

A Most Noble Charm

by BrenaMarie

The House of Black has developed a new talent. Exactly who is affected?

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They belong to JKR; that's why she's got all the money.

"All right, everyone, can I have your attention?" Harry Potter called out to the room at large.

All of Harry's closest friends and members of the Order of the Phoenix had gathered at number twelve, Grimmauld Place in order to celebrate his twenty-first birthday.

"I'd like to inform everyone of a new feature of my home. Now that the house has been cleared of all Dark Magic, it has started playing matchmaker."

All at once the members of the room started shouting out different one-word questions at Harry.

"Calm down! It's not bad; slightly awkward, but honestly not terrible. From what we've been able to tell, the house locks two compatible people in a room until they do... er... *something* together."

"Something?" Draco Malfoy asked jokingly from the corner of the sitting room. "How old are you, Potter? You can be a little more explicit than that."

By this point the occupants of the room had diverted their attention from Harry to Malfoy since he obviously knew the whole story.

"C'mon Potter, say it."

"Honestly, Malfoy, it sounds like you'd like to continue this conversation. You say it."

"It's your house."

"Fine!" Harry responded with a roll of his eyes. "Two people who manage to get themselves locked in the room have to perform some sort of sexual act before the door will unlock."

The partiers were all speaking softly to each other about this development when Harry interrupted them again.

"Listen, it's not dark magic or malicious with its intent. At least not from what I can tell... I actually have been enjoying the results." Harry said this with a smile as Hannah Abbot came to stand next to him and wrapped her arms around his waist.

Harry leaned over to kiss the pretty blonde on the cheek and then, turning back to the crowd, said, "My house assisted me with opening my eyes."

He kissed Hannah again, this time quickly on the lips, and then continued speaking to his guests. "So, I'm giving you all fair warning. Unless you'd like to test your compatibility with your lover or spouse, don't go into a room alone with anyone else! Now, let the party begin!"

The group of people that were huddled in the sitting room started to spread out around the main areas of the house, all of them conscious of the house's new feature.

Draco set down his drink on a nearby table and sauntered over to a dimly lit corner of the room.

He cleared his throat, hoping it would break apart the snogging couple sitting on the chair. Alas, his attempt went unnoticed.

"Severus, allow me to give you a suggestion... Get a room! Oh, wait, apparently you did that already..."

"Draco, can I help you with something? As you can see, I am quite busy at present."

Draco looked down at his Godfather, Severus Snape, who had a lap full of none other than Hermione Granger. Shaking his head, he continued, "You're embarrassing yourself. You realize this?"

"This is a party, and we're consenting adults. I see no problem."

Draco huffed out a breath in frustration.

"Fine, whatever. I'm not over here simply to annoy you. I just want to make sure you're going to hold up your end of our agreement."

Severus glared at his godson, "Honestly, Draco, when have I ever let you down?"

"You know where I'll be," he said haughtily and walked off toward the stairwell.

Severus Snape threaded his fingers through his girlfriend's wild tresses and began to pull her towards his lips. "Now, where were we?" he said seductively.

Snapping out of his thrall, Hermione quickly asked, "Severus, what was all that about?"

"Draco would like to test Grimmauld's matchmaking skills and has his eyes on a particular witch. It is my duty to see that this witch finds her way into the first floor drawing room as soon as possible."

He attempted once more to seize her lips.

"But, why is it your problem?" she continued to question.

"Let's just say I owe him one. Now, stop your incessant questioning, and kiss me, woman!"

"What do I look like, anyway, a serving wench? Just because I'm the only person at this damned party not in a clinch does not mean I need to run and fetch more booze!" Ginny Weasley grumbled to herself as she walked through the house until she reached her destination.

"And why do they have to keep the fresh bottles in the drawing room? Wouldn't it make more sense for them to be, I don't know, in the place where the party is?"

She stormed into the drawing room and stared in shock at the man admiring the Black Family tree.

"Wha..."

At that moment the door slammed shut behind her.

No... no, no, NO! What am I going to do? I... shite!

"Hello, Ginevra," Draco said smoothly.

"Malfoy." Ginny ground out in response.

"Looks like we're locked in..."

Ginny turned to glare at the magically locked door. She knew there would be nothing she could do, other than the obvious, to get it to open.

Draco reached out to touch her arm, and she quickly spun and smacked his hand away.

"Malfoy..."

"Please call me Draco."

"Fine, Draco, whatever, I... I don't feel comfortable... What I mean is... I hate you, damn it!" Ginny finally managed to stammer out what she'd been trying to say.

"Sure you do. That's why you're blushing, right?"

Ginny watched as he shrugged and sauntered over to the sofa situated in the corner of the room.

"I'm not blushing! I'm angry, I... I turn red when I get angry!" she snapped at his retreating form.

After sitting and stretching out, Draco patted the cushion next to him in an attempt to draw her closer.

"You want me to come over there? Why? I... I'm just the Weaselette!"

"Honestly, Ginny, I'd like to think we've grown up and gotten past the name calling. Secondly, I don't want to spend days in this room. This house apparently thinks we're compatible in some way; why don't we explore this possibility?"

Ginny narrowed her eyes at him. "You seem really... um... prepared for this. What were you doing in here?"

"Admiring my family tree; I don't have the opportunity to visit this house very often," he answered simply. "Ginny, please, just come sit down."

Damn him for looking so... so... sexy. I can't believe this. I'm trapped in here, with him of all people. And he just seems so... okay with the whole situation; like he planned it. I just want to... damn it! Why not? I don't want to be in this room forever either...

Giving up, Ginny crossed the room to join her companion on the sofa. As soon as she settled down, Draco turned to face her and reached out to touch her hand.

Oh, Merlin... He's touching me. I can feel it down to my toes! I don't want to look too anxious...

Staring down at his hand on hers, she easily laced her fingers with his and turned to look in his eyes. She couldn't help herself. Now that she was touching him, she wanted more.

Ginny leaned ever so slightly towards the blond. Draco accepted that subtle movement on her part and swooped in to capture her lips.

As soon as their lips met, she knew why the house had trapped them together. Giving herself up completely to the moment, Ginny turned so she could sit astride Draco's thighs and sank further into the sensations of kissing the man she'd held a secret crush on for years.

Meeting the requirements to open that door will not be a problem!

Still cuddled against her man, Hermione Granger couldn't help revisiting their earlier conversation.

"Severus?"

"Mmmm?" he responded lazily.

"I've been thinking..."

"Of course you were."

She gave him a dirty look for that remark, but continued in spite of it.

"It wasn't a coincidence that you were behind that shelf in the library when I needed to get that text for Draco, was it?"

"What makes you think that?"

"You asked Ginny to go to a random room in the house to do something Kreacher could have done... Plus, I think Harry keeps the liquor in the cupboard next to the stove..."

She felt his chest rumble from his quiet chuckle. Then his lips were on her neck, and travelled up to nibble on her earlobe.

"It was worth it to me to strike a deal with my godson. I can only hope he is as pleased with this business arrangement as I am."

She no longer felt the need to question him regarding the dubious circumstances surrounding the beginning of their relationship. Kissing happened to be much higher up on the priority list.

A/N: This is in response to *silverdoe's* New Year's Eve prompt of: Once cleaned of dark magic, the Ancient and Most Noble House of Black is found to obtain a charm that is similar to matchmaking. Except it locks two compatible people in a room until they perform some sort of sexual act.

Much love to *debjunk* for the beta work. You're awesome, honey!