

Harry Potter

Girls' Night Out

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"Now *this* was a great idea," Ginny cheered as she set the tray of drinks down on the table between all the witches.

"I agree," Hermione said, taking a long swallow of ale, surprising Ginny. Hermione wasn't a teetotaler, by any means, but she usually stuck to wine when they did go out.

Angelina cheered her on, holding up her own glass.

"To the girls," she cheered. "And here's to taming Weasleys!"

"Oi!" Ginny protested.

Everyone laughed and Angelina amended her toast. "Here's to taming Weasley men! And one Potter, which was probably even harder to do."

"Amen!" Ginny growled, laughing.

Fleur looked pitifully down at her butterbeer, and then rubbed her large belly in resignation. "'Arry 'as always been docile in Ginny's 'ands," she complimented.

Ginny grinned, wondering if 'docile' was a word they'd use if they'd witnessed the rather rousing game of Death Eater and Auror that had taken place just two days ago. Ginny's face heated and she quickly took a drink to hide it.

"Harry's not docile," Hermione protested, drawing all sorts of curious stares from the significant others of the Weasley men.

"Anything you care to share with us?" Angelina waggled her eyebrows, making Ginny laugh.

Hermione must have realized what she said because she flushed deep red, stammering to correct her mistake. "Oh! That's not what I meant... I mean there's no way I would know that. He's just... strong willed and... powerful and..." she glanced around as giggles and snorts were heard. "I'm not making myself clear."

"Stop now, Hermione," Ginny advised with a grin. "You're digging a hole you can't get out of."

"Harry and I never..." Hermione continued, struggling to explain herself. "I would never... Not that I don't find him attractive, Ginny." Her eyes were wild as they looked around the table, begging for someone to help her.

"Ron," she blurted out. "I like Ron."

Ginny clutched her side as she continued to laugh.

"Zere is somezing about a red 'eaded man, non?" Fleur asked, waggling her eyebrows in Hermione's direction.

Snickers echoed around the table.

"Is it true what they say about redheads?" Luna asked, a puzzled look on her face, which seemed out of place on her usually serene face.

"What's that?" Ginny asked.

"That their—"

"Luna!" warned Hermione, bringing more laughter.

"I was going to say feet!" Luna protested, smiling contentedly. "That their *feet* are bigger than other men's. I always wondered, you know. I've only ever been with two men, and neither of them were redheads. Dean's feet were rather large, but Neville's were small. Hmm," she screwed her face up and stared up at the ceiling, "that doesn't make sense at all. Ginny, you dated them both, what do you think?"

Ginny choked in her drink and Hermione had to slap her on the back. "Luna," she managed when the ale had finally cleared out of her throat, "I never... erm... only Harry."

"Oh well," Luna shrugged. "I'm sure you're very happy with Harry. He's got a very nice looking wand."

No one kept in their laughter at that and Ginny was horrified to see that their booth was drawing more than a few stares. No doubt they'd be on the front page tomorrow, probably railing about Harry's drunken wife.

"I don't even want to know how you know about Harry's wand," Angelina held up her hands.

Ginny finally stopped laughing and wiped her tears away. Being out with the girls was a great idea. She really needed to blow off a little steam. Training had been rough lately and Ginny was actually considering retiring from Quidditch. She hadn't talked to anyone other than Harry about it yet, but this was probably her last season.

The fact that she was itching to have a baby probably had a lot to do with that. Harry had been wonderfully patient while she pursued her dreams, but she could tell that he was thinking more about being a father. They spent a lot of time with Teddy, and even offered to child-mind Victoire from time to time.

The thought of having a baby made a swell of something unidentifiable deep inside her and she smiled. One day, perhaps soon, she promised herself.

Thinking of babies made Ginny remember that she wanted to ask Angelina about Alicia. Alicia Spinnet and Oliver Wood had been all over the news lately with their whirlwind romance and out of the blue wedding. Ginny suspected that Alicia might be pregnant herself, since the wedding had been moved up four months. She asked Angelina and her sister-in-law grinned.

"She's three months along," she admitted in a low voice. "It wasn't planned, but they're thrilled."

"They make a good couple," Hermione agreed.

"Oliver had his bachelor party the other night," Angelina continued. "George came home completely soused."

"Harry was invited," Ginny agreed. "But he didn't end up going. This case he's working on has him putting in a lot of extra hours."

"It's probably a good thing," Katie answered. "I heard there were several strippers there."

"There were," Angelina agreed, with a laugh. "George came home so randy. He woke me right up."

Hermione sniffed disdainfully, "And you weren't offended? Having him look at some woman prancing around in her knickers and... and..."

"George knows to look and not touch," Angelina shrugged. "It was just a bunch of blokes, drinking and laughing. There wasn't any harm in it."

"You don't actually think Ron is completely innocent, Hermione?" Ginny asked, raising her eyebrow. "Harry threw his bachelor party, you know."

Hermione's eyes bulged. "Harry! He hired... er..."

"Yeah," Ginny nodded. "He said Ron sat completely still in his chair, his eyes wide but his hands never leaving his knees the entire time."

Hermione spluttered, "And what about Harry? You don't honestly want him," she leaned forward, lowering her voice, "ogling some woman while she dances around."

Ginny laughed. "Harry knows his way home," she shrugged. Honestly, she hadn't been sure what to think when Harry admitted, before the party, what he had planned. The fact that he'd come home and they'd shagged for hours after the party helped her put things into perspective.

"He didn't have a stripper at his stag party," Hermione pouted, seeming very out of character. The fact that she'd had two full glasses of ale, however, made Ginny smile. Hermione was a rather silly drunk at times.

"I know," Ginny shrugged. "He told Ron he wasn't interested. I didn't have a problem with it. That was Harry's choice. I actually think he was more worried what would happen if the press found out."

"Can you imagine being the woman hired to dance for *Harry Potter's stag party*?" Katie asked.

They all laughed and the subject changed back to Alicia and Oliver's wedding.

Hours later, and more than a bit tipsy, Ginny flooded into Grimmauld Place. She wasn't sure if Harry would be home or not yet. The case he'd been working on wasn't going well and he'd been putting in a lot of hours lately.

It seemed he was home, however, because his robes were draped over the back of a chair in the

kitchen. The faint smell of reheated food was in the air and Ginny smiled, steadying herself as she walked up the stairs to find him.

The buzz of alcohol in her system made her feel all giddy and little bits of tonight's conversations floated in her head, not entirely in order or making sense, but making her happy all the same.

Tonight had been fun.

"Harry?" she called out, not raising her voice too high when she came into the lounge. There was a low fire in the grate, casting long shadows on all the walls.

"Mistress Ginny."

Ginny gasped and spun, clutching her heart as she did so.

"Kreacher is sorry to frighten you, Miss Ginny," the elf bowed low.

"No, don't be silly," Ginny waved him off, steadying herself on the back of the low sofa. "I didn't realize you were in here. I was looking for—"

"Master Harry has fallen asleep in the chair by the fire," Kreacher pointed to the chair, and Ginny could now see his feet splayed out in front of it.

"Thank you, Kreacher," Ginny said, an idea blossoming in her mind. "I'll make sure he gets where he needs to go. You are welcome to go to bed as well."

"Thank you," Kreacher bowed low. "Master Harry chose his bride well. Such a nice young lady." He slowly backed out of the room.

Ginny smiled happily down at him and nodded, distracted by the idea she had. Honestly, she'd been thinking about how to accomplish it all night since Hermione had reminded her that Harry hadn't had a traditional stag party. Maybe there was something she could do about that.

She moved over closer to Harry, chuckling at the little snores that he was making. His head was slung to the side enough that if he stayed like that he'd have quite the crick in his neck. His robes were unbuttoned, revealing the jeans and rumpled shirt beneath them. His shoes were abandoned not far away, one of them tipped to the side in his haste to rid himself of them.

Ginny smiled, reaching out and barely brushing his hair. It always surprised her how soft it was. She could spend hours simply running her fingers through it, and had, on occasion. Harry never complained about it, that's for sure.

She tried to think about what turned Harry on the most—what would make this a memorable experience for them both. There was always lingerie, she mused. Harry always responded well to that. But... would it really accomplish much if she were already mostly undressed?

A wicked idea flashed before her and she glanced down at Harry, making sure he was completely asleep before she slipped out of the room.

Ginny was back in under five minutes, quickly lacing up her Quidditch leathers and tucking her

Harpies jumper into the trousers. Pulling her wand, and praying she wasn't too drunk to do this right, Ginny locked the door and set the ward on the floo. It wouldn't do to have someone pop through when she was in the middle of her routine.

She turned on the wireless in the corner, finding a song that had just enough rhythm to it.

Harry stirred just a bit as the music started and Ginny twisted her wand, raising the volume until he opened his eyes, blearily blinking at her.

"Gin?"

"Hi," she said from the shadows.

Harry sat up in the chair, massaging his sore neck and yawning. "What time is it?" he mumbled, narrowing his eyes to see her in the dark.

"Late," Ginny answered, slowly starting to sway her hips to the music.

"Did you have a good time tonight?" Harry asked, rubbing under his glasses. "I meant to wait up for you."

"I'm glad you didn't," Ginny said, moving forward a step.

That caught Harry off guard and he sat up straighter in the chair. "What?"

"It gave me time to get ready," Ginny said, adding a bit more movement to her dance.

Harry stared at her as she came into the light a bit more. "How drunk are you?" he grinned.

"Not too much," she shrugged, grinding her hips in an erotic fashion. "But we were talking..." She moved even closer, a thrill running through her when Harry's tongue darted out to wet his lips. His eyes kept darting between her face and her hips, which moved side to side with the music. "And," she continued, "Hermione pointed out that you didn't have a *traditional* stag party."

"What I had was just fine," Harry protested, squirming in his seat a bit.

Ginny smiled but continued on, regardless of his words. "So, I didn't want you to miss out." She started to unlace her arm-guards slowly, wiggling her fingers when they became free.

Harry grunted in response and caught the leather when she tossed it to him. "Did I miss out?" he asked.

"Well," Ginny said, swinging around to prop her toes on his knee, swinging her bottom in time. "I wouldn't want you to ever think you did."

Harry tossed the arm-guard aside and reached out to fondle her hips as she removed her shin guard and boot.

"And I know how much you love me in my uniform."

"I do," he said softly, nuzzling his face into her hip. "You're my weakness. Although," he continued, his fingers gently digging into her hips as they still moved to the music, "I don't think I'd ever enjoy it as much as I do this."

Ginny smirked back over her shoulder at him, but pulled away once her feet and legs were free from the leather.

"Then sit back and relax," she suggested, using her wand to turn the music up again so that it blared in the room.

Harry grinned, wiggling back into the chair, his eyes a bit glassy behind his lenses.

"Do you want a drink?" she asked as she started to take the plait out of her hair.

"Don't need one," Harry said, shaking his head slowly.

Ginny watched him as he watched her, her hips swaying wildly to the music now. He couldn't seem to sit still and she smirked at the growing bulge in his trousers. Good to know that even after three years of marriage even the thought of sex made him stand up and take notice. That had to be a good sign.

"I'm not very good at this," Ginny said, fumbling with taking her trousers off.

"I disagree," Harry said softly, his voice husky. She noticed that his hand had dropped to his lap and was slowly rubbing the front of his trousers. Her eyes stayed there as she tossed the bottoms to the side.

She moved closer now, wearing only the sexy knickers she'd changed into and her uniform jumper.

"Would you ogle a stripper like you're doing me, Harry?" she asked, leaning forward to place a kiss on his chin.

"No," he said, shaking his head slightly. His fingers brushed the sides of her breasts, making her nipples tingle. "Only you," he protested, running the backs of his fingers along her hard nipples now.

"I know that," Ginny said, pulling away enough to turn and sit on his lap, wiggling back into his groin enough to make him groan in pleasure. She ground her hips onto him as she slowly lifted her jumper over her head, revealing that she didn't have a bra on at all.

"Gin," he moaned, pressing open mouthed kisses up her spine as his fingers found her bare breasts. She kept up her rhythm, swaying and grinding back into him, feeling his small thrusts up into her.

"You could..." Ginny started, pausing to catch her breath from Harry's continued ministrations to her breasts. "You could take off some things too, you know."

Harry chuckled, slowing his fingers and sliding them inch by inch down her flat stomach. "I thought I was just enjoying the show."

"This show is audience participation," Ginny said, groaning when his fingers slipped under the

elastic of her knickers. "It's supposed to be about you," she moaned, leaning her body back into his.

"This is for me," Harry protested, sliding a finger inside while his thumb set about gently circling her clit. "It's like the best Christmas and Birthday and Wedding and Ever... present."

Ginny groaned back against him, lifting her hips with *his* rhythm. "You're so good at this."

"I've had a good teacher," he said, huskily, licking her shoulder and sucking on the back of her neck. His pace picked up and Ginny ground down on him, panting out her breath. She wasn't sure if it was Harry's touch, or the alcohol, but her desire to put on a performance just for him was fading fast.

She leaned back further, twisting her head so that their lips could meet, and groaning when they did. "Harry," she warned, "want you."

"Yeah," he agreed, slowing his hand.

Ginny turned in his embrace, wrapping around him and tugging to get his trousers off. She was extremely close, but she wanted him to be inside before she came.

"Up," Harry said, lifting her hips until she stood on shaky legs.

She quickly wiggled her hips and slid her knickers off, not caring where they got to. Harry had his trousers and pants around his ankles, but was caught in his robes and t-shirt.

"Leave them," she commanded, kneeling before him and grinning saucily over her shoulder. He growled, kneeling behind her and tugged her hips back, sliding his fingers down her hip to open her up.

Ginny gasped when he entered her, pushing in roughly to fill her fully. "Yes," she hissed, digging her fingers into the fringe of the rug and holding on as Harry harshly drove into her from behind.

They didn't use this position often, but it was really good when Harry wasn't in complete control, like tonight. They rocked together and Ginny began to wiggle her hips, trying to build the sensations back up again.

"So close," she murmured, wincing as her knees rubbed raw on the rug.

Harry tugged her hips back into his, grinding into her harshly. One of his hands tightly held her hip and the other frantically circled her folds, pressing down on her pubic bone.

Ginny closed her eyes, picturing the primal look on his face as he pumped in and out, giving a deep grunt each time.

He gave a few more rough thrusts and exploded inside her, his hand bringing her over the edge as well, causing her thighs to quiver.

Ginny whimpered in pleasure when he continued to make small thrusts.

"Told you I didn't miss out," Harry said as he laid his body against her back, kissing the spot just under her ear. She could hear the grin in his voice and she wiggled back into him.

"Potter, if you ever thought about doing that with another woman—let alone a stripper—I'd cut your stones off myself."

"I'd deserve nothing less," he agreed with a chuckle and a kiss to her shoulder. Slowly, he pulled away and stood, lifting her into his lap as he sat in the chair again. "That... was the best striptease I've ever seen."

Ginny grinned, pleased with herself. The pulsating rhythm of the music continued and Ginny reached under Harry's t-shirt to gently rub his nipple. "It even beat the one at Ron's party?"

He was quiet for a minute and she looked up, wondering what he would say. His cheeks were pink. "Harry?"

"I... I didn't actually stay for that, Gin," he admitted. "I was planning on it, but when she came out... it just felt so... wrong."

Ginny's jaw dropped and she turned in his lap, tucking her legs on either side of him. "You do know I didn't mind, right?"

"I minded, Ginny," he protested, running the backs of his fingers along the smooth skin of her collarbone. "I don't want to see another woman like that. I... I only want to see you when I think about sex."

"You're entirely too sweet, you know," she said, lifting her head up to kiss him.

"I'm *sweet*?" Harry asked, almost gagging on the word.

"Yes," Ginny grinned, tracing his nose with her finger. "You are."

"And you, Mrs. Potter, are still drunk."

"I may be," Ginny agreed. "But that doesn't mean I'm not up for another round."

Harry raised an eyebrow, definitely interested, by the excitement he was showing pressed to her belly. But when was he not?