

Harry Potter

**The Chemistry
of You + Me**

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Summary: Take one winter's evening, add some wonderful Harry/Ginny fluff, throw in a little help from a WWW product, and you might just get a little lesson in chemistry.

Warnings: None.

Ginny

It started as a joke, something to tease each other when we were apart. I would leave lacy knickers in the pocket of his Auror robes. He would leave a carefully worded note in my practice kit. Innocent enough.

But then things became interesting. Harry and I have always been... adventurous in the bedroom. (And out, as well, but don't tell Mum. She'd die if she knew some of the places we've nearly gotten caught.) When he proposed the idea of listing our fantasies and then working to cross them off together, I was completely game for it. After all, they say communication is the key to a successful marriage.

First, it was simple things, like having sex in various places around the house or the garden. Easy things to accomplish, but they were fun. Harry's idea about the roof was the first real challenging one. Not because we have nosy neighbors, but because the pitch of the roof on our house is a bit steep. A quick sticking charm took care of that.

We got more adventurous as the months went on. Sex at the Harpies stadium. A blow job in a semi-public place, while I hid under his Invisibility Cloak. Harry's fingers moving inside me in the dressing room of Madam Malkin's, where I couldn't make a sound to give us away.

For Harry's birthday this last summer, I had Hermione help me rent a car—one of those sporty things that Harry has admired on occasion as we walked through London—and we spent the weekend driving around, having sex in every possible position we could think of. (I made sure to charm the leather back to cleanliness afterwards, don't worry.)

To repay me, and to celebrate *my* birthday, Harry helped me cross 'experiment with a pensieve' on our list. It's something we've promised to do again, as it was so much fun. And then, just because he owed me, he took me to get a tattoo. On my hip there is a fluttering little Snitch that only Harry knows about. (I suppose some of the girls on the team have noticed it, but it's not something we talk about.) So, if you see Harry touch me lingeringly on my left side, and stroke there while his eyes go dark, you'll know what that's all about.

I was really looking forward to the break at the holidays as Harry and I had been adding to our list, but not really crossing many things off lately. Work and a hectic training schedule had been conspiring against us to limit our time. Oh, don't worry, we still had sex, but it was the normal, everyday sort.

But it was almost time. Four hours until Harry would be home. Four hours until we'd lock ourselves away in the house and not come out for days. Four hours until I'd fuck Harry so hard he'd forget his name. I'd have to remind him afterwards.

Just the very idea sent a jolt of pleasure racing through my body.

There were preparations that needed to be finished. The List was getting extraordinarily long and

completely unacceptable, so we were going to hit as many as we could. I was hoping that by the end of the weekend neither of us would have full use of our limbs.

After a quick trip into London to retrieve the necessary supplies, I swung by George's shop.

"Ginny!" He welcomed me in and we shared a few jokes and exchanged hugs before I asked him if I could slip into the back room, through the door hidden by an age-charm. George only chuckled and quirked his head in that direction, giving me permission.

"You know what to do. I prefer not to know what products family members get, although sometimes Fred does inform me later."

I laughed and kissed his cheek. "You're something else, George Weasley. You know, many brothers would be scowling at the thought of their little sister in that type of room."

His cheeks flushed slightly, but he smiled. "Who am I to judge? Plus, you and Harry are fine. You're married and happy and all, right? Besides, you don't have kids yet, and I figure you have to have your fun before they start coming and you're stuck with twice a month quickies with the door locked and half your pajamas on just in case someone wiggles their way through a locking charm."

I grimaced for him. Little Freddie was definitely a handful.

"No sprogs for us," I promised, my hand held up in a vow. "At least not yet."

He laughed and nudged me toward the back room. "Have fun, and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"Which leaves me pretty open," I quipped back with a knowing smirk. I remember walking in on several of George and Angie's mid-day adventures over the years. They're creative, to say the least.

The back shop had been expanded since I was there last and my eyes widened at the sheer volume of ideas lining the shelves. I mentally added a few of them to The List; I'd write them down officially when I got home. But I knew the product I was looking for and picked it up, along with a few other surprises for later.

The worst part of the whole purchasing experience was always the paying. As the adult section of WWW had been Fred's idea originally, George said it was only fitting that he be in charge of it. The large portrait of my brother, immortalized forever at nineteen, had been too painful to look at for years. But now it was sort of comforting to see him again. However, I could have done without the comments about my purchases when I passed them under his eye, as required.

"Hmm, Tantalizing Tingling Tangerine Lip Balm," he said, his canvas face scrunched in contemplation. "You know this is perfect for both you and Harry, right?"

"Thanks, Fred," I said, trying to keep my blushing to a minimum.

"I see you're back for more massage oil," he said, his eyes tracing the box as I moved it in front of him. "You went through that last bottle rather quickly. Don't forget it's not consumable. I'll have to get George on the idea of one that is." He trailed off for a minute and I waved the next item in front of him.

"Ahh, excellent choice. Libido Lickers. I remember trying that out with Verity on the first round. We'd gotten the mixture a bit strong and the shop owner across the alley got quite the show one night." He waggled his eyebrows and I had to laugh. I could just picture the poor old man with the thick glasses peering at movement in the darkened windows of WWW and then being shocked at what he was seeing.

"I see George has made a batch up just for the holidays!" Fred said with delight. "Peppermint on one side, chocolate on the other. Pink for him, brown for you. Mind you keep them straight."

I peered at the two sides. "What happens if we don't? We sprout antlers and wings?"

Fred appeared thoughtful. "You know, that might work..."

"Ahem. What happens?"

"Oh, nothing really. The different sides are infused with potion that is gender specific, so if you lick his side it won't work as well, if at all."

I nodded in understanding. We hadn't used the product before, but it had been on our list ever since Harry and I had perused George's back shelves together one afternoon.

"Is that it for today?" Fred asked.

"That's it," I said. "I'm on my way to pick up dinner at the Leaky Cauldron before going home."

Fred chuckled. "You know, last time he was in here, Harry was eying the Patented Daydream Charms and the Edible Dark Marks. Perhaps you should stock up, play a little Death Eater and the Naughty Auror." He waggled his eyebrows and I smirked at him.

"Keep suggesting things like that, Fred, and I'll make sure we end up in here one night. I'll bet we could show you a few things that would make your paint blush."

He blinked at me, speechless, and I grabbed my bag, tossed a few galleons onto the table in front of the portrait and walked out.

"Fred's just as cheeky as always," I informed George on my way out. He laughed and gave me a quick salute. Hannah had my food order ready when I walked in. She gave me a quick hug and we chatted idly for a few minutes before I Apparated home.

Only two hours left.

Harry

I've known that Ginny has been planning something for a few days. She gets that look in her eye, and she gets more secretive. That can only be a good thing for me; so while I struggle with sating my natural curiosity, I normally keep quiet because in the end it's always a satisfying experience.

I'd never thought much about sex growing up. I mean, yes, I had the normal adolescent fantasies about what was under the Hogwarts robes of several girls, and the dreams that came along with

beginning explorations. But the actuality of it was so much different than I expected.

And I think that's mostly because Ginny and I were completely comfortable with each other before we started experimenting. It may sound sappy, but I wouldn't be interested in doing any of this with anyone but my wife. I like having a safe place to fall, having her be there and knowing where our limits are.

Some of the other Aurors like to tease me about having gotten married so young. They talk about different women and how thrilling it is to go out to the pub and be with someone new. They give far too many details, let me tell you, and seem disappointed when I don't share in their fantasies.

But to me, Ginny *is* my fantasy. She's cheeky and bold, shy and innocent, seductive and sexy. She's everything I could ever imagine.

Okay. Enough being sappy for now. Back to Ginny and her plans.

When I arrived back home, a few hours before I'd told her to expect me, I wasn't surprised to see dinner on the counter under a warming charm and hear the shower running upstairs. I was tempted to sneak upstairs and climb into the water spray with her, but resisted.

This was Ginny's night. She'd obviously planned something more elaborate than a quick shag and an early bedtime. After all, there was a bottle of Rosmerta's mead next to the take-away containers from the Leaky Cauldron.

I poured myself a glass, kicked off my shoes, and settled into my favorite chair in the living room. Visions of what might be coming tonight danced in my head as I sank back and relaxed into the soft, leather-covered cushions. Ginny and I found the chair in a second-hand shop when I first moved out of the Burrow. With a little bit of love and care to restore it, it became our favorite piece of furniture. It's wide enough to fit us both cuddled together, but roomy enough to accommodate if we get a little distracted from innocent snuggling.

I heard the water turn off and imagined Ginny drying herself off, rubbing the spell-warmed towel all along her creamy skin, chasing drops of water down her legs to her toes, from her shoulders down to her perfectly-pert breasts. I licked my lips, nearly feeling the burst of moisture on my tongue as if I had been licking her skin clean.

She began humming and then singing and I smiled, closing my eyes and picturing her dancing around the bedroom, preparing for tonight. Mentally, I went through our list, trying to anticipate which fantasy Ginny would be recreating tonight. Would it be one of hers? One of mine? Or one we had discussed and added to the list together? There were so many to choose from. The list had gotten too long.

Ginny came downstairs wearing worn pajama bottoms and an old Gryffindor Quidditch shirt—one she stole from me, if I remember correctly. She didn't notice me in the living room—I hadn't turned on any lights before sitting down—and gave a surprised little squawk when she saw my work robes hanging by the back door and my shoes piled next to it.

"How long have you been home?"

“Long enough to get a good buzz going,” I called.

She laughed and ducked her head around the corner. Her hair was woven into two innocent looking plaits, one on each side of her head. The look startled me: she looked so young, especially when she bit the corner of her lip, like she was doing.

“Give me a minute and we’ll eat out there.”

I smiled lazily and sipped from my drink. “Sounds perfect.”

“Start a fire, why don’t you? There’s a draft today.”

I complied and charmed a fire in the large fireplace. The heat leached out into the room and made long shadows dance on the walls. I watched the snow outside the window. It fell in large clumps, drifting impossibly slowly from the dark grey sky.

I heard Ginny come in, but didn’t turn toward her. She levitated the food to the table next to our chair and then came over toward the fireplace. Her arms wrapped around me from behind and she curled into my back.

Contentment and happiness filled me, soaking up from her like a sponge. I crossed my arms over hers, holding her to me.

“Hi.”

“Hi.” I could hear the smile in her voice and let myself savor this wonderful woman and the love that we shared.

Surely, I didn’t deserve all of this—warm, happy home; loving, wonderful family; exciting, rewarding job; beautiful, amazing wife. One morning, I’d wake to find myself still tucked under the cupboard in the Dursley home, nothing more than a little boy, dreaming of a future that would never be.

Sometimes I still thought about that—like now—but those are the times that Ginny reminds me that she loves me no matter what. Despite my temper, the way that I don’t always communicate enough and she gets frustrated, and the fact that I always *always* forget to put my dirty socks into the laundry pile, she doesn’t think any less of me.

“Looks like it might snow for awhile,” I said.

Ginny sighed in contentment. “That’s fine. I don’t plan on going anywhere anytime soon.”

Excitement rippled through me. Stuck inside with Ginny for days while snow piled up outside? It sounded like the perfect way to spend a weekend.

“Dinner or dessert first?” Ginny pulled her arms free and slid around until we were facing. Her looks might be innocent—bare feet with pale pink polish on the nails, oversized pajamas, plaited hair—but her expression was anything but. There was a hunger there that I hadn’t seen in far too long.

As tempting as dessert was, though, I hadn’t eaten since early afternoon. I also figured I was going

to need my strength for whatever she had planned.

“Short dinner, followed by long, drawn-out, horrifically dirty dessert.”

She laughed and went up on her toes to kiss me. I could taste the mint in her toothpaste and pulled her to me, savoring the tangy flavor of it as I licked her teeth and our tongues rubbed slowly.

Ginny moaned against me and nudged me backward, guiding me into our chair. We kissed for several minutes, slow, exploring kisses that ignited a fire deep inside me. When we finally broke apart, Ginny leaned her forehead against mine. “I’ve missed this.”

“Me too.” I kissed her and pressed my face against her neck, smelling the honeysuckle soap she used on her skin. It was the same scent she wore back when we were in school, when I smelled her in the Amortentia potion, but didn’t realize just what it meant. What a fool I was.

“Come on, let’s eat. I’m starving.”

We shared the containers of vegetable pasta and roasted chicken, eating with our fingers and shared forks, talking about the day and anything else that came to mind. The room warmed around us and Ginny tucked her bare toes under my thigh as she curled into me. We only used the one glass for our mead.

I savored the intimacy of the night. Even if nothing progressed further, this would still be one of my fantasies, although one of the completely innocent ones that we didn’t list.

“Dessert time.” Ginny set the containers aside and turned in my lap to straddle my knees. “I thought we might try scratching a couple items off our list tonight. What do you think? Are you *up* for it?” She asked the last bit while running her finger up the front of my jeans, making the zipper vibrate against my cock. Suddenly, the confined space was far too much for me; I wanted to be released, to have her touch my skin and feel how excited just the thought of her teasing made me.

“I’m up for it,” I said. My hips followed her touch, lifting into her and I sighed in anticipation of what was coming. She was being horribly playful, so I knew I’d be teased to my breaking point tonight. “What did you have in mind?”

“Well, I stopped by George’s today...”

My interest was piqued, both by what she might have purchased and the way she was tentatively biting the corner of her lip. It must be good.

I laughed. “Did Fred take the piss?” He always lectures me horribly when I duck into the back room. Odd that the most protective Weasley brother is the dead one, but there you have it. Personally, I think George gets more amusement out of a painted Fred taking the mickey about me buying sex toys to use on their sister than anything.

Ginny smirked. “Horribly.” She summoned a bag from the other room and slowly pulled something out of it, hiding the remaining contents. “There was so much to choose from, but I thought we might start our holidays a little early.” She waved a lollipop tantalizingly in front of me and my eyebrows rose.

Libido Lickers.

We hadn't tried them yet, but George assured me that they were amazing. He'd warned, however, that once you started with them, it was nearly impossible to stop, so it was best to only indulge when there was a fair amount of time to devote to pleasing your partner.

"Special holiday edition. The peppermint is yours, the chocolate is mine. And when we kiss..."

"Peppermint cocoa," I finished. My mouth was already watering, but I didn't think it was only for the candy. Ginny was excited, as well. Her pulse thrummed in her neck and her nipples pebbled beneath the shirt she wore. No bra. Good to know.

She removed the wrapper off the sweet and brought it close to my lips. The smell was enticing and I opened my mouth, waiting for the sweetness to spread across my tongue. But it didn't come. Ginny tilted the lollipop her way and ran her tongue over the chocolate side, sighing in pleasure. Her eyes slipped closed and she licked it several more times. The surface of the candy was shiny with her saliva and it left a sticky surface on her lips.

"Not fair," I protested half-heartedly. "Not fair at all."

Ginny smiled cheekily and continued to lick. "This is too good to share." Her whole body shivered on the next taste and I wrapped my fingers tightly into her hips, sliding her forward until I could smell the chocolate on her breath.

"Share," I whispered.

She gave one last lick, ending in a moan of pleasure before tilting the treat my way.

I reached out with my tongue, using just the tip to trace the candy from top to bottom. It sent tingles all through me and I quickly went back for another taste.

Suddenly, everything about Ginny was thrown into sharp relief. The scent of her soap and shampoo, the feel of her body on my thighs, warm and wiggly, the way she breathed through her nose and her nostrils flared slightly.

The peppermint sweetness spread through me, charging like thunder through my veins and making every point where Ginny's body contacted mine feel as if it were on fire, but the most pleasant fire I could ever imagine. It was like a jolt of electricity shot through me, straight to my groin.

Ginny's eyes darkened as she watched me return again and again to the candy. "Good?"

I was beyond words, though, and aching in places I wanted Ginny to touch, to taste, to caress. Instead of answering, I pulled her toward me, intent on making her understand with only my touch, my kiss.

"Harry." She murmured my name before our lips met and then all thought left us both. There was only feel. Only touch.

I had never been kissed so thoroughly and every hair on my body stood up as Ginny slid impossibly

closer, fitting us together tightly. My body responded eagerly, lifting into her. I silently cursed my jeans, her pajamas, the shirts that separated us. I pulled at the fabric and managed to get my hands inside to caress her breasts.

Ginny arched against me when I tugged at her nipples. "Harder."

I complied with her requests, worried that I might be hurting her, but she only moaned louder and rocked against me.

The sound of the floo activating would have normally made me pull away from her. Normally. But with whatever George had put in the lollipop charging through my veins, normal thought deserted me. I continued to paw at my wife, coaxing moans and the occasional swear word from her.

"Ginny? Oh. Oh!"

Whoever it was had stepped through and was blocking the light and heat from the fire. I cracked one eye open and saw Neville Longbottom standing in our living room, one hand over his eyes and holding out a plain paper sack straight in front of him.

"I didn't mean to... You forgot your chocolate torte. Oh, Merlin... How embarrassing... I'll just..."

The sack dropped to the ground and the floo activated once more as Neville clambered across the hearth and disappeared.

Ginny burst into laughter and leaned her forehead against my shoulder. "Poor Neville."

The hilarity of the moment finally caught up with me and I laughed, relaxing back into the chair. Whatever was in the sweet was draining from my limbs now, or soaking into every part of me. I didn't know which.

"I suppose we should apologize to him," said Ginny. She lifted her head and her eyes looked less dazed.

"Buy him one of these," I suggested, holding up the lollipop. "He and Hannah can explore for themselves."

Ginny snorted. "I'll suggest it to Hannah. I'm not sure Neville would ever speak to me again if I handed him one of them."

I licked the lollipop again and felt the charge returning to me. "This is brilliant. But I do have to wonder what sort of love potion is in it."

Neville's interruption was completely forgotten as we began taking turns again.

"I wonder what happens if we trade sides," Ginny murmured. "Fred said it wouldn't work as well, but..." Recklessly, I spun it around to present her with my side. Her tongue darted out and licked the pink side, but she soon made a face. "Nothing," she said. "Certainly not the feeling I got before. But... I wonder..." She slid her lips over the candy, tasting both sides. The moan of satisfaction that escaped her nearly made me come in my trousers.

“Gin, this is killing me. I’m actually uncomfortable.”

After one last lingering suck, she pulled away and shook her head to clear it. “Okay. Okay, let’s see what we can do about that.”

She leaned back and together we lowered my jeans. I wiggled my hips side to side and groaned in relief as the heavy fabric fell away.

“While we’re getting comfortable...” Ginny stood up completely and tugged my jeans off the rest of the way before hooking her fingers in the waistband of her pajamas and lowering them seductively. She bent at the waist, hiding her legs from my view, and then slowly straightening. My eyes started at her toes and traced up the length of her pale flesh before widening at the sight of her knickers. They were pale pink cotton, with little rainbows and unicorns printed on them.

Ginny

I was nervous to expose my little Muggle find for Harry. Would he like them at all? Did this fulfill his fantasy of an innocent Ginny-girl enough without bordering on perversion?

“You like?” I asked and spun around, wiggling my bottom in his direction. “It wasn’t easy finding them in my size, I’ll tell you, but with a little expansion charm...”

“Fuck.”

Hearing Harry breathe out that word—one he rarely used—was enough to confirm that he liked my knickers.

I tugged my shirt up and tossed it behind me, not caring where it went. Harry’s mouth hung open as he studied me from my toes all the way to my eyes.

Without asking, I climbed back on his lap and brought the lollipop back up between our lips. Together, we licked our own sides, sandwiching the treat between us. Our tongues tasted the sugar and each other, until I pushed the candy away. Whether it was the love potion in the Licker, or the way Harry’s fingers dug into my hips—hard enough that I would probably have little purple spots tomorrow—I was falling into it. Falling into him.

Our bodies rocked together and the potion drove us forward, demanding a physical response. My groin ached with the need for Harry to touch me. My thighs shook with arousal like I’d never felt before.

“Harry... just... more...”

His sticky lips left mine and traveled down my jaw, across my chest and to my nipples. He licked and sucked them until they ached. I arched into him and wove my fingers into his hair, not caring that my fingers were sticky.

“Ginny... move. Move!” He swore again as I arched my hips into him and began a frantic rhythm, driving us both to the edge of release, even through the fabric separating us. We hadn’t done this for a very long time—years, even. Back when we were first exploring intimacy in those fumbling

stolen minutes on Harry's sofa, in my bed at the Burrow, in whatever place we could sneak five minutes, we'd both gotten off by simply rubbing together, but it had been pushed aside when we'd discovered the feeling of intercourse.

But now... Oh, now it was everything. The friction of the motion, the anticipation of skin touching, the growing desire being suppressed, was enough to drive me insane.

My whole body felt charged, like a Whiz-bang Firework set to go off, but being held to the ground.

Harry groped for the lollipop and gave it one wet lick before smearing the stickiness on each nipple. When he attached himself again, I screamed and bucked against him. The sensation was like a thousand needles of pleasure erupting all over my body, driving me toward release.

His fingers slid under the elastic of the knickers and he moaned at how wet I was, just for him.

It only took a few thrusts for me to shatter. The pleasure crested in a wave, breaking over me again and again. I could still feel Harry moving, still feel him coaxing more response out of me, but my mind was floating somewhere far above us, lost in the hazy experience of the potion and the love I felt for Harry.

The solidity of Harry's hand spread across my back helped me come back down to earth and I collapsed against him. I knew he'd still be on the cusp of release, aching for me to return the pleasure, but I simply couldn't function right then.

And he was horribly patient, stroking my back and breathing against my bare shoulder. "Gin?"

"I know, love. Give me a minute." I tried to collect myself, let the potion seep from me and return to him. It took a few deep breaths, but when I looked up at his bright eyes, I knew he was enjoying this as much as I had.

"I owe you now, don't I?"

"More than you can ever imagine," Harry said with a growl. He kissed me again, and instead of pulling me toward him like I expected, he stood, holding me against him.

His eyes darted over the room, searching for the perfect place to take me. I honestly didn't care where we ended up; all I needed was to help him achieve his euphoria, to feel him move inside me and know that we were, once more, complete.

"Here." I looked down to see the arm of the sofa he was pointing to. "Behind you."

The image of him moving behind me flashed in my head and my knees wobbled. I lowered my legs and turned, watching his hungry expression over my shoulder as I lowered my knickers, letting them fall to my ankles.

Harry moved right behind me, caressing my body with his hands, lingering on my ass. He pressed his erect penis to the cleft of my bum and pulled my hips tightly against him. Slowly, he bent me forward, kissing down my spine. His fingers dove into me, turning this way and that, preparing me for him.

I gasped his name when he thrust inside. My earlier orgasm had made me ready, but the lovely intrusion was always a bit of a shock. I lifted against him and clung to the arm of the sofa, rising on my toes when he pulled out to his tip and then thrust back in. The sofa moaned just as much as I did with the movement, and scraped along the wooden floor.

Harry's hand cracked against my flesh sharply several times and the sting of the slap made my skin burn. We'd discovered this mixture of pleasure and pain months ago; it wasn't something we did often, but tonight it seemed fitting.

"Like that?" He leaned over my back and slowed his thrust. His hand caressed my heated bottom and I moaned in response. He trailed a line of kisses along my back and murmured words of longing and love.

Another orgasm was building inside me, threatening to force me higher and higher. When Harry pulled away, however, it fizzled. I glared back over my shoulder at him and he pulled me upright. He didn't say a word as he marched us back toward the narrow table next to the wall.

He lifted me onto the edge of it and spread my legs. "Sit." Our breathing was heavy and hard. He was close enough that his penis brushed my knee, but he didn't move any closer.

"Touch yourself, Gin," he pleaded. "Want to see you. Need to see you."

I arched forward at his demands. Harry in primal mode. This was always the most amazing thing to me, to watch when Harry descended to a point when he could only use clipped phrases and sounds to communicate his desire. It was very erotic to watch.

I laughed softly when he reached for my hand and placed it at the juncture of my thighs. Apparently, I wasn't moving fast enough for him. What started out as my night had quickly flipped into Harry's fantasy. And that was fine. I loved him too much, loved what we were together too much, to protest. Harry was never out for his release only; I knew that.

Although it wasn't nearly as satisfying as having Harry's long fingers touch me, I did as he asked. I moved my fingers in a pattern, down into my opening, gather the moisture, spread it as I opened the folds, circle my clit, and back down. Harry's eyes watched me intently as his fingers tugged at his balls none too gently. He wrapped his finger and thumb around the base of his shaft and tightened, slowing his impending release. I licked my lips as a small bead of moisture developed on the head and hung there, precariously balanced.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"You," I answered truthfully. "Always you. How you fill me up. How you love every part of me."

"I do." His answer was automatic, as if he couldn't hold it back anymore and it burst from him. But we were both far too gone to care about being sentimental about words.

"How I wish it was your fingers doing this... not mine," I continued. "Your fingers are thicker, they stretch me more." Another drop leaked from the small slit in his penis and I stared at it, slowing my finger movements. "They're longer, so they reach deeper."

"Gin." He moaned my name in a whisper that was almost painful.

"And when you're doing this, you're close enough that I can kiss you, I can touch you."

That was it. He couldn't take anymore teasing. His fingers joined mine and finally pushed mine out of the way. But he didn't continue my pattern for long. Once his fingers were wet, they slipped down to where I sat on the table.

"Lean back," he whispered against my temple.

My eyes went wide at what he was about to do. This was something very new to us, but horribly exciting.

I leaned my head and shoulders against the wall and clutched his arms. His fingertip rubbed around the pucker of my lower opening and probed inside gently. I forced myself to relax, to take deep breaths and will my body to accept him. When he was fully inside, just up to the first knuckle on his finger, I jolted forward at the sensation. The table beneath me wobbled and the vase and picture on the end fell off, shattering. I didn't care; I could fix them later.

"Good?"

I swore in response and Harry only laughed. His lips sought mine and I greedily sucked the sweet peppermint/chocolate flavor from them.

His hand moved in incremental motions, more swirling than pumping, and the sensation was almost overwhelming.

"Gin, I can't..."

"It's fine." I moved my hand to his wrist and tugged lightly until he abandoned his position and lined his penis up with my vagina. Feeling him slide into my wet body was like coming home. When he was fully inside, we both breathed out a sigh of relief.

"Ready?"

His question made me laugh and I nodded, eager for him to move. His first thrust shoved me into the wall and made the table smack hard.

"Harder," I demanded, knowing he would comply. We'd learned the limits long ago, and we both liked sex a little rough at times. Harry would know when to stop, when to slow down, and when to hold me against him. He knew my body better than his own.

And I knew that it was okay for me to clutch his shoulders, and it was okay if my fingernails dug in a little. And it was even all right if I lost a little bit of control and bit his skin. Because I would never hurt him on purpose. I knew *his* body better than my own.

The frenzied movements of his hips continued and I knew he wouldn't last long. My own release built quickly. It crested over me just moments before Harry bellowed and drove into me one final time.

Harry

Hours later, Ginny and I sat wrapped together in our magically expanded bathtub, with only the flickering of floating candles above us to illuminate. It was approaching three o'clock in the morning, and we were both exhausted, but the idea of letting go of each other was almost painful.

Ginny's head rested on my shoulder and I kissed the moist skin of her neck over and over again. "I almost hate to tell George how well that Licker worked."

She smiled and lolled her head to the side so she could kiss my chin. "He'll be horribly smug, you know."

"We should lie to him. Tell him that it didn't work at all and we want our galleons back."

Ginny's hands ran up and down my thighs in the lukewarm water, playing lightly with the coarse hairs that were there. "I'll have to be the one who tells him, then," said Ginny. "You're a horrible liar. He'd see right through you."

"Oi!"

I knew she was right, though. I was never really that good at lying, and it's doubtful I could keep a straight face, anyway, when telling George about sex with Ginny. Granted, I don't think he'd hex me, or hit me, but he'd probably just laugh at me. And maybe that's worse.

"We didn't even get to all the things I had planned," Ginny said, her lips twisted up in a pout.

I laughed and rested my head back against the porcelain of the bathtub. "Merlin, you mean there was something we *didn't* try?"

"I had grand plans," she said, although her voice was growing lazier, her letters slurring in tiredness. "Guess we'll have to keep those things on the list."

"I may want to add some things," I said thoughtfully. Some new ideas had bloomed in my mind through our hours of frenzied, potion-driven lovemaking and I knew Ginny would be up for trying them out, once we recovered from tonight.

"Come on, love. Let's get you to bed." I nudged Ginny forward slightly and stood carefully. After quickly drying off, I helped her stand and slowly, painstakingly, dried each part of her body. My groin stirred pleasantly as I watched her body before me, but I knew neither of us was up for anything more. After reconnecting for hours, now what we needed was rest.

"Pajamas?" I asked. I wasn't sure if either of us had enough energy to pull them on right now, but if she wanted them, I would do my best.

"Nope. Just this."

Ginny looked adorable, half-asleep on her feet. If I hadn't been so tired myself, I might have tried to carry her into bed. There was no chance of it, so I slid my arm around her waist and led her out into our bedroom. The duvet was crumpled on the floor, the sheets a mess. I quickly charmed them

clean and Ginny climbed into the middle of the bed. I followed and curled around her.

"Did I tell you how much I love you?" she asked following a massive yawn. "Because I meant to."

"Several times," I murmured into her shoulder. The scent from the bathwater clung to her and I nuzzled my face there, letting the lavender smell soothe me. "Did I tell you how much I love you?"

"You screamed it," Ginny said with a tired laugh. "The neighbors heard. They sent an owl."

I snorted and wrapped my arms tighter around her. "They complained more about you being loud. It'll be in the papers tomorrow. Full spread."

"Pity they won't have pictures."

I kissed her neck and tucked her hair out of my face. The stillness of the night closed in, blanketing us. I remembered that earlier it had been snowing and wondered if we'd wake up tomorrow to a vast blanket of whiteness. Perhaps Ginny and I could take a snowy broom ride, or build a snowman. Or maybe even have a little snowball fight. Just the two of us. And, just maybe, we'd trample through the snow to the woods at the edge of the property and find the perfect Christmas tree together.

"Goodnight, Ginny."

She never answered, though, and I knew that she was sound asleep, hopefully dreaming of something wonderfully sweet and happy. Maybe even inventing another thing we could add to The List.