

## Oops!

**A/N: I do not own Harry Potter. But you knew that.**

**A/N2: Ever have a story in your head that you know full well is a bad idea, but you also know it isn't going away? Even as I write this I have a feeling that I've read something very like it before, but I can't find it. If I indeed have heisted this idea, what can I say except...**

**Oops!**

"Ron. Stop it. Stop it right now."

Ron Weasley was drunk. Very drunk. Gryffindor had won the Quidditch cup decisively under his Captainship, and the party to celebrate this win started at 4:30 pm not fifteen minutes after Harry had caught the snitch right out from under Malfoy's nose. In order to 'liven up' the party Seamus had produced a case of Firewhiskey from 'somewhere'.

Ron had been drinking heavily for almost six hours. During that time he had decided a few things. First, He was tired of being in Harry Potter's shadow. Second he was tired of being a virgin. The third thing he had decided that night was that he was going to do something about both of those other things. And he was going to do them with Hermione.

The brainy Gryffindor Witch was NOT drunk. The only thing that kept her at the party was her sense of responsibility toward her Head Girl position. Every part of her wanted to grab her boyfriend of almost a year (though at her insistence they hadn't told anyone so as to not put forth the impression of impropriety while she was the Head Girl.), drag him to her suite and have her way with him, but that would have to wait a while longer.

"Oh, come on 'Mione." Ron slurred. "You know you wanna. You've got to be tired of waiting for Harry to grow a pair." The youngest male Weasley had backed his friend into a corner and was leaning in close enough that she could smell the alcohol on his breath. Ron licked his lips in what he imagined was a seductive manner, "Come on, let's go up to my dorm. No one's there but Neville, a couple of silencing charms and he'll never know." Ron reached into the gap in the front of Hermione's robes and lightly squeezed her breast.

Suddenly Ron's head jerked to the right. It took him a moment to realize that his sudden head movement was caused by Hermione slapping his face.

"You listen to me Ronald Weasley. If you ever make such an insulting proposition toward me or touch me again I will hex you until you're nothing but a greasy spot on the floor."

Hermione stomped to the center of the room. "Alright everyone, this party is getting entirely out of hand. Seamus, get rid of the Firewhiskey. Some people..." she shot a filthy look at Ron, "Cannot handle it. I'm leaving for the night. If you want to ensure that there aren't any more parties this year do something to make me come back. Merlin help you if Professor McGonagall has to come in here."

Hermione made her way to the door only to have it open before she could touch it. There he was, with those beautiful eyes.

"Hello Hermione." He said quietly. "The noise of the party was getting to me so I went for a walk."

Those eyes. He had such beautiful eyes. She took his hand. "Come with me. I want to spend some time with my boyfriend."

"Really?" His features brightened as that smile that always made her heart flutter crossed his lips. "Are you sure? I mean you said you wanted to keep a low profile..."

"To hell with it." She said. "I'm tired of sneaking around. I'm proud of you. I want everyone to know we're together. I want all the girls to see what they can't have. But tonight, I want you."

His smile got wider. "I think I can help you there."

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Ron stumbled into his dorm. Damned stairs. He glanced to Harry's bed. Empty. Of course. He was out there, doing Hermione. His Hermione. What the hell was with Harry anyway? He could have pretty much any girl he wanted with his money and his Quidditch playing and his good looks and everything. Why did he have to take Hermione? He knew that Ron wanted Hermione. Selfish Bastard.. Ron disrobed for bed, just allowing his clothing to fall to the floor. He spent a few moments searching for the pajama bottoms he wore while sleeping, but... screw it. Sleeping in skin was better anyway.

Harry and Hermione. They were out screwing around, weren't they? Why did Harry always get what Ron wanted?

The map. He could use the map and see where they were doing it, and turn them in. Serve her right for slapping him like that. Serve Harry right to.

Where did he get off humping Ron's girl?

Ron padded over to Harry's trunk. Locked.

Crap, he didn't have his wand! Ron returned to his pile of clothing, and searched until he found the wand, then returned to the trunk.

What was he doing again?

The Map! That's right, find the map. Catch Harry screwing Hermione and turn them in.

Serve them right.

Ron waved his wand at the trunk. "Alamohello!"

Nothing happened... What that the right charm? 'alamohello' Yeah, that sounded right. Just like Potter to have some super secret lock on his trunk while he was fucking Ron's Hermione. Bastard.

Tired. Ron sat on the bed. Just for a tic. Just to rest.

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Harry was in bliss. Being inside of this beautiful girl was heaven; the way she wrapped her legs around his body to hold him inside while she used her hands to hold his face to that she could stare into his eyes while they thrust together amazed him beyond all words.

The first time had been horrible. He had hurt her, made her cry. She had assured him that the first time was often painful, but that with practice it would be so very good.

She was right as usual. They practiced, and it was very good.

They had kept their relationship a secret at Harry's insistence. No sense drawing unwanted attention to the woman he loved.

She was getting close, her eyes dilated, a thin sheen of sweat on her upper lip, her movements faster, more demanding. Recognizing the signs of her approaching orgasm, Harry picked up his tempo and quit reciting potion reaction tables in his head. If he timed this right... Her hands slid to the back of his head and tangled in his hair. She pulled his head down and covered his mouth with her own. As their tongues touched, she peaked. Another stroke, he followed her into orgasm.

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Ginny Weasley had a plan. A lot of effort had gone into this plan. It was a good plan. She had a limited window for it to be successful. Tonight she would sleep with Harry Potter.

Time was of the essence. The fertility potion was a complex one, brewing time came from a complex process that varied internally based upon the freshness of each of the fifty seven ingredients. The brew finished today at 5pm. The potion had a shelf life of six hours. It had to be tonight.

Even if the potion wasn't in the picture, she knew her time was running out. Harry and Hermione were both conveniently 'disappearing' at the same time and showing up later with near identical goofy grins. Really, who did they think they were fooling?

Well tonight, Ginny Weasley was getting what she deserved.

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She untangled herself from him. She leaned down and kissed him. "I need to use the loo." She whispered.

"Use my cloak, no one will bother you."

She took hold of his penis and stroked him. "You rest. When I get back, I'm going to want a second go."

Harry watched her gorgeous ass disappear into his invisibility cloak and felt the bed move as she left. He reached for his wand where it was wedged into the headboard.

"Nox" he murmured and the wand ceased its gentle glow. His beautiful love had problems with her appearance, no matter how many times he told her she was breath taking. Somehow making love in the dark made her even more uninhibited than she normally was. They had developed this tradition between them. They would make love with his wand lit so that he could see her, then they would repeat in the darkness so that she could release her wild side more completely.

Sometimes he loved being Harry Potter.

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Ginny silently crept into the seventh year boy's dorm. She hurriedly cast some whispered silencing charms on his bed, and then tipped back the fertility potion. She was about to crawl into the bed when an idea occurred to her.

A swish of her wand and a muttered incantation caused her long straight hair to kink and bunch up. No sense in taking any chances. She pulled

open the drapes and climbed onto the bed.

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Hermione returned to her lover, drawing back the drapes and finding him dozing. She smiled to herself. There was a certain satisfaction to know that she could exhaust him so very pleasantly.

She stretched in the darkness, luxuriating in the afterglow. Perhaps it was a reaction to having to deal with Ron and the other idiots at the party, but she was feeling somewhat... aroused by this wonderful man, more so than she normally would be after they made love... He deserved a reward. Something special perhaps, something a bit naughty, something she didn't do all that often. Hermione slid into the bed alongside her lover, and took him in hand and guided him to her mouth.

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Ron Weasley woke suddenly from his deep sleep with a start. Something was happening to him. Little Ron was engulfed in a wonderful warm wet suction. With trembling hands he reached toward his crotch in the darkness and encountered hair. A mass of bushy hair bobbing up and down over that breathtaking feeling of suction.

Hermione! Was the only word that flashed across his mind. The feeling (dare he imagine skill? No don't dwell on that) of what she was doing was amazing. Ron so wanted this feeling to last, but he was powerless to prevent his orgasm, and he emptied himself into her. To his amazement, she never stopped with her ministrations, bringing him back to full erection in less time than he thought possible.

Once he was fully erect, her mouth abandoned him and she crawled forward. Not wanting to take a chance of jinxing what was happening, Ron lay quietly trembling waiting to see (or rather feel) what his busy haired lover would do next. When the girl straddled him, guided his length into her body, and began the most wonderful motion he had ever imagined he found that he no longer cared.

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Harry pulled his lover up to a kiss, loving the feeling of her erect nipples pushing into his chest. He reached down with both hands to cup that wonderful ass. He loved the sound of her giggle as he squeezed her lower cheeks coinciding with her downward stroke. He raised his head to nibble on her neck where it joined to her shoulder, and she squealed into orgasm.

Harry buried himself inside her body completely before rolling her onto her back to continue. "Nice one Potter" she growled. "Don't stop. Do me, do me. Make me come again."

Never one to disobey, Harry slowed his motion, making each stroke slower, and more deliberate. At the same time he moved one hand to her left breast rolling her nipple between his fingers while suckling at her right.

This was their favorite position.

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"I love you." Hermione whispered to the man in whose arms she laid, their bodies still joined. He responded by nuzzling her neck sleepily.

She loved the feeling of being so very sexy when he fell asleep with her like this. The idea that she had managed to exhaust him so completely with her body offered a sense of power she found intoxicating. She wasn't hiding this anymore. To hell with appearances, to hell with Voldemort. She wasn't going to waste another day not glorying in their relationship.

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Ginny woke when her new lover began to stir. She had gotten her Harry. She laid her hand on her stomach and imagined that she could feel the new life moving inside of her. Her baby, Harry's baby.

She couldn't wait to see the look on Hermione's face once the seventh year knew she had lost. There was no doubt in Ginny's mind that Harry would be upset, but once he knew of his child, he would forgive the mother of his child anything. She reached out to shake the shoulder of her life mate, wondering if he would be up to another go before breakfast.

"Gerroff Mum." Was the response to her gentle touch. Her mouth went dry. Ignoring her nakedness she threw open the drapes of the four poster to allow the morning light into the bed.

Then she began to scream.

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Harry arrived in the Great Hall to discover the Gryffindor table in an uproar. Harry was ninety eight percent certain that nothing he had done could have caused the excitement. Surely everyone was over yesterday's game.

It was when he sat down and discovered that the anxiety was of the bad variety that his estimation of his blamelessness ticked up to ninety nine percent. Dean Thomas slid into the seat across from him.

"Harry. Where the hell were you last night?"

"Harry was with me." Said the girl who was just sitting down next to Harry. "He was with me all night."

"What?" Lavender Brown asked from three seats down the table.

"You and Harry spent the night together?" Parvati asked incredulously.

"Yes we did. Is that a problem?" was the Ravenclaw's response

"Padma! Mum is going to freak completely out!" Parvati predicted. The Gryffindor gossip queens slid down the bench to Padma's side. "So... is he any good?"

Harry shuddered at the thought of how long it was going to take for the news of his and Padma's relationship to reach all parts of the castle. He turned his attention back to Dean. "What's going on?"

"You and Padma? Good on ya Mate!"

"Dean!"

"Sorry Harry. I'm not sure of the details; all I know is that I got woke up this morning by Ginny Weasley screaming from your bed."

"What the holy hell was she doing in my bed?"

A wide grin spread across Dean's face. "Well, I don't know for certain, but when Seamus and I got there, she and Ron were both in your bed naked as Jaybirds."

"What?"

"Honest to god." Dean said knowing that as a Muggle raised wizard Harry would accept that.

"Oh, that's just... just... His own sister? In my bed?" Harry looked more than a little disgusted "Dobby?"

There was a quiet pop and Dobby appeared at Harry's side. "Yes Harry Potter sir? How can Dobby help the Great Harry Potter Sir?"

Dobby, could you please change the linens on my bed? And the drapes? For that matter could you replace the mattress?"

The elf nodded. "Dobby hear what Weezys do and already replace Harry Potter Sir's entire bed. Dobby sad to hear what Weezys do. Dobby hoped that Weezys not do that anymore, but..." the elf sighed sadly. "Theys do."

Harry wondered what that was about, but had learned not to question Dobby unless he really needed to. "Thank you Dobby."

"Harry Potter sir is calling Dobby if Dobby is needed." And with another pop the Elf was gone.

Harry shook his head. "I can't get the image out of my head. God this is disturbing."

"What's disturbing Harry?" Hermione asked as she sat next to Dean and Neville sat at her other side.

"Neville, where were you last night? You missed the excitement this morning." Dean asked excitedly.

The blond Gryffindor hesitated. "I was... um."

"Neville spent the night with me." Hermione said simply. "What happened that has everyone so excited."

"You and Neville?" Lavender squealed. Hermione responded with a smile and a nod that told the women at the table that details would be available later.

Dean explained about finding the naked Weasleys in Harry's bed

Hermione summed up the feelings of everyone at the table succinctly. "Ew."

Harry suddenly looked around the Great Hall.

"What is it Harry?" Padma asked taking his hand under the table.

"It's nothing." Harry said. "For a second there I thought I heard Banjo music..."

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Ginny sat in the Headmaster's office, staring at the floor, her long red hair, once again straight, hung down hiding her face from the room. What had she done? What had Ron been doing in Harry's bed? Harry would never have anything to do with her once he found out. Her blood ran cold. What if the potion worked?

Ron was also in the Headmaster's office suffering through one of his mother's traditional screeching lectures. Ron honestly thought he was dying. For the first time in his life he wasn't hungry. The pain from his binge the night before was devastating, and so obviously so that the Headmaster had sent for Madam Pomfrey asking that she bring Ron a hangover potion.

Dumbledore waited for Molly Weasley to pause for a breath when she interrupted the Weasley matriarch. "Miss Weasley, I'm afraid I need to know exactly what was in this vial." The Headmaster held up a small crystal container.

"A fertility potion." Ginny said without looking up.

"Why on earth would you use a fertility potion on your own brother?" Minerva McGonagall asked.

"Ron wasn't supposed to be there. It was supposed to be Harry." The girl said in an emotionless monotone.

"A fertility potion?" Molly gasped. "Oh Ginny how could you?"

It slowly dawned on Ron through the pain that he had actually had sex. And as he recalled it, pretty good sex too. Sure it was with his sister, but still...

Poppy Pomfrey bustled into the Headmaster's office with a potion vial clutched in her hand. "You pamper them Headmaster." She stopped to regard Ron with a gimlet eye. "If we let them suffer a bit they might not do it again."

"Poppy, please?" Dumbledore was having a disturbing bout of déjà vu with this.

Madam Pomfrey shook her head and handed Ron the vial. He unstopped it and tipped the potion down his throat. Relief was almost instantaneous.

"Thanks Madam Pomfrey, you're a lifesaver." Ron paused for a moment. "Is it too late for Breakfast?"

"Poppy, if you would please, it seems we may need more of your services this morning. Miss Weasley seems to have ingested a fertility potion last night before she had carnal relations. If you wouldn't mind?"

The School Healer made her way over to the youngest Weasley muttering all the while. Poppy made several passes over Ginny's body with her wand all the while muttering a complex charm. When completed, Ginny's body pulsed blue twice.

"Congratulation Miss Weasley. You're going to be a mother."

Molly gasped, but a grin spread across Arthur's face. "Well Molly, you can't say we haven't been expecting it. There's only one thing for it. Ron, Ginny, you're going to get married."

Dumbledore shook his head sadly. Minerva planted her face into the palm of her right hand muttering something about 'not again'.

"Married?" Ron sputtered. "Dad, I can't marry my sister."

"Oh, of course you can Ronald." His father said. "We'll take care of the sister thing. When I'm done no one will remember she's your sister except family, everyone else will remember Ginny as your cousin on the Prewett side." Arthur laughed. "Relax son, this is all in hand. It's not like it hasn't happened before."

"What do you mean it's happened before?" A flustered Ron asked. "Ginny is the first girl in ten generations."

"That's what everyone believes Ronny." Molly said patting his hand. "The truth is all the Weasley women in the last nine generations have married within the family. Whenever a young Weasley girl falls in love with her brother, a family spell is cast that causes almost everyone to believe she is actually from the Prewett clan."

"But Mum," Ginny said, horrified at what she was hearing. "You're from the Prewett clan."

"No dear. There is no Prewett clan. I was born Molly Weasley, and I fell in love with my handsome big brother." She leaned over to Arthur for a kiss. "We've always been together, just like you and Ron will be."

There was a short pause. Then Ron and Ginny looked at each other, their eyes met, and for the first time each of them knew what they other felt in their heart of hearts.

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Harry Potter was sitting in Charms class watching Professor Flitwick demonstrate a charm for distracting large animals when a scream rang out in the castle. It took a second of listening to the screech of horror before he realized that it wasn't one, but two people screaming.

Now what? He asked himself, deciding then and there to stay completely out of what ever it was Ron and Ginny were screaming about.

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**A/N: Cheesy I know. Transparent I know. Probably already been done better by someone else. But god this tickled me.**