

Can't Cry Hard Enough

by Gelsey

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He thrust into her hard, feeling her sink slightly into the mud underneath her robe. Rain pelted down on his clothed back, sticking his Quidditch robes to his skin as water seeped into her robes from the wet ground under her.

Her strong fingers clutched and threatened to rip his well made uniform, giving it back as roughly as he gave it out. Their lips crashed together, biting, nipping, a dark, frantic battle of coarse need and frightful want.

His arm looped under her leg, hiking it up, and he increased the pace, making her throw back her head. Water dripped from his wet hair, around his one ear and into the hole of his missing one, and down his cheeks onto her face in drops and thin streams in a much gentler counterpoint of their joining.

"Fred, Fred, Fred," Angelina panted, a flash of lightning illuminating her dark skin, shadows still hiding the faint smattering of freckles across her nose.

George came with an incoherent shout, pulsing into her hot depths, the cold rain an almost pleasant contrast on his back.

He held himself over her for a long moment, eyes closed so he wouldn't have to look her in the eyes. He couldn't see that she was doing the same thing. Finally he rose, tidying his soaked clothing, and helped her up to do the same. They didn't say a word and avoided catching the other's gaze.

And if they both had tears dripping down their cheeks, well, the rain hid the evidence away.

~o0o~

The two teams passed each other in a line, one side smiles and the other side disappointed sighs, but both easy and generous with handshakes and murmurs of "good game, good job."

George's Beater bat dangled loosely from the hand he wasn't using to shake with. His eyes met the deep brown ones of the opponent Chaser who was next in line, and simultaneously their gazes flicked away from each other. It was rather noticeable to all that the black Chaser and redhead Beater muttered a barely audible "congratulations" and "thank you," respectively and released hands with an extremely cursory handshake.

"What was that about?" hissed Sandy Capper, one of Angelina's Harpy teammates, as they headed to the locker room. Angelina turned an innocent gaze to her fellow Chaser and smile quizzically.

"What was what?" she asked.

"You know what I'm talking about," Capper said, still whispering. She was surprised to see Angelina's eyes grow moist and flick to the floor.

Her throat was obviously tight as she replied, "Nothing. Just some old history between us." Her teammate didn't know what to say, but she remembered the vague rumor of Angelina's boyfriend who had been killed during the war. He had been a redhead, hadn't he?

In corresponding locker rooms across the way, George went mechanically about undressing and grabbed a clean towel, heading toward the showers. "Hey, mate," called Nathaniel Nott, his Beater partner on the Magpies. "What was that all about in the line? Was that the chick who wet your robes so thoroughly last night?" He gave a suggestive wiggle of his eyebrows.

Nott was surprised to find himself pushed up against the lockers, George's forearm across his throat. "Hey!" he rasped, pushing at the freckled limb. Off the pitch, George was usually easy-going.

"Don't go there," George said in a low, threatening rasp. Everyone watched the scene for a moment, still and shocked, before George left, stalking to the shower. Nathan was the only one close enough to see that there had been a shine of unshed tears in his teammate's eyes.

~o0o~

They saw each other again during a conference in Quebec. Their greeting was as cool as the brisk fall weather, but their eyes lingered with the past heat of the hottest summer. He came into the Quodpot seminar at the last moment and slid into a seat without looking, only to find he'd chosen the seat next to her, one of the few left. His skin tingled where their shoulders nearly touched.

Later, she stood next to him, shouting into the debate over the newest foul: flashing. Some of the women of the Heidelberg Harriers had started the practice and stunning their male opponents with the sight while their Chasers scored, and several other teams had been trying to get away with it as well. It was simultaneously considered scandalous, but also, it was argued, not technically doing anything against the rules. Its banning was highly controversial.

And that night he saw her sneaking into the Canadian Quidditch Museum and he followed her past the Anciente Quaffles and one old, lankly feathered stuffed Golden Snidget, right near the traveling display of record-making wizard-made Snitch catches, including Roderick Plumpton's three-and-a-half-second fastest-ever capture on loan from the British Quidditch Museum.

She stood there, back to him, peering down at the dully gleaming, record-making Snitch. He had a feeling she didn't see it. George came up behind her, noticing the tension in her back and shoulders, and rested his hands on her waist first before pulling her back against him.

They needed no words, and she turned, her head tilted up and her lips seeking his. He pressed her up against the glass case, and her hands fumbled at the trousers he wore under his robes, and it wasn't long before she was muffling moans against his neck.

And though they were pressed so tightly together that nothing should have been able to fit between them, their mutual loss writhed at every touch, squirmed and wriggled as they tried to suffocate it in between their passion with their bodies.

The soul-deep pain was worth the connection. That intimate connection bound them together, a connection they could get no where else.

He played Quidditch because Fred had loved Quidditch. He hit Bludgers because it felt good.

He loved Angelina because Fred had loved Angelina. He fucked her because it felt good.

George suspected it was the same for her...their pains were twins like he and Fred had been. It was an intuition that couldn't be wrong.

And when they were both satisfied, when the frantic need had been sated for now with Fred's name falling from her lips, they stayed hooked together for a long moment, sweat-dampened temples resting against each other, tear-stained cheeks gently touching, salty liquid mixing.

George finally released her, and Fred stretched between them like an impassable ravine. It left them quiet, unspeaking, as if they wouldn't be heard by the other if they spoke because of the immense distance. Once again their eyes fled contact, and Angelina left first.

George leaned back against the wall he'd taken her against and slid slowly down, sitting there in the shadowy darkness, so alone and isolated without his brother that he couldn't cry hard enough to get over it.

~o0o~

Since the end of the war, every three or four years the Headmistress opened the Hogwarts Quidditch Pitch for a professional demonstration, and this year the Holyhead Harpies and the Montrose Magpies were invited, as they were two of the top teams in the British and Irish League.

Neither George nor Angelina had been back since that devastating night of the last battle. Several of their teammates hadn't either, so it was a homecoming fraught with tension from many sides. For once, their eyes weren't furtively on each other, not like they always were when they encountered each other on the circuit.

No, those past times had always been frantic, seeking, trying to fill the voids in both of them and never succeeding. They came together in locker rooms, the stands, anywhere. Never speaking, only Fred's name between them. It was simultaneously a well kept and ill kept secret, one their teammates learned not to mention and managed, somehow, to keep out of the papers.

This time was different. Hogwarts was the root of much of their pain, and instead of need there was fear and trepidation.

But Hogwarts was long since repaired, the scars of the past repaired and already faded by time and weather into almost complete obscurity, unless you knew where to look.

George and Angelina knew. Their eyes sought out the tower, the practically unnoticeable place where the wall had fallen in, striking from the world their other half.

Who knew if it was contrived by their teammates, an unconscious move, or merely chance at its finest, but they found themselves next to each other near the entrance. Hidden to the world beneath their finest uniforms, their fingers, one set pale and freckled, the other slim and dark, twined together like coffee and cream, an anchor to the world.

The star-filled night found George out on the far end of the Quidditch Pitch where his old Quidditch team used to hang out at times, listening (or making fun of) the team Captain's plans or inspirational speeches. His eyes were glued on the tower he could still see from here, though the healed section that had taken his brother's life couldn't be picked out from this distance or darkness.

And then she was there, sitting next to him, almost like the magic they took for granted every day. The silence was familiar and strangely comfortable.

"George."

He visibly started at his name falling from her lips, something he couldn't remember happening for many years. He surprised himself by replying. "Angelina." He hadn't spoken her name in about as long, either.

"I miss him." They said this together, but that seemed right somehow.

George looked over at her, face even paler than normal in the moonlight, freckles washed away. The tears in his eyes spilled over and gleamed silver. Her cheeks shone

with similar wetness.

He leaned over and pressed his lips softly to hers, and this time they lingered. Then they were both sobbing, clinging to each other and sobbing deep, gut-wrenching sobs. Crying so hard that they could not breathe. They held each other and cried, rocking on the cool ground of past victories.

When the crying was done, he wiped her eyes and she wiped his, and they Conjured handkerchiefs for each other. George pulled her back against his side, kissing her gently once again, but it remained only that, a kiss. They stayed that way for a long time, the stars turning and the moon tracing its path across the sky.

When the weak pre-dawn light snuck in and started to paint the castle, they finally rose, leaning on each other as they walked back inside to prepare for the day.

~oOo~

He thrust into her with long, slow strokes, taking his time and trying to draw out every moan and sigh he could. The soft bed cushioned her hips and the headboard rocked softly in time to their motions.

Her fingers roamed his bare back, trailing warmth and desire through him, thick and warm. Their lips played, roamed, tongues stroking in erotic counterpoint to other pleasurable motions. The tempo slowly increased, her sounds growing louder, as well as his.

"George, George, George," she panted, candlelight gleaming golden bronze on her smooth skin, the faint freckles across her nose dancing as the wick fluttered in the faint stirring of air.

"Angie!" George called out as he came, feeling her hot walls tighten around him rhythmically, milking him to completion.

He held himself over her for a long moment, eyes fluttering open to meet her dark ones. He reached up and stroked her cheek softly, rolling to his side and pulling her with her. George stroked her side languidly as she cuddled into his chest.

He looked down, concerned when he heard a snuffle. A single tear tracked down her cheek. "What's wrong, luv?" he asked, propping himself up on one elbow.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. It's all just right."

A smile, wide and happy, pulled at his mouth. "I love you, Mrs Weasley," he said, brushing the tear from her cheek and dropping a kiss onto her mouth.

"Mrs George Weasley," she said firmly, her lips curving upward as well. "And I love you, too."

A/N: Thank you to my wonderful betas, Somigliana and Triskellion. The title came from the song of the same name by Bellfire. Written for Spewchallenges' (LJ community) Quidditch Challenge.