

# Losing It

by sunny33

Draco has lost a precious, family heirloom.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Draco has lost a precious, family heirloom.

"Where is it? Where is it?" Tossing clothes and books carelessly aside, Draco searched frantically to no avail. "Father is going to *Crucio* me. Basil!"

With a pop, an ancient house-elf appeared. "You called Basil, young master?"

"Basil, I've lost it. It was here yesterday, but now it's gone. What will I do? If Father finds out..." Draco ran his hands through his uncharacteristically dishevelled locks and sat on the bed, his face a picture of despair. "Well, what are you waiting for? Help me look for it!"

"If sir tells Basil what he has lost, Basil would be happy to search for it."

"Oh, of course. It's the family heirloom. The *special*, chased silver one, that Father gave to me when I turned seventeen. You know the one." The blond blushed as he remembered the day his father had given him *that* particular gift.

"Oh, sir. Not the silver one! Basil will start searching immediately."

Hours later, Draco and Basil had to concede defeat. The cherished heirloom had indeed disappeared without a trace, and Lucius was due home at any moment. It was time for Draco to make a strategic withdrawal. He Apparated to Spinner's End, sure that his godfather would have some intelligent ideas on how to find it or, at least, how to avoid his father finding out. Severus was good like that.

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"How on earth did you lose *that*?" Severus smirked as he handed his godson a much-needed firewhiskey. "It's not like it's something you just have in your pocket when you go out. Or is it?"

"No, no. The last time I used it was last night, with..." He broke off, disbelief flooding his face. "She wouldn't have. Not her. Surely not."

"What? Who?" Severus asked impatiently. "Have you lost your mind as well, Draco?"

"No. I think I know just who has that damn thing. Bloody Gryffindors! I should have known better than to drink with them!"

Severus spluttered as he inhaled half a mouthful of firewhiskey. "You did it, didn't you? You slept with a Gryffindor. You've always wanted to conquer that fear! Who was it? Tell Uncle Sev *all* the details." He leered suggestively at Draco, who was blushing furiously. "You actually fancy her, don't you? My, oh my, the Slytherin prince has fallen for a Gryff!" He rolled about in his chair, laughing uncontrollably, much to his godson's discomfort.

"There's no need to lose it, Severus. Everyone knows you have been pining after Hermione Granger for months now. Everybody but her." He chuckled at his companion's look of shock. "What, you think no-one noticed the way you watch her, or the way you nearly drooled down her cleavage at the last Ministry ball? For goodness sake, just find the balls to ask her out! I've heard from a very reliable source that she is interested in a certain dark-haired, snarky Potions master." With that bombshell, Draco Disapparated off to interrogate said reliable source about the whereabouts of his precious heirloom.

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"Where is it?" he demanded as soon as he arrived in the witch's living room.

Ginny Weasley turned to her recently acquired lover and asked innocently, "What, Draco, dear?"

"You know exactly what I am looking for. My father will kill me if he finds out you have it!"

"Oh, that. I just wanted a little souvenir of last night. You were so wonderful." She reached into her blouse and, from between her luscious breasts, withdrew a long chain with his family's one-of-a-kind, chased silver cock-ring attached.

Draco smiled. "Gryffindors. Gotta love 'em!"

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A/N: Written for another crazy, Saturday night drabble fest. The prompt was from PiperKirby: Draco has lost a family heirloom. He believes that a Gryffindor has it.

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