

# Rented Memories

by Jinxie

After reading a good review of a Memory, Ron decides to rent it, not realising just who stars in it. AU, story told mostly through HP & RW POV.

## Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

After reading a good review of a Memory, Ron decides to rent it, not realising just who stars in it. AU, story told mostly through HP & RW POV.

No profit made from any of these characters. They belong to JKR; I'm just borrowing them and abusing them for laughs. I will return them – eventually.

**AN:** Special thanks to PotionsMistress23 and Lyn\_f for marking up, and then helping to magic the red ink away. :)

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Harry Potter, saviour of the Ministry of Magic's Auror Department's desk jockeys, walked into his home at Grimmauld Place and shut the door, only to be promptly greeted by the sound of his housemate and best friend, Ronald Weasley, calling out, "For your own sanity, Harry – don't come in here!"

Under the misconception and expectation that Ron had been run afoul of another one of the twin's new projects, he strolled into the sitting room to find his housemate sitting in front of the new, widescreen Pensieve Viewer they'd recently purchased, looking pale and dumbfounded. The sounds coming from the Pensieve soon gave the nature of the memory away. The way Ron sat there just wasn't natural for a man watching porn. However, the images immediately gave him pause.

"Harder, harder!" the woman moaned to the man pounding away, clearly near his climax. It was in that moment when the man came, his head thrown back, face raised in euphoric bliss, that the woman's equally euphoric face was thrown into relief, that the realisation hit him.

"Ron, *what* are you watching? Is that – Hermione? And Snape?" he nearly shouted. "Oh, my ears! My eyes! Where did you get that, Ron?" he shouted while he pulled on tightly closed eyes. The images and sounds emanating from the Pensieve were now permanently embedded in his own memory.

"You know that new memory that was all the rage in that magazine you keep under your bed... Well, I decided to rent it from Mnemosyne Memory Rentals..." Ron replied in a vacant, dreamlike voice, of which Luna Lovegood and Professor Trelawney would be envious. "In all the reviews, no one ever said that the memory was of Snape and our Hermione. *Our* Hermione! I don't think I can ever look at her the same way again. I mean, mate, did you see what she did with her back? Wow!"

"Unfortunately, I did. I also saw *who* the man in that video is – her husband, Severus Snape. *Professor* Severus Snape! I can bet gold that neither of them authorised that memory to be shown. She's in her wedding gown, for Merlin's sake!"

"Well, do you think we should send them a copy, to stop it going further?"

"Mate, I value my life more than anything else. I think we should owl this to them straight away."

"Do it anonymously. I don't want them knowing we've seen this."

"Agreed. We never mention this again."

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Daily Prophet

The case of house-elf Memory misuse and voyeurism against Lucius Malfoy has been dropped and settled out of court. Mr. Malfoy has long been speculated to be the wizard behind the recently, immensely popular series of raunchy memories on the market. The case entailed the use of house-elves' memories, retrieved from the minds of his elves, standing in and copying their memories of watching friends and family in their most intimate moments, and then selling them on to an unsuspecting Wizarding public.

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The tall, dark man and his shorter, curly haired companion both smirked at the scene before them.

"Do you think we should stop now, Severus?"

"Not just yet, my dear. I think I have one more memory for him to watch first." The smirking Potions master retrieved the final memory and released it into the private Pensieve, stepped back to grab his witch in his arms and kissed the top of her head.

"No more, no more! My eyes and ears can't take any more of this! This isn't punishment, this is torture! I never wanted to see either Dolores Umbridge's or Rufus Scrimgeour's hairy arses! *Please*, make it stop!" Lucius Malfoy pleaded as his shouts quickly turned into pleading tears of defeat.