

Unintended Results

by blue artemis

A side story in the Dico Justicia universe. Harry and Pansy have a conversation.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Harry, do you ever wish that we could tell if the other one was telling the truth, like Hermione can?" Ginny inquired shortly after the so-called Date-That-Shocked-Hogwarts. (Wizards certainly liked their hyphens.)

"No, Gin, not particularly," mused Harry. "It would probably cause more problems than it would solve."

"But why, Harry? Do you have something to hide?" Ginny asked sharply.

"Gin, why are you trying to start a fight? Aren't you happy?" Harry looked at her warily.

"I'm not sure, Harry. This is comfortable, but that is all. I think that as much as I love you, I don't think I'm in love with you. I'm starting to think that we just continued this because everyone expected us to. But everyone expected Ron to end up with Hermione, not Amanda, so they really can't just pin their expectations on us," she got this out in a rush.

Harry gazed at her for a long while. He started to look really sad[;] then he turned away.

Ginny realized what the problem was almost immediately. "Harry. Look at me. Sweetie, you are still family. Even if we break up, you will still be an honorary Weasley. I will make sure of that. I will sit my family down and explain that it was MY decision, and why."

Harry smiled at her. "Thank you, Ginny. I think that answers my question on that. I was more worried about losing all of you than just you. I love you, too, but I don't know if it is that true passion thing that Hermione and Severus have."

They decided to speak to her family together. Once Molly stopped asking if they were certain, Harry was told that he would always be part of the family, which pretty much settled it once and for all.

Both of them returned to their classes, happy with their decision, which deepened their friendship.

One afternoon, Harry was sitting by the lake when he was approached by Pansy Parkinson.

She had been required to complete her entire year, not being allowed the option to test out early, mainly because Harry himself had said to the Board that children who acted in fear should not be punished as severely as adults who had made bad decisions.

"Pot—Harry. I wanted to speak to you." Pansy sounded quite nervous.

"Have a seat, Pansy, and say what you need to say," Harry responded nonchalantly.

"How do you do that?" Pansy almost shrieked.

"Do what?" Harry questioned.

"Be so calm. I told the headmistress to turn you over to He-Who—Vol-, Vol-, Voldemort! And here you are, talking to me as if nothing happened!" she huffed at him.

He had started to smile when she stuttered over Voldemort; then his smile broadened when she sounded so offended on his behalf, especially when she had caused the offense. He was trying to decide if this was pureblood behavior, Slytherin behavior or female behavior, when his musings got interrupted.

"Well?" Pansy said.

"Well, what?" Harry responded, "you were the one who had something to say. I don't want to be rude, but you haven't said anything."

Pansy started to get up, offended, when she realized he had only spoken the truth. She settled back down and gathered her thoughts.

"Draco said you would be reasonable. I want to apologize, formally, for my behavior. I see now that I was wrong to blindly follow the pureblood ideal without realizing what it meant. No one is better just by circumstance of birth, just different. Heck, Granger proves it. She was amazingly Slytherin when she cursed that portrait. She is brilliant and generous and driven. And she has fallen in love with the headmaster and isn't afraid to show it. She still isn't my favorite person, but it isn't because of her blood, it is because she has gotten everything I ever wanted," Pansy got this out in one breath.

"You wanted to set Dumbledore on fire? Or you wanted to fall in love with Snape?" Harry was deliberately obtuse.

"Neither, you idiot. I want to be recognized for my abilities, and I want to find a true love," she replied with a wry grin. She had figured out that he had asked that question on purpose.

By this point in the year, it had been verified who had set the portrait of the manipulative old man on fire. And some rather enterprising Ravenclaws had found all the references to the side effects of the Dico Justicia.

"It isn't Draco?" Harry asked.

"You aren't with Ginny, right?" Pansy responded exasperatedly. "Same thing. We are good friends, but that spark... it just isn't there. Anyway, are you planning to accept my apology?"

"Of course. Um, I, Harry James Potter, do formally accept your apology," Harry intoned this quite seriously.

Pansy smiled a true smile, and it changed her face. She really didn't look like a pug. She was rather cute.

"So, Harry James Potter, may I join you?" Pansy asked him playfully.

"Aren't you already?" Harry truly looked confused at this point.

"Well, you could get us a snack or something," she responded.

Harry then called for a house-elf, who brought out a picnic-set.

The two sat there and ate, and talked, and laughed. It seemed to be a good beginning of something, a unique interaction with unintended results.

A/N: Thank you to Annie Talbot for the beta!