

Harry Potter

# The Hidden Portrait

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**Fandom:** Harry Potter.

**Author:** hgfan1111.

**Genre:** PWP.

**Rating:** Explicit.

**Characters:** Ginny Weasley. Harry Potter.

**Pairings:** Ginny/Harry.

**Other Tags:** Voyeurism.

**Status:** 3,800 words; One-Shot.

**Summary:** None Provided. [While cleaning out Grimmauld Place, Ginny discovers an... *interesting*... portrait of Sirius.]

**Warnings:** None.

Ginny tossed the empty box onto the bed in the dusty room and glanced around. Only a few rooms left in Grimmauld Place to clean out. She pushed back a lock of hair that had escaped from her ponytail and surveyed where the best place to start was.

Drawing her wand from the waistband of her cut-off jean shorts, she removed a layer of dust off of the old desk. The place was still a huge mess from being ransacked after Dumbledore's death. Harry hadn't wanted to live here after the war, so he'd locked it all up and moved into a London flat while he started his Auror training.

After some pushing from Ginny however, and a year's time, Harry was ready to clean out the old house, discarding most of everything inside, and decide what he wanted to do with the place.

She and Harry had spent the past week sorting, packing and discarding things, until there were only Sirius' and Regulus' rooms left. Ginny had offered to do Sirius' herself, but Harry insisted he would be fine. But he did want to take one trip back to the Burrow with the boxes they'd already finished packing. Ginny had agreed and grabbed another box to get started with while Harry made the trip.

"Hmm," she mused, sifting through some old parchment on the desktop. Nothing really interesting stuck out at her... most of them were old school papers or half written letters. Not sure if Harry would want them or not, she placed them into the box. A framed photograph of the Marauders went in to keep. Ginny knew just the place at Harry's flat to put it. She smiled secretly, hoping that in a few short months it would be her flat as well.

Ginny knew Harry had the ring already purchased. He was never very good at hiding anything from her. He tried to keep it a secret, but was always fiddling with the box, or trying to hide something away when she stepped into the room. And that was fine with Ginny. They were young yet; she'd wait patiently for him to gather whatever courage he'd need to ask her. And when he did, she'd take the mickey out of him before she said yes. Because there was no way she'd ever turn Harry down.

She picked up several books that were laying face-down on the floor and set them aside for Harry to look at. They didn't seem too incriminating or dark to her.

The bedclothes were next. Kreacher, as frail as he'd begun to get over this past year, demanded that they allow him to do something with the cleaning of his former home. Harry had finally negotiated that he would be allowed to do the laundry, cleaning and repairing what could be salvaged for donations, and discarding what couldn't. So, Ginny banished the dusty duvet and blankets down to the kitchen where Kreacher had perched himself for the day.

She smirked at the bikini-clad girls posted all over the walls and performed the charm that would release the permanent sticking charm. It had taken Hermione a week of scouring the Ministry library to find the right charm. And it had done wonders for the old house.

Ginny peered at the pictures, which seemed to have been removed from a magazine of some sort, since the edges along one side of them were tattered and torn. "The old dog," she mused with a

smile, vanishing the pile altogether.

Ginny and Sirius had found a special connection that summer they had spent cooped up in Grimmauld Place. She'd pulled her wand on him the first night when the Weasley's had come straggling into the house and she'd seen the gaunt, dark face examining her in the shadows of the kitchen.

"You're a fast draw," he had complimented and then introduced himself as Harry's godfather. He had even winked at her, though not spoken directly to her the rest of the evening. Something about her must have intrigued him, because she felt his eyes on her a lot of the evening. Strangely, it didn't make her uncomfortable or make Sirius seem lecherous. She understood from his inquisitive eyes that he was just trying to figure out her place in the large family that had just invaded his home.

For several days she had withstood his silent scrutiny, until one day when they were scouring a bedroom Ginny had spun on her heel and confronted him. Ron and Hermione had moved onto another room, trailing her mother who was giving instructions a mile a minute.

"Figured it out yet?" Ginny had asked, keeping her face toward the dark stain on the floor she was scrubbing by hand.

Sirius had started and paused in his own cleaning. "And what would that be?"

Ginny lifted her head, staring at him. "Whatever it is you're looking for when you stare at me."

His mouth dropped open and he shrugged as his face stretched into a rare smile.

"Maybe," he admitted.

"Good," she agreed, forcing her hands to begin scrubbing again.

"You're different, you know," Sirius finally said after a few minutes.

Ginny sat back on her heels, tossing her scrub brush back into a bucket of filthy, soapy water. "How so?"

"Just... different," Sirius shrugged. "You're not like the others in your family."

She felt the need to laugh at that comment. Everyone compared her to her brothers. She was exactly the same; Weasley was Weasley.

"No," Sirius shook his head, moving to sit on his hip, rather than kneel. He gave a sly look as her brush joined his after a wave of his wand—scrubbing back and forth along the floor. Ginny wouldn't complain. "I mean it," he continued. "There's this... power about you. I'm not sure what it's all about, but I can feel it there."

Ginny had shrugged, feeling a bit uncomfortable. "I don't think there's anything special about me," she mumbled, reaching for her brush again, just to have something to do.

"No," he shook his head, still studying her, "it's there. And one day you'll know what it is." He

seemed satisfied with his statement, even as it left Ginny more confused.

Now, standing in his old room, Ginny still had no idea what Sirius had meant that day. But they had shared that one moment and it seemed to change their relationship. He sought out her eye when a joke would be made, almost as if to see her reaction. He watched her when others got upset.

She had been broken hearted when he had died. It was like losing a favorite Uncle; the one that lets you get away with things that your parents would never allow.

"Best get on with it," Ginny sighed, picking up the box and moving toward the door. One last paper peeked out from behind the door and Ginny bent to pick it up. Strangely, however, it was sticking half out of the wall... as if the wall had been built right on top of it.

Ginny let her eyes slip up the dingy, cracked paint on the walls, tracing a thin crack that edged its way from floor to ceiling. Her eyes followed it up along the crown molding and down to where it skittered down the wall again, making a narrow rectangle.

She set the box down on the floor and braced her hands against the shape, giving a firm press. Nothing happened. She tried again and was just about to give up when an idea hit her.

"I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

A scraping sound echoed in the room as the rectangle sunk back into the wall and to the side. Ginny took a large step back, her wand held out in defense of herself. But only cold, dusty darkness flowed from the room.

"Wow," she breathed out, her wand still held aloft as she took a step toward the room that had just opened up in front of her. It wasn't unheard of for Wizarding homes to have secret, hidden rooms. But Ginny had never seen one, let alone been inside one.

"Lumos," she whispered, flaring the tip of her wand to life. The room was small, perhaps only six or seven feet wide, but ran the length of the room beside it; narrow, but deep.

At the far end of the room was a bed, completely enclosed by three of the walls. The heavy velvet drapes hanging from the top of the bed reminded Ginny of the ones in Gryffindor Tower. The bed was made neatly. Next to it was a small table with several books stacked haphazardly.

"Why another bed?" Ginny mused to herself. The bare walls around the bed were lit in the light of her wand. Ginny turned, the small circle of light painting the room bit by bit.

She gasped as a large portrait was revealed on the far side of the wall. A fully nude man stood in front of her. Each muscle and sinew defined clearly in the oil painting. She took a step closer, drinking in the fine form of the man. He was young still, she mused. Even without being able to discern his face, which was looking down so that all Ginny could see was the top of his head, he had that lanky, still-maturing look of a fifteen or sixteen year old boy. Her cheeks heated as the man in the painting shifted and raised his head. It was Sirius. A nude portrait of Sirius.

Ginny's jaw dropped and she mumbled, "Bloody hell." Her cheeks continued to flame as the Sirius portrait noticed her and smiled roguishly. He postured several times, flexing his developing muscles.

Ginny felt that she should probably turn away, Harry wouldn't appreciate her ogling his dead Godfather, especially this way. But she couldn't pull her eyes away as he continued to show off his body.

She squeaked loudly when his hand dropped lower and lower, caressing his thighs and fondling his cock. How on earth would a portrait like this be made, Ginny wondered.

She licked her lips involuntarily as Sirius' head tipped back and his other hand joined the first. As Sirius continued to stoke himself, Ginny imagined she could hear his satisfied groans. Fumbling for the edge of the table, Ginny rested her wand there, careful to keep the portrait illuminated.

Feeling very guilty, but still unable to take her eyes from the portrait, Ginny swallowed thickly. Other than Harry, Ginny had never seen a fully nude man before. It seemed so silly now that she'd averted her eyes when her roommates had passed around a PlayWizard magazine during a late night gossip section. But, at the time, it had only served to make her cheeks flame. Her roommates had called her a prude, but the thirteen year old had tried very hard to laugh it off. But she hadn't looked at the photographs.

Ginny and Harry had consummated their renewed relationship during a stolen moment over her Christmas holiday away from Hogwarts. Harry had offered to take her Christmas shopping in Muggle London and Ginny had jumped at the chance. Of course, when the trip had ended with a visit to his flat, Ginny had not complained. Their first attempt at making love had been clumsy and giggly and wholly wonderful, Ginny thought.

They'd managed to steal two more such moments over the week that Ginny was home before she had needed to return back to Hogwarts. Harry had arranged to visit on the two Hogsmeade weekends and they'd had quick and frantic sex in one of the rooms in the Hogs Head before cuddling in a corner booth at The Three Broomsticks.

Since Ginny had graduated school three months before, however, they'd truly both spread their wings as sexual beings. They'd christened every surface in Harry's flat, sometimes more than once, and had even been caught by Ron and Hermione twice.

Ginny loved Harry's body; loved that she could make it respond to her with only the trail of a finger along his skin, or her breath on his neck. She loved all the hard plains, sharp angles and soft, hidden places.

And Harry could make her shudder and shake with his intense glances. Oh, what that man could do to her.

Her knees quaked now, watching Sirius pleasure himself. She shivered as her nipples hardened in her bra, pushing against the soft material until it irritated them. The urge to free them was growing, even as her groin began to tingle. She knew she shouldn't be watching this; shouldn't be turned on by it either. But it was extremely erotic.

Her eyes feasted on his fingers as they woke the flesh under them, hardening it until his cock stuck straight up, bobbing against the pitch black shadow of hair surrounding it.

"Merlin," she gasped as a fully naked woman joined Sirius from the side of the frame. Her long

brunette hair stretched down her back, shimmering against the paleness of her body.

Sirius reached for the woman, whom Ginny saw couldn't be much older than Sirius himself in the portrait. Her breasts were still in that not-quite developed stage, pert and full nipped.

Sirius grinned at the girl, wrapping an arm around her back and pulling her into a heated kiss, his other hand groping for her breast. Ginny gasped as her own breast ached. Her eyes never leaving the couple, Ginny slipped her hand up the edge of her t-shirt and into the cup of her bra, sighing when she cupped the full weight.

The girl went up on tiptoe as Sirius continued to kiss and lick and suck her neck and chest. Her hands trailed over his shoulders and torso, fingers memorizing every inch.

Ginny groaned as the girl grasped Sirius' full cock. They kissed passionately again and Ginny bit her lip, pinching her own nipple harder and feeling the jolt run directly to her groin.

"Gin?"

She spun, quickly removing her hand and trying to straighten her shirt as Harry stepped into the room, his own wand lit.

"Harry!" she gasped, "you scared me."

He narrowed his eyes in confusion at her and Ginny shifted guiltily, praying that the semi-darkness of the room would hide her flaming cheeks.

"What were you doing?"

Ginny grabbed her wand and shifted in her shirt. Her breast hadn't gone all the way back into the cup of her bra and Ginny knew Harry wouldn't miss something like that. "Nothing," she shrugged one shoulder and glanced around the room, "just looking around."

Harry took another step into the room, his hand coming up to cup her cheek. "You're all hot and flushed. Are you sure you're alright?"

"I'm fine," she nodded, trying her best to smile normally. Her body still ached at the buildup of arousal without the release.

"Okay," Harry nodded, although his eyes told her he didn't believe her. Shrugging, he stepped back, reaching for her hand and holding his wand aloft. "What's in here?"

Ginny quickly stepped in front of him, tugging him back toward the door a bit. "Nothing, really. Just an extra bed and some books."

"Hmm," Harry shrugged, his wand light traveling over the bed and table. "Strange."

"Yeah," Ginny said cheerfully. "I think we're about done—"

"What's this?" Harry said, peering into the darkened corner where the portrait hung. Ginny cursed, praying that Harry wouldn't think she was completely perving on his Godfather, even though that's

what she had been doing.

"Oh," she said a bit breathless, scratching her head, "it's... erm, nothing really."

"Bloody..." Harry's jaw dropped open as his eyes found the naked Sirius. Ginny chanced a glance and found the original smirking Sirius back in his frame, alone.

"Yeah..." she said lamely, "I found that."

"Erm..." Harry looked at a complete loss as his mouth opened and closed several times. His eyes never left, but widened as Sirius began to stroke himself again.

"Bit full of himself, wasn't he?" Ginny choked out, praying that she could pull Harry from the room before he was completely horrified.

"You... you were watching this?" he managed, flashing his eyes at her.

In the darkness, Ginny couldn't tell what he was feeling. She couldn't see his eyes—and his eyes always told her everything.

Ginny knew that Harry had seen her then. He knew she'd been watching the portrait, and had probably seen her hand up her own shirt, fondling herself. "Well..."

"Erm..." Harry's mouth opened and closed a few more times and his eyes returned to the portrait.

Ginny herself turned to watch the girl enter from the side again.

"Wow," Harry breathed.

Ginny glanced up at him to see his chest rising and falling with building breath. The shadows in the room made it so that she could see the pulse point in his neck beating with his heart. Thump-thump-thump.

The temperature in the room shot up as Harry pulled her to him, moving her so that she was standing in front of him and wrapping his arm around her waist. His wand took the same position hers had been in earlier, lighting the far end of the room.

Ginny groaned and pushed her bottom back into him feeling his own cock hardening against her.

Their focus returned back to the portrait, watching as Sirius sucked on the girl's breasts and she stroked him, her hands never leaving his cock.

The hairs on Ginny's neck stood up as Harry released her bra and exhaled against her, his hands slipping into her shirt and sliding under her bra. He squeezed tightly with both hands, making Ginny groan and thrust back into him. Her hands found his hips as they continued to grind against each other.

Sirius had dropped to his knees, his face buried in the girl's cunt as she gripped his hair.

"Look at her," Harry mumbled as he sucked on Ginny's neck, leaving marks all up and down her

skin.

Ginny forced her focus onto the girl as she silently screamed in ecstasy, tugging harshly on the midnight black head pleasuring her.

"More," Ginny moaned, swiveling her hips and causing Harry to gasp. He sucked particularly hard at a spot and Ginny winced even as his fingers undid her denim shorts and slid down past her knickers and into the hairs.

"Yes," Ginny sighed, letting her head fall back against his shoulder as he thrust two fingers into her harshly. His other hand was forcefully massaging her breast and she shuddered.

"Watch," he commanded, scraping his teeth along her shoulder as he pulled the neck of her shirt down more.

Ginny opened her eyes, blinking them to focus on the dark ceiling before lifting her head and watching as Sirius lifted the girl into his arms, sliding inside of her. Her legs wrapped around his waist and her elbows rested on his shoulders as they began to move together.

Harry grunted and rubbed against her, starting a rocking rhythm between them as he continued to bring her closer and closer to the edge. His breath was coming in harsh pants next to her ear and she knew he was watching the portrait now as well.

The couple moved together with extreme fluidity, kissing and rocking together. Ginny focused on the place they were joined and she watched Sirius' cock reappear and sink quickly back inside the girl.

"Hmm." She arched against Harry's hand and her hand fumbled for the front of his jeans. He hissed against her as she lowered the zipper and slid her hand into the opening of his boxers.

He was hot and heavy in her hand and she could feel the wetness of the fabric around him.

"Now," he murmured, nudging her away from him and pulling his jeans and boxers down in one motion. Ginny followed him, stumbling as her foot caught in her shorts and then discarding them quickly. Harry's jaw was clenched tightly as his eyes sought out the perfect place. They rested on the bed and he reached for her hip, tugging her in front of her again and walking her toward the bed as he sucked on her neck again and fondled her breasts.

She wasn't surprised at all when he guided her to bend over the edge of the bed. He ground into her again, his fingers finding her folds and digging deep inside.

"Ready," she breathed, preparing herself for his first thrust.

She wasn't disappointed when it was hard and deep.

"Harry," she moaned, letting her head loll down to hang between her shoulders. She opened her eyes to see his jean clad calves standing behind her bare ones, his knees braced as he pounded into her.

The slick squelch of bodies meeting made Ginny's head spin and she braced herself, rocking her hips back to meet his.

"Yes," Harry grunted over and over again as the frantically coupled. One hand was gripping her waist tightly and the other was pulling at her shoulder, lending her his rhythm.

"Mmmm," she moaned. She could feel his legs shake behind her and urged him on with her mind. Needing to find her own release, she braced herself on one fist and used the other to rub her own clit. Her fingers stretched out on either side of her opening, Harry's penis pumping between them, even as her palm ground down on her mons.

"Almost," Harry grunted out through a clenched jaw and pulled her back hard against him. Ginny's eyes rolled back in her head as he pushed up and into the bottom of her womb.

"Almost," she agreed, her voice cracking as the tension began to mount in her.

"Now, baby," he commanded, leaning down to press a kiss to her bowed back.

Ginny moaned and shuddered as she came hard, her walls crushing around him. Harry grunted in satisfaction and held both of her hips as he drove into her deeply two more times. He groaned and animalistic sound when he climaxed, hot liquid pouring into her.

Her knees quivered and quaked, threatening to give out even as Harry's arm encircled her gently and turned her in his embrace.

"Love you," he whispered into her ear, over and over again, as they held each other in the half-lit room.

"I love you," she agreed, her eyes finding the portrait of a smirking Sirius behind them.

"That old dog," she whispered and Harry just laughed.

"Where the hell are we going to put that thing?" he asked as he pressed a kiss to the soft spot beneath her ear. Ginny just sighed and closed her eyes.

"No clue," she mumbled, not protesting when Harry laid her on the soft duvet of the bed.