

Margot's Pincushion

by Savva

He was twenty-one years old and his life was ruined. Harry Potter was officially done for. He will go down into the annals of history as the boy-who-was-an-unfit-lover. Featuring Harry P, Ginny W, French woman and Paris. HP/GW, HP/OC, HP/GW? OOC. AU. EWE.

Part 1

Chapter 1 of 2

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I do not own Harry Potter or any of its characters: J. K. Rowling does. In addition, I do not make any profit from this fanfiction.

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Part 1

Preface

The little mouse soundlessly made its way to the familiar hole in the wall, leading right into the kitchen's cupboard. It was its nightly ritual a visit to the cupboard. However, today, the annoying creaking of an old bed and laboured panting had distracted the little rodent from its usual routine.

The small creature stopped, turning its black beady eyes towards the source of such commotion, analyzing, determining, and trying to make decision; was it safe to move forward?

There, in the depths of the room, two sweaty young bodies were hopelessly entangled in each other. The dim moonlight lazily licked and caressed their silhouettes. The incoherent whispers were muffled by the creaking of wood and the squeaking of an old mattress.

The little, grey mouse sat and scrunched its nose, thinking. After a minute, the rodent decided that it was perfectly safe to move again. Apparently, no one was paying attention to it. Thus, the small grey shadow continued its journey.

Alas, luck wasn't on little critter's side today. It only managed to cover one foot of its way when a noisy, hoarse whisper forced it to freeze again.

"Shit!" a male voice exclaimed and then pleadingly mumbled, "I am sorry Gin, I didn't mean to. I tried to hold on, honestly. Please Gin, give me a minute and we will try again, please!"

"Try again? Try again! Are you bloody kidding me?" A high and not particularly pleasant female voice answered. "I'll tell you this once, Harry Potter, so listen carefully you won't be in my bed again until you learn how to last more than three damned minutes... Now, get out, get out from my sight, wanker!"

The dull thud and loud, pained "ouch" surely indicated that someone had been violently pushed onto the floor. The sound startled the grey, little mouse nearly to death,

forcing it to run back into its lair with the highest speed its tiny feet allowed, phew!

Obviously, there would be no cheese and cream for the little creature (and neither for Harry Potter) tonight.

Paris, November

The miserably grey and rainy November morning found Harry Potter sitting in a small cafe in Paris. He could not himself comprehend clearly, how exactly he ended up there.

He remembered vaguely how he came home in haze, muttering something about leaving England for good, while packing his backpack. Then, he pictured the Eiffel Tower in his head, and now he was in Paris.

But, none of it did really matter for Harry his life was ruined anyway. He might as well spend the rest of it in Paris, sitting in a small, unidentified cafe.

It was November 30, last day of autumn. The dirty, grey sky was covered with stormy, black clouds. Harry's heavy thoughts were the exact same shade.

The poor lad was slumped in the cold chair, the slightly short trousers revealed his muscular calves and the grey socks, along with the black shoes, that obviously had seen better days. The grey, baggy jumper covered the rest of his body. A nice cup of coffee and appetizing looking pastry stood in front of him.

There was nothing for him in the future, nothing. He was twenty-one years old and completely, utterly ruined. He, Harry Potter, a war hero, the boy-who-lived and won, was, in fact, nothing more than an inadequate, unsuitable male, who just a few hours ago was declared absolutely useless in bed. To his shame, he failed (more than once actually) to satisfy the love of his life. Well..., maybe not really the love of his life, but still the fact remained. He could not, was unable, to satisfy a girl!

And that was it, a total and complete fiasco, finite. Harry Potter's life was officially over. He was done for it. Ginny would not be silent, and he would go down into the annals of history as the boy-who-was-an-unfit-lover.

"Shit!" growled Harry, throwing his dishevelled head onto his arms. Yup, shit indeed.

A moment later, Harry lifted his head up again. He drew a long, hopeless sigh, took one sip of his coffee and put a piece of pastry in his mouth. Munching the pie, he acknowledged that not everything was bad in his life at least pastries and coffee were rather nice in Paris. The weather of course was quite shitty, but it was the end of November after all...

He turned his head to look around and unexpectedly was caught up in a soft gaze of the light-blue eyes. For mere seconds Harry just mindlessly basked in their warm and somewhat comforting azure depth. There were no expectations, no accusations in them, only feminine curiosity laced with empathy...

Or was it pity?

At this, Harry remembered that he was positively useless for any female on this lonely, lonely planet and hastily tore his green eyes from the light-blue ones. A dark, gloomy mood enveloped him again, drowning him in its suffocating misery.

No, there was surely no chance for a happy ending for him in this life. Of this, Harry was certain. He had screwed up, majorly and royally so.

Harry drew another heavy sigh, ate the rest of his pastry, drunk the last drops of his coffee and was about to stand up and leave. At this precise moment, he heard someone talking to him.

Harry shifted and met the same blue eyes again; however, now they were much closer to him.

Curiosity took over, and Harry carefully surveyed the woman standing in front of him. She was older than he was; that much was clear. Being only twenty-one, Harry couldn't really identify her age. Maybe in her late twenties he concluded. She was extremely fashionable, or so to speak, appeared French looking. Her dark hair was covered with a bright red, flowery beret; her full, crimson-red lips accentuated her pale skin and azure eyes dramatically. A soft, lenient smile played upon them, and Harry felt that he couldn't quite pull his eyes from her mouth. There was something enticing in the way her lips were moving.

Moving?

Oh, right! The woman was speaking to him. She was trying to tell him something. Harry's mind, however, was still more than slightly dazed after the previous night's events and obviously wasn't working properly. He couldn't get himself to focus. Somehow, he was easily sidetracked this morning full crimson lips, light-blue eyes (you know what I mean).

At last and not without an effort, Harry shifted his eyes from woman's lips to her eyes. Slowly her voice made its way to his ears, and Harry began to process what the woman was on about.

"Mister, do you hear me? Boy!" Ah, what a voice. The woman's voice was unexpectedly hoarse and smoky. The mellow, sultry undertones and delicate French accent added a unique and extremely alluring quality to it. Strangely, the voice of this French woman sounded surprisingly pleasant to his ears. Aghh, bugger - Harry was distracted once again.

"Did you hear me, boy?" At this, Harry's brain finally began to function.

"Oh, I am sorry, madam; I had a rather difficult night. Would you please be so kind and say it again?" Harry was genuinely surprised that he managed to vocalize such a lovely phrase.

It was lovely, wasn't it?

"Sure, I was just telling you, the length of your trousers is inappropriately short, darling. One inch higher and you not only will freeze your family jewels in this weather, but you will expose them to the whole Paris. I am not sure if that was your intention." She stopped to check on Harry's reaction, and when he began to shake his head in horror, she continued.

"That is what I thought. Come and see me; you need a few new trousers, boy, and," she gave him a penetrating gaze, "if your robes as old as your trousers, then some robes as well."

With that, she handed to a frozen, in complete stupor Harry a small card, and almost turned to leave. At the last second, she paused and gently touched his forehead, moving his unruly hair out of the way. A tip of her finger traced his legendary scar, and the woman smiled softly.

"Come and see me, Harry Potter. I will make it worth your while, believe me." She graciously turned on her heel and left.

Dumbstruck, Harry looked at the small card in his hand, where in elegant cursive was written:

Margot's Pincushion

Wizard's Clothing Atelier

Please review. Thank you.

Part 2

Chapter 2 of 2

Harry is back in London.

Preface

The little mouse crept lazily through the tunnel towards a familiar hole in the wall. The creature felt somewhat heavier than usual these days. Maybe, just maybe, it overindulged itself with cheese and cream. *Nah*, not really, if only just a bit...it was Christmas time after all. *Aha, the room, almost there.*

Alas, the grey, plump rodent was stopped by the loud moans and creaking of the old bed.

Oh no, not again, thought the mouse.

It had been a lovely, lovely three weeks. Everything was calm and quiet. And now...this again, damn.

Oh, no.

The grey pest sat on its little feet in doubt. Its black, beady eyes were focused on the two silhouettes moving in the depth of the room. It watched and listened carefully. This time the scene and the sounds were quite different, quite different indeed.

At the first sight, everything seemed to be the same as it was on that infamous night back in November (the little mouse shuddered remembering...no cream, no cheese, horrendous). Two young and sweaty bodies tumbled in a tangled mass in the bed, filling the room with bed creaking, moaning, whispering.

And yet, after a careful and thorough analysis, the change was identified.

Two silhouettes were sliding against each other with obvious purpose. The male body was hovering over the smaller female one with confidence, methodically driving in and out of her with undeniable assuredness. The rapturous female's moans were getting louder and louder. Huskily spoken in the dark, encouragements of, "That's right, witch, sing for me. Give me more, girl," were increasing the volume of the young witch's moans and cries even more.

All of a sudden the sound of a single, ear-splitting spank and then, the man's triumphant growl, "Oh, yes! Come; come for me, my fire-haired witch!" cut the air in the room. It had startled the mouse quite a bit, but still not enough for it to flee (cream and cheese, remember).

The next instant, the female in bed emitted a long, loud and positively feral howl, which was accompanied by a long stream of profanities and a satisfied grunt from her young lover.

That was it...the pinnacle...after that, only laboured breathing reverberated throughout the room. Little mouse was impressed.

Not bad, Potter, not bad.

The impressed creature sighed somewhat wistfully and continued on its way. The lovers were done for another hour or so; the mouse was certain of it. The little grey rodent had lived in the Burrow for many years now and knew the humans quite well.

Weak, pitiful creatures, indeed...

London, December

Later that night, lying in his bed at Grimmauld Place, Harry thought how drastically everything had recently changed in his life. All it took was a little fluke, a small grin of fate, three weeks in Paris and Margot.

"Oh, Margot," Harry groaned. The name alone caused him to go all hot and rigid. Memories flooded Harry's mind.

Margot's Pincushion Wizard's Clothing Atelier

He followed her almost instantly that day, not minding in the slightest his wet shoes, socks and feet. This huskily talking witch enthralled him; he was desperate. And she knew, she knew...wicked, wicked woman. She didn't even close her door.

When Harry found himself in her small boudoir-workshop, full of mannequins, Singers, pincushions with pins sticking from them, ribbons, and a bed in the corner, she was already waiting for him. The same lenient smile was playing on her crimson lips. A long, slim cigarette was firmly planted in the corner of her mouth.

"Welcome, darling," she breathed, releasing the little puff of blue-grey smoke, which immediately enveloped Harry in its intoxicating haze. "You are all wet, boy. Take these rags off; you won't be needing them anymore."

And Harry did. He took everything off, accepted the dry towel and let her measure him for the robes, trousers, and shirts. Just like that...naked with the towel around his hips.

It was magic; she bewitched him.

He recalled his awkwardness, his reaction to her hands probing him. How hard the sight of her alluring cleavage when she was crouching in front of him, measuring his inseam, had made him. How sensually her bosoms rubbed against his thighs when she measured his waist. By the end of the measuring session, Harry was almost entirely gone, balancing on the brink of a climax.

She noticed of course. Maybe those were her intentions from the beginning.

All in all, it didn't matter, because a minute later Harry ended up in Margot's bed, making passionate love to her for a long, long seven and a half minutes...

Oh, no. He had dropped a clanger, again.

With dreadful apprehension, humiliated and ashamed of himself, he lay in Margot's bed, waiting for the verdict. He knew that in a second she would kick him out of her bed and Paris would be closed for him, just as London was.

Well, that never happened. Never.

His French siren took another cigarette, lit it up, puffed a little blue, intoxicating cloud into his face and said (her husky, mellow voice making Harry all hot and hard once again), "You are a fine wizard, Harry, believe me, I know." With these words her hand made its way to Harry's private bits, which were already quite hard again.

"Lovemaking is a skill, darling. You have to learn it; you are not supposed to be born with it." The witch's masterful and playful hand, her azure calm eyes and throaty, smoky voice thoroughly and utterly dazed the poor young wizard.

"Relax, boy, I will teach you. All you need is a bit of practice." After that, everything was submerged in a pleasurable haze.

All three weeks spent in Paris in Margot's boudoir consisted of constant lovemaking, with short breaks for sewing. Unfortunately, he truly needed a new wardrobe.

Surprisingly, the witch preferred to use her old Singer and her hands for sewing, not the wand.

Now, at night, lying in his bed in London, Harry remembered her fussing around him with pins and measuring tape, sewing, giving him her advices and precepts, always with her usual cigarette in the corner of her mouth.

How she would state huskily, "Stop quivering Harry. I am your pincushion, boy. Pierce me, don't hesitate, do it, do it boy."

And he had done it, again and again, until her azure eyes would lock on his green ones, until she would cry under him in ecstasy, until her limbs would tremble around him. Her hoarse moans would inevitably push him over the edge too, no matter how hard he tried to hold on.

Somewhere, by the end of the second week, Harry decided to marry Margot. She was clearly the right witch for him. They were happy; he satisfied (or at least he hoped so) her in bed. There was nothing to think about, they were soul mates...plain and simple.

The look on Margot's face when Harry proposed to her was priceless. She didn't want to laugh. However she couldn't quite hold her laughter inside. So, she was silent for a few minutes, and then she puffed her customary blue cloud in the air and said, "Sorry, darling, but I don't marry wizards. Yes, I sew clothes for them. Yes, occasionally I do them. However, darling, I don't marry them. You don't want to be married to me, darling. Good sex is not enough for marriage. There ought to be something more in it, Harry. You will find it, boy, don't worry."

Harry reluctantly agreed with her; and at the end she managed to convince him, returning to their established schedule of lovemaking and sewing.

Unfortunately, everything on this planet has to end. Three weeks had gone by; three sets of clothes were ready, and it was time to leave.

And Harry left.

He had been in London for almost a week now. Ginny accepted him back, first reluctantly, then, after the demonstration of Harry's newly acquired skills, with enthusiasm. The talks about marriage started again, now from Ginny's side. However, this time Harry wasn't sure, wasn't ready. In addition, he kept hearing Margot's words.

"There ought to be something more in it, Harry."

And that was precisely what he was thinking about when he had stumbled home from the Burrow this night, before Margot's images flooded his mind. However, when Margot's face and voice filled his head, there was no space left for the thoughts about Ginny or marriage anymore, and the last thing Harry remembered before he fell asleep was Margot's full, crimson lips enveloping him in their soft warmth.

London, December 25, Ministry's Yule Ball

Harry was rapidly making his way through the crowd. He was late and at this point sure that Ginny was already pissed. He was walking briskly through the hall when a haughty voice with a familiar drawl had caught him.

"Is it Margot's hand I see, Potter?" With these words, the small group of pure-blooded wizards with Malfoy in the middle turned to look at him with interest. Lucius Malfoy slowly stepped forward and carefully surveyed Harry's robes.

"Oh, yes. It is, hmm," and Lucius arched his eyebrows in astonishment.

Appearing from thin air, Blaise Zabini shot Harry a strange question.

"How many?"

Harry frowned, not quite understanding what Zabini was talking about. "How many what?"

"How many outfits?" Blaise rolled his eyes and muttered mockingly, "Genius."

Harry was caught by surprise and answered without a second thought. "Three."

The faces of all the wizards standing around Harry became slightly longer; the two Malfoys narrowed their eyes in disbelief, and Zabini uttered an approving whistle.

"That's a three-week affair. Not bad, Potter, not bad," muttered Draco.

"I have no idea what are you talking about." An annoyed and slightly bewildered Harry shook his head, and giving them all a curt nod, left.

After that, though, low murmurs followed Harry everywhere.

He spent a pleasant evening with Ginny; everything was satisfactory. However, Harry could not help but notice that not only many wizards were giving him strange, approving and even somewhat envious looks; moreover, a big part of wizarding's female population was affected as well. Never before had he received so many enticing, teasing and openly flirting smiles, giggles and winks in his entire life. Not even after he'd killed that worm-looking bastard.

Something had happened; that was apparent. Only Harry was not sure what that was.

But one thing he was confident in...that at this point in history, Harry Potter's life was not ruined anymore. Indeed, quite the opposite. His future looked brighter than ever. He was twenty-one years old and positively famous. He, Harry Potter, a war hero, the boy-who-lived and won, was in fact nothing less than a legendary lover, who just a few hours ago had been declared the best catch in London, or maybe, even (Merlin forgive me) in all bloody England.

Postscript

Somewhere at the end of January, Harry received a letter from the Gringotts asking him to confirm the charge to his account from a sewing facility named *Margot's Pincushion Wizard's Clothing Atelier*.

The amount of the charge equalled roughly three-quarters of Harry's annual salary. He confirmed of course. It was worth it, every fucking coin.

Even more, Harry was seriously considering getting himself a few new outfits for the spring-summer season. Why not?

This little one was created in honour of the great French writers (Flaubert, Maupassant and Balzac) and their fabulous courtesans.