Falling All Over Again

Title: Falling All Over Again
Author: HGFan1111
Genre: Drama, Romance, Humor, Puff
Warnings: sexual suggestions, language
Rating: mostly PG-13 to R (some scenes NC-17)
Ships: Ginny/Harry, canon ships
Setting: Post-DH
Summary: With the kids all off to Hogwarts Harry and Ginny finally have some quiet time to themselves. But don't worry, Ginny has a plan.

*A/N: This started out as my PuffySub entry before the assignments were even given out. When I finally got my assignment, the two didn't match. Ella says it's a perfect excuse for more puff in the world. *shrugs* I loved writing this one and had a blast with it. The whole idea blossomed out of a new song by Jason Castro called "Let's Fall In Love Again" and wouldn't leave me alone until it was written. I kept it light and fluffy (and of course puffy) for your reading enjoyment. I'm seriously going to take out an ad searching for my Angst Muse. He's disappeared once more and I'm left with this fluffy little pygmy puff on my shoulder, talking me into causing cavities with everything I write. I hope you enjoy. BTW, this story will be 4 chapters.*

Chapter 1

The Hogwarts Express was just as scarlet as ever, and the brass on the engine shined just as brightly as it had on the first day he'd seen it; more than twenty years ago now. He supposed that was easily explained away with magic, but even now, with so much time spent in the Wizarding world, magic still impressed Harry. There were days he woke up and was awed at the amount of hot water that still remained in the shower after all of the kids had already bathed.

Perhaps it was something he'd never get used to, or maybe Harry just felt like it might all disappear if he took it for granted, but magic was still amazing and wonderful.

Ginny's hand in his pulled him back to the present as her fingers tightened down, feeling like a vice. He knew she was struggling today—what mother wouldn't be?—but he also knew she wasn't going to break down in front of the kids.

"All three of them gone, mate." Ron clapped Harry on the shoulder as he came up alongside them.

"All three," Harry nodded, squeezing Ginny's hand in return. Her eyes were watching Lily's head of bright hair as it weaved through the throng of students until she joined a group of her cousins, blending into the red color.

Had there *ever* been this many young witches and wizards at Hogwarts?

"Wasn't sure we'd live to see this day with Hugo," Ron snorted, wincing when Hermione pinched his arm. "I just meant that he was sort of a tough kid."

“With a tough father,” Ginny shot back, peering around Harry to smirk at her brother. “You weren’t a picnic growing up, Ron.”

He opened his mouth to respond, but Harry nudged him. “Boys are always tough. Weasley boys especially.” He gave a significant look to Ron to tell him that the conversation was over and, thankfully, his friend understood.

“Yeah.” Ron shifted about, watching his son lift the window to one of the compartments and hang out precariously, waving exuberantly until he tipped out. Two hands reached out and yanked him back in. A flash of James’ shaking head was seen before Hugo’s panting face appeared, waving a bit more sedately at his parents.

“Merlin,” Hermione breathed, pressing her fingers to her mouth and sucked in air through her teeth. “He’ll be in the hospital wing the first night.”

“Still won’t beat his Uncle Harry’s record,” Ron snorted and then dodged Harry’s swing.

“I waited a few weeks at least.”

“James will look after him,” Ginny interrupted, rolling her eyes at their antics. “And Al will be around too.”

“Like Rosy would ever let him get hurt,” Harry smirked. “She’s too much like her mother.”

“Thank Merlin Hermione was with the both of you,” Ginny shook her head, “otherwise there might have been a few less Potters on the Hogwarts rolls.”

Harry sobered and laced his fingers back with his wife’s as the last whistle for the train sounded. Three Potter faces appeared in the same window where Hugo had been a moment before and Lily blew a kiss to her parents, laughing at something that James said. Al gave a distracted wave and Harry felt his own heart twist at seeing all of his children happy and healthy, on their way to new adventures and friendships. He couldn’t help but glance to both of his sides, seeing his oldest friends there. They’d all worked so hard to achieve what was unfolding right in front of them.

Their children didn’t have to know what it was like to huddle in a corner of Hogwarts, scared for their lives, or to wonder if each letter you got from a family member might be the last because of the war on outside the walls.

They’d done it, together.

The engine gave off one final puff of steam before the wheels began to spin, slipping a bit on the rails before catching and pulling the long train out of the station.

“Come on, Harry,” Ginny said, wrapping her arm through his and laying her head on his shoulder.
“Take me home.” Her voice broke slightly and he knew she was trying hard not to cry. Their baby was off on her own now, at least for the next nine months. Harry kissed her head and slid his arm around her shoulders.

“You guys want to come over for dinner?” Ron asked.

Hermione either saw the distress in Ginny's face, or was feeling some of it herself. "Ronald, they may have plans."

"Not tonight, Ron, thanks," Ginny answered, smiling. "I think…I think we just want to enjoy the quiet house for a while."

"Now that the kids are gone, I'm going to walk around in nothing but my pants," Ron grinned. Harry snorted.

"When has that ever stopped you?" Hermione glared at him, although Harry could see the affection in her exasperated expression.

"See you on Monday, mate," Harry nodded, giving a small wave to Hermione and leading Ginny back toward the Apparition point.

"How about we order a pizza and eat it in our underwear?" Harry mumbled when he wrapped his arms around Ginny to Apparate them home. "In bed. We could have the underwear part be optional, of course."

She chuckled and rolled her eyes at him. "We'll see about that."

Ginny pushed aside the photographs with a fond glance at them, searching for her treasure. The edges of the pictures were tattered from years of being locked away in this trunk along with other mementos. There was a small box down near the bottom of the trunk that was kept apart from the childhood possessions, and it was this box that Ginny was seeking today.

When her fingers clasped around the wooden edge, she lifted it free and settled on the edge of the bed. She carefully removed the ornate top, her fingers ghosting over the carved dragons on top. Charlie had sent her the box for Christmas when she was fourteen.

Inside the box were some of Ginny's most prized possessions—the ones that could be represented by items, anyway. There was a small stack of worn parchment letters that Harry had sent during her lonely seventh year at Hogwarts. Being apart from him once again after all that they'd been through had nearly torn her heart into pieces. And even though he'd warned her he was shite at writing letters, Harry still tried. And it was enough for Ginny that he had.

She opened a few of the folded papers and let her eyes skim the words, not really reading, since she remembered the letters well even after all this time, but more just immersing herself in the words. Each letter was precious: the first tentative shy letters that Harry had penned with careful words and lots of erasing charms, the stronger, surer letters of the months after Christmas, when they'd been able to spend time together and deepen their relationship, and the excited, thrilling letters of the last weeks of school, when the prospect of uninhibited time together was swelling.

The exhilaration of receiving a letter from Harry during those months was something that Ginny had a hard time remembering. The years were dulling the edges of her memories and blending them together into a fuzzy recollection.

Beneath the letters was a single pressed flower. The first one Harry had ever given her. It was horribly sentimental to keep it after all these years, but to Ginny, it represented those rites of passage for new couples that were so thrilling and new.

In one corner of the box was an ivory satin ribbon. Her fingers slid up and down the surface, the memories much fresher in her mind. This ribbon had been in her hair the night she'd stayed over at Harry's flat and they'd made love for the first time.

After carefully removing her clothing, Harry had reached up and tugged on the end of the ribbon, releasing her hair around her shoulders and burying his fingers in it before pressing kisses to the side of her jaw and neck. The ribbon lay forgotten on the floorboards of Harry's bedroom until Ginny found it the next morning and tucked it into the pocket of her trousers. She'd known then that it would be a good reminder of the night.

Ginny wound the satin around and around her fingers, closing her eyes as she tried to remember each touch, each caress of that intimate, hesitant first time. It was also fading over time and she tried to grasp it, only to feel as if she were holding handfuls of sand.

It was frustrating, this business of getting older, of letting life crowd out the most valuable memories that you had.

Once the children had begun to arrive, life had become hectic, and frenzied, and wonderful in a way that neither she nor Harry could have anticipated. But she missed those brand new, exciting moments when you were just starting to fall in love with someone.

Their marriage was wonderful. It was comfortable and reliable. But Ginny couldn't help but think that something was missing. She was happy, but she craved the thrill of long conversations that had nothing to do with the children and the surprise of seeing Harry's cheeks flush when she would place a kiss on his cheek.

How long she sat in the bedroom, staring at her treasures, she didn't know. But a soft rap of knuckles on the door frame broke her from her musing.

"You alright in here?" Harry's hair was rumpled and Ginny grinned at him. He'd been working in his office, going over some files that he'd brought home with him. They must have been frustrating, because he'd been running his fingers through the locks that were now just starting to show signs of some gray hairs near the temples. "You've been in here for some time."

"Just lost in memories," she shrugged one shoulder, lifting the box slightly.

A look of understanding crossed his face and Harry climbed into the bed behind her, pressing his chest against her back and resting his chin on her shoulder.

"I remember that ribbon," he mused. Even though he knew that she kept little treasures of their life together, Harry always pretended to be surprised when she pulled this box out.

"Yeah, I was just thinking about that."

He chuckled low in his throat and moved her hair away from her neck, placing gentle kisses on the skin there.

“I remember being so nervous.”

“We both were,” she said, tilting her head and letting her hands rest slack in her lap as Harry focused on distracting her. “That’s the way it’s supposed to be, I think.”

“So you’ve been sitting in her daydreaming all this time?” he asked, finally slowing his attention and reaching around to lift a photograph of the two of them the day they’d gotten engaged from the box.

“Mostly, yeah,” she nodded. “But, I’ve also been sort of…”

“Melancholy,” Harry nodded. “For weeks since the kids left.”

She sighed and set the whole box aside before turning in place so that she could face him. Her hand came up and rested on his cheek and she stared at his eyes behind his glasses. They were both getting older. There were creases at the corners of his eyes and small lines near his mouth—evidence of laughter, and worry, and love through the years.

“I have been and I’m sorry.”

He sighed and turned his head to kiss her palm. “It’s okay. I miss having them around too. Being able to have more flexible hours at work has been wonderful, but the house gets pretty quiet sometimes.”

Ginny smiled and leaned her forehead against his chin, shivering when he kissed the skin there. “I was just remembering what it felt like when we were so young—or *trying* to remember anyway. It seems like ages ago, and then at times it feels like it was only the blink of an eye ago.”

Harry nodded and wrapped his arms around her, drawing her into an embrace. “You don’t regret any of it, do you?”

Her head snapped up and she examined his face, searching for his own answer to the question. “Not a moment,” she protested.

The tension in Harry’s face relaxed and he smiled. “Me either.”

“But…”

“But,” he nodded, urging her onward.

“I just…” Ginny trailed off again, wondering what it was that she was craving. Their marriage was wonderful; the kids were all happy and healthy. Why did it feel like something was missing?

Her eyes drifted and rested on the picture of them kissing and touching in the candid photograph George had snapped in the kitchen of the Burrow. Ginny’s engagement ring sparkled with the flash and she giggled at something Harry whispered to her. A wave of nostalgia and excitement broke over her and she lifted the picture up, tilting it so that Harry could see.

“I want this back again.”

Harry's forehead creased and she could see he was trying to work out what she meant. "You want…"

"I want *us* back again, like we used to be."

Harry's scowl deepened and he pulled back a bit. "I don't… We're right here, Gin. I didn't know you were unhappy."

"Not at all," she denied, cupping the sides of Harry's face. Her whole insides twisted at the feeling that she'd caused him distress. "I'm not unhappy at all, Harry. I love what you and I have together, I just… I just want more. I'm greedy."

Ginny's mind whirled as she tried to come up with a way to explain what she meant, both to herself and to Harry.

"It's like when you get a brand new broom," she tried. "You're excited to ride it, and even though it's really the same basic motions as your old broom, everything is new and exciting with the new broom. Each turn is sharper, each dive is more thrilling."

He smiled rather pathetically and stared down at the picture. "You want to trade me in for a younger, faster model?"

Ginny couldn't help but laugh. "No. I'm immensely happy with the comfortable broom I have, thank you. But I do miss the newness and excitement from time to time. Remember what it felt like the first time you kissed me?"

"Vaguely," he nodded, looking much more relaxed now that she was beginning to make sense again. "Mostly, I just remember that I hadn't planned anything, but the moment I saw you I knew I needed to kiss you."

"Exactly," she nodded. "Every moment was dictated by instinct and your heart pounded in your chest before each and every decision. And when something happened, there was that shiny newness that was the most amazing feeling in the world—like flying without a broom."

"I suppose I see what you mean," Harry nodded, "but I'm not sure I know how to give that to you."

"I'm not sure I even know myself," Ginny sighed and laid her head against his shoulder. "I think I'm just… restless and I don't know what I want."

"We could…go somewhere," Harry suggested with a little shrug. "Take a trip or something. Somewhere we've never been before."

Ginny's mind traced the trips they'd taken over the years. It did sound nice, but she wasn't sure it was exactly what she needed.

"Or," Harry continued, possibly sensing her hesitancy, "we could spend a little more time together. Get to know each other again. I don't feel like we've had a proper conversation much over the last little bit."

She laughed softly but the idea sparked something inside her and an idea began to build.

"Maybe even recreate a few of those memories that—"

"That's it!" she sat up suddenly. "What if we just…fall in love again?"

Harry laughed incredulously. "What do you mean? Pretend that we're not…" He shrugged, unsure what she was meaning.

"Just…not really *recreate* those moments, but just do things together—date and spend time together, like we used to when we were falling in love. Take broom rides and have picnics. Have real conversations again that aren't about the kids and what they're doing, or about work."

Harry seemed to be warming to the idea and nodded. "I think we could manage that."

Ginny grinned, the idea unfolding in her mind vividly. "We could really do this, Harry. I could even move back to the Burrow for awhile, just to make it feel real."

"I don't know about that, Gin," Harry shook his head. "I think that's taking it—"

"Not for long," she protested, turning and kneeling in front of him, bouncing a bit on the mattress. "Just…just for a bit. Think how exciting it was when we were first dating and you would come to the Burrow to pick me up."

Harry's one eyebrow rose slowly as if she were more than a little barmy.

"Come on," she cajoled, edging closer and closer to him, her fingers swirling in the small hairs at the back of his neck. "It'll be fun."

"How far are we going to take this, Gin?" he asked. Ginny wasn't sure if he'd realized he'd already given in to her, but she smiled, pleased.

"Well, I don't think we need to recreate, really. But maybe just…pretend we're just starting out again, with flirting, and stolen kisses, and falling asleep on the sofa after talking late into the night."

"And having sex," Harry added, waggling his eyebrows. His hand drifted along her side and made her shiver as his fingers touched the edge of her breast before cupping it completely.

"Eventually," she nodded, ignoring his groan. "But, if you remember right, there was a lot we did before having sex."

"I don't want to wait a year to be with you again," he protested and placed kisses on her jaw line while his fingers traced the nipple on her breast, making her insides stir pleasantly.

"Not a year," she shook her head, knowing that with Harry's magic fingers there was no way she'd probably last a week without wanting him. "Just awhile. Remember how exciting it was to steal away and discover new things? Like the first time I let you touch my breasts without my shirt on."

Harry groaned and fastened his lips to the pulse point on her throat, sucking until there was the small sting of a love bite there. "And the first time I touched you, rubbed you—"

“Made me come in my trousers,” Harry chuckled against the bit of collar bone he was slowly exposing.

“Used my mouth on you,” Ginny continued and grinned as she burrowed her hands into his hair.

“Made me explode all over the place,” Harry mused. He lifted his head and kissed her completely.

“See?” she asked when they broke apart to breathe. “Don’t you want to feel that way again?”

“Like a fumbling prat who couldn’t hold it for two seconds?” he smirked. “Er…not so much.”

“Well, obviously parts of the plan are going to have to adapt, because we’re years’ beyond all of that stuff now, but we can manage.”

Harry thought about it for a moment before he shrugged. “If it’s what you want…”

Ginny couldn’t help but grin. “It sounds strange, but I think it’ll be fun. And it may just give us a little excitement around this place again.”

“On one condition,” he nodded, reaching for the edge of her shirt. “We have sex right now, so that I don’t have to think about what I’m going to be missing.”

Ginny snorted, but removed her t-shirt quickly, tossing it toward the floor and reached behind her to remove her bra. “Deal.”

Ron was late getting up because he had stayed up late the night before to finish a batch of reports that needed to be done for the annual Auror review. He dunked his head under the faucet in the sink and used a quick *Scourgify* on his body to save precious time before skipping stairs all the way to the kitchen.

Knowing he’d better at least give Hermione a kiss on the cheek before he left for the Ministry, he sought her out, finally finding her in the living room, sitting on the ottoman that was pushed up to face the fireplace. Ginny’s face was floating in the flames.

“…just have one more box to bring with me and then I’ll be all set.”

“And your parents are fine with you staying at the Burrow?” Hermione asked.

Ron opened his mouth to interrupt but what he’d overheard wasn’t computing in his head, and he stood completely still, the sandwich he’d managed to scrap together from his wife’s leftover toast and eggs sagging in his hand.

“They were fine with it,” Ginny nodded. “I need to get going. I want to have this stuff out before Harry gets back. He’s being such a baby about all of this, whining and complaining. You’d think he wasn’t capable of taking care of himself.” She scoffed and rolled her eyes before the fire flared and her face disappeared.

Hermione stood, primly straightening her skirt and reaching for her robe that was draped over the back of the sofa.

"Oh, Ron, you startled me."

"Sorry," he answered automatically, his eyes still on the empty fireplace. "Ginny…she's going to the Burrow?"

"Yes," Hermione nodded and bustled up to him to snatch the toast out of his hand. "Ron, you've managed to get egg on the carpet." She rolled her eyes and pulled her wand.

"But…Harry and Ginny…what's going on?"

"Nothing," Hermione shrugged. But the apples of her cheeks turned pink, a sure sign that she wasn't telling Ron everything she knew.

"Hermione," he scolded, taking the sandwich from her hand and following her to the kitchen. "If something's going on then I deserve to know. He's my best mate and she's—"

"I'm well aware of what they are to you, Ronald Weasley. They're my oldest friends as well. But not everything concerns you, you know. Whatever's going on between them, you let them work it out between them." She nodded firmly and Ron knew he wasn't getting any further information from his wife. She went up on her toes and kissed his cheek.

"I'll be late today. Thompson wants to argue the law in front of the full Wizengamot and they're not meeting until three this afternoon. There are leftovers in the icebox that you can heat up. Have a good day."

Before Ron could answer, she had Apparated away.

Ron stared at the egg sandwich in his hand, thinking that he wouldn't be able to eat anything right now.

His best mate and his sister—who had been married even longer than Ron and Hermione themselves—were splitting up. Ginny had left Harry and was moving back into the Burrow.

He tossed the food into the rubbish bin and stared at nothing while trying to process the whole situation. Something had to have happened because he'd seen them just the other day and everything had *seemed* fine then. They'd been laughing and joking; they'd even held hands!

There was only one way that he was going to get to the bottom of this. Not caring that he was going to be horribly late for work, Ron grabbed a handful of floo powder and threw it into the fireplace.

"Potter Cottage!"

But there was no answer when he stuck his head into the flames. The kitchen was empty. He glanced over toward the corner near the back door where Harry and Ginny's brooms were always leaning together. Harry's was still there, but Ginny's was gone.

Ron pulled his head out and tried again, "The Burrow!"

This time his gaze took in the kitchen at the Burrow and his mother bustling around.

"Mum?"

"Oh, Ron, aren't you supposed to be at work?"

"Yeah, but…is Ginny there?"

His mother shook her head. "Not yet, but I expect her any minute. She must have found a few more things that she couldn't live without."

Ron felt his face heat in anger and let out a deep breath through his nose. "What's going on, Mum? Why is Ginny staying at the Burrow?"

"Ronald, I don't think it's any of your business until one of them talks to you, is it?"

"I just want to know if I should try and track down my best mate and help him—"

"Ronald, Harry Potter is certainly capable of taking care of himself. Now, if you're supposed to be at work, why are you wasting time cluttering up my fireplace? Your sister might be trying to come through the floo, but can't because your big head is in the way. Off to work with you."

Ron growled as he pulled his head back and let the connection die. "Harry can take care of himself?" he muttered. It seemed as if no one really cared what happened to Harry or how he was holding up with all of this.

Merlin, what about the kids? Had Harry and Ginny just been holding their marriage together all these years for the sake of the kids?! The very idea made him sick to his stomach and Ron sat on the hearth stone for long minutes, trying to decide what he should do.

Ideally, he'd like to talk to both Ginny and Harry to see if all of this could be just a simple misunderstanding between them, or if there were serious issues. But going to the Burrow right now and facing down two Weasley women wasn't his idea of how to best attack the problem.

Wherever Harry was he was probably crushed, trying to put on a brave face for the world while his life fell to pieces around him.

He knew Harry was planning on being at the Ministry today to finish up the Auror evaluations. Ron would simply park himself in Harry's office until he broke through Harry's tough exterior. And then Ron would help his mate pick up the shattered life around him and fix what he could.

Harry was barely inside his office door when his secretary gave him a troubled look and then turned it toward the door.

"Mr. Weasley is in to see you, Director Potter."

"Ron?" Harry asked, scowling. He glanced down at the plain white bag in his hand and felt bad. If he'd known Ron was going to be waiting, he would have picked up another tart. It was a horrid habit that Ginny blamed his love handles on, but Harry had found the best little Muggle bakery in London and once a week he stopped in there to treat himself before going into the Ministry. "Did he say what he needed?"

"No, sir. He's been pacing in there for nearly thirty minutes," Mrs. Collingham nodded, twisting her hands together until they were white. "I told him you always came in later on Mondays and that I'd tell you he wanted to meet with you, but he wouldn't have it, sir. He insisted on waiting for you in there."

Harry nodded and gave her a nod. "Not to worry, Margaret. I'm sure it's nothing."

"Shall I get tea for you both, sir?"

"That would be great, Margaret. Just knock before you come in, I'm not sure what he's on about."

"Yes, sir," she forced a smile and glanced once more at the office before ducking out into the hallway.

Harry opened his door and was startled when Ron jumped up from the chair he was sitting on.

"Hi. Margaret said you needed to see me?"

Before Harry knew what was happening, Ron's big arms had folded around him, crushing Harry to his chest and patting him awkwardly on the back.

"I just wanted you to know that I'm going to be here for you, Harry. I'll do anything I can to help and to make it…well, the least painful it can be."

Harry pulled away, staring wide eyed at his oldest friend, seeing the pale complexion and rather sick look Ron wore.

"What?"

Ron shuffled about, his eyes not meeting Harry's. "I mean, I know Ginny's my sister, but that just means I know that she can overreact sometimes. Maybe…maybe this whole thing is just a misunderstanding."

"Ron, what—"

"And you…no one seems to even care how you're taking this! Ginny said you were whining and moaning about. Mum says you can take care of yourself. And Hermione… Merlin, Harry, she's just being cold about the whole thing, as if it's all *your* fault."

Harry's eyes grew wide and he fumbled for his wand, tossing his now-crushed tart bag to the desk and sliding to where he had a better shot at Ron. Someone had obviously attacked his best mate, confounded him, or something worse.

"Like *everything* has to be your fault! If something did happen, and I'm not saying it *did*, just that it *could* have, you know. There's that one bird down in Records who has been flirting with you for years. And she's good

looking, Harry, I honestly don't know how you've handled it as well as you have. But, maybe it wasn't you. Maybe it really is Ginny. She's pretty young to be going through the change of life and all, but you never know. Things like that can make women crazy. Or maybe the stress of the kids leaving has just sent her over the edge. Maybe *she's* the one who has found someone else."

Finally, Harry couldn't take any more and shot a shower of sparks toward Ron to stop the rambling. "Ron, what the hell are you talking about?!"

Ron jerked to a stop and blinked at Harry as the cloud of smoke dissipated in front of him. "You…you and Ginny."

"What about us?" Harry said, not lowering his wand.

"You…you're splitting up, getting a divorce. Ginny's moved back to the Burrow, taken everything with her and—"

"What the hell?!" Harry demanded, his wand hand shaking. "Ron, have you been attacked?"

Ron jerked again, his face contorting. "Er…no, I don't feel so good, but I think that's because I always figured you and Ginny were for real, you know."

Suddenly, something that Ron had said forced its way into Harry's brain and he lowered his arm. Ginny *was* back at the Burrow, but Ron had obviously misunderstood what was happening.

"Hang on…you think Ginny and I are getting a divorce?"

"Well, yeah," Ron nodded. "She was telling Hermione that she needed to get a box to the Burrow before you came home whining about the whole situation. And Mum said—"

"No," Harry said. He sank into his chair and felt his face heat. "We're…Ginny and I are fine, Ron."

Ron's jaw locked and he shook his head slowly. "It's only you and me, mate, you don't have to put on a brave face."

The whole situation was insane and Harry felt the need to laugh. It started as a chuckle in his throat but soon climbed from his belly, making Ron blink at him.

"We're *fine*, Ron, I promise. Ginny got this barmy idea to start dating again like we used to before we got married. She thinks it will be exciting to fall in love together again."

"That's…that's…"

"A bit crazy," Harry nodded. "But it does sort of sound fun. And if it makes Ginny happy…"

Ron nodded woodenly, but Harry could tell from the look on his face that he truly didn't understand.

"But…why did she move out?"

“It’s not forever,” Harry shook his head, “just for a couple of weeks, at most. She thought it would be fun to have me go and pick her up for dates, like I used to.” Harry refrained from rolling his eyes at his wife’s antics because he’d promised to try this silly plan. He *had* been whining about it over the past few days mostly because the idea that he had to give up sex and sleeping next to Ginny didn’t sit well with him, but it really wasn’t that long. And if Ginny was right then the benefits would far outweigh the inconvenience.

“And you two really aren’t splitting up?”

“Not at all,” Harry denied, shaking his head. “I’m not a nutter, Ron. Ginny’s everything to me. I’m not thick enough to muck that up.”

“Good,” Ron nodded, still looking out of sorts.

Harry sighed. “Here,” he said and nudged the bag with the smashed tart inside across the desk. “I got you something.” If it would help Ron Harry would sacrifice his tart for a week. Maybe he could work out a bit more in his spare time, surprise Ginny with a few changes of his own.

“Thanks,” Ron said distractedly, taking the bag and standing on shaky legs. “You know, all the women in our lives, Harry, they’re all nutters!”

Harry’s grin stretched his face. “That’s the first thing you’ve gotten right today, Ron.” Just before Ron walked out, Harry scowled. “Oi! What do you mean there’s that bird down in Records?!”

To Be Continued...

Falling All Over Again-Chapter 2

Title: Falling All Over Again
Author: HGFan1111
Genre: Drama, Romance, Humor, Puff
Warnings: sexual suggestions, language
Rating: mostly PG-13 to R (some scenes NC-17)
Ships: Ginny/Harry, canon ships
Setting: Post-DH
Summary: With the kids all off to Hogwarts Harry and Ginny finally have some quiet time to themselves. But don't worry, Ginny has a plan.

Chapter 2

The enchanted mirror whistled and Ginny felt her cheeks heat as she adjusted the robes she wore self-consciously. It had been awhile since she'd dressed up nice to go out, but it felt good to pamper herself once again. Having a family often meant that Ginny was the last to get ready for going anywhere and subsequently just pulled her hair up and rummaged in her closet for whatever wasn't horribly wrinkled or out of style.

Today she'd treated herself to a new set of robes and a new haircut. It felt as if she'd neglected her image far too long. But tonight would be different; tonight she was going to flaunt everything she still had.

Ginny smirked at picturing the expression on Harry's face when she walked into the pub. They were each coming tonight with friends—Ginny with the witches, Harry with the wizards—and Ginny was very much looking forward to being able to flirt with him blatantly.

As she'd expected, the excitement of this whole arrangement made her belly flutter with anticipation and wonder. Even though she knew Harry would be there, and she knew she'd be watching only for him, it still felt sort of new.

"Let's go break a few hearts," she winked to herself in the mirror and flicked her wand to turn the light off.

Her father's eyes went wide when she came down the stairs. "You look wonderful, Ginny," he complimented, setting his newspaper aside and climbing out of the reclining chair that she and Harry had bought him a few Christmases ago to meet her. "I think Harry's in for a real surprise when he sees you tonight." He winked and Ginny pressed a kiss to his cheek fondly.

"Thank you, Dad. I hope it's not an inconvenience having me here."

"Not at all." He brushed his finger along her cheek. "It's good to have a little animation around here again. Your mother and I are too old to dream up ways to entertain ourselves anymore. Usually we just fall asleep in our chairs before seven." He winked again and Ginny chuckled.

"I've had days like that."

"You go and have a good time tonight," he urged. "Should I set a curfew? Warn you not to bring strange young men home with you? Remind you to keep your wand handy?"

Ginny laughed and gave him one last hug. "Thank you for putting up with my silly ideas and for all that you've done for Harry and me over the years."

"It's never been a challenge, Ginny. And Harry…" He broke off and swallowed past the break in his voice. "I hope you both know what he means to us."

Ginny nodded, feeling a prickle in the back of her eyes. "We know."

"Now go on and have fun tonight. Where are you off to?"

"Just the Hog's Head," Ginny informed him. "Seamus has done a great job with the place and Bring-Your-Own-Glass Thursdays is a big hit."

Arthur snorted and nodded his head. "Much different from the old days."

"Yes, well, when Aberforth was in charge, you never knew what disease you were going to catch by simply walking in the door."

"And you're going with Hermione?"

Ginny chuckled and guided him back over to his chair. "I'm not seventeen anymore, Dad."

"Yes," he agreed, "but if we're going to do this thing, we're going to do it proper." The mischievous glint in his eye made Ginny laugh.

"Hermione and Angelina," she nodded. "And a couple of the girls from the old team."

"Good, good," he nodded. "Don't forget to say goodbye to your mother. She's just tidying the kitchen."

"I will," Ginny assured him. "Don't wait up for me."

Her mother was humming an old Celestina Warbeck song when Ginny walked into the kitchen.

"Are you off then?"

"I am," Ginny nodded and gave her mother a quick hug and kiss on the cheek.

"I think this idea of yours is just as fun as can be," her mother nodded. "I remember how quiet the house got with all of you off to Hogwarts. Then again, we were so involved in the Order that the days seemed to melt into one."

"You and Dad could always do this too, you know," Ginny suggested playfully, grinning when her mother gasped and held her hand to her heart.

"Oh no, we're much too old for things like this, dear. You'll find that excitement is for the young, Ginny, and

comfort is for when you're as old as we are."

"I'll be home late," Ginny nodded. "I told Dad not to wait up; don't *you* wait up either."

"Your father is probably already asleep," her mother waived her hand vaguely in the direction of the living room. "Have a good time, Ginny dear, and give Harry a bit of a thrill tonight."

Ginny laughed and stepped onto the back porch to Apparate away. She certainly wasn't tromping through the garden and ruining her new shoes.

Harry took a long drink of his ale, savoring the rich taste and letting the feel of it in his belly warm him from the inside out. The Hog's Head was loud tonight, packed full of customers. Busy enough that Seamus himself was behind the bar, laughing and smiling widely.

The Hog's Head had become the favored pub for the Potters and their friends mostly because the clientele rarely pointed or interrupted dinner asking for an autograph. Both Harry and Ginny felt comfortable here and didn't have to worry what might be slipped into their food—there had been some close calls earlier in their relationship with various love potions and such being dumped into drinks or mixed in with meals.

But Seamus would never tolerate that, and it made Harry glad that he could find a place that he could really relax with his mates and have a drink.

"I can't believe you dragged me out here on a Friday night," Ron grumbled, sipping from his own pint and squirmed in this seat to put Harry between himself and Seamus. "And to the Hog's Head, of all places."

"You need to stop betting on the Cannons, mate," Harry snorted and rolled his eyes. "Seamus hasn't asked for his money, has he?"

"No."

Neville, who had just walked down from Hogwarts, laughed. His round cheeks were still pink from the crisp fall air outside. "And he won't," he interjected, "until you've had a few more drinks, and then he'll start hitting you up for it."

"You sound like a man with experience," Harry grinned.

Neville held up his bottle of butterbeer and winked. "Why do you think I only drink this around him?"

The door to the pub opened, making all the patrons near it groan as a stiff, cold wind blew in. Harry watched, thinking it might be Ginny and their friends, but only one man worked his way through the crowd. Harry grinned. He would know that hair anywhere.

"Ted!" He stood and slapped his godson on the back as Ted joined the table, un-wrapping a thick woolen scarf from his neck and tugging his cloak off.

"Sorry I'm late," he shook his head. "Difficult case at work."

“How’s St. Mungo’s?” Ron asked, beaming just as much as if he’d been Ted’s godfather.

“Insane,” Ted grunted, accepting a drink from Harry, who had signaled Seamus the moment he’d seen Teddy’s turquoise hair. “Like always. Why did I really want to become a Healer?”

They all had their answers, and speaking them all at once made Ted smirk and then laugh. Harry studied the man for a minute, proud of what a good person Ted had turned out to be. Ginny said it was because of Harry’s influence, Harry said it was despite it. Either way the man was someone to make Harry proud.

“How’s Victoire these days?” Ron asked. “I haven’t seen her around for—”

Harry winced and tried to make a motion with his hand across his throat before Ron continued, but the damage was already done.

Ted’s expression went tight and he wouldn’t quite meet anyone’s eyes as he sipped at his pint. “We’ve er… we’ve broken it off for a bit, actually. We’re both so busy with work and all that we never have time for each other really.”

Ron went pale and he spluttered his apologies while Neville stayed completely still.

“We’ll work it out,” Ted nodded firmly. “Or, you know, it wasn’t meant to be.”

Harry had known about the breakup since Ted had showed up at the house late in the evening a week ago, crushed. Harry had a feeling both of them just needed a bit of space before they realized that they really were in love enough to stick together. They just needed to find themselves a bit.

“Oh, er…well…”

“It’s really fine, Ron,” Ted dismissed it. “Can we…can we just talk about something else?”

“How are the kids doing, Neville?” Harry asked, already knowing the answer because he’d already asked, but Ted perked up and seemed to be interested.

Neville cleared his throat several times and smiled awkwardly before starting his story once more. Ted gave Harry a grateful look and asked thoughtful questions more to keep the subject going than anything.

Another blast of cold air hit Harry’s arm and made him shiver. He glanced to the side and nearly choked on the drink he’d just taken. The girls had arrived and his wife was wearing new robes—at least Harry had never seen her wear them before. They were black and seductively cut, showing off the figure that Ginny worked hard to keep trim. Her eyes caught his and she gave a quick wink before following Hermione to a table across the pub from their husbands.

“Harry? Harry!”

“What?” Harry turned back to the table, vaguely aware that Ron had been trying to get his attention.

“Put your eyes back in your head. That’s my sister, after all.” Harry felt his cheeks heat as the table erupted in

laughter.

“I seem to remember hearing that line in the past,” Neville chuckled.

Harry shrugged, knowing that his face was red, but also not caring. Ginny was his wife, he was allowed to ogle her if he wanted.

“You’ve heard about this daft plan they have going, haven’t you?” Ron nudged Ted who nodded.

“I think it’s great,” Ted shrugged. “They’ve been together a long time and it makes sense to me that if you want something to last you have to work at it.”

Harry smiled wide and snorted at the disgusted look on Ron’s face.

“I haven’t heard about it,” Neville pointed out. He glanced across the room and giving a quick wave to Ginny and Hermione, who waved back.

“We’re dating again,” Harry said simply.

“Ginny’s moved back to the Burrow,” Ron put in smugly. “He’s a nutter, I tell you. And no sex, either. Not that I want to think about that, believe me.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “We have three children, Ron; surely you don’t need me to explain where they came from—”

“I prefer to think that it was owl delivery, thank you very much. But if it *did* have to happen, at least it was only three times.”

Harry laughed loudly. “Last week?”

Ron grimaced and pretended to gag himself. “Harry, please!”

“Already tossing your biscuits, Ron?” George asked as he nicked a chair from a nearby table and shoved it between Neville and Ron, making them both scoot over to fit him. “Sounds like I’ve missed the whole thing.”

“We were just discussing Harry and Ginny’s sex life,” Ted grinned.

“We were NOT!” Ron growled. That set the table off again and soon Harry’s eyes were watering from laughing so hard.

George warmed to taking the mickey and soon Ron’s ears were bright red and Harry’s stomach hurt from laughing so hard.

“Gentlemen,” Seamus said, walking over carrying a large fancy glass full of bright orange, steaming liquid that was shooting little red sparks from the surface. He set the glass in front of Harry and smirked at the reaction. “From the little redhead at the bar.”

Harry blinked at him a moment before turning to see Ginny grinning from where she was perched alone on a

stool. Her robes had a slit in them that showed a fair amount of pale leg and Harry let his eyes trace up the length before settling on the knowing grin she wore.

"Wow," George's eyes went wide. "Little sister still has it!"

Ron groaned and Harry laughed. He peered at the drink skeptically. "Do I want to know how much alcohol is in this?"

Seamus laughed. "Enough that you won't care soon." He walked away and Harry took a sniff at the liquid. The vapors themselves made his eyes water.

"Er…"

"Go ahead, Harry," Ted urged. "At least have a sip before you go over there. She went to all the trouble."

Harry took a deep breath and then tipped the fancy cup, letting the liquid roll over his tongue. Whatever it was felt like ice on his tongue and slid down his throat pleasantly. It was vaguely fruity and very sweet but pleasant. Harry was just about to take another sip when a burning sensation started low in his belly and climbed back up until he belched a cloud of smoke.

"Liquid Volcano!" George shouted his approval.

Everyone around them clapped and cheered, and Harry nudged the drink closer to Ted, who looked thoroughly interested in finishing the whole thing.

"Go for it," Harry encouraged him. He wiped his sweating brow and turned to look at Ginny. The burning sensation from the drink dulled, even though it traveled through his limbs, making them rather wobbly. But he thought he could still make it over to her.

Harry staggered toward her, his legs feeling as if someone had hit him with a jelly legs jinx. But people in the crowd helped him along, guiding him or just letting him pinball off them for a moment until he was standing right in front of her. He gaped at how much leg he could really see in those robes.

"Don't worry," she whispered, "I charmed them so only you could see how far up the slit really goes."

Harry grinned and leaned down to kiss her but Ginny dodged him. "Follow the plan, Harry."

"Fuck the plan," he growled. "I'm randy as hell and I don't want to sleep without you tonight."

Ginny chuckled and shook her head. Her fingers played with the button in the middle of his shirt. They slid into the gap and tickled his stomach, forcing Harry to suck in a breath. All blood rushed below his belt and his head suddenly felt incredibly fuzzy.

"You promised," she smiled up at him as he leaned closer and closer to her.

Harry sighed and sucking in a breath through his nose, forcing himself to back away. "You bought me a drink."

"I did," she nodded. "You know, a gentleman would offer to buy me one in return."

Harry snorted and took the stool next to her to rest his elbows on the bar. "I think if you wanted one you'd just buy it yourself," he shrugged, "not wait around for a bloke to buy you something."

Ginny nodded firmly. "Good answer."

Harry felt a swell of pride burst inside his chest. He really did know her well after all this time together. If this same situation had come up when they were first dating he probably would have jumped to buy her a drink. But he'd passed the test tonight.

"I'm happy to buy you one. In fact, I think you should try a little of your own punishment." He nodded back toward the table where Ted was blowing smoke from his mouth. George and Ron were taking turns charming it into various animal shapes and animating them, earning applause from all around.

"I'm not drinking *that*," Ginny shook her head. "I'd like to be able to walk in the morning. But I will gladly take a glass of wine if you're offering."

Harry ordered her drink along with ale for himself and they sat together, laughing at Ted whose eyes were now watering enough that there were wet spots on his shirt. George and Ron were egging him on while Neville kept a concerned eye on the young man.

"No progress for Teddy, I see," Ginny sighed.

"Nothing yet," Harry agreed. "But it's only been a week."

"I hope he doesn't have a shift tomorrow," she scowled as Ted finished off the entire drink. "That drink has more alcohol than anything else Seamus makes."

Teddy stood to take a bow and ended up in a pile on the floor. Ginny's hand clutched Harry's arm and he almost went over to help Ted up but Neville levitated him back onto his chair and possibly used some sort of sticking charm. Ted seemed perfectly fine and was laughing loudly.

Harry sighed. "I suppose I'd better take him home with me."

"Not a bad idea," Ginny agreed.

"And here I was thinking I was going to get lucky tonight," he waggled his eyebrows.

Ginny snorted. "In your dreams, Potter. That's not in the plan."

"You know what I feel about the plan, Ginny." Harry growled, but she just laughed at him. And Harry knew he'd stick to the plan because the way she was looking at him made his heart pound in his throat and his whole body tingle. Her hand was still on his arm, brushing the hairs there and feeling like there was an electric charge to the room. It had been awhile since he'd felt this sort of intensity between them. Perhaps the plan wasn't a bad idea after all.

"The plan does allow for a kiss tonight, you know," she whispered and leaned in closer.

Harry didn't wait for further invitation, but dove toward her. Their lips met frantically. He was vaguely aware of the people around them watching but it didn't matter when Ginny wound her arms around his neck and clung to him. Harry's body responded instantly and his tongue pushed into her mouth, thrusting deeply and tasting the bitter wine on her. They kissed for several seconds before Ginny pulled away with eyes glassy and wide.

"Holy Merlin," he breathed. His eyes traced her full lips and then dropped down to feast on her body once more. Kisses like that, where they tried to eat each other alive, hadn't happened for awhile either.

"Good night, Harry," she whispered, kissing his cheek and sliding off her stool. Harry was pleased to notice that her walk was slightly wobbly. It may just be the high heels she was wearing, but Harry preferred to think that it was his kissing ability that made her knees weak.

He finished his ale, unashamedly watching Ginny from across the room as she talked and laughed with her friends. By the time his pint was empty he could feel his legs again and felt sure enough to collect Ted from the table.

"I can see to him, mate," George protested. "You and Ginny looked a bit…well…"

"Its fine," Harry shook his head. "She's going back to the Burrow tonight."

"I's jus' Harry 'n' his hand tanight," Ted grinned sloppily. He threw his arm around Harry's shoulder and leaned heavily toward the table.

Harry's face heated, but he had to admit that might be happening later tonight. Ginny had really worked him up and she wasn't going to be there to take the edge off. It had been a long time since he'd had to resort to taking care of things himself, and in a way it was sort of exciting. Ginny could still push his buttons when she wanted.

"Bet that hasn't happened in awhile," George laughed.

"'s'like ridin' a broom," Ted slurred. "May take ya a few minutes ta get it right, but then i's all good." He made a rude gesture with his hand and Harry rolled his eyes, ignoring how George and Ron were barely holding each other up with how hard they were laughing.

"I'll talk to you later," Harry said. He bent and put his shoulder against Ted's middle, lifting the man who slumped forward and seemed perfectly content to be carried out. Or maybe he'd just passed out.

"Is tha' *my* arse?" Teddy asked, grabbing Harry's behind and making him yelp.

"You throw up on me, kid, and I'll make you sleep in the broom shed," Harry warned before Apparating home.

Ginny woke late with the sun streaming in the window of her childhood bedroom. She hadn't stayed too long after Harry had taken Ted home; just long enough to ignore Ron's grumbling as he and George joined their

wives, and grill Neville on what her babies were up to at Hogwarts. And then she'd come back to the Burrow, wishing the whole time that she was going home to crawl into bed with Harry.

Their kisses last night had ignited a fire deep within her that had nothing to do with the Liquid Volcano that Harry had consumed last night. Kissing Harry was always wonderful, but last night had reminded her of those precious stolen moments during her seventh year at Hogwarts when Harry would show up to Hogsmeade visits and they'd hide from the world.

Honestly, if they'd been anywhere besides a highly public place, Ginny wouldn't have been able to stop Harry from talking her into completely abandoning the plan. She was such a pushover when it came to him. All he had to do was give her *that* look and she melted in his hands. And Harry had become a master of *that* look over the years.

Downstairs, she could hear her mother moving about in the kitchen. The familiar sounds of breakfast being made and the house awakening was like taking a bath in old memories. Without bothering to do more than pull a dressing gown over her pajamas, Ginny shuffled down the stairs and into the warm kitchen, following the scent of frying bacon.

"Morning, dear," her mother smiled. She didn't miss a beat with flipping the bacon over in the pan using a spell from her wand. "You've had a delivery."

Ginny's eyes went wide at the huge bouquet of gardenias sitting on the end of the breakfast table. She dove for the card, suddenly much more awake than she'd been before. She nearly tore the little envelope in two trying to get it open, but Harry's handwriting spread across the card.

Thought of you all night long and can't wait to see you again today. How about a date? I'll take care of everything, just be ready to go at noon. By the way, Ted survived, although he's rethinking ever touching alcohol again. I love you. Harry

"Someone must have had a good night," her mother sang in a knowing voice. Ginny felt her face heat but couldn't help the smile that spread.

"Nothing like that," she dismissed. "Harry's asked me on a date." For a moment, she felt seventeen again, giddy with anticipation for whatever Harry was planning. She leaned forward, pressing her nose to the closest flower and sucking in a deep breath, the scent intoxicating in its sweetness.

While the first flowers Harry had ever given her were much simpler—taken directly from the field behind the Burrow—he'd soon cajoled the information that gardenias were her favorites out of her. On their wedding day, Ginny had woken to a huge bouquet of them along with a note that said her secret admirer would be waiting at the end of the aisle, and that he'd be the one in the dress robes.

It was a favorite memory of Ginny's and her heart thumped loudly just thinking of it. Harry wasn't always perfect, in fact he had his definite short comings, but he always tried to be thoughtful about the little things and it meant the world to Ginny.

"Does he say where he's taking you?" her mother asked, far too casual to be out of the blue.

"I have a feeling you already know," Ginny accused. She pulled one of the flowers from the arrangement and

put a stay-fresh charm on it. "But it really doesn't matter, you know. Harry could take me anywhere and it would be exciting."

"Breakfast will hold until you've had a shower," her mother smiled. "Dress warmly."

Ginny laughed and nicked a rasher of bacon off the plate where it was cooling. She dodged her mother's quickly shot pinching spell and ran up the stairs, taking her flower with her.

Waiting for noon turned out to be much harder than Ginny expected. She tried to work on her latest article but the words simply didn't seem to be flowing today. Perhaps it was the soft scent of the flower she'd tucked into her hair that kept distracting her, or the fact that she truly had no idea what to expect from Harry's date today. When she started the fifth sentence the exact same way and read them back to realize she hadn't really written anything, she put the article away. It wasn't due for another few days anyway.

She was about to resort to throwing gnomes to burn off the anticipation when Harry appeared at the back door clutching his broom. His cheeks were pink from the weather, but he looked absolutely delicious in worn jeans and a thick jumper.

"Hello you," he said, gathering her into his arms. "Did the plan allow for me to kiss you the moment I saw you today?"

Ginny laughed and melted into his embrace, drinking in the fresh scent of him. Harry always smelled the same—like fresh air, soap, and broom handle wood. Even back in her fifth year when she'd smelled the Amortentia potion that Professor Slughorn had brewed she knew in a moment that the scent was Harry.

"I think the plan can be a little flexible," she laughed. She surged up to kiss him and sighed when he held her even tighter.

"I've missed you," he admitted softly.

"Me too," she nodded, pulling back lest she forget the plan completely. Whatever Harry had planned he'd obviously put some thought and preparation into and Ginny wasn't about to let that go to waste.

"I see you got your flowers," he nodded toward the bouquet, but his eyes fixed on the one in her hair.

"I love them," she said, tugging on the edge of his jumper and moving it aside so she could slide her fingers into the belt loops on his jeans.

"Come on, we have somewhere to be." His face split in a wide grin that took twenty years off his face and Ginny nearly gasped at how amazing he looked right now: carefree, and wind-blown, and wonderfully perfect for her.

"Do I get to know where we're going?" She asked when Harry twined their hands together and rested the broom on his shoulder.

"Nope."

"Do we have reservations?" she queried, looking at him from the corner of her eye. They continued to walk

and Harry laughed softly.

“In a manner of speaking, yes.”

When they were out in the middle of the Quidditch clearing, Harry straddled the broom and slid back to allow Ginny the space in front. They’d ridden like this before, but it had been a very long time.

“Ready?” he asked. His warm breath made Ginny shiver as it moistened the skin on her neck.

“Ready,” she nodded, relaxing back into him and letting Harry steer the broom. The thrill of flight shot through her as Harry urged them forward. Together, they shot across the clearing and Harry chuckled low in her ear.

They did several loops and dives, each of them becoming more and more daring as they flew over the countryside around Ottery St. Catchpole. The Lovegood house rose up from the ground on their left. Eccentric Xeno and Luna had rebuilt the odd house not long after the war ended.

Ginny had an idea where they were going but allowed Harry complete control as she simply enjoyed the feel of his arms around her. Soon, Stoatshead hill rose in front of them. Harry steered the broom to the very top where Ginny was startled to see a blanket and picnic basket laid out, waiting for them.

“You put a lot of thought into this.” She turned her head slightly and caught the satisfied smile on his face.

“Not too much,” he admitted. “I just wanted some time alone with you.”

Ginny pressed her lips to his jaw, thrilled that his idea of a date was something so simple and perfectly them.

The afternoon seemed to melt away as they lay on the blanket warmed with charms and picked at the food Harry had scraped together. It was nothing fancy, just bread and cheese, a selection of fruits, and a bottle of Elf-made wine.

Years disappeared and they talked about everything under the sun, something they hadn’t done in a very long time. There were always a million things to occupy them—the children and what they were doing, their work, friends and family—and they were all good things. But somewhere in all of it, Ginny had forgotten how funny Harry could be. She’d forgotten that they used to talk for hours about music, politics, Quidditch, and a million other things.

As much as Ginny loved Harry the Father, and Harry the Auror, and Harry the Husband, she simply adored *this* Harry. He was the one she’d fallen in love with all those years ago and it was good to find him in all of the ‘extra’ they’d heaped onto their lives over the years.

Without realizing she was doing it, Ginny moved closer and closer to him until their faces were just inches apart.

“I love you, Harry.”

He stopped speaking—he’d been saying something about Quidditch, hadn’t he?—and grinned. “Isn’t a bit early in the whole plan to be making declarations like that?”

“I couldn’t hold it in any longer,” she smirked.

“Well, then, I suppose I can break the rules a little too,” he nodded, smoothing a piece of hair away from her face. “I’m in love with you, Ginny Potter.”

Happiness burst inside of her, like dozens of George’s Catherine wheel fireworks, filling her whole soul as she stared into his eyes.

Harry kissed her then; a soft kiss that quickly turned heated as they lay side by side on the blanket, on the top of Stoatshead hill.

Once again, his kiss stole her breath and Ginny found herself completely abandoning the plan in her mind. She wondered if she could think straight enough to cast a privacy charm around them. She certainly didn’t want anyone happening up the hill and catching them completely lost in each other.

But Harry’s expert mouth stole that thought away as he kissed along her jaw and then around her ear. Before she knew it Ginny was underneath him returning his kisses just as eagerly.

“I hated leaving you last night,” he murmured. “Merlin, Ginny, you can still get me worked up.” He punctuated his statement by thrusting his hips into her and Ginny shifted so that she could reciprocate the movement. “I had to take care of things myself after I put Ted to bed in James’ room. I haven’t had to do that in a very long time, you know.”

The picture of what Harry was describing made Ginny’s face heat at the same time it made her feel extremely feminine. Younger Harry never would have admitted wanking to thoughts of her, even though she’d known it did happen back then. Honestly, she’d nearly given herself wrist injuries during the time they’d been separated from relieving her own frustration.

But this Harry was secure enough in their relationship to admit almost anything to her.

“I’m sorry, Harry.” She wound her fingers into his hair and held him while wondering if they should discard the plan completely.

But Harry pulled back, his cheeks pink but his eyes bright. “It was brilliant,” he shook his head. “I mean, you know, I’d rather have you, but… It made me remember all those years ago, you know. You drove me so mad then. I was literally barmy with all the tension between us. And there were days I couldn’t go without thinking of you for even an hour. I was a wreck.”

Ginny chuckled and kissed the end of his nose. “Then you aren’t upset that I left you all hot and bothered last night?”

“Not at all,” he shook his head. His finger traced her cheek and twirled a lock of hair around it, tugging very lightly. “I…I think I’m beginning to like this plan, you know.”

Ginny laughed. “Just last night you told me—”

“I know,” he nodded. “I know what I said, but I really think this is helping, Gin. I mean, I’ve always know

that I love you, but all of this is reminding me just *why* I love you, why we've managed to make it all these years. And I know we're going to have years and years ahead of us."

"Forever," she nodded.

"Forever," Harry smiled. He leaned down and kissed her again, less urgently, but with more passion than before.

The shadows were long on the ground when they finally broke apart, having spent most of the afternoon snogging. It had been years since they allowed a simple kissing session to sweep them away so completely. Kissing had always led to more, but the realization that it didn't really have to was exciting. Ginny had forgotten just how much time could be spent with simple kissing and gentle touches.

"Gin, we need to stop," Harry warned. He pressed his forehead to hers and tried to slow his breathing. "If we don't soon…"

"Let's not," Ginny answered, clinging to him. "Just take me home, Harry."

"No," he smiled. And it surprised her. "We're going to stick to this, Gin. We made a commitment and I'm not going to back out. Are you going to be the one to quit?"

Ginny growled in frustration. He knew the right things to challenge her. She allowed her body to go slack against his as he curled them together, side by side.

"Just a little bit longer," he whispered against her temple. "We'll know when it's right."

She couldn't help but pout a bit at his will power. It was ironic that last night she'd been the one to need to cool him down and now it was his turn.

"Remind me of that, okay?" she asked, nuzzling her face into the smooth skin of his neck. "Because I'm not going to want to stop next time either."

Harry chuckled and smoothed her hair. "I think we may both need reminders."

To Be Continued...

Falling All Over Again-Chapter 3

Title: Falling All Over Again
Author: HGFan1111
Genre: Drama, Romance, Humor, Puff
Warnings: sexual suggestions, language
Rating: mostly PG-13 to R (some scenes NC-17)
Ships: Ginny/Harry, canon ships
Setting: Post-DH
Summary: With the kids all off to Hogwarts Harry and Ginny finally have some quiet time to themselves. But don't worry, Ginny has a plan.

Chapter 3

It had been thirty-six hours since Harry had kissed Ginny and he was starting to get more than a bit cranky about it. Why did Auror reviews have to come in the middle of this whole plan? And why did he have to review a bunch of Aurors anyway? It had been so tempting to simply stamp an approval and issue a raise to everyone, simply to be finished with the paperwork, but Harry resisted. He knew it was just his frustration and desire to see Ginny again that was driving his attitude. He'd almost Apparated to the Burrow last night, but by the time he was finished with all the interviews it was late.

Rather than just show up, Harry had flooed instead. He and Ginny had stayed up talking for hours, until Harry's eyes began to burn from the green glow and Ginny's face began to be swallowed up by her constant yawning.

Just thinking about it now made him smile. And even though he had hours to go before he saw her tonight—she was actually coming back to their house to make him dinner—Harry couldn't wait. He hadn't been this excited to see her in a long time. Going home before had always been wonderful, comfortable, and everything he could hope for when he thought of the word 'home'. But now there was an excitement there that had been long absent. And part of him couldn't believe they'd let this emotion ever slip away from them. But he supposed it was everyday life that slowly stole it away. It was something they'd both taken for granted. That wasn't going to happen ever again. Harry was determined that Ginny would never have to ask him to do something this drastic again.

"When does this little plan of yours end?"

Harry glanced up to see Ron leaning against the door frame of Harry's office, peering at him with narrowed eyes.

"What?"
"This barmy plan," Ron scowled. "You've been completely distracted by this lately. I wasn't sure you were going to make it through the reviews yesterday."

Harry rubbed his face harshly and pushed his glasses up onto his forehead for a moment. "I don't know," he shrugged. "Not much longer."

“I don’t remember when the last time you were acting this barmy was,” Ron shook his head. “Not even when the kids were being born. Maybe when we were really young…”

“Maybe that’s because I let my priorities be in the wrong place at times,” Harry shrugged, gesturing around to the office. “I took some things for granted, Ron, and that’s not going to happen ever again.”

For the first time since hearing about what Harry and Ginny were doing, Ron looked as if he might understand.

“And you and Ginny are good?”

Harry smiled widely, remembering all the times this past week that he’d felt his heart nearly burst for how much love he felt for Ginny. “Ginny and I are better than ever, mate.”

Ron nodded and stared thoughtfully off into the office. “So, you’re actually following a plan? Like a written, serious plan?”

Harry grinned and shrugged. “Don’t laugh,” he cautioned, “your wife was the one who made the chart.”

Ron’s face went slack and he blinked. Harry couldn’t help but turn the knife just a little. “She told Ginny that it was one of the best ideas for a marriage that she’d ever heard.”

Actually rendering a Weasley speechless wasn’t something that happened often and Harry proudly laughed. Ron’s gobsmacked expression was priceless and Harry wished he had a camera right now. George would pay money for something like that.

“It’s actually not as bad as it sounds, Ron,” Harry assured him.

Ron looked torn for a minute before closing the door behind him and setting a locking charm. “Do you really go without…you know?”

Harry bit his lip rather than laugh. He and Ron had formed an understanding when Harry and Ginny had started getting serious: they didn’t share details. But it was hard, because Ron and Harry were close. Who else did either of them have to talk to about things?

So, on occasion, the understanding had been set aside and the embarrassment had been forgotten while one or the other spilled their heart on the table.

“You *can* survive without sex, you know,” Harry shrugged. “And even though I know what I’m missing, you know, it’s still good. The kissing and the anticipation of it all.”

Ron nodded jerkily and scratched at his head. “And it’s only a few weeks?”

“We won’t make it that long,” Harry shook his head smugly. “But this has really made me wake up and see what I have right there, Ron. Not just the physical side of the marriage. I really, truly love being with Ginny. She makes me laugh more than anyone I know, and she makes me feel things that I never knew were possible. She understands me better than anyone ever has, even when I don’t understand myself sometimes.”

"And you get all of this from being apart?"

"No," Harry denied. "It's from being together. We just decided to set everything else aside and really focus on why we fell in love in the first place. Right now when we spend time together it's not because we're married, or because we live in the same house, or even because we have kids together. It's because I'm in love with Ginny and I want to spend every minute I can with her. It's because I'm a better person with her around and she makes me feel like I can do anything."

Ron's eyes flared just a bit and he nodded jerkily. "I guess that wouldn't be so bad."

"It's definitely worth giving up a few physical comforts to rediscover this. Ginny will always be my wife. She'll always be the mother of my children. But the most important role she can ever have for me is the woman I love."

"When did you turn into Hermione? Understanding emotions and all," Ron smirked. But there was no sting to the comment.

"I listened to my wife when she had this barmy plan," Harry chuckled. "It's just another one of the gifts she's given me. Ron, I know you know this, because I've told you enough over the years, but I'm in love with your sister. I'm arse over elbow in love with her."

Ron smiled slowly. "That's good, Harry. I'm happy for the both of you."

"Even when you know we have sex?" Harry laughed when Ron grimaced.

"It's not like I don't know it happens. I just don't want to think about it, you know."

"I understand," Harry nodded. "Thinking about you and Hermione…" He shuddered playfully. "I remember the two of you when you were eleven, don't forget."

"Hermione was never eleven," Ron protested with a grin. "She was always eighteen, I think."

"That explains so much, you know," Harry laughed.

"It does," Ron nodded. "Thanks, Harry. You've given me something to think about. I'm sorry if I offended you by—"

"Ron, when have I ever demanded an apology from you?"

Ron shook his head. "Never."

"Then belt up and get out of my office. I need to get my work done."

Talking with Ron only made Harry miss Ginny more, and he couldn't wait to get home. A vague plan was shaping in his mind for sometime in the near future and Harry was pleased with the idea. It would take a little work to keep it hidden from Ginny but he could manage it.

At four o'clock, he finally gave up, knowing nothing productive was getting done, and Apparated home. He'd been fairly careful all week not to make too much mess in the house, but it could stand a tidy before Ginny showed up and saw that Harry had virtually camped on the living room sofa. He didn't like sleeping in their bed without Ginny next to him and waking up alone was even worse.

He'd just summoned the dirty laundry from around the sofa when Ginny called out from the kitchen. Harry stuffed the clothing into the laundry room and hurried to the kitchen, relieving Ginny of the bags she carried before pinning her against the wall and ravishing her mouth.

"Someone missed me," she giggled. She gave a small hop and wrapped her legs around his waist.

"Felt like years apart," he mumbled into her neck. They kissed for several long minutes before Ginny insisted that if they didn't get the food into the oven they'd never have dinner. So they stood shoulder to shoulder and chopped vegetables, just like they'd done when they were first married, before Ginny needed Harry to distract James from ransacking the kitchen. And Harry remembered what a good team they made.

Once everything was in the oven and the timer set, Ginny pulled Harry toward the living room and they sat cuddled on the sofa, kissing and talking about their days.

The kissing soon started to get heated and Harry's head spun with how quickly he could let himself get out of control. What he'd told Ron earlier today was truer than he could have ever imagined. Ginny made him feel things that Harry had never imagined were possible. And it wasn't just sex—which was amazing—but he felt completely accepted and even cherished for who he was.

"Don't stop, Harry!"

He hadn't even realized they were wrapped tightly together on the sofa and that he was rocking against her. His body was seeking the friction that only Ginny's body could offer, until she cried out, arching into him.

"This okay?" he asked, knowing it would be, but wanting to make sure.

"Haven't done this in a long time," Ginny smiled. She kissed him and met each of his rather clumsy thrusts.

"First time was at Hogwarts," he nodded. He closed his eyes and remembered sneaking into the Gryffindor Common Room under his Invisibility Cloak to surprise Ginny as she studied for her N.E.W.T.'s late one night. They'd quickly set her books aside and gotten rather carried away. Harry had come in his trousers, his hand inside Ginny's school uniform shirt, cupping her breast beneath her bra. She'd followed seconds after his release and then they'd started giggling. Harry had just pulled the Cloak back over them, thankfully, when Hermione came down the stairs, glaring at the fire-lit room.

"Harder, Harry," Ginny urged. Her fingers clutched at his shoulders and dug into the skin there.

Harry renewed his rubbing, concentrating on the friction that was building. Doing this wasn't nearly as satisfying as being inside her but it was enough for right now. And it was sort of exciting to act like this was the furthest they could go right now.

"Just…a bit more." Ginny bit her bottom lip as she worked toward her release.

He leaned his face down and nuzzled her breast, finding the hardened peak through the cloth and closing his teeth very gently on it. Ginny moaned and shuddered beneath him, and then arched upward as she climaxed.

Harry closed his eyes and lifted his head to press his forehead against hers as he rocked frantically, searching for the almost-elusive orgasm. It built quickly as he surrendered himself to the feel of Ginny holding him tightly.

Once he released, Harry collapsed against her and Ginny let out a loud, "oof!" They both laughed and kissed slowly, the urgency gone for the moment.

"I think the food is almost done."

Harry sighed happily and moved so that he could clean himself up. "That was…"

"It was good," Ginny said, using her own wand to do a freshening charm. "Not nearly as good as the real thing, but still exciting."

Harry kissed her temple and helped her stand. He linked their fingers together and willed his body to calm down. They ate in almost complete silence, with the kitchen lit only by the candles on the table and their arms brushing with each bite they took. Somehow, tonight the silence held more understanding than words could.

And Harry was happier than he could remember ever being.

"What's the plan for today?" Harry asked. He swung their clasped hands as they walked back from the Quidditch clearing. They'd just finished playing a bit of a game, although, other than using the Quaffle, it didn't much resemble Quidditch. There were lots of times they missed the low hoop for laughing too hard, or the one time that Harry was on a scoring run and Ginny lifted her shirt, flashing him and making him miss the shot completely. To pay her back for that Harry discreetly used his wand to cast a pinching hex at her bottom the next time she was trying to score.

The entire day was carefree and wonderful. It reminded Harry of that second summer together when Ginny was finished with Hogwarts and getting ready for her Harpies tryout. They'd spent most of every day out in the clearing flying, and laughing, and talking.

"I have no idea," Ginny answered his question. "I haven't actually been following Hermione's plan, you know. It's sort of like those homework planners she was so insistent on—I appreciate the work that went into it, but I'm more of a self-motivator."

Harry laughed at the comparison. "I never used mine, you know."

"Doesn't surprise me," Ginny nodded. "You were never really into revising."

"Sort of hard to worry about it when so much else was happening around me," he shrugged. At times it seemed strange that he could actually joke about the war.

“I see your point.”

“So, last night was, er…on the sofa,” he said, feeling a bit silly that his face heated. They’d been married long enough that he shouldn’t blush like this about being intimate with his wife, but he couldn’t help it. This whole idea made him feel so young. And he supposed that was the whole point.

Ginny’s face heated and she smirked at him. “On the sofa, yeah.”

“And today is…”

“Possibly nothing,” she shrugged. “We *are* moving pretty fast for a couple who just started dating this last week.”

Harry couldn’t help the whine that escaped. “Gin, it’s not like we have to worry about being caught or anything.”

“Remember when we did?” she asked, turning with a small bounce in her step. She walked backwards now, still clutching his hand. “And we used to have to steal every minute we could?”

“Snogging in the broom shed.” He smiled fondly.

“Showing you my breasts in Ron’s room,” Ginny giggled.

“Escaping to my flat to make love.” He leaned forward and kissing her.

Ginny moaned softly and wrapped her arms around his neck, clinging to him and rubbing against him.

Harry sucked in a breath through his nose and lifted her slightly. He vaguely hoped that Molly and Arthur weren’t choosing this moment to look out the kitchen window. Obviously they knew that Harry and Ginny were perfectly grown adults who had an adult relationship, but he still felt weird thinking about sex with their daughter when they were this close.

“Exciting times,” Ginny murmured when they broke apart.

“They were,” he nodded. Her face split into a mischievous smile and she backed away, still holding his hand and drawing him along with her. Instead of moving toward the house, though, Ginny pulled him to the side where her father’s shed lay.

“Gin?”

“I’ve remembered what today was supposed to be,” she grinned.

“Yeah?” Harry stopped resisting—not that he had been much anyway—and let her lead the way.

“Maybe,” she shrugged. She was almost skipping as she led him to the far side of the shed, where it faced the thick trees. “How brave are you, Harry?”

Even though he’d been an Auror for a good many years and had the war in his past, Harry couldn’t help but

be wary of those words. Normally, he would have had a quipped answer for anyone else who asked, but this was Ginny. “Brave enough,” he choked out as she backed him toward the wall of the shed with her hand on his chest.

“Are you?” she challenged. “Brave enough for me to be in control?”

Harry swore silently as his brain clued in to what she meant. He swallowed thickly and nodded.

Ginny tipped her head and kissed him once his back was pressed to the rough wood. They kissed for several minutes and Harry’s head spun. He was glad for the solid surface behind him as Ginny’s hand brushed the front of his jeans. His knees quivered as she undid the button and slowly lowered the zip.

“I’m not going to put up a privacy charm, Harry,” she warned, sinking down his body and taking his jeans and pants with her. She did remove her wand and set a cushioning spell on the ground before kneeling there in front of him.

Harry swore louder this time. He looked up at the trees and licked his lips as his heart pounded. Anyone could walk by, really, although it wasn’t usual for anyone to out in this part of the countryside. But the Apparition point was just beyond the corner of the shed, only a handful of feet away. And what if Arthur or Molly followed them out here?

The decision not to care anymore was made when Ginny’s warm tongue licked all around the head of his penis. He groaned loudly and had to tear his eyes away from the horridly innocent look she wore, down there on her knees. His body ached for her to touch him again.

“Do it,” he commanded. He licked his lips again and widened his stance. He gave one worried glance at the rough wood behind him and contemplated having to explain to either his mother-in-law, or St. Mungo’s, where the slivers in his behind had come from. But in the next second, all of that was forgotten as Ginny slid her mouth onto him.

If he’d been eighteen, like the first time Ginny had done this, Harry knew he would be finished already. That first time was rather embarrassing to think about, even though Ginny had been pleased that she’d made him lose control so quickly. Over the years, Harry thought he’d learned to be in command of everything much better. But that metal was being tested right now, because he thought Ginny kneeling there, blowing him, was just about the most erotic thing he could imagine. And the thrill of possibly being caught only added to it.

“Merlin, Gin,” he groaned when she sped up her pace. Her hands were splayed along his thighs, rubbing the wiry hairs there, and then caressing his hips and everywhere else she could touch.

“Let go, Harry,” she urged, sliding her hands over him and making his legs shudder. His low back tightened and he nodded. He rested the back of his head on the wood and stared up at the sky before returning his gaze just as her lips closed around him once more.

“Faster,” he urged. His fingers buried in her hair, but didn’t hold her there too strongly. She liked it when he touched her during this, but he also knew that she was in command right now. And he wouldn’t have it any other way. The idea that if she was doing this now he was going to get to return the favor soon helped his orgasm build and he only managed a hoarse moan of her name before he came. His eyes rolled back at the feeling of her mouth and the way she looked up at him with such wide brown eyes. Far too innocent

considering what she'd just done.

"We didn't even get caught," she winked. She slowly moved back up to stand in front of him. Harry tugged his clothing up over himself, glad that today had been a warm day rather than cold. But he doubted the weather would have deterred Ginny from her goal.

"You're amazing, did you know that?"

"Because I can make you do that?" she asked, laughing.

"That too," he nodded. His thumb traced her bottom lip before he kissed her lightly.

Ginny held him in an embrace and they stood there simply hugging for a long time. Harry relaxed against the shed and enjoyed the sensation.

"Do you ever wish you'd been with anyone else before we got married?"

Her question shook him and he nudged her face up. "Do you?"

"Not at all," she shook her head. "I just wonder sometimes if you felt differently."

"I never wanted anyone else, Gin," he shook his head. He was being completely honest. "And, believe me, I had plenty of opportunity."

"I know." Her expression darkened. "Actually, we both did. It's not like there weren't blokes hanging around the Harpies locker rooms."

Harry let out a low growl that rumbled his chest. He remembered wanting to hex quite a few of those gits back then.

"But I never wanted anyone else, either," she looked up at him, her eyes clear and sincere. "Not once in all these years have I regretted our decisions, Harry. I just want you to know that."

"That means the world to me, Gin," he whispered against her forehead. "I feel the same way. I see blokes at the Ministry who cheat on their wives, or get divorced because they think they've found something better and I just don't understand that. I think you and I got extremely lucky that we found each other so young."

"We did," Ginny agreed, laying her head over his heart.

Ginny knew that it wouldn't take long for Harry to return the favor that she'd given him after their Quidditch game. All afternoon he kept giving her heated looks as they shared lunch with her parents and talked pleasantly.

This whole plan had turned out so much better than she could have ever imagined and she felt closer to Harry emotionally, intimately, and spiritually than she had in a good many years. And he seemed to be suffering

from the same need to touch her at every possible moment that she had. Whether it was their hands linked under the table, his hand on the small of her back, his fingers brushing bits of hair away from her cheeks, Harry wasn't far from her at any time.

And Ginny felt the same way. She loved that the heat from his thigh soaked through his jeans and melted into hers, making her shiver from the sensation. His arm around her shoulders, or draped across her back, made her feel safe and content, as if she were enfolded in a cocoon of perfect happiness.

"I'm taking you home tonight," he whispered when they were clearing the table of the lunch dishes. Ginny's eyes went wide and the hairs on her neck stood up as he breathed there and placed a quick kiss on the skin. "You don't have to stay over if you don't want, but you're coming home with me for a few hours, at least."

Her heart thumped with anticipation and excitement, and she nodded her acceptance. Honestly, she'd be perfectly happy to move back there tonight and never leave again, but a small part of her wanted to see this whole plan through.

"Your father and I are going to follow your example," her mother beamed as she hung her apron on the peg near the back door and removed her cloak. Harry's eyes went wide and Ginny nearly choked, knowing he was thinking about what they'd just done out behind Arthur's shop.

"Although we're not nearly as adventurous as you kids," her father winked as he helped her mother straighten the cloth.

This time it was Harry nudging Ginny to keep her from laughing. "That…that sounds good," he mumbled, his voice breaking slightly.

"No broom rides for us," her mother continued, "just a walk through the village."

Ginny let out a breath of relief and twined her hand with Harry's. "That sounds wonderful. It's a bit muddy out on the lane; I noticed that when we were up flying."

"I think I can manage a few drying charms," her father chuckled and pulled an ancient knit hat down over his shiny head. Her parents linked arms and shared a quick kiss before walking out.

Ginny leaned against Harry's shoulder as they watched from inside the warm house.

"I thought I was going to die there," he whispered. His fingers dug lightly into her side, just enough to tickle. "I just *knew* they'd seen us out there and were going to..."

"Can you imagine?" Ginny shuddered and snorted.

"Er, Gin, no offense, but I try really hard not to think about your parents like that."

Ginny laughed and turned to wrap her arms around his neck. "I suppose this is how the kids feel when they catch us kissing."

"Or worse," Harry grimaced. They always tried to be careful, but there were a few times when they were caught up in what they were doing and one of the kids would walk in. James seemed to have the worst luck

at catching them in compromising positions.

When he was twelve, he'd burst into their bedroom complaining about something Al had done, only to back out quickly. Ginny hadn't even been able to bring herself to scold him for his horrid language when she'd seen how terrified he was. Harry had taken him aside and tried to give him 'the talk' again, but James had simply sworn he was never, ever having sex. Ginny was fairly sure he'd change his mind in a few years, but Harry hoped it was a deterrent, in a way. Harry well remembered the way his brain fixated on physical needs at such a young age.

"Is there something you want to do this afternoon?" Harry asked, nuzzling the end of his nose against hers. "A walk or a film?"

"How about a nap?" Ginny asked. "We haven't curled up on the sofa yet."

Harry made a thoughtful sound and rocked her a bit in his arms. "Brilliant," he mused. "It *has* been awhile."

"Give me a few minutes upstairs and we'll go."

"I'll just leave a note so your parents don't worry," he winked.

Ginny hurried upstairs and closed the bathroom door, leaning her back against it. Even though they'd had sex more times than she could even contemplate counting, Ginny couldn't help but feel the flutter low in her belly; the building anticipation of sharing herself with the man she loved more than anything. Perhaps they wouldn't make it all the way to sex today but Ginny knew she was ready. It was harder to be away from him than she'd imagined and she was ready to go home.

After gathering just a few things that she might possibly need, and tucking them away in her bag, Ginny joined Harry downstairs and he Apparated them to their house.

Ginny couldn't help but look around, impressed that there weren't piles of dishes and stacks of newspaper everywhere. Those were particular habits that Ginny had worked for years to overcome when they'd first been married.

"Stop searching for something wrong," Harry scolded softly. "I was tempted to leave my socks on the floor, just for old times' sake, but I resisted."

"I've really missed this place," she said, running her hand along the mantel and watching the faces in the pictures that rested there. "Being apart is harder than I expected."

"I knew it would be hard," Harry said. He took the bag from her shoulder and tossed it toward one of the chairs before wrapping his arms around her and resting his chin on her shoulder. "But I'm still glad we did it."

"Everyone should do this." Ginny relaxed back into his embrace. "Think of how happy everyone would be."

Harry chuckled softly. "Or maybe a lot of them would discover that they're not really as happy as they thought they were."

Ginny grimaced and sighed. “Possibly, I guess.”

“I think Ron’s warming up to the idea,” Harry smiled. “At least he’s not complaining about my mood all the time now.”

“I have a feeling Hermione’s already reworked the plan so that it will fit them.”

Harry yawned widely and Ginny laughed, tugging him toward the sofa. “Let’s see how well we fit on it still. We can always expand it so you don’t fall off.”

It didn’t take long before both of them were breathing deep, limbs entangled as Ginny used Harry’s chest as a pillow. Sunday afternoon naps just like this had long been a tradition until the children got old enough to get into trouble on their own, and Ginny missed them more than she’d imagined. The bed upstairs might be a better fit for them, allowing more room to stretch out, but that rather defeated the purpose of cuddling up tightly.

Her dreams were a delicious mish-mash of the past few days; she and Harry stealing intimate moments when they could, and simply remembering how to fall in love like they had all those years ago.

She could practically feel Harry’s hands on her, rubbing small circles on the skin of her side, just above her jeans, his fingers tracing the line until he undid the button. She smiled, knowing this was going to be a wonderfully delicious dream, and arched against the warmth of his body.

In the dream, Harry’s hand slid into her knickers and a deep chuckle sounded under her head. It made her blink at the late afternoon sun streaming in the windows.

But it wasn’t just in the dream that Harry had been busy. She looked up at his innocent face and then down at his hand, which disappeared into the front of her trousers as his fingers delved deep inside her.

“You do things to me, Gin.” He kissed her forehead and then her lips, tasting her with the rhythm that his finger built below, and Ginny let her hips follow his movements. It had been quiet some time since one of them had molested the other while they were sleeping and she couldn’t help but laugh just a little.

“Couldn’t possibly wait until I was awake?”

Harry gave a very unrepentant grin and rubbed his front along her hip. She glanced down and noticed that his jeans were open as well. She wondered how long he’d waited to wake her.

“You’re sexy all the time, Gin,” he smirked. He removed his hand and lifted off her to kneel next to the sofa. His eyes were intense behind his glasses and Ginny sighed, relaxing back against the cushions as he removed her jeans and knickers. He buried his face in her belly and ran his hands up and down her thighs before caressing her hips, and then sliding under her jumper to find her breasts.

“How long has it been since I made you scream?” he asked, grinning up at her as his thumbs brushed her nipples. They hardened quickly and she rolled her hips against his chest.

“Too long,” she murmured. It didn’t matter if it had happened five minutes before, Ginny was ready to feel him do it again.

“Too long,” he agreed. His feathery kisses along her belly made her shudder and she could feel his smile widen with each inch that he moved further down her body.

The urge to cry his name was already building by the time he parted her thighs, kissing the soft skin there until he reached where he wanted to be.

“Ready?”

“Always,” she nodded. Ginny leaned up on her elbows to watch past the small rise of her belly as Harry went to work. His mouth was hot against her and she shuddered when he moved right past the fondling, gentle moves and thrust his tongue deep inside her. He was definitely serious about hearing her cry out because he usually took his time and built her up slowly before nudging her over the edge.

Her thighs clamped hard around his head and she lifted her bottom off the sofa until Harry’s hands curved around her hips to hold her in place. His finger took the place of his tongue as he licked all around her folds, finally settling at her clit and circling the nub with the point of his tongue before stroking it in a frantic rhythm.

Ginny breathed his name, panting as her release built quickly.

“Tell me you love me, Gin,” he asked roughly, looking at her above his glasses.

She arched again and flopped back. Her leg slid over the back of the sofa to give him more room to work. “Love you,” she panted. Her hands scrabbled along the cushions searching for something to hold as Harry sucked lightly on her.

“Louder,” he commanded, pulling his face away from her completely. The satisfied smirk on his face when she tried to follow made Ginny growl and clutch the edge of her jumper. Harry’s eyes fastened there and his eyes widened.

“Lift it,” he whispered. “Undo your bra, I want to see.”

Ginny hesitated only a moment as Harry’s finger slowed its pace. She did as he asked, letting the fabric bunch under her arms and the elastic of her bra rest slack. Harry stared at her for a minute.

“Touch yourself,” he urged.

She stared at him for a long minute, her whole body squirming at the thought. But slowly her hands rose to slide under the lace cups of her bra and pinch her nipples lightly. She moaned at the sensation and Harry inserted a second finger, twisting his movement slightly and brushing his thumb along her clit. They built a rhythm together and Ginny was soon rubbing the soft mounds of her breasts in time with Harry’s hand. He shifted awkwardly and Ginny wondered if he was getting tired, but his jerky movements along the front of the sofa clued her into what was happening. She couldn’t do more than look at him through hazy eyes as the spring deep inside her coiled tighter and tighter.

“Scream for me, Ginny,” he commanded once more, lowering his face to her and renewing the movements of his tongue.

Ginny arched into his touch and gasped his name as she soared over the edge of release. She cried his name over and over as Harry kept moving, building another wave of pleasure that crashed over her, draining even more energy from her.

His body was on hers in the next breath, his hands fumbling to pull his trousers and pants down, urgent to join them.

Ginny's head spun and she lifted her leg to the back of the sofa, waiting for him to push inside. But the green flair of the floo activating startled them both.

"Bloody hell!" The voice echoed loudly and there was no mistaking just who had caught them like this.

Harry swore and collapsed onto her, the head of his penis just barely pressing against her.

"Er…Harry, we need you at the Ministry." Ron's rather weak voice echoed through the room. "I'm sorry, I didn't… Just…it's sort of…em-emergency."

Harry lifted his head for a moment before crushing his lips down on hers. "I'm going to kill him."

"Only if you beat me to him."

"I'll just…see you…in a few, then," Ron said and the green light faded from the room.

"He has the worst timing of anyone I've ever met," Harry grumbled, adjusting his deflating erection and pulling his boxers back over himself before burying his face in Ginny's chest, nuzzling her breasts.

"He always has. I think that's where James gets it."

Harry snorted softly and let out a shuddering breath before lifting himself. "I suppose I'd better get in there."

Ginny pouted slightly and clung to him until she forced herself to release her hold and nod. "I'm staying over tonight," she informed him, complete with pouting lip. "I can't leave anymore."

Harry grinned and kissed her deeply, almost igniting the passion between them again. "If I don't go, he'll come through next time."

Ginny nodded and pulled her jumper down over herself, barely covering all that was bare as she watched him adjust himself back into his jeans. "I'm not sure how long I'll be."

"I'm sure I can manage a bit of time on my own," Ginny said.

Harry nodded and suddenly dipped toward the floor, gathering her white knickers into his hand, rubbing his fingers on the silk and lace for just a moment before brazenly tucking them into his pocket. "I'll be thinking of you."

Ginny laughed and watched him gather his cloak, all the while praying Harry would take the knickers out at work just to make Ron stammer and trip over himself. It would serve the prat right for barging in on their

night.

"I love you, Gin," he said just before he Apparated out.

"Love you," she agreed, tucking her legs under her and watching until there was nothing more to see.

Ron had *almost* forgotten about Harry and Ginny and this little…arrangement they were in the middle of. After all, he hadn't really seen either of them much over the past two weeks. They were always together and always off doing something. He missed bloke time with Harry—catching a Quidditch match, or playing chess, or even just dropping over to the Hogs Head to get a pint before going back home.

But any chance of forgetting now was well past. He shuddered as he stared at the low embers burning in the fireplace and tried to blot out the image that he'd just witnessed.

It wasn't *his* fault that he'd been asked to contact Harry. It wasn't *his* fault that the daughter of a prominent Wizengamot member had gone missing. But Ron was the one to pay for all of it by seeing…*that.*

"Everything okay?" Hermione asked as she came into the room. "Did you reach Harry? Is he going in to the Ministry?"

Ron's head jerked up and he fought the grimace that came naturally after witnessing…*that.*

"Harry was…he was home."

"Oh good," Hermione nodded. "I wasn't sure if you'd be able to catch him. He and Ginny have been so busy lately. Isn't it just wonderful?"

The whole exchange made Ron's insides cringe. Surely she couldn't know… They just didn't talk about things like…*that.* No one should ever have to witness his sister and her husband, his best mate, doing…well, yeah. It just wasn't right.

"I'm going to go now," he mumbled and swallowed the dry, sick taste. The image kept playing in his mind over and over, Harry's bare behind—

"Ron, are you alright? You look a little peaked." Hermione stopped him at the door to the kitchen and he blinked at her, still trying to banish the image. There were just some things in life that you couldn't *un-see*. And even though, logically, he knew that Harry and Ginny did…*that* , he still didn't want to know details. Just as Harry didn't want to know details of what happened in the bedroom with Hermione. It was fair that way.

"I'm…not feeling so well, actually," he admitted.

"Then call Harry back and tell him—"

"Er, no." Ron's eyes went wide. There was no telling what he'd witness if he stuck his head in the floo again.

No, thank you. “I’ll be...I’ll be fine once I get to work. Distract myself.”

“But if you’re really feeling—”

“Just…just a bit queasy,” he dismissed, letting out a shuddering breath. “I’ll be fine. They need me in there soon.”

Hermione gave him a look that said he’d better explain or he was going to find himself petrified and lying in bed, steam from some potion pouring out his ears.

“I…I saw them on the sofa,” he admitted as his shoulders sunk in defeat.

She seemed thoroughly confused for a moment before she tilted her head to the side. “Who? And on what sofa?”

Ron glanced behind him toward the fireplace, wishing that he’d thought to simply conjure a Patronus message. Next time he would. There was no way in hell he was sticking his head in the floo again anytime soon. “Them,” he whined. “Harry and…and Ginny.”

The girlish giggle that erupted out of his wife made him scowl. “Oh honestly, Ron, you’d think they were teenagers again the way you’re acting. They’ve been married longer than we have!”

Embarrassment built into anger as his wife laughed at him and Ron felt his face heat. “They were having…sex…on the sofa, Hermione! Right in plain sight of the floo!” He whispered the word, shuddering at how real it sounded when he said it. He closed his eyes, forcing the movement of Harry’s arse and the way Ginny’s leg was thrown up over the back of the cushions from his mind.

Hermione was quiet for a minute and he wondered if she’d left, but then peeked to see her looking thoughtfully at him. “It’s too early in the plan. I should have known they wouldn’t stick to it.”

“That’s all you have to say?” Ron grumbled. “Merlin, Hermione, they’re lucky it was me and not…not the Minister.”

“I’m sure Kingsley would have had the grace to back his head out, Ronald,” Hermione scolded. “Besides, it’s not like you haven’t walked in on them before.”

All this talk was making him even grouchier and he stormed into the kitchen to snatch his cloak off the hook and swirl it around his shoulders.

Hermione’s arms came around his waist, stopping him from leaving. “Don’t be irrational about this, please.”

“I can’t help it,” he sighed. “There are some things a bloke should not have to see.”

She came around in front of him, looking up at him with eyes that were full of mischief. “Then maybe you need to pay him back a bit,” she shrugged. “It’s been awhile since we made sure the sofa still fit us both.”

As tempting as the offer was, Ron didn’t think the image of Harry walking in on them was one he wanted. “We could skip the interruption bit,” he agreed softly and kissed her forehead.

"I know you don't like to think about them like that, but you're a grown adult, Ron. And so are they."

"So you're saying that if it had been you," Ron challenged, "you would want to see Harry's arse in the air, getting ready to…" He couldn't even finish the sentence as the scene appeared again in his mind.

"I'm saying," Hermione clarified, "that I wouldn't dwell on it. Accidents happen. And, yes, they should have made sure the floo was sealed. They should have made sure the sofa was turned. They should have waited until the proper day of the plan. But they didn't. At least your earlier fears about them having a rough time of it have been proven wrong."

Ron did have to concede that point. Harry and Ginny definitely weren't breaking up—not if they were doing *that* in the middle of the afternoon, on the sofa.

"How am I going to face him?" he whined, rocking her side to side.

"Do what you always do," Hermione shrugged, "tease him about it."

He grimaced again. Even though he'd prefer to forget the incident completely, he was fairly sure Harry would say something when he got to the Ministry, even if it was only to see if Ron was scared for life.

"We'll see," he shrugged, kissing her softly. "I'll probably be late."

"I may go over to see Ginny. If I'm not here when you get back, just floo—"

"I'm never using that thing again," he proclaimed. "No wonder Muggles have those textaphones. They don't have to see things like that."

Even though Harry had been thinking about Ginny all night, to distraction even, he couldn't bring himself to wake her when he finally got home just before four in the morning. Her hair was spread out on the pillow and she was curled on her side in their bed. Her toes were sticking out from the sheet and the blankets were wrapped around her like a nest.

He tried to be quiet, even keeping his wand dark while he stripped to his boxers and lifted the blanket on his side of the bed.

"You're home," she mumbled and rolled toward him. And for the first time in two weeks, Harry sighed in perfect contentment. Ginny was home and in their bed. This was the way things were supposed to be.

"Sorry it's so late," he whispered and wrapped his arms around her to help her settle again.

"Everything okay?" She yawned widely.

"It's okay," he nodded. "I'll tell you about it tomorrow." He was slightly disappointed that she wasn't naked

under the blankets, because that would have been an open invitation for him to start something, but he understood completely. And he was tired too.

Tomorrow perhaps.

"Did you dangle my knickers in front of the whole Ministry?"

Her question made him snort. "Er…just Ron."

Ginny swore softly and buried her face in his chest, but he could tell by the way her shoulders shook that she was laughing. "And?"

He grinned up at the ceiling and played the scene over in his head. "He was taking the piss, threatening to tell everyone I have a hairy arse, when I simply reminded him what my hairy arse was doing at the moment. He went all red and spluttered, and then about choked to death when I pulled those knickers out and dangled them on my finger."

"You did *not*," she gasped, her eyes so wide that even in the dark Harry could see them.

"I did," he confirmed. "Told him to keep his mouth shut or I'd start telling him details, about how I made you scream my name, how we've had sex on every surface in the house. I might even tell him all the other places we've managed to do it."

"He's not going to talk to us ever again, you realize," she laughed.

"And I told him that next time he comes in, I'm not stopping." He kissed her then; a slow, lazy kiss that warmed him from the inside out. "I'm not walking away from that again, Ginny. He'll just have to wait outside, or watch."

She protested with a sound in the back of her throat, but he was pretty sure she was grumbling about the visual he'd just given and not the way his tongue was sliding along hers.

"When is your next article due?"

The question took her by surprise and she blinked up at him. "I, er, I have to go to a game tomorrow, and then it's due next week. They want a prospectus on the new Seeker for the Falcons."

"Can you get an extra ticket?" he asked, barely able to keep his excitement in. His plans were coming together and he was finally able to surprise her with what he'd been working on since her plan had started.

She smiled and brushed her fingers through his hair. "I might."

"And you can owl the article in?"

"What do you have planned?"

Harry grinned. "You and I are going on a second honeymoon," he informed her. Ginny stared at him in awe. "I've been planning it since the first day we started this whole thing. To me, it makes sense that we get away.

If we're falling in love again, then we need to get away."

"Where?"

"The same place we went on the first one," he laughed. "That cottage in Ireland. I couldn't manage three weeks like last time, but I managed to reserve it for a few days."

"Oh Harry." She wrapped her arms around his head and pulled him close. "I don't know what to say."

"Then just say you're going to come with me."

Her smile widened and she kissed him again. "You bet your hairy arse I'm coming."

"Good," he said, smoothing his hand down her hair. "And say that you're never going to leave our bed again." He knew he was pressing his luck, egging her on by his teasing, but he also knew that she would understand the real sentiment behind his words. "Because not having you here is my worst nightmare come true, Ginny. Without you, it's all not worth it."

"Don't say that." She pressed her finger to his lips.

"I don't sleep when you're not here." He continued despite the way she was holding his mouth closed.

She sighed and let her hand fall away before sliding it along his whiskery jaw line. "I'm not going anywhere ever again, Harry. I'm not sure why I ever came up with this crazy plan in the first place."

Harry rolled them until he was propped above her. "It wasn't crazy, Gin. This last two weeks has been amazing. I knew I loved you, and yet it was brilliant to remember all the reasons that I do. I'm not even sure I could explain it without sounding like a nutter, but this has really helped me, Gin. I think it's made us both stronger people, individually and as a couple."

Her hands brushed along his chest and shoulders, making him shiver with the touch. "I understand what you mean," she answered him. "Our marriage has always been good, but I think I just missed the closeness that we used to have. The way we'd always hold hands and kiss—we let those things slip away and I missed them."

"It's never going to happen again, Gin, I can promise you that. I don't ever want to be without this feeling now that I've remembered it."

"We can work on reminding each other from now on," she agreed.

Harry kissed her again, soft and slow this time, savoring the way she made him feel, both emotionally and physically.

More than twenty years together and she could still make his heart race, still make his breath catch, and still make his body respond. And it was brilliant.

"I can't wait for tomorrow."

“Don’t pack too many clothes,” he warned, cuddling them side by side once more and relaxing back into the pillow, “you won’t need them.”

“Is that a threat or a promise?” Her fingertips skated along his side and made him shiver.

“Both,” he answered and closed his eyes. He forced away everything in his mind but what he felt for this woman in his arms and felt himself fall slowly asleep.

To Be Continued...

Falling All Over Again-Chapter 4

Title: Falling All Over Again
Author: HGFan1111
Genre: Drama, Romance, Humor, Puff
Warnings: sexual suggestions, language
Rating: mostly PG-13 to R (some scenes NC-17)
Ships: Ginny/Harry, canon ships
Setting: Post-DH
Summary: With the kids all off to Hogwarts Harry and Ginny finally have some quiet time to themselves. But don't worry, Ginny has a plan.

Chapter 4

The stiff wind off the ocean whipped her hair back and then forward again as it swirled around her. Ginny inhaled the fresh, salty air, letting it fill her lungs and renew her energy. The spray from the ocean made the skin on her face and hands tingle as a wave crashed on the cliff below her.

It was just as she remembered it; all these years gone and she could still remember the salty taste of the ocean water.

Harry's hands slid up her back and curled over her shoulders, tugging her back to rest against him. "It doesn't seem like it has changed at all," he said softly, turning to look at the land around them. It was still just as green as ever, but splashes of autumn color dotted the horizon and the low rock walls ran all over to map the land.

"It has," Ginny narrowed her eyes, trying to remember just how everything had been when they were here last. But some memories were too dulled with time, while others were sharp—strange how that happened with some things but not others. "But I think we were a bit too preoccupied last time to notice much."

The low chuckle in his chest tickled her back and she laid her head back on his shoulder.

"It's just as wonderful, though," she continued. "Both being here and being with you."

Harry's arms tightened around her and she turned to see him looking out to sea. The reflection of the swirling grey clouds on his glasses intrigued her, especially with his bright eyes underneath the glass. "It'll be a different place when that gets here." He nodded toward the building storm and Ginny looked to where he was studying.

The clouds billowed and rolled over each other as the storm raced toward land. It was going to be a strong one, she could tell.

Ginny gave a hesitant glance behind them at the little cottage that sat on the hillside. "Er, we may not make it," she said, measuring the distance with her eyes and then looking back at the storm.

Harry laughed and slid his hand down her arm to give her a squeeze. “Come on!” he urged, tugging her with him as they ran, trying to outrace the wind and rain.

They both laughed as they tripped and stumbled up the moist slope toward sanctuary. If it had been summer, and the wind not so fierce, Ginny would have held Harry back until the rain came and they were soaked to the skin, dancing in the water and laughing the whole time. But running from it was fun too, and Ginny felt nineteen again as they ran past a field, startling the sheep standing near the fence.

The first stinging drops splattered on her head and she laughed even harder. “We’re not going to make it!” Harry laughed along with her.

Just as they reached the cottage, Harry swept her into his arms, nudging the door with his shoulder to open it. Ginny clung to his neck and squealed as a clap of thunder shook the whole countryside.

“Made it!” Harry crowed. He stepped over the threshold and grinned down at her in his arms.

“We did,” she agreed. A lump formed in her throat and she wiggled in his embrace, finally getting him to set her down in the cramped living room. Their bags, deposited just inside the cottage when they’d arrived just thirty minutes ago, made the space even smaller. But it was perfect, just as she remembered it.

Outside, the rain and wind lashed at the little house, rattling the windows and door. It was dark inside now, barely evening, but the storm made night descend quickly.

The room lit suddenly, dancing shadows flashing on the walls from the lightning outside. And the loud boom followed less than a heartbeat later.

Harry leaned forward and kissed her, perhaps charged by the electricity outside, or maybe the energy between them. The kiss rivaled his from last night—frantic and purposeful—and before she knew it, Ginny was in his arms again, being marched toward the narrow stairs that led up to the tiny bedroom. They barely fit and Ginny’s boots scraped on the wall, causing Harry to break their kiss long enough to swear and tug her sideways as he climbed.

Ginny tried not to laugh, but his grumbling was just too much, and she nuzzled her face into his neck, placing small kisses there that seemed to spur him on.

Once they were in the room, Harry set Ginny’s feet on the floor and, surprisingly, took a step back from her, staring with wide eyes.

“What?” She glanced around to try and figure out what had made him stop.

“You. You’re just as beautiful as you were last time we were here.”

“And you’re a sap,” she grinned. Her arms threaded around his body, bringing his warmth to her. The room was chilly—they should have started a fire downstairs already so that it would warm the house, but staring out over the ocean had seemed a better priority when they’d first arrived.

“Maybe,” he agreed. His wand came out and Harry conjured dozens of candles, making them float in clusters around the room.

Ginny licked her lips and shivered once more, but not from the cold. The look in Harry's eyes was enough to cause the reaction.

Slowly, he lowered his lips to hers, savoring each movement and kissing her completely. Ginny clutched at his cloak and wound her fingers into the fabric. His hands were holding her hips, gently swaying them back and forth as she rubbed the front of him.

They broke apart when another clap of thunder rattled the house and the roar of the rain increased. Ginny held their foreheads together and let their breath mingle. The urgency of the moment nearly overwhelmed her when Harry's hand brushed her breast through her many layers of clothing. She sucked in a sharp breath and stared at him.

Moving in hurried unison they each began to remove clothing before scrambling onto the bed and coming together once more.

"I'm not sure I want to recreate our first time," Harry said as he kissed her neck. His hands wrapped around her back and fell to palm her bum, pressing her to him completely.

Ginny chuckled and removed his glasses. "You didn't enjoy our first time?" she asked, trying to play innocent.

Harry snorted. "I think you know just how much I enjoyed it, but I plan on lasting much, much longer this time."

"Harry, that was a long time ago," Ginny protested. She was stopped by his lips on hers, however, and the thought melted away in the moment. Harry laid them down on the mattress and tugged the blankets back. He rested himself on her, covering her body with his own. "We've both learned a lot since then."

"I don't know," Harry smirked, "I feel like I'm ready to explode right now." He rolled his hips against her and Ginny gave a contented sigh. Her body ached for his and she almost asked him to take her now, but she bit her lip instead. Harry wasn't about that—he wasn't ever so urgent that he lost sight of making it about the two of them, rather than just about him.

Harry rocked into her and Ginny matched his movements, tilting her head to the side when his kisses moved to her neck, and down her chest. The memory of last night on the sofa was still fresh and each touch sent a jolt of anticipation coursing through her belly and lower.

The cold in the room drifted away as they kissed and caressed. Ginny's hands traced his back and bottom, and then buried in his hair. Harry's fingers played with her nipples, and then dipped into her belly button before moving further down. He kissed her with the same pace set by his fingers and Ginny felt her body hum in response. She urged him to roll to the side and set about pleasing him in the same way. Her hand found his penis, hot against her thigh, and cradled it, gently squeezing in that way he liked, before sliding her finger around the head.

His control seemed to falter for just a moment, as his whole body jerked into her hand, but it was only a moment, and then he was back in command.

At times Ginny forgot to move her hand on him because she was so aware of just what he was doing with his

fingers, and his mouth, and his whole body. But a small sound from him—a rumble in his chest, a heavy breath on her skin, a sigh—would spur her into action again, sliding up and down the length of him, coaxing even more sounds.

The storm railed around them as they mirrored the intensity of it all with their kisses and touches. Ginny climaxed with a final thrust of Harry's fingers and the heat of his kisses on her belly.

"Much better than the first time," Ginny agreed with a lazy smile as Harry moved to where he wanted to be. He barely gave her breath to finish the sentence before he was buried inside her, joining them as one for the first time in almost two weeks.

"We figured it out eventually," he kissed her softly, holding his hips in place until she was fully stretched around him, and then moving with gentle but sure motions.

The pressure began to build again and Ginny planted her feet to arch into each roll of his hips. Their hot breath mingled as they moved together. Their kisses were wild at every other thrust and felt in every part of her.

"Almost." Harry closed his eyes tightly and pulled up sharply to change the angle. He looked down at her now, his bright green eyes feasting on her. The candlelight cast flickering shadows on the walls and Ginny tilted up to kiss him just one more time before soaring over the edge of release. Harry followed half a breath behind, roaring his climax as the wind howled outside.

He rocked forward, sending waves of pleasure through her and making her head spin. Ginny closed her eyes against the shadows and wrapped her arms around him, no longer concerned with the coolness of the room, the storm outside, or anything other than holding onto Harry. He was everything right now.

And she knew he felt the same. He'd told her enough times over the years, and especially over the last few weeks, how much he loved her, how much she meant to him. But it was in these quiet moments, after their bodies settled from making love, that Ginny could feel it like a physical presence between them. There was a magic all its own in these moments.

"Ginny, I…" Harry's voice trailed off and he lay his head down on her shoulder, clearly overcome with emotion. "I don't think I'll ever be able to say it enough, and the words are completely inadequate for how I feel, but I love you."

Her hand cupped his cheek and she sighed, completely content in the moment. "I know, Harry. I've always known. Sometimes words aren't enough, but I've never—not for one moment—doubted how much you love me, Harry. I can see it in your eyes. I can feel it in the way you touch me. I can see it in everything you do for our family, for our children. And sometimes I just have to sit down and soak it all in, because it's hard to imagine that one person can feel that much, and give that much."

"I'm sorry that we let things get in the way," he whispered and kissed the end of her nose. "I'm sorry that sometimes I forgot to put us first rather than work, or the kids, or anything else. You and I Ginny—we're what's most important and I'm never going to forget that again."

"I know that," she nodded. "And I'm not going to let work, or the kids, or anything else make me forget what we have together ever again. The plan may have been a bit barmy—"

"But it worked," he interrupted. "It made me remember that you're not just my wife, or the mother of my children. You, Ginny Potter, are the one I chose to spend my life with. You're the one I chose to love with all my heart and to wake up in the morning with, and to go to sleep at night next to. You're the one whom I chose to help me raise a family. You've given me everything, Gin."

"And you've given it back," Ginny protested. Her eyes filled with tears and she blinked them away, not wanting to cry right now. Right now wasn't for tears; it was for celebrating what they'd rediscovered in each other.

They'd set about simply to remember the excitement and newness of falling in love, but had discovered how much was really there between them, just hidden behind the everyday cares of a family.

Harry wound their fingers together and brought her hand up to kiss her wedding ring. "I've fallen in love with you all over again, Ginny. It was just as easy as it was the first time, only better because of everything we've shared. It's been like coming alive again these past few weeks."

"Even when I told you we couldn't have sex?"

He laughed and tugged the blankets up over them, curling around her body. "Even then. But it was brilliant to be with you tonight. I've missed being close to you like this."

"It's been awhile, hasn't it?" she sighed. "Not just the two weeks during the plan, but lately we've been rushed or simply too tired to do more than manage a quick shag."

"Another thing we're not going to do again," Harry nodded. "Being with you is too important."

Ginny closed her eyes and ran her hand up and down his back, savoring the warmth of their bodies under the blankets. "I love you, Harry." Her eyes slipped closed and she replayed bits and pieces of everything they'd been through the past two weeks: playing Quidditch together, stolen kisses and touches, talking through the floo for hours, falling asleep on the sofa together. Every minute had been amazing and she didn't ever want to forget it.

"We need to find a memento to put in your box," Harry mused, his voice thick with sleep. Ginny smiled sleepily and nodded, wondering if she could ever find something that would encapsulate just what this whole thing had meant to her.

"I think I'll just keep it right here," she whispered, resting her fingers just above her heart.

Harry kissed her forehead. "Go to sleep, Gin."

Once again they were standing at Kings Cross and it felt like only minutes had passed since they'd been there last. And yet so much had changed in three months that Harry felt like a new man. He felt younger and full of life. Ginny was by his side, joking with Ron and Hermione, who had come to pick their children up for the Christmas Holiday.

"So when do you start the plan?" Ginny asked, ignoring Ron's grimace. Hermione grinned and started to explain that she'd modified the plan since giving it to Ginny and that she and Ron were planning on giving it a try right after the kids left from holiday.

"That's what I thought too, Ron," Harry elbowed him and spoke softly. "It's not bad at all."

"Yeah, but you knew Ginny wouldn't last the whole time," Ron grumbled. "Hermione's adamant that we keep precisely to the table."

Harry snorted and blinked at his best mate. "Did you just use the word 'adamant?'"

"Shut it," Ron grumbled. "And yes, I know what it means."

Harry laughed and shook his head. Ginny gave his hand a quick squeeze and he leaned down to kiss her cheek, unable to help himself any longer.

"Merlin, if I get to be as sappy as you, please kill me," Ron huffed and turned his head away.

"I'll take it under consideration," Harry nodded solemnly. "Or I'll just let George take care of it for me."

Ron's face split into a wide grin. "Angie's got him by the—"

"Ronald," Hermione scolded, perhaps anticipating the words that were going to come out of his mouth.

Ron cleared his throat. "The whole family has gone barmy about this plan thing. They all think it's brilliant."

"It is," Ginny insisted. "Harry and I are happier than we've ever been."

"And the sex is great," Harry said, startling two rather prudish women who just happened to be eavesdropping. Ginny elbowed him and Ron laughed out loud until he realized just what he was laughing about.

"No details, remember?"

"Not something I can deny, mate," Harry shrugged unrepentantly. "Besides, with the things *The Prophet* has been printing, it wouldn't matter if I said it aloud or not. They'd still put it in the Sunday Edition."

"That's because the two of you can't keep your hands off each other." Hermione's eyebrow rose but Harry knew she couldn't scold too much, because she was completely supportive of the plan and had even admitted her jealousy of the close relationship between Harry and Ginny just the other night.

Harry felt his face heat slightly and winked at Ginny who grinned up at him. They *had* been rather demonstrative in public and there had been several photographs in the paper lately with them kissing. The worst one had been at the Quidditch match just before they left for Ireland. Given the entire press box alone, Harry couldn't help but distract Ginny from her job for a few minutes.

When they'd returned to England, George had hung hundreds of newspaper clippings around their house.

Potters Still Have It After All These Years was the headline and it made Harry's face heat just thinking of the passionate kiss some photographer had captured.

There was also a letter from James begging them to stop making front page news if they valued the social lives of their children.

Ginny and Harry laughed it all off, knowing that it didn't matter what the world around them said—they were in love and weren't afraid to show it.

"Any photographers around here today?" Ron peered around but Harry shrugged it off. If there were, then so be it. He was tired of worrying about it. The kids were old enough to take care of themselves now when a reporter came crawling around. He was sure that if it did happen he might have a different view, but they'd been respectful so far.

Teddy and Victoire, their hands clasped tightly together, emerged from the crowd and Harry grinned.

"Looks like the two of you worked out the issues," he mumbled to them.

Their faces flushed a color truly worthy of the Weasley family and Teddy cleared his throat.

"I started thinking about how you and Ginny were putting so much effort into your relationship, and well…" He gave Victoire a rather lovesick look that made Ron make retching sounds.

"He showed up at my work with flowers and asked me out on a date," Victoire finished with a huge, satisfied smile.

"Good on you," Harry nodded proudly.

"Any relationship takes work," Ginny commended them both. "Especially the ones you want to last forever." She squeezed Harry's hand and he kissed her quickly.

"Did he tell you about getting pissed at the Hog's Head the other day?" Ron snorted. His question earned a groan from Teddy and a scold from Hermione.

"Yes," Victoire said with a smile. "He did. I thought it was rather endearing, actually."

"Only because you didn't have to tuck him into bed," Harry snorted. "And listen to his snores all night."

The couple both shuffled about guiltily, making Harry and Ginny laugh. "I would have preferred Vic be the one to tuck me in," Teddy protested. "I doubt she would have dumped me in James' old room and left me to nurse myself back to health."

"You're lucky I did that much for you," Harry scoffed, "after the way you groped me in public."

"I think I must have missed part of the story," Victoire chuckled.

"Me too," Teddy scowled. "I honestly don't remember much about that night."

“Probably a good thing,” Ron clapped him on the shoulder. “There were conversations that none of us need to remember that night.”

“Here comes the train!” Hermione called out as the tracks rattled and the tell-tale sounds of the steam engine could be heard.

The parents and families crowded further toward the tracks, but the Potters and Weasleys held back.

“Good, I didn’t miss it!” George appeared at Ron’s elbow, looking disheveled. Harry assumed it was from a mad dash across London to retrieve his kids. “Bloke at the store just wouldn’t leave.”

“I told you I’d pick up the kids,” Ron shrugged.

“I know,” George nodded, “but I promised Angie I’d do it.” He glanced over at Teddy and Victoire, waggling his eyebrows at their linked hands. “You here to pick up Louis and Dominique?”

Teddy nodded and was about to answer, but the noise of the engine was too much.

Harry watched the train pull into the station and wrapped his arms around Ginny from behind, resting his cheek against her head. “Look, there in the third to the last compartment.”

Those around them laughed as they saw James, Hugo, Al and Freddie with their faces pressed against the foggy window, cheeks billowed out with air against the glass.

“Looks like they had a fun time,” Ron chuckled.

Hermione shook her head in disgust. “Think of how many germs are all over that glass.”

“Hermione,” Ron sighed, “your children have just come home from being away for three months, where you *know* Hugo got in trouble for eating dragon dung on a dare, got chased by Filch for setting off dung bombs in the Prefects bathroom, and blew up a toilet. Are you *really* worried about germs on the glass?”

Harry and Ginny both laughed. They’d heard the stories of the Hugo’s adventures, but stringing them all together like that sounded fairly damning.

“I never said he wasn’t your son,” Hermione sighed and shook her head. Rose stepped off the train, looking rather frazzled. Lily exited next with the Scamander twins on either side of her, all three of them talking up a storm. The rest of the red-headed Weasleys trooped next, followed by Al and James.

Ginny greeted Lily and started fussing about how big she’d gotten and how she liked Hogwarts while Harry walked toward his sons.

James and Al looked rather serious as they approached however, and Harry scowled. “What’s wrong?”

James exchanged a look with his brother who prodded him in the elbow lightly. “Are you and Mum…” He trailed off, his cheeks turning red. Al prodded him again and James glared at his younger brother before sighing.

"Are you and Mum going to embarrass us all holiday?"

"Embarrass you?" Harry nearly choked on the idea. Now that he looked, however, quite a few students were staring at him—more than usual—and more than a few were staring at Ginny.

"With the…snogging and all," James finished in a gruff whisper. "Because it's sort of gross, you know."

"Disgusting," Al shivered theatrically. "And *everyone* saw it all over the papers, Dad!"

Harry was caught between rolling his eyes and laughing out loud. He was saved, however, by his wife. Ginny linked their hands and leaned up to nuzzle her nose against his, kissing him lightly.

"Only if you two keep bringing it up," she warned, smirking at their horrified sons.

"One of these days, boys," Harry sighed, completely smitten with his wife, "you'll understand that snogging a woman is something you want to spend a lot of time doing."

James growled menacingly and turned away while Al made retching sounds. The Weasleys around them laughed.

"I love you, Ginny," Harry sighed, pulling her close and ignoring the giggles from the girls around him and Al's continued vomiting sounds.

"It's a good thing, Potter," Ginny answered back. She poked his side in a ticklish spot and he squirmed. "Otherwise I'd never let you kiss me in public like this." She surged up and kissed him fiercely, and once again, Harry was lost in what he felt for this woman. And he fell in love with her all over again.

Author's Note: I hope you enjoyed this little one-shot that sort of took over my life for a few days. Amazing how things can do that. Thanks for reading.