

Harry Potter

The Quidditch Series

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The Quidditch Series

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How to Score in Quidditch

“Come on,” Ginny said, taking Harry’s hand and grinning up at him. Harry glanced guiltily over at Hermione, who was trying to make Ron understand why his essay on adding bubotuber puss to several different potions mixtures just wouldn’t work.

“They’ll be arguing like that for hours,” Ginny said softly. “Let’s get out while we can.”

Harry agreed completely. Hermione had gone a bit mad, although he supposed it was just about that time. She did it every year at exam time. Harry was pretty sure she’d all but given up on him – her sights right now were set on Ginny.

And Ginny wasn’t having any of it.

“Sounds good,” Harry murmured, patting his pocket where his Invisibility Cloak lived these days.

“And where do you think the two of you are going?” Hermione stood, catching them just before they ducked through the portrait hole.

“This,” Ginny said, holding out a book Harry hadn’t even noticed she was carrying, “doesn’t have what I thought it had in it. I need *Definitive Charms for Students, Volume Three*... not *Volume Four*.”

Hermione’s face froze and her authoritative look slid just a bit. “Oh, well... do you both need to go?”

“Yes,” Harry bit out, moving toward the hole faster, tugging Ginny along with him. He ducked through first and then waited for Ginny to come out as well.

When she did, she grinned up at him and dropped the book in the hallway.

“Is that any way to treat books?” Harry asked cheekily, wrapping his arms around her waist.

“Ask me if I care,” Ginny snorted, going up on tiptoe to press her lips to his softly. “Honestly, if I look at that book for another minute I’m going to hex myself just so I can escape Hermione.”

Harry laughed, picturing Ginny cowering from Hermione in the Hospital Wing.

“Come on,” Ginny said again, tugging him toward the corridor. Harry followed gladly, not caring where they went, really. With Ginny, it didn’t matter. Time stopped when they spent time together – when it was just the two of them talking about nothing, or cuddling in a corner of the Common Room.

“Come back here!” the Fat Lady shouted from her portrait. “You left your book!”

“You’ll keep it safe for me,” Ginny quipped over her shoulder.

Harry’s laugh covered the sound of the portrait huffing about ungrateful teenagers.

“Not that I really care,” Harry said as they slowly walked along the seventh floor corridor and down a flight of stairs, “but where are we going?”

“Somewhere I don’t have to think about Hermione and her revision plans,” Ginny said firmly. She turned in her step, walking slowly backwards. “I had something else in mind for tonight.”

Harry’s stomach did a flip at her mischievous face and his breathing became shallow. “Oh yeah?” he asked, not sure how his head had even been capable of forming the right question. Ginny was just so... wonderful, that it confounded him at times.

Like now, when the sun from the dying day streamed in through the windows they passed, lighting up her brilliant hair like fire. And the way her nose wrinkled on top just a bit when she smiled. Harry had, more than once, made a complete fool of himself by spouting off about those wrinkles and her many groups of freckles, to her when they were alone. Ginny just laughed harder and shook her head at his silliness.

But it felt good to be a bit silly over Ginny. It felt... earned, in a way.

“In here.” Ginny ducked inside an old classroom and Harry glanced around, not sure he’d ever noticed there was a room here to begin with.

“Are you coming?” Ginny asked from inside the room.

Harry grinned stupidly at the door, his chest monster perking up in complete interest. Honestly, he’d really just expected a walk to help Ginny clear her head. Or maybe they would have ducked into the kitchens to grab a quick snack.

But this... this could be so much better.

“Sorry,” he apologized softly as he closed the door behind him.

Ginny was seated on the end of a short table, her legs, bare from the edge of her pleated skirt down to where her socks pooled just above her shoes, swinging back and forth.

“I think,” she said slowly, her cheeks brightening to a lovely shade of pink that only interested Harry more. “That I should teach you how to play Quidditch.” She bit the side of her lip then and Harry’s groin twitched.

Harry stopped his forward motion and stared at her. “Ginny, I think you’re forgetting who you’re talking to.”

She grinned and shook her head, reaching out to take his hands. “Harry, you’re a Seeker – which is great. But that doesn’t mean you really know anything about the game of Quidditch.”

Harry scoffed, coming close enough so that he could place his hands at her waist. “I’m Captain as well.”

Ginny shrugged, dismissing that argument altogether. “Neither here nor there.”

Harry might have argued with her, but he was rather distracted by how pink her lips were and the

way the tip of her tongue darted out to moisten them just then.

“See,” Ginny continued, sliding more to the edge of the table, and wrapping her legs around Harry’s, trapping him against her, “to win in Quidditch, you need to... score.”

Harry swallowed harshly and tried to pull his hips away from her a bit. She definitely wouldn’t appreciate just how much he was... *appreciating* her right now. Then again, his brain pounded away at him – matching his heartbeat – she was the one who pulled him in close, and she was the one now making it impossible to breathe by un-tucking his shirt and sliding her hands to his bare sides.

“I’ve scored before,” Harry protested, leaning in close enough that he could brush his lips along hers.

Ginny smiled against him. “Maybe you have,” she shrugged. “But I think we need to make sure you understand the... fundamentals of scoring.”

Harry growled softly and kissed her again, his fingers digging slightly into her soft hips, marveling at how rounded and wonderful she was.

They kissed for several seconds, tongues tasting each other and soft moans issuing from both of them.

“That,” Ginny said as she pulled back, “is scoring through the first hoop.”

Harry didn’t argue, but continued kissing down her jawline and onto her neck. Her hands on his sides were driving him insane and he pressed his hips against the table, hoping it would give him a little relief.

“And I’d say you’ve mastered that method of scoring fairly well,” Ginny said as she nudged Harry upward.

“Yeah?” he asked through clouded vision and a bit of a smirk. Whatever she thought it was he was doing right... well, that just made him really proud.

“Yeah,” she nodded gently, her hand reaching up to trace his face softly.

Harry loved the way she touched him. It wasn’t always in a sexual way, and that was fine, but he could tell each movement of her fingers meant something to her. It was all deliberately done and meant the world to Harry.

“And... how would one go about scoring... again?” Harry asked, stumbling over the words.

“Well,” Ginny said, her smile turning into a knowing grin as she ran her hands down his chest. “I think you’re about there, but all you need –”

The door to the classroom rattled and Harry backed away from Ginny quickly, staring at the oak. Ginny was off the table with her wand pointed toward the door.

“Your cloak,” she hissed quietly.

Harry stared at her for a moment before his brain woke up and realized what she was saying.

“Oh, yeah,” he whispered back. He tugged the Cloak free from his pocket and moved to stand behind Ginny, who kept her wand trained on the door. With a swift movement, Harry draped it over the both of them, pulling himself tight into Ginny’s back so that they could both be completely covered.

“I think it might be Snape,” Ginny whispered and Harry groaned. Just his luck. “He had the patrol today, I think.”

“This early?” Harry questioned. It wasn’t even near curfew yet.

“He’s a prat,” Ginny growled softly, lowering her wand, although she kept it out. Harry reached for his as well, thinking she probably had the right idea. “Come on, we’ll find someplace else.”

Harry’s brain battled between annoyance at whoever had interrupted them and incredulity that Ginny was going to actually let them continue.

In the two weeks they’d been a couple, things weren’t completely innocent between them. Harry’s body prickled at the thought. They’d had many snogging sessions, which had led to a few cold showers for Harry. She’d even let him touch her breasts just the other day.

That had fueled dreams and shower fantasies ever since.

Harry took a deep breath, the cool air of the hallway helping him calm down as they awkwardly moved beneath the cloak to stay together. He was content to let Ginny lead the way, but did curse himself for not thinking of bringing the map with him.

‘Next time,’ he told himself.

They passed several groups of students, and even had to press against the wall in order to escape being run over by Hermione and Ron as they argued and walked down a set of stairs.

They passed several broom cupboards along the way, and Harry almost said something, but Ginny seemed determined on where they were going to go. She led him down two more flights of stairs and into a corridor he’d rarely been in.

They were just about to go into another deserted classroom when Mrs. Norris came along, slinking out of the shadows, her tail twitching from side to side. The maddening feline stared right at them and Harry fought the internal urge to reach out and kick her. That damned cat was always getting everyone in trouble.

“Filch will be right behind,” Ginny sighed. “Let’s keep trying.”

Her hand was small grasped in his own and Harry tightened down on it slightly, silently agreeing as they backed away from the cat slowly and hurried down another flight of stairs.

“In here,” Ginny whispered, nodding her head toward a heavy tapestry hanging almost to the floor. Harry was fairly sure it had once hid a passageway into Hogsmeade. It was one of the few that Fred

and George had pointed out on the map as being collapsed.

“You sure?”

“Yeah,” Ginny answered back, moving them forward and lifting the fabric once the corridor was empty again. “George told me about this right before he left last year. I haven’t been able to inspect it yet. In fact, I forgot all about it until now.”

Once they were inside, Harry pulled the cloak off, draped it over his shoulder, and glanced around. It was musty and smelled like dirt. But the entryway to the tunnel was fairly roomy, actually. A tattered and torn sofa, the stuffing leaking out in quite a few places, sat against one of the stone walls.

Harry stuffed his hands in his pockets, feeling awkward now that they were alone again. He knew what he wanted to do, but maybe he was being presumptuous. Ginny, however, was looking so... adorable and damned sexy standing in the middle of the room, chewing the side of her lip and trying to find a place to put her hands.

“So... Quidditch,” Harry said, his voice cracking in the middle.

“Yeah,” Ginny sighed softly. “About that Quidditch.”

Their eyes met in the dim light of the room, a single, half-blocked window near the ceiling letting in a small bit of orange light, and making it possible to see more than just dark shadows everywhere. Ginny smiled at him and Harry took a deep breath, thankful that they could joke about any strangeness between them.

“I may be... up for another lesson,” Harry mumbled and then grimaced at the innuendo. “I mean, if you’re... interested.”

“Definitely interested,” Ginny nodded. She moved forward slowly and held out her hand. Harry put his own sweaty one into it and hoped she couldn’t feel him trembling.

The sofa was softer than he expected, and sent up a bit of dust, making Harry’s nose itch, when they sat down on it.

“I... I think you’ve mastered the first hoop,” Ginny said, turning and tucking one leg underneath her so that she faced Harry. Harry mirrored her position until they were only a few inches apart.

“And... what about the second?” Harry asked, feeling both bold and a bit foolish.

Ginny’s slow stretching smile calmed him somewhat, however. “I think you’re almost there,” she said, reaching down to pull her uniform shirt out of her skirt.

Harry’s heart stopped beating for a minute before he exhaled mightily, afraid he may just pass out from not breathing. It certainly felt like there wasn’t enough oxygen in the room.

“You’ve made an attempt at that second goal,” Ginny said, her fingers nimbly, but entirely too slowly, sliding the small white buttons through their holes. “But you might want to remember to

breath, Harry.”

Harry tore his eyes away from the ever-widening patch of skin that was being revealed and looked up at her giggle.

“Yeah, sorry,” he mumbled, reaching up to adjust his glasses where they’d slipped down his nose.

“S’okay,” Ginny nodded, finally reaching the top button near her collar. She didn’t slide the shirt all the way off, but did delve her hand into it. Harry narrowed his eyes, trying to memorize all of her movements and see just what she was doing.

Oh. “Oh,” he said out loud as it finally clicked in his head what she was doing. Ginny smirked at him and dropped her hands away, rubbing them on her skirt. Harry’s heart pounded in his chest, so hard he was sure she could see it moving.

And his eyes just couldn’t move away from the very pale bit of skin that no longer had a white band holding it in. She’d undone her bra... somehow.

“You can touch, Harry,” she said softly, a hint of a quiver in her voice, as she reached out and took his hand. Harry bit his tongue as his trousers became increasingly tight. But Ginny’s hand was trembling too, and that helped.

“The second hoop,” she explained while lifting his hand to rest against her breast, “is all about technique. Even more so than the first.”

Harry’s thumb rested against the warm, bare flesh of her breast, while the rest of it was on the outside of her shirt. He licked his dry lips and hesitantly reached forward with his other hand, shifting just a tiny bit closer to her.

“Any flyer can fumble his way toward the first hoop,” Ginny continued, her voice gone light and breathy. She jumped just a bit when Harry’s second hand rested on her and he blinked up at her, wondering if this was alright. “Scoring through the second hoop... well, that takes a bit more talent.”

Harry nodded jerkily, not even sure he knew what she was saying. It was hard when his hands wanted to just... touch everything.

“But the thing is,” Ginny continued, arching her back just a bit more until Harry was forced to move his hands slowly. “You’ve got the talent, Harry.” He blinked up at her, trying to process what she was meaning. “You just need to... follow your instincts.”

Her hand closed over his, pressing it fully onto her breast.

“What do you want to do right now?” she whispered.

Harry’s tongue darted out and wet his lips again. “I... I want to touch.”

“Then touch,” she said, removing her hand.

Harry nodded once and slid one hand inside, brushing his palm along her nipple and watching as she

shuddered from the touch. The burning look in her eyes told him he'd done something right.

He shifted in his spot again, trying to find the best way to do this. Because this position was rather awkward and...

Follow your instincts.

Ginny's words echoed in his head and Harry slid off of the sofa and onto his knees, moving so that he faced Ginny and tugging her leg until she was fully facing him.

His hands moved to touch her again, opening her shirt fully so that he could look at what he was doing.

"Wow," he breathed as his hands filled with her breasts. They were perfect, but Harry wasn't sure if he could force the words out of his mouth to say that. "Wow," he repeated, feeling his face heat from embarrassment.

Ginny, however, chuckled. "I was right," she mumbled. "You're a natural."

Her words were like a shot of confidence straight into his heart and Harry took a deep breath, purposely moving his hands to caress her skin.

"They're... soft."

"Yeah," Ginny nodded. Her hands – which he hadn't even noticed until now – were busy undoing the buttons on his shirt as well, her fingers brushing each bit of skin as it was uncovered.

"And... they change," he noted, feeling her nipple grow hard beneath him.

"Yeah," she said, "they er... do. I... like it when you touch me." Her cheeks flamed red at the admission and Harry smiled at her.

"Good," he blurted out, "because I... I like touching you." He looked down then, afraid that his head might explode from both nervousness and excitement.

The urge to lean forward and replace his fingertips with his lips was great, but he wasn't sure if it was right.

When her fingers brushed along his nipples, Harry sucked in a breath and leaned forward, his tongue tasting the very pink tip of her breast.

She moaned his name and Harry pressed his hips into the edge of the sofa, rubbing just a bit and closing his eyes at the sensations.

"Very, very natural," Ginny said softly. She was moving beneath him and Harry glanced up, trying to see her face from where he was pressing small kisses and licking at her breast – just to make sure she was enjoying this as much as he was.

When her hands grasped the sides of his head and pulled him even further into her chest, Harry couldn't help but chuckle. This was... the most brilliant thing that he'd ever done in his life.

Ginny's heart beat away inside her chest; Harry could feel it in her skin and hear it along with her puffs of short breath. He pressed more urgently against the sofa, wiggling his hips. He knew what was happening and was a bit worried about it – would Ginny think he was a complete nutter for doing that, right here in front of her! But it felt so good that he couldn't stop.

His hands gripped her sides harder and he closed his lips completely around her nipple, sucking gently. When she bucked up underneath him, her leg wrapping around his bottom and pressing him further into the sofa, Harry groaned.

“Harry.”

His name, said in that breathy voice, triggered something deep inside him and he moved his kisses to her mouth, needing to taste her once again.

Their bare chests pressed together and Harry groaned, rocking his hips more frantically. Ginny's arms wrapped completely around him and she matched the intensity of his kiss, sliding forward just a bit so that she was rubbing her body along his belly.

‘Sweet Merlin.’ His mind registered her movements but he couldn't think clearly past just the basic realization of what was happening.

Ginny's movements continued, matching Harry's own as they ran on complete instinct.

“I told you,” she reiterated. “Do what you feel.”

With that thought in his head, Harry pushed against her, laying them both onto the sofa fully, Harry's weight pushing Ginny into the cushions. He kissed her lips, then her cheeks, then her neck as they rocked together.

Ginny's hips cradled him perfectly and Harry used his knees as leverage.

Rubbing against her like this... it was amazing. Harry was beyond thinking, running on all instinct as he ground his hips into her, causing her to whimper just a bit. But the way she was holding him, her leg wrapping around his back and her hips replying to his thrusts convinced him that she wanted this just as much as he did.

“Gin,” he moaned, burying his head in her neck and rocking faster. His pace was almost frantic as his orgasm built low in his back. “Can't stop,” he complained.

“Don't,” she commanded, lifting up against him strongly.

The movement was too much and Harry tumbled over the edge of release, jerking his hips into hers as his trousers became all sticky and wet.

Ginny continued to rock against him, her face wearing the intense look she wore while playing Quidditch. She whimpered a bit when he moved off of her and to the side. Harry felt a bit helpless; unsure how to make her enjoy it as much as he had.

But Ginny had always been a take-charge kind of girl – and he loved that about her.

“Hand,” she demanded, her own groping for his in the cushions. Harry gave his limp hand to her and swore softly when she placed it between them, straight under her skirt and on top of her damp knickers. “Follow me,” she instructed, using her hand to move his around.

Harry swore again, his penis twitching as his fumbling fingers tried to map their way across Ginny’s intimate parts, through her kickers, but it was still brilliant. Her hips kept time with their movements and soon she moaned deep inside and pressed up hard into him.

Harry couldn’t tear his eyes away from her, unsure what it all meant, until she smiled lazily and melted into the cushions beneath them.

“That was lovely,” she complimented, leaning up to kiss his chin and then stroke his face.

Honestly, Harry felt completely... shocked. They’d just... Wow.

“And that’s how you score through the third hoop,” Ginny commented with a small chuckle.

“I... Wow, Ginny,” Harry said, shifting uncomfortably in his wet mess. “I mean... wow.”

“You liked it, didn’t you?” she asked, her voice more vulnerable than Harry remembered hearing in a long time.

“It was bloody brilliant,” Harry burst out, a rather giddy feeling coming over him. Impulsively, he leaned down to kiss her. “It was... wow.”

“You said that already,” Ginny giggled, moving out from under him until they lay completely side by side on the dusty sofa. “I just...” she trailed off, staring at her fingers playing with the buttons on the open edges of his shirt. “I don’t want you to think that I let anybody else –”

“I don’t,” Harry shook his head. “Me either,” he added as an afterthought.

“I kind of figured that,” Ginny smirked at him. Harry’s cheeks heated, but he was still rather in shock.

“But... it was good for you?” Harry asked, replaying the whole few minutes in his head.

“Yeah,” she nodded, surging forward to kiss him again. “It was brilliant.”

They stared at each other for a few minutes, breathing calming between them.

“So... if that’s the third hoop,” Harry trailed off. “Can you score with the Snitch?”

Ginny laughed. “Of course you can, Harry. Don’t you remember the rules? The one who catches the Snitch,” she leaned closer to him and her breath on his lips made him shiver, “wins the game.”

“Brilliant,” Harry breathed, letting his lips gently caress hers again. “We’ll have to do that part another day.”

“Yes,” Ginny answered coyly, “we will.”

Rediscovering the Joy of Quidditch

Harry rolled over on the soft mattress, burrowing into the warmth of the thick duvet and the scent of clean that hadn't surrounded him in a long time. Even though he'd spent those few days at Shell Cottage, it seemed like ages ago, not hours.

Here deep inside the Gryffindor Boys dorm room, inside Gryffindor Tower, time seemed to stand still. And that was alright with Harry. He needed these frozen moments to wrap his head around the idea that it was over. Well... most of it.

Voldemort was gone now and Harry could get on with the part that meant picking up the pieces of his life again and moving forward. A forward that he'd been convinced was forfeit only hours ago. Or perhaps it was actually days.

Did it really matter?

The room was bright when he finally cracked his eyes open. Sunlight streamed through the windows and if Harry had been wearing his glasses, he was sure he would have seen dust dancing through the beams.

He was just about to reach up to the bedside table to search out his glasses when something shifted behind him. Harry cautiously turned his head to find a thin shoulder pressed up against his back.

In fact, all along his back was rather warm and... soft in all the right places.

It was Ginny.

Sometime during his sleep, she'd crawled into bed with him and fallen asleep herself.

Harry's heart pounded, echoing around his ribcage for several reasons. First was the very realness of her. She was warm against him, and he could smell the soft flowery scent she carried with her, even over the stronger and more pungent odor of smoke that they both wore.

Next, there was the fact that she was actually... here. In his bed.

Lifting his head slowly, Harry glanced around the room to find it deserted. Several of the beds were disheveled, alerting him that someone had been in at one point in time. Had they seen Ginny in his bed?

Should he be worried about what someone might say, or do, to either of them?

But then Ginny rolled over, tossing her arm up over her head, her mouth dropping open just a bit. Harsh puffs of air escaped her as she slumbered on and Harry stared – simply watched her breath in and out.

Long moments passed as Harry remembered watching Ginny's dot on the map all through the year.

But those days were over now. She was here. So very warm and real that Harry couldn't help but

reach out and touch her.

His fingertips barely brushed the skin on her arm, tracing a very faint scar there. His heart clenched as he thought about what could have possibly left that there. It wasn't fresh, from the Battle. It was months old.

His eyes moved up to her face, cataloging every change – every new freckle, every new line.

She was definitely thinner, and paler than when he'd stared at her at Bill's wedding. In all the excitement of seeing her crawl through that portrait hole yesterday, Harry hadn't taken the time to notice how much these months apart had cost her.

But they were plainly etched on her face right now.

Dark smudges of worry and grief circled her eyes and Harry leaned forward, unable to stop himself from pressing his face against her shoulder.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," he whispered over and over, letting both the relief and anguish wash over him fully.

"It's not your fault."

It took Harry a minute to realize that Ginny had said it out loud. That her hands were now buried in his long, filthy hair and that she was fully awake now.

She lifted his head up so that they were only inches apart, their breath mingling as their eyes roamed over every feature.

"I missed you," he admitted and then felt his cheeks flush. "I... watched you on the map, hoping – praying – that you were alright."

"I was," she nodded jerkily, her thumb coming up to trace the outline of his bottom lip. "As much as I could be."

Harry swallowed thickly and nodded, not sure what else he could say. Or what he should say.

But Ginny pulled him down into her arms, his head pillowing on her chest. "I missed you too," she said, her voice full of emotion. "I wish I'd had a map to look at to make sure you were alright."

"I'm sorry," Harry said as he wound his arms around her, probably squeezing too tightly. But he couldn't seem to force his arms to let go.

"It's okay now," Ginny protested, running her hands up and down his back. "Because you're here."

"I am," he nodded before lifting his head. A heavy moment passed between them before Harry leaned forward, intent on kissing her. "Can I... can we..."

Ginny didn't let him ask his question, but answered it anyway with her mouth on his. It was sweet and delicate, but left Harry needing more when he pulled away. The sparkle in her eye gave him permission and Harry slid up so that he was leaning over her, pressing her down into the mattress as

they kissed again.

This time the passion that had always been between them ignited and Harry lost himself in the sensation of having her right there with him again. Those long nights in the tent, when it wasn't his turn to watch, and he was sure Hermione was distracted, Harry had allowed fantasies like this one to take hold.

He'd remembered their time in the secret room, and the one time after that when Ginny had used her hand to rub him through his trousers until he climaxed all over them both.

And he dreamed of a time when they could be this close again, sharing the emotion and excitement of exploration with someone you loved.

He did love Ginny. He was sure of it now. Yesterday had proven that much to him at least. Seeing that curse come at him had been like standing in front of the Mirror of Erised all over again – but seeing his desire change into something more matured and infinitely more fulfilling than the childhood fantasy of his parents and family surrounding him.

It was Ginny he saw; Ginny who could help him to realize the future that would ultimately give him that family surrounding him.

Ginny's fingernails dug into his scalp, scratching the skin there in a heavenly pattern and Harry moaned, breaking away to rest his forehead against hers.

Their heartbeats matched between them and their breathing was harsh. Harry realized with a start that he had moved until Ginny was completely under him now, her hips cradling his. His erection pressed unpleasantly against his jeans, but he ignored it.

Now wasn't the time.

"I... I'm sorry," he said, trying to shift so that she wasn't aware of his interest.

"Its fine," she protested, clenching her thighs around him. "Just... don't leave me."

The need in her tone made a shiver roll down his back and he winced when he saw the wet tracks down her face.

"I'm sorry," he whispered again, pressing his lips against her chin and then her jawline until he found the warm place just below her ear. The tension built between them quickly again and Harry pressed his hips down into her, trying to relieve the ache deep inside him.

Their eyes met and Ginny lifted against him, rocking her own pelvis until Harry gasped at the sensation rolling over them.

The months apart melted away under the blankets as Harry's hands slipped under her shirt and found bare skin, and Ginny's lips caressed his face gently, ghosting over his skin and making goosebumps shoot up and down his body.

His shirt was tugged off and tossed aside, and Ginny's buttons were undone until Harry's face could

press into her breasts.

The idea that someone could conceivably walk in on them didn't really matter as they rediscovered each other, covering doubts and hurt and grief with something remembered. Just for a few minutes.

It didn't take much for Harry to reach the point where he had to find relief in some way. The desperation of missing Ginny and the liberation of yesterday's battle combined, swirling inside of him at a fevered pitch.

And Ginny's eyes conveyed a similar sort of need and she matched each movement he made, a small moan of desire leaving her lips each time he surged forward, pressing his penis against her center.

Even though he wanted more – wanted to feel every part of her touch him, the idea was overwhelming and he couldn't move past the part of him that yelled that it was too soon. It was too much.

But this wasn't. They'd been here before.

So they rocked, eyes never leaving eyes and heartbeats matching until Harry came in a huge surge, filling the inside of his boxers. He exhaled a sigh of relief and then lifted, sliding his hand between them, without her help this time, to rub against her jeans.

But Ginny just huffed in frustration and tugged at the button, until her trousers were undone. She looked up at him, her cheeks flaming. "It's okay," she urged him onward with a look, "you can..."

Harry's hand trembled, but he took a deep breath and slipped it past the barrier. Her knickers were still between his hand and her, but it felt a hundred times better than the rough denim fabric. And he'd been here before. This was warm and comfortable.

"Yeah," Ginny breathed up to him as he moved his hand as much as her jeans would allow. She wiggled her hips a bit and they slid downward, allowing Harry's eyes to see small red hairs curling around the pale blue silky material of her knickers.

Her flowery scent washed over him further and Harry stared at his hand as it moved. His cheeks heated when his fingers tripped and stumbled over themselves, but Ginny didn't seem to mind. Her eyes were half closed and her hips were moving against him.

Harry remembered the wetness of fabric from before, but when his finger slid under the elastic and touched skin, his whole body shuddered with desire once more.

He almost asked if it was alright, what he was doing. But then he remembered Ginny's words from a year ago about following his instincts.

So he moved further under the fabric, letting his fingers trace the warmth and chase the fluids around. He found her opening and pushed his fingertip inside, watching her face as the pleasure of the touch reached her.

Ginny's fists wrapped into the duvet on either side of them and Harry took a deep breath, speeding his movements up and trying to build up her enjoyment again. His head fuzzed a bit at the

sensations. If it was like this with just the tips of his fingers... how much better would it be when she allowed him to put his –

“Yes,” Ginny moaned out, her hips thrusting upward toward him as she curled upward to him, capturing his lips with hers.

Harry kept his hand where it was, gently touching and enjoying the heat from her, as well as the closeness of someone. How he felt about her almost slipped out of his mouth, but he didn’t want it to be like this. He wanted to talk to her first, to make sure she was okay with them being... them, again.

He was fairly sure it was perfectly fine. Especially since she’d just made him come in his trousers, and his hand was inside her knickers. But it was probably best to make sure. Verbally.

They kissed several more times before Ginny gently tugged at his wrist, removing it from her.

“I’m not ready for...” She blushed and blinked up at him and Harry knew exactly what she meant.

“Yeah,” he shook his head, “me either. But...”

“But it’s nice having you here,” she completed his thought and Harry relaxed into her embrace.

And it was nice. Simply lying here in Ginny’s arms, soaking up all the... normal.

He had no doubt it would be months, maybe even years, before he allowed himself to take one moment for granted with her. Because, right now, it was still something out of someone else’s life.

But they’d work on it until it became something out of *their* life together.

“Besides,” Ginny mused, running her hands through his hair gently, her fingernails intoxicating him with their rhythm and the scrape-scrape sound they made. “It’s been awhile since we’ve both played Quidditch. Maybe... we could remember how... slowly.”

A slow smile spread over Harry’s face as the promise in that statement rattled through him. He glanced up to find Ginny’s cheeks flaming red, but her bright eyes looking directly at him.

“We have time,” he agreed. “Plus, I’m sure we could both use a bit more practice on the whole... concept.”

“Agreed,” Ginny said as she pulled her shirt back over her and cuddled into his arms.

“Does your family know where you are?” he asked, realization of what they’d just done, and what might have happened if any of her brothers had walked in on them, settling in.

“Hermione knows where I am,” Ginny said. She seemed completely undaunted by the thought, so Harry let the worry slip away. He quickly cleaned himself up with a charm, summoned his shirt back to him and lay back down in her embrace.

“Go back to sleep, Harry.”

Ginny's words were slurred with exhaustion and Harry nodded, burrowing back down into the bed, his arms finding their place around Ginny's waist.

Equipment Maintenance Is Key

He really shouldn't be up here.

Harry sighed as he sank down onto his rumpled bed, tugging at his tie and the collar of his robes until they both came loose.

He felt like a petulant child when he tossed them across the room, pleased that they flew haphazardly to the floor. It seemed... right that they weren't all nice and neat.

Because nothing really was.

It was all still a huge mess. The Ministry was just now starting to recover under Kingsley's leadership, but there were scores of people who still couldn't report to work, either because of the damage that the Death Eaters had done to the Ministry, or because they were still under suspicion of colluding with the enemy.

And the Wizengamot was having a field day digging into everyone's personal lives in an effort to look competent.

Professor McGonagall had Hogwarts well in hand, thankfully. Dozens of those who fought during the battle had stayed around to help clean up where they could. The House Elves had been whirling dervishes of activity, putting things right wherever they could.

But the scars on the old castle ran much deeper than the cosmetic, Harry knew.

Hell, he still wasn't dealing well with everything.

And now, the last of the funerals was over.

Fred had been laid to rest today. And Harry hadn't cried so hard in a long time.

But now that it was over, now that he had ducked away from everyone else and was holed up in his room at the Burrow, Harry couldn't help but be embarrassed by his emotional display. He'd cried at the joint funeral for Remus and Tonks, slow tears dripping down his face as he stared at the baby sleeping in Andromeda's arms.

He'd stood stoically at the back of Colin's funeral, feeling a bit as if he really shouldn't be there. But he was determined to attend as many as he could. It was the least he could do for those who died helping him fight.

And Ginny had been there with him through it all. She'd held his hand and offered him handkerchiefs and tissues. Even today, when he should have been strong for her, she was the one holding him up. And it was her brother in the ground out there.

In fact, Ginny was the bright spot in all of this whole mess. Yes, Ron and Hermione, and the rest of the Weasleys were wonderful – but none of them made Harry feel like the most normal bloke in the world. Ginny was the only one who did that for him.

Harry flopped back on the bed, hating that he'd gotten so maudlin today. Fred wasn't even *his* brother, yet he'd broken down completely.

What he needed was something to take his mind off of the grief. Something to help him forget that just downstairs were people worried about him and dealing with their own loss.

His eyes landed on the small bookshelf next to the bed, the top of which served as his bedside table. Blindly reaching inside, Harry pulled out a thin book that was well worn.

Hermione had given him the broom servicing kit back in... wasn't it his third year? Maybe it was his fourth. They were all kind of meshing together anyway.

But the book that had come with it was definitely showing signs of being well used. And besides his copies of *Quidditch Through The Ages* and *Which Broomstick*, this small book was probably one he had read enough times to have memorized.

Not really caring where he read, but needing to think about something other than funerals and crying, Harry chose a page and let his eyes take in each letter, moving on to whole words next, and then full sentences.

The thoughts themselves did not stick in his brain, but that wasn't really the point anyway.

"Proper equipment maintenance is key," Harry read out loud. "Failure to take care of your equipment in a timely manner can lead to disastrous results."

Harry trailed off, thinking of the Quidditch accidents and injuries he'd witnessed over issues with equipment. There had been plenty over the years.

"Harry?"

Ginny knocked on the door and ducked her head inside. Her eyes were red and puffy, but they were dry. "You okay?" she asked, closing the door behind her.

"I don't know," Harry answered honestly, surprising himself. "I'm sorry I disappeared."

Ginny smiled sadly and came to sit down on the edge of his bed. He could feel her warmth against his side. "We all did," she excused. "I think everyone needed a little space."

Harry nodded and let the book fall to the side. He couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from the bright bits of her hair, and the way they curled just so at the ends, showing up brightly against the black of her robes.

His fingers itched to bury in the softness and they reached up without much thought, his fingertip tracing one curl. Ginny turned just a bit and smiled at him.

"I wanted to be strong for you."

"I don't care," she dismissed softly before laying back and cuddling into his embrace. "It didn't bother me."

Harry nodded, knowing that they truly understood each other. She didn't judge him for breaking down, even though it was *her* brother that was now missing. And he could offer the comfort she was now seeking.

"What were you reading?" she asked, pressing her face into the skin of his neck.

"Nothing," Harry said. "I'm not even sure I can remember now." Her breath on his neck was waking up parts of him that had no business being alert and interested right now. He took a deep breath and tried to focus on being here for Ginny, not on dreaming about the way her fingers felt as they grazed over his arm or the way she lifted her leg up to rest on his thigh.

"Harry?"

He swallowed thickly, wondering if it was even possible for him to hide his arousal right now. He shifted just a bit and turned his head to look at her.

"Was it a book about... Quidditch?" she asked, her cheeks blossoming with dark pink.

Harry scowled in confusion, trying to follow what she was talking about. But it was hard to do when her thin fingers had slipped between the buttons on his shirt and were brushing the skin underneath. "Er... Quidditch?"

"Yeah," Ginny said breathily. She'd managed to get two of his buttons through their holes and her whole hand was on his stomach now, making the muscles twitch. There was no way to hide his interest in her now. His dress trousers weren't as restrictive as jeans, and the way Ginny's knee was pressed into his thigh made it very evident what he was thinking about.

"Quidditch," she continued. "You know... the game we both love." She pressed a light kiss to his chin, and then shifted to kiss his neck. Her hand was now at his throat, all the buttons finished and his shirt splayed open across his bare chest. "The one where you fly, and score..."

A sly smile spread over Harry's face as his brain finally engaged. He instructed his hands to find her skin as well, while his lips searched for hers. "I remember the game," he mumbled. "But... it's been awhile since I've been in the air."

"You're a natural," Ginny complimented, helping him to remove her robes. The thin dress that was under them quickly disappeared as well, until she was only in a lacy bra and knicker set.

Harry's eyes feasted on her for a minute before she straddled his hips and leaned down to kiss him.

"Ginny," he groaned, lifting his hips up into her. It seemed imperative that he feel her against him right now. But there was still the guilt of doing this, here, now.

"Should we be doing this now?" he asked, even as he lifted to press his face in between her breasts.

Ginny echoed his needy moan and removed her bra, leaving Harry face to face with her chest. They'd never been this far - with Ginny almost completely bare - before and it made Harry both nervous and excited at the same time.

He wasn't even sure if he was ready to... have sex. But if she was, then he'd give her every bit of him. All she had to do was ask.

Ginny rocked against him a few times before backing down his legs and fumbling with his zipper.

"I want to do this now," she protested. Her eyes met his and he could see the truth of the statement. "I need to... just live, Harry."

He nodded, feeling the same way. Being with Ginny this intimately was what grounded him these days. They might be moments from a fantasy life, but they were starting to become more of a reality.

"I'm not ready for it all," Ginny protested. "But..."

"Yeah," Harry nodded, a bit relieved. He really needed to research contraceptive if they were getting that serious. He made a mental note to search the information out soon as he lifted and kissed her firmly.

His hands found her breasts and palmed them, getting even more excited when her nipples responded to his touch.

"Can I..." Ginny trailed off and her face heated next to his.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Can I... touch you?" she asked, glancing up at him through her fringe.

"Yeah," Harry replied enthusiastically, and then blushed himself. "I mean... if you want to."

Ginny looked at him fully then, lovely determination filling her face. "Teach me?"

Harry licked his lips and stared down at his penis, now peeking out of the slit in his boxers. He'd never been bare in front of a girl before. The times Ginny had touched him had been through his trousers, and once through his boxers. It had been rough and fumbling rubbing until Harry just couldn't hold his climax any longer.

"Yeah," he nodded.

Ginny licked her own lips before tugging at his trousers to free him. Harry lay back and tried to help. His thighs quivered when she finally released him. The edges of his white dress shirt tickled his sides and Harry shifted under Ginny's gaze.

Her eyes were round and large, and much less red as she appraised him.

"I..."

"It's kind of... nice looking," Ginny complimented, her cheeks red. She reached forward slowly and ran her finger over the head of him, causing Harry to arch his back and sigh happily.

He was just trying to figure out how to explain to her what would feel the best when someone

knocked at the door. Their eyes went wide and stared at the wooden door.

“Did you lock it?” Harry whispered harshly.

“Yeah.”

“Harry?”

Harry winced as Ron’s voice echoed through the hallway. He glanced down at his rapidly shrinking penis and then dropped his head back to the pillow.

“Yeah?” he asked after clearing his throat.

“Are you okay? I just... you’ve been in there for a long time.”

Harry stared up at Ginny, blinking as he tried to think of a plausible lie for what he was doing in here. Somehow he doubted the truth would go over well.

“I’m in here, Ron,” Ginny called out, her voice thick. “Can you give us a few minutes? We’re talking.”

Ron didn’t answer right away and Harry’s heart pounded, knowing he was one Alohamora away from a very painful and embarrassing death right now.

“Okay,” Ron finally agreed. “We were thinking about going to the pub in the village.”

“Sounds good, mate,” Harry called out, wincing at the break in his voice. “But... in a bit. Or... we could meet you there.”

“Okay.”

They heard his heavy footsteps walking away and Harry deflated back into the bed, melting into the mattress.

“I just saw my life flash before my eyes,” he mumbled, making Ginny smirk.

“He’d probably hex me for taking advantage of you,” Ginny protested. She looked down, a strange expression on her face before trailing a finger down from his navel to his groin.

Harry lifted his head, watching as her hand brought him back to life. He couldn’t believe she was still interested in touching him right now. “You don’t have to,” he offered, even though he wanted nothing more than for her to continue.

“Harry, shut up,” she scolded. “I’m doing exactly what I want to be doing.” Her bright eyes met his and Harry nodded.

Her hands around him, caressing and memorizing, were heaven and Harry lay back, trying to enjoy each touch and movement.

“Am I doing it right?” Ginny asked, the corner of her lip disappearing behind her teeth.

“Oh, yeah,” Harry nodded, grimacing at the desperation in his voice.

“Because, I wouldn’t want to... handle the equipment wrong,” Ginny smirked and Harry snorted out a laugh, remembering what he’d read earlier. Suddenly, an idea came to him.

“We can’t have that,” he agreed, reaching out to brush his fingertip along her edge of her nipple, where it sat, just waiting for him to touch it. “You know, Proper equipment maintenance is key,” Harry quoted from the book. “Failure to take care of your equipment in a timely manner can lead to disastrous results.”

Ginny snorted, her hands stilling on him. “Was that in your book?”

Harry nodded and grinned up at her, fumbling by his side for the book. His eyes didn’t leave hers as he flipped to the broom polishing section.

“Do they have good equipment care tips in there?” Ginny asked, wiggling her hips on his thighs just a bit.

“Yeah,” he nodded, trying to focus on the writing now. “Grasp the broom handle firmly in one hand.” He winced and rolled his head back when Ginny took his command. “Er... maybe not *that* firmly.”

Ginny chuckled and loosened her grip.

Harry bit his lip and blinked at the book again. “Apply the polish with the other hand, focusing on the knob of the b-broom and then generously ap-applying down the shaft.”

“Ummhmm,” Ginny nodded, following his direction with steady hands rubbing up and down him until Harry couldn’t think straight. Every time she reached the head, she cupped her palm over him and rubbed gently. Harry couldn’t help lifting his hips against the feeling. “What else, Harry?”

“Erm... I don’t... remember.”

“Read your book, Harry,” Ginny suggested, a knowing smirk on her face.

Harry tossed the book away from them, knowing that he couldn’t focus on the words right now anyway. “Just... keep doing that,” Harry instructed. “Feeells ’mazing,” he moaned. The slow burning pressure at the base of his spine began to build and his hands itched to touch something. He ran his hands up and down her thighs as Ginny continued to rub.

“You’re a natural,” Harry complimented as Ginny leaned down over him closer and kissed his belly. Her breasts rubbed against his penis and Harry thrust upward into her hands.

Ginny chuckled throatily and shook her head. “How do I know if I’m doing it right?”

“You’ll know,” Harry smirked, biting his lip to keep from thrusting too enthusiastically.

Ginny grinned down at him and then focused on her hands again. Harry propped himself on his elbows and watched, his whole body quivering underneath her.

When she reached down and fondled his sac, Harry gave a strangled cry and released the pressure, spurting over her hands and onto her belly just a bit.

Ginny seemed surprised and then a pleased smile spread over her face.

"S-sorry," Harry mumbled, his face heating. "I didn't mean to... so soon."

"It's fine," Ginny dismissed, reaching for his wand to clean them both up. When she finished, she lay down on his side, wrapping her arms around him. "I'm just glad I did it right."

Harry chuckled and rolled just a bit to face her. It wasn't easy, considering his trousers and boxers were still tangled around his knees.

"You did it perfect."

"The instruction helped," Ginny nodded, leaning forward to kiss him quickly.

Harry smiled at her and then reached forward to brush his hand along her stomach, slowly moving lower. He was startled when her hand stopped his, however.

"Not today," she said quietly, burying her face in his chest. "It doesn't always have to be about us both."

Harry thought about that, feeling a bit disappointed, but not wanting her to be upset or frustrated. "Are you sure?" he asked. "Because I don't want you to think it's all about me."

"I know," she dismissed quickly, nuzzling into him further. "I understand that." She pulled back and looked into his eyes, her hand coming up to rest along his cheek. "But making you happy makes me happy too."

A swell of emotion filled Harry's chest and he nodded, not sure what else he could say.

"If you ever do, you know, want... that," he fidgeted, his fingers lifting to trace the delicate edge of her collarbone. "You know you just have to ask."

"I do know," she said. "But right now, I just... I just want you to hold me."

Harry nodded, understanding completely. He reached down and pulled his pants and trousers back up, not bothering to do them up, and then reached for a blanket to cover them up with.

"Ron will be up again soon," Ginny mumbled when she cuddled back into him.

"I know," Harry said, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "We'll just stay here for a bit longer."

The warmth that spread under the blanket, between two bodies, seeped into Harry further, relaxing him and washing away the heartache and exhaustion of the past week. Ginny's fingers splayed across his chest, rubbing back and forth gently.

"You know," Harry observed quietly, "I could get very used to this."

She chuckled softly and kissed the skin beneath her face. "I already am."

The past wouldn't heal quickly, Harry knew that. There would always be something pulling them one way or the other, demanding their attention or simply distracting them.

But these small stolen moments were what Harry was living for right now – these quiet moments where all that existed, all that needed to exist, was right here between the two of them.

"I... I love you, Ginny," he said softly, finally feeling that it was time to say the words aloud. "I know that, Harry," she said, a bit of amusement in her voice. "And I love you."

A slow smile stretched Harry's face and he tugged her a bit tighter. "I know that."

Winning the Game

“Come on,” Ginny said, tugging on his hand as they tiptoed out the back door of the Burrow, both jumping from the door to the ground and avoiding the squeaky stair.

Harry’s breath caught in his throat at the brightness of the garden, the full moon bathing everything perfectly. He slowed just a bit, and Ginny impatiently pulled him forward, trying to control the giggle that had been bubbling out of her since she’d knocked on his door just before midnight.

“Hurry,” she urged him, making a laugh swell up inside of him also. Her enthusiasm was infectious and, once again, Harry was grateful for this wonderful woman in his life.

The summer had been long, and yet entirely too short at the same time. The hot days stretched before them and while Harry felt a bit lazy for telling Kingsley that he wouldn’t start with the Aurors until September, he knew that Ginny was grateful for the time they spent together.

And as much as they could, every moment was spent holding hands, stealing kisses and simply healing.

Harry now felt like he had a basic idea of what ‘normal’ should feel like.

“What do you have planned?” he asked, glancing back over his shoulder as the Burrow grew smaller and smaller. He had a fairly good idea of where she was taking him, but no clue what she had planned. Ginny was always a bit spontaneous about things.

“You’ll have to wait and see, birthday boy,” she laughed. They were far enough away from the house that she didn’t try and hold it back, but let it roll out of her, filling the air around them and making Harry’s chest tight.

“I love you, you know,” he burst out, unable to keep it inside any longer.

“I know,” she nodded. “And it’s a good thing, because I’m rather fond of you myself, Mr. Potter.”

She grinned as they came to the Quidditch paddock and held her arms wide, spinning in a circle. “It’s so beautiful out here like this.”

Harry watched her spin, laughing when she took a couple of steps to the side, dizzy. The moonlight made her hair look almost maroon and Harry stared at her, mesmerized as she continued to laugh and spin.

Feeling her energy seep into him, Harry stared up at the night sky, counting stars until he lost track and didn’t care anymore. The heat wasn’t overwhelming today, surprisingly, because it was the last day of July – his birthday now, as it was after midnight.

“Did you want to fly?” Harry asked, taking large breaths of fresh air and smiling when the soft scent of flowers came to him. Ginny had explained once that she helped her mother make shampoo with the scent of the flowers that surrounded the Burrow. Whatever it was, Harry had to admit that it was intoxicating.

Ginny came closer to him, her face lit from above, making strange angular shadows on it. "Not really," she shrugged.

Harry stared at her, unable to help the way his stomach swooped and his groin tightened. Their explorations this summer had been nothing short of miraculous dreams and Harry was thrilled to get to discover so much about her, and about himself, in their stolen moments.

"I had something else in mind," Ginny said as she wrapped her arms around his waist and nuzzled his face with the tip of her nose. "I have a gift for you."

"A gift?" Harry asked, breathing deeply against the skin of her cheek and shuddering when her fingernails raked up his back gently. His mouth went dry and he leaned down, capturing her lips with his. He smiled when she gasped against him and her fingers dug into his shoulders, holding on tightly.

Her kisses always sent his mind careening – they built and built like the thrill of flying and preparing to dive. Harry moaned deep in his throat and rubbed up against her, feeling more than a bit wanton right now. It had been several days since they'd been able to do anything more than sneak a few kisses here and there. His hips moved toward her, rubbing his growing erection against her belly.

"Sorry," he murmured, wincing when she jabbed her finger into his side.

"Harry, you don't need to apologize for that, you know," Ginny said, her voice low. It sent a chill down his back as her hands rubbed slowly up and down, not letting him pull away. "I like that I can make you feel like that." It was said almost shyly as Ginny looked down at his chest. "It makes me feel... powerful."

"You're the most powerful woman in the world, to me," Harry said, feeling his face heat. It sounded extremely corny, but then Ginny smiled up at him.

"I made something for you," she said, pulling away and leading him toward an area under a sprawling tree where she made a blanket appear. Their brooms leaned up against the trunk and Harry grinned.

"You've been planning this for awhile," he complimented. In a way, he was glad that they were doing something other than... well... They *weren't* all about sex. He knew that; and he knew she knew that.

"I have," Ginny said. "Andromeda let me come over this morning and make you a treacle tart. She told Mum I was babysitting. If I made it here at the Burrow, everyone would have wanted to put their grimy fingers into it."

"You made me a tart?" Harry asked, feeling incredibly touched that she had gone to such trouble while he and Ron had been helping at George's shop.

"I did," she said, pulling a perfectly round tart out of a picnic basket that lay just off the edge of the blanket. "Come and have a piece."

Harry grinned and sank down onto the blanket. "This is my favorite," he said as she handed him a

fork and then the tart. He stared at it a moment before grinning and taking a huge bite right out of the center.

Ginny produced her own fork and attempted to dip it in, but Harry pulled the tart away from her, laughing. "You said you made it for *me*," he scolded. "You didn't say I had to share."

He laughed even harder when Ginny nudged him backward and sat on his stomach. The tart almost fell out of his hands, but he held on, squirming to try and keep her away from it.

"I meant for us to share it, prat," Ginny growled, finally succeeding in getting a forkful and humming in satisfaction as she slid the sticky, lemony bite into her mouth.

Harry stared at her from his back, watching as she closed her eyes and savored the feel of the treacle melting on her tongue. Lust roared through him, bringing his erection back to life.

The tart got set to the side as Harry leaned up to kiss her, the bit of treacle on his fingers sticking to the back of her shirt.

"You taste like treacle," he muttered, feasting on her lips and squeezing his hips upward to rub against her.

"So do you," she grinned against him before slowing the kiss. "You have treacle in your hair too," she mused when they pulled apart.

"I don't care," he declared, staring at the place where her neck curved into her shoulder. He loved that place. In fact, it demanded to be kissed. Right now.

"Don't you want your gift?" Ginny chuckled, rolling her head next to his and kissing his hair and pressing down into him.

A thousand comments came to mind, making Harry's head spin. But all of them were rather... suggestive – lewd, in fact – and Harry wasn't sure how she would take them.

"I went to quite a bit of work for it, actually –"

Harry pulled back and grinned at her. "I want my present," he nodded.

Ginny grinned at him, her mischievous eyes flashing in the moonlight. "Well, now that I know you'd rather –"

"Ginny," he groaned, rolling his head back on his shoulders and clutching her arms tighter. "I want the gift."

"Okay," she finally gave in. "Close your eyes."

Harry stared at her, smirking before he did as she said. "No peeking!" she demanded. "I promise."

"On Ron's life," Ginny chuckled.

"That's not really –"

"It's necessary," she said.

Harry grinned and pressed his eyes tighter. "You're taking all the fun out of this, you know," he complained. Ginny removed his hands from her arms and Harry braced himself backward, locking his elbows.

He could feel Ginny shift in his lap slightly, but tried not to focus too much on what she was doing. He prayed it had something to do with more Quidditch lessons, but whatever she offered Harry was more than willing to accept.

"Can I open –"

"NO!" She laughed at his impatience and Harry let his arms slide to the side, collapsing him back against the blanket as he groaned heavily.

Unfortunately, this position made his penis rub perfectly against her groin and Harry grunted in appreciation, wiggling just a bit until he got a steady flow of blood to the area. He sighed in satisfaction and gasped, his eyes flying open when Ginny slipped her hand in the waistband of his jeans, tugging upward so that Harry needed to sit up.

"Close them again," she warned and Harry huffed in mock annoyance before following her pull upward. "Hold out your hand," she commanded gently. Harry squinted behind closed lids, wondering at the vulnerability in her voice. Did she really think he wouldn't like what she had gotten him?

"Okay," he said, holding his hand out, palm up and waiting. Ginny's fingers brushed his palm lightly and then something cold and metallic settled there. He grinned at feeling the weight of it, and the flutter of wings on his wrist and fingertips.

"It's the Snitch I caught right before I first kissed you."

"I thought I kissed you," Harry said, not wanting to open his eyes just yet. Ginny closed her hand over the Snitch, weaving their fingers together and trapping the ball between their palms.

"Harry," she said, breathlessly. "Open your eyes." Her breath was on his face, sweet and smelling of treacle still. She kissed him softly and Harry wrapped his other hand around her back, surprised when he encountered bare skin.

"Gin?" he asked, pulling back. His eyes went wide when he saw that she was completely bare on top of him.

Even her knickers were gone, drawing his eyes to the triangle of dark hair between her legs. He swallowed thickly and stared, not quite sure what to say.

"This is my way of telling you that I'm ready, Harry, whenever you are."

Harry stared at her; his favorite spot on her neck, the sloped part of her breast that led to her pink nipples, the tapered bit of her waist that shown almost luminescent in the darkness.

“Harry... say something please.”

He shook his head, trying to clear it. “My brain... I think it’s broke.”

Ginny chuckled nervously and pulled her hand away. “We don’t have to tonight...” she dismissed. “If you’re not ready –”

“I am,” he said, finally tearing his eyes away from her body to see the openness that she always amazed him with. “How can you be so confident?” he demanded. Underneath her, his thighs quivered and his penis pressed uncomfortably against his jeans, pulsing and begging to be released.

“I’m not at all,” she shook her head, a small, half smile lighting her face. “I had no idea what you’d say.”

“I’m ready,” he repeated again, his hands moving to her sides, the Snitch clasped to her bare skin. “I’m ready to be with you,” he whispered, leaning in to kiss her neck and then her shoulder before kissing her chin and lips.

Ginny’s hands slid under his t-shirt and lifted, her fingers making goosebumps rise up and down his arms with their feather-light touches.

“We’re going to have sex,” Ginny said against his lips, following it up with a nervous giggle.

“Yeah,” he said, grinning as he pressed their foreheads together. “And it’s going to be brilliant.”

“You’re confident,” Ginny said, running her hands up his chest until he had no choice but to lift his arms. The shirt caught on his glasses and gouged into his forehead a bit, but Harry didn’t mention it. Ginny seemed nervous enough as it was.

He couldn’t quite wrap his mind around the idea that it was going to happen tonight... right here, and on his birthday no less.

“Birthdays are the best,” he mumbled, leaning in again as Ginny laughed. Their lips met again, almost frantic in their action as Harry rubbed his hands along her back and around to her breast. He loved the heaviness of them and the way the skin puckered and tightened under his touch.

Ginny gasped when the wing of the Snitch fluttered against her skin and Harry grinned, moving it so that the wing would brush against the peak. She shuddered above him and ground her hips down into him, causing Harry to groan.

“I need you, Gin,” he pleaded, kissing her jaw and then her ear as the Snitch continued to flutter away.

“Move it lower,” she whispered into his ear. Her hand wrapped around his and the Snitch traced along her belly and down between her legs, the wings fluttering mightily as it buzzed in their grip. Ginny moaned softly and sucked on Harry’s neck.

Harry’s fingers shook and he nearly let go of the ball when Ginny rocked her hips against him. His other hand joined them between her legs, rubbing frantically and then moving deeper to slide his

fingers inside. This was a place he was comfortable with – they'd been here enough over the past months. But Ginny had never been fully naked before. Even when she'd let him look at her in her bedroom while they hid from her brothers and parents, she'd kept her bra on. And her socks. Which puzzled Harry, but that was beside the point right now.

"Harry," she breathed against the skin of his shoulder as she lifted herself up and down against his fingers, riding them and making Harry suck in a breath. His penis was threatening to explode at any moment – it was certainly pinched in his jeans.

The angle wasn't the easiest to work at and Harry's wrist protested, as his fingers cramped. But he wasn't about to stop them moving. Not when Ginny was panting against his neck and making those little sighing sounds that meant she was close to –

"Yes," she hissed out, her fingers digging into his, pressing them tightly around the Snitch, which was bound to be damaged after this...

"I love you," she said, pressing her lips to his and lifting his wrists away so that she could rub against his arousal. "Take these off."

"Yeah," Harry breathed, taking deep gulping breaths to try and stay in control. "If you keep rubbing me, though..."

"Okay," she muttered, slowly moving off his lap and to the side.

Harry's thighs shook as he tried to stand to pull his jeans off. He stumbled twice, cursing both times while Ginny stared up at him and chuckled. His face heated under her gaze and he wondered how she could be so open – she was completely naked, for Merlin's sake! – in front of him. He felt like he was all knobby knees and gangly limbs as he knelt down next to her, hissing when his penis bobbed against his belly.

Ginny met his gaze with the blazing look that made his chest feel like it would never stop expanding, and held out her hand to bring him up to lie directly on her.

"Hi," she said shyly when he was finally there, between her thighs.

Harry grinned and brushed a lock of hair away from her cheek. "Hi."

"Is it strange to be so nervous?" she asked, wrinkling her nose up at him. Harry chuckled. "I mean, we've been almost all the way several times..."

"I think its fine," he protested, feeling his stomach flip. His penis brushed against her folds and he couldn't help but rub just a bit.

"I'm ready," she nodded, nudging her hips upward as her fingers traced his ribs.

Harry nodded and stared at her a minute more, wishing he could find the right words to tell her what he was feeling. But he'd never been good with words, even though Ginny said he was fine. No words would come right now, so Harry settled for leaning down and kissing her tenderly, running his hand down her side and to where her hip cradled his own.

“Gin,” he breathed, his eyes nearly rolling back in his head when she tightened the grip her thighs had on him.

“I’m ready,” she repeated. Harry nodded and reached down between them to position his penis at her opening. But he’d completely forgotten that he still held the Snitch.

“Let it go,” Ginny chuckled. “We’ll catch it later.”

“I’m going to catch the Snitch now,” Harry smiled, watching as the ball floated out of his hand and off into the night. “Remember when I asked you about scoring with the Snitch?”

Ginny nodded and ran her hands along his shoulder as she arched up into him, pressing her breasts into his chest.

Harry licked his lips and finally reached between them, nudging her leg aside so he could move. He winced when the head slid into her, praying he could hold his control long enough to make this good for her too.

His eyes threatened to close, but Harry forced them open again, looking down and seeing Ginny in half focus as his glasses perched on the end of his nose. He squinted as he pushed inside slowly, hissing in absolute bliss as the warm, tight space stretched for him.

Ginny smiled up at him and reached up to nudge his glasses higher.

“Thanks,” he mumbled, moving his hand up to caress her cheek now that he was fully inside her. He held still a minute, feeling how rigid she was underneath him. The sex book he’d managed to pilfer from George’s flat a few weeks ago explained that the first time for girls could actually be quite painful if the bloke wasn’t careful. And Harry never wanted to hurt Ginny, so he waited, ignoring the searing drive that settled low in his back, demanding that he rock forward on his knees and slam deep inside her.

“You can move,” she said, kissing the end of his nose lightly and accenting her words with a roll of her hips.

“Thank Merlin,” Harry breathed and slid out slowly before rocking forward. Ginny winced and Harry swore softly. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine,” she dismissed, “just stretching.”

“I can be careful,” he said, feeling like it was barely this side of a lie. His body was screaming at him to let go, but he was determined to last as long as he could for her. So he looked deep into her eyes, chanting silently in his head about how much he loved her, how much she meant to him, until it leaked out of his mouth.

“You’re everything. I love you...”

“You’re my everything, as well,” Ginny echoed, looping her arms around his shoulders and holding on as they moved together now, finally finding the right rhythm.

Harry's knees shook and the tightening in his back screamed at him as his orgasm ripped through him, flooding deep inside of her. He slid mechanically back and forth a few times, his forehead pressed to her neck, his glasses digging into her skin.

"Harry," she sighed happily, kissing his temple and wrapping her legs up around his back, keeping him locked into place.

"Gin."

The name was all he could say... but in a way it conveyed everything he felt for her. She was his – fully now – and he was hers. They'd given each other almost everything they could, short of being married. But Harry had the feeling that wasn't far off either. The idea both thrilled and terrified him, although his limbs were too tired now to do anything about it.

"And that's how you win the game," Ginny said cheekily, rubbing his back.

Harry laughed and forced himself to lift onto his elbows and looked at her through smudged glasses. "I think I won a long time ago."