

Harry Potter

**If You Feel Like
I Feel, Baby**

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Fandom: Harry Potter.

Author: hgfan1111.

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Pairings: Ginny/Harry.

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Summary: Ginny's determined to get Harry to loosen up a bit, and Harry's determined not to give in.

9:37 p.m.

"I can't believe you're supporting this."

"Why not?" Ron defended. He narrowed his eyes at Bill's look. "It's not like Ginny wouldn't be doing this if the situation was reversed—with me and Hermione." He glanced over his shoulder, making sure their witches were occupied at the bar, ordering drinks for everyone. Hermione definitely wouldn't approve of them wagering on something like this. Angelina might not mind so much, because, after all, she was married to George. Thankfully, Fleur was home, or Bill wouldn't be participating at all.

"True," Bill conceded. "But it just seems... wrong."

"It's not like we're taking advantage of them," George protested mildly. "Ginny knows exactly what she's doing. And what Ron's doing."

"Yeah," Charlie agreed, "but does *Harry* know what Ginny's doing?"

Ron's grin spread on his face. "Not at all." All the brothers exchanged a look before Bill snorted. The laughter that followed was decidedly evil.

"I tried to warn him, you know," Ron sighed. "I told him that we Weasleys are a bunch of randy buggers, and Ginny is the worst of all of us."

"And he married her anyway." Percy shook his head slowly, although his smile betrayed his amusement of the situation, rather than disapproval. Ron was surprised that he wasn't stepping in to stop this whole thing.

After all, it wasn't exactly ethical, what Ginny was planning on doing to Harry, let alone legal, if Ginny had her full way with him.

He finally shrugged the thought away. Harry was a big boy; he could take care of himself. He certainly didn't need Ron telling him how to deal with his wife.

"So, just so I'm clear on this whole thing," Charlie cleared his throat, "Ginny's got to, er... *persuade* Harry to relax his fears of public... *affection*... on the premises. And, we've all chosen the time that we think she'll succeed, if she does."

"Yep," Ron nodded firmly. George noted all of their wagers in a small notebook and slid it out of the way before the women came back.

"What time will they be here?" Bill glanced at his watch and then at the door to the pub.

"Any time now," Charlie mumbled. "The game ended more than an hour ago."

"I can't believe Ginny's going to be on the National team," George mused with a wide grin. He

giggled and sounded like a little boy. Ron laughed at his glee. "Imagine that, a Weasley playing for England."

"That's Potter, prat." They all turned as Ginny and Harry came up behind them, hand in hand. "And don't you forget it."

"Not bloody likely with all the trouble you went through to get the name," George muttered. He slid over to allow them into the booth while Angelina climbed over the back to take the spot on his other side.

Ginny grinned and Harry rolled his eyes. "Not many witches could handle having it," she proclaimed.

"I'm sure you meant that as a compliment," Harry grumbled, although his smile betrayed his amusement.

Ron chuckled when Ginny leaned in and pressed her lips to Harry's. She mumbled something that made his ears turn red and Ron forced himself to look away. Ginny's assault on Harry's defenses had already begun.

10:53 p.m.

Harry jumped as Ginny's hand caressed his leg under the table. It wasn't the touch so much as it was how high her fingers flitted up on his leg before trailing away. If he didn't know better, he'd think she was trying to start something in public.

She knew he didn't like being amorous in public, even if she'd been daring him to do something for months now. Just the thought of someone seeing... And what if someone alerted the press? He shuddered just thinking of what might come of *that*.

Ron gave him a funny look, but Harry ignored it. He really didn't need Ginny's brothers pounding him into oblivion for taking advantage of her right here at the table with them. He was fairly sure Ginny wouldn't be the one objecting to the visions that her touch set off in his head.

"Alright?"

Harry shrugged a shoulder and took a drink of his pint. "Yeah, just enjoying the night."

Ron nodded casually, and smiled as George told the punch line of a joke. Harry smirked at it, but he'd heard it before so it really wasn't that funny. Ginny laughed loudly and Harry mentally counted the drinks she'd been downing all night long—enough to send her well on the road to being tipsy.

"She's enjoying herself." Ron grinned at his sister, who was now giggling madly while laughing with Angelina.

"She's entitled to a little celebration," Harry laughed. "She definitely earned a spot on the team."

"That she did," Ron agreed and held up his pint a bit in salute. "I honestly never thought I'd be wearing these colors, you know." He plucked at the green and gold t-shirt he wore and Harry

chuckled. When Ginny had turned down the Cannons, and several other professional teams, in favor of playing Chaser for her childhood heroes, the Harpies, Ron had grumbled the loudest about having to retire his Chudley orange.

But Ginny's family had really come through for her; some of them were there at every game, cheering the loudest, unfurling banners with her name flashing on them, charming everything in sight to be green and gold...

It was heartwarming to see them rally behind her like that.

"A toast!" Angelina crowed, holding her glass of whisky up high. "To the world's best Chaser, the best looking Harpy on the team, and a damned fine sister-in-law!"

Harry laughed and held up his glass. He had to agree to all of what Angelina had said. Ginny stood on the seat next to him, amid the cheers from the rest of the pub, and started into a rather sloppy, gushing speech.

He glanced around the Muggle pub, wondering if he should do something about his wife's comments. She was throwing out terms like 'quidditch', 'quaffle', 'bludger', and cursing like a sailor. Thankfully, those around them clearly thought she was inebriated enough to explain her strange phrases. They cheered loudly when she drank, wobbling on unsteady legs.

Harry tugged her down and she landed, rather ungracefully, in his lap. "Fancy seeing you here, love," she greeted him with a loud smack on his lips.

"Maybe we'd better get you home." His body responded to her continued kisses and roaming hands, and Harry was very aware of the way her family was doing their best to look away from the display.

"Not done celebrating yet," Ginny pouted. She slid her hand under the edge of his t-shirt and Harry's stomach contracted away from her touch. He looked down at her chest and his heart nearly stopped. There was no telltale white strap showing when her shirt shifted to the side. *She's not wearing a...* He was just about to investigate further when Ginny's hands suddenly took a plunge down from his stomach.

"If we go home, I'll give you a private celebration," Harry promised. He forced his hands from her hips and pressed them onto her fingers, stopping her from undoing the button on his trousers.

Ginny looked torn for a minute, and her glassy eyes met his. "Don't think I'm done here at the pub yet," she protested.

Harry chuckled. "You're completely pissed, Gin."

"Not as much as you'd think," she sighed. Her hands fell away from his jeans, and she melted into his chest,

cuddling there. If anything, though, this turned Harry on more than her cheeky advances toward him. She knew how much he loved it when she let him hold her close after they made love. Call him a romantic, but it was one of his favorite things about being intimate—that quiet moment just before they fell asleep, when their bodies were wound so tightly together that their flesh was just

centimeters away from becoming one once more.

Harry growled low and pressed a kiss to her temple. "Sure we can't leave just yet?"

Ginny was quiet for a minute before she shifted against him. The mischievous look in her eyes when he met her gaze made him gulp.

"Come dance with me."

11:17 p.m.

Ginny was surprised at how easily Harry had given in to her suggestion that they dance. Well, it really wasn't a suggestion as much as it was a dare, and Harry rarely backed down when she dared him to do something.

She knew how much he hated dancing, though, and how much more he hated being affectionate in public.

It was a few months ago, while reading an article in *Witch Weekly* about ways to spice up your sex life, that Ginny had turned to Harry in bed and stared at him until he'd finally lowered his Auror manual and blinked at her.

Her challenge to spice up their bedroom activities had been well received, because Harry was fairly game for most ideas she'd presented. The only one he'd balked openly at was when Ginny suggested they shag in public.

It wasn't like Ginny wanted to have a full audience while she and Harry had their way with each other, it was more the idea that someone *could* possibly see that excited her. The clandestine, thrilling idea of having sex with Harry in a primal, rushed fashion only added to her desire to fulfill the fantasy.

But every opportunity that presented itself, Harry thwarted. He seemed to have an instinct for knowing what she was up to and stomping any hope right out of existence. Damned Auror, anyway.

Not tonight, however. Ginny was determined to break down his defenses and at least gain a little ground on this battle. Harry was going to give in far more than he realized.

"I'm not so sure about this." He gave a skeptical look once they were out on the small dance floor, amid the bright lights flashing, and the heat of bodies pressed against them. The beat of the music was oppressive,

thumping in her chest.

"We'll manage," she soothed and moved closer to him. A couple next to them was rubbing against each other,

his thigh between her legs and his hands on her arse. Harry glanced away, and Ginny could see his cheeks flush even further. She gave the couple one last look before moving even closer to Harry, winding them together.

“Pretend it’s only you and me,” she whispered against the skin of his cheek. Her hands caressed his back and lowered, slowly, to slide into the pockets of his trousers.

Harry blew out a deep breath and brought his arms around her. The look he gave promised payback later, but he ignored his suspicions and swayed them back and forth.

“This isn’t what we’d be doing if it was only you and me,” he mumbled back to her.

Ginny’s whole body tingled at his admission, and she mentally cheered her success so far. ‘Oh, Harry, if you only knew how close you’re dancing to the fire,’ she mused.

“Think of it as foreplay,” she suggested and placed a kiss to his collarbone. Harry groaned and jerked against her. His arousal was very evident, pressed into her low belly, but Ginny forced herself to slow down. She could draw this out all night, if necessary.

They danced, revolving in slow circles until the music changed to faster number. Harry laughed when Ginny whooped her approval and danced with abandon. He mostly watched her move, but did participate now and again when she would take his hands and make him move with her.

The next song was a slow, seductive number that brought all the couples back onto the floor. Ginny wound herself back into Harry’s arms, and was thrilled to feel the tension ease in his shoulders somewhat.

Her hands slid down to his bum and gave each cheek a squeeze, earning a hissed intake of breath. They danced to the music, and Harry’s body responded to her touches. When she pressed a line of kisses to his throat, Harry cleared his throat.

“Gin,” he warned. He pushed her away lightly and glared down at her.

“Oh, come on, Harry,” Ginny protested. “It’s just a little dancing.”

He scoffed and pulled her back to him. “A little dancing? You... you’re trying to seduce me.”

Ginny grinned up at him and played with the edge of his t-shirt, brushing her fingers along the strip of warm skin that her fingers discovered. “Is it working?”

He snorted and shook his head, even as he shivered. It was a sure sign that he was lying. “No,” he denied verbally. “You know how I feel about the whole ‘in public’ thing.”

“I do,” she agreed. “But I still think you’re being a bit—”

“Ridiculous?” he snapped.

Ginny scowled. “Stubborn was the word I was going to use, but yours probably fits better.”

“Gin—”

“We agreed to try new things, Harry,” she continued on. Her irritation with him wasn’t nearly as much as she was pretending it was, but she couldn’t help but be disappointed.

“Yeah, but shagging in the middle of the dance floor wasn’t one of them.” He huffed out a deep breath through his nose and it ruffled her hair. Ginny let her annoyance drift away and moved closer.

“You’re right,” she agreed softly.

“It’s not that I don’t... think about *that* when we’re, you know, in public and all,” Harry protested as his hands rubbed up and down her back. “I think about it all the time, but...”

“No, we agreed,” Ginny nodded jerkily. “And I’m sorry, I just... I thought it might be fun.”

Harry was quiet for a minute, swaying them with the music. She wasn’t sure why he protested dancing so much, he was decent at it, really. He had the idea of the rhythm, but it was probably more that others might actually see him dancing and say something about it.

She looked over toward the table to see Ron and George holding their drinks aloft in toast to her. Ginny rolled her eyes at the meddling fools. They’d been after her for months now to get Harry’s walls to crumble.

If only she hadn’t taken that damned *Witch Weekly* into the shop with her. If only she hadn’t tossed her bag onto the counter and run up to use the loo upstairs. If only she hadn’t come down to find her brothers snickering over the dog-eared pages. If only she hadn’t taken that bet just to preserve her pride.

Ron’s eyebrows rose and he tapped his finger against his wrist where he sometimes wore a watch. Ginny got the message and sent him a fast two-fingered salute behind Harry’s back.

Damn brothers.

“So...” Ginny wrapped her arms around Harry’s neck and leaned back until she could look at his whole face.

“Shagging on the dance floor is out.”

Harry nearly choked at her phrase, but nodded emphatically.

“What about... kissing... on the dance floor?”

He pretended to ponder her question before lowering his head. “I think I can let that slide... a little.” He brushed his lips across hers, and then pulled away quickly with a cheeky grin.

Damn Harry.

Ginny growled as she leaned up to kiss him, holding his neck tightly. She thrust her tongue between his lips,

and traced the roof of his mouth with the tip until he moaned.

“That’s a real kiss,” she informed him when she pulled back. Harry’s face scrunched up, but Ginny could tell it wasn’t distaste for what she’d done, but his desire to control himself in front of all

these people.

“You’re a minx,” he growled, but he didn’t pull away from her. Ginny grinned up at him and traced the shell of his ear with her finger.

“You wouldn’t have me any other way.”

For a moment, she thought he was going to protest, but he lowered his lips to hers instead, and kissed her so soundly that it stole her breath away.

When they broke apart, both of their chests were heaving. Ginny slid her hands into his and pulled him toward the edge of the dance floor. There was a hallway back here somewhere. If they couldn’t do more than kiss in full view of everyone, perhaps she could encourage him to do just a bit more if they weren’t necessarily, completely in public.

11:38 p.m.

Harry’s whole body shuddered as Ginny slid her hand into his trousers. He shifted his hips slightly away—it wouldn’t take more than a touch to set him off right now. Ginny’s teasing all night had him worked up.

“Hang on...”

“You’re not taking us home, Harry Potter.” Ginny hissed in his ear and dug her fingers into his hip. “We’re doing this right here.”

“Gin,” Harry sighed. He knew he’d give in to her desires, because how could he resist when she was rubbing against him like the seductive little minx she was. He could barely see in the low light of the hallway, but he knew her eyes were dark—almost black with desire. Her eyes always went dark when she was aroused like this.

The button on his trousers gave way and her hand slid inside, cool against the hot flesh in his boxers. A sly little laugh escaped her and she squeezed gently.

Harry gave one last tentative look toward the doorway—dozens of people were just beyond the entry to this hallway, including most all of Ginny’s family. They really shouldn’t be doing this right here...

When Ginny’s tongue traced his Adam’s apple, Harry growled low in his throat and pushed her roughly against the wall. Ginny gasped, and her heart thundered in her neck. Harry’s doubts and fears melted in the heat of the moment. He pulled her hand from him and lifted it above her head. If they were going to do this,

right here, right now, it was going to be him in control.

“Harry!”

Ginny’s breathy moan made his whole body shiver in anticipation. She’d had her way with him far too much this evening; it was time for Harry to exercise a little payback.

"You're a nasty little witch," he whispered into her skin. He felt her face heat next to his cheek as he slowly lifted her other hand above her, pinning her wrists to the wall. "Teasing me all night long, getting me all worked up when you know I wouldn't do anything about it."

She giggled again, but it was a far different sound than she'd been making in the other room, sitting at the table with her brothers. This one rolled from deep inside her, shaking her breasts against his chest. He lowered one hand and squeezed her through the shirt she wore. Just as he'd suspected earlier, Ginny wasn't wearing a bra. Her breast fit perfectly in his hand and Harry licked his lips. He could almost taste the flavor of her skin on his tongue right now.

"And now it's time for a little payback." Harry grinned as Ginny's breathing sped up.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. Her hips rubbed against him and Harry winced. His penis throbbed painfully, wanting nothing more than to be buried inside her hot body, pumping and seeking release. But Harry was more patient than that. He wasn't some randy eighteen year-old boy, but a man who knew how to please his witch. And Ginny was so determined to play out this little fantasy...

"I'm tempted to do nothing," he admitted with a smirk. If she could really see his face in the darkness of the hallway, she'd know he was lying. "Leave you here and go home to have a good wank by myself."

"Liar," she accused. She'd called his bluff and they both knew it.

"I suppose I could... torture you a bit," Harry conceded. The heady drunkenness of the moment—sexual arousal mixed with a healthy amount of alcohol from before—lowered his inhibitions and Harry's whole body was charged with excitement. "Touch you like you've been touching me."

Ginny gasped and nodded at the same time. Harry leaned into her until his lips were hovering just above her ear.

"Bring you just to the point of release, just to the point where you're ready to explode, and then leave you."

"You wouldn't." Ginny's tone was harder now, less playful than before, and it made Harry laugh.

"I could," he teased.

Ginny was quiet for a minute. The only sound was the heavy thump-thump of the music soaking from the dance floor into their little deserted corridor, and their labored, eager breathing.

"But you won't." The confidence in her statement was punctuated when she rolled her body into him. Her head turned to the side and her lips settled just below his, kissing his chin and the side of his mouth. "Because you want me just as much as I want you, Harry. And you're terrified that someone could walk through that doorway at any minute and catch us back here."

"I am," he agreed. The thought sent another shiver through him, but it also aroused him further. He never thought he was *that* type of person who would enjoy public sex, but Ginny did all sorts of things to him.

“So you’ll do it, because you can’t hold back when I offer myself to you.”

Her whole body sank a few inches as she slipped her heels off. She didn’t pull out of his weak grasp. He sucked in a breath through his teeth when her bare foot came up and caressed the back of his calf, bunching the leg of his trousers up. He almost gave himself over to the feel of her hips undulating against him. At the last second, though, he shook his head.

“I’m in charge,” he whispered, pushing against her forcefully.

Ginny chuckled and nodded her head against his chest. “We’ll play that game tonight.”

“You’re going to pay for what you did to me, you little witch.” Harry sneered into the darkness and almost wished he could see more than the faint outline of her features. Every so often a bright flash of colored light would pulsate into their corridor from the dance floor, but it only added to the strange, erotic dance the two of them had been doing all night.

“Make me pay,” she whispered. Her foot slid higher, and Harry swore when her toes brushed the inside of his thigh.

“I hope you don’t like this shirt,” he mumbled as he reached out and slid his finger down the front, pulling roughly at the buttons. Several popped off, scattering about the floor beneath them, and there was a tearing sound.

“I can fix it,” Ginny panted against him. Her body arched toward his again, and Harry leaned down to suckle at the soft skin of her collarbone. He traced the line with the tip of his nose, kissing and sucking the skin along the way, all the way down to the firm peaks of her breasts.

He meant to hold her arms above her the whole time, but her perfect breasts simply demanded his attention and Harry slid both hands down her sides, pulling her breasts in until they pressed on both sides of his face.

Ginny moaned his name and it urged him forward. He sucked roughly, scarcely caring that he was leaving marks on her skin. This was part of her punishment for tonight. Each time he sucked hard, Ginny would gasp with the sting, but the way she writhed against him only urged him onward. He must have left half a dozen marks against her pale flesh before pulling away.

“You’re going to do what I want you to do tonight,” he commanded. Ginny nodded against him. Her hands were shaking on his shoulders but he knew it was only excitement that rolled through her body. If she didn’t want this, she would have stopped him by now.

“Whatever you want,” she agreed breathlessly.

“Reach into your knickers.” He wasn’t sure where the thought came from, but it aroused him even further. He might not be able to see her touch herself, but he could feel it. She didn’t move for a second, but then, slowly,

her hand slid down his chest, between their bodies pressed together, and past the waistband of the skirt she was wearing.

“Don’t get yourself off,” he said hastily, “but I want to feel you touch yourself.”

Ginny whimpered his name, but he could feel her hand start to move. He cursed against the darkness, but blessed it as well. If it had been light, Harry wasn’t sure he could actually ask her to do this. Would he have been nearly as bold if Ginny could see how red his cheeks were?

His fingers found the edge of her skirt and the smooth skin underneath. He slid his hand up until he was cupping her hand, following the motion of her fingers with his own. She leaned her face against his shoulder and whimpered against him. The sound was primal and nearly out of control. Harry’s groin tightened, and he ground his erection into her thigh to hold off his own climax.

“Oh, Gin,” he sighed.

“So close,” she murmured. As soon as the words registered with him, he squeezed her hand to stop the movement.

“My turn.”

She moved her hand out, and twisted her fingers into Harry’s t-shirt. Ginny’s whole body shuddered when he slid her knickers down her legs, rolling them past her thighs and knees. They fell to her ankles and she lifted one foot out of them. His fingers traced a strange pattern on her thigh, dancing around to the back, where he cupped her bottom. He pressed against her and lifted her thigh, wrapping it around his hip. As he did, his lips captured hers and he thrust his tongue into her mouth, mimicking the movement he wanted to happen lower.

They kissed with abandon, moaning and sighing into each other, and rubbing together until Harry thought the world might explode around him.

“I love you, Gin.” The words slipped from him when he broke the kiss, and Harry felt his whole body lurch toward her, as if drawn magnetically. Ginny moaned in response, but he understood completely. She was now at the point he’d just been a few minutes ago, where words had no meaning, only touch communicated what she needed to say.

“But I still think you should pay for mucking with my head all evening. And right in front of your family,
too.”

His hand slid down her thigh and caressed her bottom once more, before his fingers found the wet place they wanted to be. They sank in easily, burrowing deep into the moist, tight flesh, and drawing more incoherent sounds from Ginny. Her walls fluttered around him, and he knew she’d been right about to climax before he stopped her. The dilemma now was whether he wanted to bring her to orgasm before he entered her, or whether he wanted to be inside her when she soared over the edge of release.

“Both,” he affirmed aloud. His fingers set a faster pace, and Ginny rocked against him, sighing his name. He kissed her once more, seizing complete control of the moment. All it took was a few movements and she was gone, groaning his name loudly. If the music in the other room wasn’t so loud, Harry knew that they’d have been caught by now. In fact, he was surprised not one Weasley

had peeked their head in to see what was keeping the couple so long. Not that Harry could have stopped for anything now.

Ginny's leg slowly lowered, sliding down his own, and Harry had to hold her up as her legs quivered.

"Want you," she moaned and pressed her lips to his face.

"I'm in charge," he reminded her with a smile.

She growled low in her throat and reached for him, tugging his trousers low and freeing his penis from his boxers. Harry slapped her hand away, even if it was the hardest thing he'd ever done. Ginny tried to touch him again, and he pinned her arms to the wall once more.

"You're in charge," she finally agreed, although it was very grudgingly admitted.

"I'm going to turn you around," Harry whispered into her ear. Her hair tangled in his mouth, but he tried to ignore it as a vision of what he wanted danced in his head. "And I'm going to fuck you from behind, because you're mine, Ginny. All mine."

Ginny swore loudly and melted against him. She lifted his shirt just enough that her breasts pressed against his bare skin, and Harry hissed in air through clenched teeth.

"Now, Ginny."

"All yours." She nodded and placed a dozen little kisses all over his face.

Harry turned her in his embrace, and placed her hands on the wall. She watched him over her shoulder as he lowered his boxers down to his knees and rubbed against her bum. The wool of her skirt chafed his penis,

but it didn't last long as he lifted the fabric away, folding it until he could see the pale flesh beneath it. A bright flash of red from one of the lights out on the dance floor lit up the corridor and Harry nearly choked at seeing her bare arse and his penis so close to each other.

"Spread your legs, Gin," he said, hating that his voice broke in the middle of it. Ginny didn't seem to notice,

or simply didn't care, as she did what he asked. She arched her back also, pressing their bodies together.

Harry groaned loudly, and rubbed against her before giving her a small, sound smack. "I'm in—"

"Charge," Ginny finished his thought. He knew his slap must have stung, because there was a breathless quality to her word. He lowered quickly and found the hot bit of flesh with his lips, pressing kisses there. The smell of her heat and moisture made him pant in need, and he couldn't pass up an opportunity for a small taste of her while he was in the neighborhood.

One lick turned into two, and then several more. But Harry couldn't let himself get carried away. He needed to teach this little witch a lesson. She thought he could be led around by his bits, and all she had to do was rub against him, suck on his neck a little and he'd do whatever she wanted. Well

she had better think again,

because Harry could give just as good as he took.

“Harry,” she moaned. “Now, Harry.”

“Who’s in charge?” Harry chuckled and slowly stood back up. “Was it you, Ginny? Or was it—”

“Fuck being in charge, Harry!” Ginny growled. She arched her back and pressed her bottom toward him, but Harry swerved out of the way. He laughed when she swore louder.

“Are you ready, Ginny?” She swore again and Harry leaned over her, resting his hands on the wall over the top of hers. “Are you ready for me to fuck you until you can’t see straight?”

“Please, Harry! Merlin, please!”

Harry lowered one hand and used it to guide his penis into her wet folds, right into the place he most wanted to be right now. Ginny gave the same sigh of contentment when he was completely inside her, and Harry growled in her ear.

“You will *not* enjoy this,” he commanded, even though it was only half-hearted. “This is your punishment,

Ginny, for being a cheeky little bint.”

She laughed and tightened her vaginal walls around him. Harry shuddered and placed his hand back over hers, locking them together. He took a moment to center himself before adopting the driving rhythm of the music just beyond the door.

“Gonna do it more often,” Ginny promised as she met each of his thrusts with a rolling motion of her hips. “If I get punished this way.”

Harry couldn’t help but snort. He brought his hand down onto her bum with a sharp smack that made her swear.

“Shit, Harry, that hurt!”

“Gonna keep being cheeky?” he demanded.

“Yes,” she confirmed. The solidity of her answer made him laugh. And as much as it made him blush at times,

he wouldn’t trade Ginny’s personality for anything. She was a passionate, amazing witch, and she was all his.

The rhythm of the music changed to a fast, driving beat that forced Harry to move along with it. He may hate dancing, but this type of movement he could handle.

“Touch yourself again,” he urged into her ear. “Want to feel you come again.”

Ginny groaned and braced herself on one arm. Her fingers caressed where they were connected, sometimes getting lost in the movement, but their soft touch sent Harry over the edge. He released with a high thrust into her. Ginny followed just after, pulsing around him.

Harry's heart thundered against his ribs, and they slowly separated into two people again, rather than one. "I love you, you know that," Harry mumbled into the soft skin of Ginny's neck. "Even when you're a cheeky little bint."

"*Your* cheeky little bint."

"All mine," Harry agreed.

11:56 p.m.

Ron watched as Ginny and Harry reappeared from the dark corridor. They were ruffled, and if anyone looked close enough, they would surely understand what had just happened back there. Not that Ron wanted to contemplate all the gory details. He'd seen them go back there and cast a quick repelling and silencing charm on the doorway. No one needed to witness something like that.

Bill swore and set his pint roughly on the table. It sloshed over the side and drew everyone's attention. "I lost."

Ripples of laughter sounded around the table. "We don't know that they... not confirmed, anyway," Charlie said.

"I thought Potter would have a bit better resistance than that." Bill scowled darkly and dug in his pocket. He started counting out a wad of notes before giving up completely and tossing the lot in the center of the table.

"He couldn't even hold out until after midnight."

"That means I lost too," Charlie sighed. "I said it wouldn't happen at all. I'll have to pay you in Galleons later."

Ron nodded. He trusted his brother to give up his hard earned gold. George owed him as well. His lack of faith in Harry went the other direction, however, and his guess had been on the other end of the spectrum,

predicting that Ginny would have had Harry on his knees, begging, by eleven o'clock. But as George was currently plastered, lips and all, to Angelina out on the dance floor, Ron could collect from him later.

"How did you guess so accurately?" Bill demanded. "It was probably eleven forty-five on the dot."

Ron looked back over at Ginny and Harry who were winding their way through tables back toward the booth the Weasleys had taken over for the night. Surprisingly, it wasn't Ginny who had the contented smile of a Cheshire cat, but Harry. He looked completely... pleased with himself right now. And Ginny was the dazed one. "I just know both of them."

“We’re going home,” Harry announced bluntly when they reached the table. “Thanks for the brilliant evening.” He grinned and Ginny gave a half-hearted wave and a rather sappy grin.

Bill swore again and sank lower in his seat. Ron just laughed as Harry led Ginny out of the pub. He had no doubt that tomorrow Harry would be mortified by everything that had happened, but at least he was happy right now.

“Maybe one of us should have bet on Harry doing the seducing tonight,” Bill grumbled. “He looked rather...”

“What we won’t do for the witches,” Charlie sighed and drank the glass of whisky that Harry had left sitting on the table.

“They do have their own brand of magic,” Ron agreed with a grin. Hermione snored loudly from where she’d fallen asleep in his lap, and Ron stared down at her. He absently wondered if Ginny still had that *Witch Weekly* article. Just maybe...