Summary

Hermione opens the door to her shared apartment with her girlfriend Pansy, creeping in quietly and wincing when the cat held securely in her arms mewls at their new surroundings.

Notes

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Hermione opens the door to her shared apartment with her girlfriend Pansy, creeping in quietly and wincing when the cat held securely in her arms mewls at their new surroundings.

“Shh! Crookshanks, you have to be quiet—“

The lights flick on, and Hermione stops in her tracks, laughing nervously once she sees Pansy, her short hair slightly mussed and wearing a flannel and socks that go up to her thighs, frowning at her girlfriend. “What the hell, Hermione?” She asks, her voice a low grumble from just being woken up.

“I can explain—“

“Please do. What’re you doing with a cat?” Pansy asks, walking over to their couch and lounging on it. For a person who’s only half awake, she’s graceful as she plops herself down, and Hermione crosses over to straddle her waist per usual, holding the cat above her as it meows a couple more times.
“I found it on the side of the road.” Hermione justifies with a slight pout, holding Crookshanks to her chest protectively, nuzzling its fur and kissing the top of its head affectionately.

Pansy squints up at her in disbelief. “So, you took it home to me? It’s ugly, Hermione.” She huffs, but with an afterthought she holds her arms out expectantly to take the cat, sitting up carefully so that she doesn’t jostle the cat or her girlfriend considerately.

Pansy runs her fingers through the cat’s hair slowly, carefully taking apart the mats in kinks in it. “What the hell happened to it? It looks like it ran face first into a wall.”

Hermione huffs, crossing her arms and rolling her eyes. “I don’t know, but it’s a stray.” Pansy looks suddenly repulsed, so Hermione quickly adds “I had it taken in for shots, Pansy, don’t worry.”

Pansy scrunches her nose up, but she doesn’t protest further. “So, you want to keep it?” She asks conversationally, her gaze slightly scrutinizing as she glances back up at her partner.

Hermione messes with the fabric of Pansy’s flannel anxiously, biting her lower lip and rolling it through her teeth until her girlfriend lifts one hand to brush it across her mouth, affectively getting her to stop. “Only if you’ll allow it, of course.”

Pansy splits into a grin, and Hermione instantly feels more assured. “Oh, yeah? Looked like you were trying to smuggle Crookshanks in!” She says playfully, poking her stomach and making her squirm, tipping her head back with a teasing laugh Hermione doesn’t hear often.

“Okay, okay. It wouldn’t have worked.” Hermione relents, grinning from ear to ear.

“Of course it wouldn’t. God, you can’t even attempt to trick me.” Pansy says, leaning forward with a sort of smirk of her own that’s close enough to a smile, pressing her lips against Hermione’s with surprising gentleness. They kiss softly for a while, Hermione’s arms wrapping around her neck and laughing against her lips as she fixes the tips of her hair, only breaking away when their cat complains once more.

Pansy huffs, pouting down at Crookshanks. “You better not be distracting me when I try to get Hermione into bed with me.” She tells the cat sternly, and Hermione shoves her girlfriend’s shoulder, already looking flustered.

“Kidding. Sort of.” Pansy says good-naturedly, pausing before kissing the top of Crookshank’s head, and Hermione pulls her back into her arms with approval.

Pansy wraps her legs around Hermione’s waist, holding the new addition to their little family in her arms and snuggling into the other girl’s curls.

“So… Where’d you get the name Crookshanks from?”

“Don’t even ask.”

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