Harry Potter

Not Just An Ordinary Day

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Fandom: Harry Potter.
Author: hgfan1111.
Genre: Fluff.
Characters: Ginny Weasley. Harry Potter.
Pairing: Ginny/Harry.
Status: 4,400 words; One-Shot.
Summary: Harry finds contentment in the ordinary, and in what he’s longed for all along.

“Are you sure about this?” Ginny asked, peering closely at her husband again. Harry was a great dad, don’t get her wrong, but he rarely volunteered to do anything quite so… drastic before.

“I’m sure,” Harry assured her, coming over to put the jumper she’d just taken out of her bag, back inside. “Honestly, Ginny, how much trouble can we really get into? Its one night. Less than twenty-four hours.”

Ginny snorted. “Obviously, you’ve not met those two terrors down the hall.”

Harry rolled his eyes, but chuckled. “They *are* terrors,” he affirmed. “But I promise you we’ll be alright.”

She hesitated once more, bouncing her hairbrush against her hand and shifting her weight to one hip. “Are you sure you can handle them on your own? Maybe you’d better go to the Burrow.”

“I’m not going to the Burrow,” Harry protested, a hint of annoyance creeping into his voice. “Because if I go to the Burrow, your mother will just take over watching them, and they’ll end up baking biscuits with her and not spending time with me. And that’s more or less the point of today, isn’t it?”

She tossed the hairbrush toward her bag and moved into his embrace, taking a deep breath while burrowing into his chest. He smelled like their sleep-warmed bed, with just a hint of his cologne from yesterday still on his skin.

“Alright,” she agreed, knowing that she’d probably regret this. “You deserve some time with the boys.”

“It’ll be great,” he promised, rubbing his hands up and down her arms. “And we won’t even make a mess.”

Ginny snorted and shook her head. “Don’t make promises you’ll never keep.”

“Alright,” he smiled lopsidedly down at her. “We’ll *try* not to make a mess.”

“Better,” she agreed, knowing there was no way her house would be clean tomorrow morning.

“Besides,” Harry said as he found a small patch of skin near her pyjama bottoms, “you deserve this. You’ve always worked so hard, taking care of me and the kids. You need a night away, Gin.”

The idea of seeing all her fellow team members from the Harpies did sound like a lot of fun. There had been all kinds of promises about recreating the old days—celebrations after Harpies wins were almost legendary. Plus, Ginny hadn’t had a night out with the girls for a long time. After she’d retired from professional Quidditch, home life had been more alluring.

That and two pregnancies, one right after the other.

But she loved her two little Quidditch bugs. And spending time with three year old James and one year old Al was the highlight of her life, Ginny thought.

“If you’re sure,” Ginny said, looking up at Harry.

“I am,” he nodded. “You should have more faith in me, you know? I am an Auror, after all. How much trouble can two little boys get into that I can’t figure out?”

“That’s a loaded question, Harry,” Ginny chuckled, shaking her head.

“I’m sure it is,” he murmured as he lowered his head, caressing her lips gently with his own. “What time do you have to be there?” The desire in his tone made her body tingle. But it wouldn’t happen, she knew.

“Harry—”

His kisses continued, however, moving down her neck and onto the bit of collarbone Harry exposed by pulling her t-shirt to the side.

“Just… hang on,” he promised, sliding his hands down to her hips.

“You always do this,” she protested, chuckling. His arousal was pressed up against her, growing in interest. “And we can never finish.”

“Don’t jinx it,” Harry whispered, sliding his hands up into her t-shirt to find her loose breasts.

He stopped, however, when Al’s cry echoed down the hallway. “He has a gift,” Harry mumbled, pressing one last kiss to her neck before removing his hands and straightening her shirt.

“Go take your shower,” he suggested, nudging her hips toward the small en-suite bathroom. “I’ll get them started on breakfast.”

“Are you sure?” Ginny asked, reaching out to tap the front of his pyjama trousers. Harry hissed just a bit and jerked his hips away.

“I’ll be fine,” he protested. “Just wish someone would have warned me that sex is non-existent after kids.”

Ginny laughed at his grumbling. “Shut it, you,” she growled. “We had sex yesterday.”

“Yeah,” he whined, sticking his head back into the door from the hallway. “Remember when we used to stay all day in bed? Think how much fun that was.”

“And think of what it got us,” Ginny said, nodding her head to where Al’s cries were getting louder.

“Point,” Harry conceded and disappeared.

“Don’t let James have more than one bowl of cereal,” she raised her voice. “You know he always wastes the second one.”

Harry didn't respond, but it really didn't matter. He'd learn that lesson, again, on his own anyway.

The thought of a long, uninterrupted shower sounded wonderful and Ginny gathered her things, slowly making mental notes on what else she wanted to take with her.

The urge to draw a nice hot bath was very tempting, but Ginny held off. Baths were kind of a thing between her and Harry. They loved to sit in the water for hours, cuddling and caressing. When James had been born, they'd brought him into the water also, splashing his little hands in the water, blowing mounds of bubbles off of his tiny palms and cuddling together as a family. Al had only joined his parents once or twice since his birth because it was harder to find time for only three of them when there was a fourth in the house.

Ginny closed her eyes and took a deep breath, letting the warmth of a steamy shower fill her up. She could almost smell the soft, powdery baby scent around her.

The shower was wonderful, but it only took a few minutes for Ginny to completely wash herself and charm the stubble off of her legs. Really, there was only so much time you could spend alone in the shower.

After she dressed, Ginny charmed her hair dry and slowly walked downstairs, smiling fondly at the byplay she could hear taking place in the kitchen.

"Al, please open up," Harry's voice pleaded, more than a bit of impatience in his voice. Ginny smirked to herself. Al was going through a particularly stubborn phase where he really didn't like to eat his morning porridge.

"James, you need to sit down, please."

Ginny could picture the little boy standing on his chair, trying to get it to rock, like Uncle George had showed him just the other day. The fact that the chair had been charmed not to tip over at the time was wasted on the toddler.

"James, sit down!"

"Al… please open up. You know we have to eat our breakfast to be big and strong."

"Like Daddy!" James crowed, banging his spoon on the wooden table and giggling at the sound it made.

"Yes, like Daddy," Harry sighed. "Come on, Al. Just one bite. Daddy will give you a chocolate frog later if you eat now."

Ginny snorted, but hurriedly put her hand over her mouth to keep the sound in. So that's how he got Al to eat…

"Choklit fwog! Choklit fwog!" James chanted, keeping time with his spoon.

"James, sit down, or Daddy won't give you any frogs," Harry warned. "And mind your cereal, it's going to…"

The splash of milk made Ginny wince as she pictured the plastic bowl tipping over. It happened at least twice a week.

"Oh, Merlin," Harry huffed. "James, just… don't move… stay right there."

Poor James began crying and Ginny wanted to go to him, but the desire to see how Harry handled this was too great. If he couldn't even handle breakfast, maybe she *should* stay home this weekend.

"Don't cry, James," Harry soothed. James' muffled cries meant he had probably picked up the boy. "Look, Daddy can clean it right up. See?"

James' wails stopped and Ginny wondered what spell Harry used to clean up the mess.

"Oh, er… we'll just get a new bowl later today."

Ginny couldn't help but laugh at that. Apparently, he'd vanished the whole mess. It was an easy mistake to make; she was glad Harry didn't realize how many bowls they'd gone through when James had first started feeding himself.

"Mummy!"

James cheered from Harry's arms, clapping his hands when Ginny stepped into the kitchen. Al grinned from his seat and blew a wild raspberry, covering the entire front of himself in the remains of his bite of porridge.

"Mumma!"

"How are my Quidditch Bugs today?" Ginny asked, taking James into her arms and leaning over to place a kiss on Al's messy head of hair, while avoiding his sticky hands.

She grinned at Harry, letting her hand rest on his hip a moment longer than necessary. His eyes met hers and he smiled happily.

"Daddy's gonna take us fwying," James informed her as he cuddled into her arms, his head of auburn hair tickling her neck and chin.

"Is that so?" she asked, raising an eyebrow at Harry.

James nodded. "Yeah, but we hafta be cawful, an' howd on, an' not go too high."

"Really?" Ginny asked her son. Harry shifted over to sit in his chair in front of Al again, picking up the porridge and coaxing his son to open up.

"Er… yeah," Harry answered a bit guiltily, as James went on about his plans to become a Quidditch player. "Is that okay?"

"Well, I think it's a grand idea," Ginny said, winking at Harry. They'd taken James up on several occasions and even gotten him a small broom of his own on his first birthday. However, it only hovered a foot above the ground still, and had stabilizing charms.

Harry's eyes sparkled with amusement when they caught her own. She knew that flying was one thing that Harry looked forward to sharing with his sons. Not that she wasn't exactly the same, but it was a bit different for Harry.

The moment the midwife had first laid James into Harry's arms, something wonderful had happened with her husband. Small bits of the past—the haunted look he wore even then—seemed to wash away. It wasn't that Harry forgot about where he'd come from, or what he'd been through, but more that with this new life, all of that didn't matter quite as much anymore.

And Harry was a wonderful dad. He changed nappies, despite grumbling about it, and walked the floors late at night, lightly bouncing crying babies, and even sang them to sleep.

He read books to them and even made up silly voices that James always tried to get Ginny to copy, but she never could do it just right.

They played 'hide and find', as well as made up games like 'dragon in the cave' and 'Aurors'. To this day, Ginny swore that James thought his father's job entailed someone hiding things around the Ministry and Harry searching with a beam of light from his wand.

"And you're going to behave for your Daddy, aren't you, Bug?" Ginny asked, sitting James in her lap properly. "While Mummy is gone? You'll help watch Al and make sure to take care of Daddy for me."

James took his two fingers out of his mouth and nodded soberly. "And don't eat too many biscuits," he affirmed.

Ginny chuckled. "I'm sure a few biscuits wouldn't hurt."

She glanced over to Harry who was watching them, a silly lopsided smile on his face.

"Harry, I'd watch that if I were you," she warned, just as Al's hand darted out and snatched the bowl of porridge from him upending it all over the table.

"Blood—"

"Harry!" she warned, raising her eyebrows at him.

"Er… I mean, that was a bad choice, Al."

She couldn't help but laugh as porridge dripped down his arm and onto his pyjamas.

"Its bath time," he cheered, half-heartedly. "Come on, James, you can put the bubbles in."

Ginny handed over her oldest son once Harry had lifted Al out of his seat. "Have fun," she cheered.

"You'll be safe?" Harry asked, balancing a boy on each hip.

"I promise," she nodded, kissing each of them, not really caring that Al smeared porridge on her shirt. It would charm out.

"See you tomorrow," Harry nodded after kissing her. They both ignored James' calls of 'ewww'.

“I love you,” she affirmed and then turned to her boys. “Love you too, my little bugs.”

“Bye Mummy,” Harry cheered for both boys, before he traipsed them out of the room. Porridge dripped from the edge of the table down onto the floor with a ‘splat’ and Ginny winced. She snatched the remains of Harry’s abandoned breakfast of toast and scrambled eggs, scooping it all into a sandwich of sorts before picking up her bag from near the doorway and stepping outside to Apparate to Holyhead.

* * *

Harry sighed as James streaked away from him, squealing with glee as his naked body slipped and slid down the hardwood floors from the bathroom to the pale blue bedroom the boys shared.

“Slow down you wild, little Snitch!” Harry said as he hobbled after the little streaker, huddling a towel-wrapped Al in his arms. His knees were killing him from kneeling on the hard tile of the bathroom floor while the two little boys attempted to flood the bathroom with bubbles. The thought that he should have applied a cushioning spell didn’t come until most of the way through the bath. By that time, his legs had been asleep anyway.

“Catch me, Daddy!” James called from the bedroom. The sound of springs protesting a wiggly, jumping body echoed down the hallway and Harry shook his head.

“Where do you two get so much energy?” Harry asked Al, who only batted at him and tried to snatch his glasses.

“Dada!”

“Yes, Daddy,” Harry nodded, tucking Al’s arms back in the towel.

“Let’s get dressed,” he called out, trying to sound enthusiastic as he came into the bedroom.

“NO!” James yelled, jumping even more enthusiastically on the bed, his arms swinging wildly. “Stay naked!”

Harry shook his head, wondering how Ginny made it through an entire day of this. She hadn’t even been gone an hour and Harry was wondering how he was supposed to get himself ready for the day. The thought that he should have just joined the boys in the bath came once again.

However, last time he’d allowed James to shower with him, the little boy had been a box of questions about Harry’s bits. One more question about why Harry’s penis was bigger than James’ was one more that Harry just didn’t think he could handle.

“James, you have to get dressed, or we won’t be able to go flying,” Harry reasoned, setting Al down amidst his towels, and handing him a stuffed dragon—a gift from Uncle Charlie.

“Awwww, Daddy!” James protested. He did, however climb down off of the bed and reach for the Martin Miggs the Mad-Muggle underwear that Harry held out. Rumor had it that Ron himself had worn a pair very similar when he was young—he denied it, of course, but Molly’s winks assured Harry that it was probably true.

“Can we go to the Buwwow?” James asked, struggling to get his legs straight in the holes.

Harry shook his head, glancing over to see Al’s bare behind crawling out of the room. Feeling a bit bad, he summoned the baby back to him and rustled in the drawers to find Al something to wear.

“I think we’ll go somewhere else today,” Harry mumbled.

“Daddy?” James said through a giggle.

“What?” Harry asked, distractedly. “Where does Mummy keep Al’s clothes?”

“Daddy?” James giggled again, bending over at the waist with laughter. Harry realized what was wrong just as Al added his own laughter and a very warm, wet spot started to work its way down his hip and leg.

“Aaaalllll,” he groaned. The baby giggled again and finally succeeded in pulling Harry’s glasses off.

Harry sighed, frantically looking around the room and trying to figure out what to do next. It wasn’t that he’d never helped get the boys ready for the day, quite the opposite, in fact. But Ginny was always here. She was the boss, directing him in what he needed to do next, and averting disasters like this. And that was just fine with Harry; it was perfect, actually.

“Er…”

James had now abandoned his underpants and was racing circles around him. “Al wee’d, Daddy!”

“Yeah, I see that,” Harry said, trying very hard not to think about the trickle of liquid running down his leg. “Er… how about a shower with Daddy?” he suggested with a shrug. There was nothing for it. He was going to have to set aside his pride and just take them both in with him. *Would a sticking charm hold in the water?*

“Yeah!” James cheered.

“But no discussion about my willy,” Harry affirmed, rolling his eyes when James giggled and danced his still-naked body out of the room.

* * *

“I’m not weawing undew-weaw,” James informed George as they walked into Weasley’s Wizarding Wheezes later that afternoon.

George nodded solemnly. “We all have those days.” He winked at Harry and handed over a real looking wand to James. “Have at it, kiddo.”

Harry raised an eyebrow, but only nodded his understanding when the wand gave a loud squawk and turned into a rubber chicken, eliciting a cheer from the excitable little Potter.

“Ginny finally kicked you three nutters out of the house?” George asked, reaching for Al, who had been asleep on Harry’s shoulder for most of their trip through Diagon Alley.

“She’s at that Harpies thing today,” Harry said, rotating his arm where it had gone completely asleep. He prided himself on being in good shape—it was rather a requirement, being an Auror. But it was only noon, and he was ready for a nap. His arms ached from carrying Al, who only weighed two stone, around everywhere. His thighs ached from holding onto the broom while he also held onto two wiggly boys.

“So you’re out and about today?” George said, chuckling. James knocked over a case of Snackboxes, making Harry wince. George, however, just waved his wand, righting the box instantly. “Don’t worry about it. There’s not much in here he can ruin.”

Harry raised a skeptical eyebrow and kept a wary eye as James inspected a ball that bounced every-which way and made strange sounds. “I doubt that,” he mused.

“If Freddie can ramble around in here and not come out forty shades of blue, James will be fine.”

Harry nodded again. “We went out flying, actually.”

“How did that go?”

“Brilliant,” Harry beamed, thinking of how fun it had been. “If they don’t both play Quidditch I’ll be surprised.”

“It’s rather in the blood, isn’t it?” George grinned.

Harry returned the smile. “James seems to favor speed while Al never took his eyes off the Snitch.”

“You used a real one?” George asked, bouncing Al a bit as he squirmed, waking up from his nap.

“Naw,” Harry dismissed. “Just a practice one. I bought it for the kids a few months ago. You can set it to different levels.”

“Little man’s going to be a Seeker, eh?” George said, holding a groggy Al up and nuzzling his belly. Al squirmed and grabbed a handful of hair. “Got a grip on him alright.”

Harry chuckled and helped to extract George’s hair from the baby’s grip.

“Oi! This belong to either of you?”

Harry turned around, laughing when he found his son dangling upside down from his ankle, held in place by Ron’s wand. James laughed hysterically, his face turning bright red from the rushing blood.

“It’s not one of mine,” George shook his head.

“I think,” Harry said, bending down to peer at the boy.

“Daddy!” James giggled, reaching out for him. “It’s me, James!”

“I think, he might be mine,” Harry nodded, snatching his son from the air.

Rose giggled from her father’s arms, her pudgy arms wrapped around her father’s neck.

“I thought I recognized him,” Ron nodded.

“He’s not wearing underwear,” George added helpfully. James nodded proudly and Ron stuck out his hand for James to shake.

“Well done.”

“Don’t encourage him,” Harry scolded softly before letting the boy slide down his body to the floor. “Go find something to explode, yeah?”

“Ahhh, there’s Al, Rosie,” Ron pointed, reaching to pull the boy into his arms, opposite his daughter, who buried her face shyly into his neck. “We need to get the two of you together soon. There are stories you need to hear.”

Harry chuckled and reached out to tickle Rose’s side. The little girl grinned shyly at him, but held onto his finger for a minute. “How is Hermione?”

Ron’s face lit up. “Vomiting. All over the loo.”

“Nice,” Harry shook his head as he and George chuckled.

“Third time this week!” Ron’s chest puffed out in pride.

“Good on ya, mate,” George clapped his younger brother on the back. “Think you’ll get a boy this time?”

“Nothing wrong with girls,” Ron defended, cuddling Rose to him closer while she and Al jabbered away in his arms.

“Didn’t say there was,” George defended. “But Potter’s up two on you.”

Harry rolled his eyes at the old joke. “Maybe they’ll have a houseful of girls,” he shrugged. “It’s not like it really matters.”

“I know,” George said, laughing as he extricated James from under a table. “But it’s fun to see his ears turn red.”

“So… you been to the Burrow yet, mate?”

“No,” Harry shook his head, reaching for Al, who was trying to tangle his hands in Rose’s long hair. “We’re fine.”

Ron and George chuckled. “Sure, sure.”

“We are,” Harry defended. “I can do this. It’s not like it’s hard. They’re my kids too.”

George held up his hands in defense. “I believe you, mate. You’re braver than I am.”

“That’s a given,” Ron replied snidely.

“Daddy, can we have cholit fwogs now?” James asked, tugging at Harry’s trouser leg. “We was good.”

“Yes you were,” Harry said, reaching down to lift James into his arm, settling both boys on his hips and ignoring his protesting muscles. “Come on. Let’s get a sarny at the Leaky and then we’ll get some frogs.”

“Don’t forget,” Ron called out right before they left the store, “Mum’s there if you need her.”

“We won’t,” Harry called back.

* * *

Ginny let her bag slide slowly off of her shoulder as she lifted the back door up just a bit. It always squeaked loudly if you didn’t hold it up. It was late, and she really didn’t want to wake the boys.

The reunion had been fun, but when she got to the empty hotel room, Ginny only wanted to be home, cuddling her boys as they fell asleep, and then crawling in-between the sheets with Harry next to her.

Surprisingly, the kitchen was nearly spotless. There was a sippy cup sitting on the table, and several of Al’s toys scattered on the floor. But no food littered the counters and dirty dishes weren’t piled everywhere like she’d expected them to be. Soft light filtered in from the living room and Ginny could see long shadows dancing on the walls from a fire in the fireplace.

Thinking that Harry might have fallen asleep while reading through case files, she crept into the room. Harry’s stocking-clad feet stuck out over one side of the sofa and she slowly moved forward, not wanting to wake him.

Her heart hitched however, when she came around the end and saw Harry and both boys clad in their pyjamas, curled all together on the sofa. Various books and stuffed animals were tucked in with them.

This was exactly why she’d come home. To be with her boys. All three of them.

She knelt down next to them and couldn’t help but reach out and smooth the fringe off of Harry’s forehead.

“Gin?” he mumbled, blinking at her behind his glasses.

“Hi,” she smiled.

“What time is it?” he asked, glancing around.

“Late,” Ginny confirmed, reaching to take Al into her arms. He shifted a bit, his eyes blinking open and a happy, sleepy smile coming over his face before he snuggled into her.

“Did something happen?” Harry asked, trying not to shift James too much when he sat up.

“No,” Ginny shook her head. “I just… I just wanted to be here.”

Harry smiled and patted the spot next to him. Ginny climbed in beside him and he wrapped his arm around her.

"How did things go?" she asked.

Harry chuckled. "Good," he shrugged. "A few minor hiccoughs, but nothing major."

"That's good," she yawned.

"We went flying," Harry said, tousling James' hair softly. "And we went to see Uncle George. Had lunch at the Leaky Cauldron and then went to see Teddy."

"Sounds like a full day."

"It was," Harry yawned. "I'm not sure how you do it, Gin."

"Lots of practice," she shook her head. "But it's worth it."

"It is," Harry nodded. "I… I had more fun today, except for the parts where I missed you terribly, than I can remember in a long time. I kept turning around to tell you something funny that James said, or have you watch Al playing with the Snitch… but you weren't there."

"I'm sorry," Ginny said, kissing Al's thatch of dark hair.

"It's okay," Harry protested. "You deserved the break."

Ginny nodded, yawning widely again. "I think it'll be a while until I go anywhere again."

"Its fine, you know, if you do," Harry protested. "We managed, and we didn't even end up at the Burrow. Not once. Not even a floo call."

Ginny shook her head. "That's good. But… this is where I belong," she said, sighing in contentment at the warmth of his embrace and the soft sounds both boys were making.

"It's where I belong too," Harry said, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.