

The Callipygian

A/N: I own none of this. I do not own Harry Potter or any rights to his image or personality. I do not own the moon or the stars. I do not own human genders, other than my own personal original factory equipment. Honest. Nope, not me. I most certainly do not own the rights to a billion dollar literary work.

The Callipygian

Harry Potter hoped against hope that he wasn't too late. This was his last full day at Privet Drive, and Aunt Petunia's preparations for her 'Bridge Club' had taken so very long, and it wasn't like the lazy woman could do any of the actual work herself, no. Harry was the one who had to make the sandwiches, prepare the table for the game, vacuum, and do every other damned thing inside the house before he had to mow the lawn and weed the flower beds. Petunia couldn't have any of her friends getting the idea that someone actually LIVED at #4 Privet Drive. It was now noon, and Harry was banished from the house so that his freakishness wouldn't pollute Petunia's horribly abnormal imitation of a perfectly normal home.

This suited Harry just fine. Only mildly annoyed that Petunia's poor planning hadn't allowed him the time to prepare a lunch for himself, Harry rushed to the north side of the house, throwing his father's invisibility cloak over his shoulders as he ran. He quickly settled down on his favorite spot, pleading with the universe that he not be too late.

He wasn't. It was like a birthday present, only a day early.

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Upon returning from school for the summer prior to his seventh year, Harry had immediately noticed the change in the neighborhood. Specifically he noticed the change at #6 Privet Drive, where before the lawn and flower beds were perfect, just like all the other lawns and flower beds on the block, now they were both extraordinary. The grass at #6 was greener, and far lusher than the lawns on either side, the blooms in the beds were larger, far more colorful and even at a distance, more fragrant than any in the neighborhood.

As the one who had historically done most of the work on the gardens of #4, Harry could appreciate that whoever the new owner of #6 was, he or she was quite the gardener. Upon entering the house that first day in June, Vernon had started in on what Harry had come to think of as Vernon's 'standard No-Freakishness lecture #4 with extra spittle and three different hues of red face' when Harry casually mentioned to the room that he was turning seventeen in only six weeks. Vernon colored and continued with his rant, attempting to regain the rhythm lost at Harry's interruption.

Ignoring the man, Harry turned to his Aunt and continued on in a conversational tone how seventeen was one's majority in 'his world' and that said birthday would remove all age-related restrictions on magic.

The woman paled, and then called an impromptu 'family meeting'. A very surprised and thoroughly clueless Vernon choked back his lecture at her insistence, as Petunia pulled him into the kitchen for a quick conversation while Harry took a seat on the sofa with a small smile, as Dudley stared at him in amazement from his chair in front of the telly, so shocked the three hundred pound boy actually stopped feeding himself for several moments. After a few moments the elder Dursley's reentered the sitting room and the 'family meeting' began.

After a short discussion it was agreed that Harry would help around the house with a set number of chores, mostly the yard work that frankly Harry preferred because at least it got him outside in the fresh air. He would also 'assist' his Aunt when she needed it. Dudley was also assigned a set of chores, much to the large boy's distress and over his loud objections. Other than at meals (which Petunia would prepare) the Dursleys and Harry would have almost no dealings with each other this final summer that Harry would spend with them.

All of this suited Harry just fine.

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However, life on Privet Drive didn't truly get interesting for Harry until the following day. Harry had decided on the train ride from Scotland that he was going to get into shape. Not Quidditch playing shape, real actual honest to God good physical condition. There was a difference, even though most Quidditch players wouldn't believe it. Having discovered Dudley's abandoned weight set in the basement, Harry decided that he needed to start lifting, but the book that Dudley had on the subject (also abandoned and never read as evidenced by the intact cello wrapping) recommended 'road work'.

And that is how Harry Potter became motivated. Having decided that he was going to run a mile every morning, the very next day at six am, Harry was out in front of #4 wearing some of Dudley's old sweats and a pair of beat up trainers. Without bothering to warm up, Harry began his intended run, from #4, once around the park then back. That would be a mile, easy. The young Wizard took off at a dead run.

And made it perhaps one hundred and fifty yards before he had to slow to a walk, out of breathe when a woman's voice came from behind.

"Passing on the left slow poke."

Harry started by the voice from seemingly nowhere, and then by the woman who passed him at a brisk pace. All he could make out was her bouncing blond pony tail and her lycra covered butt as she pulled away from his shambling walk. Where had she come from?

The woman passed him the next day as well. And the day after that, and after that. She passed him on the fifth day as well, but he was properly motivated by her amazing physique so he managed to keep her in sight for the entire run, amazed when she finished her run at the drive of #6 Privet Drive.

This woman was the new Mrs. #6?

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After three weeks of their morning encounters Harry was on the front lawn of #4 emulating the stretches that Mrs. #6 did each morning, waiting for her to start so that he would have his motivational scenery for the run, when she jogged up to him, and stopped maintaining her pace in place.

“So, slow poke, are you going to follow me every morning, or would you like to run with me for a change?”

Harry blushed, which seemed to amuse the woman immensely.

“Well, come on then.”

The pair started off at the pace the woman had been setting for them over the last three weeks. They ran in silence, the only sound in Harry’s ears was the slap of his sneakers on the pavement and his breath. Mrs. #6 wasn’t even breathing hard, and her strides seemed effortless with each footfall coming almost silently. They had made it to the half way point of the run when she turned to Harry smiling. “You should be warmed up by now... Ready to kick it?”

With no visible effort the woman extended her stride and almost doubled her pace pulling away from the raven haired wizard. Harry hesitated for a moment, and then attempted to match her pace. It was only the motivation offered by the view of her posterior that allowed him to keep pace.

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The effort involved in keeping up with Mrs. #6 left Harry almost exhausted. As a consequence his yard work stretched into the afternoon, where before he had always been finished before noon.

Harry wearily pushed the ancient push mower into the front lawn and discovered he had been missing something. Something very important. His new favorite neighbor did her yard work in the heat of the afternoon wearing very little indeed.

The young wizard spent far more time than usual on manicuring the Dursley’s front garden that day. The fact that he spent most of the time facing #6 Privet Drive was purely coincidental.

She was there working on her garden the next day, and the day after that. Every day, it seemed, weekends excepted, found Mrs. #6 working on her garden.

Harry found her efforts highly educational.

In truth he worried that he might be something of a pervert, lusting for a woman he didn’t know, imagining things that would likely never happen. Her smiles during their early morning runs suggested that she might know something of what he was thinking, but not in his wildest dreams could Harry ever manage the courage to actually speak to the woman.

That didn’t stop his fantasies from running wild each night.

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Harry settled down in his spot in the shade of the elm tree and attempted to become as quiet as possible.

Mrs. #6 was on her hands and knees, working on her flowerbeds in her jogging halter and Harry’s favorite bit of her wardrobe, a pair of sprayed on black bicycle shorts that molded to her body in ways that took his breath away.

Harry knew that what he shouldn’t be staring at the woman from under his father’s cloak, knew that some would consider what he was doing as stalking, but he didn’t care.

This woman’s body was perfect. She was... perfect. He just wanted to sit in the shade and watch her in her perfection and imagine the possibilities.

~ *So Potter, what is it that has your feeble little mind all a twitter?* ~ An all too familiar sibilant voice echoed in his head

Damn it. Not now . ~Fuck off Tom. I’m busy. ~ Harry thought back.

~ *Too busy to speak with me? And after I go to all the trouble of making the connection while we’re both awake.* ~

~ I said fuck off Tom, unless you want another ration of what you got at the Ministry two years ago. ~ **How does he manage to lisp via telepathy anyway?**

~ *What could possibly be focusing your mind so much Potter?* ~

Harry thought for a moment, and then smirked a bit from under his invisibility cloak.

~ I've seen through your eyes, can you see through mine? ~

~ *I can...* ~ Riddle thought suspiciously. ~ *What are you up to Potter?* ~

~ Take a look Tom, and then you can piss off. I'm busy. ~

Harry felt... **something** behind his eyes. What an odd sensation.

~ *That... That... That's indecent!* ~ Riddle thought. ~ *Why are you staring at that... Scarlet Woman?* ~

~ Scarlet woman? You sound like an old woman Tom. ~ Harry smirked. The old man probably read romance novels. ~ You know until now I thought your whole 'take over the world' fixation was just a demented way to meet girls. I guess not huh? ~

~ *Damn you Potter!* ~

~ You know my feelings of love for my parents and Godfather drove you out of my mind two years ago. I wonder what a good dose of lust would do?
~ Harry focused his attention on that perfect ass, not ten feet away and let his libido run free.

Riddle's screams were horrible. They made Harry smile.

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At six pm that day a non-descript black automobile pulled up in front of #4 Privet Drive. Two middle aged men emerged along with a young woman. Before they reached the front door it swung open and Harry Potter emerged pulling his trunk behind him.

"Anxious Potter?" The older of the two men asked.

"More than a little bit Mad-Eye. Hello Remus." He turned to the girl. "I didn't expect you to come along Hermione."

"I insisted." She dimpled.

From the corner of his eye Harry spotted Mrs. #6. "Excuse me for a second." Harry put his trunk in the boot of the auto then crossed the lawn to #6.

The woman looked at him curiously.

"I just wanted to stop by and thank you for running with me every morning. I'm leaving tonight and probably won't be back for a while."

"Too bad." She said in that wonderfully sexy throaty voice. "I'll miss your company. Going to school?"

"Something like that. Again, thank you."

He returned to the car to find the two men smirking at him and Hermione staring at him with one raised eyebrow.

"What? We ran together every morning. I was just saying goodbye."

Hermione huffed a bit, then turned and ducked down to get into the car.

Harry's own eyebrows shot up in surprise. Why hadn't he ever notice what a great ass Hermione had before?

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A/N: This story is dedicated to all the older women out there who were ever the primary fantasies of adolescent men. You know who you are. To this day I recall my Mrs. #6. We never exchanged a single word, I never learned her name, and I doubt she knew I existed, but dear god in heaven that woman filled a pair of bicycle shorts when she ran. At the age of 17, I, who hates exercise in all its forms, ran three miles every single day for four months just because of the view her jogging shorts offered. Ah memories.

She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed just wandered by and read my above silliness and said "That's just sick. You should be ashamed of yourself."

This is a prime example why we should all be glad that telepathy, if it even exists, is fairly uncommon. If every woman could do it, they would never stop slapping the men in their lives.