

Summary: "This is the last time Potter! After this, we'll go our separate ways and pretend none of this ever happened!" Pansy sneered.

Potter's breath washed over her bare shoulder as he chuckled. His lips were inches from her neck, so close she could practically feel the heat emanating from them. His hands gliding down her ribs forced Pansy to bite her bottom lip lest she moan with excitement.

"Whatever you say Parkinson." Potter murmured. Then his lips were upon her neck once more, and all hope of ending their trysts died right then and there.

Or

Five times Pansy Parkinson accidentally slept with Harry Potter.

And one time she meant to.

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Chapter 5: Rip My Ribcage Open

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It was an entirely new experience for Pansy. The whole concept of 'dating' was foreign to her really. Sure, she and Draco had their little ruse they played out since first year of a doting betrothed couple for their respective parents' sake. Well...she was doting, Draco was as much of an arse then as he was now so perhaps it was just her who was playing the part. She also had the occasional fling here and there, though nothing that could be constituted as a relationship, mind you.

It was a hard distinction to make, of course. She had no real clue if what her and Harry had even technically was 'dating'. They enjoyed each other's company, of course, that much has long been made clear, and there were the not-so-secret feelings they had for each other mingled within the mix of pent-up hormones and hot sex. Her little breakdown-slash-confession had left her too emotionally exhausted to really press the issue with Harry and so she was left wondering what exactly to call them now.

Were they a couple? Friends with benefits? Something else?

When he held her hand through the halls was it because that's what boyfriends and girlfriends did or was it because it made it easier to drag her into the nearest broom cupboard for a quick fuck when either of them got a little too flustered to wait? How about when he would look down at her with that smile that caused funny feelings to bloom in her stomach before placing a chaste kiss against her forehead? Was that a sign of affection or simply a tease for later? It frustrated Pansy that she didn't know when these little gestures were probably so obvious for others to parse meaning from. It was especially frustrating when the grey unknown of where they stood was all but thrown into her face by her own friends.

"So you and Potter, huh?" Daphne had asked her one morning with that irritating coy smile of hers that gave absolutely nothing away.

Pansy had resorted to her usual defence of scowling bitchfully and turned away. "What of it?" She tossed the used towel aside without care. Fresh from the shower, she and Daphne were now setting about getting dressed. The sound of running water still echoed out from their shared bath as their other dorm mates went about their morning routines as well.

The Ice Queen hummed behind her. Pansy tried to ignore the shiver of nervousness that slipped down her spine. Daphne was the epitome of a Slytherin Princess. Cool, calm, and with a silver tongue deadlier than any could imagine. Her mind was equally as dangerous as well. There was very little that happened within the castle that the blonde witch didn't know.

"Nothing. Just an interesting development, wouldn't you agree?" The sound of shuffling clothes behind her indicated the other witch was idly searching through her wardrobe for an outfit.

Pansy turned to eye the blonde with suspicion. The sight of Daphne's nude body was nothing new. Neither she nor the blonde was particularly shy about their bodies like some of their dorm mates, especially not after having shared a bathroom for the last eight years.

"I suppose, but then again, I wouldn't think you of all people particularly interested in anyone's dating life."

“Oh truth be told I don’t give a damn who you or Potter shag in your free time.” Daphne laughed as she stepped into a pair of black lace knickers. “I simply wish to understand what you gain from the whole farce.”

Pansy froze where she stood, hooking the clasps of her bra. Daphne’s words sank in like a hot knife that lit a fire of indignation in her chest.

“Excuse me?” She hissed through clenched teeth. Either Daphne couldn’t hear the vitriol in her voice or the blonde simply didn’t care as she gave Pansy an amused glance and continued.

“Well there’s the money and power he carries, of course. I don’t believe there’s a single person out there who can deny the role Potter will play in shaping the Wizarding World’s future. I suppose that fact alone would be enough to draw most witches into his bed.” She said offhandedly.

Pansy glowered at the girl as she threw a random top onto her bed uncaringly. She could feel her mouth contort into an angry scoff.

“Most witches are bloody idiots.”

Daphne’s gaze snapped towards her with one manicured brow raised. “Oh? Do tell then dearest. What exactly is it that you hope to gain from Potter?”

Pansy glared at the other girl and crossed her arms. “Who says I’m hoping to gain anything? Honestly Daph’, not everything has to be a bloody convoluted scheme. Ever think Harry and I just enjoy each other’s company?”

“But where’s the fun in that dearest? Come now, we’ve been friends for years. You can tell me the truth. Is it his money? Maybe you hope to raise House Parkinson back into good standing? At this point I’d accept you saying he has a big cock.” Daphne laughed.

Pansy rolled her eyes and turned away from the blonde. She no longer had any interest in continuing this conversation. Not if Daphne was keen on dismissing her words so easily.

Daphne must have sensed her irritation, or at least finally decided to acknowledge with a click of her tongue.

“Oh don’t be like that Pansy. I’m only teasing.” Daphne huffed. “I envy you for snatching up Potter so quickly. Morgana knows I was considering the title of Lady Black myself for some time now, but I applaud your shrewdness all the same.”

Pansy couldn’t help herself. Throwing the skirt she held onto the floor, she whipped around and glared daggers into the half-naked witch’s skull.

“Bugger off Greengrass! You can shove your applause for all I care! I’m with Harry because I want to be! Not for some backstabbing Slytherin long-con like you have planned for your future fool of a husband!”

Daphne finally allowed her mask to slip the tiniest bit, revealing a scowling visage beneath. “We both know that’s not true, even if you can’t admit it to yourself. You don’t ‘date’ Pansy.” Daphne hissed. “You’re not made for romance or affection...and you’re definitely not capable of *love*.”

The blonde spat the last word as if it were rotten in her mouth. “I know it, and so do you. Stop lying to yourself already.”

Pansy scowled at the girl in silence, watching as she finished dressing and stormed from their dormroom in a huff. Even after Daphne was long gone she could still hear the blonde’s words ringing in her ears...

She was wrong...wasn’t she?

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Pansy couldn’t help but stew in her argument with Daphne for the rest of the day. Thankfully, Harry was busy for the majority of the day with Prefect duties which meant he was none the wiser on her rotten mood. He would’ve just tried to cheer her up. The git.

Over and over again she allowed Daphne’s words to replay in her mind. It was torture if she were being honest. The blonde’s words only served to make her hackles raise further in anger until she was opening seething with rage.

The worst part? Her traitorous brain couldn’t help but think the other girl had a point.

She knew it wasn't true! Of course she did. But her own insecurities still had a tight grip around her heart. Doubt easily bypassed every rationale thought until somehow she was questioning what her real reasons for being with Harry even were!

For fuks sake they'd only been kinda-sorta-dating for a week! Ever since that blasted article came out in the prophet that is.

For a week it'd been bliss. She was able to ignore the stares and the whispers and all the bloody gossipers who had nothing better to do than to judge her for being happy! She ignored them all without issue, yet the moment Daphne opens her mouth it all came crumbling down. Daphne knew her better than most though. She supposed that was why the blonde's words were so effective when other's she simply brushed off.

Still, she couldn't help but be angry at her friend. She knew Daphne was just being her usual unabashed self. The girl was cunning, ruthless, ambitious—all the traits of the perfect Slytherin. Pansy couldn't begrudge Daphne for thinking she was still the same way. Yet the brunette still broiled with anger—half-wanting to curse her supposed friend into an overnight stay at St. Mungo's and half-wanting to drink herself silly into a depressive heap.

It was pathetic really.

Pansy groaned quietly and buried her head into her hands. No one batted an eye at her outburst thankfully. It was History of Magic class after all. Half the people in attendance were asleep and the other half well on their way to joining the former.

She couldn't just sit here she decided. When Pansy was this overwhelmed with conflicting feelings she always felt it best to do something—anything really, to keep her mind off whatever was troubling her.

But what to do?

A small buzz tore her attention away from the ghastly professors droning to the small journal sat open atop her desk. Said journal had been a gift from Harry a few days prior—a means of communication through small handwritten messages he said. Pansy had used it more for

sending naughty jokes to him than any real messages, but it's function was still the same. A top the opened page, right under her joke about him making her the new 'Moaning Myrtle' the night before, was a message in Harry's familiar messy scrawl.

Are you as bored as I am right now?

Pansy huffed out a laugh and picked up her quill to respond.

God yes! Binns is particularly dreadful today...

A few moments passed before Harry's reply faded into existence.

Wanna sneak out and do something a bit more exciting?

Pansy smirked to herself. Well she had wanted a distraction...

What do you have in mind?

I dunno. Flying?

This time Pansy couldn't restrain her snort, earning herself a few looks of confusion from those closest to her.

Are you asking me to go for a ride on your 'broomstick' mister? Because the answer is yes~

A moment passed before his response appeared.

You're incorrigible

Pansy smiled and closed her journal. Looks like she had her distraction after all.

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She whooped in glee as they lurched into the air, the take-off far smoother and more refined than she could ever manage due to Harry's precise control. Pansy quickly reached up to pull her flying goggles over her eyes, before they suddenly took to the sky in an exhilarating rush.

Some may have characterized her laughter as "cackling", but whatever the phrase, Pansy started crying out in mirth as soon as Harry began to take them through long, winding loops, practically shrieking in joy when he flew a tight corkscrew, the world whirling around them.

Flying had always been one of her more guilty pleasures. While Quidditch was great fun and all, she always preferred the simple feeling of coasting through the air, high above the ground and soaring through the clouds. It was a hobby her parents positively *despised*. Even going so far as to sell her broom when she was fourteen with the excuse that 'Flying a broomstick is not a ladylike pursuit!'

'Fuck, I've missed this feeling.' She thought.

Harry's skills as a flier had apparently held up quite well over the years, bringing to mind the memories of all the times that she'd booed and jeered at him as he nearly-singlehandedly dismantled the Slytherin Quidditch team.

'Look at me now.'

Circling through the air over 12 Grimmauld Place, Pansy's heart thumped in her ears loud enough to hear it over the rush of wind in her face, the excitement of sheer speed something that few other sensations lived up to.

She was almost disappointed when, after what felt like seconds, Harry brought them to a stop, lingering in the air above his house.

"You having fun?" Harry murmured over her shoulder.

She absolutely was, but also began to realize that they'd been flying for longer than she'd kept track of, the chill in the air having begun to seep through her thick sweater and into her skin.

Pansy chose to press her hips backwards, wiggling her arse against Harry's groin.

"I'm absolutely am." Pansy answered. "But I think we should get inside. I want to ride a *different* broomstick now." She purred.

"That was just as terrible as before." He chuckled in her ear. "I love it."

He brought them down into the backyard, and Pansy felt herself stagger when she attempted to walk, the pull of gravity having apparently become unfamiliar to her from their brief flight.

'Absolutely going to do this again!' She thought.

Inside, Harry disappeared to the kitchen while she ensconced herself on his couch, returning with two mugs of cocoa. With a healthy pour of whiskey, too, she smiled, happily sipping on the warm beverage. The pair simply sat in silence for a few minutes, comfortable in each other's presence, letting the heat return to their bodies.

'Right, I'm probably warmed up enough.'

Without words, she turned to Harry, setting her mug down on the table. As he did the same, she gently guided him backwards, until he was laying on his back and she straddled his hips.

"That was brilliant." She told him, rubbing her hands on either side of the face, giggling as she saw him flinch at the touch of her still-cool fingertips. Pansy leaned down, capturing his lips in hers, a gentle, slow kiss compared to her usual approach.

Harry's hands ran slowly along her thighs, coming to rest on her arse and giving her a firm squeeze as they continued to kiss, their tongues gently pressing against each other at a relaxed pace. She trailed her hand down his chest, bringing it to linger over his groin, where – when she gave an exploratory grope – she found him already hard under his trousers.

'Fuck yes~' She cooed in her mind. *'This is so much better than stewing in History of Magic.'*

Running her fingers under his waistband, she slowly began to peel the trousers down, lifting her hips to allow him to raise his own to aid the process. She felt a thrilling, surprising cool touch as his own hands – still a bit chilly – found their way under her pants, pulling them over her hips, down her thighs.

She extended her legs, helping him to disrobe her, as she pulled her chunky, warm sweater off, tossing it to the end of the couch. Harry stared up at her with lust in his eyes, his gaze locked to her breasts.

'You see my tits more days than you don't.' She giggled to herself. *'And you still can't control yourself every time you see me naked. I love it.'*

Pansy leaned down to kiss him once more, reaching between them to line his cock up with her entrance. Though she usually enjoyed at least some kind of foreplay, on this occasion, she was more than ready even after a few moments of kissing.

“Mmm~” She murmured contentedly as he slid inside her. She lowered her hips slowly, savouring the feeling of him filling her, his hands gently wrapped around the tops of her thighs. When their hips met and his cock was fully inside her, Pansy began to slowly roll her hips back and forth, the languid pace so unlike her usual preferences.

She shivered, but didn’t stop her motions. The feeling of his cock stretching her was something she’d never get used to. It made every nerve in her body tingle with an indescribable sensation. When he ran one of his cool hands up her torso, coming to rest on her breast, gently cupping her sensitive flesh Pansy let out a small mewl of appreciation. With the lingering chill on their skin, her nipples stood out hard from her tits, the glittering silver of her piercings pleasing even to Pansy’s own eyes.

Smirking, she leaned forward to kiss Harry once again, changing the angle of their hips so that she could begin to slowly lift and drop herself on top of him, maintaining her slow, almost lazy pace all the while. One of his hands repositioned from her thigh to wrap around her arse, and she cooed in pleasure as he squeezed her.

‘Yes! Oh fuck yes, more!’ She chanted in her head.

Planting a hand on his chest for leverage, Pansy straightened once more, finally beginning to increase the pace she was riding him, letting small moans and gasps escape her lips as she felt herself stretch around his cock, glad that he was on the same page on which she found herself in this moment.

“SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!”

“Fuck!” Pansy cried again and again, the slapping of their sexes joining in with her cries as her pleasure built.

“Fuck, you’re gorgeous.” Harry breathed, and she felt a blush spread through her goosebump-covered skin.

Pansy moaned in response, grapping his hands to place them firmly on her bouncing tits.

Ramping up the motion of her hips a bit more, a shudder running through her as Harry’s cock ground against a particularly sensitive spot in her cunt. When she pitched forward against his chest, taking his face between her hands again, pressing a needy kiss to his lips, he stepped in effortlessly to take over the pace, rolling his hips in a sinuous motion that plunged him deep even though he wasn’t thrusting hard. She looked him in the eyes as she broke, her climax exploding through her, making her legs twitch around his hips. The fire she saw in his eyes, perhaps, contributed just as much to the intensity of this orgasm as did his *perfect* cock.

“Fuck! Pan’s-” Harry groaned, signalling he was close as well.

“Cum~” She moaned. “Oh fuck, please cum!”

And he did.

Pansy moaned as a secondary aftershock of her first orgasm trace its way up her spine when he came inside her. The feeling of his sticky seed coating her inner walls was like a puzzle piece clicking into place.

This.

This was what she needed. No long drawn out talks about her feelings. No emotionally charged back and forth about her fucked up head and convoluted emotions. She just needed to feel him—feel his attraction blooming inside her. Experience the warmth of his skin against her own.

The sweat of their act mixing together on their chilly flesh as the afterglow of sex slowly faded.

Pansy needed to feel wanted, and in turn she needed to want him. And she did. And he did.

Her argument with Daphne was nothing more than a stupid conflict of differing views. The blonde would probably never understand what her and Harry had, and that was okay. Because Pansy knew.

“You okay?” Harry murmured, brushing a strand of hair from her face.

Pansy hummed into the crook of his neck, breathing in his scent with a smile. "I am now."

"Good." He replied. And it was.

She sat there for some time, Harry's cock still inside her with her face buried into his neck. Harry allowed her to cling to him and in return he held her tight against his chest. It wasn't long, however, before a familiar stirring began to build in her loins once more.

'Well—' She thought. *'I suppose a bit more cheering up wouldn't hurt anyone~'*

Without warning, Pansy extracted herself from her boyfriend's (And that's exactly what he was. *HER* boyfriend!) arms and sank to her knees before him. The sticky feeling of cum dripping down her thighs greeted her as his cock came free of her pussy, but she paid it no mind.

Without any further delay, Pansy leaned forward to trail her tongue wetly over the length of his cock, prompting a satisfied moan from her boyfriend.

"You seem eager." Harry teased.

'You've got no fucking idea.' Pansy thought.

She trailed her hands along the inside of his thighs, before she gripped his cock in one hand, holding it steady so that she could wrap her mouth around his cockhead. She sucked eagerly, hollowing her cheeks and bobbing her head, pumping her hand up and down in time, and before long, Harry's cock was fully hard within her mouth.

Pansy put all of her considerable skills into action just as quickly as she'd initiated things, plunging downwards until the tip of Harry's cock prodded at the back of her throat. Taking a deep breath through her nose in preparation, Pansy forced herself even lower, luxuriating in the way that Harry's manhood throbbed under her touch, its thickness almost enough to make her gag despite her ability to deep-throat.

"Fuck, Pans!" Harry moaned. "That's fantastic."

He reached to her head, trying to run his fingers gently through her hair, but Pansy had other ideas in mind. She released her grip on his cock, grabbed his hands, and planted them firmly on

the sides of the chair, before looking up to meet his gaze. Pansy pushed the final inches of his cock into her throat as she stared at him, watching Harry's eyes glaze over with lust.

Pansy held that position for a few moments, then started to fuck her own face against his pelvis, allowing throaty glurk noises to escape her lips. Harry stared at her with something like awe on his face, and she loved seeing him so impressed by her.

She gasped for breath when she lifted free of his member, but wasted no time in grasping him with both hands, stroking his spit-slick cock with urgency. Pansy ducked her head lower, tracing her tongue around one of his balls, then the other, before gently sucking it into her mouth, pumping her hands all the while.

'You're mine!' She thought. 'And right now, I can do whatever I want!'

She pressed her face against his balls, sticking her tongue out as far as she could to trace it around the sensitive underside of his sack. He groaned aloud, his cock twitching inside her throat as another orgasm built in his manhood. She lifted her head to press her lips against the tip of his cock in a sloppy kiss, tasting his salty pre-cum as she did so. Pansy continued to stroke him with one hand, while the other trailed lower, gently cradling his balls, rolling her fingertips against them.

Pansy made sure to be as loud and blatant about her intentions as she could be, making sloppy noises as she bobbed her head back and forth, strings of saliva running from her lips as she treated Harry to the best blowjob that she could deliver. She felt Harry's cock starting to swell and twitch in her hand, and Pansy knew that he was getting close.

"Cum all over me!" She ordered, as she popped him out of her mouth, and she moaned in approval when he did just that. Several thick ropes of cum erupted from his cock and landed across her face. She surreptitiously shuffled back onto her feet before the last drop even splash against her tits.

Harry grunted as her sopping wet heat sank onto his cock once more. Pansy wasted no time in bouncing erratically atop his member, her wanton moans filling the room within seconds.

“Not that I’m—Hng!--complaining, but what’s all this about?” He grunted right before Pansy pressed his face into her tits.

“Hush now!” She ordered. “N-Now’s not the time to talk. Be a g-good boyfriend and make your girlfriend c-cum.”

And Harry did so eagerly.

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Author’s Note

And thats the (tentative) finale! The next chapter will be the one to top it all off and will be Patreon Exclusive only, so make sure you keep an eye out!

Thanks for reading!