

Harry Potter

The Mates Series

hgfan1111

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The Mates Series

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Just Mates

Ginny grinned as she watched Harry dance in the middle of the floor, surrounded by other people. He was truly horrible, as he'd insisted, and it made her laugh. She wasn't entirely comfortable with the way the blond who had asked him to dance was grinding up against him, her hands smoothing up and down his chest.

Harry seemed oblivious, or at least he was trying to be. Once the music changed, he said something pleasant to the woman and left her there, glaring at his retreating back.

Ginny couldn't help but hide her chuckle.

"Have a nice time?" she asked with a waggle of her eyebrows when Harry slumped into the seat next to her,

downing the rest of the ale in his glass.

"Maybe," he growled out, tapping the bar and nodding grimly to the barman to refill his glass.

Ginny took a moment to study him, sipping at her own drink. He was still as attractive as ever, with his perpetually messy hair and his sharp features. Two years after the end of the war now and he was finally starting to lose that haunted look.

She supposed it was about time that they all moved on. No sense in wallowing in guilt and self-pity. There had been enough of that lately.

"What about you?" Harry asked, draining a fair amount of his new pint. "Aren't you going to find someone to dance with tonight?"

A stab of painful regret shot through her but she shoved it away, spinning in her chair and pretending to scour the crowd of eligible bachelors. The fact was, that only one bachelor interested her, but she'd squandered her chances with him years ago.

The weeks after the Final Battle had been the worst of her life. Not only had her beloved brother died, but scores of friends as well. There were funerals to attend, arrangements to be made, a house to run. Ginny's mother hadn't been up to all of that. She spent her days locked in her bedroom, or milling around the house in her dressing gown, hiding her red puffy eyes from everyone. So, Ginny had stepped into the role—fixing meals for the family and keeping the house in order.

Harry had been lost in Ministry interviews and press interviews and his own private hell. There were times,

late in the evenings when he would catch her eye, that Ginny wondered if he wanted to be with her as much as she wanted to be with him. But then another demand on their time would come along and the moment would be lost.

Before she knew it, the end of August had arrived and she hadn't prepared herself to leave back to

Hogwarts for another year alone. Shadows and nightmares of the previous year haunted her, causing her to lose weight and sleep. She resorted to using glamour charms to hide her true state from everyone.

Boarding the Hogwarts Express for her seventh year had been one of the hardest things to do. Hermione had promised to take care of the Burrow in her absence. Numbness of emotion and body started to take over and Ginny allowed Ron to load her trunk and help her find a compartment. She sat, entirely alone, looking out the window and praying that Harry would find her there and see that she wasn't alright, and drag her off to where they could resolve all the unsaid things between them. But he hadn't. Instead, she'd watched as he steadfastly watched his feet, his troubled eyes betraying nothing.

"Don't know," she shrugged. "No one seems to be standing out."

Harry grunted and shifted in his chair. She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and was rather startled to see him order a whiskey from the barman. Harry rarely drank anything stronger than ale these days. And Ginny would know; they came to the Muggle pubs mostly together.

They'd fallen into the friendship months after she returned from her seventh year at school. The months apart seemed to erase Ginny from Harry's memory—or that's what she felt. His smile came a bit easier and his laugh was a bit fuller, but he didn't seem to want to be anything more than her friend.

So Ginny had allowed herself to finally accept that she'd only been a passing moment for him once upon a time. Someone to distract him from how miserable his life had been. She accepted the friendship, with only a hint of bitterness. Being Harry's mate had its share of advantages as well.

The attraction she still felt for him was wrapped up in a neat little box and pushed to the corner of her mind.

She didn't think it would ever go away completely.

"You looking to get pissed tonight?" she asked with a raised eyebrow, as she spun in her seat and nodded to the barman that she'd have the same as Harry.

"I might be," Harry quipped, letting his eyes rest on her.

Ginny shivered, but couldn't place the look. For just a moment, she could have sworn that the look contained enough heat to set her on fire. She quickly shook that feeling away. It was just the liquor, she told herself.

"Hard day at the office?" Ginny asked as she sipped her whiskey, wincing as it burned its way down her throat and made her belly stir with warmth. She hadn't been really drunk in a long time. The idea did seem to appeal, and maybe she could douse the flame that seemed to be smoldering tonight.

Harry grunted again. "Went on a training mission today."

Ginny raised an eyebrow. Harry rarely talked about his Auror training. She shivered with thrill.

Maybe the alcohol would loosen his tongue a bit and she could get a glimpse of his very closed life.

"It was a complete cock up," he grinned. "Wilkins charged ahead, like a complete arse, leaving the rest of us up against the wall."

Ginny listened in sympathy. She'd heard Ron complaining about the same Trainee before. It seemed Wilkins had a knack for getting himself, and others, in trouble.

Harry sighed and finished the last of his whiskey, staring at the empty glass, his fingers tracing a drip of moisture as it trailed down and pooled on the bar.

"What about your day?" he asked.

Ginny smiled and shrugged. "Practice was fine, bit rough, but I survived." She reached over and pulled back the sleeve of her shirt, showing a thick black and blue bruise on her bicep. "Took a nice hit from a Bludger."

"Ginny!" Harry spun in his seat, grabbing her arm roughly and staring at the damaged flesh.

"It's nothing," she tried to laugh it off, but the way his fingers caressed her arm and the scowl on his face made her uncomfortable. Her chest tightened and her nipples hardened against her bra, making the material feel rough against her. "Happens all the time."

Harry studied her arm for a second more before raising his eyes to hers. Ginny swallowed thickly at the undisguised emotion on his face.

"It shouldn't," he breathed.

They stared at each other for a moment before Harry realized what he was doing. Slowly, he pulled her sleeve back over her arm and let go of her.

"Another," he called out to the barman, holding his glass aloft.

Ginny willed herself to start breathing again and downed her own drink, nodding as the barman offered to fill her glass again.

"It comes with the territory, Harry," she soothed him, trying to reign in her response to him. She'd never been more aware of the spark between them than right now. He was thrown into sharp detail as she stared at the back of his head.

The jumper he wore stretched pleasantly over his broad shoulders, making her mouth water and her hand twitch with the desire to run her hands over the cabling. His scent, woody and fresh, and entirely Harry,

washed over her, making her feel more intoxicated than any liquor ever had.

The two other men she'd slept with had never elicited this type of response in her. The first, a Ravenclaw in her year, during that lonely seventh year, had been just something to get her to feel anything again. She knew it had been wrong and had ended the relationship the next week.

The second had been the trainer with the Harpies. He was young and attractive and completely into her.

They'd gone out a few times before Ginny had taken him back to her flat. That relationship had lasted six months, under the radar, as it were. She and Matt weren't, strictly speaking, supposed to date. When Gwenog Jones had heard a rumor about it, she had approached Ginny and reaffirmed the clauses of her contract. Ginny had ended the relationship rather than risk her hard earned position on the team. Matt had claimed he understood. And she'd heard that he was now dating someone else, while she still remained steadfastly single.

That had been eight months ago, and Ginny was simply aching for a shag now. Her body arched toward Harry, involuntarily and she shook herself, taking a healthy drink from her glass.

Harry drained his own drink and turned to her, a fierce look on his face. "Dance with me?"

In all the months they'd been going to the pub together, Harry had never asked her to dance. And she'd never expected him to.

She glanced down at his hand, calloused in a familiar broom-holding pattern, held out now to take her own hand, and nodded woodenly.

Harry led her out toward the center of the room, enclosing them in the clash of bodies. The thump-thump of the music matched Ginny's heart. She felt thick and sluggish as Harry pulled her arms over his shoulders and tugged her closer to him, his arms hot against her waist.

"Dance," he breathed into her ear, causing the hairs on the back of her neck to stand up. She nodded, focusing on the pale blue lines of yarn in his jumper and feeling his hips bump against hers with the rhythm of the music.

Unable to believe her luck—or more cursing it—Ginny allowed Harry to hold her close. Her head felt stuffed with cotton as she tried to untangle the sensations his body was causing in hers. She wasn't sure if it was the closeness between them, or the healthy dose of alcohol charging through her veins—but something was making her want to take her mental 'Harry-box' and pry open the lid.

What does he mean by this, she kept asking herself, over and over. Perhaps it was nothing. Yes, she convinced herself, he just wanted her to keep away the other girls.

Harry's hands were scorching on her back, fingers splayed and gripping at her as if she were going to fall away from him. His breath ruffled her fringe, hot against her forehead. Ginny swore she could feel his heart racing in his chest.

Feeling dizzy and disoriented, she looked up to find his piercing emerald eyes. The complete and utter...

maleness of the look did Ginny in and she whimpered, unable to stop the sound from escaping her lips.

Harry's nostrils flared and he made a sound deep in the back of his throat before pulling her flush with him,

their hips grinding together.

Ginny whimpered again, tightening the hold she had on his shoulders, knowing that was the only thing holding her up. His arousal was evident, pressing into her low belly, causing a twitch in her crotch.

His gaze held hers as he pressed against her again. There was no mistaking his intent now. It hadn't been an accidental nudge. Harry was telling her something, very directly. Her brain, however, was having trouble disseminating the message.

One more grind against her and Ginny knew she had to do something. Her breasts were aching, pressed against him tightly; her knickers were growing damper with each moment. Without a thought to where they were, Ginny leaned forward and pressed a chaste kiss to his chin, before moving further north. Her lips attacked his, massaging gently, but demanding he respond. She went up on tip toe to get a better angle and Harry's arms wrapped around her tightly, lifting her up to meet his now eager mouth.

The pungent taste of alcohol was shared between them as their teeth clacked together and tongues battled.

Ginny rocked her own hips against him, needing to feel the pressure of the seam of her jeans in just the right place. Her own hands clutched his jumper at the shoulder, bunching it under her fingers.

Harry's tongue plundered her mouth, reaching far enough back that Ginny was momentarily afraid she might gag. And then he pulled back, kissing her more shallow, but pouring so much passion into it that it made her knees to weak.

She'd never been kissed this way before. What she could remember of Harry's kisses during their teenage romance was the discovery of something new for both of them; the thrill of possibly being caught, the ultimate (at the time) exploration of each other. The only thing she could compare it to was the kiss in her bedroom on Harry's seventeenth birthday. Had it not been cut short by her prat of a brother, Ginny had no doubt that kiss would have melted her as this one was.

They broke apart, breathing heavy as their noses slid along each other. Ginny opened her eyes to see his searching her face. They were clear and surprisingly bright.

She wanted to say something—anything—to define this feeling between them. The heat that started as a deep smolder had flared into a burning, raging flame now. But her thoughts wouldn't collect, and her tongue wouldn't speak, and her knees wouldn't stop shaking, and... the rest of her body seemed to agree.

"Come on," he whispered, tugging her uncooperative body along behind him. His hand clasped hers as he pulled her to the bar, drank the rest of her whiskey and laid a twenty on the bar. He glanced at her once, the side of his mouth quirking up a bit.

Ginny self consciously lifted a hand to smooth her hair, wondering if she looked as thoroughly mussed up as she felt.

"Where are we going?" she finally managed once Harry had led her out into the chilly October air.

He didn't answer but took her around the side of the pub to the dirty alleyway.

"My flat," he answered once they were out of sight of the street. His arms wrapped around her again and he looked down, chuckling at the look she was giving him.

She tried to reign herself in, knowing she must look like a horrible pillock, grinning up at him like she was.

Merlin's sake, she was swooning. Ginny Weasley never swooned—at least not anymore.

"Hang on," he said in a gruff voice. She clutched his back, feeling him flinch as her nails dug past the yarn and into his skin. Ginny buried her face into his chest, breathing deep the very male sent of him and letting him have complete control of where they went.

The sunlight hurt her head. And her eyes weren't even open yet. Ginny tugged on the sheet and buried her face in the pillow, hoping to block out the rumbling of her head.

Sweet Merlin, she hadn't had a hangover this bad in a long time. There was a reason she didn't like to drink that much.

She groaned, rolling to her side and getting frustrated because the sheet... wouldn't... budge! She gave a mighty pull, cursing quietly until finally it loosened enough to cover her. Her flat was always drafty and she'd obviously been too soused last night to even put pyjamas on.

The throbbing in her head continued and she squirmed to find a comfortable position, finally sighing in contentment when her body found one. She groaned as the bed moved, trying to remember enough to count how many whiskey's she'd had.

I'm never letting Harry talk me into—

Her eyes snapped open as Harry's face swam into view. His face—closer than they'd been in years, leaning down and... kissing her.

"Go ba'ta sleep."

The pounding in her head changed to canon fire as a thick, warm hand slid over her hip and settled low on her belly. All along her back, a very male form pressed against her; a wet kiss pressed to her shoulder and the deep rumbling from before registered in her head as Harry—it had to be Harry!! Please let it be Harry! Wait...

did she want it to be Harry, really?!—started snoring against her skin. His breath brought goosepimples out along her skin and she shivered.

Harry (she knew it was him now, she could smell him on the sheets) pressed his hand firmer against her belly and gave a contented sigh between snores.

Ginny's mind raced to clear away the alcohol-induced cobwebs and attempt to remember what had happened after the pub.

She remembered the kissing—Merlin! The kissing! It made her crotch twitch just thinking about it now.

Clearer than anything had been the look of complete lust and desire in Harry's eyes, looking down at her.

Her heart gave a jolt as she considered the possibilities. This couldn't be happening—they were just mates,

after all. Just mates that laughed and joked and met for drinks—and had sex.

Wait!! That last thought wasn't supposed to be in there. Mates didn't have sex. They just didn't.

A bubble of panic welled in her throat, threatening to bring tears with it. She swallowed them back harshly.

Ginny Weasley didn't cry. She played Quidditch, and never took anything seriously, and had loads of friends,

and had sex with her mate, Harry Potter.

Argh! It just wouldn't go away, no matter how hard she tried.

She pressed her eyes closed, ignoring the way Harry's chest rose and fell against her back, ignoring his erection, which seemed to be much more awake than the man himself, pressing against her bum, ignoring the way that Harry's legs, sprinkled with curly black hair, curled up around hers and fit them together perfectly.

Remember, remember, she chanted to herself, forcing her to follow her thoughts, step by step, through last night. But she just couldn't get past looking up at him in the alleyway, noticing how he must have shaved just before their pub date, because his skin was smooth and free of the stubble that always darkened it at this time of night.

Her mind was completely blank when she tried to go beyond that.

The overwhelming feeling that she had just ruined her life started to filter in. Because she didn't think she could survive a one night stand with Harry. With anyone else she could pretend it had never happened, force herself to forget it—but not with Harry. And the fact that she couldn't remember it, but had been slapped in the face with the evidence of it this morning, made it even worse. Because she knew she'd obsess about it—

wanting to relive every detail, no matter how much pain it caused, because there was no way that Harry would want to ever look at her again. And she could never be 'just mates' with him now.

Briefly, she toyed with the thought of slipping out of bed and gathering her things to Apparate home. Maybe Harry was like she was, and had no idea what had happened last night. Could she be that lucky?

Even as the thought entered, Ginny dismissed it. There was no way she could lie to Harry about this.

She respected him, loved him, too much to do that. No, she would just have to face it and deal with the consequences.

Moving slowly, she turned in Harry's embrace until she was facing him, putting a bit more distance between them. She studied his face, slack and completely adorable in sleep. All of his cares and worries were gone now. His mouth was slightly open, allowing harsh puffs of breath out. His eyes, not hidden behind glasses,

slid back and forth behind the lids and Ginny hoped that he was dreaming of something pleasant.

Unable to help herself, Ginny lifted the sheet and let her eyes feast on his body; mapping out each muscle and sharp edge. Drawn to his waist, she swallowed at the well defined hip bones there, tracing the line of the bone down to his penis, gasping at the half-erect member.

Her belly tightened at seeing him and her eyes darted up to his face, still relaxed with sleep. She licked her lips and held out her hand, slowly letting it slide forward until her finger brushed the head of him. He twitched slightly and she moved forward, wrapping her hand around him and squeezing. He lengthened in her hand, involuntarily, thickening as well.

Harry moaned in his sleep and shifted, rolling more onto his back. Ginny's hand fell away as her heart raced.

Her breasts itched and she keened to feel his rough hands against them.

Scolding herself for molesting him, Ginny sat up; pulling the sheet with her until she sat huddled up against the headboard.

"Harry?"

Her voice was harsh and cracked when she whispered his name. He didn't stir.

Feeling a bit annoyed and nervous, Ginny reached out and brushed her hand along his shoulder.

"Harry."

He grunted, rolling toward her. His hand sought out hers and twined them together as his eyes blinked open,

trying to focus in the bright light of the room.

"Gin," he mumbled. His other hand reached behind him, scrabbling for his glasses.

Her heart jolted at her own name tumbling out of his lips. She pulled her hand away from his and rubbed harshly at her forehead. At least he knew who he was with—that made her feel a bit better... and a bit worse,

all at the same time. If this meant nothing to him than a quick shag...

"What's wrong?" he asked, shifting up so that he was kneeling next to her, the sheet covering him. Thank Merlin for small favors!

"Nothing," she shook her head, dropping her eyes away from his piercing gaze.

He reached for her and she flinched away, not sure what to feel. The panic she'd been able to avoid earlier had returned ten-fold now. Why did she always have to make a fool of herself in front of Harry?

"It's not nothing," he insisted as he lifted her up, causing her to squeak, and pulled her into his embrace.

Ginny wanted to fight, she tried, once, to push away from him, but he held her there.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled, wiping at the tears that escaped down her cheeks.

"No," he soothed, his hand smoothing her hair and tucking her head underneath his chin. "don't cry, Gin.

Please, don't cry."

"I know," she chuckled, "you hate crying women."

"No," he shook his head. She could feel his chest tighten, but didn't know what it meant. "I hate it when you cry."

"I don't," she protested, lying through her teeth. "I hate crying."

"I know," he assured her, nudging her face up so that he could wipe her tears away. "You're too tough to cry."

Ginny rolled her eyes at him, feeling the comfortable 'just mates' feeling of joking with him coming back.

However, she also wanted to shake him and point out that they were both completely naked. In his bed. In his flat.

"I've always hated to see you cry," he admitted, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "I never know what to do to make you feel better."

Her heart clenched and she wanted to tell him that doing just what he was doing now, with a few more clothes on, obviously, would work very well.

"And to think that I've caused some of those tears..." he trailed off again and ran a hand roughly through his hair.

"Do you..." she started, pulling away from him and placing herself against the headboard again. His disappointment at losing her closeness was evident in his tight expression and the way he turned his body to mimic hers—his feet stretched out on front of him, the sheet bundled in his lap. "Do you think we ought to talk about this?"

"Talk about what?" he asked.

Ginny's mouth dropped open and she had to physically restrain herself from hitting him. "About what!?"

Harry! We're... naked... and we've obviously..." She gestured to his lap and Harry smirked at her.

"Had sex?"

"YES!" she burst out. "I don't know about you, but I don't go around having sex with my mates all the time."

Harry's grin slid off his face and he scowled. "I should hope not."

"Don't you think we owe it to each other to at least talk about this?"

"I said everything I needed to say last night, Ginny," he said plainly, turning to look at her.

Ginny growled, wanting to wipe the completely confident and calm look off of his face. Only Harry would think that having sex with someone would settle years of unrequited feelings and no communication.

He reached for her hand and she pulled it away, tugging the sheet with her until it was free of him and she could wrap it around herself as she paced around the room. Harry, smirking at her, stayed uncovered and placed his hands behind his head.

Cocky bastard, she growled internally, although she couldn't help but rove his body with her eyes again.

"I thought we'd reached an understanding last night, Gin."

"Don't call me that," she grouched, running her hands through her wild hair and continuing her pacing. "We didn't say anything last night, Harry. We went to the pub, had too much to drink and came back here to shag."

That's the end of it." She continued pacing, her anger building at his silence. No answer from him still, made her chest feel tight and the tears return. But she didn't allow them to escape as she dropped the sheet and began searching for her clothing.

Her knickers she found lying in the middle of the floor and her jeans were draped haphazardly—one leg pulled inside out—over the chair in the corner of the room. She held her hands over her chest, unable to locate her bra.

"Where's my—"

She broke off when she looked up to find Harry's back to her. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, still completely naked, hunched over with his elbows resting on his knees.

"Were you just lying, then?" he asked the floor, his voice reminding her of the months following the Final Battle—dull and lifeless.

His question startled her and she scowled as she grabbed the sheet, shaking it out and hoping her

bra would come tumbling out.

"Lying? About what?" she demanded.

"Or were you too drunk to remember?" he asked as if he hadn't heard her response.

"I wasn't that drunk," she denied, all the while thinking that she probably was, especially if she couldn't remember what had happened after the alley.

"So, it was a lie. Well, I guess you got what you wanted, then."

She glared at his back, feeling more confused now than ever. What, exactly, was he implying?

"Harry, I have no idea—"

"Your shirt is in the living room," he said coldly, standing and pulling on a pair of boxers in one swift motion. He still didn't look at her and Ginny stood there, topless in the middle of his bedroom, and stared at him.

"Harry—"

"Maybe you should just go," he said, his voice cracking.

"Maybe I should," she admitted, feeling an overwhelming betrayal well up in her. "I have no idea what you're talking about. Obviously this was just a big mistake." She tossed the sheet toward the bed and stalked out of the room, continuing her rant all down the hallway.

"I can't believe I fell for you," she mumbled, biting the inside of her cheek to keep the tears back. "Stupid,

stupid Ginny."

Her bra was draped over a vase in the living room and her shirt was hanging on the back of the sofa, along with the jumper Harry had been wearing last night. She struggled to untangle the two, swearing violently when the arms became tangled.

"Let me help."

Harry's voice, so close to her and so calm, startled her and she pulled away, sliding her bra straps over her arms and reaching around to clasp it in the back. She watched as Harry, still only wearing boxers, untwisted the two items and held out her shirt, offering to help her put it on. Not quite sure why she didn't pull away from him, but turned her back to him so that he could slide the shirt up onto her shoulders.

"You don't remember do you?" he whispered into her ear. Ginny's jaw clenched, a stab of pride coming up,

bringing a denial to her lips.

Harry's hands didn't move from her shoulders, but turned her around to face him. She turned her

head, afraid that if she admitted that she had no idea what happened last night that he would be more disappointed in her than he sounded already. His finger came up, tracing her jaw line and making her shiver. When it reached her chin, he lifted slightly and turned her head to look at him.

"I don't." She heard the words before she realized that she was the one who had spoken him. Harry's face went through a myriad of expressions as he digested that news. "I'm sorry," she continued. "I tried and tried,

but I just... can't."

Harry's grim face made her heart throb. "Nothing?" His hand left her face and buried in his hair.

"I remember the pub," she admitted, "and when you took me into the alley."

Harry groaned and slid his glasses off, pressing his fingers into his eyes. "You don't remember any of it." It was a statement, mostly made to himself, she guessed, more than a question.

"Harry—"

"How much did you have to drink, Ginny? You were at the pub before me..." Ginny watched as he flopped down onto the sofa, his face more troubled than she'd seen it in years.

"Just what we drank together," she admitted softly.

"Dammit," he groaned, sounding like he was in physical pain. "No, no, no."

Ginny scowled at him, trying to figure out what he was thinking. "Harry, what in Merlin's name are you talking about?"

"You don't remember," he stated harshly, jumping to his feet and grabbing her arms. She winced at the pain in the injured one. "I... I thought you wanted..."

Suddenly, what he was saying came clearly into focus. He thought she'd been too drunk to consent to sex, and that he must have taken advantage of her.

Short of admitting her feelings for him, Ginny couldn't think of anything to say to convince him that she was sure she had consented.

"Harry—"

"No!" he snapped, pulling away from her and turning to lean on the back of a chair. "How could I have—"

"You didn't," Ginny soothed.

"I did," he confirmed, his words muffled by his hands pressed over his face.

Knowing that she had to do something to stop Harry from eating himself alive with guilt, Ginny stepped forward.

"You didn't," she said firmly. "I'm sure I consented." Harry didn't move, but stilled completely, listening to her words. "I... I would have consented," she whispered.

"Ginny—"

"I would have," she insisted. "I *did*."

"You can't know," he shook his head. "You said that you didn't remember."

"I know," she nodded. "And I don't remember. But there's no way I would have turned you down, Harry."

"Ginny—"

"I wish I could remember," she groaned. "Because I... I've wanted this for so long."

She couldn't continue, though, as Harry's lips rudely interrupted her by pressing to hers.

"There's a way," he said against her as they kissed. His hands slid into her open shirt and clenched at her ribs.

"I have a pensieve."

The idea, strange as it sounded, made Ginny's belly swirl. Could she really... watch... herself and Harry having sex? Without dying?

She pulled back from him, biting her bottom lip and thinking of any reason why she should decide not to do this. Harry looked at her earnestly, such a look of hopeful innocence on his face that she decided immediately.

"Okay."

Ginny hadn't ever been inside a pensieve memory before, but she'd heard about it. Harry had taken her hand,

which she'd been entirely grateful for as her mind had been focused on trying to slow the images flashing in her mind, and less than willing to remember how to walk. Or breathe.

Once he'd pulled on a pair of jeans, he buttoned her shirt for her. Ginny felt her face heat as she looked away.

She wasn't sure if she was utterly humiliated or entirely turned on by the idea of watching herself and Harry have sex.

Harry retrieved his pensieve from the bottom of the wardrobe—an odd place to keep it, Ginny thought, but it was Harry—and placed it on the bed.

"Is here alright?" he asked, eyeing the tangled sheets and missing duvet. Ginny thought she could see

it on the far side of the room, where her white sock and trainer peeked out from beneath it.

"It's fine," she nodded, not really knowing what this would entail. She sat awkwardly on the bed, tucking one leg underneath her so that she could face Harry over the stone bowl. He mirrored her position, giving her a reassuring smile. "I want to do this, Harry," she answered his question before he asked it and he flushed.

Raising his wand to his temple, Harry gave a tug and a silvery, fluid-like substance pulled out of his head.

Slowly, he dropped it into the pensieve and sighed.

"Now we just touch the memory."

"And we'll be pulled in?" she asked. He nodded, a rather nervous look on his face. Ginny gave a firm nod and placed her finger into the memory.

It was rather like an out of control portkey, she decided; flying arse over elbow until she landed on the sofa in Harry's flat.

"We've just arrived," Harry said from next to her. She jumped, looking at him as he stood and moved to the far side of the room. Not sure what to expect, Ginny moved to his side.

Across the room, a duplicate Harry and Ginny were standing, Ginny pressed against the door while Harry kissed her thoroughly.

Ginny swallowed harshly as she watched Harry's fingers make fast work of the buttons on her shirt, growling when he pulled it off of her shoulders and it made her take her hands off him.

Ginny moaned his name as he buried his face in her cleavage. Her hands tugged at his hair and her leg rose to wrap around his. Harry reached into her bra and lifted her breast out of the cup, attacking it with his tongue and eliciting a swear word from Ginny.

"Off," she grunted, sliding her hands down and under his jumper and tugging at the wool. The garment was off and over his head in a flash, his hands pulling her hips back to him as their mouths met again.

Ginny felt her face heat as she continued to watch the couple kiss and grope each other. She leaned into Harry and his hand fumbled for hers. She wove their fingers together and was surprised to feel his palms sweaty.

"Sorry," he mumbled, his eyes never leaving them as they got carried away in the passion. "I was a bit beyond control."

"I wasn't protesting," Ginny whispered. Her eyes returned as memory-Ginny gasped. Harry had undone the button on her jeans and his hand was gently rubbing her through her knickers. She gave a little hop and wrapped her legs around his waist, grinding into him frantically.

"Bedroom," she mumbled, even as Harry pushed her back against the door in a violent way,

crushing his erection into her center. He nodded jerkily and hoisted her higher, his hands holding her arse as he walked confidently toward the hallway.

They stopped in the hall and Harry let Ginny slid down him, never breaking their lips away from each other.

Ginny could see her own fingers scrabbling with the button on Harry's jeans before he gave a mighty groan.

Her memory-self giggled and stroked up and down inside Harry's boxers. He kicked off his shoes and slid his hands around her back. In one swift movement, her bra was off and tossed to the side.

Ginny sighed as Harry attached himself to her breast again, licking and sucking at her nipple. The couple continued down the hallway, bumping into walls, and knocking pictures off of things as they went.

The Harry holding her hand, nudged her forward and Ginny startled.

"Have you seen enough, or..."

"No!" she shook her head vehemently. Now that she'd seen it start, she needed to see the end... she needed to know everything that had happened between them.

"Okay," he nodded, his face and chest flushing bright pink. "Let's... erm..." He pointed toward the hallway and Ginny nodded. She walked in front of him, their hands still clasped, until they were in the doorway of the bedroom.

Ginny gasped as she watched herself stand in the middle of the room and be undressed by Harry. He was slow and deliberate in removing her shoes, socks and jeans.

The Harry behind her pulled her into his chest, his arms wrapping around her waist. There was no denying that he was turned on by watching them. Ginny could feel his erection pressed against her back.

"Sorry," he mumbled, his eyes never leaving himself as he kissed up Ginny's leg, stopping just short of burying his face in the apex of her thighs.

"It's okay," she sighed, laying her head back on Harry's shoulder. Her own eyes widened as Harry swept her off of her feet and laid her on the bed, an intense stare passing between the two lovers.

When Ginny was settled, Harry knelt down on the floor and lifted her legs over his shoulders.

Both Ginny's gasped as Harry buried his face in her, his tongue coming out to lick at her folds and a look of complete ecstasy filling his face.

The Ginny on the bed gasped and arched her back, pressing herself more fully into Harry's face.

"You tasted so good," Harry mumbled into her ear, causing her to shiver. "Like tart strawberries." His tongue traced her ear and Ginny rocked back against him, groaning when he pressed back.

Her heart raced as she watched Harry pleasure her. Wave after wave of intense orgasm washed over her as she clutched his hair tightly. She gave a muffled groan and reached for him, lifting Harry until he knelt between her legs.

They kissed deeply several times and Ginny watched as her hands tugged at Harry's jeans. Harry squirmed and removed them himself and Ginny licked her own juices off of his chin and nose.

"So sexy."

She shook in Harry's arms, as both Harry's spoke the same words. Her eyes focused back on Ginny as she lifted herself against Harry, wantonly grinding against him.

"Roll over," she purred, kissing the end of his nose. Harry obliged, a huge smile on his face as he backed further onto the bed. Ginny followed him, crawling on all fours before giving him an intense look. She hesitated only a moment before opening her mouth and licking his penis from top to bottom.

"I've never done that," Ginny whispered, her own hand coming up to touch her lips. Oh, how she wished she could remember this—that it wasn't just Harry's memory she was seeing. It was still erotic as hell... but it felt a bit empty knowing that she couldn't remember.

"Never?" Harry asked.

Ginny glanced at him to find an awed expression on his face. A flash of annoyance shot through her until she realized that he was implying that as a compliment. She turned back around to watch herself take Harry fully into her mouth and both Harry's to groan simultaneously.

"This is killing me," Harry behind her moaned, thrusting into her backside once more. Ginny only nodded,

bringing her arms up to encircle his as they stood together, both in awe of what they were watching.

Harry's legs trembled as he watched Ginny bob up and down along his length. Ginny could see his toes clench and stretch.

"I was just barely holding on," Harry admitted. She nodded again and moaned when she watched herself swirl her tongue around the head of him.

"Need you," he mumbled to her, reaching for her. Ginny grinned at him, leaning up to press a kiss to his lips.

"Need you," she admitted. Ginny started, hearing herself admit her desire for Harry out loud was a shock.

Harry behind her groaned as the Ginny on the bed climbed off him and turned around, presenting her dripping backside to him.

Ginny quickly looked away, shame and hurt welling up inside her. She wasn't sure if she could watch

this...

The movement on the bed was too much to ignore, however, and she turned back around, watching as Harry knelt behind her, palming her breasts from behind and placing wet, open mouthed kisses along her spine.

"Are you sure?" he mumbled.

Ginny, now on all fours, nodded back over her shoulder. "I'm yours," she called out. Her own hand delved down to her folds, opening herself up even as Harry leaned down and licked.

"Merlin," Harry groaned behind her. He began a rocking motion, holding her tightly to him, and attached his lips to the place where her neck met her shoulder. She moaned and shuddered, watching as the Harry on the bed kissed her bum.

"You've got the best arse, Gin," he said, caressing the back of her thighs and bottom. "I love to watch you fly,

but I always want to be the broom."

Ginny's knees gave way and Harry hoisted her up, his arms tightening around her. One hand went to her breast, palming it through her clothes.

"Is this alright," he asked. Ginny could only nod, her whole body quivering as she watched Harry take hold of his cock, position it at her entrance and give a firm thrust. He groaned when he was buried deep inside her.

"YES!" Ginny cried out from the bed. She rocked backward to meet his thrust, her back bowing against him.

"Move with me, Gin," Harry ordered in a soft voice. She nodded and the couple rocked, their juices leaking out to make a soft squelching noise. Ginny's breast swayed with each movement and Harry tugged at her hips with each thrust.

"Gin," he moaned and they moved faster.

"Almost," Harry behind her moaned. She didn't know if he was talking about now or then. His chin dug into her shoulder as he slid his hand down, unbuttoning her jeans, and down into her knickers. She squeaked when his fingers disappeared into her, thrusting just as fast as the other Harry was.

Harry slid his arm around her hip, his hand moving between her legs even as they thrust together.

"Oh, mmmm," she moaned, her head falling back to Harry's shoulder as he brought her close to the edge.

Ginny on the bed must have agreed as she screamed out her climax. Harry seemed extremely satisfied as he moved forward, bracing his hands on either side of hers and pressing his front to her back. He began to pump in and out of her, his arse and thighs clenching as he groaned deeply.

"Yeah, yeah," Harry behind her mumbled as he rubbed against her arse.

"Let me help," she mumbled, surprised she was coherent enough. She kept one eye on the bed as she spun in Harry's grip and quickly opened his jeans, her hand finding his hot cock leaking fluid all over his boxers. She backed him up against the door jam and moved her hands vigorously against him. His fingers wrapped in her hair, and then down into her knickers again.

Harry on the bed gave a mighty bellow as he climaxed. Ginny bent onto her elbows and rubbed against him,

her own hand joining his as they both brought her over the edge again.

Knowing that the moment was over, Ginny put all of her attentions back onto the Harry in her hands. He leaned forward and kissed her deeply as their hands continued to move.

Ginny could feel the coil of the spring deep inside her tighten. A few swirls of Harry's fingers on her clit and she came hard, her knees knocking together. She increased her movements with her hands and Harry thrust into her, once, twice and then a mighty surge before shooting his seed all over her hands and stomach.

"Sorry," he mumbled into her mouth. "I should have..."

"It's alright," she assured him, wiping her hands on her jeans. Now that the moment was over, she felt both elated, and humiliated.

"This is the important part," Harry whispered, leaning down to kiss her again. He nudged her around, her head spinning with the realization of the moment and the release of hormones.

"What?"

"Watch," Harry assured her, wrapping his arms around her tightly and nuzzling her neck.

Ginny watched, dazed, as the couple on the bed cuddled together, exchanging kisses and caresses and giggles.

"Do you know how long I've wanted to do that?" Harry asked, tugging at the blankets until they were wrapped in the sheet only.

Ginny giggled. "Fuck me from behind?"

Harry laughed. "That too—no, have sex with you." His tone turned soft and his hand came up to caress her face. "It should have ever only been you." He leaned forward to kiss her and they lost themselves in each other for a moment.

"How long?" Ginny asked as the couple rolled together.

"Years," Harry answered from behind her.

"Me too," Ginny answered from the bed. "It should have been you."

"I'm sorry," both Harry's answered honestly. Tears welled in Ginny's eyes at the thought of so much wasted time.

"I'm in love with you, Gin," memory-Harry admitted, pulling away from her. "And I'm an arse for waiting so long to tell you."

"You are," both Ginny's agreed. Harry snorted in her ear.

"But I love you too, you prat," Ginny on the bed admitted, leaning up to place a kiss on his forehead. "It killed me being apart from you."

"I know," he nodded. "If I could go back..."

"It's alright," she shook her head. "We're here now."

"Together," Harry admitted, pressing forward to kiss her passionately. They moved together and Ginny could tell they were about to—finally!—make love. She didn't consider what had happened before to be more than lustful sex. Now that they'd both just admitted their mutual feelings—this was really making love.

"I love you, Gin," Harry whispered in her ear. "I have for a long time."

"There they go again," Ginny smiled lazily, turning when Harry pressed a kiss to her head.

"Do you want to stay?"

"Do we need to?"

He considered for a moment before his eyes brightened. "I've got a better idea." With a swift movement, he swept her up in his arms and they flew backwards out of the pensieve.

Harry held her as they cuddled in his bed again. Harry had brought her out of the pensieve and had proceeded to recreate the second love making scene for her. And, although Ginny didn't have the first memory to draw upon, she was extremely satisfied that Harry had lived up to the moment.

"I wish you'd been able to remember," he mused, pressing his lips to her forehead.

"I can, now," she explained.

Harry pulled back and looked down at her. "I can remember what you've shown me," she explained.

"It's not the same," he shook his head.

"Close enough," she mumbled, nuzzling into his chest further, breathing his scent deep into her lungs. "It's what I'm going to get."

Harry stiffened and rubbed her back gently. "Now you understand why I was so... crushed, that you were leaving."

"I do," she nodded. "And I never would have lied about something like that, Harry."

"I know," he nodded, running his hand up her side and brushing her breast with the backs of his fingers.

"That's what confused me."

Ginny leaned forward and kissed the tip of his nose, running her fingers over his chest. "I do love you—have for ages."

"I know that now," he smiled sheepishly. "I just want you to be able to remember telling me—on your own."

"I don't know what happened," Ginny shook her head. "I didn't have that much to drink. I've Apparated home under three times that much."

Harry scowled at her and she grinned. "Not that I make it a habit..."

"Good." He kissed her soundly and then shifted so that he could rest his head on her chest. She giggled and slapped playfully at his back when he blew a raspberry on the soft flesh of her breast. They tussled playfully for a moment before Harry froze, thoughtfully staring at her arm. "Gin..."

"Yeah?"

"When you hurt your arm, did they give you any potions?"

Ginny glanced down at the dark bruise on her arm. "Yeah," she nodded. "They gave me a pain potion and some kind of paste to rub on it to get rid of the bruise."

Harry groaned and rolled onto his back, holding his forehead.

"Harry?" she asked, sitting up and clutching the sheet to her. "What is it?"

"Ginny," he scolded, "did you even read the potion bottle?"

She narrowed her eyes, trying to remember. "I don't think so. I've taken them so much over the years..."

Harry laughed, reaching up to pull her down to his chest. "You daft woman!" he chided softly, brushing chunks of hair behind her ears. "You're lucky that you're only missing that much of your memory. Some of those potions have Blossomwood leaves in them, to help the other ingredients absorb faster."

"So?"

Harry rolled his eyes. "And they say I'm thick," he mumbled. "Blossomwood shouldn't be mixed with alcohol."

The reality of what he was telling her settled and Ginny felt incredibly stupid. Her face heated and she rolled away from him, groaning at her own stupidity.

"Come here," he growled, wrapping his arms around her waist and kissing up and down her back,

neck and shoulder. "It's alright, we all make mistakes."

Ginny nodded, not saying anything as she replayed the memory in her mind, thankful that something more serious than a few missing hours hadn't happened. Another moment when they had been in the memory stood out and Ginny squirmed in discomfort.

Harry stopped his kissing and teasing, propping himself onto his elbow. "What is it, Gin?"

"Nothing," she said, emotion choking her voice.

"If it's about the memory... I'm sure there's something we could do—"

"It's not," she denied with a shake of her head.

"Gin," he chided, tugging at her shoulder until she gave in and curled into him. "Something's bothering you."

Ginny clutched at him, tears welling up in her eyes. "You must think I'm such a tart," she whined.

"What?" Harry pulled back, staring wide eyed at her. "What do you mean? Because we had sex?"

"Because the first time we had sex," she mumbled, not looking at him, "I put my arse in the air for you... like some slag—just gagging for you."

Harry laughed heartily and gathered her into his arms. "I don't think that," he assured her through his laughter. "Not at all."

Harry sat up, pulling her around so that she straddled his lap. He took her hands and placed them on his stirring cock. "It was extremely sexy. I think I told you that already."

Ginny grinned, despite herself, her fingers playing gently with his swelling flesh. She laid her forehead on his shoulder, not removing her eyes from her hands.

"Just thinking about it gets me all hot and bothered."

"You don't think I'm a tart?"

"Not at all," he defended, his hands slid up her thighs, gently combing through the dark auburn curls. "In fact,

I think I'm having trouble remembering it... maybe we can reenact it..."

Ginny snorted and lifted her head to kiss him, their tongues tangling once more. "You're incorrigible."

"Only for you, love," he agreed.

Best Mates

Harry jerked his hips to the left, and then again to the right, trying to keep in time with the rhythm of the thumping music, while staying well away from Blondie. She was attractive enough, Harry supposed, but in a one-night stand, drunk enough not to remember kind of way.

And he'd had too many of those in the past to be interested at all. Five in the last two years.

The thought made him flush and he was grateful that the press of bodies around him allowed the heat as an excuse.

He glanced across the pub, watching as Ginny sat on her stool, watching him. She waggled her eyebrows and he jerked his eyes away.

Blondie moved in closer, her hands running up and down Harry's chest in a way that would be appealing, if it was someone else doing it.

'Someone with long, red hair,' his traitorous brain whispered.

The song changed and Harry breathed out a sigh of relief. *What had made him say yes, anyway?*

"Thanks for the dance."

Blondie clutched his jumper, her manicured, blood-red fingernails scratching his skin. "Come on," she coaxed, "another one. Your girlfriend won't care."

"She's not—" Harry trailed off, his throat tightening around the words. "Thanks. No."

He walked away, feeling her glare on his back. Ginny was laughing at him when he sat down in his chair,

reaching for what was left in his glass.

"Have a nice time?" she asked with a waggle of her eyebrows.

"Maybe," he growled back petulantly. *Why did she have to be so damned attractive?* He signaled the barman that he wanted another ale. It probably wasn't the best idea to drink too many of these, he decided. It had been a long, trying week and anything was liable to happen. He certainly didn't want to get slobbering drunk and end up going home with some woman he'd regret.

And he regretted them all, truth be told. The only woman he ever really wanted to be with was sitting next to him. But she was happy with things between them the way they were.

After the war, Harry had kept his distance. Ginny was mourning Fred's death, and Remus', and Tonks', and any number of other friends. She didn't need him hanging around, waiting for her to notice him again.

She was rarely far from his thoughts as he continued on with life, waiting for some sign from her that she was ready to begin their relationship with him again.

“What about you?” Harry asked, taking a large, satisfying drink from his pint. “Aren’t you going to find someone to dance with tonight?” He winced, thinking his tone was probably too harsh. He knew she had dated other blokes—probably slept with a few too, he thought darkly. The thought made the ale in his belly stir unpleasantly.

Ginny spun in her seat next to him, resting her elbows on the bar behind her and surveying the pub. Her arm brushed his and he stifled a groan.

He was an idiot. But the thought of telling Ginny that he still had a thing for her... when she’d obviously moved past him... it terrified him. She was such an important part of his life. No offense to Ron, but Ginny was really his best mate these days.

Ron was great when he needed time away—going to a Quidditch game, or playing chess, or just doing something completely stupid with.

But Ginny—she was the one who listened when he needed someone to just listen. She didn’t question him when he showed up at her flat, unannounced, and ready for a pint. She just pulled on a jacket and came with him.

Time and time again, he had gathered the courage to tell her that he was still in love with her, but the words always stuck in his throat.

The first time had been when Ginny was going back to Hogwarts for her final year. Harry stood on the platform, his heart breaking when she still didn’t say anything to him. He started forward several times, intent on boarding the train and begging her to take him back. But it wasn’t to be. The train started forward and he was left, standing on the platform, surrounded by people, yet completely alone.

That night he’d gone to the Muggle pub alone. And had woken up the next morning beside a girl he didn’t remember the name of.

“Don’t know,” she shrugged. “No one seems to be standing out.”

The memory of rolling over to a face that shouldn’t be there made Harry’s stomach churn. It was just too fresh. Too wrong. He held up his hand signaling the barman again.

“Whiskey, please.”

He could feel her eyes on him and wondered what she was thinking. Usually she freely gave her opinion of whatever he was doing. And that was just fine. That was just how their friendship went.

“You looking to get pissed tonight?” she asked, amusement tingeing her voice. He wasn’t surprised at all when she signaled that she’d have the same.

“I might be,” he tossed back. Their eyes met and Harry had to swallow. Why did she have to be so... likeable,

and lovely and... perfect? It didn’t help his resolution to stop fawning all over her at all. His stomach still did flips when she walked in the room. He still felt his cheeks heat on the days she would show

up at his flat after he'd had a particularly erotic fantasy about her.

She shivered just a bit and broke the stare, a strange look in her eyes.

"Hard day at the office?" she asked, taking a delicate sip of her drink. Harry watched, entranced, as her tongue darted out and licked a drip off of her lip. His pants tightened just a bit and he squirmed, trying to take deep breaths.

'Work,' he thought. 'She asked you about work.'

"Went on a training mission today," he admitted. "It was a complete cock up," he let a smile split his face at the memory, even though it wasn't funny at all. "Wilkins charged ahead, like a complete arse, leaving the rest of us up against the wall." Talking about work was helping. The whiskey was leaving a pleasant buzz and Ginny's arm was pressed against his. He could feel her through his jumper.

Harry sighed and finished the last of his whiskey, staring at the empty glass, his fingers tracing a drip of moisture as it trailed down and pooled on the bar.

'Keep it going,' he scolded himself. Why was it so hard to talk to her tonight? It hadn't been like this between them in a long time.

"What about your day?" he asked, sneaking a look at her.

A slow, satisfied smile spread across her face. Harry knew she loved playing Quidditch. And she was bloody brilliant at it. He hadn't missed seeing a game in a long time. In fact, Ginny didn't know it, but he regularly traded shifts, or worked extra ones, just so he could be there every time she played. She probably just thought he didn't work much.

"Practice was fine, bit rough, but I survived. Took a nice hit from a Bludger." Harry spun in his seat and glared at the huge black bruise she exposed on her upper arm.

"Ginny!" He scowled down at the offending mark, taking her small arm in his hands and rubbing the wound.

He wished he knew a spell to get rid of bruises... but to his knowledge, there wasn't one. He almost asked why she hadn't gone to the trainer to have it looked at... but then he remembered who the trainer for the Harpies was.

Harry didn't even know the git's name—just that he and Ginny had gone out secretly for awhile. Harry had gone to one of her games, even brought her some flowers. The Harpies had won spectacularly and Harry had waited around for Ginny to come out. He ended up being the last one there. Curious as to what was taking her so long, he'd snuck into the locker rooms. And he'd seen them. Having sex up against the lockers.

That sight had prompted a three day drinking binge that had yielded one-night stands number three and four.

"It's nothing," she chuckled, "Happens all the time."

Harry swallowed thickly, brushing his hands over the bruise one last time before raising his eyes.

"It shouldn't," he breathed.

They stared at each other for a moment before Harry realized what he was doing. Slowly, he pulled her sleeve back over her arm and let go of her.

His breathing was labored and his stomach fluttered again. 'It's just the alcohol,' he told himself. 'She doesn't look at you that way—never really did, mate. She's just... your best mate.'

"Another," he called out, lifting his glass. The barman filled his glass and then Ginny's when she nudged it forward.

"It comes with the territory, Harry," she shrugged his concern off and he ignored the way that made him feel.

He had every right to be concerned that she was going to get severely injured one day. Didn't he?

Harry stayed facing forward, staring at Ginny's reflection in the bottles of liquor behind the bar. His body hummed, both from the alcohol, and the way Ginny's thigh was pressed against his. It was maddening. He could feel the heat from her against his own skin, and the friction of her jeans against his own...

'To hell with it,' he growled internally, tossing back what was left of his drink. If he didn't do something about this now... move, or, tell her, or... anything... he was going to explode. Both figuratively and literally.

"Dance with me?" he demanded, holding out his hand in front of her. She looked down at it and Harry cursed himself. What on earth made him think she'd actually dance with him?

She nodded jerkily and placed her hand in his. He couldn't define the glassy look in her eyes, briefly wondering if she'd already had too much to drink. But holding her hand grounded him. It gave him something solid to hang onto as he led her onto the floor, to the middle of the floor. The thumping of the music echoed in his chest until Harry couldn't tell if it was his heart or the song.

He tugged her arms up onto his shoulders, needing the contact of her against him. It was too much to be apart from her anymore. His hands sought her waist, planting firmly there, even though they wanted to sink lower,

or to find her hips and guide her to brush against the erection that was now evident in the front of his jeans.

He pressed his cheek to her temple, small pieces of her hair tickling his nose and mouth. "Dance," he breathed into her ear. She jerked against him a bit as they began swaying.

She melted against him and Harry groaned, pulling back just a bit to be able to breath. What would she do if he bent down and kissed her? Would she pull away? Would she hit him, or laugh, thinking he was just drunk?

'Maybe she'd enjoy it,' his heart suggested and Harry bit his tongue to keep a groan inside.

She shifted in his embrace, looking up at him and Harry's knees trembled. The arousal and acceptance was evident in her face. A low, whimpering sound escaped her throat and his hands slid down to her hips, tugging her against him.

'See what you've done to me,' he told her silently, their gaze not breaking for a moment. He pulled at her again, grinding into her just a bit. 'This is you... this is yours.'

He could feel her breasts against his chest, feel her shift and see the wince of almost-pain on her face when he pressed against her again.

The next thing he knew, she was pulling his head down, her lips clumsily meeting his chin and then his mouth. Harry gasped at the sensation, feeling her shift higher in his arms.

Yes...

He wrapped tighter around her, falling into the pleasure and bliss and... emotion she was pouring into him.

His tongue darted into her mouth, tasting the alcohol and a slightly coppery taste that might be blood, as their teeth bumped. His own control was fighting him as Ginny rubbed against his groin and he moaned low in his throat. He slanted his mouth over hers, his tongue delving deep before pulling back.

I love you... I love you... The words rang over and over in his head and Harry tried to make them come out through his touch. Anything he could do to convince her...

They broke apart, breathing heavy as their noses slid along each other. Her eyes were cloudy with passion and Harry's penis twitched painfully.

I love you... I love you...

He couldn't say the words. They wouldn't come out.

"Come on," he whispered instead. If he couldn't tell her... he'd have to show her. Maybe he could get the words out at home... where they could slow down and... take their time. He took whatever money he had in his pocket out, hoping it would be enough, and tossed it onto the bar, draining the remains of her drink, for courage.

The cold air hit Harry's face and he sucked in a breath between his teeth.

"Where are we going?"

Ginny's question startled him and he tried to think of the best way to say this without scaring her away. 'What if she didn't want this?' he asked himself. 'No. She kissed you.'

"My flat," he answered plainly, meeting her gaze and willing her not to argue with him. He needed this. He needed to tell her how mad he was about her, that he couldn't be her best mate anymore, because he wanted so much more from her.

She grinned up at him, a sloppy, silly smile that reminded him of when they'd been together before. She looked so young and so incredibly amazed that he was taking her to his flat.

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arms around her. *This was so right...*

"Hang on," he said in a gruff voice. He closed his eyes, trying to focus on the lounge in his flat, praying that he didn't splinch either of them. Her fingernails dug into his back and he hissed in both pleasure and pain.

This was real. Ginny was in his arms, and she was coming home with him.

They stumbled a bit as they arrived, and Harry had to tighten his grip on Ginny to keep her from tipping over. He looked down at her and she grinned back before leaning up to kiss him again.

Harry lifted her against him, backing her a few steps until her back was against the door and every part of him was pressed against her. It felt amazing to have her here, like this..

Ginny's hands clutched at him, all over, tugging at his jumper and reaching under it to touch his skin.

When he couldn't take it anymore, Harry's fingers fumbled with her buttons. The sweet, flowery scent she always wore was driving him crazy and he licked it off her neck, both loving and hating the bitter taste that filled his mouth from the perfume.

The shirt was open now and her breasts, more perfect than he'd even been able to imagine, sat in front of him.

Harry leaned forward, burying his face between them, tasting the skin there, and groaning when Ginny lifted her leg against his hip. He ground into her and fumbled with her bra, finally lifting her breast right out of it and licking the nipple.

Ginny groaned deep in her chest and ground against him. "Off," she grunted, sliding her hands down and under his jumper, tugging at the wool. The garment was off and over his head in a flash, his hands pulling her hips back to him as their mouths met again.

His hands slid behind her, fumbling with the clasp of her bra even as Ginny rained kisses all over his face. He finally gave it up when he couldn't concentrate.

'You have to show her,' he scolded himself. 'Don't make this about you... it's about her... the woman you're in love with!'

His fingers found the front of her jeans as their foreheads pressed together. Harry made sure he paused enough in opening them so that Ginny could protest. But she only gave a little hop and clutched a handful of his hair, urging him onward. Slowly, Harry slid his hands inside, gasping at the moisture he could feel on her knickers.

"Yeessss," she hissed, her breath making him blink. Her head rolled back, knocking against the

wood of the door as Harry gently rubbed her through the thin fabric. He was just about to slide a finger inside when she hopped up, wrapping both legs around him and grinding down against his fingers.

Harry couldn't help but slam his crotch into her center. "Bedroom," she demanded. He took a deep breath,

knowing that he needed to be in control for this. Taking her like this, standing at his front door, was no way to show her how much he loved her. She was right.

He slid his hands around her bottom, pulling her snugly to him as he moved toward the hallway that led to his bedroom. Ginny's arms wrapped tightly around him and her tongue traced his lips before sliding inside his mouth again.

Harry's knees wobbled and he stopped, letting her slide down him, but not letting her escape the kiss. Her hand brushed against the front of him and his penis twitched painfully inside its prison. Ginny undid the buttons swiftly and slid her hand inside, making him groan and thrust against her.

'Focus, focus,' he chanted, over and over in his head, forcing himself to toe off his shoes.

His arm brushed her breast and he winced knowing she must be uncomfortable. He was distracted again as Ginny's hand found the slit in his boxers and slipped inside. He panted against her forehead, forcing himself not to come all over her fingers.

He didn't remember removing her bra, but it was twisted in his hands now as they kissed. He tossed it to the side and bent to capture her breast again, swirling his tongue around and around the pert nipple.

Ginny's head threw back and bumped into the wall, knocking a picture off onto the floor beside them. Harry grinned as he tugged on her breast with his lips. Ginny's hands traced each line on his chest as she backed down the hallway, bringing him with her.

When they made it to the bedroom, Harry pulled away, staring at her. His chest rumbled with possessiveness and he leaned forward, pressing his lips to her ear.

"Let me," he whispered, sliding his thumbs into the loops on her jeans and tugging them down an inch. Ginny nodded, her breath coming in sharp pants. He knelt in front of her, slowly lifting her foot and removing her shoe and sock as she held onto his shoulder for balance. He nuzzled her denim clad thigh as he switched sides.

His eyes slipped closed and he trailed kisses up her leg as he stood.

Tenderly, he pressed his lips to her nose, then her cheeks, and chin... finally her closed eyes. In each touch, he willed her to know, to understand what he was trying to tell her.

It's you, Ginny... it's always been you...

She wiggled her hips, helping him remove her jeans and knickers. Their breath mingled and Harry's eyes burned just looking at her. In one swift motion, he gathered her up into his arms and laid her

on his bed. The air between them was charged and the words almost slipped out of Harry.

He bit his lip instead, sliding off the bed and onto his knees, his eyes never leaving hers as he lifted her thighs onto his shoulders.

Harry breathed in deep the scent of her, spicy and tangy... and perfect. His tongue darted out and traced her opening, gathering the moisture there. He grinned as Ginny's back arched, opening her up more for him.

This had to be heaven, he decided, as he continued to taste her, hearing her groan and move above him.

Ginny's hands fisted in his hair, driving him onward as he sucked on her clit and thrust his tongue deep inside her. She orgasmed against his mouth, crying his name and wrapping her thighs tightly around his head.

Ginny's hands clutched at him, tugging him upward until he knelt between her legs.

I love you... I love you...

Her hands were all over him, tracing his chest, rubbing up and down his back, and trying to remove his jeans... Harry began to wiggle them off himself when Ginny leaned forward, licking his mouth and chin.

Harry groaned, feeling a bit of fluid leak out and soak into the fabric of his boxers. "So sexy," he growled.

Ginny lifted against him when he was finally bare and Harry thrust against her.

"Roll over," she purred, kissing the end of his nose. Harry obliged, a huge smile on his face as he backed further onto the bed. Ginny followed him, crawling on all fours before giving him an intense look that made his thighs quiver. She hesitated only a moment before opening her mouth and licking his penis from top to bottom.

Harry's head banged against the headboard and his fists dug into the duvet, not wanting to wrap in her hair when he was so out of control.

He pried his eyes open, wanting more than anything to see her pleasuring him... loving him. When she took him fully into her mouth, he groaned again, thrusting upwards just a bit before locking his hips in place. He didn't want to hurt her.

Harry's legs trembled as he watched Ginny bob up and down along his length. 'Not yet, not yet, notyet, notyetnotyet,' he chanted to himself, clenching his jaw and digging his toes into the blankets.

When she finally removed her warm mouth, her tongue circling the head of him, Harry took a chance and reached for her. "Need you," he begged, not caring how desperate he sounded.

"Need you," she answered back and Harry's heart thumped in his chest. *Did that mean...*

Any coherent thought was pushed right out of his head as Ginny turned around, presenting him with her backside.

His breath caught in his throat and his penis gave a mighty twitch, spurting a bit of fluid onto his hand, which stroked it absently. He wasn't even aware of moving until he knelt behind her, his hands rubbing up and down her body, worshiping every inch of her.

I love you... I love you... he mouthed, placing open mouthed kisses up and down her spine as his hands caressed every bit of her he could reach, her hips, her sides, her breasts.

"Are you sure?" he mumbled. He had to know... had to make sure this wasn't some erotic-as-hell fantasy that he was torturing himself with. Usually, it was at this point that he awoke from his dreams, stiff as never before, and completely alone.

"I'm yours," she called out, sounding as if she'd just dived off of a huge cliff—exhilarated and breathless. Her fingers splayed her folds open and Harry bit through his lip, whimpering at the sight. Not being able to help himself, Harry leaned down and licked her opening, thrusting his tongue deep inside her again and lapping up the juices that coated his mouth.

He'd never been like this with a woman before. This was... this wasn't sex. This was loving every inch of her,

worshiping her body and allowing her to return the feelings. This was... perfection, he decided as he straightened back up.

Just before he thrust inside, Harry whispered the words, louder than he'd ever said them. *I love you!*

"YES!" Ginny cried out from in front of him as he moved deep inside her, meeting no resistance as she opened up completely under him. She rocked backward to meet his thrust, her back bowing against him.

Harry looked down, watching in awe as she arched and rocked against him, her body gloriously fitting perfectly around his. "Move with me, Gin," Harry ordered in a soft, trembling voice. His eyes rolled back in his head when she matched him, the sounds of their coupling filling his room along with their harsh breathing. Harry whispered it again.

I love you!

His jaw clenched when she wiggled her hips against him. "Gin," he moaned and they quickened the pace,

moving perfectly together in a kind of orchestrated dance. His finger dug into her hips and he could see her breasts swaying with each thrust and hear her grunt each time the base of him met her fully.

The tightness at the base of his spine threatened to explode and Harry leaned forward, changing the angle of his penetration. Ginny moaned in appreciation and her body quivered under him.

Harry slid his hand down around her hip, fumbling to find her clit and swirling his thumb around it in time with their movements. "Almost," he said, pressing a kiss to her back each time it bowed up to meet him.

Ginny clenched around him then, screaming out his name as she climaxed.

Losing all control, Harry moved forward, pressing his chest to her back and pumping in and out of her, 'love you, love you, love you' on his breath each time. The movement was too much to sustain and Harry finally released deep inside her, crying out her name as the pleasure became too great.

They collapsed in a heap together and Harry scrambled to get off Ginny before he crushed her. She laughed,

an airy breathless sound that made Harry grin. They'd done it... they'd actually had sex! And Harry had said the words out loud, without shattering into a million pieces and blowing away with the wind.

Now he needed to tell her face to face. He needed to see her eyes when he said it, even if she didn't feel the same. He'd be upset, yes, but he had to be honest after what they'd just shared.

Without thinking about it, he surged forward and kissed her tenderly, slowly caressing her lips with his own.

She shivered under his hands, clutching his sides and running her hands up and down him.

Laughing, Harry tugged at the blankets until they were wrapped in the sheet. He couldn't stop kissing her though, and touching her face, and smoothing her hair back from her eyes.

"Do you know how long I've wanted to do that?" he admitted, feeling the weight in his chest loosen at the truth.

Ginny giggled, a sound he wasn't sure he'd ever heard her make. "Fuck me from behind?"

Her question was so endearing and innocent, despite the words, that Harry had to laugh. "That too—no, have sex with you." The honesty in the statement choked him for a second and he reached up to touch her face, her skin like satin under his fingers. The wasted years melted away in this moment, the tenderness sweeping it all away. "It should have ever only been you," he whispered, leaning forward to kiss her again. He just couldn't help wanting to hold her and touch her.

"Me too," Ginny gasped as they pulled apart. "It should have been you."

"I'm sorry," Harry gasped, pressing his forehead against her. He silently apologized for his stubbornness, for the thousands of times he should have told her that he loved her and for the emptiness of the wasted years.

The words welled in him and burst forth. "I'm in love with you, Gin. And I'm an arse for waiting so long to tell you." He pulled back, his thumb brushing against her cheek.

"You are," Ginny agreed, "But I love you too, you prat," Ginny admitted, leaning up to place a kiss

on his forehead. "It killed me being apart from you."

Harry felt his eyes flood with tears and he held her to him. "I know," he nodded against her shoulder. "If I could go back..."

"It's alright," she shook her head. "We're here now."

"Together," Harry admitted, pressing forward to kiss her passionately. Harry wrapped his arm underneath her head and rolled slightly until he was on top of her, gently pressing her into the mattress. Ginny slid underneath him, opening her hips and nudging upward. Harry, hard again, slid easily inside her, lazily swirling as their tongues mated, tasting and savoring each other.

"I love you," he said again, moving his hips with purpose.

Ginny echoed him, smiling contentedly as Harry lifted on his elbows, rocking in and out of her. Their eyes locked and the regrets and memories melted away, leaving only what lay between them now... the promise of a future together.

Harry leaned down and pressed kisses and licks to her throat and neck even as she planted her feet and rocked up into him. Her hands scrabbled across his back, scratching and clutching at him as they continued to move slow.

"More," she begged into his ear, her breath nothing but pants.

Harry nodded, stopping his movement and moving to his knees. He wanted to watch her fully as he made love to her. Ginny's eyes blazed into his as they moved together again. Her hands came up and ground against her own breasts, panting in time to his movement. Harry's eyes traveled between her pink tongue,

which darted in and out, moistening her lips, her fingers that tugged and pulled on her nipples, and the place where he slid in and out of her.

Their hands met together on her clit and Harry looked up, watching her eyes darken to almost black as their fingers swirled together until she came; a lazy, slow climax that Harry reciprocated with his own release.

"I'm so in love with you," he whispered when they were cuddled together, back to front.

"I'll bet you say that to all the girls," she laughed. Her voice was low and Harry caught a hint of insecurity behind it.

"Gin, look at me," he said, waiting until she met his eyes over her shoulder. "I've never said those words before tonight. Not ever. I've never meant to. It's always been you."

She opened her mouth to reply, but then closed it and nodded. "Me too," she admitted. Harry's chest monster roared in approval and he held her to him, pressing kisses to her temple.

"Go to sleep," he whispered, taking a deep breath against her skin and feeling more intoxicated by the smell than any alcohol had ever made him.

Harry's eyes fluttered open in the half-light of dawn and he grinned, remembering what had happened last night and the wonderful woman in his arms. His hand trailed over her warm side and down onto her belly,

cuddling her back into his embrace. She made a happy little sigh and he kissed her shoulder, closing his eyes again and slipping back to sleep.

Ginny stirred in his grip again later and he spread his hand down her hip and out over her belly, holding her in place.

"Go ba'ta sleep."

She stilled and he drifted lightly back to sleep, reliving those wonderful moments from last night.

"Harry."

His hand groped for her, hearing her voice calling him from outside the fog of sleepiness. The room was bright when he opened his eyes and he reached behind him for his glasses so that he could focus on her.

"Gin."

She sat propped against the headboard, the sheet wrapped tightly around her. Once he had his glasses on, he winced at the panicked expression she wore. Surely she realized where she was...

Ginny rubbed harshly at her forehead and Harry's heart thumped loudly. He moved up next to her, not sure what to do to help her figure out what was going through her mind.

"What's wrong?" he asked, dreading the answer just a bit. He closed his eyes for a moment, trying to remember her words from last night, reassuring himself that it had really happened.

"Nothing," she shook her head, dropping her eyes away from his. He reached for her and she flinched away.

Harry swore softly. "It's not nothing," he insisted as he lifted her up, causing her to squeak, and pulled her into his embrace. If he held onto her, he could make them both remember the words, the touches from last night.

Ginny struggled in his grip, but he tightened his hold and she finally relaxed. "I'm sorry," she mumbled,

wiping at the tears that escaped down her cheeks.

"No," he soothed, his hand smoothing her hair and tucking her head underneath his chin. "don't cry, Gin.

Please, don't cry." His heart broke as he tears splashed onto the sheet and across his chest.

"I know," she chuckled, "you hate crying women."

"No," he shook his head. His chest tightened at the thought that he'd made her cry again. "I hate it when *you* cry."

"I don't," she protested, lying. "I hate crying."

"I know," he assured her, nudging her face up so that he could wipe her tears away. "You're too tough to cry."

He forced a small smile on his face even as his mind tried to pin what exactly was going wrong here. They'd made love last night and had drifted off to sleep in each others' arms—everything should be perfect.

"I've always hated to see you cry," he admitted, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "I never know what to do to make you feel better. And to think that I've caused some of those tears..." he trailed off again and ran a hand roughly through his hair. He wasn't sure what to say to make whatever this was better.

"Do you..." she started, pulling away from him and placing herself against the headboard again.

Harry stared at her, saddened that she was pulling away again. The rift that had existed between them for so many years was slowly trying to intrude again and Harry didn't know how to fight it. He had no idea what was causing it. He stared at her for a minute before mirroring her position, his back pressed to the headboard and his feet out in front of him.

"Do you think we ought to talk about this?"

Defiance and confusion mingled in his belly and Harry stared straight ahead. "Talk about what?" he asked. If she was going to be cold about this... then so was he. Something inside him was whispering that he'd known it was too good to be true.

"About what?!? Harry! We're... naked... and we've obviously..." She gestured to his lap and Harry smirked at her.

"Had sex?"

"YES!" she burst out. "I don't know about you, but I don't go around having sex with my mates all the time."

Harry's grin slid off his face and he scowled. "I should hope not." The thought made him sick to his stomach.

The word 'mates' echoed in his head and he wanted to demand she explain that. They weren't best mates, not after last night. Harry certainly couldn't go back to being just mates with her. He was in love with her, for Merlin's sake, and she'd said it back!

"Don't you think we owe it to each other to at least talk about this?"

"I said everything I needed to say last night, Ginny," he said plainly, turning to look at her.

Ginny growled at him and Harry sighed, reaching for her hand. She pulled it away, tugging the sheet with her until it was free of him and she could wrap it around herself as she paced around the room, leaving him completely naked on the bed.

Harry smirked at her temper tantrum and placed his hands behind his head, all the while trying to keep his rising panic from showing.

His crotch tingled again when her eyes traveled up and down his body. "I thought we'd reached an understanding last night, Gin," he said softly, finally tiring of this game.

"Don't call me that," she grouched, running her hands through her wild hair and continuing her pacing. "We didn't say anything last night, Harry. We went to the pub, had too much to drink and came back here to shag.

That's the end of it."

The words hit Harry like a Bludger and he clamped his teeth down against the vomit. No, this couldn't be happening. He swung his legs down over the side of the bed, bending over to clutch his head in his hands.

No. No. Nonononono...

Flashes of their past together played before him... Ginny's face watching him out the window of the Hogwarts Express, leaving him when he needed her the most. Her giggly whispers with Hermione that next spring in the Burrow about sleeping with some Ravenclaw git—Harry had overheard their private words and had wandered London until stumbling into a pub, waking the next morning to another woman that he didn't know—for the second time. The memories spiraled around and around...

He could hear her moving around behind him but couldn't force himself to look at her.

"Where's my—"

His heart pounded away in his ears, blocking out all other sounds. "Were you just lying, then?" he asked the floor. The life seeped out of him with the question and he suddenly didn't want to know. "Or were you too drunk to remember?" His question held a lot of sting and he winced.

"I wasn't that drunk," she denied, not sounding convinced at all.

Harry stared at his toes as they dug into the carpet. He knew he couldn't survive a one-night stand with Ginny. He'd vowed them off after the last one, six months ago. They were empty and meaningless and... they hurt too much when he thought about how much he always wanted them to be Ginny.

Maybe that's all he was worth—one night, and then move on.

"So, it was a lie. Well, I guess you got what you wanted, then," he said, dully. What the hell was he going to do now? He'd just ruined everything... all for something that meant everything to him... and nothing to her.

"Harry, I have no idea—" He couldn't listen to her lies anymore.

"Your shirt is in the living room," he said coldly, standing and pulling on a pair of boxers in one swift motion.

"Harry—"

"Maybe you should just go," he said, his voice cracking. He wouldn't survive this... it was just too much.

Maybe he needed to go somewhere... somewhere far away, where he wouldn't have to see her laughing at him for making such a fool of himself.

"Maybe I should," she said quietly. Harry's heart clenched at her tone. He wanted so much to go to her, wrap his arms around her, but it wouldn't accomplish anything. It wouldn't fix the mistake he'd made. And she wasn't his best mate anymore... she couldn't be now.

"I have no idea what you're talking about. Obviously this was just a big mistake." She tossed the sheet toward the bed and stalked out of the room, continuing her rant all down the hallway.

Harry sank back onto the bed, tears flooding his eyes. Her words echoed inside him... *mistake, mistake, mistake...*

But he couldn't just let her go. He had to try to do what he could to fix this... she meant too much to him to let her walk away like this.

She looked completely lost standing in the middle of the lounge in just her jeans, struggling to do up her bra.

Harry's stomach rolled uncomfortably as he moved forward, a small idea taking hold of his mind.

"Let me help."

She flinched away from him, finally clasping the catch and getting the bra on right. Harry took the two tangled shirts in front of her and worked on getting them apart, as the idea swelled and took shape in front of him.

"You don't remember do you?" he whispered into her ear as he helped her slide her shirt on. She shivered against his breath and Harry watched as the hairs on her neck stood up.

He slowly turned her around, searching her eyes. When she turned away from him, he lifted his finger, tracing her jaw line and making her shiver. When it reached her chin, he lifted slightly and turned her head to look at him.

"I don't."

Her words startled them both and Harry sighed. He felt both relieved that this new idea—she couldn't remember—was confirmed.

"I'm sorry," she continued. "I tried and tried, but I just... can't."

The hurt hit then... it was the most important moment in his life, he was finally in love with someone who loved him back, but she didn't remember.

"Nothing?" His hand left her face and buried in his hair. Finally, a deep, rolling illness took hold. If she didn't remember... was she too drunk last night? He'd taken advantage of her.

"I remember the pub," she admitted, "and when you took me into the alley."

Harry groaned and slid his glasses off, pressing his fingers into his eyes. "You don't remember any of it." It was a statement, mostly made to himself.

"Harry—"

"How much did you have to drink, Ginny? You were at the pub before me..." He flopped down onto the sofa,

his knees unable to hold him anymore. He couldn't have... could he?

"Just what we drank together," she admitted softly.

"Dammit," he groaned, swallowing bile back again. "No, no, no." He pressed his fingers into his eyes again.

He'd taken advantage of her... He was the worst kind of animal out there!

"Harry, what in Merlin's name are you talking about?"

"You don't remember," he stated harshly, jumping to his feet and grabbing her arms. "I... I thought you wanted..."

"Harry—"

"No!" he snapped, pulling away from her and turning to lean on the back of a chair. "How could I have—"

"You didn't," Ginny soothed.

"I did," he confirmed, his words muffled by his hands pressed over his face.

"You didn't," she said firmly. "I'm sure I consented." Harry didn't move, but stilled completely, listening to her words. "I... I would have consented," she whispered, moving closer to him.

"Ginny—"

"I would have," she insisted. "I *did*."

"You can't know," he shook his head. "You said that you didn't remember."

"I know," she nodded. "And I don't remember. But there's no way I would have turned you down, Harry."

“Ginny—” He stopped, his mind finally catching up to what his heart was thundering about. She *wanted* to be with him...

“I wish I could remember,” she groaned. “Because I... I’ve wanted this for so long.”

He couldn’t take it anymore and grabbed her, smashing their lips together forcefully.

“There’s a way,” he said against her as they kissed. His hands slid into her open shirt and clenched at her ribs.

“I have a pensieve.” The thought rolled out of his mouth before he even judged it. Suddenly, it excited him. If Ginny could just see them... if she could be reminded of what she’d said to him, how she’d held him and how they’d made love... she’d know.

She pulled back from him, biting her bottom lip and Harry smiled slowly, hope blossoming in his heart.

“Okay.”

“I’ve got a better idea.” With a swift movement, he swept her up in his arms and they flew backwards out of the pensieve.

They were still on the bed when they came out and Harry reached for her, cradling her face in his hands and placing soft kisses all over her face.

“Make love with me?” he whispered, his words ghosting her temple.

“Please,” she whispered, her hands clutching his shoulders.

Harry pulled back, feeling amazingly aroused surprisingly, considering what they’d just done in the pensieve.

He nodded and pulled back, removing the stone bowl from the bed and took off his shirt, jeans and boxers.

He stood by the side of the bed, stroking himself lightly as Ginny removed her own clothing.

When they were both naked, Harry climbed in next to her, wrapping tightly around her from behind and pressing kisses all up and down her shoulders and neck. She arched back against him and Harry shuddered.

“What do you want?” he asked, his hands exploring her breasts gently, bringing goosebumps to her body.

“Just you,” Ginny said, turning in his embrace and kissing him deeply. Her hand trailed down his side,

making his stomach contract under her touch. When she took him into her warm hands, Harry

shuddered underneath her.

Her eyes were dark when he looked into them, capturing him in their depths. His own fingers lifted her leg up to his hip so he could touch her as well.

Her body vibrated under him as they continued to kiss and touch lightly.

"I'm ready," Ginny mumbled around his lips. Harry pulled back, looking deep into her eyes before nodding and shifting his hips forward.

"Is this okay?" he asked, nodding down to their bodies.

Mischievously, Ginny shook her head before nudging him over and straddling his hips. Harry grinned up at her, taking a deep breath and reveling in the sight of her on top of him.

He hissed out a breath when she rose up on her knees, her eyes never leaving his, and slid down on him fully.

They both gasped together as Ginny wiggled her hips. His hands fumbled for hers and they clasped together,

supporting Ginny as she rocked back and forth against him.

"I love you," he burst out, unable to keep it inside anymore.

"Love you," she panted, her pace picking up. She rocked faster and faster until she was forced to remove her hands from his. She splayed them on his chest instead, balancing herself as she bobbed up and down.

Harry clasped her hips and glanced down, watching as he slid in and out of her, the most erotic sight he'd seen in a few minutes at least. He had no doubt that the rest of his life with Ginny would be full of these moments.

"Yeah," Ginny moaned, sitting up and massaging her breasts. Harry's thumb sought out her clit and swirled in the wet curls. He lifted against her, meeting her thrusts twice before it was too much. He came deep inside her, still keeping his finger pressed against her.

She climaxed slowly, a soft feeling against him that matched her lazy, contented smile.

Their hearts and breathing slowed as they cuddled together, Harry placing soft kisses against her hair.