

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Giga Chad Harry aura farms by staying perfectly still.

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Harry... doesn't do a thing. At least, not outwardly anyways. As Ginny comes barreling towards him, looking like she's going to ram into him, Harry remains exactly where he is while Padma dives out of the way, clearly expecting him to do the same.

This doesn't mean he's entirely idle, of course. His magic does well up within him, greatly speeding up his perception of time and leaving him ready to react in the span of a single millisecond if he deems it necessary. Ginny's approach and Padma's dive and everyone else's reactions slow down around him as Harry perceives the following events like they're happening in molasses.

It's quite the experience, really. Even as the tip of Ginny's broom comes within an inch of his face, her hand slowly closes around the Golden Snitch. He sees the exact moment she manages to capture the thing in her grasp, squeezing her hand shut and keeping it from escaping. To be fair, it doesn't even try to escape... there's no last minute twitch, no slight movement from it... it's still hovering in front of him when Ginny catches it.

Meanwhile, the tip of her broom, as close to him as it is... begins to dip up. And when Harry sees that, he can't help but smile, easily able to tell that the broom will pass within half an inch of the top of his head and her legs and feet straddling either side of it but also pulled back will miss his shoulders by a few inches as well.

She's not going to hit him, so in the end Harry doesn't have to interfere... which is good, because casting a Protego on himself and his surroundings wouldn't have stopped Ginny from splattering against the protective barrier and being badly injured if not killed outright.

His only option would have been to reach out at the last possible instant in time and grab hold of her. But doing so, stopping her momentum and keeping her in place with his magic to keep her from grievous bodily harm... well, that would have been interfering with an official Quidditch Match. And that was the last thing Harry wanted to do if he had any other option.

Fortunately, he did have another option... sit still and don't move. Ginny's grab of the Snitch, followed by her pulling up out of the dive, leaves him perfectly safe. He was never in any danger at all in fact so long as he didn't try to dive out of the way or anything like that.

As Ginny flies away, there's a hush over the section of the crowd where Harry is sitting. Everyone is staring at him, including his date. Harry looks down at Padma, who is on the floor at this point, and chuckles, offering her his hand.

"I appreciate you trying to warn me, Padma. But it was fine, in the end."

As pale faced as an Indian woman of her complexion can get, Padma takes Harry's hand and lets him pull her to her feet and help her retake her seat. Around them, multiple witches watch this with jealousy writ large on their faces.

Meanwhile, Ginny has been pumping her fist in the air, holding the captured Golden Snitch aloft. The game is over and the Chudley Cannons have indeed beaten the Holyhead Harpies. It was a fast game, only about twenty minutes long, and Harry feels a little bit guilty because he's pretty sure it was the Snitch's strange fascination with him that caused it to be caught so easily.

Although, he actually feels even guiltier when the reaction to Ginny's victory is so... subdued. It takes one of her teammates flying over and whispering in her ear for the Cannons' Captain to learn what's going on. Her eyes flicker down to where he is in the stands and widen in shock.

No doubt, she's just been informed that she very nearly took the head off of the only wizard in all of Magical Britain, judging by the horror on her face. Harry just smiles and waves at her, showing that he's perfectly alright. Not that he's certain

it will help. Ugh, everyone was going to make a big deal about this, weren't they?

And yep... Harry is unsurprised when the questions begin a few seconds later. Witches all around him and Padma start to ask if he's alright, if he needs any help of any sort. He brushes them all off of course... but if he needed any further confirmation about Padma's sexuality than he'd already gotten previously, this would do it.

Sure, the young woman is definitely shaken by what's happened... but not once do her hackles raise as all of the witches around him make every attempt to try and peel him off of her. She seems oblivious to their true intentions, not even registering that they're trying to steal 'her man' while they're on a date.

Probably because she doesn't consider Harry to BE 'her man' in the end. He's just a means to an end for her... and technically that's been achieved.

Harry himself isn't interested though, so he ultimately pushes back as gently but also firmly as he can, until finally he and Padma are able to leave the stadium together. Only, before they can end the date and part ways on amicable terms, they're interrupted one final time...

"Hey!"

Turning, Harry arches a brow when he sees Ginny Weasley walking towards them with a purposeful stride in her step. The older version of his best friend's baby sister is... well, she's world-weary and intense in a way that no other version of Ginny he's ever known has really been. Her eyes are sharper, her face is slightly gaunter, and she seems... tougher.

Not to say his original Ginny wasn't tough, but there's a difference between 'tough because you lost a brother and fought in a wizard war' and 'tough because you lost every single male member of your family in less than a decade', Harry supposed.

Regardless, she stands tall and proud even as she stops a couple feet away from them and sticks out a gloved hand.

“Ginerva Weasley, Captain of the Chudley Cannons. Sorry for nearly taking your head off back there.”

Harry blinks, not because of the offered hand or because of the apology... but rather because of the introduction. He had never met a version of Ginny Weasley who introduced herself by her full first name before. Every single Ginny he'd ever encountered had hated the name 'Ginerva' with a burning passion and preferred Ginny no matter how 'childish' it might make her seem.

... Not this one though. He'd admittedly noticed that in his research everyone referred to Ginny as 'Ginerva', but he'd simply chalked that up to it all being documentation and what not. He hadn't thought in a million years that she actually went by Ginerva.

It takes him half a second to fully process and internalize that fact before smiling softly and reaching out to shake Ginerva's hand.

“Think nothing of it. You had it entirely under control from what I could see.”

Padma makes a slight noise of disbelief at his side, clearly disagreeing, but she doesn't speak up. Ginerva on the other hand... her eyes light up slightly and though she doesn't smile, she does seem a little bit pleased with his response.

“That's what I said. But I've been assured by multiple sources, including my own teammates, that I shouldn't have taken the risk and that I owe you an apology.”

Chuckling, Harry nods his head even as they finally end their handshake.

“Well then, apology accepted.”

There's a pause where he thinks that'll be the end of it... but Ginerva narrows her eyes after a moment.

“Hm... no. Not good enough. I owe you more than that, right? Why don't you come to the afterparty? It's just a little thing that the Harpies and the Cannons do after every game these days. We might be rivals, but we're also survivors and we like to celebrate that fact. Oh, and you can come as well.”

That second part is directed at Padma... who squeaks when Ginerva's eyes dart over to her. Blinking, Harry looks over at his date for the evening... and realizes Padma is *definitely* interested in the red headed Captain of the Chudley Cannons.

Oh, she's trying to hide it for sure, since obviously she's not supposed to be interested in women and right now she's literally on a date with him. But to Harry, it's clear as day that Ginerva Weasley is definitely doing it for Padma in this moment.

To be fair, the Indian Witch definitely has good taste. Ginerva cuts a rather striking profile in her Quidditch Uniform, her sharper features and intense gaze giving her a sort of untouchable presence to her. Basically... she has 'aura'.

Heh, Harry was initially inclined to decline the invite too. After all, the date was all but over with the end of the Quidditch Match, right? But if Padma was interested in Ginerva... and Ginerva was interested in him... maybe he could do something about all of that.

Smiling easily, Harry looks back to Ginerva and nods.

“Sure, I think we'd like that. Where are we headed?”

Ginerva rattles off an address and then looks down at herself with a frown.

“Need to get changed and cleaned up. Just let them know you're there on my invitation, got it? They shouldn't give you any trouble.”

“Alright, will do.”

With that, the red head whips around and heads back into the stadium,

ostensibly towards the changing rooms. Once she's gone, Padma looks to him and Harry looks back with an arched brow.

"Sorry for speaking for you. If you don't want to go, it's perfectly alright. We can even head back to my place for a drink instead if you prefer."

Biting her lower lip, Padma seems to war with herself for a moment before shaking her head.

"N-No, I... I mean, there's something I should probably tell you, Harry. I'm not... I'm gay. And this whole date was just my way of getting my parents back in India off of my back for a little while longer."

Huh, he hadn't fully been expecting or intending to force Padma to out in the moment. But she's come clean all the same and he can appreciate that fact.

"I fully understand if you're angry with me. Just please understand, I didn't do it to hurt you, I just-!"

"It's quite alright, Padma. I already knew."

Padma's eyes widen and her jaw drops open in disbelief.

"W-What? You *knew*?!"

Harry isn't about to betray Lavender's trust of course, so he goes a different route as he smiles and nods.

"You spent more of my visit to the Ministry checking out my assistant than you did me, Padma."

"Your assistant is part veela!"

"You also brought us to a public sports event when I know for a fact that you were a Ravenclaw and are the more bookish sort. You would have had more fun

at a quieter venue, but you weren't actually trying to woo me or even show me too much about your true self in the end."

"T-That's..."

"And when every woman back in that stadium was trying to seduce me away from you after Ginerva nearly took my head off, you didn't even notice."

Padma's mouth opens... and then closes. She looks to the stadium and then back at him rather blankly.

"There... there's no way that last bit is true."

Harry chuckles.

"Your disbelief is a clearer indicator of your sexual preferences than anything else, Padma."

She flushes at that... before finally letting out a sigh and hanging her head.

"I don't know why I'm trying to argue with you. I already admitted the truth. Still, if you knew all along... why did you go along with it?"

Harry shrugs.

"Because I figured you had your reasons and needed my help. Besides, I'm literally the only man in all of Magical Britain. Women have been throwing themselves at me since I arrived in the isles. Do you think I really mind helping out one of the few women who isn't interested in getting in my pants?"

Padma's flush intensifies, her eyes darting down to his crotch for a moment. Not because she's interested, but because he's probably putting some unwanted mental images in her mind.

"I... I see. W-Well... what now?"

Harry tilts his head to the side.

“That’s up to you, really. I already told Ginerva I’d attend, so I’ll probably go to that afterparty. But you don’t have to go with me if you don’t want to. Then again... I could tell that your favorite part of the Quidditch Match was definitely the players.”

Padma blushes hard.

“So... if you wanted to see if something might happen with one of them, feel free to come with me. Since we both know what we know now, you don’t need to worry about keeping me in the dark. I’d be happy to help you out, even.”

That gets an incredulous look from Padma.

“You... want to be my wingman?”

Harry grins and shrugs.

“Couldn’t hurt, right?”

For a long moment, Padma seems to fall into thought. But finally, she makes her decision and opens her mouth to tell it to him.

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!