

# The Wine Cellar

by pyjamapants

Harry and Pansy are trapped in Malfoy's wine cellar on Christmas Eve.

## Trapped!

Chapter 1 of 2

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Disclaimer: Not mine. Alas

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"Potter, why the Ministry deems you worthy of wearing an Auror badge, I'll never understand." Pansy's mouth twisted into a nausea-inducing grin.

While he couldn't dismantle whatever wards were trapping them in the wine cellar, if Pansy delivered *yet another* of her clever barbs, he wouldn't be responsible for whatever magic, accidental or otherwise, occurred.

"Ward dismantling is *not* one of my duties," Harry ground out through gritted teeth. He flicked one last hopeless spell at the door. Unsurprisingly, it didn't budge.

Pansy smirked at him. Again. What was it with Slytherins that smirking was second nature? Was it some sort of serpentine mating call? Well, not call. Smirks were silent, after all.

Harry sighed loudly in frustration and leaned against the offending door. Why was it that being around Slytherins left him as dim-witted and ill-footed as Goyle? Oh, fine, not all of them. His team had captured several errant Death Eaters following the war. There were some Slytherins among that group and none of *those* Slytherins had managed to run circles around him.

Pansy turned away and began running a hand across the racks of wine that stood shoulder-to-shoulder, creating a subterranean labyrinth. Her heels clacking against the stone floor, she walked around the end of a rack and disappeared from Harry's sight.

"Parkinson!"

Her head popped around the corner. She was, of course, smirking. "Yes, Potter?"

"Don't wander off! I don't exactly trust that Malfoy doesn't have some nasty wards set around his precious vintages, if the wards on the door are anything to go by."

The smirk transformed into a sweet, demure smile. Harry braced himself.

"Why, Potter, are you worried for my safety?" She plucked a bottle from a rack. "Or perhaps you need *me* around for security."

"What are you doing! Put that back!"

"Potter, Draco sent us down here to retrieve a bottle of wine. Besides, I hardly think it likely that his wards would hurt me." Pansy pirouetted her wand over the bottle. The cork hopped into her palm.

"What are you doing! Put that back!" he shrieked again.

"My, my, what an extensive vocabulary you have. I will *not* put this back. If Draco was fool enough to trap us in his wine cellar, the very least he can do is compensate us with one of his prized vintages. Shall I conjure glasses? Or shall we slum it and drink straight from the bottle?"

Harry threaded his fingers through his hair.

"Potter, you really do need to learn to let loose!" She set the cork on the floor and transfigured it into a sofa. Toeing off her shoes, she curled her feet underneath her. After taking a swig from the bottle, she patted the cushion next to her.

Harry eyed her with not a small amount of suspicion. He still wasn't sure why Malfoy had invited him to Christmas Eve dinner. Well, no, he knew why, but he didn't like thinking about it. No more than he liked thinking about where baby Dementors came from.

If the night hadn't already been sour, Parkinson had thoroughly spoiled it by assaulting him with a steady barrage of entirely undeserved taunts. The cut of his dress robes—his extremely pricey dress robes that Madam Malkin herself had guaranteed were the height of fashion this season. His use of a dessert fork for his salad—as if he was supposed to know which of the eight forks was appropriate. Five he could handle. But eight? His ruffled hair, which was admittedly dishevelled, even by his standards. But the ladies were supposed to like that rumpled look, weren't they?

Harry tried to ignore the niggling little voice in the back of his head that suggested Pansy was figuratively pulling his pigtails.

He slumped onto the sofa and folded his arms. If dinner had been awful, this was bloody torture. He scowled at the rack of bottles of Cabinet Somethingorother. He nearly jumped out of his skin when Pansy nudged him with a bottle of white wine.

Casting a sideways glare at her, he grabbed the bottle and drank. "This is good. Sweet. What is it?"

"Gewürztraminer."

"Gewhat?"

"Gewürztraminer. This particular bottle is a dessert wine. Not my first choice, but you cut my search short. It suits my purposes though."

He tried not to gulp noticeably. "Your purposes?"

"Forgetting the sight of Weasley wolfing down a dozen oysters in under ten minutes."

Harry grinned and passed the bottle back to Pansy. "I see you haven't learned to keep your eyes on your plate."

"Silly me. I'm used to mocking people directly to their face." She toyed with the bottle's foil before taking another drink.

Harry tried not to stare at the way Pansy's robes draped across her legs. The dress was a rich velvet, he suspected, that begged to be touched. The front dipped to reveal just a hint of Pansy's breasts. Come to think of it, it covered up a good bit more than she usually wore. One might almost say the dress was subtle. The dress was purple; *A nice, neutral colour*, Harry thought. Not the green or black that Pansy usually wore. And Merlin knew, she'd never be caught in red.

Pansy cleared her throat, and Harry's eyes jumped up to meet hers. It wasn't a smirk this time. No, it was a mysterious, little smile that, combined with the mischief lurking in her eyes, made his blood race. Oh, yes, he'd been caught ogling, and Pansy didn't seem to have a complaint at the ready. Harry reminded himself that attention to detail was part of his job description.

"You know, I never thought I'd say it, but Draco and Granger seem well-suited for one another."

If he didn't know better, he'd swear that Pansy had purposefully misdirected the conversation to put him at ease. Bloody unlikely since she'd always seemed to relish every single attempt to rile him. Perhaps she was simply fishing for gossip.

Harry flung his hand out for the bottle. "Don't remind me. I could seriously have done without Malfoy drooling over Hermione during the soup course."

Pansy snorted and passed the bottle. "It's turned me off Pumpkin Bisque forever. And I highly suspect they were up to something under the tablecloth. Draco looked like he wanted to shove us all through the Floo and shag Granger on the table."

Harry coughed as he inhaled his wine. "Oblivate me now," he sputtered between coughs. Pansy scooted over and pounded him on the back. The coughing vanished, to be completely replaced by the inability to breathe.

"I wonder what they've done with everyone else now that we're stuck down here. It's rather curious that Weasley hasn't come looking for us."

"Ron was too busy trying to look down Bulstrode's robes."

Pansy giggled. "Now *there's* a match you wouldn't expect. Who'd have ever thought?"

Harry snorted. "Anyone who'd ever considered Bulstrode's ability with Cooking Charms and Ron's appetite in the same month."

Pansy's laugh was sweeter than the dessert wine. She reached for the bottle, her fingertips brushing his. And unless he was imagining it, she scooted even closer.

Before long, they'd gossiped over the other couples at dinner, drunk most of the bottle, and were nestled close to one another, thighs occasionally brushing. Harry wondered idly if Malfoy would come looking for them, or if he was doomed to choke to death on sexual tension.

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*Chapter 2 of 2*

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When Pansy pressed the wine into his hand again, her hand dropped to his thigh after he took the bottle. Harry froze with the wine halfway to his mouth. Pansy's thumb began tracing circles. He exhaled shakily, took another drink, and levitated the bottle onto the floor next to the sofa. His finger traced a line down her arm to her fingertips. He grinned as he heard her breath catch.

Her hand tightened around his thigh.

Harry tried not to moan and considered that he might not survive this, not with his dignity intact anyway. Although Pansy had certainly tried her damndest to accomplish that at dinner.

Something rallied inside him. If he wanted Pansy—and, oh, he wanted Pansy—then now was the time to demonstrate that he still possessed a backbone. His thumb stroked the underside of her wrist, and her hand relaxed as she made the tiniest of whimpers. Harry freed his leg from her grip and moved to kneel on the sofa, his arms trapping her against the end. Their gazes locked. "No more teasing. No more flirting buried underneath insults, Pansy. No more mocking each other's lunch companions in the Ministry canteen."

She stared at him for seconds before a wicked smile bloomed upon her face. "Yes, sir, Harry." She curled her hand around his neck, and he toppled onto her, their lips crashing together.

As she sucked on his lower lip, Harry wondered if all the build-up had, perhaps, been worth it.

Although, if he'd just pinned her to the wall in the Ministry lift, they could have started this months ago. He pulled away for a moment before diving back to capture her mouth. Merlin, would it always be like this? Wrestling for control? A wave of lust flooded Harry, and he hoped sincerely that the skirmishes would continue. He groaned at a mental image of them tumbling onto a bed, rolling over every five minutes as they battled over who got to be on top.

He clutched her hip and yelped in surprise as her wand jabbed at his wrist.

Squirming underneath him, Pansy fished for her wand, yanking it out of a hidden holster. *Tempus.* Pansy flicked her wand and glanced at the hovering numbers. She dropped her wand onto the floor and smiled innocently up at him. "Merry Christmas, Harry."

Panting, he answered, "Merry Christmas, Pansy." Perched above her, he stared for half an eternity.

"What, Harry, aren't you going to unwrap your present?" Pansy murmured, her eyes betraying the slightest hint of nervousness.

Harry swallowed, his pulse racing. "Are you sure about this? You're not just doing it because of the wine?"

"Potter, I've had three glasses over the course of four hours and a five-course meal. I'm hardly tipsy. Besides, I could handle a good bit more before my judgement was compromised. We Slytherins are schooled to keep our wits about us when we drink."

Harry snorted, thinking of all the times he'd had to shove Malfoy through the Floo because he'd been too pickled to Apparate.

She glared at him. "Harry, this was entirely premeditated."

"You mean we're stuck down here when we could be—"

"No, not that annoying detail. I'm fairly sure that was Draco's doing. The poor thing was tired of hearing me whinge about you."

He laughed. "Yes, poor Draco."

"You know, I might get truly offended if you keep putting off your present."

"Can't have that," Harry mumbled as he tugged Pansy down to lay on the couch. He settled in between her legs and kissed her again as his fingers tickled the back of her knee. She arched up against him. His hand inched up her leg. Oh, thank Merlin. No pesky suspenders to fumble with. No tights to worry about snagging. No creepy feeling charms. Pure unobstructed leg. Heaven.

Harry scooted down the couch and licked the inside of Pansy's thigh, pulling her dress back as he went. Pansy shrieked.

He stared at the red knickers that lurked underneath Pansy's skirt. "Isn't this a bit cliché?"

He watched her chest heave as she caught her breath. "I've been told that one needs to be rather obvious when seducing a Gryffindor. Now do you believe this was premeditated?"

"I might." He rubbed his thumb across the front of her knickers and grinned when she squirmed against him.

"Mmm, Pansy, you deserve better than a quick shag on a transfigured sofa." He sucked on the inside of her thigh again.

"Lucky me. You don't seem to mind."

Harry jerked his head from her soft—very, very, unbelievably, irresistibly soft—thigh. "Should we stop?" He panicked.

Pansy's mouth narrowed into a thin line. "Harry, you can give me a noble shag later. Now get back over here."

His head was halfway back to that delightful spot of flesh when Pansy halted him. "This will not hold for future encounters, but Harry, screw the foreplay and come shag me."

"No foreplay?" Harry repeated dumbly.

"Harry, dinner was three hours of foreplay."

"Picking at me was foreplay?"

Pansy nodded.

Merlin, he would have to wear bulky robes to work for the rest of his life. He stood up and began unbuttoning his shirt.

"Harry, get back down here *now*," she demanded as she tugged off her knickers.

He might have argued, if the sight before him wasn't so damned tantalising. He crawled between her legs and moaned as she flicked his belt open and shoved his trousers and pants down.

She flopped back on the sofa, her hair a tousled wreck. He grabbed her wrists and held them against the end of the sofa. He growled, "You are far too bossy, witch."

Pansy could only moan in response as he pinched a nipple still hidden by her dress. Again he knelt between her legs. He slid forward and gasped, releasing her arms to better support his weight.

"Yes," she shouted and wrapped her legs around him, her hips tilting against the cushions. "Oh, Harry. Faster! Please!" she begged.

Harry shuttered her demands with his lips and shortly abandoned any restraint. Their movements were frantic. Pulling, grabbing, thrusting. Pansy shoved a hand between them, and it took every bit of constraint not to come immediately at the feel of her hand rubbing against his belly. He managed to last a good five strokes after she arched violently and screamed in his ear.

He grunted as she wrenched her hand from between them. "Pansy... that was..."

"Yesssss."

He smiled against her neck. They lay there for a moment, kissing now and then while their hearts stopped racing.

Before long, Pansy shifted beneath him and gently nudged him off of her. Feeling around on the floor, Pansy retrieved her wand and cast a number of spells upon them. They finished righting their clothing just as a panicked and similarly dishevelled Draco burst into the wine cellar.

"Oh, Merlin's balls. The house-elves came tearing into my bedroom, screeching that a woman's being abused in the wine cellar. A word of advice, Potter. Cast a Silencing Charm next time."

"You deserve every inconvenience for locking us up in the cellar," Pansy said as she stood and tugged Harry off the sofa, flicking her wand to transfigure it back into its original form. She tucked the cork into Harry's pocket.

"Draco, excuse us. Harry's feeling rather noble this evening. I believe we should be leaving."