

Harry Potter

**Girls in Skirts
Should be Outlawed**

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Author: hgfan1111.

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Summary: None Provided.

“She’s trying to kill me.”

I honestly believe she’s doing this on purpose. Well, that’s obvious, I guess. But seriously. I’m going to die. Either by the hand of one of her brothers, when they see the way I’m lecherously watching her arse, or by spontaneous, erectile combustion. Which is very serious. I read about it once. I was supposed to be reading something that Hermione pointed out in an article. But... I’m a guy. And my eyes naturally wandered away from whatever the informative and important article was, until they settled on the word ‘erection’.

Don’t laugh. You’ve had the same problem. I know you have.

I can’t help it that my eyes have a problem with being where they are not supposed to be. Like on Ginny’s arse, when it’s encased in the tiniest bit of denim ever stitched together on this planet. Now, generally, I have no problem watching her arse. But we’re at the Burrow. Having a family dinner. And I’m rather sure Ginny-arse-watching is probably not what Molly and Arthur had in mind for me to be doing when they invited us over. But it’s not my fault. At all.

Because my wife—we *are* married, by the way—insisted on wearing that teensy, tiny skirt today.

“Try not to drool at the table, mate,” George hisses at me, and I flush, surreptitiously swiping at my chin. Just in case. When Ginny winks at me from across the room, I swear quietly and set about murdering my boiled potatoes. The little minx. She knows exactly what she’s doing, prancing around in that... abominable creation, that she’s surely charmed so that only I can see what she’s wearing. No doubt, everyone else sees her wearing prim and proper robes.

No wonder Ron’s giving me that look that says I’m a lecherous, dirty man and he’s going to meet me out back in five minutes to pound in my face.

“You’re not eating,” Ginny whispers into my ear as she sinks down in the chair next to me.

“Not hungry,” I grumble. Her hand sliding down my thigh and patting my knee does nothing to make my trousers any looser.

“Harry, are you sure you’re feeling well?” Molly asks, eyeing me critically. Ginny chuckles next to me and I force a smile onto my face.

“I’m fine,” I protest. “Just... had a late lunch.” Which isn’t true. I skipped lunch today. But if Molly thinks there’s a chance that I may be coming down with something, she’ll have me upstairs, loaded up with enough Pepperup Potion to make my ears steam for days, while she keeps my wife, and her short skirt, far away from me.

“He’s fine,” Ginny protests, patting me on the thigh again. This time, however, she slides her hand to my front, making me jerk in my chair.

Oooo, payback is going to be fun. That’s my vow.

Maybe I'll tie her up this time. Or... or... make her take that skirt off, slowly, while I watch. Or... maybe we won't even make it to the taking off stage before I—

"Harry, I asked you if you were finished?"

Hermione looks particularly annoyed today and I shrug my shoulder, letting her take my still-half full plate.

"I'm burning that skirt when I get home," I warn Ginny with a low growl into her ear. She giggles and pats my arm. Which only serves to make me grouchier. Honestly, the visions that my mind are coming up with are most definitely not family approved. Maybe I have time to warn them. Before I explode all over the place. I can see the headlines now. 'The Boy-Who-Lived expired today of extreme sexual frustration when his wife insisted on wearing a skirt that showed her—' Sweet Merlin! She's not wearing knickers.

I think my heart just stopped. Hope someone knows a spell to fix that. Because I'd hate to ruin Molly's table by dying on it. Ginny has just reached over the table, showing Molly a picture of herself in an article that was written about the Harpies new lineup. I shift uncomfortably and glance around the room. Thank heavens everyone else has left already. Ron was muttering something about a chess match with Bill earlier. Honestly, I don't remember much. That's about the time my wife came prancing in wearing a tea-towel. My mind was a bit distracted.

My hands are actually itching to touch her. But I can't. Molly is just across the table from us. Then again, if Ginny didn't want me to touch, then she wouldn't be wearing this skirt. And she wouldn't be putting that delectable arse right there... on display.

'She's going to kill me.'

Yep. Definitely death.

Surely it couldn't hurt for me to touch... just her knee. The back; right where it creases. She likes me to kiss there. I discovered that on our honeymoon. Just like she discovered that there's a spot low on my hips that I come completely undone if she touches. Ginny's thighs quiver when I brush the back of my forefinger along that crease. Good thing she's bent over the table, using it to hold her up.

Unfortunately, that position is giving me too many ideas. Ones that would surely end in my death if I pursued. Right in front of my wonderful mother-in-law. But Ginny hasn't pulled away. In fact, other than the fact that I know her body so well that I can tell she's thinking what I'm thinking, she hasn't reacted at all. So I touch a bit higher, trying to seem like I'm completely interested in what Ginny is telling her mother about their upcoming game in four days.

Ever so slightly, Ginny leans back, rocking to rest her weight on one leg, her hip sliding toward me and angling my way more.

'Thank bloody Merlin,' I groan silently.

I have no control over myself now. My fingers need to touch her. To be inside her, bringing those moans from deep inside her that she makes. I can almost taste her on my lips.

Just as my fingers brush her folds, Ginny stands up. My eyes dart to Molly as I pull my hand away, praying I don't see her bearing down on me for considering defiling her daughter right here in her kitchen. If she is, I hope she makes it quick and painless. I've had enough torture for today.

"We need to get going, Mum," Ginny says.

'Hallelujah,' I echo silently, trying to school my features. Pretty sure if I break out in a conga dance, someone might catch on that I'm going to get laid tonight.

"I have early training," Ginny says, reaching behind herself to take my hand. "And Harry obviously needs his rest."

Molly probably said goodbye to us. Hopefully I said something appropriate back, and not what my brain was chanting. Which was something along the lines of 'must get home, must get home, must get home'.

"You're horrible," Ginny whispers in my ear as she wraps her arms around my neck.

We barely make it to the entry hall of our new house before I push her up against the wall.

"I hate that skirt," I growl into her neck.

"I was under the impression that you loved it," she grins—yes, I can hear her grin—as I bury my face in her cleavage.

"How did everyone not see that?"

"Am I a witch, or not?" she asks.

She has a point.

"More like a minx," I shrug. It doesn't take more than a few movements and we're joined again.

"Do you still hate my skirt?" she asks once we've finished.

"Girls in skirts should be outlawed," I nod firmly.

She just laughs.

"And you're definitely going to kill me."