

# Enemies in Distress

by nata

Draco, Harry, forced partnership and a book.

## Enemies in Distress

Chapter 1 of 1

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Potter,

*This is an advanced copy courtesy of Greg Goyle. Meet me at seven at The Leaky Cauldron.*

Draco Malfoy

Harry crumpled the laconic missive that accompanied a heavy manuscript. Malfoy had either lost his marbles, or the book was more interesting inside than out. He opened the front cover of *What Really Happened That Night. As told by Gregory Goyle to the Ghost*. The sheets of parchment whirled forward. When they settled, a paragraph glowed.

*When I and Vince went to kill the Horcrux in Ravenclaw's diadem, Malfoy, Potter, Weasley and Granger tried to stop us. Vince fought like a basilisk, but those traitors outnumbered us. I couldn't reach the diadem. There was no time. Potter or one of them cast Fiendfyre to get to Vince. I grabbed a broom and saved them. But Malfoy squirmed like a doxy and I couldn't save Vince. He was lost. He died a hero.*

Harry was seeing red before he finished reading the paragraph. He turned on the spot, crushing the manuscript under his arm.

Tom at the Leaky glanced up as Harry arrived and Summoned a butterbeer without a word. Harry snatched it from the air without breaking his stride.

"Bloody hell!" he exclaimed instead of a greeting, slamming his bottle down on the table.

"Yeah. Whatever that meant, it sounded right." Malfoy saluted him with his firewhisky.

"We have to do something!"

"I was thinking our own tell-all version. You write, I pay."

"Are you bonkers, Malfoy? I can't write a book! For that matter, I don't believe Goyle can either." Harry pressed the cold bottle to his temple. "Argh, but he did."

"I'd love to bask in this moment, but we've a more pressing matter to deal with. 'Ghost' wrote that."

"What ghost?"

"Ghost writer. Fililint Skeeter. Rita's great-grandfather."

"Nice trick. But we aren't using a Skeeter ghost. Loaded history."

"Then what?"

Both men turned sullen, staring morosely into their respective drinks. As liquid surface lowered and refilled yet again, Harry perked up.

"Hermione has this spell. It writes down your thoughts as quickly as they cross your mind."

"Fine. We'll have notes. But what about the narrative?"

"It's Hermione we're talking about."

"So? I'm not signing my name under crap like Greg's book."

"You're supposed to say 'of course' when you hear that it's Hermione's spell. Don't you know her at all?"

Malfoy failed to contain a startled look, but he quickly masked it with a shrug.

"Whatever, Potter. As long as it works."

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A few weeks later, the two men were standing side by side in Flourish & Blott's, autographing copies of their smoking hot bestseller, *The Night That Quelled Riddle*. The scented smoke that drifted from their books and tantalized their readers settled over a massive stack of Goyle's tomes, layering it with dust in the bookstore's bargain bin.

Harry gazed upon the sight with satisfaction. *Who would've guessed that doing what Malfoy says could be so much fun?* he thought with a grin.

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*Author's notes: Lady Karelia and Muse Amusant, my betas, deserve a medal.*

*Prompt: Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.*