

# Out of Uniform

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Harry's Halloween costume causes Ginny to lose control, at least for a little while.

Ginny Potter looked at her nude reflection in the mirror and smiled.

"All but a couple of pounds. Not bad, really," she thought happily.

Her small frame had looked ridiculous she thought carrying nearly 25 extra pounds while she was pregnant with James, her and Harry's first child. Harry always told her she looked wonderful beautiful SEXY, always bringing a smile to her lips and randy thoughts to her mind.

Once the morning sickness was over after the first couple months, Ginny discovered that she was as hot for sex as ever, maybe even more so. Harry gladly obliged her, even through her seventh month. They had discovered several new positions which they continued to use along with the more 'normal' ones.

Ginny was especially happy to be able to mount Harry again, her healer telling her such deep penetration was not a good idea after the sixth month. She positively delighted in watching his face as she squeezed him hard inside her while she lifted herself up along his cock and then slowly, very slowly, sank down onto him again, engulfing his marvelous length inch by slow, hot, erotic inch. On a good night she could have him begging her to let him cum as she enjoyed orgasm after orgasm.

She shook all these randy thoughts from her mind and slipped on her lacy, green satin knickers. She then pulled on the long, wide peasant skirt and adjusted it. She placed a couple of gauze pads over her nipples and muttered a Sticking Charm. She still nursed James and, naturally, 'leaked' a little when she missed a feeding. She would be doing so tonight as she and Harry were going out for the first time since James' birth. Her mother was watching him, along with several other grandchildren, so that their parents could all attend the Halloween masquerade party at Neville and Gabrielle's that night.

She thought her boobs were too big for her frame now but Harry assured her they were as delightful as ever. He certainly paid a lot of attention to them during their foreplay and would even 'nurse' himself on them sometimes.

Ginny would tell him he was a pervert and a bad father for 'stealing' his son's dinner. He would laugh and continued suckling while fondling her in his marvelous way as he prepared her for intercourse. Their sex was better than ever, and Ginny had already begun hinting that she wouldn't mind getting pregnant again, real soon.

She thought about putting on a bra but naughtily decided to do without. She pulled the loose, embroidered peasant top on and smoothed it out. She looked very nice, she thought, in a very 'peasant' way. Harry had asked her to dress like this for the masquerade. She had asked him why, but he just smiled and told her she would understand when he came home that evening in his costume.

She sat down and had some tea and biscuits. There would be a buffet supper at Neville and Gabrielle's. She still had trouble believing that Neville, of all people, had won the heart and body of Fleur's younger sister. If anything, Gabrielle was even more beautiful and sensual than her older sister and had carried a torch for Harry since he'd rescued her during the Tri-Wizard tournament in his fourth year. She was very pouty at their wedding in 2000 but had agreed to dance with Neville, who found his Gryffindor courage again and struck up a friendship with the fourteen-year-old part-Veela. They had stayed in touch and, two years ago when Gabrielle had turned

eighteen, they had married to the utter amazement of most of Neville's friends.

Even more amazing to Ginny's way of thinking was the fact the Gabrielle was pregnant with her and Neville's first child. Ginny, and most of Neville's other female friends, had pegged Gabrielle as a pretty face who would be too vain to let her 'perfect body' be disfigured with a pregnancy. Ginny had to admit to that she, and all the rest of them, had been very, very wrong about Gaby, much as she, herself, had been about Fleur all those years ago. Neville was as happy as anyone ever remembered him being, and in addition to becoming a father, the next term would see him appointed Herbology professor at Hogwarts, replacing his long-time teacher and mentor, Pomona Sprout.

She was daydreaming about shagging Harry senseless if there was enough time before the party when the Floo flared green and out he popped. Ginny's eyes widened and her mouth dropped open into an 'O' of surprise as he stood there in his costume.

"Harry..."

He grinned broadly at her. "You like it?"

Ginny just nodded as she drank in the sight of him. The khaki field blouse with its shiny buttons it looked like a dozen of them. The wide leather belt and shoulder strap, with its shiny, brass clasp. The crisp, stiff, brown Oxford shirt and precisely-tied cravat. The pressed trousers. And, the BOOTS! Black, polished, supple leather, up to his knees!

"Harry?"

"I'm a subaltern in the Irish Guards, circa 1915."

"And I am?" she asked.

He walked over, kissed her long and sweet and deep. "My Mademoiselle from Armentiers, who else!"

"And just what did you have in mind doing to said Mademoiselle, hmm, my fine, feathered subaltern?" she nearly drooled, her eyes alight with mischief and lust.

"Oh, passing her around my mates. You know, letting them all get jealous of what I've got and they don't!" he grinned cheekily.

"There will be no 'sampling' of mates, m'lad, until I've had a feast off of you!" she panted, starting to unbutton his jacket.

Harry laughed and slapped at her hands. "Ginny! Come on, it took forever to put this stuff on right!"

"I have it memorized! I'll help you, don't worry!" she panted, as she unclasped his belt, her eyes burning.

She grabbed his hand and dragged him, protesting vainly, into the bedroom and with little ceremony pushed him down onto the bed. She jumped up and straddled his waist, leaned over and kissed him with burning passion, rubbing and grinding herself onto the bulge in his trousers.

"Ginny!" Harry cried, just a little shaken at her seeming loss of control. "Calm down a bit and..."

"I am calm! I am calm!" she swore. "Wait until you're naked, then I'll show you excited!"

She got the field belt off him and laid it carefully aside and finished unbuttoning his jacket. She ran her hands over his torso, thrilling to the firm muscles of his chest and shoulders.

"Sit up!" she commanded and slipped the jacket off. She waved her wand and it neatly hung itself up on the back of the bedroom door.

"Now, lie down!" she snapped.

Harry was grinning and getting harder and harder. This was like their first year of living together after they finished Hogwarts. She would Floo home from Harpies practice all hot and sweaty and hornier than a herd of unicorns and would often ravish him right on the parlor floor as soon as she emerged from the Floo. They finally promised their friends and family that they would do their best to restrict this activity to the bedroom after Molly and Arthur Flooed in on them one evening and practically fainted at the sight of their beloved, beautiful daughter with her legs over Harry's shoulders, his long, hard cock driving into her like a pneumatic drill as she screamed, "Fuck me harder, Harry! HARDER! HARDER!!"

Back on their bed, Ginny was loosening his cravat and starting on his shirt buttons. She growled a little when she discovered he was wearing a vest but shoved it up to his armpits and kissed his slightly hirsute, well defined chest. She sucked and licked at his hard nipples, even teasing them with her teeth as Harry started pushing his trapped cock up hard into her now soaking crotch.

With an almost evil glint in her eye, she waved her wand and Harry felt his hands bound to the headboard by the uniform belt.

"Ginny!" he ordered. "Let me go!"

"Not a chance, my lovely, innocent subaltern! The Mademoiselle is going to have her wicked way with you before any other cheap whore finds you!"

Harry was just stunned at her behavior. But as she unbuttoned his fly and pushed his trousers and pants down to his knees, he decided that they could dress up in costume every fucking night if it led to this!

"Let me go, Ginny!" he begged. "I want to touch you, feel you!"

"NO!" she shouted as she bent at the waist and began to lick and nibble at his raging erection. "You're MY prisoner-of-war! Yes! And I'm going to torture you and learn everything you know!"

"But, Gin," he gasped as her soft lips encircled the throbbing, red head of his cock, "you and I! We're allies! Remember?"

"Details!" she mumbled around his prick as she slowly worked its entire length into her sweet, wet, hot mouth, gagging just a little as it banged into her throat. "I much prefer torturing you!"

She was certainly succeeding at that, Harry reflected as he cried aloud with ecstasy as she slowly backed her mouth off his length, softly dragging her teeth up along the taut, soft, sensitive skin of his throbbing cock.

She did this several more times until Harry was sure he was going to shoot his load into her greedy, sucking mouth. But she stopped and then lifted off her blouse, removing the breast pads and tossing them aside.

She leaned over and pressed his left nipple between his lips, murmuring, "Suck me, Harry! My wonderful, little baby!"

Harry did so with gusto. The Weasley brothers all thought him a pervert for 'nursing' off Ginny, unaware of the fact that all their wives had told Ginny how jealous they were that Harry would suck her like he did while she was lactating. Their husbands all said it was 'wrong' or 'perverse.' Percy even made the mistake of telling Penny it was disgusting and spent the next three nights sleeping in his old room at the Burrow.

She whimpered and whined with pleasure as Harry's tongue and lips teased her sensitive nipples. He even bit on them with just the least little pressure, causing her to hiss

with exquisite pain.

She suddenly stood up and quickly pulled off her skirt and soaked knickers. Harry looked up at her, standing above him, her excitement so obvious, her labia engorged and glistening as a few dribbles of her juices slowly made their way down her sleek, shapely, freckled thighs.

She leered and slowly lowered her center onto his mouth. His tongue forced its way deep into her tight, steamy cunt, forcing a whimper of want from her throat as it sought her most sensitive of spots. Again, her sisters-in-law and other female friends were very jealous that Harry's tongue was just long enough to actually reach Ginny's 'G-spot.' Their husbands and lovers were all very good about stroking it with their very talented fingers but they all literally quivered in their knickers at the thought of a tongue reaching it.

Angelina Johnson, her teammate on the Harpies, during a drinking bout after a victory one night, actually offered her 1000 Galleons for the use of 'Harry's tongue' for just one hour.

"I... I just can't imagine what it must feel like, Ginny," she had gushed rather tipsily. "Oliver's tongue is great but it just isn't long enough! Please! One time! Just once!"

Ginny, who was quite drunk herself, took her home and told Harry he could do it. They needed the money, she said.

Harry had been extremely amused by the whole incident, reminding Ginny gently, "Umm, sweetheart? I have almost as much money as the Malfoys now. You're one of the highest paid Quidditch players in the world."

"Oh, thash right," she had mumbled. "Well, I want to watch! I... I never seen another woman cum with someone's tongue in 'er before. 'Cept Luna from yours, o' course. Angie's cunt is so, so wonderful lookin', all...all dark and red and everything. Go on, Harry. It's alright!"

Harry chuckled a bit at his inebriated spouse and her equally lusty and soused teammate. He'd have to ask Ginny when she was sober how she knew what Angie's cunt looked like. He also fervently hoped Angie wouldn't remember Ginny's reference to seeing Luna cumming from Harry's tongue being it her. He and Ginny had 'shared' Luna in some incredible *ménages à trois*, (and still did on rare occasions), a fact known only to Hermione and Kingsley Shacklebolt.

Fortunately, Oliver Wood, Angie's husband, Flooded in at this point and ended the debate when he leered at Ginny and suggested, "Why don't you and I entertain them with a shag, my sweet, little redhead, while Harry tongues my wanton wife to an orgasm, eh?"

The two thoroughly embarrassed and totally wasted witches finally realized what was going on and sobered up enough to apologize to their snickering, teasing husbands. Oliver and Angie Flooded away and Harry carried Ginny to their bed, where she promptly passed out.

All this quickly raced through Ginny's mind as she rode Harry's tongue. She shifted her weight slightly so he could lick and suck her swollen clit which he did with his usual expertise. He sucked the hard nub hard, bit it lightly and sent her suddenly spiraling over the edge into orgasmic ecstasy.

"HARRREEEE!" She bounced with release and his tongue quickly buried itself deep inside her again, curling and touching her exactly where she wanted it most.

"GOD! HAREEEEEEE!" she screamed again as her orgasm intensified.

"Let me go, Gin!" he mumbled around her cunt. "I want to fuck your brains out!"

"NO!" she yelled as she left his mouth and hovered over his erection which was sticking straight up from his crotch.

"The boots!" she suddenly cried. "I... I must feel them! Yes!"

She suddenly turned herself around, her freckled back and perfect, sweet nether cheeks facing him now as she leaned over a pulled his legs up, then forced them flat onto the bed and laid her upper torso across his leather-encased calves.

She lifted her hips, giving Harry a rarely-seen view, straight up into her yawning, glistening cunt. Her labia were swollen from his ministrations, her neatly-trimmed, amazing red pubes were slickly plastered into her open, pink slit.

She reached back with one hand and pulled his cock down between her thighs and slowly backed herself onto it.

Harry almost came then and there. He had only seen a cock enter a woman's cunt like this in porno flicks. And now, here he was watching the most beautiful witch in the world, his very own Ginny, slowly engulfing him as she pushed herself back onto his hardness.

She settled herself onto him all the way to his base. Harry's cock was throbbing and twitching inside Ginny's hot, wet embrace. Her cunt was touching his cock in all the 'wrong' places since it was in her 'upside down,' as it were. But these 'wrong' places were about to become completely correct as she squeezed him and she started to slide herself up along his length.

"GINNEEEEE!" Harry moaned. "You're killing me!"

Ginny didn't reply right away. She was in her own world of erotic, carnal sensations. Harry's 'upside down' cock was stroking HER in totally different places, turning her entire vagina into one huge erogenous zone. Plus, she was rubbing her super-sensitive nipples on the soft, supple leather of Harry's knee-high boots, which was almost enough by itself to force her over the edge.

"Let me touch you, Ginny!" Harry cried desperately, as his wife's incredible cunt flexed and rippled along his aching cock as she screamed with another orgasm. Harry had to close his eyes to keep from shooting his load that instant. Actually SEEING Ginny's vagina squeezing and compressing on him was more lascivious and stimulating than anything any woman had ever done to him before.

"NO! NOT YET!" she cried, her voice thick with passion and wantonness. Her body was literally aflame with desire, every cell and atom quivering and tingling with the most sensual and fervent sensations she had ever felt. She rubbed her breasts almost savagely on the leather of his boots as she continued to push her cunt down onto Harry's cock with all the force she could summon, driving him into her as deep, or deeper, than she could ever remember.

"LET ME GO!" Harry screamed.

Ginny grabbed her wand and canceled the Binding charm. Harry sat up part way, wedging pillows under him to support his back. He had the most amazing view of Ginny's cunt, slickly sliding up and down on him and leaving a glistening wake of warm, sticky juices along his length. He groaned as he could even hear the soft, gushy sounds of their sex as she rocked and gyrated on his cock.

He grabbed her hips with one hand and slammed her onto him as hard as he could as his other hand snuck between her thighs and his fingers found the mound of her clit, drenched with sweat and sweet juices and as swollen and as hard as Harry had ever felt it.

He was ready to burst, and could tell Ginny was ready as well as her cunt literally began to 'vibrate' in anticipation of orgasm.

Harry squeezed her clit and she screamed, rubbing her breasts furiously on the boots as her pussy throbbed and undulated along Harry's cock. Harry groaned, sat up further and buried himself inside her to his very testicles as his hot stream burst forth, spilling his sticky seed deep into her body.

"HARRREEEE!" she cried, rubbing her tits and squeezing his cock in total, abandoned ecstasy.

"GINNEEEE!" he cried back, his cock throbbing and twitching as he continued emptying himself into his wife's most amazing cunt. He could see little dribblets of his cum mixed with hers on his cock as she continued to push herself up and down on it. Their combined scents of arousal and completion were as intoxicating as Firewhisky.

Ginny finally collapsed across his legs, her cunt softly massaging Harry's still-hard cock within its walls of silk and gossamer.

"I... I... I..." was all she could manage.

"Me too, Gin, me too," Harry panted, softly kneading her beautiful, firm buttocks while still slowly and tenderly pumping his cock in and out of her.

After several more minutes of the incredible afterglow, Harry finally softened and fell from Ginny's sweet embrace. She slowly rotated herself around and stretched her firm, nubile body out on top of his strong, muscular torso. She kissed him with sweet, tender passion for several minutes then finally sighed and laid her head on his chest.

"Forgive me," she said softly.

"Whatever for?" he asked with a soft chuckle.

"For being such a... a totally abandoned, complete and utter slut!" she whimpered. "I... I just don't know what came over me, Harry!"

He pulled her up and kissed her sweet and slow. "Ginny," he smiled, "it was the most amazing shag I've ever had and you are simply the most amazing, beautiful, sensual and just downright sexy witch in the entire universe!"

"But, Harry," she insisted, "I... I raped you! I... I tied you up!"

"Well," he snickered again, "you were 'torturing' me for information, you know! Oh, and you didn't succeed, did you?"

Her face lit with its normal mischievous grin as she growled, "Oh, this was just the preliminaries, Subaltern Potter! I'll make you talk!"

"I'm sure you will, my sexy Mademoiselle!" he said, kissing her sweetly. "How about right after the party?"

She sat up and wiggled her dripping crotch on his now soft cock. "Do we HAVE to go?" she moped.

"You've given me a ravenous appetite, you... you brazen hussy! If you expect me to survive your next 'torture,' I need nourishment!" he laughed.

"Would you prefer your hussies some other way?" she retorted, sadly getting off him and standing up.

They cast Cleansing Charms on themselves and got dressed, Ginny sighing as she buckled Harry's belt for him, "I love a man in uniform, you know!"

She kissed him and said naughtily as they went to the Floo, "And out of uniform!"