

Harry Potter

First, Second, Third

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First

Valentines' Day was coming and Harry had no idea what he was going to do; did he pretend he didn't know anything about it, simply because Ginny usually scoffed at the idea? Or did he go all out like some of the other blokes at the Ministry were doing?

Ron was no help, as he flatly told Harry he had no desire to know what Harry was doing for his sister. As far as Ron was concerned, the words 'romantic' and 'Ginny' had no business being in the same sentence together.

"Just get her some chocolate," he suggested. "Ginny's always loved chocolates."

Harry had just nodded, feeling torn. He couldn't quite figure out what was wrong with him. It wasn't like they'd just been married and this was their first holiday together; their third anniversary was coming up in a few months.

But something between him and Ginny over the past few weeks had just been... off. They still loved spending time together—every moment when Ginny wasn't on the road, playing for the Harpies, or he wasn't off on some training mission for the Ministry. They still had sex several times a week. They still went every Sunday for brunch at the Burrow. Nothing *seemed* different. And yet... it did.

Harry couldn't quite pinpoint what it was, but something was off. He had the feeling that Valentines' Day this year needed to be something big for the both of them. And so he went to the one person who had always bailed him out of trouble for more than half of his life.

"Hermione, I have no idea what to do," he pleaded.

His friend listened with a sympathetic ear and then shrugged. "Harry, I think you might be asking the wrong person here. I'm not really all that romantic myself."

"Yeah, but... you know about women."

She sighed deeply and proceeded to help him plan a romantic overnight holiday for just the two of them. How he'd managed to keep it a secret for two weeks was still a mystery to Harry. But he awoke the morning of February fourteenth, thrilled that Ginny was still not wise to his plans to whisk her away to a Bed and Breakfast outside of York. Gwenog had agreed to let Ginny out of practice early and Harry was planning on packing her bags and spiriting her away right from the Harpies field. She'd be so thrilled with him!

He was even smiling when he woke up that morning, excited to get to spend some time with his wife. He reached across the bed, feeling for the warmth of her, and found only the empty bed instead. Surprised, Harry sat up and blinked at the out of focus room.

The light was on in the bathroom and he could hear the water running in the shower. How Ginny had managed to make it out of bed without waking him was a mystery, because she was usually not

a morning person at all, preferring to lounge around until Harry dragged her downstairs to breakfast.

"I can't believe you got up before me," he said, blinking at his messy reflection in the mirror as he peeked into the steamy bathroom. "You never get up first."

"I don't feel so good, Harry."

Her answer startled him and he peered behind the curtain to see that his wife was leaning with her face against the wet tiles, the shower spraying across her back and side.

"Er... Are you going to be okay?" he asked, eyes going wide when she lurched forward and vomited spectacularly all over the floor of the bathtub. "Oh. Er..." The urge to gag was great, but Harry swallowed it down and moved to turn off the water, tugging one of the towels off the rack and gathering Ginny into his arms.

"I'm sorry," she moaned, relaxing fully against him.

"Do you, er... do you need to throw up again?" he asked, forcing his eyes not to look into the bottom of the bathtub.

"I don't know," she muttered, "maybe."

Harry swallowed past the sick taste in his mouth and moved slowly toward the bedroom. His arms shook, even though Ginny was a tiny thing, and his back groaned in protest.

"Did you eat something bad?" he asked when he set her on the bed and watched her cuddle into the blankets, keeping the wet towel wrapped around her.

He didn't say anything out loud, but she looked... Well, she looked ruddy awful, actually. Her face was pale, rivaling the white towel that was wrapped around it; her freckles stood out starkly in the contrast. Around her eyes were dark circles and her lips were pale. Sighing, Harry leaned forward and held his hand to her forehead, trying to feel if she had a fever or not.

"I'm just so tired," she mumbled, already falling back asleep. Harry sank back down to the bed and ruffled his hair, knowing that a romantic trip wasn't going to happen today.

"Happy Valentines', love," he muttered, tucking her in and climbing back in beside her. He'd send an owl to Gwenog in a bit, explaining that Ginny wasn't going to make it to practice. Maybe she'd feel good enough later for their trip to still happen.

Ginny spent two days in bed, complaining of how much she ached all over and had no appetite whatsoever. Harry's "romantic" getaway ended up with him eating cold soup from a tin alone in their kitchen and then running back up the stairs when he heard her retching again.

On the third day, Ginny managed to take a shower and look somewhat presentable, claiming that she really needed to get back to practice before they gave her spot on the team away.

Harry told her not to be silly, that Gwenog certainly wouldn't bump her for getting the flu. He

didn't mention anything about his plans because he knew she'd feel bad. Sure his galleons had gone to waste, but at least Ginny was feeling better now.

Maybe he could surprise her for their anniversary instead.

He wasn't expecting what he found when he came home later that afternoon. Rose petals scattered all over the entrance hall and leading toward the stairs. Bits and pieces of Ginny's lingerie draped along the back of the sofa and the banister.

"Yes," Harry breathed, gathering the silky pieces up and tugging at his tie, shedding his shoes and robes as he moved along. "I'm going to have sex..."

The excitement of the minute almost made him forget about his lonely, rather pathetically unromantic weekend. If Ginny had gone to this much trouble that meant she was definitely up for something...

"Gin?"

There was no answer, but soft music drifted down the hallway and Harry could smell the heavy scent of wax.

His heart thundered in his chest and he quickly untucked his shirt and stepped on the toes of his socks to pull them off.

"Gin?"

His penis was already straining his trousers as Harry came into the bedroom, staring wide-eyed at the dozens of candles floating near the ceiling. There were rose petals on the bed and the fancy silk sheets Fleur and Bill (probably without him even realizing) had given them for their wedding.

"I'm in here," Ginny called and Harry spun, hearing the sound of something moving through water. He peeked into the bathroom and nearly choked when Ginny's smooth leg lifted above the edge of the tub, bubbles sliding down it, and hooked over the side.

Inside his head, a low chant began. 'Sex! Sex! Sex!' And it very nearly slipped out of his mouth, but Harry called it back just in time. He felt like a randy teenage boy all over again, trying to sneak around in the Burrow and catch a few minutes of time with Ginny before one of her brothers—or even worse, her parents—walked in on them.

"You must be feeling better," he said, staring as Ginny's head peeked up over the side of the tub, her eyes taking in his half dressed form and smirking.

"Much," she agreed. "And I owe you."

"You don't owe me anything," he said, leaning on the door frame and watching as the bubbles in the water parted just enough that the tips of Ginny's breasts peeked through; pale pink islands in a sea of foam. Harry licked his lips and winced as his penis throbbed against the zipper in his trousers.

"Taking care of you is what I wanted to do."

"You're such a liar," she accused with a small laugh. "But I appreciate it."

"Can I join you?" he asked, nodding toward the tub.

"You can," she said, sliding forward just a bit and nodding her head to the space behind her. She always knew just the right spells to make the tub expand to fit them both perfectly. Harry wasted no time, tossing his trousers and pants to the floor before he slipped in behind her, sucking in a breath at the heat of the water and the feel of her smooth, soapy skin on hers.

"Gwenog demanded I go to the team healer when I got there this morning," she said, reaching back and slipping his glasses off, resting them on the side of the tub.

"If you're feeling this good," Harry said, nuzzling her neck and licking the moist skin there, "then I should have flooded him this weekend."

She chuckled low and squirmed against him.

The erection that had softened with the hot water returned with a vengeance when Ginny's hands found him, gently caressing his length and bringing him back to life. Harry turned her in place and helped her wrap her legs around him, his hands clutching her arse and rocking against her, not caring that water splashed over the side and onto the floor.

"Poor, randy Harry," Ginny cooed, rubbing him and pressing kisses to his face.

"I missed you," he whined. "Do you realize we went three whole days without shagging?"

Ginny laughed. "How did this not fall off?" she mocked him, tugging gently at his penis.

Harry shivered and slid his hand over her hip to find her folds. "I'm not sure," he admitted. "But it's definitely interested now."

Her low laugh made him shiver and thrust his fingers into her, making her gasp. Her hands left his groin and clutched his shoulders as he sucked on her neck, palmed her breast and rubbed at her frantically.

"Harry," she groaned, rocking against his hand. "I need to... tell you something..."

Harry heard her, but his mind wasn't in control as the chanting in his head got louder and louder. 'Sex! Sex! Sex!' He felt her muscles tighten around his fingers as he drove her closer and closer to the edge.

"I didn't have the flu," Ginny said, wrapping around him and mumbling into his ear. Harry nodded and groaned, wanting to be inside her so bad. Vaguely, he wondered where his wand was so that he could cast the contraceptive charm, but that thought flew right out of his head when Ginny buried her fingers in his hair and licked his ear.

"I'm pregnant, Harry."

Her words were like a train wreck—screeching all movement to a grinding halt and forcing Harry to stare ahead in horrific shock as it unfolded before him.

“Er...”

“Say something, Harry,” she pleaded, clinging to him.

Harry’s hand stopped moving and pulled out from between them as he blinked, a new chant pounding into his head.

“Pregnant?”

Ginny pulled back, staring at him, her eyes huge and incredibly vulnerable. A rush of emotions charged through him; panic, amazement, awe, and sheer love warred for dominance as his mouth began to work, without the aid of his brain.

“Er...”

“I... I thought you’d be happy,” she said, sliding down his legs a bit and reaching for the towel that was resting on the side of the tub. Before he could say anything more, she was out of the water, wrapped in white and almost to the door.

“Gin... just give me a minute, please?” he pleaded, standing quickly and almost slipping on the slick bottom of the tub. His knee pounded in pain from where it hit the side and he hobbled out after her. “I just... I’m happy, I really am.”

He turned her around, shocked to see her eyes red and tears flowing down her face. This wasn’t like her at all and it scared him more than anything.

“I’m thrilled, actually,” he said as he gathered her to him and let his brain begin working again. “I’m just shocked at the change of subject, I guess. One minute we’re about to... and then you tell me...”

“I’m so emotional right now,” she growled, wrapping her arms around his wet body, “and I *hate* it!”

“Its fine,” Harry protested, lifting her face and pressing kisses to everywhere he could manage. The new chant started louder and louder, abandoning the old one. ‘Baby. Baby. Baby’

As exciting as the old one was, this new one held so much possibility that Harry’s chest felt tight, pressing down on him until he nearly burst with emotion.

“A baby,” he whispered, still kissing her face.

Ginny clung to him and nodded. “We’re having a baby.” Her tears soon gave way to laughter and they clung to each other, laughing and crying and kissing all at once.

A wave of tenderness and love followed the excitement and Harry swept Ginny off her feet into his arms, taking her to their bed.

“You’re so amazing,” he whispered, peeling the towel away from her fragrant skin and kissing each

inch until he found himself staring at her flat belly. "There's really a baby in there."

"You helped," Ginny protested, her fingers tracing his hair and face. "I've been such a mess lately, worrying about how you'd react, and having to quit the team, and... and if we're ready. You probably thought I'd gone insane."

"We're ready," he assured her, kissing her belly before moving up, laying his weight onto her gently. "We're ready."

She laughed softly, framing his face with her hands. "I love you, Harry," she said, her eyes filling with tears again. "And I'm so happy I could give this to you. I want you to have your family."

"Our family," he corrected gently, staring down at her. Ginny moved under him and he leaned down to kiss her, his hand lifting her thigh up to his hip, thrusting against her gently. "Is this okay?" he asked, his nose tracing a pattern on her cheek as he closed his eyes, reveling in the sensations of her rocking against him.

"More than okay," she urged with a laugh.

"Guess I don't need to worry about my wand then," Harry chuckled, lifting her leg higher and using his fingers to open her folds to receive him.

"Not *that* wand, anyway," Ginny said, arching her back when he filled her slowly and completely.

"You're horrible," he laughed. They rocked together, a slow, steady rhythm building between them.

"I'm going to get all fat," she promised, grinning up at him.

Harry rolled his eyes. "More of you to love," he promised, rolling his hips and making her eyes flutter back into her head.

"I'm going to be moody."

"I know how to deal with that," he promised, rocking harder against her.

Ginny laughed, arching against him. "You're pretty good at it, I have to admit."

"I can't wait to see our baby," he said tenderly, emotion leaking out of his eyes and making him feel incredibly vulnerable. What a prat he was, crying in the middle of sex!

"I know," Ginny said, kissing his lips and lifting her hips. "It's going to be amazing."

"Thank you, Ginny," he said as he wrapped tighter around her and rocked, sliding them frantically together.

"Thank you, thank you."

Ginny sighed happily and convulsed against him, whispering his name. Harry rested their foreheads together and slid in and out two more times before he came in a shuddering rush, filling her.

"You're such a miracle," he murmured, holding himself over her, staring at the way her crimson hair spread around her head like a sunset, the porcelain skin of her neck, and the way her chest rose and fell in time with his own.

"We created one together," she said, tugging him down to lay with her. Harry's mind, once focused only on pleasing his wife and seeing how many times in the next day they could shag, now settled down into a calm, happy place where pictures of he and Ginny with their child took over.

Second

Harry's eyes fluttered open, staring at the ceiling as he became fully aware of where he was. He groaned low in his chest as his groin tightened involuntarily. A slow smile stretched over his face and he sighed happily.

"You're going to be the death of me," he mumbled past a dry mouth.

Ginny gave a smug little chuckle and Harry swore violently when her mouth closed over the tip of his penis, her tongue swirling like mad around the head. The urge to thrust upwards was great, but he pressed his arse back into the mattress instead. Ginny didn't like it when he thrust into her mouth without warning. It was only okay if she urged his hips upward with her hands; that was something he'd learned early on when they'd started their sexual relationship.

Ginny was in control. And that was perfectly fine with him. Her hands, still warm from sleep, tugged gently, but firmly, on his sac and Harry groaned loudly, his thighs falling open as he lifted his head and watched his wife as she moved between his legs.

"Gin, you're driving me crazy."

She still didn't respond verbally, but the motion of her mouth increased, as well as the satisfied look on her face. Harry's back arched and he tried to focus on anything but the pressure building in his low back, holding off his climax as long as possible. It was like a challenge now, he smirked to himself, both of them seeing how far they could push the other until it wasn't possible to hold on any longer. But Harry was determined to win this round.

"Come here," he said, his hands buried in her hair, trying to pull her face gently away from what she was doing.

"Not done yet," she protested, shaking her head in annoyance. Her scowl didn't convince him that she was angry, however, just perturbed that he'd had the audacity to try and divert her attention.

"Please," he begged, giving his hips license to rise just a bit as her tongue pulled away from a long lick of his penis. The cool air of the bedroom hit him with full force as Ginny crawled up his body, and Harry sucked in a breath through his teeth. Her second trimester was bloody brilliant!

"You know how much I hate being interrupted when I'm playing, Harry," she scolded softly, crawling over his stomach until she could sit on his hips, his penis standing perfectly in the cleft of her bum.

"I know," he smirked. "I've been told before." His hands caressed her breasts, making her shiver

when he plucked at the nipples until they were hard pebbles. He couldn't stop himself from rubbing against her when her own hand delved between her thighs, rubbing frantically at her folds and hissing in pleasure when she found the right rhythm.

Normally, Harry would add his fingers with hers, but he was content to watch this morning, his hands sliding over the smooth, taut skin of her belly, growing rounder each day with their first child inside. It was really just a bump—the first physical evidence proclaiming to the world that they were parents. Ginny moaned out his name and Harry licked his lips, wanting to taste her. When he told her, she stared down at him, her hand slowing. She curled down into him, her lips brushing against his as their breath mingled.

"Together then?" she asked and Harry's eyebrows nearly flew into his hairline. It wasn't often that Ginny offered this and Harry's heart thundered as she moved into position, lying right next to him, but with her knees near his head.

"Together," he agreed, rolling onto his side and nuzzling her pubic bone. He loved that she charmed all the hair off. The first time he'd seen her fully naked, Harry had blinked and tilted his head this way and that, wondering why Ginny looked so different from the witches in the magazines the blokes had passed around Gryffindor Tower. She'd admitted, with a rather salacious smile, that she didn't care much for the idea of hair there, although she didn't mind it on Harry at all. He was rather relieved, because the other Aurors were sure to notice if he walked into the showers at the training facility completely clean. Although, he knew he'd do anything for her if she asked him to.

Harry's head fit perfectly on Ginny's thigh and his hands caressed her belly, sliding around to palm the cheeks of her arse as his tongue took a long swipe of her, lapping up the wetness that was already there. Ginny's fingers traced his penis below, teasing and tickling while driving him absolutely wild. He wanted her mouth on him, and groaned in frustration and anxiousness as she delayed, pressing kisses to his thighs and fondling him.

He renewed his movements, licking and sucking, rubbing his chin onto her pubic bone as her hips started to move with him. Just when he finally started to lose himself in the movement, in coaxing wonderfully erotic sounds out of her, Ginny pulled the head of his penis fully into her mouth, moving against him with vigor. It took all he had to concentrate and not explode inside her before he made her climax, but Harry clenched his eyes shut and slowed the rocking of his hips as he slid his hand around her thigh, his finger plunging into her folds as his lips closed around her clit.

Ginny swore loudly and Harry rubbed his chest along her belly as his hips moved of their own accord, following her mouth. His climax built, climbing closer and closer to release as he frantically tried to bring her over the edge before him. It was a near thing, but Ginny pulled her lips back, sucking them concave and Harry couldn't stop himself from coming, pulsating over and over in her mouth. He groaned her name loudly and rubbed vigorously with his fingers until Ginny pushed her hips against them, small spasms of muscles building to a huge climax as she shuddered against his face. Her fingers dug into his arse and Harry clenched it tightly, still pulsing inside her warm mouth as they continued to rock slowly against each other.

Exhausted, Harry pulled away first, rolling onto his back, arms and legs flopped wherever they fell. His chest heaved with exertion and he sighed happily.

"You're going to kill me, I think," he said as Ginny chuckled. He lifted his head and narrowed his eyes, trying to see her blurry form. She was sprawled just as much as he was, but her hand was rubbing their baby, her fingers trailing around the roundness there.

The sight made Harry's chest tighten and he somehow found the strength to lift himself closer to her, pressing kisses to the silky skin around her navel.

"I can't believe that's our baby in there," he whispered softly, staring up at Ginny, who curled toward him slightly and brushed her fingers along the side of his face.

"Pretty amazing, isn't it?" she asked softly.

"Bloody terrifying too," he nodded, feeling a bit vulnerable at admitting that. But they'd talked about this before, enough to know that both of them were more than slightly intimidated by the fact that they were going to be parents in a few short months.

Harry rolled over and rested on his elbows, cupping his hands around the barely-there bump. His face flushed as he glanced up at Ginny and then cleared his throat.

"Hi," he said, feeling like a complete prat. But Ginny grinned down at him, her eyes suspiciously moist and dark. "I'm your dad, baby." His mind cast about, trying to imagine what he should be telling their child—something important, for sure. "I... I love you," he tried, testing the weight of the words on his tongue.

He'd never said them to anyone but Ginny before, but it seemed appropriate that even the idea of their child could make his heart swell big enough to burst. He had no doubt that when this child was actually placed in his arms—so far, that concept couldn't possibly exist as more than a vague, watercolored impression in his mind—he'd break down completely and become the biggest, most emotional... girl... ever. And Ron would never let him forget it.

But... somehow, that seemed okay too. Ginny wound their fingers together and swiped at the tears that were leaking down her face. "We both love you," she said. Harry wasn't quite sure if she was talking to him, or the baby. But it didn't really matter.

"Bugger," she groaned, rubbing the edge of the sheet on her face. "I can't stop the mood swings."

Harry chuckled. "I'll take the mood swings if the sex continues." Ginny had been insatiable the last few weeks. She'd even come to his office and barricaded the door so that they could shag on top of his desk. Ron would forever take the mickey for the dazed look that Harry wore the rest of that afternoon. Ginny snorted. "Of course you will. I haven't heard you complaining."

"And you won't," Harry shook his head valiantly as he squirmed until he could kiss her properly. "It's a burden, but I'll gladly bear it."

Ginny laughed and lifted her foot to slide along his leg as they wrapped around each other. "I'm sure it is. Your bits will never recover."

Harry chuckled. "Try explaining that one to the Auror Matron."

Third

"It *hurts* Harry," Ginny moaned as they walked up and down the hallway in their house. Ginny would stop every few feet and brace her arm on the wall, or on his chest, and let the tears fall as she swore creatively. Harry winced at a particularly vicious phrase and reached out to dig his fingers into the small of her back. He hated doing this, but Ginny assured him that it was what she wanted, and that it felt brilliant.

"I'm not sure I can take it any longer," she sighed, standing up and wrapping her arms around her belly. "He won't stop moving around, and he's so low, I'm surprised he's not peeking out from between my knees."

The thought made Harry smile, but, thankfully, he didn't laugh. He was well past the point where he was allowed to do that.

"I know, Gin," he murmured, taking her in his arms and rubbing her back as they stood in the hallway. "If I could take it from you—"

"Don't lie," she mumbled as she used his t-shirt for a tissue. Harry winced but nodded. A week overdue and still nothing yet. Honestly, Harry wasn't sure how much more of this *he* could take. They'd gone on walks. Ginny had swallowed pint after pint of every homemade labor-inducing remedy anyone had ever heard of.

And still nothing.

Little James was being extremely stubborn about coming into the world. They rocked side to side for several minutes and Harry was afraid Ginny might have actually fallen asleep on him because she was using him to hold her up.

"Need to sit now, love?"

"No," Ginny sighed. She was quiet for a moment more and then let out a little giggle. "You know what would help?"

"What?" Harry asked.

"Can you... can you sing me the song?" she begged, her voice muffled.

"No, no way." Harry groaned and flexed his bare toes against the cold floorboards, causing a shiver to run up his spine. "Awww, Gin..."

"Oh, please?" Ginny begged. "You know it's the only thing that calms him down."

"That's rubbish, Gin. I think you just like seeing me humiliate myself."

"It's not humiliating!" she protested. "It's sweet. Please, Harry," she begged, clutching his shirt and curling into his embrace.

"I can turn on the wireless," he protested, trying to think of any excuse to get out of the most

humiliating experience he'd ever had in his life. "Ron is just down the hall," he pleaded in a whisper.

He glanced at the door, imagining what his best mate would think if he walked out here, bleary eyed from having too much at the pub, and found Harry standing in just his pants and t-shirt, singing to Ginny, who was shuffling around in an old Gryffindor Seeker shirt and knickers, her perfectly round belly peeking out; she always complained that pyjamas confined her too much.

"Please, Harry?" The pleading tone convinced him and he stared up at the ceiling, praying to Merlin, or God, or whoever was up there, that Ron would sleep through this and not take the mickey out of him for the rest of his life. Why couldn't Ron have gone to the Burrow while Hermione was out of town? Why did he have to insist on staying with Harry and Ginny?

He started humming softly, right into Ginny's ear, rocking her back and forth while he held her hips and pressed his fingers into her back.

"The words," she mumbled, although it had a distinctive growl to it.

Harry sighed dramatically. "Alright." He took a deep breath before he began to sing. It was horribly off key, and probably not anywhere near what the song was supposed to sound like... but Ginny sighed happily into his chest.

"When I get older, losing my hair, many years from now..."

Harry glanced at the door to the guest bedroom, vowing he'd Obliviate Ron if he came out right now.

"Will you still be sending me a Valentine, birthday greeting, bottle of wine? If I've been out 'til quarter to three, would you lock the door? Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?"

Ginny pulled back slightly and stared up at him, a slow smile spreading across her face. He trudged on, trying to remember all the words to the Muggle song Ginny had instantly taken a liking to the first time she'd heard it.

"You'll be older too." Ginny stared up at her husband with rapt attention, and a grin on her face.

"And, if you say the word, I could stay with you. I could be handy mending a fuse, when your lights are gone. You can knit a sweater by the fireside; Sunday mornings, go for a ride. Doing the garden, digging the weeds; who could ask for more? Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?"

Ginny lifted a hand to caress Harry's cheek as he ploughed through the song.

"Every summer we could rent a cottage in the Isle Of Wight, if it's not too dear. We shall scrimp and save. Grandchildren on your knee; Vera, Chuck and Dave."

Ginny giggled at this and Harry nuzzled her forehead with his nose. His heart swelled at the look she was giving him and he somehow found the will to push on. If it made Ginny happy...

"Send me a postcard, drop me a line, stating point of view. Indicate precisely what you mean to say; you're sincerely wasting away. Give me your answer, fill in a form. Mine forever more. Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?"

The song died out and Harry took a deep breath, willing it to be over.

"Is that good enough?" he whined.

Ginny nodded at him, a strange look in her eyes before she went up on tiptoe and wrapped her arms around his head, kissing him completely.

"I've heard that sex can start labor," she said against his lips.

"You *do* owe me after that," Harry murmured, slowly backing toward their open bedroom door and bringing her with him.

"Owe you?" she asked, her tone growing quite dangerous as she pulled back. "I'm carrying your stubborn son inside me, Harry."

Harry gulped and nodded frantically. "You're right, you don't owe me anything."

A second later, Ginny had forgotten all about her irritation as she attacked his boxers, pulling them down over his semi-hard penis and reaching for his shirt. "I want this baby out of me, Harry," she proclaimed with a determined voice.

Harry grinned at her, tugging off his shirt and reaching for hers. She held her arms up straight and he pulled it off before she pushed her knickers down her hips. "You think we need to get it out the same way we put it in."

"Seems logical," she said, tilting her head to the side and running her fingertip down his chest, poking his belly before she continued on. Harry's penis was fully erect now, definitely interested in exploring this possibility. "But I can't be on top. I don't think I can handle that right now."

Harry nodded jerkily, helping her climb onto the bed while a plethora of sexual positions ran through his mind, distracting him completely.

"Can we spoon?" she asked, staring thoughtfully at the pillows.

"Yes!" Harry answered, a bit too enthusiastically. His cheeks heated and he helped her lie down on her side, scooting into position behind her. His penis rubbed the cleft of her arse and he groaned in anticipation. Lately Ginny's sex drive had fallen off dramatically—although, really, no one could keep up the pace she'd set during her second trimester. It wasn't as if she was neglecting him. More often than not, she offered to take care of him when she just wasn't in the mood or didn't feel well enough for full intercourse. Harry protested that she really didn't have to do that, but she always told him to shut up before she led him to the stairs and knelt below him a few steps.

"I love you," he whispered, pressing kisses to her shoulder and reaching around, rubbing her belly before lifting her thigh so he could reach her folds.

“Love you too,” she answered back distractedly. Her eyes were half closed and she panted lightly when he found the right rhythm. Her hips rocked against him and Harry’s other hand rubbed the tip of his penis,

spreading the pre-cum around before he slid his hand under her, tugging at the nipple of her breast. Ginny gasped and rocked harder against him, her hand coming down to cup his between her legs as they pressed against her pubic bone. The rocking motion of her hips was enough to make her moan loudly and Harry could feel the moisture of her orgasm on his fingers.

“In!” she demanded, lifting her leg.

Harry chuckled and reached for his penis, lining it up and sliding his body down a few inches so he could push up into her. She was tight, and hot, and it felt bloody amazing. “Fuck, Gin,” he moaned, his head lolling onto his shoulder as he started a slow, sliding movement. He could feel her fingers rubbing her clit and caressing his penis as it slid in and out of her. Stars danced before his eyes as he lifted his head and watched her play with her own breasts.

Encouraged by her, Harry propped up on his elbow for more purchase and held onto her hip as she moaned. His motion became somewhat frantic when she slid her finger into her mouth, sucking on the tip before reaching down and putting it into his mouth.

Her skin always tasted like something sweet—strawberries or something—and Harry licked her hand before leaning over and licking the side of her breast, along her arm, her shoulder—anywhere he could reach.

She moaned again, thrusting back into him and Harry shoved deep, unable to control himself as he came inside her. Her orgasm came a moment afterwards, pulsing along his shaft and making Harry push as far into her as he could, savoring the feeling.

Something gave way, however and a new pressure built around him. Before he knew what was happening, his lap and the bed beneath him were wet.

Ginny stared wide eyed down at him before she caressed her belly. “I think my water just broke.”