

Harry Potter

Didn't Stand
a Chance

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Warnings: None.

Harry Potter, savior of the Wizarding world, graduate of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, trainee at the Ministry Auror Academy, twenty-year-old and listed as Most Eligible Bachelor by Witch Weekly, was bored. Bored, and frankly, lonely. He could have been out with friends tonight, receiving no less than four invitations, but had turned them all down.

The social scene, in particular dating, held no interest for him. It wasn't that he didn't like witches. No indeed! It was more that he liked one *particular* witch; a little too much, in fact.

His supper that night had been leftover stew sent home with him from one of his weekly visits to the Burrow. Molly, as she insisted he call her now, had been feeding him for years and seemed to be increasingly concerned that his bachelor's lifestyle left much to be desired in the way of home cooking; something he was loath to agree with. And it wasn't even that he couldn't cook, for he had to admit he wasn't completely helpless in the kitchen.

The cottage that he had purchased only five months ago was warm and cozy tonight while the cool October air allowed a small amount of frost in the outside corners of the windows. Harry sat on the sofa, staring into the crackling fire and letting his mind wander. A dangerous thing to do, that.

His eyes flickered over toward the Muggle entertainment system he and Ron had enthusiastically purchased and then assembled successfully, despite Arthur's involvement. The man had gushed over the variety of plugs for hours. Harry had gifted the whole bundle to him, once he figured out how to charm the devices to run on magic.

Harry stood and opened the small cabinet doors to display the various movies that he had been collecting. Nothing seemed to catch his eye; not in the mood for an action, too tense for a comedy, *definitely* not a romance. His eyebrow rose at the stack of documentary DVD's that Hermione had given him his last birthday. The whole Weasley clan, and extras, had invaded the cottage and given Harry a huge birthday party the likes of which he wouldn't soon forget. Neither would the rather mysterious black stain on the ceiling of his bathroom, he thought with a smirk. Gred and Forge—who couldn't love them.

He was almost willing to watch one of the dry films, thinking that at least he'd nod off tonight, when a knock came at the door. Puzzling over who could be all the way out here on a cold night, he answered the door to find Ginny Weasley, wrapped in a heavy wool cloak.

"Hi Harry," she said cheerfully. "Mind if I come in?"

"Er," Harry began stupidly and then ruffled the back of his hair. "No, no, come on in." He opened the door wide and smiled in what he hoped was a welcoming manner at her.

"Thanks, Harry. I'm sorry if I'm disturbing you." She gestured to the open cupboard and the stack of movies he had been perusing.

"Not at all," he said, moving behind her to take her cloak. She thanked him and watched as he hung it up in the small coat closet near the kitchen. "I was... actually, I was thinking about watching a movie, but couldn't decide on which one."

“Need some help?” she asked eagerly and moved over to scan over the choices. Harry swallowed hard as he watched her slim figure move across the room. She was dressed nicely, the kind of outfit for going out; yet here she was, in his home.

“Er, well, nothing really sounded good, you know.” He stuck his hands deep in his pockets and watched as she nodded and then closed the small door without removing anything.

“Yeah, a movie just doesn’t do it tonight, does it?” She didn’t watch him for an answer, but moved in front of the fireplace, rubbing her hands together for warmth.

“Gin, erm, I don’t want to be rude, but... what are you doing here? I mean, you look really nice tonight and...” Harry felt like an absolute prat, carrying on like he was. But he always felt a bit like that in Ginny’s presence.

“Oh,” she smiled sadly. “I was supposed to be out on a date, but...”

Harry’s protective streak kicked in slightly. “He didn’t... well, I mean...”

“No,” she laughed, shaking her head. “I just couldn’t stand another blind date.”

Harry smirked and moved to stand beside her. “Hermione?” he asked knowingly. All the dates he’d had in the past year had been setup by his best friend. She had been relentless in her pursuit to get Harry to find ‘the right one’. Harry didn’t have the heart to tell her that he knew the right one, but didn’t have the courage to ask her out again.

“Yeah. She tries, you know, but...”

“Yeah,” he agreed, knowing exactly what she meant without having to be told. “I don’t fancy a girl who talks nonstop about something I know nothing about.”

“Exactly,” she laughed. “Merlin, can there be that many brainy Ravenclaw types out there?”

Harry didn’t answer, but watched her out of the corner of his eye. She really was lovely, with her long red hair that fell down past her shoulders and pale skin sprinkled with freckles.

“What a pair we make, yeah?”

Harry almost choked at the thought of them being a pair again. He’d had his chance, several of them if he really thought about it, and blew it time and time again. Suddenly, Harry was thirsty, and not for a butterbeer. He ruffled his hair in annoyance and nervousness.

“Do you... do you want something to drink, Gin?” he asked, moving toward the kitchen and breaking them both out of the melancholy mood that had settled.

“Yeah, I’d love a Firewhiskey if you have one.” She smiled slyly at him and his breathing hitched. He couldn’t take his eyes from her face as he nodded.

“One Firewhiskey, coming right up.”

In the safety of the dark kitchen, Harry allowed himself to take deep breaths to calm down.

"She's not here for you, you berk," he scolded himself as he took the Firewhiskey from the cupboard above the cooker. "She's here to ditch her date."

He stood at the doorway a moment, both glasses in his hand, and watched as Ginny moved casually about the fire-lit living room, studying the framed photos and clutter that Harry had accumulated.

"Here we go," he said in a falsely cheerful voice as he gathered the courage to enter the room again.

They both settled on the comfortable leather sofa with their drinks and Harry stretched out and sighed loudly, his head lying back along the edge of the cushion.

"I love this house," Ginny said thoughtfully. "I always imagined you living in some place like this, you know. Not too big, not too small. Just warm and cozy." She closed her eyes and wiggled down deep into the cushions.

Harry cleared his throat and took a rather large swallow of liquid, welcoming the slight burn. "What about you?"

"Me?" she guffawed. "I'll probably live at the Burrow for the rest of my life."

Harry eyed her curiously. Ginny had always been popular and he was always steeling himself for the day when she brought someone home to the Weasley dinners and announced their engagement; and crushed Harry's heart even more. But she had never brought anyone home. She did talk about a few blokes now and again, but Harry never knew how serious it was.

"Won't that be a bit awkward for your husband?" he tried to sound amused and took another drink in case she caught the hurt in his voice.

Ginny snorted. "Husband? That's wishful thinking, Harry." She finished her drink and stared off into the fire. "I've dated enough to know what I want isn't out there."

His heart dropped to the bottom of his stomach. Harry didn't answer and turned to copy her actions, setting his empty glass on the small table in front of the sofa and watching the orange flames lick the air.

"So, what do you want?" he finally asked, mentally kicking himself for the torture he was putting himself through.

"The perfect guy?" she laughed and sat up more. Inadvertently, this brought her closer to Harry and she leaned her shoulder against him. "Well, that's a loaded question if I ever heard one..." She finally shook her head. "Nope, nothing doing. Your turn first. What do you look for in a date?" Harry attempted to protest but she cut him off. "Your house, you answer first."

He blew out a frustrated breath. "What do I look for in a date? Or what would I look for in a girlfriend?" She shrugged and grinned at him. "In a date, all I need is willing," he snorted.

"Willing?" she asked, wagging her eyebrows.

"No," he scoffed. "Not *willing*, just somewhat interested, I guess. Someone who doesn't bore me out of my mind. Someone *willing*," he emphasized, "to keep me awake long enough to make it through a meal and then have pudding."

"No one chosen by Hermione then," she agreed with a nod and a rather bright smile.

"As for a girlfriend, well, I've only had one of those..." he looked away before she could see his face.

"I see, so Cho wasn't the best experience for you?"

Harry snorted and glared at her. "Cho was never my girlfriend. I was talking about you, if you must know. And what did that last, a whole three weeks?" He laughed dryly and, out of her line of sight, dug his fingernails into his palms. "I just want someone I'm comfortable with, you know." *Like I am around you*, he thought. "Someone that makes me laugh." *Like you always do*. "Someone with the same interests, I guess." *Brilliant at Quidditch, pretty, with a wonderful family*. He couldn't stop his mind from listing everything he'd always loved about her.

"Now it's your turn." He waited and then glanced over to see her head leaning against his shoulder, jaw dropped and a loud snore rumbling from her.

"Well said," he smirked. "You know, actually, I think I know exactly what I'm looking for in a woman. And now that you're completely asleep and will never know what a fool I'm making of myself, I can tell you. It's you, Gin. What I'm looking out there for... is you." He sighed and rubbed his fingers harshly at his eyes.

Ginny continued to snore and Harry had to fight to keep a laugh down. There he was, finally confessing his undying love for her and she fell asleep. "Figures," he mumbled.

Sighing heavily, he stood after making sure she wouldn't slide down and hit the cushions. Slipping an arm behind her head and one under her legs, Harry lifted her tiny frame against his chest and carried her up the stairs. He laid her on top of his bed, removed her shoes and laid a blanket over the top of her. He couldn't help but take a deep breath, sinking in her flowery scent and kissed her forehead quickly.

"Love you, Gin."

* * *

Back in the kitchen once more, Harry set the two empty glasses in the sink and put away the Firewhiskey. He glanced at the fireplace for a few minutes before deciding what to do. A pinch of floo powder later and the flames roared green.

"The Burrow!"

"Hello, Harry," he was greeted by a rather tired looking Molly.

"Hi, Molly."

“Is everything alright, dear?”

“It’s fine. I just wanted to let you know that Ginny ended up here tonight. She fell asleep on the sofa and I just put her to bed.”

“Shall I send Arthur over to get her?” She looked somewhat worried as she watched him in the flames.

“No,” he insisted. “She’ll be fine, Molly. I’ll just kip on the sofa.”

“Really, Harry, you shouldn’t give up your bed just—”

“It’s really no problem, Molly. I’ve always meant to get an extra bed, but... I just wanted you to know where she was... well, just in case, I guess.”

“You are such a dear, Harry. You know, I always hoped that you and she... well, never mind my ramblings.” She waved her hands in front of her. “You just send her home when you’re tired of her.”

“Molly,” Harry chided. “Any of you are welcome here anytime. Ginny can stay until she’s ready to leave.”

“Alright, Harry. You’ll be coming this Sunday?”

“Have I ever missed one of your dinners, Molly?”

They said their final farewells and Harry closed the floo connection. He stood up and brushed the knees of his trousers when the floo flashed back to life as another call came through.

“Harry?”

“I’m here, Ron,” he said.

“Have you heard from Ginny?” his red haired friend asked. “She was supposed to go out with some bloke from Hermione’s department tonight. We ran into him at the Three Broomsticks and he said she owled him to say that she wasn’t feeling well. She usually goes to your place when she wants to hide out, so...”

“She’s here,” Harry confirmed, not meeting his best friend’s eyes.

“Oh,” Ron sounded relieved. “Everything alright then?”

“Yeah,” Harry lied. “We had a drink and then she fell asleep on the sofa. I put her up in my bed.”

“My sister is in your bed, Potter?” Ron growled, although his grin belied his tone.

“Shut it,” Harry snapped, his shoulders tensing. Ron had been after Harry for years to rekindle things with Ginny, although he’d let it fall off to just teasing and mild hints lately.

“When are you going to tell her, mate?” Ron sounded thoroughly exhausted with him and Harry

wincing.

"I don't know what—"

"Don't pull that same old line, Harry! You've been in love with her for four years—probably longer. You were stupid to push her away in the first place and a right prat not to get her back after the war." He rode over the top of Harry's protests. "Look at you, mate, you're sitting there on a Friday night, all alone. No doubt you've had a few drinks. And there you stand, in your kitchen while the woman you love is upstairs, in your bed no less, and you still don't have the stones to tell her that you love her."

"Ron—"

"I've heard it all already, Potter. 'She's better off without you. She's gotten over you. You're too messed up.' Get over yourself and get on with your life. If she's not the one, then find the one."

"She's happy, Ron," Harry finally said, letting the grief hit him fully. "I asked her and she said she was happy. That's what she deserves."

"Wouldn't it be better if you were both happy?" Ron ignored the visible flinch that Harry made.

"Why don't you go back to your perfect life, Ron? Leave us miserable losers to ourselves." The raven haired man forced a smile that never reached his eyes.

"Harry," Ron's tone softened. "You know I love you, but you're screwing it up again."

"Probably," Harry replied with a dejected laugh. "I usually do. I'll talk to you later." He walked out of sight of the fireplace and sighed as Ron closed the connection. Harry took the Firewhiskey out from where he'd put it earlier and poured a generous shot. He trudged back to the sofa where he sank into the cushions and stared at the amber liquid in the glass.

He didn't notice the small figure, sitting half way up the stairs, wiping tears back.

* * *

Ginny woke when Harry closed the door. She let her eyes wander the darkness of the room and ponder the softness of the surface below her. Harry's bedroom. Harry's bed. His scent on the pillows and the blanket he had covered her in. She bit her lip to choke back the urge to cry. This was where she wanted to be more than anywhere else in the world. Here with him.

But he didn't love her anymore; if he ever did. They never said the words those many years ago. She sometimes imagined, dreamed, he had whispered the words as he left her standing by the back gate of the Burrow before leaving on his quest. Leaving her alone. There had been hurried notes, no more than a line or two, through that first year. Ginny had clung to them and prayed for him to be safe and to return.

He had returned, but Ginny hadn't prayed for the right thing. He was safe, but not whole. The next year was dark in Harry's life, and the shadow crept into hers as she waited for any word from him that he wanted to carry on with their relationship. He pretended to be happy when they saw each

other, and so she pretended to be happy. The times were few and far between as she finished her final year at Hogwarts; Christmas and summer. In the spring he had written, a very detached letter saying that he was entering Auror training and was looking to buy a house. That was all.

Through the months that followed, she allowed herself to slip into the old pattern of sometimes-friend-but-never-more. Some days, in the chaos of the Burrow when the kitchen table was full and loud, she thought that she might have seen longing in his eyes. But the feeling was quickly shrugged off as Hermione would tease him about a date he'd been on or what witch wanted to see him next. Ginny always bit back the bile and smiled for him.

Now, lying in his bed, surrounded by his things, she was drowning. It would be so easy to keep loving him. So easy to move to where she knew she really belonged. But Harry wouldn't allow it. Tonight was the most comfortable he'd been around her in a long time.

And to think, she'd originally come here to tell him that she loved him. She scoffed at the idea now. That would have gone over well.

"Stop it," she hissed and wiped the dampness from her eyes. She was here, for better or worse, tonight and had to make the best of the situation. His dressing gown hung on the back of the door to the en-suite bathroom and she was drawn to it. Burying her face in the thick fabric, she inhaled his pure scent. Fresh air, leather and broom handle polish. Just as had been in the Amortentia she had smelled in her sixth year with Professor Slughorn.

Behind the black cloth hung a thinner Oxford button down shirt that he must have worn to work one day and then hung up. A blue striped tie hung, noose-like, on the hook also. Impulsively, she slipped off her clothing and put on the shirt, her fingers nimbly doing up the buttons and rolling the long sleeves. The shirt tails hung down to her mid thigh.

Harry's voice drifted up the stairs and she wondered who he was talking to. Curiosity drew her down the stairs. When she heard her mother's voice she froze and listened.

Harry, she mused with a head shake. He was always taking care of her. Putting her to bed, giving up his comfort for the night, flooing her parents so they wouldn't worry about her. She smiled at his thoughtfulness and descended a few more steps but stopped when Ron's voice called out.

Her heart clenched at her brother's words and Harry's lack of denial. Could it be possible? Could he still have feelings for her after all this time? That would explain more than one conversation she'd overheard between Hermione and Ron, as well as his behavior tonight.

She was happy? Was that what Harry had said? She couldn't, for the life of her, remember telling him that she was happy. She really wasn't. Maybe content, but not happy.

A small memory nudged at the back of her mind. A conversation weeks after her leaving Hogwarts, in the garden of the Burrow when the sun had gone down and the crickets had come out chirping to welcome the stillness of night.

"Are you happy, Gin?"

"Yes, I am."

"It was a lie," she whispered now. "I lied, Harry."

His excuses for not being with her were what she should have expected. He was, after all noble and self-sacrificing to a fault.

"—I love you, but you're screwing it up again."

"—I usually do—"

She sat, frozen to the steps, oblivious to the cold on her bare legs as Harry moved about the kitchen and then sank heavily onto the sofa, his head in his hand and a drink in front of him. Ginny wiped away tears and pondered what to do. He was hurting just as much as she was. Had it been too long? Could they really just begin again? Did life work like that? It had never worked that way for either of them. She'd had her one chance with him and he'd given it up with no fight.

No. I want this. He wants this, rang in her head and she steeled herself, moving silently. *We owe it to ourselves to see where this goes.*

* * *

"Drinking alone can become a nasty habit."

Harry snorted but didn't raise his eyes from the glass. "I'm not drinking alone; you're here, aren't you."

She moved to stand next to him and he made the mistake of letting his eyes slide to the side. Painted toes. Red. Connected to bare legs. Pale and scattered with freckles. The skin seemed to go on forever until it finally, thankfully, ended in the tails of his white shirt.

"Gin?" he breathed out. He allowed his eyes to finish sliding up and he blinked hard at the red curls cascading over her shoulders and onto the bright white fabric. Her hands barely shown out of the edges of the sleeves.

No lingerie in the world could have been sexier to him than seeing her in his shirt. "Harry," she replied, a smile to her voice. "Aren't you going to invite me sit down?"

Harry stared at her fluttering eyes and confident smile with an open mouth, and nodded dumbly, patting the sofa next to him. His stomach swooped at the grin she gave him as she pushed his shoulders back and straddled his lap.

"Erm..."

"I like this seat best."

"Ginny," he choked out. The reaction his body was having he knew was perfectly normal, but terrified him nonetheless.

"Harry," she repeated as she laid her head on his shoulder and wrapped her arms around his back. Her breath on his neck caused hairs to stand all along his arms and his cock to twitch.

Harry's mind was racing as he laid his arms on her back—there was no other place for them to go, and they seemed to want to be there. It had been a long time since they'd been anywhere near this position and he wondered what, exactly, she was meaning by sitting on him. The wetness of her tongue on his heating flesh confirmed that she knew what she was doing. Harry, starved for affection and now randy as anything, tipped his head to the side giving her more freedom. He yelped out when her teeth grazed his earlobe and she attached herself to the pulse point sucking and causing a bite of pain.

"Oh Ginny," he moaned. His hands, conveniently free of his brain's control, gripped at her back and slid up into her hair.

"Relax, Harry," she said against his skin as she continued to lick and kiss. Slowly, she licked up the column of his throat and sucked on the end of his chin, the stubble of his jaw scratching and drawing her red hairs over his face. Their eyes met, green and brown, and their lips met, sliding and grinding against each other; tongues frantically tasting. Each groaned and sighed their acceptance and pleasure at the situation.

Ginny gripped Harry's t-shirt tightly in her fist and sent her other hand into his hair, fisting possessively in it as their passion overflowed. They broke apart breathlessly, and panted as their foreheads rested together.

"When were you going to tell me?"

Harry's eyes snapped open and he considered, for just a moment, lying to her.

"Never," he finally admitted. "You said you were happy."

"I lied," she said as she tilted in and nibbled at his bottom lip, pulling it back with her. He seemed to consider this for a moment before nodding once and pulling her to him. His head was reeling, trying to process what all of this meant, but his body screamed for him to just enjoy it.

This time, they slowed the kiss and their tongues mated and caressed. Ginny's hands slid into his shirt and he flinched at her warm fingers skimming his stomach and pushing the fabric up higher.

His hands settled on her hips and pushed them down into his thighs, frantically trying to keep her from feeling just how aroused he was. The shirt that she had nicked from him was his undoing however, as it moved upwards and now he was touching bare skin.

"Gin," he growled as she nuzzled his face with her nose and lips.

Those traitorous hands of his inched their way upward, across smooth-as-silk skin and found no barrier. His eyes went wide as the swell of her breast moved against his thumb.

Somewhere, deep in the recesses of his mind, a voice was screaming at him to stop, to slow down and talk to her. Vaguely he thought it sounded like Hermione, or maybe Remus, it was so logical. But logic was thrown out the window as he cupped the mound and tested the weight.

"Yes, Harry."

Her sigh was all he needed to continue and the alert nipple was soon pressing against his palm as he gently squeezed the softness. She wasn't large—just a handful, really—but it was bloody perfect as far as he was considered. Maybe a mouthful, another voice growled. Not sure he liked this voice, even if he agreed with it, Harry pushed it to the back of his mind and continued.

She was sucking again at his neck as he brushed his fingertips across the nipple and she sighed, sliding closer to him. His arousal was pressed now at the apex of her thighs and warning bells were going off in his head.

"Ginny," he moaned out, stilling his hand but keeping it resting there on the glorious flesh. "Ginny, wait." Her movements stilled and he rested his head against hers. "We... I..."

"It's alright, Harry. You're not doing anything I don't want."

"No, that's not it. I mean, I want this too. But..." He finally let his hand drop to her hip again and nudged her head so that she was looking at him. "I can't do this if it's out of pity or..."

"Pity?" she questioned, a hard look coming into her eyes. Instantly, he knew he had used the wrong word. "You think I would do this because I pity you, Harry?"

"I—well, I don't know exactly why you're doing this."

"You don't get it, do you Potter?" she asked with a smirk. "It's always *been* you. It will always *be* you."

"But, those other blokes..."

"Didn't stand a chance, Harry," she said, letting her hands rest on each side of his face and staring into his eyes. "How could they when I love you?"

Harry seemed to consider this for a minute and then searched her face again. "You... love me?" It was a tortured whisper.

"Always have."

"But... it's been three years."

"I can count, Potter," she ground out. "You were so distant after... and I just—" she sighed. "I guess I just didn't know where we went, you know."

He nodded as his fingers traced small circles on the flesh above her hips. "I know, I was stupid."

"It's over now, Harry. We're here." He wasn't sure exactly what she was meaning, but took a chance.

"Ginny, if we... if you let me do this, make love to you..." He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "It'll kill me if it's only one time. If we do this, together, then it's us together, forever."

She was silent and he chanced opening his eyes. The smirk she wore was enough to make his stomach swoop in anticipation. "Are you proposing to me, Potter?" One perfect eyebrow arched.

Harry flushed and opened his mouth, closing it again when he realized he didn't have an answer. "No," he finally said. "I'm saying that I *will* be, one day."

"That's enough for me then." She snuggled down into him and they cuddled together, letting their bodies calm down and the decisions they'd made sink in.

Harry knew this was what complete should feel like. He'd felt it once before, when he was sixteen and she'd held his hand and kissed him. And they'd spent those weeks together before the world had fallen apart.

"I want this, Harry," she whispered as she gripped the top of his shirt, fingers caressing his collarbone.

Harry lowered his head and kissed her cheek, then the shell of her ear, slowly letting his tongue touch the pink flesh. He shifted her so that he could reach her neck with his mouth and she willingly complied, her hands returning to the skin near his waist. She tasted wonderful, clean and warm. One hand remained on her thigh, one returned to graze under her shirt, this time along her back.

Their lips met and Harry could feel himself growing aroused again. It didn't help when Ginny began moving against him, small thrusts at first, and he almost lost control. Buttons moved through holes and he was suddenly face to face with her bare chest.

"Beautiful," he whispered reverently as he buried his face in between her breasts. Turning his head to the side, he licked the butter-soft skin and she moaned. This was a first for him; the first feel, the first sight, the first taste. Women are glorious creatures, he briefly thought as the rosy nub that he'd teased earlier peaked out and begged to be touched. Taking an unsure breath, Harry leaned into her and licked. Ginny bucked against him, her hands pulling his head toward her.

"Ohhhh... mmhmm."

Success, he thought to himself as he took another chance and sealed his mouth around the peak. Licking and sucking caused her to make the most delicious grinding motion with her hips and Harry gasped.

"Gin," he begged. "Don't do that."

She stilled for a moment and looked lost. "You... you don't like it?"

"No," he nuzzled her breasts lightly and kissed one. "I *like* it too much." His face heated even more, if it were possible. "If you don't stop, I'll be finished before we even start."

Ginny didn't reply but chuckled instead. "So, if I did this..." Mischievous little minx that she was, Ginny's hand moved between them to cup at the solid ridge that pointed to his stomach. Her hand rubbed the denim up and down and Harry gasped and pulled her closer to him.

"Oh," he moaned, his hand covering hers, trapping it against him. Slight pressure from him urged her to keep stroking. "Don't stop," he breathed.

"How about if I do it right?" she asked, a small kiss against his ear as her other hand joined them to

undo his pants. He sighed in instant relief as he was freed from the zipper. Soft fingers tickled the hair near his navel and then slid under the elastic band of his boxers.

Having her hand there before was wonderful—this, her fingers closed around him—was heaven. There was a familiar tightening low in his groin and he knew he wouldn't be able to hold it any longer. His hips tensed and he found himself thrusting—once, twice—into her hand and crying out as the wetness enveloped them.

"Messy," she mumbled, although she didn't seem too concerned.

Harry pulled back, completely embarrassed and red faced. "I'm sorry."

"Harry," she purred as she lifted his face with her finger. "It's alright, it felt good didn't it?" He smirked and mumbled something. "What was that, love?" she teased.

"I said, it was brilliant. Just give a bloke more warning next time. It's bound to be fast the first time."

"The first... Harry, are you telling me you've never..."

"Well," he was completely red now. "Of course, I've... well, myself."

Ginny kissed his cheek lightly. "It's alright, Harry, everyone does it." He breathed deeply and laid his head against her chest again. "Why don't we get cleaned up and move this upstairs."

He nodded numbly and reached for his wand on the end table. A quick spell cleaned up the mess he'd made of them both and he started to relax some at her easy attitude. He did briefly panic at the thought of where she'd learned to do that to a bloke. He knew that it hadn't happened before they were together earlier, must have been after. *What a fool*, he thought, *years of wanking by myself when it could have been her there with me*.

"I didn't realize you were that excited," she apologized as they walked up the stairs, hand in hand. "I've never... well, done *that* for a bloke."

He couldn't help but grin.

"I'll be okay again in a few minutes," he offered shyly. They had reached the bedroom door now and both paused awkwardly.

"Good, because I'm hardly through with you, Potter," she growled out as she captured his lips and pulled him forward by his open pants. They backed into the room until her knees hit the bed and she pulled him down onto her. They kissed and groped for a few minutes before she began moving her pelvis against his, causing a most welcome heat to form again.

"Harry, take off your clothes," she whispered into his ear and his tongue stilled on her neck. He pulled back and nodded, watching her divest the shirt until she was only wearing a lacy bit of black fabric. Knickers. Gloriously sexy knickers.

"Harry..." she giggled and he realized he was still completely dressed.

“Oh, yeah. Sorry.” He tossed the shirt and jeans into a pile, leaving his boxers on. She raised her eyebrow in question and he shook his head. “I want to last more than a few seconds this time,” he explained. He rejoined her on the bed, crawling toward her. She seemed nervous, laying her arms across her body, hiding her nakedness from him.

“Gin, you know I love you? I know I’ve not said it before.” He lay alongside her, gently pulling her arms away from her. He wasn’t sure why, but he was less nervous than he expected.

“I know,” she whispered, taking a deep breath and letting her fingers nestle in the black hair that had appeared on his chest in recent years.

He brought her other hand to his face and kissed the palm lightly. “This is new for both of us, let’s just relax and see where it goes, yeah?”

Ginny rolled her shoulders and nodded, smiling at him. She pulled his head down and kissed him, burying her fingers in his hair. His hand gripped at her side, tilting her toward him and winding their legs together. He placed feathery light kisses along her jaw line and neck as his fingers found her breast again. Squeezing and pulling at the nipple caused her to moan out his name and instantly made him hard again. He breathed deeply, praying that he could hold out to make this good for her.

He clutched at her hip as she drew a leg up and over his. A slight pull from her and he was pressing her into the mattress, his weight held up by his elbows. Ginny rolled her hips lightly and his head dropped to her shoulder. It was all he could do not to come again all over her. But he was determined.

“Gin, I want to see you,” he breathed, laying kisses along her collarbone and shoulder. “Let me make it good for you, show me... teach me.”

She nodded silently and pushed up gently so that he would roll off. She almost laughed at the eager look on his face—lip caught in his teeth. Lifting her hips, she slid the knickers off and tossed them toward the floor.

“Red,” he breathed, almost reverently.

She giggled. “What did you expect?”

“Erm, well, I don’t know really.” He smiled crookedly and lifted his hand, pausing to search her face.

“Touch me, Harry, please.”

He let out the breath he was holding and let his fingers finally touch the coarse curls. “Can I,” he swallowed, “Can I look?”

Ginny blushed and nodded, opening her legs wider as he adjusted his glasses and scooted to the edge of the bed. The look of concentration on his face as he touched and inspected the area made her giggle.

“It’s so small,” he said softly, almost to himself. “I’m supposed to fit?”

“Fairly full of yourself aren’t you?” she smirked.

“No, it’s not that. I just... I don’t want to hurt you.”

“It will hurt, Harry,” she said firmly. “But I’m a girl, and we know it will always hurt the first time. It’s alright.”

“No, it’s not. I, erm, well...” He cleared his throat and looked away nervous. “Hermione had this book... It said it would help if I, well, if I touched you first. If you, you know, before we...”

She nodded. “It figures that Hermione would have a book.”

He blushed but smiled heart-meltingly. His fingers returned to touching.

“Tell me where, Ginny,” he pleaded, watching her face.

She gasped as a finger slipped inside her hot folds. “There.” Deeper and deeper he probed, and Ginny rocked her hips and bit her bottom lip. Wetness was soaking his finger and he added another, causing her to moan. There was another spot he’d read about and he brought his other hand into her curls. Right at the beginning of the folds, if he remembered right. Ginny’s eyes shot open and she gasped out his name. *That’s the one*, he thought with a grin. He continued to circle it gently until her hand came down and pressed it firmly there, helping him rock her pelvis. He continued to slide his soaked fingers in and out, contemplating adding a third finger when she moaned loudly and shuddered, almost crushing his fingers inside her in a rhythmic pulse. His eyes widened. He’d done that, he’d actually made her come. He was fairly proud of himself and realized that by concentrating on her, he’d actually softened a bit. That all changed when she grabbed for him, growled and dragged him down on top of her.

“Harry, if I didn’t know you were a virgin...” She crushed her lips into his and they kissed violently for a few minutes. “I want you,” she whispered harshly into his ear. Harry stilled and searched her face.

“Are you sure?”

“Just fuck me, Harry,” she growled. He grinned at her impatience and shook his head.

“No. I’ll never *fuck* you, Gin. I’ll always make love to you, or with you, actually.” He moved to his knees and removed his boxers, causing her to gasp at the sight of his beautiful penis, erect and waiting just for her.

“Gin, do we need the spells?”

She shook her head, but didn’t remove her eyes from him. “I’m on the potion, it helps regulate my cycle.”

“Alright,” he nodded and smirked at her expression as she studied him. “Like what you see, then?”

“Merlin, yes, Harry. Just put that thing in me already.”

“Patience, Weasley,” he growled at her. He had to admit that her aggressiveness made him even

more aroused. He knelt between her knees and watched her as she watched him. Resting above her on one elbow, he took hold of himself as she reached down between them to open her folds, ready to receive him.

“Oh, Gin,” he whispered reverently as he finally lay the head of him inside her and gave a small thrust. “Slow or fast?”

“Fast I think,” she gasped and wound her arms under his, looping them onto his shoulders. His free hand pulled her head into his neck as he nodded and gave one large push, breaking her barrier and seating himself deep within. She breathed hard and he held himself up, face tight and eyes focused on her.

“Let me know when, Gin,” he moaned and then let his head fall gently as she nodded. He made small thrusts at first, circling his pelvis as he moved deeper and deeper. He groaned when Ginny slid her legs up to grip his hips and rocked her pelvis with him.

“So good,” he whispered, kissing her neck, and cheek and then finding her swollen lips. He continued the tortuously slow pace until his shoulders and arms were shaking.

“Gin... I can't...”

“Let go, Harry. You won't break me.” As soon as the words left her mouth, Harry tightened up and surged forward hard. He grunted and let his eyes flutter closed. His movements quickened until he was pounding into her and she was biting his neck gently. With a few last thrusts, he came inside her, a cry on his lips.

“Ginny! Oh, Merlin, Gin.”

He finally stilled and they lay together, sweat and fluids binding them. When Harry finally found his heart stilling, he realized all his weight was on her. Her hands were trailing feather light over his back.

“I'm sorry, I must be crushing you,” he mumbled and moved, his spent cock slipping out of her and trailing hot stickiness behind.

“You're not,” she said dazedly as she rolled to her side and cuddled up to him, his front to her back.

“That was brilliant, Gin.” He kissed her neck after shifting her hair to the side. “I didn't hurt you too bad, did I?”

Ginny's hand rubbed over the arm that surrounded her. “It hurt, but just for a minute. It'll be better next time.”

“We get to do this again,” he said, his voice full of awe and it was almost a question. Ginny giggled and turned in his arms to face him, one leg thrown over his body.

“We get to do this as much as you can take, Harry. I don't ever want to stop being with you. And we have all weekend, after all.”

“Just how much of that conversation did you eavesdrop on, Miss Weasley?”

“As much as I needed to hear, love,” she patted his cheek and grinned at him. “You did tell her I was welcome to stay as long as I wanted to.”

“Forever then?” he asked shyly, intertwining their fingers and kissing her hand.

“It’s a deal,” she whispered. “Now, roll over so I can use you as a pillow. You wore me out.”

Harry laughed out loud. “I wore you out?! I had a training session today that involved an eight kilometer run, mind you.”

Ginny propped herself onto her elbows and made a pouting face. “Poor baby, take a little nap and then I will make it all better.”

Harry’s eyebrow’s rose and he grinned crookedly.

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

* * *

Ginny rolled over, entirely, contently, warm in her bed. She arched her back, stretching all of the muscles in her body. A twinge of discomfort in her crotch and she winced. Her eyes fluttered open and she grinned, remembering where she was and why her bottom was a bit sore today.

Harry’s hand shifted on her hip and he mumbled something in his sleep. Ginny rolled onto her side, careful not to dislodge his grip, and tucked her hands under her cheek, watching Harry sleep.

He really was beautiful, she thought. He looked so young right now, with his glasses off and the worries of the day not making his face crease.

She studied him for what seemed like hours, the clock beside the bed making a faint tick-tick in the silence of the room. Ginny replayed every moment of the night before, feeling herself growing more and more aroused by the minute.

Her hand went to his, at her side, and slowly slid up, ruffling the black hairs on his arm, and then settled on his shoulder before sliding down to his chest. She glanced up while she brushed the back of her finger along his nipple, watching it react to her touch.

“Harry,” she breathed, not really wanting to wake him, but not being able to stop herself from saying his name.

He smiled softly, his eyes fluttering open. “Morning,” he whispered, his face lighting when he saw her only inches from him.

“Morning,” she agreed. She cursed her blushing tendencies as her face heated. She didn’t want him to think she regretted even a moment of their time last night. Taking a deep breath, and pulling from somewhere deep, where her courage seemed to be stored, Ginny leaned forward and brushed

her lips along his. "I was just thinking about last night."

Harry's hand came up and buried in her tangled hair, his tongue taking control of the kiss. "Thank you, Gin, for last night," he whispered once they'd broken apart.

Ginny reveled in the emotion that his words betrayed. It seemed like no huge step to get from the awkwardness of the past few years and right into the intimate position they were now in. She supposed it was because they'd been completely honest with each other. That, and she just couldn't hold herself back from touching him, caressing his skin and watching the emotions play on his face when she did.

"Thank you, Harry," she answered back, scooting her hips closer and sliding her foot up his leg slowly.

Harry groaned and she could feel him grow hard against her. A selfish thought flashed through her mind that they couldn't possibly make love again, she was too sore. But when his arms wrapped tightly around her and he nudged her with his hips, she instantly vowed that it didn't matter. If that was what Harry wanted, then Ginny would ignore the pain and give him what pleasure she could.

As they continued to kiss, his hand slid down her back and over her bum, pulling her even tighter to him. "Gin," he groaned when her hand found his cock, rubbing him up and down softly. His fingers slid in between her legs and Ginny winced, closing her eyes to try and hide her discomfort.

"Gin." His hand stopped and reached up to lift her chin. "Did I hurt you?" he asked.

The struggle in his voice, as if he hated himself for causing her a moment of pain, made her give in. "I'm a little sore," she admitted. "But I'll be fine."

Harry closed his eyes tightly and swore. "I'm so sorry, love," he said, kissing her forehead and pulling away from her a bit. "We don't have to—"

"I want to," Ginny interrupted.

Harry looked conflicted for a moment, before he looked down at her, his cheeks flushing as he fidgeted. "What about a healing charm?"

Ginny felt like slapping herself in the forehead. Of course they could use a healing charm. It wasn't as if it were a major injury, just small tears and abrasions in the vaginal walls.

"That should work," she nodded enthusiastically. She turned, searching for her wand, before Harry laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Let me, please. I'm so sorry—"

"Don't, Harry," she gently scolded him. "Don't apologize for something that was wonderful and perfect. I wouldn't give up a single part of it."

He didn't look convinced, but nodded and then performed the charm.

Settling back down in her embrace, Harry sighed in contentment. "Better now?"

Ginny nodded, feeling perfectly healthy now. She began studying his face again, reaching up to trace his features with her finger.

“Love you,” he whispered and then kissed her finger as it trailed over his bottom lip.

“Love you,” she agreed, leaning in to kiss him again. She was determined to get him to make love to her again, despite how nervous he seemed. It took a few minutes of kissing to convince him of the plan and Ginny smiled as he pulled her closer, his penis stroking her thigh again.

“Are you sure?” he asked, his fingers finding her center and gently exploring.

Ginny shuddered against him, pulling his face down into her breast. “Yes, Harry, I’m sure.”

His response was lost in the growl he made as he sucked a nipple into his mouth and began touching her in earnest. She thrust against his fingers, lifting her thigh up onto his hip and moaning his name.

It didn’t take long for her to come, images of him over the top of her last night playing through her head.

In a swift movement, that seemed just a bit out of control, Harry lifted her thigh up and slid inside of her, grunting as he sank in slowly.

“So good,” he mumbled, his lips and tongue leaving a cool trail on the skin of her neck.

Ginny grinned and reached around to both cheeks of his bum, helping him thrust full in to her. She stretched inside, her muscles slow to remember what they’d been taught last night. But it felt wonderful to have him there again.

They rocked, slowly and fully, together. Harry pulled his head up and they lay together, noses bumping and harsh breaths mingling as they moved. Harry’s body rocked harder and harder against hers, his fingers digging into the fleshy bottom of her thigh.

“Almost,” he grunted out, his eyes narrowing and beads of sweat breaking out on his forehead.

“Wait for me,” Ginny moaned, sliding her hand down to where they were joined. The moisture and heat from their coupling made her head spin and her arm shake. Her fingers clumsily found her clit, giving it a few swirls before she couldn’t help it and reached down to where Harry’s penis was sliding in and out of her. It felt so surreal feeling him there, stretching her muscles, her skin opening wide for him.

“Yes, yes,” he mumbled, arching his back and tightening his arse. Ginny felt his shaft vibrate under her fingers as he ejaculated into her, the hot fluid almost burning her insides. He thrust upward one final time, arching high into her, sending her over the edge herself.

Ginny’s eyes rolled up into her head and she moaned loudly, pulling her hand up to clutch at his chest, not even caring at the fluids she was bringing with her.

“Ginny,” he hissed, pulling her to him firmly and capturing her mouth in a bruising kiss.

She understood what he couldn’t say, and clung to him, returning his passion until it faded and they

lay together, completely happy.

It didn't matter what the world outside would bring to them. Ginny knew that they were together now.

Harry sighed, pressing a sloppy kiss to the side of her mouth. "You know, I knew the moment I met you that I didn't stand a chance against you."

Ginny wrapped her arms around his head and laughed. "Just remember that, Potter."