

# Mine

by Gemmika

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*The creature in his chest roaring in triumph, he grinned down at Ginny and gestured wordlessly out of the portrait hole. A long walk in the grounds seemed indicated, during which — if they had time — they might discuss the match. — HBP U.S. version pg 534*

Harry and Ginny raced out of the castle, their hands clutched tightly together, as if they were afraid to let go for fear of losing each other. Harry was breathing hard, both from the shock and excitement of what had just happened and from running so hard and fast. He was surprised that they weren't caught by Filch or even one of the teachers. Luck seemed to be on their side as they exited the castle without being stopped once.

They burst out into the sunlight, not knowing exactly where they were headed, but their feet seemed to understand what their minds didn't. In a matter of minutes they were strolling by the lake, still holding hands, ending up under the large beech tree there. The moment they stopped to look at the view, Harry turned his gaze on her.

She was looking up at him with her wide chocolate brown eyes, and he put his hand to the side of her face. It was so nice to be able to look at her without worrying about a jealous Dean looking over his shoulder at them. She was so beautiful, so wonderful. How had he been so blind all these years?

"I don't know, Harry. I've been waiting for you to figure that out," Ginny said in a breathless and teasing voice. It took a moment to register that he had spoken his thought aloud. A blush traveled quickly up his cheeks, and he tried to pull his hand away from hers. Ginny was quicker, and she gripped his hand firmly in hers, squeezing it gently.

Harry felt the monster in his chest roar with happiness at the feeling of her hand in his. He looked down at her parted lips and a disjointed memory of their kiss came back to him. He could remember the feel of her lips under his, how soft and sweet they were. He bent his head down, and before she could say another word, he caught her lips with his.

The kiss wiped all other thoughts from both of their minds. Harry never wanted to think again. All he wanted was to keep on kissing her. It was like an addicting drug; the more he got the more he wanted it. He felt Ginny let go of his hand and wind her arms around his neck, drawing him closer to her. He returned the favor by wrapping his arms tightly around her waist and pulling her against him.

He lost all his inhibitions and shyness with her. It was a new feeling, one he reveled in. He didn't want to be shy with Ginny; all he wanted was for the bursting feeling in his chest to remain forever. He wanted to hold her forever, to never let her go.

Ginny broke off the kiss and laid her cheek against his chest. They were breathing hard, their feelings too raw and amazing to be voiced aloud, their bodies tingling with the after affects of the kiss. They remained pressed together, forming a solid line where they met. It was the most comfortable Harry had ever felt. He could have been rooted to the spot for the rest of eternity, and as long as she was in his arms, he would be completely content with his lot in life.

He rested his cheek against the top of her head and smiled euphorically. He knew he didn't deserve her or anything she was willing to give him. His life would include or

end in murder; he didn't want her involved in that. Yet... with her in his arms he couldn't bring himself to care about Voldemort. All he wanted to think about was how right she felt in his arms. She had just filled in the missing piece of his life, the piece he didn't even know was missing. He felt something on his chest and looked down. Ginny was making small circles there with her index finger. It was in this second that reality finally set in and he understood the enormity of what had happened.

He had kissed Ginny Weasley; he was holding her in his arms.

Harry was speechless. His dream, his fantasy for the past year had finally come true. It was a reality. He saw that she was biting her lip, looking almost nervous. She seemed to feel his eyes on her, for she looked up at him. The moment their eyes met Harry felt a jolt of electricity run through his body. She did things to him that he hadn't imagined possible before she came along.

"I fancy you, Harry," she said softly. She had a fistful of his shirt in her hand, and she was wringing it nervously. Harry wasn't quite sure how to respond to those words. He had wanted to hear them for so long! Though after their two very passionate kisses he felt it was almost redundant. If she hadn't fancied him and kissed him that way, then she wouldn't have been the girl he thought he knew.

"I fancy you too, Ginny," he said with a grin. Ginny loosened her hold on his shirt a bit, but didn't let it go. She seemed to have been waiting for him to say that. She needed words, just as he did. He knew it was stupid of him to want to ask her now when he already knew the answer, but he wanted it to be official.

"Ginny?" Harry asked softly.

Her eyes met his and she smiled at him. "What, Harry?"

"Will you be my girlfriend?"

Harry couldn't understand why he was nervous. She said that she fancied him. She had even kissed him. What more did he need? He needed to hear the words.

Ginny was silent for a moment as she looked into his eyes, as if she were searching his soul. A smile began to grow on her face; it started at her lips and began to kiss her skin softly working its way up to her eyes. She was glowing with her happiness, Harry realized. She could light up a room with her smile. "Took you long enough," she finally whispered.

Harry was momentarily stunned by her answer. How could she give him a lecture now? Yet as he thought about it more and more it seemed so much like Ginny. Only she would berate him for making her wait so long. He wanted to hear her say yes though, so he decided to tease her into it. She wouldn't be expecting it from him. It might work.

Harry sighed dejectedly and pulled away from her, stuffing his hands in his pockets. Ginny looked puzzled for a moment, and then she folded her arms over her chest and waited for an explanation. Harry decided that he had confused her enough. Now it was time to tease her. "How will I look going back into the common room and telling everyone you rejected me?" They both stared at each other for a moment before Ginny reacted.

A choked giggle came from her mouth a split second before she threw herself into his arms. He caught her and wrapped his arms tightly around her, pulling her close to him again. "Yes, Harry, I will be your girlfriend," he heard her say, and he couldn't contain himself. He let out a roar of happiness and spun her around in his arms.

He put her back down on the ground, and they grinned at each other. It had finally happened. They were together. Harry tilted her chin up and looked deeply into her soft brown eyes. He bent down and pressed another kiss to her soft swollen lips. She was his and he would never let her go.