Harry Potter

It Pays to Read the Label

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Ginny watched as Harry dabbed his upper lip with his napkin and blew out a deep breath. She'd been trying to catch his eye for the last fifteen minutes, but he'd studiously avoided her, even flinching away from her touch.

Hermione was shooting him confused glances as well, but Harry would smile nervously and then take a very measured bite of his Christmas dinner. Even when Ron tried to engage him in conversation, Harry used very careful, clipped phrases.

When he finally did look at her, out of the corner of his eye, and dabbed his sweaty upper lip once more.

'Again?!' Ginny mouthed, reaching below the table to squeeze his knee. He jerked away from her, knocking against the table. Ever so slightly, he shook his head and gave her a very pained look.

"Harry, dear," her mother asked, concern filling her face, "are you feeling alright? You're looking very peaked." She turned to Ginny. "He looks all flushed, doesn't he look all flushed, dear?"

Ginny fought the wild urge to giggle, and just silenced it in time. "He does look a bit flushed," Ginny agreed with a nod. She held the back of her hand up against his forehead while he glared at her, remaining still as possible.

"You do feel a bit… hot, Harry? Maybe something's… up… with you?"

"I'm fine," he growled at her, his cheeks flushing even brighter when he realized everyone at the table was now watching him.

"Are you sure, dear?" Ginny's mother persisted. "Perhaps you're coming down with something. I've heard that there has been a terrible flu going around. Augusta Longbottom was just telling me the other day that poor Neville has been fighting the flu all winter now. Of course, he's exposed to all those students and he's out in those drafty greenhouses all day…" She clucked her tongue and Ginny was forcibly reminded of the hens out in the garden, clucking around all day, sweeping behind their chicks and herding them around with wide-spread wings.

"I don't think it's the flu," Harry protested.

"Maybe she's right, Harry," Ginny interrupted. She leaned further against him, turning her face upward and pasting a completely innocent look on. "You might have picked up something that was… a bit too much for you to handle." He glared at her again and jumped in his chair when her hand slid down over his thigh and caressed the throbbing bulge in his trousers.

Yep, just as she suspected. It had nothing to do with the flu. While it was funny as hell, Ginny did feel a bit bad for Harry. Honestly, how was he to know that the potion would last so long? And he'd been trying so hard to surprise her…

"Maybe you should go and lay down, Harry," she suggested, withdrawing her hand and lovingly patting his bicep. "Or maybe splash a bit of cold water on your face." He looked at her sharply, but

then his eyes widened just the tiniest bit and he nodded.

"Yeah," he said, his voice breaking. "Maybe I'll just… wash up a bit…"

"Maybe you should take him home, Ginny dear?"

Harry, who was trying to get up gracefully from the dinner table without exposing his problem to the whole family, froze, an extremely hopeful look on his face.

Ginny bit back another grin. As bad as she was feeling for him, none of this would have happened if he'd actually read the label on that little vial before swallowing the whole thing. He could suffer… just a bit, anyway.

"I think he'll be fine, Mum," Ginny shook her head and then turned back to her dinner.

"Are you sure, Ginny?" Ron asked, half standing from his chair, watching Harry walk slowly and awkwardly out of the room.

"He'll be fine, Ron," Ginny stated, her tone severe enough that Ron actually listened. "I'll check on him in a few minutes."

Everyone turned back to the meal, forks scraping on plates and requests to pass the potatoes filling the table once more.

Ginny finished her ham, cutting it into very small pieces and chewing each piece at least twenty times. No doubt Harry was pulling his hair out by now. Or perhaps he'd taken matters into his own hands. The thought made Ginny's thighs tingle and her nipples tighten against the lace of her bra.

She knew Harry didn't like to do that much anymore. He really didn't need to. All he had to do was give her *that* look and she'd gladly take care of things for him. Maybe it was strange, but it thrilled her that she could do that for him.

"He's been in there awhile, Ginny," Ron said, glancing skeptically at the door that led to the living room and the stairs up to the loo.

Ginny sighed, wiping her mouth with her napkin and draining the rest of her pumpkin juice. "I was just about to go check on him."

"Give the bloke a break, Ron," George scolded, thankfully swallowing a huge bite of potatoes before speaking. "He's probably got the runs. You saw how he walked out of here."

"George Fabian Weasley!" Ginny's mother scolded, giving the back of his head a smack. "We'll not have such talk around the dinner table."

Ginny ignored the byplay and took her chance to slip out of the room. She quickly ascended the stairs, walking only on the tips of her shoes as to avoid creaking the stairs too loudly. It was a habit borne of living for so many years in this house.

She knocked lightly on the door to the loo. "Harry, are you feeling any better?"

It swung open widely and Harry glared at her. His wild appearance made her giggle and then squawk as he pulled her in by her arm, slamming the door behind her.

"You're an evil, evil witch," he mumbled as he pawed at her breasts through her velvet dress. His lips attached to her throat and Ginny laughed, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Am not," she protested. His hair was already on end and his trousers were hanging open—almost as if he couldn't decide to do the deed on his own or to really wait for her to come to him.

"Yes," he insisted, pulling back from her and giving a very earnest look, "you are."

Ginny laughed again. "Cast a silencing charm," she whispered, making him shudder from her breath on his neck and her fingernail that traced his jawline. His hips bumped against her belly as he fumbled to pull out his wand. The door clicked loudly and the slightly hum of a silencing charm rang in her ears. Why she could hear that, she'd never know. It was just always something she could do.

"Yes," Harry hissed out as she slid her hand into the waistband of his boxers and found him, hot and heavy, waiting just for her. She pressed open mouth kisses to his throat as he pressed his hands to the wall behind her. The towel rack was pushing into her back, but Ginny didn't care much right now. She concentrated on doing only two things; making goosebumps rise on the skin of Harry's neck, and making his legs shudder.

Both happened faster than she expected them. "You're further gone than I thought," she whispered, giving the tip of him a little squeeze.

Harry whimpered and thrust upward into her hands.

She pulled back from him, removing her hand and clasping the front of his button down shirt, wrinkling it as she kissed him passionately.

"I'll take care of you, babe," she promised against his lips. She gripped his shirt harder and spun them both around. The toilet was just at her knees and Ginny reached back, making sure the lid was down before sinking down onto it. Harry's eyes grew dark behind his glasses and he shuffled forward until his crotch was even with her face.

"One rule tonight," she cautioned quietly as her fingers slid into the belt loops of his trousers and tugged them down, inch by excruciating inch. "No touching my hair."

Harry nodded jerkily, his glasses sliding to the end of his nose.

"I mean it, Harry," she warned again, moving up to lift his boxers down over his erection. "No touching—"

"I got it," Harry snapped and then grimaced. She smiled up at him, silently assuring him that she wasn't mad at his testiness. He had every right to be on edge. For two days they had done little else but shag. Their new house had been beautifully broken in… and the new bed… and the new table… the new rug by the fireplace. The moments blurred together a bit for Ginny, but they were all happy memories.

And all because Harry had wanted to please her.

When George had opened the adult's only section of Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes this past summer, he'd taken it upon himself to inform all of the family that they were welcome to purchase what they wanted, however… they were do Apparate into the workroom, take what they wanted and leave the money on the counter. He didn't want to know anything more about it than that.

So when Harry had come home with the little vial of beautifully blue potion, and explained that it was to sustain an erection for a long period of time… Ginny had been excited. Not that Harry really needed help in that department. But experimentation was always fun.

"I love you, babe," Ginny grinned up at him before leaning forward and pressing her tongue to the slit of his penis. Harry groaned loudly and leaned forward, his hands resting gently on her shoulders. She continued to lick lightly, her hands caressing his thighs and scrotum, and fingers slipping back to his perineum to lightly massage.

"Ohhh, Gin," he moaned, his fingers clutching at her thin shoulders. One hand came up to caress her face lightly, his fingers ghosting along her cheekbone and nose as she continued to taste him.

Opening wider, Ginny took the head of him in her mouth, swirling her tongue and pulling back off. She continued to allow him to enter shallowly while her hands fisted at the base of his penis, rubbing up and down, allowing his skin to slide back and forth.

It wouldn't take long, Ginny could tell by the way Harry's hips clenched. She leaned forward again, taking him deep enough that he touched the back of her throat. Her hands wandered behind him, caressing his arse and squeezing his cheeks. Harry had a great arse.

Harry groaned again, his hands almost reaching for her hair, the place they always loved to be when she gave him a blow-job, but he resisted, lifting them up and clutching the cupboard above her. That changed the angle that Ginny had to work with, but she just leaned her head to the side a bit and continued moving.

Each time she pulled back, her fist would follow, coming up to caress the head of him and then traveling back down. His hips swayed toward her mouth and Ginny grinned, taking him fully inside again. She gently took his hips in her hands and urged him to move, although she controlled it—not too fast, and a bit of a sway in the movement.

"Oh, Gin," he groaned again. His thighs quivered and Ginny clutched onto them as he began to move faster. "Yes, yes," he called out, thrusting deep. Ginny held him there, swallowing as he released into her mouth.

Once he had stopped moving, she pulled back, licking him clean. His hands fumbled around her shoulders and he caressed her face.

"You are so amazing," he whispered fiercely before lifting her so that he could kiss her. "So wonderful." They kissed for several minutes, slow and lazy; their tongues exploring each other as if they were new at this, and hadn't been married for months.

"You're not too bad yourself," Ginny quipped, running her hands through his soft hair again.

“I can’t believe it happened here,” he groaned.

Ginny grinned and sank back down to her seat, nuzzling his groin with her face and then placing a kiss on the tip of him.

“Don’t encourage me,” Harry warned. “Who knows how long this ruddy potion will last.”

Ginny was just about to comment when the door burst open. Hermione stared at the two of them, perhaps trying to add up what she was seeing, before she flushed and fumbled to close the door again.

“S-s-sorry,” she called out through the closed door. Ginny sighed and buried her face in Harry’s thigh. She could hear the note of panic rising in Hermione’s voice and prayed that their friend would just walk away.

“You were taking so long, and… we were starting to get worried.”

“It’s alright, Hermione,” Harry said. He pulled back from Ginny and slowly pulled his pants and trousers back up.

Ginny cleared her throat, an urge to giggle hysterically sitting right on the edge. “We’ll… er… we’ll be right out.”

Harry held out his hand to help her up. She started to help him straighten his shirt. “Shite,” he hissed, glaring down at her.

“What?”

His cheeks flushed and he shot a panicked look at the door. “Your dress, Gin… I… it’s *stained*.”

“Wha—” Ginny pulled back from him, staring down at her new dark blue velvet dress. Sure enough, down the front of her chest was a streak of sticky white.

“Damnit…” she hissed, spinning and snatching a towel off of the rack. She hurriedly got the edge of it wet and dabbed at the stain. Harry grimaced, fumbling with doing up his belt and watching her in the mirror.

No matter what she did, however, it just got worse and worse.

“Hermione,” she finally whined, knowing she was out of options. Part of her prayed that Hermione had already left, so that they wouldn’t have to face the knowing look when they both came out of the loo. There was no way that Hermione hadn’t figured out what was happening in that bathroom. Harry’s pants were around his knees and Ginny’s face was pressed to his groin. “Do you know any stain removing spells?”

Harry’s jaw dropped open and he reached for the towel himself, but stopped short of actually trying to clean it.

Hermione, still on the other side of the door, cleared her throat. “I may know a few,” she offered in a hushed voice. Ginny listened, in a rather detached way, as Hermione offered her suggestions to

clean the dress.

It was a bit surreal, after all. Their friend had just caught them having sex in Ginny's parent's bathroom—during Christmas dinner, no less.

"It's not working, Hermione," Ginny huffed out, tears springing to her eyes. The whole situation was becoming too much. And Harry wasn't helping any. The expression he wore was a mixture of things—embarrassment for their situation, relief that he wasn't aroused yet again, and helplessness.

"What's going on up here?"

"Shite," Ginny hissed as Ron's voice joined Hermione's outside the door. Harry's face paled and he bit at the corner of his bottom lip. On the day he and Ginny had been married, Ron had warned Harry that he understood they would be having sex, but that Harry was never to disclose any details… *ever*. Ron didn't want to hear it, see it, or even think about it.

"Erm… it's Ginny," Hermione explained. "She's trying to remove a stain from her dress."

The hilarity of the situation hit both she and Harry at the same time. All it took was one look before they were both giggling madly. Ron banged on the door, making them burst into a whole other round of laughter.

"What's going on in there?" Ron demanded. "Did Harry spew on you, Ginny?"

They laughed again when Hermione scolded Ron for his choice of words.

"No," Ginny managed to choke out before looking at Harry, and setting off into a fresh round. Harry was bent over, his hands on his knees and trying to take controlled breaths.

"Remember, dab, don't rub," Ron offered, sending them into each other's arms as they laughed.

"We'll be out in a minute," Harry finally said in a barley controlled voice.

"We should just Apparate straight home," Ginny whispered, staring up at the ceiling. "I'm never getting this stain out."

Harry glance up at her, finally controlling his breathing. "Hermione," he called out, wrapping his arms around Ginny's waist. "I'm not feeling well again. Ginny's going to take me home." He leaned down and pressed his tongue inside her mouth as she laughed.

Hermione's "Oh, honestly…" was the last thing they heard.

"You, mister," Ginny growled as they appeared in their bedroom, "need to learn to read labels."

"Next time I will," he offered, tugging at the zipper on the back of her dress.

"Concentrate doesn't mean you have to think real hard, Harry," she scolded as she undid his belt.

"Really?" he asked. "I'll have to remember that."