

# Eternity

*by jmlane57*

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## Chapter One

*Chapter 1 of 2*

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### Prologue

*The young, red-haired woman dressed in black touched down light as a feather in front of the obsidian cross-shaped stone surrounded by many like stones in the wizarding cemetery just outside of Godric's Hollow, carrying a bouquet of roses to place at the foot of said stone. However, this stone was the only one that mattered to her...for it marked the last resting place of the only man she had ever truly loved, the only man she would ever love, her late young husband, one Harry James Potter. She placed the flowers she carried at the foot of the stone, then knelt before it, the misty rain which fell around her mingling with her tears. She reached out and traced the name, his birth and death dates, then the smiling picture of him next to it. The stone read as follows:*

HARRISON JAMES POTTER

1980-2000

BELOVED HUSBAND, SON, BROTHER AND FRIEND

SLAYER OF VOLDEMORT

CHAMPION IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS ... THAT A MAN LAY DOWN

HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS ..." JOHN 15:13, KING JAMES BIBLE

Her tears fell even faster when she whispered, "Oh Harry, my love, I miss you so. Why couldn't we have had even one night together? But no, bloody Voldemort couldn't even allow me that much! My beloved, I ache for you, hunger for you...but it's an ache and a hunger that will never be fulfilled, for you're gone. Gone forever! Damn you, Voldemort, damn you to Hell for all eternity for taking the only one I've ever loved away from me!"

Harry had been martyred for the cause of Justice, having killed the most evil wizard who ever lived, Voldemort, but Voldemort had been ready for him and first weakened him with two *Sectumsempra* curses, then finished him off with the Killing Curse, which he no longer had any protection from, having lost it three years earlier, when he had turned seventeen. He had had the Prophecy hanging over him almost his entire life, a burden he had carried ever since he was old enough to understand what it meant, his nobility eventually having forced him to break both his own heart and hers in order to keep her safe by ending their romance only a few weeks after beginning it.

It was two years later that he had surprised her with his unexpected proposal, then their marriage ... the happiest day of her life, which had rapidly turned into one of the saddest. Unfortunately, the way Ginny felt right now, she could have easily lain down beside him and died herself, seeing little point to living without Harry beside her. It wouldn't be what he'd have wanted for her, but it was the way she felt.

His friends Ron and Hermione had seen the whole thing and were horrified, but could do nothing to help him. By the time they reached him, his pulse was already weakening, his life bleeding out onto the ground all around him. They each took a hand and Harry had opened his eyes for the last time, seeing the tears in his companions' eyes but the pain inside him was for someone else entirely...his beloved wife, Ginny, whom he had married a year ago but with whom he had never been able to have a proper wedding night because he had had to leave almost immediately after the wedding to hunt down Voldemort because the latest word from the Order had given him his current location, in a neighboring country bordering England. They had already destroyed all the other Horcruxes but the one inside Voldemort himself.

It had torn at his heart to see the tears in her eyes at his having to leave her, even though she had smiled bravely and said she understood and to do all he could to come back to her. He had promised to do his best to do so, and his final kiss had reinforced that promise, but now he never would. With the last of his strength, he whispered, "Ron ... Mione ... tell Ginny ... I love her ... and that ... I'm sorry I ... cannot ... come back to her. Take care ... of her for me. And give everyone else ... my love and tell them ... the world is ... safe now. Voldemort ... is ... no more." These were his last words; his head then fell back, limp, his eyes closing for the last time.

His grip on Ron's and Hermione's hands slackened, and that was when the nearest one of the Order, one Remus Lupin, sensed his godson's death and even in his human form, sent up a long, keening howl of mourning. Still others of the Order, his wife, Nymphadora Tonks, Alastor 'Mad-Eye' Moody and Kingsley Shacklebolt, to name just a few, stood silently with heads bowed in silent tribute to their fallen young hero. He had finally fulfilled the Prophecy made so long ago, killed the personification of evil, but in doing so, had paid the ultimate price himself.

Ron Weasley had never cried in his life, or at least not since reaching puberty, but he cried now ... for the friend he had loved like another brother, all the good times they had shared, the laughter and the jokes, the Quidditch games, all the late-night snacks nicked from the Hogwarts kitchen after sneaking down under Harry's Invisibility Cloak. All of these things were only sweet memories now, memories he would never forget as long as he lived. But even as sharp as his own pain was, Ron knew that there were at least two people whose pain would be even greater upon learning of Harry's passing ... his sister Ginny and mother Molly, the love of his life and the only mother he had ever known.

They left the Order to clear off the battlefield; they had better things to do. They cleaned their dead friend up as best they could, wrapping him tenderly in Ron's robes, the latter carrying him as Hermione walked beside him after they had Disapparated back, tears still streaming down her own cheeks, knowing that what they had to do next would be the hardest thing they'd ever done, but it had to be done.

Ginny and the other family members in the area had stood anxiously outside the Burrow, waiting for news, and it was she who had seen them approach, one of them carrying what looked like a bundle of robes. Where was Harry? Once they got close enough, she could see that both Ron and Hermione were crying.

She had run out to embrace Hermione. "What's wrong, 'Mione? What happened? Where's Harry?"

Hermione hugged her tightly, burying her face in her friend's hair. "Oh, Ginny ... Ginny ... I'm so sorry, so very sorry ..."

"What's going on, 'Mione? Where's Harry?"

Hermione was unable to speak, simply gestured to the bundle in Ron's arms. Ginny's questioning look turned to one of horror, then grief when she realised what the bundle was. "No! Harry! No! You're not dead! *You're not dead!*" she cried even as Molly stepped up to her daughter and gathered her into her arms. Her voice sharpened into hysteria as Molly's arms tightened around her and pulled her head close to bury it in her reddish-grey hair. After a time, the hysteria died down, and Ginny simply sobbed and moaned in her mother's arms. "No ... no ... he can't be dead ... he can't be dead ..."

By this time, virtually everyone present was either crying or had tears in their eyes, mourning for both the one who had died so young, but died a hero nonetheless, and the one who had just lost her husband, the love of her life. None save Molly were surprised when Ginny suddenly broke away and ran off.

"Ginny!" Molly called after her, but her call went unheard. The next thing they knew, Bill spotted her taking off on her broom, as did Molly.

"Bill, you've got to go after her! In her state of mind, she's capable of anything!"

"She'll be all right, Mum. She's just got to be alone for a while," Bill Weasley, Arthur and Molly's first-born, assured her. "She'll be back. We've got to ... take care of ... Harry now."

Molly was still reluctant but knew Bill was right, finally turning to join the others as they headed sorrowfully back to the Burrow to prepare one of their own for his far too premature but nonetheless well-earned eternal rest.

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By the time Ginny returned, having screamed and cried out her grief, if only for the moment, Harry had been laid out on what had always been his bed in Ron's old room, dressed in only his soiled, blood-stained jeans. His equally soiled, blood-stained glasses sat on the bedside table, although she knew he would never need them again. She sat down beside him, taking his now-cold hand in hers and putting it to her cheek, then pressing it into his hand and once again beginning to cry.

She then put his limp hand down beside him and traced the places where he had obviously bled to death, scars she hated because they not only desecrated his beautiful body but had killed him, making her a widow before she'd ever had the chance to be a wife. The only marginally good thing was that the scar that had been on his forehead virtually his entire life was gone, the scar which had always been his connection to Voldemort, helping him survive the Killing Curse as a 15-month-old infant and giving them a psychic link, which had given Harry both horrific nightmares and helped them to know just what the Dark Lord was feeling at any given moment. She kissed his closed eyelids with their long, dark lashes, then stroked his dark fringe one last time before resuming her lonely vigil. What hurt most of all though was the fact that for a long time he looked like he was just asleep. Only the lack of chest movement and body warmth indicated otherwise.

She never heard the knock on the door; only when Hermione put a hand on her shoulder did Ginny look up. "Ginny, you need to sleep. Harry wouldn't begrudge you the rest."

"No, 'Mione. I couldn't sleep now," Ginny returned quietly. "I haven't been with him for a year, and in a few days, he's going to be six feet under and I'll never see him again. Please, let me stay with him." Her voice almost broke, tear-filled eyes giving her a blurry vision of her wedding ring, the ring Harry had given her a year before. It was so beautiful, every bit as beautiful as the love they had once shared. Which reminded her ...

Hermione left, and that was when Ginny moved to the other side of the bed and found Harry's left hand, which thankfully still wore the ring she had given him. She both wanted and didn't want to remove it, because a part of her wanted him to wear it for all eternity to show that he belonged to her ... but at the same time, she wanted to have a memento of him, so she slid it from his finger. It was considerably larger than her own, of course, so she conjured a gold chain and slid the ring onto it, then put it around her neck.

"Goodbye, my love," she whispered, bathing the same hand with her kisses and tears. Then the next thing she knew, she was being lifted and carried from the room in her father's arms to be placed in her own and a blanket pulled over her. She resisted the sleeping potion, but his gentle but firm voice ordered her to take it.

"It's the best thing for you right now, sweetheart. Take it."

It took a few minutes to work, and for that time, Arthur held his daughter in his arms, stroking her hair and brushing away her latest tears. "I miss him so much, Daddy. Why did he have to die?"

"Some people are simply meant to die young," Arthur replied.

"But why Harry? He had so much to live for ... he had ~~us~~...our love...to live for."

"He's in a much better place now, darling. He's with his parents, Sirius and Dumbledore."

"I know...and I'm glad for his sake ... but with all due respect, the only place I want him to be is in my arms."

"You'll be with him again someday. Sleep now, love." Arthur laid his daughter down on her pillow, stroked her cheek, then her hair, kissed it and waved his hand to douse the bedside candlelight as he prepared to leave the room. Even as he stood in her doorway, preparing to close her door, he heard Ginny begin to cry again in her sleep. He sighed sorrowfully and knew he had done all he could do; perhaps it was best to just let her have her grief.

They had prepared the unfortunate boy a handsome, comfortable resting place, a casket of polished cherry wood lined with faux silk the same colour as his incredible eyes and a matching pillow covered with Golden Snitches, from the Quidditch game Harry had always loved and been equally proficient at playing. They had already heard from many in the Order, Remus being the current Head, saying that they would all be in attendance at the funeral this coming weekend.

It was just the day before the funeral when Ron remembered to give Ginny the last letter Harry had written her but hadn't had the chance to send her. It was so full of love and hope for their future that it made her start crying all over again. He had even mentioned having children ... "and just as soon as I come back, we'll make up for lost time with a vengeance and have the wedding night we were denied a year ago, then a child," he had finished. He was no doubt sincere, as always, but unfortunately it never happened, for red and green death had found him first. The red of blood and the green of the *Avada Kedavra*. Her only comfort was that Harry had managed to finish off the bastard who had killed him first.

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Ginny had insisted on helping Molly dress Harry for the last time, in his favourite casual outfit of jeans, thermal undershirt and hooded sweatshirt jacket. Since dead people didn't need shoes, they put only his favourite socks on his feet. But it had taken Arthur and Ron to place him in the casket because of the *rigour mortis* which had stiffened his body by this time, despite any means of stasis they could come up with.

Once they had managed, though, they had carried it out to where Bill and Charlie, who had come home from Romania for the funeral, had prepared a place for it to rest for the duration of the service. By the time Ginny had managed to seat herself nearest the casket, most of the attendees had arrived, Remus and Tonks among the first. Ginny lifted her head at a gentle touch on her shoulder to find the somber face of Remus Lupin gazing down at her.

"Good to see you, Gin, even under the circumstances. How are you doing?" he asked as he seated himself next to her and slid one arm around her for a comforting hug. She rested her head on his shoulder for a time, then lifted her head again as he released her.

"As well as can be expected," Ginny returned quietly.

Tonks, on her other side, smiled sympathetically. "Guess what, Ginny. I'm pregnant!"

"Really? That's wonderful," Ginny returned, making herself smile. "Congratulations." She then closed her eyes in pain. "Harry wanted us to have children ..." Her voice trailed off, one hand finding its way to her flat belly, which she was now convinced would never know what it was like to carry Harry's child. They had agreed to wait until marriage for sex, and because of this, hadn't even been able to make love before he'd had to leave, and now they never would. And all because of bloody Voldemort!

What's worse, Harry had still not wanted Ginny along, supposedly to keep her safe...and she had not fought him. But now she wished she had. If she'd been there, she might have been able to save him! He had told her he hadn't wanted to be sitting at her funeral, knowing it was his fault. Well, the same applied to her...or at least she believed it did. And now here she was, sitting at *his* funeral!

"Oh, that's right. You two were married. How long?"

"A year ... but we never had the chance for a wedding night because he had to leave immediately after the wedding," Ginny explained slowly, quietly, knowing that if she spoke normally she would just start crying again. "And now we'll never have one." Ginny bowed her head and closed her eyes in pain.

"I'm sorry, dear. Didn't mean to remind you."

"It's all right. I understand." Just the same, Ginny felt Tonks' arm go around her and hug her, just as Remus's had. As it turned out, she was glad they were there; she doubted she could have gotten through the funeral without them.

As it turned out, Arthur had been the one chosen to give the eulogy, since neither of Harry's friends, Ron or Hermione, were up to giving it...and other than them, he and Molly had known Harry the longest. It wasn't easy for Arthur either, since he had come to love Harry as another son, but someone had to do it ... and Ginny *certainly* wasn't up to it.

He swallowed hard and began to speak, looking around at the attendees, glad to see that Charlie had his arm around Molly, letting her rest her head on his shoulder even as she had her face buried in a large handkerchief and was sobbing quietly. Bill had his arm around a pregnant, sobbing Fleur, and Fred and George simply sat like wooden Indians, seeming to be in shock and certainly not up to doing any joking. When Arthur began speaking, Remus and Tonks both put their arms around Ginny as emotional support for her, and a few seats down, Ron had his arms around a sobbing Hermione even as his own tears fell unashamedly.

Ginny only heard the first paragraph, which went as follows: "We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of one of our own, whom even though he was not related by blood, was loved every bit as though he was, one Harry James Potter. He had a tragically short and difficult life, but we may take comfort in the knowledge that we, by giving him that love, helped to bring him a measure of happiness in the last few years of that life."

It was a few days later that Molly had brought Ginny a transcript of all that Arthur had said about Harry at the funeral, if only as another memento. By this time she had been contacted by Remus, who was the executor of Harry's will, and who had set up the reading for a week after the funeral service. She was in for a surprise, although she didn't know it yet. But whether or not she would consider it a good surprise remained to be seen.

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They Apparated to the Ministry at nine a.m. the morning of November 10th, 2000, a week after Harry's funeral and ten days after his death, Ginny and the others filing into Remus's office, gathered before his desk, waiting for him to enter so he could read the will and find out just what Harry had bequeathed to whom.

This time Ron and Hermione were sitting on either side of Ginny, each holding a hand. Molly and Arthur were in the second row, Fred and George beside them. Bill, Fleur and Charlie were behind them. Just when they didn't think they could stand it any longer, Remus walked in, a thick sheaf of parchment in his hand, then sat down at his desk, sighed and looked up at the group before him.

"Before we start, would any of you like some refreshment? Butterbeer? Firewhiskey?" Most of those present took Firewhiskey, except for Fleur, who had to think of her baby's health, so she took butterbeer. Once everyone was relaxed as they could get, Remus picked up the sheaf of parchment and began.

"We are gathered here to hear the last will and testament of one Harry James Potter, late of Ottery St. Catchpole, Devon, who died ten days ago in what history will term 'The Final Battle' between him and the Dark Lord, Voldemort. I will read the largest bequests first." The ones closest to Harry, who sat in the front row, sat up straight and held their breaths, ready as they could possibly be.

*I, Harry James Potter, resident of Ottery St. Catchpole, Devonshire, being of sound mind and endangered body, hereby declare this to be my last will and testament. I also hereby appoint my surrogate godfather, one Remus John Lupin, to be executor and give him full authority to distribute any and all bequests herein.*

*First and foremost, I hereby bequeath to my beloved wife, the former Ginevra Molly Weasley, the entire contents of my personal and family vaults, as well as title to the house I have had built in Godric's Hollow for us to live in. And because we were unable to have a proper wedding night, I have left some DNA with the Healers at St. Mungo's in London in order that she have the choice of implanting herself and thus bear a child or children to carry my name, as many or as few as she chooses. I also wish her to have ownership of my beloved snowy owl, Hedwig, my first and oldest friend in the wizarding world.*

Ginny looked surprised upon hearing this, but in spite of herself felt better. It wouldn't be quite the same, but at least she would now be able to have Harry's child, or children, if she so chose.

*Second, I leave an ongoing bequest of one thousand Galleons per month to my two dearest friends, Ron and Hermione, who gave me their love and loyalty just when I needed it most. I love you, mates, and feel lucky to have known and been associated with you.*

*Third, I leave another ongoing bequest of one thousand Galleons per month to the closest things I ever had to parents, Arthur and Molly Weasley. I appreciate your welcoming me into your family, giving me the love and support I've never gotten anywhere else. I could never truly repay you for all you've done for me, but let this be my attempt to begin to do so.*

*Fourth, I leave yet another thousand-Galleon bequest, this one not ongoing, since their business is going so well, to my other mates Fred and George Weasley, to expand their store by 25% as they've been wanting to do. I have never regretted giving you the money for your start; it was the best investment I ever made. I am now helping you again. I only ask that you screen your customers more carefully in order that you don't inadvertently assist those on the Dark side again.*

*Fifth, I leave still another ongoing thousand-Galleon-per-month bequest to my surrogate godfather, Remus John Lupin, and his wife, Nymphadora Tonks, to do with as they wish. I only ask that they use at least part of that money to make their lives easier, get themselves new clothing, new furniture, things like that.*

*"Sixth, I leave an ongoing bequest for the perpetual upkeep of both my gravesite and that of my parents, Lily and James Potter, to be managed by my wife, Ginevra Molly Weasley-Potter.*

*"Lastly, I leave another bequest of one thousand Galleons per month to Bill Weasley and his wife, Fleur, to help them set up for their coming child and any child they may choose to have in the future. The same for Charlie Weasley, to make his life training dragons easier. Thank you all for everything you've done for me. I couldn't ask for better friends or a more loving family.*

*This concludes my last will and testament. Signed this 24th day of October, 2000 A.D., at the Ministry of Magic, London, England, and witnessed by Neville Longbottom and Alastor Moody, both of Edinburgh, Scotland.*

*Harry James Potter*

Most of those present were surprised, albeit pleased at the bequests they were given, and although they were generally very proud people and didn't take charity, they didn't even think of refusing Harry's generosity, if only to honour his memory in the only way they could.

Once they were finished and Remus told everyone to expect the necessary legal papers to make sure that everything bequeathed to them became theirs, Molly approached Ginny and asked her if she intended to become implanted with some of Harry's DNA in order that she could bear him a child, albeit posthumously.

"I haven't decided yet, Mum. It's still sinking in, frankly. I'll let you know when I do."

"Very well. Let us know if you need anything. We've got to get back home." Molly hugged her daughter and said basically the same thing to her sons and their wives/companions; then she and Arthur Disapparated.

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That very night, in fact, Ginny made her decision ... but not before she had a very intense dream about herself and Harry. She had dreamed he had come home alive and victorious and they were preparing to make up for lost time with a vengeance, particularly for the wedding night they had been denied a year ago.

*It was late at night; they had just arrived home after a party at the Burrow celebrating both his victory and his safe return. No sooner did the door close and lock behind them than Harry gathered Ginny into his arms and kissed her passionately, his tongue licking her lips so that she would open her mouth. When she did, she moaned and shivered at the unexpected but most welcome contact ... the sweetest thing she had tasted since treacle tart...and second only to his lips.*

*"Gin, I've missed you so much. You're all I dreamed about every night," Harry purred into her ear as his hands began to wander deliciously over her body, finally settling for a time on her sweetly rounded bum and pressing her close to his obvious arousal. He moved sensuously against her even as his hungry lips found her throat and the pulse point there, indicating her heart pounding and racing with her increasing desire for him.*

*Ginny was in her own personal Heaven having Harry close to her, touching her and loving her so beautifully; it was all she could do to wait for him to undress her, then carry her to bed and possess her. She gasped upon feeling his inquisitive hand move under her jumper and unhook her bra, then flick off her coat and move the jumper out of the way before the bra was vanished. "Harry ..."*

*"Shhh ..." he whispered before his lips found her nearest breast and began to gently suck while his other hand moved to cradle the other. She realised he was pressing her against the door and once again found herself softly moaning with pleasure, wanting to hold his head right where it was even as it warred with her desire to feel his lips and hands all over her, not to mention his large, delicious-feeling hardness inside her.*

*"Harry ..." Her voice became more urgent.*

*"What?" he almost snapped, reluctant to release her breast. "I've waited a year to do this, Gin."*

*"I've waited a year for you to do it, Harry ... which is precisely my point. I can't wait any longer. You've got to take me...now!"*

*Once he realised what she meant, he smiled wickedly. "A lady after my own heart."*

*"Your heart, your lips, your body ... all of you. Do it ... now!"*

*"The lady commands, I obey." With that, he reached for her jeans, then opened them, sliding them and her knickers down to her ankles, then vanished them as well. Just the same, she had no intention of letting him have all the fun; she basically vanished his clothes as well so that they were both naked. With that, he parted her legs, and she wrapped them around his slender hips, her arms locked around his neck. She knew it was going to hurt when he penetrated her, but wanted him so much that she didn't care.*

*For a while, her moans were of pain, but they were mixed with pleasure ... until finally, there was only pleasure. "Dear God, Harry ... Harry ..."*

*By this time she was convinced he was beyond speech; all he seemed capable of were husky moans as he moved faster and faster inside her until he was almost battering her against the wall. Her back was going to be sore by the time this was over, but again, she didn't care. All she'd wanted for a year was to feel Harry inside her, and now that it was happening, she never wanted it to end.*

*The next thing she knew was the softness of the couch beneath them; she had no idea how they'd gotten there, but again, didn't care, as long as Harry continued to move inside her, continued to kiss and caress her. Not long after he'd lowered her to the couch, he seemed to become incredibly hard inside her and tensed up for a time, then cried out softly and she felt something hot fill her body, holding him even tighter against her, inside her ...*

*He then seemed to go limp against her, one hand brushing her sweaty hair out of her face before sharing a deep, sweetly passionate kiss. "Dear God, Gin, that was effing bloody incredible! What would you care to wager that we're going to find out that you're pregnant because of this?"*

*"I think that's a distinct possibility, since I didn't use any Contraceptive Charm. What about you?"*

*Harry laughed and shook his head. "Bloody hell, no. I wanted you too much. That's what being denied a wedding night and being apart for a year does to you."*

*"And you know what happens when a Weasley female gets pregnant," she playfully warned.*

*"Don't worry, luv. I'm prepared," he assured her.*

*"Financially, maybe, but what about emotionally? Can you say you're emotionally ready for parenthood?"*

*He was silent for a time, then reluctantly admitted, "Probably not...but since pregnancy takes months, that should give me at least some time to get ready."*

*"That should also give me time to get some tips from Mum on how to handle pregnancy, as well as actually having the baby. If anyone knows, it's her. I'll owl her as soon as I know for sure."*

*"Fine. But I'm finding that ... I want you again." The last words were whispered and laced with passion. "Are you game?"*

*"You need to ask?" she threw back, drawing him down to kiss him deeply once again and wrap her arms and legs around him again. Harry could only moan, bury his face in her throat, and begin to move sensuously inside her once again.*

Ginny awoke at this point, half-expecting to find Harry beside her, the dream had been so intense. She would have sworn she had felt his lips, his hands, his body ... even the texture of both the front door of their home, then the couch in their living room. Her disappointment at finding herself alone provoked her to tears once again, but once she had composed herself, she remembered the last bit of conversation she and Harry had had in the dream, about having children, and decided to contact St. Mungo's, then take the necessary steps to become implanted with his DNA so she could have his child.

In fact she got up and grabbed a Self-Inking Quill and a piece of parchment from the pile she customarily kept by her bed to write Harry, which she would never be able to do anymore, then got up and sat at her desk to write a note to the Chief Healer.

### *To the Chief Healer ...*

*My late husband's will said that he had left some of his DNA with you so I could choose to become implanted and bear him a child, albeit posthumously. I would like to come in at your earliest convenience and discuss the possibility of implantation with you. Please get back to me with a date and time of the earliest possible appointment.*

*Sincerely,*

*(Mrs.) Ginevra Weasley-Potter*

She still had Harry's snowy-white owl Hedwig to use, so she went to find her and thrust the letter under her beak. She stroked the owl's head and apologised for disturbing her (the owl had been asleep), but promised her a nice treat and some water upon her return. Once the owl had gone, Ginny got up and showered, dressed and went downstairs because she smelled breakfast, intending to ask her father to see what help he could recruit in order to move her into the Godric's Hollow house (upon receiving title to it) in time for the baby, since she fully intended to be pregnant before the month was out, if she could possibly manage it.

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"Don't you think you should be here a while longer, dear?" Molly tried to wheedle Ginny into staying, but she was having none of it.

"With all due respect, Mum, Harry left me the Godric's Hollow house, and I feel a moral obligation to move in there and live as he wished."

"You should at least stay here until you officially obtain title to it," Arthur pointed out. "I'll be glad to help you move in there after that."

"And you'll be alone there," Molly reminded her.

"But I'll be close to Harry and his parents," Ginny countered. "And I want to be able to visit him ... so to speak."

Molly had just opened her mouth to speak again when Hedwig flew in the kitchen window, carrying an envelope with the St. Mungo's seal on it. Hedwig landed on Ginny's shoulder, and she reached up to take the envelope from the owl's beak, then opened it and scanned it. Her face was expressionless for a while; then she smiled for the first time in days.

"Good news, dear?" the older woman asked as she came to offer Ginny more treacle tart and milk.

"I couldn't say one way or the other right now," Ginny returned enigmatically. "Once I know for sure, I'll tell you. No, thanks, Mum. I'm full. Would you excuse me now? I've

got to answer this letter." With that, she pushed her chair back, stood up and left the room, still smiling. A moment later she stuck her head back in and said, "Oh, yes, could you give Hedwig a treat and some water? I promised her she'd get some on her return."

Molly nodded, and Ginny ducked out again.

The older couple looked at each other with questioning glances.

"What do you think was in that letter? Must be something good, for Ginny smiled for the first time in days."

"I'm sure she'll tell us when she's ready," the other said. "What matters is that she's in good spirits again."

\* \* \* \* \*

Upstairs in her room with the most recent picture of Harry she had on her bedside table, taken shortly before their wedding day, showing his smiling at her and blowing her a kiss facing her, Ginny sat on the bed with her legs crossed and the pad of parchment in her lap, the Self-Inking Quill once again in her hand and the letter she had received lying slightly to her right on the bed. She smiled at the tender sentiment on the picture, written in Harry's unmistakable hand: *To My Darling Ginny, With This Picture, I Give You All My Love ... Harry.*

She was sure that Harry would be pleased at what she intended to do; perhaps he had even come to her in her dream, beyond the grave, as it were, to give her his approval for doing so. In fact she would almost swear that his eyes in the picture were twinkling conspiratorially as she wrote her reply to the Chief Healer.

The reply basically read as follows:

*Dear Mrs. Potter:*

*Your information was true, and we are indeed willing to implant you with some of your late husband's DNA in order that you may bear his child as he wished. It is a routine procedure, but has to be done on the same day you ovulate, in order that your egg be in the right place at the right time for the implantation to have the greatest chance of successfully fertilising you. I suggest you carefully monitor your next two periods, then contact me immediately after you ovulate the second month so that we may arrange an emergency appointment for you to come in and have the implantation done that day.*

*It is generally best to be implanted several times on the day of ovulation for the greatest chance of fertilisation. Let me know if this is what you want to do. It may even be necessary for you to come in several times, since there is only a 5-25% chance of fertilisation on the first try. Think it over and get back to me with your decision at your earliest convenience. I will be waiting to hear from you.*

*Sincerely,*

*Araminta Higgenbottom*

*Chief Healer*

*Obstetrics-Gynecology Department*

*St. Mungo's Hospital*

The next two months were truly the longest of Ginny's life, being so careful and watchful of her periods and her time of ovulation. She had always been as regular as clockwork, and saw no reason to believe that would change any time soon. Even at that, she had had to get advice from her mother as to how to determine her time of ovulation after being obliged to tell her what she planned to do.

As it turned out, that was part of the reason the Weasleys had had so many children fairly close together. Molly had timed the lovemaking with her husband at just the proper time, when she was most likely to get pregnant...a revelation which didn't really surprise Ginny, not one bit.

The older woman was naturally thrilled and hoped everything worked out; the only thing missing would be Harry ... and unfortunately he was a very big part of the whole picture. Ginny had also recently gotten a wedding picture of Harry and herself taken by his friend and photography buff Colin Creevey, and it now held an honoured spot on her nightstand next to the last regular picture she had of Harry, taken before their marriage.

It was around the middle of April 2001, in fact, that Ginny ovulated again, and once she realised this, she immediately sent an owl to the Chief Healer. The latter owled her back within the hour and told her to come to the Obstetrics/Gynecology floor, the sixth, and see her, and she would take steps to see that Ginny was implanted with Harry's DNA. She scribbled a quick note to her mother and Apparated to the hospital, directly to the sixth floor. Fortunately the Chief Healer had told her in her reply to meet her at the main desk on that floor so as not to waste any time.

She found the desk within ten minutes and spotted the kindly, motherly-looking middle-aged witch with lime-green robes and a shimmering golden medical caduceus, which designated her as the Chief Healer. "Healer Higgenbottom?" Ginny asked as she approached.

"Mrs. Potter?" the Healer asked in return.

After the women had acknowledged each other, Araminta Higgenbottom gestured to Ginny to follow her to a treatment room. Upon the door closing behind them, she said, "If you would kindly disrobe and lie down on the treatment table, I will prepare myself and be back with the catheter of DNA. Don't be surprised if you experience a degree of discomfort during the procedure; however, there should be no pain."

"I understand," Ginny returned, heading for the nearby cubbyhole to undress and don the medical gown provided. She waited for fifteen minutes before Araminta Higgenbottom returned, in surgical garb, minus the gloves for the moment, and carrying a small, clear plastic catheter filled with a golden brown substance, which she assumed was the DNA in question. A younger assistant, also in surgical garb, including gloves, stood by with a tray containing other necessary medical paraphernalia, such as alcohol to sterilise everything that was to touch Ginny's body, up to and including the plastic catheter of DNA.

She placed the catheter of DNA on the tray temporarily and examined Ginny's abdominal area briefly after donning her gloves to confirm that ovulation had begun, before asking her to place her feet in stirrups and part her legs sufficiently so she would be able to insert the catheter of DNA in the proper place. The DNA had been previously prepared and refrigerated until Ginny arrived; therefore it was fresh, motile and ready to fertilise her.

Ginny hardly felt a thing until the catheter was actually in the area where the DNA would actually be released. Then she felt strong cramps for a time as Healer Higgenbottom manoeuvred the catheter into just the right position for the DNA to meet the egg on its journey to the uterus, then released it into the proper Fallopian tube. The whole thing took less than an hour, and the discomfort was only momentary.

Not long after the insertion was completed, Healer Higgenbottom said, "I'm finished. You may dress now, Mrs. Potter, then please meet with me in my office for a discussion as to follow-up procedures."

Ginny smiled and nodded; upon her dressing, the assistant, who was cleaning up in the treatment room, directed her to the Healer's office. Ginny left the room and turned to her right, then down a short hall until she saw a sign reading: *Araminta Higgenbottom, Chief Healer, St. Mungo's Hospital, Obstetrics/Gynecology.* She peeked in, and Araminta looked up, smiled and beckoned her to come in.

"Sit down, Mrs. Potter," she directed; Ginny did so.

"How long do I have to wait for results?" she asked almost as soon as she had seated herself.

"Until your next period is due," came the answer. "If it doesn't come, there is a very strong likelihood that the implantation took and that you have become pregnant. If that is the case, I can start you on proper prenatal care and give you a diet to follow to make sure you have a healthy child and textbook delivery. If it doesn't, you'll have your regular period, and you'll have to wait at least another month in order to properly determine your next ovulation date before we can make another attempt."

"Thank you, Healer. I'll contact you next month this time."

"Good luck," Araminta Higgenbottom smiled at her potential patient and hopeful mother-to-be.

"Thanks. I'll need it," Ginny replied, then Disapparated back home and told her mother how things had gone.

"I hope it works the first time, dear. At least that way you'll have something to live for."

"Not to mention the fact that you'll have another grandchild...or at least two, since I was implanted several times today. The Healer said that's done routinely because it usually takes several simultaneous implantations of DNA for even just one or two eggs to be fertilised."

Molly wasn't surprised to hear that and nodded in acknowledgment. "Whatever happens, you know I'm here to help you all I can, darling."

"Yes, I know, Mum, and I'm thankful for that. Now I just hope it takes."

"We'll see in a month."

\* \* \* \* \*

By that time, matters were well along into moving Ginny into the Godric's Hollow house. She had also been feeling nauseated, bloated and irritable of late and didn't want anyone to be around her, snapping at and threatening to hex virtually everyone who even attempted to speak to her. Once she calmed down and thought about it, Ginny met with her mother, and Molly agreed that there was a distinct possibility that she was pregnant...but neither could be sure until and unless the Healer confirmed it.

Molly advised her to owl her right away, tell her the symptoms and see what she said. It took a bit over two hours, since the Healer had been in the midst of treating another patient when her post arrived, but told her to come in right away for an examination. Ginny dressed and Apparated to the hospital, this time taking the lift to the sixth floor and directly to Healer Higgenbottom's office.

After half an hour's examination, Araminta looked up at her patient with a smile on her face.

"Does that smile mean what I think it does?" Ginny asked hopefully.

"If you think it means that I just diagnosed the fact that you're pregnant, it does." Araminta smiled. "By the way, when did you start feeling sick?"

"About two weeks ago," Ginny said after thinking for a bit.

"That's how long it usually takes for the implantation to take ... if it works the first time, that is," the Healer remarked. "Well, it did. Congratulations."

"Thank you." Ginny smiled, then sobered.

"Anything wrong?" the Healer asked.

"No; just that I wish my husband were here so I could tell him. He'd be so happy."

"That's right, your husband was Harry Potter, killed in the Final Battle." Ginny bowed her head even further, and at the mention of Harry's name, tears filled her eyes.

"I'm sorry. Didn't mean to remind you. How long were you married?"

"A year, but he left right after the wedding. We never had a chance for a wedding night...then I heard he was killed just after our first anniversary. As you know, he left me some of his DNA in his will. Just a few months ago I decided to become implanted. I had a ... rather intense dream about Harry and we...talked about children near the last. That's what prompted my decision. I can't help thinking that it was his way of telling me he approved."

"Quite possibly," Araminta returned quietly. "Are you saying that the two of you never had a chance for ... making love at all?"

Ginny shook her head sadly. "We decided to wait until marriage for sex."

Araminta sighed. "Most unfortunate."

"You're telling me. Even as happy as I am to be pregnant, I really wish it could have been done the old-fashioned way, where my husband and I actually joined physically and had some fun doing it."

"Unfortunately, we can't have everything," the Healer observed.

Ginny sighed. "That's for sure." Then she asked, "Can I have some idea of when I'm supposed to deliver?"

"If it's a single pregnancy, probably January or February of next year. If it's a double pregnancy, of which there is at least a 50% chance, it'll likely be anywhere from mid-December to mid-January."

"It'd be great if I had the baby on Valentine's Day; then it would truly be a posthumous gift of love," Ginny speculated hopefully.

"Time will tell. Now be sure to keep me informed of any and all changes in both your physical and emotional makeup, if only to be on the safe side. And I want to see you for a checkup every three months until the baby's born. Congratulations, dear."

"Thank you. I'd better get home now and tell my family." With that, the Healer left. Then Ginny dressed and Disapparated back to the Burrow just long enough to tell her folks the good news.

Molly hugged her tightly and reiterated her offer of help; Ginny willingly accepted it, then left again for the Godric's Hollow house that was her home now...or as much a home as it could be without the one she loved living there with her. In a few months, she wouldn't be alone in it; she would have Harry's baby ... or babies, with any luck.

It would help to have Hedwig around for posts, but Ginny was thinking of getting another pet, since Hermione's half-cat, half-kneazle Crookshanks had finally caught her little purple Pygmy Puff, Arnold, and made a meal of him. Hermione had apologised profusely and offered to replace him, but Ginny shook her head. "I'll get another pet," she assured her. "I just don't know what kind yet." Even at that, if she hadn't found another pet by the time of the holidays or her birthday, Hermione made a mental note to get Ginny one herself.

She had even Flooed Hermione to tell her what the Healer had said. "Congratulations. I was hoping the implantation would work the first time. Just wait till I tell Ron. He's

going to be thrilled to be an uncle!"

Ginny sighed sadly. "Just the same, I wish Harry could be here. What's more, I wish I could have gotten pregnant the old-fashioned way and had a chance to ... actually join with him and have some enjoyment out of it."

"I know, but I'm sure that the dream you mentioned...or more specifically, Harry's reaction in it...indicates that he's pleased with your decision. Do you think you'll have any more dreams like it?"

"I don't know. I wouldn't mind if I do, though."

"Well, you know that I'm as close as your fireplace, or failing that, the owl post," Hermione assured her. "And I'll make sure that Ron and I give you a big hug next time we see you. Would you like us to come visit at the Godric's Hollow house? Remember, we haven't had a chance to see it since you finished fixing it up."

"That would be great. Just either Floo or owl me when you intend to come so I can be ready...or take a raincheck if I'm not feeling up to visitors. I've also told Mum to feel free to tell the Order about my pregnancy. Which reminds me, Remus is supposed to drop by with Tonks. Did you know *she's* pregnant? She told me at ... Harry's funeral."

"Yes. That's great. She can help you too."

"But she's lucky. At least she was able to get pregnant the regular way and will have her husband with her when her baby's born."

"I know we can't replace Harry, Gin, but *we'll* be there for you, you know that."

"I know, and I'm glad of that. I'd better go now and get some sleep. The Healer said I should get all possible rest."

'Good idea. You make sure to do all she says to do now. After all, you want a healthy baby, if only for Harry's sake.' Hermione's voice at the last was quieter than normal, and Ginny understood why.

"I still miss him so much, 'Mione." Ginny's eyes filled with tears, her heart aching at the fact that Harry would never see their child, that she would never be able to feel him stroking her belly, resting his cheek on it or kissing it ... nor would they know the joy of discussing names for their child. She would have to do all these things alone. Of course, Harry would always be in her heart and never far from her mind, but it wasn't the same as having him beside her or in her arms.

"I know. So do I. It just doesn't seem fair. You two were so happy, so much in love." Just then Hermione said, "Ron just Apparated in. I'd better go. See you later, Gin. Take care. We'll be by as soon as we can."

"Thanks. I'll be expecting you." With that, Ginny pulled her head out of the fireplace, then got to her feet and went upstairs to the master bedroom. Of course, once she got bigger, she would have to move downstairs to the sofa bed, since her mother had told her it wasn't good for a pregnant woman to climb stairs after the sixth month.

She lay down, covering herself up with the green comforter, the exact same shade of Harry's incredible eyes, then buried her face in her pillow, which she had covered with one of Harry's old T-shirts, which still had his scent in it, even after it being over a year since he had last worn it, one arm around it and the other on her belly. She closed her eyes and smiled, albeit sadly. "Well, I'm going to have a baby, my love," she told the Harry in her bedside pictures. "I'm doing what you wanted, and it'll give me something to live for. Just the same, I wish with all my heart that you were here to share it with me. I still miss you so very much. You belong here, with me, in my arms, not six feet under." Tears soon filled her eyes, then overflowed onto the old T-shirt even as Ginny breathed in the lingering scent of her beloved.

## Chapter Two

### *Chapter 2 of 2*

Harry and Ginny marry, yet he dies a year later in Final Battle (they had no chance for a wedding night). Five years go by and Ginny meets a strangely familiar young man very much like Harry in looks and personality and finds herself falling in love with him despite her best efforts. Could this be her lost husband somehow reincarnated? (Harry left her some of his DNA and she bore him two children, fraternal twins -- the original characters mentioned.)

Fortunately she was able to get to sleep almost immediately, and had yet another intense dream of her late young husband.

*Ginny was all but walking on air upon leaving the Healer's office. Wait till she told Harry! She was indeed pregnant and due early next year. He would surely want to celebrate privately, with just the two of them, once he heard ... then they could tell everyone else, including her parents and their friends in both the Burrow and the Order first.*

*She could hardly wait for him to come home from his job at the Ministry; it seemed like a literal eternity before she heard him arrive on his broom, then stash it in their outside broom shed.*

*"Gin?" he called when he came in, looking for her. "What did the Healer say?" he asked upon spotting her.*

*"Oh, Harry, luv, it's the best possible news!" Ginny enthused, all but throwing herself into his arms. "I'm pregnant!"*

*"Brilliant! That's the greatest thing I've ever heard! Have you told your folks yet?" He hugged and kissed her and spun her around until she laughed out loud.*

*"I wanted to tell you first. As the father-to-be, you have that right."*

*"Do you know when you're due?"*

*"The Healer said probably January or February of next year ... that is, if it's a single pregnancy. If it's a double one, like Fred and George, it'll probably be either December of this year or January. Either way, we've just got a few months to bone up on parenting skills."*

*"In which case, we'd better book some sessions with Arthur and Molly to find out all we can and get all possible advice. We're going to need all the help we can get!"*

*"What would you like as names? Any ideas yet?"*



*"Ideas, yes. Real suggestions, no ... at least not for a girl. You know my preferences for a boy, though."*

*"Your Dad and mine, Sirius, possibly Dumbledore, Remus, maybe Ron ..." Ginny rattled off. "Well, even if you don't have any ideas for a girl, being female, I do. I love the names Jessica, Elizabeth, Courtney, Rose, Christine, and in a pinch, your Mum's or mine's name."*

*A short time later, Ginny sobered and Harry asked her what was wrong.*

*"I can't help wondering what you'll think of me once I get big with the baby. How could you possibly want me at a time like that?"*

*"I'll still love you, lady, you know that...especially once you're big with my child. You'll never be more beautiful to me than at that time." His eyes became soft with love and tenderness. "You've made me so happy, Gin."*

*"I couldn't have done it without you, luv," she reminded him. "And I know you'll be a great father."*

*"Just as I'm sure you'll be a great mother ... and we'll be great parents. But right now, all I want is for us to be lovers." He lifted her face and smiled provocatively.*

*"I declare, Harry, you're insatiable!" Ginny laughed even as he began to kiss and caress her.*

*"No more than you, minx. Now shut up and kiss me or I'll tickle you until you beg for mercy!"*

*"Not if I can get off a Bat-Bogey Hex first, you won't," she declared just before Harry effectively silenced her with his lips, then swept her off her feet and into his arms to carry her upstairs into their bedroom, sealing the door behind him with a nonverbal Locking Charm before placing her on the bed and proceeding to undress her. It wasn't long before he joined her on the bed, equally and gorgeously naked, and soon made her forget her own name with his incredible hands, lips and body.*

Once again, Ginny wanted to cry upon waking up alone once again. She still wasn't used to it and doubted she ever would be. Why couldn't she and Harry have been able to make love at least once before he was ... taken? It just wasn't fair that she'd never had the chance to have him truly make love to her, feel him move and come inside her, make her pregnant the time-honoured way so they could have both gotten some pleasure out of it, instead of her having a cold, sterile medical procedure done in a Healer's treatment room.

They had done virtually everything *but* sex, agreeing that it was best, albeit old-fashioned, to wait until marriage for that. And look where it had gotten them! If they had the chance to do it over again, she would definitely have insisted on their making love at least once before he had to leave, even if it was before they married. They were going to get married anyway, so what real difference did it make when it was done?

It wouldn't have changed their love for each other, not one iota. At least she would have some beautiful memories to cherish instead of dreams that always left her empty, aching and longing for the husband she loved ... the husband who was forever denied to her. Of course, maybe she could even name a boy child after his father, that way Harry would have a namesake, if nothing else. Maybe she could even use her own name for a daughter at some point, even if it was only a middle name.

For the time being, though, she could pass the time by learning to knit ... and she knew just which somebody to ask for tips on that. *Two* somebodies, in fact. She scribbled notes to both her mother and Hermione detailing what she wanted to learn, then had Hedwig take them, making sure to reward her for a job well done upon her return.

At least this way, she could make some things for the baby: booties, sweaters, bonnets ... some blue, some pink, maybe even some yellow to go for either one, since yellow was supposed to be a neutral colour. Perhaps she could even make some rough sketches of the type of things she wanted to knit ... With that, Ginny grabbed her parchment pad and her Self-Inking Quill once again and began sketching.

\* \* \* \* \*

Molly was of the old school and could knit both with and without magic, so Ginny decided to learn both methods. Hermione did her best work with magic, although she could also do it without in a pinch. They acquainted her with magazines and newsletters all about the basics of knitting, got her plenty of different colours of yarn and different size needles.

There was even something called 'baby' yarn, thinner and finer than the other yarn, and Ginny had already decided that her first project was going to be a baby blanket. She had found some multi-coloured yarn and a perfect pattern that worked up to a blanket about four feet square, plenty large enough to cover even two babies should she have them.

Once she started the knitting, her days seemed to go far easier and faster than she had ever imagined possible, especially when she played her favourite music; however, they weren't what she was concerned with. She could handle them. It was the nights that nearly drove her up the proverbial tree. If it hadn't been for the ongoing dreams featuring Harry, so real sometimes that she would almost have sworn that he was actually with her, Ginny didn't think she could have managed.

Her disappointment upon awakening always made her cry, but she had learned to accept this as naturally as she accepted her breathing and the fact of her pregnancy. And as long as she dared, she visited both Harry's grave several times a week, not to mention that of his parents, always bringing fresh flowers to both.

At first she knelt before each, but as her pregnancy progressed, the Healer informed her that two of her eggs had been fertilised and that she was carrying fraternal twins, a boy and a girl ... and consequently, she would both show her pregnancy earlier and her belly would grow that much faster. As a result, she would be unable to kneel any longer without assistance after a certain point.

As a result, in between knitting sessions and her other day-to-day duties, Ginny spent hours debating on what she should name her children. She tossed around several possibilities in her conscious mind, but it was what was in her subconscious that had prompted her to make a final decision. Her regular and extremely vivid dreams, which usually followed a chronological pattern over the duration of her pregnancy, also seemed to help her make difficult decisions such as this one...especially this latest one, where she and Harry had discussed names for their unborn children.

*She was showing, around four to five months along, and Harry had apparently decided it was time to pick names. She had recently told him that the Healer had told her that they would have twins...no surprise, considering the fact of twins running in her family, Fred and George being a prime example.*

*"So what have you decided is best for a boy?" she asked him as she curled up next to him, his arms around her and her head on his shoulder. Of course, this was only one of her favourite positions; others featured him rubbing a special lotion into her legs and belly to prevent stretch marks and sitting with her legs across his lap to prevent varicose veins or lying fully clothed on their bed in his arms and taking a nap, his rhythmic breathing and heartbeat lulling her to sleep within minutes.*

*"I've narrowed it down to Harrison James, Jr. or Sirius Marcus. I think Padfoot would love to have a namesake every bit as much as I would."*

*"Have you been able to think of any preferences for a girl?"*

*"The only names I really know are ones from school, yours and our Mums' names. There are many, many combinations possible from them. All the same, I can't help liking Courtney Rose, using two of your favourites as examples."*

*"Sounds lovely," Ginny agreed. Certainly better than she had expected him to come up with; even now, though, there were times that Harry could surprise her and this was one of them. Just the same, she intended to choose two others, if only to have an alternative choice. But for the time being, the names they'd already come up with should suffice.*

*They had also long ago decided that pregnancy wasn't going to stop them from shagging just as often and as passionately as ever. They'd just have to do it in different ways as the pregnancy progressed, if only for the sake of variety. It would never do for them to allow their bedroom routine to get too ... well ... routine, because it could become dull and commonplace, and their love for one another was anything but. Which was what prompted Harry to kiss her deeply and with great yearning.*

*It went on so long, in fact, that Ginny broke it only because she needed to breathe...not because she particularly wanted to. If they belonged anywhere, Harry's lips belonged on hers, kissing her or a given part of her body, or else his hands should do what they did best, caress her body. She was certain that there wasn't any spot on her body that his hands and lips hadn't kissed or caressed or that his tongue hadn't tasted ... and that suited her just fine.*

*What's more, the reverse was also true. She had never tasted anything as delicious as Harry, any and all parts of him, never felt anything so warm, yet so firm and smooth as his skin beneath her hands and lips...well, most places anyway. One part in particular reminded her of velvet over steel. The part of him which could bring her to ecstasy time and time again, second only to his hands and lips. "You know, I'd almost swear that you taste even more delicious now that you're pregnant, Gin," Harry was unable to help remarking as he began to lick, kiss and caress her virtually everywhere.*

*"I could say the same for you," Ginny replied, returning the favour as the pair eventually lost themselves totally and thoroughly in the wonders of each other.*

Once again, she half-expected Harry to be next to her and once again, she was devastated to find herself alone. She didn't know how much longer she could stand this. Her vivid dreams were both a godsend and a literal nightmare; however lovely it was to be with Harry in the dream, she had to wake up to a lonely, sad reality...the reality of his tragic, premature death and the fact that she would likely have to live the rest of her life without him. The only even marginally good thing was the fact that she would have his children to comfort her.

She had also gotten into the habit of keeping her craft work near her bed so if she awakened sad, she could grab it and immediately get back knitting. This act had saved her many times, not to mention accelerated her progress (at the moment the blanket was almost half finished), but there were just as many times when all she'd wanted to do was lie in bed and cry...and it wasn't just pregnancy-induced moods. Today was just such a day.

She looked at the pictures of her beloved on her nightstand and the tears began to flow so copiously that she could scarcely see him. Oh God, how she wished she could feel his arms around her, the warmth of his body close to hers, the sweetness of his kisses ... it just wasn't fair! Why couldn't they have had at least one night together? As it was, they'd had nothing...nothing! She was a widow before she'd ever had the chance to be a wife!

It was then that Ginny would almost have sworn that she'd heard Harry speak to her, as clearly as if he'd actually been there with her, even though it must have been in her mind. "Nothing? Nonsense! Our love was everything ... more than a lot of people have in a lifetime! I'm sorry I can't be with you to raise our children, but what matters is that there's a safe world for them to grow up in. I didn't die for you to give up on living. Be the best you can be, if only for our children's sake; raise them to be offspring I can be proud of."

"I'll try, beloved," she told the image in her heart's eye. "I'll try ... but it's so hard. So *veryhard* to go on without you! If it weren't for the babies, I'd lie down and die right now!"

*Meanwhile, in the Afterlife (aka Heaven)...*

*It was almost more than Harry could stand to see the woman he loved most in so much pain...and what's more, because of him, even if it had been unavoidable! He had not been conventionally religious growing up, but the Weasleys had followed a religion of sorts which had believed in a Supreme Being, and it was this Being that Harry was in the presence of right now...or rather, his essence was.*

*"Lord, I don't know how much more I can stand! My wife cries virtually every day, no matter how many times I visit her in her dreams. I had no idea that pregnancy would make her even more miserable. I was trying to give her something to live for, since I couldn't be there with her."*

*"Understandable, dear boy, considering the depth of the love you two shared," came the infinitely compassionate, infinitely gentle and wise voice. "But it isn't generally done to send someone who's already died once to live again, particularly in the manner that you died."*

*"But you're the Supreme Being. Surely You must be able to do something to help me!"*

*"There are many conditions which would have to come about beforehand, such as another body. Your original is no longer usable."*

*"What about cloning? Maybe plant a suggestion in a Healer's mind to clone a body from some of my DNA that I left behind originally."*

*"You would also need your memories ... as many as you can muster."*

*"I've got an idea. I can plant clues in Gin's dreams that will lead her to my Pensieve, that was once Dumbledore's, then have You modify her memory or something. I've put many of my most memorable experiences into it, including the day of our wedding, as well as my memories of my happier times with her during our years at Hogwarts and at the Burrow, her family's home, where I spent every summer."*

*"That should help, but the life-essence your astral body possesses is also necessary for you to bring the cloned body to life, make it a living person," the Being pointed out.*

*"Is that all I would need?" Harry asked.*

*"You would be unable to use your real name, because to the world at large, you're dead. If you came back to life, as it were, you would need to use another name. Maybe devise one from the names in your family."*

*"My father's name was James, and that was my original middle name ... and Robert was his middle name. Not to mention the fact that my mother's maiden name was Evans."*

*"Which name would you use for your new Christian name?"*

*"I was thinking my father's middle name, then his first name for my middle name again."*

*"That is possible," the Being agreed. "Which Healer would it be best to influence?"*

*"Most likely the one who has the largest amount of DNA in her possession ... one Araminta Higgenbottom at the London branch of the St. Mungo's wizarding hospital. You could plant the idea in her mind and keep it from my wife until the proper time...until we know one way or the other whether or not it will work."*

*"Cloning is not an exact science. Any number of things could go wrong."*

*"Maybe if you have the Healer in question contact an expert on the subject and work with them ..." Harry's voice trailed off. "I happen to know that there is a magical means of accelerating growth so that one can reach adulthood in five years rather than the usual twenty. I heard of it from a bookworm friend of mine who researched the subject while we were at school. Maybe even get her in on it."*

*"That's possible, too. Since she knew you and was emotionally close to you, her assistance could be invaluable."*

*"Then put her in contact with the Healer and the cloning expert and go from there ... and keep their work under wraps."*

*"But even if all goes well, Harry, there's no guarantee that your wife will accept you in your new body. There is something you must do or say in order to convince her that it's really you...something only the original could know."*

*"Maybe if I kiss her at the proper time. I've heard that kisses can be as individual as fingerprints. It would be virtually impossible for her to deny me after that, I think."*

*"I can give you virtually the same physiology and fingerprints as before, even your eye and hair colour and general body build. Do you still wish to wear glasses?"*

*"Might be a good idea," Harry agreed. "I happen to know that my wife kept my original pair, but I don't know how good they are. Haven't seen them for ages. I also know that she kept my wedding ring and wears it on a chain around her neck, even today."*

*"What about convincing the others who once knew you?"*

*"I believe I could think of ways to convince them, and if you decide not to give me back the scar on my forehead, we can say that now that the Dark Lord Voldemort has been vanquished, there is no further need for me to carry it, so it disappeared when he died. In addition, once my friends realise it's really me, we would have to discuss the situation and make sure they start calling me by my new name."*

*"That sounds reasonable, young man," came the soft reply. "Even at that, you would need to in essence create an entirely new identity for yourself."*

*"It would be worth the effort to be alive again, to be able to be with my friends, and my ... wife and children." Harry's green eyes became soft at the thought of Ginny, particularly now that he knew she was carrying his children, albeit posthumously.*

*"It will take five years, if you want me to start the wheels in motion, as it were," the Being warned. "You won't be able to be with them right away. You will have to maintain the status quo, visiting her in her dreams and such, at least for the time being."*

*"It won't be easy to have to watch her, know how she's suffering, watch our children grow up and I'm not there to guide them."*

*"If all works out, you won't have to be on the sidelines for long," the Being gently assured him.*

*"Five years isn't exactly a short time," Harry countered.*

*"Cosmically, it's but a blink of an eye," the Being returned patiently. "Take heart. It should pass much faster than you believe."*

*"I hope so," Harry threw back.*

*"You'll see."*

FIVE YEARS LATER

"Mummy, who's this?" four-year-old Courtney Rose Potter asked upon walking into the downstairs living room, carrying Ginny's picture of Harry from her nightstand. Ginny was knitting a sweater for one of the children because he loved to stay outside most of the time, flying on his child-sized broom, swearing he intended to be a Quidditch star someday.

Ginny smiled sadly. Harry Jr. was so like his father it was painful, even though she loved him dearly, every bit as much as she loved her pretty little daughter who also resembled him; the only difference was her brown eyes, which were from her.

After the girl handed her the picture, Ginny, having set aside her knitting momentarily, smiled, pulled her daughter into her lap, squeezed her and kissed her temple, then said, "That's your father, darling. It was taken just before we got married. If you got this where I think you did, you should also have seen our wedding picture, which was right next to it."

"Yeah, I did. You both looked very nice. But where is Daddy now?"

"He ... died before you were born, I'm afraid. You've heard of Uncle Ron and Aunt Hermie talking about something called 'The Final Battle,' haven't you? Well, your father was known as 'The Chosen One,' destined to kill the evil wizard known as Voldemort. Well, he did...but Voldemort killed him in retaliation. We had only been married a year, and I'd just found out I was pregnant with you and your brother when it happened. Uncle Ron and Aunt Hermie were with him when it happened, and they brought him home to me."

"That must have hurt."

"Oh, it did, love, very much, but having you and your brother around helps a lot. I also have ... very intense dreams where your father comes to me and I would almost swear that we're together again. Those are the only two things that keep me going. We are also living in the house your father had built for us. His grave and that of your grandparents, his parents, are close by us. Remember, we go visit them several times a week. We see your other grandparents, my mum and dad, the rest of the time. You've even stayed with them on occasion."

"Brother looks like Daddy," Courtney pointed out.

"That's the reason I named him after Daddy," Ginny told her. "You also look like him to a degree, except for the eyes. You have my eyes. Your father also had his mother's eyes...green eyes. People commented on that so often that your father said he got sick of hearing it." Ginny made herself laugh. "His hair was also very unruly; he said he got it from his father, your grandfather James, whom Daddy greatly resembled. And you remember my mentioning some friends of your grandfather called Sirius and Remus? Well, they had nicknames such as Padfoot and Moony, and your grandfather was nicknamed Prongs."

"Why were they nicknamed like that?"

Ginny sighed and continued. "They were Animagi, wizards who could turn into animals at will."

"What kind of animals?"

"Your grandfather could turn into a male deer, which have antlers...hence the nickname Prongs. Padfoot could turn into a dog and Moony a wolf. Your grandfather even made Padfoot your father's godfather, since he was his closest friend. He even met your grandmother Lily while they were at school and were married just over a year when your grandmother had your father."

"Do you think I could be an Animagus one day?"

"I don't know. That depends on what kind of animal you like best. One of our old teachers at our magical school, Hogwarts, she's an Animagus too, and you'd have to talk to her about that. She could tell you one way or the other...but you're too young right now. You have to be eleven to go to Hogwarts, and you're not quite old enough to start

regular school yet, which is why I'm teaching you what I can at home."

"Do you have pictures of my grandparents and their friends?"

"Yes. Your father was given a photo album of them when he was a teenager. I keep it around and look at it occasionally." Ginny held her daughter with one arm and held out the other while stating the spell; within moments the album was in her hand and she opened it.

When she reached the page where it showed the wedding picture of Lily and James with Sirius and Remus, Courtney pointed to Lily and exclaimed, "She looks like you, Mummy! Grandma Lily looks like you!"

Ginny laughed. "You know, that's just what your father said first attracted him to me, my resemblance to his mother. It turned out, though, that he'd just inherited his father's penchant for beautiful redheads."

She also said, "Grandpa James was very handsome, too, just as Sirius and Remus were. Can you tell me what happened to my grandparents, why they ... died?"

Ginny was hesitant, since it wasn't a pretty story to tell. Well, she'd just have to do her best. "Well, your grandparents worked as Aurors...dark wizard catchers...and had defied Voldemort three times. He was determined to get them for it ... and one day he did. Your father was just a baby when it happened, a little over a year old. Your grandparents were in hiding with him, but were betrayed by another of their ... former friends who had defected to the Dark side and told them where they were hiding.

"By the time their friends arrived, it was too late. Your grandparents had been killed and your father was found in the wreckage of the house, a lightning-bolt scar on his forehead, which he carried his whole life. It was a ... curse scar. There was also a prophecy which foretold that he was supposed to be the one to destroy Voldemort, so Voldemort was therefore determined to get rid of him while he was still small. But because of your grandmother's sacrifice for Daddy, the curse rebounded on Voldemort and nearly killed him.

"Unfortunately, Padfoot...Sirius...was accused of betraying them, as well as killing over a dozen Muggles ... non-magical people ... and was put into Azkaban, the wizarding prison, for over ten years. He was recently exonerated, but only after he had been killed in your father's fifth year of schooling at Hogwarts. For a long time, your father blamed himself because Voldemort had planted a vision of Sirius being tortured by him and Daddy felt a need to try to save him. But he wasn't actually there. He did show up eventually, and ... died in the resulting battle."

"What about Remus ... Moony?"

"He went on to teach DADA...Defence Against the Dark Arts...at Hogwarts and eventually married a witch named Nymphadora Tonks, whom you know as Dora. She dislikes her full name of Nymphadora. You've met them. And by the way, he's a ... werewolf. He was bitten as a child and transforms at the full moon each month."

"He's such a nice man. But how could he have married or had children?"

"Most of the time he's not like that, as I said, only for a week every month. That's why there are times each month you don't see him, although he and his family visit as often as they can. Tonks is even ... pregnant again. She was pregnant with your friend Andi, named after Tonks' mum, Andromeda, her grandmother, at the time of your father's funeral. That was shortly before I found myself pregnant with you and your brother. That's why you're all so close in age."

"Who actually killed those people you mentioned at the time Padfoot was put into prison?"

"Their ... former friend, called Wormtail, whose Animagus form was a rat. And believe me, he truly *was* one, to do what he did and then frame Padfoot for it."

"What's framing?"

"Making it seem as though another person did what someone else actually did."

"How did Daddy feel about it?"

"He didn't know about it until he was a teenager, and when he did, and met Padfoot, he was sure he was guilty and intended to take revenge on him. But Padfoot managed to explain matters to him and your father realised that Padfoot was innocent and they became close as intended, since your grandparents had made him godfather when Daddy was born, someone who looks after children when the parents can't.

"But since Sirius was in prison, they had to find someone else to put him with. I personally think he'd have done better in an orphanage, since the ones he was put with, even though they were technically part of Grandma Lily's family, they ... didn't like magical people and were thus very abusive, both physically and emotionally, to your father. If it hadn't been for me, Uncle Ron, Aunt Hermy and my parents, who knows how he'd have turned out."

"How did you and Daddy meet?"

"I was ten years old; he was just getting ready to start Hogwarts and wasn't sure what to do, how to get to the train to take him there. We, that is, my family, had to help him. From that moment on, I knew he was the one for me. It's said that it's not possible to fall in love as a child, but I'm convinced that I did.

"I started Hogwarts the following year and for a long time, couldn't be in your father's presence and speak a word, although I'm generally not like that. Finally your Aunt Hermy, who was my best friend, said it would be best for me to get to know other boys, which would end up making me more attractive to your father ... and she was right. I dated several other boys, but your father was never far from my mind...or my heart.

"It took him until his sixth year, I was in my fifth, before we started dating. He even ... kissed me in public right after we won the Quidditch Cup at school. Nothing like snogging in front of fifty people, that was for sure, but the moment our lips met, I think we totally forgot anyone else was there. All that mattered was being close to one another and the touch of the other's lips."

"Did you get married then?"

"Oh no, we were too young. Just fifteen and sixteen at the time."

"When did it happen, then?"

"Three years later; I was eighteen and he was nineteen. He was killed shortly after our first anniversary, just before I learned I was pregnant."

"Tell me what your wedding was like." Ginny closed her eyes in pain, remembering the day which stood out in her mind as both the happiest and saddest day of her life...to have both become Harry's wife as she had dreamed of her entire life, and then have had to watch him walk away forever ... but she couldn't deny her child information about her father, so she told her everything she recalled. By the time she looked up, she discovered that Harry Jr. was sitting at her feet, thoroughly enthralled with her story.

"When did you come in, darling?" she asked her son.

"Some time ago, Mummy. It was ... fascinating." Young Harry then got up and moved to look at the picture of his father which was still in Ginny's hand. "That's Daddy, isn't it?"

"Yes. I keep it on my night table. It was taken just before we got married."

"Mummy?" young Harry asked.

"Yes?"

"Sister is asleep." Ginny looked down carefully and saw that he was right.

"In that case, I'd better take her and put her down. Which reminds me, it wouldn't do *you* any harm to have a nap, either, mister."

"But I'm not tired, Mummy," Harry Jr. protested, fiddling nervously with his new glasses, which he had just gotten and was loath to take off. Ginny recalled that Harry had never been very fond of his, but had eventually gotten used to them and only took them off when in the shower or going to bed. He had rarely taken them off otherwise, even when they were snogging; she could only assume that he had shrunken them enough so they didn't get in his way.

When she'd asked him why, he had said, "Because I want to see your reactions when I kiss and touch you." He had then smiled provocatively and resumed his pleasurable ministrations.

"Don't worry, love, you can put your glasses back on when you wake up. Just make sure you put them in a safe place so they aren't broken by accident."

Young Harry sighed but couldn't argue with that. "Daddy wore glasses, too," he remarked.

"Yes. So did Grandpa James. Vision problems seem to run in the Potter family. Now come on, you. Off to bed. I'll put your sister down, then come to your room and tuck you in. You make sure to stay in bed now, and actually sleep, even if you end up having to count sheep or something. A regular nap at a set time is healthful for young children. Grandma Molly told me that from the time I was your age, so it's not just me being an ogre. It's true."

Young Harry frowned but didn't argue with her, simply detoured into his room as Ginny entered Courtney's, setting her down, then covering her up, brushing her raven hair back from her forehead and kissing her there before backing out of the room and turning out the light. Harry Jr.'s room was right next to it, while Ginny's was across the hall from them, so they could come and be with her if they had nightmares or something, which happened on occasion. Even at that, Ginny couldn't help imagining how Harry would have handled their nightmares.

She sighed sadly as she headed to her own room to rest ... but as it turned out, she was in for a surprise shortly after closing her door. Fortunately, she had a Silencing Charm put on her door as a matter of course, so the children weren't disturbed should she cry or anything like that. However, this time she hadn't even heard the faint *pop* of someone Apparating in. Ginny had meant to have anti-Apparition wards put up on the house, but she didn't know how and hadn't gotten around to contacting those who did yet.

For a long time Ginny was sure she was being watched, but didn't see anyone and couldn't imagine why she felt like that. Finally the feeling got to be too strong to ignore any longer. Someone was here, with her, in her room, even though she couldn't see them. She eventually called out, "All right, whoever you are, show yourself! And I mean *now*!" after grabbing her wand, ready to use it at the least provocation.

The next thing she knew, she saw a painfully yet frighteningly familiar face appear ... it couldn't be! "Harry!" she screamed, then fainted from shock after dropping her wand to the floor. Fortunately he caught her and placed her gently on her bed, sitting beside her and holding her hand until she came to.

She was equally shocked when she woke up, although the gentle smile on the stranger's lips indicated she had nothing to fear from him. But how could it be? Harry was dead ... had been for almost five years! "My name is Robert James Evans," the twentyish man who so resembled Harry, yet couldn't possibly be him, said. "I ... knew your husband. I was ... even there at the time he died."

"But his friends Ron and Hermione were also there. They never mentioned you."

"Oh, I was there. They just didn't see me."

"Why couldn't they see you? Did you have an Invisibility Cloak or something?"

The familiar stranger simply smiled enigmatically, knowing the true explanation would be far beyond her understanding ... or his ability to explain, for that matter. "Are you all right? I didn't mean to frighten you."

"It's all right. I was ... surprised more than anything. You remind me so much of my husband, that's all. How in Merlin's name did you know where to find me, or know anything about me?"

Harry/Robert thought, *There's a reason for that. It's because I am your husband...but you'd never believe me, especially if I told you now. Neither would Ron or 'Mione, for that matter, much less anyone else.* "As I said, I was ... close to your husband. He told me. And because of this, I would like to get to know you and your children, be your friend, if you're willing."

"I think you're moving a bit too fast for my taste ... Robert. It's best that you and I get to know each other first. *then* if I feel safe around you, I'll consider introducing you to my children. They're all I've got of my husband and are very precious to me, so I'm not about to risk anything happening to them."

"I understand," the stranger said, smiling enigmatically again and his eyes, so like Harry's own, twinkled, as if he harboured many secrets. "But at the same time, could I ... please see pictures of them? That could do them no harm."

"I suppose not. Just give me a minute." Ginny turned over, opened a drawer and pulled out some framed pictures, then handed them to her companion.

"Beautiful," he pronounced. "They both resemble your husband to a degree, but I can't help noting ... your daughter. She has your eyes, if I'm not mistaken."

"Yes, that's true. I even recall my husband mentioning that people commented so often that he closely resembled his father too...except for his eyes, which were that of his mother...that he got tired of it."

"Can't really blame him, although it's not their fault either, if they happen to make that observation, you know," the strangely familiar man sitting beside her said. "Which reminds me...why don't you have your children's pictures out with those of your husband?"

"Because they're alive and I can see them whenever I wish. My husband is ... gone, so I keep his picture out where I can see it often. It helps me feel better, less lonely, to believe that he is still near me, and that knowledge gives me strength to live another day."

Harry/Robert nodded understandingly as he handed back the pictures, his heart aching, he wanted so much to pull Ginny close and kiss her, hold her, love her...and not just through a dream, as he had several times before. She was so beautiful ... but he couldn't.

It also pierced his heart like a dagger to see the sadness in her eyes at the mention of his death and what she'd had to do in order to go on living. It was hard enough for him to have observed it on the sidelines all these years; to see it close up was almost more than he could handle.

"I can imagine how difficult it must have been for you," he made himself say.

"Difficult! For years it was well-nigh impossible. If it hadn't been for my children, I'd have checked out long ago. They're the main reasons I go on living." Ginny couldn't help wondering how she could possibly be pouring her heart out to this person she barely knew, yet she was. She hadn't even told her mother or Hermione these things! But she must have needed to get them off her chest, and her companion didn't seem to be objecting to her confessions, so she continued.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if Harry and I could have had at least one night together, but no, bloody Voldemort had to make me a ruddy widow before I ever had the chance to be a wife! Why did I ever agree to Harry's suggestion that we wait until marriage for sex? Because he had to leave right after the wedding, we never had a chance for a wedding night...and therefore had no chance to make love."

"How do you have your children, then?" he asked, if only to keep her talking.

"Harry left me some of his DNA in his will. I ... had myself implanted a few months later. I had them around the middle of February 2002. Because of the timing, I couldn't help but believe that they were truly a posthumous gift of love from him."

"When exactly were they born?"

"2 and 2:30 a.m. on February 14th, Valentine's Day."

Harry/Robert closed his eyes, remembering that day as if it were yesterday. He had been there, if only in spirit, and marvelled at his beautiful children, truly glad that he had had the presence of mind to leave some of his DNA for Ginny to use.

"Forgive my old-fashioned outlook, but I'd have much preferred to know what it was like to feel him inside me, his kisses and caresses, get pregnant the time-honoured way and have a bit of enjoyment out of it...but no, we had to bloody well decide to wait until marriage for sex ... and look where it got us!"

Sometimes she could barely speak for her anger and tears...and Harry/Robert could scarcely stand it. He wanted so much to tell her who he really was, so much that he could almost literally taste it, but she'd never believe him. Even once he'd gained her trust, she would be unlikely to believe him, and who could blame her? He wouldn't have believed it himself if it hadn't happened to him.

"It's usually more special if you can wait for marriage to ... make love. I'm sure that's why he asked you to do that. Neither of you could have known he would die so soon."

"Just the same, it wouldn't have made any difference when we made love, since we were going to get married anyway. At least not as far as I'm concerned, since that way, we'd at least have had a chance to know what it was like to actually make love. Up to the point of our marriage, we'd done everything *but* sex, virtually every type of foreplay imaginable.

"He even had me ... bring him off with my hands a few times. It never took long, since he said my hands were so soft, so gentle, my fingers so talented, that he could never stop himself ..." Ginny's eyes closed in pain. "I even used to pretend when he used his fingers on me, that he was ... actually moving in and out of me. Almost always brought me to an orgasm quicker."

This time Harry/Robert closed his eyes in remembrance, well able to picture and even feel again Ginny's hands on him and his own pleasuring her. How he wished he could do it now ... His hands became tight fists, he was fighting so hard not to touch her. But she smelled so good, looked so lovely and was so near; he'd missed her so much. How was he ever going to stand being so near her and not have her in his arms, feeling her sweet lips and delicious body beneath his hands? Not to mention feeling her lips and hands on *his* body?

It would also be something to explain, should they manage to get that far any time soon, that he showed no scars from his time with Voldemort. He would have to think of some explanation she was likely to buy, but it wasn't going to be easy. But then, life had never been easy for him, and it probably never would be, simply owing to the fact that he was Harry Potter, the Chosen One, the Slayer of Voldemort, the Boy-Who-Lived (again) so it was just one more difficulty to get through ... again.

Just then, there came a knock on Ginny's door. She took the Silencing Charm off it and her daughter's voice came through. "Mummy, Mummy! I'm hungry! Harry is too! Please come out and feed us!"

Ginny gave an apprehensive look at her companion. Courtney was awake. What if she burst in unannounced, as she had been known to do? How would Ginny ever explain the presence of the familiar stranger who looked so much like her husband and their father that it was uncanny? So much, in fact, that she would almost have sworn that Harry had been reincarnated or something ... She couldn't let it happen, not yet.

"Don't worry," her companion whispered with a smile, putting one finger on her lips. "I'd better go now, and you'd better go feed your kids. I'll be back tonight after they're asleep if you want me to come."

Ginny found herself wanting to see "Robert" again, so she simply nodded. "See you then." He then Disapparated after whispering, "Oh, by the way, don't have Anti-Apparition wards set up yet. I don't have a broom or anything right now. Apparition is the only way I can get around at present."

Ginny nodded in acknowledgment and he was gone. She then straightened her hair and clothing as best she could, opening the door and joining her young daughter, putting a hand on her nearest shoulder even as Courtney put a small arm around her as best she could and they made their way downstairs.

## Epilogue:

But this was only the first of many visitations...and over time, Ginny found her feelings for "Robert" gradually deepening, despite all she could do and despite her guilt at her possible disloyalty to Harry. Even at that, she had never lost her conviction that "Robert" was uncannily like him, right down to the glasses and his mannerisms, such as running a hand through his hair at unexpected moments, his green eyes with their long dark lashes ... just to name a few things. It was almost like falling in love with Harry all over again!

Over the last month or so, "Robert" had been visiting her every evening, usually after the children were in bed for the night, and their talks had gotten progressively more personal. What's more, Ginny had found herself wanting "Robert" to touch her, even kiss her and hold her. Even at that, she had been unable to bring herself to tell him so, despite her difficulty at simply blurting out how she had come to feel. He seemed to feel the same way about her, although he had made sure to control himself and had never been anything but a perfect gentleman...again, almost uncannily like Harry.

Tonight, however, although she didn't know it yet, that was going to change.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ginny showered and dressed in her fanciest, laciest nightdress with its matching dressing-gown, brushing her red-gold mane of hair so it shone like silk in the dimmed light of her room. She had again placed a Silencing Charm on the door and even a Locking Charm to be on the safe side. She looked at her bedside clock; "Robert" was due at any moment. Her heart began pounding in a mixture of nervousness and anticipation even as her ears strained to hear the faint *pop* of his Apparating in.

When she did, she almost literally jumped a foot, but what mattered was that he was with her again. The look in his green eyes was identical to that of Harry whenever he became aroused, right down to the flame in them. And this time she wanted him just as much ... Just wait until she showed him. He wouldn't know what had hit him!

"Hi," she smiled softly. "What do you think?"

"You're beautiful, Ginny. Dear God, so beautiful ... Forgive me, but I just can't resist."

She found herself on her feet and in his arms in the next moment, the warm sweetness of her companion's lips finding her own even as his hands gently pressed her against his obvious arousal, and he moved sensuously against her. She moaned as his kiss deepened, and his tongue licked her lips to make them open.

This was when she broke away briefly, however much she hated doing it, murmuring, "Robert, what do you think you're doing? You..."

But it was as if Harry/Robert hadn't heard; he simply pulled her close once again and while her lips were still open, found her tongue with his, provoking a moan from his

own throat. "Don't stop me, please ... Dear God, I've wanted this for so long ... Ginny ... Ginny ..."

Ginny found her own hands beginning to wander over "Robert's" body, first stroking the back of his neck, then his back even as he once again moved sensuously against her and moved the straps of her nightdress aside to kiss her bare shoulders, his fingers having already flicked the dressing-gown off upon untying the sash. Ginny finally realised just why this young man was so like Harry ... it was because he *was* Harry, right down to the way he kissed!

Kisses were usually as individual as fingerprints, no two people could kiss in exactly the same way. There could be no other explanation. She was crying again even as they continued to kiss ... but this time, it was tears of happiness. Neither had she any idea how or why it had come about; what mattered was that it had happened. Harry was back! She hugged him tightly, unable to let go.

"Harry! Oh, dear God, *Harry!* Oh, my darling, you're back! But how is it possible? You're dead ... or you were ..." Ginny didn't know how to continue.

Harry reluctantly released her, still hungering for her lips and body, but knowing he had to explain things as best he could ... and what's more, tell her something she had to do in order for him to pull off his rebirth successfully. "And now that you realise this, luv, I need to tell you that I must *remain* dead...as Harry, that is. But as Robert James Evans, I am reborn!"

"But how did you ever manage it? At least tell me that much," she entreated.

"I can't make head nor tail of most of the technical details, but I'll say this much...it has to do with cloning, my Pensieve, Hermione and your Healer."

Ginny frowned at his ambiguity, then smiled again. "There's something else I've not told you."

"Such as?"

She reached out and placed his hand on her belly. "I recently went back to the Healer for another implantation. I'm ... pregnant again. About three months."

Harry was stunned speechless for a time. "You're pregnant again?"

Ginny smiled and nodded through her tears of happiness. "But this time you'll be here with me."

He was unable to resist stepping forward and pulling her close, this time putting a hand on her gently rounded belly on his own. "And I couldn't be happier. My child."

"The third," Ginny pointed out. "We had twins the first time around."

"I know. I was there, even though you couldn't see me at the time." He kissed her nearest ear. "You gave me a namesake, named our son for me ..."

"And you may have noticed what name I gave our daughter...the very one you once mentioned," Ginny remarked, putting a hand over his as it rested on her belly.

"There's only one thing I don't like," he murmured into her hair.

"What?"

"That it took so long to arrange things so I could be reborn that I was unable to make you pregnant the regular way."

"That isn't your fault, luv. Certainly something you may be forgiven for. What's important to me is that we're together again ... and that you'll get to know our children."

"Can you imagine how they're going to react once they realise their father's alive again?" Harry couldn't help laughing as he squeezed her. It had been so long since he had a reason to be this happy, but now he couldn't help himself. He and Ginny had been reunited, she was pregnant again, and he would have the chance to get to know his older children. What bloke could ask for more? All at once he knew and lost no time in telling her so. "And another thing ... we're not going to wait one moment more to make love. We've waited too bloody long as it is!"

With that, he swept her into his arms and deposited her on the bed, kissing and caressing every part of her body as he undressed her, then she did the same as she undressed him ... and their life together truly began.

\* \* \* \* \*

They awakened early the following morning, pleasantly tired and sore from numerous joinings, but at the same time, couldn't be happier. Ginny knew that this was what she had been denied five years ago and had no intention of allowing that again. She awakened with a smile, feeling Harry's sweet warmth beside her and feeling the steady beat of his heart as she rested her hand on his bare chest.

She had no idea it was possible to feel so happy, so content. It was as if she had only existed these last five years, not truly lived...but now that Harry had returned to her, that would all change. She looked up at him and smiled upon feeling a gentle kiss on the top of her head.

"Good morning, Sleeping Beauty. Sleep well?"

"Wonderful," she sighed. "Harry, please tell me that we won't wait five years before doing this again."

"I assure you, we won't wait five years before doing this again," he returned with a cheeky smile. "Not five months, not five weeks, not five days ... or even five ~~hours~~ for that matter. We've got a lot of time to make up for and I intend to make the most of it."

"But what do we do with the children? In fact, it's a wonder they haven't already pounded at the door."

"Don't worry, luv. I put a harmless Sleeping Spell on them, at least for the moment. They won't bother us until at least noon. By then, we should be able to get in some serious shagging. Later on, we can leave them at the Burrow or at Ron and 'Mione's house."

"I declare, Harry, if I'd had any idea you were this much of a sex maniac ..." she threw back teasingly, her voice trailing off.

"You would still have married me and you know it," he declared, lifting her face and moving so their lips were just barely apart.

"One last thing," she said with a smile and nod, putting a finger on his lips to stop him. He kissed it, looking impatiently back at her.

"Yeah?"

"Can you just picture the looks that are going to be on Ron and 'Mione's faces, not to mention those of my parents once they realise who you really are?"

"Oh, I think so," Harry laughed, moving to squeeze her. "And once they do, we'll have to tell them the same thing I told you ... that they have to treat me as someone else, at least in public, but privately, we'll be reunited again. It'll have to be that way with the world at large too; just say if anyone asks that you managed to find someone else you could be happy with, because that's what I wanted you to do ... and that you're already carrying his child...which is no lie. I could never give them the real explanation anyway, so that's the best thing to do all around." He pulled her close again and once more, his lips were just a breath away from hers. "Now shut up and kiss me, Mrs. Potter."

"With pleasure, Mr. Potter," Ginny crooned back before their own personal magic once again almost literally exploded between them, and they made up for lost time with a vengeance.