

A Very Curious Neighbor

by beaweasley2

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A Very Curious Neighbor

Chapter 1 of 2

What must it be like to live next door to the Weasleys?? Especially if you're already curious about one particular Weasley? George finds out just how curious one neighbor really is.

She stood at her sink doing her dishes, staring out the window, stunned. Deni had been watching a balloon float away up into the clouds when she spotted it. She wasn't sure, but it looked like a guy was riding on a... winged horse. Only this winged horse wasn't really a horse. The front was all wrong. In a swoop the animal was gone...in the grove of apple trees just beyond her garden fence. Deni was amazed.

Otter St Catchpole was a really nice little village: a post office, a stationary store and a nice little market. There was a clothing boutique, if you liked vintage style clothing, and two restaurants. One was a small place the locals frequented, and the other a nicer restaurant with linen on the tables. There was a very nice apple orchard behind her house, and not far away was Otter River where Deni liked to fish with her father or swim. And there was Stoa Hill, a nice place to go for hikes and an occasional picnic.

Her family had moved in only last summer, and already things occasionally caught her attention, things that were not, well, normal. Sometimes sitting at her window in her room, she thought she saw things: heads popping up over the apple trees, odd flashes of light, occasional puffs of oddly colored smoke, and she once thought she saw someone riding on a broom. Sometimes, she noticed cloaked figures quickly passing through the village, other times, people in odd combinations of clothes. And there were the Weasley boys, especially Fred and George Weasley. Full of pranks and mischief, some of the locals said. But Deni liked them, especially George.

Deni had seen George on several occasions, kind of stocky in a strong looking way with red hair, and his twin, who liked to come into the village to get stationary supplies. Well, it was Tammy they went to see most likely. She was a very pretty girl, with thick curly blonde hair and big deep blue eyes, so unlike Deni, with her long straight dark hair and silver-violet eyes. *Tammy is my friend*, Deni thought, *I shouldn't be so jealous of my best mate but...I wish...* Deni kicked at the floor. *I wish he noticed me, like the guys always noticed Tammy.*

George had spoken to her, of course, lots of times, teased her, and he had been really charming and all. He'd even kissed her, on the cheek actually. Deni wished she'd just turned her head a little, then it would have been a real kiss. Deni closed her eyes at the imaginary thought of kissing George Weasley.

Tammy had said she liked the other brother, Fred, because he could do magic tricks. Deni was certain that George could do every magic trick Fred could do. George was just as funny, just as handsome, and just as, well, cool.

Deni finished up and went upstairs to her room and changed into her white silky nightdress and matching robe. She pulled out her diary and was about to start writing her daily entry when a loud bang caught her attention. Looking out her bedroom window, there was an explosion of color. Fireworks! Fireworks in the sky: large long tails of silver stars were shooting in the air, bursting into huge chrysanthemums as another soared past. It was incredible! There were so many! It almost looked like each time a chrysanthemum burst, it sent off another blazing tail of silver stars that burst into another chrysanthemum, again and again. *But fireworks didn't do that did they?*

Deni slipped on her fluffy bunny slippers and ran from her room. From off in the distance, Deni could hear other doors slamming, dogs barking, and a baby crying in the village. The fireworks seemed to be coming from the big house on the other side of the apple orchard. That was the Weasley house! Without thinking, Deni ran into the orchard through the trees. She had to know.

Streamers of silver stars shot through the trees occasionally, and then shot up to burst over the tree tops. In a clearing in the orchard, Deni saw them. The twins were there with another man, older, with long shaggy dark hair, very thin, fighting what was...a winged horse-like, half eagle... thing, pulling on his rope. The fireworks must have startled the...creature, and it wanted to um, fly away, obviously.

"Calm down, Buckbeak, calm down, you're okay, now..." the man was saying as they struggled with um, it. "George, don't just stand there, do something!"

"Get that hippogriff under control, will you? Mum doesn't know you flew him here!" one of the twins was yelling. "Mum will have a fit enough about the fireworks!" A flash of light shot past the winged, horse-like animal, snapping its beak at the two guys, who were struggling to calm it.

"You had to demonstrate them, didn't you?" the other accused. "What was that spell you used, or should I say blundered, anyway? Don't stun him, George! I need ropes!" *He must be Fred then* Deni thought as she watched.

"I just wanted to show what they did!" George answered back as a potato-like lump appeared in his hand, squealing. *A potato squealing?* "Here, give him this!" he said, tossing the squealing lump at the animal. The huge beast must have seen the squealing potato and snapped it out of the air. Deni stood rooted watching.

"You were only supposed to light one!" the man said as he struggled with the creature.

"Alright already, so my spell went wrong, and we set off a show. Big deal!" George said as he caught another squealing potato mid air and tossed it to the creature.

"I'd hate to be in your shoes when you go back home. Your mum is going to really go off about this one!" the man said, side-stepping the front legs as the, talons (?) came down hard on the ground by his feet. Deni was completely transfixed on the scene before her.

Finally, it seemed that the man and the twins got that that hippo-something under control and were walking it back through the trees. Cautiously, Deni slipped around the tree she was hiding behind to watch the animal being lead away. Suddenly, one of the twins turned, holding a stick-like thing. He was pointing it at her, like a knife, as if he would fight her with it. Deni took a startled step back into the trees.

George stood there staring at her, taking in her appearance, from her fluffy bunny slippers, to her lace trimmed, white silky night dress and a matching robe, which hung open and billowed in the breeze. Deni laid her hand over the lace of her nightdress that covered her chest, blushing. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I should be asking you that question. At least I'm dressed for a walk in the orchard..." he said, smirking. "Not like some ghostly apparition, come to take my breath away. Well fit, by the way." Deni looked down and blushed even more as she quickly wrapped her robe around her. She could tell by his look, though, that he had had an eye full of her in her nightdress.

"I saw the fireworks, and I... wanted to see... your..." Deni stuttered, as he walked over to her. Her voice was uncertain, almost sounding like she was asking him.

"I'm George," he said as he walked up to her, his eyes boring into hers. "I imagine you like what you see then?"

"Yes, very much," she stated, looking at him, trapped in his stare. Deni shivered, more from his look than the mild night temperature.

"Maybe I should walk you back home?" George asked, his intense stare making her whole body feel exposed to the night air.

"Uh huh, I mean, yes, I'd like that," she said, never taking her eyes from his. She didn't move a step until he placed his hand on her arm. "Oh, yes, right. I live just through the trees that way."

"What was that creature?" Deni finally asked as they walked through the trees to her home. George tried to explain that it wasn't what she thought, but finally explained it was a hippogriff, an animal owned by his friend. Deni was fascinated by his explanation, and wanted to know more. "Do you want to come in?" she asked tentatively as they reached the kitchen door, hoping he'd say yes.

"Yes," he said, smiling at her, as he stepped into the spotless red and white kitchen.

"Do you want a glass of water?" she asked as he followed her. A cold pot of tea still sat on the unlit stove, a ridiculous fruit and spice blend Deni liked drinking over ice. "I would offer tea, but it's still seeping. I have soda if you'd like?" Deni chided herself, *I sound like a blooming idiot*, she thought as she bit her lower lip.

"Sure," George said casually, watching her. "I'll have a soda. You let your tea cool?" he asked, noticing the pot was full. Deni moved from the cupboard to the fridge and pulled out a can of soda handing it to him. Their fingers brushed as he took the can from her, and Deni felt an electric jolt by the contact. His fingers felt warm and strong, like he used his hands a lot.

"It's a tea I get from my cousin. I usually let it sit all night until it is really dark before drinking. That way the ice doesn't weaken the tea. I had it when our family went to Venice Beach."

"Venice? When did you go to Italy?" he asked impressed.

"No, actually Venice Beach is a town in California, the United States. My family went to visit family in California. I went to Venice Beach with my cousin. Ice?" she asked, turning around, holding two glasses, one full of ice.

"Sure, thank you," he said. Deni dropped several ice cubes into his glass, and then poured herself a glass of water. Her hands were shaking slightly and Deni hoped he hadn't noticed. *He's here, in my house, with me!* Deni was secretly *elated* came to mind actually.

He moved closer and was standing inches away as he took his glass from her. He had a smudge of dirt on his jaw, probably from dealing with his friend's pet ~~pet~~ *what did he call it? Oh, yeah, a hippogriff* "Where are you're parents now?" he asked.

"Mum is in Exeter, taking care of my grandmother; she fell, and can't get around. Dad is away on business. He'll be back by Monday," Deni said, trying to sound more casual than she felt.

George didn't back away as Deni intended to move toward the kitchen table, but where he was standing, he was blocking her. She sipped her water, hoping her hands were steadier than she felt.

George drank most of his soda in large gulps, watching her. "You know this is the first time I've been alone with you?" he said. "Are you scared?" His eyes were sparkling with mischief. The way his eyes roamed over her made her heart race and made her feel like she was glowing.

"No, should I be?" Deni asked, her stomach felt like rumbling knots, and she was wishing he would kiss her. Just as the thought ran through her head, George placed his free hand on her shoulder and leaned in to place his lips on hers.

The kiss was soft and warm, and Deni sighed as the kiss ended. Deni stood frozen, her eyes closed a second before it registered, and then she slowly opened her eyes to see him smiling at her.

George took her glass, and then set the two glasses on in the counter before turning and placing his hands on her waist, he pulled her toward him. His second kiss was just as soft and light as the first, then firmer. Deni slid her hands up his arms and around him to keep her balance as he deepened his kiss. She didn't even notice the tie on her robe coming undone as she did so.

Her robe slipped open, as his hands slid around her waist, and she moved into his embrace. *Oh, my God, he can kiss...* Her mind reeled as his mouth claimed hers. Deni slowly moved her hands, fingers played over his back and up his shoulders. His muscles rippled under her exploring touch.

They seemed to kiss for hours. George leaned against the kitchen counter as he held her, so that she was leaning against him and even when his hands began to roam over her, Deni didn't pull away. She even forgot she was still only wearing her nightdress and robe, standing in her fuzzy bunny slippers, in her family's kitchen.

Deni moaned as George trailed his kisses down her neck to her shoulder and back. His soft laugh was a purr against her lips. "Where is your room?" he asked seductively in her ear.

"Upstairs, second floor, to the right," she said, as his mouth covered hers, Deni pointed at the ceiling. "It's above the..." she never got the word out as he pulled her into his arms, and suddenly, she felt squeezed into him as if they were sliding through a straw and burst out again standing in her room. He held her as she caught her balance. "How? What? W-what happened?" she asked, confused.

"Just a bit of magic," George said as he steadied her on her feet. He was laughing at her, amused. "Scared?" George once again pulled her to him, kissing her soundly.

"But how did we..." Deni tried to ask, "get here...I mean..." between kisses.

"Don't worry about it. I told you, magic," George said, as his mouth claimed hers, silencing her concerns.

He stopped, looked at her as he brushed a strand of her hair off her cheek. His gaze left her face and surveyed her room, which was usually neat and tidy. Except that now the covers of her bed had been turned down, and her desk was covered with her schoolwork and her diary, which lay open. She watched George as he surveyed her room, noting the look he gave her trundle bed with its shiny brass frame wrapping around three sides.

"You have a very nice room," he said simply. "Looks like you were ready for bed," he said mockingly as he swooped her up and placed her squarely on her bed. Deni started to protest when she heard his shoes hit the floor and he stretched out beside her. "I'm fully dressed," he said, as he nibbled on her jaw, trailing kisses to her neck, "and I'll stay that way until *you* decide otherwise."

As he slid into the bed next to her, his hand slipped under her pillow, and he pulled out a small rounded cylindrical object. Deni grabbed it from him, embarrassed and tried to hide it, but George was too quick. His hand caught hers, and deftly his fingers pulled the vibrator from her hand and it began to vibrate.

His smile spoke volumes. "What is this?" he asked, holding the thing so he could see it.

"Nothing! I saw it in one of the shops in Venice Beach when I went there with my cousin last summer," she said, making an attempt to get it away from him. "It's a novelty thing..."

"I'll say!" He ran the small device on her stomach and around one breast teasing her nipple with it. Deni looked at him in shock, but liking the sensation he was causing. "So what do you do with it?" he asked.

Deni blushed. "Nothing!" she exclaimed.

George held the vibrator to his nose and inhaled. "Nothing huh?" George kissed her again, his body balanced slightly over hers, his free hand moving over her body with the vibrator. Every time she tried to reach for it, he stopped her.

Her kisses had become as passionate as his. She slowly became aware he had been edging her nightdress up her legs when the worn material of his jeans pressing against her skin. "Please..." Deni let out in a labored breath as she met his kiss with an open mouth.

His tongue teased around her parted lips. "Please, what?" he asked. The hand that held vibrator slipped to her groin, and Deni gasped. George grabbed her hand as she reached down and moved it up to her pillow. "If you want me to stop, say so..." he said, holding her lightly.

The vibrator hummed at the juncture of her groin. "No, I...don't," she said, looking into his eyes she lost her words.

"Stop?" he asked.

"No," she simply said. George kissed her and she responded to him. Her head was light and her body quivered. His hand cupped her breast, teasing her nipple with feather light flicks. As Deni reached down to remove the vibrator, her hand brushed against his groin, and she froze, feeling it against the back of her hand. He was hard, it pulsed toward her, although confined in his jeans, and her eyes flew up to meet his. He smiled at her and pressed her hand against him, inviting her to touch.

Deni was surprised when he pulled the button of his jeans and the zipper slid easily down. George guided her hand into his jeans and let her feel him. He was hard, the skin like velvet, and Deni ran her hand up and down its length, marveling at the silkiness of it against her palm.

George undid his shirt and removed it as she touched him. Her robe fell off her shoulders as he pulled her up to sit, gently slipped her nightdress off her body and stared at her. "You are very well fit, Deni, really beautiful."

"You are too," she managed, as her eyes roamed over him as well. George kissed her lightly before he removed his jeans and pants. George wrapped his arms around her as they lay back onto the bed, kissing and letting their hands explore. He was slowly exploring every part of her, every inch of her body. Deni tried to do the same to him, but her efforts made him smile, apparently, instead of the heart pounding, irregular breathing and dizziness he was causing in her.

George mumbled something under his breath; she vaguely heard him utter some kind of foreign words. "Sorry?" Deni asked confused.

"Nothing, just how beautiful you are, that's all," he said as he fumbled with the stick she remembered him having. "Deni have you ever you know, done this before?" he asked.

She shook her head and felt the smooth surface of the stick, felt it tickle her as he drew it up her stomach as he moved, mumbling softly, and then tucked it under the pillow. Deni didn't catch what he said and tried to watch what he was doing. "Oh, don't you worry about that; it's just something I had in my pocket." He looked her in the eyes. "Sometimes I'm told this hurts at first; it shouldn't be too bad." And Deni nodded as he positioned himself above her.

She could feel him at her entrance as he began to kiss her ardently. His tip teased at her, pressing against her, as his hands moved over her occasionally flicking her nub between her legs, making her lift into him. She caught her breath as the first shock of pain ripped through her. George held still, kissing her in places that he had before, his hands and kisses eliciting responsive reactions in her, and her mind relaxed into the sensations. She felt the vibrator again on her sensitive spot, sending shuddering vibrations through her body, and Deni lifted into him as George slid into her.

Pain and pleasure hit her as George whispered, "Relax," in her ear, and she tried to do as he urged. George kissed her passionately, drawing her attention from the pain as he moved inside her. The sensations he was making were incredible. As they moved together, as they each devoured each other, Deni felt the drive build in her, wanting for more, and she moved her body to his rhythm.

When waves of intense feelings rippled out from her center, Deni clamped down on him, making George groan and suddenly she felt like she was melting into water and soaring at the same time. She gripped on to his shoulders as the spasms rocked through her and then edged away. George let out a moan and cried out her name before

he collapsed on top of her. Deni closed her eyes, wishing the feeling would come back, not wanting to move.

George reached above her and pulled out his stick. "Are you alright?" he asked, his voice now tentative and concerned.

"Uh huh, I'm fine," she said, her breathing slowly becoming normal. She opened her eyes to see him shove his stick onto his clothes. He was sweaty, and she guessed she was too, but it felt really nice.

They had lain there for a long time, talking softly before he said he had to leave. After he dressed, Deni walked George to the kitchen door, wearing her robe and fuzzy slippers. "Can I see you again?" he had asked, and when Deni nodded saying, "Sure," George pulled her into a hug and gave her a deep kiss before turning and running through her garden into the apple trees.

Deni stood watching him disappear, leaning against the doorway, sighing. The crickets began to sing before she turned back inside and closed the door.

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Author's Notes:

I want to thank Phoenix for her help with this story, for without her help, I'd never have gotten this posted.

The words I had to use are: balloon, a stationary store, fireworks, fluffy slippers, a baby crying, hippogriff, misfired spell, spell gone wrong, lace, ice, pot of tea, diary, and vibrator

A Very Curious Neighbor; George's view

Chapter 2 of 2

What it must be like to live next door to the Weasleys. George wasn't used to neighbors coming over from Ottery St Catchpole, until he found out just how curious one neighbor really was.

Fred and George had waited in the clearing of the apple orchard for Sirius to arrive that night. Sirius wasn't supposed to leave Grimmauld Place, but even a Marauder had to get out and stretch his legs occasionally. Fred and George liked to consider themselves to be the next generation of Marauders, and besides, Sirius was up for the flight. Plus the chance to see George and Fred's newest Weasleys' Wild-Fire Whiz-Bang had been an excuse Sirius hadn't been able to pass up. That, and Buckbeak needed to get out. *You just can't keep an animal, especially a hippogriff, in your bedroom indefinitely could you?* George thought, trying to justify their excursion.

Although the neighbors were not exactly right next door, except for one large house just the other side of the apple orchard from the Burrow, Fred and George had been waiting anxiously. George hoped no one would see Sirius riding in on the hippogriff when they came flying down.

George was watching a balloon float away, up into the clouds, when he spotted them, a guy riding on a hippogriff, coming in to land. Sirius had expertly guided Buckbeak into the clearing, inches from where Fred and George waited.

The display had been fantastic, even if George had only meant to set off just one of the new Wild-Chrysanthemums he had placed on the ground for the demonstration. Just as George aimed his wand, calling out "*Incendio*," he tripped on the uneven ground, or possibly a weed, and the spell shot off, hitting the large box of Weasleys' Wild-Fire Whiz-Bang Wild-Chrysanthemums instead, igniting the entire box at once.

The fireworks shot off in every direction, bursting into the sky and zooming around the apple trees. Large, long tails of silver stars were shooting in the air and weaving in and around the trees, surrounding them, bursting into huge chrysanthemums. Each time a chrysanthemum burst, it sent off another blazing tail of silver stars that burst into another chrysanthemum, again and again. It was incredible! They were exactly how Fred and George had planned. But there were so many. And as the fireworks worked their way up over the trees into the night sky, George swore silently. *There is no way they wouldn't get noticed in the village, or worse, at home.*

When the box exploded, they suddenly had another problem; Buckbeak went berserk. The beast had been tethered to an apple tree and was lying quietly enough before George's spell misfired and the fireworks went off.

"Calm down, Buckbeak, calm down. You're okay now..." Sirius was saying, trying to reassure the struggling hippogriff. The fireworks startled the beast, and now all Buckbeak wanted was to get away. "Don't just stand there; do something!" Sirius called out as Fred tried to get close enough to help.

But George was cut off as a tail of silver stars shot past him, blocking his way. Many of the fireworks were still buzzing around the trees, and the box between him and the duo struggling with Buckbeak was still blazing. George pointed his wand at the box and called out, "*Aguamenti*," sending a stream of water to douse the flaming box. *That should help*, he thought as several fireworks shot past him. *Now what?*

"Get that hippogriff under control, will you? Mum doesn't know you flew him here!" Fred was yelling as he tried to move close enough to help Sirius. "Mum will have a fit enough about the fireworks!"

George had an idea: *gnomes*! He hated the things anyway, and it might just distract Buckbeak. He carefully aimed his wand and called out, "*Accio gnome*," and a soft flash of light shot past Sirius and through the trees, missing the two struggling to calm Buckbeak.

"You had to demonstrate them, didn't you?" Fred accused. "What was that spell you used, or should I say blundered, anyway? A firebomb? Don't stun him, George! I need ropes!" Fred yelled as it seemed to him that George was standing around waiting, watching.

"I just wanted to show what they did!" George answered back as a gnome, a potato-like lump, appeared in his hand, squealing. It bit him and George winced *Bloody gnome*. "Here, give him this!" he said, tossing the squealing lump at the animal. The huge beast must have seen the gnome as it sailed near its head and snapped it out of the air. *Good, the hippogriff would eat gnomes*, George thought to himself. *That's one way to get rid of them.*

"You were only supposed to light one!" Sirius said as he struggled with the creature.

"Alright, already, so my spell went wrong, and we set off a show. Big deal!" George said as he caught another squealing gnome mid-air and tossed it to Buckbeak.

"I'd hate to be in your shoes when you go back home. Your mum is going to really go off about this one!" Sirius said, side-stepping the front legs as the talons came down hard on the ground by his feet.

Oh, Merlin, yes, Mum is going to have griffins over this one George thought as he caught another gnome and tossed it to Buckbeak. The hippogriff seemed to finally ignore the fireworks as he looked around for more flying gnomes to eat.

After what seemed like ages, they managed to get Buckbeak under control, and Sirius was walking him back through the trees toward home. Fred, walking on the other side of the beast, was talking animatedly to Sirius. George was dragging up the rear, thinking how much he *didn't* want to go home just yet. *Mum would be in rage by now; the whole village probably saw the fireworks, and the Ministry probably sent an owl warning his parents to clean up the mess they'd caused.* But the fireworks were fabulous, most of them still shooting and bursting in the night sky.

Suddenly, George saw something move in the trees, and he turned, wand drawn, ready to fight if he needed to. Cautiously, Denielle, or Deni, as her friends called her, slipped around the tree she was hiding behind to watch the animal being lead away. As soon as she saw George, Deni took a startled step back into the trees. *Blimey! Wonder what she's doing here?* he thought.

George had seen Deni on several occasions and had heard that her family had moved in just before he'd come home from Hogwarts last summer. He thought she was pretty with her long, straight, dark hair and silver-violet eyes, lithe figure and just enough curves.

Fred and George liked to go into the village, and frequently they would go to the paper shop to get stationery supplies. Well, it was Tammy they went to see actually, but so did lots of blokes. Tammy was a very pretty girl with thick, curly blonde hair and big, deep blue eyes. But George liked it best when Deni was there too. She and Tammy were best mates. But Fred was interested in Tammy, and truthfully, George was more interested in Deni. *Always best when it works out that way*, he mused.

But here she was, just standing there in a thigh-length, lace-trimmed, white, silky nightdress and a matching robe, which hung open and billowed in the breeze. *She did not buy that in the clothing boutique in the village*, he mused. *They didn't carry things like this, nothing this sexy.* George ran his eyes over her, appreciating the way the nightdress clung to her curves, noticing her fluffy bunny slippers and smiling. Somehow the fluffy bunny slippers made her seem sexy *and* adorable.

Streamers of silver stars shot through the trees occasionally before shooting up to burst over the treetops, but neither of them seemed to notice the fireworks anymore.

George stood there, staring at her, taking in her appearance from her fluffy bunny slippers to her silky nightdress. Deni laid her hand over the lace of the nightdress that covered her chest, blushing. "What are you doing here?" she finally asked, almost making it sound like an accusation. George stifled a laugh.

"I should be asking you that question. At least I'm dressed for a walk in the orchard..." he said, smirking. "Not like some ghostly apparition come to take my breath away. Well fit, by the way." George could see her nipples through the thin, silky material. Deni looked down and blushed even more as she quickly wrapped her robe around her. *Darn*, he thought. He'd had an eyeful of her in her nightdress and liked what he saw.

"I saw the fireworks and I... wanted to see... your..." Deni stuttered as George walked over to her. Her voice was uncertain, almost sounding like she was asking him which twin he was. Well, George was used to that.

"I'm George," he said as he walked up to her, his eyes boring into hers. "I imagine you like what you see then?"

"Yes, very much," she said, looking at him, trapped in his stare. Deni shivered, wrapping her arms around herself. George wondered if it was more from his staring at her, rather than the mild temperature of the night air. She still looked rather uncertain about... *what, him?*

"Maybe I should walk you back home?" George asked. *Well, Mum did teach me some manners after all, and she obviously isn't dressed to be wandering around in the orchard. That's for sure. It's the chivalrous thing to do, isn't it, to see that she gets back home safely?*

"Uh huh, I mean, yes, I'd like that," she said, never taking her eyes from his.

George smiled. *Yes! Alright, this is good*, he thought.

She didn't move a step, and George was now confused. There weren't too many houses all that close to the Burrow, and George didn't exactly know where she lived. Ottery St Catchpole was the closest village, and it was a bit of a walk. Deni just stood there, looking dazed, until he placed his hand on her arm. "Oh, yes, right. I live just through the trees that way," she said, pointing through the trees. *Did she live in that big house on the other side of the orchard?*

George had spoken to her of course, lots of times, teased her, and he had flirted with her, occasionally. He'd even kissed her before, several times, on the cheek actually. George had wished she'd just turned her head a little, and then it would have been a real kiss. But usually she just blushed, lowered her head and giggled. It was disconcerting when girls giggled. Giggles are hard to read.

They had crossed paths occasionally in Ottery St Catchpole. In the paper shop, of course, and the local restaurant the locals frequented. The guy behind the counter could be counted on to give Fred and George Cokes if Fred did card tricks. He'd seen her fishing with her father on the Otter River, and Fred and George had caught Tammy and Deni swimming in the river a few times. He had also seen her up on Stoat Hill, when Fred and George went on hikes, having a picnic with her family.

"What was that creature?" Deni finally asked, breaking into his thoughts, as they walked through the trees to her home.

Muggles are not supposed to know about magical creatures George contemplated, amused. *How am I going to explain this one off?*

George tried to explain that it wasn't what she thought, but she wouldn't buy it. Finally he explained it was a hippogriff, an animal owned by his friend. Deni was fascinated by his explanation and wanted to know more. *Bloody hell. I'm going to have to report this to the Obliviator's office, have her memory altered. Oh well*

George could hear dogs barking and a baby crying in the village as they walked through her back garden, as well as parents calling for kids to 'get inside,' while the kids laughed and marveled at the fireworks. *The whole village must have seen them. Oh, me and Fred are going to be in trouble*

"Do you want to come in?" she asked tentatively as they reached the kitchen door.

"Yes," he said simply, stunned. *She's inviting me in? Wow.* Smiling at her, he stepped into the spotless red and white kitchen. *Her mum must like apples and pomegranates*, he thought. *They are on everything in here, the canisters on the counter, the clock, and the curtains on the window...*

"Do you want a glass of water?" she asked as he followed her into the kitchen. A cold pot of tea still sat on the unlit stove, but beside that the kitchen was spotless. "I would offer tea, but it's still steeping. I have soda if you'd like?" Deni turned quickly, biting her lower lip.

Maybe she wants something? George considered, amazed. *After all, she is trying to keep me here, and she hasn't tried to change or anything...* Even though the robe was now tied closed, he couldn't shake the vision of her standing in her nightdress from his mind.

"Sure," George said casually, watching her. "I'll have a soda. You let your tea cool?" he asked, noticing the pot was full. Deni moved to the cupboard and pulled out a can of soda, handing it to him. Their fingers brushed as he took the can from her, and George felt a trailing static jolt from the contact. Her fingers felt warm and silky soft.

"It's a tea I get from my cousin. I usually let it sit all night until it is really dark, before drinking. That way the ice doesn't weaken the tea. I had it when our family went to

Venice Beach." She wasn't looking at him, but turned to the freezer instead.

"Venice, when did you go to Italy?" he asked, impressed.

"No, actually Venice Beach is a town in California, the United States. My family went to visit family in California. I went to Venice Beach with my cousin. Ice?" she asked, turning around, holding two glasses, one full of ice.

"Sure, thank you," he said. Deni dropped several ice cubes into his glass and then poured herself a glass of water. George noticed that her hands were shaking slightly *here, in her house with her, and Deni seems, I dunno, nervous about something... about me?* He couldn't shake the image of her in her nightdress from his mind. *Well, she is wearing her robe.* But it didn't conceal what his mind saw.

He moved closer and was standing inches away as he took his glass from her. Deni looked up at him, blushing, and seemed to be trying to avoid looking him in the eye. "Where are your parents?" he asked, hoping that no one would come in and interrupt them. He liked being here with her like this.

"Mum is in Exeter, taking care of my grandmother; she fell and can't get around. Dad is away on business. He'll be back by Monday," Deni said, obviously trying to sound more casual than she seemed.

Well, they were alone... They were alone in her house? George smiled inwardly. *Hum?*

Deni suddenly stepped right up to him, and George didn't back away. He didn't want to. He could smell her faint perfume and smoke from the fireworks that had shot around her in the orchard. She sipped her water, her eyes catching his over the edge of her glass, and the glass shook a bit in her hands.

George drank most of his soda in large gulps, watching her. "You know this is the first time I've been alone with you?" he said, trying to make his voice sound light, a bit mischievous, hoping to clam her down a bit. "Are you scared?" He couldn't help thinking, *maybe it is me? Am I making her nervous? Is that good or bad?* He just couldn't help the way his eyes roamed over her. The way she was dressed made his heart race. He was sure she could hear it.

"No, should I be?" Deni asked. She looked up at him with such innocence, and a blush darkened her cheeks.

Her face is just inches away and all I have to do is... George placed his free hand on her shoulder and leaned in to place his lips on hers. Deni didn't pull away; in fact she kissed him back.

Her lips were soft, her kiss was warm and sensual, and Deni sighed as the kiss ended. Deni stood frozen, her eyes closed a second, and then she slowly opened her eyes to meet his. *Oh, yes! She likes me,* he thought, watching her reaction to the kiss. George broke into a knowing grin.

George took her glass and then placed their two glasses on the counter before turning and placing his hands on her waist. He pulled her toward him. His second kiss was just as soft and light as the first, then firmer. Deni slid her hands up his arms and around him, placing her body against him, and he deepened his kiss.

The bow holding her robe closed came undone easily, making the robe fall slightly open again. He pushed the robe aside as he slid his hands around her waist, and she moved into his embrace. *Oh, Merlin, she can kiss...* His mind reeled as his mouth claimed hers. Deni slowly moved her hands, fingers splayed over his back and up his shoulders, exploring.

They seemed to kiss like this for a long time. George leaned against the kitchen counter, bringing her with him so that she was leaning against him, and even when his hands began to roam over her, Deni didn't pull away. Her body under the silky nightdress she was wearing was enticing.

Deni moaned as George trailed his kisses down her neck, to her shoulder and back. His hand slid up to cup her breast, and he rubbed his thumb across her firm nipple. He let out a soft laugh against her lips. "Where is your room?" he asked seductively in her ear.

"Upstairs, second floor, to the right," she said as his mouth covered hers. Deni pointed at the ceiling. "It's above the..." she never got the word out as he pulled her into his arms and Apparated to the room she indicated. They were now standing in what appeared to be her room. He held her as she caught her balance. "How? What? W-what happened?" she asked, confused.

"Just a bit of magic," George said as he steadied her on her feet. He was laughing at her, amused. "Scared?" he asked softly. Her room was neat, tidy, except her desk was covered with schoolwork and what looked like her diary, which lay open. Everything in her room was white with touches of purples and blues. The rug on the floor was one of those braided kind in purples and blues to match, like his Mum made.

"But how did we...", Deni tried to ask, "get here... I mean...", between kisses.

Apparating with a Muggle! Well, in for a Galleon, as they say. She's going to have to have her memories Obliviated anyway because of the hippogriff... "Don't worry about it. I told you, magic," George said as his mouth claimed hers, silencing her concerns. George once again pulled her to him, kissing her soundly, letting his hands explore her as she stood in his embrace. She in turn began to touch him as she kissed him back.

He stopped kissing her as a strand of her hair caught his lip and looked into her eyes, brushing the offending strand of hair from her face. He stared into her eyes, pleased to see desire, want, and need flashing in her eyes, rousing his desire for her to match. *She wants me me,* mused George, his every muscle, his every nerve reverberated now by his need for her.

She watched George as he surveyed her room, biting on her lower lip. *It's such a girl's room,* George thought as he admired the nice, shiny, brass bed-frame that wrapped around three sides of her bed, also taking in that she had the white covers of her bed turned down. George smiled. *Convenient.*

"You have a very nice room," he said simply. "It looks like you were ready for bed," he said mockingly, swooping her up and placing her squarely on her bed. George kicked off his shoes and Deni started to protest when he stretched out beside her. "I'm fully dressed," he said as he nibbled on her jaw, trailing kisses to her neck, "and I'll stay that way until *you* decide otherwise."

As he slid onto the bed next to her, his hand slipped under her pillow, and his fingers touched something hard and smooth. He pulled out a small, rounded cylindrical object. Deni grabbed it from him, embarrassed, and tried to hide it, but George was too quick. His hand caught hers, and deftly his fingers pulled the cylindrical object from her hand and it began to vibrate.

This is amusing. "What is this?" he asked, holding the thing so he could see it.

"Nothing! I saw it in one of the shops in Venice Beach when I went there with my cousin last summer," she said, making an attempt to get it away from him. "It's a novelty thing..."

"I'll say!" He ran the small device on her stomach and around one breast, teasing her nipple with it. Deni looked at him, her eyes wide and luminous, her mouth open, and she occasionally drew a deep breath. Obviously the small vibrating device in his hand was arousing her, and George liked the changes of expression on her face that both his kisses and this vibrating thing elicited from her. "So what do you do with it?" he asked teasingly.

Deni blushed. "Nothing!" she exclaimed.

George held the vibrator to his nose and inhaled and instantly knew where she had used it; he could still smell her scent on the thing. "Nothing, huh?" George kissed her

again, his body balanced slightly over hers, his free hand moving over her body with the vibrator. Every time she tried to reach for it, he stopped her.

Her kisses had become as passionate as his. She finally became aware he had been edging her nightdress up her legs and tried to reach down and stop him. "Please..." Deni let out in a labored breath against his mouth.

His tongue teased around her parted lips. "Please what?" he asked. The hand that held the vibrator slipped to her groin, and Deni gasped. George grabbed her hand as she reached down and moved it up to her pillow. "If you want me to stop, say so..." he said, holding her lightly, trailing kisses along the neckline of her nightdress.

The vibrator hummed at the juncture of her groin between them, and he could feel it against him as well. It felt odd and great at the same time, and the sensations it gave him, as well as her responsiveness, was mind-blowing. "No, I... don't," she said, looking into his eyes, pleading.

"Stop?" he asked softly. *Does she really want me to stop?* He knew he would if she said yes, *but... bloody hell, no...*

"No," she simply said, in chorus to his thoughts. George sighed as he kissed her, and she responded to him. His hand cupped her breast, teasing her nipple with feather light flicks, and her body quivered.

Deni reached down to remove the vibrator, and her hand brushed against his groin. She froze, her hand pressing against him. He was so hard, it pulsed involuntarily toward her, straining, confined in his jeans, and her eyes flew up to meet his. It was all he could do to keep his control in check. He smiled and pressed her hand against him, inviting her to touch him.

Deni's look of surprise when he pulled the button of his jeans and slid the zipper down easily, opening his pants for her, made him laugh inside. George guided her hand into his jeans and let her feel him. He quivered as Deni ran her hand up and down his length. Her fingers literally drove him crazy.

George undid his shirt and removed it as she touched him. Her robe fell from her shoulders as he pulled her up to sit. Gently, he slipped her nightdress off her body and stared at her. "You are very well fit, Deni, really beautiful," was all he could say as he looked at her.

"You are too," she whispered as her eyes roamed over him as well. George kissed her lightly before he removed his jeans and pants. George wrapped his arms around her and lay back over her on the bed, kissing her and letting her hands explore. He was slowly exploring every part of her, every inch of her body. Deni tried to do the same to him, but her efforts made him smile. *Merlin, she is incredible. How on earth did I deserve this?* She was so luscious and responsive; he never knew she liked him this much.

George, suddenly remembering his situation, pulled his wand from his jeans. He carefully waved his wand so she couldn't see what he was doing and mumbled the contraception charm his father had taught him under his breath, hoping that it would work.

"Sorry?" Deni asked confused.

"Nothing, just how beautiful you are, that's all," he said. He said a lubricating charm, pointing his wand on himself. "Deni, have you ever you know, done this before?" he asked.

She shook her head. *Dragon dung!* He drew his wand over her groin and repeated the contraception charm on her, just to be safe, mumbling softly, and then tucked his wand under her pillow. Deni tried to watch what he was doing. George smiled. It was her curiosity that had brought her to him in the first place. "Oh, don't you worry about that. It's just something I had in my pocket." *I am not going to explain wands, not right now*

He looked her in the eyes, concerned. "Deni, sometimes I'm told this hurts at first," he said, hoping he sounded reassuring. "It shouldn't be too bad." And Deni nodded as he positioned himself above her.

She wasn't his first, *thankfully*. His first hadn't gone all that well. To be honest, it had been a disaster. She had cried. George came home that Christmas feeling like a clot. However, he found his mum's dirty romance books and had snuck them into his room. Fred had laughed and teased him until he realized why. Those books were a wealth of information, if you looked past the sappy wording and dribble. Fred and George spent several hours each night reading the sex parts and marking the pages before swapping. It had been quite an education.

He held himself at her entrance as he began to kiss her ardently, distracting her. His tip pressed against her as his hands moved over her body, and he rubbed his hand between her legs, flicking her nub, making her lift into him, and George pushed in, he hoped gently. She caught her breath as the first shock of pain ripped through her.

George held still, not wanting to come out, but not wishing to hurt her too much. He tried kissing her in places that made her react to his touch before to get her to relax. He picked up the vibrator again, using it on her sensitive spot, feeling shuddering vibrations through her body, and Deni lifted into him, practically taking him into her. With a sigh of relief and desire, George slid into her, marveling at how tight she felt around him.

She gasped in pain and pleasure, and George whispered, "Relax," in her ear. George kissed her passionately, hoping to draw her attention from the pain as he moved in her.

Deni finally did, and she began to respond to him, her hands exploring his body. The sensations she was giving him were incredible. As they moved together, as they each devoured each other, George felt the drive build in him and struggled to hold on and not give into it. Deni was insatiable, wanting more, and she moved her body to his rhythm, driving him crazy.

Suddenly, Deni clamped down on him, her body quivering beneath him, and her breathing became hard and short. She cried out, her nails scratching his skin as her hands opened and closed. George couldn't control himself anymore, and his release came hard, pounding through every fiber of his being. George groaned and cried out her name as he seemed to melt into her. Deni grabbed onto his shoulders hard, her nails digging into his flesh as his spasms rocked through him and then edged away. George let out a moan before he collapsed on top of her.

When George finally lifted off her, Deni had her eyes closed, and she wasn't moving. For a moment George thought that he had hurt her. He reached above her and pulled out his wand in case he needed to revive her. "Are you alright?" he asked, his voice now tentative and concerned.

"Uh huh, I'm fine," she said, her breathing slowly becoming normal. She opened her eyes, and her look of contentment met his gaze, registered in his mind, and he quickly shoved his wand into his clothes. He was sweaty, and she was too, but it felt really nice. She began to trace a finger on his chest, smiling, and George relaxed.

George remembered that the guys in his mum's books always stayed and 'held' the women after sex, so he figured it wouldn't be a bad idea.

George was not sure how long Deni expected him to 'hold' her and he lay there with her for a long time, talking and touching, occasionally kissing her, before he said he had to leave.

After he dressed, Deni walked George to the kitchen door, wearing her robe and fuzzy slippers. "Can I see you again?" he asked. He really wanted to.

Deni nodded, saying, "Sure," and George pulled her into a hug and gave her a deep kiss. The way Deni held him as she kissed him back made his pulse quicken and his body tighten. He almost wanted to Apparate her right back upstairs, but he knew he had to get home. He sighed deeply as he let her go, turning before he was enticed to change his mind, and sprinted through her garden into the apple trees. *Oh, yeah, I'm going to come back and see her*

George ran all the way back to the Burrow. *Maybe if I'm lucky, really lucky, I could slip into the house and to my room unnoticed. It is pretty late, and so far it has been a lucky night... a very lucky night.*

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Author's Notes:

To Phoenix and Notsosaintly: Thank you both so very much for all your help cleaning this up and making it presentable. I appreciate it more than either of you can know.