

Harry Potter the Lothario “If you ask 100 women...”

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Harry Potter the Lothario

“If you ask 100 women...”

The door into the Three Broomsticks slammed open. Druella Rosmerta looked up from her bar to see the very last Wizard she ever expected to see this night storm into her pub.

Harry Potter. Druella didn't need her decade of bar ownership to see that the young man was enraged beyond all rational thought. She picked up a bottle of butterbeer and took a step toward the table Potter was standing over, and then reconsidered. She put the butterbeer back and took a bottle of Ogden's and two glasses. She signaled one of her waitresses to take over the bar.

Potter was leaning over the rearmost table. As Druella approached, The-Man-Who-Won raised both of his arms over his head. His magic flared in his rage, and when he slammed his fists down on the table top screaming “FUCK!”

The table shattered. Every eye in the pub was suddenly on the Man Who Won. The Wizard looked down ashamed of his actions. Druella pulled her wand from her sleeve and repaired the table.

“Have a seat Harry.” She said as she took her own chair.

The Seventh Year looked embarrassed. “I'm sorry Madam Rosmerta. That won't happen again.”

“Harry,” The voluptuous Pub owner said, “If you want to destroy the entire pub, that's fine. We all owe you so much.” She smiled at the look on his face. “Besides, you can afford it.”

Druella continued to smile as the young man sat down. She poured a shot for herself, then one for Harry and slid it in front of him. “What did she do?”

The boy blinked. “What?”

“When a man your age is this upset, especially the day after he defeats the most evil Dark Lord ever, it has to be over a girl.”

“I found her with another guy.”

“Fuck her.” The buxom barmaid said.

“What?”

“You are the savior of us all Harry. You could have any girl you want.” She smiled at the look on his face. “Even this old sack of bones.” Her smile grew larger at seeing his reaction.

Harry had been taking a sip of his drink when she said that, and promptly started choking because he had inhaled the fire whiskey instead of swallowing. Such an offer, even jokingly made, was the primary fantasy of the vast majority of Hogwarts male student body.

“Thank you for the compliment Harry.” She said thumping him on his back to help him with clearing his airway. “But I'm serious. If the stupid little girl was willing to cheat on you, forget her. There are probably a dozen girls in this pub alone more than willing to help you get her off your mind.” She stood and leaned down to kiss Harry on the cheek. “I've got to get back to work. There's a room upstairs for you if you want it. Forget her.” She laid the key for the room on the table in front of him, and then returned to her bar.

Harry thought for a moment about what she had said. He then decided on the only logical path. He was going to drink until he couldn't feel feelings anymore.

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Ninety minutes and three bottles of Ogden's later Harry made the most horrifying discovery.

He wasn't drunk.

He was mildly buzzed, as if he had had several butterbeers in a short period of time, but he wasn't drunk. Something had to be going on. It would have been just like that asshole Tom to have zapped him with an alcohol doesn't effect you hex as a petty act of revenge. He looked into himself

and found no hex. What was happening was his own magic was neutralizing the effects of the alcohol faster than it could affect him.

Damn it all to hell. What the fuck good was magic if it kept you from getting blind fucking numb to the universe drunk when you needed to? Feeling his anger rise again, he totally missed Draco Malfoy and Pansy Parkinson coming up to his table.

“You killed my father Scar-head; don’t think I’m going to forget that.”

“He was sort of trying to kill me at the time Malfoy, if it helps, he cried like a little girl when I took him down. Offered me you and your mother if I’d let him live.”

Draco moved for his wand. He stopped when he found himself staring into the swirling maelstrom of magic arcing over Harry’s palm.

“Wandless, yeah. Tommy destroyed my wand, so this is all I’ve got until I get a replacement.” Potter smiled at Draco’s expression of terror and lowered his hand. “I’m not sure you should really be all that angry with me Draco.”

“What are you talking about?” the blond sputtered.

“Your father was what? 40? That would mean he had another 80 years or so of expected lifespan, and he was emptying the Malfoy fortune into Tommy’s stupid little war. Now, you’re Lord Malfoy, and insanely rich, all at the age of 17, instead of having to wait until your 90’s.”

Malfoy’s mouth hung open for most of a five count. Draco hadn’t thought of that, Harry thought. How could he possibly be considered ambitious if he didn’t routinely think things through?

“Potter!” Pansy growled. “I don’t know what…”

“Say Pansy?” Harry interrupted, “Do you know the difference between conversation and sex?”

The Slytherin girl blinked. “No.”

“Wanna go upstairs and talk?” Harry asked wagging his eyebrows at her.

The Slytherin girl sputtered in her rage.

“Pansy, are those fuck-me eyes, or go-fuck-yourself eyes? Honestly, you’re absolutely perfect! Don’t speak now, you’ll spoil it”

Pansy turned on her heel and stomped off.

“I guess a blowjob is out of the question?” He called after her. She almost ran from the pub. “Well that was fun.” Harry returned his attention to Draco. “Now, as I see it Draco, it will be far more profitable for both of us to work together rather than the childish sniping at each other we’ve been doing for the last seven years.”

Harry could almost hear the gears grinding in the blonde’s head. This guy was so easily led, the Malfoy fortune wouldn’t last him ten years.

“I will consider what you’ve said Potter.”

Watching Malfoy stride away, Harry realized how much fun he had had using cheesy pickup lines to annoy Pansy… He idly wondered how effective that technique would be on any other witch that bothered him.

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Harry was on his 5th bottle of Ogden’s, having abandoned the glass in his attempt to drink faster than his magic could neutralize the alcohol. Still nothing more than a light buzz. Oh, and three trips to the toilet. He was considering asking Madam Rosemerta if she had anything stronger.

It was then he heard a woman clear her throat. He looked up to find that his table suddenly had a Ravenclaw witch infestation. Sitting across from him was Mandy Brocklehurst, to his left was Morag McDougal, and to his right Lisa Turpin.

“Ladies? Please go away. I want to be left alone.”

“We came over to tell you how sorry we are about your break up.” Morag said, her eyes glinting in a way that suggested that she wasn’t really all that sorry.

“You were so brave at the station.” Lisa added, “putting yourself between You-Know-Who and all of us. We didn’t want you to be alone after that.”

“Giant Polar Bear.” Harry said.

All three girls looked confused. “What?” asked Mandy.

“Giant Polar Bears always break the ice.” Harry grinned and glanced at his watch. “So, Mandy, My magic watch says that you aren’t wearing any underwear.”

The girl blushed. “I most certainly am.”

Harry frowned and tapped the crystal of the watch, then held it up to his ear. “Damn it! This stupid thing must be 15 minutes fast.”

Harry, are you drunk?" Lisa Turpin asked.

"No, damn it. Not for the lack of trying either." He reached into his pouch and pulled out a galleon. "Lisa, I'll bet you a galleon that I can kiss you one the lips without touching you."

The blond girl was aghast at the suggestion. "Don't be ridiculous, that's just not possible, or proper."

Harry pulled the protesting girl from her chair onto his lap, and kissed her; she froze for a moment, and then started returning the kiss. He lifted her off his lap and returned the startled Ms. Turpin to her chair.

"Hmm. I was wrong. Here's your galleon." He slid the coin in front of the girl.

"wow." Lisa said in a small voice.

"Smooth, Harry." Mandy commented.

"Don't even think about trying that crap with me Potter." Morag said warily. "I like girls."

"Really? So do I." The Gryffindor smiled widely. "We have so much in common. Wanna help me with Mandy's underwear problem?"

Morag and Mandy stood, Mandy pulling the dazed Lisa to her feet. "If you wanted to be left alone, all you had to do was say so." Morag shook her head at him.

"I'm pretty sure I did."

The trio left in various states of outrage. Harry watched them leave. Who knew that the techniques out lined in the 'how to pick up girls' book Dudley had abandoned in Harry's bedroom because there were too many hard words would provided so many excellent ways of driving witches away?

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After the Ravenclaw trio left, Harry had given up on Fire Whiskey and cajoled the waitress into bringing him a bottle of what ever Muggle beverage the pub had. She had produced a rather dusty bottle of a Muggle brand of Tequila. Harry had never tried this particular beverage, but he recalled Dudley's friends calling it 'TeKillya'.

Now that was more like it. Evidently it was the magical component of the Fire Whiskey that his magic was reacting to and countering. After his fourth shot of this wonderful sauce, Harry's buzz was far and away better than it had been. Then of course, the universe noticed that Harry Potter was approaching happiness (though chemically induced) so it stepped in to put a stop to that foolishness.

"Hello Harry."

He didn't even look up. "Hello Hermione. You can't fix this, please don't try."

"She's not here to fix it Harry." A familiar voice with an Irish burr said. "I think she's here to keep you from killing me."

Harry looked up to see Seamus and HER sitting nervously across the table from him. "I've got no problem with you Seamus. You already told me you didn't know."

"And what about me?" asked the girl sitting next to Seamus.

"What about you?" Harry responded. "You told me we were together, and I found you on your knees for Seamus. Seamus tells me he didn't know you were playing games, and I believe him. I'm not angry with Seamus. You, I never want to see again. Have a nice life. Go away."

The couple stood. "Harry, mate..."

"Seamus, seriously, we're good. But really mate, you could do better."

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"That was unnecessary Harry." Hermione said after the couple had left.

"Really? I thought I was quite restrained." He took a long pull on the bottle. "I didn't hex anyone or anything."

"Harry, it's not healthy to do this to yourself."

"So everyone keeps telling me. And what would you do if you found Ron on his knees in front of Lavender?"

Her eyes flashed at the thought. "I'd kill the..." Evidently Hermione wasn't as over Ron's dalliance the previous year as she would lead people to believe.

"Exactly. Now, I can't go getting into fights anymore. So I'm dealing with it by trying to get pissed out of my mind, and you are spoiling my buzz with your calm logical presence." He took another pull. "I've been insulting girls for the last three hours to get them to leave me alone, but I can't do that to you Hermione. Please, leave me alone. You can resume your lifetime project of turning me into a decent human being tomorrow."

The brunette sighed. Damn that ignorant little girl anyway. "Alright Harry. If you promise me you won't do anything stupid, I'll leave you alone."

"I can't promise not to do anything stupid. Doing stupid things is what defines me 'Mione."

"Can you at least try to not do anything stupid?"

Harry smiled. "I'll try."

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Leaving the toilet Harry was mildly amused for the thousandth time that Wizarding methods of drying your hands in a public washroom didn't work any better than the Muggle methods. There must be something karmic about that.

Passing a booth on the way to his table he heard "Nice ass Potter."

He stopped, and slowly turned to face Tracey Davis and Daphne Greengrass. He hesitated for a moment, and then slid into the booth alongside Daphne.

"Ladies." The pair of Slytherin's stared at him wide eyed, his sitting down with them was obviously not the reaction they expected. Harry noticed a pair of glasses empty except for some melting ice cubes. They had evidently finished their drinks. He scooped a cube from one of the glasses and smashed it on the table top.

"What the Hell Potter?" Tracey sputtered.

"Just breaking the ice Tracey..." He signaled the waitress to bring another round of drinks to the table. "So, tell me more about my ass..."

"Bloody Gryffindor. I thought you Gryffs were supposed to be able to take a joke." Tracey said, desperately looking for a way out of this conversation. It didn't help that Daphne was close to laughing at her.

"I like jokes Tracey. You hear the one about the Gryffindor Seeker who hit on the two Slytherin Witches in a Pub?"

"They never found his body." Daphne purred dangerously.

"Ah, you heard it already?"

The waitress arrived with the girl's drinks as well as Harry's tequila. Harry picked up the half full bottle and tipped it back, swallowing half of what was left. Damn it. The magic was working on the non magical booze now.

Tracey stared open mouthed at him. "Potter if you keep drinking like that, you're going to die."

"Yeah?" He leaned on the table with both elbows, leaning his chin on his fists. "When?"

"Potter, we wanted to thank you." Daphne said. "Thank you for yesterday at the station. They were going to kill us all."

"You stopped them when you could have, should have run." Tracey blushed a bit. "Thank you, not just for me, but for my sister who started this year and for all the little ones. Don't let that stupid bint ruin you."

Harry smiled and held up his right hand with his index and middle finger extended. "Tracey, do you know why you should always masturbate with these two fingers?"

"No, why?"

"Because they're mine, and that would make me so happy."

"Potter..."

"Daphne, do you believe in love at first sight? Or should I walk by again?"

"That's quite the defense mechanism you've got there Potter." Tracey observed. "People can be concerned about you without you having to shove them away."

"Maybe not, but it's working so far. I'll bet you're magically delicious"

"I assure you that she is." Daphne smiled at his expression. "And what would you do if we took you upstairs and used you as a sex toy?" Tracey asked.

"Before or after I annoyed all the neighbors by screaming 'Yippee?'"

"I think you would find that difficult to do that around a ball gag." Daphne noted.

"Ooh, kinky. Let's go."

"I said 'if Potter. Unfortunately you have the one thing we normally reject in a sex toy."

"And what's that Tracey?"

"A penis."

"Ouch. Sorry, I'm kind of attached to it."

Tracey took his hand and stroked his fore arm. "It's ok, not really your fault. The world needs breeders, no matter how disgusting they might be."

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The Slytherin pair left not long after that. Harry reflected on how they had turned his cheesy pickup lines back on him. It was then he noticed that he was thinking clearly again.

Damn it. His magic had started working on the tequila. His buzz had faded to almost nothing, and he had been having so much fun with Tracey and Daphne he hadn't noticed. When the waitress came around again he bowed to the inevitable and ordered a butterbeer. The woman was a bit shocked at his shift in drinking strategy, but soon returned with a cold bottle.

"So this is where the world famous Harry Potter is hiding."

Harry looked up from his bottle. "Hello Hannah. Hello Susan."

Hannah slid into the booth across from Harry. Sue Bones on the other hand pushed on Harry's shoulder. "Shove over."

Harry slid over to allow her into the booth. Susan slid right up next to him and put her hand on his thigh.

"Buy a couple of girls a drink?" She asked fluttering her eyes.

Harry laughed at her antics, "Butterbeers?" getting their agreement Harry signaling the waitress to bring two more.

"Morag said you were using, what did she call them Hannah? "Cheesy Pickup Lines to chase girls off."

"I've had a really bad day Susan." Harry said leaning his head on her shoulder. "And it always makes me feel better to see a pretty girl smile. So, would you smile for me?"

She smiled broadly at him.

"Good lord that worked? It always makes me feel better to see a pretty girl naked. So, would you get naked for me?"

"That was pretty pathetic Harry. Don't you have one for me?" Hannah pouted.

"Sure Hannah," He said. "Will you help me find my lost puppy? I think he went into my room upstairs."

"Nice one Harry." Hannah said while Sue laughed. "I remember reading that one in a Muggle book my brother had about picking up women."

"That's where I got it. My cousin bought the book and I read it the summer before last. Those lines are great for chasing witches off."

"And you need to quit chasing them off Harry." Susan said. "You're hurt, but you can't let a stupid girl ruin your life. Too many people care about you to let that happen."

"I don't know if you heard about all the Death Eater attacks this summer, but a surprising number of them were stopped." Hannah added.

"I'd heard that, but the Prophet was never clear on what happened."

"The DA happened." Susan said. "The kids you trained fought the Death Eaters to a standstill until help could arrive. It happened with us when I was visiting Hannah back in July. She and I held off five Death Eaters for twenty minutes until the Aurors got there. What you taught us saved our lives Harry."

"I didn't do anything, anyone could have..."

"Maybe anyone could have, but only you did Harry." Hannah interrupted. "So thank you." She glanced at her watch. "I've got to get back to the party. Ernie will be looking for me. Have fun you two."

Hannah rose from the booth and headed for the door. Susan remained where she was.

"You're not going to the party Sue?"

"No, I've got a more important party to go to." She licked her finger, and touched his shoulder. Then Susan licked her finger again and ran her finger down her blouse between her breasts.

"Oh my." She said. "We really should get out of these wet clothes."

Harry looked into her heavily lidded eyes. "My, that was a cheesy line. At least as bad as any of mine." Harry leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the lips. "I think you're right though, we should get out of these wet clothes before we catch out deaths. Fortunately, I've got a room upstairs where we can do that."

"How convenient. We should go now, I'm feeling a bit chill."

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Druella Rosmerta smiled as she saw the Bone's girl lead Harry Potter up the stairs.

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A/N: This story grew out of my discovering my seventeen year old son with a book entitled "How to Pick Up Women" and discovered among its treasure trove of information guaranteed to maintain a young man's virgin status were some of the cheesiest pickup lines I have ever heard.

After abusing my son for several hours (such as informing him that the only girls those stupid lines would work on could be easily identified by their having TGIF on their shoes. (Toes Go In First)) I got to thinking about how those lines might work in the isolated Wizing world.