

The Cure

A/N: I don't own Harry Potter and wouldn't particularly care to. I would like a rental agreement with option to buy for Hermione Granger. A short term contract with Nyphadora Tonks wouldn't be turned down. A Long-term agreement with Luna Lovegood would probably be a whole lot of fun. Any time Padma Patil wants to open negotiations, call me and oh for a weekend with Fleur. Oddly Lavender and Padma's sister (despite being her twin) Parvati do nothing for me...

The Cure

Pansy Parkinson clung to her lover, shuddering from the final stages of what was possibly the most intense orgasm of her life. "Bloody Hell!" she gasped. "That was amazing."

"Thank you Pansy." In the dim light of the room that the two had found for their meetings she could see his slightly crooked grin. "You've taught me to please you quite well. I love loving you, do you knowthat? I love loving you."

It was Pansy's turn to smile; the three weeks since she had taken pity on the boy had been the most fulfilling of her life. "You just needed a little guidance, you stupid Gryffindor."

"Again?" he asked hopefully.

Pansy noticed that he hadn't lost his erection since her orgasm. "That would be nice."

"Something special?" He asked in the same hopeful tone.

Pansy nibbled at the point where his neck met his shoulders. "I thought we were supposed to be breaking you from that proclivity..."

"I like to think of it as refocusing me on my target. Besides you like it when I'm in you, touching you, playing with your breasts and kissing your neck all at the same time."

"Well..." she said considering the possibilities. Truth be told she had first done it to prove to him he could enjoy a woman, but she had discovered she enjoyed it as much as her lover did. She rose onto her knees, and then turned away from him before going to her hands and wiggling her bum at him. "Come on Lover, showme what you can do," She said looking back at him with an expression of pure lust.

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"You're looking pleased with yourself Pansy." Padma Patil said as the seventh year Slytherin took her place at the table.

"Why wouldn't I?" The girl asked. "I've saved a life this year, and I did it right under Granger's nose."

The room went quiet as the assembled witches took that jibe in. One of the rules of the coven was that they left the insanity of the idiot males outside during the meetings. That included all that Slytherin/Gryffindor nonsense.

"And what do you mean by that *Pansy*?" Hermione Granger asked from her seat at the table. "And are you truly the one to be mentioning anyone's nose?" The seventh year Gryffindor asked sweetly, subtly reminding everyone in the room of how Pansy's nose had looked before she had grown into her face.

"I saved a Gryffindor from the hatred and prejudice of the Muggle World *Hermione*. I wonder why you never did anything about that."

"Alright, you've got my interest Pansy." Hannah Abbott said. "What did you save the Grifffy from? My mum's family are Muggles, and they aren't perfect, but I don't know of anything that would require anyone being saved from them."

"I'm not naming names, Merlin only knows how *some people* would react," Pansy temporized.

"So don't name names," Hannah shrugged. "Just explain what you're talking about so that we can carry on with the meeting."

"Three weeks ago I found a Gryffindor who shall not be named out by the lake, mooning over his lost boyfriend 'Tony'. He just looked so lost staring out across the lake, my heart went out to him. Despite his disgusting heritage, he was just so pitiful I had to at least try to console him a bit, so I sat with him and he told me his story."

"Which was?" Hermione asked impatiently.

"He was attracted to other boys. Oh he claimed that he had just been dumped by his Muggle girlfriend back home, but it was clear to anyone who looked. It was also obvious that he was dreading the treatment he would receive when he returned to the Muggle world. I've heard of the

intolerance and outright hatred the Muggles holds for his proclivities.”

Around the table, almost every witch was suddenly intensely interested in this story, though only Luna Lovegood noticed the particular interest of the majority of the 6th and 7th years.

“What... What did you do Pansy?” Padma Patil asked hesitantly.

“I took him to bed of course, I showed him that he could find pleasure with and be attracted to a woman,” the Slytherin witch said with a smile. “And it turns out I’m a very good teacher. I may keep him.”

“Colin Creevey.” Susan Bones said.

“What?” Pansy appeared flustered. “How did you know?”

“The little bastard used the same line on me,” the redhead said. “And I cured him as well.”

“And me.” Padma Patil said in a cold fury.

“I fell for his line as well.” Daphne Greengrass spat. “Evidently we’ve got a serial slimeball preying on our sympathies and vanities. Who here didn’t fall for his line of crap?”

Luna raised her hand, followed shortly by Millicent Bulstrode.

“I didn’t find his claims believable,” Luna said simply. “I mean, he told me repeatedly that he wasn’t gay, but he showed clear signs of having a Gwionbach familiar, and everyone knows that Gwionbach’s have a preference for the company of men who prefer men over women. Besides,” she said with a grin, “I like wizards who wear glasses.”

Everyone around the table stared speechless at Luna over her pronouncement, while the ethereal blond suddenly developed an intense interest in grain of the tabletop.

“Yes, well, the little sod never as much as spoke with me,” Millie said, breaking the uncomfortable silence. “I don’t know if I’m more insulted by that or by what he might have gotten away with if he had tried...”

“Colin Creevey must die.”

Every eye in the room turned to a furious Hermione Granger, her rage causing her magic to bloom into a visual aura.

“You too Hermione?” Lavender Brown asked in amazement.

“Piss off Lavender!” Hermione said hotly. “I’m calling for an all house, all member truce. We need to deal with Colin, and we don’t need any distractions until we do.”

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In the Great Hall, Sunday Brunch was being served. A mixture of all classes were present enjoying the meal, but as per usual the only sixth and seventh years attending were the males.

“Hey Harry.” Colin Creevey said as he settled into a seat. “Hey Ron, Neville.” The eldest of the Creevey boys placed his beloved camera on the table top next to his plate.

Potter looked across the table blurry eyed. It had been a rough night and he hadn’t had his tea yet. “Colin, I swear to god, if you flash that thing in my eyes this morning, I will shove that camera up your ass.”

“Oh Harry,” Colin said with a smile. “You make the best suggestions, but shouldn’t you buy me dinner first?”

That got a grunt from Harry and choked laughter from Ron and Neville. Harry held his mug of tea in both hands taking long pulls from it. Slowly his mood mellowed as the much needed caffeine made its way into his bloodstream.

“Oh bloody hell.” Ron said pointing.

Harry turned his attention in the direction that Ron had indicated to find every witch above fifth year storming in his direction with wands drawn and looks of fury on their faces.

“Oh Hell!” Harry and Colin said in unison. Harry shelved wondering what that was about while he pondered what it was he might have done to piss off that many witches all at once.

“Ladies!” Harry said with his best ‘Chosen One’ smile, “How can we help you.”

“Shut up Potter.” Hermione growled. “Creevey, you’re going to die.”

Harry felt momentary relief as he realized that all this wasn’t about him. Then he felt more than a little confusion, how could it not be all about him? It was always all about him.

“What seems to be the problem?” Colin asked while calculation his chances of getting out of the Great Hall uninjured.

"You got us all in bed under false pretenses you lying bastard!" Sue Bones screamed.

The Great Hall went deathly silent as everyone in the room digested that bit of information. Ultimately the silence was broken by Ron Weasley's laughter.

"Good one Sue! Colin got you all in bed!"

"What's so funny Weasley?" Hannah Abbott asked in an obvious fury.

"Well, you mean besides the fact that Colin's a Wizard's Wizard?" Dean Thomas suggested.

"I'm not gay." Colin said. "And I never said I was. In fact I've said I'm not several times."

"What do you mean you aren't gay, what was all that with you following Harry around with your camera?" Neville asked.

Colin turned to Ron, "At first, back in first year, it was honest hero worship. I mean I found out about magic the previous summer, then read all the books I could get my hands on, and hey there's the guy all those books were about." The younger Gryffindor shrugged. "Harry's a hero; I admired him then, and still do."

"But... We threw you out of the showers last year when we caught you trying to take a picture of Harry in the shower." Ron exclaimed, forgetting for the moment that Harry had never known about that.

"As I was saying, at first it was hero worship. After about three weeks I was approached by members of the Harry Potter fan club for pictures."

Harry paled. "Fan club?" He immediately looked at Ginny. "Who?"

"Sue, then Padma." Colin said simply. "They both approached me for photos of you, Harry, and they paid me, so I kept at it. Hell, its good money. I was going to save this for the last day of the year, but here." Colin passed Harry what everyone recognized as a Gringotts key.

"What's this?" Harry asked.

"Your half of the proceeds." Colin shrugged. "It's only fair."

"How much? Harry asked looking at the key.

"At last count, your share came to 2,319 galleons not including this month's deposits. We've made good money Harry. Hell that picture I got of you in the shower last year paid for Dennis and my tuition through 7th year."

"Who bought naked pictures of me?" Harry asked in a strained voice.

"Oh, most of these ladies. Sue bought two and so did Hermione. Pansy's gone through three of them and Ginny's on her fifth."

"Ginny!" Ron shouted in a scandalized manner.

Harry's mouth opened and closed, with no sound coming out.

Nice bit of distraction there Creevey!" Tracey Davis said. "What about way you used us?"

"Used you? How did I do that Tracey?" Colin asked. "I didn't come on to you; you came on to me, each and every one of you. Hell Tracey, I specifically told you I wasn't gay, and you said 'of course you're not', and then took me to bed to 'cure' me. I finally decided that if it made you happy to 'cure' me, it made me happy to be cured."

"Everyone knew you were gay Colin," Susan protested.

"Everyone was wrong. Do you remember what you said when I told you I was straight? 'Oh Colin, we'll make that true.'"

To the amazement of the men the angry witches started lowering their wands, except for one.

"Colin Creevey!" Hannah said, "I don't know why you did this to us."

"Did it to you? Hannah, you were the worst of all." The eldest Creevey turned to the men at the table. "It was last year, in January. I got a 'dear John' letter from my girlfriend Toni back home; she said she didn't like the separation. I was up on the Astronomy Tower feeling sorry for myself, and Hannah showed up on her prefect rounds."

"Where was I?" Ernie asked.

"Skiving off as usual." Hannah said as a blush started on her face.

"Hannah asked what I was doing; I explained I was depressed about breaking up with Toni. The next think I know, we're in a broom cupboard and she's on top of me." He turned back to the blushing Hufflepuff. "It was great, really it was, but you were too busy 'making me a man' to listen to a single word I was saying."

"That's enough." A very angry Hermione Granger pushed her way to the front of the crowd of women and leveled her wand at Colin, "Less talk,

more dying."

Colin paled staring cross-eyed at the wand in front of his face.

"Hermione..." a very embarrassed Tracey Davis interrupted. "Did he lie to you?"

"No."

"Did he come on to you?" Parvati Patil asked.

"No." Hermione's wand started to waiver.

"Did you listen to him when he told you he wasn't gay?" Ginny asked.

"No." Hermione lowered her wand.

There was silence for a moment.

"Well, I guess we couldn't have been much more public in embarrassing ourselves, could we?" Daphne Greengrass asked the room.

"Maybe we should all just go and think about our actions." Padma suggested.

Pansy Parkinson came to the front of the crowd. "I don't think I'm done with you yet Mudblood."

"Really Pansy? You're so inbred it's amazing you've still got thumbs." Colin responded.

Pansy took hold of his collar and pulled him to his feet. "Our room. Fifteen minutes." Then the Slytherin flounced away.

Colin turned to face the other men. "Ok, wow."

The assembled sixth and seventh years stared in disbelief. "You unspeakably lucky Bastard." Neville observed.

"You nailed ALL of them and got away with it?" Dean shook his head. "That's just not right, it's just not right."

"Uh, yeah." Colin said eyeing the exit from the Great Hall that Pansy was disappearing through. "I gotta go."

"Just a minute Colin." Harry Potter said, still not really believing that this hadn't been all about him, that just seemed somehow... wrong. "You wait too Hermione."

The bushy haired Gryffindor paused, clearly wishing she could slink away with the other embarrassed women. "What is it Harry?"

"I was distracted there for a while, but I think I almost missed something important."

"That I sort of molested Colin?" Hermione asked hanging her head in shame.

"What? No. That you've got naked pictures of me."

"Oh." Hermione hung her head.

"You've been perverting over a picture of me naked. That means I get a picture of you naked."

Hermione looked up startled, and then seemed to think about what he asked for. "Well, alright then. Meet me in my suite in half an hour, bring a camera." She then turned on her heel and exited the Great Hall.

Harry's eyes went wide. That worked? "Colin, I need your camera."

"My camera, but Harry..."

"Colin, you took naked pictures of me without my knowledge and sold them." Harry twirled his wand between the fingers of his right hand. "You know, I could kill you, and there isn't a single thing you could do about it."

Colin handed over the camera. "You know Harry when you make sense, you make sense. I gotta go."

The younger Gryffindor took three steps away, and then turned back. "Harry? Hermione's really sensitive when you..."

"Colin, remember what I said about killing you?"

"Sorry Harry, gotta go."

Harry turned to the other men. "Anyone else got anything to say?"

"Not us Harry" Neville said.

"Make a copy of the picture for me Harry." Ron asked. Then immediately wondered why the others were hitting him.

Harry turned on his heel and exited the Great Hall. This was better. It was all about him again. Once again, all was right in the world.

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A/N: It's always about Harry. When it isn't about Harry, he feels a disturbance in the force...