

Harry Potter

All I Want Is You

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All I Want Is You

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Part 1

It was tempting to pull out his Invisibility cloak and wrap himself in it, cocoon himself away from the stares and the pointing. But, for some reason, he didn't. Maybe he was getting used to it, or maybe he just didn't care anymore if they stared or pointed.

That wasn't true, he knew, but that was okay. He was good at lying to himself lately. It was an art form. He did it every morning when he woke up and thought about how much he didn't miss her.

Harry shifted and tried not to stare back at the few people watching him. The platform wasn't crowded yet, but he knew it would be soon. The Hogwarts Express was almost here and witches and wizards were coming to pick their children up for the holiday. The few people already here had, thankfully, kept their distance.

He'd grown tired of giving autographs and answering questions. At least things had settled down at the Ministry. He was still taking his Auror Training classes, as well as doing shifts with the MLE from time to time. People there had grown accustomed to seeing him walking in the halls, catching a quick lunch with Hermione and Ron, or chatting with the Minister as they ran into each other in the corridors. Harry Potter was old news, as far as the man himself was concerned.

Harry shifted again, tugging at the wooly scarf around his neck and loosening the buttons on his jacket. While it was frigid outside, Kings Cross was warm - almost too warm - inside. He glanced at his watch and sighed when only three minutes had passed since the last time he looked.

It hadn't taken him long to convince the Weasleys to let him pick Ginny up from the station today. Mrs. Weasley, surprisingly, had jumped right in with her support of the idea. Perhaps he looked as miserable as he felt without Ginny next to him.

He hadn't seen her in what felt like years, but was really only weeks. Six, if he'd counted correctly. It was the Halloween, on their first Hogsmeade visit of the year, that Harry had met Ginny at the Three Broomsticks and they'd shared a warm butterbeer and snuggled in a corner booth, ignoring the knowing glances of Ginny's classmates and the villagers.

Ginny had asked him to come during their December visit to the village as well, but Harry's training and work at the Ministry had made it impossible. She said, in her letters, that she wasn't angry, just disappointed. A small part of him thought she might be angry anyway. He was definitely angry that he hadn't been able to arrange an escape from the world for even just a few hours.

But the waiting was almost over. Ginny was almost back in his arms, and they ached to hold her again. Letters just weren't enough anymore.

The crowd around him was growing, the whispers of his name swelling along with them, but Harry ignored it in favor of listening to the growing sound of a train coming in. His heart thumped loudly in his chest and he strained forward on his toes, trying to look down the tracks to see if it was the Express coming.

The scarlet engine pulled onto the tracks only thirty seconds late, a huge billow of steam drifting out over the platform as it pulled in. The noise around Harry increased ten-fold as students

immediately began piling out of the doors, some dragging trunks, but most of them only carrying rucksacks and cloaks draped over their arms.

Harry lifted onto his toes, searching all over for that bright, brilliant shock of red that would signal his girlfriend.

Students milled around him, some calling out greetings and shaking his hand, but none staying too long. Harry kept a wary eye out for Ginny as the seconds ticked away on his watch.

"Hiya, Harry!" Dean walked by, taller than ever, it seemed, and shook Harry's hand as they stood on the platform.

"Here to pickup Luna?" Harry asked, smiling widely at seeing his friend once more.

Yeah," he grinned, shuffling his feet slightly. "Here to pickup Ginny?"

Harry chuckled softly. "Yeah."

"You two... you're good together."

Harry wasn't quite sure how to respond to that and a brief flash of seeing Ginny in Dean's arms two years ago shuttered through his mind. He blinked it away and nodded. "You and Luna also."

"We're mostly friends," Dean shrugged. "I don't know. I guess we just bonded over that whole thing at the Manor." He shivered slightly and Harry nodded again, not really wanting to talk about last spring. He was still trying to get over all that had happened, and he could tell Dean felt the same.

"Still..." he said.

Luna joined them before Dean could respond, looking just as vacant and distracted as ever until she wound her arm through Dean's. "Hello, Harry. Ginny told me to tell you if I saw you first that she'll be right out. She had a few things to do before leaving. Head Girl things."

Harry laughed softly. He should have known. While Ginny hadn't been thrilled about getting the badge in the post this summer, Harry was proud of her. Plus, he pointed out, it gave her something more to do while they were apart. As if she needed more, being Quidditch Captain and the star of the Gryffindor team.

"Have a good holiday, Harry," Dean clapped him softly on the shoulder and Harry shook his hand, giving Luna a brief hug when she threw her arms around him. He watched them weave their way through the crowd, wondering how much longer Ginny might be. Not that he was impatient; he just wanted to see her again.

Two thin, strong arms wrapped around his chest from the back and Harry grinned.

"Sorry, I'm taken," he quipped, glancing back over his shoulder. "And my girlfriend has a mean Bat-Bogey hex."

"Perfect answer, Mr. Potter," Ginny grinned up at him and relaxed her grip so he could turn in her embrace.

"I missed you." It wasn't what he had planned to say when she first came off the train, but it was close. Even though they'd gotten back together just after the Battle last spring, neither had said those heavy words to each other. It was implied in every touch, in every kiss, but never vocalized. And Harry regretted that. He was going to change that this holiday.

"I missed you," Ginny echoed, kissing him far too chastely. Then again, Harry thought, there were a lot of people around. "Come to fetch me, have you?"

"I had to pay Ron and Hermione to stay home," Harry mumbled, letting his eyes feast on the sight of her. She looked... older, but not in a bad way. Her long hair was rather mussed, almost flat on one side and he wondered if she'd slept against the seat in her compartment on the way to London. But her eyes were bright and seemed to be visually exploring him all over as well. His stomach flipped in attraction and appreciation and he cursed the fact that they had to get back to the Burrow soon.

Ginny laughed. "I'm glad you did. We'll be able to steal a few minutes without someone looking over our shoulders."

The flash of a camera went off as Ginny moved closer and Harry bit back a growl. "Spoke too soon," he mumbled, kissing Ginny's cheek and reaching for her rucksack that lay at her feet. "Come on, let's get out of here."

* * *

The night at the Burrow was one of the best that Ginny could remember. Despite the loss of Fred, and the gaping hole that everyone felt, the celebration had been quite spectacular. Perhaps everyone was trying doubly hard to make up for his absence.

Ginny was glad to be home. Hogwarts was a million times better this year, but there were still times when the darkness of a corridor would send shivers down her back, or the sound of footsteps behind her would make her heart jump into her throat. And Harry's absence from the halls was a poignant reminder of just how much things had changed.

Harry.

He was brilliant, really. And Ginny could tell he was trying hard to do anything he could to be with her. In fact, he was almost clingy, which was a definite surprise for her to come home to. But she understood. They'd only managed a few stolen minutes on the frozen porch of the Burrow before Ron had burst out - perfect timing as usual - and gathered Ginny up in a huge hug. Harry had taken her things inside, smiling yet grumbling under his breath.

Perhaps she'd have to try especially hard to make some time for him while she was home. They needed time - letters almost weren't enough anymore. The conversations they needed to have weren't ones that should be written down, but spoken in soft tones, through only inches of space between them.

They needed time together.

"I see that frustrated look," Hermione whispered, coming up behind Ginny and helping her secure a

pine garland in place.

The house was quiet today. Ginny could hear her mother bustling around in the kitchen. Her father was bringing boxes of Christmas decorations down from the attic, stacking them in precariously teetering towers all over the living room. How she'd ended up alone in here was a mystery to her, but she had.

"I just..." Ginny trailed off and swished her hand around the living room.

"You want to be somewhere else, not here," Hermione gave a knowing nod.

"Exactly," Ginny answered with a half sigh. "Harry's working today and he may be there all day. There just never seems to be enough time when we're together."

"There will be," Hermione said with a knowing smirk. "Now, how about I give a hand around here so that you're ready if anything comes up?"

Ginny wanted to demand to know what Hermione knew, but it was no use. The older girl would never share a secret like that. "Alright," Ginny agreed finally, knowing if Harry was planning something, having all this work done would soften her mother into allowing her to spend time with him. "The faster we get it done, the faster we can sit around and talk."

Hermione laughed and started levitating things around the room. They talked about how it was at Hogwarts and Hermione lamented about her decision to start at the Ministry right away, instead of finishing her education at Hogwarts. It was the same thing they talked about since Ginny had decided to go back and the others had made their decisions to stay home, but that was alright, because Ginny was actually talking to her friend, rather than simply waiting for Pigwidgeon to bring another stack of letters to her.

By ten o'clock, the decorating was done and Ginny stood back in awe of how festive the Burrow looked. Her mother had been sticking her head into the rooms they were working every so often, offering mugs of hot cocoa, or plates of hot biscuits at every turn.

"It looks good," she nodded, smirking at a shiny bit of tinsel that was entwined in Hermione's hair.

"It does," Hermione agreed. She slid her wand away in the pocket of her trousers and produced a small bit of folded paper, which she handed to Ginny with a smirk. "And right on time, too."

Ginny's eyebrow rose in suspicion, but she simply couldn't pass up taking the note.

"I knew you knew something," she murmured as she quickly unfolded the parchment. Harry's writing was in the middle of it.

"Would like to spend the day with you if you don't mind," she read aloud. "Wear something warm and I'll be there at eleven. Harry."

Hermione looked like her laughter might just burst out of her but she refused to answer any of Ginny's rapid-fire questions about what was going on. Ginny gave up after Hermione stopped talking altogether and went up to her room.

"Wear something warm," she muttered, staring into her closet and wondering just where Harry planned to take her. Maybe he was planning a broom ride together - it was something she'd always wanted to do with him. They'd played Quidditch quite a bit this summer before she'd left back to Hogwarts, but they'd never shared a broom before. Or maybe they were going for a walk somewhere.

As she rifled through her wardrobe looking for something both warm and attractive, Ginny daydreamed about where Harry might be taking them. Really, anywhere was wonderful.

It felt like forever since they'd been able to spend time together, with just the two of them. Even Hogsmeade back in October had been less than private with everyone staring and wandering by to talk to Harry. And this summer... well, they'd managed to sneak away a few times, but there was just so much to do.

Being with Harry was... it was wonderful, but Ginny felt like they were on the cusp of something larger in their relationship. Whether it was physical or simply emotional, Ginny wasn't quite sure. She wanted both, truthfully. Stopping at kissing Harry, or even a thorough snogging wasn't nearly as fulfilling as it had once been, and Ginny was honest enough with herself to admit that she wanted to be intimate with him. She'd slowly been working them up as the summer went on, trying new things and progressing, mostly because she knew Harry would never advance things on his own. Oh, he was wonderfully attentive and took over the moment he understood what she was implying, or openly saying, but he had this strange notion that he wasn't allowed to touch her unless she first said it was okay. Sometimes she wanted him to simply reach out and take what was being offered.

He hadn't even said that he loved her yet, even though she was fairly confident that he did. She hadn't said it either, mostly because she didn't want his feelings to come simply as an answer to hers. But that would change today, she decided. If Harry didn't say something, she was going to. Heart be damned, she needed to say it. If he didn't return the sentiment... well, she'd deal with it then.

Once she'd settled on last year's holiday jumper - a pale blue that made her hair look shiny and bright - and a pair of relatively new jeans, Ginny pulled on her boots and grabbed a knit hat and mittens. She had no idea what to expect and with Harry it was best to plan for all options.

Harry was waiting in the kitchen when she came down, looking rather nervous as he talked with her mother and Hermione. They were whispering and stopped talking abruptly when they heard her on the stairs.

He smiled brightly and she noticed that he was wearing the same things she'd chosen - jumper, jeans and the scarf she'd made him this fall. He looked horribly mussed, with his hair standing on end - it was getting long again - and a mischievous grin on his face.

"You're ready?" he asked. She couldn't help but to notice that his chest was rising and falling rapidly. His heart was beating fast - she could see the shadow of the movement where his jacket was open at the throat.

"I am," she confirmed, taking the final step off the stairs. Her mother and Hermione giggled horribly on the other side of the room, but Ginny ignored it in favor of going onto her toes and

kissing Harry. He looked horribly kissable right now. "Ready for wherever we're going to go."

He smiled and gave a final glance to the ladies in the room before sliding his hand down to hers. "Get your cloak," he urged. "It's cold out."

"I'll take the basket, Harry," Hermione offered. "To the... place we talked about. That way you don't have to drag it along." Ginny hadn't even noticed the large picnic basket on the table before now - Harry had been far too distracting.

"Do I even get a hint?" Ginny asked as Harry nodded his thanks to Hermione.

"Soon," he promised, holding the door for her as she pulled her cloak on and stuffed her hat onto her head. They walked together hand in hand to the end of the lane before Harry turned to her. "I thought... I wanted to take you a few places," he admitted. It was cute to see him so flustered - his cheeks red from both the cold and whatever his plans were and his glasses crooked and slightly smudged near the edges. Ginny wondered if those were fingerprints from Harry nervously adjusting them, or if he'd been at Teddy's house this morning, watching his godson.

"Okay," she nodded, knowing she'd go wherever he wanted to take her. "Do you want to take us there, or..."

"Yeah," he nodded, sucking in a breath that startled Ginny. He seemed to be less happy all of a sudden, but he wrapped his arms around her. "Hold on."

They appeared in the middle of a thick forest and Ginny stared up at the skeletal trees, shiny white with frost from the freezing day.

"Where are we?" she asked, sliding her hand into his.

Harry stared stoically into the trees before he started, as if he hadn't remembered she was there. "I wanted... I need to take you a few places," he shrugged, pulling her through the patches of icy snow that were on the ground.

"This is the Forbidden Forest, isn't it?" Ginny asked, shivering both from the cold and the idea of where he might be taking her.

"Yeah. This is... this is the place," he shrugged as they came into a small clearing.

He didn't need to elaborate, because Ginny knew exactly what he meant. This was where he'd marched alone, letting Voldemort raise his wand against him. This is where Harry had died, for them all.

The cold was biting, numbing and Ginny's breath was nothing more than frozen bubbles of white in front of her. It hurt to breathe, but she didn't think that was from the winter.

"I had the stone, so I wasn't really alone on the way here," he explained in a dull voice. He sounded frozen, from the inside.

Ginny nodded, having heard the story before. She'd heard them all, actually, but it was different,

standing here in the place where Harry had sacrificed everything to make a better world for them all.

"I saw you, you know," he said in a voice so quiet she had to think about what he'd said to understand it. "As that green light hit me... I saw you, in my mind."

The words suddenly meant so much more than they had before. She couldn't say anything, didn't think she needed to, really. Her hand slid into his cold one and he startled, looking down at her before smiling tightly.

"That's over now," she whispered through a throat too thick for words.

"It is," he nodded jerkily. "Come on, there are other places."

Ginny let out a shuddering breath, wondering why he felt the need to bring her here, even as she was grateful he had. She knew that he'd never brought anyone else here, not even Ron and Hermione, before. And that made it even more special that he was sharing it with her.

"I'm ready when you are," she said, wrapping her arms around his chest.

Harry nodded distractedly, staring off into the icy distance before he looked down at her.

They appeared near the sea - Ginny could smell the salt on the air. She looked around and startled, seeing her brother's home not far away.

"Shell Cottage," she murmured, blinking and trying to figure out why Harry had brought her here.

"Yeah," he sighed. "But we're going over here." He motioned to the small grove of trees where Ginny knew he'd buried Dobby. She'd been here before, but not with Harry.

She'd come in the summer to visit Bill and Fleur while Harry was at training and had come down here on her own.

Ginny wrapped her arm through his and clung to his side, lending support as much as she was taking it from him.

"I finally woke up here," he said softly, the haunted look even deeper than it had been in the forest, if that was possible. "It shouldn't have taken me as long as it did."

"Harry -"

But his voice carried on, stronger and more determined. "I wasted a lot of time, Ginny. I'm still dealing with that, but... but this is where I decided. And, in the end, it worked out."

"Don't let 'what if' rule your life, Harry," she cautioned quietly. "There are a million decisions that we all could have made. What if the Ministry had pulled their heads out of the asses earlier? What if someone had simply believed you after the Tournament? Any question has too many answers to fathom."

"I know," he nodded, squeezing her hand gently. They came to the small grave and Ginny startled

seeing the large basket of food here. The area around it was warmer and she silently thanked Hermione for the warming charm. "That's not why we're here," he said, staring at the writing on the marker.

"Come on, let's have some food," she urged, tugging on his hand until he smiled tightly and sank down onto the blanket next to her.

"I didn't realize Mum was putting all of this together," Ginny accused with a smirk as she pulled out tray after tray of wonderful, rich food that her mother had prepared. "No wonder she kept me busy in the rest of the house."

Harry chuckled and helped himself to the dishes, but didn't eat nearly enough. He pushed most of it around his plate until Ginny reached over and took it from his hand.

"You're far too serious right now, you know," she murmured, leaning forward and kissing him.

He gave in easily, pulling her onto his lap and almost swallowing her with his passion and intensity.

When Ginny pulled back, they were both panting and the skin on their faces was sticky with sweat.

"Wow," Harry murmured, resting his forehead against hers.

Ginny almost told him that she loved him right there, but she had a feeling there was some objective to this journey they were on today. She'd give him to the end of the day, but she was definitely going to say it.

"I've missed you," she shrugged, joking slightly.

Harry took a minute to compose himself and Ginny busied herself with packing away the food.

"Should we take it with us, or...?"

"Bill said he'd clean it up," Harry dismissed.

"Just how much of my family is in on this little adventure today?" Ginny laughed.

"Er... well... some of them," Harry admitted, his cheeks turning pink as they stepped away from the heating charm and back into the frozen December air.

"Where to next?" Ginny asked as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled herself closer to him. Harry's fingers dug into her waist slightly and he stared at her for a moment before resting his chin on her shoulder.

Apparition squeezed them and they appeared in another wooded area, although this one was less dense with trees.

Ginny gave Harry a questioning look and he pulled away, taking his hand in hers. "This is the Forest of Dean. We camped out here a lot of last year."

Ginny nodded and looked around, picturing the worn tent that they'd used in her mind. "It must

have been rough," she said.

"It was," Harry agreed. "Just Hermione and I - Ron was gone for most of it."

"He's a prat," Ginny grumbled. But most of the sting was gone from her comment, because she'd already had this argument with both Harry and Ron before.

"Maybe," Harry hedged, rubbing the toe of his shoe into the muddy ground. "I used to think of you every night," he admitted.

The revelation was new and Ginny startled, her jaw dropping open.

Harry must have realized what he said because his face turned scarlet and he spluttered. "Not... not like *that*," he defended, "just... just worried for you and... Well, it's not like there was much to do while I was standing watch. I used to take out the Marauder's Map and watch your dot."

Ginny felt her own face heat but she was pleased. It sounded like he'd thought of her just as much as she'd thought of him. "We could have used that map at the castle," she sighed. "Think of the damage Neville and I could have done with that."

Surprisingly, Harry laughed. "Yeah, it was probably better off with me, then. The two of you did well enough on your own."

Ginny gave a little giggle and hugged him lightly before walking off into the trees. "Is this where the doe came to you?"

"Yeah," he nodded, joining her and tilting his head toward a particular place. They walked together until they came to a small pit of water that was frozen over. "The sword was in there. I had to dive in to get it."

Ginny stared at the water below the ice and shuddered, picturing Harry struggling to come up with the sword.

"Ron saved my life," Harry said, a smile that was more ironic than humorous on his face. "In that moment I forgave everything - what he'd said, him leaving... everything."

And, in this moment, Ginny did as well. If Harry had died... No, she wasn't going to go there. There were already too many thoughts like that in her head.

After a long minute of staring at the ice, Harry shrugged and turned around, staring up at the dull grey sky.

"We need to get moving if we're going to get them all."

Ginny nodded, the numbness of the cold and the things Harry was telling her creeping slowly from her skin into her body, and all the way to her bones. She thought she'd known it all, but then again, Harry was complex - full of layers upon layers. And even though she'd been in his life for so many years, she hadn't fully been a part of it until recently.

Harry reached out for her hand and gave it a quick squeeze. "I... I want you to meet someone.

Well... you'll see."

Ginny swallowed past the lump in her throat and moved into his embrace, still staring at the watery hole.

* * *

Godric's Hollow appeared before them and Harry stared at the statue in the middle of the square. It was quiet here - just as eerie as last year and just as cold.

"Is this..." Ginny's words seemed to freeze on the air and she looked around.

"Yeah," Harry shrugged, watching for her reaction. The idea for this little trip had come weeks ago, when he was trying to decide how exactly to tell Ginny how he felt about her. After talking to Hermione Harry had decided that sharing these small bits of his life - some of the places that had shaped his life more than anything, and places that Ginny hadn't been yet - was what he wanted to do.

Maybe it was too dramatic, but Harry wanted her to understand, even though he didn't think he could put it into words, really. And so far she *had* understood.

Ginny was good about that sort of thing.

"I asked Mum about this place once," she said, wandering closer to the statue and staring up at the people meant to be his parents. "I wanted to come and tend to the graves." Her cheeks grew more pink as she admitted this and Harry felt a swell of affection at the thought. It meant a lot to him that she'd even considered it.

"How old were you?"

She looked at him, her eyes full of something he couldn't quite read. "It was after the Tournament, when I realized... how alone you were."

Unable to spend another moment away from her, Harry wrapped his arms around her and buried his face in her hair and neck. "I was never alone, not really."

She nodded and he heard her snuffle slightly.

"Come on," he said, taking her hand once more and leading her toward the cemetery. Once they were in front of his parents' graves, Harry used his wand to clean away the snow and mud. He vanished a handful of frozen, dead flowers that he'd brought weeks ago. "Ginny... these are my parents. Mum... Dad... this is my Ginny."

Ginny's lower lip trembled when he looked at her and he was afraid that maybe this had all been too much. But then she let go of his hand and knelt in the snow, using her hand to wipe away the moisture on the stones and scrap the bits of mud away from the words.

"This isn't really them, Harry," she said finally, after she had the stones perfectly clean. "But... I understand. This is a place that represents them to you."

He nodded. "I know it's silly, but..."

"Not at all," she defended, removing her wand from her pocket and conjuring a bunch of bright red poinsettias before arranging them around the stones.

"Harry... could you give me a minute?"

The request came as a surprise and Harry opened his mouth to protest, but then he saw her face, saw how serious she was and how much she truly did want to have privacy for a minute. He nodded without a word and wandered away, stuffing his cold hands deep in his jeans pockets. He could hear her voice carry, although he couldn't make out what she was saying to the stones. When he looked back, Ginny was... she looked amazing, kneeling before his parents' graves and speaking softly to the stones. In a way, he wished he could hear what she was saying, but he also understood. There had been many times that he'd needed to say a private word to these two people as well.

His heart hitched when she pressed a kiss to her fingers and then held their tips to each of the stones before standing and brushing the knees of her trousers off. There were muddy patches there now and vaguely he thought Molly might have something to say about it when he finally got Ginny home.

Her eyes found him and she smiled through watery eyes, giving him the signal that she wanted him next to her again.

Even though he was tempted to ask what she'd said, Harry didn't ask. He simply pressed his lips to her temple and held her a moment before leading her away.

He had planned on showing her the house, but decided against it. Another day.

Alright?" he asked when they were just outside the graveyard.

Ginny nodded and let out a shuddering breath. "What's next?"

Harry thought about that for a minute before answering. "The night Dumbledore died, he'd taken me somewhere."

"I remember," Ginny said. "That was a horrible night."

"It was," he agreed. "I won't take you to the cave, but I was going to show you where it was. Now... now I don't think I will. There's... there's someplace else." The vision of where he was planning on taking her was clear in his mind and he shivered. This one might be the hardest to share, because it had been the death of his innocence, really. This had been the real turning point for the Wizarding world, but they'd only just recently discovered that.

"This one might be... rough."

"Not worse than where we've been," Ginny shook her head. Harry bit his lip, not wanting to argue with her. This was one of his worst memories, actually; one that inspired nightmares to this day.

"Ginny... it's the graveyard where he..."

Her face went white and she looked away, blinking. "Oh."

"Yeah. I mean, we don't have to -"

"No," she shook her head, her deep brown eyes piercing into his. "We do."

He looked at her for a long minute before nodding. "Okay." With his eyes closed and his arms wrapped around her, Harry took them there.

It looked different in the winter, Harry decided, but almost as haunting. There was a fine layer of snow over everything, making it look much cleaner, but Harry's eyes were still drawn to the exact place everything had happened.

"It was there," he pointed, his hand shaking in Ginny's. Or maybe it was her shaking - he wasn't sure. There was a fierce look on her face - determination and fury that made his chest swell with something so deep that it shook him. Once more, as if he needed confirmation now, Harry knew that he loved this woman more than anything. He opened his mouth, the truth of it almost leaking out of his mouth, but he clamped it down. Not here - this wasn't the place.

"This was where it all started, really," Harry shrugged. "I mean, it started when Voldemort chose to believe a prophecy, but... This was the beginning of it."

"It seems fitting," Ginny said, wrapping her arms around herself and taking a step toward the ruined grave markers. "He tried to be reborn here, in a graveyard. He was always dead."

Now that she pointed it out, Harry thought it fit well too. "Yeah, I see what you mean."

"This was the beginning, yes," Ginny said, turning to him, "the beginning of his downfall."

"What do you -"

"He couldn't beat you then, Harry," she said, coming to stand close enough that he could feel the warmth of her body in front of him. "He should have known not to try again."

Her faith in him made a knot start to build in his stomach. If only he'd listened to her more last year - heard these words of wisdom that seemed to come so easy to her.

"You were always stronger than Tom," she said, giving one last glance to the empty yard behind her. "I always knew it. And so did you."

"I didn't feel it," he shook his head. His fingers found hers and he squeezed them slightly, wishing she would put her mittens on - her fingers were too cold. "I never felt it until... just that minute."

"We all knew it," she said softly, placing a tender kiss right at the edge of his lips. He tilted his head and took control, banishing memories of a dead man in favor of losing himself in the woman he loved.

"How many more?" she asked when they broke apart, breathing harsh between them. Puffs of warm air filling the space and making Harry's body respond in ways he didn't think were possible in the freezing cold graveyard.

"Two," he mumbled, amending the number immediately in his head. There were a dozen more if he chose, really, but they weren't needed anymore. Just... just two more.

"Let's get on with it then," she smiled, kissing him once more. He almost asked what she was thinking at that moment, but it slipped away when she nuzzled her face into his chest and held him tightly, giving her whole trust over to him to take her where he wanted.

"Let's go," he said, giving one last fleeting look to the graveyard and burying that part of his past. Ginny was right, this was a beginning and an ending.

The next second they were surrounded by the salty air and spray of the sea striking rocks all around them.

"Er..." Ginny blinked. "Did you miss?"

Harry chuckled and shook his head. "Nope. I meant to land just where we are. Well... maybe just over there," he pointed to a rock a few steps away and she laughed, swiping at his jacket front before pulling away and standing in the center of the large rock, watching the icy sea swell all around them.

The hut was still there, looking much as it did all those years ago. There were still gaps between the boards and the windows had years' more layers of grime and filth on them.

"Haven't I told you this story?" he asked, watching as Ginny spun around. The ends of her hair flew out away from her and he stared, mesmerized until she slipped, the rocks clattering underneath her.

Harry's arms closed around her and Ginny corrected herself quickly. "I... don't think so," she shook her head. Harry nodded and stared around, feeling the sea spray on his face.

"Come on." He pulled her toward the hut, their feet crunching on the icy rocks, sounding like broken glass.

"Uncle Vernon brought us here when the Hogwarts letters began coming," he said, shivering as a particularly chilly gust of wind caught them.

"Out here?" Ginny laughed, making him smile. Somehow, her laughter seemed to bring new life to this place and Harry had to laugh as well.

"Yeah, out here." Ginny smirked as she inspected the hut, nudging the door open. It was just as smelly as he remembered inside - stale dirt and seaweed along with the salty air. "I remember staying up until it was my birthday," he said, standing in the center of the hut and holding his lit wand aloft. "Then Hagrid came."

"And he broke down the door," Ginny scowled in remembrance. "Now I remember."

Harry laughed again and couldn't help his surprise at the warmth just her presence and her laughter brought him. The little boy who had once been here seemed decades - maybe centuries - away. That boy hadn't existed for a very long time. Seeing Ginny here, now, it was a wonder how that boy

had ever managed to survive.

"Gin..."

She looked up from where she was inspecting the edges of the hut, a curious look on her face.

"I... I love you," he said, licking his dry lips. The words only seemed to travel a few inches before they dissolved into the cold air. But Ginny heard because she came to stand in front of him, a smile blooming on her face.

"You saved that for *here*?" she asked, a small laugh falling from her.

Harry felt his cheeks heat but nodded all the same. "Well, I wasn't sure where I was going to tell you, really. But..."

"Here's good," she protested, sliding her hands into his. They weren't cold anymore and the warmth of them flooded from Harry's fingers up his arms and into his body. "Here's... very good," she whispered.

He smiled finally sure that he'd made the right decision. The soft look she was giving him made his skin tingle all over.

"You know," she said, only inches from his lips. "I love you."

Harry laughed softly, relief and happiness feeling like a sunburst inside of him. "I... I know that," he mumbled, closing the distance.

Two wonderful things had happened to him in this little hut on the rock, in the middle of the sea. Hagrid had spoken those four words that had changed his life forever. And Ginny had spoken the three words that had changed it again.

"You said one more," Ginny said as she pulled away. "More adventures into the past? Please tell me we're not going to Surrey."

Harry snorted and shook his head. "No more of the past," he said. "The future this time."

Her left eyebrow quirked in interest and Harry felt another wave of joy wash over him. Instead of Apparating straight out, he took them outside once more, the mist of the sea spraying on his face. The need to do something horribly silly, like shout his excitement to the world right now, was great.

"I love you," he said again, wondering how he'd lived before saying the words.

Ginny echoed it back through a giddy smile and laughed as they rocked back and forth in each others arms.

Suddenly, Harry couldn't hold back any longer. "I love you, Ginny Weasley!" he shouted to the heavens, crying it over and over again until they were both laughing so hard they could barely stand.

"You're a prat," she said, squeezing him tightly. "Good thing I have this soft spot for prats."

Harry kissed her completely then, unashamed to keep what he felt inside. Today had been... wonderful, in a strange way that he'd never expected. Her laughter washed over him once more and he wanted to wrap himself in the feel of the smoky clouds that were her breath. It wasn't all that cold anymore, really.

Sharing the past with Ginny was more freeing than he'd been able to imagine and Harry felt like a new person, full of promise and hope for a future with the woman he loved. It was horribly sappy, he knew, but he couldn't help his mind from racing ahead, seeing Ginny in white wedding robes, seeing her grow big with their child inside, seeing her surrounded by a handful of children, smiling at him the whole while.

It was still early for that - they'd only barely said those three words - but it was there, like a beacon of hope shining in their future.

"Where does the future start for us?" Ginny asked. Her face sparkled slightly with the cold water droplets on it and Harry smiled down at her.

"Wherever we want it to be," he shrugged. His body stirred when Ginny looked through her lashes at him and he took a deep breath. "My flat," he shrugged, knowing he was being far too daring.

"That's a good place to start," she said, her voice shaking. But she looked sure of herself, that blazing look he'd fallen in love with settling on her features.

"Let's go," he said softly.

Part 2

Ginny's whole body shook as they arrived in Harry's flat - or maybe it was Harry shaking.

"So... this is it," he said, holding out his hand nervously and then grimacing and ruffling his hair.

She'd been here before, but it was an empty set of rooms then, with nothing in them and the ink was still wet on the lease. It was small, but it seemed to suit Harry well. He'd tried his best to make it a home, with pictures here and there, a Gryffindor banner hung crookedly on one wall. Ginny instantly saw a hundred things she would do differently, but it's *his* flat, not hers, and if he's happy with it...

"It's perfect," she nods her judgment and moves to look at the largest framed picture just over the fireplace. There's not really a mantel, so it is hung there, a bit crookedly.

It's the two of them, sitting in the field behind the Burrow, their thighs touching and Harry's giving her this... look.

"I remember this day," she said. "It was the first real time we played Quidditch after..."

"Yeah," Harry nodded, coming up behind her and resting his hands on her shoulders. The weight of them tugs a bit on the ends of her hair, but she doesn't care. "I remember too. That was the first moment I felt completely alive again. Hermione kept snapping photographs -"

"As if we all might disappear any moment," Ginny finished with a smile. She tugged off her hat, her face heating at what her hair might look like. But she let it go as she leaned back into him, the scent of simply Harry washing over her

"You know why I like this one best?" he asked, still staring at the picture, even as his arms slid from her shoulders and snaked around her middle.

Ginny grinned. "Because just after this, I took you with me to put the brooms away, and I let you touch my breasts."

Harry snorted. "Well, yeah, but..."

"Come on, Potter, admit it, you're a breast man." Ginny turned in his embrace and laughed at his pink cheeks. His hair stood on end, probably just as messy as hers was from wearing a cap, and he grinned, letting his eyes slide down to her front. He was trembling again. "Not that there's much there to be ogling."

"There's plenty," he smirked, his face going even redder.

His boldness spurred her on and she tossed her cap aside before undoing her cloak and letting it slide down her. "You may be into them," she dismissed, "but I'm into this." Her hands rubbed along his sides and around his back, where they dropped to his bottom. He gave a little squeak when she caressed it and his hips involuntarily thrust into her, proving how attracted to her he truly was - breasts or whatever it was making his trousers bulge. And he'd only seen them through her jumper

today. He was definitely a breast man.

But she'd know that, because this summer they stole minutes away, frantically exploring, but never going too far. Harry had fondled her bare breasts in the broom shed, and she'd rubbed him through his jeans out behind her father's shop until he'd come in a shaky rush of exhaled breath and whispers of her name. And they'd kissed - glorious hours spent kissing lips, and faces, and necks, and even chests at times.

His fingers traced delicate circles in the wool of her jumper, just high enough on her sides that she knew what he wanted. And she wanted it too; her breasts ached for his touch again - the feather-light, appreciative touches that gave way to small squeezes and his seemingly endless fascination with the way he could make her nipples pucker enough to accept his kisses there. Her whole body ached, actually, and she went up on her tiptoes, bouncing for just a second before kissing him.

Harry's fingers dug into her now, not hurting, but holding her in place as his tongue retraced places he'd memorized this summer. It had been too long since they'd been able to do this - completely forget themselves and simply live in the moment.

A groan slipped from him and his hands were off her a breath later, fumbling to remove his scarf and jacket, even kicking at his slightly muddy boots.

Ginny tried not to laugh at how desperate he looked, because she felt the same way. Her boots joined his near the fireplace and they stood looking at each other, stocking-clad toes touching each other.

"I love you, Ginny Weasley," he whispered, reminding her of minutes before, when he'd screamed it at the sky. It was just as intense and emotionally driven right now and Ginny felt the words melt into her jumper and raise goosebumps along her skin.

"I love you," she said back, her fingers finding the loops on the sides of his jeans and tugging him toward her just a bit. Their bodies met in the center of the space and Harry grinned down at her before letting his hand smooth her hair against her head.

"Do you, er... what do you want, Gin?"

It surprised her that he was asking, actually. She'd assumed that his invitation to come to his flat had been rather all-inclusive. But, this *was* Harry; perhaps it had to be spelled out, just in case.

"I want... you," she shrugged one shoulder. Whatever that meant. Harry seemed to understand at least part of the statement as he swallowed several times and nodded jerkily.

"Er... maybe we should go back to..." his hand jutted out to the side, where a narrow hallway led back to a bedroom and the loo.

Ginny swallowed thickly and tried to calm her racing heart as it climbed higher and higher into her throat. "Okay," she said softly. Her mind raced ahead, trying to decide if she was really ready for this moment or not. They'd only just said their feelings aloud, even though they'd been together for more than six months now. Most of that had been spent apart and Ginny didn't want this decision to be in the heat of things, when they might regret it later. Well, that wasn't true. She didn't think

she'd ever regret giving herself to Harry - he'd been the only one for her for a very long time - but she might regret that they weren't fully prepared, or that they'd rushed it.

They entered Harry's bedroom which was slightly mussed - the duvet was thrown over the bed, but Ginny could see the crumpled sheets below it, there was laundry draped on various surfaces and stacks of parchment around his desk.

"Sorry, it's..."

"Fine," Ginny interrupted, moving ahead of Harry and sitting on the end of the bed. Her legs quivered and her belly flipped, watching him standing there, his hands shoved deep in his pockets. He was nervous; which was good, she supposed, because she couldn't seem to stop shaking.

"Harry, I..."

"If you don't want..."

"Maybe... some?" she asked, making the decision right there. If they were completely, fully ready right now, wouldn't the decision be easier? They'd simply fall into bed and tear each other's clothing off.

Harry looked both relieved and disappointed, actually.

"But if you're ready..." Ginny continued, her lungs feeling like they could never get enough air. "I mean, I am, but..."

"Some is good," Harry nodded. His glasses slipped down to the end of his nose with the movement. He hastily pushed them back up and then came to sit next to her. His hands ran up and down his thighs and Ginny stared at the long fingers, her body twitching to feel his touch again.

"I've heard it helps if you are touching me," she leaned to the side and nudged his shoulder.

Harry laughed nervously before nodding. "This shouldn't be hard," he protested.

Ginny took a shaky breath. "Just... just don't think about what we're going to do. Think about kissing me instead. Let yourself get lost in that and then we'll see where it goes."

"Yeah, okay."

His hand reached up and traced her jaw line before he placed a kiss there. The fire sparked between them again and Ginny turned facing him and practically climbing into his lap to kiss him. It did help to push what they were planning out of her mind and it seemed to have worked for Harry as well, because he wasn't shaking anymore.

"Can I, erm..." His fingers tugged at her jumper and Ginny smiled into his kiss. Of course, he wanted to see his favorite play things.

"Yeah," she nodded, pulling back. With a quick movement, her jumper was over her head. Harry's eyes went wide and he adjusted his glasses before jerking into a movement that had his own jumper pulling off. The seam tore as he took it off.

"Don't worry," she soothed as he grimaced, staring down at the hole, "I can sew that - good as new."

His fingers brushed the wool before he set it aside and turned back to her. His chest was heaving just as much as hers was and she took just a moment to appreciate how toned he was becoming with his training before she moved her hands around to her back and undid the clasp on her bra.

She held it in place with her arm as the straps slid down her shoulders. Harry lifted a hesitating hand, barely tracing her collarbone before he looped his finger in one of the straps and helped remove it. Both of them caught their breath when she was bare and Harry's tongue darted out to wet his lips.

"Still just as beautiful," he murmured, sliding closer to her.

Ginny gave up all pretenses and simply climbed into his lap. She was mostly bare and they were on his bed, in his quiet flat. This was happening.

"You doubted?" she mumbled, smiling.

"No, not really, just..." his face heated and his hands were hot on the skin of her back before they traced around to the front. "Just better than my dreams," he tilted his head to the side and each hand wrapped under a breast, lifting them lightly and feeling the weight of them before he pulled back and traced the pink nipples with his fingers. Ginny gasped and bucked against him, arching her back in response.

Her hands felt out of place and so she rested them on his shoulders, letting her fingers slide into the slightly long hair at his neck. Maybe she could talk him into letting her cut it this holiday. She ran her fingers along his scalp, lightly scratching, and Harry hissed in pleasure. He leaned forward and kissed along her neck and collarbone before bending to take one of her nipples into his mouth.

Ginny moaned at the heat of his tongue on her and braced herself. He was bowed almost in half and she lifted his head.

"Lay back," she whispered, knowing there had to be a better way to do this. He blinked at her for a moment before nodding and helping her climb off and up the bed. Ginny lay on her back and smiled nervously up at him.

"It's okay," he mumbled, leaning over her slightly and resuming his task. She wasn't sure which of them he was reassuring - maybe both.

"Very okay," she agreed as he moved to the other side. Her belly fluttered but it was a building sensation. Logically, she knew what it was, but didn't know quite how to achieve what needed to be done to relieve the growing pressure. Harry should do that, not her. At the same time, though, she reveled in the building feeling. This was the most she'd ever felt with anyone else, and it was exquisite torture.

Harry's body began to shake against hers and he shifted, pressing his front along her leg. She felt the prominent bulge there and after giving a wide-eyed stare at the ceiling above Harry's head, pressed her leg back against him.

He sucked in a breath and seemed to forget all about her as he slid up and down on her. Ginny shifted and Harry lifted between her thighs, giving her a questioning glance before he lowered himself. She nodded once and accepted him there, cradling him against her body and loving the feel of his weight pushing her down into the mattress. He wasn't heavy, but she was sure he might become so soon.

"Gin." Her name fell from his lips and danced along the skin of her shoulder before he wiggled his hips. The movement made him hiss, but Ginny could tell that he enjoyed it, because he did it again. It was the same sound he'd made when she'd pressed her hand to him as they leaned against the wall of her father's shed, and rubbed him until he'd sighed in happiness.

"Move, Harry," she said softly, wrapping her arms around him and letting her fingers trail on the smooth skin of his back.

He hitched up slightly, using his knees for leverage until he was rocking against her in a jerky rhythm. Dry humping.

She'd heard the girls at school talk about doing it, but it wasn't quite as satisfying as she'd thought it might be. Obviously it was working for Harry, but the friction of her jeans was almost too much for her.

Her hand slid down to his lower back and held him in place, firmly stopping his movements.

He lifted his head and peered down at her through smudged glasses. "Er... sorry, if that's not -"

"I think we can manage a bit better," she whispered, moving her hand around to the front and sliding the button through the hole on his jeans. Harry swore when she lowered the zip, and lifted himself higher to give her access.

"Roll over," she said, pressing a kiss to his chest, just above his nipple.

Harry blinked at her for a moment before nodding and doing as she asked. His stomach contracted when her hand traced it before sliding lower, into his jeans and lifting the elastic of his pants to allow her fingers inside. He bucked up toward her touch when she finally found him, hot and hard. Her eyes widened at the strength of the muscle and she nearly asked him to take his clothes off so she could see.

"Here," he mumbled, sliding his jeans a bit lower so that she had more room to maneuver. She smiled her thanks and placed a kiss on his cheek, moving lower until her head was cushioned on his chest. Her hand traced the head of his penis and she stared at the small flashes of it she was getting as she moved.

"More... firm," he said, his own hand laying on top of his pants and holding hers in place. "And... more near the head."

She nodded, licking her lips to clear any nervousness. She did as he asked and his hand fell away as she moved, tracing the ridges along him and finally easing her thumb over the silky tip. He groaned in satisfaction - or was that pain - when she pressed down on the slit, and lifted his hips toward her.

"Now... all the way down." His hesitant instructions helped and Ginny sat up, leaving him for a moment to tug his jeans and pants down to his knees. This would be better if she could see him, she told herself. Although, it was for selfish reasons too. She wanted to see him, wanted to look up at him as she brought him to orgasm.

He stared down at her with wide eyes when she straddled his thighs and resumed touching him.

"Like this?" she asked, sliding her fist around him and then moving it all the way down, almost choking him.

Harry made an unintelligible sound, but his eyes rolled back in his head and he nodded against the pillow.

Ginny smiled, pleased that she'd done it right, as she continued her movement. Harry's hand twitched, lifting as though he wanted to join her movement.

"What next?" Ginny asked.

"The erm... just all over," he shrugged a shoulder. His cheeks turned bright pink and he stared down at her hand, wrapped around his fully erect penis.

"Oh Merlin," he swore, arching his back at the sight and staring up at the ceiling. He bit his lip as her pace picked up, using the same movements over and over.

Her eyes widened when a small drop of fluid leaked out over the tip, dripping down until her fingers caught it and smoothed it over the head. Another drop followed it and Harry swore again.

Ginny kept moving, her eyes alternating between watching the hypnotic movement of her hands and Harry in front of her. His body was... it was amazing, responding to her simple touch. None of him was still - his back arched in time with her hands, and his head thrashed on the pillows. Even his tongue kept darting out, licking his lips in between his teeth biting the flesh there.

"Gin... oh, Ginny."

That was all the warning he got before his hips jerked up, the motion continuing through his penis, pushing his release out until the fluid spilled out the tip, spurting onto his stomach and all over her hands.

"Keep... keep moving," he urged, arching again. More fluid leaked out as Ginny ran her hands down him and then back up, pulling slightly. It continued for a few seconds more before Harry sunk into the mattress, his chest heaving and a huge smile on his face.

"That was..."

"Amazing," Ginny agreed, staring down at her sticky hands with fascination. This was so much better than rubbing him through his jeans. The way the muscle reacted, flexed and moved under the skin was... hypnotic. "We're going to do that a lot," she informed him with a smirk as she removed her wand from her jeans, having forgotten it was there completely, and started to cast a cleaning charm. "Er... is this okay."

"Yeah," Harry nodded, stirring from his spot. "A wizard's favorite charm," he mumbled with a blush.

"Do you use it often?" Ginny grinned cheekily as the fluid was cleaned away. Harry's penis was much less hard, but not completely relaxed as he stared down at her.

"Er, yeah," he shrugged. "When you're gone, I... I think about you."

The confession made her throat close slightly and she nodded, unsure what to say now. "I think about you too," she settled on, knowing it was the right thing when his face flushed and the red continued down onto his chest.

"What am I doing, in these thoughts of yours?" he asked, nudging her upward. Ginny moved off of his knees and watched as he tugged his pants back up, but removed his jeans.

"Er..." It was her turn to blush as she sat on the bed. "You know... touching me and... stuff."

"Like this?" Harry asked, his hand caressing her side and cupping her breast.

Ginny nodded and sighed in contentment. The building sensation started in her belly again as too many thoughts swirled through her mind. She'd just brought him off, using her hand, for Merlin's sake, she shouldn't be nervous about him wanting to do the same. If that's what he wanted, anyway.

Harry nudged her backward until she was lying on the bed again. His touches built along her breasts until her whole body was shaking.

"What else?" he asked, seeming entirely eager to please her the way she had him.

Ginny bit her lip and remembered his direction to her when she was touching him. "Lower," she smiled, biting her lip when his finger traced her belly button, teasing her. She blinked up at him, thrilled to see a happy little smirk on his face. "Prat."

"Your prat," he corrected, dipping his hand lower and tracing the band of her jeans. It tickled and Ginny giggled, reaching down to hold his arm with her hands. "Always mine," she whispered.

He nodded and looked down as her hands fell away. He licked his lips once more and fumbled with the button until it released. "You're going to have to help," he warned her, sounding much less confident than a moment before.

"I will," she assured him.

He took a deep breath and lowered her jeans, until he could fully see her knickers. She said a silent prayer of thanks that she'd worn her fancy pair, rather than the ones her mother insisted she have - the plain white cotton ones that covered everything. These were lacy and black, covering very little, and had been purchased just a few weeks ago on that Hogsmeade trip that Harry had been unable to attend.

"Holy..." Harry temporarily forgot how to breathe, it seemed, and it all hit him in a rush, making his

chest heave and his voice sound rather raspy.

"You like them?" she asked, grinning as he still stared. If he had been a breast man before... perhaps the knickers changed his mind.

"I like them," he nodded, swallowing thickly. His hand shook and he traced part of the lacy pattern before sliding one finger under the edge. He gave her a look, seeking her approval. Ginny nodded and he slid further inside.

His breathing caught again when he found the hairs inside and he combed through them gently before tracing down.

"Take them off," Ginny urged him, seeing the awkward angle his wrist was at. Harry slid the lace down her hips slowly, aided when Ginny lifted her hips.

"Wow." He stared for what seemed like a long time and then his hand was there, tracing every part of her. Ginny wanted to laugh at his sudden courageous streak, but she couldn't do more than gasp as he found all the right places, never staying in any of them long enough.

"Warm," he mumbled, "and wet."

"Slow down," she whispered, reaching for his wrist. "Slow movements."

"Yeah, sorry," he said sheepishly, letting her hand guide him. His long fingers seemed to be able to reach everywhere and he soon had her writhing. Her hand fell away when he pushed one finger inside her, drawing out more wetness and staring wide-eyed at it.

"Right... right there," she guided his hand again, to the little bundle of nerves that he'd passed over before. "But it's really sensitive, so..."

"So be gentle." His confirmation was echoed in his touch and Ginny arched against him. Her fists wrapped in the blankets as the pressure built. Watching his concentration as he worked was almost as much of a turn on as his actual touch and Ginny wanted more than anything to soar over the edge of release, just to please him - to reward him for being so wonderful.

"Gin," he groaned and she glanced down to see the tip of his erect penis poking out of the slit in his boxers. "Just... just let go," he urged. His thumb slid over her clit just as his finger moved deep inside her and Ginny gave a shuddering sigh, climaxing around his hand. Her thighs closed on his arm and she rocked against his touch, prolonging the release.

"Gin, I know we said..."

His words were hesitant, shaking as much as his body was when she opened her eyes.

"It's okay," she nodded, knowing that it really was. After what they'd just done, taking that last step was fine.

"Are you... are you sure?" he asked, wiping his hand on the duvet beneath them. "We don't have to, I just..."

"You want to," she finished. "And so do I, Harry. I love you."

"And I love you."

"And it's right for us."

"It is."

Ginny smirked at the look of relief and joy on his face. "Then get on with it, Potter."

He snorted out a laugh and tugged her jeans off, taking her socks with them. The lacy knickers followed soon after, although Harry held on to them a minute longer.

"I really, really like these," he mumbled, laying them on the bed rather than tossing them to the floor.

"I'll remember that," Ginny promised, feeling incredibly exposed as she lay naked on the bed. "Maybe I'll have to sneak into Hogsmeade and buy more."

"Definitely," he agreed, stepping on the toes of his socks to remove them. His boxers were next, lowered slowly until he was just as bare as she was. "If you don't buy them, I will."

"That'd be a headline," Ginny laughed as he joined her back on the bed, wrapping his arms around her and placing a sloppy kiss on her shoulder, "Harry Potter Buys Knickers."

Harry groaned and rolled them until Ginny was on top of him. His hips thrust upward involuntarily and Ginny straddled him, grinding down onto the tops of his thighs and holding her belly against his penis. "Like I need any more headlines."

"Best leave buying the lingerie to me then," Ginny winked, leaning down to kiss him. They kissed for what seemed like forever, but was probably only a minute or two, before Harry pulled back.

"I feel like I'm going to explode," he muttered, rocking against her.

"Stop being so dramatic," she scolded, laughing when he rolled them again. "Can you reach my wand?"

He gave a questioning glance before nodding. "Good thinking."

"At least one of us is using the correct brain," Ginny grinned when he handed her the wand and she cast the contraceptive charm.

"Oi! It's not like I can help it," Harry squawked. "You're there... all *naked* and everything."

Ginny laughed and set the wand aside. The room was filled with long shadows now, the late afternoon sun finally peaking through the winter blanket of clouds. It was just enough light to see everything, but leave a bit of mystery and atmosphere to the room.

"I'll try to remember that for next time," Ginny waggled her eyebrows. "Harry stops thinking when I take my clothes off."

"I do," he defended. "Completely." His eyes were on her breasts again and his penis twitched against her thigh.

"I'm ready, Harry," she whispered. "Just... just go slow."

His face tightened and he took a deep breath before moving into position. His hand slipped between them and put the tip of his penis into her folds. Ginny relaxed her hips, knowing this was going to hurt. That was okay, she expected the stretching feeling. It was likely that her hymen had been broken years ago - girls who rode brooms and were athletic usually didn't have one left by the time they were seventeen anyway - so she didn't think there would be a tearing sensation.

"I do love you, Gin," Harry said, holding himself aloft.

"I know, Harry," she nodded, holding onto his biceps and bracing her feet for the thrust. "But you didn't have to say it, you know. You're going to get lucky anyway."

Harry chuckled and dipped his head to kiss her before thrusting his hips forward. The pressure built, stretching her until she was full. It burned slightly, but Harry kept his motion steady and slow, letting her adjust.

His face was a mix of extreme pain and pleasure, and his arms shook.

"Harry... relax," she urged, rolling her hips to allow him to move deeper. He nodded and lowered onto his elbows.

"I just... I don't want to hurt you." He kissed her softly while sliding his hips back away.

"You aren't," she assured him, caressing his face and hair. This moment right here was tender - a stolen moment between lovers - and Ginny thought it was perfect. A perfect first time, complete with fumbling and awkwardness and laughter. Just as she'd always wanted it to be. "You can move now."

He nodded and kissed her again before sliding back in. Ginny winced when his hip bones drove hard into her, but she tried not to make a sound. This was part of it, she knew, letting their bodies get used to moving together, stretching to accommodate each other and learning the right ways to do this.

The next motion was better, as if Harry had finally found the confidence to move surely. And the next was even better.

"Not going to last," he warned her, biting his bottom lip. His glasses were down at the end of his nose and Ginny reached up to remove them, lavishing kisses all over his face even as he gripped her hip, pulling her thigh up and clamping it there.

"Then go," she urged, lifting into him when he surged forward.

They managed a few good, deep thrusts before Harry cried out and spilled himself inside her.

"I, er... is there something I can do to, er..."

"I'm fine, Harry," Ginny said, kissing his cheek and holding him in place. Yes, it would have been nice to orgasm again, but it wasn't necessary. She had once, and that was good considering this was their first time.

"I didn't last long enough," he mumbled, kissing the side of her throat before pulling out completely. "I'm sorry. Next time..."

"Next time will be just as brilliant," Ginny assured him. "I enjoyed it, Harry. I really did."

His eyes were bright, unshielded by his glasses and he lay down next to her, his hand tracing patterns on her belly. "Yeah?" The amazement in his tone made her laugh.

"Did you not think I did?"

"Well, I... you *didn't* the second time, and..."

"Oh, Harry," she said, kissing him and cuddling them together. "Not every time is going to be perfect. I'm not going to... finish every time. And I did once - that's enough for now."

"I finished twice," he mumbled, still seeming unsure.

"Yeah, I got that part," she chuckled. Her hand slid to his side, where she knew he was ticklish, and brushed the skin there. He bucked against her and wrapped his arms around her, rolling them until he had her pinned down. But the distraction had worked; Harry wasn't thinking about the fairness of it all anymore.

"Witch," he growled softly.

"Your witch," she corrected playfully. "The witch you love."

"Very much," he agreed, laying his head on her chest and relaxing there. "You know... we just had sex."

Ginny couldn't help but laugh. "And you're just now realizing that?"

Harry lifted his head and rolled his eyes. "Yeah, I mean... we just had sex! I... isn't the world supposed to end now? There should at least be fireworks or something... a parade... or food or..."

Ginny's laughter kept coming as Harry continued talking. She wasn't sure if it was excitement about the whole idea of them having sex, or just nervousness that kept him chatting. Either one was alright with her.

Everything between them was different now. That precipice that she'd been aware of before today was past them now - both the emotional and physical. She wasn't quite sure where that left them, other than naked together in Harry's bed, and completely happy, but that was okay. They had time to figure that out. Plenty of time. Nothing had changed, really, when she looked at it.

"Harry... I'm in love with you."

His babbling stopped and he grinned up at her. "Yeah, I got that part."