

Dirty

by luvsev

Hermione owes Pansy Parkinson, but she doesn't have the funds to make a payment

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Chapter 1 of 1

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'You owe me, Granger—'

'Owe you what, Parkinson?' Hermione asked, surveying the young woman who stood before her with a lit cigarette between her fingers. She focussed her attention on the sapphire in Pansy's bellybutton. 'If you've come to collect what I owe you for this month, you're a day early. More than you await repayment.'

'Instead of Galleons, Granger, there's something else I've in mind.' Pansy unfastened another button on her cerulean blue blouse, drawing attention to her breasts.

Hermione let her eyes wander from the tiny, glittering jewel to the swell of Pansy's breasts. She stared, wondering if Pansy knew about the temptation she represented. The night could be interesting should Pansy catch her ogling her breasts. It would be better than sitting in a corner and watching couples grind against each other. She remembered what Bill had told her earlier: *'What you need, instead of another night at the office, is a hard drink and a shag. Go out, dance and have a good time; do whatever it is you need to do to get off, then you can come back to work.'*

'So, what's this idea you have?'

'Follow me into the loo; we can discuss it there.'

'Not bloody likely, Parkinson. Say it here or don't say it at all.'

'Discussing private matters in public is bad business, even for you,' Pansy sneered, taking a final drag from her cigarette and crushing it into the tin on the table. 'You'll hear what I have to say there, or I'll demand all the Galleons I lent you right now. Fancy a talk with my barrister, Granger? It could get *dirty*.' She watched Hermione's eyes flash and her cheeks tint a tantalising red, and she wondered briefly if Hermione's arse would colour as prettily when spanked.

'Er—'

'Heh. That's what I thought. If you know what's good for you, you'll get that little arse of yours up and follow me.'

Hermione slid out of the booth and ogled Pansy's arse in its black leather mini skirt as she sashayed away. She kept a safe distance so no one would notice. Pansy went into the loo first, and Hermione leaned her head against the wall in the darkened corridor, waiting—for what, she didn't know.

With a deep breath, she entered and stared dumbstruck at the tableau in front of her: Pansy sitting on the edge of the sink counter, her legs spread, and her hand moving between between her thighs—her skirt lay at her side. Pansy's eyes were closed, and her mouth formed a perfect 'o' as she came.

'Enjoy the show, Granger?' Pansy licked her fingers clean, flicking her tongue along each tip.

'I only caught the end, but I'm sure you enjoyed it, judging by the look on your face.'

Pansy grinned. 'Eh, it could have been better. I thought you wouldn't come.'

Hermione bit back a comment about coming. Instead, she decided not to tease her. 'Didn't want things to get dirty.'

'Oh, but I thought you liked dirt.'

'Certain kinds, yes. A court battle isn't on my to-do list, though.'

'Do tell,' Pansy muttered.

'How about you tell me what the fuck you wanted so I can get out of here.'

'You're too impatient.'

'Oh, joy. You pointed out what everyone else knows. Want a treat?'

'As a matter of fact, I do,' Pansy replied.

'What do you want?'

'I want you kneeling before me and begging, lipstick smeared on your lips and mascara running down your perfect face... perhaps with tears in your eyes. You being the perfect little slut.'

'In your dreams, Parkinson. I'm no one's fucktoy.'

'That's too bad, really. You're quite suited for it, even though it kills you to admit it.'

Hermione rolled her eyes.

'I've decided that since you're late on payment, I want something other than money from you. I want you to lick me clean.' Pansy tugged on Hermione's silk tie, bringing her close enough to kiss, and she swiped her tongue across Hermione's bottom lip.

'I thought you wanted a treat for yourself, not for me.'

'I'm in a rather *indulgent* mood, so a dual delight is in order. Now, be a good little slut and do as I ask.'

Hermione leered as Pansy nudged her downward. She kneeled in Merlin knows what, where anyone could come in and see them. She found, instead of being repulsed by the situation, it aroused her further. She leaned in, propping Pansy's legs on her shoulders, and dragged her tongue along Pansy's slit. Savoury, sweet moisture greeted her lips. Pleasure clouded her senses, making her forget everything except the woman in front of her. She circled Pansy's clit, licking it lightly with the flat of her tongue and then scraped it with her teeth. This made Pansy groan.

'It won't take much, if you keep doing that.'

'Is that what you want, then: to come in my mouth?' She inserted two fingers into Pansy, curling them upwards.

'Yes. Fuck, yes!'

Hermione suckled Pansy's clit as she thrust her fingers in and out. She felt Pansy's walls tense and release around her fingers. She gently bit Pansy's labia then the insides of her thighs. Hermione rose, unsteady on her feet, and breathed deeply.

'Enough. For now.' She licked her juices from Hermione's lips. 'Fuck me—'

'I just did.'

Pansy chuckled, zipping up her skirt and adjusting it. 'That you did. I nearly forgot how good you are.'

'That'll teach you not to wait so long in the future.'

'I don't plan to wait at all, right now. You're coming home with me... unless you have other plans.'

'Not anything that can't be cancelled.'

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