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Name: Too Many Potters
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Chapter: 1

Too Many Potters

Harry left the box on the table for nearly an hour without opening it. After that he spent another hour casting a huge assortment of spells at it. The package seemed innocuous enough—a teapot-sized box wrapped in twine for easy transport by the owl that had dropped it off. It was not particularly alarming except for the burgundy color and the bright gold triple W logo emblazoned on the front. Nothing induced caution quite like an unexpected package from Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes.

Harry finally decided there was nothing for it, so he cut the twine and opened the box. Even though he had expected it, he nearly leaped out of his skin when the package erupted, but the resulting explosion seemed to be merely a huge spray of confetti, followed by a single burgundy balloon that floated up to the ceiling. The balloon began to multiply until Harry wondered if his whole flat would fill with the damned latex. Thankfully, they ceased procreating. Harry sighed in relief and looked back into the box. Nestled inside the brightly colored paper rested a single glass bottle and a card. Harry plucked the card and opened it with trepidation. As he read the words, they floated off the paper and danced in the air, singing in a high-pitched tone.

You are invited to the First Annual Weasley Twins Polyjuice Party! This momentous occasion marks the perfection of the excellent new Polywheeze Potion—the first and only Polyjuice Potion guaranteed to last twelve hours per dose! Please insert hair of your choice and arrive at the party in disguise. Present your wand at the door for confirmation of invitation.

The date and time followed and Harry shook his head in bewilderment. Bloody hell, but life would be boring without the twins. When the balloons began to pop and shower the room with burgundy bubbles, Harry wondered if boredom would be such a bad thing.

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Harry thought about the party for the next several days. Celebrations thrown by the twins were always riotous events and invitations were highly sought. Ron pestered him almost mercilessly.

"Who you going as, Harry? You could go as Neville. I hear he plans to attend as Viktor Krum."

"What? Why? And how will he get one of Viktor's hairs?"

Ron shrugged. "He says he wants to see how it feels to be powerful and famous and all that. Hermione says it will be good for his self-esteem. I said he should come as you."

"What? That's crazier than coming as Viktor Krum!"

Ron shrugged and muttered something about powerful and famous. Harry glared at him.

"You aren't planning to come as me, are you?" Harry asked.

"Me? Oh no! I've got mine all planned. Or… well, Hermione's got it all planned for me."

"Really? Who is it?"

Ron shook his head. "I'm not saying. You'll just have to see when you get there, eh?" Ron smirked and Harry rolled his eyes. He was somewhat surprised that Ron was excited about any suggestion of Hermione's.

In the end, there was only one logical choice. Harry dug in the bottom of his favorite trunk and pulled out a velvet-lined box. Nestled within was a single white-blond hair. Harry had held onto it for years, always half-expecting to need it for some nefarious purpose.

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Harry checked his appearance in the mirror and tugged lightly at the waistband of his trousers. They fit lower on his hips than he had expected and were almost obscenely tight. He could see every curve beneath the black material, which was spelled to resemble black leather. Thankfully, the material only *looked* stifling—it was actually light and breathable so that Harry would avoid sweating to death before the night was half over.

The silvery shirt clung to his chest and showed a large strip of pale flesh whenever he raised his arms, which he did often in order to admire the flat abdomen. It wasn't his, after all, and it would likely be his only opportunity to drink in as much of the gorgeous blond as he liked.

Harry smoothed down the platinum hair once more and gave himself a practice smirk in the mirror. The grey eyes shone with approval. Perfect. Harry had Draco Malfoy's mannerisms down to a bloody art. Dressed as he was now, he felt like sex personified. He planned to use that to his advantage and have a very good time at the party.

After one last admiring glance, he Apparated to the castle that the Weasley twins always hired for their special occasions. Ron met him in the foyer.

"Wand, please," Ron said, but the voice was Hermione's. Harry stared as he dropped his wand into the waiting hand.

"Hermione?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, Harry. You're looking very… bloody hell, Harry, you look like a high-priced rentboy. What possessed you to come as Malfoy, of all people?"

"I feel like being an arse tonight," Harry admitted.

"And you've always wanted to fondle the blond bastard?" she suggested.

Harry gave her Malfoy's haughtiest glare. "Never mind that, Granger," he said and sneered. She gaped at him and the expression was so akin to Ron's normal look of horrified surprise that Harry had to laugh.

"Where is Ron, anyway?"

A thumb pointed the way to a nearby corner where Hermione's likeness was peering down her shirt. "I thought it would do him good if we came as each other, but so far he's barely taken his hands from his—or my—or whatever… well, he seems to have formed an unhealthy attachment to the breasts. Hermione's Ron-face shone red. Harry grinned when the Hermione doppelganger reached up and squeezed both breasts with a lascivious grin.

"Ronald!" she shouted and the bushy head jerked up with a guilty expression.

"Sorry," Ron's voice called as the hands fell away. "Malfoy? What are you doing here?"

"It's Polyjuice, Ron! Have you completely lost it?"

"Oh. Right. Sorry. I'm going to go grab some… punch."

"I'm going to *give* him a punch," Hermione muttered and sighed. Ron's face split into a grin as she turned back to Harry. "Anyway, have a nice time, Harry. You'll get your wand back when you leave. The twins want to make it more fun by keeping the wands. Too recognizable, you know."

Harry nodded, feeling a bit strange without his wand, but assuming he would have no need for magic, anyway. He could hear music blaring from inside. He was ready for a drink and a bit of dancing.

Once inside the door to the ballroom, he bumped straight into a dark-haired someone and did a double take. Wide green eyes blinked at him from behind round-framed glasses.

"Sorry," said a woman's voice and Harry's likeness hurried off. Harry scowled. Who the hell had Polyjuiced as him? And where had she gotten one of his hairs? Yet more surprises met his eyes as he made his way to the bar. No less than *three* other Harry Potters wandered the room.

"Firewhiskey," he barked at the Rita Skeeter look-alike behind the bar. At least he hoped it was a look-alike. Surely the twins would not have been stupid enough to invite the evil reporter to something like this.

"Malfoy," said a teasing voice that was definitely not Rita Skeeter's. He almost recognized it, but not quite. Harry sneered and realized he was going to get a lot of use out of that particular expression tonight.

"Less chat, more service," he said in his best Malfoy imitation.

Her gaze sharpened and Harry suppressed a grin. He really had sounded like Malfoy. He took the drink she slid across the bar to him and turned around, dismissing her completely. His eyes scanned the rapidly filling room and he frowned after sipping his drink. *What the hell*? Two more Harry Potters wandered the room, one in the company of Oliver Wood, who was quite a famous Quidditch Player these days.

Someone jostled his arm and he turned to find another pair of familiar green eyes staring at him. Make that two pairs.

"Malfoy, eh?" one Potter asked, cocking his head to look at Harry curiously.

"That's interesting," said the other Potter. "Who would be brave enough to come to our party disguised as the enemy?"

"Fred. George," Harry said tightly. "Would you mind explaining the ludicrous number of *Harry Potter's* I'm seeing here tonight? And why the hell are you two being me?"

One of the twins made a tsking sound. "George, only Harry would dare to come as Malfoy."

"Well, Harry's had a crush on the git for years, you know."

"What?" Harry sputtered. "I have not!"

One Potter nudged the other. "Still in denial."

"Sad, it is."

Harry gnashed his teeth and took another gulp of his drink.

"Excellent, Harry, you've got that really annoyed Malfoy look down pat."

"That's because I *am* really annoyed. Now answer my question."

One of them pulled at the hair over the scar in an accurate imitation of Harry and admitted, "Well, we might have mentioned in the invitations that certain hairs might be available…"

"For a price, of course."

"But even we were surprised at the response. We must have sold… what? A dozen of Harry's?"

"You sold my hair?" Harry wanted to shriek, but he managed—barely—to keep his voice low. "Do you have any idea how dangerous that is? Do you know how many people out there are still trying to kill me?"

"Easy, Harry, that panicked tone doesn't sound like Malfoy at all."

"Yeah, you're losing it, mate."

"And relax, you know we'd never put you in danger like that."

"Hermione'd kill us."

"For sure. We made a list of everyone who bought a hair and Hermione is checking to make sure they all show up and don't hoard the hair for later resale—"

"Or some other nefarious use."

Harry relaxed slightly, even though the thought of the twin demons selling his hair was disconcerting at best. "And this?" he asked, gesturing to their bodies.

"Well, George was curious to see how well-hung you were, Harry."

George elbowed Fred, whose breath whoofed out as he doubled over, but they both laughed. "It was Fred's idea. Still, Harry, you should be proud."

"Yeah," George added over a cough. "Nice package, mate."

Harry felt an out of character blush stain his cheeks and he decided he had best flee the twins' company before he resorted to violence. Fred nudged him before he could put his plan into action.

"Bloody hell, mate, look at that."

George whistled. "Fuck, Harry, if you looked like that every day I'd give up girls."

"Who is it?" Harry asked in a choked voice. He stared across the room at the newcomer, yet another Harry Potter, but Harry had never looked like *that* even on his best day. This Harry had a confident strut that accented the low-slung dark trousers and shiny black boots. A silk shirt of jewel-tone green set off the eyes, which were highlighted by modern silver frames rather than the rounded dark ones Harry normally favored. The hair was different, too. It had been cut attractively and styled to hang over the new frames. It was still tousled, but looked intentional rather than accidental.

"It could be one of quite a few people, Harry, although I think I already ran into Susan Bones, so it's not her."

Harry looked at him in disbelief. "Susan Bones came Polyjuiced as me? Why?"

Fred shrugged. "We didn't ask for reasons, mate."

"We just took their sweet, sweet Galleons."

"I want that list," Harry gritted and turned his unwilling gaze back to the seductive version of himself. A small crowd had gathered about the man—or woman, apparently—and Harry could see nothing but the black hair.

"No problem, mate," George said. "It'll have to wait until tomorrow, though. We left it home."

"And I just spotted someone who came as Fleur Weasley. If they aren't a relative, I might finally have a shot at Bill's wife."

George snorted. "You'll never pull Fleur."

"Dressed as Harry? Watch me. Besides, I think it's Angelina."

George perked up. "Really? How do you think she'd feel about having two Harrys?"

"Let's go find out, shall we?" He looped his arm through his brother's. "Have a good time, Harry. I mean, *Malfoy*."

Harry glared after them, mildly affronted that they planned to have some debauched orgy with Harry's body—or a facsimile thereof. He sipped his drink and turned his attention back to the man that had turned Harry Potter into walking sex. Hermione—no wait, that was Ron in Hermione's body—was chatting him up. The man seemed to be enjoying it, if his brilliant smile was anything to go by.

Harry put on his best Malfoy attitude and sauntered over to join the crowd.

"Granger," he sneered at Ron. "Should you really be ogling Potter so blatantly?"

Ron-as-Hermione blushed. "I'm not!" he squeaked in a falsetto tone. "I've just never seen Harry like this. It's…" He reverted to his normal voice. "Well, it's just not right!"

"Maybe you should run along, Hermione," the pretender said in a voice that was so near to Harry's own that he blinked.

"Yeah, all right," Ron said. "I plan to find Fred and George and have some words about this party." He took a few steps and then seemed to get distracted by his chest and walked into another patron instead. Viktor Krum smiled at him.

"Ermy-own!" Krum cried and Ron actually screamed before bolting. Harry chuckled, remembering that Ron had been the one to tell him Neville Longbottom planned to attend as Krum. Neville looked at him quizzically, not recognizing him as Malfoy and having little love for the blond. He probably wondered why anyone would come as Malfoy, anyway. Harry waved and turned back to the Sex God Harry, who watched him curiously.

Harry sneered convincingly. "Potter."

The dark head tossed disdainfully and Harry made a note to remember the move for later practice. It was impressive. "Malfoy," he replied. Try as he might, Harry could not place the voice.

"Interesting look for you, Potter," Harry said and allowed his eyes to rake over the display. It was beyond bizarre to find his own image attractive, but damn if he didn't look good!

"You look the same as usual, Malfoy."

Harry smirked and combed his fingers through the soft platinum hair. "If you've got it, you might as well flaunt it, eh, Potter?"

The green eyes looked him up and down and Harry felt a blush touch his cheeks in a very un-Malfoy-like manner. To his relief, he was jostled aside by a veritable stampede of partygoers as they hurtled through the room, laughing. They were apparently headed for the next room, from which the sound of loud music emerged. When the crowd thinned, Harry saw his alter-ego firmly in the grip of another Harry Potter. How many of them were there at this insane event? The second Potter looked more like Harry normally did and barely warranted a second glance. Harry shrugged and went to locate some sustenance. The Weasley Twins always catered an amazing spread and Harry was starved.

One wall of the room was lined with tables and Harry quickly filled a plate with an assortment of delicacies. He found himself next to Viktor Krum. "Hi, Neville," he said.

"Harry?"

Harry chuckled. "Yeah, I figured no one would recognize me as Malfoy."

"You got that right. Have you seen all the Harrys here? You must be going half mad."

"Yeah, it will take me awhile to get the twins for this, but I'll manage."

Colin Creevey popped up next to Harry with camera ready. Before Harry could protest, his photo was snapped, as was Viktor's. "Hi Draco! Hi Viktor! You don't have to tell me who you really are. Isn't this fun? It's me, Dennis! Colin came as me, but he said I could take a few pictures. Did you see how many Harry Potters are here? I think Colin might actually faint. He's been obsessed with Harry for years. It's crazy, really. I've told him to move on like six thousand times. Hey, maybe he'll get lucky tonight, since there are so many Harrys. I wonder who the real Harry is. Do you think he came as himself? Oh look! There's Snape! Hi Snape!"

The Colin look-alike ran off and Neville giggled. "Sorry, Harry."

Harry shuddered. "Who in their right mind would come as Snape?"

"A Slytherin. Probably Draco Malfoy. Then again, only *you* would come as Malfoy." Neville giggled. Harry wondered what he meant by that, but decided not to ask. He watched the Snape doppelganger closely for Malfoy mannerisms, but the man chatted with Dennis and even allowed his picture to be snapped. If it was Malfoy, he was doing a remarkable impression of neither Snape nor Malfoy.

"What are you planning to do as Viktor Krum?" Harry asked, keeping a wary eye on Snape, anyway. If it actually was Draco Malfoy, he probably would not appreciate Harry stealing his likeness.

"I plan to snag Pansy Parkinson," Neville said.

Harry turned to gape at him. "The real Pansy, or someone that looks like Pansy?"

"The real one. She's Polyjuiced as Rita Skeeter. Fred and George told me."

"Merlin, Slytherins really are insane, aren't they?" No wonder she had given him such a strange look at the bar.

"Good luck, Neville."

"That's Viktor to you, little man," Neville said in a horrible Bulgarian accent.

"Bye, Viktor." Harry headed for the dance floor. The room was lit with floating globes that glowed with pale light that changed color every so often, giving the room a rainbow hue. Harry lurked against the wall and wished he had refreshed his drink. He had dropped his empty glass on a passing tray as it floated by. A dark-haired woman approached, but he warned her off with a patented Malfoy glare. He was definitely not here tonight to chat up women.

The dance floor was relatively crowded, considering the party had just started. The sexy Harry was dancing with someone who looked like Angelina Johnson. Harry thought it was probably Katie Bell. According to Hermione, she had always been jealous of Angelina. Harry frowned at the way she pressed herself against his likeness, although the Polyjuiced Harry did not seem to mind, if his sultry grin was any indication. Harry vowed to go home and practice that look, also. *Who was he*?

Determined not to be shown up by himself, Harry marched over and grabbed the hand of the dark-haired woman. "Dance," he said without preamble.

"Okay," she squeaked.

He maneuvered them onto the floor and loosely held her hips. The beat was strong and fast, enabling Harry to shift them ever closer to the alluring man and his partner. Green eyes met grey for a moment before the music dragged them away.

The woman was a decent dancer and Harry lost himself in the rhythm for a few minutes. He was uncomfortably aware of the man gyrating nearby. The song slowed momentarily and the girl leaned closer to wrap her arms around his neck, although she was a bit too short to do so effectively; Malfoy was rather tall.

"Who are you?" Harry asked politely.

"In reality, or tonight?"

"Both."

She giggled. "Tonight I'm a Muggle girl I saw on the street and thought was cute. I always wanted to look more like this. Normally I'm Hannah Abbott." Harry kicked himself for not recognizing her voice. "I've always thought Draco was handsome, even though he's normally such a jerk I'd never try to get close to him. Who are you?"

"I'd rather not say," Harry said, stealing another glance at the sexy Potter, who was now snogging the Angelina look-alike. *Snogging*! With *Harry's* body! He glared, affronted.

"I never really thought of Harry as hot before," Hannah said in a tone of awe.

Harry snorted and was relieved when the song sped up again, wrenching apart the kissing couple. When the dance ended, Harry abandoned Hannah with a brief apology and returned to the bar. He could not explain his annoyance at seeing himself kissing someone. It was just a game, after all. The man was perfectly entitled to dress up as Harry Potter and snog whomever he pleased.

Pansy-as-Rita was still behind the bar. He wondered how the twins had managed to convince her to work for them and decided he probably did not want to know. Knowing the three of them, it

most likely involved something sordid and possibly illegal.

"Another Firewhiskey," he said sharply.

"You're really quite good at that," she commented. "I think Draco would be flattered. Care to divulge your identity?"

"I don't think so," Harry said dryly.

She smiled. "That's okay. I have my suspicions." She gave Harry his drink and he hurried away, not willing to slip up and give her any clues to bolster her ideas. Before he could return to the makeshift ballroom, Harry was waylaid by Ginny, who had come as Fleur Delacouer. Well, Fleur Weasley, now. From the sound of her voice, Harry suspected she had started drinking long before the party began.

"Draco Malfoy!" she said and giggled as she latched onto his arm. "It's you, isn't it, Harry? I should have known. If you can't have him in real life, you'll take him like this, eh?" Her voice was loud and several unfamiliar guests turned to look at her curiously. Harry took her arm and ushered her out to the garden, hoping the night air would clear her head and halt the recrimination before it began.

"Are you all right?" he asked when they reached the cobbled path.

She tore her arm away and glared at him. It was an expression he had never seen on Fleur's face and the incongruity struck him for a moment. The silver hair flew out in a spiral cloud as she spun away from him. "What do you care, Harry?"

"I do care about you, Ginny," he said firmly.

"Fuck you, Harry. You've always cared more about Malfoy than you do about me. It's obvious to everyone who knows you. Your obsession will never die. He's here tonight. Did you know?"

Unconsciously, Harry's gaze shifted toward the house. He had forgotten to keep an eye on Snape. She snorted a laugh. "See? You can't wait to go back in there and track him down."

The doors opened and a laughing couple spilled out. They nearly bumped into Harry with their unsteady gait and linked arms. He noted with surprise that it was one of his alter egos, this one walking with an obviously inebriated blond girl. They mumbled a quick apology and hurried to a nearby bench where they sank down and locked lips with a hearty embrace.

Ginny giggled. "Oh that's rich. She's getting more action out of that fake that I ever got out of you."

"That's not true!" Harry snapped, finally rising to the bait. He had nearly—*nearly*!—gone all the way with Ginny, until some part of his brain had panicked. He watched the couple for a moment

longer and wondered why the sight of this Harry Potter snogging a girl did not bother him. Was it because he knew Angelina? *Maybe you're jealous of* Angelina *kissing* him, he thought and then looked around to see if the odd notion had been planted by some strange Occlumency.

"I'll go find someone to take you home," Harry said and Ginny snarled at him.

"I'm perfectly capable of finding my own someone," she growled and flounced past him. "Have a good life, *Malfoy*."

She slammed back into the house and Harry sighed heavily. "That went well," he muttered. He straightened his shoulders and marched back inside, unwillingly bothered by her words. Ginny had practically accused him of being some sort of prude. Was she really sorry that he had not attacked her like some randy beast? His lip curled. Maybe he would show her just how hedonistic he could be. Hannah had seemed willing enough. She need not know who he really was.

Steeling his resolve, Harry dropped off his second glass and entered the ballroom once more. The sexy Potter was still dancing, this time draped all over a short blond figure. Harry noted with surprise that it was Dennis Creevey—which meant that it was really Colin! He groaned, irritated anew. Lovely, such a display would only make Colin more ridiculously enamored of Harry. He had to do something about that. When he drew closer, he saw the man had shed his shirt. His skin glistened with sweat and Harry thought Colin's eyes might glaze over completely.

Harry set his jaw and walked through the crowd of dancers. He slid his arms around his likeness and leaned close to the man's ear. The pretend Harry stiffened slightly, but did not pull away when Harry pressed closer and fit the man's buttocks against his pelvis. He felt a moment of pleased surprise that his own arse was quite nice and then he murmured, "Why don't you pick on someone your own size?"

The dark-haired man turned in Harry's arms until they were facing one another. Harry thought it was quite bizarre to be facing himself. "How do you know you're my size?" the man purred seductively and Harry felt an almost electric charge slam through him.

"I know quite a lot about you, Potter," he replied in the same tone, stressing the name slightly. He grinned in satisfaction when the green eyes widened beneath the silver frames. The man was not completely confident, then. "Or shall I call you something else?"

"Let's dispense with names, shall we?" he countered and looped his arms around Harry's neck. Their bodies seemed to fit together like pieces of a puzzle and Harry found himself swaying to the beat of the music holding "Potter" tightly. His lips brushed the man's neck and he was rewarded with a soft grunt of pleasure. Encouraged, he allowed his tongue to follow the path of his lips, tasting the salt of sweat and something that was not at all Harry Potter. Perhaps, regardless of Polyjuice-wrought changes, the essence of the person beneath was not really altered. It was an encouraging thought.

"Hey!" Colin said indignantly.

"Bugger off, Creevey," Harry said in his Malfoy voice.

"Draco? Is that really you? I thought we were supposed to use Polyjuice Potion! And I found this Harry first!"

"I said bugger off. If you don't, I'll fetch my wand and send you to Greenland. As a houseplant."

Harry's dance partner pulled back and quirked a grin at him. "I'm impressed. If I didn't know better, I'd say you really were Draco Malfoy."

Harry smiled back. "How do you know I'm not?"

"I know quite a lot about Draco," the man replied and Harry felt a rush of jealousy, followed by a spark of alarm. Had the man slept with Malfoy? Who could it be? Blaise Zabini? Hands shifted on Harry's hips, dragging him even closer to slide against an obviously growing erection. Harry groaned and felt an answering rush of blood awaken his own cock. He decided he didn't care if it was Zabini, he wanted to ride this incredible feeling wherever it led.

Decisively, Harry leaned forward and pressed his lips against his look-alike's. His nose bumped the glasses slightly and then he forgot the curious sensation of kissing himself when the lips parted. Tongues met and locked and when his lids slipped shut the strangeness disappeared. There was only a hot, wet mouth sucking against his, applying lovely pressure in all the right places, lapping at sensitive areas with a determined tongue. Harry remembered himself long enough to recall all of the most responsive areas of his mouth—intimate knowledge could only help in this situation—but the man seemed to instinctively seek out the same in the body Harry wore.

Within moments they had stopped dancing. Harry's hands slid over the damp flesh, mapping contours of places he would never reach on his own, cupping an arse both familiar and not. He was fully hard now, grinding against his partner, who seemed just as mindless. They stopped kissing when forced to by the need for air. Only the fingers tightening on his hips halted Harry's increasingly gratuitous frotting.

"Stop," the man panted. "Not here."

"Come with me, then," Harry said. "Come home with me."

"All right," he replied and Harry forced himself away long enough to thread their fingers together. They walked together toward the exit and Harry ignored the startled looks they received. He supposed it was odd—Potter and Malfoy, holding hands and darting for the door in matching states of flushed desire. He didn't care a jot. Near the door, Hermione had abandoned her post in favor of joining the party, apparently. Wands had been tucked into neat cubbyholes on the wall.

"Accio wand!" Harry said and his date did the same. Two wands slipped from their places and flew into waiting hands. It was too dark to make out any details and both were tucked from sight before identification could be made. Harry was glad of the man's determination to remain anonymous. He would try to keep it that way.

Once they hit the outside air, Harry turned back to the man and wrapped him in another embrace before Apparating them straight to the kitchen of his flat. He braced the man against the counter and kissed him for a few more breathless minutes. Damn, any more of that and he would be shoving him up on the counter and taking him where they stood.

"Hold… hold on a minute," Harry said and moaned when the man's lips did terrible, wonderful things to his neck.

"Don't go."

"Just for a moment, I promise." Harry reluctantly—oh so reluctantly—detached himself and practically flung himself into the living room. In a veritable whirlwind, he flipped photos and Vanished items that would reveal his identity before racing to the bedroom to do the same. He figured the bathroom was safe enough—he certainly had not printed "Property of Harry J. Potter" on his toothpaste—so he left it alone and hurried back to the kitchen. The shirtless man still leaned against the counter, but he seemed more composed. Even slightly mussed, he still looked better than Harry could have managed, especially under those circumstances.

"I'm back," Harry purred. "Did you miss me?"

"Terribly."

The word was inflaming and Harry strode forward to practically throw himself on his doppelganger. The pause might as well not have happened, for within moments Harry was back in a state of almost-painful arousal.

"Bedroom," Harry murmured.

"Yes. Merlin, yes."

He was never certain how they actually made it to the bedroom, but he was damned sure they never stopped kissing even for a moment. He might have Apparated them there, for all he remembered. They stood next to the bed pulling at each other's clothing. Harry had the advantage because the other Harry had never bothered to put his shirt back on before they left the party. Strong hands gripped his hips and rubbed their erections together before the fly on the pseudo-leather pants was pulled and then those hands slipped inside to cup Harry's arse.

"What a nice arse," the man commented.

"Malfoy is gorgeous, isn't he?" Harry said appreciatively, closing his eyes to block out his own face and concentrate on the object of his usual fantasies.

"Is that why you chose him?" the man asked while nudging Harry's feet apart before sliding a hand between Harry's arse cheeks to fondle his testicles. Harry groaned and thrust forward, grinding his cock into the delicious hardness.

"Partly," Harry admitted. "What about you? Why Potter?"

"I've wanted him forever. I decided this was the next best thing."

Harry pulled back in surprise to meet honest green eyes. He wondered where the spectacles had gone and vaguely remembered snatching them off and tossing them somewhere. Before he could respond, the other hand moved around to the front and clenched around Harry's hard length. He had to bite his lip to keep from coming right then.

"Going to pound you into the mattress, lover," Harry heard. He inhaled sharply.

"Oh no," he said and gasped when the hand twisted quite deliciously. "Malfoys don't bottom." Of course, that was an assumption on Harry's part, especially since he had envisioned fucking the blond into any available surface time and again, but he had steeped himself in Malfoy's personality and could not seem to shake it.

The man snorted, a sound that was familiar enough to cause a tickle of memory. He grasped at it, but the next comment derailed his thoughts. "You certainly don't expect the Savior of the Wizarding World to lie back and take it, do you?"

"But you're not Harry Potter," he said in annoyance.

"How do you know for certain? I might very well be."

Harry resisted the urge to explain. Instead, he began his own torment by touch, stroking erogenous zones that only he was familiar with. The man groaned and Harry took the opportunity to tumble them onto the bed. He shook off the last of his clothing as he did so. A brief wrestling match ensued, punctuated by kisses, nibbles, and finally bites, but neither seemed willing to give in. The fake Harry's body was stronger, but the Malfoy form Harry wore was quicker. They halted finally, at an impasse, breathing hard.

"Look, this is ridiculous. We both want each other, right?" Harry asked reasonably.

"I think that's more than obvious." Even through the struggle, their erections had not diminished. If anything, the battle for dominance only made Harry harder. The idea of subduing the stubborn man seemed to inflame him.

"Then we'll just take turns. Possibly more than once. Let's toss a coin to see who tops first."

"All right," the other agreed.

Harry Summoned a coin from his trouser pocket and flipped it.

"Tails," the other Harry called with a smirk.

Harry snatched the coin from the air and slapped it on his arm before uncovering it. "Heads," he said and returned his best Malfoy smirk.

"Fuck."

"That's the idea," Harry purred.

Without further resistance, the other Harry lay back against the pillows with a sigh. Harry sat back for a moment and cocked his head. He had never thought of himself as particularly attractive, but sprawled out on the bed looking disheveled and wanton… well, he had to admit he was decently hot. He Summoned lube from the side table drawer and gently prepared his new lover. He felt a thrill of satisfaction that he knew exactly what to do to make it good for the man—no one knew Harry's body like he did.

"Get on with it," the man groaned after Harry inserted a third finger. The man made panting, needy noises that drove Harry half-mad with desire. He almost lost it when his fingers were nearly buried by a quick thrust of hips. Harry obediently withdrew his digits and gently slid home his cock.

The man did not seem eager for gentleness. He thrust forward again, impaling Harry deeper.

"Merlin," Harry breathed. "Fuck, stop or I'll come right now."

"You come right now and I'll kill you," the man warned. Harry chuckled.

"That's not very Potter-like," he admonished.

"I'm Harry Potter tonight, so I get to decide what is and what is not Potter-like. Now, fuck me harder or get off and let me show you how it's done."

Harry set his jaw and rose to the challenge. Malfoy had an exquisite cock, a bit longer than Harry's own, to be truthful, and he used it to his best advantage, hammering into the body beneath his and thrilling at the building crescendo of bliss. The man was far wilder than Harry had ever been, throwing himself into every thrust and gripping the bars of the headboard for leverage. The bed screeched in protest with every violent movement. He was also more vocal.

"Yes, yes, bloody hell, faster, Merlin, fuck!"

Harry's murmured endearments were lost in the litany of erotic words spilling from the mouth of his partner, silenced only when their lips locked to send tongues battling for yet another form of dominance. It was hot, wet, and incredible.

With a final loud shout, Harry's lover gripped his arse so tightly he was certain there would be bruises regardless of whose form he wore, and then he forgot that completely when delicious shudders shook the man beneath him and sent hot liquid between them. Harry quivered and allowed his own release to explode through him. It seemed to go on forever—he had never experienced anything like it.

He lay bonelessly on the man for so long he thought he might never move again, but his lover did not seem to mind, judging by the hands that trailed slowly over his back in delicate circles.

"Wow," Harry managed.

"Good?"

"Better than knowing Voldemort is never coming back," he said with a chuckle. He felt the body beneath him stiffen suddenly and he pulled away. "Sorry. It was… better than anything. You're amazing."

The man pulled away and drew his legs up beneath his chin. His gaze was haunted for a moment before he Summoned his wand to cast a Cleaning Charm. Harry felt suddenly awkward, wondering if he had said something wrong.

"Harry Potter is amazing, you mean."

Harry shook his head. "I don't think so. You're not like him. I mean, you are on the outside right now, but I think it's the person inside I'd like to get to know."

The man shook his head and rolled off the bed. He dressed quickly. Harry floundered for something to say, feeling suddenly lost. The man looked around, seemingly searching for something. He said, "You don't know what you're saying. I think you're better off not knowing me at all."

Harry swallowed and picked up his own wand to cast a similar Charm. He tugged on his pants and sat on the edge of the bed. The man sighed and seemed to give up his search. Harry wondered what he was looking for. "I don't understand," he said in frustration.

The man snorted a laugh. "Don't worry about it." He sighed and walked over to stand before Harry. A smile quirked the lips that were a mirror of Harry's own. "For what it's worth, you were amazing. Top drawer." He leaned down and placed a soft kiss on Harry's lips, teasing with tongue and teeth for a long minute. Harry wrapped his arms around the man's waist as he pulled away.

"Please don't go," he begged.

The man sighed and then gently detached Harry's hands before stepping back and away. "Goodbye, Harry."

With a sharp crack, the man Disapparated.

xxxXxxx

Harry stormed into Fred's bedroom without preamble. George's room had been empty. One of the twins was sprawled across the foot of the bed, completely naked, and a dark-skinned feminine back was visible beneath the partial covering of a blanket. Two other suspicious lumps showed beneath the covers.

"All right. Where is the damned list?" Harry demanded.

The red head rose and blinked at him. "Whassit?"

"The list. I need to know who came to the party as me last night and I need to know right now." He had barely waited until the potion's effects had dissipated before Apparating to Weasley's Wizard Wheezes and dismantling the wards.

"Harry. Look, Fred. Harry's here. Should have come earlier, mate. Would have been even funner with three Harrys."

The girl giggled, but made no move to rise. The blankets flipped back, exposing her even more as another head rose from the bed.

"Harry. Fancy you being here at this ludicrous hour. I'm assuming it's a ludicrous hour. George, it's a ludicrous hour, innit?"

"Yeah. You know how Harry is when he has a bee up his arse. It's probably not even noon."

Harry rubbed at a blooming headache. "I'll leave the instant I get my hands on that list. I'll even replace your wards."

"You're an evil man, Harry Potter."

"But very sexy," the woman chuckled. Fred's hand came down on her pert arse with a loud smack.

George rolled off the bed. "All right, I'll get the damned list before Angelina jumps him."

"You didn't mind it last night," she said teasingly.

"That's when we were him!"

George did not bother with clothing as he tromped down the hall and then down the narrow stairs to the office behind the store. He rooted around in a desk and pulled out a strongbox. "Erm… I forgot my wand."

Harry cast a few spells and the box popped open. George glared at him. "You're a damned showoff sometimes, you know that?"

Harry held out his hand and George rolled his eyes before dropping a rolled up parchment into it.

"Happy now? Enjoy tracking down the culprits. Remind them, though, no refunds. Don't forget those wards. We're closed today. Don't want anyone else disturbing us."

With that, the naked Weasley tromped back up the stairs. Harry barely waited until he was gone before skimming the list of people that had purchased one of Harry's hairs. Partway down the list, a name jumped out at him. He sat heavily in the hard chair behind the desk and stared at it until the name blurred. It couldn't be.

Draco Malfoy.

xxxXxxx

Harry paced his flat for nearly an hour, debating. He thought about sending an owl, but knew it would be rejected. He considered Apparating to Malfoy Manor, but pictured himself standing outside the gates begging admittance and being ignored. He could probably have broken through the wards, but then Malfoy would likely have him arrested.

Over and over again, he asked himself why Malfoy had done it. Why him? Was it a colossal joke? Would it be so amusing to fuck Harry Potter with his own body? And what had he thought of Harry Polyjuicing as him? He had to have known. *Goodbye, Harry*, he had said.

After making and discarding dozens of plots, Harry finally hit upon something he thought might work. He quickly Apparated to Diagon Alley and hired a nondescript owl to send a message to the elusive Malfoy.

Draco,

Thank you for your recent purchase of one hair, courtesy H. J. Potter. Please note that the secondary charges have now come due. Please remit 128 Galleons as soon as possible. For questions concerning your bill, please feel free to contact us at the location of our most recent party, as we will be setting the place to rights for several days following.

Fred and George Weasley

Harry waited at the bar and surveyed the room. The place was immaculate, thanks to a crack team of house-elves hired by the twins to clean up after every party, a fact Harry doubted Malfoy knew. The twins always reserved the place for an extra day, just in case the party spilled into daylight hours, something that had happened more than once.

Just as Harry checked the time, the front door banged open.

"Where the hell are you, thieving bastards?" Malfoy bellowed. "What the fuck do you mean by 'secondary charges'? I'll give you secondary charges, you blackmailing sons of—" Malfoy's words trailed off when he walked into the room and saw Harry. The silver eyes widened, confirming Harry's suspicions.

"Malfoy," he said quietly and levered himself away from the bar to approach the suddenly silent blond. His eyes slid appreciatively over the slender form, so much better than he had looked even in Harry's mirror at home. He saw panic flicker across the handsome face for only an instant before the impassive Malfoy features returned.

"Potter," he said finally.

Harry did not stop his forward trek until he stood close enough to see the flecks of dark grey mixed with the light in the silver eyes.

"Like my new spectacles?" Harry asked. He had found the silver frames in the living room and finally figured out what his guest had sought before fleeing the night before. Harry had commandeered them.

"They look… fine," Malfoy said without a hint of his usual sarcasm. The pulse in his throat jumped slightly and Harry reached up to touch it. The blond stopped breathing and his eyes grew even wider.

"Merlin," Harry groaned and slid his hand behind Malfoy's neck to drag him forward into a kiss. The Slytherin stiffened for only an instant and then his hands clenched into Harry's robes and held him closer. The kiss was remarkably similar, and yet different, from those exchanged the night before. *Better*, was the only word that came to mind.

"The Weasleys' aren't here, are they?" Malfoy asked when they broke apart for air.

Harry did not release his hold. He'd be damned if he would let Malfoy escape again. He shook his head. "Sorry, that was a trick, borrowed from my inner Slytherin. I needed to see you."

"I'm almost impressed, Potter."

Harry leaned forward to taste the pale throat, delighting at the tremble he felt shudder through Malfoy. He felt awed that the blond actually wanted him—apparently the Polyjuice had not been some cruel joke. "How did you know it was me?"

"When you said the Dark Lord's name," Malfoy admitted. "No one ever used it so casually, except for you."

"Mmmm," Harry agreed and kissed him again. He trailed one hand down the slender back and was rewarded when Malfoy's pelvis moved over his, brushing Harry's obvious hardness. Merlin, just the sight of him had sent the blood rushing to his nether parts, filled with remembrance of the night past. "Why did you Polyjuice as me?"

"I told you last night."

Harry froze, nearly overcome. *I've wanted him forever*, Malfoy had said.

"And me?" Malfoy asked. "Why me?"

"For the same reason. Every day for as long as I can remember," Harry replied. "No matter who I was with, it was always you."

"Fuck, Potter," Malfoy said thickly.

"Yes, it is your turn," Harry said seductively and laughed before capturing those luscious lips once more.