

# zin

*by dracontia*

Luna Lovegood is experimenting. Draco Malfoy picks a hell of a time to interrupt. If you crave profundity, this will not satisfy, but if you'd like a little whine with your cheese, you've come to the right place. Completely AU—because it's fun that way!

## Prologue: Experimental... Emphasis on 'mental.'

*Chapter 1 of 5*

Luna Lovegood is experimenting. Draco Malfoy picks a hell of a time to interrupt. If you crave profundity, this will not satisfy, but if you'd like a little whine with your cheese, you've come to the right place. Completely AU—because it's fun that way!

Disclaimer: These characters are the possessions of one J.K. Rowling, who gets to make money off them. Whereas I only get reviews off them—and in my company, the characters get off. Sounds like a working system to me.

"Only those who attempt the absurd...will achieve the impossible. I think...I think it's in my basement... Let me go upstairs and check."

-M. C. Escher

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When Luna Lovegood saw that Draco Malfoy had pushed through the door to the unused classroom at a crucial moment in her experiment, she responded no differently than she would have had anyone else interrupted.

She smiled slightly. She gazed at the approximate vicinity of his feet. She said, quite pleasantly, "You might not want to stand there."

Likewise, Draco behaved no differently than he would have had he encountered anyone else making unauthorized use of an empty classroom. Though, he was rather in a hurry, so he delivered the edited version of his, 'In case you've forgotten during the year that the school was closed, prefects can deduct points' routine.

"Lovegood, isn't it? Right. Let's see, five points from Ravenclaw for—"

"Of course, if you did stand there, you could be part of the experiment. That could prove very interesting. Although, I'm still curious about the broom's point-of-view."

"What are you on about, Lovegood? Take that cauldron off the fire immediately. You've already lost points for unauthorized use of an empty classroom; would you like to add disrespecting a prefect to your list of infractions?" Draco sneered. "Oh, I think you would! Another five... no, ten points."

Luna blinked at him thoughtfully and gave the cauldron a final stir. "You would look much nicer if you would smile instead of sneering. I suppose the smirk is all right, as far as it goes, but a smile would be lovely. We shall have to try that."

It was almost as if each of them was lost in their own little world. Draco continued to lord it over his oblivious victim even as she continued her experiment, unbothered by his monologue.

"Wait... this is **Potter's** Firebolt. I wonder if he knows that you have it? No... I would have to imagine that he doesn't. Let's see, is theft of a fellow student's property

punishable by expulsion?" Draco rolled the broomstick between his hands, contemplating it with an unholy gleam in his eyes. He noted some sort of foreign substance on it, slightly oily though not exactly unpleasant to the touch. With that as evidence, he could probably sabotage the thing and successfully blame it on Lovegood. Could the afternoon get any better?

Luna waved away the flame under her cauldron, dipped out a dose of the slightly oily substance, and stood in a circle drawn on the stones directly opposite the one Malfoy was occupying. She tilted her head, considering... then bent to change two of the chalk marks within the circle.

"That should do it. I imagine this will work just as well with a person as with a broom. It might even be better. At least, it will if you've absorbed enough of the Receptive Solution into your skin by touching the broom handle. I'll satisfy my curiosity about charmed objects some other time."

"Lovegood, I have no idea what this farce is about, but you're looking at det—"

Luna downed her potion, raised her wand, and uttered the incantation in a serene tone of voice.

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Author's Note:

The use of an epigraph for this work is probably presumptuous. The choice of an Escher quote for the epigraph will, I hope, be justified by subsequent events. Stay tuned.

# 1: Double, Double

Chapter 2 of 5

Luna, Draco. Draco, Luna. Literally.

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Disclaimer: All I get out of this are reviews...and the occasional report of aspirating food substances. Please, set aside your bikkies until the fic is over, for safety reasons. This message has been approved by OSHA. This fic has not been approved by the owners of these characters.

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Draco felt as if he were underwater, floating somewhere behind his own eyes. Lovegood was nowhere to be seen. He tried to turn to look for her, but his neck refused to move. He started to speak...something along the lines of "What the fuck?" came to mind...but not only did nothing come out of his mouth, his mouth didn't even move.

"Oh, this **is** interesting. I've never been this tall before."

*Who said that? And why do they sound like... me?*

"Hi, Draco! It looks like my experiment worked! I'm inside you now! Well, my mind is in your brain, however that works. I wonder where my body is?" She didn't sound terribly concerned.

*You're... inside... me?*

"Yes, isn't it fascinating?" She drew **his** wand and began Summoning her various tools and ingredients, tidying up the space. "I like your wand, though I have to admit, it's a bit awkward for me. Hawthorne, right? What sort of core does it have?"

*Help! Help! I've been violated by a mad witch! I'm being held prisoner in my own mind! Somebody, HELP!*

Lovegood continued the process of packing her equipment and making notes, wobbling unsteadily in the unfamiliar frame. "Oops!" Draco had the hideous sensation of falling without being able to react in any way, shape, or form.

*Aaaaah!*

"How do you sort out these legs? I mean, you're not terribly tall for a boy, but they're still longer than mine. It's a bit like wearing high heels without standing on tiptoes."

*Lovegood! You need to find your body, vacate mine, and start groveling! Otherwise, your great-great grandchildren will still be trying...and failing...to make up the point deficit for Ravenclaw!*

"You sounded almost like Professor Snape for a moment." She giggled. She actually had the audacity to use *his* vocal cords to *giggle!*

*This isn't funny! I'm going to find Snape, and he'll sort this out. Then, you will be EXCEEDINGLY sorry.*The problem with that plan was that Draco had absolutely no control over his own limbs. Although, somewhat to his chagrin, he could feel what was happening to him, and his backside was sore from landing on stone. To say nothing of cold.

"No, not just yet. Besides, you would probably need to consult Professors Snape, Flitwick, and Vector...my Switching Procedure incorporates Potions, Charms, and Arithmancy." He could feel waves of quiet happiness and a placid sense of accomplishment wash over him. He realized that they were hers and felt vaguely nauseated.

*You can't seriously have wanted to be a broom?*

"Not permanently. My experiment was set for five minutes, just so I could find out if I could control the broom with my own consciousness and determine if I could feel any sensations. Of course, the time limit might not apply precisely anymore. I may not have **quite** worked through all of the Arithmantic variables in my head when you volunteered to stand in for the broom."

*Volunteered?!*

"Were you going anywhere in particular before you decided to stop in and participate in my experiment?" Thankfully, Lovegood had decided to stand, tired of getting their (currently collective) arse frozen off.

*If you must know, I was on my way to the loo when I was kidnapped by your hare-brained 'experiment!'*

"Hmm. Now that you mention it, this is rather uncomfortable. We mustn't let this wait any longer...that could be embarrassing."

She started to amble out the door, absently trailing Potter's Firebolt behind... them. Coming up with pronouns to deal with this situation was making Draco's mind hurt.

"Since we're both here, I think that first person plural works nicely."

*What are you talking about? No, wait...what are you doing?*

"I was talking about the pronouns. As to what I'm doing, I've always been curious to know what it's like to pee standing up."

*NO! You can't go in there!*

"Why not? You're a boy." Lovegood blithely pushed the door to the boy's bathroom open and carefully propped the broom up in a corner. Draco's relief that there were no witnesses to this peculiar conversation was tempered by the fact that someone not himself was about to open his trousers, entirely without his permission.

*But you're not! And you're not...oh no, you're not! No looking at...at me! Don't you dare!*

"But we have to go."

*Stop talking when there's no one around. People are going to think I'm crazy!*

"There really isn't anyone around except for you and me. Who's going to hear? Besides, people always think I'm crazy."

*I'M NOT YOU!*

She continued as if she hadn't heard him. "You get used to it. And it helps to sort out who your real friends are."

Draco ranted incoherently for a bit just because it was all he could do.

***I didn't mean to upset you. I'll keep quiet, if it makes you happy.***

*What would make me happy is having my body back!*

***Doesn't it get lonely in here?***

*No. I always thought a certain amount of solitude was desirable, especially when urinating. Hey! Stop looking!*

***I don't think I can aim without looking. Can I?***

*Oh, God. This is wretched.*

***Not really. I mean, it is sort of funny looking, but it's a nice handy size. I imagine that it's terribly convenient for travel and the like.***

*Lovegood, I'm sure that this information will be of limited use to you... But I feel compelled to point out that telling a man his penis is a 'nice' size goes over about as well as telling a girl she has a 'good personality.'*

***Oh.***

Draco had the distinct feeling that his body was standing slack-jawed in front of a urinal, exposed and uncommonly dim-looking.

***How would you describe it, then? I thought 'nice' was one of the better adjectives. Otherwise, it's sort of... squishy... and it almost looks as if it's trying to hide in that sleeve sort of thing...what's that called again?***

*I...we...NO. We are NOT discussing my penis! Which you are handling entirely too much, I might add!*

***But it feels sort of nice.***

Draco reckoned that his eyes had never been fixed on **any** portion of his anatomy...or anyone else's...for such an unholy amount of time. Did the girl not know how to blink?

*Put. It. Back. NOW.*

***All right. But... why is it doing that?***

*It's not doing anything. You imagined it.*

***No, look! It did it again!***

If anyone walked in now, Draco was done for. This would be public humiliation on a scale heretofore unimagined by any Hogwarts student. Goodbye, Amazing Bouncing Ferret; hello, Amazing Bouncing...

*Put it back! And stop looking!*

***Hmm. All I was thinking about was Harry and his broom and...oh, there it goes again!***

*Lovegood, I swear, if anyone finds out about this, I'll kill you. Using Crucio. Over the course of several days.*

***Hey, this is cool! I can tell what you're thinking! Yes, Harry does look really good on his broom, doesn't he? So athletic... really rather graceful with his hair whipping in the wind...***

...

***Wow, it's not only up, it's much bigger now. You're right. 'Nice' wasn't quite adequate. It's definitely not 'squishy' anymore, either.***

...

***Draco? Are you crying? Why are you crying? What's wrong?***

*Please, Lovegood. Think of Filch and that ugly cat of his.*

***OK. But why? Oops. Down it went.***

Thank God. Draco sighed internally. It wasn't very satisfying, but it was all he could do at the moment.

**Filch is sort of gross. Can we think of Harry again? I like Harry. It was nice seeing him from your perspective.**

No!

**There it goes again.**

Lovegood! It isn't a yo-yo! STOP PLAYING WITH IT!

**I'm not playing. I'm just thinking. Or is that how you play with it? If so, boys have a far richer interior life than I would have imagined.**

We are not having this discussion. How would you like it if we were in your body, and I just started playing with... things?

She continued washing his hands, intent on the unfamiliar (to her) fingers. He could only glimpse his expression in the mirror, noting a very slight frown of thought. It was painfully annoying, not being able to control where his eyes went. Among other things.

**Well, I suppose it would depend on how good a job you did.**

...

**Draco?**

...

**Um... it's...**

Yes. I noticed.

**So, you like both boys and girls? That's interesting. I never really considered liking other girls before, but I suppose it would open up all sorts of possibilities. You actually have double...well, at least, more...options, since not all boys like other boys...**

She was drying his hands now, her actions as untroubled and methodical as if it were a regular thing to take over someone else's body and discuss alternative sexuality with her victim's conscious mind.

I think it would be better for my sanity if we didn't have this discussion.

**Then, there are girls who only like other girls...**

I can see why you're absolutely barking. I will be, too, shortly, if I don't get away from these thoughts. Expect to be Obliviated with extreme prejudice once I find a way to evict you from here.

**Why? If you really don't want anyone to know, I won't say anything.**

Well... All right, then.

**But that would sort of defeat the purpose, I mean, if you're trying to increase your odds of finding someone...**

Stop. Stop. STOP. You mental little COW. If I ever get my body back, I'll end up in the droolers' ward at St. Mungo's, and I'm taking you with me.

**Do you mean the Janus Thickey Ward? I've never seen anyone drooling in there.**

Draco thought that it wasn't very surprising that Looney Lovegood was familiar with the de facto looney bin. He declined to actually say so in hopes of avoiding further discussion on the topic.

Of course, he forgot the tiny detail that, at the moment, his thoughts were far from private.

**I don't think it's very nice to talk about the patients that way.**

Draco felt a funny shiver and sort of hated Lovegood. Why couldn't she just scold him, like a teacher (or like Granger)? That way he could ignore her. Why did she have to say it so gently, so matter-of-factly?

**It's not me. I think that's called 'guilt.' But really, if you feel that way, it's easy to fix. Just be a little nicer.**

I don't feel guilty.

**Being nice isn't that hard. You could start by smiling more.**

She walked over to the mirror and demonstrated. **You look really nice when you smile. You should try it more often.** She practiced several permutations of smiles, each time making his eyes wider and more incongruously guileless.

Lovegood, if McGonagall sees me looking like that, she'll put me in detention for a month for using controlled substances. Snape would put me in detention for that smile. And he would administer Veritaserum to find out what I was on. Or up to.

"But Harry seems to like it when I smile at him like that. He always smiles back, even when he's really sad." She drifted over to the corner where she'd left the Firebolt propped up. Draco wondered how the hell she moved like that, even as he objected to the return to audible dialogue.

Think it, don't say it!

**Speaking of thinking... what, exactly, is it that you're thinking about Harry?**

That's private!

**Something about him smiling... and his broom...**

Lovegood!

**Oh, WOW.**

*Kill me now.*

**I'm really impressed, Draco. I mean, that one's even better than some of mine. We should compare notes.**

*You... have fantasies... about Potter?*

**Oh, yes! Would you like to see?**

**NO!**

**It's just my mind, Draco. It's not the Forbidden Forest.**

*I think I'd rather be in the Forbidden Forest.*

**It's quite nice in the Forbidden Forest. At least, it is when the Centaurs are in a good mood.**

*Oh, it's lovely, I'm sure.*

For all her ability to hear his every thought, sarcasm seemed lost on Lovegood. **It is. See?**

The fantasy that Draco had very specifically requested NOT to see was put on view. With stunning clarity. Leaving him speechless. Thoughtless? He was getting confused.

Luna was...unfortunately...not speechless. **How do you make it through the day with your penis popping up and down like that all the time?**

*Luna, normally, I try to avoid having sexual fantasies quite all day long...*

**That must take a lot of self-control, considering some of those fantasies. Thank you for calling me Luna. Why the change?**

*I... just saw you... naked... with Potter ravishing you on a bed of moss and violets... while some very spooky trees seemed to actually be watching. I feel like we're more or less on first name terms at this point.*

**Oh. Okay!**

*Is it possible to die of embarrassment?*

**I don't know why you're embarrassed. I'm not embarrassed. The one with the broom was quite creative. And hot. I really liked it.**

*Lovegood...*

**The Quidditch robes were sexy. And sort of festive with all that red and green. I would never have thought to use the leather wrist guards that way.**

*Luna, I'm asking NICELY. You have no idea what an effort that is.*

**I think we need some privacy. Somewhere a little nicer than the toilet.**

She wandered off down the corridor. Between dealing with an unaccustomed bulge between unfamiliar legs and just being Luna, their progress was irregular, to say the least.

*Luna! You're walking like...people are going to think we're drunk! Do you know what Professor Snape does to Slytherins he suspects are drunk, in public, during school hours?*

**Well, yes. It's quite clear in your mind. That doesn't sound pleasant at all.**

*No shit.*

**The last classes of the day are finishing up. It's not likely he'll see us.**

*Damn! You made me miss... Hmm. Okay... I don't really care about missing Care of Magical Creatures.*

**Why not? Magical creatures are fascinating.**

*They're bloody dangerous.*

**That makes them even more interesting. You don't need to be so scared of everything, you know.**

*I'm not scared! Not, ah, of everything. What are you, a closet Gryffindor?*

**No. I just like it when things are interesting.**

*I hope I'm wrong about this... But you just thought of me as a magical creature, didn't you?*

**Yes, an Auricominus. It's a little bit like a cross between a Veela and a Unicorn. It might be easier to call it a Veelacorn, all things considered, but I don't name these things. It's sort of like a really pretty, cranky, Centaur.**

*I... Was that a compliment?*

**Sure. Why not.**

*I give myself ten more minutes, fifteen at the outside, before there's no hope for my return to sanity.*

**Here's a nice spot for privacy.**

*I don't want to know why we need privacy. At least, I'm fairly certain I don't.*

**You're probably right.**

Luna cast a Cushioning Charm in the space before the window, then added another against draughts. She sighed and stretched out in a patch of evening sunlight, resting the Firebolt against Draco's chest and pressing his cheek against the handle, inhaling the scent of broom polish.

*Hmm. Not bad wand work.* Draco had little hope of warding off what appeared to be inevitable at this point, but he had to try.

**Thank you.**

*I don't suppose I can talk you out of this.*

**Out of what?** She was already caressing the length of the broom affectionately, almost as if playing some sort of musical instrument.

Draco felt some small sense of relief when she closed his eyes. Sharing a brain with Luna was quite enough to drive him mad. The sight of his fingers all over the wood that spent so much time between Potter's legs... Well, that was almost certainly...

"This is the most disturbing thing I've ever seen. And that's really saying something, considering."

*Oh, no. Please, no.*

*Fuck.*

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Up next: Chapter 2... "Trouble." Dear SeverusLovesUs is wading through a sea of ellipses to make it fit for posting even as we speak. :D

## 2: Trouble

*Chapter 3 of 5*

Enter Harry.

Disclaimer: Characters and setting are property of J.K. Rowling. I make no profit from their misuse, except for a lovely collection of reviews.

WARNING: It's not that long a chapter. You can have your lunch after. It's safer that way.

Part 2: Trouble

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"What's disturbing, Harry?"

"Malfoy... you're hiding in an alcove...**cuddling**...my broom. I can't think of any other word**but** 'disturbing.'"

Luna opened Draco's eyes to find Potter practically looming over them. There was something slightly dominant, slightly scary, and agonizingly sexy about the pose. But Potter's expression was the kicker.

"You're right. That's a very fetching look...half confused, half furious. I never thought of it that way."

Draco wished for his body back. Barring that, he wished that Luna couldn't hear his thoughts. At the very minimum, he wished that she would choose not to respond to them verbally.

"Hand it over, NOW. You're creeping me out touching it like that."

Luna stood up somewhat reluctantly...and uncomfortably since they'd never done anything about that erection. Draco had such mixed feelings about this he couldn't even begin to make sense of them. They both jumped slightly when Potter's hand snaked out and snagged the broom handle. One of Draco's hands tightened reflexively, not quite letting go. The other, apparently under Luna's conscious control rather than operating by reflex, fluttered down to rest on Potter's hand.

Potter practically jumped. "Malfoy! What the..."

"You have an ink stain on your thumb, Harry." Luna rubbed at it absently. The ink was still tacky, just dry enough that only a faint smudge marred Draco's manicure. He groaned anyway. It seemed the thing to do...on several levels.

Potter pulled clear, backing towards the wall slightly. He looked uncertain. "We weren't on a first name basis last I checked."

***Draco, how can you stand this level of hostility? You poor thing... I haven't felt this much suffering since I fell into that patch of hybrid Extra-Spiny Mimbulus mimbletonia. Though, I can see why you've been annoying him for seven years. He's so cute when he's irritated and confused!***

*Did you just 'squee?'*

**Maybe.**

*Whatever you're thinking...and I can't quite tell, even sharing the same brain with you...don't. Just don't.*

**I promise you'll like this.**

"Why can't we be?"

"Why can't we be what?"

"On a first name basis. I think that would be lovely, Harry."

"Have you been drinking? Inhaling Potions fumes? Spending a little too much time with the broom polish, maybe?"

Since discussing this with Luna was utterly useless, Draco gave a hysterical laugh at Potter's half-sarcastic, half honestly bewildered tone.

"Speaking of broom polish, there's a very slight oily residue on your broom that you might want to deal with."

Potter darted a suspicious glance at his broom handle. He rubbed the area in question... his strong, squarish hand gripping and stroking firmly...

*Luna, you need to stop looking. For both our sakes.*

***But... but...***

*In case you haven't noticed, talking about oily brooms is NOT the way to get rid of our not-so-little problem.*

Unfortunately, this just seemed to fuel the Uncensored Lovegood Mouth. "Brooms are sort of sexual, aren't they?"

*You're going to get us KILLED!*

Potter looked at Draco with something akin to worry although there were still significant amounts of 'confused' and 'pissed off' in the expression. "You must've been hit with some sort of hex. What was it? A bad Confundus? Maybe a Confundus and something else?"

*Yes! Potter, the hero, to the rescue! He's giving us an out. Take it, and let's get to Madam Pomfrey so she can put us back where we belong!*

"I mean, they're long... phallic..."

"You can just forget about trying to get me to discuss sex with you so that you can use it against me somehow. If you think I'd fall for that, you're completely barmy."

*Not quite, but I'm getting there.*

"I'm afraid I don't really have much to discuss when it comes to sex. But we could fix that! I always thought it would be really nice if you would be my first," Luna said with a soft sigh.

Of course, the words came out of Draco's mouth.

"WHAT?"

*WHAT?*

"M...Malfoy! Seriously, um, we need to get you to Madam Pomfrey!"

Luna kept smiling. Harry's eyes widened until it looked as if they might pop out of his head. If Draco had been watching this happen to someone else, it would have been funny.

"It was a potion, right? Come on...I mean, you hate me!"

Draco's till-then-untroubled-brow furrowed slightly. "No... that's not quite right. I don't hate you. I hate that you get so much attention. I'm unhappy that you like Ron and Hermione better than you like me. And of course, I'm jealous that all the girls and boys want you."

If Draco weren't on the verge of expiring from sheer mortification, he would have been convulsed with hysterics at how pale Potter went just before backpedaling straight into a stone wall which contacted the back of his head with a satisfying 'thunk.'

"But I've always thought that you were... really interesting. Even before I knew who you were, you know? I mean, look at your eyes..." Luna trailed off to do just that, languidly lifting one of Draco's slender hands to brush Harry's fringe aside for a better look. "Such a pretty green," she singsonged to herself.

*He wasn't supposed to know any of that!*

"Malfoy," Harry said, a little weakly.

Perhaps he was still dazed from hitting his head. Maybe Draco would be lucky and Potter would forget everything that had just been said.

"Hospital wing. Need to get you there, now. REALLY important, especially after all that," Potter breathed, sounding ever so slightly panicked. He was probably worried that whatever was making Draco into an utter barmcake was contagious.

Well, there went the hope of memory loss. *Die, Lovegood, die!*

Luna wasn't paying the least bit of attention to the hysterical monologue taking place in her hijacked brain. Instead, she was closing in on Harry slowly, head tilted to one side, expression still soft and faraway. Potter attempted to melt into the stonework. "Hmm. I'm a little taller than you are. This should be interesting." And she kissed him.

Draco was rather disappointed when the mental shriek he emitted didn't faze the loony one in the slightest. He figured it could have shattered Potter's godawful glasses had it been audible.

"Draco?" Harry's voice was bewildered. Draco could feel Potter's hands, a little dry, one finger still sticky with that damned ink, cradle his face. It was so bloody wrong for Potter to be this gentle...wait, no, it was just bloody wrong...period. Especially since he could feel Luna shaping Draco's face into a pretty, guileless come-hither smile that Potter clearly didn't have the willpower to resist.

*Lovegood! No! For God's sake, if you're going to let Potter kiss us, hold your ground! Don't let him push us against the wall!*

*Nononono! Don't get tongue inv...oh... Oh! Um...*

...

*C-carry on.*

What Luna insisted on trying to 'carry on' was a conversation with Draco. Draco found this painfully annoying considering that he'd finally got to the point where he was perfectly content to just stand there and let Harry keep snogging them.

***So, you've only kissed Pansy three times, and you thought she had all the passion of a dead fish?***

*Something like that.*

**Harry's a bit of an improvement, isn't he?**

...

**Draco?**

Mmm...

**You're right. Conversation doesn't enhance the experience.**

Conversation definitely did not enhance the experience. 'Snogging' was no longer an adequate descriptor. Harry was debauching the inside of Draco's mouth with his tongue. His (surprisingly gentle) hands hadn't drifted below Draco's ears, yet there was a very real possibility that this would lead to orgasm with no appreciable friction between genitals whatsoever. Which was both incredibly sexy and rather disappointing.

*Luna! We've got to stop, or we'll have a serious mess on our... well, not hands, but...*

**That doesn't sound nice at all.**

"Wait."

Luna whimpered. Draco echoed the sentiment even though they had just agreed that a pause was called for in the interest of maintaining clean pants.

"Too close... Don't want to...here." Harry was flushed, completely out of breath, and whatever he saw in Draco's expression had his eyes wide and sparkling behind smudged glasses. "Amazing... can't believe you'd fancy...didn't know you were gay."

"Opportunistic... is... more like it."

Harry chuckled against Draco's shoulder, apparently trying to compose himself. "So that's what it's called. I thought it was bi-curious."

"Is that what you are?"

"Er... Well, Ginny and I did some experimenting. We figured out that there were some things we wanted to try that we couldn't try with each other."

*Experimenting? Why, you kinky little slut. Who would have guessed it of Gryffindors?*

"Really? How kinky?"

"Um...what? Who said anything about 'kinky?'" Harry looked a little taken aback.

"It's sort of a long story. But I don't think that it's terribly surprising...I mean, that you want to experiment. Experiments are a wonderful way to gain knowledge. And of course, I imagine Gryffindors are supposed to be brave...even in bed. Right?"

Harry was blinking with the effort of keeping up with the logic, such as it was. Draco sympathized. "Are you sure you're all right, Draco? Not that I'm complaining...about the snog and the change of, erm, attitude...but you don't quite sound like yourself."

*No shit, Potter.*

"In some ways I think I might be more myself than I've ever been. I'm definitely more aware of certain feelings." She pressed against Harry again, eliciting three simultaneous groans (two of them audible).

"Hold that thought," Harry gasped, pulling away. "Or better yet, think of Filch for a moment." He turned to open the window. "It, uh, helps stop...you know."

"What a coincidence," Luna said breathlessly.

Draco laughed. How much was amusement and how much was hysterics he refused to analyze.

"Harry, why are you opening the window?"

Harry twiddled his broom between his hands, blushing and looking exceptionally (if a little clumsily) gallant. Both Luna and Draco determinedly thought of Filch to quell the resulting uprising. "It's... er... that is, um...ifyouwantme...and it's yourfirsttimeandall, it should be... really special. I mean, if you still want to do this. If you'd rather wait until we..."

*Are you mad? Stop waffling, Potter, and get to the part where we shag!*

"Until we what? I mean, I wouldn't object to dating, but it's not as if we don't even know each other."

"I wonder," Harry murmured with a shake of his head. He got on the broom (rather decisively) and gestured behind himself. "Hop on."

All thoughts of Filch promptly evaporated, leaving behind the beginnings of previous problem.

*Ohmygod... Are we getting ourselves in for kinky broom sex?*

**I sure hope so.**

Luna climbed on carefully, eliciting a reassuring glance from Harry. "Don't be nervous. It'll be all right."

Draco reconsidered thinking derogatory thoughts at Potter for mistaking possession for nervousness. After all, the former was not exactly an everyday occurrence...even in the Wizarding world.

Luna let out an undignified little squeak as they took off.

*You're acting as if you've never been on a broom before! Get a grip, witch!*

**How's this?**

Draco was particularly pleased with where Luna chose to get said grip. Harry, given the circumstances, was not.

"Draco! I need to steer!"

*Don't listen to him, Luna. He's brilliant on a broom. He can manage with a little distraction.*



**As if I would stop...**

"Eep!"

"I told you I need to concentrate!"

*Okay, maybe we should stick to above the waist.*

**Right.**

They reached a window on the seventh floor without further incident, and Harry landed safely inside. There was a little awkwardness getting the broom untangled from their legs, but then they were kissing again. Draco would have protested at how Luna was practically melting all over Harry except that he could feel how the kiss was effectively reducing him to the consistency of marshmallow fluff (with the exception of one key body part).

Too soon, Harry broke it off. "Come on," he whispered, twining his fingers with Draco's. He led them to an all-too-familiar section of the wall. "You pick what the room will be like."

Comprehension dawned for Draco about the same time as Luna began imagining her 'tryst in the forest' fantasy.

*Luna...please, let me handle this! What's Harry going to think of me if it looks like I want to be shagged on a bed of flowers?*

**That you're very romantic?**

*Luna!*

**Okay, the Quidditch one was pretty hot. I'm not sure how the room would manage the trees, in any event.**

*Thank you.*

After a few turns in front of the wall, the door obligingly appeared.

Draco's first impression was resigned dismay. The Quidditch uniforms were definitely there... as was a bed with tree-like posts and moss-green sheets edged in little purple flowers. The air smelled of a curious blend of broom polish and violets. The Quidditch changing rooms were a strange hybrid of their uninspiring brick reality and what appeared to be a dry waterfall.

*Oh, this is just brilliant.*

**Definitely.**

*Sarcasm is lost on you, isn't it?*

Harry interrupted whatever Luna might have thought in reply with a brilliant smile. Draco immediately forgave her any irregularities with the setting. He almost forgave her the whole body-napping thing, without which this wouldn't be happening, but he had yet to shag. He would consider it afterwards...when, presumably, his mood would be much improved.

"So, what did you have in mind?" Harry lifted one of Draco's hands to his lips, gently nibbling on long fingers as he waited for the answer.

Apparently, it was possible for Luna's brain to disconnect even further. Draco would have been impressed, were he not in the position of suffering the effects. "Anything."

*Luna! Quidditch gear...showers...broom...is any of this ringing a bell?*

"Just take me, Harry," Luna breathed, backing towards the bed.

*No! Do you have any idea what that means?*

**Offhand, I'd say that it means he has GREAT hands.**

"Oh, Draco... Gorgeous, just gorgeous. Good enough to eat." Harry backed up his breathless remarks with some very determined snacking on Draco's neck.

Luna glanced down the body she was currently occupying and smiled. "I am, aren't I?"

Harry's laugh interrupted the very interesting thing he'd been doing with his tongue and Draco's collarbone. "You've no idea how glad I am to hear that. I was beginning to worry you'd had a complete personality transplant or something."

*You were right the first time, Potter. Wait...you were worried that I wasn't acting my usual self?*

**Food for thought, isn't it?**

She docilely lay back on the bed, letting her gaze drift between Harry's rapidly emerging skin and Draco's erection, which was once again bouncing enthusiastically. And doing something else, as well.

**Is it supposed to leak like that?**

Explaining pre-cum was the last thing on Draco's mind, somewhere well below terror at the anticipation of pain, ego-boosting arousal at the hungry, lustful eyes Potter was raking over his body, some as-yet unidentifiable emotion at the fact that Harry had (albeit not in so many words) said that he was interested in Draco, personality and all, and embarrassment at being mistaken for the biggest, ponciest bottom of all time.

*Fucking hell, Luna! There's no way to put this delicately...it hurts to take it up the arse, especially when you haven't done it before!*

"Oh," Luna said, blinking at Harry in an unfocused sort of way. "I... Could you be gentle, Harry? Since I haven't done this before?"

*You're making me sound like a girl!*

**What?**

*It's not 'Be gentle.' Guys say something more manly like... like, 'Go easy.'*

Luna declined to argue further, being lost in the flurry of butterfly-delicate kisses that Harry lavished over Draco's face and neck in response. "Of course. I promise I won't hurt you. I'll make it good for you, baby. God, if I'd known it would be like this, I'd have...I'd have done something."

Draco attempted to shrug off the resulting euphoric arousal and cling to his righteous indignation. *See...he's treating us like a girl!*

**No offense, but... sod off, Draco.**

"I trust you, Harry."

"Relax... I want this to last." He kissed Draco from shoulder to shoulder, reaching for something beside the bed with his free hand.

*Broom Polish?!*

For once Luna didn't see fit to embellish Draco's thought. "Broom Polish?"

"Trust me...it's quite the sensation." Harry's flush of arousal intensified several shades from embarrassment.

*Just what were you and the girl-Weasel up to, Potter?*

Draco couldn't help wanting to know what was going on behind those eyes. He focused as hard as he could and thought 'Legilimens.'

A kaleidoscope of images... all of Draco... sneering, at a variety of ages... scared ice-white in the Forbidden Forest, trying to put on false bravado that was in no way as cute as Potter seemed to think it was... running and screaming... with a bloody nose... in Quidditch robes that draped and flared in an entirely too flattering manner... in the Great Hall with sunlight gilding his hair... looking handsomely competent, if arrogant, in Potions class... trembling and wide-eyed under Harry, vulnerable in every way, including having his Legilimens turned back on him...or, as the case may be, them...

"What the FUCK is going on here?"

"It was an experiment, Harry. But we really want..."

Only by Apparating could Harry have put distance between them faster. He went from passionate lover to wand-wielding future Auror in nothing flat, and it was just the cherry on the crap sundae in terms of how Draco's day had been. Luna's almost painful optimism was all that stood between Draco and silent tears of frustration.

"Who'm I talking to? No games!"

"I'm doing the talking, Harry. But Draco is here. I guess he did the Legilimency since I don't know how."

"It's...this isn't Polyjuice, is it, Luna?"

*Oh, fuck it. Just... tell him to do whatever it is he has to do.*

"Draco and I are both here, Harry. See for yourself. He says it's okay."

"See for myself?"

"Use Legilimency. I can't stop you. I won't even try."

After considerable hesitation (and looking very much as if he expected to regret it), Harry accepted the invitation. *Legilimens.*

Images of Harry in a dazzling array of real-life situations, from the endearing to the unintentionally erotic... Draco confronting Luna in the classroom... the 'conversation' in the toilet... the broom encounter... a whirl of fantasies, some of them on the verge of being realized...

Harry closed his eyes, breaking the connection. He set his wand down on the bed, fluttering his fingers awkwardly as if unsure where to put his hands.

Draco thought this rather ironic, considering where Harry had just been putting his hands.

"See, Harry? We're both here. And we've both wanted this...for some time, actually."

"We should go to Madam Pomfrey and get you two sorted out." Harry blushed. He kept darting little glances at Draco's body. The contrast between this coy peeking and the hungry possessiveness he'd displayed earlier was **not** insanely attractive, Draco insisted quite adamantly and entirely falsely.

**You have a serious problem with self-honesty.**

"But we're here now. I'd really rather get the whole virginity thing sorted now, if it's all the same to you. Besides, unless I use Polyjuice, when would I ever have the chance to try it from a boy's point of view?"

*I can honestly say that this is the first idea of yours that I've liked, if I understand what you just said.*

Harry was doing a lot of blinking today, Draco reflected. "I'm guessing that you're talking about doing things that wouldn't be possible in your own body...."

Luna smiled. "Well, you do have the most gorgeous backside ever, Harry. Draco agrees. Though, I'm not sure you'll get him to admit it later."

"Ah... Hmm. O-kay," Now Harry really looked awkward.

*Oh, him you ask first. My arse is fair game.*

"Sorry, but this is totally bizarre for me."

*Like it's perfectly normal for ME?*

"So, you don't want to?"

"It's not that. It's just...Luna, I didn't even know you were interested! Um...either of you. But we've been friends, at least. I just feel sort of weird that you didn't... er... I dunno, say something?"

"Oh, I was happy being friends with you, Harry. I still am. The fantasies were just a nice way to pass the time, you know?"

"Huh... Okay... Do you have a lot of fantasies...about your friends?"

"Sometimes. Don't you?"

"No!"

"I mean, you know lots of pretty girls. Some really fanciable boys, too."

*If he's ever thought anything about the Weasel, I'm going to puke...whether I have control of this body or not.*

**Ron's really quite sexy, Draco.**

*Oblivate me, please. That thought had no business anywhere NEAR my brain.*

"Luna! I'm not going to toss off to thoughts of..." He cut off the thought abruptly. "Just...no."

"And I think that most guys in your year and mine have had at least a passing thought about Parvati and Padma. Together."

"Um... Well..."

*Give up, Potter. We've all had that one, and you know it.*

"Draco admits it."

*Are you even aware of the concept of a private thought?*

Harry cleared his throat. "I don't want things to be weird afterwards."

*Potter... it's Lovegood we're talking about. No offense, Luna.*

**None taken.**

"Harry, it's okay. I can still be friends with you after this. I don't mind a little bit of bizarre."

Once he'd finished laughing, Harry got to the rest of what was bothering him. "But it's not just you, it's Draco in there."

*Fine, Potter. I can take the hint. It would've been too much to expect...*

"You've seen his fantasies."

"Based on that, then, M...Draco...is good with all of this, I suppose." He ran one hand through his hair, exacerbating the mess. Which really wasn't sexy, Draco told himself firmly. "And you have a point, Luna, about doing this differently. I mean, I really don't mind catching, so long as I get my shot at pitching."

*You don't mind... Good? GOOD?* Draco discovered that, yes, it was possible to do a happy dance without a body.

Luna smiled. "I'd say that he's more than 'good' with it."

"Right. So, I guess it'll be easiest this way..." Harry got on his hands and knees, facing away from them, and Draco went into further ecstasies.

*All that...all that Potter nudity... and she hardly ever blinks... YES!*

"Just remember what I was doing, and go easy."

Draco managed to withdraw himself from his transcendental state long enough to point out to Luna that 'go easy' was, indeed, the official male phrase for dealing with this situation.

---

Third and final part, coming right up. Among other things.

Give me a break, friends...It would've been seriously wrong to make a threesome with these three *evenremotely* normal.

SeverusLovesUs is a marvel who is now done beta reading this entire story. Any delays in posting are due to my sluggishness at implementing her corrections and/or my inherent ADD tendencies.

## 3

### Chapter 4 of 5

Let's not and say we did

Disclaimer: If they were mine, Luna Lovegood would've zapped old Moldyshorts with the aid of a well-placed Heliopath and taken over the world.

"So, we're all sorted out now? No more chance of randomly switching bodies?" Draco flexed his feet and looked himself over, noting out of the corner of his eye that Harry appeared to be making a body check as well.

"Oh, it was never random. I had it all under my conscious control. The duration was the only thing really in question."

"**Now** she tells us," Harry muttered.

"But yes, it should all be over now. Once all of the Solution is neutralized, which takes an hour at most, no additional switches can be made." She buttoned up her blouse and drifted around the side of the bed, giving Harry and Draco each a quick peck on the cheek as if they'd just met for tea after a brief absence of some sort. "Well, I need to write up the results of my test." She paused with her hand on the doorknob. "Oh, and, Harry? When you're done, let me know whether you prefer boys or girls, topping or bottoming. I'd like my research to be comprehensive. Oh, yes, and I need to find Ginny. I'll see you both later, okay? Have fun!"

Draco finally voiced the question that managed to float to the top of his slightly muddled mind.

“Find Ginny?”

“I don’t know what she’s talking about, either. Unless...” Harry trailed off. “You don’t suppose she’s following up on what I said about trying things—”

“—that you couldn’t do with each other,” Draco finished, looking slightly glassy-eyed.

They stared off into the middle distance, contemplating the idea.

FIN...

## Epilogue: Mixed

*Chapter 5 of 5*

One more quick punch line for the road! (But since the road probably won't appreciate it, I'm giving it to you.)

Disclaimer: I'm not their mum. They have much more fun playing at Auntie Draccy's house.

WARNING: Minor femmeslash.

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It was one of those pretty late spring afternoons when not even the power of NEWTs could force students to remain indoors and study. Couples were out in force all over the grounds, most of them apparently attempting to discover the limits to which they could be amorous in public without being arrested. The crowd by the lake was larger than usual now that Harry and Draco were one of those couples. Their antics, whether they were in a randy-and-agreeable phase or in a randy-and-fighting-like-rabid-Jarveys phase, were enough to draw even the most unhappily single out for a look-see.

Luna preferred to avoid the crush on the ground and watch from the Astronomy Tower.

“It’s a good thing the Quidditch season ended before they got together,” Luna observed.

“Ron would have absolutely done his nut,” Ginny said with a snort. “One would have got a look at the other’s backside astride the broom and the whole game would have to be stopped while someone pried them apart and iced them down.”

“They’re so cute. It’s like watching Hippogriffs courting. All the preening... cooing... eyelash-fluttering... play-biting.” Luna sighed and re-played the scene in her Omnioculars for the third time.

“It’s a little much, if you ask me,” Ginny replied. Voyeurism was all well and good, but she felt the appeal of that particular sequence of events was wearing thin. “Let’s see what they’re up to now instead of replaying the same bit.”

“Oh. Right.”

The scene changed to the present as Luna slowly manipulated the controls on the device.

“Mmm... nice.”

“You like that, then?”

Ginny made a soft noise of assent. She watched absently as Harry tried, with a fair degree of success, to climb into Draco’s robes. “They’ve progressed quite a bit since the cooing and biting phase. I say we try to catch up with them.”

“The plan for today was to see if we could orgasm from the visuals alone.”

“If you keep working the dial that way, it won’t be from just watching.”

“I should make a note of that.”

“Not until after we get off.”

“All right. But even if it doesn’t work, you’ve still got ten minutes before you change out.”

Ginny sighed creakily, appreciative of the improved Transference Spell but still more in the mood for a conventional encounter at the moment. “Next time, you have to become the Omnioculars.”

FIN

Many, many thanks to SeverusLovesUs for the all-around beta read (and especially for gently correcting my peculiar propensity for Idiosyncratic Use of Capital Letters).