

# Canapes on Thursdays: Round Deux

*by pokeystar*

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

## Time of Day

*Chapter 1 of 9*

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

"Mr. Potter! Mr. Potter!"

Harry cringed as *her* voice echoed in the vast room, bouncing off the marbled walls. A small group of goblins turned to glare at Harry's knees as if the noise was his fault, and he shrugged in apology. Harry sighed and looked up from his notes, only to be blinded by a bright flash that caused him to squint defensively.

*Great. She brought Creevey along.*

"Is it true, then? Gringott's had another break-in? Whose vault was it this time?"

Her neon pink Quick-Quotes Quill wiggled in mid-air, catching Harry's attention. His eyes narrowed, and he waved Creevey off before he could get another shot.

"No pictures," he said with firm authority. "And you know I can't discuss a case, Parkinson."

"It was mine," drawled Lucius. He smiled smugly at Harry's long stare, but subsided when the goblins directed their glares *to his* knees.

Pansy's mouth formed a thoughtful pout, and her quill quivered in anticipation.

"That's the third pureblood vault breached in two weeks," she murmured.

The goblins turned to glare at her waist.

"The THIRD?" Lucius hissed. He fingered his cane, staring at the goblins. "In *two weeks*?"

"Would Master Malfoy care for some tea?" croaked Griphook, while ushering the outraged blond to the President's office.

The little group of goblins followed, after giving Pansy a glare that would've scorched her knickers to ash, had she been wearing a pair.

"Oops," said Pansy.

Harry was eying her with suspicion. "Where did you get that information, Parkinson?"

She grimaced. "Not where you think I did."

"You better not have," he growled.

Wide blue eyes met narrowed green and held until Colin coughed discreetly.

"I'll see you back at the *Prophet*, Pans," Colin said. "I've got another assignment."

"Ta, Colin. I reckon Scarhead's mug will have to do this time," she responded blithely.

"Parkinson," Harry growled in warning as Colin trotted off. "You can't run this story."

She rolled her eyes at him. "I don't take orders from you, Auror Potter."

"It will cause a panic, Parkinson."

"Hardly," she scoffed. "The goblins will just toss gold-plated toasters at the whiners and beef up security again."

Harry crossed his arms and looked at her.

"You could make sure my information is accurate," she wheedled, reaching up to twirl a lock of hair around her finger. "My source thinks the break-ins are organized and specific. They mentioned something about Robin Hood..." She fluttered her eyelashes at him.

"I wouldn't give you the time of day, Parkinson," Harry retorted mulishly and started to walk away.

Pansy's smile was sly and victorious. "How could you, Potter, when you left your watch on my nightstand this morning?"

Harry blushed, snatching the timepiece that dangled from her fingertips by its chain, and retreated hastily, her laughter tinkling in his wake like a siren's song.

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on LiveJournal.

Prompt: Lucius Malfoy, Gringotts, a watch.



## Looking Up Old Friends

Chapter 2 of 9

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

"You have to try this, Harry," said George, beaming proudly.

He held open the curtain door of a small booth tucked into a corner of the Wheezes's Hogsmeade branch.

Seeing Harry hesitate at entering an enclosed space, Ron offered to go first.

"We've placed Silencing Charms on the booth," a ghostly Fred explained, when observing the black curtain became boring so quickly.

"Hermione's idea," George piped up. Hermione preened a little as Luna and Ginny shot her looks of gratitude. They'd all tried the booth the previous Hogsmeade weekend, while the boys were still in Academy. "The gloves, too. Some Muggle invention called viral reality."

"And the booth works on a combination of Pensieve principles and an advanced version of our Daydream Charm," finished Fred, bobbing on his ghostly heels.

Fifteen minutes later, Ron stumbled out of the booth, blissful and dopey, and handed over the gloves to Harry.

Moments, hours, seeming years went by as he stood in the small space, feeling awkward and foolish. He flexed his fingers in the gloves, looking at the stretchy fabric covered in odd oval pads. They were shot through with fine wires that gleamed in the low light, hypnotizing him until a flash of movement caught his eye and tugged his gaze upward.

A milk-white arm shook as the hand attached pointed its finger at him, and Harry heard Pansy Parkinson exclaim, "But he's there! Potter's there. Someone grab him!"

The faceless students surrounding him melted away, and he smirked at Pansy coolly, opening his arms wide. "Yes, here I am, Parkinson. Grab me!"

She sucked in a breath and puffed out her chest, advancing on him with false bravado. When she was mere inches away, he reached out and snagged her wand, throwing it behind his back to clatter to the floor. She whimpered and his hand stung; a drop of blood clung to her lip where it had split open, and he realized he'd hit her.

He thrust his hand into her sleek black hair, a hollow parody of a lover's caress, and jerked on her tender scalp, sending her to her knees with a muffled scream. Harry watch in horrified fascination as his doppelganger laughed at Parkinson.

*What had Ron done in this booth? Fornicated with baked goods?*The other Harry chuckled darkly at the shared thought.

"Please," she murmured, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Please, what?" Harry sneered, unzipping his trousers. He smacked her cheek when her lips tightened and she tried to look away.

*No! I don't want this! She doesn't deserve it! I amnot a monster!*

And yet.

And yet, Harry stumbled out of the booth, making up a story about Voldemort interrupting his honeymoon. Avoiding Luna's knowing eyes, and Ginny's smothering attentions; his mind whirling, twirling upon one fixed point.

*I wonder, where does Miss Parkinson live these days?*

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on LiveJournal.

Prompt: Doppelganger, Hogsmeade, gloves

*"But he's there! Potter's there. Someone grab him!"*Deathly Hallows, US hardcover ed. p. 610

## Silver Lining

*Chapter 3 of 9*

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

### Day One

*Raining.*

Harry watched raindrops roll down the window of their hotel room and sighed. "I thought it was sunny in Mazatlan."

Pansy snorted, tossing the guidebook she'd consulted at him. "Summers are primary rainy season for this region."

"Maybe that's why the package was so cheap, eh?"

*He's a great kisser... No hovering mother-in-law... He spoils me rotten...*

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### Day Three

*Raining, again.*

"If I were a superhero, I'd have the power of sarcasm. Mere mortals would quail before me, with my words sharper than a Sectumsempra."

"And that would be different, how?" Harry's smile was indulgent.

"I would have a costume. A black leather catsuit with a bright red S, to match my lipstick." Pansy's eyes narrowed when she heard a muffled snort. "They'll call me Sarcwoman and signal me by projecting a pair of rolling eyes into the sky."

"I'll be your sidekick, Scarboy. I will sense incidents of stupidity for you to mock." She nodded, mollified. "But I want a cape."

"No capes."

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### Day Six

*Still raining.*

They packed in near silence.

"My new sunglasses!" Harry exclaimed, modeling them for his bride. "I didn't get to wear them."

*Every cloud has a silver lining,* Pansy thought, giving the grey sky a grateful look.

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on Live Journal.

Prompt: Superhero, vacation spot, sunglasses

"No capes!" - from The Incredibles



First double win!

# Misery Loves Company

Chapter 4 of 9

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

There was a snap to the air that put roses on their cheeks as they sat on a bench near the Hogsmeade rink, lacing up their skates in awkward silence.

"Erm..." Harry started, casting about for a neutral topic. "Nice weather we're having."

Pansy groaned under her breath and kept lacing her boots. According to the Owl she'd received, she was required to be at this Merlin forsaken Ministry mandated event for two hours, and she intended to be on the ice and away from *him* for the whole of it.

"Do you like Quidditch?" he asked hopefully.

She paused to look at him and roll her eyes.

"Right. Stay put." Another eye roll. She was barely half-done lacing her first boot. "I'll be back in a minute."

He walked off, crunching snow under his capped blades.

She took a moment to check out his bum and then resumed lacing her boots while counting the ways she would torture Draco for hexing them undone.

*The poncy git.*

A shriek echoed over the ice, and Pansy glanced up in time to see Granger smack Draco across the cheek so hard his head turned with the slap. He clenched his hands into fists and began yelling at her.

*Maybe torture would be redundant.*

A steaming cup was suddenly thrust in her line of vision. "I brought you some chocolate," said Harry as he sat beside her.

*Crap.* Now she'd have to be nice.

"Thank you," she replied and wrapped her mitten-covered hands around the delicious-smelling beverage.

Harry grinned at her and sipped his chocolate, waiting for her to finish lacing up her skates. He watched several couples glide over the ice, most of them sneaking looks at Granger and Draco as they whizzed by the squabbling duo.

“What do you think they’re arguing about?”

She shrugged. “Who had better N.E.W.T scores?”

“How much sugar is in the chocolate?” he parried, saluting her with his cup.

“House-elf rights?” she offered, meeting his eyes in mock innocence.

There was a wicked twinkle in his, answering her. “Crups or ferrets as pets?”

She collapsed in a belly laugh that left her struggling for breath. Pansy decided to throw in the proverbial towel and started lacing her second boot.

“I heard Umbridge is head of the Marriage Law Committee,” he commented, gazing at the still feuding couple. “This is revenge, I figure.”

“Does that make me your new Blood Quill?”

His gaze slid down to her pouting crimson lips and he grinned. “I must not tell lies. I was talking more about Hermione. Umbridge still jumps at the slightest whinny.” He nudged her with his elbow. “But I should admit, I’m not sure I’d mind the scars you’d leave behind.”

She huffed at him in pretend offense, and turned to watch the skaters, her brain already busily planning where those scars would go.

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on Live Journal.

Prompt: Hermione Granger, ice skating rink, towel

## Whiskey Sour

*Chapter 5 of 9*

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

You can’t stand by and bear witness to the destruction of more than your marriage, more than your hopes and dreams.

*A spoonful of powdered sugar helps the medicine go down.*

You can’t bear witness to the destruction of her.

So you dodge the vase as it crashes against the wall behind you, and you close your ears to the venom escaping her throat, and you concentrate on your feet as they carry you out the back door, across the porch, down the path covered in decaying leaves.

Your battered heart beats a tattoo in time with your measured steps, a cyclone in your mind whirling around one thought:

Can’t, it whispers. Do this. It feels like a death rattle inside your head.

*When life hands you lemons, make lemonade.*

She was life and she was benediction. It’s killing you that you can’t save her.

Every plea has fallen unheard. Interventions and promises turned to ash.

A hero to the world, savior of none.

One little piece at a time, lost bits of your soul lining the path to the lake like decaying leaves.

Can a maraschino cherry be a Horcrux?

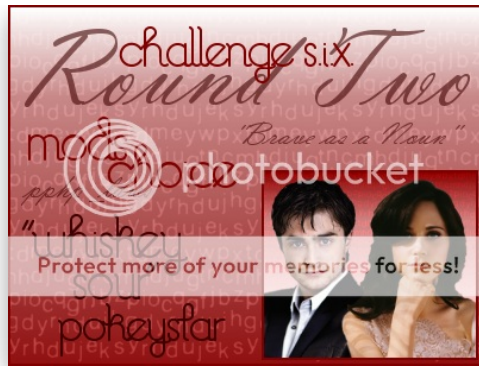
*Life’s a bowl of cherries.*

And you’re done.

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on Live Journal.

Prompt: A witness, A lake, A lost item. 199 words exactly.



## The Fox and the Grapes

Chapter 6 of 9

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

*One hot summer's day a Fox was strolling through a park.*

Pansy spelled her pushcart to stay and took a long drink from her ever-cool water bottle. She hated the heat, but there was no denying it was good for business.

She needed the money, since Daphne had moved out to marry Marcus Flint, leaving her to juggle the rent until she found another flatmate. Or a husband.

*She came to a bunch of grapes just ripening on a vine which grew over a lofty branch.*

Both seemed in short supply; the wizarding world had bought into the post-war marriage frenzy, and most were on their third child by now. She should know—she had sold a ton of fudge-pops to the little tykes that very day.

She noticed a gaggle of urchins in Quidditch gear gathering near the Hogsmeade youth pitch, and pushed her cart in their direction. Nothing sold ice cream faster than boisterous activity.

*Drawing back a few paces, she took a run and a jump, and just missed the bunch.*

And halted abruptly when she realised Potter was their coach. Hadn't the Weasel Princess thrown him over for Wood recently? Pansy licked her lips and rattled her cart, causing the bell to tinkle merrily.

She was overrun by sweaty brats when Potter distractedly gave them a break, but no amount of giggling drew his attention.

*Again and again she tried after the tempting morsel, with no greater success.*

She tried dropping things and bending low to pick them up.

A throaty, suggestive laugh.

Her never-fail hair toss and trademark pout, usually a deadly combination.

To no avail.

Potter remained oblivious.

*At last, she had to give it up, and walked away with her nose in the air.*

'I'm sure,' Pansy thought, 'Potter's todger was cursed flaccid.'

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on Live Journal.

Prompt: A vendor, the park, grapes. Between 200 - 299 words.

Italics belong to Aesop.

# Geranium lover, I'm live on your wire

Chapter 7 of 9

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

Harry glowered at the ballroom full of glittering sophisticates and knocked back another long swallow of his firewhisky.

Misery incarnate, he almost longed for a new Dark Lord to rise so that he could be justifiably hacked off, instead of indeterminately peevish.

Also, he was bored out of his rakishly scarred skull.

No such luck. Not even Malfoy was interested in playing evil reindeer games these days. He was far too keen on getting into his best friend's knickers.

The swotty one.

Harry set down his tumbler carefully, signaling the house-elf minding the bar for another round. The mental picture of Ron in a frilly thong positively begged to be obliterated.

Another five minutes and then he'd blow the joint.

Not wide open, unfortunately. Hermione would not be amused if he mussed her fiance's not-so-humble abode. Especially after his parents went to all that trouble renovating it to please her at Draco's behest.

A grimace stole over his mouth and his eyes narrowed when he caught sight of flashing deep blue eyes, and lips a blurred "o" of crimson as she laughed at something Zabini said. They were dancing closely together, and her arms slipped up to his shoulders to encircle his neck.

As Harry watched, her arms drew him closer still.

Poor schmuck. Blaise had obviously forgotten everything he'd learned in Herbology. She had him now, ensnared in her embrace and Blaise would cease breathing before he realized he was being suffocated by those sexy, needy vines.

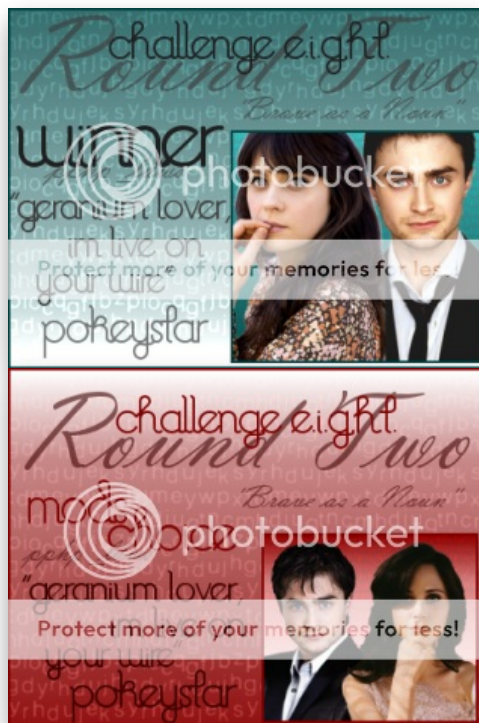
*Devil's Snare.* Her parents had definitely named her after the wrong plant.

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on Live Journal.

Prompt: A friend, Malfoy Manor, a plant.

Title taken from "Dangerous Type" by the Cars



# Nothing is Certain Except

Chapter 8 of 9

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!" Harry banged his head against the desk.

She didn't look up from her magazine. "What now?"

"These forms are incomprehensible! It's like they're translated from Gobbledegook. Backwards!"

"Gobbledegook to Latin to English. Sideways, actually."

*She was having him on. He'd bet his broom on it.* "Riiiiight."

"Hermione was complaining about it at brunch Sunday. While you were off playing Quidditch with the gingers."

*Well. If Hermione said it...* "You'd think dying to defeat a Dark Wizard would afford me certain liberties."

Pansy rolled her eyes. "Stop whinging. Just finish the bloody taxes so we can play Hero and Groupie."

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on Live Journal.

One of two drabbles for the grand finale.

Prompt: 100 words exactly, freestyle.

Title is paraphrased from a quote by Benjamin Franklin: *"But in this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes."*

# So Green

Chapter 9 of 9

A second series of small bites featuring Pansy Parkinson and Harry Potter.

A lodestone, she says. The voice is not hers. Harsher. Deeper. It raises goosebumps on your arms and the hair on your neck. He will keep you here when you should let go. Her bottle-thick glasses fog with every exhalation. He will bring you joy. The smoking incense clouds your mind. He is your true love. A deep voice. Beguiling. Cinnamon and cloves. He cannot save you. He can only hold you here. It's a dream. Disturbing. You blink at the sphere she thrusts before you. His eyes are green, sparkling in the crystalline orb. So green. You shiver. Silly ball. Silly bint. You're going to marry Draco. And he has grey eyes.

You will never know what it's like to be a mother.

But you hold him close, cradle him under your skin, in the secret places near your heart. Flashing green eyes and chubby cheeks. A gurgle of laughter and unruly black hair. Sweet baby skin and milky sour breath.

They think you are nothing.

A lump of flesh resembling the witch you used to be. Occupying the fifth bed from the window in the Janus Thickey ward. You are a collection of adjectives and duties to them. Catatonic. Feed twice daily. Immobile. Check for bed sores. Non-responsive. Take blood samples. Insensible. Empty bed pan as needed. Patient. Something you never were before.

He still calls you Pansy.

He brushes your hair one hundred times. He paints your lips with crimson stain. He anoints you with perfume that smells of cinnamon and cloves, reminiscent of the foreign land from your honeymoon. *Ten*. He brings you the latest *Witch Weekly* and truffles from Honeydukes. *Twenty*. He shows you pictures that move. *Thirty*. First teeth. *Forty*. First steps. *Fifty*. First words. *Eighty*. First broom. *One hundred*. First school tie. It matches his eyes. So green.

When you were a girl, they called you princess.

Your parents coddled you, and gave you everything you ever wanted. Ponies and ice cream and playmates and dollies and pretty pink fluffy dresses. You were wrapped in adoration, safe in their arms.

It's a dream.

Disturbing. Beguiling. You can't wake up. You pinch yourself. Softly. Sometimes you love the dream. Want to wrap yourself in it, like the blanket your grand-mere knitted to celebrate your birth. *Harry*. Arms outstretched. Pink and fluffy pain. *No!* You snuggle down, you burrow deeper in it. *Harry*. He cannot save you. So green. *Baby*. He will



keep you here when you should let go. The pain clouds your mind. Pink and fluffy. *Harry*. It races through your veins, under silky skin, freezing your limbs. A lodestone. *Baby*. He is your true love. He will bring you joy.

You are tethered to this world by the thinnest of moorings.

A balloon on a string. A kite caught by the tail. You float through minutes. You float through hours. You float through days. Your rowboat has no oars. Your rowboat is spun from gossamer thread.

You float through years. So green.

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Originally written for round two of pphp\_idws on Live Journal.

Prompt: 500 words, exactly. A chart was provided with three words each for persons, places and things. Minimum requirements were to choose one of each. I chose to do all nine.

Person: a seer, a mother, a professor.

Place: a foreign land, a hospital, a secret place.

Thing: a photograph, a perfume, a rowboat

