

# Ollivander's Folly

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Ship:** Ollivander/his wand

**Disclaimer:** This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

**Prompts:** Shopkeepers, The Daily Prophet

**A/N:** Um. I'm so sorry, everyone. Really. Written for PtterPrOnPrmpts.

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The long-awaited package came by owl post a month to the day after he'd placed the order. Ollivander had been waiting for the delivery. He didn't give the owl a chance to even perch on the sill before he confirmed the receipt and slammed the door to his shop. He tore into the plain brown paper wrapping—the company logo was concealed, as promised, he was pleased to note—and his hands were trembling with anticipation by the time he got to the little bottle of oil within. There it was, exactly as specified. Ollivander couldn't wait to try it out.

It was no secret that Ollivander lived a rather lonely life. That was how he wanted it; he'd carefully cultivated his image of respectability over the years. His business had been in the family for centuries, but more than that, he loved his job. He had no place for a relationship and the encumbrances that often came with such dalliances. Still, he was a man, and he had certain needs. There was only so much he could do for himself before his own company became ... predictable. Boring.

Ollivander had hit upon a stroke of genius that had kept his sex life happy and fulfilled for some time, but as he was only human, he began to crave originality. When his eyes fell upon the advertisement placed by his neighboring shopkeepers in *The Daily Prophet*, he knew his troubles were at an end. The only problem was that he was unable to procure the item by simply entering the Weasleys' shop of his own accord. They would be sure to guess what purpose he had in mind, and he preferred to keep his proclivities to himself. Owl-order post seemed the best course of action for a man such as himself. And as long as those enterprising brothers kept making such delightful concoctions, Ollivander couldn't foresee an end to his fun. In all, it was a delightful arrangement for everyone involved.

"*Colloportus!*" Ollivander made sure that all of the doors to the shop were locked and the shades drawn. He'd learned his lesson from the disaster of last time, when someone walked in and nearly discovered him in the middle of the act. If he hadn't been hidden by the counter ... Ollivander shuddered even now to think of the consequences.

No matter; this time, he had precautions in place. He wouldn't be disturbed in his pleasure. Ollivander unbuckled his trousers and let them fall to the floor. He was too anxious to get completely undressed, and with shaking hands, he popped the top on the bottle.

The ad had promised a fizz and a flame. It was supposed to be used for back rubs, and it was called "FireFingers Potion". The idea was that the witch or wizard administering the potion wouldn't have to work so hard at their task if they applied this lotion. Ollivander could think of a better use for it than on his back.

"*Vibrato!*" he commanded, and his wand started to shake. It was a spell he'd created specifically for this purpose, and he felt himself harden in automatic response to what he knew was coming.

Ollivander tipped the bottle of liquid over his fingers. It was thick, and as he smoothed it over the tip of the wand, he could feel it warming in his grasp. The pulsations of the wand and the hot, slick fluid made his own prick harden instantaneously, and he was eager to have the shaft of his wand up his arse. Ollivander bent over the counter and parted his cheeks with one hand. He didn't need to prepare himself; the wand was slender enough, and it was lubed. He'd been doing this long enough that his body was ready.

His cock was already dripping pre-come, and he groaned as the wand slid in with little effort. Ollivander leaned into it, wishing he had a blunter-tipped one, like Hagrid's, or a knobier one like that Longbottom fellow's. As it was, though, he gritted his teeth to keep from coming. The sensation was exquisite; the vibrations shuddered throughout his whole body, and the oil was working its magic. He could feel the heat working through him; the burn so good, and he reached his free hand around to grasp his cock. The feeling of warmth was almost too much, but Ollivander always did like a little bit of pain with his pleasure, and he whimpered as he stroked in time with the pulsations from his wand. He was so close ... he was going to come ...

Just as he felt his climax approaching, something changed. His wand kept up its delicious fluttering, but the oil fluctuated from soothing heat to a dash of ice. His orgasm too late to stop, Ollivander cried out as he shot semen into his hand, the feeling of ice shrinking his balls into tiny pebbles.

Ollivander sucked in a shocked breath and yanked his wand out of his arse as fast as he could. The sensation of chill remained. "*Scourgify!*"

The intensity of the coldness mostly faded, but he was tense and on edge now. Furious, he stormed over to the bottle and squinted. There in fine print, he could see:

*Enjoy a back rub, and then run! Tease your friends with a solution that starts with a treat, then ends with a trick. For EXTERNAL use only, you naughty wizards and witches!*

Ollivander slumped against the counter. Trust the Weasleys to ruin a good time. He'd keep that firmly in mind the next time he went looking for adult products: Don't purchase intimate items from a joke shop!

Ollivander frowned and rubbed his arse. How long did the solution last? He sniffed. It had a pleasing scent of mint. He put on his pants and reopened the shop. At least he would smell nice for the customers. He had a lot left, and it seemed it made a halfway decent cologne!