

Scarlet

by *mrs_nott*

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The Hundred-Pound Whore

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: If I owned Harry Potter and all its lovely characters, I'd be rich and wouldn't be writing fanfiction. I, sadly, do not. Also, the only thing I intend to get from this is an awful lot of reviews because seriously, money? Who wants that!

Beta'd by Raisinous Fiendling

Chapter One

The Hundred-Pound Whore

There's a day in the year, somewhere in the middle of March or April, when Ginny Weasley remembers the night she started turning tricks. With each year that passes by, she forgets another tiny piece of what she was doing before. But for each tiny piece she forgets, another feature of her *client* is enhanced. She remembers walking out of a bar, waiting for the light to change and a tall man stepping next to her. She remembers his voice, soft and grave, in her ear. She remembers his words: "*You a fifty-pound whore, Scarlet?*"

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Ginny did not know what she expected to happen when she said that. Maybe she thought that would drive him away. It didn't.

"Well, Scarlet, that's bloody brilliant." He smirked. "I do like my expensive treats."

Looking at him, she examined every bit of his face. Pale skin, high cheekbones, grey eyes, platinum-blond hair. Ginny was being picked up by a man she would shag for free. Ginny was going home with a guy she had just met. Ginny was becoming a whore. No, scratch that. Ginny became a whore. She became a hundred-pound whore.

She never saw her first client again. His last words to her were: "You're good, Scarlet. I'll fix you up. How about that coffee shop, three blocks from where we met tonight? The Three Broomsticks, I believe. Be there, two days from today, same hour." He did not wait for an answer before leaving the room.

Before Ginny began turning tricks, she was a college student majoring in Photography with a sports scholarship for her superb football skills. She was also a waitress at a small bar where she got hit on by rather disgusting men. She isn't a student now. But she isn't a drop out. Ginny actually got around to finishing college before all her hooker-earned money got to her head. She no longer holds a job as a waitress. Now, Ginny holds a nighttime job. She works Thursdays through Sundays, and every other Monday. Her shift starts at seven and ends around three.

The rest of the time, Ginny distracts her self shopping and changing her hair. She has gone from bright red to black and then blonde. She was once a brunette, but that didn't last very long. Her hair has been short, long, ridiculously short, then long again and now she has finally settled for shoulder-length. Her hair is back to red, and clients no longer wonder why her street name is Scarlet. Ginny's skin is pale and so freckled it looks like the skin of a nine-year-old, and it's smooth like a baby's. She has long legs and small breasts. Her eyes are chocolate-brown. Ginny likes high heels and tight jeans. She likes front fastening bras and lace knickers. She'll wear a thong for a client but never for herself. Ginny has, on one occasion, worn a corset, an experience she is not exactly willing to repeat. She likes garters and fishnet stockings. She'll never wear them outside the bedroom, though. After all, Ginny is not a cheap whore.

Outside the bedroom, Ginny wears knee-length dresses during summer; low cut jeans and really cool t-shirts for spring; during the fall, Ginny likes to wear colourful scarves and casual shirts; in winter, Ginny shows off all her elegant coats and leather gloves. Ginny's favourite season is winter. It used to be her favourite season because, then, she got to wear all those clothes that made it very hard for men to strip her naked in the middle of the street. Winter is still her favourite season but for entirely different reasons. She likes the expensiveness of winter. She likes the way her clients rush her to hotels because there is just so much clothing in between. Ginny charges extra in the winter. Ginny's clients also like to tip her a little extra, in the spirit of Christmas, of course.

Ginny has six regular clients, two of which were courtesy of her first. Blaise, her second client, has a wife and daughter. They go to the opera every second weekend. His wife likes to drink tea and holds extravagant tea parties at their home. His daughter plays the piano, very skilfully, or so has Ginny heard. He pays for sex thrice a month. Her first client's second recommendation's name is Theodore. He is recently divorced and travels around the world. He comes to Ginny for sex every Friday, religiously.

Her other four regulars' names are John, Dean, Carl and Philippe. John likes it when she wears garters and fishnet stockings. Carl goes for the girl-next-door sort of look. Philippe is French and has an accent that goes spectacularly with his pretty face and French manners. He left France when his wife left him for his best friend. Sometimes, Philippe looks at her with this particular sadness, and Ginny knows he's thinking about her. Dean is, well, Dean is her youngest regular. He is funny and charming. Ginny is sure he could have any girl he chose, so it's a wonder why he's paying a whore. Dean likes football just as much as Ginny does. Unfortunately, he's a Manchester guy, which is a big no-no for Ginny, who happens to think Liverpool is the best team to have ever existed. Dean is good at drawing and sometimes asks to see her photographs. Dean is the only client who knows this about Ginny.

Theodore, who only speaks when he has something useful or interesting to say, often tells her to stop using the expression turning tricks. In his opinion, that is below her and her clients. Turning tricks is for street whores in the red district. Ginny has never been a street whore. She will never be a street whore. According to Theodore, Ginny is a prostitute with regular clients and a substantial income that allows her to live in London's fancy neighbourhoods. She lives, of course, with all the single people. Ginny does not want to go anywhere near those boring-to-death suburbs where families pretending to live the perfect life have their pretty homes and walk their ugly dogs.

As with every job, there are things Ginny likes about hers and things she hates. Ginny hates the way she cannot have a regular boyfriend who doesn't mind her work line. She hates thinking about the wives because, even though she knows it isn't exactly her fault, she does play a part in all the heartbreak. She hates the sad look on Philippe's face and how she cannot really comfort him.

Ginny likes the roughness, the anonymity. She likes the sex. Oh, Jesus, Ginnyadores the sex. But what Ginny loves the most is the money. She likes receiving it and counting it. She likes the way the paper feels under her fingers, the way it smells. Truth be told, the only reason why Ginny is still doing this is because of the pay. And high-class whores get excellent pay.

One Saturday night, Ginny is sipping expensive wine while sitting on the edge of the king-sized bed in the room Dean has booked for the night. He is looking at her with this expression Ginny has never seen on him. She feels as though he's examining her. He is giving her a test and Ginny is not sure she's doing all that well.

"You know," Dean starts. "I've got this friend who-

"I'll still charge you extra," Ginny interrupts him.

Looking at her, Dean laughs softly. "That's not what I was about to say but it's good to know. Anyway, what I wanted to say is I've got a friend who got dumped. And... well, let's just say his self esteem has been... err... To be quite honest, Scarlet, his self esteem is practically non-existent. So I was wondering whether you'd be up for a good mood-lifting. You know, as personal favour, for me. I'll pay, of course. In advance, if you'd like. I just think he needs a good shag and move on."

Smiling, Ginny downs what's left of her wine. As she licks her bottom lip, she crawls on top of Dean, straddling his hips. "Okay, I'll do it," Ginny purrs in Dean's ear. "But for now, how about another round?"

At this, Dean chuckles. "This is what I love about you, Scarlet."

"Mhmm." Ginny moans softly before her hand reaches under the covers. Once it finds what it is looking for, Ginny murmurs, "And this is what I love about you."

The day Ginny Weasley meets Harry Potter, it is pouring down London streets. People rush under ceilings, inside shops, making small pools of water wherever they go. Ginny herself is wet to her knickers, which is not exactly very impressive, especially not in her line of work. Upon arriving at the hotel, Ginny goes straight to the first loo she sees and locks herself in it. She's dripping water everywhere, and there is only so much a hand-drier can do for her. As she takes off her coat, Ginny sighs in exasperation at her own reflection in the mirror. Seriously, this is about the worst thing that has ever happened to her. This is unbelievable. How is she to meet her client like this? Jesus Christ! And shit, shit, shit! Her make-up is all runny and ruined and she didn't bother bringing any extra because she didn't want the burden of a purse. She'll have to go natural. *Fuck. Fuck, fuck, FUCK!*

Sighing, Ginny resigns herself to her disgraceful destiny and starts to clean up her face. She is almost done when she hears a door behind her being opened.

What happens next is something taken out of a freaking low-budget, over-clichéd movie. What happens next plays in Ginny's head like a stupid, slow motion scene where she takes about three and half ice ages to speak as she stares up at intense green eyes. Confusion is the first feeling that dawns upon her. Utter embarrassment follows almost immediately as she realizes, taking a quick glance past the green eyes and into what seems to be the interior of a men's loo, what's going on.

"I think you got the signs mixed," the man with the greenest eyes on the face of Earth says, a smirk dancing amusedly on his face.

Ginny can see out of the corner of her eye how her face has reached the colour of her hair, which makes her feel fourteen and silly and girly and she has a client and this is *not* the time to be blushing!

"Bloody hell. I'm so sorry, sir." Sir? Seriously? *God*. "Christ, I'm really sorry. It's pouring outside and I got wet and rushed inside, I needed a loo and well, I saw this one first, it never occurred to me it'd be the men's and I've got an appointment and my make-up might as well be flushed down the toilet and-"

"You know, you spoke so fast, I barely understood a word or two of that." He flashes a toothy, brilliant, ridiculously perfect grin at Ginny that leaves her legs all wobbly. "Anyway, take this," he says, handing her a small towel. "You heading to the bar?"

"Yeah... I'm meeting someone there," Ginny says. "A client."

"A client?" he asks.

Shoot! Did she just imply what she thinks she just implied? Oh, Christ. Oh, this is so bad. Silly, silly girl!

He stares at her intently before speaking again. "Are you, by any chance, Scarlet?"

Now, this, this she did not see coming. "Err... yeah."

"Oh, well, then. I'm Harry... I err... I'm Dean's mate." Now Harry is blushing as much as she is, which makes her feel a little bit better.

"Hi, Harry. I'm Scarlet." Ginny extends her hand as graciously as she can manage with a wet sleeve that's still dripping water and sticking to her arm.

"Right," Harry says. "Right, right." Rummaging through his briefcase, Harry pulls out a small envelope he hands Ginny.

"Thank you, Harry."

Ginny takes the envelope and puts inside her coat's pocket.

"Well then, Harry. Are we staying here for our little date?" Ginny asks, casually, amused at the sudden change of roles.

"Right. Of course." Harry swallows hard before he continues. "We've got room 309."

"Excellent."

A/N: So, people, if you've made it this far, I think you and I deserve a little something, don't you? How about a nice review? It doesn't take very long, and I can assure it will make us both very happy. It'll make ME very happy because I thrive on reviews and YOU because you'll encourage me to write some more. So please, be a doll and R&R!!