

Knickered - II

by Amita

A mild sequel.

Chapter 1 of 1

A mild sequel.

"We have several tubs of worthless lust potion to get rid of," said Parvati.

"Just because it didn't work on you-know-who doesn't mean it's not effective," said Lavender. "It's for people with an intact soul."

"The thing to do is to go to a girls' lavatory in one of the higher towers, dilute the potions with lots of water, and slowly pour them down an old drain," said Padma.

"That's what we were thinking of doing," said Lavender and Parvati.

In the old lavatory, the two decided they needn't dilute the mild honeysuckle-potion. As they turned to the potent cocklebur-potion, they thought they heard someone coming, and quickly poured it down the drain.

"Still absorbed in that old Potions book I see."

He looked up to see glossy raven hair framing an aristocrat face.

"Any good spells in there?" she asked.

"Were you looking for one in particular?" he asked.

"Yes. There's one called Blaster-Gaster. It cracks the crust of the globe down to the mantle, and the Earth swallows your enemies," she said, "but it's not recommended for close-quarter's dueling."

"What?"

"You don't have much of a sense of humor, do you, Harry," said Pansy.

She sat across the table from him, took her books out of her pack, and asked if he had decided on a topic for his Charms essay. He hadn't. She talked about the four she had considered before deciding and then turned to outlining her chosen topic. She returned the next day. After watching her work for a while, he interrupted to ask about the topics she had rejected. She rehashed the options and their merits and mentioned she wanted to get the Charms assignment out of the way. Her eyes lit up as she told him about her plans for the Dark Arts project. He excused himself and went to the library to get the books for Charms that she had mentioned. That evening at dinner, she looked up from the table, caught his eye, and smiled at him.

"It's a special wand for defense," she said, explaining her Dark Arts task. "Just what a witch needs for these troubled times. It will be lethal because it always points at your opponent's heart."

"Don't you have to have some hate and anger to want to be lethal?" asked Harry. "I don't know if I could muster that on the spot."

"Think about Tom Riddle killing your parents," she said.

"That's a start," he admitted.

"The problem is that the best core for this is a hair from a manticore's head and that's expensive," she said.

He tried not to let his eyes sweep over the girl standing in front of him with her hard-bodied good looks in shirt and jeans. "Wouldn't you rather have a wand that reflects your opponent's hate back on him?" he asked.

"That would only be lethal if he had enough hate in his heart to kill himself," she said.

"I'm not certain this determination to be lethal is good for you," he said.

She looked at him. "Are you really concerned about me?" She reached out and took his hand. "You've got to be harder hearted, Harry, or you're not going to survive."

She sat there, her face turning soft as she held his hand. He sat there, his thoughts turning strange as she held his hand.

At the end of the week, she leaned back from the wand workbench, brushed the woodchips from her clothes, declared she needed a tea, and mentioned that tomorrow was a special Saturday and they could visit the village.

"Umm," he said.

"Oh, well, it's not like I'm asking you to buy me Sugarbombs or anything like that," she said. "I wouldn't presume upon our companionship and expect any small token that you acknowledge my help or even my existence. And, of course, the hero has no time for the frivolous pastimes indulged in by the lesser forms. I'll just toodle-oo by my lonesome. It's no big deal. Some of your greatness has rubbed off on unworthy me, and my stoicism knows no bounds."

The next morning, as they were walking to the village, she showed him her latest effort. It was a flat wand with a strange curve to it.

She beamed. "I call it Samurai Wood."

No, she didn't want sushi for lunch, and that was an unkind comment.

As they walked by the shops, her hand found his. Several shops later, they were looking in the window when his arm went around her waist. He felt the first breast to press against him and stay. Yowza. People were staring, but he concluded it was her tomboy beauty. She offered to treat him to lunch for all the inspiration he had been during the Charms essay and for all support he had offered while she had shaped a lethal set of wands. But afterwards, he would have to buy her a bag of her favorite candy – Sugarbombs.

They were heading back to the castle when two goons disguised as minions of Tom Riddle stepped out from behind a tree and said, "We'll relieve you of all the coin you didn't throw away on junk food."

Pansy assumed a stance. "Leave while you're in one piece."

"Keep calm," said Harry.

"Kii Yii!"

The bandits watched as the girl swished her wand, cutting through a tree branch over her head and through the sign of an abandoned shop by the side of the road.

Clean cuts, the thugs thought.

The branch fell, bopping Pansy on the head and taking her to the ground; the sign slid across the ice, knocking Harry off his feet and his wand out of his hand. Half stunned, he raised himself on one arm, pointed a finger at the two goons, and said, "See what my friend did to us. If you're not careful, she'll do that to you too."

The thieves backed slowly away out of sight. Harry crawled to the prostrate girl. "Pansy, Pansy, are you okay?"

Her eyelids fluttered open. "Oh, Harry, you care."

"Um, yeah, sure," he said. "Look, I lost my wand somewhere in the snow. We'll have to look for it."

She smiled. "Wasn't I brave?"

From the prompt by Fairfield: the beginning of an affair.