

Harry Potter

The Lesson

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Fandom: Harry Potter.

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Characters: George Weasley. Ginny Weasley. Harry Potter.

Pairings: Ginny/Harry.

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Summary: George needs to be taught a lesson for interrupting. Harry and Ginny may just be the two up to the challenge of stopping his bad habits.

Warnings: None.

It was Harry's turn to decide their nightly activity and Ginny giggled when he told her what he wanted.

"Oh, you're a naughty boy," she cooed into his ear, making him shiver and nod in anticipation. "You wait here and I'll go upstairs and get ready." She gave him a lingering kiss and sauntered up the staircase, giving him quite a show of hip movement.

She didn't stop at their bedroom, however, but moved on to one of the spare rooms and unearthed her old Hogwarts trunk. In it she kept various spell books, old papers and essays, mementos from her time at school and uniforms in various sizes. She knew she was just being sentimental about keeping all of this, but tonight it would pay off. Finding her seventh year uniform and using her wand to make a few modifications, Ginny proceeded to get ready for the evening.

Harry, after regaining control of his knees from watching his wife walk up the stairs, swung into action, gathering a long black set of robes and clearing off the desk in his study.

"Oh, Professor..."

Ginny's call brought his head around and he darted out into the living room to watch her come downstairs. His eyes grew huge as he saw the vast expanse of leg under the shrunken gray wool skirt. Her starched white shirt pulled tight at her chest and the buttons strained in their holes. *Oh, Merlin, he thought, she isn't wearing a bra.* The striped Gryffindor tie completed the look and Ginny had even pulled her long hair back into a ponytail. She looked every bit the part she had when they had started dating, with a few naughty modifications.

"Well, well, Mrs. Potter, I do believe you are out of bounds tonight," Harry used his sternest voice, swallowing past the lump that had settled there.

Ginny giggled as she began to play the part. "Well, Professor, I guess you'll just have to give me a *detention*." Her nose scrunched up in challenge and Harry moved forward quickly, catching her at the foot of the stairs and growling into her neck as his lips began to ravish her.

"Why, Professor," she put on her best innocent face and buried her hands into his hair. The snort of laughter that escaped her only drew a glare from him.

Harry growled when he placed his hot mouth on her breast, making a wet stain around her taut nipple. Gently, he laid her back on the stairs and knelt in front of her. His hands were wild, one in her hair and the other pulling at the stubborn shirt.

"Mmmm," Ginny moaned as their lips met again, teeth clashing and tongues frantic. "If I had only known what my uniform did to you, Harry."

"I was always grateful for big robes," he said into her neck. Buttons went flying as he got enthusiastic about removing her shirt. "Mrs. Potter!" he said, scandalized, "you're not wearing any knickers under this skirt."

Ginny let her tongue trace the edge of his ear and grazed his earlobe with her teeth. "I dreamed about doing that sometimes at school, Harry."

He pulled back with wide eyes. "You did not!"

"Did so," she affirmed, "I always wanted to whisper it to you at breakfast, but never got up the courage to do it, let alone tell you. Plus... it's not like we were that far into our relationship."

Harry laid his head on her shoulder, taking gasping breaths. "Do you know what that would have done to me? I wouldn't have been able to walk, let alone think straight. I would have spent a week in detention for sure."

"But, you would have had a lovely image to get you through those lonely nights," Ginny giggled as she kissed his eyes and let her fingers trace the features of his face.

He growled again and kissed her hard, pushing his tongue into her mouth and letting it slip along her teeth before probing deeper. Ginny moaned and her hands began to work his trousers. When they were finally loose enough, she snaked her hand inside and stroked him until he was painfully stiff.

"Take me now, Harry," she ordered and lay back along the stairs, ignoring the line of pressure it caused on her back. The thought that they wouldn't make it to the waiting desk flew out of Harry's mind.

"In a minute, love. Don't rush me," Harry grinned and dipped his head under the edge of her skirt. The moment his tongue flicked against her center, Ginny's hips bucked up and she screamed his name. He continued to kiss and lick her until she was writhing. His tongue then dipped into her folds and she began to ride against him. Her one hand braced on the wall and the other grabbed the banister as she lifted her legs over Harry's shoulders.

"Oh, Harry... more... don't stop!" she cried out.

Harry's hands were straining at her hips, helping her to stay grounded to the step beneath her. She cried out as she came and Harry lifted his moist face to press kisses to her chin and cheeks and lips.

"That was un-fucking-believable," she hissed out and Harry grinned at her swearing.

"I aim to please, ma'am," Harry retorted cheekily and kissed her deeply, allowing his tongue to slide into her mouth and continue the work he had started below.

Ginny moaned and could taste herself on his lips. She had always been wary of oral sex before she and Harry had discovered it for themselves, but now it was one of her favorite things to do. If she didn't need him inside, she would make him cry out as she took care of him in the same way.

On cue, her hands found him and began to stroke his penis, roll his balls in her fingers and rub the silky skin underneath them.

"Now, Gin... I need you now," he whispered into the skin on her throat. "I love you so much."

"Take me, then." Ginny leaned back against the step again and cried out when Harry thrust into her

roughly. She grasped his shoulders and hung on tightly as he pushed and pulled at her hips. Harry was grunting hard with each thrust and soon was lifting her hips to meet his.

“Harry!” she called out as his roughness pushed her over the edge again and waves of pleasure coursed over her. Harry came hard and deep inside her, his penis pumping and flexing against her walls that were squeezing him tightly. He threw his head back and clenched his eyes shut.

“Gin! Ginny!” he called out only to hear the faint sound of laughter behind them.

Ginny sat up quickly and saw that the kitchen door was swinging back and forth ever so slightly and a thin beam of light was escaping from the bottom edge.

“Not again,” Harry moaned as he leaned onto her shoulder.

She sighed loudly and caressed the back of his head as he pulled himself out of her. “At least we got to finish,” she bemoaned.

Harry pulled his boxers back up and began fastening his trousers. “I’ll see who it is and if they enjoyed the show,” he mumbled out, his brow furrowed in frustration.

Ginny pulled her skirt down and her shirt back over her bare breasts. “I’ll be waiting for you upstairs, love.” She kissed him seductively and winked as he watched her walk back up the stairs.

Harry fixed his best angry look onto his face and stormed into the kitchen to find George eating a piece of apple pie at the table.

“Just what in the hell do you think you’re doing here?”

George grinned. “I swear I knocked.”

“Well, obviously no one answered. I think we’re going to have to have a talk with certain members of this family about manners.” Harry sat down heavily on the bench and pulled the plate away from George. He started to eat the pie with his fingers as George watched with a satisfied smirk.

“I can honestly say that’s something I never wanted to witness, especially from my baby sister.” George licked the fork clean and offered it to Harry who scrunched his nose in disgust and banished it to the sink.

“Maybe that will teach you to go barging into other people’s homes,” Harry said through a mouthful of sweet apples.

“Sure thing... *Professor*.” George grinned as he stood. Harry’s forehead hit the table.

“Oh, Merlin, you were here for the whole thing?”

George let out a loud belly laugh. “No, but Angie and I have played the same thing; only she’s the Professor and I always seem to find ways to get into trouble.”

Harry raised his head and his eyebrows came up in contemplation of what trouble he could get into that Ginny could punish him for.

"Hold that thought, lover boy," George growled out. "I needed to drop by this stuff to Ginny. She's helping us to redesign our adverts and flyers." He lay a thick folder down on the table and gave a quick wave and a wink. "Oh, and if you need any tips, Potter..."

"OUT GEORGE!" Harry yelled and threw up his hand. The back door burst open in front of the redhead, causing the glass to splinter and crack.

George grinned back at his brother-in-law and ducked out before the door slammed shut.

Harry groaned when he came into the bedroom, ignoring the way his wife was draped seductively—and fully naked—across their bed. "You know... much as I love your family..."

"I know," Ginny sighed in commiseration, rolling until she was staring at the ceiling. "That's—"

"Twice this week," Harry informed her as he flailed his arms in the robes, trying to pull them off. "I'm not sure if I'll be able to ever look at your parents again without thinking of..." He shuddered and Ginny snorted.

"At least you weren't the one wearing the cowboy hat and leather," she shrugged. "Besides, we all walked in on them plenty of times."

Harry sank to the edge of the bed and toed off his shoes before tugging distractedly at his socks. "We should do something to get George back, you know. He *unlocked* the door before coming in tonight."

Ginny rolled to her side and let her fingers climb up into the bottom of his shirt tail, finding his skin. "I agree. He needs to be taught a lesson."

Harry's fingers found hers and wound them together as he slumped back beside her. "If only I could think of something that would humiliate him."

"He'd have to have any dignity left to be embarrassed," Ginny pointed out, making Harry snort with laughter.

"How true you are."

Ginny growled in frustration and swung her leg over his hips, pulling herself atop him and looking down as she slowly undid his buttons.

"The back door is locked now?"

Harry nodded. "Sealed."

"Floo closed."

"Yup." Harry's eyes wandered down her body, feasting on all the delicious things he could see. "If anyone walks in now, I can't be held responsible for my actions."

Ginny laughed softly and leaned down to kiss him. "I agree."

The next Sunday at the traditional Weasley brunch, George was a little distracted.

"What did the two of you do to him?" Hermione cornered Harry as he smirked.

"What makes you think Ginny and I did anything?" he tried, pasting an innocent look on his face. It didn't work and Hermione burst out laughing.

Ginny heard from across the room and came over, linking her arm with Harry's.

"Whatever it is, you've got him nervous," Hermione said, eyeing the way George was using his fork to massacre each bite before he took it. The dark glares he shot Harry and Ginny every so often didn't help them from hiding their laughter.

"He won't tell me what's going on," Ron added as he joined the group. "Whatever it is, Angelina doesn't know anything about it."

They all looked over to see George's wife calmly talking with Fleur and not paying any attention to her rather neurotic husband.

"We didn't do anything," Harry denied again, fighting the urge to smile.

Ginny tapped her toes on Harry's foot, warning him not to break out in laughter. "It might have been someone else," she offered casually.

Ron and Hermione simply stared at them before Harry sighed. "We might have done something," he caved.

"The git deserved it," Ginny growled out.

Ron and Hermione exchanged a look. "Do we really want to know?"

"It's kind of funny, actually," Harry shrugged. "And Angelina's known about it from the beginning, so it's been George whose suffering."

"One of the retired Harpies came in the other day to visit us all again," Ginny explained. "She's just about to have her second baby and was telling me all about this new wonder fertility potion. She and her husband had been trying to get pregnant for years, and had almost given up. But then she started taking this potion every morning. Within two months, she was expecting."

"What's this have to do with George?" Ron interrupted, causing Ginny to roll her eyes.

"We left a note for George, explaining that we'd switched Angelina's birth control potion for the fertility potion," Harry shrugged.

"We didn't," Ginny explained. "But he doesn't need to know that."

It was silent in their corner for a moment before both Ron and Hermione burst out laughing. George scowled at them all and then flushed as Harry waggled his eyebrows.

"And Angelina knows?" Ron said, his face turning red from laughing so hard.

"Yeah," Ginny nodded. "We talked to her about it first. He definitely deserved it."

"That explains the other day when she came in all dressed up, forced George into the back room..." Ron shuddered just a bit. "He came running right back out again, straight out the front door and didn't come back for a couple of hours. Angelina walked out a few minutes later, laughing. I had no idea what was happening."

"Apparently," Ginny said as she took a prim bite from her scone, "she's been after him all week, but he refuses to touch her. One dose of the fertility potion is supposed to last for several weeks."

"Oh my," Hermione said, wiping tears from her eyes.

"No wonder he's been a grouchy git," Ron said, grinning at George, who gave them all a rather disgusted growl before gathering his plate up and marching to another room.

"When are you going to let him know the truth?" Hermione asked.

Ginny shrugged. "Eventually, I guess."

"Before he decides he's ready to be a father," Harry said at the same time, bringing more laughter.

"Whatever he did to upset both of you," Ron said, shaking his head, "remind me never to do the same thing."

Harry nearly choked on his pumpkin juice and Ginny pounded on his back a few times. "Deal," she agreed.