**The Stockings Were Hung by the Chimney With Care**

by star54kar

**Summary**

Ginny decides to do some holiday decorating *with* Harry.

**Notes**

Written for the final month of [helmet_fest2008](https://archiveofourown.org/). Merry Christmas, everyone and I hope that you enjoy:)

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**Summary:** Ginny decides to do some holiday decorating *with* Harry.  
**Rating:** NC-17  
**Warnings:** Light bondage  
**Prompt:** Christmas stockings  
**Beta:** The lovely and wonderful [queenb23more](https://archiveofourown.org/). Thank you so much, dear! Any and all remaining mistakes rest solely upon my shoulders.  
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The Stockings Were Hung by the Chimney With Care

Ginny Potter smiled when she saw the look on her husband's face as he caught sight of her when he stepped out of their fireplace. She basked in the warm glow of Harry's appreciative gaze as his beautiful green eyes took in the sight of her lacy black bra and matching knickers. Her long, lean legs were bare and crossed at the knee where she sat waiting for him to get home. In her hands, she held a pair of black silk stockings and on her feet she wore black stiletto heels to complete the look.

Confidently, Ginny rose to her feet and strolled over to the spot where Harry had frozen in place. The soft click of her heels against the hardwood floor echoed against the silence of the empty house, and she kissed her husband fiercely. Slowly, she backed him up against the wall alongside their hearth and swallowed his moan with her lips as her scantily-clad body pressed up against his. She casually draped one of the two stockings she held over his shoulder as she maintained their kiss and pulled away once she was certain that he was breathless.

Dazed with lust, Harry reached for her, but Ginny swiftly captured his hands in her own, binding them together with the silk stocking she still held, and then leaned over to retrieve her wand from where it lay waiting on the mantle.

Caught off-guard, Harry asked, "What are you doing, Gin?"

But Ginny simply smiled predatorily at him, wordlessly levitated his arms above his head, and hooked his bound wrists over the nail she had placed earlier for this purpose.

"I'm hanging my Christmas stockings, Harry," she answered sweetly as she drank in the sight of him. His arms were stretched so high above his head that he needed to stand on his toes, elongating his skinny, yet muscular frame which was so clearly defined by the official Auror's robes that he wore. She just needed to make a few more final touches and she would finally have Harry exactly the way that she wanted him.

Another silent flick of her wand left him as naked as the day that he was born, save of course for the black silk of the stocking binding his hands and its twin, which remained draped over his otherwise bare shoulder. Harry shivered from the sudden exposure of his skin to the air, and Ginny stepped in close to run her fingers over his chest. She smirked as she felt him grow harder against her bare thigh in response to her attentions.

"Ginny," Harry whimpered as she teasingly brushed a fingernail lightly across one of his nipples. "Please…"

But Ginny quickly silenced the rest of his breathless plea by threading the remaining stocking firmly between her husband's open lips and tying it off securely behind his head. Her smile broadened; now everything was perfect.

"Shhh," she said soothingly as she ran her hands gently through his unruly black hair. "Stop talking and relax while I enjoy my early Christmas present."

Ginny dragged her hands down the sides of Harry's neck, over his chest, and down to his hips where she began to run her fingernails in tantalizing little circles against his outer thighs. She feasted upon the skin near the base of his neck, biting down gently before sucking it into her mouth hard enough to leave her mark upon the pale skin. She gave the darkening bruise a final lick before moving lower to rapidly flick her tongue against his aching nipples. She took a deep breath, blowing softly across the tops of those little peaks of flesh, and Harry thrashed in his bonds and whimpered against the gag.
She looked up into his eyes and saw the love, trust, and wanton lust that were so apparent in those emerald orbs. Harry bared his heart to her so openly, so beautifully, through his eyes and she felt the molten heat surge between her legs from the vulnerability and rawness of his emotions. Ginny dropped at once to her knees and ended all the pretense of teasing. She cradled the trembling flesh of his manhood gently in her hands and then took him into her mouth.

Ginny sucked him to the root, savoring every muffled moan of appreciation from Harry as she pleasured him. She eased back slightly and Harry mindlessly thrust forward into her mouth. He was close now, she could feel it, and she let him set the pace; his hips moving wildly as he fucked her mouth with abandon. A muffled cry tore past his gagged lips as he came and Ginny eagerly swallowed every last drop of his seed, sucking gently until his softening member could no longer withstand the attention.

She stood up and gently eased the gag from his lips before capturing them once more in a passionate kiss. Ginny could feel the gentle humming vibration of Harry's magic as he released himself from his remaining bonds without breaking their kiss. His arms wrapped around her tightly and she felt the dizzying pull of Apparation as he transported both of them upstairs to their bedroom.

When they finally pulled apart, Ginny whispered, "I love you, Harry."

"I love you too, Gin," Harry responded, his green eyes sparkling with mischief. "But we're not done here."

Ginny screeched with surprise as Harry abruptly flung her down on top of the bed. She lay flat on her back and Harry looked down at her with a feral gleam in his eyes before promptly laying down on top of her.

"I intend to pay you back," he vowed as his skilled fingers found and released the clasp of her bra. He gently eased the straps down her arms, freeing her breasts to his adoring gaze. Harry lightly ghosted his hands over the sensitive mounds of flesh and cupped them tenderly as he leaned down to taste them.

Ginny moaned with pleasure as Harry laved his tongue over each of her nipples, sucking on them gently before trailing his tongue down deep into her belly button. She could feel his hands sliding reverently under the elastic band of her knickers, and Ginny raised her hips to make it easier for him to slide them down and off her legs. Ginny giggled as Harry gently eased off her shoes and placed a playful kiss to the soles of each foot after he tossed them to the floor.

His eyes took on a glazed appearance as he slid his hands up her legs, across her thighs, and finally slid a finger into the hot wet heat of her folds.

"Godric, Ginny, you're soaking," Harry moaned as she spread her legs wider at his touch.

He placed a kiss to the barest part of her, and she tangled her fingers in his hair, holding on tightly as he proceeded to worship her with his tongue. It didn't take long for Harry to bring her to the edge. Ginny's climax exploded from deep within her and Harry's name spilled like a prayer from her lips as she cried out in ecstasy.

Harry crawled up her body and kissed her sweetly. Ginny could taste herself on his tongue, sending ripples of lust cascading down to her still sensitive insides. Harry's renewed erection pressed hot and heavy against her sex, sliding deliciously against her in the natural lubrication of her juices.

"Please, Harry," Ginny gasped. "I want you inside me!"
They groaned in unison as Harry slid deep inside of her, resting a moment before they began to move. Ginny moaned loudly into Harry's mouth and he groaned back into hers as they shared the intense sensations of their love making. They ground together, harder and faster, picking up the pace and bringing them both to the edge.

"Come for me, Ginny," Harry commanded.

The sound of his rough and raspy voice pulled Ginny over the edge and she came so hard that she saw stars. Harry followed a moment later, screaming her name at the top of his lungs. He collapsed, bonelessly, and they settled onto their sides, holding each other closely and listening to the beat of their hearts.

"I love you, Gin," Harry whispered softly into her ear as he softly stroked his fingers through her hair.

"I love you, too, Harry." Ginny whispered back softly as the throws of sleep began to overcome her. She lay her head down on the firm hardness of Harry's chest and closed her eyes, snuggling closer into the warmness of his embrace. "I love you, too."

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