

Harry Potter

**All the Way to the  
End of the World**

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# All the Way to the End of the World

**Fandom:** Harry Potter.

**Author:** hgfan1111.

**Genre:** Romance.

**Rating:** Explicit.

**Characters:** Ginny Weasley. Harry Potter.

**Pairings:** Ginny/Harry.

**Other Tags:** None.

**Status:** 7,100 words; One-Shot.

**Summary:** Ginny's lost sight of the important things in life and it's up to Harry to remind her.

**Warnings:** None.

## Harpies Stars Glimmer, But Fail To Shine

Staff Reporter, Micky Glanville

*We all knew it was coming, the inevitable fall of Holyhead from the top of the ranks. The team has dominated for too many years to not have an off season somewhere in them. And this week's game against Portree proved that the all-woman team is simply not up to battling it out with the men of Professional Quidditch. The Harpies may have pulled out a victory due to Faith Dougherty's amazing catch of the Snitch—the diving snatch right out of thin air was the Harpies' best move all day—but the win was hollow.*

*Not surprising at all was the horrible play by Ginny Potter. Potter has been slipping more and more each game, disillusioning fans who were charmed by the glitz and glamour of a shiny name. She may have been a top scorer last year, but Saturday's game proved she was nothing more than a flash in the cauldron.*

*Potter allowed three turnovers to the Pride while her fellow Chasers watched dismally. Play was even halted at one point while they attended to a somewhat questionable shoulder injury. Number four came back into the game looking as if she had something to prove. She managed two good scoring drives before falling apart again.*

*One has to wonder what Jones is thinking by keeping Potter in the opening lineup for so long when her brilliance is less than stellar. Perhaps it's only the famous Potter name that holds the spot when there are far more worthy players waiting in the reserves for their shot.*

*Portree's Chaser, Christopher Rangel had a spectacular game, capitalizing on Potter's missed shots and flubs with the Quaffle. "She's a tough competitor," he admits, "but I got the best of her this time."*

*Rangel managed to outscore Potter by almost double, becoming the clear star of the match.*

*While the Harpies may have something to prove against their rivals Caerphilly next week, this reporter wonders if pulling Potter to the sidelines isn't the better choice for that matchup. Potter certainly has been wasting her time in training if this is the best she has to offer. Perhaps her mind is elsewhere these days. Wherever it is, Jones will be hard pressed to win another game with shoddy playing like the Harpies displayed this week.*

\* \* \*

Ginny stared down at her purple-black hand and watched as the bruise slowly began to recede under the thick paste that had been smeared all over it. Really, they could have done this without coming to St. Mungo's and making the humiliation complete, but of course that wasn't how things were done.

Instead of suffering the stares of her teammates and simply forgetting about it, now the whole world would know. The Daily Prophet would like nothing more than to spread the story all over the papers. They'd be thrilled to have Ginny's face plastered all over another front page.

She knew she was dwelling on the whole situation entirely too much, after all, Quidditch injuries happened often. But this story following the last one they printed about the game against Portree would certainly stir more talk.

Her arm was numb now. The healing spell had done its work, and the bruise paste was quickly taking care of the evidence of injury. Unfortunately there was no spell to make her bruised ego feel better.

"I'd like you to stay here for at least an hour," the Healer said, his face full of concern as he probed Ginny's wrist gently. "Wrist injuries can be tricky. There are times that the bone fuses incorrectly and we must do the charm again to correct—"

He continued his explanation, but Ginny tuned him out, replaying the moment that the Quaffle had sailed toward her. She'd been lost in her own world, trying to blot out the cruel words of the article in her head.

And although she'd set out at practice today to prove that prat Micky Glanville wrong, this latest drama would only add fuel to his fire.

Maybe he was right. Maybe it was time for Ginny to retire so that worthier players could take her spot. Although, if you read between the lines in Glanville's piece, you could easily catch the sexist undertones that he felt female players had no place in the world of Professional Quidditch. He usually refused to give a decent review for any Harpies player and Ginny, in particular, seemed to be his favorite target for bullying.

"Ignore it. Just ignore it," she whispered to herself. The Healer stopped in his lecture about the carpals and articulations, and blinked owlish eyes at her.

"Not you," Ginny explained with a sigh, "I just meant that... I should ignore the pain." She forced a smile that did little to convince the man of anything.

"Don't ignore pain," he scolded softly. "I'll give you something for it, but if you continue to have any discomfort in the wrist, hand, or arm, please come back."

Ginny scoffed internally, but nodded her thanks to him. Maybe if she played along for a bit he'd leave her to sulk in silence.

"I thought he'd never leave," Faith Dougherty, the diminutive Seeker for the Harpies stuck her head into the open door, rolling her eyes in the direction that the Healer had just taken.

"That makes both of us," Ginny shifted in the bed and grumbled, trying to gather her things. "I didn't need to come here, you know."

"Not my call," the woman smirked, showing off white teeth against her coffee colored skin. "Jones insisted we bring you. You're still starting for the game this weekend."

Ginny stared with wide eyes, trying to reconcile how on earth she was still on for the game against Caerphilly.

“Not everyone believes that prick, you know.” Faith shrugged as she hopped up onto the end of Ginny’s bed. Her legs swung back and forth as she tilted her head, studying Ginny’s wrist. “Anyone who has ever seen you really play knows you didn’t get the spot with the Harpies because of your name.”

“It’s wasn’t my name at the time,” Ginny huffed, “but everyone knew about Harry and me.”

“Well, yeah,” Faith shrugged one shoulder, “but it wasn’t banging Harry Potter that got you the highest scoring record last year.”

Ginny felt her face heat even though she smiled. Thankfully, the entire team seemed settled about her relationship with Harry. He’d been a sort of novelty around the club for the first year she was on the team, but had quickly become old news when their relationship progressed from dating into marriage. Now when he came to visit, or came to a game, he wasn’t Harry Potter watching them all, he was simply Harry, Ginny’s husband, cheering her on. Harry loved the distinction—he was far more thrilled that Ginny was the center of publicity, until this morning when Glanville’s article had graced the front page of *The Prophet*.

“What if they’re right, though?” Ginny asked. “I haven’t been having a good year.”

Faith waved her hand dismissively. “Glanville’s a bastard. You notice he didn’t bring up Rangel’s past record of scoring against you. He praised that pompous prat and ignored the four steals you had last game against Portree. He’s out to do nothing but sell his articles and get his name in print. He’ll write anything, Ginny.”

Ginny nodded even though she wasn’t sure she agreed. She *had* been having a rough year. Even Harry had commented and asked if she was worried about something or under too much stress. Her scoring was down, her steals were down, and her turnovers were up. Her playing was simply atrocious and more than once she’d felt Gwenog’s eyes on her during practice, probably weighing the decision to bench her or not.

Heavy footfalls sounded from outside in the hallway and Ginny tugged the scratchy hospital sheet up a bit, hoping to cover the hideous gown they’d made her change into from the camera that would surely be flashing any minute.

But it was Harry’s concerned face, completely with horribly rumpled hair, that appeared instead. He was breathing hard, as if he’d run all the way through London to get to her. Maybe he had.

“I came as soon as I could. We were training when the message came and—”

“It’s okay,” Ginny interrupted. “I really wish they wouldn’t have sent anything.” She glared at Faith, who shrugged unrepentantly.

“Hiya Harry.” Faith gave a little hop and jumped off the bed, brushing past Harry with a feisty slug to his shoulder. “Catch any good looking baddies today?”

Harry tore his eyes away from Ginny and his cheeks heated, as they always did when Faith teased him. "Not today. All duffers, I'm afraid."

"Pity," Faith grumbled. "I wish I could get excited about a little Auror Trainee, you know. I'm sure you have plenty of those around. I could take him home and train him up right. But I seem to always go for the baddies."

Harry cleared his throat awkwardly and Ginny snorted at the exchange. This was the newest team pastime it seemed: how many ways can you make Harry blush in under five minutes.

"I'll keep you informed," Harry stammered, backing toward Ginny as Faith waltzed out of the room. When she was finally gone, Harry leaned against the bed, gently lifting Ginny's wrist and examining it. "Does it hurt?"

"Not anymore," Ginny sighed. She laid her head back against the bed, a wave of emotion climbing up from the uncomfortable pit in her belly. It brought tears to her eyes and a lump to her throat.

Harry pressed his lips lightly just above the yellowish skin and then kissed her forehead as well. "I'm sorry that you got hurt."

"It was my fault, Harry," she huffed, pulling her hand away. Anger at Harry was completely irrational, but she couldn't seem to help it. She didn't want to talk about it at all, in fact. "I was just... being thick."

"You were gutted by the article this morning," Harry nodded. "Is that it?"

"I shouldn't have been..."

Harry's lips found hers and she swallowed the rest of the thought, letting herself get lost in the feel of him, the smell that was as fresh as flying, and the feel of his fingers on her bare arms.

"It's alright to be angry, you know," he urged when he pulled back. "It's alright to be furious. I know I was when I got to work and the blokes were talking about it."

Despite not wanting to talk about it, Ginny had to know. "What were they saying?"

Harry sighed and kissed her one more time. "Nothing I didn't clear up."

"They think I should retire, don't they?" Ginny huffed, swinging her legs over the side of the bed and clambering off. She ignored the discomfort in her wrist as she tugged her trousers on and turned her back to pull her shirt over her head.

"Don't be like this, Gin," Harry scolded softly. She could feel him come up behind her, even before his fingers joined hers in pulling the shirt gently down. "It was just talk."

Ginny stared at the dull wall and allowed him to embrace her from behind. It was easier right now to wallow in the anger and disappointment than face it. "What if... what if they're right, Harry? What if I peaked last year and I'm just lying to myself about it all?"

"That's not true and you know it," Harry protested. He kissed the skin below her ear and turned her

so that she was looking up at him. "You've had a rough couple of games, yes, but it's not the end of your career, Ginny. If you want to retire, to do something else, or whatever, then you know I'll support you. But don't let that git force you into something, Gin."

She nodded, feeling tears well again. Right now she was just bone-tired; tired of practice, tired of the press, tired of everything.

"Come on," Harry urged, "I'm taking you home." He pulled the gown from her fingers and tossed it behind them.

Ginny melted into his shoulder and ignored the conversation Harry had with the Healer, who was quite adamant that Ginny needed to stay for at least another thirty minutes. Somehow Harry talked the Healer into signing the release, and then Apparated them home to avoid any press snapping pictures as they left.

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Harry watched Ginny wander around the house, drifting from room to room, but never settling anywhere. He hated seeing her like this and knew that it was a rare thing to see his wife looking so lost. Ginny usually knew exactly where she was going, exactly what she wanted in life.

Her distracted playing lately confused him, but he supposed that she was allowed to have off times—everyone was. He certainly wasn't always his sharpest at work.

Ginny finally chose to sit on the wide window seat in the living room—the first thing she'd fallen in love with when they looked at the house six months ago. Her bare feet were curled up under her, tucked into the overly large pajama bottoms she wore. Her forehead was pressed against the window and she looked as if she were watching outside, but Harry doubted she saw even the streaking drops of rain that splattered on the glass.

He sighed and moved back into the kitchen, fixing a cup of tea and staring out at the same wooded area that Ginny should be seeing. He had no idea how to help Ginny and it hurt to admit. Harry felt helpless. If it were just the article, he knew he could easily go down to The Daily Prophet and demand that they print a retraction and that Glanville be punished. But he had a feeling it wasn't simply the article.

Ginny's mood had been growing darker over the last few weeks, which only made her playing suffer. If only there were something he could do to fix it.

Harry had always been a 'fixer'. Hermione called it his 'saving people thing'. Whatever it was, Harry just knew that when he saw something happening that he could do anything about, he wanted to. And when someone he loved was hurting, he hurt as well.

He knew there was nothing to be done, really, until Ginny decided she was ready to talk to him and open up about what was wrong.

"I made you some tea."

She seemed surprised to see him standing next to her and wiped at her face before smiling overly

big. "Thanks."

Harry's heart twisted and he knew she'd just been crying. Instead of leaving her, though, he sat down next to her. The seat was large, but still cozy enough that they were wound together on the cushion.

"What was it in the article that upset you so badly?" he asked after being quiet for a long time.

Ginny blinked at him and took a sip from her tea. "All of it?"

"Yes, but..."

"I don't know, really," she bristled and returned to staring out at the garden. "I thought it was that Glanville said I'd gotten the spot simply because of you, but now I'm not sure if that's the worst thing he said."

Harry nodded jerkily. It was untrue, completely. Ginny had been offered the tryout even before she was finished with Hogwarts. And accusing Gwenog Jones of something like that was ridiculous. Gwenog was as fair a player and team captain as Harry had ever met.

"Was it the comments on your play?"

"Those were all true," Ginny shrugged, staring down at the liquid in her cup. "Mostly, at least. I haven't been playing up to standard and I can't figure out what's wrong. Today was just... I let myself get distracted and didn't even see Ruthie make the pass. It hit my arm and..." She trailed off and Harry reached out to caress the spot where the bruise had been. There was a slightly yellow tinge to the skin but he knew that would be gone by tomorrow.

"And there's nothing else that could be wrong?" Harry asked, suspicion rising in him. He hadn't said anything to Ginny, but he couldn't help think that possibly there may be another reason for her changing moods and distractibility.

"What would it be?" Ginny snapped. He tried not to take her harsh words personally because he knew it wasn't him she was upset with.

"Could you be pregnant, Gin?" He whispered the question. Saying it aloud, even though he'd considered it for several days, made it seem so real.

Surprisingly, she burst into tears and Harry gathered her into his arms. "I'm not," she finally sniffled. "That was the first thing I suspected. I had the trainer check me twice."

A twinge of disappointment rolled through him, but Harry forced it away. There would be time for that soon. They'd only been married just under two years, after all. They'd talked about waiting until Ginny was finished playing to start their family, and Harry agreed that it was best that way.

"I was sort of disappointed, actually," she said, wiping her eyes with the edge of Harry's t-shirt. He snorted at her habit of using him as a tissue, even though he really didn't mind. "I thought maybe that was the reason."

"I had to ask," Harry sighed. "I want to help you, Gin, I just don't know what's wrong."

"I wish I knew," she protested. "I just feel... lost."

He nodded and swallowed past the lump in his throat. "And you... you're happy about us, right? I mean, you're not upset or... whatever..."

"Not at all," she shook her head. "I love being married to you, Harry. You are the one thing in my life that's going right. And you've been so wonderful these past weeks, helping me train when I know you come home exhausted from work yourself. Putting up with my moods and just being there."

"I love you, Gin," Harry protested. "I promised I would be here for you no matter what."

"Keep reminding me of that, will you?" she said softly and Harry squeezed her tightly.

He stared out at the dull summer day, watching the rain soak the world around them. The low roll of thunder sounded from far away and he closed his eyes, simply holding Ginny there and wishing he knew the right thing to say, the right thing to do.

They dozed together next to the window, and Harry awoke some time later. The world outside the window was wet, but the rain seemed to have stopped for right now. He shifted, trying to ease the crick in his neck and Ginny nuzzled her face into his chest, mumbling something he couldn't make out.

He smiled softly and watched her face in the reflection on the glass. She was so lovely, just as beautiful as the day they were married. He closed his eyes and pulled the memory of her walking down the aisle toward him from deep within his mind. And, even now, his heart raced at seeing her in the white wedding robes joining her life to his.

"Gin, wake up." She shifted against him and Harry gently rubbed her cheek with the backs of his fingers. "You're not going to sleep tonight if you nap any longer."

"Having a good dream," she protested sleepily, shifting in his embrace.

Harry chuckled. "I'm sorry to take that away, but we've been asleep for a bit."

She yawned and stretched along him, waking Harry's body when her breasts pressed into his side and her thigh brushed his groin. "I was dreaming that it was just you and me," she smiled up at him. Her finger moved along his jaw and Harry shivered against the movement. "We were the only two people in the world and there wasn't anyone to judge us, or bother us."

"Sounds wonderful," Harry kissed her head. "Maybe a bit dull, but..."

"Dull?" Ginny laughed. "You think I'd be dull?"

"Not at all," Harry lied. "I never said that."

She poked his side and he was glad he could make her smile if only for a moment. "Is that what you'd like? To have it be just you and me?"

Ginny was slow in answering. "Sometimes, yeah. I just... with you I know who I am, Harry. I know what you expect of me and what I need to do to make you happy."

"I'm fairly easy to please." He shrugged, laughing when she dug her fingers into his side and moved them against his ticklish ribs. "Just give me sex and food, and I'm good for awhile."

Ginny scoffed. "You *are* easy to please."

"Why make things difficult?" Harry smirked. He smoothed her hair back from her face and stared at her smile, thrilled that it was genuine.

"Maybe that's what's going on with me," Ginny sighed. "I'm trying to please everyone else and forgetting that you and I are the most important ones."

Something clicked in Harry's mind and he blinked at her for a moment. "I think that may be it."

Ginny sagged against him and wound her fingers into his t-shirt. "I don't know. Maybe."

"You're worried about losing your spot on the team. You're worried about vultures like Glanville out there just waiting for you to muck it up. You're worried about what others think because you're married to me."

She didn't answer, but Harry knew his words were slowly breaking through to her. It made complete sense, actually. Ginny had been working so hard at pleasing everyone that she'd lost the joy in playing, and maybe a bit in life.

A plan began to form in Harry's head and he couldn't help but smile as it unfolded. Maybe it wouldn't fix everything, but it would give Ginny one moment where she didn't have to worry about pleasing anyone but herself. Well, and him, but that was just a side benefit, really.

"Let's go somewhere," he whispered. "Just... just overnight."

Ginny pulled back and sat up with wide eyes. "Harry, I can't! I have practice again tomorrow morning and after today's—"

Harry pressed his finger to her lips to stop the words. "I know, Gin. Just trust me, please. I promise I will have you to practice in the morning, hopefully well rested enough to begin working on things again."

She stared at him a moment longer before shrugging a shoulder. "Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise."

"You don't even know, do you?"

Harry chuckled. Actually, he did know, but he really wanted it to be a secret for just a few more minutes. "I do know," he admitted. "Just... just do it."

Ginny scowled at him for a minute.

"You're thinking about pleasing someone else again," he said, kissing her cheek. "Do *you* want to see what I have planned?"

"Yes," she answered right away, her eyes lighting up slightly. "I do."

"Then don't worry about being late tomorrow," Harry pleaded. "Don't worry about what someone might say. Just worry about what you want to do, alright?"

Her bottom lip disappeared for a moment before she smiled.

"Should I pack something?"

"You don't have to bring anything at all, actually," Harry shrugged, tugging lightly on the strap of the tank top she wore for pajamas. "I think they'll relax the dress code for me."

"So I can just show up in my pajamas?"

"You may want a toothbrush," Harry shrugged and gave her a small wink before wiggling out from under her. If this was going to happen, he needed to work fast, preferably without her seeing what he was doing.

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The excitement was tangible. Harry rarely did spontaneous things like this. Ginny couldn't help the way her heart beat in her chest as she walked up the stairs to their bedroom.

Despite Harry's reassurance that she really only needed her toothbrush, Ginny did throw a few things into a bag. She wasn't sure where on earth he thought they were going, but she was willing to follow his lead.

The numbness and frustration of the day—of that past few weeks, actually—was brushed to the side. She still felt the same, but being with Harry right now was more important.

The things he'd said just a few minutes before about her trying to please everyone felt right, even though they hurt to admit. She *had* been running around trying to make everyone happy, and forgetting that her own happiness was most important.

The Harpies had a demanding schedule. There were practices, games, press appearances, Quidditch banquets, away games, and a handful of other places that Ginny needed to be. There were also unspoken expectations that included how a Harpy acted at all of these functions, how a Harpy played, and how a Harpy dealt with the pressure.

Lately, her family had started questioning Ginny about her career and when she was going to retire. Her mother was the most relentless, asking if she was ready to give Harry a family yet. Ron, unknowingly, had made a joke just the other day about wanting to be an uncle again. Even Hermione had been giving her strange looks lately, making Ginny wonder if Harry had said something about wanting a child. It was all beginning to build until Ginny didn't really want to see her family as much anymore.

And then when you added in the pressure from being the wife of Harry Potter, it was no surprise that Ginny felt inadequate. In the early months of their relationship, Ginny had been rather oblivious to it all. Oh the articles were there, the rumors were thick, but none of that mattered because it was she and Harry against the world. Maybe she'd lost sight of that attitude for too long.

She let out a deep breath and looked out the window as the glass rattled in the storm. It was raining again, the drops of water splattering against the windowpane. Ginny gave one last glance down at her rather tattered pajamas that Harry assured her were perfectly acceptable for where he was taking her. A small, rebellious part of her hoped Harry would Apparate them straight into some Wizarding hotel, where they could make a huge scene. At least then the stories in the papers would be about something she wanted to enjoy.

"Ready?" Harry asked when Ginny came down the stairs, her bag in hand.

"I guess." She shrugged and eyed the broom slung over his shoulder. He held out his hand and tugged her toward the door in the kitchen that led to the back garden.

"Harry, it's raining out there."

His smile, if possible, only got wider. "I know. We'll be fine."

He must have lost his mind! "Harry, I'm not sure—"

"Just get on the broom, Gin," he said firmly, holding it out toward her. The rain dripped onto him from above, making small dark circles on his blue shirt and spotting his glasses. He seemed perfectly happy in the weather, and Ginny shook her head, taking a step out onto the muddy ground. Her toes squelched in it and she blinked when a drop of rain hit her eye. But Harry's determined, challenging look made her all the more interested in where he was taking her.

Thunder rolled around them as Harry mounted behind her, pulling her snug into him, and they lifted off. "Where are we going?" she prodded again, blinking when the raindrops sped up. Harry kept their pace slow and easy, barely off the ground, so the water wasn't lashing at them. It soaked all the way through her clothing, making her shiver even though the day was warm. By the time they'd reached the wooded lot behind the house, Ginny's hair was in her face and Harry's was plastered to his head.

"To the end of the world," he answered with a smirk.

Ginny allowed herself to relax against him as they wove left and right between the trees. The idea of disappearing completely was appealing, even if Ginny knew it was only going to be for a few hours.

Harry sped up as they moved deeper and deeper into the woods. He kissed her neck and sent a shiver of desire all through her. Her hands splayed on his thighs and Ginny felt free. She simply allowed herself to live in the moment.

"Open your eyes," Harry whispered against her neck. He lifted the nose of the broom and they floated up toward a huge tree.

They'd discovered this on one of their explorations of the woods not too long after buying the house and property.

The old oak was massive, easily thousands of years old, and up high in the branches was a platform with a railing around it. It had been some little child's hideaway, tucked into the safety of the heavy branches.

"I have a feeling this hotel will have a vacancy just for us," Harry chuckled and leveled off the broom. Ginny blinked at it and couldn't help but laugh.

"*This* is the end of the world?" Ginny asked, turning her head to look at him.

Harry shrugged and she swore if he wasn't completely drenched, he'd be blushing. "It's whatever we want it to be, Gin."

Her heart gave a mighty beat, threatening to leap out of her chest, and Ginny kissed him as they hovered dozens of feet above the ground, nothing but magic holding them up.

Harry nudged the broom forward until Ginny's toes skimmed the smooth wood and she supported her own weight. Her bag dropped to the boards and was forgotten as Harry released the broom and wrapped his arms around her.

"It's you and me, Gin. That's the most important thing, remember?"

She nodded and they kissed again. The storm around them seemed to disappear, and even though Ginny could feel the water running over her skin, it only heightened the feel of Harry's fingers on her.

"You and me," she agreed. Her fingers ran through his wet hair, making it stand up all over his head. His crazy appearance only made sense with the fact that they were about to make love outside, in the middle of the pouring rain. In a tree house.

Harry backed her toward one of the thickest branches, kissing along her neck and jaw the whole time. Ginny's hands found the skin just under his shirt and traced along the top edge of his jeans.

"We can do anything when we're together, Gin," Harry said again, pulling back long enough to search her face before lifting her into his arms and burying his face in her chest.

Ginny gasped at the force of need that slammed through her body. She pressed against him and held him in place as he struggled to pull the wet cotton from her body. His tongue was on her then and Ginny held on tightly, slightly fearful that she may just slip out of his grasp because they were so wet. But Harry's arms were strong around her.

She lost herself in the sensation of Harry touching, tasting, and loving her. And it was perfect, in the most imperfect place she could think of being right now.

"I love you, Harry," she whispered into his ear when he set her back down. He answered with the same words. Ginny felt tears well, and then spill out of her eyes. She thought Harry might know she was crying, despite the rain running down her face, because he kissed her softly before tugging her

pajama pants away. His fingers traced her folds and Ginny braced her foot on the branch next to them, staring into Harry's eyes through his water-spotted glasses. He didn't look at what he was doing below, only at her face.

"You should have used a charm on these," she mumbled, nudging his glasses. He smirked and moved his fingers faster. Ginny laid her head back against the rough bark of the tree and ignored the way it dug into her skin just a bit.

"Let go, Gin," Harry urged, circling his thumb around her clit. And, just like that, Ginny was gone. Her climax slammed into her with the force of a Bludger, with the power of the storm around them, and the release of a thousand free moments.

And before she knew it, Harry was inside her. His body was warm within hers and they moved together, slowly rocking.

"Thank you, Harry," she whispered, clutching onto him tightly and wrapping so fully around him that they seemed to be sealed together.

"You and me," he affirmed one more time, the intensity of his voice making her shudder.

Ginny concentrated on one drip of water as it came down from his hair, sliding along his forehead and down his nose before hanging there for just a moment. She couldn't stop herself from licking it off and then kissing the skin there.

The primal heat of the moment built as Harry grunted and braced one arm on the branch behind her. His body met hers with a frantic pace and Ginny held herself tightly against him, aching to give him the same release he'd given her just moments before.

This was perfection—being here with Harry. He was everything to her, and she'd lost sight of that over the past few months. It didn't matter if she had a horrible game, because Harry was waiting for her at home, win or lose. It didn't matter if her mother gave her patronizing looks when someone mentioned Ginny's career and asked if Ginny was ready to be a mother yet, because when it was right for Harry and Ginny, they would know it. It didn't matter if someone thought she'd gotten the spot on the Harpies through her name or influence, because both she and Harry knew the truth.

"This is the end of the world," she sighed and Harry jerked his hips once, twice, and then released.

The rain lashed all around them and the dusky evening lit with a flash of brightness. The thunder followed lazily behind and Ginny clung to him.

Harry buried his face against her neck and their hearts beat together.

"How did I forget this?" Ginny asked, more to herself than him. "This feeling between us. We *can* do anything together."

Harry's bright eyes met hers and he smiled. "It's okay. We all lose sight of things from time to time." He helped her slide down him until they stood together, completely naked in the top of the tree. "And I'll always be here to remind you."

"You're so good to me, Harry," she sighed. "Sometimes I wonder what I ever did to deserve you."

"Don't," he protested, kissing her lightly. "We're good for each other, Gin. How many times have you had to pull my head out of my arse over the years?"

She chuckled but didn't answer. There had been several times, but Harry's point was made. "Thank you for this," she said softly.

"It wasn't just about the sex, you know," Harry grinned and traced his fingers along her wet face. "Although that was *brilliant*."

Ginny snorted and kissed his collarbone. It was then that she realized that the rain had stopped. It was almost fully dark but there was a peace here in the woods that was soothing.

"I thought maybe we could sleep out here tonight," Harry said. He gestured to the wet boards and Ginny snorted. "I actually did plan for this, you know. Well, sort of. The rain thing was kind of... spontaneous, but..."

"I think we can probably manage it," she smiled. He looked so happy and fulfilled right now that Ginny could never turn him down.

Harry found his wand in the pile of their discarded, soaked clothing and cast several drying spells before conjuring blankets. They cuddled into the softness together and Ginny used Harry's shoulder to pillow her head.

"I can't believe I've let everything build up like this," she sighed. Her fingers played in the hairs on his chest and Harry's hand rubbed up and down her shoulder.

"It gets to us all at times."

"I know, but... I'm usually able to cope with this so much better," she grumbled. "Normally, I just ignore things like the article and what people are saying. This time... this time I'm not sure what's different."

Harry was quiet for a bit, his fingers trailing up and down the skin on her shoulder. "Maybe you're actually thinking about some of the things," he said. "Like the pressure from your Mum to have a baby—don't think I don't see the looks, Gin."

Her stomach rolled and she moved so that she could face him, propped on her elbow. "Do you want a baby, Harry?"

"I do," he nodded, "but we have time. There's no rush. I want it to be when we're both ready."

"I've been thinking about it," Ginny said. "I'm not sure I'm quite ready, but I was sort of disappointed when I took those tests and they came out negative."

Harry's fingers brushed through her hair and he pulled her down to kiss him. "I've thought about it too," he admitted. "Having kids, I mean. I want to bring them out here when they're old enough and teach them to fly. I want to feel that feeling again—of sharing something new with you,

something amazing that the two of us have created."

"I want that too," she nodded. They were quiet for some time, each lost in their own thoughts. Above them the leaves stirred, swirling in the evening breeze and revealed flashes of the clearing sky. Stars twinkled at them and Ginny weighed the decisions before her.

The season was half over now and she had the choice to extend her contract or to end it. If she kept playing like she had lately though, the decision would be taken from her hands.

"I think..." She trailed off, biting her lip and not quite sure if what she was thinking was the right thing. "What if I go back and finish the season and then... and then be done?"

Harry stirred beneath her. "Retire?"

Ginny nodded jerkily. "I'd like to go out on top, so I need to really work harder, but I think I'm almost ready Harry. I love Quidditch, but... there are a lot more things I want to do too."

He rolled until he was resting on top of her, looking down. "Are you sure it's what you want and not just what you feel I want you to do?"

"I know you wouldn't pressure me into it, Harry, but I do think it's the right thing to do. I can always change my mind as the season goes along. We still have months left."

He nodded slowly. "I only want you to be happy, Gin. I don't want you to quit because I want a family, or because your mother is wearing you down finally."

Ginny snorted and shook her head. "If anything, Mum's looks are making me want to resist. I do want to have a family with you, Harry. And I think it's almost time, but I want to finish the season, even if I end up on the bench."

"You're not going to," he shook his head. "You'll be fine if you just focus on why you're out there—because you love the game and you're damned good at it. Don't think about Glanville, or any of the other critics, or even playing for the fans. Play for *you*."

"Is it okay if I play for you and me?" she asked, tracing his face with her fingers.

Harry pretended to think about it for a long minute before smiling. "I can live with that."

"And then when the end of the season is closer we'll decide what to do, together."

"Sounds like a deal," he nodded. His face hovered above hers and he slowly lowered it until their lips playfully connected, small kisses that made her whole body ache for wanting more.

"You and me together," she sighed, pulling him close to her. "All the way to the end of the world," he agreed with a smile.

\* \* \*

*In what started as a rough year for the Holyhead Harpies, they now have reason to celebrate. For the third year in a row, the only all-woman team in the league has snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.*

*The final game of the season against Tutshill turned out to be a marathon skirmish between the two teams. Holyhead came out flying strong with Ginny Potter and fellow Chaser, Magnolia Shellenberger, completing five scoring passes in the first ten minutes, and third Chaser, Aurora Hough, managed to squeeze past the Tornadoes Keeper, Finwick, for two unassisted goals.*

*Tornadoes Captain, Brevis Birch rallied his players for a late push against the Harpies, barely managing to score amidst the rain of Bludgers batted between Gwenog Jones and Griselda Coranado.*

*"The Harpies were tough this game," Birch said in an interview after the game. "They gave us a good match, but in the end we just couldn't seem to hold them off."*

*When Dougherty finally closed her fist around the Snitch, beating out the Tornadoes' Ryker, the match was already at an uneven 320 to 160. "Catching that Snitch would have allowed us a bit of pride, but we still wouldn't have managed a win," Birch explained. "The Harpies deserved it."*

*Jones only took a few minutes with the press after the win to praise the hard work of her team, and then handed the spotlight over to Potter, who stunned the Quidditch world by announcing her retirement.*

*When pressured by reporters, Potter denied that she is expecting a child, as rumors have been promoting. "Quidditch isn't the only thing I want to do in life, and it's simply time to move on," she said. Husband Harry Potter smiled his encouragement from behind his wife, but only pledged support for his wife's decision when asked. "I support Ginny in whatever she wants to do, whether it's Quidditch or something else."*

*The rumor mills are now churning and the general consensus is that the Potters may have another rare public announcement in upcoming months.*

*"We wanted to come out of this season with our heads held high. No matter what the team looked like in the beginning, we fought long and hard to earn this victory," Jones concluded the interview.*

*And for the first time this season, this reporter agrees.*