

# Better Than Quidditch

by Southern\_Witch\_69

Harry overhears an argument between Pansy and Draco. Perhaps he's just the man to help her out.

## One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Harry overhears an argument between Pansy and Draco. Perhaps he's just the man to help her out.

**A/N:** No beta was harmed in the making of this story. This has been written for the November Cherries prompt over at Potterpr0nprompts in LJ-land.

---

Pansy Parkinson sulked as Draco walked away from her. She'd had such plans for the two of them that afternoon. She'd wanted to make good on the promises she'd been making; all the sexual innuendoes that had passed between them were to come to fruition today. His little fantasy about sex in the library? She'd wanted to do that for him. However, he had other plans: a ruddy Quidditch game! How could he turn down her plans for their first time together? And for something like that? At that moment, she hated him as much as she cared for him.

She'd threatened to find someone else to replace him, and he'd just laughed and said that if she could find a better man than a Malfoy, she was welcome to do so. Otherwise, he'd said, he'd meet her later in the common room. Opening the little jar in front of her, Pansy popped one of the succulent, red balls of flavor into her mouth, savoring the sweet taste.

Slowly, she sucked and chewed on the cherry until only the stem remained. She then worked her tongue about, moving it this way and that, until she'd tied a knot in it. Pansy pulled the stem from between her lips and smiled, thinking about what Draco was missing.

At that moment, her brown eyes lifted and met a pair the most brilliant shade of emerald...a pair that seemed quite interested in what her tongue had been doing. "Like what you see, Potter?" she asked snidely.

He placed a book down on the table...*Quidditch Through the Ages*...and stepped closer. "Actually, I did," he said boldly. "I heard what you told Malfoy."

She snorted in an unladylike fashion, tossing the stem at him, which he deftly caught. "Yeah? Come to gloat, have you? Save it, Potter. Go find Granger and bugger off!"

"I'm a better man than a Malfoy," he said challengingly.

"You most certainly are no..." Her eyes widened. Was he trying to say what she thought? Her voice quavered as she asked, "Are you saying, Potter, that ~~that~~ you want to... to be with me?"

He looked around, as if to see if anyone was watching, and then nodded. "Yeah."

Pansy caught the cracking of his voice and knew he wasn't as confident as he seemed. Suddenly, she felt quite powerful. Harry Bloody Potter wanted her. She was uncertain if he just wanted something of Draco's, if he just wanted a shag with whomever, or whatever, but she could kill so many owls with one stone by agreeing to fuck him. She'd be making good on her threat to Draco, and who better to replace Draco with than Potter? She'd be gaining experience. She'd find out what it was like to shag

the Wizarding community's hero. Had she mentioned how much it would rankle Draco to know Potter had been with her first?

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but... come here, Potter."

The three steps he needed were taken quickly, and he extended a hand towards her. "You come here," he said.

Pansy took his hand and stood up but was shocked when he lifted her and placed her on the edge of the table. "What? Here? You're mad."

"You said, and I quote, 'I want you to take me right here in the library.' That's what I'm going to do."

"Someone will see!" she hissed. "We can't."

Potter simply pulled a silvery cloak from his dropped bag and pulled it over them. "My Invisibility Cloak," he said softly, his breath hot against her cheek. "Nobody will see us from this angle, not back here."

She sat in stunned silence as he unbuttoned his trousers and pushed them and his underpants down *I'm about to have sex in the library with Harry Potter*.

When she looked down and saw his impressive, hard dick, her heart began thumping wildly. She lifted her arse as he reached beneath her skirt to pull down her knickers with shaky fingers, and feeling emboldened, she said, "We haven't cast any charms to keep people away or to stop them from hearing us."

"Makes it more fun, doesn't it?" he murmured, looking directly into her eyes. "I want to kiss you."

"You do?" she asked dumbly, surprised at the intimacy of his request despite what they were about to do.

His eager lips found hers, and after brief awkwardness, their lips parted and their tongues met. One of his hands caressed a breast through her blouse while the other slid down between her parted thighs, exploring her body.

"Oh!" she gasped as one of his fingers slid inside of her.

"Wow, so hot," he whispered, moving his mouth down to her neck as he gently touched her, trying to ready her for him.

Pansy reached down and grasped his thickness, pumping it slowly and eliciting a moan from him. She'd never been more turned on in her life, and while this wouldn't be the first time she'd had sex, it would be the first time she'd ever felt so in control, so powerful.

"Fuck me now," she ordered quietly.

"God," he said, trying to guide himself into her.

She pushed his hands away and took over. "There..." She scooted a little closer so he could get all the way in and pushed against him as he entered her. "Oh... shit," she whispered in excitement as he filled her.

"Yeah," he agreed, "ahh..."

Abruptly, he pushed all the way in, and Pansy cried out.

"Shhh," he soothed, sliding back and forth slowly. "All right?"

"Feels good," she replied. "More."

Hoping to please her, he moved faster and more forcefully. Pansy eagerly wrapped her legs around his body, using them to help guide his strokes. Faster. Faster. Harder. More. She could hear the slap of his balls against her arse with each powerful stroke. Wanting an orgasm, she slid her hand between them and began circling her clit rapidly, relishing in the building feeling.

"Shit, I think I'm going to come," Harry blurted.

"Don't you dare," she said. "Wait for me... wait..."

Knowing that she'd turned the Boy Who Lived into the moaning, sexy being in front of her, knowing that she was doing what she was certain no other person had ever done with him, she felt elated, and the feeling coming for her overtook her reason.

"God, yes!" she said a bit too loudly.

"Pansy, Pansy," he said through clenched teeth as he joined her. After he slowed his movements, he pinned her to the table with his body, his head resting on her chest. "I should have lasted longer," he said quietly.

She hadn't the heart to tell him that her own hand had brought her to orgasm...not when he'd felt that good to her. "It was brilliant," she said encouragingly, running her fingers through his untidy hair.

"Really?"

"Oh, yeah," she replied.

Then they both heard the sound of footsteps. Harry slid back and pulled Pansy with him towards the bookshelves behind them right before Weasley and Granger rounded the far corner of the stacks.

"Thought I heard someone back here," Ron said, looking around.

"That's Harry's backpack!" Hermione said, walking forward.

"And his Quidditch book," Ron pointed out. "Must be off researching something from one of the shelves."

"I suppose," Hermione said, looking around suspiciously.

Pansy feared the girl could see them through the cloak or hear the nervous beating of her heart.

"Oi, look!" Ron said, pointing at the small jar of cherries Pansy had left open on the table. "I expect he won't mind if I have a few of these."

Hermione shook her head. "Come on. Let's go look for him and tell him we're going back to the common room."

"All right," Ron said, snatching the whole jar and sprinting off to catch up with his friend.

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. "Close, that."

"Yeah." She pulled up her knickers and waited while he fixed his clothing.

Then he pulled the cloak away and stuffed it into his bag. "Er..."

"You don't have to say anything, Potter. It goes back to the way it was before."

"I..."

She nodded. "I know. Now go."

He returned the nod, picked up his things, and left in the direction his two mates had taken. Pansy wasn't sure how she truly felt about the situation, but she knew she'd not be telling Draco about it after all. This was her secret to cherish. And she didn't have to wonder for long how Potter felt about what had happened. A couple of months later when boarding the Hogwarts Express, she noticed that his trunk was open while he looked for something. On the top, there was a small, clear, plastic case that held a few small items such as his Quidditch Captain's pin, and amongst those items, she saw the perfectly tied knot of a cherry stem.

He'd saved it. Their eyes met briefly and she boarded the train.