

Harry Potter

**I Will Be  
the Answer**

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# I Will Be the Answer

**Fandom:** Harry Potter.

**Author:** hgfan1111.

**Genre:** Hurt/Comfort.

**Rating:** Explicit.

**Characters:** Ginny Weasley. Harry Potter. Hermione Granger. Ron Weasley.

**Pairings:** Ginny/Harry.

**Other Tags:** None.

**Status:** 4,300 words; One-Shot.

**Summary:** None Provided. [Ginny comforts Harry after disaster happens on what should have been a routine Auror assignment.]

**Warnings:** Minor Character Death.

Ginny was puttering around the kitchen, chatting with Hermione about various things, when Neville's knock sounded on the back door. She opened it wide and welcomed him in, taking the bunch of flowers he offered, while scolding him for bringing them at all.

"I just... They reminded me of you," he shrugged, his face turning a pale shade of pink as he fingered the white petals on the daisies. "You always had something nice to say to me, or tried to make me smile."

"Neville," Ginny said, leaning up to press a kiss to his cheek. She glanced over at Hermione who was watching the whole scene with an amused smile. "You're going to make someone a wonderful husband someday."

"That was very sweet, Neville," Hermione agreed.

He flushed and adjusted his collar. It was then that Ginny remembered that he was supposed to have had a date with Hannah Abbot this week.

"How did things go with Hannah?" she asked, waggling her eyebrows.

Rather than answer right away, Neville pulled out a chair from the table and sat down, avoiding her eyes. "Good," he finally shrugged. "It went good." His eyes darted back and forth between the two women.

"Just good? Or..." She trailed off when he got even redder and cleared his throat. Once she started laughing at him, however, he couldn't stop from smiling back.

"It went really good," he admitted. "We're er... we're going out again."

Ginny set the vase full of daisies on the table, thinking they looked marvelous in the dying sun that floated in the windows of the cozy kitchen.

Neville was a regular visitor at the Potter's these days and the three often went out to Muggle restaurants together, like they'd planned for that evening.

"Harry's still on assignment?" Neville asked, glancing at his wristwatch. "I was hoping we'd be able to catch an early dinner tonight. Are you coming with us Hermione?"

"No, thank you," Hermione said. "Ron and I are meeting my parents for dinner. It's been a few weeks since we saw them and they were beginning to feel neglected, I think," she added with a smile.

"Plans later, Neville?" Ginny asked while raising an eyebrow in speculation. She was thrilled to see that the man still blushed as much as ever, despite his now more confident demeanor.

"No," he denied. "I just thought I'd get back and correct some papers."

"Slave driver," Ginny shook her head. "I'll bet you're even worse than you would have been, Hermione, if you had been as a Professor." They both laughed at that, while Hermione tried to scowl at them.

"I would have enjoyed teaching, I think," she finally smiled at their antics. "But I think the Ministry suits me better."

"You would have been brilliant," Neville shook his head. "Brilliant, but scary."

Hermione was just about to protest his 'scary' comment when the back door opened and Ginny stood with a smile, expecting her husband to be home. A pale faced Ron and a stoic Kingsley Shackelbolt entered instead.

"What's wrong?" she burst out immediately, her hands coming to her face. "Is it Harry? Has something happened?"

"We were hoping you'd seen Harry," Kingsley said in his low voice.

"He's not here?" Ron asked, his eyes darting around the room as if Harry might be hiding somewhere.

"Ron—"

Ron sank into a chair at the table and Kingsley scowled down at his shoes. "Harry's alright—at least, I hope he will be. It's Shepherd, Ginny."

The absolutely destroyed look on his face told Ginny all that she needed to know and she melted back into her chair, tears streaming down her face. Vaughn Shepherd was Harry's young Auror partner and the two had built a friendship over hours spent together. Harry thought of the younger man as kind of a brother. They'd been partners for a few months now and Vaughn and his fiancé, Elizabeth, had been over to the house several times for dinner.

"It was a routine assignment," he continued in almost a whisper. "They were just supposed to observe the man and then apprehend him. We've been noticing a new trade in dark objects and..." he swallowed thickly and ran his hand over his bald head. "It was routine."

"Harry?" Hermione whispered, reaching across the table to take Ron's hand. He nodded jerkily and Ginny could see his jaw set through her blurry eyes.

"The man had a gun," Kingsley continued to explain and then met Ginny's gaze. "He was aiming for Harry, and Shepherd somehow ended up in front..."

"Harry's alright?" Neville asked shakily.

"I don't think he was hurt," Kingsley shook his head. "But he cut the man to ribbons and then held his hand over Shepherd's wound until..."

"He died?" Hermione clarified and Kingsley nodded jerkily.

They all sat in silence for a few minutes, letting the news sink in.

"Maybe he went to see Elizabeth," Ginny finally choked out.

"I hope not," Ron shook his head. "He was covered in blood last I saw him."

They were all startled when the pipes in the walls began to groan. Someone was upstairs and had started a shower. Ginny swiped frantically at her tears and glanced around the table while standing and moving to the stairs.

"Go," Neville said and motioned her onward. "I'll go with Kingsley to Elizabeth's."

"Thank you," Ginny said softly, knowing she wasn't up to the task. She saw him nod and went off up the stairs.

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"Sweet Merlin, I've never seen so much blood," Ron said as he cradled his head. Kingsley had taken Ginny's spot at the table and sat staring woodenly ahead. "Harry—he was covered in it."

"And you're sure he wasn't hurt," Hermione said as she came around and gathered Ron's head in her arms.

Kingsley nodded. "The man tried to shoot him again and Harry shielded it."

"You can't do that!" Hermione exclaimed, her voice bordering on hysterical. "A shield won't hold—"

"It can if there's enough power in it," Neville interrupted in a soft, yet firm voice as he set cups of hot tea in front of them all. "We all know Harry has enough power."

They all let their eyes run toward the ceiling where the water running could still be heard.

"I hope she gets him to talk about it," Hermione said. "All he ever does is bottle things up." She gave a sigh and sipped from her cup.

"Ginny knows how to take care of him," Neville said.

"I'm worried about him," Ron admitted. "Harry doesn't take things like this well. He's liable to somehow blame himself for this."

"Was it his fault at all?" Neville asked, glancing up at Kingsley.

"Not at all," the man shook his head. "An Auror can only use his instincts in a situation like that. And Harry's one of the best we have at doing just that. Everything Harry and Shepherd did was by the book. Perfectly."

They all looked up as the sound of the shower continued.

"This is the worst part of my job," Kingsley said as he pried himself off of the chair and sighed deeply.

"I'll come with you," Neville said, nodding at Ron and Hermione who looked grateful that they

didn't have to leave just yet. "They're likely to be awhile."

"We'll stay here for a bit," Hermione nodded, rubbing at her eyes tiredly. "Make sure there's dinner and such."

"That's a good idea," Neville said, sighing as he stood and placed his hand on Kingsley's shoulder, steadying both of them.

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Ginny entered their bedroom cautiously and steeled herself for what she might see. She bit her bottom lip and swallowed a thick lump when she saw the rust colored footprints on the rug that led to a pile of Harry's Auror robes. She nudged them with her foot and had to take a deep breath from seeing the dark crimson stains on the front of them; they looked to have been soaked in red ink, although Ginny knew it wasn't ink. The thought made bile rise up in her throat.

The bathroom was full of steam when she pushed open the door. Harry was standing, fully clothed still, in the stream of the shower. She could see his dark form through the misted shower glass.

"Harry?" she called out gently so as not to startle him. He didn't acknowledge her so she opened the shower door. His head was bent forward so that his face was catching part of the stream; hair dripping wet and curling down to his water-spotted glasses. The white t-shirt he'd worn earlier was stained with a widening ring of pink and his jeans were inky black. His hands were held in front of him while he scrubbed at them with a nail brush.

"I can't get it off," he stated stubbornly and Ginny focused where he was working so diligently. The fingers of the hand he was scrubbing were now white and Ginny feared he would draw his own blood shortly. However, the other hand was splattered with pink drops and the floor around his soggy trainers was ringed with the same pink and red liquid.

She sighed and made a decision, pulling the shower door behind her as she stepped inside with him, still fully clothed herself.

"Here, let me," she said softly and took the brush away, tossing it to the floor. Gently she caressed his hands, washing between each finger and up his arm, even moving his wedding ring around and releasing a stream of blood down his hand. He didn't say anything but she knew he was grateful for her being there because he stopped fidgeting and allowed her to wash him.

When she was finished there, she gently lifted the hem of his t-shirt and together they removed the ruined garment and tossed it into a pile in the corner of the shower, where it lay, leaking pink down to the drain.

His glasses, which had been bumped during the removal, she took off and set on the small tile shelf where her shampoo bottles stood. Harry pulled his arms in toward his body, as if he was cold, and Ginny wrapped her arms around his trembling frame and pulled him into her embrace. They stood like that for a moment before she pulled back and began to wash his face and neck with her wet hands. Small speckles of blood were wiped away and he relaxed enough to close his eyes. She moved her hands slowly and then tugged him around to wash his hair, scraping her nails against his scalp in a motion that she knew he liked.

They stood together in the shower stream, just holding each other. After what seemed like hours, Harry finally brought his arms around her and laid his cheek against her wet head. She rubbed his back and pulled back to look up at him.

Tenderly, Harry cupped her cheek and laid his lips along hers. It wasn't a kiss of passion, more of an affirmation that she was there, and she was still alive, and so was he. They stood that way for a minute before Harry deepened the kiss and pressed her back against the wall, his shoes squeaking as they slid along the tile. Ginny allowed him to plunder her mouth as she held tightly to his shoulders and ran her hands up into his hair.

They kissed and kissed before Harry broke away and grumbled at the buttons on the front of her shirt, finally pulling them loose one by one and pulling the clinging top from her body. She quickly followed by removing her bra and undoing the button on her jeans, wiggling her hips side to side in order to get the material away from her body.

"Love you so much," he mumbled into the skin of her neck as he licked and kissed the soft skin there.

"I love you, Harry," Ginny said, wrapping her arms around him and letting him press against her the tile. His chest was warm against hers and she could feel his heart beating right next to her, deep thundering beats.

A bit of pain bloomed on her neck where Harry's mouth was, but Ginny didn't protest. He was so far beyond control right now that she knew he was just clutching at anything he could.

So she turned her head, pressing kisses on his face until he let go and kissed her back. Her hands traced his chest and slowly lowered the zip on his jeans as he kicked off his shoes.

Ginny had to giggle when Harry pulled back from the kiss, hissing his frustration with the jeans that seemed to be stuck to his legs. He let out a string of vile swear words that Ginny just shook her head at.

While he was busy struggling, Ginny finished removing her jeans and knickers. She lifted a foot onto the narrow ledge that served as a bench, the water from the shower hitting her leg just right so that she could stroke herself to get ready for him. The way Harry's whole body shook while he struggled with the denim pretty much assured he wasn't in the mood to take his time.

And that was okay; Ginny understood his need and his desire well enough. This was an affirmation that he was still alive; it was all the rage and anger and helplessness he felt, poured into something that might possibly let him forget for just a moment that his friend had just died in his arms.

"Gin," he groaned when he looked up and saw her fingers preparing herself for him, stroking back and forth before delving deep inside herself.

"I want you, Harry," she said, slowing her movements and reaching out for him.

The grief and pain washed over his face for a minute, and Ginny thought that perhaps he might not be able to do this after all. But he moved back into her embrace, his erect penis pressing against her belly as his hands stroked and caressed her wet body, plucking at her nipples and finally lifting

her against the tiles as he fumbled, trying to enter her.

Ginny could feel his whole body shaking, and knew it wasn't just with the effort of holding her up, or holding back his climax. She leaned her head forward and kissed him lazily, trying to help him relax and focus. It worked and Harry slid his finger over her hip and guided himself inside as Ginny wrapped her legs around his back and clung to him.

She was right about his lack of control as he immediately began thrusting wildly, his feet braced widely on the floor as he pressed against her over and over again.

Ginny held his head to her neck and rubbed his hair, whispering loving words in his ear. She didn't even try to focus on enjoying herself right now—this wasn't really about sex. It was about taking what was his because he could right now, and needed to have control over something. He would never hurt her, no matter what, so Ginny gave herself over completely to him.

His movements faltered and Ginny felt his chest hitch under her, so she held on tighter as he fell apart. Her hand never stopped stroking his hair.

Harry growled in frustration and anger after a minute, and lifted her higher, sucking at her neck and moving with more purpose, slamming Ginny's back against the tile over and over.

He finished inside her with a huge roar that soon turned into a sob of agony. He kept his head buried against her as Ginny let her legs slide down him and turned them so that she could let the water wash them off. Her hands smoothed up and down his back, and then his chest, and then caressed his penis gently, washing him thoroughly before she reached and turned off the water.

"Come on," she urged him forward, pulling on his hand as she exited, reaching for a thick towel to dry them both off with.

But Harry had another idea. His arms went around her as he lifted her and moved toward their bed, stepping over his discarded, ruined robes, and laying her in the middle of the duvet.

Ginny almost protested because they were both still wet, but seeing the deep need on his face, she relaxed.

He seemed to want to take his time right now, licking off the water droplets on her body and running his hands over her skin while whispering that he loved her, over and over again.

Ginny traced every bit of skin she could find, all leading downward to his penis, which was responding nicely, even considering they'd just had sex.

Harry groaned in appreciation when Ginny nudged him off of her so that he rested on his back. She looked up, making sure she had his full attention as she leaned down and suckled him softly, her eyes never leaving his. She knew he couldn't see her completely down here; she was, at most, a blurry vision. But he'd commented before that he still loved to watch her use her mouth on him.

His body vibrated under her and Ginny smiled to herself, pleased that in several years of marriage, she could still make him desire her enough that he lost control.

"I love you so much," he whispered, his voice breaking in the middle, when he reached for her.

Ginny pressed a kiss to his navel and moved up to kiss him fully, shivering with the pleasure of feeling his body against her own.

"You're everything to me, Gin," he said, laying kisses along her shoulder and rolling them so that they lay on their sides. "I hope you know that."

"I do," she nodded, cuddling back into him and pressing her bum into his groin, eliciting a healthy groan from him.

He continued to kiss her shoulder even as his fingers found her folds and ghosted over them, bringing goosebumps to her skin with his tenderness.

Ginny rocked her hips with the motion of his hand and reached back to wrap her hands in his hair. Their lips met over her shoulder as Harry nudged his knee between her legs to give himself more room.

"I need you, Gin," he whispered when they broke apart. Ginny could feel his chest rise and fall against her back. She nodded jerkily and cuddled back into his embrace, lifting her leg so that he could move inside her.

Harry pushed inside with little effort and sighed heavily when he was fully inside her. They stayed connected like that for a minute before he slowly began to slide his hips against the mattress. His fingers stayed on her clit, rubbing and teasing lightly before reaching down to caress the folds where his penis moved in and out of her.

Ginny relaxed completely and gave herself over to being loved by this man, whom she loved more than life itself.

Harry's movements became surer as his hands kept moving; one where they were joined, and the other, reaching under her to palm her breast. All the while his mouth was busy as well, tasting and licking and sucking on her neck and jawline, ear and shoulder.

Her orgasm built swiftly and hit with almost crushing force as Ginny clutched around him, calling out his name. Harry wrapped around her tightly, almost rolling her into a ball as his movements continued, pushing and pulling, until he too came deep inside her.

Long minutes after their hearts stilled, they lie on their bed, skin pruned and wrinkled still from the time in the shower. Their bodies were intertwined and Harry's head lay against her chest.

"It was supposed to be a routine assignment," he said in a low voice as his fingers traced circles on her abdomen. "I wasn't even supposed to be there. Shepherd was cleared to go out on his own this week."

Ginny nodded and let her fingers trail through his now-dry hair. She'd known when she saw the state of him in the shower that he would open up to her in his own time and in his own way. She needn't have pushed him; that would have made him clam up even tighter.

"And it seems like it was all in slow motion, because I can remember every detail. He stepped out from behind a stack of crates and held up the gun. And I remember thinking how ridiculous it seemed to be seeing something like that. Where was his wand? The flash from the gun scared me, and I looked around to see what had made the noise, even though logically, I knew he had pulled the trigger.

"And..." his voice trailed off when a sob choked out of him. Ginny pulled his head tighter to her and cradled him as he curled inward. "Vaughn stepped right in front of it."

"Shh," Ginny soothed. "He did it to save you."

"No! Damn it, it wasn't supposed to happen this way."

"I know," she soothed and nodded, knowing there was nothing to do but let him get it all out. He cried for a minute before wiping at his eyes.

"I think I killed him, Gin." His voice was so quiet that Ginny had to think about what he'd said to realize what the words meant. "The man with the gun. I just... I didn't even think."

"It was self defense," she stated and wiped at his tears with her own fingers. "Anyway, if you hadn't I'd have killed the bloody bastard myself."

The corner of his mouth twitched before his face darkened again. "There was so much blood and I tried to stop it all. I used every healing spell I could but it didn't stop—it just kept coming. And he was looking up at me, you know, and I couldn't do anything to save him. And all I kept remembering was the last time they were here—you remember, how all four of us kept laughing and..."

Ginny's heart wrenched to hear the ordeal he'd been through and she couldn't imagine her own reaction to being in his place. So, she held him, doing the only thing she could think of.

"I just kept telling him that he couldn't leave Elizabeth. He had to stay for her. She was all I could think about, Gin. I just kept picturing it being me lying there, and you at home... waiting. And now he's..." another loud sob, "and now he's gone—and she's alone. And... damn... why did he have to do it, Gin? Why did he have to die for me?"

Ginny wiped angrily at her tears and sniffed loudly. "He did it because he loved you, Harry."

"Too many people have died because of me," he mumbled and pressed his face into her belly.

"No," she said gently. "Those people died *for* you, not because of you. There's a difference."

"No more," he shook his head. "I can't take anymore, Ginny. Promise me," he moved up her body, placing his weight directly on her and looking deeply into her eyes, his own eyes bright and dark, "promise me that you won't die for me."

"I can't promise you that, Harry. But I promise to do my best to outlive you. That's all I can do, Harry. That and love you with everything I have."

He seemed to take that as enough as he pulled her into a soft kiss and they cuddled together.

"I need to go find Elizabeth," he finally said.

"Neville was here," Ginny shook her head. "He and Kingsley went to her place."

Harry cringed in her arms. "She's lost so much."

"We're not going to leave her all alone," Ginny said softly. Harry nodded jerkily against her and she pulled the edge of the duvet over them. "Rest now, Harry. We'll go over tomorrow morning and do everything we can to help."

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It was fully dark when Ginny came downstairs, wrapped in the silk robe Harry had bought her for Christmas last year. She was surprised to find that Hermione and Ron had stayed, and were cuddled on the sofa in front of the fire.

Ron was snoring lightly and Hermione was staring into the flames, her hand idly running through Ron's hair.

Ginny felt her face heat at the thought of what they might have heard. It had never occurred to her to use a silencing charm in her own home—let alone that someone would stay downstairs while she and Harry were...

Then again, this was Ron and Hermione. And of course they'd want to know how Harry was taking things. Ginny walked in quietly and laid her hand on Hermione's shoulder, making the other woman jump a bit.

"How's Harry?" she whispered, concern written all over her face.

"He's... surviving," Ginny shrugged a shoulder. "I'm sorry you had to wait. We... er..."

"Don't worry about it," Hermione said, giving a knowing look. "We understand completely."

"I think he's going to sleep for quite some time," Ginny said, smiling just a bit smugly.

"Thank you for being the one for him, Ginny," Hermione said, reaching up to capture her hand and squeeze it tightly. "He loves you so much."

"I'll always be the one for him," Ginny answered back, feeling the truth of the statement in her very soul. "Just as he's the one for me."