

Madness

Is this what destiny is all about?

Is this mixture of fear, dread, and excitement it?

Is this what my life has led me to?

I guess so.

I'm surprised I am this calm. I thought I'd be more incoherent, acting on instinct. After all, this is everything I've worked for.

Ginny's fighting near me. I can always tell when she's near. It's like a sixth sense. A Ginny sense. It's probably just a combination of how she moves and how she smells that attracts my attention.

Ginny. I'm in love with her, you know.

I fell about six months ago. Hard. It actually hurt, but not as much as having to hide it. God, *that* has been the hardest thing.

Do you know what it's like to school your face in a "friends-but-nothing-more" expression, when all you want to do is grab her and snog her senseless in front of the entire school – so that they would all know that she belongs to me? That she's totally mine! I wonder if I can make us both forget our own names in the process. Then take her somewhere quiet, and spend a healthy quantity of the rest of my life snogging her even more senseless. After all, we'd have to stop to eat, get married, and have a couple of kids. But I'm sure we could fit a lot of snogging around that.

Looking up, I see a Death Eater in front of me. Could be Nott, but with that ridiculous mask on I'm not sure. I sway to the left casually, letting the curse fly by my shoulder, and smile amiably at him. "Did you know your fly's undone?" I query.

He looks down automatically, and I hit him with a Stunning curse. What an idiot. I must be wrong; it has to be either Crabbe or Goyle, senior. I mean, come off it, he's wearing robes. It's not as if they have fly's anyway.

So, where was I? Oh yeah, with Ginny. Been there a lot recently. Unfortunately, after a quick chat with my illustrious Headmaster, we decided it would be better if I didn't act on it. I can't say I liked it, but I agreed. I know Ginny can handle herself, but I can't handle her getting hurt. I know she would risk it for me, but I'm too much of a coward to risk it. If she got hurt, I'd go all out for revenge on Voldemort and would probably die doing it. My sense of responsibility sucks.

She twists herself, firing off her curses. I love the way her t-shirt occasionally tightens over her chest. And damn, what a wonderful pair of breasts she has.

You know -- I pause my thoughts to deal with another couple of Death Eaters -- I could talk about Ginny-breasts a lot. You see, there are breasts, and there are Ginny-breasts. As far as I can tell, she's a B-cup. Now, obviously I'm male, so you're probably wondering exactly how I know what cup size she is. Well, it wasn't easy. But Ron knew that Hermione is a C-cup, so that was what I based it on. I had no wish to know how he knew that; but regardless, it gave me a starting point.

So, I decamped to the library for some intensive study. I was quite surprised to find that these measurements that boys joke about are actually not that attractive. I mean, the figures Seamus was talking about would make a girl have hips the size of a hippo, a waist the size of a quill, and breasts the size of Hogwarts. How attractive is that?

Then you have Ginny: now that's perfection. Perfectly proportioned. Sure, she's only five feet two, but half the time you forget. There's so much energy and life in that small package that you sometimes think she's a lot bigger. Anyway, she's a B-cup, which actually makes her breasts look big on her tiny frame. So yeah, knowing Hermione's size, and having spent far longer than I should have sneaking looks at Ginny's chest, I managed to work out what size I think she is.

I bet you thought I snuck into her underwear drawer and looked, right?

Perverts.

Although I did think about it for a bit - but eventually decided it wasn't a good idea. It was more of a Draco Malfoy sort of thing to do.

Hey... speaking of Draco, that's him up ahead; he's fighting for them. I've been saving a special curse for him. I cast it and hide the laughter. All it does is remove his robes and leave him in some rather fetching ladies' underwear. You know, the purple knickers actually suit him. He's looking horrified, but Crabbe junior's looking at him with interest.

Oh well, he's now been hit by a curse; I think it was from his own side. I hope someone is taking pictures.

Fred and George are fighting up ahead; they were here visiting Ron and Ginny when the Death Losers appeared in Hogsmeade and, of course, stayed to fight.

Dumbledore's sent out a call for all the Aurors and Order members he can, but typically they're not bloody here when we might actually need them. If I survive this, Fudge is going right to the top of my shit list. Maybe the top two slots.

This fighting is kinda monotonous. It's all I've been doing for the last six months. Ever since Snape got wind of Voldemort planning to launch an all-out attack to get at little ol' me. It's so nice to be popular.

So, the whole D.A. has been preparing – in case we needed to help. Then the bloody git launches an attack two weeks early, and everyone is caught out.

I bloody knew we shouldn't rely on a self-obsessed numpty like Snape. Anyone who holds grudges like he does can't be bloody trusted. When this is over, and if I'm still alive, I think I'm going to get some revenge for six and a half years of him tormenting me, by seeing how many of Snivellus' teeth I can knock out in one blow.

I'm hoping for four.

Six would be cool.

Two would be a disappointment.

Where the hell is Tom? It's bloody typical – you get all worked up and ready for the fight, and he hides at the back.

"Tom!" I yell hopefully. "Come out here, you half-blood peasant."

That should get his attention. Oh, people are looking at me strangely. I forgot that not everyone knows how Tom is. "Tom, Mr 'I'm-shit-at-making-anagrams-Voldemort' Riddle. Come out and play. You know you want to. Come on – your name means 'fly of death', and I've got a fly swatter!"

Well, it actually means 'flight of death', but I think you'll forgive me for the corruption. Now, finally, people are starting to get the message. I have to concentrate a bit harder on the fighting now. I seem to be attracting attention.

If I didn't know better, I'd say they were quite upset about me taunting their Dark Lord.

I cast a Sonorous spell on myself, so I can make sure he can hear me.

"Come on, you filthy half-blood orphan. Stop hiding behind your lackeys and get your bony arse out here so I can give you the spanking you didn't get at the orphanage. I've heard of cries for attention before, but you really take the Mickey. Or should that be, you really take the Lucius? I've heard you both swing that way."

Ahh, I think I forgot to mention my plan to the others. I don't think I've ever seen Dumbledore quite this surprised before.

"Tom, if you don't come out here now, I'm going back to the castle. I've got better things to do, you know. I've got exams in a few weeks' time and your bunch of posturing homosexual Storm Troopers wannabes are ruining my study time."

I pause; the fighting's pretty much stopped as everyone is looking at me, not sure what to do. Even the Death Eaters. I bet they don't even know what a Storm Trooper is. Wankers.

"Okay, people," I turn my back on the blankly staring Death Masticators. "Let's go back to the castle; we can fight when Tom bothers to show up. No point in wasting our time."

I walk up to the teachers, patently ignoring the enemies.

"What the hell do you think you are doing, Potter?" Snape sneers.

Sod it. I pull back my fist and let loose, just as Tonks taught me, only she didn't teach me to use a knuckle duster – that was Padfoot from the Marauder's Map.

I look around.

All right! I start to dance on the spot happily. I GOT ALL SIX!

Now everyone's really shocked. I mean, super shocked. I doubt a battle has ever been stopped like this. First you had a cross dresser, and now the good guy from the other side has just knocked six teeth out of the spy.

"I've wanted to do that for two years," I state happily. Ginny's trying hard to hide a smile. It makes her eyes light up with mischief. Damn, she's beautiful. I bet she's the only one with any clue what's going on in my mind.

Bigger; she's just worked it out, and her face is darkening. I wink at her, basically asking her to let me do what I have to. She doesn't want to agree, but with a frown, she does.

I wonder if she knows she has great breasts. Actually, I bloody hope no one has told her. Thank god she hasn't been dating anyone, and that Dean was only a joke last year. It might have crushed me. I think she wanted to stay out of relationships at school with everything going on.

I could have kissed her. Well, I could have kissed her anyway, but you know what I mean.

Albus is saying something to me; I don't think he likes the fact that I'm not acting predictably - or that I just wiped out his Potions professor.

The Death Eaters are still standing around, not sure what to do. You'd think that someone would just order them to attack. But obviously Tommy's been training them to follow his orders only. Stupid git.

Wait, he's coming!

"Tom!" I cheer happily. "So good of you to come. Are you ready for death?"

Voldemort comes closer, gliding in that eerie manner of his. "Are you?" he hisses back. He really should get that looked at. It can't be good for his voice box.

"Why yes, I am," I reply happily. "Thanks for asking."

Voldemort pauses, he didn't expect that.

"What?" he hisses again.

"Have you seen a doctor about that?" I ask him, a bit loudly so that everyone can hear us. "All that hissing has got to hurt. Or do you have a potion to make it better? I'd ask Snape, but he's a little toothless at the moment."

Voldemort looks at the still-prone Potions professor. "The traitor," he sneers.

"Ugly git, too," I agree happily. It's so nice to talk to people who share your point of view. "But then, you'd know a lot about that, wouldn't you Tom? You know, the whole snake look is SO second century."

"Don't call me that," he demands. I can see he's starting to get mad.

"Why? You'll get mad?" I move around to Professor Dumbledore, hiding behind him as I peek around to look back at Tommy-boy. "Oh please save me, Professor! The nasty man's going to get mad at me! Save me from him, please." My tone is about as mocking as I can make it.

Dumbledore still hasn't got a clue what's going on. I think he thinks I've gone mad. He's not far from wrong.

"Are you all right?" he whispers softly. Typical, NOW he cares. Didn't bloody care about the Dursleys, did he? Didn't care when he avoided me for my entire fifth year, did he? Blood protection, my arse!

I move over to McGonagall; I'm really taking the piss now. "Stop the ugly man, please?" I shake her a little, really over-acting. "The half-blood's irritated! Oh, won't somebody save me?"

"Stop that!" Voldemort demands angrily.

I fall to my knees, "Please don't be mad at me," I plead.

"*Crucio!*" he hisses. I guess he's fed up with waiting. Damn, that HURTS! It's the same sort of pain as being hit in the balls by a Bludger, only all over.

"Now that's not very nice," I say as I stand up.

Ginny's looking more worried now. I bet she can tell that this fucking hurts! Yes, I swore. I'd bloody like to see you take this sort of spell and still act normal, without swearing.

Still, the look on Tom's face is priceless. My god, I'd go through this a thousand times over to see ol' snake eyes look like that.

"Are you constipated?" I enquire politely. "I hear that prunes are good for that sort of thing."

"*Crucio!*" he hisses again, harder. I didn't even know you could hiss harder, but he managed it. And bloody hell, it hurts even more.

I wander over to a few friends. D.A. members.

"So, how's the fight going for you?" I ask.

Blaise grins at me. He's an all right bloke, actually, even though he's a Slytherin. I think he might have guessed what I'm doing.

"Not bad, Harry. Bit of a relief really, I had no wish to die today. I've got a Transfiguration test on Monday that I really want to be studying for. Are you going to be long with this?"

Yes! He's bloody marvellous! If I was gay, and not nuts about Ginny, I could kiss him.

"Yeah Harry, hurry it up, will you? Hermione and I wanted to spend some time in a broom cupboard tonight," Ron yells.

Good old Ron; he might not get what's going on inside my mind, but he's not thick. He can always think pretty fast on his feet, but from the look on her face, I'm guessing that Hermione isn't all that happy about him yelling out their plans for this evening in front of everyone here - including the

professors.

"So how about it?" I ask Tom. I can't act much longer; this incessant curse is about to drive me insane.

I try my hardest not to react as he gives up. That was the hardest thing I've ever done.

I can feel the pride in Dumbledore's gaze now. He's just worked it out. Never seen him look so sad either.

"Are you ready for us to get this silly prophecy out of the way?"

"You're going to die!" he hisses gleefully.

"Of course I am," I tell him happily. I do a little jig of happiness. "Can't wait. What about you? Did you make your will and tidy your affairs?"

He looks nonplussed. "What!?" he demands.

"*None shall live, both shall die*," I misquote merrily. "Didn't you know?"

"No!" he whispers, "It can't be!"

"Oh come on, Tom," I laugh at him. "Surely you didn't think you were actually going to get away with all this killing and stuff, did you? I mean, really, how likely is that?"

Tom doesn't appear to know what to say; he's been off balance for too long.

I bet he's still trying to work out why I'm immune to the Cruciatus curse. I'm not, you balding, ugly, thick-as-pig-shit git; I'm just a damn good actor. You should know that by now.

"I've had two years to prepare myself for death, and I'm quite looking forward to it really. You see, I'm a good guy, which means when I die I get to go to Heaven, meet my parents and find Padfoot, and spend the rest of eternity having fun.

"You, on the other hand, being -- you know -- big, bad, evil, and with a serious odour problem -- you should see a doctor about that as well, that sort of stink isn't normal -- get to go to hell, where little guys with pitchforks will stick them where pitchforks don't normally go."

"*Avada Kedavra*," he screams at me.

I laugh loudly and point my wand. I make a flicking motion, and the curse diverts into the air. Everyone knows you can't stop a killing curse - not even me.

No one said anything about changing its target though.

Now everyone is stunned. Unfortunately, not literally.

"*Crucio*!" he yells again, only this time not at me. He must be checking to see if his magic is actually working.

Ginny screams in pain as the spell hits her, and then the screaming stops as soon as the pain stops.

The pain has stopped because I'm in the process of removing Tom's teeth with my fist.

"Of all the people you pick," I snarl, "you just had to pick her, didn't you, you stupid, ugly, git!"

I continue to pound him. Now I'm not just mad, I'm enraged.

He touched my Ginny.

He is going to pay for that.

There's this stunned silence from everyone as they stand around watching, wondering just what the hell is happening. Ginny's being helped to her feet, and she's looking on wild-eyed. I bet she's just put it all together.

Tom throws me off using wandless magic.

I tumble through the air and take a deep breath. I tuck my legs in and start to control my fall; at the last minute, I twist violently, turn to face Tom, and land in a crouch. From the impressed look on everyone's faces, it must have looked really cool.

With a large grin on my face, I start to lope back to Tom. A lope isn't a run, and it's not quite a charge - it's kind of in between. It's certainly implacable. It allows me to dodge certain things, like the curses he's throwing at me left, right and -- I jump to avoid one of them -- centre.

Everyone, students and Death Eaters alike, are circled around us now, which does seem a little stupid; what with the curses that Tom is throwing. I need to switch sides so that any that miss me hit them instead.

As I get near Tom, I fake to my left and bounce to my right, my foot flashing up and doing some more damage to his jaw. I land and continue to bounce away from him as five of his teeth drop to the ground. My punching must have loosened them. Damn! I did better punching Snape.

"Fight me!" he screams, firing several curses at me, two of them the Avadas. I don't divert these. I simply drop to the floor. I look behind me for a second, and hey, two more dead Death Eaters.

"Thanks!" I grin at him.

"Gaahhhh!" he screams in rage.

"Why Tom, I didn't know you were so articulate," I tease him cheerfully. He throws more curses at me. Several hit, but I ignore them as much as I can.

I run at him again, and this time it's more of a charge than a lope. Loping takes a lot out of me, and after that *Crucio* earlier, I'm not really up to it anymore.

This time, I fake left, and then really do go left. I launch a kick to his stomach, and then grab his left arm and break it at the elbow - the snap is audible.

He screams in pain. What a wimp. I bet that hurts less than a *Crucio*.

"If you want to give up now, I can cast a spell that will kill us both easily," I offer, as if I'd rather not.

"I will see you dead, Potter," he sneers, his arm dangling uselessly at his side.

I noticed Blaise whispering to the students, and then them passing the message on. That guy's on top of his game. He's told them all not to interfere. If one of them does, then the masked wonders will fight back and we'll lose what I've been doing. At the moment, it's just Tom and me.

"Yes, I know," I say patiently, my back to the Death Eaters again. Stupid sheep.

"I've already told you. We're both going to die," I remind him.

"Stop saying that!" Voldemort demands, launching more curses at me.

I want to give in now. I want to stop. God, these hurt so much.

I can feel blood running over my body under my robes. He can't see it though. I stand up straight, no hint of how damn hard it is on my face.

"Why won't you die?!" he screams in frustration.

"Because you're not dead," I remind him.

He fires curse after curse after curse at me. Some hit me, and some hit his Death Eaters.

The smarter ones are already retreating. They believe me. They're realising that their big boss is powerless, and that with him dead, they're gonna be screwed. You can almost hear them thinking about who they can betray to the authorities to get a lighter sentence.

I jog towards him. This time, as he moves to avoid my punch, I leap in to the air and as I fall, I kick down hard, right into his kneecap.

He's got a really piercing scream. He's not used to pain, I guess. I am. It's been one of the constants in my life. Mental or physical -- I've experienced it all.

Tom's lost -- he doesn't know what to do next. As far as he can tell, his spells have no effect on me, and he's not set up to fight a physical battle. That's part of my plan. I'm never going to beat him in a straight fight. He's so much older than me, and he's been fighting magical fights for all his life. He knows more magic than I can dream of.

I knew this, so I concocted this plan. Just take his magic and do my best to ignore it, while hurting his body and his mind. Sure, acting insane is a lot of fun, and I based it on my dad, Padfoot, and the twins, but I'm glad we're getting near the end. I'm breathing heavily, and all I can think about is the agonising pain I'm going through.

I need to finish this soon because if I don't, he'll win.

I cast the strongest shield spell I can, using it right against my skin. I'm a wizard as well, and I need all my magic for this now. I walk towards him slowly.

"I think it's time we stopped, Tom," I say, now looking sad. "This world's been all right, really, and I'm kinda sad to leave it. But as I said, I'm optimistic about the other side."

Tom's firing every curse he can think of at me, and my shield is taking the lot; only I don't think he can tell I have a shield. He's in too much pain to understand.

I reach him, and my shield is already fading. Tom is so powerful - much more so than Dumbledore. If he'd kept his head earlier, he could have ended this easily. The arrogance of evil, I suppose.

"Ready?" I ask cheerfully, absently kicking out and knocking him to the floor.

"You can't kill me," he cries. "I'm not human anymore!"

"You know," I say, "that actually makes it easier." As fast as I can, I pull the Sword of Gryffindor from its holster on my back, and stab him in the chest.

He looks shocked. All the magic that's been used to keep him alive, to stop spells from hitting him, and he never expected the use of a Muggle weapon.

"I am Lord Voldemort!" he screams.

"No," I whisper softly. "You're Tom Riddle, and he's dead." I pull the sword from his chest, spin it once through the air, gathering speed, and then swing it down, hard, as I move to the side.

Tom's head rolls forwards; his body slumps down.

I feel sorry for him, in a way.

I look up, at the Death Eaters, and stand up straight. I hope they don't attack, because I can't move anymore; I just want to collapse to the ground and lay there, forever.

They look at me, and I can tell they're scared. They think I'm invincible; they've brought my act completely.

"You said you would both die," one of them complains. It's Wormtail! Maybe I do have a little bit of energy left. I throw the sword as hard as I can, straight at him.

Score!

"Yeah, well about that," I say, my voice strong and confident. "I lied."

The Death Eaters turn and start to run, trying to get away. I bet Lucius is the first of them. I'll deal with him later.

"Well," I ask the Aurors and Order members who have FINALLY turned up. "What are you waiting for? Capture them!"

They look at me in awe for a second, then collectively seem to blink, waking up to what has happened. With a cheer, they charge.

Me?

I collapse, exhausted.

It's no real surprise that Ginny is the first to reach me. She's crying.

"Hey," I say softly. "Don't cry."

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asks, sounding really upset.

"Couldn't," I whisper. I think I can feel blood trickling down the side of my mouth now. Those spells must have done a lot more damage than I thought. "I'm dying," I whisper softly. "I'm sorry."

"No," she whispers, "You can't."

"Are you really a B-cup?" I slur, the light fading around me.

"Yes!" she cries. "And if you want to see them, you'll not die."

See them?

Oh Christ, I can't die now, damn it.

I'm fighting now. Remembering the kids I wanted with her. I should tell her that, I think groggily.

"I want kids with you," I croak. I wish my voice was stronger.

I think everyone is gathered around, silently watching us. I can kinda see them out of my eyes, but they're fading.

"You have to live," she pleads, "for our children."

She's right. I do. I fight some more to stay awake. I can't let Tom win now - not after I've killed him.

"So you'll marry me?" I ask hopefully.

"If you live. I love you Harry. I always have."

I smile, suddenly I feel like it's all been worth it. "I love you," I whisper. "Not always, but for some time now."

"Make way," another voice demands; I wonder who it is. A shadow is over me, and a potion is forced down my throat.

I gasp, the light returning. I'm going to live. Fuck me! It hurts.

"We need to get him to the Hospital Wing," Madam Pomfrey says. "That potion won't last for long, and he took too many curses for me to fix out here."

There's some movement, and before I know it, I'm on a stretcher that Ron and Hermione made. I owe them a serious explanation. They pick me up; Blaise and Neville have my feet, Ron and Hermione by my head, and Ginny holding my hand at my side.

"That was the bravest, stupidest thing I have ever seen," Hermione says, tears running down her face.

"It worked, didn't it?" I croak softly.

"It did, Harry," Ron said, a look of admiration in his eyes. "The twins are going to worship you as a god."

"Damn right we are," they shout from the sidelines.

"But we ARE going to have a talk about exactly how you know my sister's bra size!" Ron adds.

I laugh weakly.

"No, you bloody well won't, Ronald Bilius Weasley," Ginny interrupts sternly. "First of all, Harry gets to check; he was right first. Secondly, as I'm now his fiancée, all complaints have to go through me anyway."

Ron gapes at her. I'm trying hard not to myself. I did ask her to marry me, but I didn't think she'd take it so literally.

"Stop," Snape demands coldly, sneering down at me. He's holding one hand to the side of his face. Oh yeah. I forgot I knocked his teeth out.

"Severus!" I hear Dumbledore call, but he's a little too late.

Ginny's already eased the knuckle-duster off my right hand, and punched him as hard as she can. Boy, can that girl pack a punch. It looks like he's lost even more teeth.

"I love you," I tell her.

She just smiles at me. And again, I realise that it was all worth it. I've defeated the bad guy, got the girl, and can now look forward to a, checking her breasts; and b, marrying her.

You know what? Destiny kicks ass!

Now, I wonder how long Madam Pomfrey will keep me in the hospital. I have an appointment with Ginny, a bottle of champagne, the Room of Requirement, and some massage oil.

I hope that Ron doesn't decide to look for us. I'll lock the door. Maybe ask Dobby to bring us food.

We have years to make up for, and it will take me at least a couple days to learn everything I can about Ginny's breasts.

Actually, I'd better make that the rest of my life to learn all about them. No sense in hurrying things, is there? Besides, it will take me at least a year to name all her freckles.

Hmm, I'm supposed to be leaving school in a few weeks. And Ginny's coming back next year. I wonder what the rules are for engaged students.

Still, if I don't like them, I'll just ignore them. After all, it's not like I haven't done that before this, right? We can live at Hogwarts together till she finishes, and then we can look for a place of our own.

I can keep her occupied when she isn't in class or on the Quidditch pitch, and when she is, perhaps I can finally start to learn magic for fun, and not to keep myself alive.

You know, I'm not an Animagus yet. And I can't turn myself invisible, or see through invisibility cloaks, or do any of that cool stuff.

A year of living with Ginny, studying magic for fun, and being in a place I still call home? Yeah, this is definitely what destiny is all about!

Madness Insanity

Ginny half skipped, half walked towards the library. Part of her was worried; after all, her new fiancé was currently lying in a bed in the Hogwarts Hospital Wing, wearing more magical bandages than an Egyptian Mummy.

On the other hand, her fiancé had just defeated Voldemort.

She paused to savour that thought.

Tom 'I'm shit at anagrams' Riddle, as her fiancé had christened him, was very dead. First her fiancé had rearranged most of his internal organs by inserting a foot of steel into his stomach, and then he had proven that Tom was not -- appearance to the contrary -- in fact a cockroach by removing his head. Which had left the so-called Dark Lord extremely dead.

The wizarding world was happy, but was holding off the massive celebrations until they were sure that their hero, her fiancé, was going to live to see them.

He'd done the most insane, crazy, mad thing any of the watching crowd had ever seen. He'd faced Tom, taken two of the most powerful Cruciatus curses known, and pretended they hadn't affected him at all. While Tom was confused and didn't know what to do, her fiancé had started to destroy his body, while playing with his mind.

It had seemed quite obvious that Tom wasn't actually used to physical pain, as he had lost his head - literally.

But the fight had revealed one other thing to her.

Tom had been a little shocked that his *Crucio* hadn't affected Harry, so he had tested it on someone else. Her.

There had been a brief second of unimaginable pain, and then it had stopped. As she had been helped to her feet, she had found out why the pain had stopped so suddenly.

Her fiancé was doing his best to remove all of Tom's teeth while growling, "Of all the people you pick, you just had to pick her, didn't you, you stupid, ugly, git!"

That was when she knew. For sure. She'd had the feeling that for quite a few months Harry's feelings had changed about her. She had felt him watching her time and time again, but wasn't positive. She had almost convinced herself that she was mistaken.

All those times, he'd sit in the dark corner of the common room, his bright green eyes gleaming. Everyone knew he'd been taking extra fighting lessons that were leaving him exhausted by the time it came to the evening. He wouldn't talk to anyone, wouldn't have the energy; he'd just watch everything and everyone.

And her in particular. She'd been almost completely sure of that.

Almost.

She'd thought of going over, challenging him, making him tell her if he was or wasn't, but in the end, had decided not to. Stubborn was one word that you could definitely apply to him. Well, along with gorgeous, heroic, noble, courageous, and drop-dead-sexy.

She'd avoided other relationships, because the feeling that he wanted her wouldn't go away. She decided to wait till the Voldemort thing was over, and then give him a few months. If he hadn't made a move by then, she was going to take some more drastic actions herself.

Of course, it hadn't been needed. He had confessed his love, as he had been about to die. She'd begged him to live, when he'd asked her if she was really a B-cup. She still smiled at the memory. She'd told him that if he wanted to see them, he'd better live. He'd followed that up by telling her he wanted children with her, and asking her to marry him.

Only Harry Potter would propose like that, but she loved him anyway. She'd agreed instantly, fully aware of the implications. And her first action as his fiancée had been to stop her brother interfering with Harry and how he knew she was a B-cup. She knew it would have been research and guesswork; he wasn't creepy enough to search through her underwear.

Her second action had been even more fun - that useless piece of shit, Snape, had stood between her fiancé and the Hospital Wing. Harry had knocked six of his teeth out earlier; she'd only managed to get another three, but it was enough that he was now in his room, and would be for several more days growing new teeth, which she had heard was extremely painful.

She'd spent a lot of time by Harry's bed, pretty much ignoring the steady stream of visitors - even her family - as she concentrated on her future.

She'd stayed that way till her Mum had cast a sleep spell on her when she wasn't looking, and put her to bed.

She was fully intent on going straight back to the Hospital Wing, but wanted to do some research first.

The library was deserted, which was not a surprise, considering the time of day. Classes had been cancelled, as no one could concentrate, and there was an almost delirious feeling of joy in the air, as people just waited for the sign to be able to explode in a huge party.

She snuck into the Restricted Section, and quickly found the book she wanted. Being related to Fred and George was definitely a blessing in disguise, she had decided some time ago. She was positive that no one else in the school would sneak into the Library at three am to look up prophylactic charms. And that not many other people would have been taught some extremely useful charms by a curse-breaker or a brother.

With a whispered '*Lumos*' she sat down and opened the book. It didn't take her long to find the right charm. It guaranteed five days of contraception. With absolutely no chance of getting pregnant. She was well aware that with her genetic history, it would probably only need the hint of sex for her to get pregnant, and as much as having kids sounded like a cool idea, she had no wish to do so now. And she suspected that her fiancé felt exactly the same way.

She was about to leave, when she caught sight of another book. "Hopping On His Broomstick: A Guide For Witches," by Elaine Striker. She checked her watch, and decided she could afford another hour of study.

Opening the book to the first page, she felt her eyes go wide at the illustrations accompanying the text. She licked her lips hungrily and hoped that she had a plan on how to get them alone for as long as possible. Some of these instructions looked a lot of fun.

An hour later, her research complete, she walked back through the halls to the Hospital Wing, of which Harry was the only occupant. His bravery had meant that there had not been a single injury on the good guys' side, aside from his won. (Snape's teeth didn't count, the git had been begging for his comeuppance for several years).

Once back in his room, she walked over to his bed and silently moved a chair closer to him.

"I can always tell when you're near," Harry whispered, causing her to jump.

"You're awake," she whispered back happily.

"Yeah," he croaked. "Did I really do what I think I did?"

Ginny reached out and grabbed a cup of water, holding it to his lips as he drank. Her other arm curled protectively around him as she helped him lift himself into a sitting position. "Defeated Voldemort?" she asked softly.

"What? No, not him. Asked you to marry me?"

Ginny paused, "Yes," she replied hesitantly, suddenly afraid that he was going to rescind the offer.

"Thank God." Harry sounded relieved. "I was scared I'd dreamed that part."

Ginny smiled brilliantly. The rush of pleasure that coursed through her body was unlike anything she had ever felt. "You seemed more interested in my breasts though," she teased.

Harry opened his eyes and stared at her, before starting to laugh. "I hoped I'd dreamed that part."

Ginny shook her head. "It was an interesting chat up line, Potter."

Harry smiled at her. "It must have worked; you agreed to marry me, didn't you?"

"Yep. I wasn't going to miss my chance of finally catching you. But why didn't you tell me beforehand?"

"I couldn't handle it," he confessed softly, pulling away from her and laying back against his pillow. His eyes searched the ceiling endlessly. "If there's one thing I know about you, Gin, is that you're fearless. You wouldn't have cared about Tom, Death Eaters, your family, anyone. But I couldn't handle the thought of you getting hurt. If you had been hurt by anyone, I would have gone after them immediately, regardless of the consequences. I would have made them pay, but it would have been bad for me, and bad for the rest of the world. I couldn't take that chance; I couldn't let what I wanted, and I suspected you wanted, stand between us and saving the world."

He turned his head slightly, dropping his eyes from the ceiling, and looked at her intensely. "But, I've done that now. I have put everyone else first for the last time. From now on, I'm putting you first, everyone else be damned. You are the most important person in my life, you're the only reason I'm still alive, and I'm going to spend the rest of my life proving to you just how grateful I am."

She smiled softly, feeling a single tear track slowly down her cheek. "That is probably the only reason I would accept," she whispered.

He reached out, and lightly touched her cheek, gently brushing away the tear. "Do you have any idea how many times I've wanted to touch you over the past six months?"

She slowly smiled at him as she shivered slightly under his touch. "I might have some idea; just remember who had the crush on who first? And then I got to know you, and you became so much more than a two-dimensional crush to me. You're Harry, and finally, for the first time, you're MY Harry."

"It's a little strange," he said softly, "to think that we are engaged, but haven't even kissed yet."

"That sounds like an issue you should rectify at the earliest opportunity. After all, I'm a good girl."

"You are?"

"Yep," she grinned. "If you think I'm going to let anyone check my breast size without at least a kiss beforehand, you're sadly mistaken."

Harry laughed under his breath. "You're not going to let me forget that, are you?"

"Forget it? I'm planning on making sure you find out as soon as possible. Once I get my kiss first."

"How do you feel about climbing on top of a boy before your first kiss? When the boy can't get out of bed."

"That, I've not got a problem with," she grinned. She stood, lightly throwing off her school robes and placed her right knee on the bed next to him, sliding her other leg over him, so she was straddling his stomach. As slowly as possible, checking for his reaction, looking for pain, she lowered herself further down, till she was sitting on him.

"Do you mind if I...?" he asked, his hands itching towards her hair, where it was currently tied into a ponytail.

She shook her head mutely, watching him in the moonlight-enhanced darkness.

With a hesitancy and tenderness she had never seen in him before, he reached up and freed her hair, so that it fell down her back in a crimson curve.

"Lean forwards," he ordered, a smile on his face. "And shake your head a little."

She did as she was told, realising that the mood had changed dramatically. She wasn't completely inexperienced; there had been quite a few kissing sessions with Michael, but nothing like this. There was a level of intimacy here she had never felt, and she felt her body respond to it like never before. He had a power over her that was completely unique. She felt that her decision to grab the engagement offer had just been fully justified, with a single look from him.

His hands reached up, lightly taking hold of the thick strands of her hair as they draped over her. "I love your hair," he whispered. "I've wanted to touch it for so long, see if it was as soft and warm as it always appeared." His hands slid further up, digging further into it. "You're allowed to touch as well," he smiled up at her.

She looked nervous all of a sudden. "Everywhere?"

He slid his left hand down and grabbed her right hand. He looked into her eyes intently and slid her hand up, towards his face. "I trust you," he said simply. He continued his movement, till her hand was on his forehead, resting against his scar.

She couldn't believe it; despite everything, this was the first physical sign that he loved her. She ran her fingers over the scarred tissue, feeling the edges, as she explored, and then moved into his hair, ruffling it. "So I get full access to your hair as well?"

"Of course," he smiled.

She leant forwards and gently kissed his scar. "I love you."

His arms slid up, wrapping around her, and he pulled back and down firmly, till she was laying completely on him. "Hi?" she grinned.

"I love you," he said, his face serious, his eyes pinning hers. "Now I can't move, so you're going to have to kiss me."

"Am I hurting you?" she asked, suddenly concerned that lying on him like she was could be causing him pain.

"It would hurt a lot more if you moved off me," he said intently. "You're making every ache and pain worthwhile. Enough talking, Ginny, please."

Unable to resist, she slowly pulled herself up, till she was hovering just over his lips. She could feel his warm breath brushing against her lips. She closed the gap, almost hesitantly, suddenly overcome with fear. What if he didn't like how she kissed?

Her hesitancy was ended, as he lifted his head and closed the gap, touching his lips to hers. At the contact of his slightly chapped lips against hers, she exhaled slowly and melted against him. She could feel his strong arms tighten around her, holding her as securely as she had ever been held, and she realised that she felt safe and at home in his arms.

She stayed with him for what felt like eternity, as they kissed tenderly. Just holding their lips against each other's, and moving them lazily.

She gasped into his mouth as he suddenly took control of the kiss. His hands slid up her back, tangling into her hair. He pulled her head back a little, and placed a row of soft kisses along her lips, before pulling her back down a little harder, and opening his mouth. She could feel his tongue slide quickly across her teeth, and she automatically opened her mouth.

His tongue darted into her mouth, exploring freely. She moved her tongue against him and felt him groan against her. It gave her all the confidence she needed. She slid her own tongue forwards, pushing into his mouth. She tasted him for the first time, and instantly became addicted. There was a faint taste of mint, but behind that something that was indescribably Harry.

A few minutes later, they parted, both breathing hard, smiling at each other. He looked so relaxed and happy, and so very open, and she realised that she was seeing him as no one else ever had.

He reached up and lightly sucked her bottom lip, nibbling gently along it, causing her to moan in pleasure.

“Do you have any idea how simply gorgeous you are?” he asked, his voice intense.

She blushed slightly. “I’m not gorgeous.”

He actually laughed at her. “Not gorgeous? You’re leaning above me, your hair framing your face like fire, your lips are incredibly red and swollen from my kisses. You’re looking at me with the most beautiful passion-filled eyes I’ve ever seen, like you want to devour me, and you dare to say that you are not gorgeous? Every single man in the world envies me at the moment. I could have a Veela chorus line at the foot of the bed, and they would turn around, realising they are outclassed by you. I feel like I have to hold onto you to make sure you don’t vanish, that you’re not a figment of my imagination. The only reason I know that you’re not is because my imagination isn’t this good. I’ve never felt as lucky as I do at the moment. And if I need to spend the rest of my life making sure you never doubt that you are truly beautiful again, I will do so.”

“You make me feel beautiful,” she said, leaning down to kiss him again. She placed her own soft kisses against his lips, pulling back each time he tried to deepen. “You know, you’re not too bad yourself. What with your intensely green eyes, your sexy half-pout, and that hair.” She leant into him again and kissed him firmly.

He instantly returned the kiss, and she felt her world explode into colours she had never seen before.

“I hope you have a plan to get us alone,” Ginny whispered when they finally broke the kiss.

“Do you know how long I have to stay in here?” Harry asked, referring to the Hospital Wing.

Ginny shook her head, “I don’t know. You were pretty close to death.”

Harry smiled slightly. “It certainly felt like it. I’m never going to do anything like that again.”

“I can hardly believe you did it now - it’s like a dream almost. No one who watched it can believe that you just took two Cruciatus curses without flinching.”

“I flinched,” Harry interrupted. “I was screaming internally. I just knew I couldn’t show it.”

“For a second,” Ginny started, shifting so that her forehead was just above his, her hair draping down like a curtain, giving them the illusion of privacy. “I didn’t think it had hit you, but then I realised that it had. I knew you were in pain, and I hated it.”

Harry’s eyes smiled at her, “I know. When Voldemort put it on you, I nearly lost it and acted too soon. I love you so much; I couldn’t stand thinking he had you in pain again.”

“The thing about the past,” Ginny whispered, her breath brushing against his mouth, “is that it led us to today. You know? Everything we went through has left us here. And I wouldn’t change any of it.”

Harry blinked thoughtfully. “You know, the reward does seem worth the effort,” he admitted. “I have you.”

“For life,” Ginny promised. “But you haven’t answered my question. How are you going to get us alone? While school is still in term.”

“I’m guessing you don’t have any moral objections to missing a few classes?”

“None at all.”

“Good,” Harry grinned. “Then, as soon as I’m out of here, I promise you several days of uninterrupted time. I do have a plan, and hey, after defeating Voldemort, I think my plan has a good chance of working.”

Ginny laughed softly, “I love you, ego and all.” She kissed him lightly again. “I’m going to get very used to this very quickly, this ‘kissing you whenever I feel like it’ business.”

“No complaints from me. I’m kinda enjoying it myself.”

Ginny sighed softly. “I’m going to have to share you soon. Everyone wants to talk to you; you’re a hero, you know.”

Harry groaned loudly. “Can’t they let me off? I defeated him, what more do they want from me?”

“Explanations, mainly, as to how and why you did what you did. I tried to tell them, but I don’t think they believed me.”

Harry frowned, “Right. You’re not taking a step away from me this morning. As my fiancée, you have that right.”

“I agree,” Ginny said happily.

“Have you got your wand?” At Ginny’s nod, Harry continued, “Then make this bed a little bigger, so you can sit with me.”

The red-haired witch smiled happily, and leapt off him, and looked at the bed. “How about I make it more into a couch, then I can sit snuggled into you, and you can still be comfortable.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Harry agreed, and watched as Ginny expertly cast a couple of spells, transfiguring the hospital bed into a combined couch and

bed. She sat back down next to him, and swung her legs over his torso, resting her body against him. "How's this?"

Harry slid his arm around her. "Perfect," he yawned.

"Go to sleep, love," Ginny whispered against him, "I'm not going anywhere."

"Promise?" Harry asked, his eyes showing a little vulnerability.

"I promise," she whispered again, and softly kissed the corner of his mouth. She felt so calm and at peace as she watched her future husband drift off into sleep. She snuggled a little closer into him, and smiled as his arm automatically tightened around her, and she felt herself falling into a light sleep herself.

"Miss Weasley?" A distinguished voice woke them both at once.

"What do you want?" Harry asked grumpily, his arm holding Ginny tightened, making sure she didn't move. Not that she wanted to. At all.

"Ahh, I see you're awake, Mr Potter," the Headmaster said cheerfully.

"Indeed," Harry replied coolly. He sat up, Ginny with him, and looked around the rapidly filling room.

He nodded at Blaise, grinned at the Twins, smiled at Hermione and Ron, and winked at Neville. "I understand that you didn't believe Ginny when she told you what happened?"

Dumbledore looked nonplussed; an expression that Ginny thought suited him. "Err, I of course meant no offence to Miss Weasley, but I'm afraid that we were not convinced of the veracity of her knowledge."

"As my future wife," Harry said calmly, his voice even and collected, "I can assure you that she knows me better than anyone else alive. I am positive that her answers were more than accurate."

There was an awkward silence, as no one really knew what to say. Ginny hadn't quite realised just how far the relationship between Harry and the Headmaster had fallen apart.

"Make way, make way," an obnoxious voice grated, as the portly figure of Cornelius Fudge made his entrance.

"What do you want?" Harry demanded, stiffening.

"Congratulations on your wonderful victory, Mr Potter," Fudge said enthusiastically. "Wonderful, truly wonderful. Wanted to say thank you personally, of course, maybe have a few photos taken. Good for the press, and all, you know - reassure everyone that you are alive."

Ginny had her wand in her hand before anyone could blink. "If you take one more step towards my fiancé, the bloody press can see what you look like with a bat-bogey hex, you fucking wanker. You didn't believe Harry when he told you Voldemort was back and have actively stood in his way every time he's tried to do something about him over the past few years. You can damn well believe that we will be talking to the press alone, without your interference. If you're a good little Fudge, and leave us the fuck alone, we might leave you out completely; if not, we'll tell everyone reporter we meet exactly what we think of you. Consider it a deal if you like. You fuck off, and we don't fucking mention you. You might keep your job that way."

Fudge gaped at her, turned to look at the amused face of Harry, and spluttered.

"I'd listen to my fiancée," Harry drawled cheerfully.

"Fiancée?"

"As in future wife," Harry agreed, moving his head to place a kiss on Ginny's hair.

Realising he was outgunned, Fudge began a tactical retreat. "Well, I can see it's too early for photos yet," he mumbled. "I'll tell the press you need more time to rest." He turned on his heels and walked out.

The students in the room were gaping at Ginny, who still had her wand pointed at the back of the departing Minister of Magic.

"Have I mentioned that I love you?" Harry asked.

Ginny lowered her wand and turned to face him. "Not within the last five minutes," she pouted, in the same way she had used on her father when she wanted something when she was young.

Harry leaned forwards and kissed the pout. "I do, and that was bloody brilliant. I think I've just appointed you my permanent press officer."

Ginny laughed and relaxed back into him, facing everyone again. "So, we'll take questions from the floor now." Like Harry, she ignored the Headmaster.

"You're really getting married then?" Hermione asked first, a frown on her face.

"Yes," Ginny and Harry said together. "Next question."

"Do you have any idea what this means?" Fred asked despairingly.

"What?"

"That mum will be after us to settle down now, and we're just getting into being rich bachelors." George grinned, and then looked at his twin. Together, they swooped in and hugged the pair.

"Harry, you must have balls the size of a hippogriff," Fred said admiringly. "Because that was bloody insane what you did."

As so often happened, Fred and George broke the tension, and the rest of the students surrounded the bed.

The headmaster, forgotten and ignored, slowly walked out the room.

"Where's Mum?" Ginny asked.

"Went home to get some sleep," Ron answered. They were all sitting around the transfigured bed now.

"Good," Ginny smiled. "So I'm guessing the parties are going to begin tonight?"

"Once the press receives word that Harry's awake, then yeah," Fred chimed in cheerfully. "So, just exactly what the hell were you thinking?" he asked, turning his attention to the saviour of the wizarding world.

Harry laughed, looking amused at the bluntness. "Every time I'd fought Voldemort, I'd only escaped by luck. Then I watched him and Dumbledore fight at the end of my fifth year and realised they were both years ahead of me, experience wise. I mean, it was hardly fair, I'm just a student and they've both been duelling for years and years. So I realised I couldn't beat him normally - I'd have to do something different.

"Anyway, I was sitting in the common room, indulging in Ginny-watching--"

"--Ginny boob-watching, you mean," Blaise interrupted with a smirk. "We all heard your highly-important last words."

Everyone laughed, Harry included, although he was blushing furiously. "Yeah, well, I was in a lot of pain," he said in his own defence. "I wasn't really thinking clearly."

"Watch it, Potter," Ron grinned. "That's still my sis you've been ogling."

"Oh shush, Ron," Ginny replied, rolling her eyes. "I don't see you engaged to Hermione. Despite what you two get up to in broom cupboards."

The two in question blushed furiously, while the others laughed even more.

"So," Harry interrupted before the squabbling could get out of hand. "I knew I had to do something different, and that Tom never seemed to handle surprises very well, so when those Death Idiots attacked early, and all of our plans went out the window, I knew I had to go ahead. Basically, I took what I knew of my dad, Padfoot, and the dynamic duo over there, merged them into one cocky son of a bitch, and acted so much Shakespeare would be proud."

Hermione shook her head. "What about the killing curse?"

"Oh that, I was lucky," he admitted freely. "I had no proof that the simple spell would work."

"You bet your life on a first year spell!?"

"Sure," Harry replied easily. "What else was I going to do? If Tom had kept his head, he would have won easily. I was just lucky because I managed to keep him off balance."

"Did you know that you dislocated his jaw, broke his right arm in a compound fracture, and smashed his knee into something unrecognisable?" Blaise asked cheerfully.

Harry and Ginny both had identical expressions of glee on their faces upon hearing that bit of news. Ginny twisted to give Harry a quick kiss. "Serves the son of a bitch right," Harry said cheerfully. "Revenge for all the people he has killed. What happened to the Death Eaters?"

"Pretty much everyone was captured," Ron said, "and they are all squealing like piggies, trying to get reduced sentences. I think you scared them."

"He bloody scared *me*," Blaise assured everyone with a grin. "I've gotta be honest Potter, it was a bloody Slytherin thing you did. I thought you were insane."

"I'm just glad you understood what I was doing," Harry replied. "If anyone else had interfered, we'd have been screwed."

"And as it is," Ginny interrupted demurely. "The only screwing they are doing is to each other."

"Everyone out," Madam Pomfrey interrupted the group, "I need to check Mr Potter's bandages."

Reluctantly, the students got up to leave.

"Guys," Harry called. "Could you keep the press away from me?"

They all nodded. "No problem," Ron said cheerfully. "We'll tell them you're still on your deathbed - and probably not mention that you're being held there by Gin."

Ginny threw a pillow at her brother, who poked his tongue out at her and ducked out the way.

"You too, Miss Weasley," The nurse said.

"I'd rather my fiancée stayed," Harry interrupted. "It's not really up for discussion."

"But," the nurse looked horrified at the idea that one of her charges wasn't immediately following her orders, and that another student would be observing while she removed the copious bandages Harry was swathed in.

Harry shook his head. "The teachers of this school lost their right to order me around with their behaviour over the last few years. Now please, perform your checks."

Madam Pomfrey went about her work on autopilot, not really sure what she should say or do. Any other student would be feeling her wrath, but this was the student who had just defeated Voldemort.

"You seem to be healing nicely; we got to you just in time. You can leave whenever you think you are ready," she said, as she removed the last of his magical bandages, leaving him only in a pair of shorts.

"Thank you," Harry said with a smile. "Where are my clothes?"

"The ones you were wearing I threw away," Ginny interrupted. "I put some clothes in that cabinet, along with your wand."

"Thanks, love," Harry smiled at her, and wandered over to the cabinet, dressing unselfconsciously.

"I'll leave you two alone," Pomfrey muttered, realising that she was not wanted.

Ginny looked at Harry, "So," she murmured, not noticing that the Nurse had left. "You had a plan?"

"You want to do it now?" Harry asked.

Ginny nodded a slight flush in her cheeks. "Having just seen you mostly naked, oh yeah."

Harry grinned. "Dobby!?" he called

A second later the House-elf appeared, and immediately attached himself to Harry's leg.

"Harry Potter did it, sir!" he cried. "Harry Potter is truly the greatest of all wizards. Not even Professor Dumbledore did that!"

Harry smiled and lightly patted Dobby's back. "Dobby, I'd like to formally introduce you to my future wife, Ginny Weasley."

Dobby's already large eyes seemed to double in size, "This is your Miss Wheezy?"

"Exactly," Harry agreed cheerfully.

"Dobby is honoured," the elf said with a sincere bow.

"Anyway, we wanted to ask you a question," Harry interrupted smoothly. "We're going to need a house-elf when we leave school, and we wanted to ask if you would be willing to join us. We would, of course, pay you for your work."

Dobby's mouth opened wide and he fell to his knees. "Dobby would like nothing more. Dobby will tell Professor Dumbledore that he is leaving with Mr Harry Potter sir."

Harry smiled at him. "We're so pleased, Dobby. My future wife and I were wondering if you'd do us a favour?"

"Of course, Harry Potter has but to name it and Dobby will be doing it immediately."

"We need somewhere we can be alone for a couple of days. We don't want to face the press, or any of the teachers."

"Dobby knows just the place," the house-elf said excitedly. "Dobby can take you there now."

"Please do, Dobby," Harry and Ginny said together.

The small creature bounced to his feet and grabbed both of their hands, transporting them.

"Dobby is sorry," he said as they arrived. "Dobby didn't realise it was like this."

He looked disgustedly around the dirty and dusty room, and clapped his hands repeatedly. Six more house-elves appeared in a flash. "Dobby is wanting this room spotless for Harry Potter sir and his Wheezy," he commanded, and before the two students could blink, the elves got to work. Like spinning dervishes, they cleaned and polished the room till it was gleaming.

Dobby walked around, supervising and adding finishing touches. He moved his hands towards the large fireplace, creating a roaring fire.

"This is brilliant," Ginny whispered, looking around the now huge pristine room. In front of her was a large four-poster bed, with lace curtains. Through the door to the left was what looked like a private bathroom that seemed to match the description that Hermione had given of the Prefects' Bathroom. The door to the right led to another large room, in what she presumed was a sitting room.

Dobby looked pleased at Ginny's words.

"You've done wonderfully, Dobby," Harry said directly to the small elf. "Could you make sure that no one bothers us till Thursday morning? And can you bring us food here?"

Dobby bounced happily. "Dobby is delighted," he crowed delightedly. "No one will be bothering great wizard Harry Potter and his Wheezy till Thursday morning. Dobby is promising."

"Thank you," Ginny smiled, and dropped to her knees and gave the house-elf a kiss on the cheek.

It was that very second that Dobby fell completely in love for the second time. The first had been when Harry had freed him.

"Dobby will serve Mr Potter and his wife forever," the house-elf stated, in a serious manner that Harry had never seen from him before. He gave them both a bow and vanished from sight, leaving them alone.

Harry shook his head slowly. "He's a bit excitable," he said, with a small amount of understatement, "but I really like him."

"Me too," Ginny agreed, looking around. "So," she started, before stopping, looking at the bed.

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "All alone."

"Do we just...?" Ginny asked, suddenly feeling embarrassed.

Harry smiled at her softly, and shook his head. "We don't 'just' do anything love," he said, his tone matching his expression.

"Then...?"

Harry walked over to her slowly. "We don't have to do anything, and if we are doing something, and you don't like it, just say so. No means no, remember? You're too important to me." He raised his hand, and lightly cupped her cheek, tilting her head back so he could look into her eyes.

She smiled warmly back at him, relaxing a little. "I love you, and I trust you," she said simply.

"Good," Harry grinned at her impishly and walked over to the window, pulling the curtain. "*Stellatus*," He muttered, pointing his wand at the ceiling. The ceiling went black, and then small stars started to appear, bathing the room in a soft golden glow.

"Mood lighting?" Ginny asked with a smirk.

Harry just smiled at her and walked into the main room. A couple of seconds later, the sound of music reached her through the doors.

As she opened her mouth, Harry walked over and lightly touched his finger to her lips. "Shhh," he whispered.

Ginny nodded softly and watched him closely as he cast a silencing and locking charm on the doors, before turning back to face her.

With a lazy slowness, he reached down and grabbed the bottom of his t-shirt. Slowly, he pulled it up, revealing his smooth, hairless chest. There were a couple of scars, from his encounter with Tom, which marred his skin. He pulled the t-shirt off completely, and threw it casually into a corner. The movements caused different muscles to tense and release, making Ginny realise just how much the training to fight had changed him. She licked her lips softly, wanting to run her hands over his muscles more than anything else in the world.

He moved towards her, and reached out, grabbing the bottom of her own t-shirt.

Ginny took a deep breath, and raised her hands, giving him the permission his eyes were asking for.

Taking all the time in the world, he slowly pulled the t-shirt up her stomach, his fingers lightly brushing her skin, sending small waves of pleasure through her body. She smiled as she heard him exhale as her breasts, encased in her best black bra, were revealed to his gaze. He pulled the t-shirt off her raised arms and threw it on top of his.

Ginny was hit by the sudden thought that she'd be on top of him shortly, and smiled.

"Dance with me," he half asked, half told her.

Raising her eyebrows in surprise, she nodded and moved into his arms. He wrapped his arms around her, and pulled her close, slowly dancing her around the room.

Ginny felt her earlier apprehension vanish, as she rested her head on his chest, feeling surrounded by him. It was warm, safe, and at the same time hot and exciting. She could feel her breasts pressed against his chest, the silk of her bra rubbing against her, along with the heat of his chest.

His hands slid down to her waist, and he pulled her tightly against him. She let herself fall back, in time to the distant music, trusting him to hold her

up. She looked up at him, her hair falling straight down, and gasped as, for the first time ever she felt the press of an aroused male against her.

Harry moved his hands, causing her to sway, and smiled down at her intently, then jerked her up back against him. His hands slid up her back, holding her close again.

She nuzzled her face into his shoulder, kissing the skin softly, tasting his body for the first time. The taste was similar to when she had kissed him but more intense, more raw. She trailed her tongue along his collarbone, feeling his hold on her tighten.

She shifted onto her toes, so she could press her face into his neck. She could feel his heart beating faster against her chest, a steady rhythm that was slowly increasing in tempo in response to her actions. Her nervousness was now completely gone, as reality put a thousand fantasies to shame. She flicked her tongue out and felt the blood pulse through his veins.

His hands slowly slid up, till they were resting against her bra. She looped her arms up around his neck and leant back, balancing. She tilted her head back a little, and looked straight into his eyes, a slight smile on her face.

His eyes were darker than she had ever seen them, and she knew without a doubt it was her that was causing it. That she was the first person to ever see him like this, and the knowledge thrilled her like never before. He was looking at her like she was the most amazing thing he had ever seen, and would ever see, and it was hypnotic, making her self-consciousness seem petty and childish. This man loved her - it was written all over him.

He undid the clasp of her bra, after only a small amount of fumbling and reached one arm down, supporting her again. She smiled once more, and released her hold on his neck, lowering her arms and letting the straps fall down, till all that held her bra up was the pressure of his chest against hers.

She leant backwards, without hesitation, and let the bra fall to the floor.

The gasp as he saw her breasts for the first time was the most incredible sound she had ever heard - especially when it was combined with the unconscious reaction further down, as his arousal pressed harder against her.

His hands slid down, to her waist, holding her against him again as she leant back, watching the desire surge through his face as he saw her breasts in full.

"Perfect," he whispered, almost inaudibly. His hands stroked back up the naked skin of her back, pulling her back into a hug and continued to dance.

Only this was very different - the twin peaks of her breasts were now rubbing against his skin directly, and the sensation was almost overwhelming. She'd been aroused before, mainly in fantasies, but nothing that was like this, nothing that made her feel like her blood was on fire. She shifted against him, rubbing her chest against his, and felt the groan that started in his chest. His hands were still stroking up and down her back, managing to calm and excite her at the same time.

As the song ended, and another began, he slowly moved her over to the bed. He pulled the covers to one side, and then gently pushed her down onto the silk sheets.

She smiled, kicked off her shoes, and scooted up the bed, holding up her arms to him.

He didn't move immediately. He just stood there, like a statue, looking down at her. "I've dreamt of you like this a million times," he whispered, his eyes hooded. "Lying topless on my bed, looking up at me like you are now. But that was fantasy, this is reality. It's so much better; there isn't a comparison. You are so perfectly beautiful."

She smiled at him, and gestured him down, not feeling the need to talk. She could see that he knew what he was doing, and while she was curious to where he had learnt to do this, she knew it wasn't with another girl. He simply hadn't had time, so she was willing to wait and ask him about it later.

She let her denim-clad legs fall apart, and waited for him. She didn't have to wait for long, as he placed one knee on the bed and fell forward, catching himself on his arms, hovering above her. He smiled into her eyes and lowered himself slowly, till his chest was barely grazing the now diamond-hard peaks of her breasts. With a painful slowness, he rubbed himself in a circle around her, using her to trace intricate patterns on his chest, before he lowered himself onto her.

She moaned softly as she felt his weight crush into her for the first time, the hard lump in his jeans pressing against her intimately, surrounding her more intensely than earlier. She shifted slightly, and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him into a kiss.

He teased her, lightly touching his lips to her, and then pulling away whenever she tried to deepen the kiss. His dark green eyes locked onto hers, and he gently thrust his hips forward, directly into her.

It felt like her pleasure centres had just received an overload of data, and she arched her back, pressing her chest into him, her head dropping onto the bed.

He moved against her again, repeatedly, settling into a steady routine, each gentle rocking movement pressing him tighter against her, forcing the hard material of her jeans into her most sensitive parts. He arched his back, and kissed her neck, his hands sliding under her slightly as she started to writhe against him.

She moaned softly, closing her eyes, and stretching her arms out wide, giving into the desire to let him control her. She just wanted to experience

what he was doing to her. His warm breath tickled her skin, before she felt him nibble her along her collarbone, the thrusts of his hips increasing slightly in speed and pressure. Almost unbelievably she felt herself start to tense, in a way that was only familiar through her own actions.

His tongue lapped against her skin, as he kissed his way along to her shoulder. His hands crept up, holding her still, as he continued to press him against her, shifting slightly to find a more comfortable position. The shift changed things for her, causing his erection to press directly against her, through the layers of clothing. Her breath became ragged and her hands slid around him, rubbing his back, dragging her nails over the warm skin. She could feel his muscles tighten and release as he pushed harder into her, and groaned again.

He lifted his head from her neck, and kissed her softly, causing her to open her eyes and meet his gaze. Once she did, she found she couldn't stop, that he wouldn't let her look away. She felt open, almost vulnerable as she realised he was going to watch her response to him, right to the end. Her breath was now in short jagged gasps as the continued pressure of his hips rocking into hers took her and pushed her towards the edge. He leaned back a little, and the pressure against her increased slightly.

The feeling started deep within her stomach, a tight ball of pleasure, and she tensed under him, encouraging it. It didn't take long; every thrust gave it power, increased its size and strength, building it up. "Please," she begged, not sure what she was asking for, just knowing she needed it. He responded instantly to her plea, thrusting his hips harder into her, the material of her jeans absorbing and spreading the pressure against her, and she tilted her hips a little more automatically, wanting him to press into her clit.

She scraped her nails down his back, encouraging him, lost in his eyes. She clenched all her muscles suddenly, unable to control her own body's reactions and paused. The moment seemed to last forever, as everything in her life faded but the heat in her body and the glow of his emerald green eyes that totally dominated her vision.

He rocked again, hard, and stopped, pressed firmly against her.

Thankfully, it was enough. She clenched her arms around him, pulling herself against his chest and burying her face into his neck. She opened her mouth, and screamed into his skin, bucking against him hard. The waves of pleasure rocked through her body like wildfire. She bit down, the taste of him filling her mouth as she automatically responded to the burning sensation that blanked her mind and sent her somewhere new and exciting.

Slowly she felt herself relax and suddenly noticed how wet her knickers felt. She gently kissed the red marks on his neck, where she had bit him and relaxed back down onto the bed, meeting his eyes again.

"I want to see you do that for the rest of my life," he whispered intently.

She smiled lazily up at him. "I'm starting to get a little uncomfortable."

Harry blinked, "Oh," he said, as he started to move off her.

She tightened her arms around him, stopping him. "My knickers are wet; you need to do something about it."

Harry blinked owlishly at her. Then suddenly shot her a massive smile as comprehension dawned on his face.

He leant back, and then turned around to remove her socks, dumping them carelessly on the floor.

She slid up the bed, resting her head on the pillows, and watched him. He knelt beside her, his hands sliding up to the waist of her jeans. He slid his fingertips under the waistband, brushing against her underwear as his eyes focused on hers.

She inhaled, pulling in her stomach, giving him a large hint of what she wanted. He undid the button, and then pulled the zip down. While he still looked confident, his hands were shaking a little, and the small sign was curiously reassuring to her.

He slid his hands around her waist and pulled the heavy material down. She raised herself a little, helping out, before raising her legs and letting him slide her jeans off.

His expression was a curious mixture of reverence and awe, as he knelt beside her, his eyes drinking in her body like it was the best Butterbeer in the world. She could feel his gaze on her legs, burning her skin, as he slowly moved his head, taking in her matching black silk panties, up her flat stomach, to her breasts.

"You're allowed to touch," she whispered encouragingly.

"I've never seen anything like you," he whispered raggedly. "I almost don't want to touch you. I'm afraid that you'll disappear."

She laughed softly, and grinned as the laughter caused her chest to move slightly, locking his attention there. "I'm not going to disappear. Well, I might if you don't start touching me. Come on, Harry, show that Gryffindor courage."

Harry's eyes slid towards her, and he gulped softly. "Voldemort could only ever kill me," he whispered. "You could do so much worse."

Ginny closed her eyes for a second, pressing her head back, as a rush of pleasure surged through her. It was power, a power she had never known, but it felt as natural and as old as being female - the sure knowledge that she held his heart and soul in her hands - that he was giving himself to her on a level so deep that it could destroy him if she chose. The knowledge that he was giving her such a gift was an incredible aphrodisiac.

She reached out her left hand and took his right. She knew it was time she returned his gift. She pulled his hand to her chest, placing his palm flat against her heart. Lightly, she tapped her fingers against his, mimicking the beating of her heart.

"Can you feel it?"

"Yes."

"Every beat says the same thing. I love you. I love you. I love you." She met his eyes, forcing herself to be as open as he had. "You can't hurt me, Harry. It's not inside you, it never has been, and it never will be. Because as much as you are mine I am yours. I am a part of you, and you are a part of me."

Slowly, she slid his hand across, so that he was touching her breast for the first time. She smiled into his eyes. "Now, are you going to check that I'm a B-cup, or do I have to hurt you?"

He laughed, throwing his head back. "I love you," he smiled at her. He slid one leg over her, kneeling over her hips, and brought his other hand into play. With great tenderness he slid his palms up and covered both her breasts.

"I'm not made of glass," she whispered huskily.

His bright eyes gleamed at her for a second, and he crouched over her, kissing the valley between her breasts. He slid his palms to the side, curving them around her breasts, and pulled them together, causing them to stand up higher on her chest. He lowered his head, and lightly licked her left breast.

She gasped, her hands flying into his hair, holding him against her.

Emboldened, he licked again, his tongue tracing a pattern around the outside of her breast, in ever decreasing circles.

She moaned, trying to push into him, wanting more contact that he was giving, but he pulled away, teasing her again.

She could feel her nipples engorging, the blood rushing into them. "Please," she whispered.

His hot breath drifted across her nipple for a second, before he took it in his mouth, swirling his tongue around her. He seemed to be encouraged by her reactions, and she felt her mind empty as he lightly bit her, holding her in place, flicking his tongue back and forth over her.

She moaned encouragingly, the sound turning into a groan as he released her and stopped.

Before she could complain, he started to move, pressing little butterfly kisses to the side of her breasts, moving into her cleavage, where he paused for a second, pressed his face firmly into her chest, and inhaled deeply. He continued on his exploration across her chest, using his right hand to caresses her, lightly pinching the nipple, pulling it up.

He tilted his head and licked the underside of her breast, before brushing his teeth across the incredibly soft skin. He released his hold on her, and moved his head up, opening his mouth as wide as he could, and covered her, sucking hard. His tongue lashed out against her, rougher than before. She jerked, pressing into him, holding him tightly to her.

He pulled his head back, releasing her, ignoring her protesting whimpers, and slid both hands to cup her, shifting her, rubbing his thumbs over the now diamond-hard peaks. She looked down at his strong suntanned hands and the contrast it made against her pale skin and smiled at him. "So, do I pass?"

He moved up, not stopping his hands for caressing her, and kissed her hard - a hot, opened mouth kiss that stole the remainder of her breath. "Oh yeah. Much better up close than across a room and through layers of clothing."

"You've still not sorted my wet knickers problem," she prompted him.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked. "I don't want to push you into anything."

Ginny groaned. "Harry, take my fucking knickers off and stop worrying about it. I've wanted to have sex with you since I knew what sex was. It's not my fault you weren't looking at me then, so the way I see it, you owe me. Now get to work."

He kissed her again, "No more questions." With a marked reluctance, he slid his hands from her breasts, and took a deep breath.

She felt her nerves return, as he moved his hands to her hips and grasped the silk. With the tenderness she was now starting to expect from him, he drew her knickers down her legs, sliding his fingers against the warm skin along the outside of her legs.

His hands caressed her ankle, as he moved so he could kiss it, a little playfully.

Ginny smiled up at him, taking a deep breath, mentally preparing herself - for what, she didn't know. Insecurities came flooding back, as she knew that the next step would be for her to part her legs and be completely defenceless to his gaze.

She felt his hands on her ankles, lowering them to the bed, leaving the decision in her hands. For a second, she wished he'd be a little more proactive, but recognised that he was trying to let her set the pace. It alternately thrilled and frustrated her.

Almost holding her breath, she let her legs fall apart naturally, and watched his face.

His breath seemed to hitch, and his eyes seemed to grow. He licked his lips hungrily and whispered reverently, "Oh wow!"

Her confidence returned, as the last chance for his rejection passed without a hitch. "You're wearing too many clothes," she pointed out, stroking

one hand to her breast, caressing it idly.

His eyes were fixed on her hand, and he made no move; he seemed locked in place.

She smiled to herself and lightly pinched her nipple, stretching it away from her body, and then releasing it. Her breast bounced softly as it returned to its natural state.

Harry groaned.

“Clothes, Harry,” Ginny reminded him with a smirk.

“What? Oh, yeah.” He stood at the foot of the bed and undid his jeans, pulling them down unceremoniously. Without hesitation, he pulled down his boxers as well.

“Bloody hell,” Ginny gulped, feeling her eyes go wide.

“What?”

“How the hell is *that* supposed to fit?”

“Huh?” Harry asked, then looked down, and blushed furiously.

Ginny rolled to her knees, moving down to the foot of the bed. “That’s huge,” she whispered, her hand fluttering out.

“You’re allowed to touch,” he whispered, throwing her own words back at her.

Ginny looked up at him, and nodded. “It’s bigger than I expected,” she mumbled.

“My ego thanks you,” Harry muttered.

“Is it normal for it to be this size?” she asked, leaning forward and studying his erect penis. Carefully, she reached out and lightly stroked it, pulling back as it jerked in her hand.

Harry groaned as she wrapped her hand carefully back around him. “I think it’s average,” he mumbled.

“You are never average,” Ginny said firmly. “I’m only five two, Harry, and this thing looks flippin’ huge.” Experimentally she closed her hand around him, and stroked up and down. The contrast was amazing to her; the hardness covered in softness, and the heat it was generating.

“Ginny,” Harry groaned in pleasure. He took a deep breath, “I think it’s supposed to fit. We’ll just have to be careful.”

She nodded, and stroked him a few more times, suddenly realising that she could feel his pulse.

“Easy,” he whispered, covering her hand. “It’s kinda sensitive.”

“Sorry,” she whispered. “How about we skip to the next stage?”

Harry reached down, tilting her chin with his free hand and kissed her. “Eager, aren’t we.”

“Yes,” she stated firmly.

He blushed, a cute shade of red. “I should, erm, it would be better, well…”

“What?” Ginny asked, looking up confusedly at him, absently stroking him again, careful to be gentler this time.

“If I, well, relieved the pressure beforehand, so that I don’t, well, explode instantly.”

“You mean orgasm?” she asked eagerly.

Harry nodded, his face still flushed.

“Cool,” Ginny grinned. “I can help, right?”

He blinked at her. “Well, yeah.”

“Lie down then,” she said, releasing him, but not before giving him a quick pat.

Harry nodded, stretching onto his back, unconsciously mimicking the position she had been in earlier.

She knelt next to him and smiled down. As she remembered how good it had felt for her, she leaned forwards, her hair brushing his stomach, and lightly kissed his chest. She moved across slowly, finding his nipple and sucked, trying to do what he had done to her earlier.

The groan that she could hear in his chest was her sign she had got it right. She smiled, and then slowly pulled back so she could concentrate on the task in hand. Literally.

"What do I do?" she asked, as she kneeled next to him and focused her gaze on him.

"What you were doing a few seconds ago," Harry said softly. "It's not going to take long. It's so different to doing it myself."

"Did you ever think of me when you were doing yourself?" she asked, as she tightened her hand around. With as much tenderness as she could, she slowly pulled the skin down, revealing the glands underneath. She slid her eyes to his face, looking for any sign of discomfort, before slowly stroking him up and down, in a similar manner to a few seconds before.

"For the past six months," Harry groaned. "Most mornings, in the shower."

Ginny nodded, "What were you thinking?"

Harry closed his eyes. "That you'd walk into the showers, and find me. You'd shrug off your robes and be naked underneath."

"What happened next?" she asked, curious.

"Not much," Harry groaned. "The thought of you naked was normally enough."

"Look at me," she demanded.

Harry's eyes flew open instantly.

"I want to see you come," she told him. "I'm here, naked, and very soon, you're going to get to put this inside me."

Harry tensed, suddenly breathing a lot heavier than he had been.

Instinctively, Ginny knew to tighten her hand and move harder, faster. "Come on," she crooned. "Come for me, Harry."

His inarticulate growl was her only warning, as his body locked up for a second. She felt his hips jerk into her hands, forcing himself against her even harder. Once, twice, before he seemed to freeze.

The first spurt almost caught her by surprise, and she automatically moved back while pointing him up his chest. He continued to jerk against her hand as his orgasm continued, before he collapsed, panting.

"That was amazing," Ginny whispered, reluctantly releasing him and examining the thick liquid that had dribbled onto her hand.

"No shit," Harry gasped breathlessly.

"So we're agreed then?"

"Huh?"

"No more doing yourself in the shower. That's now my job."

Harry laughed. "You're incredible."

She smiled at him, and lifted her hand and licked herself, absently noting his reaction. "Different," she said diplomatically.

"If you pass me my wand, I'll do a cleaning spell."

Ginny smiled at him, shaking her head slowly. She bent down and licked his stomach, feeling him tense. It didn't really have much of a distinctive taste she could compare it to, but it certainly wasn't bad. And his reaction was more than enough encouragement for her to continue.

When she finished, she smiled up at him and sat back on her heels. "Now?" she asked hopefully.

Harry shook his head, his eyes moving between her breasts and her face. "One more thing first."

"What?"

He reached out and pulled her on top of him, rolling over so that she was on her back, his legs straddling hers. "I think we need to make sure you're ready."

"I am," she assured him. "I've never been so ready in my life."

He smirked at her. "I'm still gonna have to check." He slid down her body, pausing to kiss her breasts again, before continuing down. As he reached her stomach, he shifted so he was kneeling, and placed soft kisses along the skin to her belly button. With a playful smile, he poked his tongue out, causing her to giggle.

"Trust me?" he asked.

She laughed softly. "You think I'd be naked on the bed with you if I didn't?"

"Stupid question," he admitted, and pulled back. "Move your legs apart," he whispered, leaning to one side.

She took a deep breath, and did exactly that, watching as his eyes turned hungry.

He moved between her legs, in a pose that was almost unconsciously worshipping her. She felt him slide further down, kissing all the way, till he got to the apex of her thighs.

"I always wondered if you'd be red here as well," he mumbled.

Ginny raised herself on her elbows to look down at him comfortably. "What did you expect?"

Harry looked up and dropped a quick kiss on the hair. "Nothing as amazing as this." His voice was low and intense, and before she could react, he shifted lower and kissed the inside of her thigh.

"Errr, what are you doing?" Ginny asked.

As she watched his eyes slide down her body, she frowned softly, suddenly experiencing a mixture of shock and anxiety. Shock that he wanted to do this - really wanted to do this - that he was willing to touch her there with his mouth and anxiety that he wouldn't like it, wouldn't like the smell - perhaps wouldn't like her. That maybe it would put him off what they were doing, and he'd want to stop.

"Something I've fantasised about doing for months." He replied as he inhaled deeply, before pressing his lips directly against her.

Any further misgivings on her part were immediately forgotten, and she let her head fall back, drinking in the sensations.

Tentatively, he slid his tongue along her, in an experimental stroke as if to test both her reaction and his own.

The feeling of his tongue sliding across her most sensitive parts was unlike anything she'd felt before.

"Don't stop," she ordered, as she felt him pause.

He looked up, a very male smile on his face. "You like then?"

She rolled her eyes. "I'm not afraid of cursing you!"

He laughed, his breath brushing against her. "I'm going to blow your mind," he promised, and then slid his head back down and continued where he left off. Only it was more intense, more focused, as he had lost his nervousness.

She felt him start simple, just moving his tongue up and down, not applying any real pressure, just exploring the different textures. She groaned, her head dropping back again, as she gave herself up once more to the sensations.

He slid his mouth along her from top to bottom, his tongue seeming intent on finding every possible surface, only he stopped before moving higher on to her clit. Encouragingly, she bucked her hips slightly, wanting that contact.

All she received was his hands sliding up and holding her hips still, as he continued to lick her, before suddenly increasing the pressure, parting her nether lips and tasting the moisture. She groaned, loudly, and spread her legs further, lowering herself down from her elbows and sliding her hands into his hair, holding him in place.

He needed no encouragement as he slid down, and then pressed his tongue inside her, penetrating her for the first time. Every groan and moan she made seemed to encourage him, even if he was still avoiding the one spot she had never known she wanted kissed, but was now calling out for it in the worst way.

He slid his tongue in and out of her, curling it when he was inside, exploring her, as if he was looking for something, and was not prepared to stop till he found it.

She felt his tongue slide out of her, and she groaned, protesting, then changed, as she felt him slowly start to make his way up, towards the a nub of nerves that was now screaming for attention.

He slowly circled it, ignoring her whines of displeasure, taking his time. He pulled away, his breath stroking over here, before, with the faintest of touches he introduced her clit to his tongue.

Ginny jerked, as white-hot lightning shot through her body, feeling like each of the nerves were being individually stimulated. The familiar, yet so new, feeling in the centre of her body continued to grow, as his tongue, harder now, pressed against her. The soft flesh of his tongue covering her, moving her, manipulating her in any way he felt like. And each and every movement added to her tension.

He paused and blew softly, the hot air stroking across her, before he leaned in again, and started a steady rhythm. He began on her clit, sucking it gently, running his tongue over and around it. He then slid down, his tongue pressed hard against her, spreading her, and dipping into her, with an almost lapping movement as he did his best to take as much of her moisture into his mouth as he could.

She continued to groan, with little half breaths, unaware of what she was saying or doing, just wanting more, much more. She tightened her legs, pressing them against the side of his head as her stomach muscles started to clench, and the feeling in her stomach continued to grow in size and power.

"Please, please, please," she begged incoherently, needing just a little more, one more thing, just not knowing what it was.

She felt him move back up, bathing her clit again, and at the same time, felt him slowly slide one of his hands down from her hips, and gently push a

finger inside her. As she penetrated for something other than her own fingers, he flipped the tip of his tongue directly against her. At the same time, he slid his finger in a little further, and curled it slightly.

Everything inside her seemed to explode at once, causing her to almost sit up as her muscles tensed and her mind lost conscious thought. She jerked, as he continued to move his tongue against her, completely under his power; every time he touched her it seemed to push her further over the edge, and he showed no sign of stopping, moving with her unconscious reactions as she panted and muttered unintelligible words, before freezing completely.

Her scream of pleasure was louder than before, without having him to scream into, and she didn't hold back, unable to even think of doing so.

He changed his actions, so that he was softly licking her, bringing her back down gently, before, with a last little kiss, he stopped and pulled back, smiling at her.

Breathlessly, she smiled back as her vision returned, and drunk him in. His chin gleamed slightly in the soft light, giving mute testament to how turned on she was, how turned on he had made her. His expression was a curious mixture of love and pride. "You're beautiful," he whispered, reaching down towards his wand.

She stopped him, tightening her legs around him, and then reached down and pulled him up her body. She took his face in her hands, drawing him up, so that he was laying on her. As he leant in to kiss her, she pulled away slightly and smirked at him. "I'm definitely going to have to keep you now," she mumbled breathlessly. She leaned up a little and licked his chin experimentally. As soon as she realised the taste wasn't bad - not that she was really concerned about that, having felt his eagerness to get more of it - she held him still and cleaned him slowly, meeting his eyes each time, before kissing him hard. She could feel how much it turned him on, as he pulsed against her.

"It's time," she told him seriously. "Make me yours."

He nodded and rolled them over, so that she was on top. "It's supposed to be easier for you this way, so you can control it. You know it's going to hurt?"

She placed her hands on his chest, and slowly lifted herself up, thrusting her chest towards him and enjoying the way his eyes locked on her breasts. "I'm a girl, Harry, we know. Don't worry about it, I'm not."

He looked up at her, and reached out, grabbing her hips. He lifted her slightly, moving her back, and lowered her down so that she was rested against the underside of his erection, which lay pointing towards his stomach. He rocked her slightly, and then slid his hands away, leaving her to her own devices.

As she realised what he meant, she lifted herself up a little more, and slowly dragged herself along his length, transferring her own essence to it and turning herself on even more. Experimentally, she leant forwards, hovering just over his face, her hair caressing the side of his face and rubbed her clit along with the rest of her.

The look on his face as she moaned in pleasure was another memory she stored deep inside her soul. While this was fun, she decided that it was time before she lost her nerve.

She sat up, kneeling up, as he moved to help, taking hold and positioning himself against her. He moved his hand, brushing the sensitive head against her, before staying still as she lowered herself a fraction.

Holding herself up with one hand, she reached down, adjusting him so that he was against her, and very slowly lowered herself a quarter of an inch, allowing him to slowly part her, and force her to open in preparation for his entry. She now understood why he had wanted to make sure she was so aroused, as the lubrication helped her stretch.

Harry groaned and took a deep breath, his hands scrunching by his side as if all he wanted to do was grab her and force her down on to him.

With a gentle rocking movement, she lowered herself a little further onto him, feeling stretched in a way she had never experienced before, and focused on his eyes. They were dark, passion-filled, hungry, and continuously flicked down from her eyes, to her breasts, and to where he was entering her.

She looked down herself and gasped with pleasure. It looked almost impossible, with his thick shaft leading up to her, but as she sunk down a little more, she could actually see him enter her, and she groaned again, hearing him do the same.

As she allowed more of him in her, she stopped as she felt him touching the barrier that offered physical proof. Technically she could still stop, still be a virgin, but the decision to continue had been made long ago. Did she love him? Did she trust him with life? They weren't even questions any more: they were accepted fact.

She met his eyes, and noticed how they stayed with her this time, as he obviously knew what was about to happen. He looked nervous, worried, and scared that he was going to hurt her - maybe that she wouldn't like it.

"I love you," she whispered, and gave him the biggest gift she could give anyone. She arched her back a little, and sunk hard onto him. There was a brief tearing feeling, a sensation of sharp pain, but it was nothing compared to a Cruciatu curse, or even some of the other curses she had been hit with.

She bit her lip, and pushed herself down further, determined that now she had got that out of the way, she was going to take the whole thing inside her. She almost smiled as she remembered he had called himself average. She had six brothers, so she knew what average was. She rocked, ignoring the twinges of pain - she wasn't going to let it beat her; it was a matter of pride now. She was his woman, she had something that no other

which on the planet had, and she was going to damn well make sure she got every last bit of it.

She smiled triumphantly as she felt herself resting on him, and then refocused on his eyes. "Please don't move," she begged, knowing her body needed time to adjust to the foreign sensation of penetration.

He looked worried; his bottom lip was between his teeth, like he was struggling with the urge not to push up, and his eyes showed her he was feeling guilty for hurting her in some way. She realised she needed to distract him, so she reached out and took his hand, pulling to her chest, and then fetching the other one. She smiled encouragingly at him, keeping her hips rock still.

His guilt seemed to vanish slightly as he cupped her breasts, lifting them into his palms. He flicked his thumbs over the tumid peaks, running his fingers everywhere.

As she groaned in pleasure, he grinned at her, an open expression of love, and she felt it shoot right through her heart.

Experimentally, she rocked a little over him, hearing his expression of pleasure, and realised the pain was fading. She lifted herself up a little and slid down again. As she did, his hands tightened over her breasts, as he struggled with his self-control. She suddenly realised she wanted him to lose it - maybe not now, but next time. She wanted to know what it was like for him to let himself go on her.

For now, she appreciated the efforts he was making not to let himself go, to make it as good for her as he possibly could. She decided that she was going to make it up to him as soon as she could. She raised herself a little more than before, and sunk back down again; this time the pain was almost gone, as if her insides had started to get used to the rearrangement he had caused her internally. His hands on her breasts were helping as well, keeping her aroused.

Very slowly, he moved his right hand down her body, meeting her eyes. She watched him openly, leaving no barriers between them, letting him see whatever he wanted inside her. His groan this time was more mental than physical, and in return he opened himself as well, and the first and biggest impression she got was of a pure love for her. As if inside him, written on his heart indelibly was her name.

His hand reached down, to where they were joined, and softly caressed her. The combination of his look and his hand seemed to be the last thing her body needed. She felt herself getting even wetter and used it to raise herself till he was several inches out of her, and then slid down onto him a little faster than before.

Harry's hand shot to her hips, holding her tightly, as he threw his head back, closing his eyes. Beads of sweat broke out on his forehead and on his chest. She could feel his heart racing against his chest, and she repeated the movement.

She could only image how good it felt for him, and how much self control he was showing, and continued to raise and lower herself. The sensation of his thick shaft stretching and filling her, completely at her control was overwhelming. She leant forwards, so she was nearer to eye level, flicking her hair back as it came between them.

He was almost shuddering as he kept his hands at her hips, watching her. Each time she moved over him, she could feel his fingers tighten, his breathing increase, as he fought to keep control - to not give in to the orgasm that he was on the edge of.

"Harry," she whispered, smiling tenderly. He looked up at her, a little wildly.

"I want you to come inside me."

"But," he whispered raggedly.

"Shhh," she whispered softly, leaning down to kiss him tenderly. "Let go for me, Harry. Let yourself explode inside me. Fill me."

As she whispered against him, she moved her hips faster against him, almost unexpectedly finding her own pleasure building. What had started as a desire to make him feel as good as she had, several times already, was now turning into something that was pushing her towards the precipice as well. She could feel him start to move as well, matching her, his hips rising to meet her on her down stroke, pulling away as she raised herself.

The slight pain and discomfort of his intrusion was being tuned out by the mass of pleasure that was radiating through her body, and she threw her head back, her hair tickling her back.

She moaned lightly and felt him respond, thrusting harder, and looked down. He wasn't looking at her eyes anymore and wasn't focused on anywhere, there was a tension about him, as his hips moved faster and faster, as if he wasn't in control anymore.

He pushed up into her - harder than he had before. "Ginny," he groaned, and she felt him pulse deep inside her; and as she sunk onto him, there was an amazing sensation as she felt him come deep inside her for the first time.

It was enough to push her over the edge, and she seemed to clench around him, vaguely hearing his growl of extreme pleasure.

She stayed still, her eyes half closed, letting the waves of pleasure rush through her. She hadn't expected to come at the end, but now that she had, she never wanted to move again. He was still deep inside her, and it now felt natural, like something she had been missing her entire life was now in place.

With a shaky hand, he reached out and cupped her cheek. "I love you," he whispered, openly, his eyes gleaming.

"Oh, Harry," she whispered as she collapsed against his chest. She kissed his neck softly and whispered, "I love you; I will love you for eternity."

She felt his arms wrap tightly around her and hold her still, both of them breathing hard. His hands stroked up and down her back. She could feel

him slowly lose his hardness, till eventually he slipped out of her. She protested his absence with a little moan of complaint, feeling a little emptier than she had been a few seconds before.

Lethargically, she raised herself up so she could look into his eyes. She inched forwards slightly, and then kissed him slowly. She felt him respond to her, making the kiss about love and trust, not passion.

“Thank you,” she said simply.

“Thank you,” Harry replied with a slight grin.

She shook her head a little, her hair falling down, cocooning them again, blocking out the soft light, so all she could see was the faint glow in his eyes.

“Not thank you for making love to me,” she clarified. “Thank you for working so hard to make it the best possible first time for me.”

He grinned a little at her, his teeth showing.

“But now you’re going to tell me where you learnt to do all of that.”

He laughed softly. “Would you believe the school library?”

Remembering the book she had found earlier, she nodded a little, causing her hair to ripple.

“I was in there with the Marauder’s Map a few months ago when everyone was in Hogsmeade but I couldn’t go because I was training. I’d finished and was doing some homework, looking forward to an evening of Ginny watching, when I noticed there was a small cupboard in the restricted section. I went and had a look, and it was behind a bookcase. The map gave me the password.

“Inside was a small desk and a row of books. I had a look through and quickly realised they were sex guides. There was a message on the desk, saying that the room had been made by senior students for senior students, and it contained all the books that had been written over the years to tell boys what to do with girls to make them enjoy it as much as they did.

“I looked and the first book I saw was, “Bewitch Your Witch” by Ivana Cuomo. I read it in around forty-five minutes, and started to devour everything. Some of them were pretty bad, like “Putting the Quaffle Home - How to Score for the Quidditch Player” by Chasen Tale, but a couple of them, like, “Wield That Wand (Wow Your Witch and Watch Her Wiggle)” by Pru Rient and “Where to Put Your Wand - a Beginners Guide” by Wandi Hole were really good.”

Ginny smiled lazily, “As long as the research wasn’t practical, I don’t mind.”

Harry laughed softly. “Once I fell for you, I didn’t want to even go near other witches.”

“Good.”

“Do you want to get cleaned up?”

Ginny shook her head, “What I want now, is for you to hold me and for us both to have a nap.”

He smiled, and reached to one side, grabbing the covers he had pushed aside earlier and covered them both with it.

She slipped down, so that her head was tucked neatly under his chin, and exhaled softly. She could feel his hands stroke across her back, and then cradle her.

It wasn’t long, before she slipped into sleep, listening to the steady beat of his heart.

Harry’s perspective

“Do we just?” Ginny asked, a slight blush on her face.

He smiled at her, wondering if she had any idea how cute she looked. For a second, he wondered if she was too young for this. Her innocent expression and lack of height gave her an almost child-like air. But then he looked down, at her chest, and reminded himself that she was no child. “We don’t ‘just’ do anything, love,” he whispered.

“Then...?”

He walked over to her, and lightly cupped her cheek, taking in how incredibly soft and smooth the skin was. He wanted to make this whole thing as good for her as he possibly could - there was no point in ruining a lifetime’s worth of relationship because he got a little excited. “We don’t have to do anything, and if we are doing something, and you don’t like it, just say so. No means no, remember? You’re too important to me.”

“I love you, and I trust you,” she said simply. The smile that appeared on her face made him thank the heavens above that he had her. It also eliminated the feeling she was too young. It was an adult look - one that said she wanted him, that she was willing to follow him wherever he took her.

He grinned at her, and walked over to the window, pulling the curtains, exposing the room into darkness. He pointed his wand at the ceiling and muttered, "*Stellatus*," a simple charm to create some stars. He knew it was a little cheesy, but felt that the soft light would make both of them more confident.

"Mood lighting?" she asked.

He just shot her another smile and walked into the main room. A wizarding wireless was on the mantelpiece of another fireplace, so he turned it on, flicking through to a pure music station. For a second, he rested his head against the wall, gathering his courage to do what he had to. It was a lot scarier than he expected and while it seemed easier to just jump her, he kept reminding himself that he loved her - and that he wanted to do this for the rest of his life - and not let his desire ruin it for both of them.

He walked back into the bedroom; she was still standing where he had left her, looking at him with a mixture of love and apprehension. As she opened her mouth, he walked over and touched his finger to her lips. "Shhh." At her nod, he released her.

He cast a silencing and locking charm on the door, making them a lot more powerful than normal, so that he would get some warning before anyone managed to break the charms down. The idea of them being interrupted was quite a scary one - it could do all sorts of psychological damage to both of them. Not to mention the damage that he would then do to anyone stupid enough to try and break through the wards.

He reached down and pulled off his own t-shirt, shoving his insecurities to the back of his mind. He looked at Ginny, concentrating on his reaction to her, and hoping that she felt something similar towards him. As she licked her lips, her expression changed, the apprehension fading, being replaced by something that looked like hunger. It gave him a massive shot of confidence; a much-needed boost.

He walked over to her, his hands reaching out, and took hold of the bottom of her t-shirt. It was a plain white t-shirt, but with the contrast of her hair, it made her look amazing. She raised her arms, her eyes telling him clearly to go ahead.

He pulled the t-shirt up, his fingers brushing the warm skin he could feel. He pulled it over her head and groaned. Ginny Weasley was wearing a black silk bra. The breasts he had obsessed over for so long were standing high on her chest, nestled in black fabric that gave an amazing contrast to her pale skin. He restrained the sudden urge to drop to his knees and bury his face in her cleavage.

"Dance with me," he told her, dropping her t-shirt on top of his.

He smiled at her surprised look, and then inhaled deeply as she moved into his arms. He pulled her close, and started to move around the room. Tonks had suggested he take a few dance lessons, as it would help his movement when he was fighting, and he was now absurdly grateful to her for the suggestion. Ginny felt weightless in his arms, and he could feel the silk of her bra tickling his chest. He inhaled deeply, drinking in the natural scent of her hair, allowing his hands to roam free over her the naked skin of her back.

Her skin was so soft, so smooth, it felt like nothing he had ever touched before, and it was already turning him on. So many fantasies about how she would look, feel, and smell were being put to shame. The reality was so much better that it was unbelievable.

He slid his hands down, to her hips, and pulled her tightly against his hips. He suddenly wanted her to feel how aroused he was, to feel what she was doing to him.

She leant backwards, her long hair cascading down in a straight wave, and groaned at him. He tightened his hands, battling his self-control again. He jerked his hands back, pulling her back into the close contact to allow himself time to regain control.

He could feel her nuzzle into his shoulder, kissing and licking the skin there, and he let his own head fall back, tightening his grip around her. He slid his hands up to her back, wanting, needing, more contact with her. He wanted her pressed against him without the thin material between them.

She looped her hands up around his neck and smiled at him. It was a smile of want and need that matched his own. It told him very clearly that she wanted the same thing. He reached around her and used both hands on the clasp. He knew that you had to push both halves together to release the catch. With only a small amount of fumbling he managed it, and he felt a shot of pride burst in his chest. Considering that Ginny was his first girl, and that he had no prior practice and undoing bra straps, he felt he had done quite well and what he had accomplished so far.

He slid his arms back down to her waist, holding her again, as he realised that with her arms around his neck, removing it any further would be difficult.

She smiled warmly at him, and lowered her hands, letting the straps slide down her arms, till all that was holding the bra up was the pressure of his chest against her. Slowly she leant back, and let the black silk fall to the floor.

He gasped; after the amount of time he had spent looking at her, he felt like he knew what to expect. He was so incredibly wrong. He was right as well though, he realised. Ginny-breasts were perfect. There was a faint dusting of freckles that cascaded down from her neck to her chest, spreading out in a pattern that he really wanted to explore with his tongue. Her nipples were a little smaller than he had expected - but it suited her perfectly, as they sat proudly on the tip of her breast. It was both relieving and exciting to see that they were very erect. It was the first visible sign that she was as turned on as he was, and he felt another rush of confidence. His plan, the product of many, many fantasies was working better than he had hoped, and he was now more determined than ever to stick with it.

"Perfect," he whispered, pulling her back into the close contact, and groaned slowly as she deliberately rubbed her chest against him.

As the song ended, and another began, he slowly moved her over to the bed, moving aside the covers and pushing her down gently.

She scooted up, lying flat on her back, and held out her hands to him. She looked so incredibly beautiful, her hair adding contrast to the white pillows, her breasts settling a little - but it was the look on her face, the look that told him to climb on to her that was causing the most problems. He

had to stand there, breathing deeply, and fix the image in his mind. He suddenly wished he had a camera, so that he could capture this moment forever, but as he didn't, he stored it in his mind in a place he would never forget.

"I've dreamt of you a million times," he whispered, hit with the urge to tell her how amazing she looked. "Lying topless on my bed, looking up at me like you are now, like you want me as much as I want you. But that was fantasy; this is reality. It's so much better - there isn't a comparison. You are so perfectly beautiful."

She smiled at him, a slightly secretive smile, and gestured him down, her denim-clad legs parting, offering an invitation of their own. He placed his right knee on the bed, and fell forward, catching himself just above her and hovering. He looked down into her eyes, noticing they had darkened considerably, and slowly moved, brushing himself over her breasts, feeling the rock hard peaks graze against him. He shifted, looking down, watching how she moved with him, before lowering himself, feeling the softness press hard against him.

He grinned at her, and lightly nipped her lips, kissing her gently, not letting her take control of the kiss. He suddenly realised that he was pressed against her for the first time. That there were only a couple of layers of clothing between them, and that he could just feel her. Almost experimentally, he rocked his hips forward.

Harry felt her gasp as he rocked, the sound and feeling going straight inside him. It was the sound of pleasure and desire. Ginny's pleasure and desire. For him. She arched her back, her breasts pushing into his chest, the twin peaks almost driving him insane with pleasure as they dug into him. As her head fell back, he slid his hands under her, holding her, watching her.

He started to rock, settling into a steady rhythm. While the feeling itself wasn't that good for him, her reactions more than made up for it, making him even more excited, if that were possible. He shifted slightly, so that he was pressing against her, and he bent his head down to kiss her neck. He could smell the slightly flowery scent she used as perfume, and lightly licked it. The slight bitterness of the perfume was offset by the taste of her. He shifted a little, giving in to the urge to nibble along her collarbone, as he exhaled against her.

He licked her shoulder; with no perfume there, all he tasted was her, and it was completely addictive, putting Butterbeer to shame. He shifted again, trying to get comfortable in his now too-tight jeans. The shift seemed to work, as it caused the denim to move, allowing him to settle into a more comfortable position.

Ginny's reaction suddenly changed, and she ran her nails down his back, scratching him a little, giving him the sudden urge to growl in pleasure. He could hear her breathing change, becoming ragged, and suddenly realised that she was enjoying this more than he had expected. He leant back, and softly kissed her, wanting her eyes open.

They flicked up, meeting his, and he moved his hips a little further. He wanted to see her come; he wanted to see what she looked like. It felt like he could see into her soul, as she writhed unconsciously against him -- her breasts brushing his chest -- as she searched for what she needed.

"Please," she whispered, the soft plea rocking him to his core, as he concentrated now, wanting to give his future wife what she so desperately wanted. His entire world faded to watching her; he focused on her alone, not noticing how he was reacting; it simply wasn't important, not compared to this.

He felt her shift under him, and while it wasn't as comfortable for him, it simply didn't matter. He felt like he was being allowed to watch something so intensely personal and private that he should be thanking her for the privilege.

He pressed hard, holding the pressure against her. Every muscle in her body seemed to clench, as she pressed her face against his neck and shoulder. He felt a small amount of pain as she bit down on him, and then screamed her pleasure. The sound was the most erotic thing he had ever heard. Her nails dug into him, as he remained as still as he could, cradling her.

He felt her softly kiss where she had bitten, and then relax against the bed. The look she gave him reinforced just how much he loved her, and just how lucky he felt to have her with him like this. This whole thing was almost unreal - the sensation that she was giving so much of herself to him. It almost made him want to cry - he had simply never felt this loved before. "I want to see you do that for the rest of my life," he whispered, realising that if he tried to tell her what he felt at that moment he'd probably break down.

She smiled lazily up at him. "I'm starting to get a little uncomfortable."

He blinked, and then moved to get off her; he hadn't realised that she might not be comfortable, castigating himself for not paying attention. Only she stopped him from moving.

"My knickers are wet," she said with a smile. "You need to do something about it."

He blinked at her again, digesting her words, till he suddenly realised what she meant. He couldn't help but smile massively at her. He was actually going to see her completely naked. He sat up, sliding off her, so that he could remove her socks, and watched as she scooted up the bed. He wanted to savour this moment, and he slid his hands down to her waist, aware that he was shaking a little. His heart was racing faster than when he had faced Voldemort.

She breathed in, giving him access to the button on her jeans, and he took it, popping the metal through the cloth hole, then undoing the zip, aware that his hands were closer to her than ever before.

She raised her hips, and he pulled the denim down, over her hips, and down her legs. He lifted her ankles, so he could remove the jeans completely. He paused, looking down at her. Tracing her smooth legs, up to the black panties that matched the bra she had been wearing earlier, and up to her breasts. He was hit with a sudden fear that this wasn't real. That it was a delusion, and that he was dead: Voldemort had killed him, and that he was in some form of purgatory - that as soon as he touched her she would vanish, leaving him alone.

"You're allowed to touch," he heard her whisper.

"I've never seen anything like you," he whispered raggedly. "I almost don't want to touch you, I'm afraid that you'll disappear."

She laughed softly, and he felt his eyes lock on her breasts. With the laughter they moved on their own, bouncing a little. "I'm not going to disappear. Well, I might if you don't start touching me. Come on, Harry, show that Gryffindor courage."

With a great reluctance, he moved his eyes from her chest and met hers. He suddenly felt like he needed to make her understand what he was feeling, what was causing this insecurity.

He gulped and whispered, "Voldemort could only ever kill me. You could do so much worse." He knew that he was vulnerable to her, that she represented everything that was good in his life, everything that he had fought for, and everything he had suffered for. He belonged to her in a way he couldn't articulate.

He felt her take his hand, and slide it onto her chest, where he could feel her heart beat, in a reassuring double beat. She tapped his fingers against her, mimicking the beat.

"Can you feel it?"

"Yes."

"Every beat says the same thing. I love you. I love you. I love you."

As he looked into her, he could see her defences drop, see her opening herself to him, and felt humbled. The trust and love he could see inside her was astonishing.

"You can't hurt me, Harry. It's not inside you, it never has been, and it never will be. Because as much as you are mine, I am yours. I am a part of you, and you are a part of me."

He felt her move his hand across, till he was touching her breast for the first time.

"Now, are you going to check that I'm a B-cup, or do I have to hurt you?"

He suddenly had to laugh, throwing his head back. "I love you," he smiled. She knew him so well, and her comment was so her. Carefully, he brought his other hand up, so that he was holding both breasts, a little surprised at how well they fit his hands.

"I'm not made of glass," he heard her whisper.

The encouragement was all he needed; he'd dreamed about this for so long, and he wasn't going to waste another second. He leant in, cupping her breasts, raising them, and lightly licked her left breast with his tongue. He felt her hands fly into his hair, holding him against her, and continued.

He was taking his time now, wanting to explore every single part of her. The hard peak was calling him, but he ignored it, wanting to build up, getting her used to him against her. He slid his tongue around, tracing the outline of the light brown nipple against the pale skin.

She arched into him, and he smiled, pulling back a little.

"Please," she whispered again, the plea removing all desire he had to tease her anymore. He exhaled against her for a second, then closed the distance between them, and sucked the hard nipple into his mouth. He closed his teeth gently, careful not to hurt her, and held her in place, so that he could flick his tongue against her.

The moan she made caused him to wish he wasn't wearing jeans. He felt harder than he had ever before, and the constricting material was hurting a little. But it was useful; it was keeping him grounded.

He heard her groan as he released her and slowly started to explore across, down into the valley between her breasts. Unable to resist, he breathed in deeply, taking in the scent and the warmth. The experience was mind blowing. It was a combination of lust and trust like nothing he'd even knew existed.

Almost reluctantly, he continued across, using his hand to lift her breast a little, giving him access to the underside. He was curious to see if there was any difference. He licked softly, and then brushed his teeth against her, nipping as tenderly as he could. There was a very slight change in texture and softness.

He released her, and then moved his head, opening his mouth, wanting to consume her. He needed to have as much of her inside him as he could. He lashed his tongue out, harder than before, and groaned silently as she jerked into him, her hands holding tightly against him.

Slowly he pulled back, bringing his hands up to cup her breasts, almost absently running his thumbs over the diamond-hard peaks.

"So do I pass?" she asked breathlessly.

He looked at her blankly for a second, and then kissed her as hard as he could, invading her mouth. "Oh yeah," he breathed into her. "Much better up close than across a room and through layers of clothing."

She smiled at him, her face and chest now flushed with arousal. "You've still not sorted my wet knickers problem."

Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked, "I don't want to push you into anything." He could still stop, he felt; it might need two to three hours under an ice cold shower, but he could do it.

Ginny groaned, "Harry, take my fucking knickers off and stop worrying about it. I've wanted to have sex with you since I knew what sex was. It's not my fault you weren't looking at me then, so the way I see it, you owe me. Now get to work."

He kissed her again, amazed at her, amazed at how beautiful and strong she was. Amazed that she wanted him as much as he wanted her. Female arousal had seemed so mysterious and strange to him.

He suddenly realised he would have to stop playing with her breasts to take off her knickers, and fought the urge to pout. Slowly, he slid his hands down, being as soft and as gentle as he could. As she raised her hips, he slid the black silk down her legs, realising that the material was harsh and coarse when compared to the skin of her thighs.

He dropped her knickers off the edge of the bed, and he kissed her ankle a little playfully.

She looked up at him, and he paused, not wanting to force her into anything she wasn't ready for. It was a constant battle with his self control, but he was quite confident in winning it.

A look of vulnerability suddenly appeared on her face, as she opened her legs, and he saw her for the first time.

The first thought that hit him was that she was turned on; he could see her glistening in the soft light.

"Oh wow," he whispered reverently, his vocabulary deserting him.

Despite his poor attempt at a compliment, her vulnerability disappeared, replaced with a look of confidence and desire.

She said something to him, but he didn't hear her. His entire being was locked into the fact she was caressing her own breast. He couldn't breathe, couldn't move, and couldn't even remember his name.

He groaned as she pinched herself, lifting her breast a little, and then allowing it to drop. The bounce was almost hypnotic.

"Clothes, Harry," she said, as if she'd already said it.

"What?" he asked, then realised he was still dressed, and she was alluringly naked.

"Oh, yeah." He stood, undoing his jeans, and shoved them down, taking his boxers with him.

"Bloody hell," Ginny gulped.

Harry looked down at himself, fear gripping him. He tried to work out what was wrong. He didn't think he was that different from anyone else, but he'd not really looked either. His stomach turned over, and he felt nauseous.

"How the hell is *that* supposed to fit?" she gasped.

"Huh?" As he realised that it had been awe, not revulsion, his negative feelings vanished, and he started to blush furiously, as he looked down.

She rolled to her knees, her hand fluttering out as if she wanted to touch, but wasn't sure if she could. "That's huge."

"You're allowed to touch," he whispered, suddenly wanting her hand on him more than ever.

She looked up at him, her eyes wide and clear, excitement showing clearly in them, and nodded. "It's bigger than I expected," she said breathlessly.

"My ego thanks you," he muttered, aware that he was probably bigger now than he had ever been. He'd never been so excited in his life, and her words were doing wonderful things to his ego.

"Is it normal for it to be this size?" she asked innocently, leaning forward to study it closer. Her hair brushed down, tickling him slightly. Her expression was one of awe and fascination, as she slowly reached out and touched him for the first time.

The twitch he made was perfectly natural, he couldn't have stopped if it he'd had a gun against his head.

Tentatively, she wrapped her hand around him and held him, a small look of triumph in her eyes.

"I think it's average," he mumbled, fully aware that if he didn't take his mind off what she was doing, she was going to get a surprise she probably wasn't ready for.

"You are never average," she said firmly. "I'm only five two, Harry, and this thing looks flippin' huge." She closed her hand around him, and started to stroke him.

"Ginny," he groaned, the pleasure shooting through him. He took a deep breath, "I think it's supposed to fit. We'll just have to be careful."

She nodded, and stroked him a few more times, causing him to wince as her hand tightened a little too much.

"Easy," he whispered, covering her hand with his, and showing her the way he liked to be touched the most. "It's kinda sensitive."

"Sorry," she whispered, her eyes still on him as she stroked her hand back and forth. "How about we skip to the next stage?" she asked eagerly.

"Eager, aren't we," Harry smiled, leaning down to kiss her as he raised her chin.

"Yes," she stated firmly.

He suddenly realised that if they would do that now, he'd last about two and a half seconds. He was way too aroused to stop himself. He blushed again.

"I should, erm, it would be better, well..." he ran out of words.

"What?" Ginny asked, going back to stroking him and really not helping the situation.

"If I, well, relieved the pressure beforehand, so that I don't, well, explode instantly."

"You mean orgasm?" she asked eagerly.

Harry nodded, his face still flushed.

"Cool," Ginny grinned. "I can help, right?"

Help? Harry gulped. The expression of eagerness on her face, and the way her hand had tightened just a little around him almost made the whole exercise fruitless.

"Well, yeah," he muttered, unable to say just exactly how much he wanted her to do that.

"Lie down then," she said, releasing him, but not before giving him a quick pat.

He stretched out on the bed, using it to relax a little, so that he could enjoy this. The amount of times, when he was alone in the shower, he had fantasised about this, about her, was more than he could count, and he really wanted to enjoy it.

He watched as she crawled onto the bed, fascinated by the way her breasts hung down her body, and resisted the urge to reach out and grab them. She knelt down, giving him an amazing view of her smooth back, reaching up to the curve of her rear. He made a solemn promise to himself to explore those curves at the earliest opportunity. All that time he had focused on her breasts, not really noticing that she was made of curves - and now he wanted to get to know them all.

His mind was brought back to the here and now as he felt soft hair brushing against his stomach, and he watched as she placed soft kisses on his chest. He felt her move across and lick his nipple. He'd never considered that a particularly sensitive part of his body before, but the feeling as she sucked hard at him was mind-blowing. He groaned in pleasure, the sound building from his chest.

She smiled excitedly at him as she pulled back, and focused her gaze on his erection. "What do I do?" she asked eagerly, her hand reaching out to him again.

"What you were doing a few seconds ago," Harry said softly, fighting the urge to explode. "It's not going to take long. It's so different to doing it myself."

He watched, unable to breathe as her hand stroked up and down him. She had her bottom lip caught between her teeth - the same look as when she studied for a test. Her fingers were soft, much softer than his, but she had a firm grip.

He inhaled slowly, as she pulled down the skin surrounding him. He'd been quite surprised when he'd noticed that some of his peers hadn't had the covering of skin he had, and had been forced to look it up in the library. He had wondered at the time why he hadn't been circumcised, but had soon found that the practice simply wasn't that common.

"Did you ever think of me when you were doing yourself?"

Harry blinked, finding it difficult to pay attention to her words; his heart was racing, and the blood draining from his brain down to where her hands were manipulating him with ever increasing confidence and skill.

"For the past six months," Harry groaned. "Most mornings, in the shower."

"What were you thinking?"

He closed his eyes, his head dropping back to the bed, as he struggled to remain calm. His fingers tightened on the sheets beneath him.

"That you'd walk into the showers, and find me. You'd shrug off your robes and be naked underneath."

"What happened next?"

He groaned, struggling for a reply. At the last moment he decided to edit it, not sure what she would think if he told her that he imagined her taking him in her mouth.

"Not much. The thought of you naked was normally enough."

Look at me," she demanded.

He opened his eyes fast, tilting his head up, starting to gasp for breath.

"I want to see you come," she whispered, her eyes wide, looking at him directly. "I'm here, naked, and very soon, you're going to get to put this inside me."

Every muscle in his body seemed to lock in place, his eyes locked on her, on the way her breasts swung as she moved her hand faster.

"Come on," she crooned, her eyes locked on his face. "Come for me, Harry."

His mind went completely blank, losing all control. He pushed himself against her hand, harder, needing just a little bit of pressure, before he froze hard against her. He jerked, several times, and then exhaled as he came, harder than he ever had before. He pushed against her hand, slower now, as he continued to explode, collapsing back onto the bed, panting hard.

"That was amazing," Ginny whispered, her voice awed.

"No shit," he gasped, forcing his eyes open to look at her.

"So we're agreed then?"

Harry had no idea what she was talking about, and didn't want to think at all at the moment. He just wanted to lie there and bask in the afterglow. "Huh?"

"No more doing yourself in the shower. That's now my job," she smiled at him happily.

He laughed softly, under his breath, shaking his head. "You're incredible."

She lifted her hand and lightly flicked her tongue out, tasting him. "Different," she commented.

His eyes went wide, as he looked on in awe. Keeping his voice level, he offered, "If you pass me my wand, I'll do a cleaning spell." He really hoped she'd say no.

To his delight, she shook her head, then leant down, absently moving her hair out the way, and slowly cleaned his stomach. He felt himself start to get aroused again - normally it could be hours after he did himself.

"Now?" she asked hopefully, as she finished and looked at him. It took him a few seconds to realise what she meant. He wanted to say yes, God he wanted to say yes, to just throw her on to her back and bury himself inside her. Reluctantly, he shook his head. He realised that what she had said earlier was true; that it might be difficult to get inside her without hurting her, and that was right up there with resurrecting Voldemort on his list of things to do.

He shook his head, his eyes jumping between her eyes and the way her breasts bounced as she took deep breaths, "One more thing first?"

"What?" she pouted.

He reached out and pulled her on top of him, before rolling over so he was on top of her, his legs straddling hers. "I think we need to make sure you're ready."

"I am. I've never been so ready in my life," she said earnestly, a look of want on her face.

He smirked, suddenly looking forward to what he was about to do, although he was nervous as well. He really wanted her to enjoy it; he wanted to send her to the same place she had just sent him. He slid down her body slowly pausing to kiss and nuzzle her breasts; only the promise of what was coming up gave him the willpower to continue down.

He hadn't realised just how fit she was - he could feel her stomach muscles clench under her soft skin as he kissed his way down. He paused, licking her bellybutton, a playful smile on his face and was pleased when she giggled.

"Trust me?" he asked, suddenly worried that this was a step too far.

"You think I'd be naked on the bed with you if I didn't?"

He smiled at her, nodding. "Stupid question." He moved to one side of her and looked at her, his smile leaving his face. "Move your legs apart," he stated it, but it was more of a question.

She slid her legs apart, revealing herself to him, and he inhaled deeply, shuddering imperceptibly. She looked so incredible, the trusting look in her eyes, the way her he could see her breasts move in time with her breathing, and as he moved his eyes down, over her stomach and triangle of curls, he breathed in again. He stared for a brief second, wishing he had an eternity to examine each and every fold of glistening skin, but realised that it would make her uncomfortable at the moment.

He knelt between her legs, his face hovering over her stomach, suddenly hit with the idea that he was worshipping her, and that it fit perfectly. He slid his legs back, allowing his face to drop, kissing the apex of her thighs, "I always wondered if you'd be red here as well," he mumbled.

"What did you expect?"

He looked up, finding that she was looking down at him, a half smile on her face. "Nothing as amazing as this," he said, his voice suddenly a lot lower. He kissed the inside of her thigh, feeling how soft and warm it was. As he breathed in, he realised he could smell how aroused she was - a heady, slightly musky scent that he immediately fell in love with.

"Erm, what are you doing?" she asked curiously.

He raised his head, suddenly a lot more confident.

"Something I've fantasised about doing for months." Before she could interrupt again, he pressed his lips directly on her almost as if he was kissing her. Very slowly, he pushed his tongue out, and lightly licked her, tasting her directly for the first time. If he had thought she smelled great, she tasted even better. It put everything he had ever tasted to shame.

He paused, as he let a wave of pleasure shoot through him.

"Don't stop," she gasped.

He looked up, unable to keep the smile of pride off his face. She liked it! "You like it then?"

She rolled her eyes at him, "I'm not afraid of cursing you!"

He laughed softly, "I'm going to blow your mind," he promised.

He lowered his head down, and started licking her again, more confidently this time, with long soft strokes, starting at the base and working his way up. He wasn't pressing hard at the moment, content to explore her externally. He returned to the bottom, starting again, this time being careful to explore everywhere.

She bucked her hips, obviously wanting more, sending a rush of pleasure through him. He reached out and grabbed her hips, holding her still. There was no way he was going to rush this now. He pressed his tongue harder against her, parting her now, revealing her to his eager tongue. She moved her legs apart further, opening herself a little more, and grabbed his head with her hands. He swirled his tongue, and he thought about reassuring her that the only way he was going to stop now was when she came, but decided to just make it happen.

He slid down a little, and pressed his tongue inside her, for the first time. Every groan and moan she made pushed him onwards, his entire being centred on her, on making her feel as good as was absolutely possible. This was even better than licking her; he tasted her directly and wanted more.

He slid his tongue out of her, slowly licking his way up the small distance to the small button he knew was there. He slowly swirled his tongue around her, not wanting to touch it directly yet, in case it was too sensitive or too much for her. He heard her whine, and it gave him the courage to go a step further. He pulled away softly, and then lightly touched his tongue to her, tilting his neck so he could watch her.

She jerked, her hands in his hair tightened, almost pulling him directly onto her; her breathing increased, so that she was panting hard. He smiled, and blew softly over her, before leaning in and ran his tongue over her clit, before he covered her, sucking softly. He then slid down, and back inside her, determined to get as much of her into him as he possibly could. He started a steady rhythm, judging by her reaction when it was time to change.

The sounds she was making was incredible - little half groans, completely incoherent, each one telling him he was doing a good job. She tightened her legs around him, almost crushing his ears, but he didn't care.

"Please, please, please," she begged, and he couldn't refuse, wouldn't refuse her. He shifted carefully, releasing her waist, and moved one hand beneath him. Very carefully, he slid one of his hands down from her hip, and touched his index finger to her, getting it wet with her arousal, before pressing it inside her slowly. He groaned silently against her, as she grasped his finger. He flipped his tongue against her clit, turning his hand around, and bent his finger slightly, marvelling at the heat she was generating.

She screamed, her head jerking up as she rose into an almost sitting position, every muscle inside her tensing. He licked her again, and she screamed again, tightening around his finger. He kept her like that for a minute, wanting to make sure that she would never even think of doing this with anyone else, before he gently pulled his finger from her, and softly licked her, easing her down gently. Her legs relaxed, releasing him. Then with a last little kiss, he pulled back absently cleaning his finger and removing one of her hairs from his teeth.

He looked down at her, suddenly overcome with how beautiful she looked. Her face and chest was flushed, she was glowing with sweat, and her hair was slightly damp. He'd never seen her look better. "You're beautiful," he whispered, reaching down for his wand to clean his face.

He stopped moving as she tightened her legs, holding him in place and watched as she reached up, and pulled him up, encouraging him to lie on top of her. He leaned into kiss her, and then paused as she pulled away, a little confused. He was willing to have cleaned his face with his wand.

"I'm definitely going to have to keep you now," she mumbled breathlessly, before she leaned up and licked his chin softly. He moaned softly, feeling his body respond with an almost unnatural hardness as she licked all over him, cleaning him, and then kissed him hard. He could taste her on her own lips, mingled with the natural taste of her, and he groaned into her mouth.

"It's time," she told him seriously. "Make me yours."

He nodded, rolling them both over. This was the last thing he could give her. "It's supposed to be easier for you this way, so you can control it. You know it's going to hurt?"

She placed her hands on his chest, the pose emphasising her breasts, lifting them straight into his field of vision.

"I'm a girl, Harry, we know. Don't worry about it, I'm not."

He nodded and looked back up at her, his hands reaching to her hips. Suddenly hit with an idea, he pressed her down onto his erection, rubbing her up and down him, and half closed his eyes, the feeling of the wet heat rubbing against him was unbelievable.

He released her, and watched as she did it a few times, before leaning forwards, changing his angle. It all felt good to him, but she stopped, determined to take the next step. She raised herself above him, so he reached down, and grabbed himself, pointing straight up to her.

As she lowered herself, he lightly brushed himself against her, feeling her intimately for the first time, and he started to breathe shallowly, forcing himself not to push up.

He moved his hand away, locking them to his sides, as she pushed down a little, allowing the head to enter her very slightly. He could feel that she was incredibly hot, that she was damp, and so tight. He couldn't think of any words to describe it. As she lowered herself, there was a bead of sweat on her nipple that he wanted to lick off so badly, his eyes flickered in passion - a wild look in her eyes - and as he looked down, he gasped. Seeing himself entering her was the most erotic thing he had ever seen, bar none.

He watched as she sunk down a little more and groaned softly. He could feel himself at her barrier, and froze. He was suddenly acutely aware that he was about to hurt her, and there was nothing he could do about it. He was scared of her reaction, of his, and of seeing her in pain.

She paused, holding herself above him, and then she whispered, "I love you," and sunk down, arching her back.

He bit his lips as she pushed down; he hadn't expected it to hurt him as well. She was so incredibly tight that it felt like he was being squeezed by a vice, the uncircumcised skin stretching, almost to the tearing point. The fact that it must be hurting her even more caused immense feelings of guilt to erupt inside him. His own pain seemed almost irrelevant as she continued to force her way down him. He almost wanted to push her off him.

The look she sent him when she reached bottom was worth incredible. It was an amazing mixture of love, pride, and desire, with a dose of triumph at her accomplishment. He still felt guilty for hurting her. His own pain was receding into the back of his mind as he realised he too was no longer a virgin, that he was buried inside the woman he loved more than anything in the world. He almost felt like bursting into tears. If he had ever had any doubts that she loved him, they were gone now. He felt her grab his hands, and move them to her breasts. He realised that this was the first time that he had been able to feel her as she sat up, and that the movement meant she couldn't be hurt too badly.

He lifted his hands, noticing how well she fit his hands, before lightly flicking his thumbs over her.

She groaned in pleasure, and he smiled up at her, his earlier reluctance gone. He was just filled with love for her giving him her virginity, giving him the one thing she could only give once. He felt honoured, privileged, like he was the luckiest man alive.

She rocked a little, and he groaned as it no longer hurt but started to feel extremely good. He felt like he could feel every ripple inside her, that she was surrounding him in an incredible manner.

He slid one of his hands down from her breasts, meeting her eyes again, and groaned. She was looking at him as if he was her god, as if everything she ever wanted or desired was inside him. It was like absorbing pure love, and it rocked him to his very core.

He wanted to push up into her now; every second was changing the sensation, making it more and more amazing.

He watched as she raised herself, he could see a gap between their bodies, and his hands shot to her hips as she slipped back down. It was smooth and felt so incredible in the way she was still gripping him, but not grabbing him.

She leant forwards, and he found he could look her in the eyes, her hair forming a curtain around them, so that even if he had wanted to, he couldn't look anywhere else.

Every time she shifted, it felt better, each rise and fall she did increased his pressure, and he started to struggle to hold on, despite coming only a few minutes ago. This was indescribable pleasure at a completely new level. He couldn't think anymore; all of his effort was being put into stopping himself coming too early.

"Harry," he heard her whisper, her voice deep and smooth, feminine in a way he'd never heard from her before.

He looked at her, struggling still with his control.

"I want you to come inside me."

Her words were almost enough on their own to let him release.

"But," he whispered, unable to explain how he wanted it to be good for her as well, to make sure she got what she needed - he needed to do it for her, he couldn't not do it.

"Shhh," she whispered softly, leaning down to kiss him tenderly. "Let go for me, Harry. Let yourself explode inside me. Fill me."

Her words swirled inside his head, and she started to move faster. He couldn't stand it anymore; he needed to come now, and he needed to come inside her. It was the only thing on his mind - everything else had been wiped out. He moved his hips, quickly falling into rhythm with her, his hands at her hips, sliding up as she slid down, increasing the pressure between them both.

Every muscle in his body seemed to tense, as he suddenly pushed hard up into her, his hands on her hips slamming him down.

"Ginny," he cried, as his mind exploded and he came, hard, deep inside her. He jerked softly with each twitch, as he filled her, before collapsing down on the bed. He felt her clench around him, and growled in pleasure; suddenly realising she was coming as well.

Shakily, he reached out a hand and touched her cheek, shaking of an urge to break into tears, as he realised what had happened and how incredibly fucking lucky he was, returned. "I love you," he whispered.

"Oh, Harry," she whispered breathlessly, as she collapsed down on his chest, and gently kissed his neck. "I love you; I will love you for eternity."

He liked the sound of that; anything less than eternity wouldn't be enough time spent with this amazing woman in his arms.

He felt himself lose his erection, and slowly slide out of her, feeling a little sad about it.

She raised herself slowly, one arm beside his head, and smiled at him as she looked into his eyes. She kissed him gently with no passion, just love and trust - it was something he was more than happy to give back, wanting to share the emotions he normally kept so locked inside him. He couldn't do anything else at a time like this.

"Thank you," she whispered.

He smiled at her softly, a grin playing on his face. "Thank you," he whispered.

She shook her head a little, her hair falling down, cocooning them again. "Not thank you for making love to me," she clarified. "Thank you for working so hard to make it the best possible first time for me."

He grinned at her, suddenly feeling immensely proud. He'd done what he wanted to do - to make sure she had the best first time that was possible. It had been so important to him, and now that it was done, he was pretty pleased with himself. It had been a struggle, but the look of love and devotion in her eyes made him feel ten feet tall.

"But now you're going to tell me where you learnt to do all of that."

He laughed and explained about the small study in the library, happy to share with her. There didn't need to be any secrets between them, not now, not anymore.

She smiled lazily, her hand lightly tracing patterns on his chest. "As long as the research wasn't practical, I don't mind."

The idea of other witches was actually repugnant. None of them held a candle to his Ginny; none of them could come close to matching her looks, her intelligence, her strength, her sense of humour, and everything else that made her so incredibly dear to him.

"Once I fell for you, I didn't want to even go near other witches," he said simply.

"Good!"

He laughed softly, and then as he became aware of the wetness covering him, he asked, "Do you want to get cleaned up?"

She shook her head, which didn't really surprise him; her position meant that he was the one in the wet spot. "What I want now, is for you to hold me and for us both to have a nap."

He smiled, more than happy to fulfil her desire, and reached to one side, grabbing the covers he had pushed aside earlier and covered them both with it.

As she slipped down, her head under his chin, he tightened his arms around her, and listened to her breath as he swore to himself that he would never let her go, or do anything to stop her loving him.

It was now as important to him as breathing. She was everything: his world, and his universe. Everything he wanted and needed to survive was wrapped up in a five foot two inch dynamite package.

He relaxed, not really sleepy, enjoying the feel of her asleep on him, and the trust it showed. He was happy to stay like that for eternity if it was what she wanted, wet spot and all.