

# Paid in Full

*by Snapekat*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*Author's Note: For those of us who could never decide between which twin was their favorite. The girl is meant to be anyone and no one. The twins are part canon, part "Warner Bros."*

She held the two Galleons in her palm. It wasn't enough. She knew it. But it was all she had, at least for another month. Her Transfiguration essay wasn't anywhere near done and it was due tomorrow. She had to find a way to buy herself more time. A mix of violent vomiting and a vicious nosebleed should do the trick.

From a distance she watched the inventors of the Skiving Snackboxes. They lounged casually around the old armchairs in the Gryffindor common room, laughing with Lee Jordan, their brother, Ron, and a few members of the Quidditch team.

Never before had she dared socialize in their group. She wasn't a Quidditch fan. She wasn't a prankster. She wasn't very cool, even. But she'd admired them from afar. They were daring, confident, and fearless. Sometimes she would just watch them and fantasize that she could sit easily amongst them, laugh with them, and belong. She had spent so much time surveying them that she had almost figured out how to tell them apart.

One, Fred, she believed, laughed loudly and shook his shaggy ginger hair from his eyes. When he did so, he caught her staring and flashed her a flirtatious grin. Feeling her face flush, she turned away. She hated when they did that! She hated herself worse for being caught staring.

Looking at the two coins in her hand, her shoulders sagged with defeat. It was ridiculous. She should just stop stalling and try to finish the essay tonight. As she was contemplating her options, a shadow fell over her. She turned to find two identical, flame-haired boys looking at her with pleasant smirks laced with undertones of mischief.

"Something we can help you with, miss?" She believed it was George speaking with a devilish twinkle in his eye.

"Let me guess," Fred picked up, crossing his arms and examining her through a narrowed gaze. "You're in desperate need of a Skiving Snackbox."

Her eyes widened. "How did you know?"

"It's in the best interest of a good businessman to know his client's needs, even before they do," George replied.

"Our stock is pretty low, but I think we can set you up," Fred said. "That will be three Galleons."

She sighed loudly, attempting a truly anguished look. "Yes, I know. But I'm afraid I don't quite have three."

"How much DO you have?" George asked.

"Two."

Fred's brow furrowed. "I'm afraid that's not quite enough, love. Two hardly covers our overhead costs."

She wasn't sure what they meant exactly. She had only seen them selling things out of their pockets in the halls and common room.

"I'm desperate," she pleaded. "McGonagall wants a two-scroll essay tomorrow and I am so behind, there is no hope I can get it done."

"That does sound like a dilemma," Fred said smirking to his brother.

"I'll give you two now and TWO more later when I have it," she suggested bravely.

They both shook their heads. "We don't give credit," Fred stated.

"Or accept payment plans," George added.

Feeling completely panicked and near tears, she began to search her brain for something that might sway them. "Well, surely there is something I can do to earn that last Galleon in credit. What about..." she commanded herself to think creatively, "if I took care of your mail or helped you with bookkeeping? I'm good at Arithmancy. I could do whatever you like to work it off."

Again they stood staring down at her. Their identical, warm, brown eyes tinged with mirth.

"We work alone," George said, hardly bothering to hold back a smile.

"But you sound pretty desperate," Fred commented.

"I am!" she said. "I'm barely keeping up in Transfiguration. Please, you have to help me. I'm begging. Isn't there something we can work out?"

Their faces melted into such wicked grins that she almost took a step back.

"Maybe there is something you can do for us," Fred said though his eyes stayed on his brother.

Her stomach twitched and she was sure her face was again a vivid pink. "What?"

"Especially for you," Fred announced. "Today only, a Skiving Snackbox is now available for the bargain price of two Galleons and... one kiss."

"Each!" George added.

She actually laughed. They had to be joking. But after she recovered herself, she saw they were looking at her quite seriously.

"You're kidding."

They both shook their heads.

"You wanted a deal," Fred said. "That's about the best we can offer. I consider it a small price to pay for saving your Transfiguration grade."

"Just give you each a kiss?"

"And two Galleons," George reminded.

"But not just a slight peck on the cheek or a chaste smack on the lips." Fred spoke like he was giving instructions for a Quidditch match. "It has to be a truly decent kiss."

On one hand she was relieved. She could get the Skiving Snackbox and the time to finish her essay and not have to kill or steal to do so. But she would have to kiss two boys who made her nervous and flustered just by looking at her. Snog them right out in the open? Both of them? She stood staring at them with her mouth open.

"This deal isn't good forever, you know," George said, bringing her out of her shocked trance.

"Alright. Deal," she heard herself say.

Broad smiles broke out over the two, and a nauseous heat spread through her as she realized what she had done.

She handed her two Galleons to George. "So, where do we... uh... do this?" she babbled, unable to look them in the eye.

Fred shrugged his shoulders and both boys looked at the nearly empty common room.

"Looks like this is as good a place as any. I think most everyone has gone to bed," he said.

"R-r-right here? Now?" she squeaked.

"Payment up front is expected." George waggled his eyebrows at her.

She wondered how many other girls they had struck this deal with. The way gossip spread around Hogwarts, if Fred and George were snogging girls for favors, she would have surely heard about it by now.

Well, if she was to be the subject of future gossip, she decided she wanted it to be good gossip! Taking in a big breath and steeling her courage, she nodded. She had kissed boys before, though only one at a time; she could surely do it now. She figured half of their amusement came from the fact that they were embarrassing her. She resolved to not be the butt of their latest prank.

"Right then," she found her voice and made it strong. "Over here."

She took Fred's hand and moved him over to the nearest lounge chair, forcing him to sit on the arm. It brought him down to her height.

George stood close by, his arms crossed and a look of curious amusement on his face.

"If I'm going to do this, I'd at least like to not get a crick in my neck," she stated.

Fred gave his brother an appraising look, then grinned back at the girl standing bravely between his knees.

"Ready?" she asked, her heart thundering in her chest.

"Very," he replied.

Taking his face in her hands, she took a moment to look into his eyes. This close she could see the flecks of green and gold threaded through the chocolate brown irises.

Slowly she leaned in and pressed her lips to his. His mouth was soft and warm under her. She could feel the slight prickle of the sparse hairs on his upper lip. For a moment neither moved. It surprised her to not find him more aggressive. Then she realized that they hadn't expected her to go through with it! She had actually called their bluff.

A slight chuckle tickled her lips and briefly Fred pulled away to question her. But she pulled him back and intensified the kiss. Her tongue brushed against his lips and she gently sucked. A quiet groan escaped him and his mouth opened. His arms wrapped around her and pulled her in close. Their tongues wound together in languid, wet strokes. His teeth gently scraping her lip. He was actually quite good at this. She found herself forgetting the surroundings and the fact that another boy stood watching, waiting his turn, until the sound of someone clearing their throat disrupted them.

With great disappointment she broke the delicious kiss. Her breath was almost gone from her body and her legs felt like over-cooked spaghetti. She spent a second or two looking into Fred's face. His eyes were still closed and his lips slightly puckered. Again she chuckled and his eyes slowly opened, revealing a look of dazed euphoria. She dared one more soft kiss.

"AAAGHHHHMMM!" George again cleared his throat as loudly as possible.

She smiled at him. "Okay, next." This wasn't nearly as hard as she thought it would be. In fact, she was enjoying it quite a bit.

Fred reluctantly got up from his spot, with the help of George who pulled him out of the way and eagerly took his brother's spot on the chair arm. His hands immediately went to her waist and he looked into her eyes with a warm grin.

"Ready whenever you are," he announced brightly.

Again she laughed. How could she have been afraid of this? Taking George's face in her hands, she kissed him. Instantly he kissed back and pulled her close. Interesting that he seemed to be more forceful than his brother. His lips were the exact size and shape of Fred's, but he kissed all together differently. He tasted different. The way his tongue slid in and out of her mouth was quite different, but equally wonderful. Deciding who was better would be an impossible task.

She found her entire body feeling warm and tingly and wished that after this kiss was broken she could go back to Fred to further research their differences. Then again sample George. She wanted to kiss their necks and ears. She wanted to spend hours running her hands through their hair and down their lean, muscular backs. Her mind began listing the things she wanted from them that she had never even considered from other boys.

"Alright, I think you two should come up for air," Fred's voice broke in with a vaguely grumpy tone.

George broke the kiss. "You got twice as long!" he said irritably.

"I did not!"

George gave her one more passionate, deep kiss that made her groan and giggle before he released her.

Then the three of them stood staring at each other in silence. Their eyes went from one to the other and they shuffled about nervously. Finally Fred spewed out a loud laugh. She and George followed and soon they were all bent over clutching their sides, gasping for air. If asked, she wouldn't be able to say why she was laughing. There was just something ridiculous about the fact that she had just paid for vomiting and a nose bleed by snogging two brothers in the middle of the Gryffindor common room. She hoped they were laughing for the same reasons.

When they regained control of themselves, they again stood looking at one another.

"I didn't think you'd go through with it," Fred said shaking his head.

She nodded. "I know you didn't."

"Well, I think you can consider your bill paid in full," he said looking to his brother.

George handed her a small box with a smile.

"It was a pleasure doing business with you." She grinned, feeling her old, tell-tale blush returning.

"Oh, no, the pleasure was all ours," George replied.

Fred added with a lowered voice and a particularly roguish look, "However, we may have to raise our prices in the future."

"I'll start saving up," she said as she gave them both smiles and bid them good night.