

## The Empty Nest Teasing and Tantalising

The morning silence in the medium sized house was rudely disturbed by a loud banging noise.

“James Sirius Potter, Samantha Jadelyn Potter, wake up,” Ginny yelled, using her fist against the door to Jamie’s room. “You have five seconds to be up and in the bathroom before I resort to other means.”

She was actually surprised they were sleeping so hard; they had been so excited the night before, to think that they were going to go to Hogwarts for the first time the next day. But obviously, not even that excitement could wake the notoriously late sleepers.

She sighed, then smiled suddenly as she felt a strong pair of arms encircle her waist, and a warm tongue lightly caress her right ear.

“Let me guess,” Harry’s deep voice whispered, “our cubs refuse to wake up.”

“Of course,” Ginny replied, “They must get it from you.” She leaned back against her husband of thirteen years. “I think their five seconds are up now. You want to get Jamie while I get Sam?”

“Sure,” Harry sighed heroically. “Ice water or tickle torture?”

“It’s up to you, as long as he gets up.”

“Ok, love. Just don’t scare Sami too much.” He kissed the sensitive spot under her ear before walking through Jamie’s door.

She laughed. “I won’t,” she replied under her breath. “Too much, anyway.”

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Harry stood over his son’s bed, and looked down with a proud smile. The small boy, blessed with the trademark Potter unruly hair, was buried deep inside the duvet. The duvet was covered in Bludgers, permanently being chased by Beaters bats. His son was more like his grandfather in personality than his father, an almost carbon copy of James Potter, down to the mile wide mischievous streak. The only thing missing was a pair of thick-framed glasses. As soon as Jamie had shown signs of myopia, Harry had cured it. He didn’t actually need glasses himself anymore, either, but preferred to wear them in public - he felt a little naked without them. They served as a small barrier between him and the public.

With a wave of his hand, Harry conjured a bucket of ice-cold water and dumped it unceremoniously on Jamie’s head. Jamie, awake in an instant, jumped a foot off his bed and screamed with indignation.

“Morning, son. Awake now?”

“Morning, Dad,” Jamie spluttered through gritted teeth, shivering slightly as he wiped water out of his eyes.

“Your mother’s been trying to wake you for thirty minutes. In case you’ve forgotten, you start school today.”

Jamie’s eyes snapped open at the mention of school. “Hogwarts... today... forgot.” He bounced out of his bed and into his sister’s room at top speed.

Harry shook his head, and cast a drying spell on the mattress, before following at a more sedate pace.

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Ginny stood by her only daughter’s bed, gazing at the child. She was excited that her children were going to Hogwarts finally, but would miss them being around the house and the constant stream of Weasley cousins that flooded in and out during the day. She and Harry hadn’t wanted a large family, just one of each, and that happened the day the twins were born.

Sami was a perfect mix of both parents, like her brother. She had inherited her mother’s temper, along with her red hair, whereas her brother got her father’s stubborn nature and black hair. When the twins would argue, most of the time they came to a stalemate. Either Sami’s temper or Jamie’s stubbornness wouldn’t allow a swift resolution. The only thing that really kept the peace was the fact they were twins. They would revert to twin speak – the abbreviated manner of speaking that only they could understand fully - and the problem would be resolved. And once again, peace would reign in the Potter household.

The girl was curled up under a comforter similar to the one that was on her brother’s bed. Ginny and Harry had tried to teach their children their own positions in Quidditch, but the twins ended up as beaters. Fred and George had taught them everything they could to the point that the only competition the younger twins had in the yearly family competition was the elder set of twins.

Ginny was about to wake the girl when a small figure darted through the door.

Jamie leapt on Sami's bed. "Sami... dressed... Hogwarts!" He quickly bounced back off the bed and ran toward the twins' shared bathroom.

Sami immediately sat up, brushing her short messy red hair out of her eyes. She saw her mother standing beside the bed.

"Morning Mum," she yawned.

"Good morning, Sami. How is it I can scream at the two of you for a half hour and not wake you, but Jamie can say three words and you're wide awake?"

Her daughter fixed her beautiful emerald green eyes, identical to her father's, on her mother.

"Freaky twin thing?" She grinned.

Ginny grimaced. "That's your answer for everything. Just remember that Jamie can't be the one to wake you at Hogwarts. If he tries to climb the stairs to the girls' dorm, they turn into a slide." She walked to her daughter's wardrobe and pulled out a pair of jeans and a Harpy's sweatshirt, laying them on the bed. "Sounds like Jamie's done in the bathroom. Go take your shower."

Ginny walked out Sami's room to find Harry standing in the doorway of Jamie's room. She stuck her head in for a moment. "Jamie, don't forget muggle clothes."

"Yes, Mum," he replied pulling on a rugby shirt in Puddlemere colours.

She walked down the stairs and heard Harry following her. She kept walking towards the kitchen when a pair of hands grasped her waist.

"Just think," Harry whispered softly in her ear. "We can be home by 11:02, after saying good bye to the other parents. We will then have the house to ourselves."

Ginny leaned against his trim frame, as one of his hands slowly slid up her t-shirt and lightly cupped her braless breast.

"No more multiple silencing, locking or privacy charms," she purred, in a voice that she knew he adored.

He captured her left earlobe, and sucked on it gently, nibbling tenderly.

"Yep." He paused in his suckling. "Hold that thought for a moment," he advised as he turned his head toward the stairs. "Jamie and Sami, make sure your trunks are packed before coming downstairs."

Ginny laughed softly. "Buying us some time?"

"Of course." He casually motioned one hand towards the stairs, casting a quick privacy and silencing charm. "You do realise that once we get home today, I don't plan on allowing you clothes for the rest of the week?"

"I can probably live with that." She leaned her head back against his shoulder, craning her neck to place soft kisses on his jaw. "I don't think we've ever been able to be so spontaneous," she mumbled against his skin. "Are you sure you can keep up?"

Harry growled softly, his hands sliding down to her waist and under the t-shirt again. He moved both hands up together, sliding over her firm stomach, till he was cupping her breasts. He captured the soft peaks between his thumb and forefinger, lightly pinching them, coaxing them to react to him.

Ginny groaned softly, turning her head back to the front for comfort, and relaxed against him, enjoying his fingers manipulating her body.

Harry buried his nose in her hair and breathed deeply. She smiled, knowing that he'd always loved the smell of her hair after she'd washed it. She felt him smile against her neck, and she purred, only to gasp a second later; he had tightened his fingers and pulled outwards, the pleasure dancing along the fine edge of pain. He released one of the now engorged nipples, sliding his hand hard down the side of her ribs, over her stomach, and cupped her tightly through her Muggle style denim skirt. His strong fingers probed against the material, forcing it to press into the soft, tender, flesh beneath.

The movements of his left hand smoothly alternated between cupping and fondling her breast, before returning to the now-diamond-hard peak and pinching it.

Ginny slowly started to pant; they'd been parents for so long that their lovemaking had become almost routine, as they concentrated on being parents, first, and married, second. Now that the first restriction was being removed, they were both realising just why they had loved each other to start, and had no intention of ever going back to putting themselves second.

They had both seen the slight sadness in Ron and Hermione as they had done the same, only with a lot more kids. Still, those thoughts were for another time - when her husband's hands weren't finding just the right spot to rub against. His aggressive behaviour with her was arousing her far more than she would like to admit. They'd both gone from virginally insecure, to totally loving, to being parents, with no real sexual exploration in the middle. Everything had been rose petals on silk sheets - tender and loving.

It was only after talking to some of her girlfriends that she'd realised that there was something else out there, and, being a Gryffindor, she had taken the brave option and talked to Harry about it.

To her surprise, he had nodded, and told her that sex had been told that sex could be down and dirty as well, but the very best was combining both, getting down and dirty with someone you loved. They'd agreed to wait the few days until their kids were finally away at school, but some research with the help of PlayWizard magazine, had meant he'd been sending her looks that pretty much turned her knees to jelly and set her mind quivering with anticipation.

"Just there," she groaned, as he forced the material harder against her.

Harry suddenly pulled away from her.

"What the hell are you doing?" Ginny half demanded, half moaned in agonized frustration.

Her husband smirked at her. "I'm just getting you in the right frame of mind. When we get home, I want you ready, 'cause I'm not waiting."

There were three things, at that moment, which saved Harry from a Bat Bogey Hex. The look of pure carnal desire in his eyes, the bulge in his trousers showing that he was suffering as much as she was, and the twins dragging their trunks down stairs, being careful to make sure they bounced them on each step.

Harry looked at her for a second, and then waved his hand absently. Her t-shirt suddenly felt rougher against her still-aroused nipples, and as she looked down, she realised that no one could see exactly how turned on she was. She met her husband's eyes with an amused look.

"Ok, kids," Harry said calmly, showing no outward sign of discomfort. "We're taking the floo to Grandma Molly's, as always."

"Cool!" the twins shouted in unison. They dragged their trunks to the fireplace, and were through it in a bright flash - the action second nature to the magical children.

Ginny shook her head in amusement, and started to follow them.

"*Petrificus Totalus*," Harry said calmly, causing Ginny to freeze in mid-step.

"You look good enough to eat," he informed her, his veneer of normality vanishing, replaced with a white hot lust that was able to make her sweat, even through the spell.

He dropped to his knees in front of her, and slid his hands up her legs, obviously enjoying the smooth skin. He grabbed her knickers, and drew them down her legs, before being faced with the fact that, as she was frozen, he had no obvious way of removing them. He didn't let that stand in his way, and a second later he threw the now-magically ruined underwear into the nearest bin.

"Men have all these fantasies, dirty little secrets," he whispered roughly into her ear as he stood. "Like thinking of you, standing on the platform at the station, naked and glistening under your skirt, surrounded by hundreds of strangers, knowing that there is nothing in the way of me lifting you against a wall, undoing my trousers and sliding straight into you, knowing that the slight flush in your cheeks is caused by excitement, not the rush of getting our cubs off to school."

Ginny moaned, and then found herself able to move once again, as Harry waved a hand, cancelling the spell. She decided instantly that there was no way in hell he was going to get away with that. She took a few steps away from him and turned. She slid her right hand over her breast, then down her flat stomach, inhaling to give herself space to slide under the waistband of her skirt. She lightly ran a finger between her legs, collecting the moistness that his earlier caressing and words had produced. She pulled her hand back, her fingertip glistening in the sunlight streaming through the kitchen window. She seductively raised her hand, and rubbed her finger against her lips, transferring her essence, before opening her mouth and sliding her finger slowly inside. With an almost painful slowness, she sucked and licked her fingers clean, locking her eyes with his.

Harry groaned, stumbling back, and catching himself against the counter. His eyes had a wild passionate look about them: a look she had never seen before in his eyes.

She moved closer and kissed him, feeling his tongue lick her lips hungrily. "Girls have fantasies too," she whispered, her hand now grasping him firmly through his jeans, the heel of her palm pressing rhythmically against the head of which she could just feel the outline.

"And payback's a bitch," she grinned, before releasing him, and dashing into the fireplace, vanishing a second later.

As she tumbled through the floo, she was suddenly hit by a thought: 'How am I going to kiss my mother 'Hello' now?'

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Stunned beyond speech, or even the ability to move, Harry Potter slowly started to smile as he remembered, once again, just why he loved the fireball he'd married so much. He had really hoped that he'd be able to awaken that side of her in bed, and it looked like it was going to happen.

Asking Remus about his sex life had been the singular most embarrassing event in his life, eclipsing \*everything\* else by a mile.

Luckily, the werewolf had proven to be an excellent choice and had offered advice that was both theoretical and practical, explaining from a psychologist's perspective his opinion of their marriage and how they had reacted with the defeat of Voldemort - by throwing themselves into a fairytale-romantic marriage, then focusing on raising their children. Remus had also pointed out that neither had known enough about sex and sensuality to allow them to find a middle path.

The advice from there had turned more than a little risqué, loaded with the copies of PlayWizard, and a Pensive from a firm specialising in pornographic memories. He'd returned home to find that Ginny, as always, was right with him.

He smiled, licking the taste of his wife off his lips, and vanished, preferring to go by his own power, rather than use the floo network.

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As the grandchildren had started to reach the age they would leave for Hogwarts, Molly Weasley had moved smartly to instigate a new family tradition. Her entire family would gather at the Burrow for a large breakfast, before they would take a Portkey to the station. Having Harry Potter as part of the family meant that little things like obtaining the ordinarily hard-to-create Portkeys was a snap.

Literally, in Harry's case, as all it took was a snap of his fingers.

The atmosphere was always festive, as Molly, with grey hair now streaking her natural red, would glorify in feeding everyone, and having her entire family in one place. It was the only other time of the year, apart from Christmas, where she could be sure to see everyone.

After the kids had been placed on the train, the younger ones who had been left alone would spend the day at the Burrow, with their Grandparents, as a form of consolation for being left behind. This year, only Ron and Hermione's two youngest children, Helena and Dion, and Bill and Fleur's twins would be the only ones staying.

Ginny landed in the Weasley family kitchen to a jumble of sound. Glancing around, she saw Jamie and Sami were already at the table, digging in furiously - both fully aware that if they didn't, one of the other members of the ravenous horde would. She shook her head, waved at her mum from across the room, and walked over to talk to Hermione. As she did, she threw a flirtatious glance at Harry as he walked into the kitchen from outside.

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As Harry appeared in the garden at the Burrow, two thoughts were fighting for dominance in his mind.

Getting his kids off to school.

And then getting his wife off.

Repeatedly.

Unfortunately, the latter couldn't be done before the former.

The kitchen was the usual mix of organisation and chaos, he saw as he entered. It always amazed him how Molly managed to feed so many, while keeping track of all them at once. He returned her smile as his mother-in-law shot him a welcoming smile.

"I ate earlier," Harry mouthed across the din, knowing she trusted her daughter to look after him. She nodded, and got back to work, while he walked into the living room. He smiled back as Ginny smiled at him, and then entered into a conversation about the latest Wheezes from WWW.

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"I did it!" Ginny whispered excitedly.

"You did?" Hermione's excitement matched the smaller woman's perfectly.

"Yep. That hair-removal potion of yours worked perfectly. My legs are so smooth now, not even a hint of stubble."

Hermione looked proud. "It took some research, but it was worth it. I save all that time now, not having to use shaving spells."

Ginny looked around furtively, and then leaned in closer.

"It works everywhere," she confided.

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked, looking confused.

Ginny blushed lightly. She moved a hand up to her hair, and lightly tousled it.

"This is the only hair on my body now."

"You didn't!?" Hermione gaped.

"Yep. I did," Ginny giggled. "All gone."

"What does Harry think?"

"He doesn't know yet," Ginny smirked. "I think he's going to like it."

"So, what's the plan for today?"

"As soon as the kids are on the train, Harry's going to Apparate us straight home, and about five seconds later, I expect to be naked and enjoying what ever we start with."

She looked around again, and seeing that no one was paying attention to them, continued, "We've been teasing each other all morning, revealing fantasies. I never knew he had such a nice dirty mind."

Hermione looked a little jealous. "You *do* realise that you're glowing, right?"

"Hold that thought, Hermione," Ginny replied with a grin. "It's time I went and teased that husband of mine again."

Hermione grinned, "What are you going to say?"

Ginny paused, "You know, at some stage, you're going to have to bring this up with Ron. You can't live vicariously through me forever."

"I know," Hermione sighed. "But how can I tell Ron I wish he was better in bed. You know what he's like?"

"You think it was easy me bringing it up with Harry?" Ginny asked. "It wasn't, but you're looking at it from the wrong perspective. You don't want him to be better; you want both of you to improve. You can't just lie back and think of England while he performs, you've gotta help out as well." She paused for a second. "At least that's how I started it with Harry. I was lucky - he'd noticed the same thing and had talked to Remus about it. We ended up having this great conversation and made the decision that as soon as the kids are out of the way, we'd make up for eleven years of fairytale-gentle lovemaking with some proper sex. Which is why we've been teasing each other all morning. Now, if you'll excuse me?"

Ginny turned and walked across the room, "Can I have a word with my husband for a second, Fred?"

Fred nodded and wandered over to speak to George.

Ginny pulled Harry's head down so she could whisper in his ear. "When we get home, I'm going to tie you to the bed, kiss my way all over your naked body, then I'm gonna lick your--" she paused, her mind searching for a more adult term than 'thing'. The PlayWizard magazine saved her. "--Cock, before taking it in my mouth." She lightly flicked her tongue out, against his ear, and then continued. "Just think Harry, my mouth will be moving up and down on you, while I look up at you through my hair, till you can't stand it anymore and you'll beg me to let you cum."

She nipped the side of his neck gently.

"If you're a really good boy, I'll let you do it in me."

Ginny was very thankful that he had already made modifications to her shirt, so that no one would be able to see just how turned on she was at the moment. With a saucy swing to her hips, she turned and walked away, leaving Harry locked in place.

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Harry was locked in place, slightly stooped over, his mind blank, and his eyes unfocused.

"Are you feeling alright, Harry?" Fred asked.

"You look a little uptight," George continued.

"Are you constipated?" Fred enquired.

"He's probably not getting enough fibre in his diet," George agreed.

"You really should look after yourself a little more," Fred advised.

"Enough," Harry growled. The last thing he needed was to be moved from an extremely nice mental place to dealing with two twits who took advantage of any opportunity for teasing.

Unfortunately, Ginny's teasing had managed to remove part of his self-control. Which meant his growl was accompanied by a momentary glimpse of his true magical power.

The whole room went silent for a second, looking at him with wide eyes. One of Bill's babies burst into tears, but was quickly shushed by Fleur.

"Okay, okay," Fred and George said in unison, backing up, looking a little scared.

"Sorry," Harry apologised so everyone could hear. "Small personal problem is affecting my self-control." He tried to ignore the smirk that appeared on his wife's face.

"Now, what were you saying?" Harry asked Fred.

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"What did you say to him?" Hermione asked. "He looks like he's been hit by an Impediment jinx."

Ginny grinned, and then gave into the blush that had been trying to get through for the past thirty seconds. "That I'm going to tie him up later, and well, you know..." She made some eye movements and licked her lips suggestively.

She paused as a wave of magic hit her. She turned and smirked as she heard Harry's apology, before looking back at Hermione. "God, that's sexy," she muttered.

"Sexy!?" Hermione demanded with a shocked look on her face.

"Oh yeah," Ginny mumbled, her face flushing again.

"I found that terrifying," Hermione said quietly. "We *all* do. It's the reminder that we share the room with the most powerful man in existence. A power that's backed up by a sense of moral courage so strong that if he decided something needed doing, no one and nothing could stand in his way."

Ginny blinked at her.

"Harry? My Harry?"

Hermione looked around the room. All the kids were running around again, chasing and teasing each other, having a wild time before they had to leave for the station. The older kids were out in the garden, laughing and joking, and most of the adults were supervising. "Yes, Harry. Did you ever wonder why there's been an unprecedented period of peace and prosperity over the last fourteen years?"

"Well, because Harry killed Voldemort."

Hermione shook her head, not quite believing what seemed to be a blind spot in her sister-in-law's perceptions.

"Sure, that's part of it, but the other bigger part is Harry himself. So many people saw that final battle, and how Harry was trapped in that sphere with Voldemort, Lucius and the other senior Death Eaters, and they watched as Harry refused to give up, even though he was out-numbered and hurt."

Ginny lost her flush as she went pale, remembering the worst hour of her life, as she'd watched her best friend fight for her, for everyone.

It had been then that she had made the decision to tell him that she was in love with him. If she was fortunate enough to get the chance.

"And he won, Gin. He beat them all. He was like a force of nature, unstoppable. I remember when we first saw Dumbledore in all his power. It was exhilarating, amazing, exciting, and just a little bit scary. Well, Harry is like that, only a hundred times more. He walked out, exhausted, but unaided. Voldemort and the other Death Eaters dead or dying behind him, and he walked up to Draco. We all heard his words, even though he tried to keep his voice down. It's indelibly printed on everyone's brain; the words were on the front page of every paper - while you were helping him heal, everyone else was thinking over what those words meant to them.

Ginny's eyes went blank as she mentally returned to that day, to the speech her future husband had given.

*'Take a look, Draco; take a look at Voldemort, at your father. Look at what happened to those who thought themselves better than everyone else. Those who thought themselves superior than others, because of their blood. They are dead. All of them. I will stand in the way of anyone who tries to push their beliefs on others, in the way of anyone who decides that terror and fear is a weapon to be used. And they will end up like Voldemort: Decomposing on a field, reviled by all.'*

Her mind snapped back to the present to hear her friend's voice once again. "Everyone who heard him instantly made the same decision: I don't want to stand against him, because I will lose." She paused for a moment. "Did you know that the Ministry shows petty criminals a Pensive of that evening, as a deterrent?"

"They do what!?"

Hermione laughed, breaking the mood slightly. "It was Remus' idea, and it works beautifully. They decide that a life of crime isn't for them, and move on. Why do you think Draco's now a drag queen on the stages? He's terrified that if he steps out of line, your husband will annihilate him."

"Harry wouldn't do that," Ginny gasped, then paused for a moment to consider her husband. "Okay, maybe he would, if he really stepped out of line."

"Exactly. This probably shows why you two are so well suited to each other. You've got no fear of him at all. I have, everyone else has."

"Excuse me, Hermione," Harry interrupted, giving both women a start as he appeared at Ginny's side. He leant down to whisper in her ear. "I've still got that pair of jeans, that pair that are so tight I can't wear anything under them. That blue pair you wouldn't let me wear outside. And that white t-shirt that fits me like a second skin. I'm going to wear them later today, and I'm gonna push you onto the kitchen table and literally rip off your clothes, leaving you naked in full sight of anyone who walks by the window. Then I'm going to return the favour, and kiss every freckle on your beautiful body, before licking your pussy. I'm gonna make you scream my name, Gin-gin, make you beg, and however much you torture me, I'm gonna do you more. By the time I finish, love, all you'll be able to hear is me, all you'll be able to see is me, all you will smell is me, and I'll be the only thing you can taste. I'll be everything that exists for you in this world, and in that moment, you'll belong to me like never before."

Harry looked up, shot a smile at Hermione, and walked away.

Ginny was frozen, then turned bright red, and shuddered almost imperceptibly.

Hermione's eyes opened wider than they ever had before. "Did you just...?"

Ginny took a deep breath, and collapsed onto the floor. She nodded once, blushing furiously, before moving slightly, making it appear as if she had sat down on purpose.

Hermione took a deep breath. "Can I borrow those magazines you were talking about?"

Ginny, merely nodded, too busy trying to regain her self-control to talk. "That man really knows how to press my buttons," she mumbled to herself. "Now, how am I going to top that?"

Her friend looked at her with something akin to awe. "You won't give up, will you?"

Ginny, her breath now more normal, shook her head. "I've known for a very long time that I can't be a doormat to him. Harry needs someone strong enough to stand with him through the darkness. I am that person; it's why I have him." She paused and looked at her watch. While this was a very strange place for this conversation, somehow it seemed to fit. "How old would you say I look?"

"About twenty-four, twenty five," Hermione replied instantly, not showing any signs of jealousy.

"I went to the St Mungo's the other day, for a full check-up. I don't just look in my early twenties; as far as my body is concerned, I am in my early twenties. The medi-wizard would not believe that I am a 30-ish year old mother of twins."

"That's not possible."

"Isn't it?" Ginny asked. "Look at Dumbledore, he's approaching two hundred now and is still sprightly enough to run Hogwarts. Harry's a lot more powerful than him, so he's probably going to live longer."

Hermione nodded. "That is true, but that doesn't explain you though."

Ginny smiled slightly. "I'm sleeping with him on a regular basis, and I'm pretty sure he's finding a way to increase my power level to be nearer his. I can even do some wandless magic now."

Hermione stared hard at her friend, trying to see if she was joking. "And that's why you only wanted two kids," she said slowly. "Because you two are going to go on adventures, around the world?"

"Eventually," Ginny agreed. "When Sami and Jamie are grown up; we probably will vanish for long periods of time. Can we continue this later? I need to nip upstairs."

With Hermione's agreement, Ginny slipped upstairs and into her parent's bedroom. She walked into the closet, and pulled out a large album, opening it as she sat on the bed. The first page was simply entitled "William Weasley." Inside, two per page, was a photo, a small lock of hair, and the age.

She smiled to herself as she flipped through the pages, watching Bill grow up and mature into the man he had become. Realising that she didn't have much time, she turned to the back, to the "Ginevra Weasley" page.

She flipped a few more, before stopping at the right page. She'd always thought it was a ridiculous custom, and hated losing even such a little bit of her hair. Now she was incredibly grateful, although she freely admitted that what she had in store for her hair probably wasn't what her mother had had in mind when she saved it in the first place.

She looked down at the four pictures of herself, ranging from fourteen to seventeen, and tried to decide. At fourteen she had just started to discover her sexuality, and Harry had featured very strongly in a lot of her fantasies, especially those under the sheets at night, when she was alone in the dark. Still, she hadn't really been physically mature enough to handle a sexual relationship, and the fantasy she had planned was going to definitely need her to be capable of handling it.

Full puberty had finally hit her at fifteen, and had stretched until she turned sixteen. While having her boobs grow had been a good thing, having her face covered with concealment charms to hide the spots she'd endured certainly wasn't.

Carefully, she picked out one hair from the small lock of her hair at seventeen, and placed it in a small container she'd brought for the purpose.

"You're not going to know what's hit you," she promised her absent husband out loud, a large smirk on her face.

"Come on everyone, it's time to leave!" Molly's enhanced voice interrupted her, ringing through the garden and the house.

The Weasley clan gathered together around two Parking Metres - Harry had stopped the practice of making Portkeys out of ridiculous items a long time ago.

With a wave of his hand, Harry turned them into Portkeys. "In 30 seconds," he grinned at them, "I'll see you there."

Because of the strong wards around the Burrow, Harry couldn't Apparate. The wards, a remnant from the War, had been kept up so that Harry would have a place where he felt totally safe and relaxed. He would never have to worry about the public or the press entering. He raised his hands, chanting in an obscure language than only Hermione recognised. A ball of flame appeared between his hands, and he threw it to the ground where it formed a perfect pentagram. With a smile at his wife and kids, he jumped in the middle, crossed his arms over his chest, grasping his own shoulders, and promptly sunk into the ground.

"Your dad is so cool," Dennis, George's boy, said admiringly.

"Oh, it's only because he hates to travel by Portkey," Jamie shrugged, completely unimpressed by the casual display of his father's power. After all, he saw that sort of thing pretty much everyday.

A second later they all vanished, tumbling through space on their way to Platform 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ .

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"Status update?" a thin voice wheezed heavily.

"His brats are leaving for Hogwarts today. We have people moving into place around Hogsmeade, and one inside Hogwarts itself," a second voice cowered.

"In a mere week, we will be ready. And then, that bastard Potter will pay for what he did. This is merely the first step!" The third voice was slightly arrogant and full of confidence.

"Don't underestimate him," the first voice wheezed. "We need to be careful about this. If we don't get them as hostage first, we'll never get what we want." The voice paused for a second. "What about you? Are you in?"

The fourth man was looking at a moving painting of the two Potter kids. "Give me the girl, and you'll 'ave me 'elp."

"What?" the second voice asked, shocked.

The fourth man smiled, his shiny white teeth gleaming wetly in the dank light. "She's a bit like 'er ol' man. I like 'em young."

"But," the second voice tried again.

"Look, if you wants me 'elp, that's me price."

"Fine," the third voice said in a bored tone, "you can have the little girl for a few hours. You just can't kill her."

The fourth man pouted slightly, but nodded his agreement, rubbing his hands.

"We meet again in a week," the wheezy voice whispered. "I don't need to remind you about the punishment for talking about this."

The other three suddenly screamed, the black scars on their left arms bursting with pain.

The first man let them suffer for a few seconds, before releasing them. They left as one, Apparating out of the hovel they had met in.

The first man stood and looked out of the window. "You took him away from me; you did it. He loved me; he needed me; he relied on me. Well, you'll pay for that, Potter. Pay with everything you hold dear!" He started to laugh, a laughter tinged with insanity.

He turned and walked back, a small blade of sunlight glinting off his solid silver hand.

## **The Empty Nest Satisfaction**

The station had not changed since Harry was a child. Kids still ran and laughed, their high voices sharing summer experiences with newly reacquainted friends. Parents still tried to get their children to behave, while they loaded trunks onto the old steam train.

Ginny was with the rest of her family at the other end of the platform, corralling their cubs with ease.

He paused for a second to watch her, the way she moved, the way the sunlight seemed to stick to her white t-shirt, as if it felt it would be a crime to let it go. She looked calm, a little too calm for his liking. Obviously being with the kids had turned down the fires he had been stoking all day – and it was something he didn't share.

His method of travel meant that he had been forced to arrive a few minutes away from the station, but it was still preferable to using one of those damnable Portkeys.

He walked slowly through the crowd, keeping careful control of his magic. It had been something he learnt a long time ago - how to hold his magic close to him, so that it acted like an invisible barrier.

The parents and children in front of him parted without realising it, their subconscious recognising that someone much stronger walked among them. Some glanced at him, as if assessing him and recognising him as Harry Potter, the hero of the Wizarding world, some of them bowed or offered respect.

It was almost feudal in a way, but he preferred it to the other way. The other way was worse, as he had found when he had first started dating Ginny.

He'd been out, shopping for a gift for her, when people had started crowding him, touching him and praising him for killing Voldemort. They wouldn't let him get away, no matter how politely he had asked – they demanded more and more of his time, as if he owed them in some way.

It had been the last time. Since then he had practised at home to give himself an air of slight danger; not on a conscious level, but below that, so that they wouldn't approach him.

He had presumed that it would kill his popularity – almost make him a pariah, as people would think him arrogant and offensive. But it hadn't. To the contrary, it had enhanced his reputation. People knew that he was among them, and they believed that as long as they were good, he would never come for them.

He had been a little saddened to learn that his name was used to keep small children in check – that Harry Potter might come after them if they weren't good, but in the end, had decided that it was for the best. If people were going to behave because of him, all the better. It meant there was a smaller chance of someone like Voldemort returning, and gaining supporters.

He looked up and met the amused smile of his wife. She was never affected by his power – he knew that she actually liked it and encouraged him to use it more often. This gave him an idea for later: using his magic while making love to her, seeing how much he could make her vibrate.

"Hey," he said in greeting, as he arrived by her side.

"You're just in time," she smiled. "Can you get these trunks on the train? I swear that our cubs have packed their entire room."

Harry smiled and nodded at the trunks. The trunks raised themselves into the air and entered the carriages.

"Thanks, love," Ginny smiled and gave him a quick kiss on his cheek. "They're inside," she said, nodding towards the train. "They'll be back out to say goodbye shortly."

Harry nodded. "Your heart rate's gone back down," he whispered, as he slid behind her and cuddled her to his chest. "Your cheeks have lost their colour," he continued, before inhaling slowly. "And you don't smell as aroused."

He felt her against his chest, frozen, and knew she was listening. She knew him well enough to know that he wouldn't just be talking idly.

"I'm going to have to do something about that," he whispered, blowing his breath across her ear. Despite their lack of adventure, they couldn't escape learning a few things about each other in their many years of marriage. "I'm getting very good at illusions," he continued, almost drawing now. "I could raise your skirt, and no one but you and I would know. I could undo my trousers, and believe me; I'm hard and want you so badly. I could bend you over slightly, and slide myself deep inside you."

"But the illusion would stop there. Everyone would be able to see your face, as you struggle to talk to your family and friends, with me sliding slowly in and out of you. You'll be flushed, breathing hard – but all anyone would see is that we are standing together, perfectly decently."

He took a deep breath, and subtly ground himself against her arse. "Can you feel that I want you so badly?"

She shuddered hard in his arms, and he could see the flush returning to her cheeks. He inhaled sharply, and smiled in a self-satisfied way. She was as aroused as he was again.

Ginny turned in his arms, her eyes flashing. "You git," she whispered, as she gave him what looked like a loving hug. "But you're not the only one who can do those charms these days. I've already said goodbye to our cubs, so no one would care if I vanished. I could even make an excuse about needing the bathroom.

"I can make myself invisible, and we both know that there are only two people who can see through that spell; you and Albus. And Albus is at Hogwarts. I'll get on my knees in front of you, Harry. And I'll make it look like you are standing as you always do, as I open your trousers and bring you out. And I'll look up at you, as I worship you with my mouth and tongue, showing you the pleasure I get from making you feel like you're the king of the world.

"And you'll be able to see as I use one of my hands to play with myself, getting my fingers wet with the passion you've created. And then we'll see you talk to my mother and father, as you tell them I got called away, while I'm sucking your cock. You can say goodbye to Jamie and Sami while all you can think about it is my head bobbing back and forth over your diamond-hard erection."

He'd almost forgotten to breathe, as she turned around again and deliberately pressed her bum against him.

It took almost all of his willpower not to Apparate them both home immediately, and ignore the damage it would do to the wards around the station.

"You don't have to look so sad, Mum," a voice chimed. "We'll only be gone till Christmas."

"We know, Jamie," Harry smiled at his son. He was grateful that James had mistaken his wife's flushed appearance for sadness. "We'll be fine."

"You just enjoy Hogwarts," Ginny said.

Harry dropped to one knee, the practical nature of his arousal ensuring that he had to be careful, and embraced Jamie, and as she arrived, Sami.

"Remember," he said sternly. "Uphold the family name, have a good time, and it's Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall, not Uncle Albus and Aunt Min."

"We'll be good," they promised in unison.

"I know," he smiled. "You both remember the spell? And the letter for Snape?"

"Yes, Dad," they parroted.

"Now, get on the train and have a good time. We'll see you at Christmas."

"We will, Dad," they said again, and with a quick hug for their mother, they vanished.

The scene was repeated all along the platform, as various Weasley parents said goodbye to various red-haired children, before the parents joined Harry and Ginny at the end of the platform.

"Please, Dennis," Fred said. "For the sake of our family name, play at least one prank this year."

"But Dad," the smartly dressed fifteen-year-old replied. "I'm a prefect, I can't be doing that."

"I know, and it rends my heart. A son of mine, a prefect." Fred playacted a tear running down his face.

"But..."

"No buts," George agreed. "Just one prank; you're the son of one of the Weasley Twins, you have a tradition to keep up."

"Okay," the boy sighed. "Just one."

"Excellent," Fred smiled and handed him two packages. "The second one is for Jamie and Sami; it'll swap their hair colour."

"Fred!" Ginny shouted, sounding mad.

"Quick," George said, pushing Dennis on to the train.

The teenager grinned and saluted.

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"Here," Dennis said, as he popped his head into the carriage that most of the Weasley family were sharing. "It's a present from Dad and Uncle George."

"Thanks," Jamie said, looking at the package suspiciously. "What does it do?"

"If you and Sami take it, it'll change your hair colour."

“Cool,” Sami grinned, putting it in her pocket. “I wonder if it would fool Dad.”

“I’ll see you lot later,” Dennis smiled, and vanished out the door. He walked down the carriageway and stopped into a carriage near the back.

“Hey,” he smiled, dropping a kiss on the cheek of the short, black-haired girl that occupied it.

“Hey sweetie,” she replied. “What took you so long?”

“Dad and my uncle were trying to get me to play a prank.”

“Don’t you think it’s time you admitted that you’re the biggest prankster in the school – you’re just good at not getting caught?”

“Nope,” he smiled. “Do you want to tell your mum you’re dating both a Gryffindor and a Weasley?”

Grace Parkinson smiled and shook her head. “Not yet.”

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Fred turned to George and smirked. “Do you think we should tell him that we know that he’s as big a prankster as we are – and that we’ve covered for him more times than he can count?”

“Nah,” George replied with a grin. “Let him think he’s getting one up on us for now. Besides, him dating Pansy’s kid makes it even more interesting.”

“You two are evil,” Molly scolded.

“Yes,” they agreed as one. “We are. We also need to get back to the shop. We’ll see you guys later?”

There was a sea of nods from the numerous Weasley parents. Fred and George wrapped their arms around their wives, and they walked off together.

“So, who’s coming back to our place?” Molly asked.

“We are,” Ron said, his youngest in his arms, Hermione standing next to him.

“Us too,” Fleur, and Bill, said.

“We need to get home,” Harry sighed. “We’ve got a load of paint arriving shortly, so we can redecorate the study.”

“Paint?” Arthur asked, his eyes alight.

“Yeah,” Harry said slowly, suddenly realising he’d made a tactical mistake in his excuse.

“Oh no you don’t, Arthur Weasley,” Molly interrupted – and Harry could have kissed her. “You’re not running out on your grandchildren.”

“Of course not,” Arthur agreed cheerfully.

“Don’t worry Dad,” Ginny smiled. “We’re doing the living room in a few weeks,” she continued. “You can help out then.”

“Wonderful.” He smiled enthusiastically.

Harry reached out, passing a Portkey that appeared in his hands to the rest of the family.

“We’ll see you later,” Harry smiled, noticing again the slight envy in Hermione’s eyes, and he realised that he was still transparent to his friend.

As they moved past the wards, Harry grabbed Ginny and Apparated them both home.

Ginny took a step away from him and turned, facing him.

He gulped; he’d never seen that look in her eyes before. They were burning, looking at him with the result of everything they’d gone through today. He’d awakened a sleeping lion, and he couldn’t wait to deal with the consequences.

“So,” Ginny purred. “Home. Alone.”

Harry nodded, his throat suddenly tight.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked.

He moved, forwards, and she seemed to flow in to his arms, and they kissed. Throughout their marriage, they had kissed thousands of times. Deep kisses, passionate kisses, soft kisses, and loving kisses.

But nothing like this.

Nothing that had grabbed at his soul and tugged it towards her.

Nothing that had made him feel like he was kissing a living flame.

For the first time, he released his mental barriers, his misgivings, everything, and kissed her back with everything that was inside him.

He slid his hands up into her hair, the soft hair that resembled the fire she was awakening in him, and held her head still. He kissed her back, as forcefully as he could, and pushed his tongue against her teeth. This was no soft entreaty, no gentle request. He demanded access to her mouth and he gasped as she instantly granted it.

As forceful as he was being, he was being matched by her. Her tongue was everywhere over his, her nails were digging into his back and she was pushing herself as close to him as possible.

She broke the kiss, panting hard, and her hands slid down, to his belt. She fumbled with it, and then with a feral growl, she released it, and pulled it hard out of the loops. She threw the belt into one corner of the kitchen, and shoved his jeans down. Without ceremony, she grabbed him through his boxers, and gave him a quick squeeze.

He couldn't help moaning, and suddenly realised just how close he was - that the teasing had really gotten to him.

She pushed down his shorts as well, and lightly stroked him. "I want you, now."

He gulped and looked down as she pulled up her denim skirt a bit.

"Help me out," she demanded.

"Are you..."

"Damn it, Harry," she swore. "You've got me hotter than in nearly twenty years of marriage. Yes, I'm bloody ready."

He reached down and grasped the now-naked skin of her arse, and lifted her in the air. She was still as light as a feather to him.

She pushed a hand down between him, and grabbed him intimately. She leaned back, her other arm around his neck, and pushed herself forwards, so that he was brushing against her entrance.

Ginny released her hand, and moved it around his neck. "Hard, Harry, please."

He couldn't think of anything but the heat surrounding the tip of him, and the overwhelming desire to have that heat all around him. He pushed his hips forwards, and pulled his arm in, and with a groan from both of them, sunk completely inside her. She was tight, hot, smooth, and wet. They hadn't had sex for weeks, letting the tension build between them, and he could tell now.

He looked around desperately and saw the washing machine in the corner. It was waiting to be fitted; with the kids going to school, he hadn't had chance to arrange for a Muggle plumber yet.

He shuffled over there, each movement sliding him a little in and out of his wife, and felt her legs tighten around his hips. He lowered her so that she was perched on the edge machine, and paused. He kissed her deeply, a hot, wet, open-mouthed kiss, as passionate as he could make it. He wanted to consume her, to be consumed by her.

"Ready?" he gasped.

She smiled, and leant back a little, throwing her hair back so it fell in a straight line down. The look on her face was new, and he wanted to keep it and destroy it at the same time - destroy it and replace it with something else.

He pulled back slowly, till he was barely inside her, before pushing forwards hard, slamming into her. He stopped, checking her reaction, making sure he hadn't hurt her.

She reached up and grabbed him by his collar, pulling him down. It was his turn to be consumed as her smaller tongue ravaged his mouth. "Stop worrying," she panted against his lips, breaking the kiss. "Let go, please."

He did, completely. He allowed his instincts to roam free and pushed into her hard. As his hips slammed into her, she groaned in pleasure, and he repeated, forcing himself as deep and as hard into her as he could. He dropped his hands to her hips, holding her on the edge, so that she couldn't escape.

Her head lolled back, and each thrust forced a groan out of her, and the faster he moved, the more she groaned.

"Harder," she demanded, her legs locking around him, encouraging him.

"I'm not going to last," he groaned. He'd never felt this way and couldn't have stopped if Voldemort had been resurrected next to him.

"Don't," she replied, propping herself up with one hand, the other moving between them, and caressing her breast roughly through her t-shirt.

His mind was blank. He'd never seen her touch herself before, and the sight blew his mind. His hips rocketed back and forth, as he tried to bury himself in her.

She was moaning now, incoherent sounds of pleasure, as her head swung from side to side.

Suddenly she clenched around him, her legs locking him against her, and screamed.

He could feel every convulsion up and down the length of his penis, and he couldn't stop any more. With a groan, he grabbed her hips, desperately trying to get further inside her, and let himself go.

He felt himself explode into her, like he was pouring his soul deep inside her, and he collapsed down on top of her.

She cradled him, lowering them both down on to the top of the washing machine. He could hear her panting against him.

Still inside her, he forced himself to move and kissed her softly. "I love you," he whispered into her mouth.

"I love you too, sweetheart," she replied breathlessly, stroking his back slowly. She exhaled slowly, and shot him an amazingly bright smile.

"I want you to do that every time," she said softly, one hand reaching up to brush back one of his locks of hair.

"Do what?" he asked, breathing as hard as he did.

"Let go," she explained.

"Huh?"

"You've been holding back," she explained softly. Her arms tightened around him, so he couldn't have retreated, even if he'd wanted to. "I know you've been trying to make it good for me, all this time, and I love you for that. But I want more."

"More?"

"I want your soul, Harry. I want to feel like you've lost control, that everything inside you has been given to me. Now that you've done it and given it to me, I won't accept anything less."

"But..."

"No, no buts. I don't care if you last ten seconds or ten hours. Sex is as much about emotion as it is about pleasure. I came once just now, with you out of control, and it meant more to me than a thousand other times."

"I could..."

"No, you couldn't, and you know it. Sure, there might be a little pain, so what? I've given birth; you're not going to come close to that. And sometimes, a little pain can give a nice thrill. You are not going to really hurt me, Harry, not even if you lose every ounce of control. I trust you, and I love you more than anything and anyone. You've given me so much in my life. You've given me my life, my happiness, two beautiful children, a beautiful house, support when I needed it and your trust.

"Now you've gone a bit further and given me the last thing you've been holding out on – your self control. Don't take it back, please."

He looked down at her, into her bright, brown eyes, and saw the love there. "I didn't want to hurt you," he whispered. "And I wanted it to be good for you.

"I know, love," she replied, her hands stroking back up and down his back. "It was good, but this is better."

He smiled softly, and kissed her lingeringly. "I won't hold back."

"Good."

He laughed softly. "I think we've broken in the new washing machine."

"That's what I like about you," Ginny smiled. "Your ability to think under pressure."

He leant back upwards, and reluctantly aided his exit from her. She hopped up immediately from her reclined position on the washing machine, pushing her skirt back down, and then leant against him as her legs wobbled.

"Cleaning charm, Harry."

"Oh, right," he smiled, and absently waved his hand. He pulled up his jeans and boxers absently.

"Now that I'm clean," she purred. "Why don't we go share a shower?"

He couldn't help but smile as he followed her upstairs, his eyes firmly on her denim covered arse.

"You know that Hermione is a genius?" she asked, as she moved into their bedroom.

"Why are we talking about her?" he asked, really not caring about his friend's intelligence.

"Well, she's been working on a potion, and I agreed to test it out," she replied, as she pulled off her t-shirt, her back to him.

"Oh?" he asked, disinterestedly.

“Yeah,” she said, as she kicked off her trainers and removed her clothes, bending a little. He groaned as he ran his eyes over the smooth skin of her back, and tight arse.

He realised that he was wearing too many clothes, and pulled off his t-shirt.

“It’s a hair removal potion, for legs,” she explained.

“Oh?” he still wasn’t that interested, until she turned around.

“I used it everywhere,” she smirked.

His mind went blank for a second, a brief second, as he tried to work out what she meant, before his eyes started to slide down her body, past her breasts, and her firm stomach.

He dropped to his knees as he found exactly what she meant, and groaned.

“Gonna join me in the shower?”

“I’d join you anywhere,” he said seriously.

“I know,” she smiled.

“Which house do you think we’ll be in?” Jamie asked, as they lined up outside the door to the Great Hall.

“Dad said that he got to make a choice,” Sami reminded him with a grin. “So we’ll just choose as well.”

“Have you got that letter Dad told us to give Snape?”

“Yep, he said that it’s charmed to fly to him when we get in there.”

“Excited?”

“Yeah. I think we should go for Slytherin.”

“So we can annoy Snape?”

“And get away with more pranks.”

Jamie’s reaction was halted, as the doors opened, and Aunt Min, who they now had to refer to as Professor McGonagall, lead them into Great Hall. It held no surprises for them; they had both been here many times before, as both their parents had taught for a year or two to cover for other teachers.

As they walked in, Sami pulled out the letter, and it jerked happily in her hand, and as she released it, it flew straight to the glowering Snape.

Severus Snape sighed to himself. He had hoped to never see this day, when the brats of Potter and Weasley joined the school. He’d had enough of them when they had lived there, and was looking forward to showing them that their famous father couldn’t look out for them anymore.

He watched as one of them pulled a red envelope out of her pocket, and it flew straight towards him.

Expecting a prank, he mentally decided to take one hundred points from Gryffindor – the day Harry Potter’s children were in a different house was the day he wore a pink tutu – and he hated pink.

He instantly recognised Harry’s scrawl, and read it close.

*Snape,*

*Having spent seven years under your tutelage, and knowing your childish hatred of me, I thought it would be a good idea if I made something clear.*

*I will not accept any mistreatment of my cubs from you.*

*I have arranged for other students to inform me if you do anything cruel, unfair, or downright evil to them, as you once did to me.*

*This is your one and only warning.*

*If you fail to heed this warning, you will disappear. There will be no trial, no evidence and no repercussions. You will disappear from Hogwarts and never be seen again.*

*You may thank my wife for this letter – I was more than ready to prejudge you, and wait for your childish hatred to rear its immature head.*

*H.J.P.*

Snape paled, and looked up wildly. Potter’s twins were talking to each other, and showed no sign of smirking, or even knowing what the letter said.

As flames licked his fingers, he released it, and watched as the letter burnt to ashes and then vanished in front of him, leaving him with no proof that he had ever seen it.

The strange thing about that sort of letter," Albus said calmly, leaning to one side. "Is that they are magically burnt into your brain, and can't be pulled out by a Pensieve."

"That's impossible," Snape gasped.

"Nothing, my dear Severus, is impossible for Harry. Not even making someone permanently disappear."

"You know?" Snape gasped again, his stomach turning.

Dumbledore turned fully towards Snape and looked at him slowly. "I gave you many warnings about your behaviour toward Harry, and how it would have long-lasting implications. It is only out of respect for me, and for Ginny, that he didn't take pre-emptive steps. He hates you, Severus, and sadly, it is not without cause. He has the ability and the will to follow through on his words. I do so hope, for your sake, that you heed the warning."

The headmaster turned and looked out at the sorting again, smiling as it headed towards the Potter twins.

Snape turned back as well, feeling sick.

He was scared, more scared than he had been with Voldemort, and what really turned his stomach, was the feeling that he deserved it.

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"James Potter."

As his name was called out, he walked to the hat and pulled it on.

"Oh," the Hat said out loud. "I'll need the other one as well; these twins need to be sorted together."

There was a distinct lack of surprise from anyone who knew the twins, or knew that they were Harry Potter's children.

Jamie smiled as he felt Sami sit next to him, and they both sat under the wide brim of the Sorting Hat.

'Hmm, where to put you,' the Hat mused into their minds.

'Slytherin please,' they replied together.

'Slytherin? Why?'

'So that we can pay Snape back for being mean to Mum and Dad,' they thought at the hat. 'If we're in his house, he wouldn't take too many points.'

"I am not putting you two into Slytherin just so you can torment the Head of House!" the Hat shouted out loud.

"But..." the twins said together.

'Where else?' the Hat thought at them.

They both missed the sniggers that came from the numerous Weasley children and friends that were at the school.

'Gryffindor,' they both sighed.

"Gryffindor!" The Hat yelled. 'Say hello to your dad for me.'

'We will,' they replied, as they moved off the stool and walked over to the Gryffindor table.

The Gryffindor House was full of red-haired children, as if the seven Weasley children had taken it on themselves to repopulate the Wizarding world.

"I wonder what Mum and Dad are doing now," Jamie said, as he started to eat his first official meal as a Hogwarts student.

"Probably sitting at the table in the kitchen, having dinner, sad and missing us loads," Sami replied with a sigh. "I hope they're okay."

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Ginny smiled happily as she threw the remains of the fish and chips into the bin. After their shower, where washing had taken a back seat to exploring, they had both had a quick nap, before Harry popped out to get a take away. There was something gloriously right about eating fish and chips out of paper in the front room, without having to care about setting a good example for the kids.

They'd both used too much tartar sauce and tomato ketchup without guilt, as music played on the stereo.

She felt Harry walk up behind her and smiled softly as he hugged her from behind.

"I'm still hungry," he said softly.

"Considering how much you ate, I'm shocked," she teased.

"Who said I was hungry for food?" he growled, his hand reaching around to the belt of her silk kimono. With a confident pull, he undid it, and parted it, his hands roaming her body at will.

"I thought I was going to go first," she half complained – referring to her earlier promise to tie him up.

"You had your chance, and you missed it." She could hear the smirk in his voice.

"What about the neighbours?" she asked, as he stepped away from her, letting the kimono drop to the floor, leaving her naked.

"Screw the neighbours."

"You'd better not," she smirked.

"Very funny," he replied.

She suddenly felt herself start to float and relaxed, looking at him as she floated back towards the table. "Do you have something for the kitchen?"

"Best place to eat," he smirked.

"Very funny," she intoned in the same inflection he had used. She smiled as she came into contact with the surface, and recognised a cushioning charm on it. He was so thoughtful, too thoughtful at times, but he was starting to realise that a little bit of roughness was fine.

She'd known for years that he'd had a silly ratio in his head – that she should come three or four times to his one, but hadn't known enough to understand what was wrong with it. It was only when she had talked to Hermione earlier, that she had realised it had meant that he was always in control – that he never let himself go like she did.

She didn't blame him. There was nothing to blame for since they'd both been naïve about it, and he'd tried to do what he thought was best. She was hoping that now he realised that both of them out of control was a lot better.

She felt him walk to the side and take her hand, stretching it gently to the top of the table. He put his hand over her wrist, and a second later, she felt something hold it firmly in place. The idea of being tied up like this was very new, she had discovered in it in their magazines, and she found it exciting, putting herself completely under his control.

Her other hand was stretched out, and then both her legs, so that she was open, more so than she could ever remember, and completely vulnerable. She couldn't remember ever feeling like this, and shuddered. She tried to lift her head, but couldn't keep it up for long, since the effort was too much. The fact that it was on the kitchen table, in view of anyone who walked past added a little thrill. A thrill that not even the knowledge that the wards surrounding their house wouldn't allow anyone to just walk by couldn't diminish.

She felt herself get aroused before he even started to touch her. Oral sex. It even sounded exciting. He'd kissed her before, kissed her breasts, and her neck and shoulders, but it hadn't even occurred to them that you could go further, and while she'd wanted to do him first, she wasn't averse to being the recipient.

"I've been dreaming of this for weeks," he sighed, looking down at her. "You are more beautiful now than when I first fell in love with you."

That had been at sixteen for her, in his final year. She felt herself blushing.

He laughed softly, "Every day I thank god that you are in my life. You are my life, now, and for eternity."

She smiled up at him, suddenly feeling the urge to cry. He always seemed to know what to say to make her feel like the most important woman in the world. She might not be that, and to be honest, had no wish to be, but she did want to be the most important person to Harry Potter, and she knew she was.

She felt him kiss her left wrist, and shuddered, the tears banished, as a mixture of excitement and dread set in. He was serious about teasing her, and she knew she was going to go out of her mind.

His head drifted down her arm, stopping at the ticklish spot she had there, before heading towards her neck. She slid her head away from him, baring her neck in a display of submission.

She felt him nuzzle and nip her gently, and sighed with pleasure. She wished he would bring his roughened hands into play, but knew that wasn't in his plan, and she wasn't going to beg.

Yet.

She groaned in frustration as he made his way up her other arm. Damn it, she wanted his mouth in much more interesting places.

She had no idea how he was moving like he was, without touching her, but when her husband has a relationship with magic that she was only just beginning to comprehend on a magical level, it was understandable.

Finally, after what seemed to be an age, he headed down her chest and towards the swell of her breasts. They had been another example of the aging process not attacking her like it should. With her fortieth birthday in sight and after breast-feeding two children they should have had some sag, and when flat on her back, should not be proudly pointing towards the sky like they were. She was more than happy to admit that her vanity thanked him for that present.

She moaned softly as she felt his softly rasping tongue slide up the side of her breasts, and around the edge of her nipple. She wanted him to lick her, to bite her softly, to do something, anything, to end the torment she was going through.

"Git," she swore, as he abandoned her breast and buried his face in her cleavage.

She felt him laugh against her, and wished she had her wand to hand so she could...

Whatever she was going to think vanished as he licked her right nipple, hard.

But it was a frustratingly fleeting feeling as he slowly slid down her body, spending time at her navel, tickling her softly, only she didn't laugh. She writhed beneath him, trying to get her hands free so that she could grab his head and stop his tongue from teasing her.

She panted in anticipation as he reached the place where her pubic hair had been before Hermione's potion had done its business. She could feel him sliding down slowly, and tensed, awaiting the contact she knew without doubt she was going to love.

She realised that he must be using magic on the table, as the angles he was finding to kiss her were impossible.

She wailed softly as he bypassed the spot that was begging for his touch, and slid down her leg. "Harry Potter," she yelled.

"Patience, love," he replied, and she could hear the amusement in his voice.

*I'll get revenge for this*, she swore to herself, as he ran his tongue along her inner thigh. *And Remus to, if he had anything to do with this damn torture.*

She had just about reached Dumbledore on her mental list of people to get revenge on when she realised he was heading up again, and this time it felt different, like he was finally going to put her out of her misery. She arched her back in anticipation, straining against her magical bonds to get closer to him.

There was a pause that seemed to last for ever, longer than they had known each other, as she felt his hot breath against her, brushing over her hot damp skin.

"Please," she begged breathlessly, pride a forgotten emotion. She wanted to grab his head, and force him to move to where she wanted him. The fact she couldn't, that she was locked in place by his magical bonds was affecting her in a way she'd never considered.

She was completely helpless, at his every whim, and completely reliant on him. She exhaled slowly, luxuriating in the thought that she belonged to him so completely. That she could trust him so implicitly.

It was like her ultimate expression of love – passing on the very last thing she had to him, secure in the knowledge that he would never let fall.

She groaned as he slowly licked her. She didn't care how he was in the position he was, what had happened to the table or even if Voldemort was performing the can-can in the next room. All she cared about was his tongue against her most intimate parts.

He licked her again, a little harder, and she moaned her encouragement. It seemed to work, as he picked up the pace a little, licking her faster. She felt his tongue slide down and enter her, and her toes curled, her arms pushing hard against her bounds.

He slid out of her, and his tongue inched up to the bundle of nerves that was screaming for his attention – she tensed herself, waiting.

He licked her, once, softly, and she screamed her pleasure. No kids meant no need to keep quiet, and she was determined to be as vocal as she could be to ensure he didn't bloody well stop. Lights exploded behind her eyes, putting the fireworks the day after Harry had defeated Voldemort to shame.

He continued to push his face against her, his agile tongue - used to talking in ancient impenetrable languages - was being used to perfection against her, and she stopped thinking, and just kept feeling.

It felt like all she needed was one more little touch, and she'd be there, over the edge. One more little thing was all that was needed.

And he stopped.

She couldn't believe it; her mind couldn't comprehend it. All she could do was let out a long, drawn out moan in protest.

He started again, slower than before, building her up again. She was further along than before, but still not quite there. It was torture, agony.

She felt something press against her, as his tongue worked around her clit, and realised it was his finger.

She felt herself be penetrated, and groaned her pleasure, wanting a little more. She felt his teeth lightly bite her, his tongue flicking against her hard and she screamed, her body reacting, pulling hard against her restraints.

So close.

So close.

His finger curled inside her, rubbing a spot she hadn't known existed, and her mind exploded.

Stars. Lights. Nothing compared to this. Nothing came close. She had no control over herself or her reactions, and didn't care. She panted hard, as her muscles slowly relaxed, and she collapsed back against the cushioned table bonelessly.

His tongue flicked out, and she jerked, an aftershock of pleasure rocking through her. "No more," she begged.

She felt him move onto the table, and watched as he came into sight, a warm caring smile on his face.

"Release me?"

He waved his hand, and she groaned in pleasure as she moved her arms. She could see his face glistening, and realised it was from her, and she smiled tenderly, sliding his arms around his neck.

She kissed him slowly, tasting herself on him, not caring, just enjoying the kiss. She could feel him pressing hard into her hip, and held his head still. She licked his chin softly, cleaning him like a cat, licking herself off him, while she regained her breath.

Tomorrow, she would do him, she decided. Now, she just wanted him deep inside her again, and decided it was a good time to try one of the other positions she had read about.

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"Drink, my dear?" Albus asked Minerva as they sat in his office.

"Please." Professor McGonagall sighed happily as she settled into the chair comfortably.

"What do you think of them, then?"

"The same as I thought before. They are bright, funny, well-raised children."

"I meant magically."

"They are completely normal. They're powerful, but nothing like Harry."

"That is what I thought," Albus nodded slowly. "I must confess to being a tad concerned, Minerva."

"About what?"

"Harry."

"In what way?"

"I'm two hundred years old," he explained. "And I'm still going strong. Harry is immensely more powerful than me; his power has never stopped growing. It could be the curse he survived early, or just a strange coincidence."

"And you think Harry might live to be a lot older?"

"I'm concerned that he might truly become immortal, and that when Ginny dies, he will be lost and alone. The thought of eternity alone scares me, so it must terrify him."

"Have you talked to him about it?"

"It's only recently that I have started to worry," he confessed.

"We should talk to them soon."

Albus nodded, and sipped the tea in front of him. "I noticed the Sorting was two children short."

"Yes, Michael Chadwick and Stephanie Entwhistle didn't make it. They both have a bad case of Wizarding Flu, and will join us in a couple of weeks."

Albus sighed softly. "Nasty thing to catch at a young age. Oh, I've allowed a Brett Sanderson access to our Library. He's doing a degree course on Hogwarts, and wanted to research some of the history that isn't in *Hogwarts: a history*. He has promised to stay out of the way of the students."

"Oh?"

"Yes, a very charming young man - very bright smile. I'm sure that some of our older students would no doubt develop a crush on him."

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Ron sighed as he looked at the mess in the front room, and started to pick it up. Quite how they had ended up with five kids, he still wasn't sure. And while he loved them all, at times, he wished he could just have some time alone with his wife.

"Hey honey," Hermione yawned as she walked over and kissed him. "Only two more to go till they're all at Hogwarts."

He smiled and hugged her. "Yep."

"How about a bottle of wine?"

"We've not got any," Ron frowned. "And the shops'll be shut now."

"Damn," Hermione sighed.

He did as well, as wine was often an indicator that his wife was a little horny, and he didn't want to miss that part. Harry! Harry always had wine in; he'd nip over quickly and get some.

"I'll check there isn't a bottle left in the pantry," he said. "You sit down and relax."

"Okay," Hermione smiled and sat.

He walked into the kitchen, and contemplated floo'ing them first, but realised that they might be enjoying their first night alone – he knew he would be. So he'd just floo into their kitchen, see if they were around and if not, leave an I.O.U. for the bottle, and vanish.

He stepped into the fire. "Potter, home. Authorisation Omicron Persei Eight." Harry had password protected his floo as soon as he had moved in, and only very close family knew the password.

He arrived and coughed, stumbling out of the fireplace. He looked around, and froze in absolute horror.

On the table – the table he'd helped carry into the place, the table he'd eaten dinner at countless times – his sister, his *younger* sister, was kneeling over his best friend, his hands were covering her breasts, while she bounced enthusiastically.

"Get the hell out of here, Ron," Ginny shouted, although he noticed that she didn't stop moving – she didn't even slow down.

"Close the floo, Harry," Ginny panted.

Ron took a step back, almost forgetting to throw the powder into the fire first, as Harry's hand shot out, and a burst of magic destroyed a vase on the mantelpiece. Harry waved his hand again, and another bolt of magic half destroyed the fireplace. "Badger's Set," he called desperately, as another bolt of magic flew straight towards him.

"Ron?" Hermione called, entering the kitchen to find him covered in plaster, a shocked look on his face.

"Ron?"

"Went to Harry's," he mumbled, unable to function more.

"Oh," Hermione said, a slight smirk evident on her face. "What did you see?"

"Sister. Harry. Kitchen table. Didn't stop. Told me get out. Harry destroyed fireplace."

For some reason, he was highly insulted when Hermione started to laugh – and wouldn't stop. He'd never get the image of his naked sister bouncing on his best friend out of his mind – and was only grateful that the angle, Harry's hands and their position stopped him from seeing anything else.