

The Next Best Thing?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Prompts: Harry, Pansy, "for what it's worth."

A/N: This was written for Sortinghatdrabs.

It was no surprise that she liked it rough. Harry knew he'd done something right when her little gasps became moans. He threaded his fingers through her dark hair and gave a vicious yank, exposing the long column of her neck. He took a gentle nip at the tender skin, testing, and felt her quicken and surge around him.

"Harder!" Pansy gasped.

Harry chuckled. He sucked, teasing, until he had worked his way down to her shoulder. He could feel her heartbeat against his chest. He paused a moment, then bit her.

Pansy cried out in gratification.

Harry had her on a table in the library. It was a dangerous place to be doing this, but that was how she wanted it, and this was his first and last shot. He pulled her from her sitting position and shoved her down roughly. "Bend over for me, Pansy," he whispered in her ear.

He felt her answering shudder and pulled her robes up.

Harry could feel her wetness on his fingers, and it excited him. He didn't waste time with soft endearments; he took what he was here for, what she wanted him to.

The thought that they were in full view in a public place, that anyone could—and probably *would*—walk in and see them at their illicit activity made it even better. The fact that someone in particular might see it was nearly his undoing ... Harry could feel the fever building and knew the pleasure in his strokes was becoming overwhelming. He slammed harder into Pansy, reveling in the lack of tenderness and enjoying the feel of her hips hitting the edge of the table with every thrust.

If he couldn't have her anymore, he'd have the things closest to her, the things he had already taken, had already used.

Harry could feel her tightening around him, her cries a cue that she had hit her peak. He let his own orgasm rush through him. He slumped against her backside a moment as his breathing returned to normal.

He had just fucked Pansy Parkinson against a table.

As Harry pulled away and tucked himself back in, he felt a twinge of guilt about the bite, even though he'd known she'd wanted it. "Was it ... okay? Are you alright?" he asked tentatively. The smell of sex hung in the air. It wasn't the sex he wanted, but it was done now.

"For what it's worth, Potter—Draco was a lot better at that," Pansy sneered. She flipped her robes down and turned to leave.

"For what it's worth, Pansy ... I know. And the feeling is mutual."

Harry might be a Gryffindor, but the tiniest bit of a Slytherin smirk of satisfaction crossed his face as he watched her stumble when the meaning of his words sunk in.