

Getting One Over

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Come on, George, it's not funny anymore," Angelina moaned, sitting up in bed. George winked at Fred mischievously, having suddenly appeared on Angelina's other side, snuggled down in the covers.

"Oh, come off it, love, you know he's just kidding," Fred said good-naturedly, sitting up and putting his arm around Angelina.

She sighed in exasperation. "Alright, it was funny the first time he did it. Maybe even the second. But this has got to be the twentieth time, at least!"

"And we never would have gotten to twenty successful Targeted Apparitions without you," George said solemnly. Fred nodded eagerly in agreement.

"Look, George, you know I'm dating your brother. I like you, I do, but this is my private time with him. I know you have to understand that, somewhere deep, deep down inside, yeah?" Angelina pleaded.

"Are you breaking up with me?" George gasped in mock hurt.

"Get. Out!" Angelina roared.

"Saucy minx," George said and disappeared with a tiny pop.

"One ... two ... three ..." Fred and Angelina recited under their breath.

Pop! "Miss me yet?" George's head called cheerily, bobbing in mid-air.

"Out!"

"Mmm, this is nice," Angelina murmured, snuggling down against Fred's chest and sipping her glass of champagne.

"This is just the beginning, darling," he purred. He reached down and picked up the soapy washcloth, gently washing her as he hummed along with the soft music on the Wizarding Wireless.

She sighed happily, picking a fresh strawberry off of the chilled plate next to the bath. Turning, she fed it to Fred, giggling as he nibbled his way from his fingers to her neck. "Oh, Fred! I had no idea you could be such a romantic, but I quite like it," she gasped as he kissed his lips against her collarbone.

"I can't take all the credit. Fre-I mean, erm, George gave me the idea. Yeah, that's right," the ginger-haired man replied.

Angelina stiffened. "George?" she whispered, deadly quiet.

"Erm ..."

"Get out!"

"Did you know about this?" Angelina fumed, stomping around their flat in nothing but a bathrobe, hair sopping wet.

"Calm down, love," Fred cajoled as George toweled off nonchalantly. "I only thought -"

"Did you put him up to this? What on earth were you thinking? Don't answer me when I ask you a question!" Angelina barked. "It's not like George hasn't seen me naked, but in the bath? There were roses! And candles! And and strawberries!"

"Wasn't it romantic?" Fred asked, concerned.

"It was bloody romantic, except for the part where I thought George was you," Angelina shouted. "I just cannot understand how my boyfriend thought it would be nice to have his brother trick me into a romantic evening. Well? Answer me!"

"N- now?" Fred stammered.

"Of course, now!" Angelina retorted.

"I dunno, really," Fred said. George nodded. "I just wanted you to have a romantic evening, and George is better at that sort of thing."

"So you two are interchangeable now? Either one of you will do? It doesn't work like that. I like you, George, even though you consistently annoy my non-existent bollocks off, but I love you, Fred," Angelina said. "No more pranks - I mean it!"

"Come on, you two, or we'll be late," George called from the bottom of the stairs.

Angelina shrugged on a new jumper and turned to grab her shoes when a sudden draft startled her. Standing up, she looked down and saw that the jeans she had had on a second ago were suddenly on the floor next to her. She grabbed them and put them on a second time, only to let out a tiny shriek when her jumper vanished into thin air. "Fred Weasley, you give that back that's new," she cried, waving her hands about in the vain hope of making contact with solid, invisible flesh. Drat nothing.

"Where's my wand," she muttered angrily, eyes scanning the room. Grabbing it from the folds of her previous outfit, placed neatly over the back of an armchair, she quietly cast a few Disillusionment charms and was rewarded with the sight of her devious boyfriend, crouched in the corner and holding her jumper.

"Oh, don't be angry, ducks, you know I prefer you starkers," he laughed, waving her jumper like a flag of surrender.

"Fred Weasley, we are going to be late, and it'll be all your fault and not George's for once, and I will tell Molly that, just you wait," she said as she stormed toward the door in a huff, hastily throwing her jumper back on. But just as her hand touched the doorknob, her shoes disappeared. Fred couldn't contain his laughter as she stumbled into the door.

"Fred! Get. Out!"

"Is it just too much to ask that there be a few less pranks around the house?" Angelina sighed over a steaming mug of hot cocoa. "Is it really that unreasonable to expect that at least Fred would try to be a bit better, for my sake?"

"Apparently," Ginny muttered in reply. "But those two have been pranksters since the day they came into this world, or so Mum would have us believe."

Angelina groaned, her head dropping to the table. "I love him, Gin, I really do, but ... what can I do to get through to him?"

Ginny narrowed her eyes and looked at Angelina. "See, that's the trouble with those two. Speaking to them like rational, intelligent adults gets you nowhere."

"Tell me about it," Angelina mumbled.

"The only language they understand is that of trickery," Ginny said. "So if you want to get through to Fred about something, you have to speak his language."

"So what you're saying ... is to prank him back?" Angelina sat up. Ginny nodded. The two women clinked their cocoa mugs together and set to work planning the ultimate prank.

"Goodnight, George," Angelina called that night. "Fred and I are off to bed."

"G'night," George said. "I'm sure I'll see you later," he chortled. Angelina smiled mischievously to herself. She was planning on it.

Fred undressed and hopped into bed, patting the bed next to him and leering suggestively. Angelina smiled and posed in her beautiful silk negligee, twirling around. It was very important that Fred see all of her, so she didn't mind spending a few extra moments preening for him. He let out a low wolf whistle and flipped the covers on her side of the bed over, inviting her in.

Angelina slid into bed next to Fred, shivering a bit at the feel of the cool satin against her exposed skin. With a practised movement, Fred banished the lights and lowered himself over his girlfriend. But seconds later came a not unexpected pop!

"Hullo, lovebirds," George said with a smirk. "Up to anything fun?"

Angelina snuck her wand out from under the hem of her negligee carefully, and with a whispered spell, both Fred and George were frozen. She quickly wriggled out from between the two of them and stood at the foot of the bed, unsure whether to frown or laugh. If anyone had told her that one day she might be performing this spell, she'd have told them they were daft and sick, to boot but somehow, with these two, it just seemed to make sense. Anyway, it had been Ginny's idea mostly. With a tap of her wand on each of their heads, the charm was laid, and with another to her own, she was fully clothed and invisible in the corner. Let the games begin, she thought to herself, and unfroze the twins.

"Oh, you're beautiful," Fred whispered into his girlfriend's ear. He ran one hand up her trembling side, cupping her face and kissing her. Angelina writhed beneath him, moaning softly into his mouth as his hand grazed the tip of her breast. "Mmm, is that what you want, eh?" he said, moving his hand back to her breast, his thumb making lazy swirls around her hardened nipple.

Angelina arched her head back, her hands moving from Fred's shoulders down his back until they were cupping his buttocks, pulling him in closer to her. It was Fred's turn to groan as her shapely hip ground into his quickly hardening erection. Quickly toeing off his pyjama pants, Fred knelt above her, legs to either side of her hips, and stared down adoringly at the woman beneath him. "I love you so much," he breathed.

"I love you too, Fred," she whispered back. "Please, take me ..."

Fred obliged. He lowered his head to hers for a passionate kiss, then moved down her neck to that spot where he could feel her pulse racing, peppering it with little kisses. His hands ran over her breasts, down her sides, grasping her hips, caressing her thighs. He slowly slid the straps of her negligee off of her shoulders, and with the flick of a well-practiced wrist, he undid the ties on its front. His mouth laved first one nipple, then the other, and slowly, he moved his mouth downward, until it encountered her swollen, dripping cock.

Wait.

Fred sat up hurriedly, gazing down at the strange sight of Angelina spreadeagled before him, her pert breasts hardening in the cool air and her engorged cock swaying heavily between her thighs.

"Why did you stop?" man-Angelina asked in confusion.

"Just erm, just pondering what I'd like to do to you next," Fred said, thinking fast. Obviously this was someone's idea of a prank, and given that he and George were the only pranksters around, it had to be George's idea. The little pervert was probably sitting right here in this room, watching to see what Fred would do. Well, Fred Weasley was never one to back down from a challenge, first and foremost, but the odd thing was that the thought of Angelina with a penis was rather arousing. Must be from having five brothers, but man bits didn't bother him at all. Might even be a bit of fun to experiment, he thought to himself.

"Does it require so much thought, then?" Angelina asked, raising herself up on her elbows.

Fred licked his lips, looking down at her. "Not at all, love, not at all." He'd always wondered what this would be like. Now was his chance to find out. He shoved her gently back on the bed and sank back down on his knees and elbows, taking her firm cock in one hand and guiding it slowly into his mouth. He ran his tongue around its head experimentally he half-expected it still to taste like Angelina, but it actually tasted more like that one time he had tasted himself, just to see what it was like. He had to give it to George the man really knew his wandwork. He sucked more of the cock into his mouth, mimicking what he liked when Angelina did this to him, and was rewarded with a guttural groan. Pumping his fist, he cupped Angelina's bollocks in his other hand, balancing on his elbows, and swirled his tongue around the head of her cock. Angelina's hands fisted in his hair, forcing him to pick up his pace a bit. Moving his hands around to her hips for balance, he worked his mouth up and down her shaft, ending each upstroke with another tongue-swirl around the tip. She moaned, thrusting upward into his warm mouth, and without a word of warning, she came explosively. Fred choked in surprise, letting Angelina's fluid run down her pulsing cock instead of swallowing it.

"Mmm, Fred, that was amazing," she murmured, sated.

"Yeah," Fred said, sitting back. "It actually rather was, wasn't it?"

"D'you want to keep going?" she asked.

"Wh -what do you mean?" Fred asked, confused. "Aren't you ...?"

"Well, yeah, I think I'm pretty well spent, thanks to you, but from the looks of things, you're not," Angelina said. "So what shall it be?"

Fred thought for a second. As much as he loved the feel of her mouth on his cock, he wondered if tonight's little charm might have done other things besides give his girl a penis. "What do you say to a little ... dirty work?" Fred murmured suggestively.

The corner of Angelina's mouth twitched in pleasure. "Thought you'd never ask," she said as she sat up. Fred laid down on his back, fisting his cock slowly as Angelina rose up on her knees before him, her limp cock bobbing up and down. Funny how even now the sight was still arousing, Fred thought as his cock jerked in his hand. Angelina crawled over top of him, taking Fred's cock in her own, and slowly she worked it into her arse. The handful of times they'd done this before, they had found that it actually felt better not to use lube Fred's own natural lube more than enough for the task at hand. It took a few minutes, but soon enough Fred's plump cock was seated entirely inside Angelina's arse. She moaned again as Fred moved just enough to hit her prostate.

"Oh, Fred, do that again ... felt so good ..." she groaned, rocking back and forth on him in an attempt to find it again. He obliged, gripping her hips and pulling her down onto his cock over and over again. Her limp cock hardened in front of him, and he grasped it in one slick hand, pumping it in time with his thrusts. A minute later found them both coming furiously, Angelina spurring across Fred's chest as Fred pulsed deep inside her.

"Unggggh," Fred moaned as Angelina slumped forward on his chest, not minding the mess.

"I agree," she said breathlessly, blowing a strand of hair out of her face.

From the corner, Angelina began clapping. "Alright, you wanker, you can come out now," Fred called lazily, one arm wrapped around his girlfriend.

"Oh, but it's not George," Angelina said in a sneaky voice. Casting a revealing charm, she became visible. Fred's eyes crinkled, and with another whispered charm from the real Angelina, Fred looked down to see the girl in his arms morph slowly into his brother, George.

"Hello there, Fred," George said, looking up at his brother.

"Hello, George," Fred said. "How's your arse?"

"Bit sticky, really, but on the whole, not bad," he responded with a chuckle. "Get it? On the whole?"

"You should try drinking some pineapple juice," Fred said in return. "Blech."

"Oi! Boys!" Angelina said. "Shouldn't you be a bit more ... oh, I don't know. Surprised, perhaps?"

"Angelina, Angelina, Angelina," Fred sighed, shaking his head. "I have to say, I thought at first that George was pulling a prank on us, it's true. But when you grow up with this guy here," he hugged George to him, "you learn to expect -"

"The unexpected," George finished.

"Wait so you're telling me you figured this out?" Angelina said. "And you you still -"

"Well, for a while there, I wasn't myself. I had some of your memories blimey, you two really do do it without lube, you bloody great gluttons for punishment but after a while, I realized what was going on," said George.

"Me too, I'm afraid," Fred said.

"But you you just -" Angelina stammered.

"What can I say?" Fred said.

"We're close," George averred.

"But Ang -" Fred said, sitting up. "That was a bloody fine prank, even if it didn't work the way you had wanted."

"Seriously!" George agreed. "That was some really expert charm-work, you know. I doubt we could have done it better."

"Really?" Angelina asked faintly.

"Without a doubt, some of the best -" Fred said.

"That we've ever seen," George finished.

Angelina shrugged. "Thanks, I suppose."

"You alright, sweetheart?" Fred asked with a bit of concern in his voice. "I mean, we did just and in front of you, and -"

"I don't know why, Fred, but for some reason, nothing with you two surprises me anymore," she sighed in resignation. "Yeah, I'm fine, I just ... wanted to get you two back for all the hell you put me through around here."

"Stick with us, kid, we'll show you the ropes," George said with a laugh, getting up out of bed. "Maybe one day you'll even get one over on us."

"Is that a challenge?" Angelina asked.

"Take it however you want to, luv," George said. "In the meantime, do you two care to shower with me?"

Angelina groaned. "George?" she asked.

"Yes?"

"Get out!"