

# Harry Potter and What Happened After

by

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## Chapter 1

Harry, Ron and Hermione were just about to walk out the door to the head's office when it opened, and in walked professor McGonagall. "Ah, good," she said when she saw them, "I'm glad to find you three here, it saves me the trouble of having to send a house elf to find you."

"Why do you want to see us professor?" asked Harry, his voice revealing no hint of the exhaustion that he was feeling.

"Well, I wanted to invite the three of you back to Hogwarts for next year. The three of you could probably get whatever jobs you wanted now, but having NEWTs would still be a good idea. I would also like to offer the position of Head Girl and Head Boy to Miss. Granger and Mr. Weasley respectively." McGonagall informed them

Harry looked over at Ron and Hermione, and saw that they both had looks of haunted happiness on their faces. Harry knew that Ron had always wanted to surpass his brothers in some way, and while this wasn't exactly surpassing them, both Bill and Percy had been Head Boy before, it was still a great accomplishment. And Hermione was just Hermione. Always over achieving

Suddenly a memory popped in to Harry's mind, *"No-I'm alone-but I'm different-I look older-and I'm head boy!", "What?", "I am-I'm wearing the badge like bill used to-and I'm holding the house cup and the Quidditch cup-I'm Quidditch captain, too!"*. Harry let out a little laugh before saying, "Good, you two deserve it, just as long as Ron doesn't become Quidditch captain, I'm fine with it."

Ron got an odd look on his face for a second, then he obviously remembered his trip to the Mirror. "I've got to admit, what I have now is better than what the mirror showed me." He said, his eyes on Hermione.

It took a second for Hermione to get what he was saying, but when she did she blushed and took Ron's hand, pulling him closer. Harry stared at the two of them for a second; it looked like they were together, finally. He was happy for them, he knew they belonged together, but it seemed that everybody knew, except the two of them.

"I'm glad you approve Mr. Potter," said McGonagall sarcastically, taking a sidelong glance at Ron and Hermione, "but I think that you will be finely suited to be Quidditch captain again. I believe your entire team from last year is still alive."

"That's a bit presumptuous professor," said Harry with a smile, "we haven't even agreed to come back yet."

Professor McGonagall looked surprised, obviously thinking that they would come back, no question's asked. But Hermione "Well I can't speak for either of you, but I'd be happy to come back next year and finish my education."

"Yeah, me too," said Ron as he squeezed Hermione's hand, "It'll be nice to have nothing to worry about for a while."

"What do you mean nothing Ron," said Hermione with a small smile, "We'll have our NEWTs to worry about."

"Yeah, those," said Ron, a hint of dread creeping in to his voice.

Harry looked at his two best friends, seeing the look in their eyes, the obvious feelings they had for each other, and said, "Well I can't leave the two of you unsupervised, so I guess I have to come back also."

"Now that that has been settled," said McGonagall, a confused look on her face, "I can tell you what the plans for the school are."

But before she could start Harry interrupted, "Professor, as much as I'd like to hear about the plans for next year, I'd like to get some sleep even more, and I'm sure my friends agree. We've been up for almost two days straight, and I even died once." This drew a look of surprise from McGonagall, Ron and Hermione, but Harry gave them all a look that said *I'll explain later*.

"Very well Mr. Potter. The Head student's dorms are located at the exact center of the castle. The password is *Balderdash* at the moment, but it can be changed at any time. If it is changed, please inform me of the password change." Professor McGonagall said, "Mr. Potter, I think it would be wise if you stayed in the same set of rooms with Mr. Weasley and Miss. Granger next year. I think that you would be in danger, from both admirers and enemies alike. There are some extra bedrooms in the Head Student's dormitories, usually they are used for visitors or students that need a bit of privacy for a while."

"Thank you Professor," said Harry as he tried to stifle a yawn, he was suddenly very tired, "I'll come to your office after I wake up to discuss next year with you."

"Thank you Potter," she said, "the password will be *Dumbledore*."

"The pass..." started Harry, "Oh, you're the new Headmistress, congratulations, there is nobody that is better for the job."

"Thank you Potter," said McGonagall, "now go to bed." She suddenly seemed very weary and tired herself, it was as if she had suddenly aged 15 years. Harry could still see a spark in her eyes, the spark that had caused her to be such a good teacher and loyal member of the Order, but there was something more there. Suddenly Harry recognized a depth that he had seen before, when he looked in the mirror. Harry realized that McGonagall now carried the responsibility of overseeing the education of hundreds of young Witches and Wizards, as well as rebuilding Hogwarts. It was a daunting task, but Harry had no doubt that McGonagall could handle it.

Harry, Ron and Hermione left, taking the spiral staircase down, and then started a long, silent walk to the short tower at the center of the school. Harry had known the tower existed, but had always assumed that it was either unused or used for a class he didn't take.

Some where along the way, Ginny joined the group, taking Harry's hand and holding on tight, as if she thought he would pull away. But he didn't, he felt no need to, and after a few seconds Ginny relaxed her grip and Harry pulled her a bit closer. When this happened both Ron and Hermione looked over, but neither of them said anything.

A few minuets later they arrived at the tower, they stopped in front of a stretch of wall that looked the same as any other. Looking around Harry noticed that the battle damage to the inside of the castle here was minimal.

"Why did we stop?" asked Ginny, "I thought we were taking the long way to Gryffindor tower."

"No," said Ron, a small smirk spread across his face, "Hermione and I have been made Head Boy and Head Girl for next year, and McGonagall said that Harry, and us could use the Head Student's dorms so we can get some privacy."

"Oh, congratulations," said Ginny with a smile on her face. "Good for the two of you, I don't think there's anybody else that deserves it more. But I guess this means I have to leave you guys here." Ginny said as she started to walk away. But Harry was still holding her hand, and wouldn't let go.

"No, I want you to stay. I need you to stay" said Harry, tears coming to his eyes. Ginny just nodded and

put her head on Harry's shoulder.

They spent the next 5 minutes looking at the blank stone wall for some clue as to where the entrance to the Head's dorms was. Finally Hermione found a stone that had a small Hogwarts crest carved in to it. She muttered the password the wall opened to reveal a room that was decorated in a combination of the school colors.

The carpet was striped in Green, Scarlet, Yellow, and dark Blue. The Curtains on the 4 windows were black, silver, gold and bronze. Throughout the room were depictions of Snakes, Lions, Badgers, and Ravens. The mantle over the fire place was ornately carved, the Hogwarts coat of arms shown prominently in the middle. Around the fire place were four stuffed chairs, each in the colors of a different house, and a couch. There was also a bunch of tables and bookshelves situated around the room. On either side of the fireplace were doors, which presumably lead to the bedrooms. It wasn't the Gryffindor tower, but it was Hogwarts and it was close enough to be home.

Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione stepped inside and just stared. After a few moments Harry said, "We'll you two are the Heads, you should get to pick your rooms first."

Hermione and Ron decided that the rooms on the left would suit them fine, they went up the hidden staircase on the left, and Harry took the one on the right, closely followed by Ginny.

The two of them emerged on a balcony over looking the common room. There were two doors, each leading to a bedroom. Each room had a private bathroom, and all the rooms seemed to be the same. Looking across the way Harry could see that the other balcony looked just like this one and he figured the rooms did also. He saw Hermione go through the door closest to the stairs while Ron went into the room farthest from the stairs.

Harry walked in to the room closest to the stairs, and heard a pop. Suddenly everything was decorated in Gryffindor scarlet and gold. He heard similar pops from across the way and knew that Ron and Hermione's rooms had also changed to reflect the house they were in.

The dorm room was minimally decorated it looked like the room he had had back in Gryffindor tower, except there was only one large four-poster bed. The window showed nothing but the badly damaged walls of the castle.

Harry fell onto the bed, forgetting about the sandwich he had originally wanted, more tired than he could ever remember being. Suddenly he felt somebody else get in the bed with him, he was about to pull out his wand and curse the person until he remembered that Ginny had followed him up the stairs and in to the bedroom.

"Gin," said Harry as he rolled over to look at her, "I don't think you should be in here."

Ginny let a sad smile spread across her face, "I know Harry, but I need to be close to you right now, and I'm not letting you leave me again. I won't let you out of my sight until you promise me you won't leave again."

Harry just stared at her for a second, not sure if he should refuse and send her next door, or something else. He quickly decided to let her stay, he needed her too. "Gin, I promise that I'll never leave you again, I promise that from now on you'll always know exactly where I am. I promise that, if you want, I will wake up next to you every morning."

Ginny just smiled and pulled Harry in to a deep kiss. When they broke apart she said, "That's perfect, now get some sleep, you look like hell."

Harry let out a little laugh and pulled Ginny closer. The two of them quickly fell asleep together, Ginny lying on her side in the curve of Harry's body, his arm around her waist, her back to his front.

Meanwhile in Ron's room, Ron was sitting on the bed, imagining the reactions of his family when they found out that he had been made Head Boy. His mother would start crying, His father would slap him on the back and say how proud he was, Bill, and Charley would be ecstatic, Percy would start lecturing him on rules, and Fred and George... wouldn't do anything, Fred was dead and George would never be the same. This thought sent his mind reeling, remembering every prank his brothers had ever pulled on him or his friends, or his mother. Remembering all the times that they had made him laugh, all the trouble they had caused.

Ron sat there on his bed, his mind refusing to think of anything but Fred. It seemed as if any thoughts that weren't of Fred would diminish his memory, eventually making him disappear all together.

Because of this Ron didn't notice when the door that led to Hermione's room opened and she walked in, he didn't notice when she came over and sat on his bed and sat down. However, he did notice when she put her hand on his leg and said, "Ron, Ron, are you ok?"

Ron blinked, finally noticing Hermione sitting at the foot of his bed. After a few second she also noticed that she was crying. Despite this Ron couldn't help but smile at the sight of her.

"Ron, why the hell are you smiling?" Hermione asked, a small smile spreading across her face, she liked seeing Ron smile. She also like the fact that she could make him smile.

"I'm smiling because even when you cry you look beautiful." Ron said, he didn't know why, but when he looked at Hermione he thought that everything would be ok.

"Ron," started Hermione, moving closer to him, "I know you'll miss your brother, and so will I, but we need to stay strong, for Harry's sake. You know he'll be blaming himself for all the people that died." Ron just nodded, he knew she was right.

Ron let Hermione pull him closer; he ended up lying down with his head in her lap. She was smiling down at him and she started playing with his hair, which had grown quite long in the last year, it was now to his shoulders.

"You look good with long hair," said Hermione, "I think you should keep it this way."

"And what makes you think I'll take your advice on this matter?" asked Ron teasingly.

"This," said Hermione as she leaned down and kissed him. It wasn't a short peck on the lips, but a deep passionate kiss. Hermione felt Ron's soft lips part as she pressed her tongue against them. As his lips parted she felt his tongue enter her mouth. After a few minuets she felt her chest start to burn and she remembered that she had to breathe. She broke off the kiss, leaving Ron with a big smile on his face.

"Oh, yeah, that," said Ron as he sat up, "Ok, if you like my hair this way than I'll keep it this way."

"Good," said Hermione as she got up.

"Hay, Hermione," started Ron a bit timidly, "do you want to stay here and sleep, I think we both could use each other's company right now."

Hermione stopped at the door and looked back at Ron. To tell the truth she really could use some company, and there was no one she'd rather have with her than Ron. "Sure Ron, I'd like that."

As she started to walk back towards him Ron got his first good look at Hermione in a long time. He noticed that her breasts had gotten a bit bigger in the last year, but that wasn't what kept his attention. Her face was what he really noticed. Her face, covered in grime from the battle, was framed by long wavy hair, Ron remembered it being bushy and frizzy, and he hadn't minded it that way, he even liked it this way, but he was surprised that he hadn't noticed the change before now.

She walked back over to Ron's bed and lay down next to him. He put his arm around her shoulder and

gave her a quick peck on the cheek. "Hermione,"

"Yes Ron,"

"I know this may be a bit weird, but...I...I..." started Ron.

"Well Ron, out with it," Said Hermione a bit forcefully.

"I just wanted to know what I am to you," said Ron. "I want to know if I should be treating you like a friend...or something more."

Hermione rolled over and looked at Ron, "Ron, you will always be a friend to me,"

"Oh," said Ron, his face falling, his tone that of disappointment.

"But..." said Hermione quickly when she saw his face, "I want to be your girlfriend, if you want me to, that is."

Ron's face went from utter disappointment to almost complete joy instantly. "Yeah, that'd be nice," he said as he reached out for Hermione's hand with his free hand. He took it, and was surprised when she didn't pull back but took his hand and moved a bit closer.

The two of them fell asleep quickly. Both were extremely tired from the last two day's events, and both knew that the next few days would be almost as hard.

## **Chapter 2**

Harry woke up the next morning, well rested and surprisingly energetic. He took a deep breath, and smelled flowers. Suddenly he remembered what had happened the morning before, Ginny had followed him up to the dorm room that he now used, she had gotten into bed with him, and it seemed she had stayed.

Harry slowly opened his eyes, and was glad to see the flaming red hair of Ginny lying next to him, his arm still around her waist. He kissed her lightly on the top of the head and she stirred, slowly her eyes opened, they were the color of chocolate, a deep brown.

She looked at him and smiled, "Good morning Harry,"

"Good morning," said Harry as he leaned in closer.

"How long have we been asleep?" asked Ginny

"I think for almost a full day," said Harry.

"Oh, that would explain why I'm so hungry." Ginny blurted out, still not moving, and still staring in to Harry's deep emerald eyes.

"Gin, we just spent a day together in the same bed, does this mean we're back together?" asked Harry, his face only about six inches from hers. There was an almost indistinguishable tone of pleading in his voice, and it gave Ginny great pleasure to know that she still inspired such feelings in him.

In answer Ginny pulled Harry closer and started to kiss him deeply. He felt her soft lips connect with his. He felt her tongue pushing against his lips, trying to gain entrance, and he gladly parted his lips to let her tongue in. He slid his tongue in to her mouth and explored every part of it.

About five minuets later Ginny broke off the kiss and let herself relax into Harry's embrace.

"I'll take that as a yes," said Harry as he pulled Ginny close.

"Good, because that's what I meant," Ginny said with a small smile.

"Ok," said Harry, "I just wanted to make sure. I wanted to know how to act with you around your family."

Ginny got very quite at the mention of her family, and Harry knew why almost immediately. Her family was now one member smaller than it had been. Fred was dead, and this had to hit Ginny hard. Her personality had always been the most like the twins, she had always been their helper when it came to complicated pranks. And when Harry thought about it, she would probably be the one George turned to for the most comfort.

"Gin, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bring that up." said Harry, his voice all of a sudden horse because he was trying to hold back tears. Not only for Fred, but for Lupin, Tonks, Collin and everybody else that had died because he had told McGonagall he needed time to find the diadem. Thinking of Lupin and Tonks made him think of baby Teddy, who would now grow up with out his parents, much like Harry himself had. The only difference in Teddy's situation would be that he would have his Grandmother and Harry. Harry wouldn't let Teddy grow up like he had, Teddy would know his parents, maybe not as well as most children, but he would know them. He would know they died fighting so that he could grow up in a better world, a world free from evil.

"Harry, I know your thinking that Fred's death was your fault, that everybody who died two nights ago died because you sent them to their deaths, but that's not true." Ginny started, her voice quavered a bit as she spoke, but Harry could still hear the power and command behind it, it was one of the things he

liked most about her, her ability to hold herself together when things got bad. He knew that she would always be his rock. "All the people that fought to help you did so because they wanted to, all those who died did so because they wanted a better world for the people they loved, and they got that, thanks to you."

"I know Gin, but I can't help but feel that I could have worked faster, I can't help but feel that if I had been a bit smarter I would have known where... what I needed was, and that if I had, this fight never would have had to happen." Harry said, his tone that of deep contemplation.

"Harry, if Fred heard you say that he would have probably filled your pants with something so horrible you would never forget it, and he would still fight for you." Said Ginny, her voice only showing a bit of the anger she was feeling. "If you keep taking the blame for others deaths than you diminish their sacrifice. If you keep blaming yourself you'll end up completely broken, and my brother and Lupin and Tonks and Collin and even your parents would have died to protect a coward."

This hit Harry hard, just as Ginny knew it would. "Your right Gin, but that wont stop me from thinking that some of those deaths could have been prevented," said Harry.

"I know, but as long as you don't let it paralyze you those deaths will have meant something." Ginny said as she started to stroke Harry's head, running her hands through his long grimy hair and laughed. "You need to get your self cleaned up, get your hair cut, and shave."

Harry let out a laugh and picked up his newly repaired wand from the bedside table. He waved it and with a small puff of smoke his face looked almost exactly as it had before he Ron and Hermione had left nearly a year ago. The only differences were a few new scars, and a new look in Harry's eye, the look of carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders was gone, it had been replaced by a look of deep sadness and relief. Sadness for the people who had died helping him defeat Voldemort and relief that no one else had to die for him, relief that it was finally over.

Ginny looked at the person lying next to her, it wasn't the Harry that had kissed her in front of all of Gryffindor house last year, it was the Harry that had been fighting Voldemort for almost 7 years and had finally won. He was still the Harry that had saved her from the Chamber of Secrets 6 years ago, he was still the same Harry that had been able to lead the DA in his fifth year. Ginny was ok with this Harry, this was the Harry she had had a childhood crush on, and the same Harry she had some how fallen in love with last year. This was the Harry that, to others, seemed spontaneous in his decisions, and those decisions always seemed to work out well. But those who knew him well knew that almost every action he took against Voldemort over the last 7 years had been carefully planed and thought out, although sometimes the logic was a bit skewed, and sometimes it was completely wrong. And Ginny knew him better than anybody, even his two best friends.

"Harry, I think I love you," said Ginny suddenly. She was immediately horrified that she had said it, she didn't mean to, it had just come out. But when she thought about it she knew it was true, the words felt perfect to her.

"Gin, I know I love you," said Harry, not missing a beat. He wasn't all that surprised of Ginny's feelings. He felt that he knew her better than anybody else, and that she knew him better than he knew himself. He knew he would do anything to protect her, and already had. He knew he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her, and was sure that she felt the same way.

"Good," said Ginny a small smile spreading across her face, "because now I can be sure that I do love you." She leaned over and kissed him again, this time only giving him a quick peck on the lips before getting up and running out the door and down the stairs in to the common room.

Harry ran after her and found her at the bottom of the stairs. She was staring at something in the middle

of the common room, but Harry couldn't see what it was. He walked up quietly behind her and turned her around, then he put his arms around her waist and hoisted her off her feet. This drew a shriek of surprise from her, but Harry quickly cut that off by drawing her in to a long passionate kiss.

"Hay, what's all the noise...Oi," came the shout from the balcony, "what are you doing to my sister? I told you not to mess with her." Ron was so red in the face it looked like he was about to explode.

"Ron," started Ginny in a calm voice as she broke the kiss, "Harry and I have gotten back together, he's not messing with me, this is a legitimate kiss between a couple."

"Yeah, well that doesn't mean you two can start kissing in public," said Ron. He looked furious, and a bit confused.

"Ron, shut up," said Hermione as she came out of his room. "Harry's as much a brother to me as you are to Ginny, and he didn't mind when we started to kiss the other night. His only objection was that we were in the middle of a battle, and that we didn't exactly have time. Plus, this gives us license to kiss in front of them." She finished by pulling Ron to her and starting to kiss him as deeply as Harry had kissed Ginny.

Both Ginny, who was still in Harry's arms, and Harry started to laugh after a few seconds. When Ron and Hermione finally broke apart they were both a bit red in the face, although this time it was from lack of oxygen.

Suddenly there was a loud hoot as an owl flew through the open window on the left side of the room. It flew in and dropped a letter at Harry's feet, then it turned and flew back out. "Oh, that reminds me, there's a pile of letters over there," said Ginny indicating a giant pile of letters and packages that sat in front of the fire place. Hermione and Ron had somehow walked past with out noticing it.

Harry picked up the letter and the four of them walked over to the pile. At a quick glance Harry could tell that most of the letters were addressed to him, although he did see a few for Ron and Hermione. He sat down on one of the couches, and found it extremely comfortable, Ginny sat down next to him and put her head on his shoulder and took his hand in hers.

"Wow, fan mail" said Ron as he found one of the letters addressed to him.

"Ron, don't open that, it may be cursed." Said Hermione as she pulled out her wand. "Remember, there are still people out there that supported Voldemort, or at least people that will be mad at us for killing him. Just give me a second and I'll find the cursed objects." With that Hermione waved her wand, which she had recovered in the aftermath of the battle. Suddenly about fifty letters and one package flew up in to the air, and burst in to flame. "There we go, that's all the dangerous ones."

"Ok," said Harry, "but I think we can open these later. I promised McGonagall that I'd explain what we've been doing when I woke up." he turned to Ginny, "I bet your mum is wondering where you are, your whole family should be together."

Ginny looked at the door that led to the rest of the castle, not really wanting to face the rest of the world just yet, on it were two notes. She pulled out her wand and summoned them to her. Then she read them out loud.

The first one said:

*Mr. Potter,*

*I will meet you and your friends in my office after lunch to continue our discussion.*

*Professor M. McGonagall, Headmistress.*

The second one read:

*Harry*

*We're really glad to see that you and Ginny are back together, at least we hope you are, and would just like to say that you are welcome at the Burrow any time, and to tell you that we don't blame you for Fred's death.*

*Hermione,*

*It's about time you and Ron got together, and we couldn't be more happy about it either. You too, are welcome at the Burrow any time.*

*Ron and Ginny,*

*Please come see us after you get this, it wont take long.*

*The Weasleys*

*P.s. Ron, Harry, Hermione, we're glad you're ok.*

"Well than, I guess they walked in on us at some point." Said Harry

"Yeah, they did," said Ginny, "luckily it was George that did the walking in. It was at about noon yesterday, George said that McGonagall had told him where to find you guys and that he was just coming to make sure you were ok. He woke me up when he opened the door. After a second he said that he wasn't mad, and that he would just leave a note.

"How did he seem?" asked Hermione, a bit worried.

"He seemed ok, all things considered," said Ginny. She got a far away look on her face that suggested she was looking in to the depths of her memories. "As he was leaving he was smiling and mumbling something about what Fred had wanted, and missed opportunities. I think he meant Harry and I being together and the two of you being together."

"Yeah, that sounds like something Fred would have liked to see," said Ron, "and something he would have used to tease the four of us to no end."

As Ron spoke Harry could see tears forming in his friend's eyes, but before he could get up and go comfort him Hermione had taken Ron into a tight embrace, rubbing her hand along his back, whispering words of comfort in to his ear. Harry was still a bit surprised by this, but he knew he would get used to it eventually.

Ron's crying started everybody else, and soon all four of them were crying, until Ginny started to relate some of her best memories of Fred to everybody, then they were all laughing.

A few minuets later they were on their way to the great hall, all of them with smiles on their faces. Along the way they saw numerous people who had already started to fix up the school. They were starting with the major structural damage first. They saw a group of people mending a giant hole in a wall, through which the two couples could see the lake.

When they arrived in the great hall they found that breakfast had already started. They quickly found the rest of the Weasleys, all of whom were sitting at the Gryffindor table, deep in conversation with each other. They all looked a little sad, and Mrs. Weasley still had red rings around her eyes. The one that looked worst off was not George, but surprisingly Percy, who still had a few tears streaming down his face.

When Harry sat down on the bench, next to George and across from Mrs. Weasley all of them turned to look at him. He surprised them all by saying, "Hey George, you look a lot better than I thought you would."

George just stared at Harry for a second and then said, "Well, Fred died with a smile on his face, that's how he would have wanted to go out."

"Yeah, it is, isn't it." replied Harry. He turned to Mrs. Weasley and said, "Mrs. Weasley, I want to thank you for everything you've done for me over the last 7 years, and I also wanted to say I'm sorry that Fred died."

Mrs. Weasley reached out and took Harry's hand in hers and said, "Harry don't blame yourself for his death, we all agreed before we came that if any of us died the others would tell you not to blame yourself. We did this because you would do the same for us."

Harry just smiled and nodded, "You know, the funny thing is, I don't really blame myself," he said, "I did at first, but then Ginny explained it to me in a way that helped."

"If anybody can get through your thick skull, it's Ginny," said George with a smile, "of course she has a bit of an extra advantage."

"Yeah, she does," said Harry with an equal smile. He pulled Ginny a bit closer and let her put her head on his shoulder.

Harry's words left the rest of the Weasleys dumbstruck, they had all been ready for Harry to be berating himself for the deaths of so many, but it seemed as if he only blamed himself as much as they did. They weren't unhappy about this, indeed they were ecstatic, but it was a bit unexpected.

Finally Mr. Weasley nodded his head and said, "That's the right attitude Harry, glad to know you'll be able to help others through this."

"Yeah, we thought that you would have to be locked away in a small padded room until after the funerals so that you didn't try to jump into one of the graves with somebody." Percy said, a large smile spreading across his face.

"That's number two Pers," said George as he slapped his brother on the back, "I'll bet by the end of the week you'll be playing pranks on somebody, hopefully Ron."

"Since when did you become such a prankster?" asked Mr. Weasley

"Well, I know nobody will ever replace Fred," said Percy, his smile falling a bit, "but I think this family needs another prankster. Besides, I've been following rules for as long as I can remember, and a wise person once said, 'all work and no play makes a bad person worse,.'" Everybody agreed quickly, not wanting Percy to become his old stuffy self again.

Suddenly Ron stood up and said, "That reminds me, Hermione and I have been made Head Boy and Head Girl for next year, so I guess we have to come back."

This brought cheers from the whole Weasley family, every body reacted exactly as Ron had expected them too, except Percy, who instead cracked a joke about a Weasley dynasty.

Harry spent the rest of the morning talking to friends, reporters, people offering him jobs, and even people he didn't know. After a while the faces and stories all started to blur together and Harry couldn't remember, even if he had wanted to, the names of all the people that had come to him, or what stories to connect them to.

Some of the people he did remember, like Hagrid, who came up to him and started crying, saying something about when Harry 'died'. He also remembered when the various members of the DA came to him, all of them saying they would be at Fred's and Colin's funerals. Finally lunch appeared on the tables and Harry Ron and Hermione dug in like they hadn't eaten in days, which of course they hadn't.

### **Chapter 3**

When lunch was over Harry, Ron and Hermione all stood up and told the Weasleys that they had to go see Professor McGonagall. As they turned to leave Harry hesitated, then he turned around again and put his hand on Ginny's shoulder, a silent summons to come with them. She and the rest of the Weasleys were surprised at first, but when they saw the need and love in Harry's eyes they had no choice but to let Ginny go.

The group walked to The Head's office, coming up on the newly repaired Gargoyle. Harry said "Dumbledore," and the gargoyle jumped aside, admitting them to the spiral staircase. They went up and knocked on the door.

"Come in", McGonagall's voice came back immediately; it sounded as though she was a bit anxious to get this over with.

The four stepped in to the office and sat down in four chairs that appeared out of thin air. "Please sit," said McGonagall, "but I must ask what Ms. Weasley is doing here, if I'm not mistaking she did not participate in anything but the final battle this year."

"That is correct," said Harry as he took Ginny's hand, "But since she is my girlfriend I'm going to have to tell her what happened any way, and I'd like to tell this story as few times as possible."

McGonagall would usually have refused, but Harry's voice had gained a tone of authority in the last year that she hadn't noticed yesterday. "Ok, if you think it advisable she may stay." She only received a nod from Harry to show that he understood, "Well, lets get started shall we? I want to know what the three of you have been up to since Bill and Fleur's wedding."

"Ok," said Harry, and for the next hour and a half the three friends, whom had been come to known as the Golden Trio over the last day or so, related their story. They started at the day of the wedding and went all the way until the end of the battle.

When they told of Ron running away Ginny jumped out of her chair and tried to strangle her older brother, but Harry had discreetly put a shield charm between them and she was unable to get to him. It took her only a few minuets to calm down and the trio continued their story.

When they were finished, everybody was silent for almost a full minuet. Then McGonagall said, "Thank you, that explains a great deal." And with that she dismissed them, telling them that she would see them next year for the start of term.

They all walked out of the office in silence, Ginny was still a little mad at Ron and as soon as they turned a corner and couldn't see the gargoyle anymore she started to scream at him. "How the hell could you leave them, you giant git!!!" She yelled at him. Ron flung himself against the wall, trying to get away from her anger, "how the hell could you abandon them like that, if I'd have known what you did I would have killed you, in fact, I'm surprised Bill didn't."

"I think he would have," said Ron, "if I hadn't shown up splitched and half dead." His face had fallen in to a frown that Harry and Hermione had learned meant he was reliving a painful memory, "I wanted to go back, I really did, and I never would have found them without Dumbledore's disilluminator."

Harry grabbed Ginny's shoulder and turned her around. He looked at her face and couldn't help but smile, she looked still looked beautiful, despite her fury. "Gin, The night Ron came back he saved my life, or did you miss that part when we were telling the story?"

"No, I heard," said Ginny, her voice was sad now, "and I'm glad he did, but that doesn't make up for the fact that he left you two alone in the first place. What if he could have helped you when you went to

Godric's Hollow?"

"Ginny," said Hermione softly, "I think it was better that Ron wasn't at Godric's Hollow, I think if he had been there I would have been too worried about him to be much of a help to Harry. And I know he would have been too worried about me to be much of a help also."

Ron just nodded, showing that she was right. "Gin, like I said, the second I left I wanted to go back."

Harry watched Ginny as she stood there, looking at each of them in turn. He could see her need to be mad at somebody in her eyes, but after she listened to all of them, he knew she couldn't. After a few seconds she came over to him and collapsed in to his arms. He pulled her in to a tight embrace, letting her cry on his shoulder. He knew the tears were for all those who had died, and for him, for her brother, for her best friend.

After almost a full minuet of Ginny crying Harry could see that Ron and Hermione were starting to feel a bit awkward, he nodded at them over Ginny's head, telling them silently that they could go back to the dorms.

They left silently, quickly arriving at the entrance to their dorms. When they were inside Ron flopped down on one of the couches, and Hermione flopped down on top of him. Her face was only a few inches from his; their bodies were pressed against each other.

"Do you really think it was better that I wasn't at Godric's Hollow?" asked Ron

"Yes," replied Hermione. "I know that we would have been worrying about each other more than we were worrying about Harry, and I think that would have gotten him killed."

"I worried about you all the time," said Ron as he put his arms around Hermione's waist, "I worried that something would go wrong, or that we'd be found. I worried that one day you would see that I wasn't good enough for you and you would leave, or worse, start liking Harry." At this Ron tilted his head forward so that his and Hermione's foreheads were touching, "I still worry that something will happen, and I don't think I'll every stop worrying, because I love you Hermione. I thin..."

But he couldn't get anything else out because Hermione had pressed her lips to his and thrust her tongue in to his mouth. He sat there in surprise for only a second, and then he started to kiss her back. He moved his hands up and down her back while she ran a hand through his hair.

After a few minutes Ron found that his hand had traveled down to Hermione's beautiful ass. He gave it a quick squeeze, ready for the slap that would follow. But all he got was a quick squeal of surprise from Hermione, and then she started to kiss him harder.

After a few seconds Ron felt Hermione put her free hand under his shirt and start to run it along his stomach and chest. She broke of the kiss and put her mouth right next to his ear. "Ron, I didn't know you were so muscular, it must be all the Quidditch."

At this Ron started to kiss her neck, he knew she would like this. As Hermione moved her head to the side to give him more room to work Ron put his hands on her waist. He put his hands under her shirt, running his hands up her flat stomach along her smooth skin. He felt her shutter at the touch, and as he drew closer to her breasts he felt her breathing start to quicken.

Hermione whispered in his ear, "I love you Ron, There is nobody I'd rather be with than you." Her breath was like a cloud in his ear.

He was overjoyed by the fact that she shared his feelings, yet at the same time he was scared. He was scared about doing something to push her away; he was scared that he would mess up. He didn't want to loose her; he wanted to be with her for the rest of his life. Suddenly he realized that he couldn't live without her.

Just then the door to the common room opened and Harry and Ginny walked in. Both Ron and Hermione flung themselves apart, looking the part of two teens caught in the midst of passion, which is exactly what they were.

Harry looked at his two best friends for a few seconds, Ron's ears were red, a sure sign of embarrassment, and Hermione was suddenly very interested in a bit of lint on her clothing. Harry laughed, "It's about time," he said as he walked over to the other couch, "you two have been teasing each other for almost a year."

Ginny lay down next to Harry and put her head in his lap. He started to play with her hair absentmindedly. "Well," she said, "why don't the three of you start opening some of your fan mail? It looks like the pile got a bit bigger since this morning."

The three quickly agreed and Hermione performed another safety charm on the pile. This time only two letters burst in to flame. Before any of them reached for the pile Harry also drew his wand, and with a quick jab, the pile separated it self out in to three individual piles, one large and two that were only about an eighth the size of the first.

"There we go, this way were not digging through the pile looking for our letters." Harry said as he reached for the first letter in his pile. He opened it and found a letter inside that congratulated him on defeating Voldemort and also asked for a signed picture. Harry read out loud, "I don't have any pictures of myself," He said after they had finished laughing.

"Oh, that can be easily remedied," said Ginny as she sat up, "just ask Collin... Oh, yeah, you can't." she finished, a tear coming to her eye.

Harry pulled her close to him, he kissed her on the top of the head and said, "It's ok Gin, it'll be ok." He wasn't sure that he believed that himself, but he didn't like to see Ginny crying.

"I think I saw Dennis with a camera today," said Hermione as she moved a bit closer to Ron, "You could ask him, I bet he'd love to help you."

"All three of us will probably need photos," said Ron, who had just finished his first letter, "this one wants my autograph also. She also wants to know if I would fancy a date with her."

The letter flew out of Ron's hands and right in to Hermione's. She read the letter through and then, with a quick jab of her wand, set it on fire.

Ginny burst out laughing at this, and both she and Hermione were soon rummaging through their boyfriends' mail, looking for letters requesting dates or, in a few cases, marriage proposals. In the end about half of each pile was eliminated. Then Ron turned on Hermione's pile, he found about half of her letters also requested dates. These were all quickly burned. The rest of the letters were requests for autographs, job offers, or endorsement deals.

The packages were much of the same, except these people had sent food or other gifts with their letters. By far the most expensive gifts of all were the three Firebolt 2.0s, one sent to each of the trio, with a request for an endorsement. The letter sent with the brooms said that the trio could keep the brooms even if they didn't accept the endorsement deal. Harry quickly wrote back to the Firebolt Company that they would be happy to endorse the brooms.

Hermione, who wasn't much of a flyer, said that as soon as they had finished with the endorsement she would give her broom to Ginny. "I can barely stay on a broom moving at normal speeds," she said as Ron stared at her, his mouth wide open in amazement, "how am I supposed to use a broom that travels at almost 300 miles an hour. Plus she'll get more use out of it than I will."

Ginny was amazed; she'd never owned a broom that was anywhere near as good as this. She thanked

Hermione profusely, she knew Hermione never liked flying; in fact it was the only thing in the wizarding world she wasn't good at, and giving away the broom was more like Hermione giving Ginny a piece of clothing that she didn't want than it was a concession on Hermione's part. Despite this Ginny was still grateful.

Ron looked at Harry and Ginny, and then at the three brooms that hovered in the middle of the three of them. "Gryffindor Quidditch team will be unbeatable this year."

"And what makes you think you'll be on the team?" Harry asked sarcastically, "There may be a better keeper in the second year."

"Ha ha, very funny," said Ron, looking a bit flustered, "you'd never deny the team a Firebolt 2.0."

"No, your right I wouldn't," said Harry, a smug smile spreading across his face, "but then again, I could probably get the whole team F2s if I wanted to."

Harry Ginny and Hermione couldn't help but laugh at the surprised expression on Ron's face. Ginny mimed taking a picture and said, "Perfect, that will be the picture we let you sign." This brought new fits of laughter to the three friends, and even Ron joined in after he got over the surprise.

By the time they were finished opening everything it was nearly time for dinner. The four of them quickly washed up and headed for the great hall. When they arrived they found that even though about half of the students had already gone home with their families the hall was still filled with people. Harry thought that he saw a few people who he knew didn't have any children at Hogwarts.

The four quickly found four seats with the rest of the Weasleys and before any of them could ask about the large number of people Mr. Weasley said, "McGonagall is going to make an announcement about the school, that's why there are so many people from the magical rebuilding committee here, along with all the school governors," he said as he pointed to a group of about 30 people that was standing along the back wall.

A few seconds later Professor McGonagall stood up from her seat in the center of the staff table. She slowly looked around the hall, her gaze reminding Harry of the Transfiguration classes he had taken. Soon the hall was completely silent. "As you all know Hogwarts will be reopen next year," she started, "but what most of you don't know is that it has been decided that the rebuilt castle will be a memorial to those who died in the war against Voldemort."

At this a loud cheer went up from the crowd, and Harry joined in whole heartedly. He saw the castle as the perfect memorial, the castle that those who had sacrificed their lives to help defend would always remember them.

"The plans are not yet completely finalized, but they will include an extension on the trophy room that will be called the Room of Remembrance, it will contain a painted portrait of all those who died in the war, weather it was in the final battle that took place here only two nights ago, as they tried to defend the castle and the boy that will forever be remembered, or if it was nearly two decades ago, protecting that same boy from a similar fate." McGonagall said as she looked around the room, her eyes resting for only a moment on Harry. "There will also be plaques around the castle with the names of those who died on them; they will be placed as close as possible to the places where those people died. I know that this is a hard time for all of us, and I hope that the rebuilding of Hogwarts Castle as a memorial for those who have fallen will make it that much easier for us all."

There was silence for a second, and then everybody erupted in cheers. Mrs. Weasley was crying, and Harry was beyond himself with joy. He knew that this was exactly what should happen; this was what all the people who had died would have agreed upon as being the right course. And to Harry that was what mattered.

Harry felt an arm slide around his waist. He looked down to see Ginny with her head on his shoulder, just smiling at the sight of everybody in the great hall. He took her free hand in his and kissed the top of her head, when he did this he caught a whiff of the flowery fragrance that he had come to need over the last year. That fragrance, along with thoughts of Ginny, had gotten him through some of the rough spots during the last year.

When Ron had left, the thought of Ginny kept Harry functioning. When his wand broke, the thought of what would happen to Ginny had kept him from giving up. When He Ron and Hermione had gone to see Mr. Lovegood and he had called the death eaters to attack them, the thought of Ginny had kept him from thinking that around every bend was a trap. When they had been caught and brought to Malfoy Manor, the thought of what would happen to Ginny if he died gave him the strength to fight.

A poke in the ribs brought him back to reality. He found that the cheering had stopped and everybody was getting ready to either go to bed, or getting ready to leave. He and Ginny got up and started to follow Hermione and Ron towards the Heads' dorms.

Just before the four of them got to the door they were stopped by the acting Minister of Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt. "Hello," he said in his deep calming voice.

"Hello...uh...Minister" said Harry, hesitating because he had always called Kingsley, well Kingsley.

"Harry, you guys can still call me Kingsley," said Kingsley with a deep booming laugh that put Harry at ease, "all of you can still call me Kingsley. Any way, I'm here to offer the three of you Jobs." Kingsley said, cutting right to the point. "Harry, Ron, I know both of you want to be Aurors, and I'm willing to give both of you jobs, you'll have to go through some basic training, but not the three full years. In the last 3 years we've lost about half our Aurors, and since we're rebuilding the ministry from the ground up and, the two of you have more experience than most of the Aurors that are now working for me. Hermione, the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures has heard about SPEW and would like to continue with it. They're willing to give you a staff of four people, all volunteers, to help you."

Harry saw his two friends' faces light up at the offer, and from the large smile on Ginny's face Harry knew that he probably had a similar look on his face. This offer was great; all three of them would be able to do what they had wanted to do since 5th year.

Harry was the first to regain his voice, "Kingsley, I'm sure I speak for all of us when I say that we greatly appreciate your offer, and would love to except," Harry saw Kingsley's face stretch in to a smile, "But," the smile disappeared as if it had suddenly apparated off Kingsley's face, "we have already agreed to finish our education. And to tell the truth, I would feel more comfortable accepting the job as head of the department after I had finished with my school, and even some extra courses."

Kingsley's face became set in an unreadable mask, but Harry could still see the slight disappointment in his eyes, and he could also see that Kingsley had been expecting this. "Ah...well, I can understand that, and the offers still stand at the end of next school year."

"Thank you Kingsley," said Harry as he shook Kingsley's hand, "I'll defiantly think about it." And with that Harry led the four away, towards the Head's dorms.

The rest of the Weasleys caught up with them just before they arrived at the door.

"We're leaving after breakfast tomorrow," said Mrs. Weasley with a smile, "so you four had better get some sleep tonight."

"Harry, there is a bunch of reporter's waiting out side for you," said George as he pulled out his wand, "My guess is that you don't want to talk to them."

Harry just nodded; he didn't want to talk to reporters, not now. He knew that he would have to eventually, but right now just wasn't the right time.

"Well, than I have a plan." George said as he pointed his wand at Harry.

Suddenly Harry felt a strange itch like feeling flow out of his head. Ginny looked at him and said, "Hmm, I don't think I want our kids to have red hair."

"What?" asked Harry, it wasn't the assumption that Ginny and he would be having children together that he was confused about, that felt right, it was the red hair comment that confused him. Then, as the Weasley's closed around him in a tight group he understood, George had changed his hair color to red so he would look like just another Weasley. The reporters would be looking for Black hair and glasses, so Harry took off his glasses and took a hold of Ginny's shoulder. She helped steer him past the reporters and to the dorms.

Once they were safely inside Harry put his glasses back on and went in to the bathroom to look in the mirror. When he saw what he looked like he had to agree with Ginny, he didn't look all that good with red hair. He changed it back and walked back out in to the bedroom that he was sharing with Ginny. She was lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

"Hay Gin," said Harry as he sat down next to her. He could see there was something on her mind, "Gin, is there something wrong?"

"No," said Ginny, forcing a smile. Than under Harry's unrelenting gaze she faltered, "Yes," she said with a huge sigh, "while you were in the bathroom Ron and Hermione came back and said that mum had told them that the funerals for most of the people that died in the battle where tomorrow. I know you're going to want to go to most of them, and I don't want to take that from you because I know you need it. But I'm going to need you to be with me tomorrow and I don't want to spend all day going to funerals. The ones for Tonks, Lupin, and Fred are going to be more than enough, and I think I want to go to Colin's also. I can't ask you to stay..."

"Ginny," Harry interrupted, "your right, I do feel the need to go to most of the funerals, but I wasn't going to. I think I need to let the families greave on their own. And your right, going to all of those funerals would be both physically and emotionally exhausting."

Ginny just looked at him for a second and then smiled. She patted the bed next to her, telling him to lie down. When he did she put her head on his chest like it was a pillow. "Harry, I love you" she said.

"I know," said Harry, "I love you too Gin." a few seconds later he was asleep, his dreams haunted by the images of those who had died to give him time to find and destroy the last Horocurx.

## **Chapter 4**

The next morning Harry and Ginny woke up early and went down to the common room to find both Ron and Hermione already awake. All four had somber expressions on and when they arrived at breakfast they found that most of the people that remained at the school did also.

After breakfast Harry, Hermione and the Weasleys all walked down to the front gaits so they could Apparate back to the Burrow. On the way Harry stopped at Dumbledore's tomb and put the Elder Wand back in side.

When they arrived outside the gate Mrs. Weasley said, "When we get back everybody go put your things in your rooms. Ron get Harry settled in your room and Ginny you can do the same for Hermione. George, you can stay with Percy if you want."

"No," said George, his face going completely pale, "I think I'll be fine in my old room, happy memories and all that."

Mrs. Weasley just nodded, a tear in her eye. "Ok, let's go than."

With that Mr. and Mrs. Weasley turned on the spot and Apparated back to the Burrow. Next Fleur, Bill, Percy, Charley, and George went. Harry grasped Ginny's hand tightly, ready to take her in a side-along. He took one last look at Hogwarts and couldn't help but smile. Then he looked down at Ginny and pulled her in to a tight embrace. He turned on the spot and stepped in to nothingness.

He felt the familiar feeling of being squeezed through a tube, which wasn't that uncomfortable any more, and was suddenly standing outside the Burrow. He saw Hermione and Ron arrive just to his right, holding each others hands. The four of them walked quietly towards the large house.

Once they were inside they walked up to the first landing, here Ginny and Hermione each reluctantly let go of their boyfriend's hands so they could go into Ginny's room. Harry and Ron continued up to the top floor, on the way they saw George standing in the door way to his and Fred's old room. He was looking around at the boxes of stuff that they had stored inside. As they passed Harry heard a soft laugh come from George.

They quickly arrived at Ron's room, and just as quickly realized that Hermione still had all their stuff in her little beaded bag. Harry agreed to go down and get it.

When he got to Ginny's door he knocked softly, and was surprised to have Hermione answer it quickly. She was standing there in a loose fitting black dress, having already changed.

He was about to ask for his and Ron's cloths when she said, "Your stuff is in the corner, I'll go bring Ron's up to him," She muttered as she held up the beaded bag. She quickly walked past Harry, but not before he could see the tears that streaked her face. Harry knew that she wasn't going up there just to bring Ron his cloths; she needed comfort, probably just as much as Ron did.

Harry walked in to Ginny's room, a bit self conscious about being in there alone with her. He saw his cloths piled in a corner, along with a pile of about 10 robes, 3 of which were black. He looked over at Ginny's bed, and saw her sitting there staring out the window.

Outside it was bright and sunny, a complete contrast to the feeling inside the house. When Harry looked down at the backyard he saw a hole and a coffin sitting in the yard. For a second Harry was surprised that Fred was getting buried here, but after a few moments of thought it seemed appropriate.

Harry sat down next to Ginny, who was dressed in a short black dress, and put his arm around her shoulder. She let him pull her closer so that her head was on his shoulder. "I don't want to cry," said Ginny after a few seconds, "Fred wouldn't want us to cry. But I can't find it in me to smile right now."

"I know," said Harry, he felt the same way. "But knowing Fred he has something planned. My guess is that as were burying him something will explode." He said, a small smile coming to his face.

"No," said Ginny as she sat up and a large, evil smile spread across her face, "He'll play one final joke on all of us, or at least on mum. He'll have known how this would affect her; he would have wanted to make her laugh."

"Yeah, your right." Harry said, glad that Ginny was finally smiling. Harry got up and went over to his pile of cloths. He picked up the cloths that he had worn to Fleur and Bill's wedding along with one of his school robes. He looked back at Ginny, wondering if he should go change in the bathroom.

"Oh, it's not like I won't see it all eventually." She said with a laugh.

He just nodded and quickly changed in to the nicest cloths he owned. A few minuets later He, Ginny, Hermione and Ron, whose robes were just a bit small on him, were standing in the kitchen, ready to go outside. Ginny took a deep breath and started to walk towards the door, closely followed by the other three.

When they arrived at the grave that had been dug for Fred they saw that the rest of the Weasleys were in black, except for George, who was in a robe that looked like it came from the 70's. It was tie-died with the colors of the rainbow, with random splotches of color thrown in. It hurt Harry's eyes if he stared at it too long, it looked as if a rainbow had thrown up on it.

When Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione had joined the circle that surrounded Fred's coffin, which was floating above the grave, George stepped forward. "Ok, first off you all have to change." With this he waved his wand and suddenly everybody was wearing robes to match his. "Ah, much better. Second, you have to know that this whole thing was scripted by Fred and me a long time ago. So I begin. I want to say that nobody should be crying," he looked around and found only a few tear streaked faces, but no active criers, "good, now that that's settled lets begin."

George took a deep breath and said, "Fred was my best friend, and together the two of us made a fortune selling our pranks. When he died I felt like a lost a part of myself, it felt almost like loosing an arm or leg, a very talkative arm or leg." Everybody let out a small chuckle at this. "Now, this last part is something we came up with a long time ago." George waved his wand and it seemed nothing happened.

Then Ron screamed as a large number of spiders came scurrying out of his pockets. The stream of spiders ended quickly and Harry couldn't help himself, he burst out laughing. Everybody else started to laugh also, Hermione who was now kneeling next to Ron, who had stumbled and fallen when the spiders came, was hiding her smile behind a hand. Mrs. Weasley had a small smile on her face, even as she started scolding George. Mr. Weasley was grinning like a fool, Bill, Charley and Percy were laughing like maniacs, and Ginny and George were rolling on the ground in hysterics.

When Ron finally recovered he stood up and Harry could see a small smile spreading across his face. "You know, this sucks, and I can't even pull a prank on Fred in return now."

"That's the point little bro," said George as he got up. With a wave of his wand George lowered his brother's coffin in to the ground and set the mound of dirt on top of it. Then he made a head stone appear. Inscribed on the white marble was *'Here lies Fred Weasley, brother, friend, prankster, and all around good guy.'* Under that a quote was inscribed also, it said, *"He who laughs last is the slowest, he who laughs first is the suck up, but he who makes the joke is the smartest."* Under that was the hand from the clock inside, it was inlaid, not pointing to anything in particular.

Now George let a single tear fall from his eye, "Fred, we'll miss you, I don't think there is anything I can say that would explain how I feel right now. You're the only one that would have understood, but

that would have been weird because then you would be dead and alive at the same time. Good by." At this Mrs. Weasley broke down again and she went to sit next to the grave, she was soon joined by George, who she took in to a tight embrace.

Harry looked down at Ginny, who had gotten up off the ground; she still had a small smile on her face as she turned to go back to the house. Harry followed her, quickly catching up. The rest of the family would be along soon to go to Lupin and Tonks' funeral, then Harry and Ginny would be off to Colin Creevey's funeral.

About twenty minutes later the 10 Weasleys along with Harry and Hermione arrived at the funeral for Tonks and Lupin. That was the last clear memory that Harry had for the next few hours, after that his mind seemed to fuzz everything up. He knew that if he tried he would be able to remember everything, in excruciating detail, but he didn't want to.

That night the 12 of them arrived back at the Burrow and Mrs. Weasley cooked an amazing dinner. After dinner they sat around for a while and talked about memories of the four people they had watched get buried today.

## **Chapter 5: First Times**

It was almost 10 o'clock when Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione headed upstairs together. The four of them separated at the first landing, just outside Ginny's room. Harry followed Ginny in to her room and Hermione followed Ron up the stairs. At some point in the day Harry and Hermione had come to a silent agreement that they would trade rooms, they both knew that the person they were dating would need their company, and they both knew that they too would need the company.

When they got into Ginny's room and closed the door Ginny turned on Harry and fell in to his arms. She started to cry and Harry knew that there was nothing he could do but let her. He wrapped her in his arms, stroking her back as he whispered reassurances in her ear, every once in a while kissing the top of her head and taking in the scent of flowers that he loved.

After almost 10 minuets Ginny had stopped and she was now looking up at Harry, her deep brown eyes met his emerald and the too of them started to kiss passionately. Harry let his hands travel along the curves of Ginny's body, and when she didn't object to his hands on her ass he knew where this was going, and he had no objections.

The two of them started to move across the room towards Ginny's bed. Ginny pushed him onto her bed so he was lying on his back and got on top of him. She leaned over and kissed him full on the lips. It was the best kiss Harry had ever had; it had all the want and sadness that Ginny had obviously been feeling for the last year. He kissed her back; he put his hands on her ass and gave it a quick squeeze. She gave a small gasp and kissed Harry even harder.

Ginny broke of the kiss, looked at Harry with a dirty smile and said, "Harry, do you want to be inside of me?"

Harry just smiled and nodded, he began pulling her black dress off, exposing Ginny's large breasts. Her breasts were absolutely amazing; they were about the size of bludgers with areola that were about two inches wide with hard nipples in the middle, which were half an inch long right now. Despite their size Ginny's amazing breasts supported themselves with out a bra; in fact Ginny wasn't wearing any underwear at all.

"Gin, why didn't you wear any underwear today?" Harry asked seductively, or at least he hoped it sounded that way, as he looked her pale body up and down. It looked beautiful, and it contrasted nicely with her flaming red hair

"I never wear underwear," she purred, "bras and panties rub up against my sensitive parts and make me all wet."

This got Harry hard almost instantly. He started to kiss her deeply as he took one of her breasts in his hand and started to play with the nipple.

Ginny reached for Harry's belt; un-buckling it, and ripping his pants and boxers off of him. With that Harry decided that it was time for him to take some control over the situation.

He moved Ginny off of him and placed himself on top of her. Harry's hands went wild exploring every part of Ginny, familiarizing themselves with the woman he loved. Her body was pale and soft despite the fact that she was a tough girl. His hands found her nipples, he toyed with them causing Ginny to moan and shiver beneath his touch. His mouth found its way back to hers pouring all its passion into her, their tongues dancing together, darting in and out finding each other.

Harry reached between her legs, down to her pussy where he found her clit with his finger. He rubbed gently, and Ginny shivered violently under the pressure. She could only let out moans urging Harry on;

Harry moved his hand a bit lower, letting his finger enter her. Harry met with pressure, and Ginny groaned from the pleasure.

Ginny spread her legs to give Harry better access to her pussy which was swollen and dripping wet with anticipation. Harry looked at it for a second and then ran the tip of his cock along the slit. This made Ginny shutter and moan with pleasure. He placed himself directly on top of Ginny, allowing himself to enter her a little bit; she was tight, really tight. "If you want me to stop tell me," he was able to get out before being lost in the pleasure of finally being inside Ginny, even if it was only the tip of him. She nodded to show that she understood, but she wouldn't want him to stop, she had wanted this since she was 11 and he had rescued her from the Chamber of Secrets, even if she hadn't known it at the time.

He pushed himself into her bit by bit; he went slowly, knowing that this was her first time and he was stretching her farther than she had ever been stretched before. As he pushed deeper within her it became easier, her warm pussy was wet, providing the lubrication he needed. After a few seconds he said, "Ginny, you're so tight,"

"Yeah," said Ginny, barely able to keep her voice under control, "but you're really big also, and it feels sooo good."

Keeping his weight balanced on his elbows, kissing her deeply, he felt himself come up against her hymn. Ginny screamed into his mouth as he broke through her barrier. Once the pain subsided it felt amazing and all she could think of was having him deeper. She wrapped her legs around him and thrust up, trying to get him farther into her. Harry pushed back; they began in rhythm together, sensing each others need, back, and forth.

"More," Ginny bellowed, sweat dripping down her breasts. Harry complied, pushing into her, and pulling out, and pushing further in. After a few minuets Ginny started to moan with pleasure, she took one of her breasts in a hand and started to squeeze it and play with the nipple. She took her other hand and started to play with her rock hard clit, which was about an inch and a half long now that it was hard.

This sent Ginny over the edge, her pussy started to spasm, squeezing Harry's cock. As he thrust it in and out of her pussy she let out a scream of pleasure. Then she moaned "deeper, faster, please Harry, deeper and faster".

So Harry pushed himself in deeper and started to thrust faster. About 3 minuets later, as Ginny was starting to come down from her first orgasm, Harry felt his balls tighten and he gave one last hard thrust and sprayed his hot cum into the back of her tight, wet pussy. This caused Ginny to orgasm with renewed strength and she gave another scream of pleasure. After he was empty Harry pulled himself out of his girlfriend and lay down next to her.

Ginny was still in the midst of her second orgasm of the night, and as Harry lay next to her he took one of her heaving breasts and started to suck on the nipple while he squeezed and massaged her other breast. Ginny gave a small squeal of pleasure and it took her another 10 minuets to come down from her orgasm.

"Harry, that was amazing," said Ginny, still a little out of breath from the intense fuck session they had just had. "Where did you learn to do that?"

"I don't know, it just came naturally to me," replied Harry.

"Well if that's what your like with out any experience," started Ginny with a smile mischievous smile, "than I can't wait until we've practiced a bit."

Harry just looked at her, she was absolutely beautiful. Her flaming red hair was splayed around her head. Ginny shifted position so she was on her side, her back to his front. Ginny took Harry's hand and moved it up to her breast and Harry played with her nipple until they fell asleep in that position.

Up in Ron's room Hermione was lying down next to Ron, his arms wrapped around her shoulders, as the two of them talked about the friends they had lost.

They had changed in to their bed cloths when they had gotten up to the room. Ron was in boxers and a loose white undershirt. Hermione was in a pair of loose cotton sleep pants, which were dark purple with equally dark blue lines running across them horizontally, and a loose short sleeve t-shirt.

"Ron, what do you say we continue what Harry and Ginny interrupted yesterday?" Hermione said as she moved herself so she was face to face with her boyfriend.

Ron smiled, after he had gotten over the embarrassment of being walked in on by his best friend and sister it had taken all his will power not to kill them. After he had gotten over that feeling, which was pretty quickly, all he could think about was getting Hermione alone long enough to continue.

Hermione rolled on top of Ron and started to kiss him deeply. She felt his tongue enter her mouth and start to explore it. She felt his hands wrap around her, then start to travel to her ass. Again he squeezed it and again it sent a jolt of pleasure through her.

She moved her hands under his shirt again, again amazed at Ron's toned muscles. Their lips broke apart as they both gasped for air and Hermione took this opportunity to pull Ron's shirt off of him. She took a quick look at his upper body, and immediately felt her pussy get wet.

Ron was toned, but not in the way body builders were, his muscles looked like they were used, not just for show. She didn't have much time to admire his body though because he pulled her back into a passionate kiss again.

This time he let his hands run up her back, sending shivers up her spine as he ran his fingers along it. When he reached the place where there should have been a bra clasp he found nothing.

"Hermione, why aren't you wearing a bra?" Ron asked as he broke their kiss

"I never wear a bra, or panties," She responded with an innocent look, she knew this would turn him on, "I find them kind of... restricting." She suddenly felt his hard-on pressing against her leg, it was big, and got her even wetter.

Ron took the opportunity to pull Hermione's shirt off, exposing her breasts. They were the size of large oranges. They still seemed as if they were being held up by something, even though Ron could see there was nothing there. Her areolas were dark brown in contrast to the lightly tanned color of her skin. Her nipples were hard and stuck out at least half an inch from her breast. They looked amazing.

Ron took one of her breasts in his hand and started to massage it while he pulled her in to another kiss. Every once in a while Ron would squeeze Hermione's hard nipple, causing her to squeak with pleasure.

Ron rolled the two of them over so that Hermione was on her back and reached his free hand into her pants. He found her hard pleasure nub and slid a finger over it, sending waves of pleasure through his girlfriend.

Ron started to kiss Hermione on the neck, and she gladly tilted her head to one side to give him more room. After a few seconds Ron started tracing kisses down her body. Stopping at her breasts he gave each nipple a quick kiss, eliciting a moan of pleasure for Hermione, and then continued on. As he reached the waist band of her pants he stopped and quickly pulled them all the way off.

Now Hermione's beautiful, wet pussy was exposed to him. He took a moment to admire it, taking in

every detail, committing it all to memory. She had shaved her self completely, leaving her swollen outer lips as smooth as the rest of her skin. Her clit, which was swollen and red, was twitching as it poked out from its hiding place. He saw some of her juices start to leak out of the slit that ran down the middle of her pleasure center.

"Hermione, do you want me inside of you?" asked Ron playfully as he kissed her throbbing clit lightly. All Hermione could do was moan what sounded a bit like a yes, so Ron continued, "do you want my cock to slam in and out of your pussy?" he asked as he licked her slit, tasting her juices as he went. They tasted a bit like honey, with something even sweeter added in, they tasted amazing.

Hermione moaned and grabbed the back of his head. Instead of pulling it towards her pussy and forcing him to suck her like he had expected, she pulled him up so that he was face to face with her again. She kissed him deeply, running her tongue around the inside of his mouth, getting every last drop off her juices. "If you don't fuck me soon, I'm going to do it my self," she said as she reached in to his boxers and started to fondle his balls.

Ron got the message and quickly stripped out of his boxers. Hermione let his balls go, reluctantly, and spread her legs a bit wider to give him better access. He positioned himself so that the tip of his cock was resting against the opening to her love tunnel. Then he leaned down over her and took one of her breasts in his mouth, and started sucking.

This caused Hermione to gasp as a wave of pleasure went through her. She had always known that her breasts were sensitive, but she would never have guessed that they were this sensitive. She knew suddenly that if Ron continued to suck on her she would orgasm, with out any other stimulation. But that wasn't what she wanted, she wanted to be fucked, and fucked hard.

She whispered this in to Ron's ear and suddenly felt his cock ram into her pussy. Hermione didn't scream in pain as some girls do, she had been dreaming about this moment for almost two years now, and, as any horny muggle girl would do, she had masturbated to the thought of it. She had used her fingers, and even a dildo she had conjured. She hadn't realized it until just now, but the dildo was the exact same shape and size as Ron's cock, almost nine inches long and three wide.

Instead she screamed with pleasure, the pleasure of finally having Ron inside of her after so long, the pleasure of feeling his body ramming against hers.

Ron stopped sucking on her breasts and instead came up and started to kiss her deeply, and started to massage her breasts again.

Ron was fucking Hermione really hard now; the bed was rocking with the force of it. Hermione started to moan louder as her climax built. She reached one of her hands, which had been wrapped around Ron until now, in between her legs and started to rub her clit. She started to moan even louder as the pleasure increased; she knew she would cum soon.

Ron loved the feeling of Hermione's pussy wrapped around his cock; it was the best thing he had ever felt. He loved the feeling of her warm juices on his thighs. He loved the feeling of her firm breasts in his hands. But most of all he loved the feeling of her soft lips against his, her tongue exploring his mouth. All of a sudden Ron felt his balls tighten in a way he was familiar with, he had jacked off to an imagined scene much like this one since their 4th year. Suddenly he shot his load right into the back of Hermione's pussy, causing her to climax and scream "Yes, Ron, oh, yes!"

As Hermione felt Ron's hot cum hit the back of her pussy over and over again, and as her body was wracked with her orgasm, the rational part of her mind, the only part not affected by the pleasure high she was on, thought it good that she had Ginny had preformed long term contraceptive charms on themselves before they had changed. They both knew this would happen, and they also knew that they

wouldn't remember in the heat of the moment.

As Hermione and Ron started to calm down they looked each other in the eyes. Ron looked in to the deep brown depths of Hermione's eyes, the color of leaves during autumn. Hermione looked in to Ron's icy blue eyes, thinking that if they were a shade darker they might make him look crazy.

He rolled off of her and pulled her close to him, his hand around her waist, their naked bodies still touching. She ran her hand through his hair as he closed his eyes, ready for sleep. She put her head on his chest as his arm wrapped around her shoulders. She felt safe, she realized, for the first time in almost 3 years.

Hermione's mind was completely empty as she drifted off to sleep; she didn't think of the people who had died, she didn't think of the battle that had been fought only 3 nights ago, she didn't think of her parents.

## Chapter 6

The next morning Harry woke up to the sound of knocking on the door to Ginny's room. "Ginny, Hermione, get up, it's nearly 10 o'clock." Came Mrs. Weasley's voice from outside the door.

Harry was suddenly wide awake; he shook Ginny lightly to wake her. Her eyes opened slowly and she muttered, "Hello my love, how did you sleep?"

"Fine, until your mum knocked on the door to wake you and Hermione up." replied Harry as he climbed out of bed and started to gather his cloths. He pulled on his boxers as Ginny sat up suddenly, exposing her naked breasts. Harry stopped pulling on his boxers to just stare at Ginny for a few seconds.

"Crap," she practically shouted, she caught herself and whispered, "She'll kill us if she finds out what we did,"

"Yeah," muttered Harry as he finished pulling his shirt over his head. "I'm going to Apparate upstairs and warn Ron and Hermione before your mum gets up there." And with small crack he was gone, leaving Ginny alone.

When Harry arrived in Ron's room only a millisecond after he left Ginny's he found his two best friends together in bed, both of them naked. He was surprised, but he had to admit that it wasn't totally unexpected. Still he was a bit disturbed.

He went over to Ron and shook him to get him awake. Ron quickly woke up and when he saw Harry he sat up quickly and shouted, "Oi, what're you doing here?"

At this Hermione woke up also and realized what she and Ron had been caught at. She seemed to realize what Harry being in Ron's room meant because she had started to summon her pajamas too her.

"Ron, your mum just knocked on Ginny's door and told her and Hermione to get up. I'll bet you anything that she's on her way up here right now to get you and me up." Harry whispered as he turned away so Hermione could get dressed.

"Crap," said Ron quietly, they could now hear Mrs. Weasley's foot steps coming up the stairs.

Hermione was dressed now, she got up and quickly kissed Ron, "Ron, don't answer when your mum knocks, let her open the door and come in,"

"What, why?" asked Ron, a completely confused look on his face.

"Because," Harry said pointedly as Hermione Apparated out of the room, "this way she can find both of us in here. It gives her that much less of a reason to think that anything was out of the ordinary." With this Harry slipped under the covers of the cot that sat across from Ron's bed. He thrashed around a bit to make the cot look somewhat used.

Mrs. Weasley's knock came a few seconds later, "Ron, Harry, wake up, it's nearly 10 o'clock." Both Ron and Harry stayed silent; Ron even threw in a convincing snore. The door opened and Mrs. Weasley walked in and shook Ron awake, "if you two don't get up soon you'll miss breakfast."

"Mm... what... Sorry mum, haven't had a good sleep in a long time," said Ron, putting a smile on.

Harry couldn't help but laugh as Mrs. Weasley seemed to melt at this, "Of course, take as long as you want."

"No, we'll be down soon," said Harry as he sat up, he realized now that most of his cloths were still in Ginny's room, luckily they were safely put away in a dresser.

"Ok," said Mrs. Weasley with a small smile, "and by the way, there's a small pile of mail for the three of you."

"How small is small?" asked Harry, afraid that he would walk into the kitchen to find it filled with letters.

"Only about a hundred letters dear," Mrs. Weasley said over her shoulder as she walked out the door.

When they were sure that she had gone downstairs and was staying there Harry turned to Ron and asked the dreaded question, "so, did you two...?"

"Yeah," Ron muttered a bit timidly. Harry saw Ron's cheeks flair red.

"Good, now you can't get mad at me for doing the same with Ginny," said Harry as he quickly Apparated back to Ginny's room.

He landed at the foot of Ginny's bed to find Ginny and Hermione with their foreheads pressed together, they had obviously just been talking about something and Harry didn't have a hard time guessing what it was. "Hello, girls, having a good time talking about last night?"

"Yeah," said Ginny with a smile, "we were just trading details."

Harry laughed, "Hermione, you might want to go calm Ron down, I kind of told him Ginny and I slept together,"

"Oh, yeah, probably a good idea, we don't want him to kill you, or worse reveal what happened last night." Hermione said as she got up. She turned on the spot and with a small crack she was gone.

"So, exactly how far did you guys get?" Harry asked, not really sure if he wanted to know.

"Oh not very, when she arrived I was still sitting in bed naked so it was kind of useless denying it. She told me what happened between her and Ron, and I told her what happened between you and me. We didn't get into the details, at least not yet." Ginny explained as Harry went over to the dresser where his cloths were and started to pull things out.

"Right," said Harry, "Just don't tell me when you do; I'm not really sure I want to know exactly what's going on between them."

"And you think I want to hear about my brother's sex life?" asked Ginny with a small smile, "No thank you, Hermione can keep that aspect of their relationship to herself."

By now Harry was dressed, as was Ginny, and the two of them walked out of Ginny's room and waited for Ron and Hermione, who showed up only a few seconds later. Together the four of them walked downstairs and sat down at the breakfast table.

Harry, Ron and Hermione went through the letters quickly, and found that they were mostly congratulatory in nature. There were a few requests for interviews and each of them received a letter from Rita Skeater asking, quite politely, for permission to write biographies on them. In her letter Skeater offered them each a large sum of money for the rights to the story. All three of them refused, although Ron was a bit reluctant after he saw the money offer.

After they were done eating Mrs. Weasley spoke up, "we've put up some of the same protective spells that we used last year," she said as she made the dishes start washing themselves, "just to keep reporters and admirers out. I'm afraid it won't keep them more than about 1000 meters away, but it's something."

"Its fine Mrs. Weasley," said Harry as he took Ginny's hand in his own. "I want to thank you for everything you've done over the last 7 years for me. You and your family have put your lives on the line many times over for me, and I'm glad that you were lucky enough to only loose one son." It

sounded weird to Harry to say it was lucky that they lost a son, but considering the number of Weasleys there were it truly was against all odds.

"Harry," sobbed Mrs. Weasley as tears started to swell in her eyes, "It is I who should be thanking you. You've saved the lives of this family many more times than we've saved yours. You saved Ginny in her first year," Harry gave Ginny's hand a squeeze at this, "you saved Arthur in your fifth year, you saved Ron many times over, and you saved us all from suffering Fred's fate only three nights ago." By now Mrs. Weasley was crying hysterically and she came over and pulled Harry into a bone crunching hug.

After about 30 seconds Harry started to see spots. He guessed he showed some outward sign also because Ginny came up behind him and put a hand on her mother's shoulder, Mrs. Weasley immediately released him.

Ginny guided her mother into the living room and a minute later she came back. "Mum says she's sorry if she hurt you Harry," Ginny sighed, "she says she's tired. The last few days have been hard."

Harry pulled Ginny into a tight embrace, which she returned in kind. "Gin, the last year has been hard, heck, the last few years have been hard. I think we all owe it to our selves to let out a bit of emotion."

Ginny started to cry a bit into Harry's shoulder, it felt good in his arms, she felt like the problems of the world could be forgotten for a little while. Ginny realized that when she was with Harry she felt like she had no worries. She hadn't felt that way since before first year, since before Voldemort had possessed her.

A few minutes later she and Harry broke apart, both of them with huge smiles on their faces. "Come on," said Ginny as she walked towards the door, "I want to try out one of those F2s."

Harry laughed and followed his girl friend outside, Hermione and Ron were close behind. They arrived at the broom shed and Harry pulled out the three brooms, he handed one to Ron and one to Hermione, who handed it right to Ginny.

"Hermione," said Ginny as she handed it back, "you do know that you're going to have to look at least somewhat competent if you three endorse these things right?"

"Yeah, and I want you three to teach me to at least stay on a broom. For me it's always been easier to teach something if I know how to do it first." Hermione said as she handed the broom back to Ginny again.

"But I already know how to fly," said Ginny, handing the broom back to Hermione. Harry couldn't help but laugh, it was like watching some odd comedy routine

"Yeah, but this broom is, what, about 3 times as fast as anything you've ridden before?" Hermione said as she took an older broom out of the shed and handed the F2 back to Ginny. "I bet you'll teach me better once you've had a chance to ride it yourself a bit."

Ginny looked between the broom in her hands to her best friend and back again, "thanks," she said, and with a big smile she ran towards the small enclosed clearing that they used to practice Quidditch. Harry ran after her, his new broom in his hand, just as excited to get on it as Ginny was.

## Chapter 7

Ron turned to Hermione and whispered, "You are amazing." And with that simple statement he leaned in and kissed her. He put one hand on the small of her back, helping her to keep her balance as he leaned in. She took his face in her hands, letting his lips find hers. They kissed for what seemed like hours, even though it lasted only a minuet or so.

When Ron broke the kiss Hermione found herself completely speechless and unable to move from the feeling of pure happiness she was feeling. She saw Ron walking towards the small pitch, he looked over his shoulder and said, "one foot in front of the other, that's all you have to do."

Her face suddenly broke into a big smile, she was grinning more than she ever had before. She found herself able to move again and ran towards Ron, quickly catching up. She took his hand and the two of them walked on to the pitch together.

Ron mounted his new broom as Hermione mounted the one she was using. They kicked off together, Ron matching his speed to that of Hermione's. She could see that he wanted to put on a burst of speed and go flying around the pitch; she was both proud and a bit flattered that he didn't. She knew he was staying with her because he was afraid that she would fall and hurt herself, and she had to admit that she was just a bit surprised to find that he was so caring.

Harry, Ginny and Ron spent the rest of the morning teaching her how to fly, and by lunch she could manage to make a few laps around the pitch without losing her balance and half falling off.

When they were all too hungry to continue they landed and went to put their brooms away. As Harry and Ginny walked away Ron took Hermione's arm gently and pulled her close to him. He pulled her into another deep kiss, pushing her up against the inside of the broom shed.

When they broke apart for air Hermione said, "Ron, did I ever tell you that watching you play Quidditch makes me wet?" she asked in a seductive voice.

"No," said Ron, "but now that I know, what can we do to help you?" he asked in a mischievous voice.

"Well, I don't know. I'm sure you'll think of something." Hermione said as she mocked his tone. She pulled him a bit closer, feeling the bulge in his pants press against her leg. She felt the wetness in between her legs increase, watching Ron fly did get her hot, and right now she needed to be cooled down.

"What about this?" he said and gathered her in his arms and started kissing her. She put her hands in his hair as his hands rubbed her back tenderly. After a few seconds, Ron reached down and, without looking, undid the front of Hermione's pants. He stuck his hand in and rested it on her shaved pussy. After a second he took his middle finger and stuck it in her slit, which was dripping wet with anticipation. This made Hermione moan with pleasure. She absolutely loved having Ron inside her, whether it was his cock or his fingers.

As they kissed Ron started to finger Hermione, first with one finger, then every few minutes adding another finger and another, until he had 4 fingers up her slit and was playing with her rock hard clit with his thumb. Giving one last little twitch of his thumb, he made his girlfriend scream with ecstasy as an intense orgasm wracked her body.

He continued to pump his fingers in and out of her until his hand was soaked with her juices. Then he pulled his hand out of her pants and licked it clean. She tasted so sweet, it was like a nectar of the gods. He leaned in and drew her mouth to his; he felt her tongue in his mouth, tasting her juices.

A few minutes later Hermione broke the kiss, "Ron, if we don't get inside soon somebody is going to

come looking for us," she said, but she didn't move. Instead she kept her arms around Ron's neck.

"I know," said Ron, he leaned down and kissed her neck, letting her sweet smell engulf him. "And I don't care. I love you Hermione, I want you to be with me forever." With this he drew her into another deep kiss, this time he reached down and redid her pants, making sure they were completely done up before braking apart and starting to lead her out of the shed.

"Ron, what about you," she asked as she pointed to the obvious hardon that was poking at his pants.

"Oh, right, just give me a second," he said as he closed his eyes. His face twisted in concentration and about a minuet later the bulge was gone and Ron's groin looked like is should.

"What did you do Ron?" asked Hermione, amazed that Ron could get himself down after what had just happened.

"I...well...I thought about spiders," he muttered, his voice a bit embarrassed.

Hermione laughed and took Ron's hand. As they started walking she said, "I guess I should take it as a compliment that you have to think of your greatest fear just to calm yourself down after me."

Ron laughed now also and squeezed her hand, "yeah, I guess you should. But spiders aren't my greatest fear anymore," he said

"You could have fooled me," said Hermione as she and Ron got on the short path that led to the back door of the Weasley kitchen. "With the way you acted at Fred's funeral I would have thought you were still terrified of them."

"Oh, I am, but they're not my biggest fear any more," said Ron as he looked down at her, "my greatest fear is loosing you."

"Aww," said Hermione with a smile, "how cliché." She was teasing and he knew it, but she couldn't help think that this was some lame way of trying to flatter her, even if it was working.

"I know, but it's still true," Ron said as he blushed a bit, "after what happened at Malfoy Manor, and even after I...left...during the Horcrux hunt, I realized that I would be completely lost with out you. Hermione I love you."

But he didn't get anything else out because Hermione cut him off, "I know Ron, I feel the same way, and you don't have to explain it." She smiled and put her head back on his shoulder as the two of them walked into the kitchen.

They found Mrs. Weasley inside making lunch. She looked at the two of them as they came through the door, she got a somewhat surprised expression on her face then she smiled and nodded. "Would you two please tell Harry and Ginny that lunch will be ready soon?"

"Sure mum," said Ron as he led Hermione upstairs. He knocked on Ginny's door, knowing that she and Harry would be inside, and said, "Lunch will be ready soon you two, so if your not decent you should get that way."

Hermione laughed at this, causing Ron to smile and turn to her. "You know, I love your laugh," he said. "You haven't laughed for a while, I kind of missed it."

"I missed it too," She said as they started to walk up the stairs towards his room. "Ron," she started once they were in his room, "I realized today that I have to go get my parents from Australia." She paused and took a breath, "I want you to come with me, I'm not really sure I can handle them on my own right now."

"Hermione," said Ron with a smile, "if you can't perform a spell, what makes you think I can?"

"No, it's not the spells, it's the telling them what happened, it's the telling them that we're together, it's the awkward questions I know they'll ask." Hermione said as tears started to form in her eyes, "and most of all, it's the fact that I'm a bit afraid that they won't be there, or that I'll find them but they'll be mad at me for what I did."

"Mione," said Ron as he pulled her into a tight embrace, "They won't be mad at you, they'll understand that you were just trying to protect them. As for them not being there, I have no doubt that they'll be there, Voldemort never reached Australia, there is no reason that they won't be where you left them."

"What if they don't want to come back?" Hermione cried into Ron's shoulder, "what happens if they like their life there?"

"Than they like their life there and you go to visit them every once in a while," Ron said with a smile. "Hermione, relax, everything will be ok, You-Know...Voldemort is gone and he's never coming back."

"I know," said Hermione as she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, "but what about the death eaters that are still out there? I overheard Kingsley say that there were almost twenty that weren't caught during the battle. It's completely possible that they will come here looking for Harry, or you, or me, or even the rest of your family."

Ron laughed again, "Mione, mum said that there were protective spells around the house, and if the death eaters break through those than you have a house full of wizards to protect you. And you're not all that bad at dueling yourself."

Hermione sniffed, "thank you Ron," she said, "I needed that."

"I know," said Ron, "it helped me too; I think I needed to reassure you as much as you needed to be reassured." He smiled down at her, "It's nice to know you need me for something."

"That's not all I need you for," said Hermione as she pulled Ron's face to hers and drew him into a deep kiss.

Ron kissed back and a few seconds later they heard Mrs. Weasley call from downstairs "lunch is ready."

The two of them broke apart, "We'll continue this later right?" asked Ron as he got up.

"Of course we will," said Hermione as she too got up. She took Ron's hand and the too of them started downstairs.

## Chapter 8

The two of them got downstairs a few minutes later and found Mrs. Weasley, Harry, Ginny, Charley, Bill, Fleur, George, and Mr. Weasley all sitting around the table. "Hi everybody," said Ron as he and Hermione sat down in the only two empty seats, between Harry and Charley.

"Hey Ron," said Mr. Weasley, "so, what are you three going to do with your summer?"

"Dad, their not going to have time to do what they want," said Bill, a smile spreading across his face, "their going to be too busy doing interviews, signing autographs and doing endorsements."

"Oh, that reminds me," said George as he finished a piece of bacon, "Lee Jordan told me that *Potterwatch* is becoming a nightly program on the Wizarding Wireless Network and he wants you three to give interviews on the first broadcast. It's in two nights from now, and he thinks that you three will draw a huge crowd."

Ron and Hermione looked to Harry; they were giving him the decision. They knew that he didn't like this type of thing and if he did it he would probably have to tell the story of what happened during the last year.

To everybody's surprise a small smile spread across Harry's face, "I've been thinking about this a bit for the last day or so and I've had an idea that I think will satisfy most people," Harry said. "We'll do the interview, but on one condition."

George nodded, "Lee thought that you might have one, he said he'd agree to what ever you three wanted."

"Ok," said Harry as he looked at Ron and Hermione sitting next to him, "We'll tell the whole story, everything, I'll even let the papers print it, but only if I *never* have to give another interview about this subject again. I want to be left alone; I want to live a somewhat normal life. I want all the reporters that are standing down the rode to leave this family alone."

George looked thoughtful for a second than he said, "I think Lee will agree to that with no problems. It'll be the rest of the media that will give you grief."

"I think I can work something out at the ministry," said Percy, "I bet Kingsley would be glad to issue a decree or something stating that the media has to stay away from you, and I think that most people will back it fully. Harry, Ron, Hermione, you three are famous and right now you three have the political power to get almost anything done. Most Wizards will do anything any of you ask them too because they are either afraid of you or afraid of what your disapproval could do to their businesses or reputations."

"Oh, well in that case," started Ron as a huge smile spread across his face, "George, pass the chicken, I'm too famous to get it my self,"

"No," said George simply.

"I said most people," said Percy with a smile, "we're your family, we've had plenty of practice refusing you, and we know what you're really capable off. We're not that scared."

Everybody laughed, and soon lunch was going full force. About half way through an owl flew in through an open window. It landed in front of Harry, almost knocking over a pitcher of pumpkin juice, and held out its leg. Tied to the leg was a letter with a large Q scrawled on the front.

Harry took the letter and the owl flew out the same window it had come in through. He opened it and quickly read it to himself, "It's from Luna," said Harry with a bemused expression on his face.

"What does it say?" asked Ginny who was a bit worried about Luna and her father. Since her father had been freed from Azkaban he hadn't had a chance to rebuild their house and Ginny had no idea where they were staying.

Harry looked around and started reading,

*Dear Harry, Ron, Hermione,*

*I first want to thank you again for saving me at the Malfoy's. Second I wanted to tell you that daddy is extremely sorry for having to do what he did when you came to visit, and he said he would like to continue the discussion you were having under better and safer circumstances. We are staying at the Leaky Caldron for right now, but we're starting to rebuild today and should be done in about a week. He also wanted me to tell you that he has been bombarded with requests for your story. He wants to write full length biographies on the three of you, and he thinks it would be better to ask your permission and get interviews with you three before he starts. He says that he'll understand if you don't want him to write the books, especially after what happened. I think it would be fun to see full biographies of the three of you, who knows I may even get mentioned in them. Any way, if I don't see you guys soon I'll see you on the train.*

*Luna*

Everybody just sat in silence for a second; they all knew what had happened during the Christmas holidays when Harry, Ron, and Hermione had last visited the Lovegood's house. All the Weasleys, except Ron and Percy, had been at the Burrow when it happened, and George, Fred, Charley, Bill, and Mr. Weasley had all gone to investigate. They had heard the Death Eaters questioning Mr. Lovegood about the trio, and had guessed what happened. They hadn't tried to help Mr. Lovegood because more and more death eaters were arriving by the moment and it would have done nobody any good if they too had gotten captured or killed.

"I think it's a great idea," said Harry with a small smile, "He can come and listen to the interview we give with Lee and then he can do separate interviews with us about our childhoods." He looked over to see what Hermione and Ron's reactions were.

Ron had a look on his face that suggested he still harbored some feelings of resentment toward Mr. Lovegood. But Harry knew that he would agree to the biographies if only because Harry was going to agree to it. Hermione had a look in her eyes that suggested her dreams had just come true. She had always loved books, and Harry knew that being the subject of a book would be more than just exciting to Hermione.

But Harry didn't want Mr. Lovegood to write the biographies because he wanted to be in a book, or because he wanted fame. No he wanted them to get written by Mr. Lovegood because if Mr. Lovegood didn't write them somebody else would, and it would probably be Rita Skeater, weather she had their permission or not. After reading her version of Dumbledore's biography Harry wanted to take all the steps possible to make it so she couldn't do the same to him, or his friends.

After a few second both Ron and Hermione agreed to let Mr. Lovegood write biographies on them, both voicing thoughts that were similar to Harry's about Rita Skeater. Harry got up and got a quill and parchment from the living room, he quickly scrawled a note on it that said

*Luna,*

*We'd be happy to have your father write our biographies. Tell him we understand what happened during Christmas vacation and that we forgive him for what he did. Good luck rebuilding your house, Ron, Hermione, Ginny and I might come over sometime in the next week to see if we can help, and to finalize the plans for the biographies with your father.*

*See you soon,*

*Harry*

After he was done he went back into the kitchen to finish lunch. He put the letter in his pocket and asked Hermione to remind him to send it later. Then everybody finished Lunch and Mr. Weasley, George, Percy, and Bill all left to go back to work.

The trio spent the rest of the day outside on their brooms. The photo shoot was the next morning, and by the end of the day Hermione was flying well enough on the F2 that Ginny dubbed her ready.

The four friends walked into the Weasley kitchen to smells of a dinner that could only be qualified as amazing. Mrs. Weasley was at the counter conducting a symphony of knives, pots, pans, containers, plates, and bowls.

"Mmm," said Ron as he went over to look over Mrs. Weasley's shoulder, "what's the special occasion?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Weasley, a bit surprised, "well your father sent an owl about an hour ago; he's getting promoted to the head of the Magical Law enforcement squad."

"That's great," said Ginny excitedly, "although I bet Dad's just a bit disappointed that he won't be working with muggles anymore." She took Harry's hand and pulled him over to the table where she waited for him to sit, and then sat on his lap, letting his arms slide around her waist.

"Yeah, a bit," said Mrs. Weasley with a sad smile, she had always been a bit annoyed with her husband's infatuation with muggles.

"Who knows, now that he's head of a department dad might have even more time to play with his muggle toys," Ron said as he and Hermione also sat down at the table.

"Don't even joke about that," said Mrs. Weasley, her tone light despite the look of horror on her face, "If he has more time to spend with his muggle stuff than we'll all be in trouble."

"If dad does continue with his muggle stuff he may have to arrest himself," said George as he walked in through the back door. "I got an owl at the shop," he explained as he sat down at the table. "Oh, by the way, Lee said that he would be happy to have your exclusive interview. He said that tomorrow will be his first broadcast. He's agreed to do it here so the three of you will have a bit of privacy."

"Good," said Harry, "It'll be good to see him again."

"Hasn't dad always run the risk of having to arrest himself?" asked Bill as he came down the stairs closely followed by Fleur.

"Yeah," said Charley as he followed them, "but now it'll be more serious. If you're arrested by the Magical Law Enforcement squad you automatically get a full trial, before all dad risked was a fine."

"Yes, but now I have the power to cut myself a deal, I can mess with muggle stuff all I want." Said Mr. Weasley as he walked in the back door, a new badge on the front of his shabby robes. He was followed by Percy, who also had a large smile on his face. "It also means that you two will be able to get all new books and robes this year," he continued, pointing at Ron and Ginny.

"Dad, we don't need new stuff, we've always gotten along just fine with the second hand stuff we had," said Ginny with a small smile.

Even though she said this, Harry could feel the happiness radiating off of her at the mention of new things. Harry wasn't entirely sure if the happiness was because she was able to get new things or because it excited her parents so much to be able to get them for her, he suspected it was a combination of both. He gave her waist a quick squeeze and said, "Let your parents indulge themselves for you Gin,

they never were able to do it for anybody else."

Ginny just let her smile get larger, she put her arms around Harry's neck and said, "for you dear, anything." The two of them stared into each other's eyes for a few seconds before a cough from George brought them back to reality.

"Well now that the two love birds are back with us," started George with a smile, "it looks like Percy has some news that he wants to share with us also."

Percy laughed and said, "It's not as big as Dad's news, I was just going to tell Harry that Kingsley agreed to put out a decree that will keep the media away from you."

"That's great Percy, thanks," beamed Harry. He turned to Ron and said, "Now maybe we can take these two out," indicating Hermione and Ginny, "and not have to worry about being mobbed by photographers."

Ron laughed, "Yeah." He turned to Hermione and said, "how about we go on a real date sometime, just you, me and a nice restaurant."

Hermione couldn't help but smile, "sure Ron, what ever you want." She quickly kissed him, and then got up to help Mrs. Weasley put dinner on the table.

Ginny turned again to Harry and said, "What no offer of dinner for me?" She asked innocently.

"I'll take you out," said Harry with a smile, "but I'm not going to tell you what I'm planning."

Ginny gave him a mischievous smile, "I bet I can get it out of you."

"I'm sure you can Gin," said Harry with an equally mischievous smile, "but for right now, lets just help your mum get dinner on the table. I'm starved, and I don't think it's possible to resist her cooking." Ginny nodded and quickly hopped off Harry's lap. Harry got up and the two of them also went to help Mrs. Weasley put food on the table.

Soon everybody was helping get the table set for dinner in one way or another. Within half an hour everybody was seated and had started eating. The dinner was amazing, as Mrs. Weasley's dinners always were, and Harry couldn't remember ever having been happier.

About half way through dinner he looked around at the 10 people sitting around him, and for the first time in his life, he felt at peace. It was an amazing feeling, right here, in the Burrow, surrounded by the people he loved and the people who loved him, he felt safe, completely and totally safe.

"Harry you look...content," said George, braking through Harry's fog. "I know mum's cooking is good, but is it really that good?" asked George with a laugh.

"Yeah," said Harry, "it really is that good." Harry saw Ginny look at him, then he felt her hand slide into his. She gave it a quick squeeze to show she understood what he was thinking.

A half hour later, after many toasts, and many shots of Firewhisky, every body was full. Even Ron, who always had at least one more helping of everything, was leaning back in his chair, looking like he was ready to go to sleep. Harry shifted in his seat and heard paper crinkle in his pocket. Suddenly he remembered the letter he had to send to Luna. Getting up he asked Ron if he could borrow Pig. Ron said yes and Harry quickly went upstairs to send the letter.

He had just finished tying the letter to Pig's small leg when the door opened and Ginny walked in. By the time she got over to Harry he had opened the window and Pig had flown out.

Ginny put her hands on Harry's shoulders and turned him around. She took his hands in hers and put them around her waist before putting her own hands around his neck. Pulling him close Ginny started

to kiss Harry passionately.

Harry started to let his hands roam over every part of her body, taking in every curve, memorizing what touches made her shiver with anticipation, and which made her moan with need.

Breaking their kiss Harry started to kiss her neck, and she moved her head to the side to give him more room. He kissed her neck where it met her jaw, sending a shiver through her and eliciting a moan. Harry knew he had found a place that was special.

The two of them stumbled across the room to Ron's bed, neither of them registered this fact, they just knew that it was a bed and that's what they needed.

Harry continued to kiss Ginny's neck and she let her hands start to wonder over his body, eventually finding their way to the slightly hard bulge in his pants. She was about to undo his belt when the door burst open. Both Ginny and Harry looked over to see Ron and Hermione kissing passionately.

After about 10 seconds Ron and Hermione broke apart and both suddenly noticed Harry and Ginny. "Hay what are you two doing in here?" asked Ron, his voice cracking, and his face going a little red, although Harry wasn't sure if it was from anger or embarrassment.

"Oh, sorry," muttered Harry, going a bit red himself, "I was just sending Luna the response and then Ginny came in and we started ...um...'talking'... and then you two came in." Harry said as he and Ginny got up and started towards the middle of the room. "we'll be going now, I'm sure you two would like some privacy." And with that Harry took a tight hold on Ginny's hand and apparated to her room.

They landed in the middle of the room and the two of them quickly went over to the bed and collapsed on top of it. They started to kiss passionately again and soon both were completely naked.

Harry started to kiss Ginny's neck again and soon was kissing down her body. As he got to her breasts he quickly sucked on each nipple, making sure it was as hard as possible. Then he kissed down her smooth stomach, sending shivers up Ginny's spine.

When he got to her pussy he stared at it for almost a full minuet. It was swollen and dripping wet with anticipation. Her clit was sticking out, almost an inch and a half long, and Harry could see it twitch every time her heart beat. He ran his finger along the slit of her cunt, eliciting a soft sigh from her, and when he reached her clit he brushed his fingers against it gently.

Almost immediately Ginny arched her back and a long low groan escaped her throat, she begged, "P-please Harry, suck me!"

Harry moaned softly to himself as he carefully pushed Ginny's puffy lips from around the erect organ. "what do you want me to do?" he asked teasingly

"I don't really care," Ginny replied through clenched teeth, "Now please, do me!" Harry's breathe felt like an icy wind on her pussy, and it was making her even hornier, if he didn't suck her soon she would cum without him.

Harry sniffed in the aroma of Ginny's super heated pussy, and after taking another deep breath leaned forward and sucked the little clit into his mouth.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh fuck that's good!" Ginny moaned while grabbing Harry by the back of the head to keep him firmly in place. "T-thatta boy, suck my huge fucking clit, make me have a nice hard orgasm!!!" Harry's tongue was now pushing in and out of her cunt along with two of his fingers. He had found a spot she had never known existed and it felt really good.

*So this is what a pussy tastes like, Harry said to himself while devouring his girl friend's clit. Mmmmmmm, it's so nice and sweet!*

Realizing how close to cumming his girl friend was Harry pushed his tongue into over drive and scraped it roughly over her super hard clit, inducing what was an incredibly stunning orgasm from Ginny's over heated cunt!!!

Ginny tumbled back onto the bed panting like a steam locomotive as her blood rose and her pussy started to convulse. She looked lovingly at her boy friend and was about to suggest he start to fuck her when she realized Harry had grabbed hold of his large, extremely hard cock and was furiously jacking himself off.

"Geese Louise," Ginny moaned softly while watching her boy friend's hand slide over his giant member, "I-I'm going to cum again!" Without even being aware of it she had begun to do her own pussy while staring at Harry's super hard dick! The two lovers thrust their hips forward in a wanton display of teenage sexuality while brutal orgasms built up deep inside of them! Harry's eyes stared fixedly at Ginny's convulsing cunt and he stammered, "I-I just love your clitty, j-just look what it did to my cock!!!" Both Harry and Ginny were now long past the point of no return! It was Harry who first gasped, "I-I'm cumming, I'm fucking cummingggggggg!" Ginny saw and felt Harry's hot jizz land on her pale body, and it was that that sent her over the edge. Ginny's eyes rolled back into her head as her own climax sent to her own earth shattering finale!!!

After a few seconds Harry collapsed next to Ginny and with a flick of his wand cleaned both of them off. "Gin," Harry said as he pulled her close, "I love you."

"I love you too," said Ginny as she kissed her boy friend. She could taste herself in his mouth, and when she pulled away she could smell her self on his breath. She snuggled in with him, her back to his front. She could feel his softening dick against her leg, and the last thought that went through her mind before she went to sleep was how she couldn't wait to have it inside her again.

## Chapter 9

The next morning Ginny and Harry were awoken by a light tapping on the window. Harry got up and opened the window to find Pig there with a letter from Luna. Harry read the letter to himself and then got back into bed with Ginny.

"Who was the letter from?" asked Ginny sleepily as she slowly woke up.

"It was from Luna, and it said that her father is ecstatic that he will be able to write our biographies and that they would be glad to have us over to help with the rebuilding." Harry said as he wrapped his arm around Ginny again.

"Good," said Ginny as she made herself more comfortable in his arms, "I know the three of you, especially Hermione, feel a bit guilty about what happened. But you guys have to remember that you had no idea that Luna had been taken, and there was nothing you could have done even if you had."

"That, and the fact that we later saved Luna from the Malfoy's house," said Harry.

Suddenly Ginny sat up, "Harry, you guys have the Firebolt photo shoot today."

"I know," said Harry as he stared at Ginny's naked body, "and I'm sure that Ron and Hermione know also." He stared at her beautiful breast for a few more seconds before he looked back at her face.

She smiled and blushed when she realized where he had been looking, and Harry decided that her face was just as beautiful as her body. He smiled back and sat up himself.

A few minuets later the two of them wandered downstairs in their pajamas. They walked into the kitchen to find all the Weasleys and Lee Jordan sitting around the table.

"Hay," said Lee as the two of them walked in, "it's the wizarding world's favorite celebrity couple." He quickly looked the two of them up and down, taking in their pajamas and slightly ruffled looks. "And it looks like they just finished doing something very couplely."

Ginny looked about ready to smack Lee, and so did Mrs. Weasley. But Ron quickly came to the rescue, not missing a beat he said "No, Harry was in my room when I came down a few minuets ago, he wouldn't have had time to do anything to my sister in those few minuets."

"Right," said Lee as a sarcastic smile spread across his face, "you believe that if you want to." He turned back to Harry and said, "As I was just telling the rest of the house, the network wants to push my opening broadcast up to tonight. With your exclusive interview," a small gleam came to Lee's eye at this, "they say they want to get started as soon as possible."

"Kingsley may have something to do with that," said Percy, "he wants to get the reporters out of our hair as soon as he can. He may be pushing on the network to get the interview aired."

"Yeah," said Harry as he and Ginny sat down and piled eggs, bacon, and toast on their plates, "the sooner the press is gone the better."

"Yeah," said Hermione. "You two better get changed; we have to leave for the F2 shoot soon."

Harry nodded as he ate, after nearly a year of eating scavenged food he still couldn't get enough of Mrs. Weasley's cooking. Soon he and Ginny were finished and the two of them quickly went upstairs to change. They put on shorts, t-shirts, and their school Quidditch robes.

Harry looked at Ginny as she was changing and decided that he would have to fuck her at least once in the locker rooms at school this year, she was just too beautiful to resist. The two of them went downstairs and were soon ready to go.

Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were going to Apparate to the Hogwarts' Quidditch field, where the photo shoot was to happen. An Apparation point had been set up inside the grounds for the people working on the castle and so they were going there.

When they arrived they were quickly surrounded by a few people from the Firebolt Company who gave them each a set of robes that were embossed with a flaming broom under each of their last names.

The morning was spent in the air, Harry, Ron and Hermione were speeding around while the photographers in the stands snapped picture after picture.

About half way through Hermione landed, a bit roughly and told the people from the Firebolt Company that she needed a brake, and that they would much rather have Ginny flying. After about ten minutes of watching Ginny fly around on the F2 they agreed, and asked Hermione if it would be ok for Ginny to stay on the broom for the rest of the shoot. Hermione quickly agreed, confessing that she didn't like flying much.

Harry, Ron and Ginny soon had a Quaffle in hand and were playing a game of catch in the air. They each performed amazing acrobatic feats, Harry and Ginny weaving in and out of the structure of the stands while flying at full speed.

By lunch time the thoroughly impressed photographers and executives said they had more than enough shots of the group. As the three flyers landed an executive came forward and handed each flyer a bag of gold the size of a Quaffle. "Here is your payment for the day," said the executive, "Ms. Granger, we split your payment between you and Ms. Weasley. Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley, you each have 500 galleons and Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley you have 250 galleons each."

Ron and Ginny both looked at their bags neither had ever had this much money in their lives. Hermione also looked quite impressed with her bag, but she had seen large sums of money before.

Harry looked at his bag with a look of weariness on his face. "Thank you," he said as he led the others back towards the castle, and the Apparation point.

On their way they happened to find Professor McGonagall, "Hello Potter, Granger, Weasley, and Weasley. Had fun today?" She seemed much more personable since she was appointed Headmistress. Although, Harry couldn't help but note the hint of wariness in her voice

"Yes professor, we did," said Harry. Suddenly inspiration struck as he looked at the castle that was behind the aging Professor, he knew exactly what to do with the money that was now in his hands. "Professor," started Harry as he handed her the bag of money, "I don't need this money, the school on the other hand does. I want it to be put towards rebuilding the castle and helping people who were hurt in the battle."

"That's extremely generous of you Potter," sputtered Professor McGonagall, "and I can guarantee you that it will help a great deal."

After a few seconds Hermione dug her hand into her bag and took out 50 of her own Galleons and put them in the bag with Harry's. Ginny did the same, and after a nudge from Hermione so did Ron.

"Thank you all," said McGonagall, "you don't know how much you have helped this school." As she walked away Harry saw a new spring in her step.

"That was extremely generous of you," said Ginny as the two couples started towards the apparition point again.

"Yeah, well, I don't need it do I," said Harry, a frown briefly crossing his face, "between what my parents left me, what Sirius left me, and what every anybody else left me I'm sure that I could probably live comfortably for the rest of my life. Plus, I think the castle deserves the money just as much as me."

"Yeah," said Ron, a far away look on his face. "Look, I told George that I was going to stop by the shop before lunch, I'll see the three of you back at the Burrow." He quickly kissed Hermione and ran ahead to the Apparation spot. He Apparated away quickly, leaving the three of them standing on the grounds.

"Hm...it's not like Ron to be so...forgiving...about giving away money," said Ginny as the three arrived at the apparition spot, "I wonder what he's up to."

The three turned into nothing and were soon back at the Burrow. "George really did ask him to come by the shop after we were done," said Hermione as they walked towards the back door, "I think he wanted some help with restocking today, he's reopening the shop in a week. It's the first time he's opened in nearly 6 months, and it's with out Fred."

"But why Ron?" asked Ginny, "Other than Percy he was the one that was least like the twins."

"I think that may have something to do with it," said Harry, a frown spreading across his face, "I think it may be that George isn't looking for somebody like Fred, but somebody who's almost an opposite."

"Yeah," said Ginny, her voice betraying the sadness she was feeling at the thoughts of her dead brother. Harry pulled her a bit closer as they walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table. "George is looking for somebody who will ground him, somebody who will tell him when he's goofing off to much, somebody to keep the business running."

"That doesn't sound like George," said Hermione as she sat down. She winced as she moved, she wasn't used to sitting on a broom for hours at a time, and she had been on a broom for most of the last day an a half.

"Your right, but when the two of them were cooped up at Aunt Muriel's they were about ready to go crazy." Said Ginny as she and Harry sat down, much easier than Hermione had. "They both said that once the war was over they were going to have a huge re-opening, they were even planning on buying Zonko's. I think George wants to do that still, but now that Fred's gone he wants to make sure Weasley Wizarding Wheezes stays open, but I don't think he wants to be really responsible right now. He wants to have enough fun for both of them."

Hermione sat silent for a second, a contemplative look on her face, and then she nodded, "That makes sense. We'll just make sure he doesn't get too wild, he may become reckless now."

Harry and Ginny just nodded, both had come to the same conclusion and were a bit worried that George may become either extremely reckless, or the exact opposite, afraid to go out into the world that killed his twin.

## Chapter 10

Ron Apparated right into his brother's joke shop and found George waiting for him, a sad smile on his face.

"Hey little bro," said George as Ron appeared, "what's with the bag?" he asked, indicating the large sack that Ron still had in his hands.

"It's the payment from the Firebolt people," said Ron as he too looked around the shop, and noticed that it looked fully stocked and ready to open. "The shop looks ready," he said, "what did you need me for?"

"I wanted your opinion on something," said George as he pulled a large rectangular package from behind the counter. "I had this made," he said as he unwrapped the package, "I wanted to know if you thought I should hang it over the counter or not."

He finished unwrapping the package and held up a portrait of what looked to be him, except the portrait had both ears. Then Ron noticed the plaque at the bottom that read, *Fred Weasley (1977-1998) Brother, Friend, Inventor.*

After a few second, which Ron took to compose himself after seeing the portrait, Ron said, "I think it's perfect."

"Good, because I don't want my lovely visage hidden in the back room," said the painted Fred, "now then, George, put me up so I may survey my glorious kingdom."

"Just don't scare the customers," said George as he put up the portrait of his dead twin.

Ron nodded when George was done and asked, "Do you want any help?"

"No, Angelina and I can handle it," said George as he nodded towards the backroom.

"Angelina, you mean Angelina Johnson?" asked Ron

"Yes little brother," said Fred, "and I think ol' lug nuts here has started to fancy her."

"Keep your voice down you git," whispered George as his face turned a deep red, "I don't want Angelina to know just yet."

"Right," said Ron as he headed towards the door, "well I'm off, I'm going to...get something for Hermione quickly."

As Ron walked out he heard George say, "If those two don't get engaged by the end of the summer than I win the bet,"

"How are you going to collect from a dead man?" asked Fred.

Then the door closed and the rest of the conversation was lost to Ron. He looked around Diagon ally, wondering at how fast it had started to re-build it self. As he walked up the street towards his destination he found that Olivander had already re-opened his wand shop. And as he walked on more and more people started to recognize him, a group of girls that couldn't have been older than 13 even started to follow him.

When he reached his destination, a small jewelry store with the name *Tollfon's* over the door in fancy letters, a jewelry store that his family had used for generations, he let a small smile spread across his face. He thought it quite funny that there was a small gaggle of girls following him, probably hopping that he would sweep them off their feet, when he was going to buy an engagement ring.

He closed the door and walked up to the counter where a wizard in his late 30's was looking at

Diamonds under a jeweler's glass. The wizard looked up and smiled at him, he said, "Mr. Weasley, what can I do for you today?"

"I want an engagement ring." Said Ron, a bit of red tinge coming to his ears.

"Very good," said the wizard, "what's your price range?"

"I want the best," said Ron, "she deserves the best."

"Mr. Weasley, every wizard that comes in here for an engagement ring says that, and I can only agree, but I must also remind you that your future wife also deserves financial security in the future." Said the Wizard as he walked over to the part of the display case that held the engagement rings.

"I know," said Ron as he followed the man, "but I have 450 galleons in this bag," said Ron indicating the bag, "and I can't miss this opportunity to do this."

"Very well," said the wizard. He looked Ron up and down and smiled. The wizard bent down and pulled out a ring. "This is the ring that I think your love will love," said the wizard, a slight chuckle issuing from him at his joke.

The ring was simple; it had a platinum band with a single one carat diamond set in it, Ron knew Hermione would love it for its simplicity. "It's perfect," said Ron with a smile, "she'll love it."

"I guarantee it," said the wizard, "I pride myself on picking out rings for people, it is a special talent that I have."

Ron thanked the wizard and paid 350 galleons for the ring. When he left the shop, the ring in his pocket, he went back to WWW and told George that he was going to leave his money bag there. Then he Apparated back to the Burrow, and to his love.

## **Chapter 11**

Ron arrived at the Burrow and walked through the door to find Harry and Ginny just getting up from the kitchen table. "Where's Hermione," he asked.

"She just went up stairs to take a shower before lunch," said Ginny. "She said she was sore from all the flying and that she needed a hot shower."

Ron just nodded, not really paying attention. He followed Harry and Ginny up stairs to Ginny's room, and then into Ginny's room. He sat on the only chair in the room, a burgundy arm chair that was near the door. He watched as both Harry and Ginny glanced at him, and then sat down on the bed, facing him.

"Is something wrong Ron?" Harry asked, a bit of worry creeping onto his face, "You look a bit pale."

"What...no, nothing's wrong," responded Ron who had been staring out the window at the clear blue sky, not really paying attention. He went back to staring out the window for a few seconds, he shifted to get a bit more comfortable and felt the weight of the engagement ring he had just bought in his pocket. "Do you guys think I'm crazy?" he asked, a sudden thought crossing his mind.

"Of course," said Ginny, a small grin spreading across her face, "I've known you were crazy ever since I heard about that toll incident on Halloween your first year

"Why would we think you're crazy?" asked Harry as he put a hand on his girlfriend's leg to quiet her.

"Because," said Ron as he reached into his pocket, "I just bought this," he pulled out the small black velvet box with a fancy T scrawled on the top and opened it to reveal the ring he had just bought.

"Ron is that what I think it is?" asked Ginny as she and Harry got up and came over to him.

Ron nodded, "it's not much."

"Ron, should I be ready to kill you for trying to steal my boyfriend?" Ginny asked. Ron just stared at her, not really hearing the joke.

Ginny took the ring out and looked it over. "It's beautiful Ron," said Ginny as she put the ring back in the small box, "she'll love it."

Harry looked at him for a second and then asked, "We are correct in assuming that this is for Hermione, right?"

Ron got up; he suddenly wanted to be with Hermione, "yes," said Ron, a bit mad.

Ginny gave Harry a small smile that clearly said she thought the joke was funny and then asked, "When are you going to ask her?"

"I don't know," said Ron. He could feel his ears burn, "But I had to buy this while I still had the money. You know me; I would have spent that 450 Galleons in 3 days." He put the ring back in his pocket and decided he was going to go upstairs.

He left Harry and his sister alone, reluctantly, and went up stairs. When he got to his room he found Hermione's robes in a pile on the floor, and he heard the water running in the small bathroom off of his room. He knocked on the door and said, "Hermione, I'm back."

"Oh, hi Ron," came her voice though the door, "I'll be out soon," there was a short pause then in a very seductive voice she said, "or you could come in here with me."

Ron was awestruck, but he quickly striped out of his dirty cloths, putting the ring in the pocket of the

robes he was going to wear that afternoon. He quickly entered the bathroom and opened the sliding door to the stall to find Hermione, her body wet with the running water, her wavy hair frizzing out a bit in the heat and humidity of the enclosed space, with a large smile on her face.

Ron stepped into the shower and couldn't help but smile himself, he couldn't think of a more beautiful sight. He got in and was immediately assaulted by the soothing jets of warm water as they streamed down his back.

Hermione looked back at him and let a small frown crease her face. "You're blocking the water," she said, a small smile playing at her lips.

Ron bent down a little and kissed those lips. They were soft, and they parted easily to allow his tongue to enter her mouth. He felt her tongue enter his mouth also and for the next two minutes the two lovers explored each other's mouths, passion driving their blood pressure up. During the kiss Ron moved the two of them so that they were each standing with one flank to the water.

The two of them broke apart sputtering, "Wow," said Hermione, "that was the best kiss we've ever had." And it was true, the kiss had been long and passionate, and Ron was now absolutely sure that this was the girl he was supposed to marry.

He put his arms around her waist and pulled her close, he felt her breasts press against his body, he also felt his hard-on pressing against her leg, and decided to deal with that later. He smiled down at her and she smiled back at him, "Hermione, I love you," he said, giving her a quick kiss on the nose. "There is nobody I'd rather be with," another kiss, this time on the forehead, "and I know I don't deserve you."

"Ron," she said, her voice becoming firm as she put her head on his wet chest, "you more than deserve me, we're together, and I don't *ever* want to hear you say anything like that again." There were now tears coming from her eyes and, despite the fact that they were in the shower and her face was wet, Ron noticed.

He turned her head back to him and wiped each eye, taking the salty tears with him. "Hermione, I know, but it's true, I don't know how I ever got you, you're out of my league."

"I seem to remember something about a troll, a club and a bathroom," said Hermione with a smile. The two of them had started swaying slightly, almost as if they were dancing to the silent music of their love.

Ron bent his head down and kissed her again, this time grabbing her ass and lifting her up into the air a bit, then sliding his hard dick inside her. He felt a shudder go through her as he started to fuck her tight pussy. He slid his cock in and out of her, going slowly at first, but each thrust got faster and harder, shoving him deeper inside her.

She had stopped kissing him, and was moaning with the pleasure of having him inside her. Hermione wrapped her legs around his waist as he fucked her, not wanting to slip down the wall. The two of them soon got into a rhythm and soon they were both on the edge of orgasm.

Ron felt Hermione tense up just before she came, he gave her one final, hard thrust, sending her over the edge of oblivion. She screamed as an orgasm wracked her body, her pussy clenching itself tighter around his cock. This was more than he could handle, he started to shoot his jizz into her, causing her to orgasm with renewed strength.

A few minutes later they had both sunk to the floor of the shower stall, both of them panting, trying to catch their breath. Hermione was the first to speak.

"Ron, that was absolutely amazing," she said as water streamed over her body.

Ron just nodded, not sure he could trust himself to talk. The two of them just sat there for a few more

minutes until they had regained enough strength to get up, turn off the shower, dry themselves off and go into Ron's room.

The two of them started to get dressed, and as Ron watched Hermione put on shorts and a t-shirt he couldn't keep a smile off his face. Both of them had wanted this for so long, even if they were a bit too immature to realize it.

Hermione looked over at him, and upon seeing his smile she started to giggle. This was extremely un-Hermione like, and caused Ron to burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" she asked as she came over to him and put her arms around his waist.

"Nothing," said Ron as he pulled her a bit closer, "I just don't think I've ever seen you giggle before."

Hermione smiled and put her head on his chest, "you have that effect on me, I can't help it, whenever I'm around you I get this feeling of complete and total happiness."

A few minutes later Mrs. Weasley called up the stairs that lunch was ready and Ron and Hermione went down. They met up with Harry and Ginny on the way down. When Ron looked at his best friend and sister he saw smiles that mirrored the ones that he and Hermione were wearing.

Ron found that he really didn't mind Harry being with Ginny. Maybe it was jealousy that had driven him to be so protective before, and now that he had somebody of his own he had no reason to be jealous.

## **Chapter 12**

The four friends arrived downstairs to find Lee Jordan and Luna Lovegood sitting at the table. Both of them stood as the 4 friends entered the kitchen, and both seemed excited about something.

Luna spoke first, "Daddy wants to know if it's ok if he comes to the interview tonight." She said, her usual dreamy look on her face, "he says that he wants to listen to the interview so you don't have to go over it again with him."

"Anybody can listen to the interview tonight," said Lee as he looked at Luna with a look of wonder on his face, "Why doesn't your father just turn on WWN tonight?"

"Oh, we don't own a wireless," said Luna, looking at Lee as if he should have known that, "Daddy says that it will scare away the Growlawsners."

Lee looked at Luna as if she was crazy, then he looked to Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione. He had an expression that said 'help', and the four friends couldn't help but laugh.

"Believe me; you don't want to ask," Said Ron, "you'll be even more confused than before."

"I'll take your word for it," said Lee.

"Tell your dad its fine," said Harry, his smile faltering a bit as he thought of the interview that would happen tonight. "Lee, what exactly is happening tonight?" he asked, not sure what to expect, and not wanting any surprises.

"That's what I came to talk to you guys about," said Lee as Luna left through the back door, "I wanted to go over what was happening tonight."

"Ok," said Harry as the four friends sat down, "let's go over it step by step."

"Right," said Lee as Mrs. Weasley put a large plate of sandwiches on the table. "First a crew is going to come in and set up a transmission station here, that will be in about 2 hours. Then I'm going to get on air for about half an hour and introduce the show to the general public. Then were going to do the interview; what I need to know is how you want to do that. We can do it in a few ways, one way is to just let me introduce you and then you can start telling the story of what you three have been doing in the last year, the second way is to let me ask you questions."

"I'd rather do the former," said Harry as he, Ron, Ginny, Hermione and Lee all reached for sandwiches, "it makes it easier for the whole story to get out."

"I agree," said Lee, a smile spreading across his face. "I'm sure that there are things that happened during the last year that might need to be left out for other's safety, and I understand that. What you three need to do is to talk about what parts you think need to be left out before you go on air." With this Lee abruptly got up, grabbing another sandwich as he did, and turned to Mrs. Weasley. He thanked her quickly and left.

The four friends ate lunch in silence; Harry, Ron, and Hermione were all thinking of what parts of the story could be left out. Ginny was being polite and didn't want to intrude on the trio's thoughts.

As soon as the four had finished eating Harry looked at Ron and Hermione. They both understood what Harry wanted, the three of them had become very good at anticipating each others thoughts, and at times it seemed like they were reading each others minds.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione all got up at the same instant; Harry looked over at Ginny, who was still sitting down, her eyes wandering around the room. Harry could tell she was willing to stay in the kitchen while he, Ron and Hermione talked in private, but Harry knew she should be in on the

discussion, she already knew the story. He put his hand on her shoulder and gave it a small squeeze, "come on Gin, we could use you as a sounding board for our ideas."

She looked up at him, a look of puzzlement on her beautiful face. "What do you mean?" she asked, her expressive eyes showing that she really didn't understand what Harry was asking.

"You're an outside observer to the story; your reactions will be a good way to judge what others will think." Hermione said as she started to head towards the back door.

Harry stopped her by saying, "Hermione, we should probably do this inside, there are at least two dozen reporters out there, and if they heard what we were saying, they would have it printed with in the hour."

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that," said Hermione with a slightly embarrassed smile, "I guess you're right though."

Harry nodded as Ginny got up and the four friends then started upstairs. They bypassed Ginny's room, knowing that it was too small to hold all four of them, and went right up to Ron's room.

When they got up stairs they immediately collapsed on to the two beds in the room. Ron and Hermione were on Ron's bed, while Harry and Ginny were on the cot that had been in the room since almost 7 years before. The four of them spent the next hour going over every aspect of the story again, deciding exactly how to tell it, and deciding what needed to be left out, and what could be skimmed over.

In the end they decided to leave Hermione's torture out, along with the first time they ran into Dean and Mr. Tonks. They also decided that they would leave out what Hermione had done with her parents, for their safety. Ron wanted to leave his leaving out, but Ginny said that it was a crucial part of the story, and that about half the story wouldn't make sense with out it. They also said that they wouldn't spend too much time on what they did during the weeks were they weren't doing anything. In the end that was all they could leave out, everything else was too important.

When they finished they found that they still had nearly an hour until the show even started, and so they decided that it may be good to go outside for a while.

The four friends went downstairs, and were just about to go outside to sit in on the lawn for a while when Mrs. Weasley stopped them. "Would you four please de-gnome the garden, it hasn't been done in nearly six months, and they are starting to get into the house."

"Sure mum," said Ron, causing him to get odd looks from his friends, "what?" he asked

"We'll it's just that you're usually extremely reluctant to do chores," said Harry, wondering why his friend was suddenly willing to do chores. Harry's first summer here he and Ron had been asked to do the same thing, and Ron had tried to get out of it by saying that Harry was the guest, and that the guest shouldn't have to work.

Ron looked at the wall, no, thought Harry, he looked through the wall, to the past. "Well, to tell you the truth, I kind of missed the chores when we were away."

"Good," said Mrs. Weasley with a smile, "than you can have as many as you want, why don't you start with the gnomes, then you can clean the chicken house, then..." She never got any farther because Ron cut her off.

"Ok," Ron said with a small smile, "I don't think I missed them that much." And with that he walked out the door before his mother could bestow any more chores upon him and the others.

Harry followed his friend outside, and the two of them were soon followed by Ginny and Hermione. "So, why did you really want to come out here and do this," asked Hermione.

"What do you mean?" asked Ron, a false innocence in his voice.

"Oh, come off it," said Hermione, "I'm your girlfriend, and I've known you for over 7 years, I can tell when you're lying, or at least not telling the whole truth."

Ron blushed, "a good skill to have that is," he said kind of sheepishly. When Hermione didn't stop staring at him as if she could see right into his soul he turned to Harry and said, "Why do they do that, it's like they can read our minds or something."

"Oh, we can," said Ginny, "it's not all that hard, you are very simple creatures."

"Fine," said Ron, finally braking under Hermione's intense gaze, "I wanted to come out here because clearing the gnomes will be easy," and to demonstrate his point Ron waved his wand and about 30 gnomes came flying out of various places, and landed over 300 meters away. "Now, I can spend time out here, in this beautiful place, with a beautiful girl." He took Hermione's hand, and led her towards a small lake that sat at the edge of the Weasley's property.

Ginny grabbed Harry's hand and led him in the opposite direction, towards a small stand of trees that was on a small hill about 400 meters from the Burrow.

When they arrived Harry saw that the hill overlooked everything that the Weasley's owned, from the Burrow to the lake, to the surrounding fields. "Gin, it's beautiful," said Harry as he and Ginny sat down on the hill side, "I can't wait to see what it looks like at sun set."

"And what makes you think you'll be seeing that?" asked Ginny, her tone light.

"Oh, if you don't want to be here when I see it it's fine, but I can always come out here alone when the sun is setting." Harry said, his lips spreading into a smile as he put his arm around Ginny, who had drawn her knees up to her chest and had put her head on Harry's shoulder.

Harry looked out over the Weasley property for the next half hour. He spent most of the time watching Ron and Hermione chase each other around the lake. Some of their laughter made it up to the hillside that he and Ginny were sitting on. Soon Harry was filled with a sense of utter peace to know that most of those he loved and cared about had survived.

He looked down at Ginny, who was sitting in the grass next to him, her silky red hair rubbing against his neck. When he looked up again he saw two wizards approaching the Burrow, both of them carrying large trunks.

His immediate thought was that somebody had come to attack, but as he was drawing his wand he realized that it was just the set up crew for Lee Jordan's show. "Gin," Harry started softly as he shook her gently, "come on, we need to get back, the set up crew is here and the show is going to start soon."

Ginny got up and hand in hand the two of them started towards the Burrow, on the way they met up with Ron and Hermione, who were both smiling like maniacs.

When the four of them arrived inside they found the kitchen a torrent of activity. As the four watched, the crew set up five microphones and a large antenna.

Next to Harry Ginny whistled, "Wow Lee, you've really gotten an upgrade haven't you. When you last broadcasted you had what, one microphone, a much smaller antenna, and a scrambler box?"

"Yeah," said Lee, who was connecting the microphones to the antenna, "that's all; the station gave me the upgrade."

Soon everything was set up, Mr. Lovegood and Luna had arrived, as had Kingsley, George, Bill, and Mr. Weasley. Everybody gathered in the living room and Lee stood up to speak, "alright everybody, here's how tonight is going to work. I'm going to do a quick introduction of the show, then I'm going to

read off a list of the people who died 4 nights ago and we'll have a moment of silence for them. Then I'm going to hand the show over to Harry, Ron, and Hermione so they can tell the story. When they're done, King... The Minister wants to say something," at this he nodded to Kingsley, "and after that George and I will send the people off. Any questions," he looked around and saw nobody had a question, "Ok then, let's go."

Harry, Hermione, and Ron followed Lee as he started towards the kitchen.

## Chapter 13

Ginny watched Harry, Hermione and Ron go into the kitchen and a few minutes later she heard Lee's voice issuing from the large wireless set in the corner of the living room.

"Welcome one and all to *Wizardwatch*. For those of you who were loyal listeners to *Potterwatch* I'm River, and to those of you who have no idea what I'm talking about, I'm Lee Jordan. Tonight we have Harry Potter, Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger on the program. There here to answer the question everybody has been asking. 'Where was Harry Potter for the last year?'

On a sadder note, I would like us all to take a moment of silence and show respect for those that died only 4 nights ago in the Final Battle of Hogwarts."

Ginny heard Lee start to read out the names and could feel a fresh wave of sadness wash over her every time he read the name of somebody she knew. She heard her mother's soft sobs as Fred's name was read; she felt tears running down her cheeks as Lee read the names of Remus and Nymphadora Lupin. Then there was about thirty seconds of silence, each second accented by the ticking of an old clock that sat above the doorway to the kitchen.

Then Lee's voice came over the Wireless again, "May they all rest in peace, and know that they died to protect the ones they loved. And now the moment you've all been waiting for, I give you Mr. Harry Potter, Mr. Ron Weasley, and Ms. Hermione Granger."

As Lee's voice cut off there was a slight click and then Ginny heard Harry's voice, "Thanks Lee, and thank you for having us. Well the story starts about 4 days before my 17th birthday, about a year ago."

At this point Ginny started to tune out, she had heard the story already, and had no desire to hear it again, she paid slight attention, listening for the phrase 'and then Ron left,' to be uttered by Harry. She knew that it would send her family into an uproar, the only other people in the room that knew what Ron had done, besides her, were Bill and Fleur.

When she heard the phrase she immediately drew her wand and shot a shield charm at the door, and immediately heard the sound of a thunk as George ran towards the kitchen, and right in to the invisible barrier. She looked around and saw her family's faces, her mother, betrayal, she saw her father, subdued anger, Percy and Charley, utter amazement, George, rage. Then she looked at Kingsley, Mr. Lovegood, and Luna. Kingsley had a calm look on his face that revealed no emotion, Luna had a look in her eye that suggested she hadn't really been listening, and Mr. Lovegood was writing on his third role of parchment.

There was a tense silence on the wireless and Ginny heard a rasping of wood on cloth coming from the kitchen as Hermione and Harry both drew their wands, "Let me continue Lee," Harry's voice said, "If you hurt Ron, I won't continue." Ginny guessed that Lee had gone to attack Ron, and had been stopped by Harry and Hermione.

Ginny looked around the room again, locking eyes with everybody in it, silently commanding them to calm down and let Harry finish. They did. After a little while, once everybody had calmed down Ginny took down the shield charm and turned to Kingsley, "Minister, I know I'm underage..."

She never finished because Kingsley said, "Don't worry about it, you were protecting your brother, it's acceptable for underage witches and wizards to use magic if they perceive a threat to themselves or others." His voice was reassuring, showing none of the surprise he had to be feeling about Ron leaving Harry and Hermione.

On the Wireless Harry continued telling his story, "...so after a while Hermione and I decided it was

time to go to Godric's Hollow, to see my parent's graves, and talk to Bertha Bagshot. We got there on Christmas eve..." Ginny stopped listening again; this was one of the worst parts.

For the next two hours Harry told the story, with occasional injections from Ron and Hermione, and the whole wizarding world listened. By the end of the story Ginny was crying, as was Mrs. Weasley, and Fleur, Ginny was sure she could here Hermione crying in the kitchen, although it wasn't being transmitted over the wireless.

"Well Harry, that was a very... interesting story," said Lee's voice from the wireless, "and I for one think that it explains a lot. Now, we have the Minister of Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt, here with us. He says he has an announcement to make."

Ginny saw Kingsley get up and walk into the kitchen. She heard the scrape of a chair on the floor as he sat down, then she heard his voice issue from the wireless, "Thank you Lee, and please let me offer my condolences to everybody who lost a family member or friend only a few nights ago, they will all be missed."

Ginny heard the rustling of paper; Kingsley must have pulled a speech out of the pocket of his robes. "Now, the Ministry of Magic would like to announce that the recent events of the Battle of Hogwarts have given us cause to award the Order of Merlin to a large group of people."

"First, to Mr. Harry Potter, Mr. Ronald Weasley, and Ms. Hermione Granger; the Ministry would like to award the Order of Merlin first class for the defeat of Voldemort. Because of the three of you Voldemort was able to die. Next, The Order of Merlin Second Class goes to everybody who fought in the Battle of Hogwarts, including those who gave their lives in the defense of the school. And Finally the Order of Merlin third class will go to all of those who have died over the years trying to defeat Voldemort." Kingsley paused for a second, obviously coming to the end of his written speech, then he said "I would read all the names of the people receiving second and third class awards, but there are so many it would probably add another hour to you show. But tomorrow the *Daily Prophet* will be printing the names of everybody receiving the awards. The ceremony will coincide with the re-opening of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. There will be a joint ball the week after term starts, all students and families of recipients are invited.

Lee chuckled and said, "Thank you, I can't wait. Now, as we close our first show I would like to say, watch your world, or it may pass you by." There was a soft click from the wireless and then soft static.

A few seconds later Lee, Kingsley, Harry, Ron and Hermione all walked into the living room. Ginny was on her feet and in Harry's arms in seconds, and then everybody was up, congratulating everybody else on receiving the Order of Merlin.

Soon Lee was saying goodbye and packing his equipment up, "thanks Harry, this interview will really help put my show on the map."

Harry smiled, "No problem, but you would have put your show on the map without my help, the only difference is this way it's just a bit quicker."

A few minuets later Lee left, and the rest of the people started to leave also. Kingsley left, saying that he had to get back to the ministry because there would be a lot of reporters asking for him.

Before he left, Mr. Lovegood, stopped Kingsley and asked for a full list of the Order of Merlin recipients, saying that he was going to print a special edition of *The Quibbler* tomorrow which would include a full transcript of the interview, and a full list of the recipients. Kingsley smiled and pulled a large role of parchment out of his robe pocket; he handed it to Mr. Lovegood and said, "Here you go." And with that they left. Mr. Lovegood was muttering to himself as Luna walked beside him, seemingly oblivious to the world around her.

## Chapter 14

Later that night Ron and Hermione were up in Ron's room. Hermione was pacing while Ron was sitting on the bed watching her. "Hermione what's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said as she stopped and looked at him, "I'm just thinking."

"Oh," he said as she resumed her pacing, "you sure nothing's wrong? You don't usually pace when you think." He got up and walked towards her. As she crossed in front of him he put a hand on her shoulder, stopping her in mid step, and turned her towards him. She had her arms crossed in front of her, just under her breasts. He put his other hand on her other shoulder and leaned in closer to her. "Hermione, I've known you for nearly 7 years, I can tell when something's bothering you."

"You didn't do a great job of that a few years ago," said Hermione, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Ron was silent for a second, and then he leaned in and kissed her. After a few seconds he broke the kiss and said, "I'm really sorry about that, and I promise that from now on I'll do my best to pay attention to your feelings." He kissed her softly on the lips again, "And right now I can tell there's something bothering you."

Hermione was silent for a second; she uncrossed her arms and put them around Ron's waist, then she smiled and said, "You know, I like this side of you."

"And I like every side of you my dear," said Ron with an equal smile, "but don't change the subject. Please, just tell me what is wrong, maybe I can help."

Hermione looked down at the floor for a second, the smile falling from her face, "Alright, I'm worried about getting my parents. I know that I have to get them, but I keep coming up with excuses not to go."

"Well, the last few days haven't been exactly empty," said Ron as he pulled Hermione over to the bed, "we've had a lot to do."

"I know," said Hermione as she lay down on Ron's bed and put her head on his lap. He started to play with her hair and she said, "it's me coming up with reasons why I can't go next week, or the week after. Once or twice I've even come up with criteria that needs to be met before I go, like 'not until all the Death Eaters have been caught' "

"Which could take a while," said Ron

"or 'not until all the trials are over.'" Hermione continued, not pausing for Ron's statement. "I keep telling myself I'll make a decision later, but I never do. And I know that the longer I keep them there, the more likely it is they will be found by Death Eaters."

By now Hermione had tears in her eyes and her voice had become extremely soft. Ron bent down and kissed her softly again, "Hermione, don't worry, you did a good job of hiding them. I think you're just a bit scared of what will happen when you find them and restore their memories. You're scared that they'll be mad at you; you're scared that they won't like me. You're scared that they might not be there."

Hermione was silent for a second, and then she said, "Ron, I love you."

"I know," said Ron, a smile spreading across his face. Suddenly the smile got wider, "How about we go tomorrow," said Ron, "we can arrange a portkey to Australia, find your parents, remove the memory charm, and spend some time there. We can make a vacation of it. Just you and me, we'll spend time at the beaches, we can go out to dinner every night. Just you and me." He said the last part softly, almost as if dreaming.

Suddenly Ron reached into his pocket, "Hermione, I was going to wait a little while to do this, but I

don't think I can." He took his hand out of his pocket, pulling out the little black velvet box with the golden T scrawled on top. "Hermione, I love you and there is nobody I'd rather have than you. You deserve the best of everything, and the only regret I have right now is that I can't give you that. I know we haven't been dating a long time, but we've loved each other for at least 4 years. So, Hermione Jean Granger, will you marry me?" He opened the box and held it in above her so she could see it.

Hermione was speechless; many thoughts crossed her mind, but none of them seemed to want to come out. She looked at the ring, it was a simple ring, nothing flashy, not the type of ring she would have expected from Ron. But (Kind of like the and thing, but isn't the greatest word either." it was exactly the type of ring she wanted, it was a single diamond set in a platinum band. "Ron, that's where you went today after the endorsement shoot, isn't it?"

"Yeah, if I hadn't gone to get this right away, I probably would have spent the money in only a few days." He said, "I still have about a hundred Galleons left, which should get us through the trip to Australia."

Hermione gasped, she had completely forgotten about her parents.

"Hermione," said Ron, a worried look on his face, "you still haven't answered me," he said, "we don't have to get married right away. In fact, I was kind of hoping you'd want to wait until after we finished school. I don't think McGonagall would appreciate her Head Students being married."

Hermione heard the pride that crept into Ron's voice when he mentioned them being head students. She smiled up at him, "Ron, of course I want to marry you." She smiled as his face bloomed into a huge grin.

She saw him take the ring out of the box and felt him take her hand. Then she felt the oddly warm metal of the engagement ring slip on to her finger, she felt it tighten a bit and realized that it had magically fit itself to her.

Ron moved himself so he was lying down next to her, his arm snaking around her waist. He kissed her on the neck, just below the ear, and whispered, "Let's celebrate."

"Fine," said Hermione, standing up and walking around the room, "but before we do that, I want to make some changes to this room. We're engaged now, so no more living like a bachelor." Hermione had forced Ron to take down the Chudley Canons posters; she didn't like to think they were being watched while they screwed. Ron had fought her at first, but after she explained her reasoning, and refused to fuck him until he took them down, he quickly agreed. Now though, it was the old orange bed spread that was bothering her. With a wave of her wand, she turned the sheets and bed spread deep scarlet. With another wave of her wand she made the lights in the room go out and made lit candles appear around the room. A slow song started to play from somewhere, and with one final wave of her wand Hermione transformed the plain muggle cloths she was wearing into a sexy piece of lingerie.

Ron looked at his fiancé; she was wearing a bright red teddy with matching lace bra and panties. "I thought you didn't like wearing bras or panties," said Ron, absolutely amazed, "you said you found them to restricting,"

"You do listen," said Hermione with a big smile on her face, "and I can stand it for right now, they won't be on for long."

With this, Ron's dick became harder than it had been since the first time he saw her naked. She looked more beautiful now than she did then.

Hermione slowly walked over to Ron and pushed him back so he was lying down on the bed. She climbed on to the bed on her hands and knees and crawled on top of him. She started to kiss him with

all the passion she could muster and he returned the favor. After a few minutes, Hermione broke off the kiss and sat down on Ron's stomach; she took off the teddy and threw it to the floor.

She started to kiss Ron again, and this time, he put his hand on her back and undid her bra. As it fell away, Hermione's beautiful breasts popped out. Ron took one of Hermione's hard nipples in between his pointer finger and thumb and started to tweak it. This caused Hermione to moan with pleasure.

Ron flipped her over and laid her on her back; he moved between her legs and undid the little bows holding her thong on. He slowly peeled away the thin cloth that was now soaking wet with Hermione's juices. Ron moved back up so he was face to face with his fiancé and started to kiss Hermione on the neck, slowly moving down to her breasts. He started to suck on her hard nipple, knowing Hermione loved this. Then, with a suddenness that surprised Hermione so much all she could do was scream with ecstasy, Ron plunged his dick into her dripping wet pussy as far in as it would go. Ron started to thrust back and forth, pushing his dick in as far as he could, while still sucking on her tits. Hermione could only think of one thing, getting Ron as deep as she could. She started to push forward at the same time he did, and soon they got into a rhythm. Hermione started to rub her hard clit, hoping to get a better orgasm.

Hermione orgasmed within minutes, going completely limp as wave after wave of pleasure started to wrack her body. But Ron didn't orgasm, nor did he stop fucking her. He kept going for almost half an hour. A half an hour which he never stopped sucking her or thrusting in and out of her puffy pussy. Half an hour in which Hermione never stopped orgasming, although she did feel 5 distinct climaxes. He finally shot his load into Hermione's pussy, and Hermione felt a final climax wrack her body with fresh waves of pleasure. Ron went limp with his orgasm and collapsed next to Hermione, and started to kiss her.

After a few minutes, Ron broke the kiss and Hermione said "Ron that was absolutely amazing."

Hermione settled into the curve of Ron's body, letting his arm slide over her waist. Ron fell asleep quickly, having never pulled himself out of Hermione. She didn't mind, he was still semi hard.

Hermione was sure that he would be dreaming about things tonight that would make him hard again, and when that happened, Hermione would be dreaming about those things also.

As she fell asleep Hermione knew that this was right, she knew that she and Ron were not moving too fast, as he had said, they had loved each other for at least 4 years.

## Chapter 15

The next morning Hermione woke up in Ron's bed and for a few moments she was filled with utter happiness, and couldn't remember why. She sighed as she ran her hand through her hair; feeling the drag of a ring on her left ring finger. Suddenly she remembered why she was so happy. She looked at the clock that sat on the bedside table, it was only four thirty in the morning, but she was too excited to go back to sleep.

She turned herself over so she was facing Ron; she smiled as she looked at the face of the man she loved. "Ron," she whispered, her face only inches from his, "wake up, we have to start getting ready if we want to get a portkey to Australia by 6 this morning." Ron stirred and muttered something unintelligible. Hermione realized that she was never going to get him up this way so she reached down in between his legs and grabbed hold of his cock.

Ron's eyes fluttered open, and, having achieved her objective, Hermione released his hardening dick. He looked at her for a second and smiled, "Don't tease my love," he said, a mischievous smile spreading across his face. Suddenly he lost the smile, "why did you wake me up so early?" He groaned as he pulled the pillow over his head.

"Because we have to get a portkey to Sydney by six," said Hermione as she got up and started towards the bathroom.

"But it's only four thirty." said Ron as he sat up, "Why do we have to get there so early? Let your parents sleep."

"Ron," Hermione sighed, sticking her head out of the bathroom, "Sydney is ten hours ahead of Greenwich Mean Time." seeing the complete confusion on Ron's face she continued, "That means that while it may only be four thirty in the morning here," Ron groaned at this, "it's two thirty in the afternoon there." she finished. She looked at her fiancé, the thought suddenly crossed her mind, and smiled, "Now come on, let's shower and see if that won't wake you up."

A half hour later the two of them were in the kitchen, getting ready to leave. Hermione had insisted that they get breakfast at the Leakey Caldron instead of making food, saying it would be easier and quicker, and they would be less likely to wake people up.

Ron looked on as Hermione pulled her arm out of her small beaded bag, "Alright," she said, "I think we have everything." She pulled a piece of parchment out of the pocket of her robe; it was a note that they had quickly scrawled a few minutes ago. It explained where they had gone, and that they would be back in a week or so. They had opted not to announce their engagement in a letter. They were going to come back, with Hermione's parents, and announce it then. Their hope was that the Weasley's would be too polite to scold the two of them in front of guests.

Hermione read over the note again as she set it down on the table.

Ron and I have gone to Australia to retrieve my parents. We're really sorry that we didn't tell you guys about it before we left but we needed to get an early portkey. We made the decision to leave last night, just before bed, and didn't think it necessary to wake you up and tell you. We will be at the Ministry until about 6 o'clock, waiting for a portkey. We'll see you in about a week, and we'll be bringing my parents for dinner when we come back. They've wanted to meet you for a while.

Hermione

Hermione nodded, satisfied with her note. While she was sure it wouldn't keep the two of them from getting in a bit of trouble when they got back, it would hopefully stop one of the Weasley's from

following them.

Hermione took one last look around the kitchen, and started absentmindedly playing with the unfamiliar weight of the engagement ring on her left hand.

She saw Ron look down at it and smile, "Happy?" he asked as he came around the table and took her right hand.

She smiled at him and gave a single quick nod of her head, "Yeah," she said as she led him out the door, "I don't think I could be happier." And with that the two of them Apparated to the Leaky Caldron, still hand in hand.

When they arrived only a few milliseconds later they were greeted by a startled gasp, and the sound of shattering glass. For a second Hermione thought that they had missed the Leaky Caldron and had Apparated into some muggle's kitchen, but when she looked around she saw the familiar sight of the bar, with Tom the barman behind it. She saw a rag clutched in his hand, and a small stack of dirty glasses next to him. "Sorry Tom," she said as she took out her wand, "let me help you with that."

But before she could fix the broken glass Tom held up his hand and muttered, "No, no, it's alright, I've got it." He took out his wand and jabbed it at the shattered mug, the mug flew back together and into Tom's hand, where he resumed wiping it. "So, what can I get for the two of you?" he asked with a toothless smile. "What ever it is, it's on the house."

Hermione saw Ron open his mouth to say something, probably asking for food, but she cut in, "No thank you, not right now at least. We have some errands to run, but we'll be back before six, we'll eat then." She turned to Ron, saw the look of disappointment in his eyes and couldn't help but melt. "Actually Ron will eat now, I have to get to the Ministry for something, I'll eat when I get back."

She turned back to Ron and gave him a quick kiss, "I'll meet you back here as soon as I can. Remember, get Australian dollars." She could feel Ron staring at her back as she left, she couldn't help but smile inwardly.

Nearly forty minutes later Hermione arrived back in the Leaky Caldron, to find Ron sitting exactly where he had been before, except this time he had two half finished plates of food in front of him. Hermione sat down next to him and asked, "Ron, have you been here the whole time?"

He looked up from his food, swallowed what he was chewing and said, "No, had a piece of toast to tide me over, then I went to the shop and got my money bag. Then I went to Gringots and exchanged the Galleons for AUSTRALIAN dollars. We now have 1132 Australian dollars (A\$)"

"Good, that should get us through the week," said Hermione as she looked down at the two half eaten plates of food. She realized that one of the plates was uneaten; it just had less food on it.

"That's for you." said Ron in between bites of food, "So, did you get the portkey?" he asked.

Hermione picked up a fork that was sitting next to her plate of food, flattered that Ron had thought to order for her. "Yeah, I ran into Kingsley right after I got to the Ministry. After I told him what I needed, and why, he came with me to the Magical Transportation department and made sure they got it done quickly. The portkey leaves at six o'clock precisely." She finished, putting an old baseball hat on the table.

Hermione sat there for a few minutes, taking occasional bites of food, but mostly just pushing it around her plate. Ron spoke up after a few minutes, "Mione, is everything okay? You've barely touched your food."

Hermione looked over at him; he had finished his breakfast and was now staring at her with a look of concern on his face. She smiled and said, "Yeah, I'm just a bit nervous is all." she reached out and took

his hand, "But I'm glad you're coming with me."

He smiled at her and squeezed her hand, showing that he understood. "I'm glad I'm coming with you also," he whispered, "and I'm glad I asked you to marry me. I'm glad you said yes, I'm glad the war is over, and I'm glad we're going to be together forever." His smile broadened, and he reached for the cap, "Hermione, you might want to take a hold," He said.

Hermione looked over at the hat, and realized that it was starting to glow blue. She put a hand on it and turned back to Ron, "I love you," she said.

He smiled, "I love you too," and with that she felt a jerk behind her temple and she was thrown forward. After a few seconds of swirling she felt herself land hard on her feet. She heard a loud thunk next to her, indicating that Ron had arrived safely also.

As she stood up Hermione looked around, they had arrived in an apartment building that was nicely decorated and softly lit. The door they had landed in front of was numbered as 45a. Hermione looked over at Ron, who had one hand in his jacket pocket, clutching his wand; the other hand was holding the hat.

She reached out her hand as Ron stuffed the hat in his pocket and took her hand in his. He nodded, showing his support. Hermione turned towards the door and knocked.

About a minuet later a man opened the door; he was a few years under 50, his brown hair cut short. He was wearing a pair of kaki pants and a white polo shirt. He was a little heavy set, his gut hanging a bit over his belt. Hermione realized it was her father, and behind him in the small kitchen she could see her mother in a white sun dress with flowers on it. Suddenly she wasn't able to move, she couldn't talk, and all she could do was stare.

Ron obviously guessed this because he quickly released Hermione's hand and put his out, "Hi, I'm Ron, this is my... fiancé, Hermione, we're thinking of moving into this building. We wanted to see an apartment that was lived in. You know how it is, the people that are selling clean everything up and make it look nice, you can't get a feel for a building unless you look in an apartment that's been lived in."

Hermione's father looked at them for a few seconds, then smiled and said, "Come on in, it's always nice to meet new people. I'm John, and this is my wife, Lisa" he pointed towards the kitchen.

Hermione's mother came out of the kitchen, "Hello," she said with a warm smile, "did I hear correctly that you two are engaged?" she asked.

Hermione blushed, "Yeah, Ron and I just got engaged." She was a bit disappointed at first that her parents didn't jump up and start congratulating them, but she quickly realized that these people, while in her parents' bodies, weren't really her parents, at least not in spirit.

Hermione noticed her father looking at them with an odd expression on his face, almost as if he was trying to remember a dream. "You two look really familiar," he said, "Especially you Ms., I'm sorry, I never got your last names."

Hermione was silent for a second; she just stared at her father, a slight tear in her eye. She pulled out her wand and pointed it at her father, "Cognitog" she said. The room was filled with a pure white light, and when it cleared everything looked exactly like it had before, except that her mother and father both had dazed expressions on their faces.

"What was that," asked Ron, as he stared at her parents, who were starting to come around.

"It clears the memory charms I put on them," said Hermione, "I made it so that their old selves were blocked, not erased, all that did was clear the block. They'll remember everything about this last year."

"Oh," said Ron, "I guess that's good. Right?"

"Yes Mr. Weasley, it is indeed good." said Hermione's father from the couch. He turned to Hermione, "Hello Hermione, would you care to explain why your mother and I have been living in Australia for the past year?"

"Hi dad," said Hermione as she jumped up and rushed over to her father, "Hi mom," she squealed, "I've missed the two of you so much!" She embraced both of them.

"I wish we could say the same about you, but quite honestly, we didn't remember you at all." said Mrs. Granger, "As your father said, it would be nice to know why."

Hermione released them, and felt a tear streak down her cheek. "Ok," she said, going and sitting next to Ron again. He took her hand, drawing an odd look from both of Hermione's parents.

"When you're done telling us why we've been here for the last year, you can explain that," said Hermione's mother, pointing to the engagement ring on Hermione's left hand.

"Oh," gasped Hermione, "I almost forgot. Mum, Dad, this is Ronald Weasley, my fiancé." She saw Ron turn bright red and she couldn't help but smile.

"Hi," said Ron softly, "nice to meet you." He stuck out his hand to Mr. Granger, who looked at it for a second and then shook it tentatively.

"Alright dear, now tell us about this last year." said Mrs. Granger as she sat down next to her husband. "The last things I remember, as a Granger, is picking you up from the school train. After that, all I can remember is wanting to move to Australia, and then doing so."

"Oh, right." Hermione started from the beginning, telling her parents everything about the last year. She told them how she had modified their memories to protect them, how she, Ron, and eleven other members of the Order of The Phoenix had helped Harry leave his Aunt and Uncle's house. How Bill and Fleur's wedding had been interrupted, how she Ron and Harry had been on the run for nearly a year. She told them everything, from what Horocruces were to Ron leaving, to him coming back. To Ron shouting out her name while she was being tortured. She told them about the Battle of Hogwarts, and all those who had died trying to defend the castle against Voldemort. She told them about the final duel between Harry and Voldemort, and about what had happened in the last week.

Her parents sat silently through the whole thing. Her father stared at Ron the whole time, although he did look at her in horror when he heard about her being tortured. Her mother had started crying as soon as she heard about Mad Eye Moody being killed, and hadn't stopped.

Now both of her parents were staring at the two of them, her and Ron, intently, trying to comprehend exactly what had happened. Hermione braced herself for the torrent of questions that was about to come.

"So, Ron, you've been sleeping with our daughter for a week now?" asked her father.

This question surprised Hermione, "Dad!" she exclaimed, "What are you doing? Yes, Ron and I have been sleeping together for about a week, but what does that have to do with anything?"

His attention still directed at Ron, as though he hadn't heard his daughter speak, Mr. Granger asked, "Is she pregnant?"

Ron was dumb struck, he was completely silent for a few moments, and then he took a deep breath and said, "No, your daughter and I have been using protection. I asked her to marry me because I love her, and I want to spend the rest of my life with her." He said this in a squeaky voice, "I hope that you two approve of this, for Hermione's sake, but if you don't, it won't effect how I feel about her in the

slightest." he looked over at Hermione, "And I hope it wont effect how she feels about me." He choked out the last part, it didn't sound all too impressive.

Hermione smiled as she looked back at Ron, his eyes gleaming with determination, his face glowing with love, and embarrassment.

"Good," said Mr. Granger, as he got up, "for right now, I'll reserve judgment, at least until I've gotten to know you better. But, I know the look in your eye, I've seen it once before, in the mirror." He looked over at his wife, "And I'll never forget the woman who inspired it."

Ron looked like he was about ready to throw up, and Hermione wouldn't have blamed him. "Thank you dad," she said a bit more than disturbed.

Mr. Granger looked at his watch, it was nearly six thirty, "Who wants to get a quick dinner?" He asked

Ron looked at him like he was crazy, "It's barely eight in the morning!" then he looked around, and realized that they were still in Australia. "Actually dinner sounds great."

Two hours later they arrived back at Hermione's parent's apartment, all of them full. Ron was still complaining about how long it had taken, but after a quick jab in the ribs from Hermione he shut up.

"So, how long until we have to get back to England?" asked her father.

"Well Ron and I are here for a week," said Hermione as she took Ron's hand, "we were going to have a bit of a Vacation while we were down here. But if you guys want to go back home sooner though I'm sure that something can be done."

"No, it's alright," said Mr. Granger, "it'll take us about a week to pack any way." He smiled Hermione, "Why don't the two of you go to a hotel, have fun, be wild, have hot hardcore sex."

"Dad," Hermione practically screamed. Hermione knew tha was exactly what she and Ron would probably end up doing, and she wasn't complaining, it just wasn't something she ever expected her father to be saying.

"Sorry," he muttered, a knowing smile creeping on to his face, "we'll see you in a week."

The week was wonderful, Hermione and Ron spent everyday at a different beach or historic sight, they traveled to the top of the Sydney bridge, the muggle way. They even went on a wizarding tour of Sydney. They were even lucky enough to be in town while a Quidditch game was going on. Every evening they met Hermione's parents for dinner, and by the end of the week they seemed to approve of Ron, although Hermione thought they still seemed a bit hesitant.

All too soon the week was over and Hermione, Ron and her parents were all standing in the living room, all touching the slightly glowing hat. Hermione had bewitched a backpack to carry all of her parent's stuff, just like her beaded bag, and Ron had it on his back.

Suddenly there was a tug behind her temple and a few seconds later Hermione was sitting in the living room of her parents' old house. "Welcome home," she said.

Hermione looked around, the house was a mess, it had been ransacked, probably by death eaters who were looking for her, or her parents. She looked at her watch, it was only 6 in the morning here, but she and Ron had decided to operate on London time when they were in Australia, so it didn't matter. "Mum, dad, why don't the two of you take a nap, Ron and I will clean the place up, then tonight we'll take you to meet Ron's family."

Her father smiled at her, "That's a great idea hon." Said Mr. Granger as she started towards the stairs to the basement, where Mr. and Mrs. Granger's room was.

As soon as her parents were gone she turned to Ron, who had a slightly mischievous glint in his eye, "It'll take us what, all of twenty minuets to clean and unpack this place with magic?" he said, "So what did you have in mind for the other few hours that we're going to be here?"

"Oh, I thought I'd show you my room," said Hermione as she waved her wand, instantly cleaning the ground floor.

Ron waved his wand also, emptying the backpack and starting the boxes unpacking. "I can't wait," said Ron as he walked towards her. When he arrived he put his hands around her waist, and started to kiss her gently. "I think I should go a bit early, just to make sure my family knows the three of you are coming, and maybe to tell them were engaged."

"No, don't tell them were engaged, I want to be there when you do that." said Hermione as she put her arms around his neck, "I want to see the reaction of you family."

"Our family," said Ron, "they're as much your family as they are mine, even if we weren't engaged. They think of you as a part of the family, both you and Harry will always be part of the family, no mater what happens."

Hermione started towards the stairs which led to her bedroom, "I have the whole upstairs to my self," said Hermione as they started to ascend, "we can make as much noise as we like." When they got to her room Hermione closed the door, she felt Ron push her against the wall and suddenly he was kissing her.

"Mmm..." Hermione moaned as Ron began kissing his way down her neck. She could feel him smirk against her skin.

"You like that, love?" Ron asked, but before she could answer, he began to suck on her neck right at the pulse point. Hermione arched her back and moaned. She began to rub the crotch of her jeans against Ron's erection. He drew in breath and she giggled.

"You like that, love?" she mimicked and Ron growled as he thrust against her. Hermione couldn't think straight. It felt so good to have Ron rubbing right against her core.

"Just say it, 'Mione," she felt Ron's hot breath on her ear as he pushed harder against her. "Just say the words and I'm yours..." Hermione moaned and knew what she wanted.

"Ron, I want to suck you," she purred into his ear, "I want you cock in my mouth. I want to feel you're hot cum shooting into the back of my throat." She heard Ron groan as she reached down and grabbed his crotch.

She guided him over to the bed and pushed him down so he was lying on his back. Then she got on top of him, she could feel his erection pressing up against her leg, and she couldn't wait to have it.

Slowly, he slid his hands beneath her tee shirt and up her smooth tummy to fan across her breasts. Hermione's breathing instantly quickened. In her eyes, Ron could see a combination of excitement and love.

Wordlessly, Hermione let him take off her shirt, exposing her perfect breasts and hard nipples. The shaky breaths that whispered from her lips became a sudden gasp as Ron lowered his head and sucked her hard nipple into his mouth. He let his hands roam all over her as he teased and licked her aroused peak, and soon Hermione was running her hands over his back.

They kissed for a while, feeling each other out as Ron's cock got harder and harder. When Hermione began teasing it with her fingers, Ron eased back against the pillows near her headboard and spread his legs so she could settle in between.

Now she was aroused. Her lips were swollen and moist from the ravishing Ron had given them. Her pussy was also wet, though Ron didn't know it.

Hermione closed those ravished, wet lips around the weeping tip of his cock and began sucking him with gusto. She stroked her hands over his thighs and caressed his balls, making him groan with pleasure. The heat that Ron had stirred deep within her radiated through her every gesture. She lavished his cock with affection, teasing the sensitive 'V' of flesh just beneath the tip with soft flicks of her tongue. When she started to bob up and down, sucking his dick with zeal and massaging his balls like she never wanted to stop, Ron met her with eager thrusts of his hips.

Panting, Ron threaded his fingers through Hermione's wavy, brown hair, gently brushing it away from her face. He massaged her scalp, squeezing urgently every now and then when she did something that felt especially good. It was pure ecstasy.

Soft moans filled the air as Hermione sucked with increasing frenzy on his throbbing staff. Ron was achingly hard. Pleasure buzzed all through him. When he felt his balls tighten almost painfully, Ron managed to bite out, "Hermione, I'm almost there."

Anxious but determined, she looked him in the eye and kept going until he came with a powerful surge of fire and spent himself in her mouth. Ron squeezed his eyes shut and rode the waves, his entire body racked with the intensity of his orgasm. At this point, Hermione's pussy drenched itself. Again, Ron didn't know it.

When Ron was done cumming Hermione reached in between her legs, ready to finger herself to an orgasm, but Ron said, "Oh, no you don't. You're not going to deny that to me now are you?"

Hermione laughed and the two of them switched places and Ron striped her of her pants. She felt Ron start kissing his way down her neck, when he reached her breasts he gave each nipple a quick flick of his tongue and then continued on. He kissed his way down her flat stomach, and when he reached her cunt he was careful to avoid her clit.

She groaned as Ron slid his tongue over every part of her pussy, except her clit. "Ron," she ground out, "touch my clit, please, make me cum."

She felt Ron smirk against her pussy. He kissed her slit once, and then he pushed two fingers inside her.

She groaned as a wave of pleasure washed over her. Then she felt Ron start to thrust his fingers in and out of her, getting faster and faster, every few minuets adding another finger, and he still hadn't touched her clit. "Ron," she said as if scolding a little child, "if you don't touch my clit soon I wont touch you for a week."

It must have worked because a second later she felt Ron's tongue slide across her throbbing clit. It felt amazing, she grabbed Ron's head with he hands, trying to push him forward and get him deeper inside her.

He quickly obliged, shoving his whole fist inside her love tunnel as he started sucking on her hard clit.

That was what pushed her over the edge. Suddenly she felt wave after wave of pleasure wrack her body. She could feel her pussy start to leak juice all over Ron's hand, but he continued to fist her, although he did start to slow down.

After nearly 5 minuets he stopped and extracted his hand from her cunt. He came up and lay on top of her, licking his hand clean.

Once he was finished, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. She could taste her juices on his lips, and she tasted amazing.

The couple kissed for nearly two minutes before they broke apart for air. Hermione looked into Ron's deep blue eyes, and found a profound love that told her she had found her soul mate.

Ron rolled off of her and she put her head on his chest. He put his arm around her shoulders and pulled the covers over them. "Hermione, I love you with all my heart," he said as she drifted off to sleep.

Nearly 3 hours later Hermione was woken up as Ron tried to get out of bed. "Hi," she said, her voice still heavy with sleep, "how long were we out?"

"Oh, about three hours," said Ron, "it's about lunch time." Hermione started to get up, but Ron held up a hand, "No, it's fine, I'll go downstairs and make lunch for you and your parents, then I'm going to go back home and tell everybody that you three are coming over. Spend the afternoon with your parents, get reacquainted, make sure they're ok....make sure you're ok."

Hermione couldn't help but smile, Ron had become really empathetic in the last few months, and Hermione liked it. As Ron left the room Hermione got up and dressed quickly.

She went downstairs, half expecting to find Ron in a kitchen full of smoke and over cooked food, but was pleasantly surprised when she found him making sandwiches, and doing it well.

"Where did you learn how to cook?" she asked.

"Oh, well my mum taught me when I was younger. She thought that we should all know how to cook, so that after we left home we wouldn't starve." He smiled back at her, "It's actually kind of fun," he said. "I'm not nearly as good as mum, or Ginny, and I can't really 'cook' any thing, but I can do sandwiches, and maybe eggs."

Hermione looked at Ron with a smile on her face, "that's more than enough," said Hermione as she stood next to him. "I'll teach you more after we're married."

He smiled at her, "That would be great." He came over to her, knocking a plate off the counter as he moved. The resounding crash that followed caused both Ron and Hermione to wince. A few minutes later Hermione's parents came upstairs, but by then the plate had been repaired and all was well.

## Chapter 16

A few hours later Hermione and her parents were getting a bit anxious. It was nearly 4 o'clock, Ron had left at noon, and they still hadn't heard from him.

They were in their newly cleaned, and unpacked, living room when there was a sharp crack at the window. Hermione looked over, and saw a small brown blur shoot past the window. She recognized Pig, Ron's small owl, instantly.

She got up and opened the window, allowing Pig to come in. He dropped a letter at her feet, and immediately started to fly around her head. She picked up the folded piece of paper that had fallen at her feet and opened it; inside she found a quick note from Ron.

*Hermione,*

*Mum says that it would be great to have your parents over. She was really excited, that is after she finished yelling at me for leaving like we did. Come on over anytime.*

*Love,*

*Ron*

*P.S. Please bring Pig with you.*

When Hermione finished reading the letter she turned around to tell her parents that it was time to leave, and to try and prepare them for their first Apparation. She found her parents standing only a few inches behind her, they had obviously been reading the letter over her shoulder.

"What does he mean 'for leaving like we did'?" asked her father, "they did know you were coming to get us right?"

"They knew we were coming," said Hermione defensively, shrinking back a bit. She was amazed that she could fight the most evil wizard of the last hundred years, but she was still scared of her father.

"They just didn't know that we were leaving when we did. Actually we never told them we were leaving, we just left a note." Hermione looked at her parents, and saw their disappointment. She felt like a small child again, getting chastised for not cleaning her room.

Her mother suddenly spoke up. "Dear, do they at least know you're engaged to him?" She asked, her eyes straying to the ring on Hermione's left hand.

"Mother," Hermione practically shouted, "what kind of question is that?"

Her mother remained calm, "A valid one," said her mother, "Especially since you haven't answered my question yet."

Hermione felt herself shrink down again, "no, they don't know, Ron proposed the night before we left." Hermione smiled to herself as she remembered the night. "Actually I was really worried about the two of you, and I started to have a melt down. Ron said some things that really helped me. He ended up suggesting that we come and get you, and then he proposed."

"Ok," said her mother, obviously a bit skeptical, "well then, I guess you don't want us mentioning anything until you announce it."

Hermione gasped, she hadn't even thought about that. "Yeah, I guess that would be nice. But don't worry, we're going to say something almost immediately, Ron's brothers are really observant, if we don't say something first, they're liable to notice the ring."

Her father smiled, "Honey, you know we do this because we love you," he looked over at his wife,

"we're just a bit worried that you're rushing into things."

Hermione looked at her father for a second, not sure whether to be mad, or whether to be grateful to have them back. She decided on the later. "I've known Ron for nearly 8 years, and I think we've had feelings for each other for almost 6. Plus, we don't want to have the wedding until next summer, after we finish school, and get settled in jobs."

Both of her parents nodded slightly, silently approving the plan, although Hermione knew there wasn't much they could do if they didn't like it. She was going to marry Ron whether they liked it or not, the only difference would be that she would feel a little remorse about them not approving.

After a few seconds of silence Hermione realized that the Weasleys would be waiting for them, "Come on, we've got to get going."

She took each of her parents' hands, and then realized that she had to bring Pig back also. Releasing her father's hand she took out her wand and summoned the little bird to her. She used an immobilizing spell on the bird and put him in her pocket. Then grabbing her father's hand again she said, "This may be a little unpleasant, but just hold on tight and it will be over soon." Then, without giving them a chance to respond, she turned on the spot, Apparating to the Burrow.

She felt a hard tug on both her arms as she felt the sensation of being squeezed through a small tube. Within milliseconds the sensation was gone, and with a loud pop she and her parents arrived at the Burrow.

She looked around at the familiar place, it felt more like home than her parents' house ever had. It looked a lot like it had nearly a year ago for Harry's birthday, there was a large table in the middle of the back yard, and the trees were glowing with magical decorations.

Hermione saw Ron standing in the doorway, waiting for them. She let go of her parents' hands as Ron walked towards them. When he reached them he pulled her into a tight embrace and kissed her quickly. Then he turned to her parents and said, "Welcome, um... why don't you come inside, my parents are dying to meet you."

As her parents started forwards Hermione noticed them staring at the over tall house that was obviously kept standing with a bit of magic. She looked at Ron, who had his arm around her shoulder, "you didn't say anything about us being engaged did you?" she asked

"No, but I think Harry and Ginny have guessed," he said, "I showed them the ring after I bought it, I think that after we left in such a hurry they guessed what had happened. But it seems they've been silent about it because mum didn't react in the way you'd expect her to if she knew."

"Ok," said Hermione as they started forward, "I told my parents not to say anything until we announce it." Hermione smiled as she walked into the Burrow right behind her parents and saw the whole Weasley clan sitting at the kitchen table. "Ron," she whispered in his ear, "did you tell your dad not to bombard my father with questions about muggle stuff?" she asked as she saw her father go to greet Mr. and Mrs. Weasley.

"No," Ron said as a slightly scared look came to his face, "but what's the worst..."

"No, don't say it," Hermione clapped a hand over his mouth, "if you say it, the worst will happen."

"And the worst in this case would be what exactly?" asked Ron

"My parents will be so scared of yours that they'll take me away and I'll never see you again. Then you'll go back to Lavender and completely forg..."

Ron cut Hermione off this time by pulling her into a deep kiss. When they broke apart Ron said, "Shut

up, you and I both know that your parents couldn't keep us apart, and that I'd *never* go back to Lavender, even if she was the last girl on earth."

Hermione couldn't help but laugh at this. She looked over at her parents and Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, they seemed to be getting along fine. Mr. Weasley had an excited look on his face; one Hermione had seen when ever he was interacting with muggles, or in a muggle house hold.

She saw Mrs. Weasley and her mother conversing about something. By the way Mrs. Weasley was gesturing at the food that was being magically prepared Hermione could guess what it was about.

She looked around the kitchen, seeing the smiles on everybody's faces. She turned to Ron, "Ron, I think it's time we spoke up" she said.

Ron looked down at her, a confused look on his face for a second, and then he understood. "Oh," he looked around the room, everybody seemed calm. He nodded "yeah I guess now's as good a time as any."

Hermione could tell he was nervous, so was she, but she was excited also, she had always loved the Weasleys like her own family, and they had returned the sentiments. Now she really would be family.

Ron cleared his throat, getting the attention of everybody in the room.

## Chapter 17

Every head in the room turned towards him, "Um... Everybody," Ron started, "Hermione and I have an announcement." Ron thought his voice sounded a bit high. He looked down at Hermione and she smiled back up at him reassuringly. This calmed his nerves, at least a little.

"Well Ron, out with it," said Harry with a knowing smile, "We're all hungry."

Ron smiled; he realized just how hungry he was also. "Alright," said Ron, "well um... as you guys know, Hermione and I are...together..."

He never finished because Hermione interrupted him. "Ron and I are engaged," she said, "he proposed just before we left to get my parents."

The room was silent; Ron could hear his heart pounding in his ears as he surveyed the surprised faces in the room. There were 4 faces that weren't surprised, but rather amused, Hermione's parents, Harry and Ginny.

It was Harry who broke the silence, "alright, George, Bill, Percy, Charley, pay up." George, Bill, Charley and Percy all dug into their robe pockets and pulled out various amounts of money, piling it on the table.

"Wait," said Ron, completely confused, "you guys had a bet going?"

Harry looked up from counting the money, "yeah," he said, "I thought you had proposed, your brothers on the other hand thought that you would be too chicken." He turned to George and handed him half the money, "here, give this to Angelina."

"Wait, Angelina was in on this also?" asked Ron, now completely amazed. He turned to Hermione, and found that she had an amused smile on her face.

"Yeah," said Harry, "it seems that she over heard your conversation a week ago, and she and George have been going out ever since."

"Let's just hope that it takes a bit more than a week for them to get engaged," said Percy from the corner. He still stood apart from the rest of the family. At first Ron had thought that this was because he still didn't agree with their politics fully, but then he realized that Percy still felt like an outsider.

Suddenly Ron and Hermione were engulfed in a giant hug. Ron found it hard to breathe as his mother crushed him and Hermione to her. "I'm so happy," squealed Mrs. Weasley, "you two are so perfect together." She let them go a few minuets later, after Ron had started to sputter from lack of oxygen, and turned to the Grangers, "I guess this means we'll be in-laws," she said as she walked over to them and guided them both into the living room. She turned to Mrs. Granger and said, "We have so much to talk about, so many things to plan." And with that, the two women were off, planning there children's wedding.

Hermione turned to Ron, "do you think we should tell your mum that we're not having the wedding until next summer?" she asked with a smile as she sat down. They had both agreed that they didn't want to get married until they were done with school and had jobs.

Ron looked at her as he too sat down; she was absolutely beautiful when she smiled. *Not that she isn't beautiful the rest of the time*, thought Ron; *it's just really obvious when she smiles*. "No, let her have her fun for the night," he said, "We can tell her tomorrow."

The rest of the night was a continuation of the excitement; Ron was congratulated by his whole family at least twice. His mother's voice spent the whole night an octave higher than normal, and twice she

burst in to tears when she looked at her son and his fiancé. The Grangers, who were sitting right across from Ron and Hermione, tried to start a conversation a few times, and after getting distracted by food and other Weasleys they finally managed to start talking with the two of them.

"Ron," started Mr. Granger, "I can't believe we didn't get to this type of stuff when we were in Australia. But I guess with all the packing, we never thought of it." He smiled good naturedly, "We, that is my wife and I, want to know more about you. Hermione's told us a bit, but obviously she can't have told us everything." Ron saw him direct a smile towards Hermione, and could tell that she was blushing.

"Oh, well, there really isn't that much to tell," Ron took Hermione's hand under the table. Once again he was starting to feel completely inadequate, Hermione deserved better than him. Then the voice that had only recently appeared started, it told him that she didn't want better, she wanted him.

"Oh, there has to be something," Mrs. Granger said, "for instance, Hermione never told us what you wanted to do after you were done with school."

"Oh," said Ron, he hadn't really thought about it much, "well, I don't really know."

Hermione turned to him, a puzzled expression on her face, "I thought you wanted to be an Auror?" she said.

"Well, I did, but after this year, I want something a bit calmer, at least for a little while." Ron looked down at his fiancé, looking for the disappointment on her face. He didn't find any, all he saw was love, and a bit of puzzlement. "George offered me a job this afternoon actually, he said that after I left school he'd take me on as a full partner in his shop; that means half the prophets."

Ron saw a small spark in Hermione's eye; she knew how much WWW made. Ron turned back to Hermione's parents, "My brother owns a joke shop, and it's been doing really well."

Hermione's father nodded, "Hermione told us a bit about it before she blocked our memories," he looked around, "I'm sorry about what happened to his twin, the way 'Mione tells it, they were genii (*plural of genius*) when it came to that type of stuff."

Ron felt pride swell up in him, "yeah, they were," he smiled slightly as he put his arm around Hermione. She smiled at him and leaned into his embrace, letting her head rest on his shoulder.

Ron saw the smile that was on Mr. and Mrs. Granger's lips; they were staring at their daughter. Mrs. Granger cocked her head to one side and then said, "So, Hermione, what are you planning to do after you're done with school?"

Ron felt Hermione blush, Ron suddenly realized that of the three of them, Harry, Hermione and him, she was the only one that hadn't expressed an interest in becoming an Auror. In fact, the only job that she had ever expressed any interest in was trying to get SPEW better organized.

"Well, I have a unique opportunity," she said as she took Ron's free hand, "the ministry is basically starting from scratch when it comes to laws because Voldemort screwed so many of them up. I'm hoping to get a job working in the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, I want to make laws that make life better not only for house elves, but for other creatures at well."

This time Ron let a large smile spread across his face; he bent his neck and kissed the top of Hermione's head. That was his Hermione, always wanting to make things better for other beings. He had no doubt that she would succeed, she was smart, resourceful, and above all else, she was ruthlessly persistent.

Ron knew that if Hermione set her eye on a goal, she wouldn't stop until it was achieved. She would use whatever tools she had to get the job done.

"So basically you want to be a lawyer," said her father.

"Yeah," said Hermione, "I guess that's one way of looking at it."

"I guess that means that you won't be going to university then, will you?" asked her mother.

Ron was puzzled by this, he knew what a university was, and he even knew that a few muggle born Hogwarts students went to university after they finished Hogwarts, but he had never heard Hermione talking about doing that.

Hermione sighed, "No mum," she said, her tone suggesting that she had had this argument with her parents before, and that she was getting tired of it, "I won't be. We've talked about this before, I have all the education I need to survive here in the wizarding world, and as much as I'd like to learn more, I also want to get a job," she looked up at Ron, "start a family. But, once Ron and I get settled in our jobs, I'm going to take a few night school classes."

Ron bent down and kissed her nose this time, causing her to giggle, "That's my girl," he said, "always wanting to learn."

The rest of dinner went by quickly and soon the 14 people, Angelina had come over after dinner, were sitting in the living room, and sipping Firewhiskey.

Ron saw his and Hermione's parents in the corner, arguing in hushed voices about something. His mother looked over at him and Hermione, and then nodded. She got up and started towards the two of them.

"Well," she said, Ron could still see the track of the tears on her face, he knew they were happy tears, but it still hurt him to see them. "We've made a decision."

Ron thought she looked a bit nervous, and this made him nervous. Hermione sat up also; Ron knew she could also see the nervousness in his mother's face. "What is it mum," a million things ran through Ron's head. He had no idea what his mother had decided, and wasn't sure he wanted to find out. Hermione took his hand and gave it a small squeeze of comfort, but he could feel the tension in her, she was just as nervous as he was.

"Well, the four of us, that is me, your father, and Hermione's parents, have decided that you two can stay in the same room." She turned to Harry, "Harry dear, you can share a room with Percy..."

"No, mum, he can take my room," George cut in, "we're reopening the shop tomorrow and I'm going to move back into the apartment over the shop."

"Oh, Ok," said Mrs. Weasley, it was obvious that this came as a bit of a surprise to her. Everybody could here the slight disappointment in her voice, she had been extremely protective of all her children since Fred had died, but George had had the worst of it. If he was at the Burrow, which he was most of the time, she never let him out of her site.

Ron was stunned; it wasn't something he would have expected from his parents. He looked over at Hermione's parents and saw them smiling, it was quite obvious they had been the ones arguing in Ron and Hermione's favor. "Um... thanks mum." Ron looked over at Hermione, who had a small, predatory smile on her face. Ron smiled back, trying to warn her silently not to look too excited.

"Harry, Hermione, why don't you go move your stuff around." Said Mr. Weasley, he looked a bit less nervous than his wife, "and Ron, Hermione, when we say the same room, we mean the same room, not the same bed."

"Ok Mr. Weasley," said Hermione, giving him her most innocent smile. She stood up and pulled Ron after her, "come on."

Ginny got up also and said, "come on Harry, I'll help you move your stuff into George's room."

The four teens rushed up the stairs, all of them smiling.

Once they were upstairs Ron couldn't help but laugh at the fact that Hermione's stuff was already in his room.

"That was nice of George," said Hermione when they reached Ginny's room.

Ginny let out a short laugh, "actually it was almost completely done in self interest. He and Angelina have been living at that apartment for a few days now; he's been Apparating back here really early in the morning so mum doesn't find out. Now he has a good excuse to move back." She smiled at Harry as she spoke.

"That and the fact that Percy is likely to notice that I'm not in my bed every night," said Harry as he reached for the door and opened it.

"Oh, I almost forgot, what have the two of you been doing in the last week?" asked Hermione as Harry and Ginny started into Ginny's room.

"Oh, we've been visiting Teddy almost every day," said Ginny, "We went over the day you guys left, and stayed the whole day. Teddy really likes Harry."

Hermione smiled and wondered what thoughts were going through Harry's head.

Ron heard some moving downstairs, it sounded like Bill, Fleur, George, and Angelina were all getting ready to leave. Ron turned to Hermione once they had reached his room, "you should probably go bring your parents home."

"Yeah," she said as she looked around his room, "But first, let's redecorate."

Ron was confused for a few seconds, but then he looked around his room, it was plastered with Chudley Cannons posters. His bed had a faded orange comforter that still hurt his eyes if he stared at it too long. "Yeah, maybe it is time I grow up a bit and get rid of some of this stuff." He took out his wand and a muttered spell, the poster's came off the wall and rolled them selves up. He looked around, "the walls seem kind of bear," he commented.

Hermione just nodded, she looked pointedly at the orange bedspread as she turned to the door, "I'm going to go take my parents home, I'll be back in about half an hour."

She closed the door and Ron was alone. He quickly decided that red was a better color for the bed and changed the blanket to a deep scarlet. He looked around, there wasn't much else he could do, at least not until Hermione came back.

## Chapter 18

For the next two months the four friends kept busy. Since they were mobbed whenever they were in public, they kept mostly to themselves. They went over to the Lovegood's rebuilt house a few times so that Mr. Lovegood could interview them for his books. After Mr. Lovegood showed the friends the first drafts, only four weeks after he started, they all had to admit that the books would be nothing if not truthful.

Harry and Ginny visited Teddy and Mrs. Tonks at least 3 times a week, and Teddy seemed to be bonding with Harry quite well. Whenever Harry came over, Teddy would change his hair to match Harry's. Harry tried to be the godfather that Sirius hadn't been.

Through all of this Harry still couldn't quite shake the feeling that something was wrong. Charley, who had been helping rebuild Hogwarts, had been coming home on the weekends exhausted. He and his parents would spend a few hours alone in the living room, and if Harry, Ron, Hermione or Ginny stuck their heads in they would immediately stop talking until they left. Ginny suggested using extendible ears, but Ron said that George had taken his whole stock to the shop. They eventually gave up and decided that it was of no consequence. But Harry still had the nagging feeling, in the back of his mind, that something was wrong.

One morning, Harry woke up and took a deep breath, expecting the usual smell of flowers that he always received. He was surprised however when he found that Ginny wasn't in bed with him. He knew that they had gone to sleep together, but it seemed that at some point during the night she had left. Looking around Harry found a note from Ginny sitting on the bedside table.

*Harry,*

*Sorry for frightening you, but I promised mum that I'd help with your birthday breakfast. I'm sure that you've forgotten that today is your birthday, but you're the only one. So get dressed and come downstairs.*

*Ginny*

Harry couldn't believe that he had somehow forgotten his birthday. He quickly got dressed and went downstairs. When he arrived in the kitchen, he found everybody at the kitchen table, all of them eating. In the middle of the table was a small pile of presents.

Ginny smiled up at him from her chair, "Hey, sleepy head, nice to see you."

As he sat down Mrs. Weasley put a large plate down in front of Harry; it was piled high with eggs, bacon and toast. "Go on, open your presents dear," she smiled at him as she spoke.

Harry smiled as he looked around the table, it was nice to be back here, with the people who cared about him. He reached for the first present; it was from Ron and Hermione. He tore off the rapping paper, which was decorated with little golden snitches, to find a set of books titled, *Advanced Defensive Theory: Advanced Defensive and Offensive Magic for the Advanced Wizard*.

"Thanks. This will help when it comes time for me to start as an Auror," Harry said. Hermione and Ron just smiled.

The next present was wrapped in simple black paper, and was from George and Angelina, both of whom were absent. Harry tore off the paper to reveal a set of three simple black robes, he wasn't sure what to say until he noticed the note that was attached.

*Harry,*

*This is a set of color changing robes, it's our newest product. The robes change according to the wearer's mood, much like a muggle mood ring. We've made a modification to this set, it can change with a tap of a wand, all you have to do is say the color and it will change. It won't change again until you tell it to. We figure it could be useful. If you're being followed and the person is looking for you in a red robe, all you have to do is change it to green or something.*

*Happy Birthday,*

*George and Angelina*

Harry smiled; it seemed that everybody wanted to help him in everyway possible to become an Auror. His next few presents were also things that would be of use to an Auror. Bill and Fleur had gotten him a foe glass, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had gotten him a box of stuff from the back room of WWW.

The last present on the table was from Ginny; it was large and covered in a deep scarlet cloth. He pulled it toward him slowly; Ginny reached out and pulled the cloth off. Underneath was a cage, and in the cage was a beautiful male snowy owl. He was all white, except for the leading edges of his wings, which were black.

Harry saw Ginny looking at him, she looked worried, "Harry, I know how much you liked Hedwig, and the guy at the store said that this owl was from the same family. I hope I wasn't too presumptuous. I know you needed an owl and..."

Harry didn't let her finish; instead, he pulled her towards him and kissed her softly. She was tense with surprise at first, but after a few seconds she melted into his arms and started to kiss back. Their tongues intertwined and they both started squirm in their chairs. After a few seconds, and a cough from Ron, the two broke apart, blushing. Harry smiled and said, "It's perfect, Ginny, I love it." Ginny smiled back and it seemed like the weight of the world had been taken from her shoulders. Harry couldn't help but think that it was good that they finally lived in a world where the biggest worry of a 16 year old girl was if her boyfriend would like what she got him for his birthday.

"So Gin," whispered Harry, "did you name him yet?"

Ginny looked at him with a timid smile on her face, "I thought that Amor would be a good name."

Harry looked at her and smiled, "It's a great name. What does it mean?"

Ginny smiled at him, "I'll tell you later," she whispered in his ear.

Harry gave Ginny's hand a squeeze as he turned to look at his new owl. The owl looked young, it couldn't have been more than a year or so old. He took a piece of bacon off his plate and stuck it in between the bars of the cage; Amor quickly took it, uttering a soft hoot of thanks. Harry nodded, satisfied that the bird liked him.

Harry ate slowly, the whole time staring at his new owl. Amor had a look in his eyes that made him seem intelligent and dignified, yet a bit playful, it almost reminded Harry of Dumbledore. After he was done eating, Harry brought the bird upstairs and in to his room. He opened a window, and then opened the cage, "If you want to go out and hunt, you can," he told the owl.

Amor seemed to understand; he gave a quick hoot and hopped out of the cage. He flew out the window, and a few seconds later, returned with a mouse in his beak. Harry left, he had never liked to see Hedwig eating mice, it had always been a bit gory.

He went down to Ginny's room, he wasn't really sure what he wanted to do today, but he knew Ginny would probably have an idea or two. He was right.

When he walked into her room she was on him in a flash. She took him by the hand and pulled him

over to her bed. Sitting down, she asked, "So, what do you want to do today?"

"I'm not really sure," he said as he started to stroke her arm, "I don't want to go out into public, people still mob me and ask me for autographs and stuff." He sighed as he looked in to Ginny's deep brown eyes; there was so much love there, he never thought he would find somebody like her.

"Well, I have an idea," said Ginny, "What if we went out into the muggle world and went to the movies."

It took Harry a moment to realize that Ginny shouldn't have known what the movies were, "Wait, how do you know about movies?" he asked with a smile.

She smiled back, "Hermione told me about them," she said, and with that she was off. She started describing her plans for the whole day. All of it seemed to be stuff that wasn't available in the wizard world. Harry figured that Ginny wanted to try new things and was using his birthday as an excuse, but he didn't mind.

When she was done, she looked at him hopefully, "Well, what do you think?" she asked, breathing deeply.

He looked at her for a second, "I think it's a great idea," he said, "When do we leave?"

She beamed, "In about half an hour," she turned to go out the door, presumably to tell her parents what the two of them were doing. "I hope you don't mind, but Hermione and Ron are going to come with us. Ron wanted to see the muggle world also."

"No, it's fine. Why wouldn't I want to spend my birthday with my best friends?" As Harry watched Ginny go, he found that he was still surprised at how well she knew him. They had lived in close proximity for almost 5 years and in the last month he had found that they knew each other extremely well.

Ginny came back a few minutes later, "Mum and Dad say it's a great idea." She came over and sat on the bed next to him, she put a large chunk of muggle money on the bed between them, "and Bill said he got this transferred to muggle money for me, it's about 200 pounds. Hermione said that this would be enough for today."

Harry smiled at Ginny, "Gin, you're amazing."

He leaned in and kissed her on the tip of her nose, causing her to giggle, "But I don't want you to have to pay for today. I'm ok with taking my friends to the movies; in fact I'd quite enjoy it. I've never done it before."

Ginny gave him a stern look, the look that he had learned to mean that she would stick with her decision no matter what. "Harry, this is the second of four parts of your birthday present." She let her face fall into a pout and Harry instantly felt the need to make her happy again, "If you don't let me do this, I'll be really sad that I couldn't give you your birthday present," she whined at him in her best baby voice.

Harry couldn't help but laugh, "Ok Gin, if it means that much to you I'll let you do it," Harry said, modulating his voice so it sunk into the deep baritone range. He sounded much older, and much like a father.

Ginny smiled up at him, "Ok, let's go." She pulled him up off the bed and they went downstairs. They met Ron and Hermione in the kitchen, and soon they were on their way into town. They quickly found a movie theater and after a little bit of discussion they picked out a movie that had come out only two days before, *The Negotiator*. They bought tickets and since the movie didn't start until 1 o'clock, they went to a small diner down the street for lunch.

They all ordered hamburgers and fries, and, once they had their food, they found a quiet table in the corner. Harry and Hermione spent the next half hour explaining the basics of movies to Ron and Ginny. They explained about actors, about special effects, and how everything that happened was fake. Hermione tried to explain the mechanics of how movies were made to Ron and Ginny, but quickly gave up when even Harry started to look a bit confused.

At about a quarter to 1, they paid the bill and went back to the theater. After a quick stop at the concessions stand, Hermione insisted on getting everybody popcorn, they went in to the theater and found their seats.

The movie, about a hostage situation and the negotiators who handled it, turned out to be a bit scary. None of them minded though; they had all seen and been through things that were much worse.

After the movie was over, the four friends started back towards the Burrow to change for dinner. During the whole walk back Ron and Ginny were asking questions about the muggle stuff that was used in the movie, like guns, and even phones. Hermione and Harry explained the best they could.

When they arrived back at the Burrow, everybody went upstairs to their rooms to change. Hermione and Ron had been going out on Friday nights for the past few weeks, and were planning on doing so again. Ginny was taking Harry to a wizard's restaurant for dinner.

Harry and Ginny went into Ginny's room and started to change. Harry stopped with his shirt off to just stare at Ginny as she changed out of her 'muggle' clothes. As Ginny pulled off her formfitting t-shirt Harry couldn't help but smile at the sight of her large breasts.

She saw him looking at her and turned so that she was facing him completely. "So, Mr. Potter, do you like to watch?" she asked seductively as she pulled her pants off, exposing her smooth cunt. She walked over to her bed and sat down. Turning towards Harry, she spread her legs and said, "Do you want to see me touch myself, Mr. Potter?"

Harry just nodded; he was too enthralled with his girlfriend's swollen pussy to say anything.

Ginny smiled and started to rub her clit with her middle finger. She then took the same finger and ran it up and down the length of her slightly wet slit, causing her juices to start flowing. She moaned softly as she plunged her middle finger in to her slick tunnel. And as she moved the finger in and out of herself, Harry could see it start to glisten as her juices coated it.

Harry felt his dick stir in his pants; he needed to be inside of her right now. He moved towards her as he reached down to unbuckle his pants.

Ginny stopped moving her hand and said, "Oh no, Mr. Potter, you only get to watch, you don't get to participate." And with that she stuck a second finger inside herself, moaning as the pleasure increased. She started to move her fingers faster, and now with each thrust in she would let out a soft moan.

Harry couldn't take it; he reached down and unzipped his jeans, knowing that the sight of his dick would cause Ginny to want him inside of her.

Ginny pointed at his hands, which were resting on the clasp holding his pants together, "and I mean NO participation. Otherwise, you don't get to participate later tonight." She stuck a third finger inside her slick tunnel, causing some of her juices to run down her hand.

Harry let out a half whine at this, but took his hands away from his groin. His dick was growing bigger and bigger with each passing second.

Ginny closed her eyes and took her left breast in her free hand. She started to massage it, every once in a while flicking a finger across the hard nipple. A few minutes later, she was close to climax and decided that she wouldn't torture Harry any longer. She took her fourth finger and stuck it inside her

drenched cunt. She then took her thumb and started to play with her hard clit, causing her to let out a loud moan of pure pleasure. She forced her eyes open and saw that Harry was squirming, but still had his pants all the way on. She could see his erection pushing against the material of his pants, and she wanted him inside of her badly, but she pushed that need aside, closed her eyes, and started to move her fingers faster.

She was soon on the edge of her climax, her juices were dripping off her hand, and each time a drop fell on to the bed, Harry whimpered; he wanted to taste her again. He had a sudden idea, "Cum for me, Ginny, cum nice and hard for me." He was sure this would send her over the edge, and it did.

She screamed loudly as she fell back on her bed and her orgasm overtook her. Her pussy started to convulse as she climaxed hard. She felt liquid start to shoot out of her, and for a second she thought that she was peeing. But then she realized that she was ejaculating. One of her friends at school had told her about this, saying that it was the most intense orgasm a woman could have, and Ginny had to agree. When she was done, she looked at Harry; she could see his bulge. "That was just a preview of tonight, my dear; don't get too excited." With that she got up and started to get changed.

Harry did the same, and while he was changing Harry was trying to get himself calmed down. He didn't have an easy time at it, but after a few minutes of thinking about what had happened at Malfoy Manor, it was done.

Harry watched as Ginny changed in to a dark blue dress that hugged her curves conservatively. The dress was loose enough to allow Ginny to move, but still showed enough of her curves to make any man pay attention, especially Harry. The dress' hem was at Ginny's knees and the neck was cut to show just a bit of her cleavage but not enough to make her seem desperate. She had let her flaming red hair hang loosely down her back; it was a stark contrast to the loose ponytail she normally wore.

Harry changed into a pair of black slacks and a black shirt with his emerald dress robes over that.

Once they were both changed, they went downstairs and sat in the living room for a little while talking to Ron and Hermione about what Hogwarts might be like when they got back.

At around 5:30, the four of them got up and said good bye to everybody in the house, most of whom were in the kitchen helping Mrs. Weasley get ready for dinner.

"Have fun," she said to them as they walked out the back door.

Hermione waved good bye as she and Ron Apparated to London where they would be going to a muggle restaurant. When they were gone Harry turned to Ginny and asked, "So love, where to?"

"Hogsmead," she said with a smile, "I think you'll like the place. We happen to know the owner."

## Chapter 19

Harry took Ginny in his arms and held her in a tight embrace, and then he concentrated on his destination and turned into nothing. After a very short time, during which Harry and Ginny felt like they were being squeezed through a small rubber tube, Harry felt the two of them land in the main street of Hogsmead.

Harry was assaulted with a quick flashback to the night nearly a year ago when he and Dumbledore had apparated to the same spot after going to find the third HorocruX. A moment after that horrible flashback another came, this one from only two months ago when he Ron and Hermione had apparated to the same spot just before the final battle.

Ginny looked up at Harry after a few seconds, "Harry is something wrong?" she asked, she sounded concerned.

"No, nothing is wrong my love," he said, "I'm just remembering." He released her from his embrace and whispered in her ear, "Lead the way."

Ginny smiled up at him and took his hand. She started down a side street that was familiar to Harry; again he was assaulted with memories of that night nearly two months ago when He, Ron and Hermione had come here.

"Gin, we aren't going to the Hog's Head are we?" he asked, not really sure how he would feel if she said yes.

"Not exactly," she said, and upon seeing the puzzled look on his face she continued, "You'll see."

A few minuets later Harry did see. They arrived at the same place that the Hog's Head bar should have been but instead the sign above the door said, *The Final Battle Bar and Restaurant*. "Gin, what is this place, what happened to the Hog's Head?"

"Aberforth apparently upgraded after the battle," Ginny said as they approached the door. "Mum told me about this place last week when I was talking to her about what I wanted to do for your birthday. She said that Aberforth decided to make this place a tribute to his brother and the final battle." Ginny suddenly gasped as she opened the door and walked in.

Harry stared open mouthed at the interior of the restaurant. The walls were solid wood, and were covered in portraits of the people who had lost their lives during the final battle. In the back of the room was the original bar from the Hog's Head, and above that were two portraits, one containing a picture of Albus Dumbledore, and the second the portrait of Ariana Dumbledore that had previously hung in Aberforth's room.

Just to the right of the door was a lectern, behind which stood Aberforth, "Hello," he said as they walked in, a large smile on his face. As he realized who they were the smile got even larger, "ah, Mr. Potter, Mrs. Weasley, I've been expecting you. Your table is right this way, please follow me." He picked up two menus from under the lectern and lead them to a far corner of the room. He put them at a table over which hung the portrait of none other than Fred Weasley.

When Harry saw this he quickly looked over to Ginny to gauge her reaction. To his surprise she was smiling.

"Hey Fred," she said as they sat down.

"Hey little sis," said Fred's portrait, "so you and Harry here on a date?"

"Yes," said Harry as he took the menus from Aberforth, "as a matter of fact we are. Ginny decided to

take me out for my birthday."

"Ok," said Fred with a slightly mischievous smile, "don't let me bother you."

"Actually Fred, we kind of wanted to be alone, can you go, pardon the pun, *hang* out in the shop for the night?" Ginny asked her dead brother, giving him her best puppy dog eyes.

Fred looked at her for a second and said, "of course, how could I refuse a look like that." And with that he walked out of the frame.

"That was just a bit odd," said Harry as he looked down at the menu.

"Yeah," Ginny muttered as she too picked up her menu and looked at it, "but apparently Fred only has to be here for dinner time, he can come and go as he wants to, as long as he's here when a costumer comes to sit at the table. At least that's what George told mum when he told her about this place"

"Yes, your brother's portrait has been very cooperative," said Aberforth as he walked up to them, "he will occasionally stop by and tell a few jokes, which always get laughs. Any way, just say your order to your plates, and it will appear."

"Thank you," Ginny said to him. After a few moments she asked, "Aberforth, what gave you the idea for this place?"

Aberforth smiled, and Harry decided that it was not something he wanted to see all too often. It was smile full of missing teeth and black gums. "Well a lot of people were coming into town to either help with the rebuilding or to just see what was happening, and the Hog's Head was taking in a lot of people so I put of Albus' and Ariana's portraits to talk to people. Then somebody sent me a portrait of a loved one who had died and asked me to put it up. Soon I had about 10 portraits and people asking for more. So I got permission from families and put the portraits up and put in some tables and it became this place." Aberforth said all of this with a hint of pride in his voice that Harry hadn't heard when he came to the Hog's Head two months ago.

"Well it looks amazing," said Ginny

"Just wait until you see the view from the back window," said Aberforth as he pointed at the window. Through it Harry could see the outline of the broken Hogwarts in the distance, and as he watched he saw the top of a tower put back in place.

"Wow, that's really amazing." Harry breathed as he looked at the castle.

"Yeah, I thought so also when I saw it the first time." said Aberforth, a slight gleam coming to his eyes. "I'm glad it's almost done though," he continued as he smiled.

"Do you have any idea who the new defense against the dark arts teacher is?" asked Harry. He was a bit anxious about this. He had always had a...special relationship with his DADA teachers, not that it was always a good one.

"No, but if they don't find somebody soon the Ministry is going to have to appoint somebody," said Aberforth.

Harry had a flash back to his fifth year and Professor Umbrige. He shuttered, "let's hope that doest happen," said Harry.

"Oh, I'm sure it won't," said Aberforth, "McGonagall won't let it." And with that he turned towards the door to greet another costumer.

After a second Ginny turned to Harry and said, "he seems a bit odd don't you think?"

"Yeah a bit," Harry looked over at Aberfoth, "he was really sad and angry when Hermione Ron and I

were here just before the battle. Now he seems really quite happy, it's a drastic change."

"Oh, I didn't get much of a chance to meet him when George, Fred and I came through, he did seem a bit mad, but we thought it was just because there were so many people trudging through his room."

Harry just shrugged, "I'm not sure," then he looked down at his empty plate and said, "I'm starving lets eat." Ginny smiled and nodded. They both looked at their menus briefly and ordered. "Fried Chicken," Harry said at his plate, it appeared instantly.

"Chicken Cesar Salad," said Ginny to her plate.

They both took careful bites of their meals, and both were pleasantly surprised to find the food quite good. They both dug in and were soon finished.

"That was really good," said Harry as he sat back in his chair and took a sip of water, "Do you think he has house elves?" he asked.

"No, mum said that he charmed all the dishes and stuff to do the cooking for him. She sounded quite amazed by it actually."

At this point Aberfoth came over and said, "Would you two like desert, you get one free as its Mr. Potter's birthday."

Harry shook his head, he was tired and he wanted to get home. "No, thank you though."

"Of course," Aberfoth smiled, "here's your bill then," he waved his wand and a small piece of parchment appeared. As he turned to walk away Aberfoth said, "Thank you for coming, I'll see you two when the school year starts."

Harry said thank you and reached out to take the bill, but Ginny was faster. "Harry, no, I'm paying for tonight."

"Gin, I can't let you do that, it doesn't feel right to let you pay for me."

"Harry, I don't care," said Ginny firmly, "I'm paying, and you can't stop me."

Harry was about to protest when he saw the fiery determination in Ginny's eyes. He knew he wouldn't be able to stop her; she had decided to do this and wasn't going to back down.

Harry nodded, but he was still interested to see just how much she would be spending; he got the impression that this place wasn't exactly cheap. "I know Gin, but I just wanted to know how much dinner was."

"Why?" she asked

"Well...I...don't want you spending too much on me," He said. It was a shallow excuse, but it was true.

"Well I'm not going to tell you how much I spent today," Ginny said as she put a small money bag on the table and slipped the check under it.

Harry looked at her for a second and smiled, "alright," he said, "That's fine, as long as I'm aloud to do the same on your birthday."

Ginny smiled back at him, "who said it only has to be on my birthday," she said as she took his hand and led him to the door. They waved to Aberfoth as they left.

Once they were outside Harry turned to Ginny and asked, "Where to now?"

"Home," Ginny yawned, "there's one more piece of your present there."

Harry smiled and pulled her close, then he Apparated back to the Burrow. They arrived just outside the

back door and quietly let themselves in. They quickly went up stairs to Ginny's room and closed and locked the door.

Harry stared at Ginny for a second and said, "That was the second best birthday I've ever had."

Ginny looked shocked, "what was the first?" she asked.

"The one where Hagrid came to get me from my Aunt and Uncle," Harry said with a smile. "He knocked down the front door to the shack we were in, he gave my cousin Dudley a tail, and he told me I was a wizard, what more could I want for my birthday."

"Yeah, I've heard that story before," said Ginny as she came over to him, "and I guess I could see how it would rank a bit better than today." She let a sly grin creep across her face, "but I think I can make today number one."

"Oh really, and just how do you intend to do that?" asked Harry as he pulled her into his arms.

"Like this," she sighed as she kissed him deeply. Her hands started roaming up and down his body as she started to pull his robes off.

Harry reached behind Ginny and slowly unzipped the dress she was wearing. The two broke apart as Ginny started to unbutton Harry's shirt.

As soon as his shirt was off Ginny looked up at him and smiled, "do you want me Mr. Potter?" she whispered as she grabbed his semi hard dick through his pants.

"Yes," Harry moaned as Ginny undid his belt. "I want to plunge my cock into you." She unzipped his pants. "I want to feel your tight teen twat clench my dick as you cum."

She had his pants fully off now and he was fully hard. "Well then," she said softly, "let's get me out of this dress." She pushed Harry back softly and he felt his legs hit the edge of her bed.

He fell backwards as she pulled the dress over her head to reveal her pale body. Harry licked his lips, he couldn't wait much longer. Ginny finished taking the dress off and threw it into the corner. She climbed onto the bed and straddled him, her dripping slit hovering just over the tip of his hard cock.

Ginny lowered herself down a bit and Harry felt pressure on the head of his cock as it pushed her smooth, swollen lips aside. She stopped when his head was only about half way in, "more," he grunted as he pushed his hips up, trying to get deeper.

Ginny moved her self up at the same time, causing him to come out of her completely. "No, you'll let me do what I want with you or you'll get nothing." She leaned over and kissed him tenderly on the lips. Harry just moaned and let her continue.

Ginny lowered herself down again, this time taking his whole head inside of her. Harry moaned deeply as she moved up, keeping only the tip of his cock inside of her. She moved down again, this time taking about a quarter of an inch of his shaft along with his head.

Harry couldn't take it for much longer, he was ready to cum, and he knew Ginny was also. He hooked his feet around her legs as she moved up again. Then, as she moved down for the fourth time he flipped her onto her back, causing an involuntary squeal. He was in control now, and once he had regained his balance he shoved his huge dick as deep as he could inside her.

"Yes, Harry, Oh yes," Ginny screamed as Harry thrust his dick into her as hard as he could. He started moving back and forth, shoving himself into her as fast and as hard as he could. She arched her back as Harry's dick hit the back of her pussy over and over again. Then she took her left hand and started kneading her left breast with it. Her right hand immediately went to her engorged clit and started to play with it.

As she got closer to her climax Ginny started to moan each time Harry's dick hit the back of her pussy. Ginny squeezed her walls around Harry's dick, wanting to get as much pleasure from him as possible. This pushed her over the edge, she screamed out his name as she came.

Ginny's sudden pressure, and the orgasm it induced in her, caused Harry to cum as well. As the two orgasmed together Harry collapsed on top of Ginny.

A few minuets later they had both calmed down and Ginny spoke. "So, does that push it over the top?" she whispered.

Harry let out a short laugh, "Yeah, that about does it," he muttered. He slowly pulled himself out of Ginny and pulled her close to him. Her back was to his front and Harry put his arm around her waist, pulling her a bit closer still. He felt Ginny's hand slide in to his, she pulled his arm up a bit higher and held it tightly to her body. Harry smiled and spoke, "Good night Gin, that truly was the best birthday I've ever had. I love you"

Harry heard a soft chuckle from Ginny as she said, "that was the idea. And I love you too."

## Chapter 20

The next morning Harry woke up to the sound of feet coming down the stairs. It sounded like two people were walking down to breakfast, and from inflection in the soft voices he guessed it was Ron and Hermione. He shook Ginny softly as he sat up and looked around for something to throw on.

Harry got up and was throwing his pajamas on as Ginny opened her eyes. "What is it," she asked.

"Your brother and Hermione are coming down, I thought I'd stop them so the four of us could go down together," he stage whispered. "You better put something on; Ron will be mad enough that I'm in your room." Ginny just nodded as she reached for her pajamas, which were rarely worn these days.

She had just pulled on her shirt when Harry opened the door and stuck his head out, "hey guys," he said, causing Ron and Hermione to jump, "If you two wait a second the four of us can go downstairs together."

Hermione just nodded and stopped, she still looked a bit tired. Ron was now getting over his surprise and looked about ready to kill Harry.

Luckily that was when Ginny came to the door, fully dressed, and said, "Hey, guys, how'd you sleep?"

Ron seemed like he was about to say something, but after a second just waved a hand at Ginny and started to mumble something about food and sleep.

Harry was half way down the steps when he heard the voices coming from the kitchen.

"...pend so fast, we couldn't believe it when they told us," said Mrs. Weasley's voice, "but they're so happy together."

"Well it's good to know something like that can happen so soon after the battle," said the crisp, yet weary voice of Professor McGonagall.

Harry squeezed Ginny's hand and put his arm out to stop Ron and Hermione. He looked over at Ginny and she nodded, telling him silently that she too had recognized Professor McGonagall's voice. Harry looked back at Ron and Hermione and held his pointer finger to his lips, indicating that they should be silent.

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Weasley, "but we've all been seeing the spark between them for a while now. It really was only a matter of time before it happened."

"Their dating or the engagement?" asked Professor McGonagall.

"Oh, the two of them dating was a sure thing." said Mrs. Weasley hurriedly, "Aurther and I were sure that was going to happen. And we kind of expected the engagement to follow that, but not this quickly. That's not to say we're not extremely happy for them." Mrs. Weasley finished quickly.

Harry decided that this was a good time for the four friends to walk in. He motioned for Ron, Hermione and Ginny to follow him and together they all walked in to the kitchen.

Harry took in the room and the people in it all in one quick glance. Professor McGonagall was sitting at the table, her customary pointed hat on the table in front of her and a cup of tea next to that. Mrs. Weasley was standing at the counter facing the Professor, a mug of tea in her hands. Behind her, a pan of eggs and bacon was frying itself and a copper kettle was still steaming.

"Hello Professor," said Harry with a bit more cheer than he felt. The greeting was repeated by his three friends, with a little less enthusiasm.

"Hello Mr. Potter, Mr. Weasley, Miss. Granger, Miss. Weasley." The aging Professor said as she stood

up nodded a greeting to each of them in turn.

There was a few moments of silence, none of the teens knew what to do or say, the only one who had ever had a Hogwarts Headmistress come to their home was Harry.

It was Hermione who broke the silence, "Um...Professor, I have a question. Why haven't we received our Hogwarts letters yet, is there something wrong with the rebuilding effort?"

"No," said McGonagall. Harry noticed that the weary tone in her voice had gone; instead it was replaced by one of surprise. Then Harry realized what Hermione had said, it was true, the Hogwarts letters usually arrived by his birthday. Harry had been too happy yesterday to notice that they hadn't, and he had been chalking the absence of the letters up to how much work was going into rebuilding Hogwarts.

"Actually," said Mrs. Weasley as she started to pile four plates high with eggs, bacon and toast, "that's what Professor McGonagall is here to talk to you four about." Mrs. Weasley finished putting the food on the plates, and with a wave of her wand she sent the plates flying to the table, where they landed in front of the four chairs that best faced McGonagall.

After a few seconds Harry moved to the table and sat down. He was soon followed by Ginny, then Hermione and finally Ron, all of whom seemed a bit nervous.

Professor McGonagall looked at all of them with a piercing gaze that Harry still found a bit disconcerting. That gaze had been turned towards him on the occasions when he had forgotten, or neglected to do, a homework assignment in her class. And despite what they had all seen and done in the last year, Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny were still a bit scared of that look.

Suddenly her gaze softened and her lined face broke into a smile. "Mr. Weasley, Miss. Granger, I understand you're to be congratulated. It's so good to see two people that are so happy together."

Hermione blushed and Ron looked down at his food, which he still hadn't touched. "Thank you Professor," said Hermione. She poked Ron in the ribs and he looked up and muttered his thanks.

After a few more moments of tense silence Harry said, "I don't want to be rude, but I assume that giving your congratulations to Ron and Hermione isn't the only reason you're here."

"You'd be assuming correctly Mr. Potter," said The Headmistress, she became all business again, "but it is the basis of my visit. I came here to talk to the four of you about the positions of Head Boy and Head Girl this upcoming School year."

Ron's head shot up, "Professor, are you saying that Hermione and I aren't going to be Head Boy and Girl?"

"Not at all Mr. Weasley," Professor McGonagall said softly. "What I'm saying is that because you and Miss. Granger are engaged I think it might be necessary to have two extra head students, to make it more likely that the jobs will get done to both the staff's and the student's satisfaction."

"And you want Ginny and I to be the other Head Boy and Girl." Harry said, his tone making it more of a statement than a question. McGonagall just nodded. "Professor, you are aware that Ginny and I are... going out?" asked Harry. McGonagall just nodded again.

"Professor, won't that be a bit weird?" asked Hermione after a second. "I mean not only will there suddenly be four head students, but they will all be from Gryffindor."

McGonagall smiled, "We, that is the teachers and I, were planning on telling anybody who asked that the extra head students were so that Hogwarts can have a bit of extra protection from any attacks by Death Eaters that are still at large. As to the fact that you're all from the same house, I don't think that

many will object to me wanting to use the people who were most instrumental in the death of The Dark Lord to protect the castle against his followers."

Hermione nodded, she seemed to agree with The Headmistress' idea. Harry agreed with it also, it was a completely valid story, and he couldn't help but wonder if McGonagall had been planning this even before Ron and Hermione got engaged. He stopped himself though, he had to remember that McGonagall wasn't Dumbledore, everything she did wouldn't have hidden meanings and multiple layers. Of course Harry knew that that didn't mean nothing she did would, but in all likely hood, this was just Professor McGonagall trying to keep discipline at the school.

"I'm ok with it, as long as Ron and Hermione agree," said Harry. He turned to Ginny, who had been quiet during the entire conversation. "What about you Gin?" he asked.

Ginny smiled back at him, "I'm game," she said, "as long as it doesn't interfere with Quidditch."

Professor McGonagall looked to Ron and Hermione, both of whom were smiling. It was Ron who answered her questioning look, "Yeah, we're fine with it, less work for us."

Professor McGonagall nodded and smiled in relief. Then she reached into her robes and pulled out four thick envelopes, handing one to each of the four. As the four started opening the envelopes Professor McGonagall started to talk. "These are the letters you would have received had I not come to you. They contain your badges, a list of duties, a list of the first passwords for each house common room, the location of all the house common rooms, the password to my office, and any other passwords you might need as well as the normal letter and list of school supplies." McGonagall took a breath as the four students dumped the contents of their envelopes on to the table.

Ron's envelope contained a badge with the words *Head Boy* stenciled over the Hogwarts Crest and a small packet of papers. Hermione's and Ginny's envelopes were the same, except their badges said *Head Girl* on them.

Harry dumped out his envelope expecting the same, and was a bit surprised to find that his envelope contained two badges. Suddenly he remembered that he was to be the Quidditch captain also.

Harry looked over at Mrs. Weasley, who had been surprisingly quiet since the four had walked in, and found that she had a huge smile on her face and large tears in her eyes.

Hermione, who was looking over the list of things that they would need for the school year spoke up, "Oh, we're going to have to get all new books this year." She said, "Oh, that's new."

"What is?" Harry asked as he turned to the page that had his list of needed materials on it.

*Books:*

*The Field Guide to Herbology: Grade 4, medicinal and other advanced Herbology*

*The Standard Book of Spells: Grade 7*

*Advanced Potion Making*

*Advanced Transfiguration*

*Practical Defensive Magic and Its Use Against the Dark Arts (please read as much of these books as possible by the beginning of the year, we will be starting immediately and will not be slowing down so people can catch up)*

Harry looked up from his list, the DADA book had reminded him of something, "Professor, who did you get to teach Defense Against the Dark Arts?" he asked.

"An American Auror who was recommended by Kingsley," Said McGonagall, "His name is Marc

Aquos, and he's very very good at what he does."

Harry nodded, it was a bit odd to have an American teaching at Hogwarts, but McGonagall needed the best.

Hermione looked up at Harry's question, and after McGonagall had answered Hermione asked, "What about your job Professor, who's going to become the transfiguration teacher?"

"Actually Professor Aquos' wife, Molly, is an expert in the field. And she's an Animagus; she turns in to an albino falcon." Professor McGonagall smiled and Harry guessed that McGonagall thought highly of the new Professors. "If that is all, I really must be leaving. There is still so much work to be done on the castle." She got up and started towards the door. As she opened the door she stopped and turned towards the four new Head Students. "Mr. Potter, Happy birthday, and Miss. Granger, Mr. Weasley, congratulations once again, I can't wait for the wedding, and Ginny, thank you for the tea. I'll see you all at the re-dedication ceremony, good bye."

"Thank you Professor," said Hermione and Ron together, this time much more enthusiastically than before, they had obviously woken up a bit.

"Thank you Professor," said Harry as she left. Soon she was gone and it was just him, Ginny, Ron, Hermione and Mrs. Weasley in the kitchen.

"Well that was a bit of a surprise," said Hermione, "I don't think there has ever been a married couple that taught at Hogwarts."

Ginny laughed, "I'm more surprised that McGonagall came here to give us these," she indicated the badges that they all had.

"Well, she respects the four of you," said Mrs. Weasley, "and you would have had too many questions if she hadn't come."

"That, and the fact that if she hadn't come personally it would have seemed like she didn't really want us to be Head Students," said Harry.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Weasley. She seemed doubtful, but happy none the less.

"So, mum, when do we go shopping?" asked Ginny, she seemed excited.

Mrs. Weasley laughed, "We can go tomorrow," she said excitedly. "Harry, I'll ask Bill to get you some money from your account."

"Thanks Mrs. Weasley," said Harry with a big smile. Harry turned to the letter From Hogwarts that was the first thing in his small packet.

*Dear Mr. Potter,*

*We are pleased to inform you that you have been appointed as the second Head Boy this year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. As Head Boy you will be expected to arrive at Platform 9 ¾ at 10 o'clock on August 31st so supervise the loading of students on to the train. Once the train is underway you will be responsible for describing the Prefects duties and distributing passwords (the list of duties and passwords is attached later in the packet). As you have noticed the train is leaving a day early because the rededication ceremony is to take place on the 1st of September, and the feast that will follow will be combined with the normal start of year feast. First years will be sorted privately and then one head student will lead the new first years to their new houses. After this one head student must be present in the hallways at all times during the night, you may work out a schedule with the other head students. As Head Boy you have the privilege of using the Head Student's tower, which consists of a common room and four bedrooms for use by the Head Students. Your badge is enclosed in*

*the envelope and your list of school supplies is attached to this packet.*

*Sincerely*

*Professor H. E. F. Slughorn,*

*Deputy Head Master of Hogwarts*

*P.S. Harry I'd like you to be in the 'slug club,' again this year. Meet me in compartment 126 for the first meeting. I do hope you will have more time to participate this year.*

Harry looked around the table at his friend's letter, and saw that they too had all been invited to join the 'slug club'. Their reactions were mixed. Ginny and Hermione both had a slight look of disgust on their faces, while Ron had a huge smile on his. Harry wasn't sure if he should be disgusted or not, he knew Professor Slughorn meant well, but he didn't always know where to stop. Harry decided that he would be *'more active,'* in the slug club this year only to please Professor Slughorn, after all, he needed all the help he could get this year in potions.

## **Chapter 21**

The next morning Mrs. Weasley rushed the two couples out of the house. They used the flue network to get to WWW, and as Harry stepped out of the back room, where the fire place was located, he found that the shop was completely packed.

George was wondering around, talking to customers and helping people. Angelina was behind the counter, working the register, and three other witches in purple robes were wandering around restocking the shelves. These witches had their work cut out for them, each time they stocked a shelf it would empty in only a few minutes.

Mrs. Weasley waved to her son over the crowd of customers; he spotted them and was soon by their side. "Hello all," he said, "What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Weasley, "we just thought that we would stop by to say hello. We're on our way to get these three," she jerked her thumb over her shoulder at Harry, Ron and Hermione, "there school supplies."

"Oh, that reminds me," said George as he pulled a small money bag out of his pocket. "Bill told me to give this to you Harry."

Harry took the bag and thanked George. As they walked out of the shop Mrs. Weasley waved at Angelina, who smiled and waved back. "She and George are really getting serious," Mrs. Weasley said once they got outside. It was a beautiful summer day and Diagon Alley was in stark contrast to what it had been last time Harry was there. The streets were now full of young witches and wizards getting supplies for the upcoming year. Looking around Harry saw that many of the stores that had closed during the last year were now either reopen, or had a new store in their place.

As they walked up the streets to Flourish and Blott's Harry saw that Olivander's was reopen, and that there was a small line of eager young children and nervous looking adults outside the shop. Harry saw tiny professor Flitwick talking to a few of the parents.

"McGonagall said that they were going to bring the Muggle born first years here in groups," said Mrs. Weasley as she too noticed the line of children and parents. "Said something about it being safer and a bit less nerve wracking."

Harry just nodded; he could see that people in the crowd of the alley were starting to recognize him, Ron and Hermione. "Uh oh," he muttered under his breath to Ginny, Ron and Hermione, "we're about to be bum rushed by a large group of fans."

The group started to move towards Mrs. Weasley, Ron, Hermione, Harry and Ginny, and soon it got hard to move as the group closed in around them.

As the group of admirers pressed in closer Harry drew out his wand, not an easy feat in the tightly packed crowd, and pointed it straight up. He silently sent a loud bang with gold sparks into the air. Everybody around him ducked, and was silent. "All of you," shouted Harry in an authoritative voice, "I want to be left alone. The next person that tries to get my autograph will be in St. Mungo's for a week." He glared at all the people that were slowly starting to rise. He saw a bit of fear on their faces, but a few of the faces showed a bit of respect.

Soon the crowd had dispersed, although there were some people that were pacing the five of them at a distance, and the small group of 5 was able to move again. "Wow Harry," said Hermione, "That's not the way I would have expected you to deal with a situation like that."

"Are you disapproving, or telling me that I did a good job?" asked Harry, a bit harsher than he wanted

to.

"Well, the fact that you did that with out uttering a word was pretty impressive," said Ron, "You haven't been able to do that yet have you?"

Harry was surprised for a moment that he had done a spell with out saying anything. "I've only done it a few times, and that was after a lot of concentration."

Hermione looked contemplative for the next few minutes it took them to get to Flourish and Blott's. Just before they stepped in the store she spoke up, "Harry I've been thinking..."

"Aren't you always," said Ron, giving his fiancé's hand a squeeze to show he was joking.

She continued on, only rolling her eyes at Ron's comment" ...and I think that the piece of Voldemort's soul that was removed from you was hindering you in some way. I think it was holding back your potential, not allowing you to access your full powers."

"But Dumbledore said that when Voldemort tried to kill me he accidentally gave me some of his power." said Harry as he opened the door to Flourish and Blott's.

"I know," said Hermione, "but by all accounts, your parents were extremely powerful witch and wizard themselves. You probably inherited that power, and some of their brains. It wouldn't surprise me if this year your grades got better and you're magic a bit more powerful."

"Why do you think that?" asked Harry, not really sure if he wanted to believe her or not.

"Well you inherited your father's skills on a broom." Said Ginny

"And both their loyalty and willingness to do what's right," said Mrs. Weasley.

Harry just nodded, "I hope you're right," he said as they started walking down the rows of shelves, looking for the books they needed.

They soon found all the books they needed and quickly paid. Hermione had found at least 10 extra books she wanted to read, all of which she bought. Ron got a small smile on his face and whispered in her ear, "You know you won't be able to read those at night any more."

Hermione blushed as Ron's breath drifted across her neck, "why not, I don't think I'll be all that occupied," she smiled as she walked away, leaving her fiancé standing in the middle of Flourish and Blott's with his mouth working to form words. Harry and Ginny burst out laughing as Ron ran after Hermione, still speechless.

Harry, Ron and Hermione needed all new tools and supplies for potions so they quickly stopped by the apothecary and picked up the ingredients they needed. Then they stopped by the adjacent store that sold potion kit. It again took all of Harry's will power to keep from buying a solid gold caldron and scale set. Instead he brought the pewter one that the list suggested, along with a new set of porcelain knives.

After they finished at the potions store they all stopped at Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions and got new school robes. There old ones had been destroyed or lost over the course of the last year.

They spent the rest of the day roaming the ally, looking in the various shops. Harry, Ron, Hermione, and even Ginny, were stopped every so often and were asked for an autograph.

The first time this happened Ron and Hermione were afraid that Harry was going to go off on the little girl that asked him for his autograph. But to their surprise he just smiled and signed the piece of parchment that was offered to him. The rest of the day went smoothly and the four celebrities became more and more accustomed to signing their names.

Towards the end of the day Hermione pulled Ron, Harry and Ginny in to a quill shop and insisted that

they all buy special quills for signing autographs. This caused Ron to laugh and comment about Hermione letting this celebrity status go to her head. "You're enjoying it as much as I am," she said to him as she led him deeper in to the shop.

Ron started to mumble something and Harry could only hear a few words of it. "So what...attention... out of bro....adows...."

Harry couldn't help but laugh. He took Ginny's hand and said, "Come on, let's go find some 'nice' quills so we can impress our adoring fans."

Ginny laughed, she knew Harry didn't really care what others thought of him, and neither did she. There was only one person whose opinion mattered to her, and that was Harry's. Regardless, she ran after her boyfriend; both of them knowing it was a contest to see who could find the most opulent and obnoxious quill possible.

They wandered through the shop for a few minutes before Ron picked up an opulent Peacock quill, and upon seeing the price said "Why don't we just ask George to charm a few quills into signing our names for us."

Hermione immediately put down the Eagle feather quill she was looking at and pulled Ron in to a kiss. When they broke apart Hermione said, "You can be absolutely brilliant sometimes." And with that she walked out of the store, humming.

"Only sometimes?" Ron called after her as he followed her out the door.

Harry and Ginny followed their two friends, waving to the clerk of the quill shop as they left. They followed them all the way down to WWW, where a large line had formed outside the open doors. Harry and Ginny saw Ron and Hermione trying to push through the crowd, with out much success.

Harry grabbed Ginny's hand, "Hold tight," he whispered in her ear, "I have an idea." And with that he turned on the spot, Apparating right into the back room of WWW.

He landed right next to a witch and a wizard looking at the defense supplies. The wizard was of average height, with medium length curly brown hair that was piled on the top of his head. The witch standing next to him was about the same height, and had straight dirty blond hair. Both of them were in their early twenties, at the most 25.

Harry looked over to see if Ginny had arrived in one piece, which she had, and when he looked back he found himself staring at the tips of two wands pointed right at his nose. He flinched back a bit as he reached for his own wand. But before his hand was half way to his pocket the wizard spoke.

"Don't make any stupid moves or I'll be forced to blow you half way to next year." The wizard spoke in a thick American accent and Harry wondered if he had found the new Hogwarts teachers.

"Hey," said Ginny, not reaching for her wand, "this is Harry Potter you're talking too, you know, the-boy-who-lived and all that."

The two wands that had been raised at Harry dropped a few inches, not that that was much of a comfort as they were still pointed at his chest. The witch seemed to study him for a moment, then her eyes lit up as they spotted the half hidden scar on his forehead.

"Marc, it really is him," the witch said in the same accent as the wizard. Harry figured that these must be the new teachers, after all, how many Americans with the name of Marc did you find around Diagon Alley.

"Um...Hi," said Harry, "If you two would lower your wands I'd be happy to introduce myself properly, I'd even sign an autograph or two if you wanted."

Marc laughed, and put his wand away, "Sorry about that," he said, "but you kind of startled us. I'm Marc Aquos by the way, and this is my wife Molly," he pointed at his wife.

"Hi," said Ginny as she reached out her hand, "we've heard a bit about you from Professor McGonagall. But we'd love to know a bit more."

"Oh," said Molly, "I hope Minerva hasn't portrayed us in a bad light."

"No, she said that you were very good," said Harry. Ginny just nodded.

It was Marc who spoke, "As much as I'd like to talk Dark Arts with you Harry, we have to get going. We're still settling in to the house in Hogsmead."

Harry smiled, "Good luck with that. We'll see you when the semester starts."

"Yes," smiled Molly, "you will." And with that she and her husband walked towards the counter to pay.

"Well, what do you think of them," said a voice right besides Harry's ear.

Harry reacted instantly; throwing his elbow back he felt soft tissue give way and heard the *wumph* of air leaving lungs. After that Harry took a large step forward as he pulled out his wand so that he would have more room to move. Harry turned around, his wand held at about chest level.

"George, are you ok," asked Ginny as she bent down to help her brother off the floor. She turned to Harry after she made sure George was alright, "Harry, what was that for?"

"Sorry," Harry said as he put his wand away, "I'm just a bit jumpy that's all."

"Well I guess in a situation like this it's better to over react than under react," said George, some color having come back to his face.

"Yeah, I guess," said Harry, his voice still a bit apologetic

George nodded and started towards the shop, motioning for Harry and Ginny to follow. "My question still stands. What do you think of them?"

"I can't be too sure about them until I see them teach," said Harry.

"They seem nice," said Ginny

"Marc was quick on the draw," said Harry, "I think he'll keep the lessons practical,"

"Let's hope so," said Ginny, "I can't take another year of 'theoretical lessons.'"

Harry voiced his agreement. "Hey, maybe you can start the DA up again if he's not going to give us practical lessons." Said Ginny

Ron and Hermione had walked up to them in the middle of the conversation. "Yeah," said Ron and Hermione at the same time.

"Who are we talking about," asked Ron

"The new teachers," said Ginny, "we just met them in the back room."

"Oh," said Ron

"Maybe I'll start it up again even if Marc teaches Practical lessons; since it won't be illegal this year we can meet in a classroom instead of the Room of Requirement."

"I thought you said it had been destroyed," said George as they walked out of the back room and into the main shop.

"No, I've been thinking about it and I think that if we word it right, we can bring it back," Harry said.

Upon seeing the confused look on the other's faces he continued. "Well since it's the Room of *Requirement*, if I was to ask it to give me a place where I can find what I left, it should pop up as the room filled with hidden stuff. And thus the Room is restored."

Harry looked around, Ron looked a bit confused, Ginny was smiling, Hermione had a look of deep contemplation on her face, and George was staring around the busy shop as though he hadn't been paying much attention.

"You know, that might work," said Hermione, "it sounds like sound magical theory to me. Harry this is probably another manifestation of your true talent coming out. Think about it, your mum and dad *were* the smartest witch and wizard of their day, there is no reason that you shouldn't be just as smart as them. I still maintain that that piece of Voldemort's soul was keeping you from your full potential."

"Maybe your right Hermione," said Harry, "but the only person whose answer I'd trust is Dumbledore's, and he's dead."

"What about his portrait," suggested Ron, "it's still in the headmistress' office. I'm sure McGonagall will let us speak with him if we ask nicely."

"Good idea Ron," said Hermione as she took his hand.

"Thanks," said Ron as he squeezed her hand in return.

"Two in one day," said Ginny with a smile, "it must be some kind of record."

Harry and George laughed, but Ron and Hermione didn't seem to notice. As Ron and Hermione leaned together Ginny whispered to Harry and George, "let's get out of here before they start kissing." Harry and George laughed softly and nodded in agreement.

## Chapter 22

9 days later Harry woke up next to Ginny. He smiled at her sleeping form and stroked her cheek with his hand. "Wake up love," he whispered softly.

"Five more minutes," she groaned.

"Ok," muttered Harry as he sat up, "but that means it'll be five more minutes before you can use magic out side of school."

Ginny sat bold upright and grabbed her wand off the bedside table. She looked around the room and pointed her wand at the door. Harry heard it click over and over again as she locked and unlocked it. Then she got up and summoned her bed cloths to her. After putting them on she summoned her robe and put that on also.

"Happy birthday love," said Harry when no owls came swooping in the window. He too got up and got his cloths, but in a more muggle fashion.

The two teenagers followed the smell of pancakes and bacon down the stairs in to the kitchen only to find the table piled with presents.

"Happy Birthday," everybody shouted as Ginny walked into the kitchen.

Ginny smiled at all of them, "and Good Morning to all of you," she said with a small smile.

Harry laughed at his girlfriend, "Go on Gin, open you're presents."

Ginny looked at the small pile of gifts sitting on the table. She took the one off the top of the pile and looked at the note on top; it was from Ron and Hermione. She ripped the paper off and found a book about the Holly Head Harpies, her favorite Quidditch team. She thanked her brother and his girlfriend and than grabbed the next gift. This one was from Charley; he had gotten her a pair of dragon scale earrings. After that she opened the gift from Bill and Fleur, they had opened a bank account at Gringots for her, and given her the key as a present.

The next gift was from George and Angelina, who weren't at the Burrow this morning because the shop was so busy; they had given her a large box of WWW products along with a note saying, "*Carry on Fred's legacy, and give Filch a hell of a year.*" The box had large gold letters on top, saying *The Fred Weasley Special: all the favorites of Fred Weasley*. Ginny smiled, it was the perfect way to pay tribute to Fred.

After this there were only two gifts left, one from Harry and one from her parents. She opened the one from her parents first, it was a watch, much like the ones Harry and Ron had gotten on their 17th birthdays, but a bit smaller and better suited for a girl. She thanked her parents, both of whom had tears in their eyes, and put the watch on her left wrist. Then she took the last present from the table.

Ginny held Harry's present in her hand for a few seconds before opening it. It was a small purple box that was about the size of her hand, and it was tied with a bright orange ribbon. She pulled on the bow of the ribbon and let it fall away. Then she took the top off of the box to find a golden charm bracelet staring up at her. There were two charms hanging off of it already. The left one was a golden 17, the one to the right was a golden F. She took it out of the box and tried to put it on her right wrist. She had trouble with the clasp because her hands were shaking, and it was only with the help of Harry's steady hands that she was able to get the clasp done.

Harry held her hand when he was done and Ginny looked up in to his eyes. "The 17 is obviously for your 17th birthday and the F is for Fred." Harry heard a soft sob from Mrs. Weasley and feared that he had been too bold with the F shaped charm, but when he looked over he saw her smiling. He looked at

Ginny to make sure that he hadn't been wrong with the charms; she too was smiling, and had tears welling in the corner of her eyes. Harry reached up with his free hand and gently brushed the tears away with his thumb.

"It's beautiful," breathed Ginny as she squeezed his hand. Harry just nodded as the two stared deeply into each others eyes.

Suddenly there was a loud *thunk* on the table that broke the spell. Harry looked in the direction of the noise and saw a plate piled high with pancakes sitting in the middle of the table.

A bit later everybody was eating and talking about the rest of the day, "So, what are you two planning to do today?" Mrs. Weasley asked Harry and Ginny.

Harry smiled and said, "Well I was able to get two tickets to the Holly Head Harpies game against the Chudley Cannons. There not box seats, but there ok. So Gin, it's up to you, I can either give the tickets to Ron and Hermione, or you and I can go."

Ginny laughed, "You really think it's much of a choice, I want to go to the match."

Harry smiled, "good, because you're mum's already got food ready and packed," Harry said as Mrs. Weasley put a large basket on the table, "and if we want to get there with enough time to see the teams warming up we have to leave in the next hour." Both Ginny and Harry jumped up and rushed upstairs to change. They arrived back downstairs in record time.

As the two of them pulled their cloaks on Mrs. Weasley handed Harry the basket and said, "Remember, you said you'd be back in time for dinner."

Harry nodded as he took the basket. He waved to the other people in the kitchen, most of who were still in pajamas, and together with Ginny walked out the door.

Once outside Harry grabbed Ginny's hand tightly and turned on the spot, Apparating to the Quidditch match. They arrived on a large moor that was covered in fog. Not to far away they could see the out line of a small hill.

As Ginny and Harry walked forward a small witch in gray robes seemed to materialize out of the fog. "Welcome to Hollyhead stadium," she said as she reached towards them, "If you'd just show me your tickets I'll get you seated soon. You two are lucky; you're here in time to see the teams warm up."

"It was planned that way," said Harry as he handed her the tickets.

The witch took the tickets and looked at them, "ah, right in the middle of the pitch," said the witch. She was about to hand the tickets back when she let out a little yelp. "Oh my, you're Harry Potter," she breathed. Harry saw her eyes go to the lightning scar on his forehead. Then she looked over at Ginny and said, "And that would make you Ginny Weasley." Ginny just nodded. "Well right this way," said the witch as she started off toward the hill.

Harry and Ginny followed, both of them getting excited. When they were about half way to the hill the witch stopped and took out her wand. Then she walked over to a large rock that was sitting in the middle of the moor and tapped it twice. The rock sunk into the ground to reveal a large passage way.

The witch motioned for the two of them to enter the passage way, "just follow the tunnel to the end and somebody will help you find you're seats."

Harry and Ginny obeyed and as the rock started to close behind them they could hear the witch saying, "oh, Harry Potter and Ginny Weasley, what a cute couple." Harry rolled his eyes and Ginny couldn't help but giggle as they made their way down the tunnel.

As they walked down the tunnel they started to get a good glimpse of the stadium beyond. Harry could

see a golden railing on the edge of the walk way. The ground was a good 50 feet below their level. Looking past the pitch Harry saw that the stadium was nearly 100 feet high.

He saw the goal hoops at each end of the pitch, they were not the traditional all gold color that Harry was used to, instead the poles that held the hoops were dark green while the hoops themselves were gold with the same dark green color spiraling around it. The paint job had a striking effect, making the hoops look smaller than they actually were. Most of the seats were painted the same dark green as the hoops, but some were painted gold and spelled out Hollyhead Harpies.

When they arrived at the end of the tunnel they were greeted by an old witch wearing green robes with the word USHER stenciled on the back with gold thread. "Hello, welcome to Hollyhead stadium," she said. She held out her hand for their tickets, and after Harry had given them to her she took them to their seats.

They were seated about mid way up the stadium, right at the height where most of the action would take place, right on the center line of the pitch. "Wow Harry," exclaimed Ginny as she looked out at the stadium, "these are great seats."

The witch looked the two of them over, "you are Harry Potter, I knew it," she said.

Harry sighed and nodded, "Yes, I'm Harry Potter," he said.

"I just wanted to make sure," said the witch, "Miss. Jones thought that you might show up with Mrs. Weasley some time over the summer and she has asked to see the two of you on the field."

Both Harry and Ginny just looked at the witch in amazement. Then the witch beckoned for the two to follow her and started towards the pitch, where several figures clad in dark green robes with a large gold talon on the front were just emerging from the tunnel that obviously led to the changing rooms.

The witch waved at the group of players and one waved back. The player started towards them and met them about 5 rows back from the pitch. "Ah, Harry, Ginny, it's nice to see the two of you again, we didn't get enough of a chance to talk at Professor Slughorn's party."

Both Harry and Ginny stuck out their hands to shake the Quidditch captain's. "It's nice to see you again also Miss. Jones," said Ginny as the usher walked away.

"Please, call me Gwen," said the Captain. She turned so she was facing Ginny directly, "Ginny, have you given any more thought to my offer?" she asked.

Ginny looked at her with slight amazement on her face. "A little," she said, "But to tell the truth, my mind has been on other things in the past year and a half."

"That's understandable," said Gwenog, "but please think about it, one of our chasers is retiring at the end of the season and we're looking for a new one. If you're still interested I'd be glad to let you practice with the team and see how you fit in."

Harry saw Ginny's face light up at this. It had always been her dream to play Quidditch professionally, and to get the offer from her favorite player was probably the best thing to happen to her ever.

She looked at Harry, almost pleading to go, "you don't have to ask me," He said, "it's your choice."

Ginny just smiled, "I'd love to fly with you," said Ginny, the words practically exploding from her mouth, "But I don't have a broom."

"Don't worry, we have plenty," laughed Gwenog as she indicated the twenty or so broomsticks in a cart on the pitch. "They're not the Firebolt that we play on, but the Nimbus 2002 is a good broom to warm up on."

She led Ginny down to the pitch and Harry went back up to their seats. He watched as Ginny and Gwenog mounted brooms and kicked off, joining the 6 other flying forms. A minute later the balls were released and Ginny and three other figures dived to get the Quaffle. Ginny got there first, scooping the Quaffle out of mid air only a few feet above the ground and then heading off for the goal post Qwenog was guarding. She flew straight at the goal and took careful aim, and then let the Quaffle fly. Gwenog went right, straight into the Quaffle's path, but at the last second the Quaffle curved to the left and went through the next hoop. Harry cheered loudly as the other players stopped to stare at Ginny, Gwenog Jones was one of the best keepers in the league, and Ginny, a 7th year, had just scored on her.

Qwenog nodded as she retrieved the Quaffle and threw it back to Ginny. Qwenog then pointed to two of the Chasers, who started to fly around and pass the Quaffle back and fourth with Ginny. Quickly Ginny and the other chasers came in to a formation and were streaking toward the Goal Hoops. Ginny took a shot, which was blocked, barely, by Qwenog.

This went on for almost an hour, by which point the stadium was almost a quarter full. Ginny was making about a third of the shots she took, and she was playing perfectly. After one particular goal, in which Ginny had rushed in and jumped off the broom to throw the Quaffle in, Gwenog motioned to the ground and the two landed. They stood talking for a few minutes and then Ginny started back to the seats.

When she arrived Harry was greeted by a huge grin. "How'd it go," he asked.

"It went great," said Ginny, "the team was really impressed with me, and so was Gwen. She said that if I played well this year at Hogwarts the Chaser position was mine."

"That's great Gin," Harry exclaimed as a smile spread across his face.

After this the rest of the afternoon went much as Harry had suspected. The Quidditch match was over quickly, it took the Hollyhead Seeker only an hour to catch the snitch. The Chudley Cannons didn't score a single time, and their Seeker was flying in the wrong direction when the snitch was caught. In the end the Harpies won 600 to 0, a record margin.

Harry couldn't understand why the Chudley Cannons were still allowed to play professionally, he was positive that the Gryffindor team could beat them, with Neville playing Keeper.

Ginny explained that the Cannons were kept in the league for comic relief and that every once in a while they accidentally acquired a good player and won a game.

After the match was over Harry and Ginny apparated to the Ministry of Magic, where Ginny took her apparition test, and passed with flying colors. Then they ate lunch at one of the many new cafés that had opened in Diagon Alley and spent some time walking around 'window shopping' as Ginny called it.

It was nearly five o'clock when Ginny suggested that they go back to the Burrow for dinner. When they arrived they found that the yard had been decorated just like it had for Harry's birthday. Looking around Ginny saw her whole family getting everything set up, the only thing missing was Fred.

After a few minutes of looking on Mrs. Weasley finally noticed Harry and Ginny standing in the yard and she quickly went over to them. "Hello you two," she said as they started towards her, "how was the match?"

"It was great mum," said Ginny as her mother pulled first her and then Harry into tight embraces. Once her mother had released her and Harry Ginny said, "We'll tell everybody about it over dinner, but right now, I want to go upstairs and get changed."

Mrs. Weasley just nodded, "of course dear," she said. Then she turned to Harry and said, "Why don't you help Ron finish setting up, then you can go change also."

"I'll be happy to," said Harry as he started to go inside to help.

Ginny was up in her room for only a half hour, getting changed and making sure she looked nice. When she came down she found only Harry waiting in the kitchen for her.

"Hey," he said as he got up and took her in his arms, "happy birthday."

"You've already said that to me," Ginny said as she returned the hug, resting her head on his chest.

"I know," he said as he rested his chin on her head, "but I wanted to say it again."

"Ok," said Ginny as they released each other.

The two of them walked outside hand in hand, both hungry and ready to eat Mrs. Weasley's amazing food.

Soon dinner was in full swing and Harry and Ginny were having a great time describing the match to everybody. Ginny was telling everybody about the offer from Gwenog Jones when Mrs. Weasley brought out the cake. It was in the shape of a giant Quaffle, it was nearly the same height as Harry. Once again Harry was amazed at Mrs. Weasley's ability to cook.

"Mrs. Weasley," started Harry after the cake had been served, "you make some amazing things. After Ron and Ginny move out you should really consider going into the catering business."

Mrs. Weasley blushed as she took a bite of her cake, and after she had finished chewing she said, "Oh, my food isn't that good, people would never pay me to make food."

"No mum," said George, "your food is amazing, I think it's a great idea."

"No, I'm fine making food for this family," said Mrs. Weasley, "plus I wouldn't know the first thing about running a catering business." And with that she gave everybody at the table a look that clearly said she was done talking about the suggestion.

After a while George and Angelina said they needed to get back to the shop to restock and get reset for the next morning. This started to brake up the party. After George and Angelina left, Bill and Fleur left also, saying they were tired and needed to go to work the next day.

Mr. Weasley, Percy and Charley helped Mrs. Weasley clean up while Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione sat in the living room talking. After a while Mr. Weasley and Charley joined them, Percy and Mrs. Weasley said that they wanted to get to bed early.

The six spent a few hours talking about Quidditch and how the league was doing. Harry, Ron and Ginny spent some of the time coming up with new strategies to give the Gryffindor team a better chance of winning the Quidditch cup.

"We could just incapacitate the other teams," suggested Ron after nearly an hour and a half, "that would guarantee that we win."

"They'd have to stay incapacitated for the whole year," said Ginny, "otherwise the match would just be rescheduled."

"I knew that," muttered Ron

"Of course you did dear," said Hermione as she got up and started to leave. "I'm going to bed, good night."

"I think I'll come with you," said Ron as he too got up.

Mr. Weasley was asleep in one of the chairs that were facing the fire, and Charley had gone upstairs to go to bed about half an hour ago.

"I guess that just leaves the too of us," said Harry. "What do you want to do?" he asked.

"Well we could always go to bed ourselves," said Ginny seductively.

"I like that idea," said Harry as he and Ginny got up. The two headed upstairs and into Ginny's room. When they got inside Harry shut the door and took Ginny in his arms, "Happy birthday love," he said as he reached in-between her legs and started to rub her. He immediately felt the fabric of her jeans get wet as her pussy released its juices. "Let's get these pants off of you," he said as he undid her pants with the hand that had been rubbing her.

Ginny mimicked Harry's actions and soon had his pants off as well. They both took off their shirts and started moving towards the bed as they kissed passionately.

Harry gingerly let his finger tip brush over Ginny's clit. Almost immediately Ginny's legs buckled slightly and a long low groan escaped her throat and she begged, "P-please, suck me!"

Harry moaned softly to himself as he carefully pushed Ginny's puffy lips from around the erect organ. "I love you Gin," he said as he rubbed a finger along her slit.

"I love you too Harry," Ginny breathed, then she grabbed his lower arm and said, "Now please, do me!" as she tried to move his hand back to her clit.

Harry sniffed in the aroma of Ginny's super heated pussy, and after taking another deep breath leaned forward and sucked the little nub into his warm mouth.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh fuck that's good!" Ginny moaned while grabbing Harry by the back of the head to keep him firmly in place. "T-thatta boy, suck my huge clit, make me cum!!"

Harry shoved his tongue into over drive and scraped it roughly over Ginny's super hard clit. Then he stuck two fingers inside her tunnel and started to move them around. After a few minutes Ginny's thighs and Harry's face were gleaming with Ginny's juices and Harry decided that it was time to add another finger.

As he slipped another finger in to Ginny's already stuffed tunnel she moaned and started to buck her hips towards Harry. "Harry, fist me," she managed to moan out.

Harry quickly complied, shoving his last two fingers into his girlfriend's twat. Ginny felt a wave of pleasure wash over her as Harry's fingers hit a perfect spot. "Right there Harry," she practically screamed.

Harry stopped sucking her for a few seconds and smiled, "right here?" he asked as he touched her just above the spot.

"No," she said

"Here?" this time it was to the left

"No," she moaned

"Here?" to the right.

"No," she whimpered.

"Oh," he came up and kissed her softly, "you mean here." And with that he started to rub ferociously at the spot. Then he went back down and started to lick and play with her clit with his tongue.

This sent her over the edge, inducing what was an incredibly stunning orgasm from Ginny's over heated cunt!! As her orgasm overtook her Ginny felt a familiar feeling of pressure down in her pussy, then suddenly she exploded, shooting a stream of her juices in to Harry's open mouth.

Harry was surprised, but he still got every drop of it. He pulled his slick hand out of Ginny and moved so that he was face to face with her.

Ginny's body was still in the midst of orgasm and her tunnel was clenched tightly, but none the less Harry shoved his huge hard dick into her. He started to fuck her with the speed and force of a piston. He went hard and fast, keeping her in the midst of orgasm for the next 10 minutes. Finally Ginny felt him tense up as he emptied himself into, causing her to squirt yet again. She screamed as she came, and for the next minute and a half Ginny felt closer to Harry than she ever had before.

Ginny tumbled back onto the bed panting like a steam locomotive as her blood pressure began to return to normal. "That... was... amazing," she moaned as Harry collapsed next to her and wrapped his arms around her. "I love you so much."

"I know," he said as they both settled in to get a good night's sleep.

## **Chapter 23**

The next few weeks went by fast and before they knew it Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were being woken up by a screaming Mrs. Weasley saying, "Get you're trunks down here now, you have to be there by 10 and it's almost 9 now."

"We'll be down in a minute mum," shouted Ron, his hair short again, he had been forced to cut his hair after his mother said that it would look more appropriate for the ceremony. Hermione had agreed, and later told him that it had started to, 'get in the way.'

"Ron, why don't you just Apparate downstairs with that," said Hermione, indicating the trunk he was dragging. Then with a small pop she and her trunk were gone, leaving Ron standing on the landing alone.

Ron concentrated and turned. Suddenly he was sitting in the middle of the kitchen holding his trunk. "Hi Ron," said Ginny as she and Harry came downstairs, both of them carrying their trunks with apparent ease.

"Hi," muttered Ron as he sat down to breakfast. Turning to his mother Ron said, "Mum, what's the hurry, we're apparating to Kings Cross, we could leave at 10 o'clock and still get there on time."

"I know," said Mrs. Weasley, "but you still need to be ready to go by 10 o'clock. And knowing you, you'll have to come back for something or another."

"Hey, I'm not that forgetful," protested Ron, "I packed everything I need." he finished.

"He did Mrs. Weasley, I even checked to make sure," said Hermione.

"Did you pack underwear?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Mum!!" exclaimed Ron.

"Ron, it could be worse," said Hermione, "I could be the one asking."

Ron blushed at this, not because of what Hermione said, but because she had asked him the exact same question only the night before. "Well for your information, I had everything packed before Hermione looked over my stuff to make sure." Ron stabbed his fork into a plate of sausage to accent his words, and when he pulled the fork back he had three sausages on his fork. He took a bite of each before putting the fork down on his plate and picking up his juice.

Harry and Ginny couldn't help but chuckle at Ron's anger.

"Did you all pack your dress robes for the ball tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

Ron and Hermione looked at each other, and then simultaneously bolted for the stairs. Five minutes later they each came downstairs with a bundle of cloth draped over their arms. Ron's new dress robes were deep red, and had no frilly lace on them. Hermione hadn't bothered to get new dress robes. Instead she had bought a dress that was the color of dried blood, close to Ron's but a shade or two darker.

The two quickly put their nice clothes in their trunks and then endured Mrs. Weasley running down the list of things that they would need for their final year. After all was said and done the only thing that the couple had forgotten had been their nice clothes. By 9:45 everybody was ready to go.

"Alright you four," said Mrs. Weasley as she put on her light jacket, "Ron, you go first, then Hermione, then Ginny and finally Harry. I'll go last to make sure nothing gets left behind."

Harry knew she meant trunks or other things but he couldn't help looking over at Ron and giving him a small teasing smile, "she means you mate," he said, "she wants to make sure you get there in...one

piece."

Ginny tried to conceal a smile behind her hand, as did Hermione. Hermione was more successful at it than Ginny.

"Right, like you've never done any thing wrong," muttered Ron as he grabbed the handle of his trunk. He took a deep breath and then turned on the spot, and with a soft pop he was gone, all of him. Hermione went next, her pop a bit softer than Ron's. Then Ginny went, and finally it was Harry's turn.

Harry closed his eyes and concentrated on the mental image of Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ . He still saw it as he had for the first time. He saw the scarlet engine sitting on the tracks. He saw the steam rising from the smoke stack. He even saw some of his friends wandering around the platform. Of course this was all in his mind. He knew that when he got there today the platform would be empty for a while. He turned on the spot, for a few milliseconds it felt as if the arm holding his trunk was going to be torn off at the shoulder, then abruptly the squeezing feeling stopped and he landed with a muffled thud.

Harry opened his eyes and found that he was looking at an almost exact copy of the mental picture he had of the Platform. He saw the scarlet engine sitting on the tracks. He saw the steam rising from the smoke stack. The only other people on the platform were Ron, Hermione and Ginny, all of whom were already getting their trunks on to the train.

Looking around Harry saw 4 other figures on the platform. None of them were dressed the same, and yet Harry knew they were working together. He pulled out his wand, and watched as the four figures tensed up. He pointed his wand at his trunk and levitated it towards the train.

Once inside Harry quickly found the compartment that he Ginny, Ron and Hermione would be sharing. It was a large compartment, taking up one whole side of the first car. Across the hall from them were four compartments that housed the prefects, one compartment for each house.

When Harry stepped inside he found that the compartment had been magically enhanced so that it was the size of a normal room. He also looked around and saw that there were partitions that would split the cabin in to two equal parts. Harry assumed that this was to give each head student some amount of privacy. Harry lifted his trunk along with Amor's cage into the luggage rack. Then he motioned for his friends to follow him.

Once outside the car they were greeted by Mrs. Weasley, who was also looking at the four figures wandering around. "Well, I don't think I've ever seen the platform this empty before," Said Mrs. Weasley.

Harry nodded, "yeah, it's empty except for the four Ministry wizards that are wondering around trying to look inconspicuous."

The four 'normal' looking wizards stopped and turned towards Harry. One, who had dirty blond hair, asked, "Are we really that obvious?"

"Yeah," said Ginny and Harry together. "I can understand dressing like that," Harry indicated their clothing, "to blend in with a crowd and it probably would have worked. But right now there's nobody here, a disillusionment charm and hiding in the shadows would have worked just fine," Harry concluded.

The four wizards, probably Aurors or department of magical law enforcement, just stared at him. "Wow, he really is that good," said a younger one who had dark brown hair.

"Yeah, I am," said Harry, "now who are you and why are you here," he crossed his arms, showing them that he still had his wand in hand and was ready to use it.

The blond stuck his hand out, "I'm Rob Smith, that's Lewis Roberts, that's John Junston, we call him JJ,

and that's Billy Dornos." He indicated the brown haired man first, then the one with black hair a shade lighter than Harry's and finally to one with auburn hair. All three stuck out their hands and shook first Harry's, then Ron's, then Hermione's, then Ginny's, and finally Mrs. Weasley's hand.

"That's great, but why are you here?" asked Harry again.

"Oh, as you guessed were from the ministry. Minister Shacklebolt sent us to make sure nothing goes wrong on the platform," said JJ. He was a tall man, almost 6 and a half feet, and his frame was covered in muscle.

"Oh my, are you expecting an attack?" asked Mrs. Weasley looking around as if a monster or death eater would leap out of the shadows.

"No ma'am," said JJ quickly, "it's just a safety precaution."

Harry just nodded, "alright, why don't you go on board, I don't think parents would like it if they walked in and saw four strange men wondering around the platform."

"Actually we're not supposed to get on the train, we're just supposed to guard the platform and make sure that nothing goes wrong here. It's up to the four of you to make sure nothing goes wrong on the train." Said Rob

"Ok," said Harry, "wait, what department are you four from?"

"We're Aurors," said Billy.

"Well you guys aren't very good," said Ginny

"We're in training," said Lewis, "The ministry is taking almost anybody for the job right now. Minister Shacklebolt is acting as the Head of the department for a bit until he can find somebody else and he's using on the job training to help us along."

"Oh," said Harry, "well...I'm sure the four of you will make good Aurors...someday." Harry didn't think that these four would be much use to the Auror department, but who knew what they would be like after a bit of training and experience.

The four went off to hide in the shadows as Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione said good buy to Mrs. Weasley. "Now, don't forget, the rest of the family will be there tomorrow morning around 10 o'clock. Ginny, Hermione, make sure Harry and Ron stay out of trouble." She looked the four of them over with a proud smile on her face and tears in her eyes. "I can't believe the four of you are going off to you're last year. It seems like just yesterday that Harry came up to us and asked how to get on to the platform."

"Well if it was just yesterday than it's been a really really long day, and we should all probably get some sleep," said Ginny with a small smile. Harry chuckled, but Ron and Hermione just groaned.

"Good bye mum," said Ron after a few seconds of silence. He leaned in to give her a hug, and then was crushed as Harry, Ginny, and Hermione joined him in Mrs. Weasley's arms. A few minutes later and the four of them had been released. Mrs. Weasley gave one last wave and then turned on the spot and was gone with a small pop.

"Come on you guys," said Hermione as she started towards the train, "let's get changed before people start arriving." Harry, Ron and Ginny followed quickly.

They arrived back in their large compartment and they closed the partition. Harry and Ginny got dressed on one side and Ron and Hermione on the other. Harry couldn't help but stare as Ginny's plaid skirt slid over her rounded ass. "Gin, you are absolutely amazing."

"I know," she said as she looked over her shoulder at him, "but now's not the time. Why don't you put

your pants on the rest of the way or you're going to scare the little children, and possibly some of the older ones also."

"Wha..." Harry looked down and saw that he had his pants only half on, and that his boxers were bulging in a very telling way, "Oh," he said as he pulled his pants on the rest of the way. He pulled on his school robes and pinned the Head Boy badge on his left lapel, and the Quidditch captain one on his right lapel. He smoothed down the front of his robes and turned to Ginny, "how do I look?" he asked only half joking.

"You look fine," she said as she came over to him, "but I'm biased."

Harry laughed as Ginny leaned into his arms. He kissed her lightly on the top of her head as he folded his arms around her. The two of them just stood there like that for a few minutes until the partition opened and Hermione said, "There are a few kids outside now. I think we should split up, two of us on the platform and two of us on the train, just to make sure nothing goes wrong and to help people who need it."

"And make sure that the four idiots out there are really Aurors, and that they don't cause any problems," said Ron.

"That too," said Hermione softly

Harry nodded, it made sense to him, "Ginny and I will take the train and the two of you can take the platform," he said as he released Ginny, keeping a hold on her hand. He felt a bit of cold metal touch his wrist as his and Ginny's hands intertwined, he looked down and saw that it was Ginny's charm bracelet; she had worn it in everyday since Harry had given it to her, saying that it was always good to have a reminder with her. When Hermione had asked her if it was a reminder of Harry's love or of Fred Ginny had simply replied, "Yes."

In the next two hours the four friends watched first the platform and then the train start to fill with students. They saw many of their friends including Luna, Dean, Seamus, and Neville, all of whom were going back.

When the train started to move Harry, Ginny, Ron, and Hermione were all sitting in the Head Student's compartment. They had all been trying to keep order on the train for the last half hour, and in the last 10 minutes even Hermione had given up, huffing back to the compartment, practically jinxing a third year that got in her way.

They had all been stopped by Professor Slughorn when he arrived. He had invited them to join him in his compartment for a first meeting of the slug club. Harry, Ginny and Hermione all showed little enthusiasm for the meeting, But Ron, who hadn't been included in their 6th year, was just a bit too excited for either Harry or Ginny to handle. "Imagine, meeting a real vampire," said Ron after Harry had told him the story of the Christmas party to try and curb his friends excitement.

"Hermione, you try talking to him," groaned Ginny as she leaned into Harry's chest.

"I don't think he'll listen to me either," she giggled.

At that moment there was a knock on the compartment door. Ron got up to see who it was, the idiotic grin still spread across his face. He looked out the window and after a second opened the door.

In walked Neville and a person with a magazine for a head. "Hey guys," said Neville as he looked around the large compartment.

"Hey Neville," said Hermione as she got up to greet him and the magazine, "what brings you two down here?"

"Oh, we just wanted to say hello," said the magazine. Harry immediately recognized the voice of Luna, which made sense since the magazine was a copy of the *Quibbler*; the magazine of which Luna's father was the Editor and publisher.

"This is an amazing compartment," said Neville as he looked around. Hermione offered him a seat and when he sank down into the plush chair he gave a sigh of comfort.

"I know," said Harry as he leaned back into the couch he and Ginny were sharing, "they're really really comfortable."

Luna apparently finished the article she was reading because she rolled up the magazine and put it the pocket of her robe. Harry looked at her and noticed that she wore her hair in a ponytail, a look he hadn't seen her sporting before.

"Wow Luna," said Ginny, "you look really nice with you're hair like that."

"Thanks," muttered Luna, blushing a bit.

"That's what I told her," said Neville as he looked over at her, "but it still took me a week to get her to go out in public with it up like that."

Harry looked over Neville's head at Hermione, and could see that she seemed just as shocked as he was. He had never expected Neville and Luna to go out, if anything, Harry would have expected Luna to be courting Dean Thomas. But he supposed that Neville and Luna had been through a lot together, along with Ginny they seemed to create a subtle reflection of Ron, Hermione, and Harry's friendship. Harry would go so far as to call them the Silver Trio, a small parody on the nickname that the press had given to Hermione, Ron and himself. After all, it was Ginny, Luna and Neville that had gone with him, Ron and Hermione to the Ministry in their 5th year.

"Well I think it looks great," said Hermione.

"Thanks," Luna said as a small smile crept across her face.

"Any way, we just came to say hi," said Neville as he got up, "but I think we're going to go now."

"Oh, Harry," said Luna as she and Neville walked towards the door, "are we going to have DA meetings this year?"

Harry hadn't expected the question, "I'm not sure we'll need them," said Harry in response

"Oh, come on Harry," said Neville as he opened the door, "I learned more from you in fifth year than all other years combine."

"I'll think about it," said Harry, "I'll let you know tomorrow after the re-opening ceremony."

Both Neville and Luna nodded and left.

Ron and Hermione sat back down on their chair and not a minute later there was another knock on the door. This time Denis Creevey stuck his head in the door.

"Oh, Hi Denis," said Harry, "why are you here?"

"Well the prefects want to know when you're starting the info meeting; some of us want to get back to our friends." Said Denis as he pointed over his shoulder.

"Oh, congratulations on getting Prefect," said Hermione, "we should be starting in the next 10 minutes."

"Ok," said Denis, "I'll tell the others."

10 minutes later the prefects filed into the Head Student's compartment and Hermione started.

"Welcome everybody," she said; "I think you all know who we are," everybody nodded. "Good, that means we can dispense with introductions. I assume you all know what prefects do by now," with another nod from every prefect in the room Hermione smiled and continued, "then all that has to be done is to give you the list of passwords," Harry and Ron started handing out the list of passwords for all the common rooms, "and to let you know the special circumstances that will surround the first night at the school." At this Hermione launched into an explanation of what would be happening at the school that night.

"All students will be brought to the castle as normal, but instead of going in to the great hall for a beginning of term feast they will be brought to their house common rooms, by all of you, and will be served food there. The new first years will be sorted privately and then Ron, Harry, Ginny or I will bring them to their new dormitories." Hermione looked at all the prefects gathered in the room, 24 in all, and when she thought that they all understood she continued, "we will distribute a schedule concerning hall way patrol, usually it will be two prefects from each house along with one head student and a few teachers that will be patrolling the halls, but for the first night it will be all teachers." The prefects nodded again, "alright, well that's about it. Please try to keep order on the train while we are traveling. If you need anything, there will be at least one of us in this compartment at all times." Hermione nodded, dismissing all the prefects with that simple gesture.

A few minutes after the prefects left the witch who drove the food cart came around. "Good I'm starving," said Ron as he fished in his pocket for the last of his gold.

The witch stopped him, "no, Head students get a free lunch," said the witch. She waved her wand and a tray with four large, meat packed, sandwiches floated to the coffee table in the center of the room. There was also a small pile of chocolate frogs on the tray, "I thought you might like the chocolate frogs," said the witch, "They're among the first batch to carry the Battle of Hogwarts cards." As Harry dug around in his pocket for some money to pay the witch for the frogs she held up a hand, "No, those are on me."

Harry picked up one of the chocolate frog boxes and opened it. He reflexively grabbed the frog as it jumped out and bit its head off. Then he reached out and took the card that was in the bottom of the box. He looked at it and dropped his frog, which took one measly leap in to the center of the table before crawling another few centimeters and coming to a halt. "Ron, I don't think you have this card," said Harry

"You got an Agrippa," said Ron excitedly, "I'll give you what ever you want, and I just need that one to complete my collection."

"and what would that get you?" asked Hermione,

"A life time supply of chocolate frogs," said Ron. Hermione let out a short laugh and covered her mouth as a small piece of food shot out.

"What it would be quite an accomplishment," said Ron, "only one other person has done it in the last 100 years?"

"No," said Harry, "I think you'll have to collect a few more cards." He turned the card to show Ron, Hermione and Ginny, on it was his face, smiling back at them and waving. Then he turned the card over and read out loud,

### HARRY POTTER (1980- )

#### THE BOY WHO LIVED

Potter is known for twice surviving the killing curse, and is the only wizard known to survive it even once. He is also known for the defeat of the Dark Wizard Voldemort in 1998 at the Final Battle of

Hogwarts, for which he was awarded the Order of Merlin First Class. He is a particularly good Seeker. The others burst out laughing and each of them grabbed a handful of frogs. They started opening them, not even trying to get the frogs, and soon the compartment was littered with discarded rappers, and frogs that were still twitching. Within the hour they had a full set of the 'battle of Hogwarts' release. They had Harry Potter, Hermione Granger, the whole Weasley Family, including Fred, Remus Lupine, Nymphadora Tonks, Severus Snape, Neville Longbottom, Luna Lovegood, the rest of the DA, Kingsley Shacklebolt, Hagrid, Professor McGonagall, Professor Slughorn, Professor Flitwick, Grawp, and even Dobby. In all about 50 cards.

Hermione was particularly excited about Dobby's and Grawp's cards because she said it was the first time that any being that wasn't human had gotten a card. Her card also mentioned SPEW and she had decided that that would help 'put SPEW on the map.'

Ron was both overjoyed with his card and a bit embarrassed, because he was wearing maroon in the picture. "I still need Agrippa," said Ron after they had finished opening the frogs.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door, "that's either our friends, coming to ask if we've seen the new cards, or it's a group of admirers coming to ask the same question, and wanting them signed." Said Harry casually as he flipped through some of the cards.

Ginny looked through the door, "it's admirers," said Ginny. She opened the door and shouted, "Go away, we want to be left alone." When that didn't work she said that she would take points from houses, and when that didn't work she cast around for something soft to pelt them with; she saw the twitching frogs and got an evil smile on her face.

Harry followed Ginny's gaze and instantly realized what her idea was, "Gin, you're an evil genius," said Harry as he kissed her.

"I know, I learned from the best," she said paraphrasing a line from Fred and George's CF cards, 'the best pranksters that Hogwarts has ever seen and Genii (*plural of Genius for those of you who haven't read Artemis Fowl*) when it comes to pranks'.

Harry and Ginny pointed their wands at the floor and made all the chocolate frogs fly into the air. Then Ginny flung the door open and all the frogs flew out into the hallway before anybody could even say anything. Ginny closed the door quickly, causing the last frog to splat into it and make a large brown stain on the door. "Whoops," she said, and then burst out laughing, and was soon joined by Harry, Ron and even Hermione.

The crowd outside began to disperse, all of them with chocolate frog residue on them.

About half an hour later there was another knock at the door, but this time it was accompanied by a craggy voice. "May I come in?" asked the voice of Professor Slughorn.

"Great," muttered Harry, "just what I wanted. Are there any more Chocolate Frogs left?" Ginny laughed silently at Harry and Hermione rolled her eyes and went to open the door.

As Hermione opened the door she said, "of course you can come in Prof. . . ." She stopped mid word as she saw that it wasn't only Professor Slughorn, but also about 20 other students along with him.

Professor Slughorn looked over his shoulder as he saw Hermione's surprised gaze, "oh, I thought that we could have the first meeting of the Slug Club in here this year," said Professor Slughorn as his belly proceeded him and the rest of the students into the Head Student's compartment. "There are just so many people this year; I just didn't see how we could all fit in one tiny compartment. And since all four of you are members, well I just thought. . ."

"Of course Professor," said Harry as he sat up, "it was a bit cramped in your compartment two years

ago wasn't it?"

Ginny gave him a surprised look and whispered in his ear, "After your comment a moment ago I would have thought you would be trying to kick him out immediately."

He leaned over and whispered right back in hers, "well, I figure that there's not much I can do about it right now, so it's better to go with the flow."

Ginny just smiled and nodded as if Harry had whispered something sensual in her ear.

Slughorn boomed with laughter, "ah, young love," he said as he sat down in one of the plush chairs, "I remember when I was back in school..." and he was off, reminiscing about some girl he had dated in his seventh year.

For the next hour the twenty plus students sat in the compartment and listened to Slughorn's stories of the celebrity couples that he had introduced. By the end of it Harry wasn't sure if he had been living a nightmare, or actually having one. He pinched himself to check, and sure enough he was living one.

After a particularly boring story about two Quidditch players, or was it two breeders, the stories were starting to blur together, Hermione made a show of checking her watch and then saying, "professor, I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask everybody to leave, the four of us have to start patrolling the halls in about 10 minutes."

"Of course, Ms. Granger," said Slughorn as he struggled to get up, "I should have realized that such important students would have things to do, I'm sorry for taking up so much of your time." And with in 5 minutes Slughorn and all the other students had left.

"Is that what it's always like?" asked Ron a few minutes later.

"Yes," said Hermione as she sat herself down next to Ron, who had been surrounded by a small group of girls during the last hour, preventing Hermione from getting any where near him.

"Then I've changed my mind, I don't want to be a part of the Slug Club."

Harry, Ginny and Hermione laughed, and Harry said, "Don't worry, I'm going to try and schedule practices so that they coincide with his 'parties'."

"Actually, his parties are kind of fun," said Ginny, "there's always some really interesting people that come. In fact I met Gwenog Jones at his Christmas Party and she gave me her card and told me that I had enough potential to go pro once I graduated."

"Yeah, there are always some really interesting authors there also," said Hermione.

"Did you notice Neville?" asked Harry, "I think he had more girls fawning over him than Ron did." Ron laughed uncomfortably.

"That was only because the girls that were fawning over Ron were getting a death stare from Hermione," said Ginny, "and then they were going over to Neville." It was Harry's turn to laugh.

The four sat in a happy silence for a few minutes before Hermione said, "you know, we really do have to get up in a few minutes and patrol the halls."

"Yeah," said Ron as he settled himself deeper in his plush chair and pulled Hermione closer.

Harry and Ginny looked at the two of them, "we'll take the first patrol," said Harry. But it was too late; the couple had already fallen asleep.

Ginny laughed softly, "It's odd, Hermione has adapted some of Ron's habits."

"Yeah," whispered Harry as he and Ginny got up, "let's just hope that Ron starts adapting some of hers

as well.

## Chapter 24

3 hours later the train started to slow and Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione started to go through the halls to make one last check of the train before they arrived at Hogwarts. They found little going wrong, most people were nervous about going back to the castle after the battle, most had seen the shape it was in, and they weren't looking forward to seeing it in any state of disrepair.

The others, mostly first years that hadn't been at the battle, or hadn't known they were wizards or witches at the time, were just nervous because it was their first year.

The four friends felt the train come to a stop and they started to get students off.

Harry stopped a first year as he came out of his cabin dragging his trunk, "hey, you don't have to bring that," said Harry indicating the trunk, "It'll be brought to your dormitories for you once you've been sorted."

The first year just looked up at Harry with a mixture of fear and wonder on his face. He dropped the trunk where it was and was quickly swallowed by the throng of other people heading for the exits of the car. Harry kicked the trunk back in to the cabin and moved so that he was by the door.

Soon everybody was out of the train and Harry, Ron, Ginny and Hermione were watching as large numbers of people saw the Threshals for the first time, many gasped, especially those that were under 5th year, others just stared.

Harry heard Hagrid's voice call out, "don't be scared, they've always been there, you jus' couldn' see 'em before." Harry saw him walk up to one of the Threshals and, after digging around in one of his many pockets, give it an apple. "See 'armless."

"Hey Hagrid," yelled Harry

"Harry," yelled Hagrid, coming over. He tried to give Harry a pat on the back, but Harry ducked, having experienced many of Hagrid's 'pats' before. Instead Hagrid's trashcan lid sized hand hit a passing 5th year, sending the boy flying. Hagrid reached over and picked the boy up, after brushing him off he stood him back on the ground and said, "Sorry 'bout that, must be darker than I thought."

Turning to Harry, Ron, Ginny and Hermione he said, "It's good to see the four of ya' again." Then he turned away and yelled out, "firs' years over here, firs years this way." Soon there was a small group of very young students gathered around Hagrid and the four friends started towards the carriage that was reserved for them.

Harry felt Ginny lean in to him as she watched the crowd stair at the Threshals for the first time. "It's weird," said Ginny, "I hadn't realized that so many people had seen death during the final battle."

"Well everybody was watching me and Voldemort duel," said Harry, "so most of these people probably saw me kill him."

"Yeah," said Ginny as people started to load in to the carriages. The four quickly found the carriage that was theirs and climbed in. Soon they were on there way to the castle. As they came around the final bend in the road Harry saw the newly rebuilt castle.

It didn't look much different than it had before. The towers were all in the same place, the shape of the castle was the same except the stones seemed cleaner and the Castle seemed to glow with an inner brilliance. The only structural difference was the large statue of a Lion, a Snake, a Bagger and an Eagle sitting in the middle of the front lawn. Harry realized that the statue had to have been huge for him to see the different animals from this distance. And indeed it was, when their carriage passed the statue Harry saw that the Lion's leg was as tall as Hagrid.

When they got inside everybody was gathered in the Great Hall like normal, except this time there were no plates set on the house tables. Harry heard Hermione gasp, looking over he saw that she was looking upwards. Harry followed her gaze and realized that the ceiling didn't show the outside sky anymore, instead it was the same color as the rest of the hall. Others were starting to notice also and soon the hall was a buzz with talk about what else would be different.

Soon Professor McGonagall stood up at the head of the room; she motioned for silence and quickly got it. "Everybody," she started, "will follow the prefects to their dormitories, food will be provided there, the start of term feast will be tomorrow after the ceremonies. First years will be sorted in private and then brought up to their houses by one of the Head students."

The hall was silent for a second, as if people were expecting more. Then McGonagall motioned and everybody started to move. Soon the hall was empty of everybody except Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione. They quickly started towards McGonagall, who after greeting them politely lead them in to the back room where Harry had been sent after he was chosen for the Tri Wizard Tournament in his 4th year. Inside the room they found all the first years, along with a stool and the tattered sorting hat.

Harry wasn't sure if he was expecting the hat to sing this year or not, but it didn't, instead McGonagall started to call students forward one by one to be sorted. After they were done they were sent to stand by either Harry for Slytherin, Ron for Hufflepuff, Hermione for Ravenclaw and Ginny for Gryffindor.

The sorting moved quickly, and soon each of the four Head students had a group of 8-10 children standing by them. "Bring the students to their respective houses and then the four of you may go back to your own dormitories, there is food for you there.

Nearly half an hour later the four friends met outside their new dormitories. All of them were tired, and all of them were hungry. They walked in and found that a table with many different kinds of meat sandwiches had been put out. They all dug in and soon they were eating and laughing contently.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when the four went to bed; they all went to the same two rooms they had used right after the battle. Harry shouted a quick good night to Ron and Hermione, who both muttered the same back.

Harry and Ginny quickly found the bed and climbed in, neither bothering to change out of the cloths they were wearing. Ginny snuggled close to Harry and he put his arm around her waist, glad to be back at the only real home he had ever had. Soon the two of them were fast asleep.

## **Chapter 25**

The next morning Harry woke up suddenly. He had been dreaming about the people who had died nearly two months ago, it was a recurring dream where they were all Inperi and he was back on the small island in the middle of the lake where it had all started.

"Harry, Harry, wake up," it was Ginny, she was shaking him.

"I'm up Gin," Harry said as he sat up, his body drenched in sweat.

"Was it the Inperi dream?" she asked once he was completely up. She moved herself next to him and leaned into his chest, letting him put his arms around her.

"Yeah," Harry muttered, he knew there was no use denying it, she had woken him up from bad dreams quite a few times before, and she always seemed to be able to tell which one it was.

"How far did they get this time?" she asked softly as she settled in to his muscular chest.

In his dream the Inperi always closed around him, and each time he would try and shoot fire at them, but they kept coming. Usually Ginny woke him up before they could grab him, but every once in a while one of them would get a hand on him. "Both Lupine and Fred got an arm," said Harry remembering how both Fred and Lupine had taken an arm and tried to tear him in half.

Ginny sighed, "Harry, you should really talk to somebody about this."

"I talk to you," said Harry, trying to get her off the subject. He had heard this a few times before from both Ginny and Hermione, whom Ginny had told about his dreams, at least the bad ones.

"You know what I mean," Ginny mumbled, "I want you to talk to somebody who can actually help you."

"Ginny, you don't know how much help it's been talking to you," Harry said, still hoping to veer her off course with compliments, it didn't work.

"Thank you," she whispered as she planted a kiss on his chin, "but I meant somebody who knows what they're doing."

"Like who?" asked Harry

"One of the teachers," said Ginny flatly, "which ever one you feel the most comfortable with."

"Gin, most of the teachers that I felt comfortable with are dead." Sighed Harry

"What about the new DADA teacher, Professor Aquos," suggested Ginny, "your DADA teachers have always had a...interesting role in your education, why don't you see if Professor Aquos won't agree to continue that tradition?"

Harry smiled, "Let's just hope he plays a more Lupine like role than a Lockhart type role," Harry whispered.

Ginny laughed softly and started to get up, "Hay, Lockhart is the reason you and Ron came to the Chamber of secrets. If it wasn't for him I never would have fallen for you."

"Yes you would have," said Harry, "I would have found a way to impress you some other time."

Ginny laughed again, "come on, we've got to get ready for today's 'festivities'," She sighed as she got up.

"Yeah," muttered Harry, he wasn't looking forward to the day either.

Nearly two hours later Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were all sitting in the common room. All four were dressed in somber black robes, and all four had long looks on their faces. They were waiting for the rest of the Weasleys to arrive by the Floo network.

Suddenly the small fire in the fireplace turned emerald green. Harry drew his wand, ready, just in case it wasn't the Weasleys. But it was, just as Harry's wand cleared his robes the first figure appeared, it was Charley, he stepped out of the fireplace and brushed himself off. Next to come were Bill, then Fleur, then Angelina, Then Mr. Weasley, then Percy, and finally George and Mrs. Weasley at the same time. Mrs. Weasley looked like she had been crying, and it seemed as if George was holding her up. But it may have been the other way around because George seemed to be just as saggy and sad.

"Come on mum, Fred wouldn't have wanted us to cry." George helped his mother to the closest chair and helped her sit down.

"I...I...I'm not crying...for Fred." Said Mrs. Weasley in between sobs, "I...I'm crying for everybody else we knew." She had quickly resolved her self, and suddenly she was composed and standing, ready to go.

Five minutes later she led them out the door and to the front lawns where thousands of chairs had been set up facing the main steps. Professor McGonagall came rushing up to them, pulling Harry to a seat on the top step that was serving as a stage. "Potter, you will sit here since you'll be giving a speech and all."

Harry froze on the spot. He had been following McGonagall, and Ginny had been following him, now she bumped into his back and both of them almost fell into McGonagall. "What?" asked Harry once all three of them had recovered, "nobody ever told me I was giving a speech, I don't have a speech written."

McGonagall looked at him for a second like he was crazy, "I told you that you were giving a speech Potter," she said, a cold fury in her voice.

"No professor, you didn't, and neither did any of the Weasleys, or the Ministry." Harry took a deep breath, "I'm completely unprepared for this," he muttered.

"Well you seem to have done fine in the past in situations you were unprepared for Potter," said McGonagall as she started walking towards the 20 chairs that had been set up on the step.

Harry was silent for a second. It was true, he had been in countless situations that he had not prepared for and done fine, but at those times he had had the support of his friends to help him. "Fine professor," he said, "but on two conditions."

"What are they Potter?" asked Professor McGonagall. Harry could almost hear her rolling her eyes.

"I want to sit in the crowd, with the Weasleys, and I want Ron, Hermione and Ginny behind me when I give the speech."

"I can get Mr. Weasley and Miss. Granger behind you, But Miss. Weasley I don't think I can agree to. But I must say that no matter what you agree to, you will be forced to speak at one time or another. And Potter, if it's any help, I think you can do it." Professor McGonagall reached out and patted Harry's shoulder.

Harry looked at her, and was immediately disarmed. "Alright, I'll speak," said Harry. He was amazed at how Professor McGonagall was able to turn her *'did you do your home work'* stare into a *'do this for the world'* stare.

A few minutes later, after McGonagall had told Harry the particulars about his speech, he and Ginny went to find the Weasleys. They found them quickly, along with Mrs. Tonks and Teddy.

When Teddy saw Harry he held his arms up to him and started gurgling and laughing. Soon Teddy's hair was black and messy and he was being held by Harry. Andromeda was smiling at Harry, but Harry could see that the smile didn't extend much beyond her mouth. Harry could see the hurt in her eyes, the longing for her husband, daughter, and son in law.

Harry knew how she felt, and when he looked at Teddy, who was now in Ginny's arms, he considered the boy somewhat lucky to be unable to fully comprehend what was going on today.

Soon the ceremony was under way. "Welcome everybody," said Professor McGonagall from the stage, her voice magically amplified, "I'd like to welcome you all to the newly restored Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry." There was a thunderous applause at this point and for the next 2 minutes McGonagall didn't even try to speak.

When the crowd did quiet down she continued, "As most of you know, this ceremony is to both honor those who died during the war, and to officially reopen the school." This time the crowd didn't applaud, instead they remained somber and silent.

"Many of you know that this ceremony is also to present the Order of Merlin first through third class to a very large group of people, and to do just that, I give you newly appointed full time Minister of Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt." There was tremendous applause as Kingsley stepped up and shook McGonagall's hand.

After pointing his wand at his throat Kingsley motioned for silence, and was immediately awarded. "Thank you all, it is a great honor to be able to present such a prestigious award to so many deserving people." There was some scattered applause at this, but for the most part people remained silent.

"First, I'd like to present the Order of Merlin, First Class, to Harry Potter, Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger, for their assistance in the final defeat of Voldemort." The three friends stood up and started towards the stage. Once they were up there Kingsley put a large gold medallion on a purple tie around each of their necks. The medallion had an imprint of Merlin on it with a large roman numeral I stamped in the middle of his chest. There was a burst of applause as Harry, Ron and Hermione all stood up and smiled at the crowd.

After nearly 10 minutes of applause Kingsley whispered in Harry's ear, "Time for your speech,"

Harry nodded as butterflies erupted in his stomach; it felt like he was going to vomit colorful wings. He took out his wand with shaky hands as he stepped forward. Instantly the crowd went silent.

"*Sonus*," Muttered Harry as he pointed his wand at his throat. Instantly he felt his vocal cords swell a bit, and then he felt a buzzing in his throat. He opened his mouth to speak, hoping that the spell had worked; it would have been really embarrassing to mess up a spell here. "Hello," started Harry, his voice booming out of his chest, "First off, I just want to thank everybody who has fought against Voldemort or his Death Eaters over the years. You all put your lives in danger for the good of others, and in my book, that makes you all heroes." There was a small round of applause from the audience, and Harry was thankful for it, he had no idea where to go from there. "second, I want to thank the Ministry for recognizing all of those who helped me fight the final battle, I couldn't have done it with out all of you and I want to express my greatest regret that so many people had to die for us to achieve this great victory."

Harry smiled bowed his head to show his respect for the dead, when he looked up everybody was staring at him, expecting a speech, so he gave them one. "One of the first things I heard Albus Dumbledore say was 'Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak!', and I must say, they were some of the most inspirational words I've ever heard." A small laugh went up from the crowd and Harry felt some of the butterflies calm down, but not many. "Through my 6 years at Hogwarts I learned many things from

many people, from how to levitate something, to how to fly. From how to be a friend, to how to love. And through it all, I was fighting Voldemort, expected to be the savior of the Wizarding world, and for most of the time I didn't even know it. In my fifth year I learned that it had been prophesized that I would defeat him, and indeed, I did, at a great expense. When I arrived here last night I saw a rebuilt Hogwarts, a Hogwarts who's structure was old mixed with new, and a Hogwarts who's students should do the same. Mix the old traditions of house and magic with new traditions of cooperation and togetherness. For all of you Gryffindors out there who are asking, 'does he want me to become best friends with a Slytheren?' I'll answer no, I'm not asking you to become best friends with a Slytheren, all I'm asking is that there be more cooperation between the houses, and that we don't let the rivalries become so deeply entrenched that when the time comes we can't work together to solve a problem."

"Some people want to know what made me so special as to be able to defeat Voldemort, one of the most evil wizards ever. I've always told them that it was because of my friends and the others who helped me. At the Final Battle of Hogwarts, no more than 3 months ago, it was because most of the school banded together that we were able to win, if it weren't for the fact that Hufflepuffs worked with Ravenclaws, and Griffindors worked with some Slytherens, the battle never would have been won. So I ask everybody, don't judge somebody because of there blood line or their house, get to know them, judge them for there personalities, for there actions."

Harry fell silent, and slowly applause started until it was roaring. Everybody was on there feet, clapping, whistling and screaming. Harry pointed his wand at his throat and muttered, "*Quietus.*" Instantly his throat felt raw, like he had been screaming for the whole day after swallowing a cup of course sand.

He turned to see Ron and Hermione both smiling and because of his throat and all the noise all he could do was smile right back.

A few seconds later Kingsley's voice washed over the crowd as he began to speak again, "Now, I'd like to present the Order Of Merlin 2nd class to..." and as Kingsley started to read out the names of those who had fought the battle of Hogwarts Harry's mind stared to wander to images of the battle. He saw the students fighting, he saw the Death eaters storming the castle. But the most prominent image, the image that all the others seemed to be superimposed over, was the scene of Fred's death. It played over and over again in Harry's mind.

*The air exploded...the world was rent apart. Harry felt himself flying through the air, and all he could do was hold as tightly as possible to that thin stick of wood that was his one and only weapon, and shield his head in his arms. He heard the screams and yells of his companions without hope of knowing what had happened to them—*

*And then the world resolved itself into pain and semidarkness: He was half buried in the wreckage of a corridor that had been subjected to a terrible attack... Then he heard a terrible cry that pulled at his insides, that expressed agony of a kind neither flame nor curse could cause, and he stood up, swaying, more frightened then he had been that day, more frightened, perhaps, than he had been in his life...*

*And Hermione was struggling to her feet in the wreckage, and three redheaded men were grouped on the ground where the wall had blasted apart. Harry grabbed Hermione's hand as they staggered and stumbled over stone and wood.*

*'No—no—no!' someone was shouting. 'No! Fred! No!'*

*And Percy was shaking his brother, and Ron was kneeling beside them, and Fred's eyes stared without seeing, the ghost of his last laugh still etched on his face."*

Harry's knees threatened to collapse as the scene played over and over again in his head, and each time

a name was announced, Harry saw a scene of that person over the scene of Fred's death. When Ginny and the rest of the Weasleys were called up Ginny came over to Harry and put a supportive hand on his.

Harry vaguely saw Mrs. Tonks carry Teddy onto the stage when the names of her husband, daughter and son-in-law were announced during the presentation of the 3rd class awards. She put the three medallions around little Teddy's neck, and the small child laughed and cooed at his Grandmother, playing with the shiny bronze medallions. Then, when Andromeda turned towards Harry, Teddy saw him and started reaching for Harry, gurgling and giggling.

Harry smiled sadly at the child and waved, then suddenly had Teddy thrust into his arms by Mrs. Tonks, who was sobbing so heavily that she was shaking.

Teddy instantly changed his hair color to match Harry's and grabbed Harry's glasses off his face. This sent a soft chortle through the crowd, as well as bringing a small smile to Mrs. Tonks' face.

The rest of the ceremony was a blur for Harry; he went on holding Teddy, vaguely aware that the next day the *Prophet* might report that he had a love child with some older woman.

Finally the ceremony was over and all the awards were handed out. George and Angelina had set up a Wiz bang fireworks display that went off at the end of the ceremony.

Harry started towards the castle with Ginny at his side and Ron and Hermione following at a distance of about 10 feet, hand in hand. Harry looked back at them and smiled to himself, he still found it odd to see the two of them having gone so long with out arguing about something.

Ginny turned to look at the couple behind them and said, "You know, I don't think they've fought since the beginning of the summer."

"Funny," said Harry as he turned to look front again, "I was thinking along the same lines."

"Yeah, well great minds think alike I guess," said Ginny as she raced ahead.

Harry laughed and ran after her. She was fast, he chased her all the way to the great hall and didn't catch up to her until the door way. She was standing there looking at the beautifully decorated Great Hall.

The room had been set up much like it had for the Yule Ball, except that this time the tables had scarlet, gold, blue, black, yellow, silver and green table cloths. All the small tables were arranged around the room in what seemed like a random pattern. At the head of the room, where the teachers table usually was, were two long tables set up in a large V, the cloths here were a deep purple, like the ribbons that held the Order of Merlin meddles around so many people's necks.

At the opposite end of he room was a large stage where the band was setting up. Harry saw the base drum head with the band name *Wounded Sanity* on it. The T was a knife with dripping blood; it looked a bit like the Sword of Gryffindor, except that it was scaled as a knife.

One of the waiters at the door stepped up to them and said, "Mr. Potter, Miss. Weasley, let me show you to your seats." He led them to the table that was at the head of the room and sat them just to the right of the two center seats. Harry sat right next to them, and Ginny was right next to him.

As people started to come in from outside Harry realized that the table at the top of the room was for People who had received the 1st and 2nd class awards. Ron and Hermione were shown to seats to the left of the center seats and the rest of the Weasleys were split between either side of the V.

Soon the rest of the hall was filled with students and parents. Kingsley had taken the seat directly on Harry's left and Professor McGonagall had taken the seat to the left of Kingsley. There had been a constant procession of people coming up to the table to see Harry. Most of them were parents, most of

the students that wanted to talk to Harry knew that they would get the chance during school.

Eventually Kingsley stood up and sent a shower of sparks into the air. "Everybody, I'd like to thank you all for coming tonight," he paused for small round of applause from the audience, "and normally this would be where I'd give a small speech, but tonight that honor goes to Professor Minerva McGonagall, Head Mistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry." There was a large round of applause as Kingsley sat down and Professor McGonagall stood up.

Once the noise had quieted down McGonagall smiled out at the audience and said, "thank you. And please allow me to restate Minister Shacklebolt's statement welcoming you all here to the newly rebuilt Hogwarts. It saddens me greatly that so many of you stand here today because a member of your family died, but it also gives me great pleasure that so many of you have survived to see this day."

McGonagall picked up the glass that was sitting next to her plate, "let us all lift our glasses to those who gave there lives so that we could be here today." She raised her glass to her lips, and so did everybody else in the hall, and for a moment the only sound to be heard was the clinking of glasses and the gulping of liquid.

When everybody had finished Professor McGonagall continued, "Please enjoy your selves tonight, and know that those who aren't with us any longer will always be remembered as people who fought for what they thought was right, and did so because they knew it was the right thing to do." And with that, McGonagall sat down. McGonagall seemed to glance at Harry during the last part of her speech, but nobody seemed to notice.

Soon the plates had been filled with food, just like a normal Hogwarts feast. Harry pulled his favorite Hogwarts foods towards him, piling his plate with chicken, mashed potatoes, and steak. He filled his goblet with pumpkin juice and settled in to eat.

As Harry ate he looked around the great hall, seeing the people there eat happily and enjoy themselves. He watched as a young child listened excitedly to the adults at a table talk.

The first, second and third years hadn't been allowed to come to the after feast unless somebody in there family was getting an award; much like it had been for the Yule ball. Harry saw some of 4th years trying to contain there excitement at being able to participate in such a boisterous event.

Harry eventually looked at the people that were sitting at the high table. Harry didn't know most of them, except for The Weasleys, Hermione, Professor McGonagall and Kingsley, Harry hadn't met any of the people before tonight, and he had only seen a few of them at the Ministry during the few times that he traveled there.

When dinner was over and dissert was sitting on the tables Professor McGonagall stood up and raised her hands for silence, which she got almost instantly. Kingsley stood up next to her and raised his wand to his throat again, "well, now that we've all eaten our fill, I think there's only one thing to do, and that's to dance." He flicked his wand, and instantly most of the candles that floated around the great hall went out, basking the room in semi-darkness. "Now, let the fest..."

McGonagall held up her hand and said, "Minister, if you'd wait just a second, I think there's something missing. Professor Flitwick, if you'd please," McGonagall flicked her eyes towards the blank ceiling.

Professor Flitwick nodded and with a few flamboyant gestures the ceiling once again seemed to disappear.

As Harry looked up he saw that the moon had risen in the cloudless night sky and the stars were twinkling softly. It made the great hall seem much larger than it had only a few seconds ago, and it made Hogwarts seem complete again.

There were a few ohs and ahs, and a bit of applause. Then McGonagall said, "Much better, you may continue minister."

Kingsley chuckled softly and spoke once again, "you're right Minerva that is better. As I was saying before, let the festivities begin." And with that the band started playing.

Soon the high table started to empty as couples got up and headed to the dance floor. Eventually Harry, Ginny, Ron, Hermione, Percy and Charley were the only ones left sitting at the high table.

Ron and Hermione got up and came over to sit next to Harry and Ginny. Hermione sat down and immediately started to stare at the ceiling once again. Ron sat down and grabbed a cupcake from a tray in front of him.

"So, what do you think, will this year be harder or not?" asked Ron after he finished his cupcake.

Hermione finally looked down and smiled, "it'll be harder," she said, "we have our NEWTs at the end of the year, the teachers will be piling on homework, not to mention having to do about twice as much class work."

Percy looked over and laughed, "You're putting it lightly," he said, "Ron, think of your fifth year, and then double the amount of work you had to do, then double it."

Ron went pale, "oh," turning to Hermione he said, "You're going to help us this year right?"

Laughing slightly she kissed him on the nose and said, "Sure, I'll see if I can fit it in."

"Good, than I'll get through the year one way or another," said Ron. Suddenly he stood up and grabbed Hermione's hand, "come on, let's dance," and with that he pulled her towards the dance floor as a song with a very slow tempo started to play.

Harry looked at Ginny and said, "Do you want to dance?"

"Not really, maybe later," she said as she leaned her head against his shoulder and watched the crowd gathering on the dance floor. After a few minutes, and a few songs, Ginny sat up and said, "Harry, what's this year going to be like?"

Harry looked over at her inquisitively, "what do you mean Gin?"

"Well you won't have Voldemort to fight this year," she said, "for the last 7 years fighting him, or some manifestation of him, has been what you did. First year, it was Quorl, Second Year it was...well it was the Basilisk, Third Year it was the Dementors and Pettigrew, Fourth year it was Crouch, fifth year it was the Ministry and what happened there, sixth year was actually pretty calm until the end of the year, then it was the first battle of Hogwarts, and Finally last year it was the Horcruxs."

"Gin, this year we're going to be normal, the only fights I intend to have are with you and my friends." He kissed her gently to stop her from protesting, "Gin you and I both know we're going to fight eventually." He kissed her harder, "this year the four of us are going to have a normal year, no evil wizards to fight against, no body to kidnap students, no evil teacher to do weird things with our education. This year is going to be you, me, Ron, Hermione, and our friends. We're going to get roaring drunk, and regret it the next morning. We're going to have hot sex...but we won't regret that. Then at the end of the year, you'll end up playing for the Harpies, I'll start as an Auror and we'll get married"

Ginny smiled and said, "Harry Potter, are you proposing? Because if you are, you have to get on a knee, I refuse to get proposed to any other way."

"No, but we both know it's going to happen," said Harry as he pulled Ginny's head back to his shoulder.

"Good," she said as she settled in, "I've wanted it to happen all my life."

"I know Gin, I know." Harry kissed her softly on the top of the head and then rubbed her arm gently.

Through out the night the party ran on, people were dancing, the band was playing, and the room was filled with the sounds of happiness. Harry watched as many of the people that had played important roles in his life danced through the crowd. He saw Professor McGonagall dancing with Kingsley, he saw Mr. and Mrs. Weasley dancing together, he saw his two best friends swaying slowly, even during the faster songs.

Finally Ginny sat up and decided she wanted to dance. Harry followed her on to the dance floor and put one hand on her waist while she put one on his shoulder. They grasped each other's free hands and together they started moving to the music. Neither was a very elegant dancer, but together they seemed to shut out the world and the moves just seemed to flow out of their bodies.

Through out the night they slowly started to come closer together. Their hands unclasped and Harry put his hands on Ginny's waist while her hands went around his neck. Later Harry's hands were wrapped around Ginny, half supporting her while her hands were wrapped around his neck and she was leaning into his chest.

Ginny could feel Harry's heart beat in her head, it pounded in sync with her own. Every once in a while the pair would brush up against others, and after quickly muttered apologies they were on there way again, swaying, thinking, and loving.

Finally it was time for the students to go to bed; most of the families had left, as had many of the younger students.

George stood up and said, "I'm getting tired, I think I'm going to go back to the apartment." Angelina got up as well and started walking towards the door with George.

"Yeah, I'm getting kind of tired too," said Bill as he too got up. Bill motioned to Fleur, who followed him, and together the two started towards the door.

In the next few minutes the rest of the family left, going outside to Apparate back to the Burrow or their various residences.

Seeing the last adults leave seemed to be the trigger for everybody else. In the next ten minutes the rest of the Hall emptied, leaving only the band, who was half way through packing up.

Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione got up and were heading towards the door when they were stopped by reporters. Harry knew that McGonagall had tried to keep reporters away, but she hadn't been able to keep them off school grounds, only out of the Great Hall.

"Mr. Potter, will you be testifying at the trials next summer?"

"Mr. Potter, is it true you still want to be an Auror even though Voldemort has been defeated?"

"Mr. Potter, is she pregnant?"

"Mr. Potter, whose baby were you holding today?"

The reporters seemed to realize that they weren't going to get anything out of Harry so they started on Ron.

One question cut through the commotion, "Mr. Weasley, what is it like to have the girl Victor Crum didn't want?"

Ron stopped for a second, his face turning deep red. He started reaching for his wand but Hermione grabbed his arm and whispered in his ear, "they're trying to get a rise out of you, if you do anything but keep on walking there will be a story in the *Prophet* tomorrow that I'm still going with Victor."

Ron looked even angrier for a second, then suddenly his arm went slack and he started walking again.

"Mr. Weasley, is she pregnant?"

"What?" shrieked Hermione as she stopped in the middle of the crowd of reporters. Faster than any one but her closest friends would have thought possible she pulled her wand out and turned it on the reporter that had asked the question. "I am not pregnant, nor have I ever been pregnant. I'm with Ron because I love him. If any of you print, in any publication, that I'm pregnant, I will hunt you down and I will curse you to within an inch of your pitiful pointless life."

Ron got a hand on Hermione's arm and slowly pulled it down. "Come on 'Mione," he said softly, "let's not scare the idiot reporters." He turned her around and the four started off towards the head student's tower once again, this time free of journalistic escort.

When they arrived in the Common room they split up and went to their separate sides of the tower. "Good night," Yelled Harry as Ginny pulled him into their bedroom. All he got in return was the slamming of a door from the other side of the tower.

Ginny finally succeeded in pulling him in to the bedroom, not that he was fighting it much. He closed the door behind him and she quickly pushed him up against the wall, ravishing his mouth with hers.

He let her have her way for a few minutes, but when she broke the kiss so they could catch their breath Harry flipped them, switching their positions. He quickly set to work on Ginny's neck, kissing the pulse point and gently sucking on it.

Ginny moaned as Harry delicately worked her over. He started on her neck and sensually worked his way to her collar bone. After slowly sliding off one shoulder strap of her dress he kissed his way across her throat and slid the other strap off. Ginny pulled her arms out of the straps and started to undo Harry's shirt. She eventually got impatient with the buttons and just ripped the shirt open, revealing Harry's toned chest.

Harry ran his hands up Ginny's sides, searching for the zipper that he knew to be there. He found it quickly and slowly slid it down its track as Ginny drew him into another deep kiss.

With a quick tug Ginny's dress was a dark blue heap around her ankles. She was now standing completely naked, she and Harry attached at the lips. She had Harry up against the wall and both of them were getting weak in the knees. She reached down and deftly undid Harry's belt buckle and pants button, relieving a bit of the pressure on his growing excitement.

Ginny broke the kiss for a moment and whispered in Harry's ear, "well Mr. Potter, you are happy to see me aren't you." She unzipped his pants, lightly brushing against his erection as she did so.

Ginny hooked her thumb in the waistband of Harry's pants and started pulling both his pants and boxers down at the same time, and he helped, putting his hands on top of hers and pulling his pants off.

Once his pants were pooled at his feet Harry thought it would be a good idea to get away from all the cloths that had gathered on the floor. He flipped Ginny over so that she was against the wall with him pinning her too it. He still had her hands in his, but she was able to get them free and pull off his dress robes, deftly tossing them to the other side of the room.

Harry kissed along Ginny's jaw as she ran her hands over his chest, eventually pulling his shirt off. By that time Harry was sucking on Ginny's pulse point, causing her to moan with ecstasy.

As Ginny started to move her hands away from Harry's chest and down to his abdomen Harry took one of Ginny's large breasts in his hand and started kneading it, carefully massaging her nipple with the palm of his hand. Ginny felt her knees go weak, so she wrapped her arms around Harry's neck to keep from sliding down the wall. "Harry," Ginny said shakily as he started to move his kisses down below

her collar bone, "I think we better move to the bed."

Harry stopped his ministrations and came back up so he was face to face with her, "a bit eager?" he kissed her lightly on the lips and pulled her to the bed. When they got there Harry positioned Ginny so that she'd be on her back when they fell, but Ginny didn't go down immediately.

Instead she kept her knees straight and said, "If you want me to get into bed, you're going to have to convince me you're worthy."

"Oh, really," said Harry with a predatory gleam in his eye, "what happened to the 'we better get to the bed,' girl that I had a minute ago?"

"She decided she didn't want to be so eager," said Ginny flatly as she pulled Harry closer for a kiss.

Harry kissed her softly for a few seconds and then he smiled through the kiss and said, "will this do?" and with that he plunged two fingers in to Ginny's wet pussy.

Ginny let out a soft scream of pleasure as she collapsed onto the bed as her knees gave way. This pulled Harry's fingers out of her, but he was back, shoving his fingers deep inside of her. He started to pump them in and out slowly, drawing moans from Ginny. "Faster Harry, please, faster," she begged. He was avoiding her clit; it was one of his little tricks. He would avoid touching her most sensitive area until the last possible moment, then he would attack it without abandon, it always felt amazing. Just the thought of Harry's eventually touching her there got her juices going, as Harry started to go faster she could feel the sheets under her getting wet as her juices soaked them.

Harry had collapsed on top of her, one hand massaging her cunt, the other massaging her breast. After a few minutes he added a third finger to the other two assaulting her wet slit, causing Ginny to let out another moan of pleasure.

Harry started kissing Ginny's face, going from her jaw to her neck, from her ear to her collar bone. Eventually he started going below the collar bone, tracing kisses down to the swell of the breast he wasn't massaging. Ginny shuddered as he kissed her nipple tenderly, sucking on it and letting his tongue role over it, making it stand up.

Harry felt Ginny start to shudder, she was on the edge. Harry stopped sucking on her beautiful nipple for a second and said, "Gin, are you close?"

Ginny looked at him like he was a mad man, a strained look on her face, "I'm so close Harry," she moaned out, "please, make me cum," she pleaded.

Harry could only oblige. He took his fourth finger and shoved it in with the other three, then he took her nipple back into his mouth, and finally he started to play with her super hard clit, rubbing it with his thumb. With Harry stimulating her in so many ways she couldn't help but be pushed over the edge.

Suddenly Ginny screamed loudly as her orgasm over took her. She felt Harry's fingers being squeezed inside of her as her walls contracted. She felt her body start to convulse as wave after wave of pure pleasure emanated from her over stimulated cunt. She felt a stream of hot liquid spray out of her pussy as she orgasmed, drenching Harry's hand in her juices.

Suddenly his hand was at her mouth, Ginny started licking it clean, she tasted so good. Then all of a sudden Harry thrust himself into her. Her revenged pussy was stretched to its limits by his huge throbbing dick. He started pumping in and out of her faster than he ever had before. All Ginny could do was wrap her legs around Harry's waist and get fucked harder than she had ever been fucked before. And it felt amazing.

For nearly half an hour Harry thrust in and out of her, she came twice more in that time, and for the last ten minutes she was on the edge of her fourth orgasm of the night, and she could tell it was going to be

a hard one.

Suddenly Ginny felt Harry tense up, "Just let go Harry, let go inside of me," she managed to moan.

This was all Harry needed, with that little bit of encouragement from Ginny he emptied himself inside of her, sending her orgasm into overdrive. Ginny was in a land of pure happiness as wave after wave after wave of pleasure shot through her. She completely forgot where she was as she screamed Harry's name. All she cared about was the fact that she had Harry inside of her and that he loved her and she loved him.

Her pussy clenched him tightly as he shot his load into her. Her body convulsed as he collapsed on top of her, both of them spent.

The two of them just lay there for nearly 10 minutes before either of them could talk. "Harry," said Ginny eventually, "that was absolutely amazing. I won't be able to walk straight for a week."

Harry laughed, "Gin, I'm hoping we get to do stuff like that at least once a week."

"Oh, great, I'll be walking into walls the whole year." Said Ginny sarcastically as Harry pulled her closer to him

"Don't worry babe, you're trying to get a job flying brooms, you don't need to be able to walk," muttered Harry in her ear as he snaked his arm around her waist.

Ginny couldn't help but laugh as she grabbed Harry's hand with her own; she loved it when they slept like this, her back to his front, Harry's arm usually around her waist or on her naked breast.

They were silent for a few minutes as they got comfortable. Ginny felt Harry start to kiss her shoulders gently, "Gin," he said after a few moments, "do I tell you I love you enough?"

"No," said Ginny simply, she didn't really care how much he said it; she knew it was true, she saw it in his eyes every time he looked at her. She felt it in his touch every time they were together. She knew it from the way they made love three or four times a week and the way he knew what she was feeling.

"Well, I love you, more than you could ever imagine," Harry whispered in her ear.

"I love you too," she muttered as she started to fall asleep

"I know," said Harry gently.

The two quickly fell asleep, both of them looking forward to the next day when they would begin their final year of school. As Harry drifted off his final thought was that this would be the perfect year, he had an amazing girlfriend, Voldemort was gone, his family was happy, and most of the people he loved had survived. If Fred was still alive it would be that much better, but he wasn't, and there was no use dwelling on things he couldn't change.

## **Chapter 26**

The next morning Harry woke up and looked at his watch, which was sitting on the bedside table next to Ginny's watch and their wands. "Crap," he said as he quickly jumped out of bed. "Gin," he said as he shook her softly, "we have to get going, it's almost eight thirty. Breakfast is over in fifteen minutes."

"Mm... What?" Ginny muttered as she turned over.

"We have to go, we only have 15 minutes to get downstairs and get our schedules for this year." Harry said quickly as he pulled on his cloths and robes. "Come on," he threw Ginny's cloths and robes to her, catching her full in the face as she sat up.

"Thanks Harry," Ginny said sarcastically as she pulled her cloths on, "that's just what I want to wake up to, my cloths being thrown at my face."

"Sorry love," Harry muttered as he came over and kissed her, "but it would be really really bad for two of the head students to be late for classes the first day don't you think?"

"Yeah," said Ginny as she finished pulling on her robes.

The two of them quickly went down stairs, arriving just as the heads of houses were starting to go down the tables with schedules.

They sat down across from Ron and Hermione who were both finishing there breakfast in silence.

"Why didn't you guys wake us up?" whispered Harry angrily as Hagrid moved down the table.

"Sorry mate, but I refuse to go into your or Ginny's room since I found out you two have been sleeping together." Ron said as he made a grab for the last piece of toast, Harry got there first, grabbing the toast and a few sausages and handing them to Ginny. Instantly more toast appeared on the plate.

"Well thanks," said Harry sarcastically as he took a few more pieces of toast and some eggs for himself.

Hagrid came up behind Ron and patted him on the back, forcing him face first into the plate of eggs. Harry, Ginny and Hermione burst out laughing as Ron came up with his face covered in eggs. "Thanks Hagrid, always wanted to have my eggs force fed to me," said Ron as he wiped himself off.

"Oh, Sorry Ron," said Hagrid as he handed each of them a schedule, "guess I don' know me own strength. Any way, it's nice to see the three of you back, and congra'ulations on getting engaged an' all." Hagrid started to tear up and Harry couldn't help but smile, Hagrid was surprisingly sentimental for such a large person.

"Yeah, I guess not," muttered Ron as he looked down at his schedule.

Harry looked down at his schedule also, seeing that they had both the first and last periods of the day off everyday he couldn't help but groan, he had forced Ginny out of bed this early for nothing. If they hadn't been here there schedules would have been delivered to the dorms and they could have slept in.

**Monday**

**Tuesday**

**Wednesday**

**Thursday**

**Friday**

Off

Off

Off

Off

Off

Herbology

Transfiguration

D.A.D.A

Charms

Potions

Lunch

Lunch

Lunch

Lunch

Lunch

Potions

Charms

D.A.D.A

Transfiguration

Herbology

Off

Off

Off

Off

Off

Dinner

Dinner

Dinner

Dinner

Dinner

"Well that sucks," said Ron, "you know that Sprout and Slughorn will be giving us homework due at the end of the week. And who knows what Aquos will do with our lunch on Wednesdays."

"Ron," said Hermione sweetly.

"Yes love," he said as he looked over at her

"Shut up," she said as she punched him lightly on the arm, "Professor Aquos won't make us do homework over lunch, not unless it's something like learning a spell."

Ron smiled softly her, "right," he said, not really sure if he believed her.

"and Ron, be glad that you and Harry have so much time off, I have two more classes than the two of you, I don't have mornings off on Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays." Said Hermione as she took Ron's hand.

"Right, sorry 'Moine," said Ron as he kissed her nose.

"Its fine," she muttered as the two of them got up.

Harry grabbed Ginny's schedule from her bag, he looked it over, glad to see that they had all the same periods off.

**Monday**

**Tuesday**

**Wednesday**

**Thursday**

**Friday**

Off

Off

Off

Off

Off

Magical Games and Sports

Transfiguration

D.A.D.A

Charms

Potions

Lunch

Lunch

Lunch

Lunch

Lunch

Potions

Charms

D.A.D.A

Transfiguration

Magical Games and sports

Off

Off

Off

Off

Off

Dinner

Dinner

Dinner

Dinner

Dinner

He waited until Ginny was done with hers and then he said, "What do you say we go outside and sit by the lake?"

"That sounds nice," she said as she got up and put her schedule back in her bag.

The great hall was nearly empty by that time and they had no trouble getting out to the grounds. They went down by the lake and sat under the same tree they had sat under over a year ago. They stared out at Dumbledore's tomb, not saying much, just resting.

After a while Ginny spoke up, "Harry,"

"Hmm... What Gin?" Harry said after shaking himself to get rid of the half sleep he had fallen into.

"When you Ron and Hermione were off chasing Voldemort, how often did you think of me?" Ginny asked soberly.

"All the time Gin," said Harry as she stroked her arm, "there wasn't a minute of any day that I didn't think of you."

"No really, I know you had other things on your mind," said Ginny as she sat up and looked into his eyes. She knew that his eyes would tell her if he was lying.

"Really Gin, I thought about you all the time. I thought about you when ever we were close to being discovered. I thought about you the first night we spent in Grimuaid Place. To tell you the truth Gin, after a while, thinking of you was the only thing keeping me going. After we were captured and sent to Malfoy Manor, after we rescued Luna and Dean, and after Dobby died, the only thing keeping me going was thinking about you and your family. Thinking about how everything I did was going to make the world a better place for you. Even when I passed you by on my way to face Voldemort, it was all I could do to not stop and say something to you."

Ginny saw the truth in his eyes, as well as tears. Her vision got blurry all of a sudden and she almost panicked until she realized that they were just tears. As Harry reached up to wipe them away she collapsed in to his arms, sobbing into his chest.

"What's wrong Gin?" asked Harry

"I was mad at you for so long after you left." Ginny sobbed as Harry put his arms around her, "After you broke up with me at Dumbledore's funeral I thought that maybe after a few weeks you would change your mind and we'd get back together. Then on you're birthday, in my room, I thought that maybe we had started to make up." Ginny sobbed again. After a few minutes of softy crying and Harry stroking her hair and whispering words of comfort to her she continued. "For those few days I thought that maybe, just maybe, you'd take me with you when you left. But then the wedding came, and when the Death Eaters attacked you left me behind, you didn't even say good bye, you didn't try and find me to see if I was Ok. That broke my heart, and for the next few months, the only thing I could think about was how much I despised you, and how much I wanted you back at the same time. It nearly tore me

apart, the only thing that kept me together was the DA and Luna and Neville."

Harry was surprised to hear her say this; she had come back to him so easily. They had started their relationship where they left off nearly a year before. "Gin, I'm so sorry that I didn't try to find out if you were Ok, but believe me when I tell you that it was the only thing on my mind once Ron, Hermione and I were safe. When your dad's Patronus found us and said that everybody was safe and alright I nearly collapsed because I had been so worried about you." Harry rubbed her hair gently, kissing the top of her head and inhaling her familiar scent. "Gin, I love you, and I promise that from now on, what ever adventure I go on I'll take you with me if you want to come."

Ginny's sobs slowed down and quieted over the next few minutes and finally she looked up at Harry, her eyes puffy and red rimmed. "You mean that?" she asked hesitantly, "you really mean that you'll take me with you?" her voice was getting a bit stronger now, her tone changing from sadness to hopefulness.

"Yes Gin," said Harry as he bent down to kiss her, "I'll take you where ever you want to go. I know now that the best way for me to protect you is to have you with me. And I also know that you are a very capable witch and I'd be happy to have you help me with what ever adventure I'm on."

"Good," said Ginny as she sat up, a smile spreading across her face, her red rimmed eyes shining brightly. "But right now I think we better head back to the castle, I think class is going to start soon."

Harry looked at his watch and found that the first class of the day was set to end in 15 minuets. "Ok, let's go," said Harry as he too got up. "But before I head to the next class I want to post something in the Gryffindor common room."

"What?" asked Ginny as she and Harry started towards the school.

"An announcement about when Quidditch tryouts are," said Harry as they passed Hagrid's hut, Harry could see Hagrid behind the hut with Fang next to him. Hagrid seemed to be digging in the garden. Hagrid waved and Harry waved back.

"Oh, When are they?" asked Ginny playfully as she ran a few steps ahead of Harry.

"Saturday," Harry said as they started up the giant stone steps into the school.

"Great," said Ginny

The two of them spoke a bit more about the team and who would try out as they headed for the 7th floor. Half way up they were on the middle of a stair case when it jerked violently and started moving. It wasn't the normal movement of the staircases either; it was fast, almost as if the stair case was trying to throw them off. Harry and Ginny held on for dear life as they were thrown against the railing.

A few seconds later and the ride was over. They were on the other side of the 4th floor hallway, at the bottom of the stairs to the owlry. They quickly hurried up the rest of the stairs and went through a door next to the owlry stairs. The door led to a passage and stairway that took them to the 6th floor. From there it was a quick climb up a latter to the 7th floor and then down a short hall way to the Gryffindor common room.

Harry muttered the password and went through the portrait hole. Once they were inside Harry took out a piece of parchment and quill and scribbled down a notice.

#### NOTICE

Try outs for the Gryffindor Quidditch Team will be held this Saturday on the Quidditch pitch from 10 a.m. to when ever it ends.

Harry quickly tacked it to the announcements board as the bell that signaled the end of class rang. He and Ginny hastily headed out of the common room, knowing that they would be fighting large groups

of students in the halls as they headed back outside.

They decided to take a different route to their next classes going through a secret passage that brought them from the 7th floor to the 4th and then down a small staircase that would bring them to a hall that led to the grand staircase.

When they were on the small staircase, along with about 20 other students, it also jerked off the wall and quickly moved to a new position. This time a few students fell down the stairs, and one even went over the railing. That student was saved by Harry's quick levitation charm. Once the staircase had settled into a new position Harry set the first year back down at the bottom of the stairs. He went over to the kid to make sure he was ok and once it was established that the kid hadn't sustained injuries Harry and Ginny went on their way.

"It seems that they don't have all the spells and charms on this place just right yet." Said Harry as he and Ginny jumped over the trick stair on their way down the grand staircase.

They heard a sudden gasp behind them as a 1st year's leg was suddenly sucked up into the staircase, "Glad to be back?" asked Ginny as a few 6th years helped the 1st year out of the stairs.

After a few seconds Harry said "Yeah." Harry quickly kissed Ginny and said, "I missed this place." And with that the two of them went their separate ways, Ginny towards the Quidditch pitch and Harry towards the Greenhouses.

## **Chapter 27**

The first two days of classes seriously made Harry rethink his statement to Ginny about being back. He received more homework in those two days than he ever had in a week of classes.

For Herbology he was supposed to list all the magical plants that could be used medicinally, and what those uses were.

For Potions he had to write an Essay on medicinal and healing potions; and Professor Slughorn had said that they would have to make a randomly chosen potion on Friday.

In Transfiguration Professor Molly Aquos had started class by telling everybody to call her Professor Molly or just Molly so they could avoid confusion with her husband. Then she had told them that they wouldn't be learning anything new this year, just practicing using transfiguration for self defense and to conceal one's self. She had told them to come back on Thursday with a different face on; literally, they were supposed to transfigure their faces to be completely different.

Charms was a different story. Professor Flitwick had said that not only would the 7th years be doing intensive training in various concealment and protection charms, but they would also be helping to put some of the school's spells back. Harry had raised his hand and asked what spells were missing and whether or not the stair's spells were on the fritz. Professor Flitwick had mumbled something about telling the students what spells would be needed later and then had jumped off the chair and started teaching them a spell to make wizard buildings invisible to Muggles. They were each given a model of a house and told to make it "vanish to Muggle eyes." When Ron asked how they were supposed to know if it worked Professor Flitwick had merely said that he would know.

Harry, Ginny Ron, and even Hermione, had searched through the library for all known medicinal plants. Luckily they had been able to complete quite a bit of their essays on healing potions at the same time.

Harry was still having a bit of a problem transfiguring his face so that there was no trace of his former self left, he was having particular difficulty with his scar. When he had asked Hermione about it she had told him to ask Ginny to cover it with makeup.

"Aren't we supposed to use magic?" Ron asked.

"She never said that we couldn't use makeup," Hermione said, "She just said that we were supposed to completely conceal our features."

Ron stared at her for nearly a minute with his mouth slightly open. Hermione leaned in and kissed him softly before turning back to her book.

Harry was a bit amazed also, he had never known Hermione to take a short cut, but he didn't mind. He supposed that he could always argue that in a situation where he needed to conceal his features he would go with the fastest way. And if he was having trouble with a feature it was better to cover it with makeup than to obsess about using magic.

Harry looked at his watch as he finished with the last book that they had found on medicinal plants. "It's nearly one o'clock," he yawned, suddenly tired. He put his head down on the book and closed his eyes, "wake me up when it's over."

"When what's over?" asked Ginny as she slowly rubbed his back/

"All of it," he said as he took off his glasses and put them in his robe pocket.

"Ok," said Ginny as she went back to reading.

"Wait," said Ron, "why isn't Madam Pince here telling us to get out?"

"We're seventh years," said Hermione simply, "7th years have the right to the library 24/7 because of N.E.W.T. classes."

Ron just nodded as he looked back at his book, trying not to notice that he was on the same page as he had been half an hour ago. He gave up and said, "Come on, let's go to sleep."

"Yeah, let's go," said Hermione as she closed her book, leaving her essay for potions unfinished, "I have to get up before breakfast tomorrow so I can get to class."

Harry and Ginny muttered their agreement, both of them half asleep.

As they walked quietly to the dorms they heard a deep groaning and moaning, it sounded as if the castle itself was making the noise. While the four of them didn't usually get scared, they were all tired and none of them wanted to be anywhere but their beds at the moment.

The next morning Harry and Ginny woke up at about 9 o'clock. They showered and dressed and got ready to go down to the kitchens for some leftovers from breakfast. When they got out into the common room they saw Ron lounging on one of the overstuffed couches, just staring out the window as he ate a piece of toast.

When Ron finally noticed the two of them he quickly swallowed and sat up. "Hey, 'morning,"

"Mhmmm," mumbled Ginny, her tone suggesting that she wasn't entirely lucid at the moment.

"Yeah, 'morning," said Harry, his tone suggesting that he wasn't entirely awake.

"There's some food over there," said Ron as he waved his toast towards the door that allowed them access to the rest of the castle, "it's next to the door. Kreacher brought it up about half an hour ago."

Harry looked over and saw a small table piled high with everything from sausage to eggs to toast.

"Thanks," he muttered to Ron. He and Ginny went over to the table and got themselves breakfast.

"You know," said Ginny softly as she pored herself a glass of pumpkin juice, "we'll have to go to breakfast every once in a while, otherwise people will start to get suspicious."

"Ok Gin" said Harry, "the next time we stay up till nearly 2 in the morning I'll wake you up at 7 so that we can make an appearance at breakfast."

"Well, maybe not when we stay up that late, but we'll have to go to breakfast at least twice a week."

"Fine," said Harry reluctantly, he rather liked being able to sleep in.

The two of them went back and sat on two chairs that were to the left of Ron. The three friends sat and talked for half an hour about their classes so far, about the upcoming Quidditch tryouts, and about how the school year would go.

At around 9:45 they left the common room and headed for the Defense Against the Dark Arts room. On the way they stopped by the trophy room to see what had been added over the summer.

Looking around Harry immediately spotted the addition of a large silver shield that had the Hogwarts crest etched into its center. There were lines etched into the shield that split it into four quadrants. Each quadrant was filled with the names of the people who had received the 'award for special services to the school,'. Harry ran his hand over his name and the names of the people in the Gryffindor quadrant. After a few minutes the bell rang and the three of them headed for the DADA classroom.

When they got there they found the door open, Ron stopped and waited outside for Hermione, who arrived only a few minutes later. As Harry and Ginny walked into the room they saw that it was free of

desks and split by a large stage, much like the one that had been in the great hall during Harry and Ron's second year. They walked in and Professor Aquos immediately greeted them by telling them to put their bags in the back of the room and to come back with only their wands.

Once the whole class was assembled Marc Aquos jumped up on stage and introduced himself, "Hi all, I'm Marc Aquos, but please, call me Marc."

Everybody nodded, it had been expected.

"Alright, now that we've got that out of the way, lets get to what you came here for, magic." Marc let a small half grin spread across his face as he pulled out his wand. "Alright, this year is about the most advanced defensive magic around. I'll be teaching you stuff that most wizards and witches don't even know about. Some of them, like the unforgivable curses, are absolutely illegal. But as some of us already know," he looked pointedly at Harry, Ron and Hermione, "we have to break the law sometimes to save ourselves or others."

With a flick of his wrist he made a large silver humanoid jump out of his wand. It was nearly 7 feet tall and walked on two legs. It looked like a cross between a man and a bear. Harry recognized it from a movie the Dersleys had watched once, it was a Wookiee. "The Patronus charm. As you can see mine is a Wookiee, a fictional character in a series of muggle movies. Professor McGonagall has already told me that many of you know how to do it, and that's good because it means that we can get to our next unit faster, but I wanted to make sure." He jumped down from the stage and the Wookiee started after him. "The Patronus is mainly used as a defense against Dementors, but it can also be used as a guide, as a message carrier, and as a defense against other dark beings." Marc looked around the room to see if they understood him, most of them did. "The first thing that you must do is find a happy memory, something that hasn't been washed away, something that you'll keep with you forever."

The class all seemed to stare off into space as they tried to remember something that was pure happiness. For almost all the class, most of whom had been in the DA, it was simple. Some of the students seemed to have some trouble with memories from the final battle though. After a few minuets the whole class was smiling and it seemed that all of them were ready.

"Alright," Marc said as his Patronus started to fade away, "lets see how many of you can conjure one. All of you, take out your wands and conjure a Patronus. We'll start with the charm out loud, it's much easier that way, but then we'll go to silent charms."

There was the sound of wood on cloth as the whole class drew their wands. Then there were shouts of "*Expecto Patronum*" and suddenly room was filled with silver beasts. Harry saw his stag and Ginny's horse start running around the room together, Ron's terrier was leaping up and down as it circled Ron and Hermione's otter was twisting and turning around it. The other students' Patronuses were dancing and twisting in the same way.

Normally Harry would have looked over at the Slytherin students to see how badly they were failing, but now he couldn't do that, most of the Slytherin 6th and 7th years had been either killed, hauled off to Azkaban or hadn't come back, Slytherin house had in fact been reduced by almost 1/3rd.

Marc was walking around, smiling and making comments here and there. When he got to Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione he looked at there Patronuses and started to laugh. "Harry, I understand I have you to thank for teaching my students so well."

"Yes sir," said Harry, suddenly a bit self conscious.

"Well, if you taught them the rest of the curriculum as well as you did this than I won't have much work to do this year." Marc patted Harry heavily on the shoulder and continued on, commenting to Hanna Abbot on her bear Patronus.

For the next hour Marc talked about the different use of Patronuses and eventually handed out a quiz on the origins of the Patronus charm. "Normally I wouldn't bother with this part of the lesson, but since it usually takes nearly a month to get the whole class to produce corporeal Patronuses we have the time."

After the quiz there was only a few minutes left before lunch. "This afternoon we'll be starting our defensive unit. We'll be using dueling and other methods to practice various defensive charms and even some attack and counter charms. If you don't already, have the first volume of *Practical Defensive Magic and Its Use against the Dark Arts* read, we'll be using a lot of the defensive charms in there. Any questions?" Marc looked around, and after he was sure that nobody had any questions he nodded.

Almost as if his nod was a cue, the bell rang and everybody started shuffling around.

As they got up Ron turned to Harry and said, "Harry, exactly how much of *Practical Defensive Magic and Its Use against the Dark Arts* did you teach us in 5th and 6th year? When I looked through it I saw that there was a lot of stuff you had taught us."

"I used all of the stuff that wouldn't injure people more than them having a few bumps and bruises," said Harry, "but there's a whole bunch of stuff in there that I wouldn't have used on Malfoy."

Ron looked stunned and disgusted at the same time. "Oh," was all he seemed to be able to say.

"Ron, how much of those books have you read?" asked Hermione as they arrived at the great hall.

Ron got an embarrassed look on his face, "I'm almost done with the first one," he said, "and I've skimmed through most of the others."

Hermione smiled, "ok," she said as they sat down.

Harry, Ginny and Ron all looked amazed at Hermione reaction; usually she would have been all over Ron for not reading the books, and saying that he needed better study habits. Then she would have pulled him off to the library to get in as much reading as possible.

"Who are you and what have you done with my Hermione," asked Ron as he reached over and felt Hermione's forehead.

When Hermione saw there looks she burst out laughing, "It's really me, I promise, I've just figured out that Ron doesn't have perfect study habits."

"Prove it," said Ron.

"You prove that your self dear," she said as she pulled a plate of meatloaf towards her.

"No, prove that you're Hermione Granger," said Ron.

"Oh, well let's see. When we went to pick my parents up in Australia, you introduced us to them, before I restored their memories, as a newly engaged couple looking for an apartment."

Ron nodded, "it's Hermione," he said simply as he too pulled a plate towards him.

Harry and Ginny just looked at each other, wondering at their friend's odd behavior. But eventually they too pulled plates towards themselves and started eating also.

After lunch the four friends headed back to class. As they got there they found the Professors Aquos at the door, there foreheads together and large smiles on there faces. The two of them moved apart slowly as Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione started approaching.

"I'll see you after class," said Marc as Molly started walking away. She just smiled and nodded. The friends didn't hear or see anymore of the conversation because they had walked into the class room.

An hour later the lesson was almost over and Hermione had just asked about homework, earning

herself an evil glare from the rest of the class, and a loving smile from Rom.

"Well Ms. Granger, The only homework is to read more, I don't like written homework, I think practical homework is good, reading and actual practice of the spells you learn, but I think that essays and other things are boring. In other words, I don't like having to take the time to grade all those things so I don't give them out." Marc nodded his head, and again, the bell rang as if the nod was a cue.

The class laughed and started to file out. "Mr. Potter, I'd like to see you before you leave," said Marc just as Harry was about to walk out of the room.

Harry looked at Ginny, Ron and Hermione and nodded, "I'll be alright," he said. He quickly kissed Ginny on the forehead and turned back.

"Ah, Harry, you don't mind if I call you Harry do you?" said Marc.

"No, not at all, you let us call you Marc after all." Harry replied

"Good. Alright, I wanted to talk to you because Professor McGonagall told me about the DA and what you were teaching. It seems that a lot of the stuff I'm supposed to teach students has already been taught to them, at least for 3rd year and above. What I want to know is what you taught them, so that I can plan my lessons around that. For example, you already taught them the Patronus charm, so I didn't need to teach the charm, just uses. If you've taught them dueling technique, than I don't need to teach that."

"I didn't teach them dueling technique sir," said Harry quickly.

"Good, that gives me a lesson plan for the next few weeks than. But that was just an example." Marc heaved a large sigh, "it would just make it a lot easier if you could just write up a list of stuff you taught so that I know what I need to teach and what I don't."

"Ok," said Harry, not really sure what to make of the Professor's request.

"Good, good," Marc looked around the room. He looked a bit distracted to Harry, somehow a bit older than he had looked only a few moments before. It was almost as if it was the room that was the cause of his obvious stress, not teaching.

"Will there be anything else sir?" asked Harry after a few moments of uncomfortable silence.

"Actually yes," said Marc suddenly, "Harry, what do you know about this castle, about the builders, about the spells on it?"

"Not much sir," said Harry, not entirely sure what to make of the question, "you'd be better asking Hermione Granger, she's very good with that kind of stuff."

"Yes, I'll have to do that." Marc had gone back to his wandering gaze, slightly older look.

"Sir is there something wrong, something the students haven't been told about?" asked Harry, suddenly scared that the school was in danger of being shut down. Harry suddenly remembered the way that Charley had come home over the summer very worried, was there something wrong with the castle?

"What, oh, no, nothing, you can get back to your friends," muttered Marc distractedly.

"Thank you Professor," said Harry as he turned to leave. He looked back at Marc when he didn't respond and saw the new teacher staring out the window, a look of deep contemplation on his face.

## **Chapter 28**

It was Saturday and the four friends were sitting in their common room after a hard week of school.

"At least we have Quidditch to look forward too," said Ginny

"Yeah," said Ron, "it'll be great, we'll have a whole new stock to haze."

"Ron, there will be no hazing of the little children," said Hermione as she stared lasers at Ron.

After nearly 30 seconds of Hermione's piercing stare Ron gave way and sagged, saying, "Alright, I won't hurt the little ones."

"Good," said Hermione.

Ginny was looking at Harry, "Harry is something wrong?"

"What, no, I was just thinking about what Marc asked me on Wednesday."

"Oh," said Ginny.

"Did you ask his wife," asked Hermione.

"Yes, and she told me to drop it," Harry leaned forward in his chair, a look of deep contemplation on his face. "I can't figure out why he would ask such a question, other than something being wrong with the castle."

"Maybe he's just curious," said Ron.

"No, he seemed worried," said Harry, a bit of worry showing on his face.

"Maybe something went wrong during the rebuilding," said Ginny.

"No, McGonagall would have told us, we are the Head Students after all," said Hermione.

Both Harry and Ron gave her a look that said they didn't think that McGonagall would tell them everything.

Soon all four headed down to the Quidditch pitch. Harry, Ginny and Ron were all looking forward to getting to fly again, and they all needed sometime outside.

Soon people started to show up; people came in droves, before long there were nearly 100 people.

"Alright, anybody who is here to see the famous people either leave or go sit in the stands. People trying out for chaser over there, and beaters over there," Harry said pointing. He saw most of the crowd walk towards the stands. There were still about 25 people left standing on the pitch, all of them holding brooms, and more importantly all of them from Gryffindor.

"What about keeper," some random kid asked.

"And seeker?" asked another

"No keeper tryouts today and why would I hold tryouts for my position?" He scoffed, and continued, "We need two chasers and two beaters. The ones who do the best will get the position. We'll do the chasers first, so those of you here for beater try outs please have a seat."

They watched as the kids split into two groups, while a few walked away with sour expressions.

"Ron, go down and guard the goals. Ginny, do you want them just to shoot, or do you want to try a pass and shoot?" Harry took command quickly.

"Pass and shoot." She answered, smiling.

Harry looked to make sure that Ron was in place, and then began to speak to the people trying out, "You will each be given three chances to shoot. Ginny will take the quaffle and pass it to you, and then you will shoot. Hermione will keep score of how many of you make it so make sure she knows your name before you go up. If you cannot follow directions, you will immediately be disqualified." He stopped and looked around, "Any questions?"

No one moved, so Ginny and Harry got on their brooms and kicked off. Hermione had a broom, but was not looking forward to using it. Hermione sent the first student up, a second year. He got into position and Ginny threw him the ball. He caught it, but then dropped it. Harry caught the ball, and tossed it back to Ginny. She threw it to the boy again, and he managed to catch it, however he was about 30 feet off with his attempt to put it through the hoop. Ron easily caught the quaffle.

The next 7 people were just as bad. After every couple of players, Harry would fly over to Hermione and have her write a few things down for him. None of them managed to catch all three passes, and of those who did catch one, no one scored. Next up was a fourth year that Harry recognized, but could not fit a name to. He was scrawny with short brown hair, he seemed confident and when he kicked off he let out a whoop of exhilaration. When Harry asked Hermione the boy's name she said it was Johnny.

Johnny managed to catch all three passes beautifully. He only scored two goals, but all three had been hard and accurate. Ron was getting much better when people were watching. Harry looked at Ginny and Ron to see what they thought. They both looked at him and shrugged, as if to say, 'he's the best we have so far'.

As the morning crept by Harry started to lose hope, most of the people who tried out were awful. It was looking bleak when they had gotten down to the last four people. The next person, a 5th year by the name of Frank, flew up and nodded at Ginny. She threw him the ball and he caught it with ease. He then turned to Ron. He turned all of his body to the right, trying to make the basket. He threw with all his might, right at Ron, who caught the quaffle and sighed heavily. Harry sighed also, this really was hopeless, the two people on the ground had tried out for him previously and unless they had improved ten fold, they weren't options.

While flying away from the hoops to set up the next pass for Ginny Frank looked back and threw the quaffle in the middle hoop, which Ron had abandoned in his confidence that Frank would not get passed him. He made it, Frank smirked. Harry caught the quaffle and threw it back to Ginny. She threw it to Frank again, this time making him work to catch it, he did. Ron was also prepared for him this time. However, Frank's faking skills were too far advanced, he made the goal again.

Harry caught the quaffle again and threw it to Ginny, this time the pass was appallingly hard, Harry was unsure of whether he could have caught it or not. Frank snagged it and did not go with a fake this time. Ron was almost able to block the shot. It rolled off the tips of his fingers and bounced off the bottom of the hoop, right through.

As Frank returned to the ground, Ginny looked at Harry with a huge smile on her face. Ron's face mirrored Ginny's, although Harry guessed it was for a different reason, Ron didn't usually take it well when people got the quaffle passed him.

Harry was right; Ron had snuck a look at Hermione. She winked at him, and began to fan herself with her clipboard. Ron smiled back mischievously and mouthed something that looked to Harry like 'later'. The last two people were as awful as Harry remembered them being.

Two chasers down, two beaters to go.

The three returned to the ground, to discuss how to do the beater tryouts.

"Maybe we could conjure up a fake person riding a broom," Ron suggested.

"Hermione, could you maybe do something so we could see how hard it hit?"

"I think I can manage." She answered smiling, happy that she could do something besides take notes.

"Okay, the rest of you are here for beater try outs, I'm assuming." Harry said looking around, "Each of you will get three chances to hit the target, which will record data and send it to us. As always, the two that perform the best get the positions. Good Luck"

After the fake player had been conjured and Hermione had all of the sensors set up, they began again. There weren't nearly as many people trying out for beater, only seven. The first one up took the bat and looked pretty scared as he took off. Ron reached down, then looked to see that everyone was ready, and released the bludger. It took off toward the kid and he swung the bat, and missed. They heard a very loud curse as the boy regained his balance. Harry leaned over toward Hermione, and had her write that down. The second swing made contact with the bludger, but his form was awful, and the dummy barely registered any damage. His third try mimicked the second.

The second boy to try out was much better. He made contact all three times, but like the first, his form was awful, but the dummy did register some damage.

The third person flew up, her name was Danny and she was a sixth year who seemed to be built like a train, she was all muscle. She swung the bat, with very good form, and made contact, there was a loud crack and the dummy did a barrel roll. The two successive shots were just a beautiful, and just as damaging.

Harry, Ron and Ginny looked at Hermione for a report on the damage.

"Internal bleeding all three times, and the first shot broke 6 ribs and fractured an arm," she said, looking worried. The other three smiled.

The next two were good and would have made good beaters, if it weren't for their apparent inability to aim. The sixth person climbed on her broom, Lauren was a 4th year and she was built more like a dancer than a beater. Harry was skeptical that she would do well. She swung the bat and made contact, with great form, she hit the dummy, hard. The second shot was not nearly as severe as the first, but it still would have hurt. The third shot was great, nearly knocking the dummy from the broom. Her form was a bit unorthodox, but it got the job done. Harry, Ron and Ginny looked at Hermione for a damage report.

"No internal bleeding this time, but there would be severe bruising and at least one or two fractures." She looked at them to see that they all were, again, smiling at the news of the pain the person would be in, "*awful sport*," she said through a sigh. She received a sharp glare from Ginny and smiled in return.

The seventh person was also good, but they only hit two of the three bludgers. The damage was nothing more than mild dizziness. However, there was potential if the person practiced. But it didn't matter, Harry had already made up his mind on Danny and Lauren, and best of all, they were sisters.

Harry pulled Frank, Johnny, Danny and Lauren aside and told them the good news, saying that the first practice would be that afternoon after lunch. All four thanked Harry and told him that they couldn't wait to start.

Harry couldn't help but smile when Ginny walked up to him, "Well Gin, I think we actually have a chance this year."

"I'd say so," said Ginny as she took Harry's hand.

"A chance, I think we have more than a chance," said Ron as he walked up with Hermione attached to his waist, "I think we'll kick Slytherin's ass this year."

"Not necessarily," said Hermione. When Ron looked at her like she was crazy she elaborated, "Most of Slytherin's team was arrested, or at least didn't come back this year, they'll be sporting younger, lighter players."

"So?" asked Ron as all four started towards the castle.

"If they have good brooms, we'll be hard pressed to catch up with them," said Ginny.

"Right," said Ron, he didn't look convinced, but he didn't look as sure of himself either.

Ginny turned to Harry, "We should go find Frank, Johnny, Danny and Lauren, I'm sure they'll be excited to talk with us about strategy."

"Yeah, I'm sure they would; only problem is that I don't have any strategy to talk about." Harry said as he, Ginny and Ron stowed their brooms in the broom shed.

"Well all the more reason to talk about it with the new players, if we come up with strategy together than we're more likely to understand it." Said Ginny as the broom shed closed behind them.

"Yeah, I guess," said Harry. He was quiet for a few seconds, in which time they crossed the distance between the broom shed and the front steps. "Ron, what do you think, did you get any indication that any of them had any knack for strategy?" There was silence, "Ron, Hermione," said Harry as he turned around.

"Where are they?" asked Ginny.

"Who knows," muttered Harry as he and Ginny entered the Great Hall, "and who cares, I'm hungry."

## Chapter 29

Ron felt a sharp tug on his arm as he heard Ginny say "Well all the more reason to talk about it with..." and suddenly the door to the broom shed was closed and he couldn't hear his sister any more.

Ron felt arms snake around his neck as he was slowly pushed up against the back wall. He relaxed, it was only Hermione. "Hey," he said softly as their heads came closer together. Hermione leaned in and kissed him ferociously, it was defiantly Hermione. To Ron it seemed that she was barley in control of her self.

When they broke apart Ron could hear Hermione's shallow breathing and feel her chest rising and falling against his own. "Maybe we should end up in a broom closet more often," he said playfully.

"As often as you want," Hermione said back, "as long as you just finished flying." She ripped his robes open, exposing the t-shirt and jeans he was wearing underneath.

"Hermione, you know, if you wait, we can do this after this afternoons practice," said Ron

"Who said that doing it now would stop us from doing it then?" Hermione asked seductively "and when have you ever turned down sex?" she asked as she ran her hands under his shirt.

"Good point," Ron grunted. He snaked his hands around Hermione's and pulled her close, pinning her hands against his chest. He kissed her just as passionately as she had kissed him only a minuet ago. Ron heard her moan through the kiss and it was all he could do to keep him self from ripping her cloths off.

By the time they broke apart Ron had let his arms slacken enough that Hermione had room to pull his shirt off of him. She ran her hands along his chest, admiring the glistening muscles. She licked her lips and smiled in anticipation.

"Well Ms. Granger, do you like what you see?" asked Ron playfully as he undid the front of her jeans.

"Yes I do," she growled as she pulled her shirt over her head, "and I intend to see even more." She undid Ron's pants and soon both of them were naked and Hermione could feel Ron's hard dick pressing against the inside of her thigh.

Ron was kissing Hermione's neck, right at the pulse point, causing her moans to fill the small shed. He could feel her hard nipples pressing against his chest; he could feel her hips pressing against his. Ron pushed against Hermione's arms with his hands, causing her to take a few steps back and causing himself to take a few steps forward. Now Hermione was against a wall and their feet were no longer tangled in the piles of their cloths.

Hermione jumped up and wrapped her legs around Ron's waist, her wetness pressing against his groin. She moved one of her free hands between the two of them and grabbed Ron's rod, she guided the tip of it so that it was resting against her opening and whispered in his ear, "hard and fast."

Suddenly Ron was inside of her, pounding away. She let out a scream of pure pleasure as his dick split her tunnel wide open. She shoved her hips forward, meeting Ron's thrusts with her own, trying to get him as deep as possible. The hand that had guided him into her was now back around his neck as she held on with all of her strength.

For the next 10 minuets the sounds of sex filled the small shack, Hermione's sensual moans, Ron's soft grunts, and the sound of wet flesh hitting wet flesh, over and over again.

Ron felt Hermione tense up as her orgasm built inside of her, and Ron could feel his building to a peek as well. "Hermione I'm about to..." Ron felt her walls spasm, squeezing his dick and sending both of

them over the edge.

"Oh, yes, oh Ron yes," screamed Hermione as her orgasm racked her body, sending wave after wave of pleasure through her and causing her to have muscle spasms. As she seemed to twitch in the arms of the man she loved she could hear him groan out her name as he emptied himself into her.

As the two came down from their insane pleasure high Hermione relaxed against the wall, she removed her arms from around Ron's neck and took his face in her hands, she kissed him deeply, his soft lips mashed against hers for a few moments. After she broke the kiss she put her head on his shoulder and smiled into his neck. I absolutely love you," she whispered.

"Not as much as I love you," said Ron.

"It's always a competition with you isn't it?" she asked jokingly.

"That's what happens when you grow up with 5 brothers and Ginny." Ron muttered as he kissed her ear.

A few minutes later Hermione unhooked her legs and put her feet back on the ground, "we should probably get to lunch before people start to get worried."

"Yeah, that's a good idea," said Ron, pulling himself out of his fiancé. He moved over to the pile of cloths and tossed Hermione her shirt and pants.

Once they were both dressed Ron opened the door an inch or so and looked outside, "it's all clear," he said as he opened the door the rest of the way and walked out. Hermione followed him out and took his hand, leaning her head against his shoulder. They started to the castle at a leisurely pace and when they got to the great hall for lunch they found that they only had about 15 minutes left to eat. They spotted Harry, Ginny and the rest of the team and quickly walked over and sat down.

"Where have the two of you been?" asked Ginny.

"We went for a walk around the lake," said Ron simply, "we wanted some alone time."

"Yeah," said Hermione as she pulled a large bowl of pasta towards her and Ron, "we've been so busy over the last week we figured that some alone time would be nice."

"Oh, so that's where you guys disappeared too," said Harry, a spoon full of soup halfway to his mouth.

"What?" asked Ron

"After the tryouts, as Ginny and I were walking to the castle I asked you a question and you didn't answer, when I turned around to see why you had disappeared." Harry said, putting the spoon down.

"Yeah, that's it," muttered Ron

After a few moments silence Danny spoke up, "So back to strategy then?"

"Yeah, strategy," said Ron, "What is it this year?"

"So far, we have two ideas," said Lauren

"Win," said Frank

"And score more points than the other team," Said Johnny

"Those sound good," Said Ron, "but they sound kind of familiar, and I think the other team will be going for the same thing."

"Yeah, that's the problem we came up with too," said Ginny

"We could try and lose," suggested Lauren, "at least it would be unexpected."

"We could do that, but I've grown rather fond of winning," said Ginny

"What if we fly by the seat of our pants?" asked Frank

"No, I like brooms better, there easier to keep under control," said Harry.

"What if we wing it?" asked Johnny, a small smile spreading across his face.

"No, that's the snitch, and I think it's illegal for players to have wings on the field." Said Harry

"Oh," said Johnny, "that puts a damper in that plan."

Hermione just stared, she couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Are you guys going to come up with actual strategy or is this just going to be a 'how many flying jokes can we make' session?"

"I thought we were coming up with strategy." Lauren said

"Yeah, so did I," said Johnny

"Alright, how about this; we practice as much as possible, then we play as well as we can. We have three F2s, but all three are flown by the three oldest people on the team so the advantage we get is a bit smaller. Also, Ginny will have to slow down a bit to stay with Johnny and Frank, don't get me wrong, she can still take the quaffle and go for a breakaway, but she could do that before, now it's just a bit faster."

"We could give the three F2s to the chasers," said Frank, a bit of hope in his voice.

Harry smiled, "No," he said simply

"Or not," said Johnny, "ok, here's what we do. Instead of using the beaters to keep the other team from getting the ball, we use them to help defend the goal posts. Danny or Lauren stays by the goal posts for the whole game, the other beater goes and protects our players, but once the other team gets the quaffle she sends a bludgers down to the goal posts and the beater there initiates a head on collision between the chaser carrying the quaffle and the bludger."

"I like it," said Lauren, a wicked grin plastered on her face.

"It'll be nice to have some company down by the goal posts," said Ron. "With Ginny on the team it can get pretty lonely while she's scoring over and over again."

"I'll try and give the other team a chance this year," said Ginny sweetly.

"Thanks sis," said Ron.

"You're welcome."

"Alright, lunch is over," said Harry standing up, "it's time we get out there and see if what we came up with will work."

Ron turned to Hermione and, smiling, said "can you charm the seats of our pants to fly?"

The whole team burst out laughing, and even Hermione cracked a smile. "No, but I will come and watch."

"That works too," said Ron as the team started out towards the pitch.

A few minuets later the new team, and Hermione, was assembled in the locker room. "As you have all figured out, hopefully, this is the locker room," started Harry. "We'll meet here before and after every game, and sometimes before practice. You'll each be assigned a locker, which is where you will keep your Quidditch gear and robes. There are showers in the back, and yes, each house has there own locker room so we don't need to worry about sharing lockers with Slytherins." This brought a chuckle

from the team. "Now, I want us to get out and practice our new strategy, I'll be flying around watching, I want to see just what the four of you can do," Harry looked at Frank, Johnny, Lauren, and Danny.

The practice went well for a while, the strategy seemed to work, but as Ginny pointed out after the first time they tried it with Danny and Lauren at one end of the field and Ginny, Johnny and Frank rushing towards them, "we were expecting it, we knew it was coming,"

"Right, and the second we use it in a game so will the rest of the teams," said Lauren.

"So what, we only use it once?" asked Ron

"No, we use it sporadically," said Harry, "if it happens that our beaters are at separate ends of the field than we use it, if not, then we go to conventional tactics."

"What if we use the seeker to break up a formation?" said Lauren. "If the other teams chasers get too close to the goal, than Harry dives right through their formation, breaking it up and slowing down the momentum."

"It could work, but it could also cause me massive injury," commented Harry, "if the chasers don't get out of the way and we collide, than both of us are down and most likely out of the game."

"Good point." Said Johnny, "But I think it's worth a shot, if it doesn't look like the chasers are going to break off, then you could abort the dive, I've heard stories about you pulling out of dives at the last second."

"Alright, we'll try it," said Harry. They practiced the two plays for the next few hours, adding in some new ones as they went along.

One of them, where Ginny took the quaffle and sped up the pitch, almost as if to ram the keeper, in this case Ron, was always successful, although Harry wasn't sure if that was because Ron was a bit chicken, or because the Danny and Lauren weren't trying hard enough to hit Ginny with the bludgers.

It was nearly 5 o'clock when Harry motioned the team to the ground. "Alright, we've gotten off to a great start," said Harry, "and on Tuesday we'll continue. Meet here after dinner and we'll practice some formation flying. I'll come up with a regular practice schedule by then, our first game is the weekend before Halloween, by then I want us to be unstoppable. Gryffindor will win the house cup this year, and we will be undefeated, and hopefully I won't end up in the hospital wing after a match." Everybody laughed, even Ginny, who also showed a bit of worry. Harry *was* prone to horrible injuries during the Quidditch matches. "Alright, to the locker rooms with all of you, get changed and get to dinner." And with that Harry waved his hand, dismissing his team.

Ginny wandered over to him and took his hand, "We're good this year," she said, "really good."

"Yeah, I can't wait to see what we look like during a game," said Harry.

"Well, as long as we win I'm happy, and Johnny and Frank are good, they'll make fine chasers."

Harry looked on as his team walked ahead of him and Ginny to the locker rooms. Ron slowed down, dropping back from the rest of the group, as Hermione caught up. The couple dropped back a few more paces and soon Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were walking side by side, all of them smiling.

"It's going to be a good year, isn't it?" asked Hermione

"Yes my love, it is," said Ron, "yes, it is."

## **Chapter 30**

Half an hour later the Gryffindor locker room was all but empty. The only two left were Harry and Ginny, who had taken the chest of balls back to the broom shed and then come in to change.

"So Mr. Potter, what would you say to a quick shower?" purred Ginny as she came up behind Harry and started to pull off the remaining cloths he had on.

"I'd ask why it has to be a quick shower," said Harry as he turned around and looked at Ginny. She had two towels over an arm, but no cloths on.

"Well we'll work on how long we're in the shower once we get there," said Ginny as she pulled a now naked Harry towards the showers in the back of the locker room. She pulled him into one of the large stalls that served as a shower and closed the curtain.

Harry turned the water on and felt the hot liquid stream over his tired muscles, instantly relaxing him.

Ginny was facing him and he put his arms around her and pulled her closer. She put her head on his wet chest and hugged him back, her wet hair clinging to his chest in some places. "So this is a normal first week of school," said Ginny with a deep sigh as the hot water ran over her.

"Yeah, I guess so," said Harry. Indeed it felt a bit weird not to have something to worry about other than homework. Normally by now he had learned of some new plot by Voldemort to take over the world, and now Voldemort was dead.

Suddenly he took Ginny's head in his hands and turned her face to his own. He pressed his lips against hers and the two drifted over to a wall. Harry pressed Ginny against the wall softly, not wanting to hurt her.

Harry reached between him and Ginny and found the slit between her legs. She groaned as Harry slipped his fingers inside of her and started to finger her, letting his thumb drift around her clit but never touching it.

Harry cupped his hands under Ginny's ass and lifted her up slowly, all the while kissing her jaw and neck. Once he had positioned his dick at her opening he let her slide down the wall slowly, causing himself to enter her. Once he was as deep as he could get he started to pump in and out of her, slowly at first, but then getting faster and faster as the pleasure built. All the while Ginny let out moans and shouts of pleasure, most were covered up by the sound of the showerhead, but the loudest ones could still be heard if somebody were listening carefully enough.

The two thrust against each other for the next 10 minutes, sending pulses of pleasure throughout each others body. Ginny could feel her orgasm building, but it wasn't building fast enough, this was going to be one of the times that she and Harry went for at least half an hour, unless she did something about it.

Ginny took one of her hands from around Harry's neck and slid it between their wet bodies and started to rub her clit in rhythm with Harry's thrusts.

Harry seemed to sense her need and soon he had one of her hard nipples in his mouth, letting his tongue slide over it, teasing it.

Ginny started to moan louder and Harry's thrusts got faster. Ginny felt her orgasm growing much faster than before and with in seconds she was over the edge and she could feel Harry's thick cock being squeezed by her spasming pussy.

Then suddenly Harry gave a loud grunt and gave one final thrust as he dumped his load into her, sending her down a whole different path of pleasure.

As they both came down from their pleasure highs Ginny felt herself start to slide down the wall a bit. "I think it's time we get out of here and go back to the dorm," she sighed.

"Yeah, I guess," said Harry, not making any type of move to suggest that he was going to leave.

The two of them stood together in the shower, letting the water run over them, for the next five minutes. Finally Ginny sighed again and released her arms from around Harry; he did the same and then turned off the water.

The two of them got out of the shower, got dressed and quickly started up to the castle, they both knew that only so much time could go by before people came looking for them.

And sure enough, when they were only half way to the castle they ran into Ron and Hermione going the other way. "Where have the two of you been?" asked Hermione worriedly

"In the locker rooms," said Ginny casually, "remember we had to put the stuff away and didn't start getting changed until after everybody else had left."

"Right, but it shouldn't take you that long to get changed," said Ron, "the team was getting worried."

"Well we can go tell the team we're ok," said Ginny in a slightly mocking tone.

"Good, I'm starving," said Harry. Ron and Ginny both nodded in agreement, a day of Quidditch could really work up an appetite.

They went back to the great hall, quickly finding the rest of the Quidditch team. They sat down and the 7 players analyzed the day's practice in a bit more detail while Hermione sat reading one of the books she had picked up over the summer.

Harry was glad to see that Ron only had half his attention on the conversation about Quidditch the other half was split between food and Hermione. Every few minutes he would squeeze her hand to show that he wasn't completely ignoring her. To some it would seem that the couple was having problems, but Harry knew that that was just how his two best friends were.

After dinner Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione went back to their common room, they all had a bit of practicing to do before next week's classes. It was surprising; the teachers had all said that their 7th year would focus more on the practical side of the class, not on the theory.

On their way back to their common room they passed a classroom with the door ajar, and voices coming from it.

"How bad is it?" asked the serious voice of Professor McGonagall.

"I'm not sure," said the squeaky voice of Professor Flitwick.

"Can it be fixed?" asked McGonagall.

"It depends on if it's the castle having trouble accepting the spells, or if the castle is refusing to use the new spells." Said Flitwick

"Is it a danger to the students?" asked McGonagall, she sounded worried, and tired.

"Not right now, but if the castle starts doing more than messing with spells than it may be," said the unmistakably accented voice of Marc Aquos.

"Well I really don't want to close the school, not after what happened last year, as long as the students are safe I'm going to keep the school open." Said McGonagall heavily, "as long as the instances are kept to a minimum and the students are safe I'm ok. But please try to figure this out before the school year ends. Who knows what the governors will say come summer."

The four friends heard foot steps coming to the door and quickly started down the hall. They had made it only half way before McGonagall came out of the classroom and spotted them.

"Where are the four of you going?" asked the Headmistress.

"We just finished Dinner professor," said Harry, "and we're going back to our dorm to study and practice."

"Oh," said McGonagall, a bit distracted, "that's fine, please continue."

The four friends started walking away when McGonagall shouted after them, "you four haven't seen or heard anything odd throughout the school have you?" she asked, the worry in her voice was much more noticeable than it normally would be.

"No," said Ron and Hermione together.

Harry and Ginny looked at each other, "we have," said Harry, "the other day a stair case from the 7th floor went crazy with some of the students on it. It nearly threw one of the students off."

"Oh, yes, Professor Flitwick told me you talked to him about that." Said McGonagall, distracted again.

"Professor is there something wrong?" asked Hermione softly.

"No, not at all," said McGonagall, once again the stern Headmistress, "now get back to your dormitories."

The four friends hurried back to their common room. When they got there they all collapsed in on of the over stuffed, extremely comfortable arm chairs.

Ron sighed as he sat down, "what was that about?" he asked

"I think there's something wrong with the school," said Hermione.

"What?" asked Ginny, "do you really think they would let us come back to school if it wasn't fully repaired?"

"I don't know," said Hermione, "Hogwarts uses some very esoteric and advanced magic to hold itself together. During the battle at the end of last year a lot of the spells on the school were broken, it's nearly impossible to know what spells were put on the castle by the founders, there could be hidden chambers that no body knows about that had secret spells on them that were broken."

"How many secret chambers can there be?" asked Ron

"Well think about it, the chamber of secrets was only discovered for the first time 50 years ago and only 6 years ago was it really exposed to the public. And the Room of Requirement has been used by students and teachers for centuries, yet it's in no history books, and we're not even sure if it still exists."

"I thought you said it did," said Ron

"No Ron, I said it's possible that it could still exist," Hermione sighed.

"Oh," said Ron, "Well I'm sure the founders left a way to repair the castle if the spells were ever broken."

"They did," said Hermione quickly. She got up and ran to the room she was sharing with Ron. When she came back down she was holding a worn book.

"Hogwarts a History," said Ron, Harry and Ginny at the same time.

"Yes," said Hermione, "and it says that the founders left a list of spells that they performed on each part of the castle, but the only person able to read the list would be the one to perform *all* the spells."

"Well if anybody can do it it's you Hermione," said Ron softly, "you're the best witch in our class."

Hermione blushed, "thank you Ron," she muttered.

"Well where's the list?" asked Harry, "if the castle is missing spells than we should try and fix it."

"The book says that 'the list is available to all. Should the need arise, the list will present itself to those who need it, and to those who can help.'" Hermione said as she opened to a page in the large book.

"What does that mean?" asked Ginny, half asleep

"I don't know," said Hermione.

The other three were silent for a second. "What if we just asked?" said Ron.

"Well it's worth a try," said Harry after a few seconds.

"Alright, then tomorrow, after classes we'll ask," said Hermione

The next day they asked, and again they were brick walled by McGonagall, "The only thing wrong with this school is that it has students who are sticking their noses where they don't belong."

"But Professor we're the head students," said Hermione trying to be sweet, "and if you don't tell us what's wrong who will you tell."

McGonagall was silent for a second, and then a slow smile spread across her face, "Oh, very good Miss. Granger, asking me who I'm telling so you can go ask them... Very good indeed" McGonagall had walked off down the hall way and they only heard her last words as an echo.

"Is she going paranoid?" Ron had asked

"No, she was right," said Harry, "Hermione asked who else McGonagall could talk to if not us. If she had given us an answer we would have gone and talked to that person. Or at least I know *I* would have."

"Yeah, that's what I was planning," said Hermione.

The four friends decided to drop the subject for the time being and concentrate on school work. It was a hard year and all of them, even Hermione, were a bit behind on work.

## Chapter 31

The next few months flew by, the only truly exciting thing to happen was George and Angelina's announcement that they too had gotten engaged and were planning to get married over Christmas break. The students all settled back in to the routine of school, and while there were occasionally reports of staircases going wild or of trap doors suddenly opening and dropping an unexpected student down a few levels, there was still a mood of happiness about the school, and nobody had been seriously hurt, at least not past the point that a quick visit to Madam Pomfrey couldn't fix.

As Halloween approached Harry had the Quidditch team practicing every other day after classes had finished. He, Ron and Ginny would constantly stay up late into the night finishing the homework for their classes.

Finally the weekend of the Quidditch match arrived and Harry found himself standing in the Gryffindor locker room staring at the other six players on his team. "Alright, Ravenclaw has a pretty good team this year..."

"We're playing Hufflepuff," said Johnny dead pan.

Harry stopped dead in mid sentence, "you're kidding right, I didn't think I was that out of it."

"Yeah, I'm kidding," said Johnny, "just trying to lighten the mood."

Everybody laughed, even Harry, but then got right back to business. "As I was saying, Ravenclaw has a pretty good team this year, but we're better. We have better players, better brooms, and more spirit. If nothing else, we have the determination to win. Oh, one last thing before you head onto the pitch. If we win the house Quidditch cup this year than you all get tickets to the world cup. If I don't get sent to the hospital wing this year and we win the house Quidditch cup than I'll do my best to get box seats."

Everybody cheered; there was no doubt in anybody's mind that Harry could acquire the tickets.

"Alright, get out there and play the best damn Quidditch you've ever played."

As the team ran out of the locker room and on to the pitch, a small group of flowing scarlet robes and excited faces, Ginny hung back a little, her enthusiasm subdued somewhat.

"Gin, what's wrong?" asked Harry, "you're usually the first one on the pitch."

"I'm waiting for you," said Ginny weakly. Harry looked at her, it was obvious that he didn't believe her, but he wasn't going to say that out loud. "I'm nervous," she finally blurted out. When Harry didn't move and didn't stop looking at her she continued, "I think Gwen might be out there, scouting me. What if I do something stupid and fail, what if we lose, what if I get hurt?"

Ginny was practically in tears and Harry quickly went over to his girlfriend and pulled her into his strong embrace. "Gin, you'll do fine, you're an amazing chaser. Gin, just go out and have fun, if you try too hard, or think too much you *are* going to make a mistake. Gin, just go out there and do your best, that's all anybody can ask."

"I know," said Ginny, her breathing deep and loud, "but I'm nervous,"

"I could go out there and ask her to leave if you want," said Harry jokingly

Ginny chuckled, her breathing starting to come under control, "No, the game is no different than normal and she's just another spectator."

"That's the Ginny I know and love," said Harry, placing a kiss on his girlfriend's forehead, "now, let's go show the rest of the crowd exactly what this team is capable of." With that Harry ran out of the locker room, closely followed by Ginny. Soon they were both out on the field and were bombarded by

the sounds smells and sights that accompanied a school Quidditch game.

"And here are the last two players for the Gryffindor team," came Luna's magically enhanced voice, "I wonder why they were the last two out."

There was a heavy chuckle that Harry instantly recognized as Professor Slughorn's. "Mrs. Lovegood, if you would be so kind as to keep the commentary PG."

"It was PG Professor" said Luna's voice

Harry took a deep breath and calmed all his nerves, cutting out the sounds of the roaring crowd, Luna's commentary and the jibes that he could hear being thrown across the field by some of the Hufflepuffs. He looked around, reveling in the feeling that he got whenever he stepped onto a Quidditch pitch, it was great to be back after a year away. He saw the huge crowd that had turned up for this match, it was the first match of the year, which always attracted a large crowd. Harry motioned for his team to gather around him, when they had all come together he took a deep breath and said, "alright, I know this is a bit nerve wracking for the new players, and even for a few of us old ones," he smiled at Ron and Ginny, "and I know that some people would be giving you a speech right now about how winning is everything and you should have fun, and that's true. But we all know that its also complete bull also, people like to win, that's why there is a difference between winning and loosing. So go out there and play your hardest, if we win great, if not, well that sucks and we'll all feel crappy for a few days." Harry looked over his shoulder and saw that madam Hooch was waiting, her foot tapping impatiently and the whistle in her mouth. Harry smiled at his team as he turned towards the Hufflepuff team. He shook hands with a 5th year of Medium build, the Hufflepuff captain, and as soon as their hands parted both teams were up in the air. Harry heard whops and shouts of joy from both his players and Hufflepuff's. All of them were happy to be playing the game they loved once again.

As Harry climbed to an altitude that brought him to the same height as the tallest grandstand he watched the game below him progress quickly. Ginny had gotten the Quaffle and immediately went and scored a goal, putting 10 points on the board for Gryffindor. Then the match really got under way.

The Hufflepuff chasers started down the pitch, flying in rough formation with the one holding the Quaffle up front and the other two behind him and a little below, ready incase he dropped the Quaffle. It was sound flying, and safe, exactly what Ginny expected from beginners. Ginny wasn't fooled; she knew that two of the chasers had played for Hufflepuff in the past as had the captain. She motioned for Frank and Johnny to fly under the Hufflepuff chasers and then dove right on the lead chaser, the one with the Quaffle.

Just as she had known he would, the chaser dropped back and dropped the Quaffle right into the hands of the other veteran chaser, but unfortunately for him, Lauren and Danny had each sent a bludger at one of the chasers that had been flying behind the leader.

The Quaffle dropped right into Johnny's hands and he quickly did an about face in mid air and took off down the pitch, Ginny and Frank not far behind. Johnny passed the Quaffle back to Frank, who passed to Ginny who took point in a similar formation to the one that the Hufflepuffs had been using then suddenly Ginny felt rather than saw a bludger fly right past her head, and straight for the Hufflepuff keeper. Ginny threw the Quaffle in the bludger's wake, the extra turbulence created by the bludger causing the Quaffle to dance around completely unpredictably. Ginny knew the shot would go in; she just wasn't sure exactly where in the hoop it was going in.

The keeper had two choices, either get out of the way of the bludger and let the Quaffle in, or stay where he was and get hit, hard, by the bludger and have a small chance that he could block the Quaffle.

The Keeper made the smart choice and got out of the way, letting both balls through the hoop.

Ginny screamed elatedly as she scored, knowing that that was one of the best shots she had ever made.

For the next hour the game went on, Ginny, Frank and Johnny each scoring multiple times. The Score was 100 to 30 when Ginny saw Harry start a nearly vertical dive at the ground. Unfortunately the Hufflepuff seeker seemed to be Harry's target, the younger seeker looked around quickly, and then dove straight down, and seemingly going for a snitch that Ginny thought wasn't there. If she was wrong though, the younger seeker would get to the snitch first, winning his team the match.

Then, suddenly, Harry pulled out of his dive about halfway down and headed perpendicular to his previous course, straight for the teacher's stand. He sped towards it with reckless abandon, completely focused on the little golden ball that was hovering only a few feet off to the left of the teacher's box. He heard the unmistakable sound of meat hitting ground and an equally unmistakable sound of the crowd enjoying a crash. He was sure the young Hufflepuff playing seeker had hit the ground, hard. Harry reached out his hand when he was still about 50 feet from the teacher's box, then he was past the teachers box, the familiar weight of a snitch in his hand. He slowed down and held his hand up high, letting the soft wings of the Snitch flutter as it tried to escape.

The crowd roared as he took a victory lap and Madam Hooch blew her whistle, signaling the end of the match. The rest of the team was on him before he could reach the ground. They were slapping him on the back, congratulating him, and yelling with excitement. He quickly found Ginny among the small tangle of sweaty and dirty bodies and soon had her in a tight embrace, kissing her passionately.

Soon the rest of the crowd was on the field, congratulating Harry and the rest of the team. Professor McGonagall even showed up and commended Harry on "the exciting end to the match, I thought for sure that you were going to plow right through the teachers to get the snitch."

"Thank you Professor," Harry said as he shook her hand.

A few other teachers came and congratulated him; Marc and Molly Aquos came and said that Harry's team had played well and that they couldn't wait until the next match.

After the team had changed they were all headed back to the common room to celebrate, for this day Harry, Ron and Ginny were part of Gryffindor and not the Head Students, they could ignore the illegal drinks that some of the younger students were having.

Hermione even joined in the fun, letting some of the older students drink. She did stop a few 3rd years from having firewiskey, which even Ron thought wasn't a good idea. She also stopped Harry and Ron from having more than a two shots of Firewiskey and only a few butter beers, saying "Neither Ginny nor I want to have to deal with the two of you drunk."

Neither Harry nor Ron protested much, but it was only after a 6th year broke a leg on the girl's staircase did the party start breaking up.

Harry and Ron leaned a bit on their girlfriends for support as they staggered back to the Head Student's dorms. Ginny and Hermione didn't even bother to try and help them upstairs, instead just dumping them each in one of the chairs by the fireplace.

Both Harry and Ron fell asleep quickly, both to inebriated to do much more than stare into space.

Hermione and Ginny went to their respective bedrooms and fell asleep not to long after Harry and Ron, they were just as tired, and each of them had had a drink to celebrate also. All four friends slept soundly that night, they were to tired to have anything but good dreams, and for once they all slept soundly, uninterrupted by dreams hunted by those who died.

## **Chapter 32**

The next morning Harry and Ron woke up with terrible headaches, they were hangover.

Ginny and Hermione had woken up a bit before the boys and were sitting on the couch, reading books for classes, the windows thrown wide open.

When Harry and Ron woke up they both moaned at the light that was streaming in the windows.

"Ron," groaned Harry.

"Mmm... what mate?" muttered Ron, still half asleep.

"What is that blasted light?" asked Harry, trying to shield his eyes with his hand.

"It's the sun dear," said Ginny sweetly, a smile on her face as she got up to tend to her hung-over boyfriend

"Well turn it off, it offends me," moaned Harry as he tried to sit up, immediately falling back into his chair, a headache causing him dizziness.

"It's millions of miles away," said Hermione, "how are we supposed to turn it off?"

"I don't know, you're the smartest witch in our class," said Ron, "I'm sure you could figure it out." He was mostly awake by now and he too tried to get up. He had a bit more success than Harry, getting two steps out of his efforts before collapsing into Hermione's arms.

Hermione blushed as Ron fell into her arms, "thank you Ron,"

"Use his dislumination thingy," said Harry, breaking in on the little moment that Hermione and Ron had been 'sharing'.

"What?" asked Hermione

"That thing that Dumbledore gave Ron," said Harry, "use it to turn off that offending light."

"Right," said Ginny, "we'll get right on that."

Harry was pretty much awake now and he was trying to stand again. Using Ginny's arm for leverage he pulled himself up and stood there for a few seconds before he started to walk. Ginny led him towards the stairs and said, "This is what you two get for drinking too much, if Hermione hadn't stopped you when she did you would have continued to drink until you passed out."

"No we wouldn't have," said Ron defensively, now walking with a bit of help from Hermione, "we would have drunk until only one of us passed out, then we would have been dragged back here."

Hermione and Ginny just nodded, pulling their boyfriends up to the showers that were connected to each bedroom. "Come on Harry, time to wake you up, you actually have to do something today."

"What?" asked Harry dumbly as Ginny turned on the shower, letting the water run ice cold.

"Homework," said Ginny, "Remember you have to go to the green houses and find a plant to bring back for your medicinal potion."

"Right," said Harry, "how about we find something to cure hangovers?"

"I already have that right here," said Ginny with a soft smile as he finished undressing himself, at least he could do that.

"you do? Can I have some?" asked Harry, not catching on.

"Sure," said Ginny sweetly. At this she shoved him into the ice cold shower.

Harry yelped as the cold water ran over him, but after a bit it started to wake him up and actually felt good. After a few minutes he was fully awake and his headache was almost gone.

He stepped out of the shower and wrapped a robe around himself. He went into the bedroom that he and Ginny shared and found a small tray with breakfast on it and Ginny sitting next to it.

"Thanks Gin," he said sitting down across the tray from her and leaning in to kiss her softly.

"you're welcome," she said, "but next time you and Ron get this drunk, don't expect Hermione and I to drag your arses home and take care of you." She leaned in and kissed him, letting his love and affection radiate out from the kiss and fill her body.

"I know," said Harry, "I promise I'll try not to get this drunk ever again."

"I'll tell you what Harry, if you never get this drunk again, it'll be great." Ginny picked up a piece of toast and chewed it thoughtfully, "but you and I both know that you're going to get this drunk again."

"Yeah, but I'll try not too, it doesn't feel all that great," said Harry.

"Thanks," said Ginny, "from now on you're only having one or two shots at a party and I'm cutting you off at three butterbears."

"That's fine with me," said Harry as he started eating. Once he had food in his stomach he started to feel much better and got dressed. Then a bit later he, Ginny, Ron and Hermione all went to the green houses to find something to use in a medicinal potion.

"So, what do you think about the castle?" asked Ron as they went down a stair case that had been one of the ones to 'attack' students.

"I think people made mistakes when casting spells," said Hermione, "I mean, Hogwarts was held together by some pretty strong and old magic, how many witches or wizards would know, *and* be able to do those spells now?"

"I'm sure Dumbledore could have done it," said Harry.

"Yeah, and Hermione would be a big help, there isn't a spell invented that my 'Mione can't do," said Ron proudly.

Hermione blushed, but she had a confident smile on her face that said she agreed with him.

As the four friends continued to the green houses they wondered more about the state of the castle, "McGonagall wouldn't have allowed us to come back if it wasn't safe would she have?" asked Ginny eventually.

"If she knew, than no," said Harry as they got to the green houses.

"What do you mean, 'if she knew'?" asked Ron, "she's the headmistress."

"Doesn't mean she knows all," said Ginny, "there were defiantly things that Snape didn't know about, and even Dumbledore had been kept in the dark about a few things."

"But still, if there was something wrong with the castle she would have known," said Ron.

"Maybe she did," said Hermione, speaking for the first time. She had an odd look on her face, one that her friends had come to associate with her thinking, putting puzzles together in her head.

"Hermione, what do you mean?" asked Ron, taking her hand.

They spent the next few minutes in silence as they collected their plants. It was only on the way back,

after they had collected their plants and were already in the hallways, that Hermione answered. She had been spending the whole time at the green house with only half her mind on the task at hand. The other half was connecting dots in her head, putting pieces of information together.

Charley coming home after rebuilding and talking to his parents for hours in hushed tones, the odd look that Aberforth had given the castle the first time she and Ron had gone into his restaurant. Also, the nervous conversation they had had with McGonagall months ago, the continued mishaps with students. "Remember that list of spells I told you about a few months ago," said Hermione

"The one that lists the spells on Hogwarts?" asked Ginny

"Yeah, that one," said Hermione distractedly

"What about it?" asked Harry as they arrived at their common room.

"I think I know how to get it," said Hermione confidently as they all sat down in the over stuffed chairs.

As they started working on the various pieces of homework they had neglected over the last week Hermione started explaining. "I think we need to go to the room of requirement," She started. When she was met with expressions of confusion from her three friends she took a book out of her bag and opened it to a marked section. "This is a more complete History of Hogwarts that was started by the founders themselves and continued by each head master or mistress after that. I've been reading through it and while I haven't found the list I did find one reference to it."

*'The master list is finally complete. Today I added the final incantation to the seventh floor, the castle is done and I can finally trust the school to somebody else. For anybody reading this, if the list is ever required it will be found; all you have to do is ask. This is my last entry, I do want to say that I'm very proud of what the four of us, that is to say, Gryffindor, Slytheren, Ravenclaw and I, have done with this school, and can only hope that others will continue our legacy after I am gone. Being the last surviving founder I feel obliged to add this ksa si od ot evah uoy lla, our motto from the beginning. And if our legacy isn't continued, well, all young witches and wizards ever had to do was ask, and they will continue to ask forever.'*

*Helga Hufflepuff.*

Hermione stopped reading and looked up at the others, they all wore puzzled expressions on their faces, and they were looking at her like she was crazy.

Harry tilted his head to the side for a second and then said, "Hermione, do you mind if I look at that entry for a second?"

"No, not at all," she replied, handing over the book.

After a few seconds, with Ginny looking over his shoulder, Harry smiled and said, "I see what you mean."

Ginny was smiling and nodding, indicating she too saw what Hermione saw.

Harry gave the book back to Hermione, who handed it to Ron. After a few minutes of looking at it Ron said, "Well I still don't get it, would somebody mind filling me in?"

"Ron, look at the motto," prompted Hermione.

Ron looked again, "what about it?" he asked.

"Look at it with this," said Harry, conjuring a mirror, which he gave to Ron.

Ron held it above the words, seeing them backwards for the first time. *ruo, all you have to do is ask siht*, suddenly understanding gleamed on his face. "Oh, I get it now," said Ron, his cheeks flushing

slightly in embarrassment.

"It's ok dear," said Hermione softly as she kissed his temple and patted him softly on the knee, "It's took me three weeks to figure that out."

Ron blushed even more at this; although whether it was from Hermione's hand on his leg or for other reasons was unclear.

"Right, so the final spell put on the castle was the room of requirement," started Ginny.

"And that's where the list is?" asked Ron.

"Well at least that's where Hufflepuff left it," said Harry

"Yeah, good point," said Ron, his head falling into his hands as he frowned, "we don't even know if the room is still there."

"Not what I meant," said Harry, "I meant that if the list has been found before than it could have been moved and put some where else."

"Oh," said Ron, his frown deepening.

"Well, lets go check out the Room of Requirement than," said Ginny excitedly. She jumped up and was immediately grabbed by Harry.

"We cant," Harry said, "Professor McGonagall closed off that wing early in the year, remember. She said that the repair effort was having trouble in that part of the palace."

"Oh, yeah," said Ginny disappointedly.

"That could be proof that the room is still there," said Ron

"how so?" asked Hermione, suddenly interested in her fiancé's theory.

"Well, from what McGonagall said, it seemed that they were having trouble getting that area of the castle structurally sound. Her words were, *"it's like the castle keeps changing, like a room gets bigger and smaller at random intervals."*

"Yeah, you're right," muttered Hermione as she rushed to get a few books. She returned a few minuets later with a small pile of large books in her hands.

"What are those dear?" asked Ron when she put the books on the large desk in the corner of the room.

Hermione returned to the couch and sat next to Ron, putting her head on his shoulder and taking his hand. "They're magical building guides," she said, "I got them over the summer so I could understand what was being done to the castle." Ron just nodded and kissed the top of her head.

A little while later Ginny piped up, "aren't you going to go through them, and look for answers?" she asked Hermione, not sure what else the books were there for.

"No," said Hermione, shifting to get herself more comfortable. I know them by heart, and I don't want to right now, I'll do it later."

Harry and Ginny stared, amazed, at their friend. Hermione wasn't one to skirt book work, especially if it involved the castle.

"What?" Hermione said, "It's not like I don't have time, McGonagall said that the corridor would probably be closed until after Christmas vacation."

"She's right," said Harry to Ginny, only just realizing that his mouth had been hanging open since Hermione announced that she didn't want to do busy work. "We can't go looking for it now, the corridor

is closed off."

"Since when has that stopped you?" asked Ginny,

"Since I started dating you and since I don't want to lose you." Harry knew he was treading on dangerous ground. He knew Ginny didn't want, or need, to be protected, but he still needed to say it.

Ginny opened her mouth to say something, but Harry cut her off before she could even start.

"Yes, I know you don't need protecting, but I would never forgive myself if you even got hurt." Harry's eyes bore into Ginny's projecting all the love he felt and all the worry he had right into her soul. He continued in a barely audible whisper that conveyed all his love to her again, "and I know you would never forgive yourself if something happened to me."

Ginny just nodded, understanding what he said. He kissed her firmly, letting passion take over. When they broke apart Ginny felt like she knew a whole different level to Harry Potter, one that she hadn't seen before. She had a feeling it was the very core of his existence, the core that drove him to good, and drove him to eliminate evil. She knew that this was the layer of him that made him love the ones that he cared about so fiercely that he would literally do anything for them. This was the layer that brought him the raw and undeniable power that made him such a good wizard.

But Ginny knew it was the layer that made him human also. This was where his emotions were born; this was where he turned his rage at the dark wizards into power. It was like a fusion reactor that ran on emotions; it consumed Harry's feelings and turned out raw, unstoppable power.

Ginny looked into his eyes, seeing for the first time all of Harry, all of what the papers said he was, and all of what his friends knew he was. She saw what made him doubt some of his decisions privately while defending them with all his strength publicly. She saw the love for her, for her family, and even for the rest of the world.

After a few seconds of silence Hermione spoke up. "Ron, why don't you ever say stuff like that to me?"

"Because you're better at everything than me," Ron said without missing a beat, "and you don't need protecting." And with that he drew her into a deep kiss.

After a few moments the two of them fell back onto the couch, Ron on top of Hermione. Hermione released a soft moan as Ron's kisses started towards her neck.

"On that note, I think we'll go," said Ginny as she stood up and pulled Harry with her.

But Ron and Hermione were already too far gone to notice their best friends leaving to go to lunch. And they wouldn't have noticed if their best friends had stayed around to watch either.

As Ron started to suck on Hermione's pulse point he moved his hands down to his girlfriend's hips, letting them rest on the hem of her skirt for a few seconds.

Hermione moaned again as he slipped his thumbs under her skirt's waist band, slowly sliding it off. She quickly started to unbuckle his pants and as she did so she could feel his growing erection pressing against the seams. She giggled; it was good to know that even after nearly 6 months of being together, and a lot of sex, she still had this effect on him.

As she got his belt off his hand brushed against her bare slit, it was already wet with her juices. It was good to know that Ron still had that effect on *her* after all this time also. With a deft tug she had his pants and boxers off, exposing his semi hard dick to her hands.

Ron put his hands under her shirt, letting them wander all the way to her breasts before he pulled the shirt off. Now Hermione was completely naked under him, and his growing length was pressing against her extremely wet slit. She could feel him growing with every beat off his heart. She could feel his dick

pulse as more and more blood flooded, causing it to swell to a size that still made her weep in the knees when she thought about it.

Soon she had pulled his shirt off also and was admiring his toned chest, she loved the way his muscles moved as he massaged her large breasts, never letting one go un-noticed.

Suddenly Ron was inside her, but it wasn't his dick like she had expected. No, it was his fingers, rubbing her walls and thrusting in and out. She let out a short squeak of surprise as she felt a short wave of pleasure wash over her.

For the next ten minutes Ron used three fingers to keep her on the edge of orgasm. He did this until she started to whimper with need. She was so close, all she needed was a bit more stimulation and she would be gone, pleasure coursing through her and her core clenching around Ron's long fingers.

Suddenly Ron pulled his fingers out of her, then he took his now hard cock and let his head rest on her slit, all it would take was a little push and he would be inside her. Hermione couldn't take it any more, she wrapped her legs around Ron's waist and tried to push him in, but he resisted, keeping himself resting on her.

He leaned down, his mouth only inches from her ear, "do you want me Hermione," he whispered

"Yes" Hermione whimpered, barely able to hold herself together.

"How bad do you want me?" he asked quietly, kissing her ear lobe when he finished.

"I want you so badly Ron," Hermione moaned. Suddenly inspiration struck, "Ron," she whispered, her voice going from needy to seductive, "I want you so bad, that if you don't start fucking me in the next 30 seconds, I'm going to reach between my legs and do it myself."

Ron grunted and with the force of a steam engine he slammed his cock into her waiting pussy, sending her over the edge into climax as she screamed his name. While she came, and her pussy squeezing his hard dick, he kept pumping in and out of her, going as fast and as hard as he could. To Hermione it felt like her spasming pussy wasn't hindering him a bit and it felt great. She came for nearly 10 minutes before she calmed down, and even then she was still close to orgasm for the rest of the time, occasionally going over the edge, a few waves of pure pleasure wracking her body.

They went for nearly half an hour before Ron's thrusts started to get erratic. Hermione knew that he was close, and so was she. "Ron," she moaned as he thrust, "I'm so close, make me cum again Ron." The second she finished she knew she had succeeded.

Sure enough seconds later, with one final thrust, Ron let out a sound halfway between a grunt and a moan as he emptied himself into her. She screamed, it started as Ron but developed into something more like "Roooooohhhhhhhhhhh."

Her orgasm wracked her body with wave after wave of pure ecstasy. Her body jerked as her muscles spasmed. And it was only the weight of Ron, who had collapsed on top of her, that kept her from falling off the couch.

When she was totally spent and her body was only twitching in a few places she let out a long breath. "Wow," she breathed, "that was absolutely amazing."

"mhm" moaned Ron, his head resting on her shoulder. After a few minutes he got enough strength to do something other than breathe. He lifted his head up and said, "Hermione, why didn't we get together sooner?"

"Because you were being a prat," Hermione said, a small smile spreading across her face.

"oh, yeah," said Ron, planting a short kiss on her forehead. He looked around, "how long have Harry

and Ginny been gone?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Hermione, looking at the magical clock on the wall, "probably about half an hour."

"Crap," said Ron as he jumped up, suddenly pulling himself out of Hermione.

Hermione suddenly realized why he was so worried. It was lunch time and Harry and Ginny had probably gone to lunch, and were probably finished by now. They would be on their way back up to the dorm to work on their homework, and would be back any second.

Hermione also jumped up, quickly gathering her cloths and pulling them on. She watched as Ron pulled his shirt over his head, and did up some of the buttons. He finished and sat down next to her just as the portrait opened and Harry and Ginny walked in.

Harry and Ginny looked at their friends and both suppressed a smile.

"what?" asked Ron quickly

"Ron, look at your shirt," said Ginny as she and Harry headed up to the room they shared.

Ron looked down, seeing that he had skipped a few buttons and had bunched his shirt up in an insane way.

## **Chapter 33**

The next few months went by, again with out incident. The stair cases settled down a bit, although not completely, and life in Hogwarts Castle continued as normal.

Or at least Harry assumed it was as normal, he had never had a 'normal' school year so he didn't know. There were a few cold Hogsmead visits, all of them spent in the warm, crowded Three Broomsticks.

Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were settling down to a normal life. At times they would all be sitting in the common room of the Head's dorms and start talking about how boring life was now.

One time Ron suggested creating some trouble, just so they could get some excitement in their lives, but it was quickly shot down when they couldn't think of any trouble to create.

Quidditch and school work kept the friends busy, as did the little fights that broke out in the school between students. A few time the couples fought amongst them selves, but it wasn't ever anything that would end the relationships.

As Christmas crept up on the school the air got colder and the sky got cloudier. The air started to get dry and fires burned in every fire place in the school. Teachers started to tell 7th year students that the rest of the year would be spent on review of what they had learned; everything from 1st to 7th year was going to be reviewed.

Defense Against the Dark Arts was the exception to that; Professor Aquos said that there was a lot more to learn. "Reviewing can only get you so far in this class," he had said one day when Hermione asked when they would start reviewing for the NEWTs. "Defense is a practical magic, you have to actually practice it, and since a lot of the stuff on the D.A.D.A. NEWT is illegal, or theory, we can't review much, but we are going to learn some new stuff."

"What," Ron had asked, a scared look on his face. They had already gone through a lot of dangerous magic this year. They had even practiced resisting the Imperious curse, Harry was still the only one that could throw it off consistently, but Ginny, Hermione and even Ron had been able to throw it off a few times.

"Legilimency and Occlumency," Professor Aquos had stated. He proceeded to have them read the chapter in their books about Legilimency and Occlumency. Then he had asked them to start trying to clear their minds before they went to sleep every night, it brought Harry back to fifth year and his failed attempt at learning Occlumency with Snape.

"Harry, look at it this way," Ginny had said after he had told her that for the first time, he thought he would have trouble with a Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson. "Maybe you were having trouble with Snape because you didn't really want to learn Occlumency then. Remember, you wanted those dreams to continue, you wanted to see what Voldemort was up to." She had taken his hand and squeezed it comfortingly, "This time, you won't be resistant to learning it, you'll be wanting to learn it so it. When was the last time that you really had trouble with a lesson that you wanted to learn?"

"I guess...well I can't think of any time," Harry had said.

Ginny had just nodded and the two of them had headed off to the library to get caught up on home work.

Now, they were a month into the lessons on Legilimency and Occlumency and Harry was at the head of the class. He could almost completely shut out Professor Aquos, who was an accomplished Legilimens, he was even starting to learn Legilimency himself, learning not only the spell, but the concentration it took to invade the mind of another and find your way around.

True, he had fought his way into Snape's mind in 5th year, but he hadn't been able to look for memories. And, as he quickly found out, it was much harder to open a line of connection between minds, than it was to follow an already open one. It took nearly 2 weeks before Harry could even get into one of the student's minds, and it took the next two weeks for Harry to sort out the random flashes of memory and follow one thought or memory to its conclusion.

Over all, he was making terrific progress in both Legilimency and Occlumency. By the time Christmas vacation rolled around him, Ginny, Ron and even Hermione were all ready to go back to the Burrow and rest. They were all exhausted, but extremely proud of the progress they were making.

It was a week before break started and Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were sitting in front of a raging fire in their common room. Ron and Hermione were working on homework while Harry and Ginny played a game of wizard's chess.

Suddenly Hermione looked up from the potions book she was doing her research in. "What are we doing for Christmas?" she asked of no one in particular.

"I don't know, I guess we're going to go to the Burrow," said Ron, also looking up from his book, *A Tome of Transfiguration*.

"No, I don't want to make your mum cook for Christmas with all the wedding preparations that she has to make," she said.

"She wont mind," said Ron, "in fact I think she may be a bit insulted if we don't have Christmas there."

"I know, but that doesn't stop me from feeling bad about her having to do all that work," Hermione said as closed her book and put it back in her bag.

"Well were else would we have Christmas?" asked Ron. It was easy to see he was confused, they all were, even Hermione didn't have anyplace in mind.

"We could have it at Grimmauld Place," said Harry jokingly.

Hermione was suddenly very very still, the only discernable movement was a smile slowly spreading across her lips. Finally, after nearly a full minuet of silence and stillness she said, "Harry that's a great idea,"

"What about the death eaters?" asked Ron, his face suddenly paling. "They know where it is, how do we know it won't be booby trapped or that they won't attack?"

"We'll have to be careful about booby traps, and there are spells to get rid of them." Said Harry, now fully on board with the idea, and ready to help in any way possible. "As for being attacked, well Ron, if you won't feel safe in a house with close to 15 fully trained wizards than you will never feel safe."

"Good point," muttered Ron, still looking a bit pale.

"Don't worry little bro," said Ginny cheerfully as she placed her queen in a checkmate position to Harry's king. "Checkmate by the way Harry. Like I said Ron, don't worry, I'll protect you."

"Gee, thanks," said Ron sarcastically as Harry stared at the chess board scratching his head, wondering how it was that he always lost at wizarding chess.

Five minuets later Harry finished writing the letter to the Weasleys.

*Weasleys,*

*Hope all is well. Tell George and Angelina that we can't wait to see them. Ginny, Ron, Hermione and I were hoping that you would grant us the honor of having Christmas at Grimmauld Place this year. We know that the Burrow will be very hectic with the wedding and we wanted to take the extra strain off of*

*you. We think that it would only take a bit of work to clean up what ever the Death Eaters did to the place, especially with Kreacher's help.*

*Love,*

*Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione.*

Harry ran to the Owlry and sent the letter off with Amor, who quickly flew off, glad to finally have something to do.

By the end of the day they had a response in the form of Mrs. Weasley's head popping out of the fire quite unexpectedly, causing Ron to spill a bottle of ink all over his Herbology homework that was due the next morning. "Harry dear, we're very happy that you offered, but it just wouldn't be right to have Christmas at Girmuald Place, it could be dangerous," she said.

"We've thought of that," said Harry. "We talked to Kreacher and he said he had already started to clear the booby traps away anyway." Harry shot a cautionotory glance at Hermione who had argued heavily against Kreacher clearing the house, saying they shouldn't take advantage of the elf like that.

Mrs. Weasley looked around at the determined faces staring at her, after a few moments she said, "Alright, you four can host Christmas at Grimmuald Place this year."

For the next half hour they made plans and arrangements ranging from who was to cook to where people would sleep. It was decided that Ginny and Hermione would make dinner, with a bit of help from Mrs. Weasley, and that Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione would be allowed to stay at Grimmuald Place for the first week of vacation, after which they would go to the Burrow and stay there for the wedding, which was on the Saturday before they left to go back.

Once Mrs. Weasley was gone Harry called Kreacher.

"Yes master Harry," the elf said when he had appeared.

"Would you please get Grimmuald Place ready for Christmas, the Weasley's and I will be celebrating there."

Kreacher beamed and bowed at the waste, "Of course master, it will be Kreacher's pleasure. Is there any thing else master wants of Kreacher?"

"No Kreacher that will be it. And thank you," Harry added quickly before Hermione could say anything.

The next week was relatively calm. The castle was quiet, a serine snow had started to fall on Tuesday and it didn't stop. The students could see a steady pillar of gray smoke curling out of Hagrid's chimney, and the green houses let off yellow steam two or three times a day. The grounds were covered in snow to the point of Professor Flitwick bewitching large sleds to carry students to the out side classes. In every classroom there was a fire burning, weather there was a fireplace or not.

All in all, the castle seemed quiet. The teachers seemed happy, the students were even happier, and even the castle it self seemed to let off a happy feeling.

For the last week of the term a lot of teachers had 'fun' lessons. Professor Flitwick taught all his classes Christmas themed charms. Professor Molly showed her classes a spell to enclose any object in a Christmas ornament, although it got a little out of hand in the 7th year class when someone 'accidentally' enclosed a Slytherin in an ornament.

Professor Marc taught his 7th years to 'defend against Santa". He set up a small model of a house and a flying Santa and told had the students take shots at the sleigh and reindeer with stunning spells as they flew towards the house. By the time the week was over everybody was ready for break.

And so it was on a cold Saturday morning that Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione, huddled together for warmth joined the small crowd headed to Hogsmead to get on the Hogwarts express for the trip back to London. The carriages that normally conveyed the students to the train had been fitted with runners so they became enclosed sleighs.

The train ride seemed to be chaos. The younger students were running around, excited to be going home. Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione took turns though out the whole journey patrolling the halls, keeping people from getting too loud or wild

Once the train pulled into the station things started to become what Harry could only describe as a controlled chaos. Students would get off the train, see their parents and rush towards them, soon the platform was filled with noise and happiness. To Harry it seemed to be just what Christmas should be, happiness and family.

Once they had cleared the train, making sure that nobody was still inside and that nothing had been left behind, Harry took Ginny's hand and together they stepped off the train and looked for the Weasleys, Ron and Hermione, who had been watching the platform. They soon found their family and friends and the four were quickly rushed off to the Burrow for a family dinner before Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione went to Grimmauld Place for the week.

## Chapter 34

Once they got to the Burrow Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were immediately forced into chairs at the dinner table and served huge plates of food. "So guys, how is the school year going. With out dark lords to fight, you must be pretty bored," said Mr. Weasley jokingly

Harry looked at his friends, wondering if he should tell the Weasleys about the odd behavior of the school stairs and the ominous conversations they had overheard. He could see in his friends' eyes that they were wondering the same thing, and he could also see that Hermione was the first to come to a decision.

"No," she said, "this year has been anything but boring. The classes are hard, and the new teachers are great."

"Yeah, who'd have thought Americans could be such fun," Harry quickly added.

Harry saw Ron turn towards him, "you know, I've got to say, this year has been kind of mundane, there are no evil wizards hunting us, we don't have a crazy teacher, and there isn't some odd threat to our lives," Ron said boldly.

"Yeah, you may call it mundane or normal, but I call it boring," said Ginny, "I liked it when there was excitement; I like the danger, the unknown."

"Oh, you like not knowing if you or your loved ones were going to be alive tomorrow?" asked Percy

"No, I hated that fear, but I liked it at the same time." Ginny's eyes seemed to be gazing not at the wall, but through it, into a distant past. "It allowed me to live like everyday was the last day of my existence; it taught me how to love," she squeezed Harry's hand, "and how to fear. It taught me how to be brave, and how to be scared."

Suddenly the door opened and in walked George and Angelina. "Hey all," George said as the door closed, "how is my loving family?"

A chorus of 'fine' went around the table. Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione all gave George an odd look, he was beaming from ear to ear, and his rosy skin seemed to be alight with happiness. Angelina, also smiling, but not as manically, seemed to be absolutely glowing; she was standing next to George, holding loosely to his arm.

"Hey guys" said Harry as the couple sat down, "how are the wedding plans coming?"

"Good," said Angelina, "we have two weeks left and I've only panicked a few times." She let off a short laugh that could only be a laugh of somebody on the edge of cracking up, and not in the good way.

"Believe me, you'll have plenty of time to panic in the next few weeks, and even more after you are married," said Fleur.

"Thanks, that sounds great." said Angelina sarcastically, she rested her chin in her hands and heaved a heavy sigh.

"Don't worry dear," said Mrs. Weasley, always the reassuring mother, "every thing will work out fine, it always does."

Angelina seemed to calm down a bit after this and the rest of dinner went by like any other dinner in the Weasley house, loud, exciting and tasty. By the time Dinner was over Harry didn't think he could move he was so full.

"So, I hear we're celebrating Christmas as your house this year Harry," said Angelina as Mrs. Weasley

waved her wand to clear away the dinner plates.

"Yep, Ginny, Hermione, Ron and I figured we'd be nice to Mrs. Weasley and take some of the strain off of her. We were here before Bill and Fleur's wedding, we know just how...stressed she can get." Harry smiled at Mrs. Weasley, who smiled back, a small hint of appreciation showing behind her eyes. Even though she would never admit it, Harry could tell that she was a bit glad to have some of the strain off of herself.

For the next hour the family sat around the table, catching up on news. Percy had been promoted again; he was now the senior assistant to the Minister. George and Angelina told everybody about the shop, Charley had agreed to stay home for an extra week and run it with the help of Bill and Fleur, who were taking off work for the week.

Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione told the family about school and classes, saying that it was nice to have Malfoy and some of the meaner Slytherens gone. They didn't mention the problems they suspected the castle was having, and they all doubted they would have gotten any answers if they had. They had agreed to talk to Charley at the wedding about the summer, even if they had to get him drunk so that he would answer.

Eventually George and Angelina said they had to leave, they wanted to put up a new display in the morning and needed to get to sleep a bit early.

That started the flow; Bill and Fleur left a few minutes later, also using work as an excuse. Then Percy and Charley went to sleep, saying that they were just tired. Finally Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione said they had to go also, Harry and Ginny wanted to visit Teddy in the next few days, and Ron and Hermione were planning on spending a day or two with Hermione's parents before Christmas.

The four grabbed their trunks from beside the back door and went to the fire place. They each grabbed a pinch of floo powder and got ready to go. Mrs. Weasley stepped up to them and gave them each a short but hard hug, "don't forget dears, we're only an owl away if you need anything, don't hesitate to ask for help."

"We won't mum," said Ginny as her mother hugged her.

"We'll see the four of you for Christmas eve dinner," said Mr. Weasley as Harry stepped forward and through his powder into embers that were smoldering in the fireplace. Suddenly green flames burst into existence as if a copper breathing dragon had suddenly sneezed.

Harry stepped into the flames with his trunk and said loudly and clearly "Number 12 Grimmauld Place." He felt himself spinning around rapidly, the trunk being dragged behind him. Then he stopped, his trunk hitting the grate next to him. He quickly stepped out of the way and dragged his trunk from the hearth, making a place for the next person, Ginny, to land.

As he waited for Ginny he took a quick look around the small dining room. It had the look of being thoroughly scrubbed recently; it looked just like it had nearly a year and a half ago when He, Ron and Hermione had inhabited the house for few months on their HorocruX hunt.

Harry didn't have long to wait it turned out; he had barely taken one look around the room when Ginny came spinning into the fire place. He helped her out quickly and she smiled up at him.

"So, give me a tour," she said after a few moments.

"You've been here before," Harry muttered

"Yeah, but that was before it was the base of Harry Potter and his HorocruX hunt." Ginny teased, "And it was before you owned it, and before Kreacher was nice. I want to see what it's like now."

"Alright," said Harry softly. He took his girlfriend by her soft hand and led her into the living room; it too had been recently cleaned. Looking around Harry saw that Kreacher seemed to have decorated the house festively, there was green, silver, red and gold tinsel adorning the trim and in the corner of the room was a midsized Christmas tree that was decorated modestly.

Taking Ginny through the house he showed her this room and that one, telling her what he had done in them while he was here with Ron and Hermione. He told her how he had spent many nights sitting up in Sirius's bedroom, thinking of her and the rest of the Weasleys, worrying about them.

As they wondered back downstairs they ran into Ron and Hermione, who had worried looks on their faces. "Oh, there the two of you are, we got scared when you weren't in the dining room waiting, we thought that you may have gotten off at the wrong fire place," said Hermione quickly.

"Our trunks are in the dining room," said Ginny, "how could we have gotten off at the wrong place and our trunks still be here."

"No they're not," said Ron.

Harry and Ginny rushed back downstairs, suddenly very scared that their trunks had been taken. When they arrived they found Kreacher waiting for them. "Kreacher, did you take mine and Ginny's trunk upstairs?" asked Harry.

"Yes master," said Kreacher with a low bow, "Kreacher took the trunks up to the rooms." Kreacher started to quiver a bit, not rising from his bow. "Did Kreacher do wrong master?" the elf asked in a scared voice.

"No Kreacher you did fine" said Harry quickly, "thank you."

"Yes, thank you very much Kreacher," said Hermione as she noticed that her and Ron's trunks were gone also, "and may I say that I really like how you decorated the house."

"Oh, thank you mistress," said Kreacher, only a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"Kreacher do you still live under the heater?" asked Hermione.

"Yes, mistress," said Kreacher, "would mistress like Kreacher to go somewhere else?"

"No," said Hermione Quickly, "not at all. But I was wondering if you wouldn't like a room of your own, instead of having to be crammed under that heater."

Harry looked at Hermione like she was crazy, "Hermione, don't go offering him that, you'll offend him."

"I'm not offering him cloths," said Hermione gruffly, "I just think that he'd be happier in his own room, it's not like there aren't extras."

Harry considered this, it was true, there were plenty of extra rooms in the house, and even when the Weasleys stayed for Christmas weekend there would still be extra rooms. He looked down at Kreacher, to gauge his reaction to the suggestion, the elf seemed indifferent.

Suddenly Harry was struck by an idea, "Kreacher, we're not going to use Regulus' room, what if we put you in there?"

Immediately the house elf's face started to glow and he dropped to his knees, "master is too kind, master is too kind. Master *is* the greatest wizard ever, just like Dobby used to say."

"Well then it's settled," said Hermione, "why don't you move your stuff up there now."

"Thank you master, oh thank you," Kreacher started crying at that point and Harry decided to get out

while he still could. He grabbed Ginny's arm and gently pulled her to the living room. There he turned to her and said, "So, what do you think?"

"I think that doing that has made Kreacher loyal to you forever, when he dies don't be surprised if he comes back as a ghost and haunts you, trying to do your every whim." Ginny started to laugh at her joke.

Harry got a horrified look on his face and said, "Don't even joke about that, he might hear you and get the wrong idea. And anyways, that's not what I meant," he whispered, his face softening with his voice, "I meant the house."

"I think it's great," said Ginny, leaning into Harry and letting his arms curl around her. The two of them stood there for a few minutes like that until Ron and Hermione walked in.

"Are we interrupting anything?" asked Ron, his voice a mix of joking best friend and threatening big brother.

"No," said Harry, not releasing Ginny, "we were just talking."

"Right," said Ron suspiciously

"Oh, come on Ron, lets go upstairs," Hermione grabbed Ron by the arm and pulled him towards the stairs. They were staying in a room on the first landing, a somewhat large guest room with a twin bed and dark green painted walls. There were no paintings in this room so it was completely private.

Harry and Ginny watched them go, glad for the privacy. "They have the right idea," said Ginny with a yawn, "we should go to bed also."

Harry looked at her slightly and bent his neck slightly to draw her into a deep kiss. When they were done Harry took a breath and said, "Yeah, bed sounds good right about now."

Ginny just nodded and led him to the stairs; they went up 4 flights before finally getting to the master bedroom. They looked inside and Harry immediately decided that he didn't like it. It had red and dark green striped wall paper and the bed was a large 4 poster made of dark black ash wood. The windows were curtained with grey cloth and the entire room just seemed to suck life out of everything.

"No, we will not be staying in this room," said Ginny, "I refuse."

"My thoughts exactly my love," said Harry as he squeezed her hand. Putting his arms around her waist and resting his head on her shoulders "why don't we go down to Sirius' room and stay there," Harry suggested.

Ginny smiled, "Ok, that works."

Together the two of them made their way down a flight of stairs and into Sirius' old bedroom. It was exactly how Harry remembered it, plastered with Gryffindor colors and pictures of Harry's father, Lupin, Pettigrew and Sirius together.

Ginny smiled, "it's perfect," she said, "the only problem is that the bed is a single."

"That is easily fixed my dear," said Harry as he flourished his wand. Magically the bed expanded to a king sized bed and the sheets along with it. Now the bed took up almost half a wall, but the room was still plenty big enough for two people to be in comfortably.

They crawled in, the two of them nuzzling up against one another for comfort. Soon the two of them were fast asleep; both had been extremely tired from the train ride.

## Chapter 35

Meanwhile in Ron and Hermione's room the couple had just finished getting ready for bed. They were living out of their trunks for these two weeks because they wouldn't be staying at one place long enough to unpack before they had to pack again.

Hermione was putting some of her stuff on a table on one side of the room when Ron came up behind her. "Let's test the bed out," he said, kissing her neck and putting his hands around her waist.

Hermione laughed softly and turned her head so she was facing her boyfriend, "well, aren't we frisky tonight?"

"Maybe just a little, but don't deny it, you want it just as much as me," Ron replied.

"Maybe," said Hermione teasingly.

"Maybe?" said Ron teasingly, "Maybe nothing, your wet, I can tell," he put his hands between her legs, and could feel the damp spot on her flannel pajama pants.

Hermione moaned at his touch, "alright" she ground out, "I want you." She pulled him into a passionate kiss that lasted for only a few seconds before Ron pulled her over to the bed and lay her down.

Once they were there Ron quickly pulled her pants off of her as she fumbled with his belt clasp. Once she had it his pants were off in a flash, although Hermione wasn't sure if it was her or Ron that had taken them off.

Ron was quickly on top of her, kissing her mouth, ears and neck. But Hermione wanted to do something a bit different. Pinning one of Ron's legs with her own she bucked her hips upwards, flipping both her and Ron onto their sides. Then she mounted him and leaned down to kiss his bear chest. Slowly, she kissed her way down to his rock hard dick, and after giving it a quick kiss on the tip she sucked as much of it in as she could.

Ron let out a groan that was filled with pleasure, and Hermione answered him by sliding her warm tongue along his length as she pulled him out of her mouth. Then she slowly ran her tongue around the head of his dick and took just that into her mouth. She slowly started to suck on him, eliciting groans of pleasure as his orgasm grew nearer.

Hermione started to use one of her hands to stroke Ron as she sucked him, sliding her hand up and down his rock hard cock she slowly built up his orgasm, making sure that it would be long and hard.

After a few minutes of Hermione's stroking and licking Ron was ready to release, and Hermione was ready to let him. Suddenly he couldn't hold on any longer and ground out, "Mione, I'm about to c..." but that was all he got out before he released himself into Hermione's mouth. But she had gotten the idea and had sucked him in as much as she could just before he had exploded so he was shooting his cum right down the back of her throat.

Hermione felt her pussy drench itself, she needed Ron to help her get release, or she would have to do it herself, and that was never as good.

She pulled him out of her mouth and simply muttered, "your turn."

At that Hermione saw Ron smile. The two of them switched places and it was Hermione's turn to get lost in a land of pure pleasure.

Ron started to place kisses on the inside of her thighs, slowly moving towards her dripping slit. As he got closer Hermione's breathing got heavier, urging him on. Ron placed a final kiss inches from her swollen clit and then placed a kiss on her ready pussy, his nose brushing her swollen bud.

Hermione let out a pleasurable sigh as Ron's tongue ran up and down her slit, licking up her juices as he got her ready for his fingers. Then suddenly he stuck a finger in her, eliciting a gasp of pleasure from her.

Ron moved his mouth up to Hermione's rock hard clit and began sucking on it as he moved his finger in and out of her. He moved slowly at first, but quickly picked up the pace as he sensed Hermione getting closer to her climax. Then he added another finger, increasing speed as he did so.

Hermione was moaning and gasping now as Ron's tongue darted over her clit and his skilled fingers danced in and out of her pussy. She grabbed one of her breasts in her hand and started to play with the hard nipple, adding just another piece of the puzzle that made up her orgasm.

Finally Ron added a third finger and increased his speed to breakneck, sending both his hand and tongue into overdrive. The intoxicating smell of Hermione's over heated slit was enough to make Ron crazy.

After a few minutes Ron could feel Hermione on the edge, she was close and all he had to do was keep going, she would get there. And she did, after only a few seconds Hermione exploded, her juices spraying into his open mouth. Her walls clenched his fingers tight as her orgasm flowed through her, making her writhe a bit as the waves of pleasure coursed through her body. Hermione let out a moan that sounded like a cross between "Ron" and "Yes."

Ron pulled his fingers out of Hermione and licked them clean, then turned to her still spasming pussy and went to work on that. He licked up all her juices as she came, getting every last drop, even letting his tongue slip inside her slit for a few seconds to get the juices hiding there.

With Hermione still breathing heavily Ron pulled himself up so he was face to face with her and kissed her deeply, letting the taste of her juices mix with the taste of her sweet lips.

Over the next half hour the two of them slowly fell into a deep, refreshing sleep. They both needed it; they were tired from school, and other things.

The next morning the two woke up and got dressed, they were going over to Hermione's parents for a few days. The Grangers would be joining the Weasleys and Harry for Christmas dinner, but Hermione wanted to see them a bit sooner.

They went downstairs for breakfast and found Harry and Ginny already in the dining room, talking quietly about what their plans for the week were.

"Well, I want to spend a day with Teddy," Ginny was saying, a half finished plate of food in front of her.

"Fine," Harry said, a bit exasperated, "but I need to get to Gringot's."

"Ok," Ginny returned, "all I'm saying is that we could later in the week and see Teddy today."

"What if we just invited Andromeda to Christmas dinner?" asked Harry, "that would give us the time with Teddy and the time to do all the other stuff that needs to be done."

"What else do you guys need to do this week?" asked Ron as he sat down at the table, inserting himself into the conversation.

"Decorate the house, or at least decorate it a bit more." Ginny said as she turned to him, reading off a long piece of parchment that went off the edge of the table. "Clean the guest rooms go to Gringot's, get presents, sleep, make dinner for Christmas, and about 20 other things." Ginny sounded nervous, tired, and excited all at the same time.

"Well we'll help," said Hermione, pulling the large plate of Eggs and bacon towards her and Ron, "that

is as soon as we get back from visiting my parents."

Ron put some eggs and bacon onto a plate, offering it to Hermione who took it and started eating slowly, barely listening to her friends as they had a heated discussion about what they would be doing during the week. She looked over and saw Ron piling eggs and bacon onto his plate, she smiled, he could always eat, it had been a comforting constant in the last few years where everything had been thrown into disarray.

Hermione smiled to herself as she ate, thinking of all the things that had changed over the last 7 and a half years. She had powers she never could have dreamed of, she and Harry were more like siblings than friends, she and Ron were as close as two people could get and they were engaged. She ran her thumb over her ring, just smiling inwardly. She thought of the family that she had gained in the Weasleys, even if she and Ron weren't engaged they would have been family. She thought of all the friends she had lost and the friends she had gained. She wondered at the adventures she had been on, knowing that she had experienced more in her 18 short years than many did in a life time. She thought of the loss of her parents, which was entirely her own doing, and then finding them again. Looking around the kitchen, she couldn't help but feel a burst of pure and complete happiness.

"We'll be at Gringot's for a while," Harry waved as he spoke, "then I'm taking this one to go Christmas shopping, she hasn't gotten her presents yet." Harry smiled down at Ginny.

"Neither have you," Ginny teased as she got their coats.

"Well, I've been a bit preoccupied with a certain red head," Harry said defensively, "if you saw her you'd understand why."

"Thanks..." Ginny muttered sarcastically as they walked out the door hand in hand, "Blame me." And with that, they were gone, leaving Ron and Hermione alone in the kitchen, a large plate of food between them.

"Wait, what happened?" asked Hermione after a couple of seconds.

"Ginny had already invited Andromeda to dinner so they decided to go see Teddy tomorrow. Then they asked Kreacher to decorate a bit more of the house so that they would have less to do when they came back. Don't worry," said Ron as he saw the look on Hermione's face that said she was about to spout something about elf rights, "they *asked* and he was quite excited about it. Although I'm not sure exactly what his idea of decoration will be. The tinsel and Christmas tree in the living room are fine, but I remember what Dobby did to the Room of Requirement a few years back..." Ron looked around as though he would see an example of how Kreacher 'decorated', then he shrugged, not really caring and continued to eat.

An hour later the two of them were ready to depart. They had packed a small bag that contained 2 changes of cloths and any other things they needed, both were quite full, but Hermione had put her 'fit all' charm on them, and they looked nearly empty.

"Do we really have to go to your parents?" asked Ron, only half jokingly.

"Yes," said Hermione as she grabbed his arm a bit harder then she had meant to. He winced for a second until she loosened her grip a bit and started to pull him to the door.

Once they were outside, they apparated to the front stoop of Hermione's Parent's house. While the street was clear, the front lawn and the trees in the back yard were covered in a light dusting of snow, it looked like a scene from a post card, and suddenly Hermione was very glad to be back at the house she had spent the first 11 years of her life in. This house wasn't exactly home, no, home was with Ron, whether it was Hogwarts, the Burrow or number 12 Grimmauld Place.

Hermione reached out and rang the door bell, and immediately heard her Mother's squeal from behind the door. Hermione couldn't help but smile as she heard her father's heavy footsteps heading to the door; she was just as excited to see her parents as they were to see her. She quickly looked over at Ron to make sure that the look on his face wasn't too revealing about his true feelings about being here. To her surprise he was wearing a genuine smile, which caused her knees to weaken for a moment.

As the door opened Hermione took a deep breath and squeezed Ron's hand, and received a squeeze in return.

The door finished opening and Hermione saw her father's smiling face staring out at her. "Hey you two," he said as he reached out and pulled Hermione into a hug, his strong arms felt almost as safe as Ron's.

"Hey dad," Hermione said as he pulled her into the hug, "How have you two been?" He released Hermione and stuck out his arm too shake Ron's hand.

"Fine," he said as Ron took his hand and shook in the normal Muggle way, "We got the practice started back up again. Some of the patients have come back, but it's still a bit slower than we'd like."

"John, invite them in, it's cold out there." Hermione's mother's voice floated in from the living room.

"Oh, sorry," said Mr. Granger as he stepped aside to let Ron and Hermione in.

They followed him into the living room where Mrs. Granger was sitting on the couch. In front of her, on a coffee table, were large magazines and other books that Hermione recognized. "Bloody hell," she muttered under her breath. Then louder she said, "Hey mum," as she moved to her mother and pulled her into a hug.

"Hey Hermione," said Mrs. Granger, "Hello Ron." She said as she sent a smile and a small wave his way.

"Hello Mrs. Granger," Ron said with a smile.

"Were are your suitcases dear?" asked Mrs. Granger as Hermione stepped back and sat on one of the two big chairs that were on the other side of the coffee table from the couch, where Mr. Granger was now sitting.

"It's all in there mum," said Hermione as she pointed to the small duffle bag that Ron was still holding, "in fact, I was just going to ask if we could go upstairs and unpack."

"Of course dear, you're staying in your old room, although I'm not sure if you can both fit comfortably in that bed." said Mr. Granger.

Hermione chuckled inside, she and Ron could fit quite comfortably in the single bed that was in her room. It would be a bit snug, but they wouldn't need to do that. "Its ok dad, we can make it a bit bigger."

"What, How?" asked Mr. Granger with a slightly surprised look on his face.

Ron reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out his wand, he held it up and said, "You'd be amazed what this can do."

With a slight chuckle Mr. Granger said, "Right, I'd forgotten."

Ron and Hermione went up stairs and into Hermione's old room. Hermione quickly expanded the bed to a Queen size and flopped down on it. She closed her eyes and sighed, breathing in the sent of her old room. It was still a comforting smell, even thought she hadn't really stayed in it for over a year and a half.

Opening her eyes after a few seconds Hermione saw things flying from the bag as they magically flew to the closet and chest of draws.

"Ron," Hermione said, still lying down.

"Yes dear," said Ron as he stowed the small bag in one of the draws.

"I want to apologize in advance." Hermione said as she patted the bed next to her, indicating that Ron should lie down

"For what?" Ron asked as he lay down next to his fiancé

"For the way my mother will act for the next two days." Hermione said as she took his hand and pulled it closer to him

"How is she going to act?" asked a concerned sounding Ron.

After a pause, in which the two of them just lay there, staring at the ceiling, Hermione started again, "I guess it's not only how she's going to act, but also the subject she's going to act weird on. She's going to spend the next two days trying to get us to plan our wedding."

"How do you know that?" asked Ron, completely confused now. He knew Hermione was smart, but he knew she couldn't read minds, how ever much it seemed like she read his. Nor could she tell the future, at least he didn't think she could.

"She has bridal magazines out," Hermione sighed, "she did the same thing when my cousin was getting married a few years back."

"Oh," said Ron, a bit relieved, "well, we need to start planning it sometime, I guess now is as good a time as any."

Hermione lay there in stunned silence, not really sure how to proceed. She had always pictured Ron as the one that would stall the wedding plans, not the one that would say, 'ok, let's get started'. To tell the truth, she was a bit scared about planning the wedding, because if they started planning and she and Ron fought about too much he might decide he didn't want to marry her any more, or that she was too picky or something like that.

"Hermione, you still with?" asked Ron, jerking Hermione back to reality.

"Yeah," said Hermione slowly, "just thinking."

"About what?" Ron asked

"You dear," said Hermione, "and the wedding plans."

"Oh," said Ron, still completely oblivious to Hermione's train of thought. They stayed that way for a few more minuets, and then Ron said, "We should head downstairs soon. Your parents may start to worry that we're doing more than unpacking, if you know what I mean."

Hermione chuckled slightly, "yeah, we should," she said, not budging from her spot."

Ron sat up, pulling Hermione up with him, "You know I love you more each and every day." He said, kissing her softly.

"Yeah," Hermione said, her fears about Ron calling off the wedding inexplicably melting away as she looked into his bright blue eyes.

"Good," said Ron as he stood up and helped Hermione to her feet, "Just wanted to make sure you knew."

Hermione smiled, as much as he would hate to admit it, Ron really was empathetic, he knew what she

was feeling and seemed to be able to say or do exactly the right thing to help her through the bad feelings.

## Chapter 36

Harry and Ginny arrived at Gringotts at around 8 o'clock, just as most of the shops were opening. Looking around, Harry was again surprised at how quickly life had gone on after Voldemort was defeated. While the street wasn't bustling with customers like it usually was later in the day, there still seemed to be an excitement that permeated the air.

Ginny lead a reluctant Harry to the front doors of Gringotts. As they went through Harry could have sworn he heard the goblin guards growling at him. Once they were inside it was a whole different story, the goblins were all behind the teller counter, although they were all looking at him with eyes that were a bit too hard and a bit too searching for him to feel comfortable.

One of the goblins motioned Harry and Ginny over, beckoning them to his portal with a wave of his hand.

"Hello Mr. Potter, we've been expecting you for some time now," said the goblin in a deep raspy voice.

Harry thought he detected just a hint of sarcasm in the goblin's voice, but couldn't be sure; he hadn't spent enough time around goblins. "Ok," he gulped, "um...here's my key, I just need to get some money out of my account," he stammered, completely nervous.

"Of course you do," said the goblin, all too sweetly for Harry's liking, "but there are some other thing that...need taking care off."

The goblin's hesitation and vagueness scared Harry, especially considering what he Ron and Hermione had done during their search for the Horcruxes.

"Maybe we should call for Bill," said Ginny, picking up on Harry's fears, as the Goblin hopped off his stool and started to lead them towards the doors that led to the vaults.

"Yeah, that's a good idea," said Harry as Ginny pulled out her wand and silently sent a patronus to Bill. The horse bounded silently to the back of the room where it went through one of the doors and disappeared.

Harry and Ginny were just about to go through the door that led to the vaults when the door the patronus went through opened and Bill walked out, a small smile on his face. "Hey guys, I was wondering when you'd be showing up," he said. Then, he turned to the goblin and said, "I'm coming with these two Grongo, they're family."

"Fine Mr. Weasley," said the goblin, some what dejected, "but it will be a tight squeeze in the cart."

"I can sit on Harry's lap," said Ginny happily.

"Fine," said the Goblin, what ever Mr. Potter wants." The goblin's voice was dripping with sarcasm, or so Harry gathered from the way Bill rolled his eyes once Grongo's back was turned. But Grongo led them to the cart and soon they were hurtling through the dank tunnels that made up the underground maze that was Gringotts.

They first went to Harry's vault and there Harry filled his money sack with gallons, not really sure what he was going to buy, and not really wanting to come back too soon.

Then they got back in the cart and quickly ascended to the main level where they were greeted by a woman with the air of an accountant. She was wearing sedate gray robes and had straight blond hair. "Hello," she said sweetly, "I'm Amanda Intorgo," she stuck out her hand and shook both Harry's and Ginny's.

"Amanda handles all estate transactions here at Gringotts," said Bill.

"Estate transactions?" questioned Harry, "what estates do I have?"

"Well there's the Potter's estate, the Black estate, and the Snape estate." Said Amanda.

"Wait, I thought all the money my parents left me was already in my vault." Said Harry, "and are you telling me Professor Snape left me something?"

"Yes," said Amanda as she started towards a dark wooden door with a gold placard on it that read ESTATE ROOM.

When they entered the room Harry found a large table with chairs on each side. Behind it were a whole bunch of filing cabinets. Harry looked up, seeing the filing cabinets extend up...and up and up to the ceiling, which had to be at least 5 stories away.

Amanda went behind the desk and opened a draw in one of the filing cabinets. She pulled out three folders, all of them were thick. Laying the three files on the table she motioned for everybody to sit. Then, sitting her self, she opened the first of the files and looked up at Harry. "The first estate is the ones your parents left you. The vault you have been using for the past few years was one left for you to use in your child hood, the rest of the Potter fortune is in a high security vault, it consists of about twice what is in the vault you now have access to. Also in there are various artifacts and possessions that are worth about twice as much as what is in the vault."

"The estate also consists of a few properties," Amanda laid some pictures of houses on the table in front of Harry, "there's the Potter mansion, the house in Godric's Hollow as well as a house outside of London. There is also a flat in London, but to my knowledge it was never used by your parents." As she listed the different properties Amanda pointed to one of the pictures.

Harry sat there in stunned silence as he looked at the pictures of the various homes he owned and contemplated the new fortune he had just gained. He looked over at Ginny, who had an expression on her face that he imagined was a pretty good imitation of what his looked like. After a few seconds he looked over to Bill, who was sitting there, slightly blushing, his expression suggesting that he had known about this for a while.

"Mr. Potter, if you would just sign here," Amanda pointed to a piece of parchment with the quill she was holding, "we can move on to the other estates."

"Um...yeah, sure" said Harry, signing his name to the parchment where Amanda had indicated. Suddenly four keys appeared before him, each one of them with a tag that labeled which property it was too.

Amanda took the parchment once Harry was done signing it and put it in the folder with the other papers that were there and then laid it aside. She pulled up the next folder and opened it. "This is the Snape estate," she said, all business, "it's not quite as extensive as the Potter estate, but then again, your not family. It leaves 5000 gallons to you, as well as a letter. And the rest, which consists of 45000 gallons, goes to the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizarding."

Harry shook his head in amazement, he knew what the letter would say, it would explain the feelings that Snape had had for his mother, and maybe even the reason that Snape had killed Dumbledore. But the Money was something that was completely unexpected. While it wasn't a whole bunch, it was still a substantial amount. Harry again signed the appropriate document and handed it over to Amanda, who put it in the folder and put it aside. Then Amanda picked up the thickest folder, this one had a snake emblemized on the front.

"The Black estate," said Amanda seriously, "it contains quite a substantial amount of money, over a billion gallons as well as Number 12 Grimmauld place."

Harry almost fell out of his chair at this, and even Bill looked a bit surprised at this. "How is that even possible?" asked Harry.

Amanda sighed, almost as though she didn't care for questions about her work, but preferred people to come in and sign the papers and then be happy with their new property. "Well the Black account has been merged with other accounts over the years. Even though family names die out the family never really does, there are always children and they inherit the money. They end up married to other wizards, who then marry and so on and so forth. The Black family has been in the position to inherit almost every dying family's money for the past 4 hundred years, allowing them to amount a large fortune. The most recent addition to the Black vault is the Lestrange account."

As Amanda finished she handed Harry the parchment, which was substantially longer than the others, and a quill. Harry signed his name and a key appeared before him. "Is Grimmauld place the only property attached to the Black Estate?"

"Harry, you already own 5 homes, do you really need more?" Ginny gaped at him, seeming horrified that her boyfriend could be so greedy.

"What...no," stammered Harry, "that's not what I meant, I was just wondering what had happened to the homes of the families that had died off."

"They've been sold," said Amanda simply.

"Oh," said Harry, not really knowing what else to say to such an answer.

"That's all Mr. Potter," said Amanda, again all smiles and sweetness, "is there anything else we can do for you?"

"Um...yeah. Could you combine all the vaults into one?" Harry asked, rather lamely, he wasn't sure how much work it would be to move such a large amount of money.

"Of course," said Amanda, nodding to Grongo, who left quickly to see that it was done.

"Thanks," Harry said, now a bit surer of himself. "Um...what about donating some of that money to various charities and stuff?"

"That can be done," said Amanda, sitting back down and waving her wand. The three files flew back to their cabinet and another set of papers appeared. "It all depends on what charities you want to give to and how much."

"Um...I'm not really sure," said Harry.

"Don't worry about it Harry," said Bill, "I know you well enough to know what charities you'd donate too, I'll take care of finding them, all you have to do is tell me the amounts."

Harry just nodded, knowing that Bill was doing him a big favor. "Ok, one last thing then." Harry said, "I want to donate the Godric's Hollow house to the ministry to be preserved as a historical sight."

"Ok," said Amanda, conjuring yet another set of papers for Harry to sign, which he did.

Looking at his watch Harry realized it had only taken about an hour to complete this errand. Bill got up and turned to the door, which caused the faded scars from the battle after Harry's sixth year to show. *Teddy* Harry thought suddenly. "Um...Amanda, is there any way I can see the account information for Teddy Lupin?"

Amanda got a worried look on her face, "We don't normally allow people who aren't family to view somebody's account information." She said, reverting back to her business personality.

"It's ok Amanda, Harry is Teddy's God-father," said Bill, "and I'll personally vogue for him."

"Alright, if that's the case, I guess its ok," said Amanda, still a bit reluctant. She waved her wand and a file appeared in front of her, it wasn't quite as thick as the three that she had had before. Opening it she read, "Teddy Lupin has the money from both of his parent's accounts, which amounts to about 20000 gallons..."

Harry didn't let her finish, "Transfer twenty thousand from my account to his."

Amanda looked surprised, but nodded and scribbled something down on a piece of parchment in the folder.

Looking at Ginny he was tempted to transfer the same amount to her account, but knew she would be offended, as would be the rest of the Weasley family if he tried it with their accounts.

"Bill, you'll have those charities ready by Christmas?" Harry asked as he and Ginny stood.

"Sure, if that's when you want them by," Bill said as he too stood. He shook Amanda's hand and followed Harry out of the door. They walked into the lobby of Gringotts and then out into the sunlight of Diagon Ally.

"I'm surprised the goblin's let me keep my inheritance," said Harry as soon as they were out side.

"Why?" asked Bill

"Well, the break in," said Harry, looking at Bill as if he'd lost his mind.

"Oh, right, I keep forgetting you didn't grow up in the Wizarding world. Goblin's, while very greedy, are very...trust worthy when it comes to money. They don't steal anything unless they think it's theirs, and even then only if they already have an agreement to get it back. They're beings of their words, and if they have a contract they honor it, the only problem is they expect everybody else to do the same, and to do it in the goblin way, hence some of the worst misunderstandings in Wizarding history."

"Right," said Harry, kind of hoping Bill wouldn't go on to explain some of those misunderstandings. "Thanks for the help Bill; we'll see you at Christmas."

"Bye, you two have fun today," said Bill as he started back up the stairs to Gringotts. Once he had disappeared inside Harry and Ginny set out to do their neglected Christmas shopping.

They walked down the Ally for a few minutes in silence, looking in the shop windows. Finally Ginny had had enough and said, "We're going to have to talk about it eventually."

"Talk about what?" asked Harry, hoping to avoid the subject.

"The money," said Ginny, not to be deterred, "You just became the richest Wizard on the face of the earth, there is no way that that doesn't mean *anything* to you."

After a few tense moments of silence, in which Ginny thought she might have offended Harry, he spoke. "It does mean something," he said. "It bothers me."

"What does," asked Ginny.

"The way I got the money," said Harry, "and the amount. I knew Sirius was rich, but I didn't know he was that rich. It kind of makes me wonder what I'm supposed to do with that much money."

"Well you've made a good start, donating some of it," Ginny said as she squeezed hand.

"Yeah, but even that wont put a huge dent in it," Harry sighed, "and once I graduate, I'll be earning my own money, and that will only be a few drops in the pond. I don't want this; people had to die for me to get this money."

"Harry, you don't have to use it," said Ginny, "if you want to earn your own money, than do it. There's

nothing stopping you. And as for the people that died, I'm sure they weren't thinking of their money when they died, they were thinking of how they were helping you, and not in a financial sense." Ginny pulled Harry to a stop as he tried to walk on, "Harry just because you have all this money doesn't mean you have to change, you can live like a normal person, you can buy inexpensive things, you can live in a small house, you can work for a living. How about this, the money you just inherited wont be used for your life, you can open a separate account that you use for life and stuff. The inheritance will go to charities and to help Teddy and other things. You can use it if you have an emergency or something, but you don't need to live at Potter manor."

Harry just nodded and pulled Ginny into a tight hug, "I love you," he whispered into her ear.

"I know, and I love you too." Ginny smiled into his coat, "and you know, the extra money doesn't change how I feel about you. You don't have to get me extravagant presents now, although it would be nice."

"Gin," Harry scolded as he pushed her away to arm's length. Then he saw the small smile on her face that said she was kidding, and then he pulled her back to him, drawing her into a deep passionate kiss right there in the middle of Diagon Ally.

## Chapter 37

Harry and Ginny spent the day Christmas shopping. Getting gifts for the various people wasn't quite as hard as Harry usually found it, but considering the number of people that he now had to get gifts for, it was a bit more expensive than usual, not that it mattered he reminded himself more than once.

They started off at the potions shop, replenishing their supplies for the upcoming semester. Then, they traveled to Quality Quidditch Supplies to get Ron a single Chudley Cannon robe. They had decided that over the next 7 years they would get him a full set of the most famous players that had been on the team.

After this they stopped by Flourish and Blotts to buy books for Hermione, Mrs. Weasley and Hagrid, A book on magical law, a book on hobbies and the latest version of *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* respectively. For Neville they got a book on exotic plants, and For Luna they got a book of mythical magical creatures from around the world, hoping that she wouldn't go looking for them.

For Bill and Fleur they had gotten a box of sweets from Honeyduke's Sweet shop on their last Hogsmead visit. For Percy they stopped by the Caldron Shop and got the caldron with the thickest bottom they could find, almost 2 feet, and shrunk it. They put it in a small box and put a charm on it so that when it was open it would grow. For Mr. Weasley Harry decided to go out into muggle London and get a telephone, much to Ginny's distress.

Harry and Ginny argued about what to do for Angelina and George,

"We're already getting them a wedding present," Harry argued, "why do we have to get them a Christmas present also?"

"Because, we can't just get them one thing for both occasions," said Ginny. "They don't both have to be spectacular. In fact I know exactly what to get them for Christmas." With this she walked up to one of the stalls, which was selling Christmas tree ornaments and pointed to a large gold star. After paying the witch for it Ginny took it and pointed her wand at it, with a bright flash, words appeared on the front. She walked back to Harry and handed him the still smoking decoration. It read,

*George and Angelina Weasley*

*Married Saturday, Jan. 2 1999*

"It's perfect Gin," said Harry as he handed the star back to her. "But what do we get them for the wedding?"

"I don't know, bed sheets or something," said Ginny, "I did the Christmas thing, you do the wedding."

Harry rolled his eyes, having no idea what to get for a wedding. He hadn't gotten anything for Bill and Fleur when they had gotten married, unless of course you counted the 50 or so 'ministry' officials that had crashed their wedding party.

The two of them wandered around for a while, wondering what to get the couple when Ginny finally said, "Harry, their not even here for Christmas, let's just give them the damn star for both."

Harry tried to hide his smile, knowing that saying, or even thinking, *I told you so* would render him involuntarily celibate for the rest of the week. Instead he said, "That's a great idea Gin," and just left it at that.

They wandered around for another half hour, just looking in shops and talking for a while. Eventually they stopped in at the Leakey Caldron for lunch and then decided to split up for an hour to get each other's presents.

When they did meet back up, in front of Ollivander's, Ginny was smiling lightly and Harry had a straight face on and kept patting his jacket pocket, as if to make sure something was still there.

As they were walking back to WWW to Floo back to number 12 Ginny suddenly said, "Oh, bloody hell, we forgot to get something for Charley."

"Oh, right," said Harry, looking around wildly as if something would just pop out of one of the shops. "Well, what's he into?"

"Quidditch," said Ginny thoughtfully, "at least when he was at school that's what he was into, that and Dragons." She frowned, "But now, I'm not really sure."

Harry and Ginny started walking back up the alley and when they passed Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions Harry saw a pair of self warming dragon hide gloves that would be perfect for somebody working in cold temperatures like Charley was. They bought them and were soon on their way back to WWW to go home.

They arrived at the shop and realized that George and Angelina, who were in Africa visiting Angelina's parents, weren't there.

"Well, we could just apparate," said Harry.

"With all this crap," Ginny said, indicating the bags in both their arms with a nod of her head, "no way, our arms will be ripped off or the packages will break."

"Well it's that or we walk all the way back to the Leakey Caldron," Harry said. He looked pointedly up the street that by now was crowded by witches and wizards who had forgotten or, like Harry and Ginny, had procrastinated about their Christmas shopping.

Ginny sighed heavily, "Alright, I'll apparate, but if anything breaks..."

"We'll use a repair charm on it," said Harry, quickly cutting her off. Harry quickly turned on the spot, and with a jingle and a pop he was gone.

"Harry Potter," Ginny muttered to herself, "what do I see in him?" and with that she too turned on the spot, concentrating completely on number 12 Grimmuald place, and with a similar jingle and pop she was gone. She arrived just inside the door, to a curtained Mrs. Black.

Ginny saw the curtains try to pull themselves open but they couldn't, almost as if the curtains had been sealed down the middle. Looking around she saw Harry starting to go into the basement dining room. "Harry," she called out, "what happened to Mrs. Black?"

"She died a long time ago Gin," said Harry, unable to avoid the opportunity to poke fun at his girlfriend.

"No, you know what I mean," said Ginny, indicating the sealed curtains.

"Oh, that," said Harry, playing dumb, "Kreacher said that he was getting annoyed with Mrs. Black's ramblings. And since the portrait can't be taken down he found 'other means' to shut her up."

"Oh," gasped Ginny quite surprised at the elf's actions, "I thought he loved that portrait."

"He did, but then we started being nice to him, and his views... changed," said Harry with a smile as he went down into the dining room.

Ginny followed him down there and the two of them spent the rest of the day wrapping presents the muggle way. Harry taught Ginny, who quickly learned, and soon was wrapping presents faster than Harry could.

Once they were done Harry slumped down in a chair and flexed his fingers a few times, trying to get the cramps out. After a while he said, "How about we go out for dinner tonight?"

Ginny's face lit up, "You mean like to a muggle restaurant?" she asked excitedly.

"Yep, like to a muggle restaurant," Harry said with a laugh. The only other time that Ginny had been to a muggle restaurant was on his birthday.

"Oh, can we get pizza?" asked Ginny, "I heard a girl on the train talking about how good pizza was and how much she missed it."

"Sure," chuckled Harry.

With a large smile on her face Ginny followed Harry out the door of number 12. Together they apparated to London and went into the first pizza place they could find. They ordered a large cheese pizza and were soon talking over their slices. The discussion centered around muggle life mostly. Ginny would ask Harry a question about this muggle thing or that and he would answer. At one point, he couldn't help but laugh as he thought just how much like Mr. Weasley Ginny seemed to be at the moment.

"What's so funny?" Ginny asked as Harry laughed.

"Just thinking about how much you sound like your dad right now." Said Harry.

Ginny let a small smile creep across her face also, "yeah, I guess I do kind of seem like him don't I?"

"Just a little," said Harry, making a small sign with his pointer finger and thumb.

"Well, next time you can just take my dad to dinner," said Ginny.

"Why would I want to do that?" asked Harry, "if I did I couldn't do this." He leaned across the table and kissed Ginny full on the lips. Ginny soon relaxed into it and Harry tasted cheese, sauce and a bit of garlic on her lips. He tried to contain himself for a second, and failed, he burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" asked a flustered Ginny, her lips a bit red from the intense kiss.

"Y...yo...you taste like pizza," Harry managed to wheeze out.

Ginny cracked a small smile, "as if you don't."

Harry took a deep breath, calming himself down, "Well, I was a bit surprised was all."

"Right," Ginny muttered.

The two of them paid for the food, with muggle money, which still flustered Ginny a bit, especially the paper money.

"How is this worth anything?" Ginny asked, taking a 20 pound note out of Harry's wallet and shaking it around, "it's only a piece of paper."

Harry sighed, he didn't want to try and explain the concept of muggle money to Ginny right now. "Ask Hermione, she'll explain it to you." *I'm lucky I don't use credit cards*, thought Harry. He'd hate to have to explain the concept of 'virtual cash' to Ginny.

After they were done they donned their heavy coats, which had warming charms on them. They walked around London for a little while, window shopping. Harry stopped in an appliance store and got an old corded phone for Mr. Weasley. Soon the two of them were tired and apparated back to number 12 Grimmauld place. When they got there they kicked off their boots and pulled off their coats, the two of them collapsing onto the couch, neither one had enough energy left to go upstairs, or do much else.

With a wave of his wand Harry caused a roaring fire to spring up in the fireplace, and pulling Ginny

close to him the two of them got cozy and were soon dosing off. They slowly slid down so they were laying together, their arms wrapped around one another. Harry's last act before he fell into a deep, refreshing sleep was to conjure a thick blanket that covered him and Ginny.

## Chapter 38

Ron had originally thought that starting to plan his and Hermione's wedding was a good idea, after all, they needed to do it eventually. But then they had started, and he'd changed his mind. There were too many things to consider. The invitations, the colors, the guest list, the food, the time, the place, the decorations, the music, the list went on and on.

Hermione's mother had defiantly taken some of the strain off by organizing everything. She had a list for everything. She had pushed them into planning right after they had had lunch on the first day, and they had been working ever since.

It was now the second, and last day of his and Hermione's visit, right after lunch and still the only things he and Hermione had come up with were the date, July 17th, a Saturday, they agreed to have it at the Burrow, and they had started a guest list, which included all their school friends and both their families so far. Now they were trying to expand the guest list.

"I think we have to invite our teachers, all of them," said Hermione stubbornly, absolutely refusing to take no for an answer.

"Why, that's adding another 40 people to the guest list, and we already have 150 people with my family and yours," said Ron.

"Well we can't just invite Hagrid and McGonagall with out inviting the other teachers; they've helped us just as much as Hagrid and McGonagall."

"Yeah, but do you really want *Lockhart* at your wedding?" asked Ron.

Hermione hesitated, Lockhart had been their Defense against the Dark Arts teacher in their 2nd year, he had caused more trouble than teaching and had eventually memory wiped himself, with a charm meant for Ron. "Ok, maybe not *all* our teachers, but at least the ones we have now."

"Fine," said Ron giving up. He added Slughorn's, Flitwick's, Sprout's, and the Aquos' names to the list. "You know that Slughorn will want his autographed don't you?"

Hermione moaned, "yeah, and then he'll put it in the scrap book he has with all the famous wedding invitation's he has."

Ron just stared at her, his mouth hanging open. "I was kidding,"

"I'm not," said Hermione. "He showed it to us 6th year at one of his parties. He has all these invitations that are signed by the bride and groom, it's scary what he keeps."

"Who's Slughorn?" asked Hermione's father.

"He's our potions teacher," Hermione sighed, "and he's kind of a fame follower. He picks the best and brightest students at the school and treats them really well. He has parties that he invites his old students that are now famous to and introduces all the current students to the old. Basically it's his way of making sure that he has some part or another in the fame of almost everybody. He can then use it to gain little things for himself. The thing is he doesn't want fame himself, just to bask in afterglow of others fame. But he holds real power, just as he can set the course for somebody, he can destroy them too, all he has to do is tell his old students that the student is a bad egg, and *wham* that person cant go anywhere in the wizarding world."

"Oh," said Mr. Granger, not really able to formulate more to say.

"Well, we're inviting him, so we don't have to worry about him black listing us," said Ron.

They spent the next hour finalizing the guest list, taking off distant cousins and adding their parents' school friends.

They moved on to colors next. "Scarlet and Gold," said Ron right off the bat.

Hermione nodded, "Yeah, that was my thinking also."

"Well that was easier than I thought," said Mrs. Granger

"They're the colors of Gryffindor house," explained Hermione.

"Oh," said her mother, "well since we got that done so fast why don't we move on to catering?"

Ron and Hermione exchanged a reluctant look. "Um...My mum does a lot of cooking, she'll insist on making dinner the night before for the family."

"Well that's fine I guess," Said Mrs. Granger, a sad look coming to her face, "but what about the reception afterwards, there is no way I'm letting your mother make the food for that. It's not that I don't like your mother's cooking," she was quick to add, "it's that I know how stressful a wedding can be, and having her cook I'm sure would overtax her."

Ron smiled, "Oh, I'm sure she could do it if she had to, she does some pretty amazing things with food." He gave another soft smile, "but I'm sure she'll appreciate not having to cook for that many people."

"Good..." Mrs. Granger hesitated as she looked at her list, "Um, I have to say, I don't know that much about wizard weddings, so...do wizards have catering companies, or even priests?"

"Priests, yes, and the catering company usually does the party decorating also." Said Ron, who had had been paying more attention to his brother's wedding than he had let on.

"Well that takes that out of the equation," said Mr. Granger, who had been quiet for most of the process.

Ron just nodded, he had been looking nervous for the last half hour. "Mrs. Granger, Mr. Granger, there's a slight problem that I'm sure Hermione has noticed, and been reluctant to bring up."

"What is it Ron?" asked Mr. Granger, suddenly sounding very worried.

Hermione looked at Ron, wondering what he could be talking about. She followed his gaze to the guest list that was sitting on the side of the table, and suddenly understood. A good chunk of the guests were muggles, her family. The day she had gotten her letter to go to Hogwarts her parents had been told not to tell the rest of the family that she was a witch, and so the only family that knew about the magical world was her parents.

"Mum...Dad," Hermione said sadly, knowing it would be better for them to hear it from her instead of Ron, "I'm not sure if we can have our family at the wedding."

"What do you mean?" asked her father

"Well, they don't know about the wizarding world, and to tell the truth, most people who don't know about the reality of magic don't react too well to it."

Her parents sat in stunned silence for a few minutes. Then her father looked at her, a thoughtful gleam in his eye. Ron recognized the look immediately, it was the same look he had seen on Hermione when she was about to figure out some difficult problem during class.

"Hermione," Mr. Granger said, "didn't you say you had some friends at school who had one magical parent and one...what did you call them?"

"muggles," said Hermione sheepishly, "it means non-magical people"

"Right...muggles. Didn't you say you had friends who had one magical parent and one muggle parent?"

"Yes." Said Hermione hesitantly, seeing where her father was going. "But they all had different ways of doing things. Some of the magical parents didn't tell the muggle parents that they were witches or wizards until after they were married. Others had muggle style weddings. But the ones who had wizard style weddings didn't have the muggle portion of their family there."

"Oh," said Mr. Granger, his face falling. He looked at Hermione, "dear, you know you're the only grandchild for both sides of the family, and you know that no matter what, we'll support you in what you chose. We know you've decided to embrace the magical world, and we support you in that, but it would mean a lot to your grandparents to be able to be at the wedding of their only grandchild."

Hermione's face fell also, "yeah, I know." She looked at her parents, then at Ron. She knew Ron would support her either way, and so would her parents, but having to choose felt like tearing herself apart. It was true that she has spent almost 8 years of her life as a witch, but before that she had lived as a muggle, doing things by hand, with out magic. It felt like no matter what she chose, she would be betraying a part of her self, and a part of her family.

Ron, seeing the anguish in his fiancé's face, spoke up at this point, "There could be a way to have people there, but it means that they'll have to be put under a spell which could be a bit dangerous to them."

"What is it?!" asked Mrs. Granger, excitedly.

Ron looked at both Mr. and Mrs. Granger slowly, "it's a type of memory charm," he said, waiting to see their reaction. When they didn't immediately look like they were about to reject it he continued. "What it does is it modifies a person's perception of an event. What we would have to do is modify your family's perception of magic."

"How?" asked a now skeptical Mr. Granger. It wasn't that he didn't believe it was possible, he had seen Hermione do some amazing things with magic, and it was more that he was afraid for his family's well being.

"Well we'd have to keep the magic to a minimum," said Ron, "but even if we did that they're still going to see some magic. Basically what the charm does is it erases the memory of the magic and replaces it with a plausible muggle alternative."

Hermione stared at Ron in utter disbelief. "Ron, where did you learn about this?" she asked

"I talked to Flitwick a few weeks ago." He said. "I knew we were going to have to start planning soon, and I knew this problem would come up eventually. I asked him if there *was* a way for your family to be there and not have to get their memories completely wiped afterwards. He told me about this spell; it's called the perception spell."

"Well why didn't you mention it before?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

"Because its side effects are dangerous and the spell is really hard to perform." Said Ron

"Well how dangerous?" asked Mrs. Weasley, "if the side effects are like the memory charm we had put on us than it'll only be a bit of memory loss"

"No, it's not just some memory loss, there's a chance of death if the spell isn't performed right. The way Flitwick explained it was that the muggle's brain has to supply the images to 'hide' the magic and if the spell isn't done properly the brain gets over worked and basically explodes inside the skull." Ron's tone was sad through out his explanation, he knew Hermione well enough to know that if her parents didn't want to take the risk of the perception spell than the choice between a muggle and wizard wedding would tear Hermione up. and that even if she was able to choose, the choice would tear her up inside

and make their wedding tainted.

Hermione saw her parents looking at each other, obviously debating silently in a way that only people who had known each other for many years could. Finally they both nodded, "Alright," said her mother, "this seems like the best way, if there is somebody who can perform the charm safely than we're ok with it."

Ron's gaze dropped to the floor again, "that's exactly it, the charm hasn't been performed in over 300 years, and no one who's alive has ever done it. there was a bunch of deaths the last time it was performed, and people have been scared to use it since. Most witches or wizards have been fine with having a muggle style wedding, which I'd be fine with, or not inviting their families."

"Well, can this Flitwick perform the charm?" asked Mr. Granger.

"He said that he'd be willing to try, but for obvious reasons he can't guarantee anything."

"Well, if he's willing to try, I'm willing to let him." said Mr. Granger

Hermione started to tear up, "thank you," she managed to get out before she broke down completely. She practically collapsed into Ron's arms, not entirely sure why this was causing her so much anguish.

After a little while she calmed down enough to continue planning the wedding. They made a few more minor decisions, as well as adjusting the guest list a bit so that they exposed the fewest people to the perception spell as they could.

After nearly 6 hours of wedding planning Hermione gave a heavy sigh, "Mum, we have to leave soon, how about Ron and I take some of these planning things and we'll talk about it at school."

Mrs. Granger gave a slight smile, although it was easy to see the sadness behind it. "Alright," she said reluctantly, "but I want to know about every decision you make."

Hermione was tempted to role her eyes, but she knew she'd get in trouble. And despite being a legally adult in both the wizarding world and the muggle one, she was still a bit afraid of her parents' punishment. She couldn't help but laugh on the inside, to be afraid of her parents after going through what she Ron and Harry had went through seemed almost impossible. "Alright mum, I promise I'll owl you if we make any more decisions."

"That's all we can ask," said Mr. Granger before his wife could say any more. "Now, why don't you go upstairs and get packed. Mum and I will make dinner and then you can be on your way." He smiled a smile that seemed to decide everything. Hermione had missed that smile; it told her that everything was going to be alright, at least at home.

"Alright dad," Hermione said as she and Ron got up from the kitchen table to go pack. They had soon packed the small duffel bag and had it sitting in front of the door, ready to go. The dinner that the Grangers made was small compared to what Mrs. Weasley made for almost every meal Hermione could remember, but there were only four people eating this dinner instead of the usual 11.

During dinner the discussion turned to Christmas.

"So, what are you two doing for Christmas?" asked Mr. Granger.

"Nothing much," Ron said, hoping to get a discussion started that didn't involve wedding talk, "staying with the family mostly. Harry, Ginny, and the two of us are hosting Christmas dinner this year at Harry's house."

"That sounds...interesting," said Mrs. Granger.

"Well, we'll have some help," said Hermione. "Harry has a house elf who is really loyal and he's agreed

to help us do some of the cooking and decorating, and magic can be a big help when it comes to this kind of thing."

"I bet," said Mrs. Weasley, "When I was younger I would have loved to be able to wave my hand and mutter a few words to get dinner on the table and the house cleaned. Heck, I still would."

Hermione blushed; she sometimes forgot that she had it quite easy compared to other muggles her age, most of them went off to university. She on the other hand was finishing school and getting a job, and getting married. Of course she wouldn't change any of it for anything. "Well mum, if you ever need any help, we'll be glad to come over."

Mrs. Granger smiled and nodded. Soon dinner was over and Ron and Hermione were getting ready to leave, "Remember mum, I'll be here to pick the two of you up at 5 on Friday for dinner. I still wish you were staying at number 12 for Christmas." It had been decided over dinner that the Grangers would be coming for dinner on Christmas eve.

"Well from what we could see when we visited over the summer, Ron's family will be more than enough for you guys. Plus, it's our first Christmas back; we want to see some of our old friends."

"Alright, but if you change your mind, there are plenty of rooms," Hermione smiled at her parents and hugged them good buy, "See you soon."

And with that, Ron and Hermione stepped out into the brisk December air. Looking around Hermione noticed the clouds in the sky, "Oh, I hope it snows for Christmas," she said, thinking that it would be the perfect end to what was turning out to be a pretty good year."

## Chapter 39

Harry and Ginny woke up on the couch as the sun shone through the windows of the living room. The fire in the fire place had all but burned out, leaving only a few glowing embers as evidence of its existence.

Ginny yawned as she sat up slowly, knowing that a night spent on the couch would give anybody aches in the morning. And sure enough, as she sat up, Ginny felt a few of her joints pop.

Harry woke up next to her with a small moan. He opened his eyes slowly, not wanting to wake up. He hadn't exactly been comfortable all night, it was more content, he liked waking up with Ginny next to him, and he liked feeling her in his arms before they went to bed. He even liked it when they fought. Sometimes, to Ginny's annoyance, he would smile after a fight. He would never tell her, but he liked having somebody to fight *with*. That and their fights never lasted long.

Now it was Harry's turn to sit up, with his own share of cracking joints. He yawned and stretched his arms above his head, "why don't we have breakfast." He suggested, his stomach growling.

Ginny smiled tiredly and patted his noisy abdomen, "sounds great," she said with a giggle, "and I don't mean you're stomach." With that she got up and headed for the kitchen.

By the time Harry had extracted himself from the tangled blanket and gotten himself down the stairs to the kitchen Ginny had already put pans on the stove and was heating them up.

"Gin, why don't you go upstairs and shower and get dressed, I'll make breakfast," said Harry as he came up behind Ginny, wrapping his arms around her waist and putting his head on her shoulder.

Ginny smiled and leaned her head into Harry's, "no, it's alright. I'll shower after breakfast, plus, I've already got it started. You go shower and then come down and eat."

"You know, we could have Kreacher cook for us and go upstairs and shower together," Harry teased.

"Hermione would kill us," said Ginny, "plus, I'm not going to have sex before I spend the day with Teddy."

"Oh, bloody hell that's today." Harry quickly pulled his arms off Ginny's waist and started for the upstairs bathrooms. "I completely forgot Gin, I'm so sorry."

"Its fine," Ginny sighed. She had almost forgotten herself, "Just go shower and get dressed, we'll have time for fun some other time."

Harry stopped at the door, "Gin, you know I love you more than anything in the world don't you?"

Ginny smiled down at the eggs, blushing slightly, "yeah Harry, I do, and I love you just as much, but right now you need to get in the shower, not my pants."

Harry nodded at the back of Ginny's head, "yeah, sorry."

"*GO!*" Ginny laughed at him. She heard him running up the stairs, not wanting to annoy her any more. She laughed at him again, and wondered, not for the first time, why she loved him so much. She quickly remembered it was his kindness, his willingness to do anything for others and his loyalty to his friends. She had had a crush on him all those years ago because he was the 'hero of the wizarding world'. Harry was still her hero, he was her protector. She realized now that that schoolgirl crush she had had on him had never stopped; it had just grown into love... and lust. And it had done so slowly, it had done so as boy after boy tried to flatter her, but Harry had been different, their relationship had grown from her brother's friend, to almost family to friend to boyfriend.

Looking back on it she found that she had loved every moment of it, from the elbow in the butter dish to the kiss in the common room after the final game of his 6th year and everything that had come in between, and after.

All of this went through Ginny's head in the course of a few minutes. And suddenly, she was overcome with desire. She wanted him, she wanted to feel his ruff hands rubbing her body, she wanted to feel his mouth pressed against hers, and she wanted to feel his strong arms wrapped around her as he made love to her.

The eggs had finished cooking so Ginny magically set the stove to keep them warm and hurried upstairs her self. She hurried up to the room she and Harry were sharing; she heard the water in the bathroom running. She smiled to herself as she quickly stripped out of her cloths from the night before, she thought of Harry's muscular body dripping wet. And then she thought of her body, equally wet, pressed against Harry's and the two of them entwined in each other's limbs.

This thought almost buckled Ginny's knees, she quickly apparated right into the shower.

She heard Harry splutter suddenly as she appeared in front of him, completely naked. "Wha... What happened to me having to get in the shower, not in your pants?" he finally managed to get out.

"I'm not wearing pants, am I?" Ginny asked simply as she pulled Harry down by the shoulders and kissed him deeply, she felt his dick twitch against her leg, and she intensified the kiss, wrapping her arms around Harry as his arms slid around her waist.

His arms were wrapped around her tiny waist. Their bare bodies were pressed against each other, and the hot water was not helping their need for each other.

Harry groaned as she started moving her body against his. He couldn't believe how well they fit together. She was just so beautiful; sometimes the mere sight of her caused him to lose control. This was one of those times.

Harry quickly disengaged from Ginny's mouth and moved to her neck. Suddenly he turned her around so she was facing the same way he was. He pulled her close to him, his hard dick sliding between her legs, rubbing against her already needy pussy.

Ginny felt one of Harry's hands snaking around her body, both pressing her to him and grabbing one of her breasts, massaging it in the most sensuous sort of way. His other hand reached between them and guided his dick into her slit, and with a sudden thrust Harry was deep inside her.

Soon the two of them had found their familiar rhythm and the sound of wet flesh slapping wet flesh filled the bathroom. Ginny started to moan as her orgasm started to build, she was glad that Harry was holding her up because she wouldn't have been able to stand otherwise.

As Ginny's moaning increased Harry's thrusts got faster and the feelings of pleasure the both of them were getting increased. Harry was sliding in and out of Ginny with practiced ease and Ginny's climax was growing ever closer. The feel of Harry's rock hard cock in her pussy was all Ginny could think about at the moment, and that thought alone was usually enough to help her get over the edge, and this time was no different.

Ginny felt her pussy clench around Harry's rock hard rod as her orgasm overtook her. She let her body sag into Harry's strong arms as she nearly collapsed to the floor of the shower. She suddenly felt an entirely different sensation explode in her as Harry grunted something that sounded like her name and emptied his load into her contracting pussy, sending her into the throws of an orgasm of epic proportions. She let out an unintelligible scream as her whole body spasmed as wave after wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure washed over her, if she hadn't known better she would have thought she

was on some kind of happiness potion.

All of a sudden Ginny found herself on the floor of the tub, lying on top of Harry. It seemed he HAD collapsed in his sexual ecstasy, sending both of them to the wet floor of the tub. The two of them were breathing heavily as they lay there, trying to gain the strength to get up and finish showering.

Finally Harry stood up and helped Ginny to her feet, the two slowly washed each other, which normally would have started either oral sex or hand jobs, but today they needed to eat and go see Teddy so Harry and Ginny skipped the hand play and just showered.

When they were finished they quickly got dressed and went downstairs to eat, which they did while talking about the Christmas plans.

"We'll have what, 14 people, here? And that's not including Kreacher." Ginny said as they discussed sleeping arrangements.

"Well, we'll have 5 couples, and Teddy and Andromeda will share a room, Charley and Percy can have their own rooms; that's only 8 rooms." Harry was a bit surprised at how few rooms they needed for so many people.

"I know, but I'm still a bit nervous at having all those people over to our house." Ginny slumped a bit in her seat, putting her head in her hands, which were propped on the table via her elbows.

Harry got a small smile on his face, "Gin," he said, his voice a bit mocking, "you said 'our' house..."

Ginny looked up suddenly, a half-horrified look on her face, "I did...oh, shit, I can't believe I said that out loud. I'm sorry..."

"No, it's fine," said Harry, cutting her off. A softer smile replacing the teasing one, "it was just a bit surprising how easy it came out. I'm just not sure that a house this big will be what we want when it's just the two of us."

"Yeah, I know what you mean, it'll be a bitch trying to keep this place clean if we live in it year-round," said Ginny. She allowed herself a small smile on the inside; Harry was basically saying he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her. While both of them had said that to the other before this was the first time that either had discussed it in depth.

"Well, we could live in one of the places I was left by my parents," Harry said as he finished breakfast. He started to get up to start cleaning, but realized that Ginny wasn't moving to clean so he sat back down.

"What, live in Potter Manner, that place is probably bigger than this one." Ginny said, a small laugh escaping her.

"No," said Harry, smiling, "I was thinking the flat in London, or maybe that house outside of London." He waved his wand and two files appeared, they contained pictures of the homes as well as the addresses and some financial information on them.

Ginny took the file on the flat from in front of Harry. Looking through it she read, "2 bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen, living room, dining room, 350 square meters. This is really nice."

"Yeah, it is, isn't it," said Harry looking over some of the pictures of the inside.

After a few minutes Ginny suddenly looked up from the file, "Harry, it just hit me, we're done with school after this year."

"Yeah, we are Gin," Harry said, looking up from the file he was looking over. "We'll have to get jobs, get homes..."

"Stop," Ginny said, cutting Harry off, "just stop. I just realized that I'm going to have to go into the real world soon; I don't need to be thrust into it just yet. I'm going to do the best I can to stay in the 'fake' world for as long as I can." Ginny's eyes suddenly got a bit sad, "I was thrust into the 'real' world in my 4th year when we went to the ministry, then I spent the next two years half scared, and half excited to be fighting. Now I've had half a year to get used to the fact that we're teenagers, and then I realize that I only have another 6 months of it left."

"Gin," Harry said calmly, "don't worry, the next six months will be the best six months of your life, I promise. And after that, you're going to get a contract with the Hollyhead Harpies, and you'll play Quidditch for however long you want, we can party at night after I come home from work and stuff."

Ginny's face lit up, "Oh, that sounds fun," Ginny said, "but its fine, I'm just being a bit over dramatic."

"Fine, but just say the word and we'll throw a huge party for our friends." Harry smiled, hoping that they would be able to throw that party. He had been thrust into the 'real' world at a younger age than Ginny had, and he had never had much of a 'normal' childhood, he had some fantasies that he wanted to live out also, but those would stay his own for the time being.

"Well, maybe a huge blow out wouldn't be so bad," Ginny said, picking up the file for Potter Manor, "and who said that we couldn't use the big houses."

"I like the way you think Gin," Harry laughed lightly, "but now's not the time to plan a party like that, we have to go visit Teddy."

"I know," Ginny sighed, feigning disappointment. Harry knew she had been looking forward to this for at least a month, and so had he, if not quite as openly. The few times that they had gotten to see Teddy had been really fun, and they hadn't seen him since school had started.

"Come on Gin," Harry said as he got up, "lets go."

"Alright," Ginny said, popping up out of her chair and rushing for the door.

Harry couldn't help but laugh at the way she acted; it was almost...child like. "Gin," Harry shouted after her, "We're going by floo powder."

"Oh, right," said Ginny as she came back through the dinning room door.

Harry went over to the fire place, a smile on his face. He grabbed a jar off the mantel; both the mantel and the jar were black with green snakes pressed into their surfaces. The jar was made of clay, but the mantel was made of onyx black stone with emerald snakes inset in it, it was beautiful in a creepy kind of way. Suddenly Harry wondered if there was something hidden behind the fire place, and if the chamber could only be opened by a parcel tongue. He decided to find out after he and Ginny got back from the visit with Teddy. Even if none of the Black family had had the ability to speak parcel tongue, Voldemort may have had the hidden room built and then sealed like this when Regulus worked for him.

"Harry, are we going or not?" asked Ginny, a bit impatient.

Harry grabbed a pinch of green powder out of the jar and threw it into the small fire that was kept burning in the fireplace. Suddenly the fire flared to fill the fireplace and turned a deep emerald green, almost matching the snakes on the mantel. Harry stepped aside, allowing Ginny to go first. She stepped into the fireplace and shouted "Andromeda Tonks' home." Suddenly she was a whorl of color as she spun into the Floo network.

Harry put the jar back on the mantel took a deep breath and stepped into the fireplace himself. He smiled a bit more as the flames engulfed him, only tickling him a bit as they did. He remembered what his first trip by Floo powder had been like and also remembered all the trips he had taken by the Floo network since then, it was still a bit nauseating to think of himself spinning at high speeds trough

thousands of fireplaces. "Andromeda Tonks' home," he said, loud and clear. Suddenly he was spinning wildly, room after room flashing past. Harry barely had time to register one room before the next one appeared, and he had no time to log details of the rooms, all they were was blur after blur. Finally his feet hit solid ground as he dropped into the fireplace of Andromeda Tonks', Teddy's grandmother and the mother of Nymphadora Tonks.

## **Chapter 40**

Harry and Ginny arrived back at number 12 Grimmauld place just after dinner, exhausted. They had spent the whole day with Teddy, allowing Andromeda a day to herself; she had spent it sleeping.

Harry and Ginny had been happy to take Teddy off her hands for the day, and had spent the day playing with him inside, which was harder than expected now that Teddy had started to walk. They had made him lunch, and played with him some more. Around 2 they had put him down for a nap, which lasted about an hour, giving the two of them some much needed rest. By 3 Teddy was up and energetic, changing his appearance ever few minutes.

It eventually became a game, Harry or Ginny would poke Teddy and Teddy would change the place they had poked, then they showed him pictures, and he would change to look like the subject of the picture, be they human or otherwise.

Around 5 Andromeda had woken up and insisted that they stay for dinner. Both had readily agreed, and even offered to help her make it. But she had refused, saying that after all the help they had been during the day the least she could do was make them dinner. By 6 the house was filled with amazing smells that rivaled Mrs. Weasley's cooking and by 6:15 Harry, Ginny, Andromeda and Teddy were sitting down to a dinner of meatloaf and potatoes.

Dinner had tasted just as good as it had smelled. Teddy had started to get a bit restless, and soon food was flying around the room as Teddy either threw it, or Harry and Ginny caught it with magic and sent it to the trash. Eventually Ginny figured out that Teddy liked to watch the food zoom to the trash, she started sending the food flying around the room in complex patterns before sending it to the trash, this eventually calmed Teddy down enough that he stopped throwing the food. Although the walls were a bit messy, Andromeda said it was no problem for her to clean it up.

Harry and Ginny, still feeling a bit guilty about leaving Andromeda to clean up the mess by herself, had left, telling Andromeda that if she ever needed any help all she had to do was owl.

She had thanked them and told them she would see them on Friday night for dinner.

As Harry and Ginny stepped out of the fire place at Grimmauld place they heard a pop from the hall way. "We're home," came the voice of Ron.

"We just got back from visiting Teddy," Ginny shouted back, "We're in the dining room."

A few seconds later Hermione and Ron came in, they both looked exhausted and a bit weary. "So, how's Teddy," Ron asked, the exhaustion obvious in his voice.

"He's fine," said Ginny, smiling slightly at the thought of Teddy and the day they had spent with him, "he's getting really big, and starting to look a bit like Lupin. He's even started to walk a bit."

"How's Andromeda doing," asked Hermione, "she must be exhausted with Teddy walking."

"Yeah, she was sleeping for most of the time we were there, she seemed really glad to have a rest," Harry said, summoning four Butterbeers from the kitchen. As he handed them out he noticed just how weary his two best friends looked, "you two look like you went through the whole triwizard tournament in the last two days."

"You could say that," said Ron, earning a small chuckle from Hermione, even as she hit him lightly on the arm.

"Don't say that about my parents," Hermione said, "they're not that bad."

"No, your right, they're not," said Ron, taking a long swig from his Butterbeer. "It was the wedding

planning that was hell." Hermione just nodded.

"Oh, so you two finally decided to start planning your wedding, that's good." Ginny smiled at her friends, she knew Harry would eventually propose, and it would probably be sooner rather than latter, but with her best friend getting married she was getting kind of impatient.

"Yeah, we even picked a date, July 17th." Ron said, looking like he was ready to fall asleep right where he was sitting.

"That's right after school is over isn't it?" asked Harry.

"Yep, two weeks," said Hermione, "hopefully that's enough time to get the final preparations done."

"Don't worry, we'll help," said Ginny, who felt about as tired as Ron and Hermione looked.

"Well I think we can hold off on the planning till at least tomorrow, I'm bloody tired and if I don't get to bed soon I'm likely to fall asleep right here," Hermione said. At this she got up, grabbed Ron's arm and started pulling him towards the stairs.

"G'night, everyone," Ron half moaned as he was half dragged to bed.

Harry let out a chuckle as he too got up, "Come on Gin, I feel about the same way Hermione does."

"Yeah," Ginny agreed as she got up and vanished the empty Butterbeer bottles.

"If today was any indication of how children act, I don't want kids for a while," Harry said, only half joking. Teddy had been a handful today, and even though they had had fun it was still really stressful.

"Don't worry babe, I don't plan on getting pregnant for at least 10 years," Ginny said, already half asleep.

Harry picked Ginny up and let her put her arms around his neck and her head on his shoulder. He carried her upstairs and put her down on their bed. "Gin, don't say that type of thing, life has a weird way of doing exactly the opposite of what we plan."

"Yeah, you're right," yawned Ginny as she changed into her pajamas with a wave of her wand. She watched Harry change his cloths the normal way and felt him get into bed behind her. He slid his arm around her waist and pulled her close, his soft, rhythmic breathing lulling her to sleep.

The next morning the four friends awoke at nearly 10 o'clock to a large bang in the living room. All four of them grabbed their wands and apparated downstairs, arriving at the same time in a different corner of the room.

In the center of the room, standing over a mid sized black crater in the floor, was a smoking Kreacher and a smoking Neville. Kreacher suddenly burst into tears, "Kreacher is sorry master, Kreacher is not meaning to wake master."

"Its fine Kreacher," said Harry, trying to reassure the elf before he started harming himself. "Don't worry about it; I'm sure it was an accident. But I have to ask, what were you doing?"

"Kreacher was decorating the tree master Harry, then this fool apparated right on top of Kreacher. Kreacher screamed..."

Neville interrupted at this point, "Kreacher's scream scared me and I shot a spell at him..."

"Neville, how could you," shrieked Hermione, "Kreacher, are you ok?"

"Kreacher is fine mistress," the elf said. Kreacher looked almost delighted at Hermione's anger towards Neville.

"Any way," continued Neville, "I shot a spell at him and he jumped out of the way." Neville looked

down at the floor, "I guess the spell kind of' fried your floor. Sorry Harry, I'm a bit distracted."

It was then that Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione noticed the sad look on Neville's face. "Neville, what's wrong?" asked Ginny, going to put an arm around her friend.

"Luna," Neville said, and left it at that.

The four friends all got horrified looks on their faces, "Is she ok?" asked Hermione, finding herself standing, her wand in her hand once again.

"Yeah," sighed Neville, "But she's going to Australia to finish out the school year on some study abroad program." Neville was staring at the floor, it seemed as if all the confidence he had gained in the past few years had simply disappeared.

"Ok, when is she leaving?" asked Ginny. Beside her Hermione sat down, stowing her wand away.

"After the wedding," said Neville, his tone getting even sadder, if that was possible.

"Well, than you'll have to go visit over Easter break," said Harry, "and she'll be back at the end of the year."

"I know," sighed Neville, "but she broke up with me." At this he burst into tears.

Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny were all shocked into silence. Neville and Luna had seemed like the perfect couple, both were a bit...different from the other students, and they seemed to connect perfectly. "Why?" was all that Ron could manage.

"She said she didn't want to 'maintain a long distance relationship,' and that she wanted somebody who would be willing to travel with her to look for 'exotic magical creatures'." Neville seemed to be calming down a bit, but it was obvious he could break at the slightest provocation.

"Well, did you tell her that you would be willing to travel with her?" asked Ginny, not able to resist.

Neville looked up at her, a somewhat embarrassed look on his face. "Well, I kind of said that I wanted to do something different than spend my life looking for exotic magical creatures," Neville's face reddened even more, "that didn't exist."

"Well that shouldn't have offended her, she's been hearing that her whole life." said Ron.

"Ron!" exclaimed Hermione, just glaring at her fiancé.

"What?" asked Ron, not really sure what he'd done.

"I've told her before that I thought she was right about the creatures," said Neville, both answering Ron's question and berating himself for being so stupid.

"Oh," said Ron, his face turning slightly red as he seemed to sink into the couch that he was sitting on.

"But the thing is, I want to start a green house and study magical plants," said Neville. Then a gleam came to his eye that was obviously one of ambition, "I've never told this to anybody, but one day, I think I'd like to teach Herbology at Hogwarts."

"Well that's a great goal," said Hermione, trying to be encouraging, "but maybe you should tell Luna that, she'll understand that you have your own goals and dreams."

"That may work, if that were the only problem," said Neville, now finished crying.

"What else did you do?" Ginny asked, suddenly ready to defend Luna.

"Nothing," insisted Neville quickly, "but our relationship has been on rocky ground for a while. The stresses of seventh year have been getting to us both and we haven't been spending much time together

in the last month or so." Neville took a deep breath as if to calm himself, "then she told me about studying in Australia and I kind of went off. We started fighting and yelling and I told her that I didn't think the creatures existed and she got real quite suddenly and walked out a bit later. Then this morning she showed up at Gran's house and asked to talk to me. She told me that she was sorry, but she didn't think she could sustain a long distance relationship, and that she wanted somebody who would look for magical creatures with her. That's when I Apparated here."

Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione looked at each other, not knowing what to say. Ginny was the first to break the silence, "well, you should talk to her before she leaves. You two have been through a lot together."

Neville just nodded, not really sure what to say to that. "I'll talk to her at the wedding."

"That's good," said Hermione, "but for now, why don't you go back to your Gran's house, she's probably worried about you by now." Neville got up and took out his wand but Hermione put her hand over Neville's, "Why don't you take the floo network, you don't look like you're in any shape to dispartate right now."

Neville just nodded and allowed Hermione to lead him to the fireplace. Once he was there he threw the powder into the fireplace and stepped in, shouted the address for his Gran's home and was suddenly swirled away.

"Well that sucks," said Ginny as soon as Hermione returned from seeing Neville off.

"Yeah, they were perfect for each other," said Hermione, sitting down heavily next to Ron. She took his hand and started absentmindedly playing with his fingers, he didn't seem to notice, or mind.

"Well, at least we weren't having them over for Christmas," said Ron, "that would have been a bit... awkward."

Hermione glared at Ron again, but this time the glare seemed more like she was thinking about something, not like she was mad at him. "Maybe we should invite her and her father over for Christmas," suggested Hermione suddenly.

"Why?" asked Harry, "we already have 14 people coming, isn't that enough?"

"We had more than that for dinner most nights when we were here before our 5th year" said Hermione. "Plus, she was probably planning to do Christmas with Neville, but now, she and her father will be alone."

"I think it's a good idea," said Ron. He had learned that if Hermione got mad at him the best way to get her to forget she was mad was to take her side on the first argument that arose between her and anybody else, unless of course that somebody else was him.

"I thought we wanted this to be a 'family' affair," said Ginny, still hoping to keep the number of people down. She had never cooked much, and never for the numbers of people that were coming to Christmas.

"Well they're family with each other. And after all Luna's been through with us she practically is family," said Hermione.

Ginny and Harry looked at each other, they both knew that it was a good idea and that if Hermione hadn't brought it up one of them probably would have. "Alright, fine," said Harry, "send Luna and her father an owl inviting them to Christmas dinner."

Hermione went up stairs and quickly wrote a note to Luna and her father, asking them to have Christmas dinner with the Weasleys. She tried to come up with a polite way of inviting Luna and her

father with out sounding weird about the breakup, but it wasn't possible. So instead she simply wrote:

*Luna,*

*Harry, Ginny, Ron and I were wondering if you and your father would like to have Christmas with us on Friday and Saturday.*

*Hermione*

Hermione folded the letter and then went to find Amor; it would be safer for the larger owl. There was a storm coming and Pig would get battered by the heavy winds and snow. After sending the letter Hermione went back downstairs, she and her friends still had to do a bit of planning and decorating.

It was Tuesday and the Weasleys were going to get there on Friday. That meant the four friends had 3 days to clean, decorate, and generally tidy up number 12.

"Kreacher already has the basement and first floor well cleaned. That leaves only three floors," Ron was saying as Hermione walked in, "and there are thee days left until everybody gets here. We could go floor by floor, doing one floor each day."

"That sounds like the easiest way to do it," said Harry.

"Well what has to be done?" asked Ginny, "it can't be that much, we've been living in the house for a few days, and it doesn't seem that dirty."

"The basement and first floor aren't, and neither are the rooms we've been using," said Hermione, counting off the floors with her fingers, "but the other rooms on the 2nd and 3rd floor need to be cleaned. So does the entire 4th floor, which we haven't been using."

"Alright, well, we better get started then," said Harry, sounding weary already.

The four friends spent the next three days doing nothing but cleaning, eating and sleeping. A lot of the surfaces in the house had spell repelling charms on them so they had to be cleaned the muggle way, which caused Ron a few fits of frustration.

On Wednesday morning they got a response from Luna and her father.

*Harry, Ginny, Ron, and Hermione,*

*Thanks for the invite, but Father and I are going to Switzerland to look for the Crumple horned snorkstack. It's Daddy's Christmas present to me, and a way for us to spend some time together before I go to Australia, which I assume you know about because you invited me, which means you know Neville and I broke up. Since I didn't tell you about that, I can only assume he did, and I can also assume that he told you that I'm going to Australia. I'll miss you guys, write often.*

*Luna*

"That's a bit wordy for Luna isn't it," commented Ron after he finished reading the letter. "And a bit hard to understand," Ron tilted the letter on its side, as if that would make it easier to understand.

"Yeah, but she sounds real excited about going to Australia," said Ginny.

Harry just shrugged; he was already tired from the cleaning. It felt kind of like he was back at the Dursleys, cleaning before a relative or one of Uncle Vernon's clients came over. But he didn't mind it now, he had Ginny to joke around with while he was cleaning, and more than once that joking around had gotten a bit physical and they had ended up on the floor, one mounting the other and their lips connecting, at least until Ron or Hermione sprayed some water on them.

By the time the friends finished cleaning the house was immaculate, it was almost as clean as Mrs.

Weasley had made it three and a half years ago.

On Friday the Weasley's showed up about half way through the day, and immediately were shown to their rooms.

Mr. And Mrs. Weasley would be sleeping on the 4th floor in the second master bedroom. Percy was on the 2nd floor, in a small room with blank walls, he loved it. Bill and Fleur were staying in the bedroom that Harry and Ron had shared when they were in Grimmauld place before fifth year. Charley was on the 2nd floor also, with a room across from Percy's. George and Angelina were visiting with Angelina's parents before the wedding and wouldn't be there. Andromeda and Teddy would be staying in a room on the 3rd floor, down the Hall from Harry and Ginny.

"Oh, the house looks lovely," said Mrs. Weasley as she led her family into Grimmauld place. She looked around and said, "I was expecting to have to clean up after the four of you, but it looks like you did it yourselves after all, I hope you haven't put poor Kreacher to too much work."

The four had spent the morning decorating the rest of the house, and even preparing some food. Now that Mrs. Weasley was here, she, Ginny, Hermione, and even Fleur were going to cook some of the harder stuff. Harry and Ron showed everybody their rooms and helped them with their luggage.

Harry asked Bill to take a look around the house and take some of the curses off the furniture. Then spent the next few hours wandering the house with Bill, helping him with some of the curses, "It'll be good practice for when you're an Auror," Bill had said. Harry suspected Bill just wanted him there to do some of the work.

By the time the two of them had finished it was nearly four o'clock and the smell that was permeating the house was beyond heavenly. Harry sat down in the living room with the rest of the Weasley men and Andromeda and Teddy, who had shown up only an hour ago. Ron and Harry sat down to a game of exploding snap, which ended with Ron loosing.

Ron had just suggested a game of Wizard's chess when Hermione came out of the kitchen, grabbed his arm and half dragged him upstairs. "Where are you taking me?" he asked as she hoisted him up.

"We have to go get my parents in half an hour," said Hermione, "I want you to look like you at least gave some thought to what you look like."

They came back down twenty minuets later. Ron had his hair combed and he wore a set of kaki pants and a white polo shirt.

"Wow Ron, you look like a regular muggle," said Harry, trying to contain his laughter

"Hey, tell Hermione, not me," said Ron, holding up his hands as if protecting himself. "She's the one that dressed me."

"You know what George...or Fred would say if they were here?" asked Charley.

"That our 'ikcle Ronekins is growing up so nicely," Percy half laughed.

"Yeah, that about covers it," said Charley. Everyone laughed; even Ron gave a little chuckle.

"Come on Ron, we have to go," said Hermione after a second, "I told my parents that we'd be there at 5, but I want to get there a bit early."

"Ok," said Ron, taking her hand. Together the couple turned on the spot and Disaparated.

Ginny looked at Harry, "So, still want to play Wizard's chess?" she asked

"Sure," said Harry. He sat down on the floor and waved his wand, a wizard's chess set appeared. For the next hour Harry and Ginny ordered their pieces around the board, each of them checking the other a

few times. Harry had defiantly gotten better at Chess in his eight years in the wizarding world, but he hadn't gotten good enough to beat any of the Weasleys, especially Ginny, who only lost to Ron.

Ginny finally got Harry into check mate. Her rook smashing Harry's king to pieces. "I should have leaned by now," sighed Harry.

"Learned what dear?" asked Ginny as she cleaned up the chess set.

"Not to play against you or your family, I can't win," said Harry.

Ginny was saved from comment as a slight pop in the hall way grabbed everybody's attention. A few seconds later Hermione walked in with Ron and her parents in tow. "Hey everybody, sorry it took so long. My parents insisted that Ron and I have tea with them."

"Its fine dear," said Mrs. Weasley, who had emerged from the kitchen with Ginny and Fleur when Hermione left. "Lets go into the Dinning room and start dinner shale we?" Mrs. Weasley went over to the Grangers and started to say hello.

"Great idea mum," said Ron, obviously hungry. Ron rushed to the dinning room, grabbing a place for him and Hermione. When Hermione came in she seated her parents right across from Ron and her.

Soon dinner was in full force, the room was loud and filled with wonderful smells. Halfway through dinner, as the conversations turned from school to family, Ron and Harry were talking Chess.

"I don't like loosing," Harry was saying.

"No one does," said Ron, "but you only get better with practice."

"The only problem is that you're the only one I have to practice against," said Harry, "and as I get better, so do you."

"What are you guys talking about?" asked Mr. Granger. Hermione noticed that her mother and Ron's were deep in conversation, and from the way they were gesturing grandly she figured it was about her and Ron's wedding.

"Chess sir," said Ron, suddenly very self conscious.

"Oh," said Mr. Granger, "well Harry, my only advice to you is that you find somebody else to play against. But of course, practice isn't everything; there are plenty of good books that teach strategy and all."

Ron stared at his future father in-law, "You play chess sir?" he asked, managing to hide his surprise.

"Yes," said Mr. Granger, "I've been playing since I was a boy. My father taught me."

"How about you two play a game after dinner," Hermione suggested. She had been silent through the whole discussion, but now she couldn't help herself.

Ron's mind was racing; he was the best chess player that Hogwarts had seen in a long while. He knew nobody at school could beat him. He also knew that wizard's chess had the same rules as muggle chess, except the pieces moved.

"Sounds great," said Mr. Granger, "but I must warn you, I'm very good."

"Oh, so is Ron," said Ginny, who had listening to the conversation. "He's the best chess player at Hogwarts. In his first year he beat a giant chess set to get to the philosopher's stone."

"Ah, yes, I remember Hermione telling us something about that," said Mr. Weasley, looking at his daughter.

By now half the table was listening, "why don't you regale us again with that story Ron," Charley said

sarcastically.

"Actually, I'd like to hear it," said Andromeda, "I've only heard parts of the story, and I wouldn't trust what was written up in the prophet."

By now, everybody was listening. "Well, it started..." and Ron was off, telling the whole story of first year and how he, Harry and Hermione had gotten the stone, with occasional interjections by Harry and Hermione.

By the time dinner was over, an hour and half later, Harry was just finishing the story, telling everybody what had happened in the last room. "As I blacked out I heard a voice, Dumbledore. The next thing I remember was coming too in the hospital wing. Dumbledore was there, he told me that Voldemort had left Quirrell and that Quirrell had died. Then Hagrid came and gave me a photo album of my parents, and that's pretty much it."

The table was silent, except for Teddy's soft cooing, "Well, that certainly fills in the gaps quite nicely," said Andromeda.

"Yes, it does," said Mrs. Granger, "Hermione never told us about the potions." Mrs. Granger was staring at her daughter.

Hermione felt like she was getting smaller, sinking into her seat. Again, she was amazed at the fact that her parent's anger could scare her after what she had gone through in the fight against Voldemort.

"Well, with all the excitement afterwards she probably forgot," said Ron, "I know I didn't like telling the story right after it happened, it was traumatic. I'm sure Hermione told you once, and told you fast, and then never mentioned it again." Ron hopped this would convince them, he didn't want to have Hermione's parents mad at her, not right now.

"Well..." Mr. Granger didn't look completely convinced, "ok, that works for me." Luckily he left it at that. "How about that game of chess?" he asked.

Harry, Ginny, and Mrs. Weasley all waved their wands, sending the dishes flying into the kitchen to clean themselves. Then everybody crowded into the living room to watch Ron and Mr. Granger play chess.

As Harry was settling down into one of the over stuffed chairs, Ginny plopping herself in his lap, Andromeda came up to him, a cranky Teddy in her arms, "I'm sorry Harry, Teddy is getting anxious I'm going to put him to bed and then I'm going to bed myself."

"No need to apologize," said Harry, rubbing Teddy's head. "Good night."

"Night Andromeda," said Mrs. Weasley.

"Good night Molly, Author," said Andromeda nodding to each in turn.

Mr. Weasley just nodded already engrossed in the Chess game that hadn't started yet.

Once the game started everyone in the room fell silent, the only sound that could be heard was the clacking of chess pieces and the breathing of all 12 bodies sitting in comfortable chairs.

After a while Harry looked at his watch, it had been nearly an hour since the game had started and there were very few pieces on the board. Ron seemed to be winning, that is if you went by points. The room was still quiet and except for Fleur, who had fallen asleep with her head on Bill's shoulder, everybody was still paying attention to the game with unflinching interest.

Every once in a while Mr. Granger would mutter something like, "using the Kolinsky defense," or "ah, the Gorbotoff offense." At these times Ron would give him an oddly skeptical look, but Mr. Granger

never noticed he was too busy staring at the chess board to see anything else.

Finally Ron got a small smirk on his face, "Check," he said as he moved his Queen to attack Mr. Granger's King.

Now it was Mr. Granger's turn to smile, he nodded his head slightly and moved his bishop to intercept Ron's Queen.

Ron moved his Queen to attack Mr. Granger's Bishop and said, "Check."

Mr. Granger moved a castle 3 squares left and said, "Check mate. Good game my boy, I haven't had a challenge like that in a long time."

Ron just stared at the board, his mouth moving but no sound coming out.

Mr. Granger looked up from the board and smiled softly, "Ron, it's Ok, you fell into a classic Kartorof trap. I sacrificed a piece to draw your defense away from your king, and then moved in for the kill."

"What the hell is a Kartorof?" asked Ron after a few seconds.

Mr. Granger laughed even as Hermione scolded Ron for using that kind of language in front of her parents. "I keep forgetting that you weren't raised in our world," said Mr. Granger, "you don't have the same education as we do. In the...Muggle world some moves in chess are named after famous players who either invented them or used them to win matches. They were usually Russian."

"Oh," said Ron, not really sure what to say. He hadn't lost a chess game in...well his whole life. "I just play, I've never heard of famous chess players, or strategy or moves or stuff like that. I play the game, usually planning a few moves ahead in my head."

"That's the key to a good chess game," said Mr. Granger, "if you'd like I have a few books on the subject, they explain the basic moves and some strategy."

Ron burst out laughing at this. Hermione looked at him like he had gone crazy. She put a hand on his arm and asked worriedly, "Ron, are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," chuckled Ron, tears now streaming from his eyes.

"Then what's so funny?" asked Mr. Granger.

"Like father, like daughter," said Ron simply, "Hermione would probably have suggested books also, I guess she gets it from you."

Now every body was chuckling slightly, even Mr. Granger and Hermione had small smiles on their faces. "Yeah, I guess I do," muttered Hermione.

Ron had calmed down a bit and now he stood up, helping Mr. Granger to his feet. Ron stuck out his hand and said, "A good game sir, one of the best of my life. I haven't been challenged like that since first year. Maybe we can get together after I've read some of those books and discuss them, maybe even have another game."

"I'd be honored," said Mr. Granger. "But next time, we play with Muggle chess pieces; it's a bit disconcerting having your pieces move by themselves."

Ron looked over at Hermione, and saw a huge smile on her face. He knew she wanted him and her parents to get along. It wasn't like they hadn't been, but this was one more thing that Ron and her father could talk about, one point of interest that the two of them shared. "Sure," said Ron, "It *would* be different to play with Muggle pieces."

Mr. Granger nodded and then stuck out his hand, "Until next time. I'll give Hermione the books I was

talking about when she brings us home. Next time we meet you may just beat me, if you've studied those books well."

"I look forward to it," said Ron, a smile slowly spreading across his face. He took Mr. Granger's hand and gave it a good shake.

A few minutes later the Grangers were getting ready to go home. Hermione would be apparating them back to their house.

"Harry, Ginny, Ron, thank you for your hospitality," Mrs. Granger said as her husband helped her get into her coat.

"It was no problem," said Harry, "it would have been rude of us not to invite you."

"No it wouldn't have," said Mr. Granger, "Hermione's told us how much of a family affair Christmas can be for the Weasleys."

"Well, you're family," said Mrs. Weasley smiling broadly, "or at least you will be on July 17th."

"A day we look forward too," said Mrs. Granger. "Good bye Molly, Arthur, Bill, Fleur, Charley, Percy, Harry, Ginny, Ron."

The room was filled with good byes and see you soon and other things that are said upon people leaving. Hermione smiled at everyone as she walked her parents out the door and with a pop, they were gone.

This seemed to be the cue for everybody to start leaving. Percy yawned and started towards the stairs. He was soon followed by Charley, who said that the food had left him tired. Not too long after that Mr. and Mrs. Weasley said their good nights.

Then it was only Bill, Fleur, Harry, Ginny and Ron sitting in the living room. Ron would occasionally stare at the chess board, no doubt reviewing that night's game in his mind, trying to see what he had missed in those last seconds.

Bill must have noticed Ron's occasional glances for he soon spoke up. "Ron, it's Ok, you're still the best Chess player Hogwarts has seen in a long time, and that's something to be proud of."

"I know," said Ron, "I'm just not used to losing at Chess."

"It was bound to happen sooner or later," said Fleur, who was curled up next to Bill, her head on his lap, her eyes closed.

"I know, and I'm glad it was Hermione's father that beat me and not some other student," Ron said, the relief in his voice obvious.

"Why?" asked Ginny

"Because," Ron said as his gaze finally left the chess board, "I never would have been able to live it down at school if some other student had beaten me. But Mr. Granger won't make fun of me, neither will Hermione, at least not too much."

"And what about us?" asked Bill, obviously meaning his family, specifically his brothers.

"I'm used to taking crap from you guys," said Ron simply. He leaned back into the chair he was in. "If I'm keeping you guys up I'm sorry, but I'm going to wait here until Hermione gets back."

"No," said Harry, "Ginny and I will wait here with you."

"Well, Bill and I are going up stairs," said Fleur, "we're tired." Fleur left it at that as she got up, taking Bill's hand and practically pulling him out of his seat. She gave him a long, lingering kiss and then

started towards the stairs. Bill followed eagerly.

After a few seconds, and after Ron was sure that his brother and his wife were out of earshot, Ron let out a light laugh. "They're not tired," he said.

"No, I don't think they are," said Harry smiling, "But they will be soon."

"Yeah," said Ron, making a snort out of the word.

"I get they're going up there to have sex," Ginny said, "but I don't get why that's so funny. Harry and I are..."

"Don't want to hear it," said Ron, cutting Ginny off. He covered his ears with his hands, "I don't want to hear about my sister's sex life, especially when it's with my best friend."

"And I don't want to hear about your sex life," said Harry to Ron, "but that doesn't change the fact that tonight, we're both getting laid."

Ron let out another chuckle, "how about we just leave it at that before I get images in my head of what's going to go on between you two."

"Works for me," said Ginny.

It was at that moment that Hermione reappeared, holding a brightly wrapped package. "Sorry it took so long," she said as she walked over to Ron and plopped herself down next to him. She moved herself a bit closer to him and put her head on his shoulder. "My parents insisted on wrapping this, it's the books my dad told you about, but they said that they wanted to give it to you as a Christmas present."

Ron turned and kissed the top of Hermione's head, "how about we worry about that tomorrow. We're both tired, so why don't we go upstairs, maybe get in a warm bath together..."

Hermione cut him off with a kiss, "that sounds great," she sighed as they broke apart. She stood up, and after putting the present from her parents under the tree she started up the stairs.

Ron looked over to Harry and his sister and just smiled. Then he too started up the stairs. He took the stairs two at a time and quickly caught up with his fiancé.

Harry and Ginny soon heard giggling coming from the landing as Ron and Hermione struggled to get into their room, probably because they were already entwined in each other's arms.

"You know, a hot bath sounds really good right now," said Ginny.

"Nope," said Harry, "I have something else planned."

"Oh really?" asked Ginny, "and what exactly makes you think I'll go along with this plan of yours?"

"This," said Harry as he grabbed Ginny by the wrist. He turned on the spot and with a quick pop they were upstairs in their room. The bedspread was covered in dark red rose petals and candles lit every corner of the room. The bed spread looked insanely warm and there was soft music playing in the back round.

"It's beautiful," Ginny gasped. Then she got a sly smile on her face, "and it gives me the perfect opportunity to give you your Christmas present."

"What do you mean?" asked Harry, more than a bit confused.

Ginny waved her wand and suddenly her cloths were gone. Harry looked his girlfriend up and down. She was wearing a night blue lace teddy, her breasts were covered by a thin layer of satin and she was wearing a matching thong.

Harry licked his lips, "Gin, I hate to say this, but I don't think I'll look very good in that."

Ginny laughed despite herself, "well, then it's a good thing I'm wearing it."

"Yeah, it is," Harry gulped.

"Now Mr. Potter, how about we get you out of those cloths, they're in my way." Ginny moved to Harry and started to kiss him passionately; her hands moved down his chest and started to undo the buttons on his shirt. The two of them started to move towards the bed and soon Ginny was on top of Harry, straddling him. She could feel his erection pressing against her through his pants. She looked down and undid his belt buckle, "How about we give you a bit more...freedom," she said seductively.

Harry just groaned as Ginny pulled his pants and boxers off, releasing his hard-on to the open air. She just gazed at it for a second before she wrapped her mouth around it and started licking his head.

Ginny started to stroke Harry slowly, letting him push his dick into her mouth a bit as she did so. After only a few minutes she released him from her mouth, causing him to groan in protest. She slowly kissed her way up his stomach and chest until she was face to face with him again.

As soon as Ginny's mouth was level with his Harry grabbed the side of her face and pulled her towards him, kissing her passionately. They continued like this for a while, letting their hands roam where they may. Harry's hands eventually found Ginny's ass, and after giving it a little squeeze Harry started moving them slowly up her back, pushing the teddy in front of them.

When they broke apart for air Harry smiled and said, "Let's get this off." His smile broadened as he pulled the teddy off all the way, exposing Ginny's ample breasts. After throwing the teddy into the corner of the room he took one of her breasts in his hand and started to fondle and massage it.

Ginny moaned softly as Harry played with her tits; his hands applying pressure in just the right places and sliding over her perfectly. She leaned in and started kissing him again, this time a bit softer.

Ginny squealed as Harry suddenly flipped her onto her back and started kissing his way down her neck. He sucked lightly at her pulse point as he went past, eliciting a moan of pleasure. Then he kissed along her collar bone and after reaching her shoulder he kissed down the side of her breast, making sure to take time and lick each of her nipples and then blow on them sensuously. His hands started caressing her sides as he kissed his way down her pale stomach.

He continued kissing his way down until he reached the silken fabric of her blue thong. "Tsk tsk, this will have to go," he said. He grabbed the sides of the thong and pulling, literally ripping the tiny underwear off of Ginny.

Harry kissed his way a bit lower, and was suddenly kissing Ginny's clit, causing Ginny to gasp with pleasure. Harry licked Ginny's engorged organ, running his rough tongue over the super sensitive nub. Ginny's moans started to get louder as Harry's hands wandered down to the inside of her thighs, slowly caressing their way up to Ginny's swollen and wet pussy.

Ginny's moans had become sounds of want, "Harry, please, stop teasing," she pleaded.

Harry smiled into her slit, and then plunged two fingers into her. She let out a scream of pleasure. Harry slowly pumped his fingers in and out for the next 10 minutes, all the while sucking and licking her clit.

Ginny's moans got louder and louder as Harry continued. She felt herself on the edge of climax when suddenly Harry stopped. He kissed his way back up to her mouth and started kissing her deeply. Then, suddenly he was inside her, letting out a soft grunt as he penetrated her.

Harry's thrusts started excruciatingly slowly, and Ginny had had enough of slow, she bucked her hips up, not to get him deeper, although that was a result, but to flip him on to his back. Once she had Harry on his back she started to move herself up and down on his shaft, quickly. Soon Harry was moving in rhythm with her, the sound of skin hitting skin filled the room and the smell of sex soon followed.

Ginny could feel Harry's head hitting the back of her pussy with every thrust.

The two teens went on like this for half an hour, stamina that had been gained after six months of sex four or five times a week. Both Harry and Ginny were close, and Ginny knew exactly how to get Harry over the edge.

Ginny started to squeeze her walls tighter around Harry's dick, making it a bit harder for her to slide down onto him, but also increasing the pleasure for both of them. Soon Harry's face was contorted with the effort to keep from exploding, but to no avail. Ginny saw Harry relax just as she felt him explode inside her, his hot cum spraying the back of her pussy.

This sent Ginny over the edge, her orgasm causing her body to go completely limp as she started to convulse as wave after wave of pure pleasure coursed through her body. She could feel her pussy spasming around Harry's large dick and that just increased her pleasure.

While Harry's orgasm lasted only 30 seconds or so Ginny's lasted nearly 4 minutes, and by the end of it she could hardly move, and wasn't sure if she wanted to. She was lying on top of Harry, her head resting on his chest, just above his heart. Harry's arms had already wrapped around her, keeping her close as they always did. Harry's heart was still racing, and it matched Ginny's racing heart exactly.

Soon Harry's heart beat slowed, and Ginny felt her eyelids getting heavy. "Good night my love," she heard Harry say, sounding like he was almost asleep himself. He pulled the sheets up to cover them as they both drifted a bit deeper into sleep.

Looking out the window Ginny saw snow starting to fall. It was going to be a white Christmas, and she was with the man of her dreams. Everything was perfect. "Good night," Ginny replied through a content shroud of drowsiness. She felt Harry softly kiss the top of her head as he often did after they had sex. She nuzzled into his chest, a large smile on her face. Sleep over took her as Harry's heartbeat and slowly moving chest rocked her to sleep.

## Chapter 41

The next morning Harry and Ginny woke up to find two large piles of presents at the bottom of their bed. They both sat up and summoned pajamas to themselves. Looking out the window Harry could see snow still falling, the sky in the back round was bright blue with thick white clouds sliding across it.

"So, what do you think, should we open presents up here or down stairs?" asked Ginny, putting an arm around Harry and leaning into him.

"Up here," Harry said quickly, putting his arm around Ginny, "after all, I don't think your parents would appreciate me opening my Christmas present from you in front of the whole family." Harry indicated the lingerie that had been thrown into the corner.

Ginny giggled, "No, I don't think anybody in my family would appreciate you opening that in front of them." Harry and Ginny crawled to the foot of the bed and started opening their presents.

Harry got a green Weasley sweater from Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, Bill and Fleur had gotten him a foe glass, Hermione and Ron had gotten him a schedule book, with study times for the N.E.W.T.s already written in and a box of sweets from Honey Dukes, George and Angelina had given him the newest defense products from the shop. Hagrid had given Harry a totem that he had carved himself; the note said that the totem was supposed to protect the carrier from harm. Percy had given him a book on ministry regulations, which ended up in his trunk, hopefully never to be read. Andromeda had given him a few Dark Magic detectors and a few books on Dark Magic, they looked slightly used; Harry suspected they had belonged to Tonks, and was honored to have them. There was a package from Luna, an advanced copy of his biography, with a note saying that the books would be out in the next week. The Dersleys had sent Harry a card, Harry took out the card, and a picture and hand written note also fell out.

*Harry,*

*Hope you're having a good Christmas with your friends. I just wanted to thank you for what you did for Mum, Dad and I before you left. We were moved all over the country for a few days, and finally settled in an apartment in London. That little wizard that took us away came back after about 9 months and told us we could go back to Privet Drive. Dad wanted to get back home immediately, but Mum and I asked the man what had happened. He told us all about 'the final battle' as he called it. I'm glad you won. When we got home we found the house a mess, Mum almost fainted when she saw what had happened. The little wizard said that 'Death Eaters?' probably broke in looking for us or you; he offered to clean it all up and took out his stick. Dad nearly fainted that time; he practically picked the man up and threw him out of the house. We spent the next week cleaning up the house. Things are pretty much normal now, I don't ever mention it in front of Dad, but I kind of miss having you around. Mum's a bit more open about it; the little wizard showed us an article about you and your friends in a newspaper. Mum found a picture of you and cut it out, she keeps it on her bedside table, right next to a picture of you're Mum and Dad. Any way, I just wanted to thank you for what you did, and ask that you keep in touch. I put a picture of Mum, Dad and I in the envelope with the card, I thought you might like to remember us, although I wouldn't blame you if you didn't.*

*Your Cousin,*

*Dudley*

Harry picked up the picture that had been lying face down in his lap. Turning the picture over he saw Dudley, Uncle Vernon, and Aunt Petunia standing in front of number 4 Privet Drive. In the back round was a new looking car that looked tightly packed with Dudley's stuff. Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon

both had huge smiles on their faces; the picture had probably been taken just before Dudley went off to University.

Ginny took the card, note and picture from Harry after he had looked it over a second time. "What did they get you this time?" she asked sarcastically. She read the note and looked at the picture, her mouth hanging slightly open as she did so. "That was... nice of your cousin," Ginny said after reading the note a second time.

"Yeah," was all Harry could say. He got up and went over to his trunk, he found the photo album that Hagrid had given him at the end of his first year at Hogwarts and opened it to the last page. Taking the picture from Ginny he slid it into one of the open slots. He smiled down at the pictures of his parents, waving at him. Turning back he saw Ginny smiling softly.

Harry smiled back, "go on," he said, "open your presents."

Ginny smiled, she had been waiting for Harry to finish opening his presents. Ginny grabbed her first gift, from her parents; she opened it and found a deep red sweater. From Bill and Fleur she got a jewelry box, George and Angelina had gotten her a box of tricks from WWW along with a note asking her to 'make hell for Filch.' Ron and Hermione had given her a schedule book and a book on the history of the Holly Head Harpies.

The final present she opened was from Harry. The present wasn't wrapped, it was a dark blue velvet box tied with a yellow ribbon, or at least that's what the present was in. Ginny undid the ribbon and opened the box, revealing a golden necklace with her name scrawled in fancy gold lettering hanging from it. The 'i' was topped with a small ruby that seemed to glow with its own inner light. "It's beautiful," Ginny gasped, just staring at the extravagant present.

Harry slowly took the necklace out of the case and motioned her to turn around, which she did. Harry put the necklace around her neck and clasped it behind her. Ginny's name hung just above her breasts. If the light hit the ruby just right it cast a small red circle on her pale skin.

Ginny touched her name with her hand, "Harry, I was only joking when I said I wanted something extravagant."

"I know," Harry said, smiling at Ginny's obvious like of the present, "But I was planning to get you this any way."

Ginny finally looked up from the necklace, "Really?" she asked. Harry just nodded. "Well now I feel really guilty, my present isn't nearly as expensive as this."

Harry just laughed, "Gin, I can guarantee you your present was perfect."

Ginny couldn't help but let a small laugh escape her lips. And with that she was on top of Harry, kissing him softly, "if you want, I could give you a repeat," Ginny said as she broke the kiss.

"That works," Harry said, smiling and giving Ginny's ass a quick squeeze.

Ron and Hermione were woken up by the first rays of sunlight coming through the window. They were in their bed, naked, "You know, we could just stay in here all day," suggested Ron contently as he pulled Hermione closer to him.

"And do what?" asked Hermione sarcastically

"Screw," said Ron, uncharacteristically blunt.

"I think people would start to notice if we didn't go downstairs eventually," Hermione laughed.

"Yeah," said Ron, mocking disappointment.

"How about we open our presents and then go downstairs and eat," Hermione said, sitting up and grabbing one of Ron's shirts off the floor. She put it on, causing Ron to smile.

"You know, I love it when you wear my cloths," said Ron.

Hermione smiled and started to open her presents. Her parents had gotten her a book on the practices of law; while it wasn't about wizarding law, she figured the principles could be applied at the ministry. Harry and Ginny had gotten her a book on magical law, which combined with the book her parents had given her would provide a solid foundation for her. The present from Mr. and Mrs. Weasley was a bit of a surprise, she didn't normally get anything from them, but this year she had gotten a royal blue Weasley sweater. Hermione felt tears forming in the corner of her eyes. She knew that she had been accepted as part of the family a long time ago, but this was just something that made her feel closer to the rest of the family. She put it on immediately. The gift from Luna, an advanced copy of *The Biography of Hermione Granger* was an unexpected and great gift. The rest of her presents were from various friends that she'd had before she went to Hogwarts.

The final present she opened was from Ron, it wasn't large, only about 8 inches long and one wide, and it was extremely light. She ripped off the wrapping paper, revealing a small cardboard box that was used for jewelry. She took the top off, and found that inside was a gold bracelet, studded with Sapphire, her birth stone. Hermione just stared at Ron, her mouth hung open in amazement.

"Don't ask how I got the money for it," Ron chuckled.

"Borrowed it from George?" asked Hermione, suddenly able to speak again.

"Yeah," said Ron, "he said he'd take it out of my first paycheck, and considering what it cost, probably my second one also." Ron helped Hermione get the bracelet on.

Hermione couldn't help but laugh. Then she leaned over and gave Ron a light kiss, "It's beautiful," she said.

"Well, so are you," said Ron, a small, sincere smile spreading across his face.

"Flattery will get you far Ronald Weasley," said Hermione, a promiscuous smile appearing on her face, "but not right now, open your presents, I'm starving."

Ron laughed but started opening his presents none the less. He got the same sweater he'd been getting for the last 18 years, maroon, although still quite warm. Harry and Ginny had gotten him a Chudley Cannon's robe, the current Keeper. Bill and Fleur had given him a box of candy from Honey Dukes, George and Angelina had given him a copy of the catalog and inventory list, along with a note that said, '*Start memorizing.*' He too received a copy of his biography from Luna, and had to admit that it would be weird to read it, considering he had actually lived it. Hermione's gift was a bit disappointing, considering what he had gotten her. She had given him a daily planner with his study schedule already written in.

When Hermione saw the look on Ron's face as he opened her present she couldn't help but laugh.

"Don't worry Ron, that's not the only thing I got you. She waved her wand and an envelope came flying to her hands. She handed it to Ron, who opened it and nearly fell off the bed. Inside were two Chudley Cannon's tickets, some of the best seats possible, at the home opener.

"How did you get these?" asked Ron, absolutely amazed.

"I have my ways," said Hermione, "but we can talk about that later."

"Yeah, let's get downstairs and eat," said Ron, agreeing with his fiancé's earlier statement.

The two got dressed and started downstairs; they had just closed the door to their room when Harry and

Ginny came up behind them. The four friends walked downstairs together, Ginny and Hermione comparing the jewelry they had gotten.

The four friends arrived in the dining room to loud conversation and large smiles. Almost everybody in the room was wearing a Weasley sweater. Fleur had a powder blue one, and Mrs. Weasley had even made a yellow one for Teddy. The four sat down at the table and started piling food on their plates; Mrs. Weasley seemed to have gotten up early and cooked breakfast for every one.

Once Ron sat down he saw Kreacher sitting at the table, eating with everybody else. Kreacher didn't look like he had any new cloths. Ron looked over to his fiancé, "Hermione, did you give Kreacher anything?"

"Yes," said Hermione, looking over to Kreacher also, "I gave him a quilt for his bed."

"Oh...Ok," said Ron, glad that Hermione hadn't tried to give Kreacher cloths. He knew she wasn't over S.P.E.W. but he hoped she had stopped trying to free house elves who didn't want to be free. And like Dumbledore had said, Kreacher knew too much to be set free. Although, considering how loyal he had become to Harry, Kreacher probably wouldn't be much of a security risk.

As Harry sat down he turned to Andromeda, "Thank you for the Dark Arts things," he said appreciatively.

Andromeda smiled, "You're quite welcome," she said, "They belonged to my daughter, I thought you might like them, she told me you wanted to be an Auror."

Harry could see the sadness that tinged Andromeda's smile as she mentioned her daughter. "I'm honored that you'd give them to me, I'll take very good care of them."

Andromeda smiled again as Teddy made a noise, "no, use them, I don't want them to sit as a... monument to my daughter."

Harry just nodded, then he waved his wand and a stuffed wolf appeared in his hand. He gave the wolf to Teddy who made an appreciative noise before hugging the wolf to himself. Andromeda laughed lightly and nodded at Harry, calming Harry down a bit. He had been afraid that the wolf would be taken as inappropriate, but it seemed that it had been well received, by both child and grandmother.

The rest of the day went by smoothly. The family retired to the living room where they sat by the fire place and talked about various topics from school to politics. Harry was jokingly yelled at by Mrs. Weasley at one point because of his present to Mr. Weasley, but was soon forgiven.

After lunch Harry and Ginny took Teddy outside to play in the still falling snow. The two of them ended up having a small snowball fight above Teddy's head. They were careful not to hit, step on, or otherwise harm Teddy, and he seemed to enjoy watching the two of them fling cold balls of snow at each other.

As the morning turned to afternoon, the light outside started to fade, and the hour got late, everybody started to decide that sleep was a good idea. The next day everybody in the house would be packing up and leaving for the Burrow, where the wedding was taking place.

By 9 o'clock dinner had been eaten and everybody was tired, large quantities of food will do that to people. Even though the day had been spent lounging around the house everybody was exhausted. By 10 o'clock everybody was up in their rooms asleep.

The next day everybody in the house packed up and went to the Burrow, except Andromeda and Teddy, who went back to their own home.

## Chapter 42

As soon as every body arrived at the Burrow Mrs. Weasley told everybody to put their stuff in their rooms and to then get back downstairs to receive their 'missions.' "Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Harry, I want to talk to you before you go upstairs please,"

The stern quality to Mrs. Weasley's voice scared all four teens, who had been on the bad end of her wrath more than once. But they still went over to her; their heads hung a bit lower than they had been a few moments before.

"Now I know your four have been sleeping in the same room as your significant other for the past six months, and you're all adults so technically I can't do anything about it," Mrs. Weasley's tone was softer than the teens had been expecting. "I know I can't stop you from staying in the same rooms, but I can ask that you please refrain from any...promiscuous activity while you stay here." Despite her soft tone, Mrs. Weasley's eyes were hard as steel and she imparted all the authority that was needed. The four teens mumbled their agreements and started off to their rooms.

They quickly deposited their trunks in the rooms, Harry and Ginny in Ginny's room and Ron and Hermione in Ron's room, and reported back downstairs to receive chores.

"Alright everyone," started Mrs. Weasley once everybody had arrived downstairs, "we have a little under a week to get this place cleaned up and presentable for guests. We also have to get the yard ready for the party people to set up. That means clearing away all the snow, putting up charms to keep the snow that is expected to fall off the ground, and putting up warming charms so we can all be comfortable while we're outside." Mrs. Weasley looked around the room with the air of a Drill Sergeant ready to pound his troops. Then she started handing out assignments like they were party favors.

Percy and Charley were charged with cleaning the first and second floors, Ron and Harry were charged with the third and fourth floors. Mr. Weasley and Bill were put on yard duty, which included all the spell work that was needed to clear the yard of snow, keep it clear and keep it warm. Hermione was going to help with the spell work, and then help Mrs. Weasley, along with Ginny and Fleur, to cook the dinners for the next few days as well as the dinner for the night before the wedding when everybody would be arriving.

Everybody in the house worked around the clock for the next five days, and by Thursday night the house was as clean as it had every been and the yard was clear of snow and was staying that way, despite the heavy snow that had been falling for the whole week.

"Oh, I hope this continues for the next two days," were Ginny's words at dinner on Thursday, "it would be such a pretty wedding if it was snowing."

"No way am I getting married in the winter," said Harry.

"You'll have to propose first," said Bill.

"Yeah, I know," said Harry glumly. Ginny had been dropping little hints all week about what type of wedding she'd like and it was always when Harry was around. Everybody else thought it quite funny, especially Ron and Hermione. Who, despite all the chores they had been given, had found time to finalize their guest list *and* send out invitations. Harry knew he wanted to marry Ginny, and he knew he wanted to do it sooner rather than later, but now didn't feel like the right time to propose. He knew Ginny would wait for him, even if it took another 10 years for him to propose. Harry made a promise to himself then, *I'll propose at the end of the school year. After N.E.W.T.s are over I'll do something she'll never expect and I'll propose.*

For the rest of dinner Harry was only half paying attention, the other half of his mind was trying to come up with some spectacular way to propose to Ginny, and failing miserably at it.

Harry spent the rest of the night trying to come up with something that would blow Ginny away. This resulted in a few situations where Harry didn't hear a question or request and seemed to be ignoring the person talking to him, and when that person was Ginny he was thoroughly embarrassed.

When the couple went to bed that night Ginny turned to Harry and asked, "what was on your mind tonight?"

"Wha... Oh, I was just thinking about..." Harry hesitated; he didn't want to tell Ginny that he was trying to plan a way to propose, even though that would get him off the hook. "About what's going to happen once we're done with school."

Ginny's face softened a bit, "yeah, I've been worrying about that a bit lately also. It just seems so surreal that in less than 6 months we'll be done with school and having to worry about jobs."

"Well, like I said before, I'm willing to make those 6 months the best 6 months of your life if you want me too," said Harry

Ginny smiled as she lay down next to him and pulled the covers up to her chin. "Thanks," she said, "but does it have to be limited to 6 months?"

Harry couldn't help but laugh, "No, it doesn't."

"Good, I'd hate to have to stop having fun after only 6 months," said Ginny playfully.

The two slowly drifted off into sleep, the next few days would be extremely busy and they would both be working as hard as they could to keep Mrs. Weasley happy.

The next morning Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione all arrived in the kitchen to find George and Angelina already there, along with two people that they could only assume to be Angelina's parents. After introductions all around the four sat down to breakfast, which was eaten quickly because Mrs. Weasley had them helping to set up the yard for the large dinner that Mrs. Weasley was making for that night.

After the four had gotten dressed, in warm cloths, they went outside and put up the tent as well as renew some of the charms that were keeping the yard warm. They also set up long tables and a lot of chairs. Then they went back inside and started to transfigure Percy's old room, Percy was staying with Charley in his old room, into something a bit more spacious to accommodate the 20 or so extra guests that would be staying at the Burrow before and after the wedding.

After they had finished adding the extra outside staircase that led right to Percy's old room Ron said, "I'm glad we're leaving on Sunday, I hate having to deal with this many members of my family."

"They didn't seem so bad last year," said Hermione, who was adding some final charms to the staircase to keep the people going up and down warm.

"No, they didn't, but you didn't have to spend the day after the wedding with them," Ron said.

At this Ginny shuddered, "Ron, the day after Bill and Fleur's wedding wasn't exactly the normal day after."

Ron cringed, "Sorry Ginny, I'd completely forgotten."

Ginny got a far away look in her eye that said she was remembering that day, "No, it's fine," Ginny said as Harry put his hands on her shoulders and started rubbing them slowly, "it wasn't that bad. Once they found that you three weren't here they only stayed for a few more hours to make sure that you weren't

coming back and to see what they could get out of us." Ginny took a deep breath at this point, preparing herself to tell the story. "When they put us under the Imperious curse and we still didn't tell them where you were..."

"They had you under the Imperious curse?" asked Harry, interrupting his girlfriend.

"Yes," said Ginny, "and if you'll let me finish I'll let you comfort me." Harry just smiled a bit and nodded, he like Ginny's fire. "Anyway, when they put us under the Imperious curse and we still didn't tell them where you were they left, but not before tossing the house looking for anything of value. And I don't have to tell you, we don't have anything of value here."

Harry, Ron and Hermione all let out a small chuckle, "Just as long as you weren't hurt badly," said Harry.

"Well a few people got some nasty cuts and burses, and George was out cold for about 12 hours, but other than that they left us pretty much untouched." Ginny looked back at Harry, her face saying that she didn't want to be consoled about that day, that she'd rather leave it in the past.

"How did George get knocked out for 12 hours?" asked Ron

"He tripped in the confusion of the scuffle right after you three left, he hit his head on a table."

All four of them burst out laughing, for that to happen to any body would have been extremely embarrassing, but George would have had to live it down under the constant berating of Fred.

By the time they had finished converting the room dinner was just about ready. The four went to their rooms and changed into nice cloths that Hermione had put warming charms on.

Despite the warming charms that kept the yard free of snow and the air relatively warm, it was still brisk outside. With in the charmed area it was only about 60o Fahrenheit or 15.5o Celsius, too cold for the nice cloths that was required for the dinner and wedding. Hermione had put warming charms on all the clothing that was to be worn at the dinner and the wedding so that all in attendance felt quite comfortable.

The dinner went well and the food, as always, was amazing. By the time everybody was finished and the dishes had been cleared everybody was ready to go inside and get to sleep.

Bill and Fleur were the first to stand up, but instead of going inside Bill raised a hand to get everybody's attention. Once the table had quieted down he spoke, "Everybody, we have an announcement..."

"I'm pregnant," said Fleur quickly.

The table was silent except for Bill, who was muttering "Or we could do that, lets just forget all the fun we could have had with it."

Suddenly Mrs. Weasley squealed, breaking the silence and the stillness. Suddenly everybody was in motion, going over to Bill and Fleur, congratulating them, hugging them and generally being happy.

Mrs. Weasley's voice could be heard above the rest, "I'm going to be a grandmother. I can't wait for a little grandson who I'll be able to spoil to my heart's content."

Then Fleur's voice, "there is no guarantee that it will be a boy."

"Oh yes there is," said Mr. Weasley, "Ginny is the first girl born into the Weasley family in 7 generations.

"Well, that is still no guarantee," said Fleur, "I am hoping for a little girl."

"Ok, but just be warned," said Charley.

Ron's congratulations were a bit more...veiled. "I just want you to know I'm not changing diapers."

"I wouldn't expect you to little brother," Bill had responded.

The congratulations went on for a while, and eventually people started to go inside. George and Angelina were some of the first to go inside, "It's nice not being the center of attention for a little while," George said just before he and his fiancé turned in for the night, "let them get all the attention for a while. Tomorrow will be more than enough."

Eventually everybody turned in for the night, tomorrow was a big day and they all wanted to be at there best, the wedding would no doubt be a high value target for any Death Eaters or Voldemort loyalists still out there.

The next morning was full of chaos, everybody was running around getting dressed and getting all the final pieces in place. Harry had taken it upon himself to act as a kind of security chief, he knew that despite all the wards that had been set up and all the safety precautions that had been taken it wasn't impossible for somebody to crash the wedding. After he had gotten dressed in his dress robes he had taken a walk around both the Burrow and the tent where the wedding was being held to check for anything out of the ordinary. When he didn't find anything he thought that maybe the day would go off with out a hitch, but he wasn't going to bet a Gallon on it. Kingsley would be arriving around 12 o'clock for the ceremony, which gave potential trouble makers plenty of time to cause...trouble.

When Harry was done with his check he went up to Ron's room, Ginny had sent him out of her room early in the morning when Hermione had knocked; the two of them were still in there getting dressed and doing their hair and Makeup.

At 10 o'clock Ginny and Hermione came downstairs. Both Ron and Harry were on hand to meet their girlfriends' at the bottom of the stairs, and all the two boys could do were stare with their mouths hanging open.

Ginny and Hermione were wearing dresses of deep red, both were bride's maids. Ginny was wearing her hair down, a rarity for her. The red locks fell to the middle of her back and with each movement light was sent cascading through her hair. Hermione on the other hand had her hair up in a tight bun that was being held together with a single chopstick, she had left a few strands loose and they framed her face nicely.

Ginny chuckled lightly when she saw Harry and Ron's reaction.

"You two should close your mouths, a fly might fly in," said Hermione as she reached the bottom of the stairs. She planed a small kiss on Ron's cheek as she closed his mouth with her hand.

Ginny followed Hermione's lead and closed Harry's mouth, although she placed a more passionate kiss on his lips after closing them.

Both Harry and Ron seemed to come back to themselves after the kisses, "you look absolutely amazing," Ron said as he took a step back from Hermione, still holding on to her hands.

Harry had a huge smile on his face as he said, "Gin, you've only looked more beautiful two times in your life,"

"And when were those?" Ginny scoffed at him.

"The first time you kissed me," Harry said, "and the first time we had sex."

Ginny blushed a bit, and smiled as Harry led her out to the yard.

"I didn't want to hear that," said Ron and he and Hermione started after Ron and Ginny.

"What?" asked Hermione, amused and ready to have a bit of fun at Ron's expense.

"About the second time Ginny looked more beautiful than she does now. Or any thing that Harry just said. I'm still a bit uncomfortable having my best friend... date my sister."

"Ron, you're going to have to get over it, the two of them are going to get married eventually and have children, and you can't deny that they've had sex after that." Hermione was enjoying toying around with Ron.

Ron looked at his feet as he walked, and almost ran into the door as they came to it. "I know they've had sex, but I don't want to hear about it."

"Well, I could always tell you about my sexual exploits to get your mind off of it," Hermione whispered into Ron's ear.

Ron's head immediately came up, "I know about your exploits, I was there for all of them, in fact I've participated in all of them."

"I'm talking about masturbation Ron, I'll tell you about the times I pleasure myself." Hermione couldn't help but laugh at her fiancé.

"Well, in that case I may have to describe the same thing to you too," said Ron as he and Hermione walked into the tent that was housing the wedding and reception.

"Now Ron," admonished Hermione, "that would be entirely inappropriate at your brother's wedding." Hermione started towards the front of the tent where the small wizard that had married Bill and Fleur was standing, talking to the cousins and other extended family that was there. She took a quick look over her shoulder as she reached the front of the tent to say hello to the little man, Ron was standing just where she had left him. He was watching her adoringly, a loving smile spread across his face as he shook his head.

As Ron watched Hermione go he couldn't help but stare at her ass. When she finally turned around and looked at him he was smiling and shaking his head, *I can't believe her, she's crazy, I love her, but she's crazy*, he thought.

Looking around Ron saw Harry and Ginny off on the side of the tent, talking to Luna and her father. Ron didn't pity them, nor did he go over. Continuing his search of the tent he saw the rest of his family as well as some of Angelina's. Finally his eyes settled on Hermione again, who was now talking to Katie Bell and Alicia Spinnet, both of whom were bride's maids also.

Ron spent the next ten minutes walking around the tent, making small talk with cousins and other guests. He kept looking for a time when Hermione wasn't engaged in a conversation with someone else, but didn't find one. At one point Ron saw Harry, Ginny, Oliver Wood, Katie, and Alicia all standing together talking, and from the way that their hands were weaving in and out it seemed to be about something having to do with Quidditch. Ron went over and talked Quidditch with them for a while, waiting for the ceremony to start.

When the ceremony did start Ron, Harry, Oliver and Lee went up to the alter and took their places next to George. All four were groomsmen; the spot right next to George was standing empty. George had said that he wanted to leave the best man's spot open for Fred.

Once everybody had been seated and a quiet fell over the crowd Angelina came in escorted by her father. The white dress she wore contrasted well with her dark skin, although considering the landscape behind her it kind of made her blend in. Ron didn't pay much attention to the Ceremony after that, Lee was the one handling the rings and Ron didn't have to do anything other than stand there. He looked

over at Hermione a few times and saw that she, like all the other girls, had tears in her eyes.

Once the ceremony was over Ron, Hermione, Harry, Ginny, Katie, Oliver, Lee and Alicia all sat down at the head table with George and Angelina. After many speeches and toasts, and just a bit more drinking than was necessary the reception got underway. Within the first hour the friends were out on the dance floor having the time of their lives.

Harry didn't have to avoid Ginny at this wedding and the two of them danced together for the whole night. Ron and Hermione weren't as excited about dancing, instead they spent the night talking to various relatives and generally being social. Every once in a while Hermione would notice something about the wedding and say something to the effect of, "oh wouldn't that be nice at our wedding."

Bill and Fleur constantly had a group of people around them, and Mrs. Weasley was usually there, giving Fleur advice on child rearing. At times Fleur looked as if she was enjoying all the attention, and at other times she seemed to want to disappear.

Angelina and George were the center of attention for the whole night. They were constantly surrounded by an ever changing crowd of well wishers and friends.

It was nearly 11 o'clock before the party started to break up. Kingsley had spent a few hours at the reception before leaving; he had wished the new couple happiness and love and then said that he had to get back to the ministry to continue the long process of cleaning up after Voldemort. But at 11 the other guests had started to leave. First to go were the distant cousins, then Bill and Fleur left, both obviously exhausted from the attention. After that everybody started to leave at once so that within the hour the only ones left were the Weasleys, Harry and Hermione included and the Johnsons.

George and Angelina were about to leave for their honeymoon, which was being taken in Italy. "Be careful," was Mrs. Weasley's good bye, "and no pranks while you're there. I don't want to be reading about the Vatican in a giant soap bubble."

"Mum, we wouldn't think of doing that," said George, feigning being insulted, "so thanks for the idea." And with that, he and Angelina were gone.

Mrs. Weasley stood there for a second; just staring at the spot that George and Angelina had disappeared from. After a few minutes Ginny put her hand on her mother's arm and said, "Mum, don't worry, I'm sure they wouldn't encase the Vatican in a giant soap bubble. The Vatican is right in the middle of Rome, all the Muggles would see."

Mrs. Weasley let out a slight laugh, the first sound she had made in almost 5 minutes. "Isn't it a bit odd to think that the only thing keeping George from encasing the Vatican in a soap bubble is that Muggles would see?"

"Yeah mum, it is a bit odd," said Ginny. She knew that wasn't what was bothering her mother though.

"Yeah," said Mrs. Weasley, "but then again, George and Fred always did know how to stop their pranks just short of getting into serious trouble." It was now that Ginny understood what was really bothering her mother.

"Mum, he's not over Fred's death, none of us are," Ginny said softly as she rubbed her mother's back.

"But he is happy, and he is working through the pain and loss. Don't worry; he didn't marry Angelina because he thought it would help him get over Fred."

"How do you know?" Mrs. Weasley sobbed.

"Because I asked him," said Ginny, when he first got here I took him aside and talked to him because I was thinking the same things you are." Ginny was trying to comfort her mother, but she really had taken George aside and talked to him.

Mrs. Weasley sniffed and whipped her eyes as she finished crying, "I guess you're right."

"Mum, of course I'm right," said Ginny, trying to lighten the mood. Mrs. Weasley smiled a bit, but not enough to convince Ginny that she was completely reassured.

"I think I'll go to bed now," Mrs. Weasley said, "it's been an exhausting week and I'm more tired than I thought I'd be."

Soon everybody else was headed to bed also. The catering people would take down the tent quickly and there would be no trace of the wedding the next morning, which was good because Ginny, Ron, Harry and Hermione were leaving for Hogwarts the next day. They had received special permission from Headmistress McGonagall to use the Floo network to get to the school because of the wedding. It allowed them to sleep in a bit and arrive at the school before the train.

The next day Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione woke up around 2 o'clock in the afternoon, they had all been exhausted from the wedding planning, set up, and party. They ate a quick lunch prepared by Mrs. Weasley, who seemed to be back to her normal self, and then they flooed to Hogwarts.

They flooed right into the Head's dorms and after dragging their trunks up to their rooms they went to report to Headmistress McGonagall. They quickly found her and got their assignments for the rest of the year. Then they went to meet the train and the students that were coming back from Christmas break the normal way.

Once they had made sure that everybody got off the train ok they escorted everybody up to the castle. Once that was done, their rounds were complete and they had told the prefects the new passwords and patrol rounds Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione went to bed, ready to wake up the next day and start the second half of their last school year.

## **Chapter 43**

The second half of the school year started out with a surprise. The seventh years were told by all their teachers that they were done learning new things and that the rest of the school year would consist of intense review for their N.E.W.T.s.

The reactions to this were mixed among the 7th years. Some said that it was a good thing, that they wouldn't have to take anymore notes and that they could cruise through the rest of the year with out much work. Other, those that were a bit more down to earth, said that it was a chance for them to realize just how much they hadn't learned in the last 7 years. After the first two weeks back everybody agreed with the latter group.

Professor McGonagall had said that the 7th floor hallway had finally been rebuilt and was safe to go in. But between homework, Quidditch and more homework, Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny were hard pressed to find enough time to go and check the Room of Requirement out.

They were sitting together one night going over Hermione's meticulously kept Potions notes when they started talking about the Room for the first time since before Christmas vacation. They were about a month into the semester and were all exhausted. Gryffindor had won their match against Slytheren the other day. The score had been 310-160, a bit too close for Harry's liking, but they had won.

"You know, we're going to have to go into the Room of Requirement eventually," said Ron after reading over a set of notes from 3rd year.

"I know, but there just isn't a time that we all have off when we can go," said Hermione, putting down the notes from 1st year and picking up the 3rd year notes Ron had just finished with.

"Well, who says that we all have to go?" asked Harry, "There are defiantly times that one or two of us have off."

"Yeah, but when have any of you done anything with out the others?" asked Ginny. She was getting weary of the studying and she was craving some of the adventure that had shaped her life since she started at Hogwarts. And she suspected the others did too.

"Well, we're not going to be able to stay together our whole lives," said Hermione, always the realist. "I say that the next time you have Quidditch practice I'll go to the Room of Requirement and try to get that list of spells."

"Sounds good to me," said Harry, finally picking up the 6th year notes that he had been avoiding. That had been the year of the Half Blood Prince. That had been his easiest year of Potions ever, he hadn't really had to work during classes and the essays that he had to write were half done by Hermione any way. One of the reasons that he wanted to go back to the Room of Requirement was to retrieve his old Potions book, but he wouldn't be telling Hermione that.

"No," said Ron, the worry in his voice obvious, "I don't want you going there alone."

"Ron, its sweet that you care," said Hermione sincerely.

"Yeah Ron, it is," said Ginny sarcastically, "but Hermione has repeatedly proven that she's the smartest witch of her age. I have no doubt that she could handle anything that the school could throw at her."

"What about trolls?" Ron asked with a slight smile.

"Ron, if you're going to hold that incident from first year over my head for the rest of my life, I may have to keep something from you." Hermione smiled mischievously, it was obvious she was threatening withholding sex.

"Well, fine, I'll admit that you could probably handle it on your own," said Ron, "but I'd still feel more comfortable if somebody else went with you.

"Well, the only person that's better at me in DADA is Harry," said Hermione, "And there isn't a time that the two of us have off."

"What about when we sleep?" asked Harry.

"I don't know about you," started Hermione, "but when I sleep, I don't go off trying to fix castles."

"I'm not talking about doing it while we sleep," said Harry, laughing a bit. "What I'm saying is that we both sleep at the same time, in fact all four of us sleep at the same time, so if we go during the night, when we'd usually be sleeping, than any combination of the four of us would be able to go."

Hermione thought about it for a few seconds, finally she nodded and said, "Yeah, that's the best way to do it. But I want to plan this out. Let's take a week and come up with a plan, let's tell McGonagall what we know and what we plan to do about it. I'm tired of going off on these dangerous adventures that no body knows about."

"Agreed," said Harry after a few moments hesitation. He kind of liked playing outside the rules, but he knew that both he and the people he loved would be safer if he at least tried to stay inside the rules.

At the end of the week Harry, Ginny, Hermione and Ron went and talked to Professor McGonagall about their plans, Hermione did most of the talking.

"Let me get this straight," McGonagall said after they were done, "there is a secret room in that part of the school that can only be accessed in times of need, and only by pacing back and forth in front of it three times and saying what you need it for?"

"Basically, yeah," said Harry.

"And you think that the way to...fix...the problems with the school, and I'm not saying there are any problems with the school, can be found in that room?"

"Professor, we've all seen the staircases throwing students around, we've heard the teachers talking about how the school, 'isn't cooperating' or 'the school not accepting spells'," said Harry, purposely using a line from the conversation that he, Ginny, Ron and Hermione had overheard a few months ago.

Professor McGonagall sighed heavily and sat down in her chair. She looked at the four Head Students and said, "alright, I'll admit, we're having problems with the castle accepting the spells we're putting back on it, we think it may have something to do with the fact that the spells that were on it were there for so long, it may be that some idiosyncrasies developed to compensate. At least that's the theory we're hoping is correct because it means that in a year or so the castle will be back to normal."

"But..." said Hermione, expecting more.

"I'm sorry Ms. Granger?" said Professor McGonagall.

"Your tone of voice suggested there was a 'but' involved in your statement," said Hermione.

Professor McGonagall nodded wearily, and continued, "*But* we don't think that's what's going to happen. It is more likely that there was a few spells that tied every other spell together so that they would all work in sync. Right now it is like the castle has two conflicting personalities. One that is for defense, which is the one that is throwing students off stair cases, and one that is for occupation, which is the one that is dominant right now." Hermione nodded, she understood what Professor McGonagall was saying, and she knew that the others probably did to. "The two personalities are in conflict right now. Professors Aquos and Flitwick think that there are probably long lost spells that tie those two personalities together so they can work in consort."

"That makes sense," said Ron, "the list of spells that we think can be found in the Room of Requirement should have those spells on it."

"But what you must understand," said Professor McGonagall, standing up and coming around her desk, "is that the spells are probably so old that nobody alive knows how to do them any more."

Ginny smiled, "The Room of Requirement is very...resourceful, and I wouldn't be surprised if there was a book that came with the list explaining how to do all the spells that were on the list."

McGonagall looked over her four Head Students, "you four are really set on this aren't you?" she asked. The four nodded. "And you're going to do it weather or not I give you permission aren't you?"

"Professor, we don't mean disrespect or anything, but we came here to tell you what we were planning, not to ask permission," said Harry.

"That's what I thought," sighed McGonagall, "especially considering all of your past...experience with doing what you're told." All four of the students laughed, it was true that they were all prone to bending the rules more often than not. And there was no doubt that they had all shattered a few rules more than once. "However, you four seem to have a streak of luck when it comes to breaking the rules,"

McGonagall said, "you always seem to do well. Alright, I'll let you do what you need to, but I want to be kept up to date on the situation every step of the way."

"Of course Professor," said Ron, a bit surprised that it had been so easy.

That night, after they had finished their homework, or at least worked on it until they couldn't see straight any more, Ron and Hermione went to see if the Room of Requirement would still be where they had left it at the end of last year.

They got to the 7th floor corridor and soon Hermione was walking back and forth in front of an enormous tapestry depicting Barnabas the Barmy attempting to train trolls for the ballet. A door suddenly appeared, "well at least we know that the room is still there," said Hermione a bit nervously.

Ron went over to the door and opened it. Looking inside he gasped, "Mione," Ron chuckled, "what were you thinking about as you walked back and forth?"

"Um...fixing the castle," said Hermione, her tone seriously suggesting that she had been thinking of something else, "Why?"

"Come see for yourself," said Ron.

Hermione could hear a smile in Ron's voice, but she was still a bit scared to go and see what had happened to the room. She came up behind Ron, who was standing just inside the door way to the room. Ducking under his arm she saw a small room with a king sized bed covered in dark blue satin sheets, the room was lit by hundreds of floating candles and a soft romantic music filled the air. The room smelled faintly of roses, which didn't quite cover up the slightly burned smell that permeated the room.

"Wow," gasped Hermione, "I'm sorry, with all the work we've been doing we've both been too tired to...take care of each others needs, and I've been a bit...needy lately."

"I know what you mean," said Ron, stepping out of the room and starting to close the door.

"Ron, what are you doing?" asked Hermione as she used her foot to stop the door closing.

"Well we need to get that spells list..." started Ron, but was stopped by Hermione planting a passionate kiss on his lips.

As she broke the kiss Hermione said, "Well, we're both...needy and we have this perfectly good room,"

Hermione indicated the door "I say we use it."

Ron smiled "no argument from me," he said, swinging the door open and pulling Hermione inside. She pushed him up against the wall and kissed him for all she was worth. Ron's eyes bugged and then shut slowly as her tongue darted out to meet his. He slowly wrapped his arms around her waist, reaching under her robes to brush the exposed skin of her back under the hem of her shirt. After what felt like an eternity, Hermione pulled away and looked into Ron's eyes.

"Mm," Ron smiled down at her as he chuckled and leaned in for another kiss. Their kisses were getting heated now. It became rather hard to differentiate one's mouth from the other with their tongues dancing like they were.

Hermione reached down and undid Ron's pants, releasing his growing erection from its tight confines. She slowly started running her hand up and down Ron's hardening member, quickly getting it as hard as ever.

"Hermione," Ron breathed as she slowly ran her hand up and down his shaft. "That feels amazing," he groaned as she let go and began to undo the buttons of his white uniform shirt. His tie, as he usually wore it, was open, so it didn't slow Hermione down.

"You look good enough to eat," she grinned evilly at him and began to kiss down his chest. She paused only to graze her teeth over his nipples and he sucked in a breath through his teeth each time.

Before Ron could answer, she had wrapped her lips around him. He moaned as his eyes rolled into the back of his head which fell back against the stone wall.

"Mione..." he groaned as she pulled him out and licked his full length. "Merlin, 'Mione, you're amazing..." Then Hermione swirled her tongue around his head and all conscious thought was gone.

"You taste good," Hermione said and took him into her mouth again. Ron could only moan and thrust forward. When he started thrusting erratically, Hermione knew he was close.

"Mione, Gods, I'm going to..." Ron ground out her name as he came into her awaiting mouth. He closed his eyes and tried to regulate his breathing. Hermione, meanwhile, kissed her way back up the length of his chest and placed a chaste kiss on his lips. He opened his eyes into slits and smiled at her, still panting from what she had done to him.

"Did you like that, love?" she smiled as he couldn't find the words to describe it. Suddenly she saw a devilish smile appear on his face and before she could react properly, he switched their positions so she was pressed up against the wall.

"Time for some payback," Ron growled as he kissed her full on the lips. He began to undo her tie, and with that out of the way, he started to unbutton her shirt.

"Ron," she moaned as he ran a thumb over her nipple. Some of Ron's innocence definitely came back then, as he watched her face to see how she reacted.

"Mione," he gasped. "You're absolutely beautiful." Hermione blushed. He cupped one of her breasts in one hand, while he licked and nibbled on the other and Hermione was thrashing about as he did so.

"Mmmm," she moaned, "oh, Ron!" He kept flicking his finger back and forth over her nipple while his mouth sucked gently on the other. "Please," she moaned, thrusting toward him. "Touch me."

"What's the magic word?" Ron smirked against her breast. Hermione had some choice magical words for him, but she decided to oblige. She looked him right in the eyes and he, for the first time that night, saw raw hunger in their chocolate depths.

"Touch me all over, Ron, please..." she moaned out the last part and Ron couldn't help but grant her

wish. He found the zipper on the side of her plaid skirt and let it fall to the ground. He knelt down and was face to face with her pussy.

"Gods, 'Mione," he sighed and suddenly leaned forward and pressed his mouth against her. Hermione moaned and thrashed around as he licked her. Her movements became so that he had to grab a hold of her hips to steady her.

"Ron," she gasped as he slipped his tongue between her folds. "So good..."

"'Mione," he mumbled, muffled from where he was. She pulled him up suddenly. Before Ron could say anything, she grasped the sides of his open shirt and pulled him forward, kissing him hard. Ron managed to find his wits and slowly slid his hand down her stomach.

"Yes..." she sighed as he got closer to his goal. "Ron, inside," she ground out. Her moan was exquisite as his fingers, only two, entered her wet, dripping womanhood. She was so tight, Ron couldn't wait to get himself inside of her and fuck her. He added a third finger and Hermione nearly passed out. It was so good.

"'Mione," he breathed against her ear, swooping down to kiss and nibble her neck. "Why don't you cum for me?" he said cheekily and that's all it took. Hermione screamed out his name as her orgasm overtook her. She was panting as Ron raised his fingers to his face and licked them clean. "You taste delicious, 'Mione," he said and then moaned as she grasped his quickly re-hardening member.

"Ready for more?" she asked, still trying to catch her breath.

"'Mione," he moaned and she rolled her eyes, letting go of his engorged member. "I want to, so bad". They walked slowly over to the bed, removing the last bits of their torn and wet clothes. "Ron," she beckoned him over to the bed.

"'Mione," he sighed as he pushed her down onto the bed, "I love you so much," he stammered as his fresh erection pushed against her thigh.

Hermione smiled up at him. "Now please, for the love of Merlin's pants, Ron...make love to me!" Ron needed no further encouragement. Her tunnel, still slick and wet from their playtime, let him slide easily inside. Ron and Hermione gasped together as he reached as far as he could go.

"So...tight..." Ron ground out as Hermione wiggled below him, trying to adjust, sending waves of pleasure through Ron.

"Ron, it hasn't been that long," said Hermione

"If you're going to give me lip," Ron began as he pulled himself out of her, but Hermione smirked.

"I thought I already-"

"'Mione!" he gasped at her perversion. "I meant..." she giggled and he laughed. He hovered the head of his member right outside of her reach. "You want me inside you, 'Mione?" he teased, his mouth right next to her ear.

"Yes!" she gasped and tried to push in him by wrapping her legs around his waist and pushing with her heels.

"I don't think you do," he slid only his head inside her. "I think you want me to tease you," he smiled.

"Ron Weasley," she threatened and Ron just chuckled.

"Tell me what you want, 'Mione...tell me..." he smirked again.

"Fuck me, Ron, now," she stared him right in the eyes and without breaking contact, he slid back into

her, moaning.

"You know," he gasped as he slid in and out of her, "I was only doing that to prolong the, ugh, process because I feel like I could, ngh, I'm so close," he moaned and sped up. Hermione was getting close, too.

"That's your, ngh, problem, Ron," she gasped as he rubbed against her just right. "You, ngh, talk way, ugh, too much." With that, Ron ground out her name as he came inside her, Hermione quickly following.

"That was... amazing 'Mione," Ron said as he pulled her into his arms and drew the sheets up around them. "But...there's something..."

"What is it?" She looked into his eyes. "Oh! Of course," she smiled, "I love you, Ron." He smiled, too.

"I love you, too, 'Mione," said Ron, giving her a lopsided grin. "But that wasn't it."

"What then?" Hermione asked, her voice suggesting she was already drifting off into sleep

"What are we going to do about the list we were supposed to be looking for?"

"We'll tell them we looked but couldn't find it," said Hermione.

The two started to fall asleep. Hermione, who was barely conscious, voiced her last thought before she drifted into the sweet nothingness of sleep, "We should do this more often."

Ron just grunted his agreement as she slid his arm around her and cupped one of her breasts.

The next morning Ron and Hermione got back to the Head's dorms early enough that Harry and Ginny wouldn't be awake.

When Harry and Ginny finally did wake up they quickly went and found Ron and Hermione sleeping in their bedroom. After shaking the tired couple awake Ginny asked, "So did you find it?"

"Wha...no," said Hermione, barley awake enough to form a coherent sentence.

"What do you mean no?" asked Ginny, sounding disappointed.

"It means that we didn't get it," said Ron, who was fully awake now. "The Room of Requirement is still there, we got into it and everything, but there was so much... material there that we just didn't have time to look through it all."

"Did you try asking for the list?" asked Harry, also a bit annoyed at his friends.

"Yes, that was the first thing we asked for," said Hermione, also fully awake now, "and it didn't give us a thing."

"Alright," said Harry, "I guess Ginny and I will go back in a week and start where you left off."

"Oh, crap," said Ron, "I forgot to write down where we left off."

"It's fine," Harry sighed, suddenly a bit weary, "We'll just start looking." With that Harry and Ginny left to let Hermione and Ron get ready for the upcoming day.

A week after Hermione and Ron went Harry and Ginny went and actually started looking through the hundreds of books that did turn up when they paced back and forth in front of the blank wall thinking, *'I need a way to fix the castle, I need a way to fix the castle, I need a way to fix the castle.'*

Their original hope had been this would make the Room of Requirement spit out the list they needed, but no such luck. They entered a room as vast as the School's library, filled with bookshelves, which were filled with books about Hogwarts Castle, the founders, and other things that had been accumulated over the years.

They friends took week long breaks in between their visits so that they wouldn't be out every night and so that they could get some other work done also. After the fourth week Hermione suggested that they start going in different pairs. "We'd get more done like that," she had said, "we're less likely to get distracted by our significant other."

"Has that been a problem?" asked Harry, only barley managing to keep the nervousness out of his voice, the last time that he and Ginny had gone to the room they had ended up fucking on one of the tables that populated the library sized room.

"A bit of one yeah," said Hermione, "at least for me and Ron, we ended up snoggin for about an hour the last time we were there."

"I'll admit that Harry and I have had our own set of...encounters while we were there," said Ginny, the classic Weasley blush turning her bright red.

"Alright, how about this, we'll go in same sex pairs," said Ron, a bit grossed out at the thought of his best friend doing his little sister. "Harry and I will go together next week, and then Ginny and Hermione can go the week after that."

"Sound good to me," said Hermione.

"I'm in," said Ginny.

"It doesn't look like I have a choice," said Harry.

"Alright," said Ron, kind of glad to have that out of the way. He and Hermione hadn't gotten much research done while they were in the room last time and the castle was starting to get worse. On top of that there were only about 3 months left until NEWTs and their teachers were piling on the homework. This week they each had essays due on stuff that they hadn't learned about since 4th year, most of which was obscure stuff that only the most devoted, Hermione, knew.

Over the next month they continued to search the Room of Requirement, finding a few things that could help, like a map of the school that was more complete than the Marauder's map, as well as a list of the people who had helped put the spells on the school the first time around.

Harry tried summoning the spell list, but that failed to turn up anything. Hermione tried going through the books systematically. Ginny flew her broom around the room a few times and randomly stopped, picking the book in front of her at the time, which happened to be a list of original classes given at the school. Ron's tactic didn't seem to have a goal, he started shooting spells at the shelves of books, hoping that the book they needed would just drop at his feet. As it was, a book came down and hit him on the head, and it wasn't the book they needed, it was a list of the original school rules, which Hermione found quite funny when told about it.

"And you always accused me of throwing the rule book in your face," she had said, and then burst out laughing. After a few minuets, when she had herself back under control, she looked around; nobody else had even cracked a smile.

Two months before the NEWTs they were all starting to stress out about both the list and the tests. Their teachers had given them practice exams, which supposedly had been taken from past NEWT exams. The questions were extremely vague and obscure. One of the Herbology questions had asked what kind of soil whomping willows liked, Ron's answer had been *tough*, Harry's answer had been *holy*, Ginny's answer had been *the kind with tunnels in it*, and Hermione had refused to share her answer with them.

After the week of practice exams Headmistress McGonagall called Harry, Ginny, Ron, and Hermione into her office. "How is the search for the list of spells going?" asked McGonagall

"It's stalled," said Hermione, not even bothering to try and sugar coat it. "We've been through hundreds of book and the only thing we've found that has to do with the spells originally put on the castle was a list of the people who did it.

"Well that could be more helpful than you know," said McGonagall a bit excitedly, "Professor Flitwick may be able to identify a few spells that we didn't know about with that list."

"How?" asked Ginny

"Because the wizards and witches who originally put this castle together were some of the most gifted of all time, they came up with spells that we could only dream of, and they're famous for those spells, it's entirely possible that some of those spells were created to use on Hogwarts when it was originally built."

"Oh," said Ginny.

"Of course, why didn't I think of that," said Hermione as she handed over the list they had copied from the book that Ginny had found.

Headmistress McGonagall took the list and looked over it, "Yes, this may be helpful after all... however," McGonagall's voice took on a regretful tone at this point, "I have to tell you that if the Castle isn't *completely* fixed by the summer we won't be able to open again until it is."

Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione sat there dumb struck; they had never thought that Hogwarts would have to close down so soon after reopening. "We'll do everything we can Professor," said Harry.

## Chapter 44

That night the four friends decided that they had to find the list of spells to fix the castle at all costs, even if it meant that they didn't sleep for the next few nights.

They got to the room of requirement and were soon inside. The now familiar shelves that were filled with writings by the founders and those who had built the school surrounded them.

"Alright, maybe we've been going about this wrong," said Harry after a few hours, "how have we been asking for the list?"

"I need a list of spells that will fix the school," said Hermione, saying it to the room as much as to Harry.

"I want the spells that will fix the school," said Ron, again to the room as much as to Harry.

"Please help us fix the school?" said Ginny, posing it more as a question than a statement.

"And I've been asking for a way to fix the school," said Harry, sitting down exasperatedly.

"You know, Einstein said, 'the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results,'" Hermione said as she too sat down.

"So what, we're insane?" asked Ginny.

"And who's Einstein?" asked Ron.

"EMc<sup>2</sup>? The theory of relativity?" Ron and Ginny shook their heads.

Hermione looked just as exasperated as Harry, but obviously for different reasons. "I keep forgetting that you guys didn't grow up in the muggle world. Harry what about you; do *you* know who Einstein is?"

"I've heard the name, but don't really know much about him." said Harry, obviously tired, "But that doesn't matter unless he can tell us where the list of spells put on the castle is."

"Wait," said Ron suddenly, his face lighting up, "say that again."

"That again," said Harry.

"No," said Ron, too excited to berate Harry for his stupid joke, "the part about the spells on the castle."

"Einstein doesn't matter unless he can tell us where the list of spells put on the castle is," Harry said, taking his head out of his hands and looking at Ron. "Hermione, your boyfriend is insane."

"I know," said Hermione, also looking at Ron, "but I think he has an idea. Go on Ron, what are you thinking," said Hermione, encouraging Ron on.

"You know that book that you showed us a while ago?" Ron asked Hermione.

"Yes," said Hermione hesitantly. She wasn't sure what Ron was thinking, but if he had an idea they might as well try it, it's not like they had anything else.

"It said that there was a list of spells that had been put on the school, and that to get that list all somebody had to do was ask." Ron was really excited now.

"Yes," said Hermione, still a bit confused, "and that person had to be the person who could perform all those spells."

"Right...but that's not important right now," said Ron, "what's important is that we've been asking for a way to *fix* the castle..."

"And what we should have been asking for is the spells that were *on* the castle," said Hermione, also jumping up from her chair. "Ron you're bloody brilliant." She pulled him into a kiss that was somewhat reminiscent of the one she had given him almost a year ago during the final battle.

When the kiss was broken Ron was grinning like a mad man, "I know."

"So wait," said Harry, a bit confused, "it was only a syntax error. All we have to do is ask, 'can we have the list of spells that should be put on this castle?'" Suddenly there was a loud rumbling that sounded as if it had come from the surrounding walls.

"What was that?" asked Ginny, pulling out her wand and looking around.

"I thought McGonagall said that they had fixed this wing," said Ron, his excitement about his idea suddenly gone and replaced by a growing fear for his fiancé, sister and best friend.

"She did," said Hermione, starting towards the door, "but I guess she could have been wrong."

"Wait, Hermione Granger admitting a teacher could have bee...." There was a loud POP and Harry suddenly disappeared in the middle of his sentence.

"What happened?" asked a now horrified Ron.

"I don't know," said an equally scared Hermione, she was now openly heading to the door with Ron following close behind.

"Harry," Ginny yelled, "Harry can you hear me?" Ginny was practically in tears.

"Ginny, come on," urged Hermione, "I think I know what happened, but I don't want to explain it in here, I'm afraid that that Room of Requirement may change with us in it, and that's not something you want to experience."

Ginny was crying now, "No, I'm not leaving with out Harry," there was another deep rumble that seemed to shake the castle to its foundation.

"Ginny, I'm not going to say it again. If you die or get trapped in here you'll be no help to Harry." Hermione was trying her best to get the younger girl out before the room changed around them, but she knew Ginny was worried.

Hermione's words seemed to cut through Ginny's emotions, "Fine, but the second we're out of here you better explain exactly why I'm leaving my boyfriend in a room that could do just about anything to him."

"Fine," said Hermione. She noticed the walls starting to change color, "but if we don't get out now, I won't be able to explain anything." With that she started at a full out run to the door, Ron, and now Ginny close behind her. Suddenly she was picked up and flung onto the back of a broom, Ron sitting in front of her. "Where did these come from?" she asked as she saw Ginny speeding along beside them.

"I guess Ginny thought about needing brooms and suddenly they appeared, we grabbed them and then I grabbed you," Ron shouted. He pointed his wand at the door, which flew open as they approached. "Hold on," shouted Ron as they approached the door. Suddenly they were through the door and Ron was pulling the broom into a tight turn to avoid hitting the wall.

They were nearly 100 meters down the corridor before they came to a stop. Hermione slowly slid off the broom and was glad that the broom was still floating at waist level because her legs were too shaky for her to stand on.

After a few minuets of deep breathing and leaning on the brooms the three friends were calm enough to talk, and walk on their own. As soon as the brooms were released they faded into thin air.

"What happened in there?" was Ginny's first question when she had regained her voice, "And why did I just leave my boyfriend to be..." Ginny's voice trailed off and she started to cry again, "Oh, what's going to happen to him?" she sobbed as she stumbled towards Hermione, who quickly enveloped the younger girl in her arms. "Hermione, what's going on, where's Harry?" Ginny's questions were muffled by Hermione's shoulder and the sobs that were also emanating from it.

"Ginny, I don't think he was in the room any more," said Hermione softly, hoping Ginny would calm down enough to at least walk back to the common room where she could sit down and listen to Hermione's theory.

"What?" asked Ginny, her crying suddenly stopped and a look of utter confusion on her face.

"It's a bit hard to explain, and I want to check something in a book that I have so we'll need to get back to the common..."

Hermione never finished her sentence because Ginny was off, running at top speed towards the Head's common room. Hermione and Ron followed, their robes billowing behind them as they ran.

Soon the three reached the section of wall that hid the common room and Ginny shouted out the password as she ran. The section of wall in front of her swung away as she approached and she ran into the common room, Ron and Hermione close behind. Ginny used a summoning charm to summon the book Hermione had mentioned, the personal Journal of Godric Gryffindor, and practically threw it at Hermione, "Explain, NOW!" Ginny commanded.

Hermione just nodded as she flipped through the pages of the book, quickly scanning each one for the entry she was looking for. She quickly found it and started reading.

*The room is finally complete, it will provide any student with what ever they ask for anything. I would have preferred to only provide students with things that are educational in nature, but Slytheren convinced the others by saying that almost anything could be educational in some way. But I put in a fail safe, if a student asks for something that could be harmful to them or the castle, they will immediately be transported to a place that only I and one of my students know about. There are spells in place to detect what the student's intentions are, and if the perceived intentions are sinister in nature, than they will be transported to the secret place. The student, Pegasus Atra, offered the use of a cave his family has in their possession. I will not reveal the location of the cave, for that would defeat the purpose of it, for I am using it to imprison students for trying to do things that could harm the school. If the cave is ever used I will know and I will go find the student and punish them appropriately.*

*Godric Gryffindor*

Hermione stopped reading and looked at Ron and Ginny with just a bit of excitement in her eyes.

"What?" asked Ginny after a few seconds, now bordering on full fledged anger, "What does all that mean? How does it help us? Gryffindor has been dead for almost a thousand years, how are we supposed to find the cave?" Ginny was starting to tear up again, "we could search the whole country for hundreds of years and still not find Harry. He'll be dead in only a few days if we don't get to him." Now Ginny was crying again, she lay down on the couch and sobbed uncontrollably. "No, no, I can't lose him again, not again..." was all that could be heard.

Ron and Hermione looked at each other, "You stay, I'll go tell McGonagall," said Ron as he got up and started towards the entrance to the common room, taking the book with him.

Hermione just nodded and went over to Ginny. She put her hand on Ginny's back and started to rub it slowly, "Ginny, I know this looks bad, but we'll figure it out, I promise you." But Ginny kept on crying, she cried for almost an hour, her sobs getting softer after a while until Hermione finally heard the girl's

breathing slow down and the crying stop. Ginny had fallen asleep and Hermione didn't have the strength or feel the need to levitate the sad witch to her bed.

Meanwhile, Ron had gone to the headmistress' office, and after getting past the stone gargoyle with the password that had been given to him he climbed the spiral staircase to the big wooden doors that were the entrance to the office. As he raised his hand to knock it occurred to Ron that McGonagall wouldn't be in her office, she'd be asleep, and he had no idea where the teachers slept.

After a few moments he decided to knock on the door and see what happened. He knocked, and after a few moments of silence the door swung open, revealing a darkened office.

Behind McGonagall's desk was the portrait of Dumbledore, it was the one that spoke, "Ah, Mr. Weasley, what brings you here at this late hour?"

"Sir, I need to speak to Headmistress McGonagall right away," Ron said, trying to keep the worry out of his voice.

"About what boy?" asked the portrait hanging next to Dumbledore's, it was Snape. "She is a very busy woman, when she was a teacher you may have been able to barge in on her in the middle of the night..."

"Calm down Severus, I'll go get Minerva," said Dumbledore's portrait. The portrait Dumbledore slid from his frame and disappeared.

"What is this about boy?" asked the portrait Snape. The stare that he was giving Ron reminded him of the potions classes that had plagued his first 5 years of school here.

"Uh...It's about Harry...Sir," said Ron, a bit reluctant to tell Snape what was going on, but he supposed that Snape would find out once Professor McGonagall came in any way.

"Oh? What has that incompetent fool gotten himself into this time?" asked the dead, greasy haired Headmaster.

"Yes, please tell us what kind of trouble Mr. Potter has gotten himself into," came the authoritative and tired sounding voice of Headmistress McGonagall.

"It was the room, and the list we told you we were looking for," said Ron.

"You mean the one that you've been looking for for almost a month and still haven't found?" asked Professor McGonagall

"Yes," said Ron, "but tonight we figured out that we'd been asking the wrong way. Then Harry phrased the question the way we thought it should be phrased, and suddenly The Room of Requirement started rumbling and Harry just vanished in to thin air. Hermione said she thought she knew what might have happened and then showed us this Journal entry." At this point Ron handed the Headmistress the old Journal. Hermione had found it while looking through all the books that the room had, and decided that it would be an interesting read.

After reading the entry that Ron had indicated Professor McGonagall sighed heavily and sat down at her desk. "You may as well sit down also Mr. Weasley," she said, indicating a chair that Ron hadn't noticed before. "You'll have to tell me everything you can remember if we are to find Mr. Potter."

"Ok," said Ron, and without hesitation he launched into the story that explained what they had been doing for the last month. When he was finally done he looked closely at Professor McGonagall to see what her reaction was, and found that her face was as hard to read as invisible ink.

"Alright Mr. Weasley, let me get this exactly right," said the aging Headmistress, "Mr. Potter just disappeared, there was no trap door opening, no wall dropping in between you, Ms. Weasley, Ms.

Granger and Mr. Potter?"

"No ma'am," said Ron.

Professor McGonagall looked again at the Journal, flipping through a few of the pages, and quickly skimming over a few of the entries. "I see," said Professor McGonagall.

She slumped a bit in her chair, to Ron, she looked defeated. For the first time in his life, Ron saw professor McGonagall truly and completely weary of what was happening around her. "Professor, what are we going to do?" Ron asked

"The school has taken a student," said Professor McGonagall regretfully, "We have no choice but to close the school."

"Just like in my second year," said Ron, the painful memories of his sister being taken in second year rushing back to him.

"Yes," McGonagall said, "but this time, there isn't a hero to save the person taken. This time we don't know where the student has been taken." Suddenly McGonagall looked even wearier than before, "This time," she sighed, "the victim is the hero. Tomorrow morning I will tell the students that Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived, Hero of the final battle, is missing."

That statement brought it home for Ron. Like a punch in the gut, he realized that Harry, who had always been the one to lead the charge, had always been the one to be the savior, wasn't here to help. And that scared Ron, more than spiders, more than Voldemort, more than anything else in the world.

Harry woke up slowly, he was groggy and it felt like he had been kicked in the chest by a hippogriff. Harry's head pounded with a headache almost as bad as the ones he used to get when Voldemort and he shared minds. In short Harry didn't feel good.

Looking around Harry couldn't see a thing, but he could hear well enough, he heard a far off echoing dripping, he heard the soft shuffling of small creatures moving in a large space. Finding his wand he silently lit it, illuminating a 10 meter area around him, the only thing he could see was the floor of his prison, it was made of some dark rock. The rest of the light was swallowed up by the vastness of the cave, for that was the only place he could be.

Sitting down Harry doused his wand and closed his eyes. He felt tired, he'd rest first and then find a way out, assuming there was one. But the one thing that he couldn't help thinking was that he was all alone. For the first time in 8 years he'd have to get out of this trouble all by himself, he didn't have Ron, Hermione, Ginny, or even Dumbledore to help him; and that scared him.

## Chapter 45

Ron went back to the common room to find Ginny asleep on the couch and Hermione sitting next to her, asleep herself. Ron shook them both awake, "McGonagall said that she's going to close the castle and send everybody home," was the first thing he said.

"What!" exclaimed Hermione, suddenly wide awake, "how can she do that?"

"She said that since the school had taken a student, she didn't want to endanger anymore students by keeping us here," Ron said, the explanation almost getting stuck in his throat.

"She won't give us time to try and fine out what happened to him?" asked Ginny, "she's just going to leave him for dead?" Ginny was enraged now.

"I don't know," said Ron, "She just said that she was going to tell everybody tomorrow that Harry was missing and that the school had to be closed. I think she doesn't want to cause a panic by leaving the students in the dark. If Harry were to just disappear people would start asking questions."

Ginny just sat there in stunned silence, she couldn't believe it. Suddenly she collapsed on the couch, unable to contain herself any more.

Hermione slid a bit closer to her, "Don't worry Gin," said Hermione, desperately trying to reassure the younger girl, "We'll figure this out, we always do."

"But... we... usu...ally... have... Harry," Ginny managed to get out between sobs.

"I know," said Hermione, "but that doesn't mean we can't do this with out him. Don't give up yet."

"Yeah Gin," said Ron, "Harry didn't give up in your first year when you were taken by Riddle, and I'm sure he wouldn't want you to give up on him now."

Ginny suddenly stopped crying. Hermione threw Ron a look that said she thought he had said something extremely rude.

Ginny sat up and surprisingly a look of fierce thought occupied her face instead of the expected rage. "My first year, the chamber, snakes..." Ginny muttered. Suddenly she smiled, "Ron, give me that journal."

Ron quickly handed it over, hoping to keep his sister from crying again.

Ginny quickly found the entry that Hermione had shown them after Harry had been taken. After reading it for a few seconds she looked up at Hermione. "Hermione, do you know what Atrā means?"

Hermione thought for a second, "I think it's Latin for...Oh."

"What, what is it Latin for?" asked Ron.

"Black," said Hermione, "Pegasus Atrā was an ancestor of Sirius, that means that the cave could be somewhere near Number 12 Grimuuald place."

"No, not near it, in it, or at least under it," said Ginny.

"What?" asked Hermione?

"At Christmas Harry told me that he thought that there might be a secret chamber behind the fireplace in the dinning room because of the snakes that adorned the mantel piece," Ginny said as she got up, "and he said that he was going to check it out after we finished school."

"Kind of like the snake engraved into the sink that's the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets," said Ron, catching on.

"Exactly," said Ginny, staring towards the room she shared with Harry, "that's where this cave that Gryffindor talks about could be."

"It's a good idea," said Hermione, "but there's only one problem. We don't have anybody who can speak parcel tongue."

"I can try and do the same thing that I did with the chamber last year," said Ron quickly.

Hermione just stared at him, "that might just work. Do you remember what the sound was?"

"Yep," said Ron, sounding extremely proud of himself, "it was..." Ron made a weird hissing noise.

"I guess that's right," said Hermione, "I don't remember exactly what it was."

"It'll have to work," said Ginny. She stepped to the fire and pulled a little used jar from the mantle. It contained floo powder, which only the teachers and head students were allowed.

Hermione grabbed Ginny's arm before she could open the small jar, "Ginny stop, we've at least got to tell McGonagall where we're going..."

"No," said Ginny, forcefully cutting Hermione off, "we told McGonagall about the Room of Requirement and look what happened. We've told her that Harry's been taken, and she's already given up on him."

"What happened in the Room of Requirement wasn't McGonagall's fault," said Hermione strongly. She sighed, "But you're right about her giving up, there really isn't a reason to tell her what we're going to do, she's going to send everybody home tomorrow, and we're all of age so technically there's nothing she could do to stop us."

"Exactly," said Ginny, glad that Hermione had come up with a rational explanation because Ginny was sure she wasn't capable of much rational thought at the moment. She was equally sure that had Hermione stood in her way she would have decked her. Ginny threw the powder into the fire place, then she stepped in and shouted, "Number 12 Grimmauld Place," and with that she was gone, a blur of black robes as she spun out of the fireplace.

Ron stepped forward next, but Hermione gave him a stern look as he stepped into the flames, "Well, if they ask, we can say we went after her," he said.

Hermione smiled a bit despite herself, "I guess that would work," she said.

"Number 12 Grimmauld Place," shouted Ron before Hermione could say anything else. Then he was gone too, spinning away.

Hermione sighed to herself, there was nothing to do now but follow them, if only to protect them. She too stepped into the emerald flames and shouted, "Number 12 Grimmauld Place," and was whisked away by the magic of the floo network.

Harry had been exploring his surroundings for the last two hours, and hadn't found a single way out. Nor had he found a single side passage, any markings on the wall, or anything that would indicate a way to get out of the cave.

He sat down heavily on a smooth rock that was near the center of the cave. The first thing he had tried was apparating to number 12 Grimmauld place, but it hadn't worked. Now he thought that Calling Kreacher might be a good idea. "Kreacher!" he yelled. He looked in front of him, expecting Kreacher to pop into existence at any second. But the elf didn't appear, instead the cave seemed to shake, little bits of stone tumbling from the ceiling and pelting Harry on the head.

Once the shaking stopped Harry looked up, suddenly very worried, if the cave was protected against

house elves coming in, then there was no way that Harry would be able to get out.

Harry looked at his feet, disappointment and fear creeping into his mind. *That's no way to think*, said a small voice inside his head, it sounded like Ginny, *you have to get out of here, for me*.

Harry nodded to himself, "Your right," he said out loud. "Huh, I'm only in here for a few hours and I'm already talking to my self." Harry looked around, letting his mind wander a bit. Hopefully he would come up with something.

Suddenly a thought started, *the Room of Requirement was an original part of Hogwarts, which means that at least one of the founders had to know about it. That means that there's probably something about it in one of the Founder's journals that Hermione found in the Room. That means that eventually Ron, Hermione, and Ginny will come looking for me...I hope*.

Then the another part of his mind took over, *It'll take months for them to look over all that writing, and even if they do find something about the room, what's to say that this particular defense mechanism will be mentioned*. Because that was the only thing this cave could be in Harry's opinion, a way to trap people who tried to do harm to the castle by taking spells off of it. *Also, who says that they got out of the Room of Requirement in the first place, they could have been transported to similar caves elsewhere, all four of us could be trapped, hoping the others will come and rescue us*.

Harry sat down hard, suddenly very exhausted. He knew he was thinking about the worst case scenario, but that didn't mean that it couldn't be true.

"Where am I?" he asked of no one in particular. Suddenly a piece of parchment appeared in front of him.

*Please submit all questions in written form*, was written in an oddly slanted calligraphy.

Next to the parchment a quill and inkwell appeared, Harry dipped the very old quill into the ink and wrote; *where am I?*

*You are in the Cave of Defense, Godric Gryffindor will be arriving in the next half hour or so to take you back to Hogwarts and punish you*.

*Where am I in relation to Hogwarts Castle?* Harry wrote, hoping to glean his location at the very least from the piece of parchment.

*You are in the Cave of Defense, Godric Gryffindor will be arriving in the next half hour or so to take you back to Hogwarts and punish you*.

Harry sighed; he obviously wasn't going to get a straight answer from the parchment, so he tried a different tact. *Godric Gryffindor is dead*.

*No, he is not, if he were dead than he would have lifted the spell on this cave before he died so that no one could have been transported here and not be found. Only Gryffindor and Pegasus Atra know where this cave is, and how to get into it*.

*Well I've never heard of Pegasus Atra and Gryffindor is dead. He has been for over 1000 years*. Harry hoped that this would convince the parchment.

*If you insist on believing that than you might as well give up hope because no one will ever find you then*

Harry sighed again as the words started to fade away, he was arguing with a piece of parchment over a 1000 years old. *What happens if Gryffindor doesn't come in the next few hours?*

*Then you will stay here until he does come, or until you die, which is a punishment you deserve for*

*trying to harm Hogwarts castle and its students.*

*I wasn't trying to harm Hogwarts or the students.*

*Obviously you were or the Room of Requirement wouldn't have brought you here*

*Shut up*

*I have not said a word.*

*Shut up*

*I have not said a word.*

*Fine, be that way.* Harry grabbed the parchment and crumpled it up into a ball, which he promptly threw against the ground, where it smoothed it self out and just lay there. Harry looked at it for a second, and thought that he may need to get some sleep if he was arguing with a piece of parchment.

Ginny, Ron, and Hermione stepped out of the fireplace one by one, all of them looking around. Ginny immediately turned to the mantel piece, "alright Ron, do your stuff,"

Ron hissed and snarled, trying his best to make the same sound as he had nearly a year before. He tried for nearly half an hour, but to no avail. Finally he dropped into a seat at the dining room table, "this is hopeless," he said, "I was lucky to remember how Harry opened the locket, I just can't do it now."

"Fine, then we'll have to learn how to speak parcel tongue," said Ginny, not willing to give up.

"How?" asked Ron

"How else?" said Hermione, "books. There has to be some book out there that translates Parcel Tongue, and if not I'm sure there's somebody out there who knows it."

"And how do you propose we find them?" asked Ron, very tired and a bit horse from all the hissing he had been doing.

Hermione sighed, "We'll ask Kreacher to help," she said, not entirely enthusiastic about it, but it was the fastest way.

"Kreacher!!" yelled Ginny.

"Yes mistress," said the elf as he popped into existence just in front of Ginny.

"We need either a book that can teach us parcel tongue or somebody who can speak it," Ginny said.

"Mistress wants to speak the language of the dark lord?" asked Kreacher, his eyes getting even wider than Ginny thought possible.

"Yes Kreacher," said Ginny, "we think Harry is behind the fireplace and we think the only way to get in is to speak parcel tongue."

Kreacher suddenly got very nervous and started reaching for a knife that had been sitting on the table.

Hermione quickly reached out and grabbed Kreacher's arm, "Kreacher, I forbid you from hurting yourself," this at least loosened the grip that Kreacher had on the knife, "now, would you please tell us what you know."

"Kreacher doesn't know anything mistress," said Kreacher.

"We know you know something," wheezed Ron, "you were about to stab yourself, if that's not a sure sign that a house elf knows something then nothing is."

Kreacher struggled for a few more minutes, all of which Ginny, Ron and Hermione spent staring him

down. Finally he collapsed where he stood and started crying a bit. "Kreacher was told never to tell about the cave, Mrs. Black said that it was a family secret, she said that only she knew about it, and only she could open it. Then she told Kreacher how to open it, she told him that if anybody from Hogwarts ever came to keep them out of the cave at all costs." Kreacher was balling hysterically now. "But now, good master Harry is stuck in the cave and Kreacher wants to get him out, but Mistress Black told me never to enter the cave, so I can't." Kreacher had tightened his grip on the knife again.

"Kreacher, I'll tell you what," said Hermione, speaking softly and holding Kreacher's arm with all her might, "If you show us how to get into the cave, then we won't make you go in there, you'll save Harry and obey Mrs. Black."

Kreacher stopped crying and struggling suddenly, "Kreacher could do that," the elf said, "Kreacher will do that." Suddenly the elf was up off the floor and moving to the fire place. Ron expected to hear a high pitched hissing coming from the elf, but instead Kreacher pushed four seemingly random emeralds that made up pieces of the snakes that were inlaid into the mantle itself.

Suddenly there was a loud hissing and the mantle moved aside, much like the wall in Diagon Alley. Once the fireplace was out of the way Hermione, Ron, and Ginny all stepped into the dark passage way beyond. All three lit their wands and started down it, "Kreacher will stay here," the elf said as the fireplace started to close itself back up.

When the fireplace had covered the opening again Ron said, "Why would there have been a lock like that on this place?"

"Well, I guess that the Blacks couldn't speak parcel tongue so they had to have a way to get in here if need be," said Hermione, still standing where she had been for the last few minutes.

"Come on you two," said Ginny as she started forward at a fast pace, "we have to find Harry and bring him back before morning or McGonagall will close the school."

Hermione and Ron looked at each other, both thinking the same thing, *she's acting like Harry.*

## Chapter 46

Harry had been asleep for the last two hours, but it had been restless, plagued by discomfort and a dream in which he ended up living in this cave for the rest of what turned out to be a very short life.

When Harry awoke he decided that he should have another go at the piece of parchment.

*Hello* Harry wrote

*Hello you're self*

*You told me that the Room of Requirement sent me here because I was trying to cause harm to the castle right?*

*That is the reason this chamber was maintained, to keep people like you from harming the castle.*

*You must understand, in the last five years the castle has been attacked multiple times, and the last time caused a great deal of structural damage, as well as causing the castle to loose many of the enchantments on it. I asked for a list of spells on the castle, and then I was transported here, where ever that is.*

*I'm not going to fall for that,* the parchment wrote, and to Harry it almost seemed reproachful.

*For what?* Asked Harry, playing the innocent.

*For the whole, 'where ever that is' thing. You're hoping that I'll let slip where this cave is so you can somehow ask for help.*

*Well if you're not going to fall for it then there's no use trying is there?*

*No, there isn't. As for the structural and spell damage that Hogwarts has received recently, well someone will be a long shortly to collect the list of spells that is stored in my magical memory, and when that time comes, they may retrieve your skeletal remains also...Ah, people come right now, my entrance way has been opened, only Gryffindor and one of his students know how to do that, although I Sense 3 people, all with the traits that Gryffindor looked for in his students, these must be trusted people who Gryffindor sent to collect you.. Now all they have to do is get passed the safety spells, which shouldn't be a problem because Gryffindor is the one that set them up in the first place and he'll have told them what to do.*

Harry sighed, there was no reasoning with the parchment, but he had to try. *Look, the people that just came in here are probably my friends coming to rescue me. They're the best and they won't give up until they find me.*

*We will see about that!* The parchment wrote. It suddenly dropped to the floor, the magical energy that was sustaining it obviously being diverted.

Ron, Hermione and Ginny had been walking down the dark, dank passage for perhaps 20 meters. The passage was so narrow that they had to walk in a single file line. Ginny was in the lead, and because of this she was the first one to see the chamber that they were coming to. The chamber it self was the size of Gryffindor common room, although it wasn't nearly as cheerful and homey.

Once Ron and Hermione had drawn themselves abreast with Ginny a mist seemed to seep out of the walls. The mist started to form into an oddly familiar shape, Voldemort.

"I am the Dark Lord, and I live on." Voldemort said in his oddly raspy voice.

The three friends stood there, paralyzed, for a second. Suddenly Hermione brought her wand up and shouted "*Ridiculous*," but nothing happened. "Well, it's not a Bogart," said Hermione, her voice

trembling with fear.

Ginny was the next one to raise her wand, "*Expecto Patronum*," she shouted, and from the end of her wand burst a glowing silver otter. It circled the 'dark lord' twice and then vanished. "Uh-oh" said Ginny as Voldemort started to laugh menacingly.

Ron stepped forward, "I don't believe your Voldemort. I saw Harry kill him with my own two eyes, I saw the body sent away to be given a burial." Suddenly the image of Voldemort disappeared. "Wait, what just happened?" asked Ron suddenly.

"Would you rather us be facing a re-incarnated Voldemort?" asked Ginny sarcastically as she started across the cavern.

"No," said Ron, quickly starting after his sister.

"Interesting," said Hermione, also starting after Ginny. She slowed down as she came to the spot that the mist version of Voldemort had been standing.

The friends continued on for another 30 or so meters before they came to another cavern, this one only as large as the living room back at number 12 Grimmauld place.

This time they all stepped into the chamber together, expecting another illusion to appear, and they weren't disappointed. As the mist in the chamber started to swirl around three forms eventually appeared, one for each of them.

The one in front of Ron was Hermione, lying on the floor, bloodied and broken. Ron practically collapsed at the sight of his fiancé so badly hurt. A voice that seemed to emanate from the chamber itself said, "This is what you will cause her. Only pain and suffering can come from you." Ron could barely breathe because the image in front of him was so real. It hurt him emotionally to see Hermione so hurt even though all he had to do was look to his left and see his Hermione, the real one, standing there. And that's what he did; he tore his eyes from the phantom Hermione who was still lying there in a pool of her own blood and looked at the real Hermione, only to see her staring horrified at her own vision.

Hermione's vision was worse than Ron's. Hers consisted of three tomb stones, all of them brand new, and all of them with the names of people she loved. The first two had her parents' names on them and the last one had Ron's. A voice that seemed to be Ron's, her Father's and her Mother's all mixed together said, "I thought you were going to help me Hermione, what'll happen now?" Hermione burst into tears as she realized that her life would be over with out Ron. And that if her parents died because of something she was doing in the wizarding world, a world that they weren't a part of, she would feel too guilty to go on.

Now both Ron and Hermione looked at Ginny, who was kneeling by what looked like a mummified corpse with black hair and round glasses, Harry. Ginny was shaking with tears as she tried to hold the corpse of her first and only love. But every time she tried to lay a hand on him it would go right through, no feeling of dried skin, just air. Ginny kept trying, and kept failing. Eventually she got up and seemed to exert herself emotionally. Instantly her crying stopped and soon she found that she could speak again. "This, *sniff*, is, *sniff*, not...real," she said, screaming the last word to the top of the cavern, "Harry is not dead, I would know if he was."

Suddenly all the mist in the room came together to form a tall, imposing, pearly white figure. The figure had the features of Godric Gryffindor. "How do you know what you would feel when your love dies?" he asked.

"I've felt it before," said Ginny as she stared up at the somewhat smoky figure that was blocking her

path. "I felt it during the final battle while we were tending to the wounded between fights." Ginny took a deep breath before continuing, it was obviously one of the worse memories she had, and she was not eager to relive it. "I felt the breath in my lungs turn cold. My heart stopped for a second and I thought that I had died. The blood in my veins seemed to turn to ice as my soul screamed out in pain." Ginny's tears were starting to come back now, "I couldn't breath, I didn't want to live, and it felt as if a piece of me that I didn't know I had had been torn off." The hurt in Ginny's voice was raw and full of pain.

The mist Gryffindor nodded slowly, "you have passed," was all it said. Then it faded away like the other visions.

Ron, Hermione and Ginny, who had a single tear running down her face, stood there in silence, waiting to see if the cave would throw anything else at them. After a few minuets it seemed as if all would stay as it was so Hermione spoke up, "I think the cave has the properties of a Bogart, but with the ability to project its illusions using the mist."

"Is that possible?" asked Ron, looking around as if he could see the answer on the wall.

"Yes, but it would require quite a bit of spell work," said Hermione. She opened her mouth to go into more detail, but when she saw Ginny's face she decided against it. "I'll explain it later if you want," was what she said instead.

"Sure, that'd be great babe," said Ron, not even trying to sound genuinely interested.

They started forward again, this time at a bit of a slower pace, weary of any gatherings of mist. As they came around a bend in the tunnel they encountered a huge cave. The ground of the cave was split in two by a huge chasm that ran perpendicular to their line of travel. On the other side of the chasm they could make out a doorway, the only doorway other than the one they had come through, in the chamber.

"We could try apparating across," said Ron. He closed his eyes and turned on the spot, going no where.

"Or not," said Ginny.

"What if I levitate the two of you across and then Ron levitates me across," suggested Hermione.

"Sounds good to me," said Ron.

Hermione pointed her wand at her fiancé and waving it with a swish and flick. She silently said the spell in her head, but nothing happened. She tried it again, this time voicing the spell out loud, and again nothing happened.

"Swish and flick dear," said Ron, teasing Hermione.

"I know," said Hermione, suddenly a bit irritated with her self. She tried one more time and still got nothing to happen. "Ron, why don't you try it?"

"Ok," said Ron hesitantly. He raised his wand and with a swish and flick to rival Hermione's he silently cast the spell, to no avail. He tried again, this time his swish and flick quick and messy.

After a few more attempts by Ron and Hermione Ginny decided to try, and failed just like her friends.

"What's going on?" asked Ginny, suddenly a lot more scared than she had been only minutes ago.

"Something's blocking our ability to do magic," said Hermione. "I think this chamber inhibits the use of magic."

"Well than how do we get across?" asked Ron

"We could try jumping," said Ginny.

"I don't think so," said Ron, "the only way to jump across that distance is with magic."

"I know," said Ginny, suddenly angry, "I was joking. But we need to get across the chasm to save Harry."

"What about brooms," said Ron, "We could go back to the house and conjure brooms, then we fly them into this chamber and across the chasm."

"Nope," said Hermione, "I think the spell that inhibits the use of magic would nullify the flying spells put on the brooms. The second we enter this chamber again the only thing the brooms would be good for would be sweeping."

"Well we have to do something," Ginny practically screamed. She was starting to tear again. She picked up a stone the size of a snitch and tossed it across the chasm, trying to gauge how deep it was, and trying to get her anger out.

The rock only made it three quarters of the way across before it started to fall. But instead of falling into the chasm it seemed to bounce on thin air and continue its flight across, bouncing two more times before it came to rest 10 feet from the far edge of the giant fissure. The rock just sat there, seemingly floating in mid air.

"Wow," said Ron, "I thought that we couldn't use magic in this chamber."

"We can't," said Hermione as she stared at the stone, "But that doesn't mean that potions wouldn't work."

"What do you mean?" asked Ginny.

Hermione had crouched over and had a handful of gravel from the floor in her hands. "Indiana Jones," she said softly, "a leap of faith?" Hermione tossed the gravel out into the chasm, where it too stopped in mid air and seemed to hang there. Hermione repeated the process a few times and soon had the shape of the first 10 meters of a bridge defined. The bridge was only about a meter wide, but that was more than enough for the friends to cross one at a time.

"Hermione, what's going on?" asked Ron.

"There's a bridge here," said Hermione, "can't you see it now that the gravel's down?"

"Yes, we can see it," said Ginny, slowly approaching the start of the bridge as defined by the gravel.

"But why is it invisible?" asked Ron, "I thought that all magic would be negated in the chamber."

"It is," said Hermione, "But this isn't magic in the sense of spells and charms, this is potions, which is really just chemistry, not actual magic. When Gryffindor started to use this cave system as a prison he must have used an invisibility potion to make the bridge invisible." Hermione was extremely excited now. "It's just like in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*."

"Oh," said Ron, pretending to understand.

"What's Indiana Jones?" asked Ginny, standing just at the edge of the invisible bridge, trying to decide whether or not to get on it.

"It's a muggle movie," said Hermione, "from America. My dad likes them and made me watch them when I was younger. There about an adventurer and archeologist named Indiana Jones who goes to exotic pl..."

"Not important," said Ginny cutting Hermione off, "let's just get across and find Harry."

Hermione just nodded and picked up two handfuls of gravel, motioning for Ron and Ginny to do the

same, which they did. Hermione stepped to the edge of the bridge and took a tentative step on to it. The bridge under her shoe felt like it was made of rock. She took a few more steps and was to the edge of the first gravel field, she threw her next handful out, getting another 10 meters covered. Again she went to the edge of the gravel field and threw out her handful. She repeated the process over and over again, using Ron and Ginny's gravel after her second toss, and eventually the friends reached the other side of the fissure.

Once on the other side Ron pulled Hermione to him and kissed her passionately. After a few seconds and a cough from Ginny the two broke apart. "Hermione you're bloody brilliant," Ron said.

"Ginny was the one that threw the rock across," said Hermione.

"Ron, it's ok, I don't need a kiss from you," said Ginny with a small smile. This left Ron speechless.

Soon the three friends started to move deeper into the cave system. The second they left the chamber with the invisible bridge behind they could do magic again, Hermione had been right. They continued down the next passage for another 10 minutes before encountering anything else.

The next chamber they came too was large, empty and a dead end.

Harry was still sitting in the chamber, his wand next to him. He couldn't get back to sleep, something was nagging at him. It felt like some huge display of magic was going on near by.

It had been nearly an hour since the paper had fallen to the floor when suddenly it came alive again. *The ones that come for you are close, they have passed all my tests, now we shall see if they truly are the best.*

*They are the best,* wrote Harry quickly, not wanting to lose the opportunity to have some sort of interaction. He was starting to feel the effects of isolation.

*Don't you worry, you won't know what's going on, and after all, you are just my pawn.*

Suddenly there was a bright flash. Hermione, Ron and Ginny appeared in front of Harry, but there was something wrong with them. Harry looked closely and saw that all three of his friends were wearing evil grins on their faces.

Looking around Ginny, Hermione and Ron were all surprised when a figure appeared out of no where in the middle of the chamber. The figure looked like Harry.

"Harry are you alright?" asked Ginny, the concern emanating from her voice.

"You're not my friends," said the figure that looked like Harry, his gaze falling on all three of them.

That was when Ginny noticed that something about Harry didn't seem right. It wasn't the fact that he had just appeared out of no where; it was the evil look on his face. It was almost as if they were facing what Harry would have become if he had been turned to Voldemort's side.

Suddenly the fake Harry shot a spell at Ron, who jumped aside just in time. The spell hit the far wall and rock exploded out from the impact site.

"What the bloody hell was that for?" asked Ron.

"Ron," said Hermione, "I don't think this is Harry." Suddenly a spell came shooting towards Hermione, its emerald green color familiar to all three friends.

"He's using the killing curse," shouted Ginny as she dove behind a small outcropping of rocks. The rock exploded where her feet had been only moments before.

"Is that the best you've got?" asked Hermione tauntingly. She reached over her own cover and shot a

stunning spell at the fake Harry

"No," said the fake Harry, "But if I was going to kill you now, where would all the fun be." Suddenly spells were flying anywhere, green, blue, and red. If it hadn't been one of the most dangerous and powerful displays of magical power Ginny had ever seen, the color patterns could have been beautiful.

All three had acted without thinking, their wands up and spells flying before they knew what they were doing. In a moment of calm Ginny thought it was quite ironic that the reflexes and skills instilled in them by Harry during the years of the DA were being used to defeat a pseudo Harry. Then the moment of calm was over as the rock next to her exploded as a disintegrating curse hit it.

Harry stood staring at the images of his friends for a second. Then the fake Ginny stepped forward, a twisted look of concern on her face. "Harry, are you alright?" she asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"You're not my friends," Harry said, and then he shot a stunning spell towards Ron. The image jumped out of the way just as the spell passed by.

All three fakes dropped behind cover and started to fire spells at him, all of them were the same green as his eyes, the Killing Curse. Harry started to fight back, still using the stunning spell and disarming spell because he couldn't bring himself to cast the Killing Curse.

"Is that the best you've got?" shouted the fake Hermione at him.

He decided that if the illusions were going to taunt him then he would taunt them right back. "No, but if I was to kill you know, where would all the fun be?"

The spells kept flying and soon Harry was starting to get tired. He was running, dodging and blocking as many spells as he could, but a few were getting past his defenses and a few times he had felt a spell whoosh closely by his head or body.

Suddenly three spells converged on him and his defenses failed. He was hit in the chest by three bright green spells and lifted clean off the floor as he was thrown back into the ruff wall. When he hit the wall Harry felt his head slam back into it. *That's odd* Harry thought, *if I'm dead I shouldn't be able to feel anything*. As that thought occurred to him the world went black as he lost consciousness.

## **Chapter 47**

Ginny, Ron and Hermione were battling nonstop with the 'evil Harry'. They were holding their own and soon it seemed like the evil Harry was doing more running and defending than spell casting. It seemed that suddenly the evil Harry's defenses fell apart and Ron's disarming spell, along with Hermione and Ginny's stunning spells, hit the evil Harry in the chest.

The evil Harry was thrown back towards the jagged wall of the cavern. But instead of impacting the wall and falling to the ground the evil Harry went right through it.

Where evil Harry had been a hole started to appear. Looking at each other, almost daring the others to go first, Ginny, Ron and Hermione all started forward. All three were curious about what lay beyond the ever widening hole, but at the same time weary of the exact same thing.

As they stepped through the hole they were suddenly aware of the sounds of dripping water, as well as a low groaning coming from what seemed to be the center of the room.

Ginny, her wand lit and held in front of her, cautiously walked towards the sound, hoping that it was Harry and not some oddly wounded animal.

Ginny started to the center of the cavern, moving around and over rocks that she never really saw. She was moving on auto pilot, her brain didn't register the features around her the only thing she registered was the faint moaning. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity but was actually only a few seconds, she got to the center of the room.

She found Harry, cuddled up in a ball, the moans coming from him. She quickly knelt next to him as Ron and Hermione caught up to her. Harry's breathing was labored and he seemed to be in pain. His whole body was quivering and the moans that were escaping his mouth were the most pained that Ginny had ever heard. A single tear fell down Ginny's cheek as she put her mouth next to his ear started whispering, "I'm here Harry, it's alright, don't worry, I'm here."

Harry was in hell, he was reliving the worst moments of his life over and over again, starting with Voldemort's murder of his parents, which he was seeing in vivid detail, to the time he had died at the hands of Voldemort, and everything in between.

The cycle of events was repeating again and again, the emotions that he had felt at the time were raw and Harry didn't think he could live through it again. Suddenly he heard a soft angelic voice, "I'm here Harry, it's alright, don't worry, I'm here." The memories seemed to slow down and the pain was subsiding. The emotions that accompanied the memories were ones of happy remembrance now instead of the raw physical and emotional pain that he had accompanied the previous cycles.

The voice kept repeating, and Harry recognized it. "Ginny?" The memories suddenly stopped and the only thing Harry could see was Ginny's face.

"Ginny?" came Harry's voice after a minute.

Ginny burst into full out tears, "Harry? Harry, are you ok?" Behind her, Ginny heard Hermione start crying and Ron releasing a huge sigh.

"Hey Gin," Harry said with a weak smile as he opened his eyes.

Ginny practically collapsed on Harry's chest. "Oh, Harry, you're alright, thank Merlin."

"I'm fine Gin," said Harry, slowly sitting up. His chest hurt a bit where the spell had hit him, but other than that he felt fine.

"Harry Potter, you lied to me," said Ginny as she too sat up.

"What?" asked a surprised Harry, wondering if this was another illusion.

"You promised that I could come on all your adventures from now on, and you didn't take me on this one." Ginny was suddenly smiling and crying at the same time as she tackled Harry and kissed him deeply.

"I'm glad to see you too Gin," said Harry when the two of them finally broke apart for air.

Ginny was now crying on Harry's shoulder, and that was when Harry saw the piece of parchment lying on the floor where Ginny had been kneeling. Reaching around Ginny, he picked it up. On it were the words, *you've won*.

Hermione saw Harry pick up the parchment and watched as a slightly confused look came to his face. "Harry, what's that?" she asked.

"It's a piece of parchment," said Harry, "but...remember how Riddle's diary wrote back?" Harry started rubbing Ginny's back, "I'm sorry Gin, but I have to explain it this way," he said apologetically.

"Yeah, Harry, we remember how Riddle's diary wrote back," said Ron, somewhat oblivious to the emotional distress that his sister went through with any reminder of the chamber of secrets.

"Well, the parchment did that, but it was kind of taunting me," said Harry, still looking at the parchment, where the words *you won* were now fading. He told them what had happened after he woke up in the chamber they were in now, how the parchment had appeared and he and it had started 'conversing', and about how the three of them had been projected as illusions for him to fight.

"Yeah, we had an illusion of you in the chamber that we just came through," said Ron.

Ginny had stopped crying now, but she was still in a fragile state. The whole cave system, finding Harry lying on the ground, and the parchment that wrote back reminded her too much of the Chamber of Secrets and the ordeal she had gone through in her first year.

Hermione took the parchment from Harry and after poking it with her wand a few times she wrote something on it. *What are you?*

*I am the keeper of these caves, I am the magic that infuses them, I am the one that holds all the answers.*

"All you have to do is ask" muttered Hermione.

"Mione, what is it?" asked Ron, noticing the look of thought that Hermione got when she was about to come up with something brilliant.

"The list, I think I know how to get the list!" she said excitedly. She quickly scribbled on the parchment, *do you know what spells were put on Hogwarts castle when it was first built?*

*Yes,* came the answer almost immediately.

*Can I please have that list?*

*All you had to do was ask...* then suddenly there was a long list of spells being scrawled on the parchment, which started getting much much longer as the list got to the bottom of the page.

Finally, after almost five minutes, the list was complete and almost 5 feet long. Hermione rolled up the parchment and stuck it in her robe pocket.

"Wait," said Harry, "why didn't it work for me?"

"I guess because it thought you were somebody trying to find a way to hurt the school. And since it thought we were sent by Gryffindor and passed all the obstacles we were worthy of the list." Hermione

smiled.

"Ok..." said Harry, not really sure he understood what Hermione had just tried to explain.

By now Ginny was finished her crying and was all smiles. "Come on," she said to Harry as she got up and pulled Harry to his feet, "We have to get back to school before McGonagall comes looking for us."

"Wait, McGonagall doesn't know you're here?" asked Harry as he got to his feet.

"Nope," said Ron, "in fact she was going to announce to the school tomorrow at breakfast th..." Ron's explanation trailed off as he looked at his watch, the one that his parents had given him for his 17th birthday. "Oh crap, we have to get back now; it's already 5 in the morning, if we're not back in the next hour McGonagall will make the announcement before we get back. And then how will it look when we walk in with Harry?"

Harry could walk, but slowly, it took the four friends the better part of the next hour to get back to the front entrance to the cave system. Harry was amazed as Ron, Hermione and Ginny told him the obstacles they had faced in each chamber and how they had over come them. He smiled through out the stories and let the pride radiate off of him as his friends told how they had come to *his* rescue for once.

When they reached the front entrance, which was closed now, Harry hobbled up to the wall and found a carving of a snake. He moved his wand a bit to make it look like the snake was dancing in the light, and then tried to open it. When nothing happened he tried again, and again.

"Hey Harry, try parsle tongue," said Ron, stepping closer to Harry, hoping that they could get out.

"I am," said Harry, still looking at the snake intently.

"No your not," said Ron, "when ever you've spoken it before all I've heard was hissing and spitting, now I hear English."

"Yeah, me too," said Hermione, consciously putting her hand in her pocket to see if the list of spells was still safely there.

"Harry, we all heard you speaking in English just now," said Ginny, standing up and putting her hand on Harry's arm.

"Well why would I suddenly lose the ability to speak parsle tongue?" Harry asked

"It may have something to do with the piece of Voldemort's soul that was in you," said Hermione. She sounded speculative, but when Hermione got speculative good things usually came from it.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry

"I think that when Voldemort transferred the piece of his soul to you, albeit accidentally, he also transferred some of his powers too. One of those powers was the ability to speak parsle tongue. When he 'killed' you, removing that piece of him from you, he essentially removed that ability from you." Hermione still looked like she would be thinking this over for the next week, but her voice had changed back to her normal, everyday, *I know it all*, voice.

"What ever the reason, we need to get out of here," said Ron, his voice hinting at the slight panic that he was feeling.

"Well how did you guys get in?" asked Harry

"Kreacher showed us a set of stones to press on the mantel piece," said Ginny, "it was for people that couldn't speak parsle tongue."

"Oh, well then it would make sense that there was a similar way for them to get out also, other wise it

would be useless," said Harry, searching the wall for anything that could be a button or release mechanism.

Ron sat down on a rock, and jumped right back up again as the rock sunk into the floor. The wall in front of Harry started to move aside and it was soon open enough for all four friends to go through it into the dining room of number 12 Grimmauld Place.

All four had to shield their eyes from the seemingly blinding light of the dining room. By the time their eyes had adjusted the fire place had closed back up and they were ready to go back to the castle.

"We better hurry," said Ron as Hermione grabbed the pot of floo powder from the mantle, "we only have about 15 minutes until breakfast starts and McGonagall tells the students that the school is closing.

"Alright," said Hermione as she threw the powder into the smoldering embers of the fire place. A large green fire immediately burst into existence. "Here we go." Hermione took a deep breath and stepped into the fire, she checked her pockets one more time and shouted "Hogwarts." with a barely visible swirl of robes she was gone.

Ron went next, and then Ginny pulled Harry into the fire with her, "I don't want to risk losing you again," she said before he could protest. Harry shrugged and hugged Ginny close to him. "Hogwarts," they both shouted in perfect unison.

## **Chapter 48: We're Baaaack.**

The four friends stumbled out of the fire place in the Head's common room. Harry stumbled a bit more than usual on his way out, but other than that he seemed to be ok. "Ron, you and Hermione go find McGonagall and tell her to meet Harry and me up in the Hospital wing."

"I'm fine," said Harry, standing up a bit straighter, "I don't...."

"Harry, you've just spend a few hours in a cold, dark, wet cave that's been sealed for Merlin knows how long, you're going to the Hospital wing." Ginny sounded a lot like her mother at that point, and the look she was giving Harry could melt ice.

"Alright," Harry gulped.

The four were quickly out the door and headed their separate ways. Harry and Ginny went to the hospital wing, and when they walked in Madam Pomfrey nearly fainted, "Oh, Minerva told us you were dead."

"Well obviously she was wrong," said Harry, wincing a bit as a sudden pain stabbed through his side.

"Oh, boy, let's get you examined as quickly as possible," said Madam Pomfrey. She and Ginny helped Harry to a bed where she started to poke and prod him with her wand. Every once in a while she would mutter something about this being broken or needing that potion to fix something. Finally she was finished, and Harry felt like every inch of him had been poked or prodded.

"Ah, I'll have you fixed up in no time," said Madam Pomfrey as she shuffled away towards her office. When she came back she had three vials of potion in her hands, a red one, a green one and a blue one. She pored them all into one glass, where they mixed together and created a steaming white drink that smelled faintly of bleach. "Just drink this and you'll be better by tonight," she said as she handed him the glass

Harry just nodded, and then he pinched his nose and tossed back the entire glass of potion like one large, foul tasting, shot. He gulped it down and immediately felt warmth spread through his body.

Just then the doors burst open and Professor McGonagall came in, leading a flourished Ron and Hermione. All three looked out of breath and it was obvious that they had all been running. The second Professor McGonagall's eyes fell on Harry her face melted from worry to relief. "Potter, I'm glad you're ok," she said, none of the emotion she had to be feeling creeping into her voice.

"Thank you Headmistress," said Harry. He was already feeling a bit drowsy from the potion.

"Well, did you find what you were looking for?" asked Professor McGonagall as Harry started to drift off into sleep. She was very to the point, which was one thing that Harry had always admired about her.

"Oh, yes Professor," said Hermione, pulling out the thick scroll of parchment from her pocket. She handed it to professor McGonagall, "we think that those are all the spells that were put on the school at the time it was built."

McGonagall unrolled the first foot or so of parchment, she stared at it for a few seconds and then said, "This may be exactly what we need. I'll get this to Professor Flitwick and Professor Aquos right away," and with that she was out of the hospital wing, rushing to get her school fixed.

Harry was nearly asleep now, but he was still lucid enough to wave Ron and Hermione over. "Thanks for coming for me guys," he croaked, his words coming out as barely more than a whisper. A few seconds later he was asleep.

"You're welcome Harry," said Ginny softly just before she kissed his forehead. It was at that point that

Madam Pomfrey came out and told Ron and Hermione that they had to leave.

Madam Pomfrey was about to tell Ginny to leave also, but saw that she had Harry's hand gripped tightly in her own. Instead Madam Pomfrey went over to the young woman, and putting a hand on her shoulder said, "You're welcome to use the bed next to his if you want."

"Thank you Madam Pomfrey," said Ginny sadly, "I think I'll stay up with him a bit longer."

"Alright dear," said Madam Pomfrey, "I'll be in my office if you need me."

Ginny sat there a bit longer, her hand wrapped around Harry's. After a little while she started to feel tired and decided to take Madam Pomfrey up on her offer of using the bed next to Harry's. Ginny cast a *Muffliato* charm around the two beds and set to work.

Ginny silently levitated the bed so that it was almost touching Harry's, then she lowered it to the floor as softly as she could. There was a loud clang as the metal bed hit the stone floor, but thanks to the *Muffliato* no one would hear it. Ginny climbed into the bed and took Harry's hand in her own again. Silently she released the *Muffliato* charm as she turned her self so she was facing Harry. She was soon in a fitful sleep filled with dreams of flying spells and an evil Harry. For once, her nightmares were not filled with images of Tom Riddle, a diary and a giant snake.

\* \* \*

Ron and Hermione left the hospital wing reluctantly, but they knew from almost 8 years of experience that Madam Pomfrey was not to be argued with when it came to her patients. That, they wanted Harry to get better; and, although they would never admit it to anybody, Ron and Hermione needed some alone time. As they walked the halls the sun was just starting to come up over the Forbidden Forest. The sky was filled with clouds that cut across the rising sun like thick, unrolled cotton balls.

As Ron and Hermione stood at a window staring at the breathtaking sunrise Hermione spoke. "What do you think?" she asked.

"About what?" asked Ron genuinely confused.

"About what Ginny said before we went to rescue Harry," said Hermione, "about how we've always had him around to help us, but we cant stay with him forever."

"I think she's right," said Ron, suddenly a bit more unsure of himself then he had been. "I mean, we can't just follow Harry around all our lives. We're going to get married soon, move someplace far away from both our parents, and live our lives."

"Who says we're moving far away from our parents?" asked Hermione, kind of flattered that Ron had their lives planed for them, but also a bit annoyed at him for planning their lives with out consulting her. It wasn't that she didn't like his plan, or at least the outline of the plan, but she was a control freak and she knew it.

"I figured we'd be living in London for a while," said Ron, "with you at the ministry and me at the shop it'll be easier for both of us if we're in London."

"True," said Hermione. His logic was good, she couldn't argue that.

"What can I say?" asked Ron a bit sarcastically, "I have good ideas every once in a while."

Hermione smiled at her Fiancé's comment. "Yes, you do, every once in a while," she teased, "but right now, I think I have a great idea."

"Oh really?" asked Ron playfully, "and what would that be?"

"A shower," said Hermione. "I feel like I just crawled through a bog in the middle of the rainy season."

"I know what you mean," said Ron. And suddenly the two of them were off, racing to the Head's dorms to be the first in the shower.

They arrived at the dorms quickly enough, although they did draw a few odd glances from the few students that were up. As the two rushed into the common room and up the stairs they were neck and neck. Hermione was the first to reach out to open the door, and as she opened the door Ron rushed through. Hermione grabbed the back of his robes as he went, pulling them off accidentally.

Ron stopped in the middle of the room as his robes were pulled off. He turned to look at Hermione, standing in the doorway with his empty robe in her hand. Ron smiled mischievously as another idea occurred to him. "Well look at that, you've taken a piece of my clothing. To be fair I've got to take a piece of yours." And before Hermione could even open her mouth to speak Ron had magically pulled her shirt off.

"RON!!!" Hermione shrieked as she half heartedly tried to cover up

"What?" asked a smiling Ron, "It's nothing I haven't seen, touched, or licked before?"

"I know," said a now smiling Hermione as she stepped into the room and closed the door behind her, "but it was no fair using magic. I say that I get to take two pieces of clothing for that." With a wave of her wand Hermione made Ron's pants and boxers disappear.

Ron looked down at his suddenly exposed lower body, "I can live with that," he said as he magiced away the rest of both of their cloths.

The two of them were in the bathroom in seconds. As Hermione leaned over to turn the water on, she had left her wand in their bedroom; Ron grabbed her ass and squeezed it playfully. She squealed a bit in surprise and pleasure.

A few moments later the two of them were in the shower. Hot water running over their bodies. Ron started to kiss Hermione again, one hand wrapping around her waist and the other coming up her side and caressing her breast.

Hermione let out a small moan as Ron's skilled hand massaged her wet breast. She slowly reached down herself and grabbed his growing member; with a few deft strokes she had him fully hard. "Ron, I need you," was all that Hermione could get out in her current state of arousal.

Ron just grunted and lifted Hermione up a bit. He positioned her just above his engorged dick and slowly let her slide down onto it. Hermione moaned softly as Ron's dick slid into her moist tunnel, the pleasure emanating from her core was so intense that she nearly lost her balance as her knees buckled. Luckily Ron was still holding onto her and she didn't fall, instead he moved the two of them against a wall and started to thrust into her with all the strength he could muster.

Soon the two of them had gotten into their normal rhythm and it was only a matter of minutes before Hermione was screaming Ron's name as she came. And only a few seconds after that Ron was grunting Hermione's name in her ear as he shot his load into her spasming cunt.

The couple stood there for a minute, riding out their orgasms together. Finally, Hermione was able to get her legs under her and stand on her own. Ron placed a long, warm kiss on her mouth as they stepped away from the wall and started washing each other. "I love you with all my heart," said Ron suddenly.

"I know," said Hermione, "And I love you just as much." She wondered why her fiancé was suddenly so sentimental.

"I don't think I could live with out you," he said.

Suddenly Hermione understood, he had told her about his vision while they were in the caves. His vision of her lying in a pool of her own blood. He was worried.

"Ron, there is always going to be danger. Look at us; at the beginning of the year we thought that we'd have a 'normal' school year this year. But look at what's happened, the castle is malfunctioning and we had to go save *Harry*, not the other way around." She smiled softly now, a small bit of sadness creeping across her features. "Our lives will always be fraught with danger, but what in the last 8 years has given you cause to think I won't be able to hold my own against what ever the world throws at me." Now she scowled at him, "And if you say a troll, I swear to you, I won't sleep with you until we get married." Ron just smiled and suddenly burst out laughing. Soon Hermione was laughing as well.

## Chapter 49

Ginny awoke late in the afternoon to the rhythmic pounding of rain on the window. She smiled slightly; she had always loved the rain. As a child she had been soothed by the rain against her window, that and she always associated rain with a warm fire and her family.

After a few seconds of just listening to the rain and letting it calm her still thrashing mind Ginny looked over at Harry. He was still asleep, although most of the color was back in his face and his face didn't have that pained look any more.

Ginny saw Harry's hand on the bed; she moved her own hand and took his. Apparently Harry was closer to waking up than Ginny had thought, because the slight touch of her hand against his was enough to bring him around.

As Harry woke up he groaned softly and looked around, upon seeing Ginny a huge smile came over his face, "Morning," he muttered.

"Actually Mr. Potter it's about 8 o'clock at night," said Madam Pomfrey as she came over to check on her patient. After poking and prodding almost as much as she had that morning she smiled and said, "You're all healed Mr. Potter. There may be some lingering soreness for the next day or so but you're free to go back to your dorm." The elderly school nurse looked at Ginny and said, "I recommend that he gets a bit more sleep tonight, but check up on him every two hours or so, just to make sure he isn't in pain."

Ginny just nodded, she didn't plan to leave Harry's side until they had to split up for classes, and even then, she wouldn't have to leave him for long. Madam Pomfrey gave her another bottle of potion for Harry and told her to give him a sip every few hours. Then Ginny helped Harry back to the Head Dorms, where he didn't even bother going up to their room. Instead he just collapsed on the couch after taking a swig of the potion Madam Pomfrey had given him and fell asleep almost immediately.

Ginny sat there looking at him for a few moments, smiling peacefully at the content look on his face. Ginny then got up and went up to the room that Ron and Hermione shared; she softly knocked on the door. "Harry and I are back from the Hospital wing," she said. She didn't hear a reply on the other side of the door, but Ron and Hermione were probably just as tired as she was. Ginny didn't go in; she didn't want to disturb them if they were sleeping. And if they weren't sleeping, well she didn't want to disturb them then either.

She went back to the common room and sat in the chair that was next to the couch Harry was on. She went over the previous night's events in her head. Harry disappearing, her breaking down, McGonagall's refusal to look for Harry, Ron, Hermione and her going to Grimmauld Place and finding the cave, the visions and other problems that they had in the cave, the 'battle' that they had had with the evil Harry, and finally finding Harry and getting the list of spells. It already seemed like so long ago and the emotions that flooded her at the time seemed like they belonged to somebody else.

Just thinking about the last 24 hours made her tired, and despite the fact that she had just woken up from a 14 hour nap, she was soon asleep again, lulled by Harry's rhythmic breathing.

\* \* \*

Ron woke up and looked at the watch his parents had given him for his 17th birthday, one of the only things he owned that was new. It was about 10 o'clock at night and Hermione was still lying next to him. Ron smiled contently and softly kissed Hermione's neck to wake her up.

She stirred and muttered something that sounded like 'fiveminutes."

Ron kissed her cheek this time, "what ever you want my love," he said softly into her ear.

"What?" asked a groggy Hermione. She was awake now, and there was no way she was getting back to sleep. She felt refreshed after the tiring night they had had. "What time is it?" she asked.

"About ten o'clock at night," said Ron, sitting up.

Hermione groaned, "Great, our sleep schedule will be thrown completely off now," she said as she threw her arm over her eyes.

"We could always go and find McGonagall and see if she needs any help with the castle," suggested Ron.

Hermione considered it, after all, it was them that had found the list, there was no way McGonagall would refuse. But ultimately Hermione decided against it. "No, I think we've done enough for the castle in the last 24 hours, let's take some time to our selves for the weekend."

"Alright," said Ron with a playful smile, "then I have an idea."

"What?" asked Hermione, a bit scared.

"You'll love it, I promise," said Ron as he hopped out of bed and pulled his pants on. He was dressed and ready to go before Hermione had even gotten out of bed.

"Where are we going?" she asked as she pulled her shirt over her head.

"It's a surprise," said Ron, "but it's something I've wanted to do with you for a while, but now is the first chance we've had in a while."

"Alright," said Hermione, sure that what ever it was Ron had in mind wouldn't be too dangerous. At least she hoped it wouldn't be.

A few minutes later she was dressed and she and Ron were leaving the common room. They had found Harry and Ginny sleeping in some of the overstuffed couches and chairs that inhabited the common room, but decided not to wake them up. Those two had had a day just as ruff as Ron and Hermione had had.

Ron took the lead the second they were in the hall way. He quickly led her down to the entrance hall and out the front doors. They started towards the Quidditch pitch and were soon in front of the broom shed. Ron magically opened the door and pulled his broom out. Mounting it he motioned to Hermione, "Get on," he said with a lopsided grin.

Hermione looked wearily at the broom, she had never liked flying.

"Come on," urged Ron with a soft voice, "I promise I won't let anything happen to you."

Hermione looked at the broom again, and then into Ron's eyes. And something in them told her he wouldn't let any thing happen to her, not now, not tomorrow, not ever. Suddenly she felt an intense feeling of love for him that filled her with courage. She nodded and mounted the broom in front of Ron.

Ron wrapped his arms around Hermione and bent his head forward a bit to whisper in her ear. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Just go," gulped Hermione, "before I change my mind."

Ron let out a little chuckle and kicked off. They rose slowly into the air, the night breeze whipping Hermione's hair around. They were soon as high as the tallest tower at Hogwarts, the astronomy tower. That was when they started to move forward, at a relatively slow speed. They flew over the castle,

taking it all in with a single glance. Then Ron steered them towards the lake, where they dove slowly to so that their feet were only a foot above the surface. After that Ron pointed them towards the Forbidden Forest, where they flew over the tree tops and headed for the mountains that were at the Northern extreme of the Hogwarts grounds. For the rest of the night Ron took Hermione on a scenic air tour of the surrounding countryside, and it was absolutely amazing.

As the sun started to come up Ron flew into it, giving he and Hermione an amazing view of the sunrise. "Wow," breathed Hermione in Ron's ear. Ron just smiled.

By the time the sun was all the way up Ron was headed back to the broom shed to put his broom away and then go back to the common room.

On the way back Ron and Hermione ran into Professor Flitwick, who was standing in the middle of the entrance hall, shooting spells at all corners. As they walked in Flitwick looked over to them and smiled, "Ah, the heroes of the day," he squeaked, "thanks to the two of you and Ms. Weasley I've been working non-stop for the last twenty four hours. There were so many spells that we were missing, but now, we're almost done and everything seems to be calming down."

"That's good Professor," said Hermione, a large smile plastered on her face.

By the time they reached the Head's common room they had seen three more professors, both Marc and Molly Aquos as well as Professor McGonagall, fixing the castle. Of all the spells on the scroll apparently only a fifth of them had already been done. And now, the school was almost fixed, and they could finish out the end of their school year.

They went into the common room and found Ginny and Harry just waking up.

"Hey guys," yawned Ginny, standing up and stretching.

"Hey Ginny," said Hermione, laughing at the way Ginny's hair was sitting on her head

"Where have you guys been?" asked Harry

"Around," said Ron simply.

"Uh-hu," said Ginny, a knowing smile crossing her face.

"I'm hungry," said Harry, "how about we leave each other's sex lives alone and get breakfast?"

"Great idea," said Ron, moving slowly to the door.

Five minutes later the four friends were in the dining hall, surrounded by students, all of whom were staring at them. They wandered over to the Gryffindor table and sat down across from Neville.

"What's going on?" asked Harry, looking around at the people staring at him and his friends.

"You guys disappeared," said Neville. "Granted, that's not all that weird by now, but there were rumors that somebody had been captured by the castle, like in our second year."

Harry looked at Ron, Hermione and Ginny, "Well, not exactly like in our second year," he said.

Neville stared at the four friends, dumb struck.

The friends started telling Neville the story of what happened. By the time they were done telling him about the Room of Requirement, the cave and the list the small group of people that were sitting around them had started to listen too.

"The school is staying open," finished Hermione, "and the problems that have been plaguing the school since the final battle should be resolved."

"Oh," said Dean. "Well everybody knew something was wrong when yesterday at breakfast Professor

Flitwick came running in and whispered something in McGonagall's ear. Then she suddenly ran out.

"That was us," said Ron, "we found Flitwick and told him what we had found. He went and got McGonagall, then McGonagall found us and we brought her up to the Hospital wing."

At that moment Professor McGonagall walked in, her robes billowing. She got to her seat at the head table and loudly cleared her throat. Everybody quieted down immediately.

"Attention," McGonagall said softly, her voice carrying to every corner of the room. "Some of you may have that the school has been a bit off lately." There were loud mergers of agreement from all tables, "However," McGonagall continued, "thanks to our resident heroes the school will be fixed in short order. I'm sure your all interested in what happened, but I ask that you please avoid asking our head students for their story. They are still recovering from their ordeal and I wouldn't put it past one or more of them to take house points away if you do ask." McGonagall's classic stair swept from one side of the room to the other, seemingly catching the eye of every student. "That is all," she said, with a soft smile.

The room was silent for a moment, and then with the same suddenness that quiet had come it disappeared again as the people around Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione turned to them and started asking questions.

The four friends spent the next few hours telling their story to the rest of the school, and by the time they were done everybody was silent.

## Chapter 50

The last month of school was quiet. The Castle was fixed by the end of the day that Professor McGonagall had made her announcement. The only seemingly exciting thing was that Gryffindor won the Quidditch cup. "A great way for a great team to go out," the commentator had said.

Ginny had sworn she'd seen Gwenog Jones sitting in the stands, but had not been able to confirm it.

They had all been studying hard for their NEWTs and in the first week of June, they took them.

The NEWTs went well. Harry didn't have much trouble with Herbology, Charms or Transfiguration. He had no trouble what so ever with Defense Against the Dark Arts. Potions had been the only test he really worried about not passing, and afterwards he didn't think he had done too badly. In comparing some of the written answers he could remember with Hermione they had answered the same for most of them, and when he compared the potion he was supposed to make with hers it had been nearly identical. Ron's and Hermione's NEWTs went just as well, and Ginny seemed to think she passed hers with flying colors, not that she needed them.

Just after the final NEWT had finished, Defense Against the Dark Arts, Ginny had gotten a note from Professor Slughorn, asking her to come to his office. She and Harry were sitting by the lake at the time, and he had come along.

When they arrived at Professor Slughorn's office they were greeted by the round teacher. "Ah, Ms. Weasley, Mr. Potter, come in, come in." He had said with a large smile on his face. As he stepped aside another figure was revealed inside the room. "I believe you've both met Ms. Gwenog Jones before," he said.

"Yes, we have," said Ginny, a huge smile on her face.

"Well Ginny," started Gwenog, "I promised you last summer that if you played well this year the Chaser position was yours. And you played fantastically, I watched your last match, some of the shots you took were extremely risky, and they all paid off. Your one of the best Chasers I've ever seen, you could go international if you wanted."

Ginny just stared at the Quidditch captain.

"Ginny, I'm offering you the position," said Jones. "Do you want to be a Chaser for the Hollyhead Harpies?"

"Yes," Ginny managed to choke out after a few seconds.

"Good, I have to finalize some things with your contract before you can sign it. This visit was just to make sure that you weren't snatched up by some other team. Legally I'm not allowed to make you an offer until you graduate." Gwenog gave her wand a quick flick and suddenly a set of robes was floating in front of Ginny. They were dark green with a large golden talon on the front. As the robes turned around *Weasley* was visible on the back in gold lettering.

"Wow," said Ginny, absolutely amazed by the robes, "although there is one thing I'd like to change about them."

Gwenog looked at the young Chaser with a questioning look.

"Kidding," said Ginny, thoroughly embarrassed. She felt a bit redeemed as Harry let out a small chuckle.

"Come on babe, let's go tell everybody," said Harry.

"Yeah," said Ginny, still a bit embarrassed, "let's go tell everybody." With that they walked out of Professor Slughorn's room, thanking both him and Gwenog Jones for the news.

"After we're done, I have something very special planned for tonight," said Harry. "It was originally supposed to be a celebration for ending exams, but it can be extended to this also."

"Oh really Mr. Potter," said Ginny playfully, her spirits soaring, "and just what is it that you have planned?"

"You'll see," said Harry seductively.

They spent the rest of the day going around the school, telling everybody they saw that Ginny had been offered the position of Chaser for the Hollyhead Harpies.

Ginny got congratulated time after time, sometimes by people who hardly knew her.

Ron, Hermione and the rest of the Quidditch team were the most memorable congratulations. They mobbed her and were soon carrying her through the halls, shouting "Weasley is our Queen, She can score on anything."

After she convinced the team to put her down Harry pulled her back outside to the lake. They went back to the tree and sat under it, silently watching the reflection of the sunset on the surface of the lake.

"So, what is it that you had planned?" asked Ginny after a while.

Harry looked at his watch and nodded, "I'll show you." With that he flicked his wand and a blindfold appeared over Ginny's eyes.

"Harry," she said warningly. "What is this?"

"It's a blindfold dear," he said playfully, "and if you'll just stand up and take my arm we'll be on our way." Ginny did as she was asked, standing up and taking Harry's arm. They walked for a while, up to the castle and inside. Once inside Ginny was able to follow her mental map of the school, she knew they were on the 7th floor, right near the room of requirement.

"Harry, why are we at the Room of Requirement?" Ginny asked.

"Well, I thought I could at least try and hid the destination from you," said Harry, "but I guess I failed."

"Yes, you did," said Ginny, reaching up to take off the blindfold.

But Harry stopped her, "No, I still want the inside to be a surprise," he said.

"Alright," Ginny sighed. She heard Harry pacing in front of her. A minute later he pulled on her arm again and she felt herself go through the door to the room of Requirement.

Suddenly the blindfold disappeared and Ginny could see again, and what she saw amazed her. The room was decorated with the colors of every house, except Slytheren, and all the 7th years from Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw were there. Music was blasting and there were tables in one corner with food and drinks on them. It was a party.

"Why did this have to be a surprise?" asked Ginny after a few seconds.

"Because," said Harry simply, "I wanted it to be."

"Works for me," said Ginny, still a bit suspicious, but she decided to have fun any way.

The rest of the night was spent partying, it was loud, hot and the most fun they had had in a long time. By 2 in the morning people started to trickle out, usually in pairs. Ginny saw Neville leave with Hanna Abbot, and had seen them together more often than normal in the last two weeks. But thoughts of Neville and Hanna were quickly put out of her head as the final people left and it was only her, Harry,

Ron and Hermione in the Room of Requirement.

"We're going to back to the door," said Ron soon after the last people had left.

Harry looked around and then at Ginny, "I think we'll stay here for the night," he said, "If that's OK with you that is." He said to Ginny.

"Of course," said Ginny, chuckling to herself.

A few minutes later, after Ron and Hermione left, Harry and Ginny were out side the room of Requirement again, this time though Ginny could see Harry pacing back and forth, a nervous look on his face.

The door soon appeared again, and as they walked through it Ginny saw that the room was lit entirely by candles and that there was a huge bed in the middle of the room. "Well Mr. Potter, you seem to have out done yourself." said Ginny.

"Wait," Harry said, the smile evident in his voice, "There's one more thing I have to add to make it perfect."

"And what is that?" asked Ginny playfully as she turned to him.

"This," Harry said simply, holding up an open small black velvet box. Inside was a platinum ring with three stones. In the middle was a diamond, on one side of the diamond was an emerald and on the other side a ruby. Harry took the ring out of the box and then took Ginny's left hand in his right, "Ginny, I've been waiting to do this ever since the final battle..."

"Well then why didn't you?" asked Ginny, unable to contain herself.

"I figured I should wait until you finished school, otherwise your parents would have killed me," said Harry simply.

"That works," said Ginny, "continue."

"As I was saying," started Harry, his tone slightly sarcastic. "I've been waiting for a long time to ask you this, but I've known you were the one I wanted to spend the rest of my life with ever since we kissed for the first time in the Gryffindor common room. I know how cliché it sounds, but you are the best thing that ever happened to me. I love you with all my heart, body and soul. Ginny Molly Weasley, would you give me the great pleasure of being my wife?"

"I don't know," said Ginny playfully, "I'll have to think about it."

Harry was dumbstruck, "Wait? What?" was all he could manage to get out.

Ginny couldn't help but laugh, "Harry, of course I'll marry you."

"Good," said Harry as he slipped the ring on her finger.

Harry looked up from her hand and leaned in and kissed her softly, "I love you Gin," he said.

"I love you too," said Ginny. When they broke the kiss, which had quickly turned passionate, they were over by the bed.

Harry slowly lowered Ginny onto the bed, "Ginny, tonight is all about you." With a wave of his wand Harry made Ginny's cloths disappear.

Ginny gasped in surprise but made no attempt to cover herself. "I thought you said tonight was all about me," Ginny said playfully.

"It is, and if you turn onto your stomach I'll start with a massage," Harry said, magically making a bottle of exotic massage oil appear.

Ginny just nodded, and then turned on her stomach and let Harry start. Harry mounted her and Ginny could feel his slight erection poking through his jeans.

Harry started at her shoulders, softly rubbing in the oil. Where ever Harry's hands touched was instantly warmed. Soon, it felt like Ginny was melting under Harry's touch, it felt absolutely amazing. As Harry's hands moved lower he started to massage the sides of Ginny's breasts, causing her to moan in anticipation of what was to come.

Harry slowly worked his way down her back, massaging every single part of her. The lower he got, the more Ginny moaned. As Harry reached Ginny's shapely ass she started to fidget, "Harry, stop teasing me," she groaned.

Harry bent over and put his mouth right next to Ginny's ear, "Do you want me inside you?" he asked, his voice barely a whisper.

"Yes," growled Ginny, her eyes opening.

"Well then, turn over," said Harry as he got off of her.

Ginny did as he commanded, only hoping that he would shove his dick inside her wet core and start fucking her like he never had before. As Ginny turned over she saw that Harry was now completely naked, and completely hard. Ginny spread her legs apart, her wet pussy ready to swallow his hard cock. But Harry seemed to have a different idea.

After a few seconds Ginny felt Harry's calloused hands on her feet, slowly massaging them in turn.

"Harry," whimpered Ginny, "I thought I said stop teasing."

"You did my dear," said Harry, kissing one ankle before moving to the next foot, "and I'm not teasing you, I'm continuing the massage."

Ginny sighed as Harry started to rub her legs, again, his touch causing her muscles to melt. "Now, promise that you'll let me finish."

"Fine," groaned Ginny, "I'll let you finish giving me a massage. But the sex better be mind blowing or I won't blow you later."

"Agreed," Harry gulped.

Harry continued up her legs, and when he got to her upper thighs Ginny thought the teasing might be over. But, all Harry did was lap up the little bit of juice that had leaked out of Ginny's slit and then place a quick kiss on Ginny's clit. Ginny whimpered in pleasure and anticipation as she squirmed under his ministrations, but remembered her promise to let him finish.

As Harry's hands got closer to her breasts he sat down on her pelvis. He let his own knees take most of the weight, but that didn't stop his warm, hard, throbbing dick from resting on her stomach, and causing her already wet pussy to drench itself in anticipation.

Then Harry started to massage Ginny's breasts, in exactly the way she liked. He kneaded them softly, slowly increasing the pressure every few seconds, her hard nipples sitting in the center of his palms. As Harry reached the perfect pressure Ginny tried to arch her back again, but Harry's weight stopped her.

"Harry James Potter, if you don't fuck me soon I won't marry you," Ginny threatened.

"Well we can't have that now then can we?" asked Harry as he got off of Ginny.

Ginny spread her legs and closed her eyes, a smile coming to her face as she anticipated the feel of his large dick sliding in and out of her. Ginny was only slightly disappointed when she felt his tongue lapping up her leaking juices again.

But this time he continued past that. He sucked her throbbing clit into his mouth and started attacking it with his tongue, causing her to scream in pleasure. Then he thrust two fingers into her waiting pussy and with a few deft motions brought her to orgasm. As her pussy convulsed and sent wave after wave of pleasure through her body Ginny felt Harry sucking up all the juice her orgasming pussy let out, which was quite a lot. Harry spent the next five minutes licking up every last drop of Ginny's sweat nectar. When he was done Ginny could barely move for the pleasure of it all, and she knew Harry wasn't done.

Harry moved himself again, this time, placing his rock hard dick just at the opening to Ginny's freshly revenged pussy. He leaned in and kissed her passionately and Ginny could taste herself on his lips and tongue, and she loved the taste. After a few seconds of kissing Harry shoved his dick into Ginny's awaiting pussy, causing her to scream his name in absolute pleasure.

Harry lived up to Ginny's previous hopes, fucking her harder and faster than ever before. And with her already pleased cunt having just come down from an orgasm Ginny was quickly brought to another, huge and highly pleasurable orgasm. But it didn't stop there, as Ginny orgasmic Harry kept plunging himself in and out of her spasming tunnel.

Harry was able to keep going for half an hour, keeping Ginny in a state of pure orgasm for the whole time, and when he did finally release himself inside her Ginny's pleasure went through the roof and felt like she was floating.

For the next 10 minutes both Harry and Ginny just lay there, their breathing coming in shallow, breaths as they let the traces of orgasm flow out of their body.

When Ginny finally was able to feel herself again, she noticed that Harry's semi hard dick was still inside her and smiled as an idea occurred to her. She tapped Harry gently, "You know dear, you gave me two fantastic orgasms tonight, why don't I return the favor?"

Harry's eyes snapped open and a playful smile spread across his face. "Works for me," he said, extricating himself from Ginny's slit.

Ginny kissed her fiancé softly, a hint of her juices still on his lips, and then slid herself down so she was face to face with his already hardening cock. Ginny licked her lips as she looked at the glistening member, coated in her juices. She leaned forward and kissed the head softly; causing it to jump, then she reached out and started to massage Harry's ball sack. Within a few seconds Harry was completely hard again and ready to go.

Ginny started to lick every inch of Harry's dick, tasting the mix of her sweat juices and his cum on it. Ginny kept licking until she had cleaned him off completely, then she took Harry into her mouth, getting as much of his 10 inches into her mouth as she could. Ginny started to suck, lick and rub as much of Harry's hard member as she could, and within minutes she felt him tense up as he came. Ginny swallowed every last drop of cum and then moved herself back up so she was face to face with Harry.

"Ginny, I knew there was a reason I wanted to marry you," said Harry jokingly.

"Harry!" Ginny scoffed, "you were pretty good too." Ginny let Harry wrap his arms around her as she put her head on his chest and closed her eyes.

"I love you Gin," Harry said softly, kissing the top of her head, conveying more emotions than just love with that simple gesture.

"I love you too," Ginny said, pulling Harry's arm a bit tighter around her, as if encasing her self in a protective cocoon.

Soon the newly engaged couple was asleep; both of them ready for whatever the world could throw at them, and completely willing to take on the world together.

## **Chapter 51: Telling the World...kind of**

Harry woke up the next morning with a huge smile on his face, his arm still wrapped around Ginny. He kissed her softly on the top of the head and felt her stir as she woke up also.

"Mmmm, Morning," Ginny said as she pulled herself out of a deep, content, sleep.

"Morning love," said Harry

"What time is it?" asked Ginny as she looked around the room, which had somehow grown a window in the middle of the night. The sun was now pouring in and bathed the room in a soft yellow light.

Harry looked at the watch Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had given him for his 17th birthday, almost two years before. "It's about 8:30," said Harry.

"We should get down to breakfast," said Ginny, although she didn't make a move to get up.

"Yeah, we should," said Harry, staying just as still as Ginny.

"Well, maybe we can stay a bit longer," said Ginny, "it's not like we need to be in class or anything."

"Nope, no more classes for us," said Harry.

"Well, not for me at least," said Ginny, "but I'm sure that you'll have to take a few classes during Auror Training."

"Yeah," said Harry, his voice wispy with sleep, "but that's not for another month or so."

"Well I don't think we can stay in her until then," said Ginny.

"No, we probably can't," said Harry, finally pulling his arm away from Ginny and letting her get up. He watched her as she searched around the room for her cloths, her ass swaying as she walked and her breasts bouncing slightly as she walked.

Ginny finally found her cloths, along with Harry's, in a dresser over by the door. They must have magically been moved there over night.

Ginny put her cloths on and carried Harry's over to him. He was staring at her, a huge smile plastered on his face. She knew from the ache in her cheek muscles that she must have a smile to match his, and she didn't mind if her cheeks ached for the rest of her life, as long as it was with Harry. "Here," she said, tossing his cloths to him, "we need to get dressed before we go wandering the halls together."

"Why?" asked Harry.

"Because the last thing I need is to start telling people that the man I plan to marry, a.k.a. the boy who lived...twice is wandering the halls of Hogwarts naked." Ginny said sarcastically.

"No, not why do we have to get dressed," said Harry even as he pulled on his pants, "why do we need to wander the halls? Why can't we just stay here and screw some more?"

"There will be plenty of time for that later my dear," said Ginny, leaning over and kissing Harry. "But right now I feel like getting on the roof and exclaiming to the world that you are going to marry me."

Harry just laughed. "I love you, and that's exactly why," said Harry. "You never care what everybody will think of you. You act exactly how you want to, fuck what other's think."

"As long as nobody gets hurt I see no reason not to act like myself," said Ginny, pulling a now fully dressed Harry off the large, comfortable bed and towards the door. She sighed contently as they reached the door and she put her head on Harry's shoulder. "What are we going to tell people?" she asked.

"That we're engaged," suggested Harry, "there's no point in telling them anything else. Most of the people who know us knew it was going to happen sooner rather than later and even those that don't know us can see how perfect we are to each other. I don't think it'll come as a big surprise to most of our friends."

Ginny couldn't help but giggle, "No, I don't think it will," she said, still happier than ever. As they walked silently down the now fixed halls Ginny couldn't help but remember the years she had spent at Hogwarts.

Her first year, mostly a blur, but what she did remember was a bit scary, a bit melancholy, and a lot nervous. Her second year, not wanting to come back at first, but then being pushed into it, and wondering what people would think of her, being accepted by friends. Third year, the tri-wizard tournament, and the slight fear she had had for Harry, the hope that he would ask her to the Yule Ball, getting asked by Neville, and then Harry, the maze, and seeing Harry drag Cedric's body out of it. Fourth year, getting over her crush on Harry, The DA, Umbridge, Fred and George leaving, Quidditch, and the Ministry. Fifth year, slowly falling for Harry all over again, people finally believing Voldemort was back, Harry's odd Lessons with Dumbledore, but for her, relatively calm, except for the battle at the end of the year.

Then there was sixth year, the year of the Death Eaters as most of the school had come to call it. Her sixth year she had restarted the DA to defend the school from within, along with Neville, Luna and a handful of others she did all she could to keep the Death Eaters' influence to a minimum, and had sustained horrible punishment for it; that year had also been filled with dread and worry for Harry, Hermione and her brother. Then her family went into hiding and Luna got taken and Neville went into hiding; and finally Harry coming back, the DA, along with the Order and a bunch of others fighting against Voldemort and his Death Eaters, and winning; Harry killing Voldemort and the war being all but over...the death of Fred. Then seventh year, the year she and Harry had finally come to realize just how perfect they were for each other, how they couldn't live with out each other; the problems with the Castle, and all the other little things. And now, an offer to play for the Hollyhead Harpies, her favorite team since she was little, and she was going to marry Harry, the only man she had ever really loved.

As Ginny finished her reflection of the last 7 years she realized just how much her life had been shaped by Harry, or by what he had to do. And just how much Harry's destiny had shaped their relationship. She had had a childhood crush on him because he had defeated Voldemort, and then, after she learned that he was supposed to be the one to kill Voldemort, she had started to fall for him again. She couldn't wonder if she had a hero complex. "Harry, do you think we'd be together if Voldemort had never attacked your parents, or if you hadn't been destined to kill him?" Ginny couldn't help asking.

Harry stopped walking abruptly and looked down at Ginny, "Gin, I think that no matter what, we would have ended up together. If Voldemort hadn't killed my parents I still would have come to Hogwarts, I would have eventually become friends with your brother and noticed his incredibly hot sister, and then fallen in love with her. We may not have had as much fun as we did, but I think we would have made up for it some how." Harry smiled and kissed Ginny softly, "and there's no one I'd rather be with. Ginny, I love you with all my heart; and I know that we are meant for each other."

"I love you too Harry," said Ginny, a tear in her eye. She loved it when Harry got really passionate about something. Be it catching the rest of the Death Eaters, Quidditch, sex or their relationship, the fire that burned in his eyes was one of the most beautiful things she could imagine.

Just before they entered the Great Hall for breakfast Harry stopped Ginny. "I have an idea," he said, a devious look in his eye.

"Alright, I'll permit it," said Ginny jokingly.

"When we go in, don't draw attention to the ring, don't tell anybody, lets see how long it takes somebody to realize it," said Harry, a gleeful smile spreading across his face.

Ginny smiled, "sounds fun, any guesses on who will notice first?"

"Hermione," said Harry almost before Ginny finished the question.

"Yeah, you're probably right," said Ginny, "but let's see."

As they walked in Ginny tried to act normal, she didn't avoid using her left hand for anything, but she didn't use it exclusively either. She never moved her left hand very quickly, as if trying to hide something, nor did she move it slowly, as if trying to show people something. Now that she was more awake the weight of the ring felt odd on her finger and she was tempted too twist and turn it, just to see how it glided across her finger, but she didn't.

As they sat down with Ron and Hermione Ginny couldn't keep a straight face.

"Well, it looks like somebody got some last night," said Hermione with a knowing smile.

"I don't think we were the only ones," said Harry, looking at Ron as he turned the classic Weasley Red.

"What happened after everybody left the party?" asked Hermione. "I don't need the details, but highlights will do."

*Harry asked me to marry him!!!!* Ginny wanted to shout, but she also wanted to play Harry's game of 'spot the ring' so she didn't. "The usual, hot, steamy, hardcore sex and all," said Ginny, a small smile playing over her features.

"Right," said Hermione, "that's what I get for asking for the highlights."

"What about you two?" asked Ginny.

"The same," said Ron.

"And now I can't eat," said Dean, a few seats down the table.

"Sorry Dean," said Ron, "We'll keep it down."

"No, it's not that the talk bothers me, it's that I'm not getting any," said Dean, frustrated.

They all laughed, all except Dean of course.

The friends talked for the next 20 minutes over breakfast about the end of school and what they were going to do. Ginny started to use her left hand more and more, hoping that somebody would notice the ring on her finger.

Ron was taking a swig of pumpkin juice as Ginny was reaching for more toast, with her left hand, when he finally noticed the ring. Ron had just brought the cup to his mouth when he noticed, and noticing stopped all his movements.

It was only when the cold pumpkin juice started spill down the front of his shirt and collect in his lap did he finally move. Once he had cleaned himself up, under the curious eyes of about half the Gryffindor table, he looked at Ginny again, who by this time had her left hand displayed obviously on the table.

"Gin, please tell me that's not what I think it is," said Ron.

"Ok," chuckled Ginny, "it's not what you think it is."

"It is what I think it is, isn't it?" groaned Ron.

Hermione had seen Ginny's hand by this time and it had taken all her will power and self control to

stop herself from jumping up and squealing. "Ron, if you think it's an engagement ring then yes, it is an engagement ring. However if you think it's a grapefruit, then no, it's not a grapefruit."

"Wait, a grapefruit?" asked Ron.

"First thing I could think of," said Hermione, "and it's not important because that is defiantly not a grapefruit." Suddenly Hermione was on her feet, unable to contain herself any longer. "Come on Gin," said Hermione, "I'm done with breakfast, we need to talk."

With that Ginny was up and as the two girls walked away you could hear Hermione talking. "Now I do want details, like how, when, where, and what he did when..."

Once the girls were gone Ron turned to Harry, his best friend and soon to be brother-in-law. "So, you finally proposed." It was a statement, not a question.

"Yep, last night, after the party." Harry said, looking right at Ron, who was staring down at his nearly empty plate, pushing food around with his fork.

"Good," said Ron, still not looking up. "When are you guys planning on getting married?"

"We hadn't discussed it," said Harry, a small smile coming to his face as he saw the perfect opportunity to disgust Ron. "We were...doing other things."

Ron's face turned bright red again, "I don't want to know" said Ron.

"Good," said Harry, "because I'm not one to screw and tell."

"And now I'm just a bit uncomfortable because the image of you doing my sister is going through my head, and I didn't ever want that image." Ron shuttered as he started to get up. "I'm going to find my fiancé, if Ginny's still with her I'll send her back."

"No, I'll come with you," said Harry, also getting up. "I'm sure Gin's eager to tell everyone about it, and I'm sure if I don't go with her soon she'll do it with out me."

The two friends left the Great Hall, and walked through the castle, looking for their fiancés. They found the girls in the library. They were sitting in a corner far from the door and close to a window that faced the lake, which was surrounded by younger students.

"Hey guys," said Hermione as the boys got closer, "we were just talking about the wedding."

"Which one?" asked Ron and Harry simultaneously

"Mine and Ron's," said Hermione

"Ah," said Harry, "I take it you've sent out invitations already."

Ron's face went pale, "um..."

"Yes," Hermione said, cutting Ron off before he could get started. She turned to him and said, "I asked your mum to send them out a few weeks ago so that we wouldn't forget, what with the NEWTs and all."

"Oh, good," said Ron, even paler than before.

Ron turned to Ginny and Harry, who had sat down next to Ginny. "You know what, I've heard enough about my wedding, lets talk about yours."

Hermione smiled and readily agreed. "When do you guys want to have it?" she asked.

Harry opened his mouth to say he didn't know, but Ginny started answering first. "I was hoping to have it before the summer ended. The Quidditch season starts at the end of the summer and then I'll have practice every day and a game once a week."

Harry thought about it quickly and it made a lot of sense. "And I'll have started Auror training by then, and Merlin knows how long that will last."

"What about three weeks after theirs?" Ginny asked Harry. "It gives them enough time to go on a honeymoon, and us just enough time to plan."

"But is that enough time for your mum to recover and re-clean the Burrow?" asked Harry.

"We won't have the wedding at the Burrow," said Ginny. She sheepishly looked down at her feet, "I was kind of hoping that we could have it at...Potter manor." Ginny said the last part with a pleading look on her face that she knew Harry couldn't resist, and she was right.

"That's a great idea Gin," said Harry, a small smile on his face. "But it means we'll have to spend a good chunk of the next month cleaning the place up."

Ginny's smile grew until it seemed that it covered her whole face. "That's what Magic is for," said Ginny. She quickly stood up and grabbed Harry's hand. "Now come on, we have to go tell everybody." And with that she pulled him out of the library and headed for the Head student's dorms, and the fireplace within.

## **Chapter 52: The last days at Hogwarts**

The next few days went by in a flash. The friends spent the daylight hours sprawled out by the great lake, clad in bathing suits. Harry caught other guys stealing glances at Hermione and Ginny more than once, and after Ron threatened to curse the next guy to look at his girlfriend and sister they were left pretty much alone; although one sixth year Slytheren was found halfway up the large tree by the lake. And even though there had been a few hundred people sitting around the lake it seemed nobody knew how the Slytheren got in the tree.

The only really exciting thing that happened in the last three days at Hogwarts was that Ginny told her family about Harry's proposal. And that was an event that would be burned into the memories of Harry and Ginny for ever.

At first Ginny had wanted to write letters to all of the family to tell them. Harry had shot that idea down almost immediately

"Gin, how do you think your mother would react to getting that kind of news in a letter? I don't want to get a howler tomorrow from you mum."

Ginny sighed, "Yeah that would be just like her. What if we did the same thing with my family as we did with Ron and Hermione?"

"And what would that be?" asked Harry, playing dumb.

"The whole acting normally thing," said Ginny, a pleading look on her face.

For once the look didn't work on Harry, "and how do you thing you mum would react to that, we don't want her going berserk in the middle of Kings Cross."

Ginny sighed again, "Yeah, as funny as that would be, we don't want that either."

Harry pictured Mrs. Weasley going berserk in the middle of Kings Cross and had to admit that it would be funny. "No Gin, you have to tell them, now."

"Alright," said Ginny, resigning herself to the ordeal of dealing with her mother. Ginny took some floo powder from the pot on top of the mantle and threw it into the embers that were smoldering in the fireplace, instantly green flames burst forth. Ginny knelt down and before she put her head in the fire she turned to Harry, "You could do this with me you know."

"I could, but I don't want to deal with your mother right now."

"Well you won't have a chose in a few days," said Ginny with an evil grin on her face. Then she stuck her head in the fire and shouted, "The Burrow!" Seconds later Harry could hear Ginny's voice calling her mother, and seconds after that Harry saw Ginny's left hand go through the fireplace.

Suddenly there was a shrill scream and the rest of Ginny's body was pulled through the fire. All Harry could do was staring, and suddenly he started laughing. He grabbed his own handful of floo powder and threw it into the dying green flames, which grew back to their previous height. He stepped into the fireplace, feeling the flames tickling him, and shouted "The Burrow!"

When he stopped spinning he was standing in the Weasley's fireplace, like he had many times before. He stepped out of the fireplace and brushed himself off. Almost before he was finished he was impacted by a large crying mass, Mrs. Weasley. She wrapped him in an enormous hug that took the breath right out of him. She held him there for what seemed like hours, but only because Harry wasn't getting enough oxygen.

"Mum, let him go, he's turning purple," chuckled Ginny, who was standing off to one side.

Mrs. Weasley just nodded and let Harry go, "it's about time," she managed to say through her tears of elation.

"I know," said Harry, "I've been waiting for this for a while now. I just wanted to wait until we were done with school."

"Good," said Mr. Weasley, who was standing off to the side with his daughter.

"Oh, we'll have to start planning right away. When do you two want to get married?" Mrs. Weasley was done crying, now she was in planning mode, and if she wasn't stopped in the next few minutes Harry and Ginny would spend the next week planning details of their wedding.

"Mum, we were going to have it in about 5 weeks, at Potter Manor." Said Ginny, hoping the shock of the timing would be enough to keep her mother occupied long enough for her and Harry to get back to school.

"Oh," said Mrs. Weasley, "Well, that certainly is close."

"Molly, I'm sure we can do it," said Mr. Weasley, "and the fact that they want to use Potter Manor means we won't have to struggle to re-clean the Burrow."

"But cleaning a manor that hasn't been occupied in over 20 years will be even harder," said Mrs. Weasley, suddenly back in her planning mode.

"I think my parents had a few house elves that took care of the manor, I'm sure they kept the place clean enough over the years, and what ever else is left I'm sure magic can fix pretty easily." Harry was hoping that he and Ginny would be able to get back to school soon, technically they could get in very big trouble for leaving like this, but that wasn't what he was worried about.

The second he had stepped into this room he had felt a great sense of family and belonging. Seeing Ginny standing there, happy tears once again streaming down her face, made him want her more than ever, and he was almost sure she was just as anxious to celebrate telling her family as he was.

"Molly," said Mr. Weasley, "We have enough on our plate with Ron and Hermione's wedding at the moment. We should let these two get back to school. They can make up a guest list in the next few days while they're just sitting around waiting for school to officially end. Then, after Ron and Hermione's wedding we can get down to the serious details of these two's Ok?" Mr. Weasley was obviously trying to get Mrs. Weasley away from planning, because he too knew that once she started she wouldn't stop for hours.

"Yes, that sounds alright," said Mrs. Weasley, obviously reluctant to let the planning go for the moment.

"Thank you Mrs. Weasley, Mr. Weasley," said Harry, reaching out and taking Ginny's hand. "But we do have to go, if Professor McGonagall finds out that we used the head's fireplace to leave we'll be in just a bit of trouble."

"Of course," said Mr. Weasley, taking the floo powder out of the jar and throwing it into the fire himself.

The flames turned emerald green again and Harry and Ginny stepped into the fire place, and shouted "Hogwarts, Head's common room!" at the exact same time.

When the spinning stopped they were back in the head's common room. They stepped out of the fireplace and headed up to the room they shared. It was only mid day, but both were horny.

Ginny was leading the way so she pushed the door open and pulled Harry inside. Once they were inside Ginny pulled Harry close to her and kissed him, pouring every feeling she had for him into the kiss.

They had soon collapsed back onto the bed, their cloths having been left in a short trail from the door to the bed. Ginny reached down and started to rub Harry's semi hard dick. With in seconds it was hard and she could feel it twitching under her tender touch.

Ginny mounted Harry, "I'm in control today Potter," she said. And with that she started to grind her hips on Harry's dick, feeling the rock hard member slid into her. She closed her eyes and moaned erotically as Harry's dick filled her up. She slid down on his cock until he couldn't go any deeper, and then she started too slid up and down him.

This time it was Harry's turn to moan in pleasure.

As Ginny moved up and down on Harry's dick she leaned forward and kissed him chastely on the lips.

Suddenly Ginny felt Harry's hand massaging her breast, her hard nipple in the palm of her hand, getting pushed and pulled every which way, causing extreme pleasure for her. Then Harry's other hand slipped between them and started to slide across her clit, sending pulses of pleasure through her.

Ginny found Harry's mouth again, this time kissing him deeply. She let her tongue roam into Harry's mouth and suddenly Harry was pumping his own hips in rhythm with hers and the room was filled with sounds of wet flesh smacking together in a sensual rhythm. Ginny could feel Harry's hard dick filling her pussy with each thrust and soon felt her orgasm building.

Ginny kept kissing Harry and Harry kept playing with her clit, and after only a few minutes they felt each other tense up in anticipation of orgasm. With one final mutual thrust the two teens came, their orgasms taking over their bodies, both of them collapsing into heaps of spasming muscle and rushing endorphins.

For the next 5 minuets they just lay there, their breathing slowly returning to normal. As Harry regained his ability to move he pulled himself out of Ginny. "Gin, you are absolutely amazing," he breathed in her ear, "I love you with every fiber of my being."

Ginny smiled into Harry's chest, "yeah, I just felt it," she chuckled, "and I love you just as much." Ginny blushed a bit, "Harry, we're going to get married in a few weeks."

Harry smiled and kissed Ginny on the top of the head, "I know," he said, "I was there when you agreed to marry me."

"Harry," Ginny said softly.

"Yes Gin?" asked Harry, wrapping his arm around her.

"Thank you," said Ginny, settling into Harry's embrace.

"For what?" asked Harry, a bit confused.

"For everything," said Ginny a hint of a tear in her voice, "for saving me in my first year, for saving me in my 4th year, for saving my family last year, and for everything you've done for everybody else."

"Gin, I should be thanking you," said Harry, "you saved me from the cave."

"You would have figured a way out on your own," said Ginny, the happiness back in her voice.

"Well that's not all you've done," said Harry, "if it hadn't been for you I would never have been able to stay sane after the final battle."

"Harry, we've talked about this, all those people's death wasn't your fault. They all volunteered to fight, they all knew what they were getting into, and they all died for a noble cause."

"I know Gin," said Harry, "but I still blamed myself for a while, you showed me that if I blame myself

for everything bad I would never be able to function."

"Harry," said Ginny quietly, "Shut up."

"Ok," said Harry, laughing silently at his fiancé. Suddenly it hit him, he was going to marry Ginny. "Gin, we're getting married."

Ginny laughed a bit, "I know," she said, "I was there when you asked me to marry you."

"Oh, that's good," sighed Harry rubbing Ginny's naked back softly.

Ginny chuckled again, "Harry, I really hope you keep this sense of humor through out our life together."

"Don't worry Gin," said Harry, kissing her again, "You're the one that inspires it."

"Awww, such a romantic," said Ginny sarcastically.

Harry and Ginny stayed silent for a bit, just enjoying each others presence.

"Gin," said Harry after a while, "it's the middle of the day."

"I know," said Ginny, who had closed her eyes and was half asleep.

"We can't stay up here for the rest of the day," said Harry. Despite his words he didn't make a move to get up.

"Why not?" asked Ginny with out opening her eyes

"Because we have things we need to do around the school, not to mention that somebody will come looking for us eventually." Harry was ready to get up, he wanted to go outside and fly a bit.

Ginny finally opened her eyes, "your right," she said reluctantly, "but what do we have to do around school? We don't have classes, exams..."

"We could go fly a bit," suggested Harry.

"Harry Potter, you know how to get a girl interested," said Ginny, suddenly very awake. She sat up and quickly dressed in her Quidditch robes.

Harry also sat up and pulled on his Quidditch things. Ever since the beginning of the year, he and Ginny had started taking private time to fly, usually at a leisurely pace around the school grounds, but every once in a while, it would become a race, and Harry could tell that today was going to be one of those days.

They arrived at the Quidditch field a few minutes later. Harry turned to the broom shed to get his and Ginny's broom.

As he opened the door he heard a small squeak and when he looked inside he saw Ron and Hermione, both were naked from the waist up, pressed against each other. Luckily Hermione's back was to Harry, and it didn't take a genius to figure out what had been happening. "Hey guys," said Harry casually, as if he hadn't just walked in on his friends going at it. He reached past them and grabbed his and Ginny's brooms. "Ginny and I are just going to go flying, have fun." And with that he closed the door and hurried to Ginny, who was already standing at the edge of the Quidditch pitch.

"What's so funny?" asked Ginny when Harry arrived with their brooms.

"Nothing hon," said Harry, "I just thought I saw something when I opened he broom shed, but I guess I was wrong."

"Oh," said Ginny, still slightly confused. She mounted her broom and swiftly kicked off, sending

herself to hover 10 feet above Harry. "Ready?" she asked.

"Yep," said Harry, kicking off himself. Just as he left the ground Ginny sped away; the race was on.

## **Chapter 53: Jobs, the Last Hogwarts Express Ride, and Wedding Plans**

The last three days at Hogwarts for the seventh years were kind of exciting. They were called into their house head's office to learn their NEWT scores and figure out job options, or further schooling.

Harry had passed all his NEWTs; rumor had it that he had set a record in Defense Against the Dark Arts. When he went to talk to Hagrid, Kingsley Shacklebolt himself was there to offer Harry a position in the Auror department.

"Harry, I want you to take over the department in a few years," Kingsley had said after he had offered Harry the job. "But until you get some experience under your belt Rodger Takleman will be in charge."

"I've never heard of Takleman," said Harry.

"He was a low level Auror before the war," said Kingsley, "but during the war he proved himself very reliable and has found a number of Death Eaters in the last year. He's a good man, and a capable administrator. But he was wounded in the war and plans to retire in the next few years. He said that when you're ready to take over, he'll happily step down and retire."

Kingsley gave Harry a smile, "You're more than ready to be an Auror Harry, you'll only have to go through a very basic training and then you'll be put in the department as the second in command. Rodger insisted on training you himself." Harry had been elated.

Ginny's meeting had gone well also. Gwenog Jones had been there with Ginny's contract for her to sign. She'd be playing right wing Chaser and be getting paid 100,000 Gallons a year. Ginny was overjoyed that she finally had her contract. And the large sum of money didn't hurt her mood either.

"Practice starts at the beginning of August," Gwenog had said, "Stay fit and come an hour or so early to the first practice so you can get a locker and meet some of the staff. And Congratulations Ginny Weasley."

Hermione's meeting had been a bit different. There was no one there to offer her a job, but Kingsley had left a note in her file saying that she could have what ever job she wanted in the ministry, all she had to do was apply and he'd make sure she got it.

Hermione quickly decided on the Department of Magical Creatures, mistreatment and abuse division. She had her application sent in by the next day, with an attachment detailing her plans to continue with SPEW and a request to take extra classes to become a lawyer.

Ron's meeting was even less formal, George had sent a letter saying that Ron was working in his shop, and demanding that Ron be sent immediately because business was booming and he and Angelina could barely handle all the customers by themselves. McGonagall had refused to let Ron leave school early.

On the last night of the year Ron, Harry, Ginny and Hermione had invited all the seventh years to the room of requirement for a graduation party, which lasted early into the morning.

By the time the room was cleaned up and the four friends had packed it was time to board the Hogwarts Express for the last time. "Can you believe it's over?" asked Harry as he watched the castle out of the window of the final carriage to pull away.

"No," said Ron, "so much of our life has happened in or around this castle, it's hard to believe that we'll never come back."

"Oh, Ron, we'll be back eventually," said Hermione.

"I know, but it'll be different, we won't be here as students," said Ron, an oddly reminiscent look

coming to his eyes.

Hermione looked longingly at the castle also, "I know what you mean," she said softly, tightening her grip on Ron's hand.

Everybody was quiet for the rest of the ride to the train. Once they were on the train they started talking to various people and eventually made their way up to the Head's cabin. There wouldn't be a meeting for prefects this time, although they did have to patrol the halls every once in a while, and if any magic got out of hand...well Harry was an Auror in training.

Once they were in the Head's cabin they all plopped down onto the over stuffed chairs and promptly fell asleep, after all, they hadn't gotten any sleep the night before and all had had just a bit of alcohol.

After only an hour Harry woke up, he had set a spell to wake him at that time because somebody needed to do the first patrol of the train, and he had volunteered. As he went through the halls he found himself imagining his and Ginny's wedding. He saw her in a flowing white dress that complimented her pale skin and flaming red hair perfectly. He saw the tears on her cheeks as the short little minister that presided over every wizarding ceremony conducted the service. He could feel her lips on his as he kissed her for the first time as his wife. And then he could feel her body pressed tightly to his as they fucked each others brains out during their honeymoon.

By the time he had gotten to that particular fantasy he had gotten back to the Head's compartment. He was lucky that there hadn't been any serious rule breaking during his little walk. Of course when he thought about it, he didn't really remember what was happening around him while he was walking.

He opened the door and found that everybody else was awake also, and had been happily chatting with Neville and Dean for the past 20 minutes.

"So, what are you two going to do?" Ron had asked as Harry walked in the door and sat down next to Ginny.

Neville smiled one of his rare truly happy smiles, "I'm going to open a plant emporium in Diagon ally," he said, "I already found a pretty cheap shop, and Gran's estate already has a huge green house on it that I've been growing rare specimens in since fifth year."

"That's great Neville," said Hermione, "What type of plants?"

"Oh, well a bit of everything," said Neville sheepishly. "I've always been interested in rare plants, but those can be expensive so I figured I'd get into plants in general, maybe even do some party arraignments, with the help of Hanna. I have no real artsy ability, but she can do some amazing things when it comes to flower arraignments."

"Well we're still looking for somebody to do the flowers for the wedding," said Ron, "if you think you can get arraignments together in two weeks it's yours."

"I was hoping you'd say that," said Neville.

"How much?" asked Hermione.

"For you guys, I'd do it for free, but..."

"That's no way to run a business," finished Ron, quoting his brother.

"I'll do it for half of what I plan to charge normally," Said Neville, "same goes for you Harry and Ginny. That is if you want to use me."

"Of course we'll use you," said Ginny, a smile on her face.

"What about you Dean?" asked Harry

"I don't think so," said Dean, "I'm not getting married any time soon." When nobody laughed he smiled weakly and said "Well I'm not really sure. I don't really have any special skills like the rest of you. I was approached by the ministry to work for their muggle relations department, but, well I don't know."

"Well I'm sure you'll do great at what ever you choose." Said Hermione.

The rest of the train ride was relatively uneventful. Each head student went on their patrol, and each reported nothing except the normal scuffles and last minute magic gone wrong.

Around noon the woman with the candy trolley came around. Harry bought a bit of everything, telling everybody to eat what they wanted, it was all on him.

They spent the next few hours eating and talking. Over that time quite a few people stopped by to talk about various things and reminisce. They usually came for a little while, and then left. Most of the people that stopped by were friends just looking for a friendly chat, like Hanna, Colin's brother, and a few others. But some were people that had heard that Harry had gotten a high level position in the Ministry and wanted jobs themselves, eventually Harry stopped answering the door if he didn't recognize the face.

By the time the train pulled into Kings Cross Station Harry, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were all ready to go, and ready to help the younger students off the train.

"Well, this is the last time we'll be getting off the train," Hermione said as they all stepped off the train and onto the platform. They could see their family's through the steam. Mr. and Mrs. Granger were standing near the Weasleys, looking around with amazement, this was their first time seeing Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ .

"I can't wait to get started with Quidditch," said Ginny. "Oh, I'll have to change the name on the back of the robes Gwenog gave me."

"We know," said Hermione with a small laugh, "you and Harry are getting married, you don't have to keep dropping not-so-subtle reminders of that."

"Yes I do," said Ginny, "I'm excited about it."

"Fine," said Hermione, starting towards her parents.

They soon came up to their families and the four teens were enfolded in enormous hugs from everybody. "Oh, I can't wait to start planning your wedding," said Mrs. Weasley to Harry and Ginny.

"Molly, Lets get Ron and Hermione's over with first," Mr. Weasley said playfully.

"Of course," said Mrs. Weasley, beaming.

"Now, we're going to apparate back to the Burrow because so many of us coming out of the platform so close to each other would arouse suspicion from the muggles." Said Mr. Weasley

Hermione grabbed her Father's arm and Ron let Mrs. Granger take his arm tightly. "On three," said Mr. Weasley. "One...Two...Three" and with that all 14 people vanished with a loud pop.

They arrived back at the Burrow only milliseconds after they had left Kings Cross.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to that," said Mrs. Granger

"It gets a bit less uncomfortable after a while," said Hermione, "Not that you guys will be doing it that often."

"I don't know, it's a pretty quick way to travel," said Mr. Granger, "I may just have you Apparate me everywhere,"

"And that's why we don't tell the muggle world about magic," said Percy a bit too loudly.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Granger

"We, wizards that is, haven't yet told the muggle world that magic really exists because if we did, all the muggles would want magical solutions to their problems," said Percy.

"And why wouldn't they?" asked Mr. Granger. "If you could cure somebody of a horrible illness why wouldn't you. In fact, why haven't you? Why haven't your healers come to the rescue of the 'muggle' world with a cure for cancer or for all the other horrible diseases?"

Mr. Weasley put his hand on Percy's shoulder, silencing him before he could start.

"We don't tell the world about magic because while many people would want magical solutions to their problems, and most wizards or witches would be more than willing to help, there are also people out there that would despise us because they weren't born with our powers. Look at the evidence, The Salem Witch Trials in 19th century America is the perfect example." Mr. Weasley took a deep breath, "The slave, Tataba, was a witch from the Barbados, and look at the uproar it caused, a whole town was accused because of one witch who was trying to help a sad girl who had lost her mother."

Mr. Granger's expression calmed a bit, "I guess I understand, but I still think that when it comes to disease the magical world should share its secrets with Muggles."

"Dad, if you or mum ever gets sick and Muggle medicine isn't enough to help, I'll get you into St. Mungo's, the wizard hospital." Said Hermione.

"Come on, let's just go inside and celebrate their graduation," said Mrs. Granger.

"Yeah," said Mr. Granger, still a bit dejected, "I'm getting worked up over nothing, I'm sorry Percy."

"Don't mention it, I shouldn't have said anything." Percy said in a genuinely apologetic tone. "Kingsley has been having the same debate with your prime minister for the last few weeks."

"Ah," said Mr. Granger, pretending to understand. Luckily he left it at that.

The rest of the night was fantastic. Mrs. Weasley had cooked an amazing dinner, as usual, and they all spent the few hours after dinner working on Ron and Hermione's wedding.

Mrs. Granger, who made her own dresses and was going to make Hermione's wedding dress as well as the bride's maid's dresses, took Hermione's, Ginny's and Angelina's measurements. Mrs. Weasley, who would be making all the food, went over final menu choices with Ron and Hermione.

"Ron, where are we planning on living after we get married?" Hermione asked as she was getting measured for her dress.

"I'm not really sure," said Ron, "I hadn't thought about it too much, what with school and all."

"Yeah, I know, I haven't thought about it much either." Hermione said as her mother measured her.

"Well we're living in the flat my parents left me," said Harry, who was watching Ginny get measured by Mrs. Weasley. "I'd offer you the house that they owned, not the one in Godric's Hollow, but I think a full sized house would be a bit much for newlyweds."

"Yeah, it would be," said Hermione, "but I'm sure we'll be able to find something in London, hopefully near you guys."

"Well until you do, you two are welcome to stay at the Burrow as long as you need," said Mrs. Weasley around a mouthful of pins.

By the time the measurements were taken, the fabric and color chosen, and the food choice decided on

it was nearly midnight and everybody was dead tired.

"I'm going up stairs and going to sleep," Harry said at midnight. As he crossed the room his and Ginny's eyes met briefly.

"Harry wait," said Mr. Weasley, who had been half asleep in a chair by the fireplace.

"What is it Mr. Weasley?" asked Harry, a bit worried.

"Nothing to worry about," said Mr. Weasley as he got up and led Harry into the kitchen. When they got there he turned to Harry and said, "Well, you're engaged to my daughter."

"Yes sir," said Harry, suddenly feeling the need to be very formal with the man who had been like a father to him for the last 8 years.

"Good, we've been waiting for this for the last 2 years, since we heard that you and Ginny kissed in the common room." Mr. Weasley smiled, "Molly and I had a talk after you two came and told us. We think that you two can be trusted with the same deal we made with Ron and Hermione when they got engaged. You two can share a room, but not the same bed." Mr. Weasley said the last part a bit louder than he had to, probably to make sure his wife heard. Then he looked around slyly, as if to make sure there was no one around. "Look Harry, I know how it is, and I know teen boys well enough to know that you and my daughter have probably already had sex. So all I ask is that you two are careful, as much as Molly and I will be excited for grandchildren, we don't want the first ones coming from our youngest child."

Harry breathed a huge sigh of relief. "I promise, Mr. Weasley," said Harry, also a bit louder than necessary. Then, in a whisper, "We've been very careful and will continue to do so."

"More than I wanted to know my boy," said Mr. Weasley as he patted Harry on the shoulder.

A few minutes later Ginny also got up, stretched, yawned and said, "If I don't get to bed in the next five minutes I'll fall asleep in that chair."

"I know what you mean," said Ron, not even attempting to get up out of the chair that he and Hermione were in. Hermione had her head on Ron's shoulder and the two of them seemed very comfortable.

"Good night Ginny," said Mrs. Granger. She and Mr. Granger would be staying at the Burrow for the next two weeks while Mrs. Granger and Mrs. Weasley worked on Ron and Hermione's wedding.

"Good night," said Ginny. She walked out of the room and quickly went up stairs. She slipped into her room on the first landing and wasn't all that surprised to find Harry in there waiting for her.

"Your dad said we could have the same deal as Ron and Hermione got," said Harry with out preamble.

Ginny's smile intensified greatly, and then she got a predatory gleam in her eye. "Well Mr. Potter, what do you think we should do to christen our new room?"

"I have some ideas," said Harry.

"Oh, really?" asked Ginny seductively, "and what would those be?"

Harry stepped over to Ginny and pulled her close to him, pressing her body up against his and pulling her into a deep kiss. "Well I figured we'd start there and see where it went," said Harry as they broke the kiss.

Ginny started to grind her hips into Harry's and could soon feel his growing erection pressing against his jeans.

"Gin, I need you so..."

Harry couldn't finish his sentence because Ginny had reached down the front of his pants and released his now rock hard member. The couple tittered over to the bed. Before he was stripped of his pants he pulled out his wand and locked the door and put silence charm on the room.

Ginny had done her yearly contraceptive charm about a month ago and had no need to remember it now. As he and Ginny got more into each other Harry started to undo Ginny's cloths and soon had her naked in front of him.

"Ginny, I love you, I always have and I always will" he whispered in her ear.

"Harry I love you too," said Ginny, her hands skillfully pulling Harry's cloths off and throwing them across the room.

Within seconds the couple's hands were roaming each other's bodies, touching all the right spots.

Harry kissed her so passionately she could feel only happiness. Harry placed kisses on her jaw line, when he was meet with an ear lobe he nibbled it gently Harry heard a moan come from Ginny's throat. He moved to her collar bone massaging it with his tongue.

As always, Harry's touch soothed Ginny yet her blood boiled with arousal. Harry reached around and ran his hand up and down her spine sending shivers of pleasure through her. One of Harry's hands found her left breast while the other playfully ran along her wet slit. Harry couldn't help himself, he loved playing with her breasts and slit. Harry like teasing Ginny's sensitive areas until she was just south of orgasm, and he liked keeping her there for a little while. Then he liked giving her one final stroke of pleasure, sending Ginny over the edge of an intense orgasm.

"Ginny you are beautiful", after finishing this statement he took her nipples into his mouth and suckled on the luscious flesh as if it was his life source. Ginny let out a sensual moan; she had to have Harry in her before she lost her mind. She traced patterns over his body; his chest was formed and beautiful. Her hands traveled down his sensitive love trail and took hold of his twitching member. She tried to guide it to her opening but Harry pulled it away and continued to tease her. Ginny felt her orgasm building slowly inside her as Harry's ministrations crept over her ultra sensitive nipples and clit. Harry removed himself from Ginny's nipples, which were now swollen and hard with arousal, and moved up to Ginny's lips, kissing her lusciously.

After he released her lips she groaned, "Harry mmmmm..." Harry quickly slid down Ginny's body, placing a trail of kisses along the way. He finally arrived at her most sensitive area, her clit and pussy. Harry's tongue started to flick in and out of his mouth, playing with her clit and darting in and out of her dripping pussy. She tasted so good and Harry could hardly wait to get inside her.

For the next few minutes Harry continued to wickedly taunt Ginny with his tongue. Just before she was about to reach her climax Harry stopped, as always he wanted to be in her when she came.

Ginny moaned, her body was still shaking for her near orgasmic experience. The second that Harry entered her, his eyes rolled into the back of his head; he saw her eyes cloud with pleasure, her orgasm almost taking her. He thrust back into her, his movements were slow but they were in a sensual haze that was so powerful. Harry was able to keep Ginny right on the edge of orgasm for nearly ten minutes, but then, with her tight core surrounding him it was nearly his impossible to keep going, he could not hold off any longer, his thrusts became deeper and more fluid. Ginny flipped him on his back so that she was on top, she pumped her hips forward

"Ginny do that again," Harry cried out in pleasure as his orgasm neared.

Ginny could feel hers near too; in a final thrust Harry let him self cum deep inside her. Harry wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to his side so that her head was in the crook of his arm and her body

pressed perfectly against his. Her orgasm wracked her body as pleasure over loaded every sense she had.

## **Chapter 54: Ron and Hermione's Wedding Day: Part 1: Hermione**

The next two weeks went by as slowly as two weeks could. To the four friends it seemed like the days dragged on for ever. They were working almost non-stop for 15-20 hours a day planning the weddings. Ron was usually at George's shop from 10 in the morning to 8 at night, and when he got home all he wanted to do was collapse on a the couch. But he knew that he'd be forced up if he did that, and sometimes being forced up from a comfortable chair after a hard day was worse than not getting into the chair in the first place.

So almost every day Ron would come home, eat his mother's amazing meals and then help Hermione, Mrs. Granger and his mother plan his and Hermione's wedding. Usually all he did was agree with Hermione's decisions on things like food, flowers, colors, and seating arrangements.

The great thing about the grueling schedule was that in only a week and a half the whole wedding was all but planned. They had a guest list with all the people who had R.S.V., they had a seating chart, they had food choices, and Hermione's mother said that the dresses were all but finished.

Ginny, who was helping with some of the things, noted that much of the planning that was being done for Hermione and Ron's wedding could be applied to her and Harry's. They would be having almost identical guest lists, minus Hermione's family. As Hermione and Ron picked flowers, colors and food, so did Ginny and Harry. The result was that on the day before Ron and Hermione's wedding, Ginny and Harry had their wedding half planned already.

The night before the wedding Hermione found her-self lying awake on a cot in Ginny's room. She and Harry had switched rooms for the night. However much she told her parents she wanted to be part of the magical world there were certain muggle superstitions that she still held. She refused to let Ron see her for at least 24 hours before the wedding. This meant that she had to switch rooms with Harry for the night and had spent her day avoiding Ron by spending the day with Ginny in London. It was a small sacrifice, considering just how much time she and Ron would be spending together during their honeymoon in Paris.

Harry had complained, saying that she could just as easily stay in George's empty room. Hermione had immediately said that both she and Ron needed to be kept under watch for the night, just to make sure one of them didn't sneak off. Ron had tried to be helpful by putting a blinding spell on himself, saying that there was no reason he could be around her. After he walked into the second wall he changed his mind, took the blinding spell off and agreed to have Hermione stay in Ginny's room.

Neither she nor Ron had slept with out the other in over a year, and tonight Hermione was finally realizing just how much a part of her sleeping Ron had become. With out his slow rhythmic breathing to lull her to sleep, his strong arms wrapped around her and his warm body pressed up against her Hermione had a hard time getting comfortable.

Ginny was having trouble falling asleep also, for the same reasons as Hermione. Ginny and Harry hadn't slept separately for over a year also. Now, the two girls stayed up late talking about their respective fiancés.

By Midnight Hermione realized that she had to get some sleep or she would be in no shape to go to her own wedding. She picked her wand up from the small bedside table that had been set up for her and pointed it at temple. She muttered a quick sleeping spell, and gave it just enough juice so that she woke in six hours, fully rested. As the spell hit her she instantly felt drowsy. She put her head down and fell asleep before her eyes were fully closed.

Ginny, who was in need of sleep just as much as Hermione, decided on a more conventional approach;

she apparated to the landing just outside Ron's room. Putting her ear to the door she couldn't hear any voices so she slowly turned the knob and opened it.

Inside she found her brother, sound asleep, snoring, and Harry, lying awake on his cot. "Hey Gin," he whispered as she walked in and sat next to him. He moved himself, giving her room to lie down, which she did.

"So what happened with him?" Ginny asked softly as she started to get comfortable in the cot. Her thin night gown riding up to her hip.

"He couldn't fall asleep for a while," said Harry, "so I went down stairs and found some of the sleeping potion that your mum had lying around. I gave it all to him about 2 hours ago, which should keep him out until about 6 or 7." Harry chuckled a bit as Ginny slid closer to him.

"And what about you?" Ginny asked playfully as Harry's muscular arms wrapped around her waist and pulled her closer to him.

"I couldn't sleep without you," Harry whispered in her ear, "I was about to come down there when you walked in."

"Mmmm" Ginny moaned softly as Harry's body warmth immediately made her drowsy. Within minutes both she and Harry were asleep.

\* \* \*

The next morning Harry and Ginny woke up just as the sun started to come through Ron's window, at about 5:30. They could already hear some noise downstairs, probably Mrs. Weasley making breakfast. Ginny decided not to risk the sometimes creaky stairs and just apparated back to her room.

When she got there Hermione was still asleep. Ginny quickly pulled off her night gown and showered. As she was pulling on a set of sweats Hermione woke up.

"What time is it," Hermione groaned as she woke up.

"About 6 in the morning," Ginny said, quietly.

Hermione immediately sat up, "Today's my wedding," she said.

"Yep," said Ginny calmly. She walked over to Hermione and handed her a towel. "You better shower so we can do your make up and hair."

Hermione just nodded. She got up slowly and walked to the bathroom, her towel in hand.

While Hermione was in the shower Ginny went downstairs and found her mother in the kitchen.

"Morning mum," said Ginny as she came down.

"Good morning dear," said Mrs. Weasley, who looked like she was conducting a symphony as she directed pots, pans, plates and utensils around the kitchen with her wand. "Is Hermione up?"

"Yep," said Ginny, "she just got into the shower."

"Oh, Good," said Mrs. Weasley. "When she gets out have her come down and the two of you can eat first. Then I'll call the boys down and they can eat."

"Sound good to me," said Ginny. She went back upstairs and started to pull out the things she and Hermione would need to get ready. She pulled out nail polish and a personal grooming set. She pulled out air ties and hair spray.

20 minutes later she got out of the shower and also put on a set of sweats. The wedding was at noon but her mother wouldn't be delivering the dresses for her and the Bride's Maids for a few hours, in that time

she had to get her make up and hair ready as well as eat.

Ginny and Hermione went down stairs to eat. Mrs. Weasley had already set out two plates of food as well as flasks of pumpkin juice.

"Ah, the bride," said Mrs. Weasley as Hermione and walked in.

Hermione sat down and picked up her fork. She took a few bites of food, but didn't really taste anything. After a few minutes all she was doing was pushing the food on her plate around with her fork.

"Feeling nervous dear?" Asked Mrs. Weasley

"Yes," said Hermione. She wasn't in much a mood to talk, she was nervous. As always, Hermione wanted everything to go off with out a hitch.

"Well don't be," said Mrs. Weasley, "if anything goes wrong you'll have me, your mother, Ginny and about 15 other people that will take care of it." Mrs. Weasley came over and gave her a very motherly pat on the shoulder. "Today is your day, don't be nervous, be happy. Now eat, today is not the day that you want to skip a meal."

Hermione took a deep breath, and seemed to calm down a bit. "Thanks Mrs. Weasley," said Hermione.

"Call me mum," said Mrs. Weasley with a huge smile. "Merlin I've been waiting a long time to tell you that."

Hermione chuckled a bit; this wedding had been a long time in coming.

After Hermione and Ginny finished eating they went back upstairs. As the two girls got to the first landing they heard Mrs. Weasley call from down stairs. "Boy's its time for you to eat." Ginny had barely gotten the door closed when she heard a few pairs of feet rushing past to get to the kitchen.

During the next hour the girls got their make up on and started with their hair. By the time that Ginny finished with Hermione's hair Mrs. Granger had arrived with all the dresses and set them up in the living room, which had been converted into a dressing room for the morning.

There were going to be 4 brides maids; Ginny, Luna, Fleur, Angelina and Hanna Abbot. Luna, Hanna and Angelina already had their dresses and would be arriving later, but Ginny and Fleur had not yet seen them. By eight thirty Mrs. Granger had come up to Ginny's room.

"Hello girls," she said, her voice a bit higher than it had been the night before.

"Hey mum," said Hermione, who was sitting on the bed. "How'd the dresses come out."

"They're fine dear," said Mrs. Granger reassuringly as she walked over and sat next to her daughter.

Suddenly Mrs. Weasley shouted from down stairs, "RON GET DOWN HERE AND EAT." They heard her storming up the stairs.

Ginny went to the door and opened it as her mother was passing. "Mum, what's wrong?" she asked.

"Ron won't leave his room. Harry said something about him being nervous." Said Mrs. Weasley sweetly.

Hermione sighed from her position on the bed, with a small smile on her face she went to the door and took a deep breath. "You all might want to cover your ears for this." Then in a very very loud voice she shouted, "RON IF YOU DON'T GET DOWN HERE AND EAT I WON'T BE MARRYING YOU TODAY, PIG WILL." And with that she turned back into Ginny's room and went back to the bed.

Ginny and Mrs. Weasley heard footsteps bounding down the stairs and both moved out of the way as

Ron shot down the final flight of stairs.

Ginny, laughing silently, closed the door and turned back to Hermione and her mother.

"At least you know how to control him," said Mrs. Granger, chuckling.

"Yeah," laughed Hermione as her mother put an arm around her, "but I'll only be able to use that threat once."

"Well the rest of the time you can just withhold sex," said Mrs. Granger.

Ginny and Hermione stared at the older woman with gaping mouths.

"What?" asked the older woman, "It works."

"I just never expected to hear you say something like that," said Hermione.

"I'm full of surprises," said Mrs. Granger. "Any way, I came up here to tell you not to be nervous and that your father and I are very very proud of you."

"I know mum," said Hermione.

"Good," said Mrs. Granger, "but it never hurts to hear it often. Any way, I've got to get back down stairs to help your future mother in law with some of the set up."

"Alright," said Hermione, "tell dad I love him."

Mrs. Granger just nodded. As she reached for the door there was a knock. She opened it a crack, "Yes Ron?"

"Is Hermione in there?" came Ron's voice.

"Yes," said Mrs. Granger.

"Hermione," Ron's voice said a little louder, "I ate,"

"Good," said Hermione, "now get back upstairs and change, I'm getting married today and if you look like crap for my wedding I'll kill you."

"Yes dear," said Ron, a hint of a smile in his voice. "Still not going to let me see you until you walk down the aisle?" he asked.

"No dear," said Hermione.

"I don't really get why," said Ron.

"Have Harry explain it to you," said Ginny.

"He already did," said Ron, "and I still don't get it."

"Have him explain it again," said Mrs. Granger

"Alright," said Ron. With that they heard Ron's foot steps going back up stairs.

"He really loves you," said Mrs. Granger to Hermione.

"I know," said Hermione, a huge smile on her face now.

Mrs. Granger left and Hermione and Ginny spent the next hour talking about the various aspects of Hermione's wedding and honeymoon. When they finished it was nearly 10 o'clock so they went down stairs to start getting their dresses on.

As they reached the bottom of the stairs and went into the living room the girls found Fleur, seven months pregnant, standing in the middle of the room. She was standing there holding a shimmering

golden dress over herself and looking in the mirror.

"Oh, they're beautiful," said Hermione, looking at the dress. "I love them."

"Good, your dress is over there," said Mrs. Granger, pointing to a dress bag, "I spent all of yesterday getting it finished."

Hermione ran over to the dress bag and opened it. Inside was an ankle length white dress made of shimmering silk. The upper part of the gown was covered in white beads that seemed to sparkle with their own inner light. "Mum, it looks amazing," said Hermione as she pulled the dress out and held it over herself.

Mrs. Granger seemed to blush a bit as she came over and admired Hermione, "I've been designing it since the day you were born," she said, "I must say, the spell that Molly put on the beads really does add something to it."

Hermione was beaming, her dress was perfect, the day was going off with out a hitch, or at least with out any she knew about.

"How does that feel?" said Ginny's voice from the other side of the room.

"It's too tight," came Fleur's voice, "how can this be, I gave her my measurements precisely?"

"Well obviously you were wrong," said Ginny under her breath

"I heard that," said Fleur.

"Well its true," said Mrs. Granger, walking over to the two bride's maids. "Where is it too tight?" asked Mrs. Granger.

"Around the breasts and stomach," said Fleur.

"Oh, I was afraid this would happen. When you're pregnant dear you can grow a bit unexpectedly, if something fits one day it may not fit the next day." Mrs. Granger sighed, "well, I could add a bit of cloth to the front," said Mrs. Granger hesitantly. She looked back at her daughter, who was listening to the conversation intensely. "But it would take a bit of time,"

"What about magic," asked Hermione, her voice nervous now, "We could make it a bit bigger with magic."

"We could," said Ginny, "but I'm not that good at that type of spell, I'm liable to make it way to big or even shrink it."

"Well I can't do it," said Mrs. Granger, "what about Molly."

"No, I will do it," said Fleur, "I have been learning this type of thing since I was seven." With a quick flick of her wand, which had been pulled from a long thin pouch on the side of her dress, the dress grew just a bit and Fleur seemed to be able to breath again. "Ah, much better."

"Well I guess it's possible that I measured a few centimeters off," said Mrs. Granger, "but no matter, the crisis has been averted."

Hermione just nodded, and started to change into her dress. But she couldn't help thinking about Murphy's Law, *anything that can go wrong will go wrong*. It made her more nervous then ever.

In the next hour, Luna, Angelina, and Hanna all arrived with their respective dates. Luna had come with her father, it seemed that she had not met anybody new while she was in Australia. All of their dresses fit fine, as did Ginny's and Hermione's.

Ginny went outside to start greeting people not too long after she finished getting dressed. She was

giddy and quite excited, "Oh, I just love weddings..." and she was off about her plans for her own wedding. She kept talking as she was walking outside.

Aunt Muriel also came into the dressing area and dropped off the Tiara, she wasn't complaining as much as she did for Fleur and Bill's wedding, but she didn't look happy about parting with it. That gave Hermione something borrowed and something old.

Half an hour before the wedding was set to start Hermione was sitting alone in the living/dressing room. She was looking in the mirror and remembering the last 8 years and what she and Ron had gone through. From fights, laughs, love and other things that would get her mad at Ron. Hermione was just trying to remember what Ron had said to her when she had been depetrified in second year when her mother walked in.

"Hermione, dear," Mrs. Granger said, "I know I've already told you this, but your father and I couldn't be more happy. If there's anything you ever need to talk to either of us about, we'll always be there for you." Now Mrs. Granger started to cry a bit. "Hermione, I love you, and no matter what I've said in the past and what I'll say in the future, I have no regrets about how you turned out."

Then Mrs. Granger took care of the something new and something blue with a necklace. It was a small blue diamond hung on a silver chain, yet it seemed to go perfectly with her dress. The diamond was beautifully cut and there was a small gold H inlaid into its surface.

"Thanks mum," said Hermione after her mother had put it on her.

"Don't thank me, thank Ron, he bought it for you and asked that I give it to you." Said Mrs. Granger, a knowing smile on her face.

Hermione had a single tear running down her cheek as she went over and hugged her mother, "Mum, we have to get outside soon, dad will start to worry," was all she could manage to say.

## **Chapter 55: Ron and Hermione's Wedding Day Part 2: Ron**

The night before his wedding Ron Weasley couldn't fall asleep. He was too nervous, and he was alone in his bed for the first time in over a year. "Why doesn't she want me to see her?" he asked his best friend, Harry Potter.

"It's a muggle tradition," muttered Harry, who was lying in a cot next to Ron's bed, 'guarding' him. "Something about the groom not seeing the bride for a day before the wedding or something like that. You know how girls are. Plus, it's her wedding; let her have it however she wants."

"No wonder you and Ginny are having such an easy time planning your wedding," said Ron, "you just let her do what she wants."

"Yep," said Harry with a yawn. It was nearly midnight and they had been talking for the last few hours. Harry was tired, but he couldn't get to sleep without Ginny in his arms, nor did he want to abandon his friend. Ginny was downstairs, in her room, with Hermione. Harry probably wouldn't see her until the next morning just before the wedding.

Ron was quiet for a few minutes, "what if it means she doesn't want to marry me?" asked Ron, who could be extremely paranoid if left to his own thoughts.

"Ron," said Harry, sitting up, "she's had over a year to stop this wedding. If she didn't want to marry you she would have said something by now."

"What if she's too embarrassed to tell me?" asked Ron.

"Ron, when has Hermione ever been too embarrassed to speak her mind?" asked Harry

"Good point," said Ron, still a bit doubtful. "But what..."

"Ron, shut up," said Harry wearily. He'd been listening to Ron's what ifs for the last hour and a half.

"I'm going to go down stairs and get some sleeping potion for you. If you promise not to try and sneak off to see Hermione I'll bring you back a cookie."

"Ok," said Ron, not really hearing what Harry said.

Harry went down stairs and grabbed one of the vials labeled *sleeping potion (6-7 hours)*. Then, thinking of his sarcastic comment to Ron about a cookie he also grabbed two of Mrs. Weasley's amazing cookies from a box sitting on the counter. He ate one himself as he went upstairs. "Here," said Harry, handing Ron the cookie. Ron took the cookie and gave Harry an odd look. "Just eat the damn thing!" Harry demanded.

Ron ate the cookie and then took the potion from Harry. He downed it all in one long swig and then looked at the vial oddly. "Hey, this isn't firewi..." and with that he fell backwards onto his pillow.

\* \* \*

The next morning Ron woke up with the sun glaring in his eyes. He groaned, turned over, and tried to go back to sleep.

"Oh no you don't," said Harry as he came out of the bathroom, fresh from the shower, "You're getting married today and your fiancé, not to mention mine, would kill me if you weren't awake on time."

Ron sat bolt upright, suddenly wide awake. "Harry, I'm getting married today."

"I know mate," said Harry calmly as he pulled on a pair of black slacks. "Why don't you go shower, your mum should be calling us down to breakfast soon."

"Yeah," said Ron quietly. He got up and went pretty much on auto pilot into the shower. He sat in the shower for nearly an hour, even when Harry knocked on the bathroom door and said it was time for breakfast. After about five minutes Harry went away to eat.

When Harry got back half an hour later he came into the bathroom and shut the water off. "Ron, it's time to get out of the shower, you have to get dressed."

"Yeah," said Ron, he'd been staring at the floor thinking, not even feeling the water running over him. He got out of the shower and got dressed, at least in his slacks and shirt.

"Ron, I told you mum you were in the shower and she said you could go down and eat whenever you got out so..." Harry let his sentence trail off as he noticed that Ron wasn't even looking at him, but at a framed picture on his bedside table.

The picture was of Ron and Hermione in Hogsmead this past winter. They were outside in the bitter cold and both were clinging to each other for warmth, and because they were deeply in love. Ron looked at Hermione's beautiful face, colored red by the cold, "She's beautiful you know," he said.

"Yeah Ron," said Harry, sitting down beside him.

"I don't deserve her," said Ron.

"Yes you do," said Harry patting his friend's shoulder, "why don't you go down stairs and eat, you'll feel better with food in you."

"She's sacrificed so much for me," said Ron, not hearing Harry.

"Ron, she loves you, and you love her," said Harry, standing up and taking his friend by the shoulders. "You would both sacrifice everything for each other. Sure, you guys weren't the perfect couple, but what couple doesn't have some type of problem? Now, you are going to go down stairs and eat, then you are going to finish getting dressed and then you are going to go out in the back yard and marry Hermione Granger, the girl that you've been dreaming about since 2nd year."

"Harry," said Ron quietly, "I can't move my legs. I want to, but I'm too nervous." Ron just kept staring at the picture.

"Why do I bother?" asked Harry of no one. He left the room to go tell Mrs. Weasley that Ron wouldn't leave the room to eat.

A few minutes later Mrs. Weasley shouted from down stairs, "RON GET DOWN HERE AND EAT." Ron heard her storming up the stairs, and still he couldn't bring himself to get up.

Then suddenly Hermione's loud and commanding voice came up the stairs. "RON IF YOU DON'T GET DOWN HERE AND EAT I WON'T BE MARRYING YOU TODAY, PIG WILL."

Ron laughed at this. He turned to his caged little owl and said, "Pig, I love you, but I'm going to marry Hermione." Then he was up and flying down the stairs like his life depended on it.

He ate quickly, and on his way back up he stopped by Ginny's room. He knocked and the door opened immediately.

Mrs. Granger opened it a crack, "Yes Ron?"

"Is Hermione in there?" Ron asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Granger.

"Hermione," Ron said a little louder, "I ate,"

"Good," came Hermione's voice from in the room, "now get back upstairs and change, I'm getting

married today and if you look like crap for my wedding I'll kill you."

"Yes dear," said Ron, a hint of a smile on his face. "Still not going to let me see you until you walk down the aisle?" he asked.

"No dear," said Hermione's voice, a bit coy.

"I don't really get why," said Ron.

"Have Harry explain it to you," said Ginny.

"He already did," said Ron, "and I still don't get it."

"Have him explain it again," said Mrs. Granger.

"Alright," said Ron, and then started walking up stairs to his room. He was a bit happier than before, but still didn't like the fact that it had been more than 18 hours since he had last seen Hermione.

He went back to his room and started to groom himself a bit. He combed his hair so that it looked presentable. Then he washed his face and put on deodorant. Ron and Harry spent the next hour making sure their shirts, pants, deep blue dress robes, and ties were all on straight and looked perfect. They had never spent so much time on their appearances in their lives.

"Well at least we'll look good for the day," said Ron, barely able to breathe with the tie chocking him.

"Yeah," said Harry, his tie equally as tight, "and we get to do it again in about three weeks."

Ron couldn't help but laugh. He was happy for his sister and best friend. "Well it's your fault for scheduling the wedding so close to mine."

"Whatever," said Harry with a smile, he was getting Ron talking, and not nervously, "I'm blaming you, for scheduling *your* wedding so close to *mine*."

"Wait, that's not fair, I scheduled my wedding months before you even asked my sister to marry you." Ron said, knowing that Harry was joking, but needing to do something other than worry about the wedding.

"You should have seen it coming my dear," Harry said, doing a pretty fair imitation of their old Divination teacher, Professor Trelawney.

Ron burst out laughing, "thanks," gasped Ron through his gales of laughter, "I needed that."

"You're welcome dear," said Harry, still imitating the odd teacher. "But beware, death lies in the way your robe falls on your shoulders. You must be careful or this marriage will end badly." Harry threw in a few large arm movements, copying Professor Trelawney's mannerisms perfectly. The two were on the floor laughing soon, unable to get up for nearly 5 minutes.

In the next hour the two friends finished getting ready, and then went downstairs and outside to start greeting guests.

About 45 minutes before the wedding was set to start about half the guests had arrived and Harry was off with Ginny talking to a few of the Weasley cousins. Ron saw Mr. and Mrs. Granger and went over to them. They were talking to a few people he didn't recognize, Hermione's grandparents.

"Hello," said Ron as he walked over.

"Ah, Ron," said Mrs. Granger, "mum, dad, John, Jenny, this is Ron, Hermione's husband to be."

"Hello everyone," said Ron, shaking each grandparent's hand in turn, "it's nice to finally meet all of you; Hermione has told me so much about you."

"Oh, we're so excited," said Jenny, Mr. Granger's mother, "Our little Hermione is getting married. We haven't seen much of her in the last few years, we're so glad that we were able to be here."

"Yep," said John.

After talking to Hermione's grandparents for about 10 minutes Ron tapped Mrs. Granger on the shoulder, "Can I talk to you privately for a second?"

"Of course dear," said Mrs. Granger. After stepping to the side she turned to Ron, "What is it?" she asked.

"I wanted to thank you," said Ron, "for having such a great daughter and for letting me marry her. God knows she could have any man she wanted, but for some reason she wants me." Ron reached into his pocket and pulled out the present he had been keeping for Hermione, a small blue diamond with an H embossed on it hanging on a silver chain. "Any way, could you give this to Hermione please? I had planned to do it myself about now, but since she won't let me in to see her I was hoping you could do it for me."

Mrs. Granger smiled at her future son-in-law, "Of course I will Ron," she said, taking the delicate piece of jewelry in her hand, "Just promise me you'll be waiting at the altar when my husband and I come back out here to escort our daughter down the aisle."

"I promise," said Ron, a smile on his face, "I'd never leave your daughter for anything."

"Good," said Mrs. Granger. And with that she walked to the house and went inside.

Ron stared at the door for a second, and then went up to the front of the audience, most of who were seated. It was then that his father decided it was a good time to give him some advice.

"Ron," his father started out, "I want to give you some advice about marriage. It might just help you survive a bit longer"

"Alright dad," said Ron, a bit more worried than normal about his father's mental health.

"One, You're allowed to have an opinion, until it's different then your wife's. Two, agree to whatever she asks. And three, this is the most important one of all. Three is to treat your wife with respect, love and care for the rest of your life. Just remember that your wife will be the thing that your life revolves around, and you'll be the thing her life revolves around. You will both have to make sacrifices, but believe me when I say they are worth it." Mr. Weasley gave his youngest son a pat on the shoulder and then stepped back because it was at that time that the door from the house opened.

## **Chapter 56: Ron and Hermione's Wedding Day Part 3: The Wedding**

Hermione walked out of the kitchen door of the Burrow and put her arm through her fathers. They started to walk towards the open walled tent that had been set up for the wedding. As they drew closer Hermione became aware of the low rumble of conversation that was emanating from the tent.

As Hermione walked towards the tent with her father she saw the mass of people that had gathered to see her and Ron get married. She saw the alter with, with the small wizard that presided over every ceremony standing on a little stool so that his head was at Ron's chest level. She saw Ron, with Harry, Neville, George and Bill standing a bit behind him. She saw Ginny, Hanna, Angelina and Fleur standing to the left, an open space in front of them, her open space.

As Hermione finally saw the scope of the set up before her it finally hit her, this was her wedding, where she was getting married to Ron Weasley. Ron Weasley, the lanky kid who she had met on the Hogwarts express while trying to help Neville find his toad. Ron Weasley, the idiot who had caused her to cry after charms class on Halloween, and then had saved her. Ron Weasley, who she had been on so many adventures with. Ron Weasley who for the longest time had been one of her best friends, and then had become something more.

Hermione and her father stopped at the head of the isle as the wedding march started to play out of nowhere. *Ah, Magic* she thought. She and Ron locked gazes for a second, and she could see in his eyes just how beautiful he thought she looked. Hermione couldn't help but blush. At just the right moment Hermione and her father, preceded by the flower girl and ring bearer (two of the youngest Weasley cousins), started down the isle.

With slow deliberate steps Hermione approached the alter were Ron was standing; looking at her like there was nothing else in the world. As Hermione and her father drew level with the alter he turned to her and whispered, "I love you." Then he nodded and placed Hermione's hand in Ron's, literally giving Ron Hermione's hand in marriage.

Hermione's father went and sat down. Once he was seated the small wizard started the ceremony.

"We are gathered here today to join these two souls in a magical bond. We join these young people not only in matrimony but in a bond much stronger than that. We gather here to literally make two into one." At this point the little wizard turned to Hermione's parents and the rest of her muggle family, who would only remember the non magical parts of the ceremony. "For those of you who don't know, in a wizard wedding the souls of the betrothed are connected into a bond that can only be broken by a mutual agreement between the two parties. In my many years I have never married two people that have later been divorced." Now the small wizard turned back to Ron and Hermione, who were staring at each other with such love that the small wizard couldn't help but smile and say, "And I don't think this will be the first. I have not recently seen such love and connection between two people." At this the wizard motioned to the ring bearer to bring the rings forward. The wizard handed Ron and Hermione the opposites ring. "Now, slip the rings on each other's fingers and repeat after me. I will love you forever, and forever will I stay. I will protect you with all I have and I will love you with even more. Death may eventually separate us but together we will always be. For I love you and you love me."

Ron slipped Hermione's ring on her finger as Hermione slipped Ron's onto his finger. In perfect unison the couple recited the spell that would forever join their souls to one another.

After the last word a blue spark shot out from each ring and crossed Ron and Hermione's entwined hands. The sparks entered the opposite ring and suddenly the couple felt even closer than before.

Ron thought that he could literally feel the love that Hermione had for him, and from the sudden look

in Hermione's eyes she was feeling the love he felt for her.

The little wizard smiled at the surprised looks on the couple's faces, it was his favorite part of the wedding ceremony every time he performed it. "I now pronounce you bonded, and married. Mr. Weasley, you may now kiss your bride."

Ron leaned forward and pulled Hermione into a deep, passionate kiss that he wanted to last forever. Hermione seemed to melt into his arms as he slid his tongue across her lips, begging for entrance. She wouldn't let him in though so Ron just continued to kiss her. After nearly thirty seconds they broke apart and suddenly everybody was cheering and wands were shooting confetti from every corner of the tent.

Hermione couldn't help but laugh excitedly as she saw her family and Ron's on their feet, clapping for the newly married couple. It was the happiest day of her life and she didn't want the moment to end.

Ron was now motioning for everybody to be quiet so he could talk for a second. People quickly obeyed. "Everybody, if you'd all please move to the edge of the tent so that the dance floor and lunch tables can be set up."

Everybody was soon gathered around the edges of the tent, and with a flick of his wand the little wizard made the chairs arrange themselves around tables that magically appeared. Then came the dance floor, an expanse of wood that covered nearly half the tent's floor area.

Hermione was getting more excited by the minute. As the tables and chairs set themselves up and the flower arrangements appeared on the tables Hermione could hold back the tears no longer. She leaned over to Ron and whispered in his ear, "We're married," she said.

Ron turned to her and whispered right back, "Yeah, I know," he said, giving her a quick kiss on the cheek, "Now we just have to find a place to live."

Hermione just smiled, she knew that they wouldn't have to worry about having a place to live, even if it was here at the burrow. True, she would rather have her own place to live, and hoped that within the next few months she and Ron would be able to save up enough to get their own apartment in London.

For the next half hour Hermione and Ron were the center of attention for a constant stream of well wishers and friends, all of whom wanted to congratulate the happy couple. After a while all the faces and platitudes started to blur together.

Some of them the couple did remember, like Hermione's tearful parents, and Mr. and Mrs. Weasley crushing their new in-laws in a huge hug. Harry and Ginny, both of them smiling broadly, with a bit of a nervous look in their eyes, they were next after all. But most of the stuff was just a blank face with half heard words.

Half an hour after the ceremony was over the band had set up as had all the tables and chairs and everybody went and sat down. Ron and Hermione sat at the center of the head table, with Harry and Ginny to their right and Neville and Hannah to their left.

As soon as everybody was seated and the hum of conversation had started to take over the crowd Harry stood up raised his voice above the din of conversation. "Attention," Harry said loudly. His voice was so commanding that the crowd quieted immediately. "Thank you. Well, as the Best Man I guess it's up to me to make the first toast of the afternoon." Harry raised his glass and it magically filled with Champaign, as did all the others in the yard. "I'd like to congratulate Ron and Hermione, I've known them for the past eight years, Ron and I met as I was trying to figure out how to get on the train for school. And not to long after that I met Hermione, while she was trying to help Neville find his toad. Well needless to say the three of us grew to be best friends in the first weeks of school. I'll never forget

the moment when we realized that we'd always be able to rely on each other. Ron had just knocked out a 15 foot tall mountain troll with its own club. I was pulling my wand out of the troll's nose and Hermione was sitting in a corner, looking at the two of us like we were crazy. Looking back at these last eight years I realize that that was about the tamest of our adventures together. From Hermione getting petrified in second year and Ron and I saving Ginny, to the three of us hunting Voldemort in what should have been our 7th year. And as some of you may know, helping to fix the castle this past year. Well anyway, I won't bore you with our life's stories, those you can get from Mr. Lovegood's biographies of us. I guess what I'm trying to say is that these two are my best friends and most of us have known they belonged together since 4th year, but it took them a bit longer to realize it." With that Harry took a long swig of Champaign and sat down to a small round of applause.

Ginny stood up next, "Well, what is there to say that Harry didn't. I've known Ron all my life, and while he can be a bit annoying, and a bit over protective, I love him just the same. I've known Hermione for the past 7 years and we've been best friends for almost as long. Hermione, you've always been the sister I never had, now it's just official. Like Harry said, we've all known you two belonged together since your 4th year, it just took the two of you a bit of time to notice it. I know the two of you will be happy together and that no matter what life throws at you you'll be able to hold onto each other and get through it, after all, that's what you two have been doing for the past 2 years anyway." Ginny raised her glass, magically filling it with Champaign, and took a drink.

The next few toasts, from Ron's parents, Hermione's parents, and a few more friends, were all short and to the point. Finally Ron stood up. "Hermione, I know I've said this a million times, but each time I say it I find myself feeling it more and more, I love you, and I always will. I know it sounds cliché, but you are the yin to my yang and I can only hope that you keep seeing me as the roguishly good looking man that seems to occupy your mind." This brought a laugh from most of the crowd, including Hermione. "I may not always be able to give you the best of everything, and I know you don't care about that. Hermione, I'm glad I made you cry in our first year," upon seeing the absolutely bewildered look on Hermione's face Ron just smiled and continued, "*Because* if I hadn't you never would have gone and cried in the bathroom, which means you never would have gotten locked in there, which means Harry and I never would have had to save you, which we may not have become friends...which of course means we never would have started dating and this," Ron gestured to the wedding party, "never would have happened." Ron saw the tears that were slowly welling up in Hermione's eyes and smiled at her, "Hermione, I love you, and always will." With that he sat down and kissed her gently, wiping the tears away as he did.

It was Hermione's turn to stand up and say something, and, as usual she didn't disappoint. "Ron," said Hermione, her voice a bit higher than usual from the crying she had been doing only moments before, "I don't really know how to follow that, for once you've left me speechless." This brought short laugh from the crowd, especially those who knew Hermione well enough to know that she always had something to say. "That being said, I think I can find some words, especially today." Hermione took another deep breath, calming herself and bringing her voice under control. "Ron, I love you, and to tell the truth, I have since the end of 5th year. And yes, I'm glad you made me cry in first year also, for all the same reasons. Ron, I'll never get tired of you, and you do have roguishly good looks. Ron there will be times when we fight and disagree about something, but the rings on our fingers say that we always agree to work it out, they mean that we'll stand by each other for the rest of our lives no matter what happens and that we are meant for each other. Ron, today you and I committed ourselves to each other, and I couldn't be happier. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you and whatever family we eventually have." Hermione had started to cry again, she took a breath to try and quell the tears but they started to flow more freely. She sat down and motioned to Harry, who quickly stood up and took over.

"Well folks, I think what Hermione was trying to say was that she hopes you all enjoy yourselves, let's

get to dancing, eating and having a good time shall we?" Harry raised his glass one more time and as he did so the band started to play slowly.

"Alright everyone, clear the way for Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Weasley as they dance for the first time together as Husband and Wife," said the band leader. Ron and Hermione were soon alone on the dance floor. Not too long after that they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Weasley and Mr. and Mrs. Granger. Then by Harry and Ginny and soon everybody was dancing.

After a few minutes Hermione found herself being shuffled around a bit and was soon dancing with her father as Ron and her Mother danced together. "Hello dear," said Mr. Granger to his elated daughter. "Congratulations, you're married."

"Yeah," said Hermione, her smile getting even bigger.

For the next few hours the party continued, the dancing changed rather quickly from slow to fast music and soon the party was in full swing. As people danced and ate and danced some more Ron and Hermione wandered the crowd, receiving congratulations from people they barely knew and from people they had known for most of their lives.

It was late afternoon when the party started to wind down. People started leaving, giving Ron and Hermione one last well wish before they were gone. After a while it was only family and close friends left. The band was playing one last slow song as Hermione sat at the long table, Ron sitting next to her, his hand entwined in hers. They were watching their parents dance, Mr. Granger with Mrs. Weasley, and Mr. Weasley with Mrs. Granger.

The Newlywed couple was smiling as the song finished, both of them looking forward to the honeymoon they would be taking in Paris the south of France. They would be staying in a primarily wizarding community where Fleur's parents had a villa that they had graciously offered to let Ron and Hermione use for a week.

Ron and Hermione went inside as the band was packing and grabbed the bags that they had packed the day before. After saying good bye to everyone and wishing Harry and Ginny good luck with planning their wedding they grasped hands and Apparated to the south of France.

## ***Chapter 57: The Honeymoon***

Ron and Hermione arrived at the villa seconds after they had left the Burrow. The villa was situated on a beach that looked over the English channel, and there was a strip of private beach in front of the villa. The villa itself was small, only one floor with three rooms, a kitchen/dining room, a sitting room that overlooked the channel and a bedroom. Ron figured the bedroom would be where he and his new wife would be spending most of their time.

"Come on Ron, let's get inside and check out the bedroom," said Hermione playfully as she ran towards the villa. She had changed out of her wedding dress and into a summer dress that was a bit more suited to travel.

Ron ran after his bride, catching up to her just as she reached the door of the villa.

"Pick me up and carry me in Ron," said Hermione to her husband.

"Another muggle Tradition?" asked Ron even as he put the luggage down and picked up his wife.

"Yep," said Hermione from Ron's arms. She reached out and opened the door. Then Ron carried her inside, kissing her deeply as he did. She moaned in his arms and put her arms around his neck, deepening the kiss.

Ron broke off the kiss and looked around for the bedroom. As he did Hermione summoned the luggage from outside and magically closed the door behind them. By the time she had finished Ron had found the bedroom and was rushing them towards it.

Once inside he lay Hermione down on the bed. Ron leaned over and whispered in her ear, "tonight is all about you babe, whatever you want, you get."

Hermione moaned once again, and then she felt Ron's hands on her legs, slowly moving up them to take the summer dress she was wearing off. Ron soon had the dress up over her hips; he was slowly following the path his hands took with his mouth, kissing everything he touched.

Hermione's moans were getting louder as Ron got closer to her wet pussy. She started writhing as Ron's mouth skipped over her most sensitive spot, which was covered by a red lace thong, and continued on up her smooth stomach, his hands continuing to push her dress up over her breasts.

In the next few seconds the dress was off and Ron was kissing Hermione on the mouth once again. He reached behind her and with a deft movement he removed her bra, exposing her full breasts to the fresh sea air. Hermione sighed as the cool air washed over her naked chest and caused her nipples to stand up.

Hermione's hands worked fast as she quickly pulled Ron's robe and shirt off, needing to get at his still toned body. As she ran her hands down his muscled stomach and started to undo his pants he broke off the kiss.

"Let's get rid of this," said Ron as he threw her bra across the room and started to kiss her again. Soon he was grinding his hips into hers and she could feel her erect nipples rubbing against his chest and his hard dick rubbing against her inner thigh through his pants.

"Ron," Hermione groaned, breaking off the kiss, "I need you, it's been three days since we've done anything, please stop teasing."

Ron smiled as he started kissing down Hermione's bare chest, paying special attention to her erect nipples, "Ok," he said, moving one hand between her legs and starting to rub her slit through the lace panties.

Ron soon slipped the lace panties aside and inserted a finger inside his wife, causing her to thrust her hips forward, trying to get him deeper inside. Ron happily obliged, adding another finger and pushing them deeper inside Hermione's pussy. Hermione's pleasurable moans started to grow louder as her orgasm built up inside her.

Ron could tell Hermione was getting close and wanted her to have the orgasm of her life. he kissed her belly button once more and then traced a trail of kisses down to her clit. He started to lick and suck on her clit. Hermione practically screamed as Ron's tongue joined his two fingers in her hole, her orgasm was so close. She grabbed the back of Ron's head and pushed it to her wet and needy pussy.

Ron gave one final lick, sending Hermione over the edge of orgasm, causing her to spasm and convulse as wave after wave of pleasure went pulsing through her young body.

As Hermione's orgasm was coursing through her Ron pulled his fingers out and quickly pulled his pants off. By the time he was finished Hermione's mind blowing orgasm was just finishing, but Ron didn't give it the chance to, instead he thrust his hard dick into her and started pumping slowly, building up another orgasm even as she was coming down from the first. Within minutes Hermione was Cumming again, her pussy convulsing around Ron's hard dick. But Ron kept going, getting faster and faster as Hermione orgasmed.

Ron's actions kept Hermione cumming for the next five minutes. All the while, Ron kept pumping in and out of Hermione, his speed and force building as he too got close to orgasm.

"Roooooooooonnnnnn," Hermione moaned as she came down from her five minute orgasm.

That pushed Ron over the edge. He released himself into Hermione, his cum shooting onto the back of her pussy and causing her to orgasm yet again, milking his cock for every drop.

Ron collapsed on top of his wife, letting her ride out her orgasm as he came down from his.

About ten minutes later Hermione whispered in his ear, "Ron, now it's your turn to be the center of attention." With this she flipped him over and made her way down so that she was face to face with his semi hard dick. She quickly licked it clean, making it hard again, and then wrapped her hand around it and started rubbing him. Her mouth soon followed the hand as it went up and down on his hard member.

Ron's hips started to gyrate in rhythm with Hermione's mouth and soon he was cumming into her mouth as he groaned her name. Hermione let Ron drain himself into her mouth and then came back up to lay next to her panting husband.

After Ron had recovered from his orgasm he rolled over and kissed his wife on the forehead, "that was great Hermione, I don't think we should ever leave this room during our honeymoon."

"We'll have to eat," said Hermione, a smile on her face, "and I do want to go out and swim a bit."

"Alright," Ron sighed sarcastically, "we can go out in the water for a little while." Then a predatory smile came to his face, "and I know exactly what we can do while we're out there."

"RON!" exclaimed Hermione, hitting her husband on his bare chest playfully.

"What?" he asked, the smile still on his face.

Hermione smiled also, "I think that's a great Idea."

\* \* \*

Over the next week Ron and Hermione spent about two thirds of their time in the bedroom, either sleeping or screwing. The rest of their time was spent on the beach or in the small town that was

nearby.

Hermione decided on the fourth night that she was going to cook dinner for Ron and herself.

"Babe, there's no need for you to cook, we can apparate anywhere in the world for dinner." Ron said

"I know, but once we get back to England we can't go out *every* night," Hermione replied.

"I wasn't planning too," said Ron, a bit confused.

"Well then I need to know how to cook," said Hermione, turning back to the stove as if her comment ended the argument.

In reality it only made Ron even more confused, and a bit worried. "Hermione, I don't think now is a great time for you to start experimenting with your cooking, I'm sure mum would be happy to teach you once we get back."

"Oh, I know," said Hermione as she turned back to Ron, a smile on her face, "she's already offered to teach me more. But my mum taught me a bit of cooking and so did your mum so I think I can at the very least make dinner."

Ron could tell that his wife wasn't going to give up, "Alright," sighed Ron, resigning himself to a half burned dinner, "what can I do to help?" Ron had been getting up early each morning to make the two of them breakfast, which he brought to Hermione while she was still asleep, but bacon, toast and eggs were where his cooking skills ended.

"Nothing," said Hermione calmly as she waved her wand, turning on the oven and causing a few pans to fly in her direction. The pans landed neatly on the counter in front of her as she summoned the groceries she had gotten earlier. "I've got everything I need right here."

Ron just stared at her for a moment and then smiled, "How about I set the table?" he asked, not wanting to feel completely useless.

"Oh, yes that would be helpful," said Hermione. The expression on her face suggested that she had completely forgotten that they needed a table to eat.

Ron smiled as he went over to the cabinets that held the dishes. He pulled out two plates, two bowls, two cups and two wine glasses. He carried them into the dining room that was just off the kitchen and set them on the table. Then he summoned the utensils and set them in their proper places.

Then Ron had one of his rare romantic thoughts. He conjured up a vase, a single rose, and two candle sticks with candles. He set the rose and vase in the middle of the table and lit the candles with his wand. He closed the shutters on most of the windows, leaving only the one to the right of the table open. This window faced west, towards a beautiful landscape and the setting sun.

When Hermione came in a while later she almost dropped the two plates she was carrying. "Wow," was all she was able to get out. Her mouth kept moving but no words came out.

"I figured we could have a romantic dinner," said Ron, smiling at the fact that he was able to render Hermione speechless. "It's not Paris but..."

"No Ron, it's perfect," interrupted Hermione. "And we can go to Paris anytime, as you pointed out earlier. All we have to do is apparate."

Ron laughed at this, "You're amazing, do you know that?"

"Yeah, my husband tells me that all the time," Hermione said playfully as she put Ron's plate, piled high with food, down in front of him.

Ron just smiled at her, then he picked up his fork and started eating.

In the last few days of their honeymoon Ron and Hermione spent time at many of the historical magical sights in France. They stopped in Paris for dinner the last night and gazed upon the Eiffel tower.

"You know, Eiffel was a wizard. That's why the tower is still standing." Said Hermione as she and Ron were eating dinner and gazing at the giant pointy structure. "Eiffel wanted something that would leave a mark on the world so he designed and built the tower and put a spell on it that would keep it structurally sound and upright for the next 500 years."

Ron smiled at his know it all wife. "Really, I didn't know that," he said.

They finished dinner and went back to the villa. When they got there they quickly packed everything up. Looking around at the small pile of luggage in the small bedroom Ron said, "We have to go back tomorrow."

"I know," said Hermione, "but we don't have to start work until the end of the summer. And we get to help Harry and Ginny with their wedding."

"So it's another week of what we just spent a month doing?" asked Ron sarcastically.

"No," said Hermione with a mischievous smile, "it's another week of watching other people go through what we just did, and laughing at them for it."

"Well you know I've always enjoyed laughing at Harry's expense," said Ron jokingly.

With that Hermione was on top of him and the two of them were going at it like animals, again.

The next morning, the couple apparated back to The Burrow.

## **Chapter 58: The Apartment, The Mansion and the Hippogriff**

Ron and Hermione arrived at the Burrow to find everybody scrambling around.

"Hey everybody, we're home!" Ron shouted as he and Hermione walked in the door.

They heard a shriek and the sound of a breaking plate as Mrs. Weasley jumped about a foot in the air.

"Ron, you almost scared me to death..."

"Sorry mum," said Ron as she quickly turned around and embraced both him and Hermione.

"Oh it's fine dear," said Mrs. Weasley, "I'm just glad you're home."

At that point George and Harry disappeared right in front of Ron and Hermione, "Oh, hey guys," said Harry. "How was the Honeymoon?"

"It was great," said Hermione, a huge smile on her face.

"Well you'll have to tell us all about it later at dinner," said Mrs. Weasley, who had already turned back to her cooking.

"Well maybe not *all* about it," said George with a chuckle. He turned to Mrs. Weasley and said, "All the flowers are taken over and the place looks about as clean as Number 12 Grimmauld place did after we cleaned it that first time."

"Well..." Mrs. Weasley trailed off for a moment, searching for something for Harry and George to do. She sighed, "Alright fine, there's nothing else to do right now. Why don't you help Ron and Hermione with their stuff?"

"We've got it," said Ron as he picked up the duffle bag that had been magically enlarged to fit all of the stuff that he and Hermione had brought with them on their Honeymoon.

Five minutes later he and Hermione got up stairs to his room. "Well, I guess this is where we're living for a while," Ron said.

"Not for long, we'll go looking for a flat once Harry and Ginny's wedding is over," said Hermione.

"Plus, we'll be staying at Potter Manor for most of the next week while everything is finalized there."

"I know," said Ron, "But it's still a bit weird to be living in my parents' house now that I'm married."

"I know," said Hermione, "But we've been busy." With that she opened the door.

"MUM!" Ron yelled when he saw his room, "WHERE DID ALL MY STUFF GO?!?" Ron's room looked like it had been cleaned out. The only things remaining were his bed, with its old sheets on it, and an empty dresser. He dropped the duffle bag and he and Hermione went down stairs.

"Oh, I completely forgot," said Mrs. Weasley as Ron and Hermione got downstairs. "What with Ginny's wedding and all, we've been so busy—"

"Mum, it's fine," said Ron, "but what happened to my stuff?"

"It's not my place to tell," said Mrs. Weasley, "But go into the living room and I'm sure Hermione's parents will be happy to tell you two where your stuff is."

Ron and Hermione gave each other an odd look but went into the living room anyway. In there they found Mr. and Mrs. Granger sitting on the couch and talking quietly with each other.

"Hey mum, Hey dad," said Hermione, "We didn't know you guys were here, otherwise we would have said hello sooner."

"It's fine dear," said Mrs. Granger

"Um...my mum said that you'd be able to tell us where our stuff is," said Ron.

"Ron!" scolded Hermione, giving her husband a small slap on the arm, "At least say hello to your in-laws."

"Sorry," Ron said, directing his apology to both Hermione and her parents.

"It's fine son," said Mr. Granger, "as for your stuff, well it's in London."

"Why is it there?" asked Hermione, unable to control her curiosity.

"Well, this might explain it," said Mrs. Granger, giving Hermione a small box with a bow around it.

Hermione took the bow off and opened the box, revealing two identical keys with the number 5A on them. She showed them to Ron, who looked between the keys and her parents.

"Um, thank you, but what are they too?" asked Ron, completely unsure of what to say."

"An apartment," gasped Hermione, "In London."

Hermione's parents smiled, "Yep," said her dad, "We thought you guys might like a place of your own so we found you an apartment. Harry and Ginny came along with us when we went looking, just to make sure it was close enough to where you two would be working and all."

"Wow," said Ron, now looking at the keys.

"Thank you," said Hermione tearing up and going to hug her parents.

"We knew you two would be busy helping your friends plan their wedding and that you'd been busy planning your own so we figured that we could do this for you. We already moved all your stuff there, all it needs is some furniture." Mrs. Granger was smiling broadly now.

"Wow," said Ron again, this time looking at the Grangers, "I don't know what to say,"

"Well 'wow' will suffice for now," said Mr. Granger with a chuckle.

Harry and Ginny poked their heads at that moment. "I guess you've told them?" asked Ginny

"Yes," said Mrs. Granger

"Good then we can give you the present from us then," said Ginny with a smile.

"Well it's more tell you about the present than anything else," said Harry as he and Ginny sat down on a chair, Ginny plopping herself in Harry's lap.

"Ok," said Ron, not really sure what to say.

"We're going to furnish your apartment," said Ginny. When Both Rona and Hermione gave her odd looks she just looked at Harry as if to say '*you explain*'

"In the past week we've been cleaning up Potter manor in preparation for the wedding and stuff. We've also been going through my Family's vault at Gringots and found a lot of extra furniture in both places." Harry took a breath to continue, but Ron interrupted.

"So?" Ron asked, interpreting Harry's pause as him finishing his thought.

"Ginny and I are going to live in a house that my parents had just outside of London," Harry continued, "and we've taken all the furniture we need for it as well as number 12 Grimmauld Place. I've even taken a few things to furnish a small office at the Ministry when I start working there."

Ginny took over at that point, "you're taking too long," she said. "Long story short, we've got a lot of

extra furniture that we're not going to use and is taking up space, so in the next week you two can take a look in the vault and take whatever you like, we're not going to need any of it, and it's been sitting around for Merlin knows how long."

"Thanks," said Ron, truly thankful to his best friend and sister.

"Yeah," said Hermione, "I don't know how to thank you."

"Just use the stuff well," said Harry, "it's been sitting in the vault for years and years." With that the soon to be married couple got up and left the room.

"Well, there you go," said Mrs. Granger, getting up with her husband.

"Thank you both again for the apartment," said Ron, finally able to find words.

"It was no problem," said Mr. Granger, "we've been looking to move into a smaller place since we got back last year and we finally sold our house, we're moving in to a smaller house that's a bit closer to the dental practice and we used what was left over from the sale of our old house to put a nice sized down payment on your apartment."

"If you guys need any help moving..." started Ron.

"Nope," said Mrs. Granger, "your brothers and Harry helped us move two days after the wedding."

"Yeah, and with them it was a synch to unpack everything," said Mr. Granger with another small chuckle.

"How long are you two staying?" asked Hermione as she and Ron finally sat down.

"We're actually going to leave now, we came over to give you your present, and we wanted to say hello and congratulations one more time." said Mrs. Granger.

"No, stay for dinner," said Hermione, giving Ron an indiscreet poke in the ribs.

"Yeah, stay," Ron said, getting the hint from his wife.

"No, thank you Ron, but from what molly says everyone will be eating at Potter manor tonight." Mr. Granger said as he and his wife walked towards the kitchen, and the back door.

"Alright, we'll see you guys at the wedding next weekend right?" asked Hermione.

"Yes," said Mr. Granger.

"Have fun you two," said Mrs. Granger. "Once you have the new apartment furnished and such we expect to be invited over for dinner."

"Yes mum," said Hermione with a smile.

With that the Grangers left, apparently having driven up to the burrow in their car.

Once her parents were out of the room Hermione turned to her husband, a huge smile on her face, "They've just saved us weeks of searching and a few thousand gallons of payment." Hermione was giddy. Ron had only seen her this happy once before, and that was the night of their wedding.

"I know," said Ron calmly, a small smile on his face, "and they've saved us the...awkwardness of living in my parent's house as newlyweds."

A predatory smile came over Hermione's face, "and what awkwardness would that be," she growled.

Ron gulped, turned on by his wife's obvious innuendo, "oh, the awkwardness of sex," he said, just able to keep his voice under control enough to sound casual, instead of completely turned on.

"Oh, come on, we've been doing it in that room for over a year, and it's never bothered you before," said Hermione, this time talking softly like an innocent little girl.

*Merlin she knows how to get me going*, thought Ron as she started to slowly stroke his leg. Suddenly Ron had an idea, "yeah, but then it was dangerous, and a bit forbidden," he said, his voice a soft growling whisper, "if we'd been caught we would have gotten in trouble. Now, though, it's expected." Ron looked at his wife, his eyes shining and suggestive. She was biting her lip as if trying to hold back a moan of need and her hands were squeezing Ron's thighs. Ron looked down and saw that her legs were wriggling a bit.

Ron leaned forward and kissed his wife softly on the lips, letting the moan she had been holding back escape into his mouth. When they broke off the kiss he put his mouth right next to her ear and started to rub her thigh with his hand. "Are you wet my dear?" he asked seductively.

"Yes," Hermione moaned in his ear, "I want you so bad."

"Well maybe I can help you with that," Ron said as his hand started to move up her thigh, closer to her slick pussy, "later tonight." With that he got up and went into the kitchen to see if his mother needed any help, leaving Hermione to sit, wanting him all that much more.

A few minutes later Hermione had calmed herself down enough to walk into the kitchen and see if Ron and her mother-in-law needed any help.

"Oh, Hermione, Ron was just about to come get you," said Mrs. Weasley as Hermione walked in.

"Oh really?" asked Hermione looking at her husband with a playful look.

"Yes," said Mrs. Weasley, "I was just saying that the two of you should go ahead to Potter Manor and find yourselves a nice set of rooms. The rest of us will be there in a few hours. We've got a few more things to do, but we've got everything under control and you two must still be on a bit of a vacation high. You two can go, find your rooms and get settled in while we finish everything up here."

"Why thank you Mrs... ur, mum. But now that Ron and I are married we are going to stay in the same room..."

"I know dear, but since Potter manor is so big everybody in the wedding party will get a small suite of rooms," Said Mrs. Weasley.

"Oh," said Hermione, even more excited. With that she grabbed Ron's hand and the magical duffle bag and they both Apparated to Potter manor.

## **Chapter 59: Planning Harry and Ginny's wedding**

Ron and Hermione arrived just outside Potter Manor's gates because there were spells in place to keep people from apparating into the manor.

"Wow," said Ron as he looked at the huge mansion in front of him and his wife.

"Yeah," said Hermione, "wow just about covers it."

In front of them was a large house easily the size of the White House in America. The size was where the similarities ended. Potter Manor was made from black marble that gave the house an ominous air. At each corner of the mansion was a large spire sticking at least 150 feet up in the air. The spires were thick enough to house anything from rooms to defensive positions. Looking around Ron and Hermione saw a lake about the size of the one at Hogwarts, as well as a forest behind the manor that seemed a bit more inviting than the forbidden forest at Hogwarts, but not by much.

Harry had told them that Potter Manor was in the country outside of Godric's Hollow. Looking around Ron and Hermione couldn't see any sign of population at all.

"We must really be out in the country," said Ron

"Yeah," said Hermione

"No way," said Ron in sudden surprise as he went running to the gates, which opened themselves magically to allow him and his wife access to the primary grounds and the mansion.

"What is it Ron?" shouted Hermione as she ran to catch up with him.

"A Quidditch pitch!" Ron shouted back as he ran towards the giant house. Hermione could see him pointing just to the right of the house where three golden Quidditch hoops were barely visible.

"Ron, let's go inside and put our stuff down, then we can explore," said Hermione. She wasn't tired of carrying anything. In fact Ron was the one carrying the duffle bag with all their stuff in it, and he was still carrying it.

Ron stopped and turned towards Hermione, who quickly caught up with him, slightly out of breath. "Fine," said Ron, a smile still shining on his face. "I wonder what else Harry has here." And with that Ron started towards the large house that seemed to dominate the world around it.

The couple quickly went inside and was greeted by a familiar house elf. "Hello Kreacher, how are you?" asked Hermione.

"Kreacher is fine Mistress," said Kreacher, "he is glad to be back to normal work of cleaning and such. And he is also glad that he has help in this large house."

"Help?" asked Hermione.

"Oh, yes mistress!" exclaimed Kreacher, "There are 3 other house elves here to help Kreacher..."

"Really?" asked Ron, looking around, "Where are they?"

"They are finishing cleaning the attic," said Kreacher.

"Have they been here all these years?" asked Hermione, horrified that the three house elves had been keeping this place clean for the last 20 years without anybody to appreciate their work.

"NO mistress," said Kreacher, "They have been at Hogwarts. Master Harry's parents lent them to Hogwarts until Harry claimed his full estate."

"Oh," said Hermione, relieved, "at least they haven't been all alone here."

"Let Kreacher show Mistress and Master to their room," Kreacher said after a beat. And with that he started towards the huge staircase that dominated the entry hall.

Hermione and Ron followed Kreacher up to the third floor and halfway down the left hallway. Here Kreacher opened a door and simply stepped aside to let Ron and Hermione into their room. Ron and Hermione stepped into the doorway and both stopped in amazement.

The room that Kreacher had showed them too wasn't really a room at all, it was more like a small apartment. The door that they had entered through went into a large central area connected to a small kitchen and a mid-sized work space. There were 2 open doors and Hermione and Ron could see a bathroom through one and an opulent bedroom through the other.

"Wow," said Ron after a few seconds.

"Yeah," said Hermione, taking a hesitant step into the 'room'. "Kreacher, are you sure that this is our 'room'?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress," said Kreacher, "but Master Harry instructed Kreacher to give you a bigger room if this one was not to your satisfaction."

"No, I think this will be fine," said Ron, waving the elf away "Kreacher, thank you, why don't you come and find us when everybody else gets here,"

"Yes Master Ron," said Kreacher with a short little bow. Kreacher closed the door, leaving Ron and Hermione alone in their 'room'.

"Well I never expected anything like this," said Hermione, going to explore the little work area.

"I know," said Ron, "but if you think about it, it makes sense. This is a huge estate, why wouldn't there be rooms like this for guests.

"Yeah," said Hermione, looking around.

"How about we test out the bed," said Ron slyly, eyeing the bed and then his wife, "I bet it hasn't seen any use for a while."

Hermione just laughed, "I thought you wanted to go look at the Quidditch pitch," she said.

"I have all week to do that," said Ron, a sly smile spreading across his face.

"Alright," said Hermione, walking into the bedroom.

\* \* \*

A few hours later Ron and Hermione were woken by a loud knock on the hall way door. "Master and Mistress, The rest of the family has arrived,"

"Thank you Kreacher," said Hermione. She sat up and let the sheets fall off her naked upper body.

Ron looked over and smiled at his wife as she got up and walked to the bathroom that was connected to the bedroom. Even after over a year he still loved to watch her walk around naked, and it got him just as turned on as it had when they first started dating.

Hermione looked back and saw Ron staring at her and she chuckled a bit. "Come on Ron, get dressed so we can go downstairs. I don't think they'd appreciate us walking around naked."

"Alright," said Ron, hopping out of bed and grabbing his pants.

A few minutes later they were downstairs greeting everyone.

"Have you guys eaten yet?" Asked Mrs. Weasley after everyone had said hello.

"No mum," said Ron, "we were waiting for you."

"Oh, alright," said Mrs. Weasley

"Come on, let's go to the dining room." Said Mr. Weasley.

"Good, I'm starved," said George.

A minute later they entered a very opulent dining hall that was exquisitely decorated with fine art and a long table in the center of it. Already eleven places were set at one end of the table.

"It works like Hogwarts," said Harry as he sat at the head of the table. He looked at Hermione and said, "Don't worry, I've already worked something out with the elves so they have a few days off a month."

"Good," said Hermione, "but I wasn't going to say anything."

"Yes you were dear," said Ron, "and we all know it."

Soon the food appeared on the plates at the center of the table, a feast that rivaled the diversity and taste of Hogwarts.

Within minutes dinner was in full swing, with people laughing, eating, and generally being family.

Over the next half hour the room seemed to brighten a bit. It was almost as if the mansion seemed to get happier now that it had a family in itself once again.

After dinner was finished and dessert appeared on the plates the talk had come around to the wedding later in the week. "So, what are the logistics of this week?" asked Hermione, ever the organizer.

"The wedding will start around three o'clock PM," said Ginny, "and the party around four. That will go as late as it wants too, the band is rented for a full day and we're not paying for the venue so we figured we'd let it go for however long."

Harry took over, "we're going to have the wedding on the Quidditch pitch, and maybe even a game of Quidditch during the party."

"Epic," said Ron, George, Angelina, Charley and Bill, all at the same time.

"Yeah, we thought you guys might like that. Plus we're having most of the old Hogwarts team here and even some of the Harpies so we figured if we're on the pitch why not have a game." Said Harry, excitement in his voice

"Or four," said Ginny quietly. Everyone laughed, but all knew that considering how many former and current Quidditch players were going to be at the wedding there would probably be more than two teams forming, and that meant a tournament.

The family spent the next few hours talking about the wedding and what the plans were. Hermione was soon taking notes and making a list of what still had to be done. By 11 o'clock Hermione had finished her list and was starting to plan out when things were going to get done.

Ron laid a hand on her shoulder and squeezed, "Babe, come on, it's 11 o'clock and I'm whipped out. You can do all of this tomorrow, believe me, Harry and Ginny will be happy to have you helping them."

Hermione put down her quill and looked at the 10 scrolls that were piled in front of her and the 5 that were open around her. "I guess you're right," she said, sounding a bit surprised. It was as if this was the first time she had actually seen just how much she had been writing. That happened to her a lot when she got into a project. She'd stop and look at the work she had done and realize that she had filled 20 roles of parchment.

"Alright, fine, we'll go to sleep," said Hermione, playfully sounding reluctant.

"Good," said Ron stifling a yawn, "I could go to sleep right here I'm so tired."

The couple went to sleep, and on the way passed Harry and Ginny sitting in the large living room, staring at an empty fire place that looked like it could roast a large pig.

"Harry," Ginny was saying, "we're going to be getting married in a week."

"Yeah," said Harry, looking at the empty fireplace like it would divulge a long kept secret.

"You two will be fine," said Hermione, trying to be reassuring.

"Yeah," said Harry again.

"We're going to bed now," said Ron, looking at his friend with an odd expression, "You guys should go to bed soon also, I have a feeling mum will want to do a lot of planning in the morning."

"Yeah," Harry said again, almost as if he was just responding to sound, not to any specific words.

"Harry, are you listening to us?" asked Hermione, realizing just after she said it what was going to happen.

"Yeah," said Harry, a small smile coming to his face.

"Harry, can you say anything other than 'yeah'?" asked Ginny, playing along with her fiancé's joke.

"Yeah," said Harry, the smile getting bigger.

"We're going to go upstairs now," said Hermione, pulling her husband along with her, "I bet you two still have a bit of talking to do before you go to sleep."

Harry couldn't restrain himself, "Yeah," he said, and barely kept from bursting out laughing.

Ginny wasn't so lucky, she burst out laughing as Ron and Hermione went up the stairs. She continued laughing until Harry couldn't hold it in any longer and cracked up also. The two of them laughed like maniacs for the next few minutes.

When they finally calmed down Harry said, "Gin do you think we're ready for this?"

Ginny smiled softly at Harry and crawled over to him. She leaned against his chest and he put his arms around her. "Harry," she said softly, his rhythmic breathing slowly calming her, "I think we're ready for anything."

"Me to," said Harry, a large smile coming to his face as he and Ginny started to dose off in the middle of the living room.

Within minutes they were asleep.

## **Chapter 60: Harry and Ginny's wedding**

For the next week everybody in Potter manor was busy with preparations for the wedding, except for Harry. He spent every day in the large library that was connected to a study he had found when while he and the Weasleys were cleaning the mansion out.

Harry, with the help of one of the house elves that had apparently worked for his family a long time, had quickly located a few very large books which contained Harry's family history, all the way back to the time Hogwarts had been founded.

What Harry had discovered in his first few days of reading had been nothing short of fascinating. He had found that this manor dated back to the time Hogwarts had been founded and that his family used it as a retreat, a place to escape the muggle and wizarding world alike. The manor, along with a lot of money, had been handed down from generation to generation. Apparently Harry's grandparents had been living in the manor when they were killed, just as Harry's father was entering his 7th year at Hogwarts.

For most of the week Harry spent most of his waking hours in the library, searching through the twenty or so large books that recounted his family history and lineage. It was only towards the end of the week that Ginny told Harry he needed to start helping with his own wedding.

"Harry, this *is* your wedding after all," Ginny had said. "I know you're excited to learn about your family and all, but it can wait until after the wedding. And don't tell me it can't, it's not like the books will just get up and walk away."

"Gin, in the wizarding world, yes they could." Said Harry with a slight smile. However he was already closing the book he had been reading and getting up to follow Ginny to whatever chore she needed him to do.

The two days before the wedding were the most hectic. Hermione's parents arrived two nights before the wedding to help with the final set up. Neville, Hannah, Luna, and Dean all showed up the morning before the wedding to help with all the final preparations and to help set up the wedding area in back. By the time lunch came around on the day before the wedding the rest of the guests had started to arrive. Even though many of the guests could apparate to the wedding the morning of Harry and Ginny had insisted that as many of the guests as possible stay at the Manor for the night before so they could have a pre-wedding party. Harry would never admit it to anyone but Ginny but he felt like the manor needed to have people in it during a celebration like this.

By dinner time the Manor had almost 100 people in it and seemed to glow with activity.

Harry was standing in the corner of the big dining hall, there was food laid out buffet style along one wall and he couldn't help but smile as he watched all his friends and former classmates having mingling around and talking to each other.

By the time the party was over, around 11 o'clock at night, everybody was more than ready to go to sleep. As Harry and Ginny walked up the huge staircase to the master bedroom that everybody had insisted they take Harry couldn't help but think that this was his last night as a 'single' man, and he couldn't be happier.

Seemingly out of nowhere Harry squeezed Ginny's hand and said, "Gin, I love you, I don't know if I tell you that enough, but I love you, and I don't want you to ever forget that."

Ginny looked at her fiancé with an odd look, "Harry you tell me that more than enough," said Ginny with a smile, wondering where this sudden burst of affection had come from. Harry wasn't a complete

dunce when it came to romance, nor was he one to randomly blurt out stuff like he just had.

"Good, but I just want you to know..." Harry stopped in mid sentence, a smile coming to his face. "You know what," he said, "I'll tell you tomorrow." Harry had smiled because, unknown to Ginny, he had been having trouble writing his wedding vows. He had just realized that what he was about to say to her would be perfect.

The couple finished their walk to their room in silence, each of them changed in silence and got into bed in silence. As Ginny was curling up in his arms Harry couldn't help but smile to himself. He thought once again about this being his last night as a bachelor and about how he couldn't be happier about it.

On that thought Harry drifted off to sleep, and soon his slow breathing carried Ginny off to sleep as well.

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The next morning Harry woke up to find that there was no one else in the bed with him. He looked around the room and found Ginny sitting in a large chair that faced a very large window that looked out over the back lawn of the Manor. From what Harry could tell Ginny was looking at the Quidditch pitch, which had a few hundred chairs set up on it because that was where the wedding would take place.

"Gin?" Harry groaned as he got out of bed and walked over to his soon to be wife, "Is something wrong?"

"I'm just a little nervous," said Ginny, her voice unusually small.

"There's no need to be," said Harry, leaning down and kissing the top of her head. "We're going to get married this afternoon, and then we're going to have a huge party with all of our friends from school and a few of our *friends* from the media. Then after that we're going to go to Australia and spend an amazing week swimming, diving, fucking and doing anything else you want. And after that we're going to come back to England, you're going to play for the Hollyhead Harpies and I'm going to be an Auror. We're going to live just outside London, and we're going to have an apartment in London in case we need it." Harry could see Ginny's smile reflected in the window as he talked to her, yet there still seemed to be something bothering her. Harry circled around the chair and put himself directly in her gaze, forcing her to meet his eyes by putting them right in front of hers. "What's really wrong Ginny?" he asked.

"I'm not really sure," said Ginny, her voice as shaky as ever, "I guess it's just that we've been together for over a year, and I know you're the only one for me, but we're both so young and I'm nervous that it won't work out. I'm nervous that you might be killed while chasing some dark wizard around. I'm nervous that *I* might get killed because of some dark wizard your chasing around or that I'm going to get killed in some horrific Quidditch acc..."

"Gin, no one's ever been killed playing Quidditch." Said Harry reassuringly, cutting Ginny off and leaning his forehead against hers.

"I know," said Ginny, her voice a bit calmer now that she was voicing her fears to Harry. "But those aren't the only things I worry about. I worry about what will happen to our kids when we have them, and about what type of parents we'll be. I'm worried about the fame that they'll be forced to live up to, or live down. You remember how you were treated your first year, what if they're treated the same way? Always being looked at as celebrities. I'm worried about how transparent our lives will be. You, the man who defeated the most vile dark wizard ever, me a famous and talented Quidditch player."

Harry couldn't help but chuckle at Ginny, and not only for the '*famous and talented*' joke. "Gin, you'll

be a great mother and our kids will learn how to be in the spotlight early. And our kids won't grow up without a family. Look at the size of your family; I don't think any dark wizard could wipe out the entire Weasley clan, no matter how hard they tried. Our kids will always have family to take care of them." Harry kissed Ginny softly, "and Gin, I worry about that stuff to, but we have to get passed it, after all, we're getting married to..." Harry couldn't finish his thought because suddenly Ginny was squealing and kissing him passionately.

When she finally pulled away Harry could see the tears in her eyes, "I love you," she sighed through her silent tears. After a few seconds of composing herself Ginny smiled again and said, "Now go get showered and dressed, I don't want you ruining my wedding by looking sloppy." With that she got up, "actually change of orders, go get me breakfast while I shower and *then* shower and get dressed."

"Yes ma'am," said Harry, throwing Ginny a mock salute.

An hour later the couple had both eaten and showered. They were now dressed in sweats so that they could finish the final preparations for the wedding without being in their formal wear.

As everything started to come together around Harry and Ginny both of them couldn't believe that their wedding was almost at hand, in less than 4 hours they would be at the altar, holding hands and listening to the short little wizard officiating the ceremony.

Barely an hour after they had gotten dressed, and only three hours before the ceremony was set to start, Ron and Hermione came to get their friends.

"Alright guys," Hermione said excitedly, "let's go get you ready for today."

"Fine," Harry and Ginny said in unison as Ron dragged Harry off to the left and Hermione pulled Ginny to the right

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Harry James Potter, savior of the wizarding world, winner of Witch Weekly's most handsome wizard award, was a nervous wreck.

He was pacing back and forth across the plush deep red carpet of Ron and Hermione's bedroom in Potter Manor, reciting his vows, and it wasn't helping to calm the butterflies in his stomach. Both he and Ron had gotten dressed quickly and Ron was now trying to calm him down with a short pep talk, not one of Ron's strong suits.

"Come on mate, just think, once this is over you've got the whole honeymoon" soothed Ron, his mind occupied by the weeklong honeymoon he'd just shared with Hermione, "god that was awesome! A week in bed, a week of shagging..."

"Ron! You're not helping," said Harry, his voice shaky, and let your perverted mind think about the fact that it'll be MY honeymoon with YOUR sister!" he smirked back, knowing exactly how to poison his best friend's over-active sexual imagination.

"ah... Harry mate, that's just wrong!" Ron exclaimed, pretending to heave.

"It was your idea to think about it" Harry laughed back, forgetting all about his nerves for a split second until Ron opened his mouth again.

"Harry, you do know that if you hurt my sister, I will have to kill you. Savior of the wizarding world or not, you'd be dead mate" Ron said, suddenly very serious. His tone made a bit more sinister by the wand that he was twirling between his fingers.

"I know mate, I'd want you to kill me too. But I never wanna hurt her. I just hope I don't." he breathed, looking at his feet. "I gotta do something Ron, I'll meet you down stairs best man," he said, looking at

his best friend and thanking the gods for the day he'd decided to sit with him in that compartment on the Hogwarts express.

"No worries mate, see you there," Ron answered back, walking out of the door and disappearing down the hallway.

Harry pulled a red velvet box with a gold fastening out of his dress robe pocket, inside was a note with his name on it, it read

*To my little Harry,*

*Your father gave me these on our first valentine's day together, I wore them on our wedding day only a year later. Throughout the generations of Potter's, these have been worn by every woman on her wedding day to 1000 years. Please carry on this tradition by giving these to your lovely bride. We're so sorry we couldn't be there to see you grow up but one day we'll all be together again.*

*We love you so much,*

*Mum and Dad*

A stray tear escaped his emerald eyes as he read the letter again, before placing it on his bedside table and leaving the room, the box still clasped in his hand.

As he walked up the stairs to the room he and Ginny shared he thought about how he had found the box a few days before while searching his family's library. The box had been in the desk that Harry had been using to do his research. He had found it when he opened one of the draws looking for more parchment to take notes on. There the box had been, a thick layer of dust coating it. He had picked it up and opened it, finding the note to be amazing, and what was inside even more so.

Once he reached Ginny's bedroom door, he wasn't sure what to say to her. What if she didn't like them or already had jewelry? Pushing his fears aside, he gathered all his courage and knocked on her bedroom door, promptly hearing Hermione telling Ginny to disappear in case it was Harry.

"Gin," he called to the closed door as he got to the room, "I need to give you something."

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Ginny was in the bathroom of the room she and Harry shared. The white fabric of her dress flowed down Ginny's smooth, pale skin as she slipped into it, her feet covered by the many folds of fabric. The dress was made of a flowing white material, so soft to the touch that it felt like water, the top was a strapless corset with tiny diamantes sown on in an elegant pattern.

"Hermione," she called, "do I look ok?" she asked as she stepped out of the bathroom and into the bedroom Harry and her shared at Potter manor, Molly just behind her.

"You look amazing" she said, a tear coming to her eye as she glimpsed at her soon to be sister-in-law, "truly beautiful."

And she did, Ginny's hair was curled loosely and pinned on top of her head; a few stray ringlets framing her face, mixing beautifully with her slightly glossed lips and pink eyelids.

"There's something missing though" said Hermione voicing her thoughts out loud, noticing the lack of jewelry, just then there was the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs.

"Get inside the bathroom Ginny, that might be Harry!" whispered Hermione, gently nudging the teen back into her bathroom. Hermione shut the door quickly, and could still hear Ginny's protests that she and Harry weren't doing that stupid muggle superstition thing.

"Gin?" called a familiar voice through the closed door, "there's something I need to give you"

"I'll take it Harry," said Hermione, poking her head around the door and taking the box from Harry's hand. "She can't talk to you remember".

Harry just shoved passed the overly protective Maid of Honor and knocked on the door to the bathroom, which opened a little to reveal Ginny's head and a hand. "Sorry, Harry, I just want to see the look on your face when you see me walking down the aisle in my dress.

Harry gave Ginny an odd look for a second and then just shrugged, "Alright, I hope you like it Gin," Harry said as he handed her a red velvet box, "my mother wore them to her wedding. It was the first present my dad ever gave her."

Inside the box was a necklace and a matching set of earrings, the necklace was on a small simple gold chain, a ruby and an emerald sat proudly at either side of a white diamond, whereas the earrings were a string of dangling emeralds and a string of rubies attached to a white diamond stud.

"T-they're beautiful" she stammered, a hand resting on her heart as it tried to reach a familiar rhythm.

"Yeah, I thought you might like 'em," chuckled Harry as he started towards the door and down to the wedding party.

As soon as he was gone Ginny came out of the bathroom and gave Hermione a scolding look. "I told you we..."

"I know," said Hermione, "But I couldn't help myself. Sorry."

Molly just laughed her daughters, then she reached over and took the delicate Potter heirlooms and placed them on her only daughter, before adding the goblin made tiara.

"Come on dear, you have a man to marry" she said, tears coming to her eyes as she took Ginny's hand and guided her out the door, towards the stairs.

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Two hours later Harry stood at the altar as Ginny floated down the aisle, his eyes fixed on her as the trail of her dress glided across the soft purple carpet.

Arthur Weasley was standing just in front of the front row and as Ginny reached him Arthur kissed his only daughter on the cheek, a tear tracking its way down his face, before retreating to his seat next to Molly.

George, Bill, Charlie and Neville stood with Harry as ushers while Ron was the best man. Hermione was Ginny's maid of Honor and Luna, Fleur, Hannah and Angelina were bridesmaids.

"Welcome everyone to the wedding of Harry Potter and Ginny Weasley, Harry if you'd like to proceed with your vows first" said the minister, a short wizard who conducted all wizard weddings.

"Ginny, I remember the first time I met you, you were begging your mum to let you come to Hogwarts, even though you only had another year to wait" he chuckled, "but seeing you today, the woman you've blossomed into from that scared little girl I saved in the chamber of secrets, I'm so proud to call you my soul mate. We've been through a lot together, more than most couples, we've had the break up and the odd argument every now and then when I wanna play hero boy but you've put up with me. I love you for that Ginny, and every day I know you my love for you grows greater. I love you for everything you've done and all you've put up with. I won't love you until the day I die, it'll be much longer than that, far longer than forever" he finished, slipping the ring onto Ginny's finger, seeing the tears forming in her eyes.

"Miss Weasley, if you'd like to say your vows" said the tiny minister.

"H-Harry, that was beautiful." Ginny sighed before taking a deep breath and starting her vows. I've loved you since that first day I met you on the platform and I knew even then that we were meant to be, I mean this from the bottom of my heart, I'll love you forever, even when you're gray and old and smell like bed cheese" she laughed, "we'll always be together, we're meant to be. And I don't mind you playing hero, as long as I'm always your damsel in distress," she said, slipping the gold band onto Harry's finger.

Harry grabbed Ginny around the waist, lifting her up and crashing their lips together in a searing kiss, putting all his love into it.

"Well, I now pronounce you husband and wife, you may kiss the bride" laughed the minister, seeing the love struck teens kissing each other.

There was some polite clapping as Harry and Ginny kissed, and then some polite coughing as the kiss continued, and finally George let out a wolf whistle as Harry's hand found Ginny's ass and gave it a squeeze. The couple broke apart at the whistle. "Sorry every one," said Harry putting his new wife down. "How about we all get over to the other end of the pitch and we can start the party."

At that everybody in the crowd got up and started towards the other end of the pitch, where a large dance floor had already been set up along with about 20 tables surrounding it.

Harry and Ginny went to follow the crowd to the party but Harry stopped half way down the aisle, staring the very last row. There sat Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon and Dudley. Dudley had a sheepish smile on his face and was looking right at Harry. Petunia was also looking at Harry and he could see a hint of a smile in her eyes, but her face was set as solemn as ever. Uncle Vernon was looking everywhere but Harry and looked extremely uncomfortable.

Harry walked over to them, Ginny following and looking a bit confused. "I didn't think you'd show up," said Harry, a small smile on his face. He had sent them an invitation because Mrs. Weasley had insisted on it and because Dudley had extended a branch of kindness at Christmas.

"We..." Uncle Vernon started, but both Aunt Petunia and Dudley shot him venomous looks and he shut up."

"We wouldn't have missed it," said Petunia, a smile now coming to her thin lips.

"Well thank you guys for being here," said Harry, genuinely happy that they were there, "You three are the only blood relatives I have." Harry didn't say 'family' because the Weasleys and Hermione were more family than the Dursleys had ever been, but that didn't change the fact that Petunia was his mother's sister, and his aunt. "Guys, this is Ginny, my wife."

"Hi," said Dudley, dumbstruck.

"Hello dear," said Petunia, politely taking Ginny's hand and shaking it. "Congratulations, I remember my wedding day, one of the happiest of my life."

"Thank you," said Ginny, still staring at the Dersleys. Harry had told her about them, and about some of the things they had done to him. How he could be so polite to them now was a bit beyond her comprehension. However she figured that she should be polite also because getting into a fight with them would only ruin the day, and that was the last thing she wanted.

Petunia poked Uncle Vernon in the ribs and he grunted "hi" and then proceeded to stare at the ground.

"Will you guys be staying for dinner?" asked Harry.

"Yes," said Petunia, shooting her husband another look that said he would not be arguing if she had anything to do with it.

"If you guys want to stay in the manor tonight that would be fine. I know you have a long drive home, it may be easier after a good night's sleep." Harry was trying his best.

Petunia looked at Uncle Vernon and saw his face turning purple, "maybe not this time dear," she said, "we have a hotel room in town that we'll be staying in."

"Alright," Harry said, kind of glad, "I'll talk to you guys later, and introduce you to the rest of the Weasleys. Thanks again for coming, it's a great surprise."

As Harry and Ginny started towards the party area Ginny couldn't help but look back. She saw Harry's aunt and uncle quietly bickering and Dudley staring around at the manor, the Quidditch pitch and the forest. "Harry," she said, "what just happened?"

"I don't know dear," said Harry, suddenly very shaky. "I really didn't think they would show up. But I'm glad they did."

"I guess that's good," Ginny said, facing forward again and noticing the large group of people that were waiting for her and Harry at the tables.

The newly married couple quickly walked through the handshakes and congratulations to take their seats. Harry watched as the Dersleys took seats at the same table as the Weasleys. Then he stood up and held up his goblet of Champaign. "Welcome all," he said, projecting his voice, "I want to thank all of you for being here, especially my Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon and Cousin Dudley." Harry paused at this point for some scattered clapping and saw that Mr. Weasley was looking at the Dersleys with a lot of interest. "Also, I just wanted to say that after we get this party started we will be playing Quidditch. The Weasley brothers, Angelina, Ginny and I will gladly take the challenge of any other teams that can form in the next hour or so. Now, I believe our Maid of Honor and Best Man each have something to say."

As Harry sat down Hermione stood up. "Well," she started, "I'm not one for making long speeches..." she was cut off by a round of laughter, "In front of large groups," she finished once the laughter had died down. "But I just want to say that ever since I've known Harry he has always been heroic and willing to put his life on the line for others. Ginny has always wanted to be where the action was and I think that's why they make such a great couple. So, Harry, Ginny, let me be the first to formally say Congratulations." Hermione raised her glass, leading everybody in a toast and then sat down.

Ron stood up next, "Well, let me also say congrats to the two of you. I've know Ginny for most of my life, and I've known Harry for what seems like all my life, but in reality is only eight years or so. And what a set of eight years is has been. I won't get into too much detail because most of you already know the story. I will say that I'm very glad to know Harry and that as much as I may badger him about dating my sister I'm glad its him and not some other guy. Harry, you and I have had some pretty interesting times together, and I've got to say a lot of them were less than fun, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't do it all over again with you. Ginny, what can I say, you're the baby of the family, your bothers will always be protective of you. That being said, congratulations again, and may your marriage be happy, healthy and long. And Harry, if you ever break her heart Bill, Charley, George and I *WILL* hunt you down." There was a smattering of uncomfortable laughter at Ron's last comment, but everybody still raised their glasses and drank a toast to the newly married couple.

The band leader stood up at this point and said, "Now, let's have the Potters out here for their first dance."

Harry and Ginny went out to the dance floor and started to dance to a slow song that started as soon as they were ready. Soon almost everyone was up and dancing. After the first song was over another one started and Harry made way for Mr. Weasley and danced for a little while with Mrs. Weasley.

After a few songs Harry and Ginny started to mingle with the rest of the guests, and got many congratulations and bits of advice from people they barely knew. About half an hour into the party Harry saw that all the Weasleys were at their table as were the Dursleys. He and Ginny went over and made a formal introduction of everyone. Immediately Mrs. Weasley started talking about how glad she was that they had raised such a good boy in Harry and about how glad she was to have them here. Uncle Vernon seemed a bit overwhelmed by the candles that were floating over the tables, but as Molly Weasley started to talk to him he suddenly looked like a deer in headlights, albeit a very fat deer.

Harry and Ginny spent the next half hour mingling and then Harry got up on the stage and announced that the Quidditch games would be starting soon and that anybody who wanted to play should quickly find a team.

Immediately Harry, Ginny, Ron, George, Bill, Charley and Angelina waved their wands and were in dark red robes, the same color as the bride's maid's dresses.

The Hollyhead Harpies stood up almost immediately and magically changed into their team robes. The chaser that Ginny would be replacing was had been invited to the wedding also so they still had a full team.

Within a few minutes Oliver, Katie, Frank, Johnny, Frankie, and Lauren also stood up, along with another Weasley cousin who would take the seventh spot on the team.

"All right," said Harry, looking at the three teams that had formed. He raised his wand and silently sent a protective shield charm over the party area so that no falling balls, or players, would fall on anybody and injure them. "Let the games begin." With that he silently summoned his broom to him as Ginny, Ron, George, Bill, Charley and Angelina did also.

The Rest of the teams did the same, they had all been told to bring brooms with them because Harry and Ginny had been planning this for a while.

The first game was between The Hogwarts Vets, as they called themselves, and the Harpies. The Harpies won in only half an hour by a margin of 900 to 30. Next up was The Pottleys, as Harry's team was quickly named, verses the Vets. The Pottleys also won their game, taking about an hour and a half to do so. They won by a margin of 330 to 200, a very close game. Harry caught the snitch by diving straight at the crowd that was looking on from under the protective bubble of the shield charm.

The Final Match pitted the winners of the first two matches against each other. The Harpies were easy favorites to win, and that exactly what they did, but by a smaller margin than anybody thought possible. The final score was 500 to 470. Harry caught the snitch, but only by a hair's breath. Still the Harpies won and Harry couldn't help but think how great his family team did against a professional team. Actually, he couldn't help but think how great Ginny did against a professional team. She scored all 32 goals and blocked about as many shots as Ron did. She played amazingly.

Once the two teams had landed Gwenog Jones came over to Ginny. "Great flying out there Wea... Potter. That game just confirmed my choice for me. Some of the stunts you pulled up there were miraculous, I can only hope we can learn to be as in synch as your family team is. If we do, we'll be able to clinch the league cup with no problem. Good game to all of you." And with that she walked back to her team and they went to their table, ready for dinner.

Harry and Ginny, along with the rest of the Weasleys that had played, walked back to their own tables and sat down. Harry saw Dudley openly staring at the Weasley brothers as they sat back down. Harry looked at the rest of the guests, amazed that so many people were here for him and Ginny. Eventually he looked back at the table with the Weasleys and Dursleys at it and found Dudley talking animatedly with George, Bill, Charley, Ron and Angelina. Harry figured it was about Quidditch because of the way

Dudley was making flying gestures with his hands. They all seemed to be thoroughly enjoying explaining the game to Dudley.

Harry turned to Ginny and said, "Gin, This has been the best day ever."

"I know what you mean," she said, her voice filled with happiness as she turned to look at Harry, tears welling in her eyes again.

Harry leaned in and kissed her softly on the lips, tasting the slightly salty sweat from the game. "I love you, and always will," he whispered to her before they separated.

"Good," said Ginny, a huge smile on her face, "because so do I."

Right then dinner started and soon everybody was eating and talking and Harry couldn't help but be filled with happiness and, for the first time in his life, a feeling of completeness.

A few hours later, after dessert had been served, the cake cut, the guarder throw and most people left or gone into the manor to go to sleep, Harry and Ginny were still sitting outside, staring up at the stars. Mrs. Weasley came up next to the happy couple and tapped each of them on the shoulder. "Dears, here is your bag," she said, handing them a large suitcase, "Hermione worked her magic on it, that should be all you need for a week and a half in Australia. If you need anything, feel free to owl. We'll have you moved into your house outside of London by the time you get back. Have fun, be safe, and if you need..." at this point she broke down into tears.

"We know mum," said Ginny softly, taking the white stuffed bear from her mother. The bear was serving as a portkey to get them to their hotel in Australia. The bear was going to be the only part of their honeymoon that was being done by magic. Everything else would be completely muggle. It had been Ginny's idea to do this, she wanted to see what it was like to be a muggle for a little while. The couple would be bringing their wands and would be bringing them with them everywhere, just in case. Considering the fame of the couple and the many enemies that they both undoubtedly had they wanted to be safe.

The teddy bear had been Harry's idea, he said it was something that they could keep as a memory of their wedding after they used it to get to and from Australia.

The bear started to glow a deep blue and Mrs. Weasley started to cry even more as she waved good bye to the couple.

Within seconds they were gone and Mr. Weasley came out to take his wife inside.

## **Chapter 61: The Honeymoon**

Harry and Ginny had just arrived in Sidney, Australia. They started towards their hotel. On Ginny's request their travel was to be the only part of their honeymoon that was done with magic. So only the portkey and apparition were to be dealt with during the trip. Everything else would be purely muggle from the way they paid for things to the way they washed their cloths.

They had arrived in an ally, not the greatest place to start a honeymoon, but it was secluded and private so no one saw them fall out of the sky. They walked around a corner and into a very nice hotel. The girl at the desk saw them as soon as they walked through the door and stood up to greet them.

As soon as Harry walked up to the desk the girl, whose nametag read "*CAITLIN*", spoke up. "Welcome to our hotel," she said, a huge smile on her face, "Can I have your name?"

"Potter," said Harry having a bit of an internal laugh at the girl's obviously chipper attitude.

The girl typed the name into the computer and a coy smile came to her face, "Ah, yes," she said, "The honeymoon sweet. She typed a few things into the computer and then grabbed two electronic keys from a feeder next to it. "Here are your keys," she said, "your room is on the top floor. Enjoy your stay here. If you need anything please feel free to call the front desk."

"Thank you," said Harry, giving the girl a small smile. He walked over to Ginny, who had been standing near one of the couches, staring at the large TV that was playing. "It's a Television Gin," said Harry quietly.

"I know that," said Ginny, "I've just never seen one that was flat before."

"Neither have I," said Harry, "It must be a new kind of TV. Come on; let's go up to the room Mrs. Potter."

"Ok, Mr. Potter," said Ginny seductively as she followed Harry to the elevators. When he stopped and pressed the up button Ginny couldn't understand why he was waiting. "Gin, you'll see," said Harry, a small smile on his face. He always found it a bit entertaining to see Ginny wonder at the marvels of muggle technology.

As the doors opened Ginny let out a barely perceptible squeak. The room was painted a dark red and every lighting fixture in the room had two bulbs, a red and a white one. There were two light switches on every wall, one of them painted red and one white. In the center of the room was a huge bed, covered in rose petals. As Harry and Ginny walked in they looked to the right and saw the huge bathroom with a Jacuzzi the size of the bed against the back wall.

"Wow," said Ginny.

"Yeah," said Harry.

"So, want to try out the bed?" asked Ginny smiling seductively at Harry.

"Sounds good to me," said Harry, dropping the bag on the floor and letting the door close behind him.

"I'll be right in," said Ginny, picking up the bag that Harry had dropped and going into the bathroom. She closed the door, leaving Harry only able to imagine what his wife was doing in there.

While his wife was occupied in the bathroom Harry went to the bed and stripped down to nothing but his underwear.

A few moments later Ginny came out of the bathroom, wearing a very thin, very revealing red teddy. Harry couldn't help but stare, and as he did he saw that Ginny was wearing a red lace thong that

matched the teddy. "Wow," was all that Harry could say as his wife walked seductively towards him, her hips swaying and a sly look on her face.

"Yeah," said Ginny with a smile, "I take it you like this." She commented, looking pointedly at his tattered underwear.

Harry just nodded as Ginny reached the bed.

"Well let's see if we can't make it love," said Ginny as she reached out and pinned Harry's hands above his head and then mounted him. She could feel his hard dick pressed against her nearly bare crotch.

"Mmmm, I guess you do like the outfit," said Ginny, licking her lips seductively as she leaned in and started to kiss Harry deeply on the lips.

Harry immediately started kissing back and started to grind his hips into Ginny's crotch. He could already feel her juices soaking through his thin boxers, and the fact that there were two very thin pieces of cloth between his dick and Ginny's pussy wasn't helping him. When Ginny took a breath Harry took the opportunity to try and buck her off of him so he could take control, but it didn't work.

"No you don't," said Ginny, "this is my night and we're going to do *exactly* what I want."

Harry could only moan as Ginny leaned in again and started to kiss him, running her hands over his bare chest. After a few moments she started to kiss down his neck, and then down his chest.

As Ginny reached Harry's boxers she looked up at him, "tsk tsk tsk, these are in the way."

Harry finally regained his voice, "Well you'll just have to remove them," said Harry, his hands moving through Ginny's hair.

Ginny just smiled as she quickly pulled Harry's boxers off, letting his very hard dick pop out. "Well hello," she said to it, kissing it lightly on the tip before slowly sucking it into her mouth.

Harry let out a deep moan as he felt his dick enter Ginny's warm, wet mouth. Ginny's hands, which had been resting on Harry's thighs, came up and one started to stroke him with one hand and play with his balls with the other. She continued to suck and lick the tip of his rock hard cock, letting his moans egg her on. Harry thrust himself into her mouth more. She started to suck more and stroke him faster. Harry was soon moaning and groaning with pleasure. A few moments later Ginny felt Harry tense up under her expert hands and she knew that he was about to cum. Ginny started to stroke Harry as fast as she could.

Harry suddenly started cumming in her mouth, his head thrown back in ecstasy as his hands pushed her head into his crotch.

Ginny let Harry empty himself into the back of her throat, swallowing every last drop of his slightly salty cum. She gave Harry a few seconds more, feeling his dick spasm two or three more times without any cum coming out, and then pulled him out of her mouth. She could already feel him starting to soften in her hands. "Now now, we can't have that," she said smiling as she pulled herself back up so she was face to face with her husband.

"No, we can't," said Harry, one of his hands reaching up and caressing her cheek, the other one slowly ran down her back on onto her ass, which he gave a quick squeeze as he started to kiss her deeply. He could barely taste himself in her mouth, and soon couldn't taste himself at all as their saliva mixed. Harry moved his hand to her hip and found one of the ties that held the thong on. He pulled at one of the strings and it bow came undone.

He felt Ginny smile into their kiss as his hand moved across the small of her back and to the other bow, which he quickly undid also. With a quick pull he pulled the scrap of fabric away from his wife's crotch, leaving it completely bare. He moved his hand back to her large tits, and felt the teddy in the

way. "Well, now who has something in the way?"

"Well then you better remove it," Ginny said, as smile on her face.

Harry just smiled and pulled the teddy off over her head, leaving his wife completely naked. He could feel her hard tits pressed up against his bare chest and he could feel her dripping wet pussy pressed against his dick. Harry took his chance and flipped himself over, pinning Ginny under him. He moved one started to kiss her neck and then down her chest, paying special attention to her hard tits, licking and sucking on them, making sure he paid them each equal attention. Then he kissed down her flat pale stomach. "Mmmm, you are really beautiful." Harry continued to kiss down until he got to her wet cunt; he could see the juices leaking out of her. He slowly slid two fingers into her warm slit and started moving them in and out slowly while he sucked on her clit, slowly running his tongue over it every once in a while, eliciting sighs of pleasure from his extremely turned on wife.

Harry started to move his hand faster and faster as Ginny got closer and closer to her orgasm. Harry could tell that Ginny was very close and he thrust his fingers in with a bit of an extra push and licked her clit at the exact same time, pushing her over the edge of a mind blowing orgasm. Harry kept fingering her through her orgasm as her juices coated his hand.

After she had come down from her orgasm Harry kissed his way back up to her face and started to kiss her on the mouth. His dick was hard again and it took him only a few seconds to find her entrance and shove himself inside with all his might, causing Ginny to shout his name.

Harry kept thrusting in and out of his wife for nearly half an hour, loving the feel of being inside her tight wet pussy. He could smell her shampoo, strawberry, as well as her pussy and he loved both smells.

As Harry was fucking her Ginny was running her hands along his back and his arms, loving the feel of the muscles and rough skin. Every time Harry thrust into her she felt herself being filled up and then him pulling out. She loved the feel of his breath on her face and his lips on hers. She loved the smell of their sweat mixing together and the sounds that they made.

It was some of the most passionate love making they had ever had, and they both knew that it could only get better.

Finally Ginny felt the orgasm that had been welling up inside her about to burst and she grabbed the sheets at her side as she felt wave after wave of pleasure rushing through her body as her pussy contracted around Harry's now pulsating dick. She felt his cum pouring into her spasming cunt as Harry released his own orgasm into her. Ginny rode her orgasm for nearly 10 minutes, Harry whispering sweet nothings into her ear the whole time.

After she came down from one of her most intense orgasms ever she looked over at her husband and just smiled at him. He did the same for her and they kissed.

As the kiss deepened Harry started to let his hands wander over his wife's exquisite body. Soon he had reached her pussy again, which was still wet from the attention he had been paying it only 10 minutes ago. "Again?" he whispered into her ear, letting one of his fingers dip shallowly into her.

"Again," she said seductively. Despite her words pulled herself away from Harry's hands and got off the bed.

Harry watched, dumbstruck, as she walked towards the bathroom. His mind was stuck between admiring her nice ass and wondering why she had gotten up after she said they'd go again. "Where are you going?" he asked, his mouth deciding for his mind.

"To the Jacuzzi," said Ginny, looking over her shoulder, "aren't you coming with me?" She asked.

Harry just nodded and jumped up off the bed. He followed his naked wife into the bathroom and then

into the already full tub. There she waited for him to sit down and then sat on top of him. Harry reached his hands around her waist and quickly found her opening; he started to guide his dick towards it and was soon inside her, the wetness of the tub hiding just how wet Ginny was. Harry knew exactly what his wife wanted the second she sat on him. He took one hand and played with her clit while the other came up out of the water and started playing with her soft breasts. Soon Ginny was moaning with barely pent up pleasure as Harry brought her close to orgasm, and then with one final thrust she was over the edge, her cunt squeezing Harry's dick, causing Harry to release himself into her again.

For the next half hour Harry and Ginny just sat in the tub, enjoying each other's presence and basking in the afterglow of great sex.

Eventually they got out of the tub, and realized that it was nearly noon. "We should get lunch," said Ginny, who was hungry.

Harry picked up the phone on the night stand, "alright," he said, "what do you want?"

Ginny had to think about it for a second, but she eventually decided, "Pizza," she said.

"Alright," said Harry an odd look on his face, "anything you want on it?"

"No," She said.

Harry dialed the front desk and ordered a cheese Pizza. The girl at the front desk said that somebody would bring it up shortly. "You better put something on," said Harry as he hung up the phone, "they're bringing the food right up to the room."

Ginny looked around and found a soft bathrobe hanging on the door, she threw it around herself. Harry pulled on a pair of boxers, and not a moment too soon. There was a knock on the door and a call of "Room Service."

Harry opened to door to find a boy about his age; his name tag said *Manni Z*, with a cart which had not only Pizza but a bucket of chocolate covered strawberries and a bottle of chilled Champaign on it. "Wow, that was quick," said Harry.

"There's a small kitchen on this floor," said the boy, "and you'd be surprised just how many people order pizza." The boy motioned at the strawberries and Champaign, "compliments of management," said the boy.

"How much?" asked Harry

"No charge right now sir," said the boy, it'll be added to your final bill,"

"Great," said Harry a bit sarcastically. He handed the boy a 5 pound note any way. After pulling the cart into the room he closed the door.

Ginny quickly came running, taking the pizza off the cart and walking over to the bed. She had found the remote and held it up for Harry to see. "What's this?" she asked.

"It's called a remote control," said Harry, "it turns that on and off," said Harry pointing at the TV.

"Oh, that's a Telemavision isn't it?" asked Ginny, a bit more excited than Harry had expected her to be.

"Yes," said Harry lying down next to her and taking a piece of pizza. He took a bite and was surprised at how good it was.

"Can we watch something on it?" asked Ginny, taking a huge bite out of her already half finished piece of pizza.

"Sure," said Harry, taking the remote and turning on the TV. It was mid day so the only things on were

news shows, but Ginny was still very impressed by them

"Are there any movies?" asked Ginny.

"I'm sure there are," said Harry, flipping to the channel guide. After a quick search he found a movie that was about to start.

The happy couple sat on the bed, eating pizza and watching the movie for the next half hour. When they had finished the pizza Ginny grabbed the remote and turned the TV off. "You ready for more Mr. Potter she asked seductively, standing up and letting the robe drop to the floor.

Harry just nodded, feeling himself harden almost immediately.

"I'll take that as a yes," said Ginny, looking down at Harry's tented boxers. She leaned down and pulled them off and soon was on top of Harry, fucking him again.

For the next two days Harry and Ginny stayed in their room, either eating, sleeping or fucking each other. On the third day Ginny decided it was time for them to do a bit of site seeing so they did. They went to all the standard muggle spots in Sidney, spending two days wandering the city, going to whatever museums and tourist spots they could find.

On the fifth day they checked out of the hotel they had been staying in and traveled to North Queensland, where they stayed in a seaside resort that was a hotspot for Scuba Divers. The resort offered lessons for people who had never been diving and Harry decided that a day or two out on the reef with Ginny would be perfect.

They spent their first and second days at the resort learning to scuba dive, and their first and second nights fucking like rabbits. Ginny found the scuba lessons extremely exciting, although not as exciting as the sex.

On the first day, as the instructor was telling the class how to use the breathing apparatus, Ginny leaned over to Harry and said, "We could just use the bubble head charm, or gully weed."

Harry smiled and leaned over to his wife, "we could," he said, "but there are two problems. One we said we were going to only use magic to travel on our Honeymoon, and two there are a lot of people swimming out on the reef, and what do you think they'd say if they saw two people with bubbles over their heads or with gills?"

"You have a point," said Ginny smiling, "And I'm sure Dad would love to hear stories about all of this stuff."

"Yeah, he would," said Harry, an even larger smile coming to his face as he kissed his wife's forehead.

After the scuba lessons Harry and Ginny signed up for a three day boat tour of the Great Barrier Reefs.

The tour guide was a girl who was, at most, a year older than Harry. She introduced herself as Isy, giving no last name. They met her as they were getting on the boat with 3 other couples.

Upon seeing her Harry couldn't help but think that the girl belonged in the water. Her body was thin, the wet suit she wore only served to add to the impression of Isy as a human shaped fish.

About an hour after Harry and Ginny got on the boat they set sail. Izy was not only going to be guiding them through the reefs on the dives, but she was also driving the boat and apparently cooking.

It took the boat about an hour to get out to the reef, after that everybody spent a few hours in the water, the reef looked amazing in the mid day sun. After everybody got out of the water Isy told everybody to get some rest, they'd be doing a late night dive and it would be dangerous if everybody hadn't gotten sleep.

That night's dive was amazing; the animals out on the reef were completely different at night. Some of them were beautiful and Ginny became absolutely transfixed by some of the sights.

After the dive Harry and Ginny decided to sit out on the deck while the other couples went down to their cabins. Half an hour after the other couples went down below Isy came over and sat across from Harry and Ginny. "I know who you are," she said simply.

Harry and Ginny had agreed to take their Honeymoon without magic, but neither was naive enough to think that they could do without their wands. In less than a second both Ginny and Harry had their wands out and pointed at the young woman sitting in front of them.

Isy slowly raised her hands defensively. "I'm not going to hurt you," she said.

"How do we know?" asked Harry, his wand crackling with red sparks, the beginnings of a disarming charm ready.

"If I had wanted to kill you all I would have had to do was cause a small malfunction with your equipment," said Isy.

Harry didn't lower his wand and the sparks shooting from the end of it didn't dissipate, but the expression on his face seemed to soften, "You could have, but it may have looked suspicious if we both had equipment failures."

"True," said Isy, "How about I give you my wand?"

"Alright," said Harry. As Isy started to reach for an inner pocket in the coat she was wearing Harry held his hand up and the sparks on his wand intensified, "No," he said, "I'll get it." Harry reached over and pulled the wand out of Isy's pocket. Only then did he lower his wand. "I'll admit, the fact that you're talking to us does give me cause to think you're a friend, but you could be doing that just to put me off guard."

"I'm a friend," said Isy simply.

Harry looked the young woman up and down, apprising her with the eye he had gained for evil in the last 8 years. "I guess if you were going to hurt us with magic it would be easier to wait until the end of the trip. So we're going to keep your wand until then."

"That's fine with me, I can get buy fine without magic," said Isy.

"Now that was unexpected," said Harry, putting Isy's wand in the 'shoulder holster' that he had for his wand.

"I was born to muggle parents," said Isy, starting an explanation, "after I finished magic school I decided to live as a muggle, using magic only for stuff that I couldn't do without it. I have a muggle job, I travel by car and I use muggle money. But I still get the wizard paper delivered and keep up with current events in the wizarding world."

"Alright, that explains how you know us, and why you don't need your wand. But why are you reveling yourself now?" asked Ginny

"Because of the exchange we just had with the wands," said Isy, "I knew that would probably happen; that and the fact that I wasn't planning on reveling myself at all. I didn't think there would be enough time with you two alone that I'd be able to give you a full explanation as to why you should trust me."

"And why should we trust you?" asked Harry, his wand lowered but still in his hand.

"Because," said Isy sweetly, "I'm a huge fan of you and your friends. And I'm here, on this boat with you. I'm the only one for almost a hundred miles that you can talk to about the wizarding world."

Harry and Ginny looked at each other, and silently agreed that it would be nice to have somebody to talk to about the wizarding world.

Harry, Ginny and Isy spent the next hour and a half talking about the wizarding community in Australia. Isy suggested a few wizarding tourist stops they should see before leaving the country; while Harry and Ginny recounted the final battle with Voldemort to Isy.

"Oh my god, your lives sound so exciting," said Isy after Harry and Ginny told her what they were going to be doing with their lives after the honeymoon.

"Well, I guess that's one way to put it," said Harry. "But to tell the truth I would give about anything to have the friends I lost back," said Harry a sad look in his eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Isy, "I didn't mean to suggest that what you had to go through was fun, I just mean what you're going to do sounds so interesting, it'll always be new. Not like this, I basically do the same thing every week. I dive for three days with four stupid couples. Most of who don't know the first thing about diving."

"So why don't you get a different job?" asked Ginny, "because I love diving and this is about the only way that I could get to dive. Any other jobs that would let me dive require a college degree, and I went to Wizarding School so I don't have one of those."

"Well why not get a wizarding job?" asked Harry.

"Because there are no jobs that allow me to dive," said Isy.

"Oh," said Ginny.

"Well I just wanted to say hello and introduce myself," said Isy, "you better get to sleep soon, and we're going to have a very difficult dive tomorrow."

"Thanks," said Ginny.

Soon the young couple went down to their bunks, and was asleep in seconds.

The next two days were absolutely amazing. The reefs provided amazing combinations of color and shape. There was an unbelievable diversity of life on the reefs and Harry and Ginny could practically feel the magic of the reef as they swam among the different fishes.

Once the cruise, as Isy called it, was over Harry and Ginny spent one more night in the hotel.

As Harry opened the door to their hotel room Ginny went in and started to strip. "I'm going to take a shower; all that salt water has me feeling really grungy."

Harry just stared as his wife striped down to nothing. "I think I'll join you," he said as she turned to face him, her naked body practically begging to be fucked. Harry didn't move as his beautiful, naked, wife walked past him and into the bathroom, wiggling her naked ass at him. "You coming or what?" she asked over her shoulder just as she was about to close the door.

Harry just nodded and practically ripped his clothes off. Only a few seconds later he was in the bathroom with his wife. Both of them were naked and ready to go.

Ginny reached into the shower and turned on the water, making sure that it was hot. As she bent over Harry could see that her pussy juices were already starting to seep out of her pussy and drip down her legs.

After almost a year and a half of sex with Ginny, Harry could tell that she was teasing him, and he didn't mind one bit.

As soon as Ginny was done with the water she turned around and stepped over to Harry. She spoke very quietly in Harry's ear, getting close enough to him so that he could feel her breasts pressing up against him. "Do you want me Mr. Potter?" she purred, slowly massaging his semi-erect dick until it was as hard as it had ever been.

*Two can play at this game*, thought Harry. He reached out and put a hand on Ginny's wet pussy. "I've wanted you all day Mrs. Potter," he said, slipping one finger inside of her, "but I think the real question is whether or not you can handle me." With This Harry slipped another finger inside his wife's dripping slit and started to pump his hand so his fingers moved in and out of her cunt.

Ginny moaned as she felt Harry's fingers massaging her walls. She felt her juices running down her legs as Harry's fingers opened the flood gates of her desire. She could smell herself and could feel Harry's huge cock in her hands. And Ginny knew exactly what to do to that cock to make Harry blow his load all over her. Instead Ginny leaned her head on Harry's shoulder and put a hand on his chest. "Oh gods, fuck me Harry, please," Ginny practically begged her husband.

"Alright," Harry whispered in her ear, and with that he grabbed her by the ass and picked her up. He carried her into the shower and once they were under the hot stream of water, with her legs wrapped around him, he pushed his dick into her waiting, wet pussy and started to fuck her.

Ginny loved the feeling of Harry's cock inside her. She loved how it felt to have her husband's hard meat pumping in and out of her wet, needy pussy and to feel his hand rubbing up against her clit.

Harry quickly pushed Ginny up against the wall of the shower. He removed his hand from her clit and moved the shower head so that the hot water would still be running over their bodies.

As Harry started to pump in and out of Ginny faster and faster she felt her orgasm building. Once Harry got going as fast as he could Ginny was teetering on the edge of pure ecstasy. All it usually took to push Ginny over the edge at this point was Harry kissing her neck, which he didn't do. Instead he continued to pound her tight cunt for the next half hour, keeping Ginny on the edge of orgasm the whole time. Then Harry finally did start kissing her neck, right over the pulse point, her favorite spot.

One of the best orgasms Ginny had ever had suddenly exploded through her body. As her pussy spasmed she could feel Harry starting to release himself into her, causing her to cum even harder.

Ginny and Harry slowly sank down to the floor of the shower, where Ginny sat orgasming for the next 10 minutes. Once it was over Ginny just sat there, the hot water melting away the tightness her muscles felt after being held up against the wall. She just sat there in her beautiful husband's arms, wishing the feeling of pure happiness would never end.

"I love you Gin" Harry whispered in her ear.

Ginny was too lost in the pure afterglow of sex to respond coherently. Instead she just snuggled closer to Harry, knowing he would know what it meant.

Ginny figured she must have fallen asleep in Harry's arms because the next thing she remembered was waking up in bed with Harry's arms wrapped around her while he slept. Ginny went back to sleep happy and very much in love.

The next morning Harry and Ginny checked out of the hotel. There weren't any truly secluded spots for them to hide while they used the portkey to get home so they enlisted the help of Isy, the only magical being they knew about within a hundred miles. Isy took them, by boat, to a secluded cove that was completely out of view from the hotel. They got there with about a minute to spare before the portkey was set to transport them back home.

"Thank you so much for this," said Ginny as she pulled the teddy bear out of their bag.

"It's no problem," said Isy, "It's not often that I get to help out a fellow witch or wizard."

"Well thank you anyway," said Harry, taking a tight hold on Ginny's hand and the suitcase that all their stuff was in. "If you're ever in London, look us up," Harry said as the portkey started to glow blue.

"I will," said Isy, waving as the blue glow from the portkey got brighter and brighter.

Harry and Ginny were holding the teddy bear between themselves and were kissing passionately as the blue glow engulfed them and jerked them back to England, and home.