

Harry Potter

# Denim & Knickers

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**Summary:** None Provided.

You know, there are times when I seriously hate my husband. I mean, I love him—really I do—but then, he goes and does something... like this.

We were invited to a small Hogwarts reunion. Just a few friends getting together to talk about the few good times we had, reminisce what should have been some of the best years of our lives, but didn't really turn out that way. We'd have a few ales, have a few laughs, and simply enjoy being together. Invariably, we'd toast those who weren't here with us anymore, but that was to be expected.

So when Harry got called into the Ministry on a lovely Saturday afternoon—the same afternoon as the picnic—I was a bit grumbly about it. Who wouldn't be? I mean, seriously, Harry gives his heart and soul to the job. I should be allowed his body now and again, shouldn't I?

I had completely forgotten a few weeks ago when I wore that short skirt and then made it look to everyone else like I had on proper, modest robes. I should have known *Harry* wouldn't have forgotten.

So when I got to Seamus' house in Ireland, I was already a bit grumpy. I gladly accepted the glass of ale that Dean offered and plopped myself down next to Luna at a table in the shady grass and waited. Harry promised he wouldn't be long, and that he'd meet me there.

Ron and Hermione arrived not long into my first drink and I glared at my brother, wondering why *he* hadn't been called in today.

My bad mood evaporated quickly, however, as Demelza wandered over and we began talking about the upcoming game next week between the Harpies and the Falcons. Seriously, we're going to wipe the pitch with those stuck up nancy-boys.

Luna was in the middle of talking about the predatory habits of Harpies versus Falcons when I caught a whiff of something extremely familiar. Something that I only associated with one person.

Harry was here somewhere. I could smell his cologne. The one he wears only on special occasions. I swear he and George must have cooked it up together in the back room of WWW, you know, the room where George keeps all the adult products that he doesn't want Mum to know about. Harry had to have commissioned it because, seriously, that scent *is* sex to me.

When I smell it, my knees began to knock together and my knickers instantly began to feel uncomfortably tight, and wet.

I look up, wondering when he'd arrived and why he hadn't come over to see me yet. But he wasn't there. He wasn't over with Ron and Hermione, who were trying to do some sort of dance over near where the wireless was playing, or over with Seamus and Dennis Creevey, who were spelling glasses of ale to flash various colors, or over with Dean, who was chatting up Parvati as she and Lavender giggled like sixteen year olds.

Where the hell was he?

Certainly someone else couldn't be wearing *his* scent? The scent that simply *was* Harry. That would be so... wrong.

"Ginny, are you even listening?" Demelza's words turn my head back around and I stare at the group of witches who are staring back at me.

"What?"

"I asked what your strategy is for Wednesday?"

Quidditch. They're talking about Quidditch.

"Oh," I answer, reaching up to wipe a bit of moisture away from my forehead. The sundress I decided to wear today is light and airy, but I can still feel the summer heat making the fabric stick to my skin. "I think we're going with a split Chaser formation, actually," I say, coming back to myself a bit more. Perhaps I just imagined Harry, since I want nothing more than to spend the day with him.

"The Falcons have been struggling with training their new Beater," I inform them. "He's a decent player, but he's still having issues getting his timing down. We're a strong Chasing team, so I think we can use that to our advantage."

We talk Quidditch and strategy for another few minutes before the scent envelopes me again, making my thighs quiver.

It was him. I was sure this time. I spin in my seat, trying to get a good look through the guests. You'd think that picking him out of a crowd wouldn't be quite so hard. Unless he was trying to blend in. I almost consider that the little sneak had shown up under his Invisibility Cloak, intent on torturing me, when Neville and Hannah moved aside from where they'd been standing for the past few minutes. And there he was.

Harry has the unique ability to take my breath away completely at times.

And today is one of those times. How one man can look so... there isn't even a word that can define what he does to my insides... is beyond me. Honestly, he shouldn't have this sort of power over me.

And the fact that he knows he can do it makes it even worse. Vaguely, I can hear the others calling to me, asking me another question about Quidditch. But I don't really care anymore.

Because Harry is wearing "The Jeans". Those jeans only come in capital letters. And in quotations. They are the ones that simply ooze sex out of every stitch and every fold.

They may have once been dark denim-blue, but now they're so faded that it's almost impossible to see that color anymore. The thighs are almost white with wear. And both knees have patches that I've lovingly sewn into them.

They are his favorite pair. And, more importantly, they are *my* favorite pair.

But Harry knows that. He knows that when he's away on missions, I keep those jeans in bed next to

me. The first time he came home early and discovered me cuddled up with them, my face pressed into the worn fabric, was mortifying to me... until he slid them on with nothing underneath, leaving the zip undone and... well, you can imagine what happened from there.

Now, when he leaves, those jeans are always waiting for me, along with a white button-down shirt that has seen better days, folded on his pillow.

That shirt has made an appearance today as well. And the fact that his face is not clean shaven, but showing a day's worth of stubble prove to me that he was nowhere near the Ministry today.

He lied to me.

But that's okay. Because he's here now.

And I have a suspicion he left the house just long enough for me to get worked up and Apparate out. And then he went back to get ready.

"Excuse me," I say to the table, ignoring if they even respond back to me. They'll forgive me. After all... surely they can see how delicious Harry looks.

My eyes find his through the milling people and he winks at me, turning around to shake hands with Seamus and laugh at something Dean is saying.

I stare at his behind as I walk toward him, taking slow steps and hoping that he'll hurry with his conversation.

There is a small worn spot on his jeans, near the left back pocket, where I can see the dark fabric of his boxers peeking out. Normally, I would scold him for wearing something like this to a party—but today I couldn't care less. Because these jeans frame his arse gloriously, making my mouth water.

Harry has an amazing arse. It's muscular and just perfectly proportioned to his body. My favorite part about it is when he's deep inside me and I wrap my hands around him, cupping each magnificent muscle in my hands and feeling him clench as he pushes in and pulls out.

I've always been a very visual person and just that image in my brain makes my steps falter a bit.

"Easy there, Ginny," Neville says, reaching out to steady me before taking the remains of my glass of ale with a chuckle. "Perhaps you'd better lay off the heavy stuff." He slides a glass of lemonade into my hand and I try to smile past the dull haze that has taken up residence in my head. Hannah giggles next to Neville and gives me a knowing look. I think she saw exactly where my eyes were focused and probably could guess where my thoughts were.

"Thanks," I mumble, politely taking a sip of the sugary liquid. It does nothing to parch my thirst—then again, I'm not sure much could take my mind away from where it wants to be right now.

"We'll see you later, Ginny," Hannah says, tugging Neville away from me. I need to remember to buy that girl something nice soon.

By the time I look away, however, Harry is gone, taking his denim-clad behind with him.

I'm sure I look like a complete fool, standing the middle of Seamus' garden, a glass of lemonade drooping in my hand as I search the crowd, going on my tiptoes to find what I want.

A flash of white to my left makes me turn that way. I'm sure he's just gotten spotted by Ron and Hermione, who have trapped him into some long, drawn out conversation that surely can wait until later tonight when he'll probably talk to them again anyway.

But it's only Emma Dobbs flitting around Terry Boot, trying to entice him over toward the makeshift dance floor that has sprung up near the back of the house.

Disappointed, I chew my bottom lip and let my shoulders sink just a bit. I turn back toward the party and catch sight of Harry as he is talking to Ernie MacMillan and Susan Bones. He winks at me again and suddenly I understand his game. He's going to keep this up, knowing that I'm chasing him through the crowd.

Instead of going to him, I lean against the pillar on the porch and watch as he drinks slowly from a bottle of frosty butterbeer, his free hand tucked into the pocket of those jeans, turning back to the conversation.

Harry loves to play these little games, even though he doesn't appreciate being the recipient as much as he does the instigator.

But I've rarely lost in these games, and I'm not about to give in now.

Slowly, as if I've got all the time in the world, I sip from my glass and hold the wet, moisture covered glass against the side of my face, lifting my hair off the back of neck and sighing as the cooler air hits the wet skin. Harry's attention is now fully on me, precisely what I wanted, and he's ignoring everything else. I smirk at him as I take another drink and duck behind George and Angelina, who are dancing closely and ignoring everyone around them in favor of... Yeah, didn't need to see *that*.

Harry has lost sight of me now, even though I can see him through the bodies. He's trying to focus on what MacMillan is saying, nodding his head appropriately, but his eyes are skimming the guests, probably looking for my red hair.

Coming up behind him without him noticing takes patience, but I finally managed it, moving behind Oliver Wood and Lee Jordan. As I pass him, I give his bum a good caress and then duck in front of Lee, asking him a question about his new job. I really couldn't tell you what he answered, since I was busy watching Harry try and wipe the Butterbeer he just spit out off of Ernie's robes, his face flushed with embarrassment, and, hopefully, arousal.

A few minutes later, once I've been forced to actually have a conversation with Oliver about Quidditch, Harry smirks at me from where he finally stopped to talk with Ron and Hermione.

I almost thought I had the upper hand when he discreetly reaches down and adjusts the front of his trousers, showing me just how much I have affected him.

My breath catches in my throat and my belly stirs in a familiar way. That prat.

When Hermione turns to ask Ron something, Harry waggles his eyebrows at me and holds up his bottle in salute.

Defiantly, I drain the rest of my lemonade and duck back into the crowd, determined to win this challenge. I don't lose gracefully, and there are no plans for that today.

"Seamus, love," I say, coming up behind the host and wiggling my empty glass toward him. "Can I please use your loo?"

"No problem, lass," Seamus winks flirtatiously. "It's down the hall on the left."

"Thank you," I smile, allowing him to take the cup from me and weaving toward the house, a satisfied feeling wells up inside me at the idea that blossoms in my head.

Just before I duck into the house, I glance back over my shoulder, making sure Harry doesn't see me go in. If he does, my plans would have to change a bit, and I really want to do this my way today.

He wasn't going to get away with wearing "The Jeans" and not pay for teasing me.

Harry seems oblivious right now, drawn into a deeper discussion with Ron, using his hands expressively like he does when it is something he is passionate about.

If I'm lucky, I'll have ten minutes—possibly fifteen—before he comes looking for me. Plenty of time to do what I need.

Thankfully, Dean comes out as I come to the bathroom door. Now I won't have to wait.

"How are you, Ginny?" he asks, an easy smile stretching his face pleasantly.

Dean was a great bloke. He was a good friend when I needed it, and fun to be with. But I never felt for him what I feel for Harry. Poor bloke never stood a chance.

"Great," I reply, a bit breathlessly. "Just had too much lemonade."

"Ah," he nods as he moves out of the way and allows me to go inside.

Once inside, I take a deep breath, feeling a bit self-conscious about doing this, but knowing that I *have* to win.

Harry has definitely laid the challenge down, showing up in those clothes.

I lock the door and then use a sealing charm on it before scourging most of the room. Who knows when Seamus actually last cleaned.

Taking a deep breath and pulling up an image of Harry standing outside, sweat dripping down his back and pooling at waist of his boxers, I lean back against the wall and slide my foot out of my sandal. The bathtub is the perfect spot to prop one foot up on, and then slowly trace my fingernails along the skin of my thigh, thinking of Harry.

My body tingles, the chill of the inside air making my skin prickle with desire. I smile softly as my nipples harden against the lacey fabric of the dress I'm wearing.

My eyes slip closed as my hand moves beneath the hem and traces the front of the lace knickers I'd chosen to wear today, not pressing too hard. I certainly don't want to finish right now; just get myself worked up enough that I'll be more than ready when Harry finally agrees to give up this little game. I slide my finger under the elastic of the knickers and tickle my folds, imagining that it's Harry sequestered away in the bathroom with me, doing horribly naughty things while ignoring what is sure to be a long line outside the door.

A few moments later, I lower her dress primly and shimmy out of my knickers, now nice and wet, before bending to pick them up. A satisfied smile graces my lips as I imagine Harry's response to my little... gift. A few minutes of frustration are more than bearable if it gets him worked up enough.

Rarely does Harry lose control when we are intimate, but the times he has make me feel extremely feminine and powerful. There have been a few times that really stood out in my mind, but hopefully today will top them all.

Thankfully, the hallway is empty when I exit, clutching the slight bit of white lace in my hand, trying to keep it from being seen too soon.

The heat of the early afternoon hits me like a wall when I step outside the door, making my breath catch in my throat. My skin prickles again and I look out over the garden, trying to find Harry among all the sweaty bodies. Neville and Ernie are busy charming fans to blow cool air around the patio while people huddle under any bit of shade they can find.

I look around, getting a bit impatient, and hope Harry hasn't thought I'd slipped off for home and left. But he comes into view, helping Ron charm another set of fans to work on the opposite side of the garden.

"Harry was looking for you."

I gasp as Hermione comes up on one side, offering another glass of lemonade.

"Sorry."

"It's okay," I excuse. "I just didn't see you there." I shake my head at the offer of a drink, even though my throat is rather parched. What I really want is a cold Butterbeer, although sharing one with Harry sounds more desirable. And then when I kiss him, we'll both taste the sweet, buttery sensation of the drink.

"Harry thought you might have gone home," Hermione says. "He said you looked flushed."

I swallow hard and shake my head, tucking the hand that still holds my wet knickers tighter into my side.

"I'm fine," I dismiss. "Just needed to use the loo."

"I told him that's probably where you were," Hermione nods, watching Ron across the way. She

rolls her eyes as he scratches his head, trying to figure out the charm. "I'd better go and help them."

I watch her go, content to spend a moment more in the shade before I go out in the sun. But I did need to go, and fast, before Hermione can direct Harry my direction.

Circling wide, talking to several people as I wound through them, I work my way toward Harry. Right behind him again, I take a moment to admire his arse one more time before I brush against him, caress the backs of his thighs, and then his bum as I tuck my knickers into his back pocket, shoving them down deep.

Yum. He really does have a delicious arse, you know.

Harry gives a small squeak, but I don't stay around to see what Ron's response to the undignified sound is. I duck behind a large tree in the center of the garden and work my way out toward the edge of the property, where there is a heavily wooded lot.

When I am far enough away, I peek around the edge of a tree, looking for Harry. I'm sure my heart is going to give me away, pounding right out of my chest like it is.

It takes me a moment to find him and I suck in a breath when I do. Apparently, this last challenge is just a bit too much for him. He's hiding on the back side of the large tree, bent slightly at the waist, my knickers clutched in his hand as he scans the trees for me.

Somehow he either saw me move this way, or he just knows me well enough to know where I'd go. I'm betting on the latter.

The giggle that escapes me alerts him immediately to where I am and he grins. I back away and then spin, knowing the chase is on.

But Harry's never been one for playing fair. And the prat Apparates to just in front of me, nearly making me fall down as he grabs me around the waist.

"You cheat!" I laugh as he gives an almighty roar and lifts me off the ground, spinning me around.

"Do not," he responds, although his words are muffled because his face is buried in my chest.

"Yes, you do," I say as I run my fingers through his hair, lightly scratching his scalp, knowing that the sensation drives him crazy.

Slowly, Harry lets me slide down him until my feet are on the ground again. One sandal has flown off when he lifted me, but I don't much care as Harry's lips find mine and his hands hold my face tenderly.

I can't help but giggle as I realize he is still clutching my knickers, his fingers woven through them.

"You're the cheater," he proclaims as we both start laughing. "Just what are these, Mrs. Potter," he asks, pulling back and holding his fist up.

I giggle. "Those would be my knickers, Harry."

He smirks down at me, his eyes sparkling behind his glasses.

Being married to Harry is so much more fun than I ever imagined. And it's not just these desire driven moments of intense emotion. It's the silly moments during the day that take me by surprise. The way that Harry will stop in the middle of making love to me to blow a raspberry on my belly, or Apparate directly into my shower, still fully clothed, and proceed to tell me that he's just saved me laundry time. I'm sure that anyone who knew Harry—or thought they knew him—would be stunned to see that side of him. But to me, it just shows me how much he absolutely adores me; that he lets me see a side of him that no one else has ever seen, or ever will.

"And why aren't you wearing them?" he asks, tucking them deep within his pocket again and marching us deeper into the trees. His eyes go from mischievously green to a much darker emerald as he stares at my lips and then my neck, making me swallow harshly.

I glance at the back of the house, praying that no one would follow, because I don't want anyone seeing what is about to happen. There is a part of me that wonders if I shouldn't just Apparate us home.

But then Harry leans down and presses his mouth to my collarbone. His neck smells glorious; his cologne plus the musky scent of his skin intoxicates me deeper than any alcohol ever could.

"Did you put those... erm..." my mind struggles for the word, trying to remember a conversation I'd once had with Hermione about colognes and perfumes. "Hormones..."

"Pheromones?" Harry asks, smirking into my skin.

"Yeah," I mumble, arching my neck against his tongue and whimper as he continues to lead me backwards through the trees.

"No," he says, his voice deep and entirely too masculine. His eyes flash at me and I take a deep breath, trying to regain control of the situation.

Smiling, I reach between us and hook my finger through his beltloop, giving a bit of a tug. I keep my finger there, even though I can feel his arousal push at the jeans, as I turn around and lead him toward a small clearing.

When we stand in the center of it, I let go of his jeans and reach up behind my neck to untie the straps of my sundress, letting them drape down my front as I hold the fabric to my chest. Harry's Adam's apple bobs a few times as he stares at my hands and what hides behind the thin fabric.

"Conjure a blanket, Harry," I demand, wondering if he'll be able to even remember the spell in the state he is now in.

It takes him three tries, but he finally manages a soft duvet similar to the one that is on our bed at home. I kick my remaining sandal off, having forgotten it was on completely, and step onto the blanket, surprised when it cushions my foot.

Brilliant man.

"Come here," I say, finally letting the dress fall away from my chest.

Harry's tongue darts out, moistening his lips, and he toes off his shoes before stepping in front of me.

"I'm so in love with you," he mumbles before leaning down and kissing my breast. His glasses press into the flesh, causing goosebumps to rise because they are colder than the rest of his body.

His hands knead my arse through the dress and then, in a fast movement, they are underneath it, feeling amazing as they tease my skin and make me shudder all over.

He stands back up straight again, leaning in to kiss me as I undo the buttons on his shirt.

"Love this shirt," I mutter as my hands shake, pushing each button clumsily through the holes. His stomach flinches when my knuckles graze it and I remember—having just forgotten everything for the past few minutes—that he is extremely ticklish there.

Normally, I would attack him right then; have him rolling on his back in the grass, protesting as my fingers find every inch of sensitive flesh. But right now I simply need him; need him to touch me the way I'd touched myself earlier. Need to bury myself in his arms and let him take every part of me, and then give it right back again, adding his own passion to the mix.

"Love these jeans," I continue on, running my fingertips over the soft denim. One day, when these jeans are nothing more than threads, I'll be found in the middle of my bed, clutching them to me and crying over them.

But right now I'm savoring them. Because they *are* Harry. They're every inch of his playful, relaxed self that only I get to see. Even down to the holes and imperfections in them. Because Harry's not perfect either. Harry is comfortable. And he fits me just right.

"That's why I wore them."

His breath is hot on my forehead and I can tell he's almost to the point of losing control. His body shudders beneath my fingers, and I haven't even really touched him yet.

Keeping my eyes on his, I step back from him and wiggle out of my dress, lifting it with my foot until it's off the edge of the blanket. Harry pulls at his shirt until it joins my dress. He's just about to remove his jeans when I still his hand.

"Leave the jeans," I scold softly, nodding him toward the middle of the blanket.

His arms close around my body and we slowly sink together until we're heaped; a tangle of limbs.

We kiss over and over, tongues tasting and breath mingling.

I honestly think this might be the most intimate we've ever been. Or maybe not. But right now it doesn't matter. Because right now is the most I can focus on.

Harry's teeth graze along my shoulder and I shudder, reaching down between us to undo the buttons on his fly. Harry sucks in a breath and leans back just a bit, giving me more room to work. He's

caught off guard when I push him back fully. We both laugh.

And then it turns serious again when I pull his jeans and boxers down just enough to release him. He's hot and heavy in my hand, already leaking fluid as I run my palm up and down him.

"I'm so in love with you," I echo his words from before, remembering how he's said those same things every time we've made love. Every time.

Harry's eyes are very dark now as he stares up through smudged glasses at me. His hips lift momentarily, following the movement of my hand along his penis.

I love the way I can do this to him. Make him respond with just the touch of my body. Just my hand.

I lean down and place a kiss to the center of his chest before straddling him and then sinking down on him fully. The earlier teasing I'd done while thinking about him paid off and I'm ready to receive him.

Harry groans in relief as I sit fully on him. His hands fumble for mine and twist our fingers together, bringing them up to kiss as his hips lift, urging me to ride him.

On my knees, I begin to move, using his hands for leverage.

"I was thinking about you earlier," I inform him, watching as his jaw tightens. "When I was in the loo."

Harry breaths heavily, his eyes darting from my face down to my breasts, and then down to where we're joined as I continue to lift and sink down slowly. I know he's in agony, wanting to thrust up into me; to finally release. But he'll wait for me. He always does.

The rough fabric of his jeans rubs on the back of my thighs and my arse as I move, giving just the right amount of friction to the whole experience.

"Gin," he groans, not capable of much more.

Knowing he needs this, I press down firmly on him, locking my hips into place as I begin to grind against him. Faster and faster I move as Harry's hips contract under mine.

He gives a mighty growl as he comes deep inside me, and a few birds scatter out of a bush near us, screaming their protests.

Harry barks out a laugh and his penis twitches inside me. He shakes my fingers loose gently and reaches between us, pressing his thumb down on my clit as he thrusts a few more times, taking me over the edge.

When I'm finally able to breathe right again, we're sitting in the same spot, although Harry is wrapped around me now, stroking my back and whispering how much he loves me.

I shiver against him—not because I'm cold, but because I can feel his love seeping through me.

Always my protector, Harry reaches for his shirt and dresses me in it before gathering me back to

him.

"I had fun today," he whispers.

"I did too," I admit. "Even though I still say you cheated."

"Cheating is most of the fun," Harry shrugs, pressing his lips to the soft spot beneath my ear.

"Is it always going to be like this?" I ask, hope filling my voice.

Harry pulls back and his thumb traces my cheekbone. "If we try hard enough," he nods. "I imagine there will be rough times. Times when we're both too tired, or too... whatever."

"I don't want it to change," I say, wrapping my arms under his and looping my hands over his shoulders. It's inevitable, I know. But I think it's fair for me to be irrational and impulsive on this perfect summer day.

"Then we don't let it change *us*," Harry says. His words sound so convincing that I believe him.

"I don't want to go back to the party," I say. The idea of a crowd just doesn't seem to fit anymore and Harry nods.

"Come on, I'll take you home. And I'll even let you sleep with my jeans."

I laugh as he helps me stand, straightening what remains of our clothing, and then wrapping his arms around me to take us home.

Vaguely, I remember that my sandals and sundress have been left behind. But I can't really be bothered by details like that too much. After all, Harry is still wearing "The Jeans."