

Harry Potter

# Trading Places

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**Fandom:** Harry Potter.

**Author:** hgfan1111.

**Genre:** PWP.

**Rating:** Explicit.

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

**Pairings:** Ginny/Harry.

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**Summary:** None Provided. [Harry and Ginny are curious about what each other feels during sex. So they find out.]

**Warnings:** None.

Ginny concentrated on the job in front of her, her hands making fast work as they slid up and down Harry. She leaned forward, running her tongue slowly, but deliberately up the underside of his cock. Smiling as he shuddered, she swirled her mouth around the head and plunged down deep, sucking her cheeks in as she pulled back.

Harry's fingers were in her hair, gently insisting that she continue in her movements up and down. His other hand was tugging at his own balls. Rolling her eyes at his impatience, Ginny nudged his hand away and teased him with her own fingers, before rubbing his thighs and returning to her task.

"Close," he panted and she glanced up to see Harry's chest rise as he heaved in a breath. Ginny pulled back, not interested today in having him come in her mouth. She sat up, still keeping her hands at work, sliding up and down his shaft, spreading the pre-cum over the tip of him. Harry cracked one eye open and then shifted so that he could watch. He had admitted once that watching her bring him to orgasm was a huge turn on to him.

"What does this feel like?" she asked, a bit shyly, considering what she was actually doing.

"What?" Harry gasped out, his eyes tearing away from her hands and meeting her gaze.

"This," she nodded down to where her hands were slowing their motions. "What does it feel like when I touch you?"

Harry flopped back on the bed, arms wide, and stared up at the ceiling. "It's... I don't know... just feels good."

Ginny grinned at him and squeezed, causing his hips to rise. "But what does it feel like?"

"I... don't—Ginny! I don't know... it's just bloody fantastic."

She rolled her eyes at him and moved so that she was hovering over him. "And what about when I do this..." Quickly, she sank down onto him, taking his whole length inside her with a gasp. If Harry had not already worked his magic on her, she knew he'd never fit. It was something they'd learned early in their sexual relationship—Ginny had to be taken care of first.

"Oh... mmm..."

"Harry," Ginny warned as she stopped rocking and placed her hands on his chest. "I'm really interested. I've always... wondered, you know." Moving forward until he was just barely inside her, she pressed a kiss to the end of his chin and then one small peck on his lips.

"What it feels like?"

"Yeah," she said, beginning her motion again. "What it's like to have a... you know."

"A penis?" Harry asked with a laugh.

Ginny colored, even as she tweaked one of his nipples hard. "Yeah."

Harry watched her move, his hands moving to her hips, helping her slide up and down. "It's... warm and wet," he finally admitted, thrusting on each word, "when I'm inside you."

"Uh huh," Ginny said as she took his hand and moved it down in between them to press on her clit. "But... what about when you come?"

"Hmmm," Harry watched them as they came together and apart several times. "It's... like tight... at the small of my back... and then... it just..."

"Erupts?" Ginny panted, moving her own fingers along with his, speeding up their pace until she was rocking against the pressure on her.

"Yeah," Harry grunted as he arched his back, pounding up into her. One last thrust and he came deep inside her. Ginny loved the warm, sticky feeling when he came and the thought of it sent her over the edge. She pressed down hard on his fingers to sustain the pressure and let the waves of pleasure wash over her.

They pulled apart and Harry gathered her into him, rolling so that they were spooned front to back. His hand traced light circles on her belly.

"What does it feel like for you?" he asked in a whisper through her hair.

Ginny grinned. She knew that this line of questioning would get his mind running. "When you're inside me?"

His chin rested on her shoulder as he wrapped both arms tightly around her. "Yeah... or whenever, you know."

"Hmm," Ginny considered the way to explain it. She'd been a bit annoyed with Harry earlier when he wouldn't answer her questions... but maybe he just hadn't been able to. Finding the right words to describe it was hard—almost impossible. "For me, it's like a giant spring, being tightened down. The tension builds and builds until it just... releases. And my toes tingle." She finished with a giggle and Harry chuckled, his hand finding her breast again and pressing open mouthed kisses along her shoulder.

"Your toes?"

"Yeah," she nodded, reaching back to thread her fingers through his hair, lightly scratching his scalp along the way. "On a really good one, they really do tingle."

"Well... that's interesting."

They stayed together, touching and caressing, slowly bringing each other back into arousal for several minutes. As Harry's erection grew and pressed along her back, a rather wicked idea entered Ginny's mind.

"Harry?"

"Hmm." She rolled her eyes as he was completely distracted with her breasts again. "Urgh, you are such a... boy."

His shaggy head raised in indignation and he gaped at her. "I was rather sure that was a good thing right now," he growled as he nudged her belly with his hardness.

"Yes, well, I guess so," she sighed. "But you're entirely distractible, you know."

Harry chuckled. "It's hard not to be," he said, hungrily gazing at her chest again.

"We're fairly adventurous, don't you think?" she asked, sliding her hand along his side, making him flinch when she reached his hip, where she knew he was ticklish.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked, kneeling down and nudging her knees wider with his hips.

"I mean... there was that time we did it at the Muggle cinema."

"That was brilliant," Harry breathed as he slid into her, fitting them together perfectly. Ginny looped her arms under his and curled them around his back tightly, knowing he loved having her as close as they could anytime they made love for two times in a row.

"It was," Ginny agreed, kissing his collar bone and sucking urgently at his neck as he rocked slowly against her.

"What are you thinking?" he asked after kissing her leisurely, their tongues caressing each other.

"Well... it's a bit different." Ginny felt her face heat as she thought about the idea.

Harry pulled back, looking into her eyes. "Different how?"

"It's nothing horrid," Ginny assured him. "We'd not be breaking the law or anything."

Harry circled his hips as he snorted. "Like that would stop you, little minx."

Ginny laughed. "Alright, agreed. But..." Unwrapping her legs from his back, Ginny planted her feet next to his knees and began to push up against him with each motion. "What about using polyjuice?"

Harry's motion stopped and Ginny growled, feeling her orgasm slipping away as he held himself still.

"Erm, polyjuice?"

"Not being anyone else, prat," she chided. "Just... well, each other."

"Each other." Harry stared at the pillow behind her head, his face screwed up in concentration.

"Just to see, you know, what it felt like." She shrugged and then reached up to touch the side of his face.

Harry met her gaze. "So I would be you, and you would be—"

"You," Ginny finished.

Harry stared at her for a minute before leaning down and kissing her hard. She cried out into his mouth as he began to rock harder and harder against her. Apparently, he wasn't opposed to the idea.

"Oh, wow," she mused after her own orgasm had rolled over her a second time. "I take it you like the idea."

Harry was collapsed next to her on the bed, his forehead plastered with bits of his black hair, drenched in sweat.

"I think," he sighed, "that it has... possibilities."

"Possibilities," Ginny agreed, tracing the lines of his cheekbones and jaw with her fingertip. "Think you're up for it?"

"I think so." Harry tilted his head and kissed her fingers as they passed by his mouth.

"Okay," Ginny agreed, grinning widely. She almost couldn't believe that they'd agreed to this, even though she knew Harry was usually up for most anything she suggested. The theater had been her idea, after all.

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"Hermione?"

The bushy haired brunette glanced up from her stack of files and peered at Ginny, who was walking along the wall filled entirely with books, trailing her finger along the spines.

"Would you mind if I borrowed a book?"

"For light reading?" Hermione asked. "Or are you looking for something specific?"

Ginny tried to keep a straight face as she tapped the one she was looking for. "I know what I want to look up."

"Sure," Hermione said. "Just be careful with them. Some of those over there are first editions."

Ginny fought the urge to roll her eyes and quickly snatched up the volume of Moste Potente Potions. She eyed Hermione to see that she had gone back into her work. Unable to resist the urge, Ginny sank down onto a footstool, laying the book open flat in her lap and flipped to the section where polyjuice was located.

Harry had warned her that it needed a full month to brew and to not study the ingredients too closely, lest she change her mind.

A month sounded like an awful long time, right now. Just thinking about being in Harry's body, feeling his smooth warm skin and his sinewy muscles was arousing her.

“What on earth could you be interested in that book for?” Hermione peered at her and Ginny fought the urge to blush.

“Well, Harry and I were talking about a potion the other day and couldn’t remember the ingredients. I was just checking to make sure I was right.” She looked back down at the book and pointed to something on the page.

“Ah ha! I was right,” she crowed, hoping that she could pull off the acting job. “He owes me five galleons.” She and Hermione usually told each other a lot—but Ginny didn’t think this confession was one her friend could take.

“Which potion?” Hermione stood and made her way toward Ginny, who now knew that she was in trouble. Once Hermione got the scent of some bit of research, she never let go until she had it all figured out.

“Oh, erm... pol-polyjuice,” Ginny admitted. “We were, erm...”

“I suppose he told you about his escape from Little Winging?”

Ginny scowled in confusion before remembering that there had been a veritable cornucopia of Harry Potters on that day. Both Fleur and Hermione had taken the potion. A strong desire to ask Hermione what it felt like to have all the... equipment... rose up, but Ginny squashed it down.

“Yeah,” she nodded instead, looking down to memorize the ingredients, in case Hermione refused to let her borrow the book. “Do you think I can borrow this?” she raised her eyebrows, painting her best picture of innocence. “If I don’t prove it to him he’ll say I cheated.”

Hermione looked almost pained at losing one of her books. “I guess so, if you’re careful.”

“I will be,” Ginny promised. Quickly gathering up her cloak, Ginny sighed. “I better go. I need to get dinner started.”

Hermione nodded distractedly. “Oh, is it already that time?!”

Ginny chuckled. Hermione’s lack of skill in the kitchen was a long running joke in the Weasley family.

“It is,” Ginny said. “And I need to stop by the market and pick up some things.” She didn’t elaborate which market she was going to, and smugly smiled to herself.

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“It’s ready?”

“It is,” Ginny agreed, watching the thick bubbling potion in the cauldron. She couldn’t pinpoint why exactly she was nervous. After all, she’d had a month to get used to the idea. And it excited her—it really did. But what if it wasn’t all that they expected.

“I guess it’s time then, yeah?” Harry asked. Although he’d definitely warmed to the idea, he looked a bit apprehensive as well.

“Worried about my potion skills?” Ginny teased.

“No,” he shook his head. “You were always better than me. Just... wondering.”

“What it will feel like?” she asked in a small voice.

“Yeah,” he nodded. “And... how I’ll cope, you know.”

“We agreed, Harry, nothing one of us is uncomfortable about—”

“No,” he shook his head. “I’m fine, really.” His eyes caught hers and she took his hand in hers.

“I’m nervous too,” she admitted. “But I think it’ll be an adventure.”

“It will,” he agreed after a firm nod. “So... do you want to do it now?” He glanced skeptically at the clock, showing almost midnight.

“Yeah,” she nodded eagerly.

“We should be... naked, you know,” Harry suggested, fingering the edge of her blouse and slipping his fingers between two buttons, brushing the warm skin.

“Okay,” she breathed, already getting extremely aroused. Silently, they shed their clothing. Harry, it seemed, was in the same position she was in—his cock beginning to stand at attention.

“You’ll need these.” He handed over his glasses and Ginny placed them on her face, pushing them up her nose when they slid down, and blinking at the blurry vision they gave.

Impulsively, Ginny leaned up and kissed him deeply, her tongue sliding along his urgently. “See you on the other side?”

“Yeah,” Harry replied throatily, groping for the vial and adding the clipping of her hair. Their eyes met and stayed locked as they forced down the thick potion.

Ginny grimaced as her skin began to bubble and burn. She leaned over, her hands grasping her legs as they stretched and spread. She heard Harry cry out but couldn’t find the will to lift her head and make sure he was alright.

“Bloody hell,” her own voice said once she could focus again. The fact that it wasn’t coming out of the body she was in really threw her.

Glancing down, she was stunned to see Harry’s muscular legs, sprinkled with black hair, under her hands. She shivered as she slid her masculine hands up her legs. They continued up her legs, past her groin and onto her flat stomach and chest. Harry’s muscles felt... amazing under her hands. Completely and utterly strange, but amazing all the same.

She blinked and realized that she could see through his glasses. Her fingers came up and traced her face, ghosting over her strong features. The stubble on her face made a rough, scratchy sound. Ginny had always liked the purely masculine feel of Harry’s growing beard—rarely caring if he shaved before they were intimate.

"Alright, love?" Harry asked.

Ginny started at hearing her own voice again. She raised her head and burst out a snort at seeing Harry fondling his breasts. Rolling her eyes, she moved over closer to him.

"See you found your toys." Her voice shocked her even more—the rich timber making her shiver.

Harry grinned and plucked at his nipples. "These feel amazing, Gin," he said. "If only I could get them in my mouth."

Ginny laughed out loud and moved closer, brushing the back of her finger over his nipple and watching as he shuddered. "Later," she mumbled. Her eyes roamed over his body—completely thrown that he could be so attractive. Erm, well, that she was that attractive. Ginny had never seen herself as a very sexy woman. She knew that Harry was excited by her, but...

The twitch in her groin startled her and she gasped, dropping her hand to brush the coarse hairs around her penis.

Harry's eyes stared at her middle, widening as she stroked herself.

The way it tingled fascinated Ginny. Stretching and growing in her hands—it was brilliant.

"Fucking wicked," she said, rolling her head back onto her shoulders as she continued to stroke and caress the head.

"Bed," Harry mumbled and she nodded, stilling her movement.

Walking, fully erect like she was, was quite the challenge. Her penis bobbed and she winced at the strange sensation.

They both sat awkwardly on the bed, staring at each other.

"Do you want to..." Harry shrugged, his eyes and hands returning to his breasts.

"No," she shook her head, feeling her cheeks heat. "I want to... myself."

Harry bit his full bottom lip and nodded jerkily. His fingers swirled around each nipple, pinching and pulling and gasping at the sensations. Ginny watched him for a moment as one hand drifted lower and into his pubic area.

"Feels... so different," he mumbled as his fingers explored his own cunt. Fingering the folds and dipping inside.

"Yeah," Ginny agreed, returning her hands to her cock. Up and down she stroked, unconsciously keeping time with his fingers thrusting in and out of himself.

"Your clit," she reminded him. Harry seemed startled by her voice and his eyes opened, understanding dawning on him as he fumbled to find the nub.

"Ohhhhh," he moaned his hips thrusting and his other hand fisting in the duvet.

"Yeah," she nodded. Her eyes focused down on her own masculine hand as it traced every wrinkle and change in her penis. A glistening drop of pre-cum leaked out and she spread it slowly over the head, sighing deeply at the feeling.

Now... only after this experience, could Ginny understand the instruction Harry had given her during their earliest sexual adventures. His sixteen-year-old voice echoed in her head, directing her to focus on the head. It was... brilliant, she thought. But strange too. Because her head pounded with her heart rate and she could feel the beat strongly in her groin, giving her a rhythm to follow. She panted as the pressure deep inside her built. She could almost feel the fluid build up, getting ready to spurt.

The insistent need to release caused her to begin pumping her hand, squeezing her balls, which were pulling and tightening up into her.

"Ohhh," she moaned, leaning back against the headboard and shuddering as the extreme sensations built. "Need..."

"Yeah," Harry mumbled from beside her. She pried her eyes away from her own hands and watched as Harry buried both hands in his crotch. Two fingers were soaked, pumping in and out, while the other hand pressed down on his pelvic bone, rocking back and forth against his clit.

"Need," Ginny moaned again, squeezing her eyes shut as her hips lifted off of the bed and she came all over her hand, shooting on the duvet. The numbness and exhaustion spread from her center and out toward her limbs as stars burst behind her eyes. "Harry!"

Slumping back against the headboard, she watched as Harry brought himself over the edge, panting and crying out her name. She wanted to laugh at the picture. The pair of them, calling out their own names seemingly, while masturbating together on their bed.

"That is the strangest thing I've ever done."

Harry's musings made her laugh and she looked over to see that he looked almost as exhausted as she felt. "But good?" she grunted out.

"Wicked," he agreed. He reached for her then, grabbing her arm firmly and pulling her over to him.

Ginny squeaked, which must have sounded funny coming out in Harry's voice, as he kissed her harshly. Neither heeded the mess on the bed as they clasped together, tongues exploring.

"Want you," Harry mumbled, his tongue tracing her chin.

"Yeah," she agreed. Although she had to close her eyes. Watching her kiss herself was just too strange.

Harry hesitatingly reached for her and she helped guide his hands back to her cock, which was starting to respond again. Her own hands—soft, warm and still moist from earlier—felt amazing on her cock. Very different from the rough hands of the body she was in now.

"This is just... weird," Harry mumbled, sucking on her neck.

"Yeah," she agreed, gathering her courage to touch his breasts. It was so strange to expect to feel the touch on her body, but only feeling it in the fingertips. They felt so much different being Harry. They were heavy and pliable. She squeezed harder than she meant to and Harry winced. "Sorry."

"It's alright," he mumbled, pulling back a bit to watch his hands caressing her balls.

"Not something that you see everyday, is it?" Ginny chuckled. Her own fingers traced down his stomach and into his cunt.

"No," Harry said, taking a shuddering breath. "It's very arousing, though. Because I can imagine what it feels like... over there... and feel what it feels like... over here."

Harry's awkward words made complete sense to Ginny, and expressed exactly what she was feeling. Automatically, they both tipped to the side, laying close enough to reach each other. Harry's soft hands continued to pump up and down, his eyes staring at his hands. Ginny's fingers explored her folds, fumbling at the size of his digits against the small bits of flesh.

"Now," she demanded, feeling the building pressure. She pushed a bit at his shoulder and Harry rolled onto his back, opening his thighs quickly to receive her.

"Ready?" she asked. Harry nodded and she placed the tip of her at his opening. The urge to thrust was becoming completely overwhelming and she moved forward quickly, slipping along the surface and wincing.

"Sorry," she mumbled.

"It's alright," he shook his head. "Just... go slow, and kind of... guide it."

Ginny felt her cheeks flame, but then remembered Harry had done something similar their first time. She guessed it was just all about learning how to use the equipment. "Okay," she agreed, taking a deep breath.

Much slower this time, she guided herself back to his opening, burying her tip inside his warm folds.

"That's it," he reassured her with a nod. His hands traced along her shoulders and brushed her neck gently.

With a satisfied grunt, Ginny pushed into Harry. His face tightened in concentration and she was amused that he was trying so hard to take in all the sensations.

As for herself, she was just having a hard time concentrating. She could feel her own heart beating in her cock, and feel his heart beating in the tight walls surrounding him. It was so different than when she had used her hand before. The pressure was constant and... satisfying.

"Can I... move?" she grunted out, pressing a kiss to his soft cheek.

"Yeah," Harry moaned, circling his hips.

Ginny sighed at the motion and gritted her teeth. The first thrust felt so wonderful that she shifted up onto her knees a bit, finding more purchase. The next thrust felt even better as she slipped

deeper inside, all the way to her base. Harry was grunting with every thrust, moving his hips to meet hers.

Remembering what Harry always did to heighten her pleasure, Ginny shook away the overwhelming feeling of her head being full of fluff and rolled her hips as she plunged in deep again.

In thinking about having sex with Harry before taking the potion, Ginny had wanted to try several different positions. But the all-encompassing, feral need to keep moving took over now that they were in the act. And Ginny couldn't imagine stopping for anything. It gave her a whole new respect for what a considerate and patient lover Harry was; he often changed positions depending on her whims, and always made sure that she had an orgasm if possible.

Being reminded of that fact, Ginny slipped her hand in between them, fumbling for his clit. Their pelvic bones ground together and Ginny slid her fingers into his folds, feeling satisfied when he whimpered.

The pressure at the base of her spine built again and she was thrusting now with abandon. Pumping in and out of him, feeling each and every ripple his walls made against her.

"Almost," he ground out through gritted teeth.

Ginny swirled her fingers and gave a slow plunge, rolling her hips. Harry groaned and his walls convulsed against her, squeezing her penis inside of him. It felt amazing and Ginny thrust high once more, her legs trembling as she ejaculated deep inside her husband.

Forgetting herself completely, Ginny let the exhaustion take over and collapsed on top of Harry, lazily pressing kisses to the sweaty space below his ear.

"Wow," he mumbled, her own voice echoing again.

"Yeah," she agreed, not having presence of mind enough to be able to voice her thoughts properly.

"We're doing this again," Harry confirmed with a chuckle. She noticed that the voice was a bit deeper and cracked one eye open to see that his hair was darkening from red to black. Had it been a whole hour already? It seemed like only moments—yet hours at the same time.

Feeling a bit sad, Ginny reached down and caressed her flaccid cock, spreading their combined fluids and not caring one bit. She continued to stroke, loving the mild stirring feeling, but knowing that it wouldn't last. Already, her body was starting to tingle and change back to what nature had originally given her.

"We'll do it again," she agreed, throwing an arm around Harry's now-flat chest.

Harry spun them into their usual post-coital position of spooning and Ginny was content to feel his cock pressed in the cleft of her arse again. Just as it should be.

"Erm, Gin?"

"Yeah," she answered lazily, reaching down for his hand and placing it back onto her breast,

thrilling when the nipple hardened.

“Did you do a contraceptive charm?”

Her eyes flew open and her mind raced. Harry usually did the charm just before he...

“Damn.”

“You don’t think...”