Harry Potter

Stealing Time

Prequel to

The Quidditch Series

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The first time Ginny and Harry had sex, it wasn't really planned, per se. It just sort of… happened.

After the Final Battle, they'd not said a whole lot between them to patch things up. It was more an understanding passed between heated looks across a dark Common Room. He broke up with her so that he could go and do what he needed to do.

She understood that, even if it was stupid.

Now that he had accomplished what he'd set out to do, they were just… together. It made perfect sense to them, even if Ron called them mental for not talking about it. Which made them both laugh, as Ron wasn't normally one to talk about things.

"Hermione's rubbing off on him," Harry whispered.

"She told me about it," Ginny said, snickering at the thought of Hermione pouncing Ron over his comment on Elf rights.

They held each other through the endless parade of funerals and stood, proudly together, when the press snapped pictures and asked questions.

They took long walks near the Burrow, and Ginny told him about how lonely Hogwarts was without him. And how she'd thought of him as she fought to protect the younger students and keep Dumbledore's Army alive.

Harry kissed her fiercely then, standing out by the edge of the pond. The night crept up on them, wrapping them in velvety dusk. Harry's tongue thrust into her mouth and Ginny pulled him closer to her, tentatively lifting his hand to her breast.

They sat near the fireplace after everyone else had gone to bed, and Harry whispered about hunting Horcruxes, and sleeping in a tent. Had she not been so scared for him, Ginny thought they sounded like grand adventures. When he told her about watching her on the map, Ginny sat in his lap and kissed him. She rubbed him through his pyjama trousers until he groaned, and her hand became all sticky.

Their stolen moments became something to look forward to as the summer went on. Ginny let him touch and kiss her bare breasts in the cobweb covered broom shed. That time he came while rubbing himself against her leg. Then he flushed bright red and began to use his hand against the seam of her jean shorts. It took longer than Ginny would have liked for her to climax, but eventually they got there.

She finally touched his bare penis in Ron's room, while Harry kept a nervous eye on the door. Not surprisingly, the thrill that someone might just walk in on them was an even bigger turn on—Harry came in just a few strokes. He wanted to reciprocate, but Ron started up the stairs. They could hear his heavy feet on the creaking wooden boards, and hurriedly covered Harry back up. Ginny was disappointed, but she knew how to take care of herself. She was strong like that.

They hadn't planned on having sex. But things were just so amazing between them. And every touch needed one to follow it. Every heartbeat needed another one next to it, echoing back the sentiment.

So when they found themselves all alone in the flat Harry and Ron had rented—with only a worn, second-hand sofa sitting in the middle of the living room, and the opportunity presented itself…

It was sloppy, and messy, and fun. Ginny laughed when Harry was so nervous he kept slipping out of her. Eventually they figured out the right rhythm between them and the old sofa groaned in protest, almost as loudly as Harry when he came deep inside of her.

Ginny didn't orgasm.

"Its fine," she whispered, pressing kisses to his neck.

"I'm sorry," he apologized lifting off of her. His cheeks flushed red as he touched her gently, swirling his fingers until she came.

The second time was a frenzied coupling at the Burrow, deep in the shadows of the attic, where they hid from both her family, and the ghoul.

"We only have a few minutes before they find us," Ginny whispered, wiggling her hips until her jeans slid down her legs.

Harry nodded jerkily, his chest rising and falling in great heaves. Together, they used their fingers to help Ginny get ready. She sat on the upright end of Bill's old school trunk and Harry moved inside her, clutching, and burying his cries into the skin at her neck.

This time, with the help of her own fingers, Ginny finished just after Harry did. They stole more kisses while they got dressed, and tried to look innocent as they walked back down the stairs. No one seemed to notice that they'd been gone for more than twenty minutes.

But soon after that, Harry joined the Aurors at Kingsley Shackelbolt's request, and their stolen moments nearly disappeared.

They managed two fast meetings on Harry's lunch breaks the week of Harry's birthday, but only once in between then and Ginny's birthday.

Ginny tried not to be disappointed when Harry had to work on her birthday. But the deadline of September first loomed over the both of them. Ginny was going back to Hogwarts, and Harry was not. Stolen moments would only come every few months, during Hogsmeade visits, if Harry could manage to get away.

When a Ministry owl appeared at the breakfast table, Ginny quickly hid the note under her plate.

"What did that say?" Ron pressured her, narrowing his eyes.

"Nothing," Ginny lied. "It's just from Harry, wishing me a happy birthday." Before he could press for more, she hurried up the stairs, ducking into her bedroom.

Gin,

I hope you're having a good birthday so far. I'm sorry I can't be there. To make up for it, though, be ready at five. I'm taking you somewhere special. Just the two of us. I already worked it out with your parents, so they shouldn't be worried about you.

All my love,

Harry

Ginny's heart thumped wildly in her chest and she read the letter several times. Hours of uninterrupted time with Harry. She wondered if they'd be able to find a place to have sex again.

Now that they'd discovered it for themselves, it was like an insatiable craving inside of Ginny, at least, to be with Harry all the time. She was pretty sure it was the same for Harry, because when he held her hand, his palms got all sweaty, and he needed to discreetly adjust himself several times.

The idea of spending hours alone with him, in a bed, made Ginny grin as she lay back on her own bed. The urge to take care of things right now ran through her. She could. The door was locked, to keep prying brothers out. And the desire was there.

But maybe it would be better if she waited. Although, she might just pounce on Harry the moment he walked in the door. The idea had merit, Ginny had to admit. However, the heart attack that her mother would have might just kill the mood.

Ginny could probably wait until they at least found a place alone to jump him. She was grateful that Harry didn't seem put off at all by her independence or slight aggressiveness. In fact, it seemed that it rather turned him on that she was just as eager for sex as he was.

The hours dragged by and Ginny swore her mother must have known she and Harry would be having sex soon. Because every chore was the most boring, drawn out, detailed thing in the world. And there were times when she would catch her mother looking at her, her eyes pinched, just a bit, around the edges.

'Don't think about sex,' Ginny would scold herself, only to find her cheeks heating up faster as visions of Harry moving above her flashed through her mind. Just in case her mother was a secret Legillimens.

Thankfully, she was able to blame her flushed cheeks on the weather, and on the excitement of her birthday.

"We'll be celebrating tomorrow," her mother informed her. "That way everyone can be here at the Burrow. And dear Harry so wanted to have you all to himself tonight. What do the two of you have planned?"

Ginny almost dropped the bowl of bread dough she was carrying. "Oh, erm…" having sex with Harry, "probably dinner somewhere," Ginny said. "And, er…" riding him until neither of us can move anymore, "I'm not sure what else. Harry said he had it all planned out." By the fireplace in his flat. On the sofa again. In Harry's bed. The rickety kitchen table.

“That sounds lovely, dear,” her mother said, coming to stand beside her as they worked together to make the day’s bread. “Maybe he’ll take you some place fancy.”

“Mmm hmm,” Ginny mused, her thoughts still far from dinner.

“I didn’t think you’d ever come,” Ginny said when Harry walked in the back door. She was the only one in the kitchen, and she was ready to go.

“Sorry,” Harry shuffled his feet sheepishly, glancing at the closed door before moving over to kiss her. “I’ve been thinking about you all day.”

“Me too,” Ginny said, sighing when his arms wrapped around her tightly.#

“Ready to go?”

“Yeah,” Ginny said, looking up at him and shivering when his hand brushed her hair lightly. “Where are we going?”

“My flat?”

It was half-way between a question and a firm answer, so Ginny just nodded. Her knickers were already brushing against sensitive flesh. “Perfect,” she whispered. “Ron, won’t, er…”

“I told him I’d kill him if he came home tonight,” Harry mumbled to her temple as they walked, arms wrapped around each other, to the Apparation point.

Ginny chuckled. “And he didn’t threaten your bits?”

Harry chuckled, the sound rumbling under where Ginny had her ear pressed against his chest. “No. He owed me one.”

“Do I want to know?” Ginny asked, pulling back from him.

“No,” he shook his head. “You really don’t.”

Ginny grimaced and shook her head to dislodge any mental images that came forward. It was probably better that way.

“Hold on,” Harry warned her as he wrapped even tighter around her.

They appeared in the cramped flat that now held a few more battered pieces of furniture.

“I tried to clean up a bit,” Harry dismissed, scratching the back of his neck.

Ginny giggled at the sight of a dirty sock peeking out from under the sofa, several days worth of Daily Prophets scattered on the end table that had only three legs, and a large towel draped over the pile of dirty dishes in the sink.

But really, it didn’t matter.

Because the table was set with candles and flowers. Several boxes of Chinese take-away sat off to one side, and a bottle of mead as well.

“I… I tried to be romantic,” Harry said, shrugging. He leaned down then, pressing his lips urgently against hers—as if he’d been waiting as long as she had today.

“You missed me,” she grinned when they broke apart. Every inch of their bodies pressed together and Ginny sighed in happiness.

“Always,” Harry said, nuzzling her nose.

“I missed you too,” she said, running her hands along his back.

“Do you… are you hungry?” Harry said, his eyes darting over to the table, and then to her again. “Or… maybe some mead.”

Ginny chewed on her lip a bit before sighing. “Would it… can we just…?” She fidgeted in place before surging up to kiss him.

“Yeah,” he said, layering kisses along her jaw and rubbing his hips against her.

“Food can wait,” Ginny said decisively, delving her hand between them and tracing the outline of his penis through his trousers.

“Gin,” he moaned, leaning heavily on her. “I think I’m broken. All I… all I think about is making love with you.” His words were spoken into the skin on her neck, raising little goosebumps on her flesh.

Ginny giggled and rubbed him harder. “You’re not broken, Harry,” she answered. “Or, if you are, then I am too.”

Harry snorted a bit and pulled back, taking his glasses off and tossing them toward the sofa. “We’ll be broken together then.”

“Deal,” Ginny said, taking his hand and smiling coyly as she backed down the narrow hallway to Harry’s bedroom.

Harry’s eyes got darker as they moved into the room. “Gin… I don’t want you to think…”

“I don’t,” Ginny said, peeling the shirt she’d spent two hours deciding on off over her head. Her breasts pressed against her bra, the sensitive nipples rubbing on the lace of the cup.

“Good,” Harry said. “Because it’s not just about—”

“I know,” Ginny nodded. He didn’t have to say it. They weren’t all about sex. She understood that. “It’s just… new,” she dismissed, reaching for him when he’d removed his own shirt.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded. “Just… new.”

He kissed her then. With as much enthusiasm as she felt building up inside of herself. His hands were just as active as hers were, touching and rubbing, bringing moans and sighs from both of them.

They ended up lying on Harry's narrow bed, rubbing against each other until Ginny thought her head might explode.

"Harry," she moaned, half warning him.

"Yeah," he nodded, placing one last kiss on her breast before rolling to the side and removing his trousers and boxers. Ginny took her jeans and knickers off, tossing them to the side.

Harry, however, didn't join her back on the bed. Instead, he stood, watching her as his hand absently rubbed his penis.

"Harry?"

"I… I want to try something," he said softly, his cheeks blooming pink. "If… if that's okay?"

Everything they'd tried before now had been brilliant, so Ginny nodded. She knew that if she didn't like it, she'd only have to tell him.

"Okay," she said, surprised at how shy her voice sounded.

Harry looked shocked for a minute before he knelt down on the floor, his chest now even with the top of the bed.

"If you don't…"

"I think I will," Ginny said, guessing at what he was suggesting. His eyes hadn't left the triangle of hair between her legs, and he looked alternatively eager and scared out of his mind about what he was going to do.

Ginny took a deep breath and spread her legs wide. "Love you," she said.

Harry sucked in a deep breath and nodded. "I love you," he answered back, before laying his hands on her thighs. She jumped at the touch and then giggled nervously.

'It's just Harry,' she told herself. 'And he's just… loving you.'

She gasped, however, when his hot mouth pressed down on her thigh. He glanced up at her, looking so vulnerable as his eyes shown through his fringe.

"Yeah?" he whispered. Ginny nodded and reached down to rub his fingers lightly. "Yeah."

She felt him take in a deep breath and then the tip of his tongue touched her. Ginny stared up at the ceiling, blinking with each new motion Harry made. Her thighs quivered with his hesitant touches and tastes. But they really started to shake when he got surer of himself and began to lap at her, making long motions with his tongue.

"It's… not like I imagined," he said softly, kissing her and then resting his head on her thigh as he began moving his mouth again.

Ginny chuckled nervously, glancing up at him. The sight of his head moving between her legs, along

with the sensations he was creating, made her belly flutter.

“Hmmmmmm,” she moaned. “Harry, touch me. Use… use your fingers too,” she suggested, bringing one of her legs up to rest on his shoulder.

His eyes met hers for a long minute and she watched his tongue trace her folds, even as he thrust against the side of the mattress. Their intense stare continued until Ginny felt his finger slide inside her, delving deep and drawing her juices out.

It wasn’t perfect. Harry fumbled and lost his rhythm several times. She could tell that his neck was getting a bit stiff, by the way he traded sides.

But it was brilliant, all the same.

A different kind of heat began to pool in her belly and Ginny focused on it. Her eyes slipped closed and she pictured the movements Harry was making.

When he added a second finger, Ginny lifted her hips into the movement, her breathing growing heavier.

Harry groaned and the bed rocked harder as he thrust into it. Ginny fought the urge to giggle at the picture they must be making—her spread out on the bed, palming her own breasts as Harry licked and tasted her, and Harry humping the edge of the bed to find a bit of relief.

“Gin,” he moaned.

“So close,” she begged, needing him to keep moving so that she could climax.

“’Kay,” he nodded. His movements began again in earnest, although she could feel how stiffly he held himself. His shoulder, where her leg was looped over, was solid.

“Mmmm,” she moaned as he used his fingers to swirl the moisture around. He brushed her clit softly and then moved around it again. The coil deep inside her began to tighten and she nodded, rocking her hips against him strongly.

She could feel his eyes on her and looked up, wanting to see him when she flew over the edge. Harry stared down at her opening, eyes blinking and wide as his fingers worked. Then he ducked down one last time, thrusting his tongue deep inside her.

That movement was all it took and Ginny was gone. Soaring over the pleasure as she gripped the duvet in her hands.

She’d barely returned to earth when Harry was laying on her, nudging at her gently.

“Yeah,” she nodded, leaning up to kiss him and help guide his penis into her at the same time. Harry only managed a few thrusts deep inside her before he exploded.

Ginny chuckled up at him, braced on his arms over her, his chest heaving with the effort of holding on so long.

“Well?” he asked, uncertainty and shyness in his tone.

“Brilliant,” Ginny proclaimed, reaching up to pull him down to her.

“Yeah?” He grinned at her, his eyes so clear and bright this close, and not hiding behind glasses.

“Yeah,” she nodded, kissing him softly. “Is that what I taste like?” she asked after pulling away from him.

Harry nodded. “It’s… different. But, I could get used to it,” he added with a sly smile.

“Good,” Ginny said. “Because now that you’ve done that… I think I’m hooked.”

Harry chuckled softly. “Happy Birthday, Ginny.”

“Yes, it is,” Ginny agreed. “Can you…” She trailed off, feeling a bit silly.

“What?”

“Can you get the food?” she shrugged. “I’m hungry now.”

Harry laughed and kissed her several times. “Just like a Weasley.”