

Harry Potter

**Breathe You in the  
Light of Day**

*hgfan1111*

# Breathe You in the Light of Day

*By hgfan1111*

*“What do you want to do?” “I want this,” she says, lifting her leg over my hip and kissing me again. “Just you and me...”*

*A Fanfic of*  
Harry Potter

**Genre:** Fluff. Romance.

**Rating:** Explicit.

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

**Pairings:** Ginny/Harry.

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**Warnings:** None.

The bed is warm and comfortable and I wiggled down into it, horribly content to keep my eyes closed and sink into the peace that the morning has brought.

I should be up getting ready for the day—showering, shaving, eating, and hurrying off to work.

But Ginny's bed-warm hand is on my chest, tracing the rise and fall of my breaths. I can feel her warmth along my back, her skin hot in the places where it touches mine.

She mumbles something in her sleep and her fingers flare out over my heart before curling back into themselves.

The duvet has risen up, leaving my feet sticking out, uncovered. They're not cold, however, because the morning sun is streaming in the windows, making bright stripes across the bed.

We've only been in the house a few weeks, but it already feels like home. Sometimes I wondered in our little flat in London if the sun ever shined. And if it did, the awkwardly situated little place, full of awkward little cupboards in awkward little places, never saw it.

But here it's different. Here there are big windows where the sun can paint yellow and gold on every surface.

The bed was the first thing we set up when we moved in. Ginny and I called it practical, Ron called it... well, something he won't ever call it again. Ginny's made sure of that.

Ginny shifts behind me and I can feel the softness of her pyjama trousers rubbing on my legs, where my own trousers have climbed up during the night. Her toes rub along my calf and I reach to hold her hand over my chest.

Just a few minutes more and then I'll get up.

\* \* \*

Harry's still asleep when I wake, blinking at the brightness of the room. It's amazing that just the simple act of seeing the sun in the morning can make my day so much better.

Our bed is warm and I cuddle into Harry tighter, pressing my face against the back of his shoulder and letting my lips place a tiny kiss there.

Being married to Harry is... It's hard to describe, actually. We've been married for

awhile now... almost two years. But it just makes me happy, knowing there will be days I can wake just like this, when he'll be here and warm.

Both of us will have to start getting ready for the day soon—off our separate ways and lost in the chaos that is life.

But for just these few precious moments, I'm able to steal him completely for myself.

His breathing is heavy, and I know he's asleep. What I can see of his face is slack and relaxed, making him look so young.

And just like that, I need him awake. I need to see his eyes look at me, feel his hands move along mine.

My heart pounds inside my chest as I try and decide how to wake him. I could be soft and gently kiss him awake, but the sun is shining and I'm in a much more playful mood than that.

Spotting the metal radiator that rests along one wall—one that hasn't worked since we moved into the house—I carefully slide out of bed and hold my hands on the chilly surface of it until they are no longer warm.

\* \* \*

Ginny's hands are no longer warm. The coldness pressed to my neck startles me awake and I blink up at her laughing face as she slides them down underneath the blankets and onto my chest.

“Was sleepin’,” I mumble, “wake me later.”

But she knows I don't want her to stop, and it doesn't stop her. Her hands slide lower, skimming along my stomach and waking me fully.

Before she realizes what's happened, I've wrapped my arms around her and thrown us on the other side of the bed, pinning her underneath me.

“You just don't know when to quit, do you?” I ask. Our noses brush and she laughs, arching against me.

“I was having fun.”

I can't answer that with more than a kiss. Our lips meet gentle at first, but growing bolder with each touch. Ginny wiggles her hands out of the blankets trapped between us and places them on my shoulders. They're warm again.

“I don’t want to go to work today,” she says when I place my head on her chest, kissing her neck and tasting the skin there.

“What do you want to do?”

She’s quiet as we mutually tug the blankets away from us, our skin finally touching again.

“I want this,” she says, lifting her leg over my hip and kissing me again. “Just you and me...”

“In the bed, all day,” I finish, the fantasies springing forth in my mind without much need to call them.

\* \* \*

“Yes,” I answer both his touch and his idea of staying in our bed all day. It’s a brilliant idea and when I tell him so, he laughs and tugs at the tank top I’m wearing. It’s gone, tossed off to parts unknown, a second later.

“We can owl in sick,” he mutters, completely entranced by the treasures he’s found on my chest. It makes me laugh that he’s still so completely fascinated with my breasts after so long together.

“Found your toys, have you?” I ask, laughing as he grins and his tongue darts out, curling around my nipple and making it wake to the morning as well.

“They’re brilliant toys,” he agrees, going to work on the other side as well.

His warm hands massage and caress the skin all around them and I can’t help but arch into his touch, taking in deep, relaxing breaths.

“Perhaps we ought to get you a pair,” I tease, cracking one eye open to see the look on his face.

“I have a pair right here,” he mused, nuzzling between them.

I laugh. “There’s a charm for you to grow your own, you know.” His horrified look makes my laughter turn into horribly embarrassing giggles. “George used it on Ron one time.”

“How is it possible,” he begins, holding himself aloft over me, “that I did not hear about that?”

“You were at training,” I explain, running my finger down his chest, swirling it around the black hairs that surround his belly button. “And I’m fairly sure Ron made us all promise not to tell anyone... you especially.”

His grin matches my own and he lowers, laying the weight of his body along mine once more. “And yet you just told me.”

“Oops,” I shrug unrepentantly.

\* \* \*

Ginny’s breasts are perfect. Well, the whole of her is perfect, really, but I especially love those two... miraculous parts. I’ve been rather fascinated with them since we started seeing each other.

I remember almost every time I touched them before we were married.

The first time she let me touch them was out next to the Black Lake, in those few sun-filled days we had together once upon a time. It was amazing and stole my breath away, feeling how soft and pliable they were, even through the starched shirt of her uniform.

On my seventeenth birthday, just before Ron burst in and ruined what I thought was the most erotic and amazing moment of my young life, Ginny’s lips on mine had been the invitation for my hands to raise and find her chest once more. Thankfully, all I managed was a finger along the side when the door burst open. No doubt I would have gone through the Horcrux hunt with my fingers glued together if Ron had seen anything more than he did.

The most memorable time, however, was just after the Final Battle. Ginny found me in our spot—the spot down by the Lake we’d gone before—and she kissed me again. We picked up right where we left off back in July; her lips on mine, her body pressed against mine, and my hands itching to touch her breasts. She was the one who lifted them and placed them there, giving me silent permission to love her freely again.

Although nothing can compare with the first time we made love; sliding inside her was...

“You’re too easily distracted.”

Her laughing voice does distract me and I grin, leaning down to blow a wet raspberry on the buttery flesh before me. “Only in the best way,” I muse before lifting my head and kissing her lips.

Ginny lifts against me and the heat of the bed is almost overwhelming. Her hands are everywhere: pulling at my shoulders, running through my hair, sliding underneath my pyjamas to cup my arse.

I groan loudly when she does and rock against her.

“All day in bed,” she mumbles, grinding against me. “I’m not sure I remember what it feels like to do that.”

When her hands slip away, my head starts to clear and I shake it—both to agree and to sweep the desire away for a moment.

“It’s been a long time,” I agree. I shift my weight and rest on my hip, my hand tracing the smooth plane of her abdomen before sliding past the thin pyjama bottoms.

\* \* \*

Harry’s fingers are magic—in more ways than just the obvious. His touch trails heat from my belly downward until I shudder all over. It’s warmer than the place where the sun paints our feet brightly.

“Since our honeymoon,” he nods. His face presses into my stomach, kissing and licking the skin there as his fingers trace my folds, drawing the moisture out; something he’s perfected over the past few years.

The mention of our honeymoon—two glorious weeks spent on the Italian coast—makes me smile. Fourteen days of exploring both the beaches and each other. Hours of frantic sex at every possible place imaginable.

We’ve settled down more now. Not that our sex life is boring—not at all—but we’ve learned to be patient and how to really, truly make love. There are still those passionate, primal quickies now and again. But sometimes all you want to do is languish in bed while your partner draws delicious moans and sighs from your body—a body he knows better than his own.

His lips trail kisses on my skin, slowly lowering until his face is pressed between my thighs. If I’ve not said so before, Harry is completely and utterly magical.

I lift my bottom as he slides my pyjamas off completely and resumes what he was doing. His tongue on me is like the sun, hot and bringing an excitement to my whole body that can’t be imitated by anything else. His thumb brushes over my clit, circling it time and time again lazily.

The bed is sifting and I lift my head to see that Harry's rubbing against the mattress. Poor baby. He's always so wonderful about taking care of me. Perhaps I'll have to reward him when—

\* \* \*

With a final swirl of my tongue, Ginny soars. Her body lifts against me and I hear her gasp in pleasure. It's a lazy sound today—wonderfully perfect for what we're doing. No rush of sensations, just a calm love that's warm and welcoming.

My whole groin contracts almost painfully at hearing her moan my name, seeing her lift off the sheets, arching toward me.

Her eyes are closed against the pleasure, but I imagine they'd be blazing if they were open. Her hair is a wildfire of color; spread out around her head and almost dancing as it tangles in the sunlight now just reaching it.

The rays leaves stripes on her body and I kiss my way up one, feeling jealous that the light can touch her so many places when I can only manage a few.

Ginny gives a satisfied sigh and her hands ghost along my arms, dance up my shoulders and tug my head toward hers. Just before our lips meet she nuzzles my nose against hers. It's an incredibly sappy, horribly loving gesture to make and my heart beats with the excitement of it.

“Your turn,” she mumbles, kissing me thoroughly just after the words melt from her lips.

I smile against her and wrap us tightly together before rolling. Once I'm on my back, I relax fully, sinking into the bed and letting Ginny's fingers take over. Her hands make quick work of my pyjamas, tossing them to the floor to join her own.

She's definitely not shy about loving my body, and I'm perfectly fine with that. Her little nipping kisses have my insides twisting as she teases downward slowly.

Her tongue circles my nipples playfully and she gently sucks on one. I can feel a thrill shoot all the way to my groin and grab her hips, rubbing against her behind. Her lips curve up at the corners.

“Patience is a virtue, you know,” she says, backing slowly down me until she's sitting on my knees and running her hands up and down my thighs.

\* \* \*

Harry hates when I tease him. But he loves it too. His whole body shakes beneath me and I can feel the tension in the way his fingers hold my hips; not too hard, but enough to let me know he won't stand much more of this.

'Hurry,' they tell me, 'or I won't last long.'

I reach up and lift my hair off my shoulders, piling it in the back of my head as I lean over and kiss the head of his penis. His breath shudders out of him and I smile before I take him fully into my mouth, smoothing my tongue around him and tasting the salty, musky flavor of his body.

He answers back with a groan that lifts his hips, following the pull of my mouth away from him.

The room is almost unreasonably warm now and a drop of sweat rolls from my hairline all the way down my back, making me shiver. Harry's fringe is starting to stick to his forehead and his bright green eyes—free from the glasses he normally hides behind—are locked on me as I continue to slide up and down his length. My free hand caresses everywhere I can reach—his stomach and thighs, his scrotum and penis, his perineum and arse.

His fingers brush along my forehead, lifting a stray piece of hair away, twisting it around and around his finger like a spiral.

"Gin," he groans, finally tearing his eyes away and throwing his head back when I grip him particularly hard with my fist, sliding up, following my mouth off of him.

My lips fall on his stomach then, tracing the dark line of hair back up and onto his chest, small kisses that finally end at his lips, our breath mingling as I release my hair and it curtains around us.

\* \* \*

The world is red now, as I look up at her. The glowing red of her hair, lit by the light bathing us.

It's hot. And Ginny's body nearly melts mine into the mattress as we kiss, languidly swirling tongues together. There is an urgency about us now that builds, but it's not from outside, just an inside force that draws us together.

"You on top," she mumbles, lifting herself off me and laying down on her back.

I nod and follow her over, my hands not able to stop from touching her breasts just one more time before I'm laying on her. Her knees come up along my hips and it's

easy to simply slide inside, the heat from her making me gasp.

Our skin is sticky with the heat and peels away as I begin to move, pushing with my knees to slide farther and farther inside her—the place where I fit best.

The sun is bright now, casting us both in its light and making the whole room look surreal and dreamy.

Ginny is brilliant—brighter than the light itself as she lifts her hips into me. Her arms loop under mine and hold onto my shoulders, telling me that she wants me as close as possible.

Our bodies move together in practiced rhythm, our breath panting in a song all our own. My forehead rests on hers and I have to close my eyes as she kisses me, her lips barely brushing mine.

“Gin,” I whisper, my hand sliding down her body and cradling her hip, lifting her against me as I slide in and out, in and out. The pressure in my lower back begins to build and her lips seek mine once more, urging me with her impatient tongue to move faster.

\* \* \*

I need him, all of him, right now. Slow and calm was perfect before, but now I need to feel all of him inside me, as far as he can get.

My body rolls upward toward him and Harry shifts, hitching higher until each thrust is hitting just the right place, sending shock waves of pleasure coursing through me. It won't take long at this angle.

Harry hovers over me, holding himself aloft now. His face shines with sweat, making his skin moist and salty when I kiss it. The sound of our bodies meeting over and over spurs me forward and I sigh in satisfaction, needing just a little bit more to soar once again.

“I love you,” he says, staring down at me with wide eyes.

I echo him back, wondering if I've actually said the words aloud, since I can't seem to find the breath between us anymore. It's hot, and moist, and wonderful.

I can see a shadow of us dancing on the bed, and I watch for just a moment, entranced by the movement, before I look back at him. His tongue darts out and licks a drip of sweat that runs down my temple and I shudder, planting my feet and lifting against him as he groans deep inside. It rumbles out of him and I feel his orgasm

follow, filling me completely.

He holds me then, still rocking until I come again, a happy, trembling pleasure that comes from deep in my toes.

Our bodies tangle together as our hearts still. We're stuck together, glued by the heat of the moment and the moisture from our coupling.

"That was the best ever," he mumbles, making me laugh.

"You always say that," I accuse, rolling us until we're side to side, still entangled but no longer one.

\* \* \*

"And it's true every time," I answer back, leaning forward to press my lips against her chin, and then her nose. "Every single time."

The bright window is behind her now, making it harder to see her features, but that's okay, because I memorized them long ago. I could close my eyes forever and never forget what she looks like.

The world is red again as her hair glows, surrounding her head and cascading over her shoulders.

"I'm not sure that's possible," she says, turning the pillow until she's lying on the cold side of it and tucking her hand underneath her cheek. "There has to be at least one time where it hasn't been the best."

I close my eyes for just a moment, trying to think of a time. "Nope, not one," I finally decide.

"Our first wasn't spectacular," she muses, although I can see the amusement in her face when I open my eyes again. "We were both so nervous and fumbling."

"It was the best ever for that moment," I protest, knowing I'll win this argument. She'll have to give in when she hears my reasoning. "Because each time means something so different, that it's always the best ever."

"That's horribly sappy, Harry," she protests with a laugh. But she doesn't argue either.

"It is," I agree, smiling. That's okay. I can be horribly sappy right here in our bed—it's allowed. I think it was in the wedding vows. Somewhere.

We both sigh contentedly as our bodies begin to relax. My fingers play along her side, skating dangerously close to the ticklish zone before moving away. I'm too worn out to start something now, and Ginny looks the same.

"We should call in," she mumbles just before her eyes drift closed. Her breathing is still shallow and I begin to count each breath, not even making it to thirty before they're deeper and spaced further apart.

Before I follow her into dreams, I reach behind me and use my wand to conjure parchment. A quick note to both the Harpies and the MLE, saying that Ginny and I have come down with a bit of heat stroke—too much exposure to the sun—and I climb back into bed, winding into Ginny's embrace once more.

The bright rays tangle us both up inside them and I press a kiss to her shoulder before laying my head down next to hers, drifting off to a dream that will not ever measure up to the real life I'm living now.