

Clara's Discount Curses

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The cloaked figure cautiously made his way through the darkness of Knockturn Alley. The young man was obviously searching for something, and suddenly he appeared to have found it. He stood in the cobblestone street staring up at the sign. "Clara's Discount Curses" the sign over the storefront read. An additional note at the bottom of the sign continued: "Established 1824".

The cloaked man nodded to himself and moved to the door of the establishment. Again, he hesitated. This was a big step. There would be no turning back after he entered the shop. He steeled himself, counted to three and grasped the knob. With a flick of his wrist, he opened the door and stepped inside, only to be startled by the chime of the entry bell.

"You have rung the bell of doom," the crone behind the counter said. "You will be cursed with savings of 20% for the next 30 minutes."

The stranger stood silent in the doorway, unsure what to do next.

"What is it boy," the old woman asked impatiently, "I don't have all day."

"I wish to purchase a curse."

"Obviously," the woman sniffed. "Why else would you come to my shop? Stop wasting my time, what curse do you want inflicted?"

"I want someone cursed with sex," the young man said.

"Well that's a new one," the crone noted. "I've never heard anyone ask for that one before. What is it, exactly, you want the curse to do?"

"The victim will be cursed with sex all the time. Sex with hot girls. Sex with hot mothers. Sex with hot older sisters. Sometimes all at the same time." the young man explained, his face flushed.

"And just how," the old woman asked raising a single eyebrow, "could that be considered a curse?"

"Well, he'd be constantly distracted; he'd never finish his projects on time, everyone would be jealous of him, and talking bad about him behind his back. His life would be miserable."

"I see," the crone said doubtfully. "And who do you propose to inflict this curse upon?"

"Well," Draco Malfoy said hesitantly, "I guess I'd want it cast on, well, me."

The crone blinked, and then sadly shook her head. "You couldn't even talk anyone into coming in here and doing this for you, could you?"

"Everyone was busy," Draco explained.

"Get out of my shop," the old woman said sadly. "And don't come back."

"My father will hear of this," Draco declared.

"I'm sure he will," the old woman laughed, "especially since I'm going to be telling everyone I know what you tried to do, and how pathetic you were in doing it. I'm sure the laughter will attract his attention."

Draco storm from the shop almost running into another cloaked form loitering outside the shop.

"Get the hell out of my way," Draco barked.

Ron Weasley bit back his retort; there was no point in calling attention to himself, even to abuse Draco. He waited until the Slytherin was out of sight, and then entered the shop.

"I want someone cursed," he announced.

"And what curse do you want young Sir," the crone behind the counter asked.

"I want to curse someone with sex..."