

Not Going to Portus Club

by peppermint

Not going to Portus? Come to the bar.

Arrival

Chapter 1 of 5

Not going to Portus? Come to the bar.

Peppermint slides onto a barstool, after checking that her green v-neck shirt is showing an adequate amount of cleavage. She leans forward slightly and grins impishly at Severus. "Tie Me To the Bedpost," she purrs.

Severus rolls his eyes and mixes the drink, showing off by flipping and twirling the bottle of Midori.

Peppermint doesn't take her eyes off of Sev-as-bartender for a second, even when her mobile goes off. The green colour of the Midori is striking against the Potions master's stark attire and raven-wing hair.

"If you stick around, Miss Peppermint, maybe you'll end up getting your wish," Severus intones, setting the glass down before her.

Where's Remus?

Chapter 2 of 5

More fun at the bar

Peppermint is rather glad for the whirring of the blender, as it masks the incessant ringing of her mobile. Finally she shuts the thing off and chucks it, hard, through an open window onto the beach. Husband? What husband?

She nods to the other woman sitting beside her, doubtful she'll even notice the greeting. She sips her drink as she waits for Severus to be done with blending and serving what looks like a mango margarita to the woman in the scoop-neck shirt with the great cleavage before she speaks again.

"Are you hiding Remus back there today, or did he wander off looking for that clumsy pink-haired twit?"

Evil Grins

Chapter 3 of 5

Tonks? Tonks who?

Remus set the case of tequila down behind the bar, giving Peppermint a lovely view of his very fit arse. "I'm back with the tequila, Severus... why's the Midori out?"

"The Midori's out because I need another Tie Me To the Bedpost, Remus," Peppermint piped up from her spot at the bar, running her finger around the rim of her empty glass, "and you're just the man to make it for me."

Remus smiled lazily at the curvy green-shirted woman as he mixed the drink, answering the question about who was Polyjuiced as him in Dallas. He sat the drink down in front of her and leaned over the bar to brush his knuckles against her cheek. "The pink-haired twit is in Dallas. And she doesn't know that Hagrid's posing as me."

Peppermint grinned. It might even have been called an evil grin. "That's very good to hear after what happened last time, you know." If her voice held a bit of a scolding tone, Remus didn't seem to mind.

"You can punish me for that later, gorgeous," he replied, wiping down the bar.

Beaming, Peppermint took the opportunity to glance around the place. It was starting to get crowded.

Twins!

Chapter 4 of 5

Fred and George show up for the party

A pair of ginger heads show up in the doorway of the bar, looking rather put out.

"Looks like they started the party without us, Fred."

"That's just not on, George. We didn't convince Lee—"

"And Oliver—"

"To Polyjuice as us at Portus for no reason," they say together.

They amble up to the bar and take a seat on each side of Peppermint.

"Are you a cousin, by chance?" Fred inquires.

"Hair that red usually means you'd be related," adds George, "and that wouldn't bother us at all. Really."

Peppermint just smiles and tosses her red, wavy mane. "Sorry to disappoint you boys, but it's from a bottle. I'm insanely jealous of your natural ginger hue."

Remus leans forward and whispers in Peppermint's ear, and her head cranes around to the booth Lucius is occupying with Silverdoe. A low whistle can be heard from the curvy redhead, and she downs the rest of her drink in one gulp, fanning herself. It's obvious she appreciates the sight.

Let's Discuss...

Chapter 5 of 5

There's always fun to be had with a pair of Weasleys...

Setting her glass down, Peppermint watches Remus go down the hall with a slight frown, but recovers quickly. After all, she has Fred and George sitting on either side of her and that's nothing to sneeze at. She places a hand on the knees on either side of her and grins mischievously.

"The party may have started without you boys, but I think there's still plenty of good fun to be had."

"Oh, I absolutely agree. I think the bar can mind itself, don't you, Fred?"

"Without a doubt, George. In any case, Sirius said he'd be here soon. He can man the bar, at least until someone claims him."

Fred hops off his barstool and holds a hand out to Peppermint. "Let's find a quiet corner booth to, ah, discuss that good fun you were speaking of."