

Something To Cling To

by GinnyW

HBP Spoilers Harry is still determined to keep Ginny out of the fight with Voldemort until she corners him one night at the Burrow. PWP with a small plot. *one-shot*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer : I solemnly swear that I am up to no good. JK Rowling owns it all, but I promise to clean-up her characters and return them in like-new condition when I am done with them. *HBP Spoilers*

Special thanks to JackieJLH for stepping in and beta reading this for me! She did an amazing job!

It was finally over. The war, that is. She'd been waiting for this day for so long the freedom of their world, out from under the thumb of He-Who-Must-Not-Be Named. There was a time that they had never believed the side of light would win. With the dementors and Inferi that had freely roamed the lands after Dumbledore's death, their only hope had been Harry Potter.

Harry.

She had understood when he had said that they could not be together while he was fighting You-Know-Who. He had broken her heart that day. She never cried in front of him, but at home, in the privacy of her own room, the tears fell freely.

Since that day, she'd been alone and waiting. Four months ago she went to him. He'd just come back from his search for the sixth Horcrux. He, Ron, and Hermione were trying to regroup; their search for the latest artifact had not produced any results. Ginny hated it when the three of them met at the Burrow, instead of at Grimmauld Place. Harry would not allow her to be part of their meetings, claiming that he wanted her to 'stay safe'. When they were worn out from discussing their next plan of attack, Ron and Hermione would take off alone together. Harry would continue his planning alone, dutifully ignoring Ginny except for the occasional simple smile and sad eyes.

At their last meeting at the Burrow, she had become fed up and finally approached him.

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"Harry," she said, smirking as she saw him jump in surprise. "You need my help," she stated matter-of-factly.

He turned around and looked at her. It killed him to see her; each time, his heart broke a little bit more. He had spent so long oblivious to the wondrous things about her...how could he have ever been so blind? "We're fine, Ginny. You need to stay out of it; it's too dangerous."

This was what she'd expected from him. She crossed her arms in front of her and glared down at him. "That nobility crap was barely tolerable three years ago," she snapped. "I am anything but a child and I have proven that I can hold my own."

Harry sighed, rested his elbow on the table, and placed his face in his hand. "I can't let anything happen to you, Gin. Please."

"Harry James Potter! You need my help and you're going to let me do it!" she yelled. "And," she continued, "you're going to quit keeping me at arms length. I put up with this before, but frankly, I've grown sick of it. /know where to look for the sixth Horcrux, Harry." She let those words settle before she continued her rant. "Besides, I am not going to watch the one man that I love go off condemning himself to death without ever once shagging him righteously!"

She would relish the shocked look on his face until the day she died. She'd always been stubborn, but she had left him alone out of respect. She couldn't do it anymore. She needed him. The things that he, her brother, and Hermione had been doing had been dangerous, but now that they were so near the end, she knew that there was a very real possibility that he could lose his life.

Harry, for his part, just stared at her open-mouthed. When she had started her yelling, he had snapped his gaze back on her, but he really had not expected her to say the things that she had. He decided to broach the safer topic first. "What do you know about the Horcrux?" he asked.

Ginny allowed a small quirk of her lips. He'd avoided her issue about 'shagging', but he was at least asking her opinion. She sat down at the table next to him and began talking.

First they discussed her theory about the sixth Horcrux, as well as her theory on how You-Know-Who must be killed. Once Harry agreed that her speculations had merit, they began talking about other things. He started to share some of the details of the adventures that he, Ron, and Hermione had been on during the last couple of years. She'd heard snips of the stories before, but after listening to Harry talk, she knew that the stories were all greatly glossed over, leaving out many of the more frightening details. *If Mum knew even a word of this, she'd never allow any of them to leave the house again!*

Ginny told him things about her job at the Ministry of Magic. He seemed surprised by many of the things that she had to say. She suddenly realized that he had still been seeing her as the sixteen-year-old that he left standing by the lake at Hogwarts.

She gazed into his brilliant green eyes; she had missed staring into their depths. She slowly reached up her hand, removed his glasses, and placed them on the table. Quietly, she reached up her hand again and ran her fingers through his unruly black hair.

Harry watched her closely as she removed his glasses, and tried to still the nervous rolling he began to feel in the pit of his stomach. When her fingers came up to his head, he closed his eyes and relaxed into her touch.

Ginny became emboldened by his acquiescence. She leaned in and kissed him chastely on the mouth. Harry's eyes flew open, and just when she thought that he was going to turn her away, he pulled her head to his and began to assault her lips with his own. He quickly deepened the kiss, exploring her mouth with his tongue. The kiss was needy; all of their combined feelings of love, lust, desire, fear, and pain were evident in each nip, lick, and suck.

His one hand stayed firmly at the back of her neck as he reached his other hand towards her body, and he suddenly became aware of their awkward angle. He slowly released the pressure on the back of her neck and they broke from their kiss, panting shallowly. He stared into her hazel eyes. "Where can we go so I can 'shag you righteously'?"

Ginny grinned and pulled back from him. She stood up and took his hand, leading him upstairs to her room. They entered her childhood bedroom and warded the door. Harry pulled her over to her bed and began kissing her feverishly. One hand firmly rubbed her back as he snaked his other hand around her front and up to her breast. He quickly became frustrated with the clothing covering her body. Three years of trying to ignore her had done nothing but make him want her more. Now he did not think that he could wait any longer.

"Too many clothes," he muttered against her mouth. He started nipping at her lower lip and trailing kisses to the hollow of her ear. Ginny let out a small moan as she forced herself to focus. She reached a hand into her robes and pulled out her wand, quickly spelling off their clothing. She was unable to hold back a small giggle at Harry's groan, caused by being so close to the naked woman he had been dreaming about.

His hand cupped and squeezed her breast, occasionally brushing his thumb against the stiff peak. He pulled her onto the bed, splaying her out beneath him. Kissing her mouth and then moving his head down, he placed soft kisses on her neck and chest. He reached her breast, placed his mouth on her pert nipple, and began to lick, suck, and softly bite. The moans of pleasure that this elicited from her pleased him.

Harry slowly trailed kisses down her flat stomach, and detoured to her thigh when he reached her patch of red curls. Another moan of frustration came from her lips as he kissed her inner thighs. She instinctively raised her legs, parting them further. She let out a gasp as his mouth found her clit and he flicked his tongue across it. He chuckled softly at her reaction and repeated the movement with his tongue. Before she could say anything about his teasing, his mouth was upon her nub fully.

Her brain was nearly beyond the ability to think clearly, but one thought made itself painfully clear: *Where the bloody hell did you learn how to do that, Harry Potter?*

While his tongue worked on her clit, Harry brought his fingers to her entrance. He slid two fingers carefully along the outside and began to play with her opening. He plunged one finger inside of her, and soon another, thus eliminating all other thoughts from her mind.

She felt a growing tingle at her center that quickly grew, and finally exploded throughout her body. Her legs shook as her channel contracted around his fingers.

Harry slowly pulled back from her, a silly grin plastered on his face. He moved his way up her body and kissed her lips softly. It was a rare thing to see Ginny Weasley without a retort or saucy remark; she was still trying to catch her breath as she came down from her euphoric high.

She looked at him, his green eyes dancing mischievously. She pulled his mouth back to her own and kissed him heatedly, tasting herself on him. She was surprised how much her own musky taste excited her. Her orgasm had not sated her; she wanted nothing more than for him to fill her. His cock brushed along her folds, increasing her desire even more. "Please, Harry," she finally begged.

He brought his hand down between them and positioned his penis at her entrance. He looked into her eyes as he slowly eased into her. She winced at the minor burning and stinging. She ran her hands down along his lower back and grabbed his bum tightly, encouraging him to thrust hard to end the pain sooner. She let out a small cry as he broke through her maidenhead, and he stopped, a look of concern on his face. She gave him a small grin and nodded. "I'm alright now," she said as the stinging eased. He took a couple of small tentative strokes and, at her encouragement, began to strengthen and quicken his pace.

She brought her legs up and wrapped them around his waist as she moved her hands up his back. His thrusts quickened and he brought one hand down between them, beginning to rub her nub as the tightening of a new orgasm began to build deep within her. She began to dig her nails into his skin as she arched her back and cried out his name.

Harry followed her quickly. It had taken every ounce of willpower to hold out for her orgasm. As soon as he had entered her tight, gripping channel, he had been ready to spill into her. He'd had to think of the most horrid things (not hard ... he imagined all of those years in Hagrid's Care of Magical Creatures class) to keep from coming too soon. When he felt the seizures of her walls, all of his attention was on her. The one woman he had been longing for, since his sixth year at school. He allowed his release to come at last, spilling his seed deep within her, her name falling from his lips.

He moved to lay beside and pulled her close, her backside pulled up tight against his body. He clung to her as if his life depended upon it.

"My God, Harry. I'm not sure I want to know the answer to this...but where did you learn to do that?" she whispered.

Harry smiled and spoke softly into her ear, "Let's just say that I accidentally walked in on your brother and Hermione a few months back. It's amazing how many things you can learn just by watching."

She swatted his arm. "Thanks for that image. You're not a regular voyeur, are you, Harry?"

"Don't worry; it was only once, and they never knew I was there." He chuckled.

He had spent the night with her, and the next morning the 'trio' had taken off to pursue investigating the theories that Ginny had given Harry. They would not allow her to go, quoting some tripe about needing her to continue looking at new theories from her end. They believed that she never would have learned the information she'd found if she had been running around with them. But she was certain that she was right (take that, 'know-it-all' Granger). She knew where they needed to go to find the final Horcrux, and she knew what they needed to do to kill the bastard who'd made it once and for all. Their excuse was all just another ploy to 'keep her safe'.

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It was four months later, and Ginny had been right ... the information that she'd given Harry helped them find the sixth Horcrux. After that task was complete, however, they did not return to the Burrow. They had holed themselves up at Grimmauld Place to plan their final encounter with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. No one in the Order was privy to this; they thought that the trio was still running around looking for artifacts.

The Wizarding world was oblivious to the tiny group's plans to go after You-Know-Who, but everyone seemed to know the instant that he finally fell ... for good this time.

They'd survived.

The Order could breathe a sigh of relief. Snape had been the determining factor; he had been with that evil megalomaniac when Harry's group went after him, and Snape was the one that ensured their victory.

The fact that Harry had come through this alive was a miracle. An even bigger miracle was that no one required any medical help. Ginny could barely keep the tears from flowing with joy. The four of them had returned to the Burrow, where Order members were gathering to congratulate them. Ginny just sat in the corner of the room, and watched as they welcomed Snape back into their fold and praised Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

Her eyes followed him through the crowd. She loved the way that his hair looked like he just gotten off of his broom, and she shuddered, imagining running her fingers through it again. She could see his brilliant green eyes dancing in the firelight, and a pleased grin appeared on her face when those eyes met hers.

Harry stopped talking to Remus the moment that their eyes locked. He made his way across the room, weaving through the crowd of people. He stopped before her and his mouth descended on hers, locking them in a fierce kiss. The tears streamed down her face mercilessly.

After several long moments they broke from their embrace. Harry leaned his forehead against hers.

"I'm home," he said. "Will you still have me?"

Ginny sniffed and smiled. "Of course. I love you, Harry."

"I love you, too, Ginny," he replied before he leaned in and kissed her again.

A/N: This was written solely because Mugglegirl0908 was bored and asked if someone would write her some new smut. Smut is not my specialty, but for some reason a rabid plot bunny bit and this was the result. (Thanks for the inspiration and brainstorming, Candace.) However, since this is porn with a touch of plot, please forgive the unreal sex god/virgin, because who really wants to read about mediocre sex in a PWP?