

What a Girl Wants

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Pairing: Harry/Draco (almost), Pansy/?

Rating: PG-13 (for suggestive content)

Disclaimer: This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by JK Rowling, various publishers including but not limited to Bloomsbury Books, Scholastic Books and Raincoast Books, and Warner Bros., Inc. No money is being made and no copyright or trademark infringement is intended.

Genre: Humour, Post HBP

Summary: Pansy has taken to peace very well and it putting her Slytherin qualities to other uses.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for the beta. This is just a little idea that popped into my head :).

Pansy looked up as the door to the common room opened rather faster than usual and Draco came flying through it like he was being chased by a randy dragon. When her oldest friend threw himself behind the sofa on which she was sitting she thought that possibly it was worse than that.

"Hello, Draco," she said in her most disinterested tone, since reminding darling Draco that he was doing anything out of the ordinary would probably just end with him sulking and her none the wiser as to what was going on. "Is there any particular reason you're hiding behind the settee?"

"Potter," was the one word response.

Pansy put her book down and leaned over so she could see where Draco was cowering. On reflection he did look quite terrified.

"What did you do now, darling?" she said sweetly. "You didn't insult his friends again did you, because you know what happened last time?"

No one knew how Potter had managed to get into the Slytherin common room, or into Draco's rooms, but the pictures of Draco's baby dragon pyjamas had been all over the school for weeks. The fact that Draco did not in fact sleep in black silk with his choice of partner every night had been a Slytherin secret until that day.

"No," Draco said in a panicky voice, "I didn't do anything. The Gryffindor idiot came up to me in the hallway and professed undying love. Then ... then he tried to kiss me. He kept wittering on about opposites attracting and other rubbish like that."

"So you ran away?" Pansy asked in a reasonable tone.

That earned her a Malfoy death glare which would have been so much more terrifying if she hadn't been aware of the fact that every single nefarious scheme Draco had been involved in was of her making. Quite frankly if it hadn't been for her Draco would probably have been killed before his first year was out since he really wasn't cut out to be a Slytherin. The only reason Draco had been placed in Slytherin at all was that years ago a Malfoy had cursed the sorting hat so that every one of his descendents would be in that house, and the only reason Pansy was at Hogwarts and not Beauxbatons like her sisters was that Draco's mother and her mother had put her in place to make sure Draco survived his schooling.

"He wouldn't take 'no' for an answer," Draco protested, "what was I supposed to do? He killed the Dark Lord, remember? What hope did I have?"

Pansy had heard that type of thing before, but for entirely different reasons. The whole fiasco with the Dark Mark and the Dark Lord in Draco's sixth year had been solely down to his father having him under a type of long term imperious curse that meant when Voldemort had said 'jump' Draco had had no choice but to reply 'how high', and Pansy had been the one to go and find him after that as well.

It had been quite obvious to her who was going to win the war when she had seen Potter in Diagon Alley over the summer after that disastrous year. There had been something apocalyptic about the Boy Who Lived and Pansy had immediately called in favours, tracked down Draco where he was hiding out with Snape and dragged him to St Mungo's kicking and screaming. She had suspected something was up the entire sixth year; Draco just wasn't the Death Eater type, and so she'd cast a charm on him the moment she'd seen him and discovered the truth. It had taken some fast talking on her part, but the Healers had backed her up when the Aurors arrived.

The poor dear had been hospitalised for a month while the staff at St Mungo's tried to remove the curse that it seemed had been put on him as a baby. Narcissa had threatened to remove her husband's balls if he so much as showed his face near her ever again after what had been going on was made clear. Pansy had found it very amusing, and after sharing what she had seen of Potter with the other Slytherin women they had all decided that changing side and dragging as many of the men folk as possible with them was a very good idea.

Six months later it had all been over and here they were finishing their seventh year one year later than they should have been.

"You could have kissed him back," Pansy said with as innocent a smile as she could manage.

The big eyes and the slack jaw gave her a hint that Draco had not been expecting her to say that.

"Pansy, he's the enemy," Draco said as soon as he recovered his wits. "Kissing the enemy is not allowed, and besides, why would you want me to kiss him, I thought you were my girlfriend?"

"Dear Draco," she said and patted him on the head, "I've known you were gay since third year. I only kept up the pretence because there was the possibility that the Dark Lord would win and by all accounts a gay third in command was not his idea of a good thing. As you pointed out, however, the war is over, so I say go out and have fun."

Draco looked completely at a loss so she smiled at him again. He really was a very sweet boy under the whole trying-to-be-a-Slytherin image. The fact was Draco was a Hufflepuff at heart and always had been. He always tried so hard to be sneaky and cunning, but it really wasn't him at all. What he needed was a nice romance and someone brave to look after him, since Pansy had her eye on other game now. That was why she had decided to set things in motion to arrange just that.

Hermione was a surprisingly sensible girl when you actually got to know her and their plans had coincided rather nicely. Ever since he had turned the Dark Lord

into so much smouldering ash, by all accounts without even raising a sweat, Harry Potter had seemed rather lost. According to Hermione, The Boy Who Lived had had the whole Wizarding world relying on him and then just nothing, which was not in keeping with his whole Gryffindor attitude. Anyone throwing themselves at him seemed to just be after his fame and his money so Hermione had vetoed all of them.

That was where Hermione and Pansy had come together: Draco needed looking after and Potter needed someone to take care of; the perfect solution really.

"I don't believe I'm hearing this," Draco said and went back to cowering.

"Okay, Draco," Pansy said sweetly, knowing that there was no point in arguing it now, "I'll leave you to hide. I need to go to the library, so I'll see you later."

There was a muffled response, but nothing particularly comprehensible so she climbed to her feet and left him to it. As she exited the common room she met a rather determined looking Potter in the hall.

"He's behind the sofa on the right," she said as she passed him, "the password is 'Snake Eyes'."

The astonished look on Potter's face was almost worth all the effort she had been to, and she smiled to herself triumphantly as she went to her secret rendezvous with Professor Lupin. She almost had them reinstated, hero of the war, Defence professor eating out of her hand and was close to finishing undoing the damage that Tonks cow had caused; what on earth was wrong with a little role play? Pansy was a big girl; she could cope with letting Remus call her Sirius every now and then after she'd taken a temporary sex change potion. It was interesting being on the giving end occasionally and when a girl had had werewolf nothing else was quite the same.

She only hoped Draco would be as satisfied with his Gryffindor.

The End