

Sam, You Made the Pants Too Long

by Clairvoyant

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One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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The advert in the *Evening Prophet* read:

Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions

Autumn Special:

Buy Any Premium Men's Robes

Receive Free Trousers of Equal or Lesser Value

Percy Weasley, executive assistant to the Minister of Magic, found this too-good-to-be-true offer hidden in the Lonely Hearts subheading of the Classified Advertisement section. The ad placement seemed odd to him, but who was he to question the editor... or the gift of *gratis* garments?

He conjured a full-length mirror and pondered his sartorial reflection. The athletic cut robes accentuated his trim physique – thank Merlin he had the lightning-fast Weasley metabolism – but the formerly dark, pinstriped flannel had faded to a heathered grey, and the collar and cuffs looked a bit shabby with their frayed edges. *Dress for the job you want, not the one you have, eh? Well, if I'm going to be Minister one day, I should start dressing like one now.*

He vanished the mirror, then sent his Patronus to relay a message. The silvery-white mongoose skittered through the air before disappearing into the adjacent office. "Minister, may I leave early to take advantage of a sale at Madam Malkin's?"

Kingsley Shacklebolt poked his head through the doorway. "Ah, yes, the autumn special," he said in a nostalgic tone. "That's fine, Percy. Everything's under control here. Use my Floo, if you like."

"Thank you, sir," he replied, entering the executive office.

"Please give my regards to Sam."

"Who?"

"Madam Malkin. Sam is short for Samantha."

"I'll do that, sir." He tossed a handful of Floo powder into the hearth and announced, "Diagon Alley."

Soon thereafter, Percy arrived at the clothier – safe but slightly sooty. The tinkle, tinkle of a doorbell announced his presence.

Behind a red velvet curtain, a husky voice rang out. "Welcome. I'll be with you shortly."

He heard the muffled thud of the back door closing. The seamstress-cum-proprietor emerged from the back room, pulling back her long, blonde hair into a messy chignon.

She greeted him with a warm smile. "Hello, Mr Weasley. Interested in some new robes?"

"Yes, madam. I'd like the ones featured in your advert."

"Ah, the premium robes. If you'll remove yours, please, we'll get started."

Still wearing shirtsleeves and slacks, he stood before a three-way mirror. A magical tape measure unravelled and measured him from every conceivable angle, including his nose and inseam – that startled him a bit – while a Quick-Quotes Quill recorded the results.

"Next, choose your material. I see you're partial to flannel." She brought him samples of all the top-quality woollens. "You can't just go by appearance; you have to feel it." She grabbed his hand – he tensed at first, then relaxed – and stroked it over the fine fabrics.

"This one," he said, caressing the navy gabardine shot with a thin, powder blue stripe.

"Excellent choice," she purred. "It really brings out your eyes."

He looked into her bright blue eyes – *Why are her pupils so large?* – and blushed.

"Now, I'll fashion your self-sizing robes and trousers. This will take but a few minutes." She disappeared behind the velvet curtain.

Percy heard the metallic snip, snip of the scissors, the whirring click, click of the sewing machine and the happy humming of Madam Malkin as he waited.

After a while, she poked her head through the curtain. "Come," she beckoned. "Try these on."

In the workroom behind an opaque screen, he changed into his new clothes. "*Resilire Accommodare*." He watched in the mirror as the newly crafted robes shrunk to fit him like a second skin.

She joined him behind the partition to perform a quality check, running her hands over his lightly muscled arms and flanks, finally resting on his narrow hips. "Very nice... fit. Now, I'll check the trousers." The short, curvy witch knelt before him, her hands disappearing under his robes.

Percy flinched upon feeling her fingers fondling his hips. He nearly jumped when they squeezed his arse.

"Oops, so sorry," she apologized, peering up at him through her eyelashes.

Words of protest perched on his tongue, but evaporated into ether when those curious digits of hers brushed his bollocks.

"No... no worries," he stammered, patches of pink painting his cheeks. He should have objected; instead, he chose to savour the moment, a soft moan escaping his parted lips.

"Oh, damn that tape measure," she exclaimed as she continued to grope his gonads. "The inseam is way off; your trousers are too tight." Tight due to faulty equipment taking wrong measurements which lead to the manufacture of improperly sized trousers? Or tight because a litre of blood had been rerouted from his head to his groin?

"Let me help you." She unbuttoned the trousers and caressed his cock, not exactly the assistance he'd expected, but not unwelcome. Her talented hands stroked his shaft from base to hooded tip, and it grew long and hard.

"Oh, yes, more please," he begged.

The action shifted from her fingers to her mouth. His cock disappeared between her soft pink lips only to reappear moments later. Magic! She used every resource – squeezing, sucking, licking – to bring him to orgasm. He came with a shout and a shudder, his whole body all a-quiver.

She wiped her mouth and smiled shyly. "Sorry about the ill-fitting trousers. I'll fix them and send it all to your office."

"Thanks, madam. I appreciate your attention to detail."

"You're welcome. And call me Sam."

The next day

"Looking sharp, Percy"

"Thanks, Minister."

"Slacks are a bit too long, though."

"Yeah," he agreed, tripping over his own feet. "Apparently something is off with the self-sizing charm. Guess that calls for a return visit to Sam." He grinned slyly. "Maybe I'll get another set of robes while I'm there."

A/N: This story was originally written for the LJ community PtterPr0nPrmpts October 2010 shopkeepers challenge and received the Mod's Choice Award. The title of this story is from a song written in 1932. Barbara Streisand had a minor hit with it decades later; I remember it fondly from the Captain Kangaroo Show. For the purposes of this story, however, the word 'pants' is used only in the title, as it means something entirely different in British English.

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