"As I recall, you loved what I did to make you scream." Harry folded his newspaper, laid it on the bedside table, and patted the spot beside him. "Besides, it was worth it to get them together, wasn't it? Ron says he's going to need a new uniform soon. Apparently, Pansy likes him to wear it while she sucks him off."

"Ew. I did not need that visual." Draco crawled into the bed next to Harry.

"You don't seem to mind the visual when it's me in the uniform, sucking you off." Harry reached for the bowl of grapes beside his newspaper; beneath a caption that read Malfoy Redeemed: Potter's Paramour Turns Crime Fighter, a photograph of Draco winked up at him. Harry peeled the grape and popped it in Draco's mouth. "Who'd have thought you'd turn me into such a kinky perv?"

Draco chewed and swallowed his grape. "You're not that perverted. We're still hopelessly behind on our Kink Bingo card. Pansy claims she's one golden shower away from a blackout."

"Ew. I did not need that visual." Harry popped a grape in his own mouth. "All right," he mumbled between bites. "What do we have left?"

Draco withdrew a card from his bedside table drawer and examined it. "We're down by a ménage à—"

"We're not filling that one."

Draco huffed in mock annoyance. "Fine. We still have facials, comeplay, and voyeurism."

Harry swallowed his grape and thought. "We could knock those out in one go. Can a mirror be the voyeur?"

"Works for me," called the large mirror surmounting the dressing table.

Draco aimed his wand, angling the mirror to give it a better view of the bed. Harry slid Draco's pyjamas down his hips and pulled them off, then doffed his own. Draco gave him a wry smile.

"I've a feeling this one's going on the next volume of H/D's Greatest Hits."

Harry grinned, pushing him back against the pillows. He crawled on top of him and nudged Draco's lips with his cock. "Oh, yeah. Most definitely."

Don't forget to go back to H/D Holidays on LJ and leave feedback!