For Good

by

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"Tell me you love me, Harry. Tell me you love me and then we can put this all behind us."

"I'm sorry. I just can't say that."

"Well then I don't think that we can keep doing this. I love you Harry. I fucking love you and you know it and I know you love me back but you're too full of self pity and you won't let anyone know how you're feeling!"

"Ginny just stop it."

"No, you just stop it. You need to get over all of this bullshit that you're going through because feeling bad for yourself isn't going to solve anything. Your parents didn't sacrifice you because they felt sorry for you."

"Don't you dare talk about my parents!"

"Face it Harry, one day you're going to realize that you're making the wrong decision. Yes I do love you and what we have is utterly amazing but you can't let Voldemort control every single aspect of your life!" And with that Ginny stormed out of the prefect's bathroom and went back to her dormitory.

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"Oh it's you. I'll leave."

"No, Ginny, don't go."

"Why? What's the matter? Harry, what's wrong?"

"I have to go and kill Voldemort tomorrow."

"What?"

"I have to go and when I go, I'm not coming back."

"Harry…are you sure you have to go?" Harry nodded. "But why?"

"It's my destiny. I have to. I'm the only on that can defeat him. Remember that prophecy? I have to complete it. I have to complete the prophecy."

"Harry…" Ginny walked over and hugged Harry as tightly as she possibly could. "I'm so sorry." She cried. "I'm sorry I said all of those horrible things all of those weeks ago and I'm sorry that you have to go through all of this again."

"It's okay. So are we friends again?" Ginny nodded. "Good. I couldn't leave without knowing that we're okay with everything that has happened this year."

"It's okay. When you get back I'm swear that we can give it another try if you want to."

"Yeah, that'd be nice. I'd like that…but when I go I'm not coming back to Hogwarts."

"What do you mean? Harry, you're going to live. You're going to live!" Harry shook his head and turned away.

"Harry…you don't have to end it this way…"

"What do you mean?"

"You can stay. Stay here for Ron. Stay here for Hermione. Stay for me…" Whispered Ginny. Harry looked deep into her brown chocolate eyes as he saw tears stream down her face. He did the only thing he thought of doing, he leaned over and kissed her and surprisingly she kissed back. It wasn't because they were in love, no, they were far from that, h thought, it was because they needed each other. And in a hormonic passion, she gave herself to him. Harry knew that he couldn't stay with her, even though

now he wanted to more than ever and in the passion of their love making she accepted it.

The next morning Ginny awoke in Harry's bed in the boy's dormitory. She tried to be as quiet as she could so that Ron nor any of Harry's other roommates would know that she was there. She turned and saw Harry sitting up against the backboard of this four poster bed looking very tired. "Hey." He said noticing that she was awake.

"Hi." Replied Ginny. "Did you sleep at all?"

"Not really." Said Harry staring straight ahead.

"Harry…just please…"

"I can't stay."

"I wasn't going to ask you that…I need you to look at me." For the first time since the night before, Harry turned and looked at Ginny as she sat up to meet his gaze. He looked at her, as if seeing her for the first time. He was in awe of what he saw: a beautiful naked woman laying next to him who was there completely for him. "Go out there and knock them dead. And if it's any consulation, you were really great last night." Harry grinned. "Just remember that when you go out there today, just to give you a little boost. You're a man now, Harry. Go out there and go what you were meant to do." Harry looked at Ginny.

"What about you?" His question practically melted Ginny's heart. She did still love him, as much as she didn't want to admit it, but she loved him. She loved him more than he could ever realize. And now, as of last night, she had been with him in the most intimate way two people could be with each other. She thought that their love making was just the two of the letting out their sexual inhabitions for one night with no strings attatched. She had always loved him, she just knew that if he ever found out it would ruin everything.

"Don't worry about me. Just go out there and be great because we all know how great you can be."

"What about last night? I mean what was that? Quite honestly, that's what I've been trying to understand most of the night."

"It was just fun, that's all. Nothing more than a little bit of fun to try and get your mind off of what you have to do today and on to how good life can be. You have all of that to look forward to just as soon as you get through today." They sat in silence for a few moments until Harry spoke again.

"Ginny, promise me that if I get through this we can do that again." Ginny looked at Harry and nodded silently as tears began to run down her cheek. Harry leaned over and wiped the tear from her face. His face was almost touching hers. "I know this may sound a little premature but Ginny... I think I might love you."

"Don't say that unless you really mean it."

" But I do mean it. I love you, Ginny. You've always been there for me and look at us now. It's just… We have something special and you know it. And this may be the only chance I have to say it to anyone and really mean it."

"I love you too." Whispered Ginny. Harry leaned over and held her as tightly as he could. "Please, please, please come back after all of this. I don't know what I would do without you."

"I will always be here for you. I have to go. Everyone else has already gone down to breakfast so you can take a shower if you'd like." Said Harry before kissing her lightly on the lips. "I'm sorry I was being such an ass all of those weeks ago. You were right, you were right about everything,"

"I know." Said Ginny. "Thank you."

"For the sex?" Asked Harry stupidly.

"For everything."

Ron was walking with Harry out on to Hogwarts grounds to see him off to his battle somewhere in the forbidden forest with Voldemort. "Nervous?" Ron asked. Harry shook his head. "Scared?"

"Never." Replied Harry confidently.

"Then what's going on?"

"How did you know that you loved Hermione?"

"Our first kiss. But what does that have to do with anything?"

"And did she know?"

"I think so. Why are you asking all of these weird questions? Are you in love with someone?" Harry stopped dead in his tracks.

"Yes, I'm in love with…"

"Who?"

"I can't say. Everyone I have ever loved as died because of me and I'm not going to let that happen to her. If I tell you I'm risking loosing her, and that's not something I'm about to do."

"You must really love her."

"I do. She's absolutely gorgeous and…and she's amazing in bed."

"You slept with her?! Hermione and I haven't even had sex yet and from what it sounds like you've obviously had your fun with her. And the oddest thing is I have no clue who she is. I mean the only women you're around is Ginny and… it's Hermione isn't it?"

"What? No! Of course not! I would never do that, she's in love with you! Why would she have sex with me?"

"I don't know…Well if it's not her and it's not Ginny I'm clueless."

"It's okay. You'll find out eventually, if I ever get out of this."

"You will and you know why? Because when you're in love, you can conquer anything. You have that swelling in your chest and it just gives you that extra boost to do the best you can. If you do this Harry, you can come back to her. You two can grow old together and get married and start a family. You can have all of those things that Hermione talks about like a house with a garden and little white picket fence. You can teach your kids how to play Quidditch in the backyard. You can finally live your life without all of this hanging over your head. You can have a wife and the family that you never had."

"That sounds like a dream."

"It could be yours…just go out there and do this." Harry laughed.

"That's exactly what she told me to do this morning."

"Do you want to marry her?" Asked Ron. And without much thought Harry replied.

"Yes." He said.

"Then go out there and fight."

"Ron, have you seen Ginny today?" Asked Hermione. Ron was laying with his head on Hermione's crotch as she was sitting up reading a book playing absent-mindley with his hair.

"I don't think so, why?"

"I was just wondering. I don't know. What's wrong with you?"

"I was just thinking about something Harry told me. It's a little frustrating really."

"Well what did he say?"

"He had sex." Hermione gasped. "And he's in love."

"With whom?!"

"I don't know! He wouldn't tell me because he doesn't want her to get hurt."

"Well that's understandable. But still, how could he keep something this huge from us?"

"I don't know…"

"But wait, what's so frustrating about that?" Asked Hermione curiously. "Are you jealous that he's having sex and you're not?"

"No! Well, yes but it's not how it sounds!"

"If you want to go and have sex so badly why didn't you just say so?"

"It' just not about sex, okay? I mean yes, I want to have sex but…er, this is not a good day to be dealing with this. I mean Harry could be dying."

"Don't say that! He's not going to die. He's in love and when all of this is over Harry is going to be with that girl that he loves and he's going to be happy for once in his life."

"That's beautiful, Ron." Said Hermione as she leaned down and kissed Ron passionately. Ron moved his body up so that he was on the same level as Hermione. They didn't stop kissing until 15 minutes later.

"God, you're beautiful. Want to go up to my dormitory for a while?" Hermione nodded.

"Yes, but only because I need something to take my mind off of Harry."

"Harry?! Don't think of my best mate when we're snogging!"

"Oh please, you know it's not like that." Hermione grabbed Ron's hand and lead him up the stairs up to his dormitory. She opened the door and sat on Ron's bed. "Ron, come and join me." Said Hermione.

"I'm on my way." Said Ron after muttering a few spells to lock the door. He walked over and saw Hermione sprawled out on his bed. "Oh my god, you have got to be the sexiest thing I've ever seen in my entire life." Hermione giggled.

"Don't lie!"

"I'm not lying!" Said Ron as he laid down next to her. Hermione got on top of him and started rubbing his chest under his shirt.

"I love you." She whispered into his ear before nibbling on his earlobe.

"Holy Merlin Hermione, you're making me horny as hell." Hermione grinned and took of her shirt and his shirt. She was wearing only a purple bra and a pair of jeans. She then began to play with the buttons on his jeans. "What are you doing?" He asked curiously.

"This," began Hermione, "is for being the most caring and amazing boyfriend I could have ever imagined." Ron stared at her curiously trying his best not to look to anxious as she pulled down his jeans and slid off his boxer shorts. Ron leaned back and closed his eyes as Hermione began kissing him

down his chest and even further down. What happened next was the most surprising and exhilarating thing that had ever happened to him. He watched Hermione's head bob up and down between his legs and closed his eyes again when he was overwhelmed with the best feeling he'd ever had in his entire life.

Finally when it was over Hermione pulled up his boxer shorts and rebuttoned his jeans. She looked at Ron who was smiling with a strange look in his eye. He pulled her up so that they were on the same level and hugged her. "Thank you." He said in a raspy voice. "Thank you so much." Hermione giggled.

"So you liked it?" Ron nodded and Hermione giggled again. "Good. I'm going to go and freshen up."

"You'll be back won't you?" Hermione nodded.

"Of course I will." Ron laid their and watched Hermione go into his bathroom still wearing only her jeans and her bra. He replayed what had happened over and over again in his head and was still left dumbfounded that Hermione, his Hermione, had just gone down on him. He wanted to do something for her, but what? A million ideas went running through his head but none of them seemed suitable, not for Hermione.

Hermione walked back in the room and crawled back in Ron's bed and laid down next to him. Ron leaned over and kissed her passionately, knowing exactly what to do to send chills through her body. He moved down to her neck were he kissed her lightly then harder and harder. Hermione moaned softly and the sound of that alone could almost put Ron over the edge. He moved his hands down to her breasts and massaged them before reaching around back to remove her purple bra. He struggled for a while until Hermione did it for him. He didn't mind her having to help him, she knew that he had never done that before. He then took her bra and tossed it on the floor next to their pile of shirts.

He looked down at Hermione for the first time and saw her looking more gorgeous than he could have ever imagined. He looked down at her and smiled devilishly before putting his mouth on one of her nipples. He sucked on one and then the other before moving his hands down to Hermione's jeans. He didn't even realize what he was doing when he was undoing them but when he was able to push them down her and pull them off he knew he had triumphed. So there she was underneath him wearing nothing but a pair of black panties. He looked up at her and smiled. "You're beautiful." Said Ron admiring all of the curves of Hermione's body. She smiled. Ron looked down at her panties and smiled devilishly. "Well now this won't do." He put his hands on the edges of underware and peeled them off of her and tossed it to the side. He looked at her completely naked body and was in complete awe of her. Where those panties had been there was a completely new world he had never seen before and couldn't wait to explore.

He spread her legs to give himself more access and leaned down to kiss her where he knew it would drive her over the edge. At first, as horrifying as it sounded, he couldn't find it. He didn't exactly know what it would look like but he put his fingers on her and spread her lips so he could see exactly what was there. He searched for a few moments until Hermione spoke up. "Do you need any help finding it Ron?"

"No it's okay. I've got it under control." Lied Ron.

"You know you've got it if you just move your thumb you a little higher."

"There?" He asked doing what she had told him to.

"Yes." He looked at her clit admiring it before putting his lips over it and kissing it gently. He sucked on it a little bit before licking it, at which Hermione let out a breathy "oh." He smiled to himself as he began to lick it faster and faster, faster with each moan he heard escape her mouth. He could feel her whole body shaking underneath him and when he heard her moan his name just before she was about to

come he stopped. He looked up at her and she looked at him. "Why didn't you finish?" Ron looked down at himself and looked back up at Hermione. She knew what he wanted and she felt for the first time that she was ready. She leaned up and unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them off of him. She took his throbbing member out of his boxer shorts as Ron pushed them down off of his body. "I love you." Said Ron reassuringly.

"I know." Responded Hermione with her heart still beating fiercely. He kissed her and laid her back down on the bed as he prepared to enter her. "Tell me if it hurts." Hermione nodded and Ron looked down at himself as he put himself into her. He moaned when he felt how good she felt against his dick. Hermione made a face as she tried not to let him know that he had hurt her. "Hermione? Shit, I didn't mean to…I could stop if you'd like."

"No…keep going." Ron leaned down and kissed her as he started to pump into her, slowly at first and then faster and faster. He heard her moan and felt himself come as her body shaked and convulsed. He looked at her and she looked at him. He had just had sex with Hermione. He had just done what he had longed to do ever since he first realized what he could do with a woman like her. He had just made love to the love of his life and he decided then and there as he climbed off of her and laid himself next to her sweaty body that he would never, ever let her go for anything in the entire world.

"Wow…" was all Ron could say. "That was…that was…"

"Amazing." Said Hermione as she caught her breath.

"So it was good?" Hermione nodded.

"Oh yes. It was lovely."

"I'm sorry that I couldn't last so long. I promise next time that I can do better."

"It was lovely Ron. You don't have to worry about making it better for next time."

"…there is going to be a next time right?" Hermione smiled.

"Of course." Ron put his arms around her and held her as close to him as he could and kissed her on the forehead. If there was a heaven on Earth, thought Ron, this would be it.

Ginny sat on her bed and stared out the window and couldn't stop thinking about Harry. She wanted to help him and be there for him even though she knew that she couldn't and it killed her. She laid on her bed and wept on to her pillow fearing the worse. She had told Harry that he'd be fine, but Ginny had feared the worst since she heard the news. She loved him, she loved him more than she could ever say and for the first time, he had said that he loved her. He told her he loved her and an hour later her went out to fight the most evil wizard in all of the wizarding world. Hours went by and Ginny didn't say a word. Soon enough her crying had put her to sleep and she woke up when she felt someone shaking her arm and talking to her.

"Ginny, it's okay. Harry is going to be fine. I know you love him like one of your brothers and I'm devastated too. But imagine what that poor girl is going through…"

"What girl?" Asked Ginny.

"The girl that he's in love with. He told Ron about it this morning. He said that he wouldn't give her name because he didn't want anything bad to happen to her. I can see where he's coming from and everything but Ron's been driving himself mad trying to figure out who it is."

"Really? What did he say about her?"

"He told Ron that if he comes back he's going to try to marry her." Ginny's eyes went wide.

"If?"

"Yes, Harry seemed convinced last night that he was going to die. He also said that even if he did survive he wouldn't stay at Hogwarts too much longer. I do hope that he changes his attitude about it before it's too late."

"Me too." Whispered Ginny as she hugged her pillow closer to her body. Hermione looked down at Ginny and saw just how much agony she was in over Harry.

"You must really love him, as a brother of course." Ginny nodded slowly.

"Yes, very much so."

Three weeks later, Harry still wasn't back. Ron was completely stressed out and he would barely even let Hermione hold his hand, let alone touch him. Sure the sex was great that one time that they were together but even as he basked in the glow of his love making with Hermione he couldn't help but worry for Harry. Neither Ron. Hermione, nor Ginny talked much at dinner in the great hall. Ginny excused herself and went outside for a walk on the grounds. She saw a fellow Gryffindor, a first year boy with his little girlfriend, walking hand in hand. They exchanged waves and Ginny walked herself all the way to the lake. She sat on the shore and gazed up at the starry night sky. She closed her eyes, as if trying to become lost in all of the craziness of the cosmos.

"Oi, Harry!" Shouted the first year from across the grounds. Ginny opened her eyes and looked back. She saw three figures, one taller than the other two emerge from a bush. She stood up and ran quickly over to where they were standing.

"Harry?" Ginny asked trying to see if it was indeed her Harry. The tallest figure popped his head up and walked as fast as he could over to her. He was slow and was limping. His face grimanced in pain with every move he made.

"Ginny." He said in relief. Ginny hugged him and held him tight. She wrapped her arms around his neck and cried. He hugged her back as best as he could without hurting himself too much. "You came back…" She said softly.

"I came back for you." He whispered into her hear. She turned and faced him and saw the bruises and cuts he aquired in the past few days. She put her hand on Harry's cheek and he put his hand on top of hers holding it and putting it down to his lips where he kissed it. It was a simple jesture but to Ginny it meant so much more. "I love you." He held both of her hands and looked deeply into her eyes. She smiled, moved her hands around Harry's waist and hugged him.

"I love you too. Don't ever leave me again." She whimpered as she fought back tears. He leaned down and kissed her on the top of her head.

"I could never leave you again. I was going crazy without you. As long as you're mine I could never be without you, not for anything in the entire world." She leaned up and kissed him fiercely he began to kiss her back until he groaned in pain. "Shit, it's my leg." Ginny muttered a spell and his leg became rebandaged with a new splint. "Thanks."

"Come on, let's get you back up to the castle."

An hour later Harry was laying in a hospital bed in the Hospital Wing surrounded by Ginny, Ron, and Hermione. Ginny was in a chair next to Harry's bed and Ron stood with Hermione with his hand around her waist. They had been there for a while and soon enough Madame Pompfry was shooing them out, but not Ginny. Since Ginny was the one who found him Madame Pompfry was holding her responsible for him when she was looking after other patients. They said their goodbyes to one another and Ron and Hermione left the room. Hermione stood against the open door frame with Ron wanting to

make sure that Harry was really okay before leaving for the night. "Really Hermione, we can leave and go back to the common room. Harry's going to be fine, just look at him." Hermione and Ron both peered into the room and watched Ginny tend to Harry. She got up and got him a glass of water and brought it back to him. He splashed some of it on his face and drank the rest in a single gulp. Ginny sighed and cleaned him up, but smiling the entire time. It was obvious that she was glad to have him back. "See look, he's fine." Hermione smiled softly. "What?" Asked Ron noticing Hermione's expression.

"Look at them. What a wonderful couple they make."

"Are you bonkers? What are you talking about?" Questioned Ron as he peered into the room one more time. He saw Harry watch Ginny as she went to another bed to get an extra pillow for him.

"Isn't obvious. They're in love."

A week later Harry and Ginny returned home with Ron and Hermione after graduation. They didn't hide their love anymore, they didn't see a reason to anymore. Harry and Ginny were together all of the time. One night they decided to run down the nearest court house and get married. It was spontaneous, yes, but completely worth it. They announced their news in front of the Weasleys. Some were mad but calmed down as soon as they came to their senses. In the middle of the summer Harry received a note saying that Dumbledore had a home built for him on the land in Godric's Hollow where his parent's house used to stand. When he got a chance to see it for the first time, he brought Ginny along with him. The house had been restored to the exact way it looked all of those years ago when Harry was just an infant. He walked in the front door hand in hand with Ginny and he peered around the home. It was beautiful. It was simple but beautiful at the same time. In silence Harry trudged up the stairs with Ginny trailing behind him. They looked at the bedrooms and checked out the rest of the house. "So? What do you think?"

"It's lovely." Said Ginny smiling. Harry smiled back. They had a home and he finally had a family.

A few weeks later Ginny had to go back to Hogwarts for her final year. The year was extremely hard but when Ginny came back in the summer Ron and Hermione had already gotten married and had their first child, a little boy named Troy with flaming red hair, a clever mind, and one stubborn attitude. Ginny smiled at Harry when she first got to hold her nephew and godson. Both Ginny and Harry had been made Troy's godparents. "Harry, I want one!" Whispered Ginny into his ear. Harry grinned and kissed her forehead.

"Soon." He replied.