

Three Weasleys and a Wood

by timestep

Fred and George are interested in Ginny's love life. Will they hurt or help her efforts?

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 8

Fred and George are interested in Ginny's love life. Will they hurt or help her efforts?

Many thanks to my betas, Cafe Mercury and PDRSJ56, and my muse, Poultrygeist99. All mistakes are mine; if it's wonderful, thank them.

Rating is for a later chapters.

The characters belong to JKR. Thanks for letting me play in your sandbox.

~oOo~

Fred and George Weasley loved to entertain their friends. Although their flat over the Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes shop in Diagon Alley was on the smaller side, they still invited their many friends over a few times a year.

Despite the twins' success, their flat was still decorated in what could best be described as "early bachelor." Their sister, Ginny, had tried several times to change their décor, but they always Transfigured it back to the comfortable environment they enjoyed. Lately, the twins had suspected she had been decorating their flat to prove that she could, as she had stopped attempting to charm the transfiguration permanently.

As the latest party at Fred and George's was winding down, Oliver Wood leaned against the wall, observing the group. Now in his early thirties, he had finally decided to retire at the end of the current Quidditch season. He was a little concerned about resigning, but he had already been offered an assistant manager position with the club.

For years, Oliver had wished he could get together with his friends. But the team usually had some social event he was required to attend, or he needed to sleep for the intensive training or matches. Now that he was retiring, he was finally able to choose a few social events of his own.

As he watched the dwindling crowd, he saw Ginny talking with her brother Fred. Oliver had been taken with Ginny since Molly and Arthur's annual picnic last summer. He hadn't seen her since he left Hogwarts after Ginny's second year. Of course, he'd known Ginny while at Hogwarts. Everyone did; releasing a Basilisk in the school tends to make one a bit infamous. But he would have known her anyway as Oliver tended to know the siblings of his house teammates.

One day, last summer, Oliver had wandered into the twins' shop to buy a present for his godson. While he was talking with George, Ginny walked into the main shop. Oliver had always thought she was a cute kid, but he could not believe how beautiful she had become. Her hair was now more brown than ginger. She had the warmest brown eyes he had ever seen. She was the perfect height. When he looked at her, he could imagine how perfectly she would fit curled under his arm as they sat on the settee and he kissed those luscious lips.

Oliver shook his head. *I need to stop thinking this way*, he thought.

He had been grateful when the twins had invited him out to their parents' since this gave him an easy way to see Ginny again. He had spent much of the picnic talking to

Ginny. If Oliver was really honest with himself, the main reason he was attending the twins' party was to see Ginny again.

Ginny looked up and noticed Oliver staring in her direction, but noticed that he didn't seem to be seeing her. Ginny hadn't noticed Oliver much at Hogwarts, except for his Quidditch playing skills. He'd been five years ahead of her at school. Oliver always kept his hair very short while at Hogwarts, giving him a fierce and determined look. Now with his hair longer, he looked softer and somehow more approachable. He was still lean, much like Fred and George were, but she had discovered how muscular his chest was while talking to him at her parents' picnic the previous summer. She had leaned her hand against his chest while talking to him and almost lost her train of thought when she felt his muscle ripple when he moved his arm in response.

Oh, how she would love to feel his arms wrapped around her.

Ahhh, Ginny sighed.

"Ginny," chided Fred, "are you going to answer my question? Or are you too busy drooling over the International Quidditch Star."

"Sod off, Fred. I was just wondering why Oliver was leaning against the wall by himself."

"Sure, Ginny," Fred said with a wink.

Wondering what Oliver was thinking about, she excused herself from her brother and wandered over to where he was standing.

"Finding this a bit boring compared to your Quidditch events?"

"Just the opposite, actually. I love that I can just be myself and I don't have to be entertaining for all the attendees."

"Aww, life must be so rough when you are a star," Ginny teased with a smile in her eyes. She reached out and took his hand. "Come with me; it's time you joined the rest of us."

Oliver noticed his hand tingled when Ginny took it. She led him to the settee and placed him next to Katie Bell. He found he was very disappointed when she let go of his hand. Ginny then settled herself on the floor at his feet and leaned against the couch.

Most of the party guests had already departed. Many of those left were Fred and George's closest friends from Hogwarts: Lee Jordan, Angelina Johnson, and Katie Bell, as well as Oliver and Ginny. There were also two girls who the twins had recently met, Lyra Sheffield and Lily Shannon. They were all sitting in the living room with the relaxed feeling that comes after many hours of drinking.

"I have an idea," Fred suddenly announced. Only Lyra and Lily looked intrigued; the group from Hogwarts issued a collective groan.

"No, really," Fred pressed. "We need a test group for a new product. It'll be fun."

"No way," Lee quickly said. "It took me three days to get rid of the pink hair my last 'product testing' created."

"Give it a try," George pleaded. "It won't hurt at all, and you might find it fun. It's really a product for the school-aged crowd, but I need a group I trust to see if we have all the bugs worked out."

Ginny looked sternly at the twins, hands on her hips. "Fred, George," she asked, "how *extensively* have you tested this product?"

"Ginny," Fred said calmly, "we have worked with it individually, but we really need to test it with some women. Besides, we are still following your rule that no product testing will be conducted without at least one Weasley employee present."

Everyone in the room finally agreed, but without the enthusiasm the twins had hoped for. George walked over to a box sitting on a shelf of the bookcase and retrieved a round ball.

"Everyone needs to get into a circle," Fred said as George held the ball.

"Okay... I'm going to pass this Orb around, and each person will read whatever it says," George explained mysteriously. "Everyone in the circle must hold it in order for it to read the secrets of your mind. When it's finished, the Orb will glow pink, and we can begin our journey for truth!"

George looked at the ball and said loudly in his best imitation of Trelawney, "Begin!" Then he passed the Orb to his right.

"You hold the Orb of Truth," Angelina read before passing it to Katie.

"No secret can you hide," Katie recited, passing it to Lee.

"Touch this sphere to seek it," Lee read, then passed it to Lyra.

"Your subconscious tells no lie," Lyra read before passing it to her best friend.

"Beware, you brave of heart," Lily whispered. "Are you sure this is safe?" she asked as she passed it to Ginny.

"Take heed, my warning dire... what are you two up to!" Ginny demanded before passing it to Fred.

"Wrong guesses you may make," Fred read with a grin before passing the Orb to George.

"And suffer fate's desire," George read dramatically.

"Now what?" Oliver asked George. "It's blank, but it's still purple."

"Just pass it around," George told him.

Once the Orb returned to George, it suddenly glowed pink.

"It's finished reading your minds," Fred announced, his voice wispy and mysterious as George's had been.

"What happens now, Fred?" Ginny asked, plainly frustrated with her brothers' method of product development.

"Well," Fred said slowly, "I'm not sure. This is part of what we haven't worked out yet."

"What do you mean by that?" Ginny asked sternly.

"Don't get your knickers in a twist, Ginny," George spoke up. "What he means is we haven't made up the rules for who goes first."

"I think it should be the youngest, but George thinks it should be the next person in line," Fred clarified.

"Fine, I'm the youngest and one of your employees. I'll go first," she stated firmly. "How do I start?"

"Just say 'reveal,'" Fred told her.

"Reveal," Ginny repeated, rolling her eyes at her brothers' behaviour. Immediately, words formed inside the ball. *Who put Cornish Pixies in Fred's underwear drawer?* Ginny looked at Fred. "That's the best question this thing could pull from George's brain?"

"Ah, little sister, you will be marketing these to adolescents. It will only select our memories from when we were that age. And, if you will notice, the Orb has turned red. I didn't do it. Ginny, you need to read what the Orb says," George announced.

Fred stared at George. "If you didn't, who did?"

Lee, unable to hold back any longer, started laughing hysterically.

"I can't believe you did that!" Fred exclaimed.

"How did we not find out?" George asked, shocked.

Ginny, meanwhile, stared at the Orb warily. "I'm not doing that!"

Angelina leaned over Ginny's shoulder, trying to read the Orb. "What does it say?"

"I have to snog someone," she announced. "Okay, Lee. You pick on my brothers; I'll pick on you."

Lee started to walk over to Ginny, but she stood up. "Not here, I don't want an audience." Setting the Orb on the table in the living room, Ginny glanced around the flat, trying to locate someplace private that was not a bedroom. Finally, she grabbed Lee's hand and led him to the kitchen.

After they were out of earshot, Fred and George looked at the rest of the group.

"Now," started Fred.

"The real fun begins," George finished. "Watch the Orb."

The group watched the Orb sitting on the table.

In the kitchen, Ginny leaned against the counter and looked at Lee, trying to decide how to get out of this. Lee placed his hands on either side of Ginny, pinning her to the counter.

"Well, Ginny, shall we really punish your brothers?" Lee asked before leaning in and gently kissing her.

His lips were very soft, and Ginny found she enjoyed this kiss very much. As Lee started to move away, Ginny wrapped her arms around his neck. "I've always wondered what it would be like to kiss you," she said as she pulled him close and they began to kiss again. They parted again after a few minutes.

"I think we should let Fred and George *think* we are really going for it," Ginny said with an evil glint. "Stay here and talk to me for a few more minutes."

While Ginny and Lee were in the kitchen, the remaining guests watched the Orb curiously. Very quickly, the Orb turned a light blue, then clear again.

"See, when they kiss, the Orb turns blue." The group watched the Orb turn from clear to a brighter blue. They watched it stay bright blue for a few minutes before it turned clear again. As the guests watched the Orb, Oliver kept glancing at the kitchen door.

"It's stuck on clear," Katie observed quizzically to Fred. "Why isn't it blue anymore?"

"Silly girl," Fred said, shaking his head. "She believes she is fooling us into thinking she is still kissing Lee."

As Ginny and Lee returned to the living room, Fred looked up at them. "Ginny, I believe the Orb instructed you to snog, not talk Lee's ear off."

She looked at her brothers flabbergasted, "How did you...?"

"It turns blue while you kiss; how else can we verify that someone really was kissing?"

"Sod off," Ginny huffed, returning to her spot on the floor.

"Okay, dear sister, choose someone else."

"Lyra, I hate to do this to you, but you should have known from the start to avoid my brothers." Ginny tossed Lyra the Orb.

"Reveal. *Who got engaged at the Champs Elysees at the age of sixteen?*" Lyra read. "This is easy. Lily."

They all watched as the Orb turned green.

"Guess you're off the hook. Lyra, chose another victim."

"Lily, your turn." Lyra handed the Orb to her friend.

"Reveal. *Who snogged Cho Chang in a broom cupboard after a Quidditch Match?*" Well, Fred and George have talked about what amazing Quidditch players they were while at Hogwarts. They also shared how straitlaced you were, Oliver. So, I guess George."

"Sorry, Lily; the Orb is definitely red," Fred said, looking hopefully at Lily. "Guess you need to chose a victim."

"Well, I've always been a huge Puddlemere fan. I can't turn down this chance. I choose Oliver."

Oliver followed Lily into the kitchen. "So, you want to know how a Quidditch star kisses, huh?" he said, laughing.

Lily turned to him, looking a little embarrassed. "Can you blame a girl? I don't get many opportunities to fulfil a fantasy."

"Well, let's see what I can do."

Oliver took Lily into his arms and pulled her tightly against him. It was not the first time he kissed some fan he wasn't interested in. She was very attractive; he just hoped Ginny didn't misunderstand.

Lily put her hands on his hard chest and licked her lips nervously, waiting for him to kiss her. He leaned down and covered her mouth with hers. He began his kiss gently, but soon began to nibble on her lower lip. As he nibbled, she separated her lips, granting him entry. As their tongues mingled, Lily moved her hands up and started to run

them through his hair. When they finally separated, Oliver held Lily up as she regained her footing.

"Bugger! Fred is not going to like this," Lily said with concern, suddenly remembering how blue the Orb had become when Ginny and Lee had kissed.

"Lily, I hope you don't mind a little advice... If you really like Fred, when you get to the living room, kiss Fred soundly, then whisper in his ear, 'Oliver just can't compare.'"

"You really think that will work?"

"I'm a bloke! Trust me."

While Lily and Oliver were in the kitchen, the group watched in amazement as the Orb turned a deep blue. Trying to make small talk, they eventually gave in to the giggles as they watched the Orb stay blue. Fred tried to hide his frustration with the evidence that Lily and Oliver were obviously enjoying their kiss.

When they finally emerged from the kitchen, Lily walked straight to Fred and kissed him, then leaned over and whispered something in his ear. The shocked look on his face was quickly replaced by a very satisfied grin.

While Lily kissed Fred, Oliver sat on the settee near Ginny and squeezed her shoulder. "Fans," he said quietly, laughing and rolling his eyes.

Lily picked up the Orb and looked around the room. "Hmm... who should be next?" Then she handed the Orb to Fred. "I think you need a turn with this."

"Reveal," Fred said while looking into the Orb, his face quickly regaining its shocked expression. "No," he declared. "This thing has to be broken."

George reached over and took the Orb from Fred, read it, then started to choke. "Oh, I don't believe this." He handed the Orb back to Fred. "Read it."

Trying to keep a straight face, Fred read, *'Who lost their virginity to Vincent Crabbe?'*

As the Hogwarts group stared at Fred, shocked, Lily and Lyra looked confused.

"What's so bad about Vincent Crabbe?" Lyra finally asked.

"He was Slytherin stupid and mean. But, who could it be?" Fred looked around the group, paying particular attention to Katie and Angelina. "Well, I'm really in a mood for a good snog, so I think I'll guess Ginny."

The group stared at the Orb, completely gobsmacked when it turned green.

"No, Ginny! Crabbe?," Fred stuttered.

"Bloody Hell! Okay, now you know!" Ginny screeched as she stormed out of the flat, leaving the shocked group staring at the floor.

"Well," said George uncomfortably, "I think maybe we'll just put the Orb away for the night."

"Anyone want another drink? I know I do." Without waiting for an answer, Fred walked over to the table, poured himself a large glass of Firewhisky, and downed it in one swallow.

"Actually, mates, I have to be at the pitch early tomorrow," Oliver said. "I think I'll head home."

"Me, too; well, not the pitch, but I have an early morning," Lee added.

"We'll walk out with you," Katie offered as Angelina nodded in agreement.

As Fred and George saw their friends out, Lyra and Lily walked towards them.

"It was an interesting party, boys," Lyra observed.

"Don't worry about Ginny; she'll calm down. After all, it was ages ago I hope," Lily added.

George gave Lyra and Lily a quick hug goodbye. "We'll see you for lunch later this week."

As George closed the door, Fred looked at him sadly.

"George, Ginny seemed really hurt. We'd better go apologize."

"I agree. But let's talk to her tomorrow. I don't relish being hexed into next week."

"I'm going to have another drink and try to pass out. I can't handle the image of Ginny with Crabbe." Fred rapidly shook his head, as if he were trying to remove the picture from his mind.

"Night Fred," George walked slowly towards his room.

~oOo~

A/N: After you review and while you wait for my next chapter, I must insist that you read KEDme's story Home Alone: Shadow Rising at <http://www.checkmated.com/story.php?story=4919> to see the original **Orb of Truth**. Trust me; you will love to see what happens when Dudley plays with the Orb. Thanks for loaning your lovely toy to me.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 8

Fred and George are interested in Ginny's love life. Will they hurt or help her efforts? Warning for later chapter.

Many thanks to my betas, Cafe Mercury and PDRSJ56, and my muse, Poultrygeist99. All mistakes are mine; if it's wonderful, thank them.

J.K. owns them. I just borrow them for a while.

~oOo~

Two days later, Ginny was leaning against the counter at Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes. Her mum had not been happy when she decided to join her twin brothers at the shop after leaving Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry five years ago. The twins, however, reminded Molly that anyone who could repeatedly cast a Bat-Bogey Hex on them really should be working with them.

Ginny's efforts and the twins' instincts had paid off; Fred and George had recently promoted her to the President of their mail owl division. They claimed they needed more time for research and development, but she suspected they really needed more time for lunch with their girlfriends. Ever since her promotion, they had taken daily three-hour lunches.

As a matter of fact, at the moment her brothers were still at lunch. They had been making themselves scarce around the shop since their party when the orb had revealed her secret.

The twins stopped by Ginny's flat first thing Sunday morning. If she hadn't been so angry she would have laughed when she opened her door to find them kneeling before her as they apologized. She knew she'd forgive them eventually—but not yet.

"Hi, Ginny," a male voice said, interrupting her thoughts.

When she looked up, she saw Oliver Wood.

Oh, bugger! Ginny thought, feeling herself start to blush.

Oliver was beautiful. He had wonderful dark brown hair and eyes.

Quidditch training has definitely left him with a body to admire, Ginny thought. *I'm definitely going to kill my brothers.*

"Hi," Ginny said quietly, not quite meeting his eyes.

"Um, are Forge here?" Oliver asked as he looked towards the rear of the shop.

"Nope, went to lunch with their girls."

"Would you mind if I left them a note?"

Ginny gave him a shy smile and she shrugged. She distractedly grabbed a quill from the pile beside her and handed it, along with a piece of parchment, to Oliver. She noted he had been stopping by the shop about once a week since her parents' picnic. Sometimes he'd stay to chat with her if the twins were out.

Oliver scribbled a note and passed Ginny the folded parchment. "Thanks," he said, noticing how breathtaking she looked today. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail, showing off her high cheekbones and warm brown eyes.

"I need to get going," he muttered. "I'll see you later."

"Um, okay. Bye."

Bugger! Ginny thought, watching him depart. *After the party, he can't even manage to talk to me any more. I will find a way to pay back the twins for embarrassing me.*

A few hours later, Fred and George returned to the shop.

"How was lunch?" she asked them.

"Okay, but George was too gobsmacked to say more than a few words."

"Sod off, Fred."

"Leave George alone," Ginny chided Fred. "You weren't much better when you started seeing Lyra. Oh, and Oliver stopped by while you were gone." Ginny handed the parchment to Fred, then headed to the back room to look over some reports she'd received by owl that morning. After Oliver's visit, she knew it wasn't safe for her brothers to be in the same room with her.

Forge,

Stopped by to visit. I've 'botched up' asking Ginny out again.

Will stop back later.

Oliver

Fred, shocked, looked up handing the note to his brother. "George! The Weasley truth quill works great!"

"Oh, Ginny..." they bellowed in unison.

Ginny wandered to the front of the store.

"What?" she responded, wondering what her brothers were up to now.

"It seems you have an admirer."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ginny shot back, hands on hips.

Grinning evilly, Fred slid the parchment to Ginny.

Ginny read the note, then stared at it in shock. Her brothers started making kissing noises.

"Sod off!" she exclaimed, walking quickly back to her office with the parchment in her hand.

After her brothers had left for the night, Ginny stood in the middle of the store and carefully removed the parchment from her pocket. Hugging it closely, she danced around the room like a ten-year-old the day her Hogwarts letter arrived.

~oOo~

Fred and George sat in their flat later that evening drinking Butterbeer and listening to a Quidditch match on the wireless. Fred lounged across the worn settee while George sat in one of the comfy armchairs in their flat. Headmistress McGonagall was only a little surprised when they begged her to let them acquire their two favourite chairs from the Gryffindor common room. But, when they offered to send several comfortable chairs, she allowed them to take them.

"You know, it's now our job to get Ginny and Oliver together," George said suddenly, breaking the comfortable silence.

"I know," Fred replied. "She was so embarrassed after our party.*Crabbe*... I can't even fathom it."

"We owe it to her after that secret was revealed. I hope she forgives us soon."

"You know Ginny," Fred assured his brother. "She'll brood for a while, but the fact that she let us exist at work today, unscathed, gives me hope."

"Well, we can't let her know we are trying to arrange this—she'd hex us," George pointed out. "I'm not even sure if she fancies Oliver."

"Didn't you see the glint in her eye when she saw the note? She is definitely interested."

"Shall we make this project interesting? Maybe we should put a little wager on which one of us manages to get these two together?"

Fred eyed his brother suspiciously. "What did you have in mind?"

"I think the loser should provide the entertainment at Mum and Dad's party next summer."

"Hmm...", Fred mused with increased enthusiasm. "But to make it interesting, the winner won't reveal the assigned entertainment until the day of the party."

"And, no magic allowed!" George declared.

"Deal. Whichever one of us successfully sets up Oliver and Ginny wins!"

As George sat back in his chair, he took a drink of his Butterbeer as he began to dream of what he would have Fred do when he won the bet.

~oOo~

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 8

Fred and George think Ginny's love life needs help.

Many thanks to my betas, Cafe Mercury and PDRSJ56, and my muse, Poultrygeist99. All mistakes are mine; if it's wonderful, thank them.

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~oOo~

As soon as Fred walked into the shop, he saw Ginny at the front of the store with a dish of her "Witches' Best Friend" Chocolate discreetly placed under the counter. This was his cue that today was *the* day to put his plan into action...and the day he would finally win the bet with George.

Each month, Fred watched as Ginny would nick a chocolate as a customer walked into the shop. Seeing her do this the previous month had given him an idea. Just last week he completed the research he had needed to put his plan into action. He was just waiting for the day Ginny would need her special chocolate.

Now that it was here, he knew it was time for the first step in the plan owl Oliver.

Hey Oliver, stop by the shop later this afternoon, say 4:00? I've got a proposal for ya! Send a reply back with the owl.

Fred

Fred walked towards the back of the store and motioned for one of the shop's owls. He tied the parchment to the owl's outstretched leg and offered it a treat.

"Take this to Oliver Wood and wait for his answer," he instructed.

Fred spent the rest of the morning in the laboratory working on new products. Periodically, he checked his watch with an impatient glance and looked around to see if the owl had returned yet. At midmorning, the owl finally returned with Oliver's answer that he would see Fred at 4:00.

Fred grinned as he unrolled the parchment. He was beginning to worry that Oliver wouldn't answer in time. After he incinerated Oliver's answer, Fred's smile grew broader as he set aside the product he was working on.

Step two in the plan was to prepare the chocolate for Ginny. Fred chuckled as he thought about how mad his mum would be if she ever realised that they used her recipe in their original love potion product. Actually, she'd be more than mad, Fred considered; she'd box their ears!

Fred normally hated it when his mother started reminiscing about her days at Hogwarts, and every time she told Ginny the story of how she made the love potion, he would always roll his eyes and pretend to look bored. Actually, he was paying complete attention to every word she said so he could record detailed notes of the process. She'd thought he wasn't paying attention, so she didn't worry about what she said. If Fred had shown the slightest bit of interest in the story, he knew Mum would have become suspicious and never would have given the recipe to Ginny for fear the twins would use it in some less-than-honourable manner.

In the past month, Fred had worked hard at perfecting his mother's potion. It wasn't the first time he and George had developed a love potion, but this one was a little different. Once a witch or wizard took this particular potion, they would kiss the first person they saw. Not only that, the love potion was transferred during the first kiss so both parties were under its influence. It was pure genius.

He did discover one problem with his original plan to add the potion into the "Witches' Best Friend" chocolate. After spending a week perfecting the flavour of the potion so

that it wasn't detectable, he discovered it had a potentially undesirable side effect when mixed with the relaxing draught in the WBF. Angelina accidentally ate a piece of the chocolate one afternoon when she visited Fred in the product development lab while he worked. When the potion wore off, they found themselves entangled on the floor of the lab missing a few pieces of clothing.

Fred was grateful that he and Angelina had been long-standing shag buddies. Though they laughed about it afterwards, Fred quickly realised he needed to modify his plan. He wasn't ready for Ginny to shag anyone ... well, anyone else, that is. Instead he used chocolate that looked like Ginny's, but eliminated the relaxing draught that had lowered Fred and Angelina's inhibitions.

As 4:00 approached, Fred wandered to the front counter with the spiked chocolates hidden.

"Ginny, could you please hand me the report on the American owl-order sales?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Sure," Ginny mumbled and then turned to the pile of parchments behind her.

As Ginny reached for the report, Fred replaced the chocolates she had hidden under the counter with his version.

After handing the report to Fred, she reached under the counter and popped a chocolate in her mouth. Fred watched Ginny for a second and looked at the front door just in time to see Oliver reaching for the handle.

"Hey, Ginny," a voice called behind her. Lee Jordan entered the shop from the back door.

Fred groaned as he watched Oliver walk into the shop...and Ginny immediately turn to see what Lee needed.

"Lee!" Ginny exclaimed as she ran across the shop, jumped into his arms and wrapped her legs around him. Lee stood perfectly still with his arm at his side. Fred thought Lee looked as if he couldn't decide if he should return Ginny's embrace or run in the other direction.

Time seemed to slow down as Fred watched Ginny lean in to kiss Lee in a way that was not exactly appropriate for a place of business. Lee slowly brought his hands up to Ginny's arse to hold her close to him and began to snog Ginny enthusiastically as the potion was transferred to him.

George had walked in behind Lee and was now staring at his sister and Lee before looking to Oliver and Fred. Slowly, Fred turned to look at Oliver. Oliver's face and shoulders had fallen. He looked like a small child who had just lost his familiar. Before Fred could speak, Oliver squared his shoulders.

"Um, Fred, I think I'll talk to you later. I just stopped by to tell you that I can't meet at four," Oliver mumbled. He backed out the door, trying not to look at Ginny and Lee.

"Bugger, George! Why did you have to come back*now*?" Fred yelled.

"Fred," George asked slowly, "what's going on?" His facial expression alternated between shock and amusement.

"No time to explain now. I have to stop Oliver before he misunderstands. Just watch Ginny and Lee. The love potion should wear off in about an hour."

As Fred left the shop, he heard George laughing hysterically. He wasn't sure, but he could have sworn he heard George say something about being sure he would win the bet.

~oOo~

"Oliver, wait up!" Fred yelled until Oliver finally turned around and waited for him to catch up.

"Sorry, Fred; I forgot I had someplace to be. I can't meet with you. I was just stopping by the shop to tell you, but you looked like you were busy," Oliver said.

"I know," Fred said, running his hands through his hair. "Unfortunately, I think Ginny and Lee might hex me when I get back to the shop. I've been working on a new love potion..."

"A love potion?" Oliver asked sceptically.

"Yea, and Ginny accidentally ate some just as Lee and George walked into the shop. Now I need to figure out how to apologise to them after it wears off."

Oliver began to laugh. "Oh, mate, you are in deep trouble now. How long will the potion last?"

"About an hour."

Oliver gestured down the street. "Let's go get a drink. It'll help you face them."

Oliver and Fred entered the Leaky Cauldron, waiting a moment for their eyes to adjust to its low light before looking for a place to sit.

"Fred, I'll grab the drinks," Oliver said. "You find us a table."

A few moments later, Oliver handed Fred a Butterbeer, then sat down across from him at the well-worn table.

"I'd get you something stronger," Oliver joked, "but I'm afraid you might need quick reflexes when that potion wears off."

"Don't I know it," Fred said, as he held his head in his hands. "Ginny has always been good with a wand, but she is deadly when she gets angry."

"It was an honest mistake, Fred. I'm sure once she calms down, she'll be reasonable," Oliver tried to reassure him. "Tell you what; while we try to take your mind off this, why don't you tell me what wanted to talk to me about?"

"I thought you had to be someplace?"

"I do," Oliver lied, "but I can be a few minutes late."

"I guess. Well, you see, George and I we're thinking of having someone front our new campaign, but we haven't made any decisions yet. I suppose what I'm really trying to ask is, how would you fancy being the new face of Weasley's Wizard Wheezes?"

"Does that mean you'd put my photo on your Exploding Dungbombs? Oh, Fred, my mother would never live it down," Oliver said while laughing. "But seriously, I'm retiring. Are you sure you would want someone so, well, old?"

"We realise your not eighteen anymore, but if you're still using our products now, it might bring in a variety of customers."

"I don't know."

"You don't need to make any decisions now. Just promise me you'll think about it. Tell you what; let's meet for lunch in a few weeks' time to discuss it. You know that new restaurant with the coffee shop next to it?"

"I've walked past it."

"I'll owl you and we can find a day we can meet. Just promise me you'll think about it."

"No promises, but I'll consider it."

Fred finished the rest of his Butterbeer in one swallow.

"I'd better get back to the shop before George decides to hex me, too, for being gone so long. That potion should be wearing off soon, and I should probably be the one to tell Ginny and Lee what happened."

"I don't envy you, mate," Oliver smiled, setting down his own empty glass. "I'll walk out with you."

Out on Diagon Alley, Fred said, "I'll talk to you in a few weeks."

"Okay. Tell Ginny I hope she's feeling OK. Those love potions can be a real pain."

Fred smirked and wiggled his eyebrows. "Tell me about it. I've been testing this one for the past few weeks."

As Fred walked slowly back to his shop to face the music, Oliver walked in the opposite direction.

~oOo~

As Fred approached the door to the shop, he noticed the closed sign was in the window and the shop lights were off. While he knew it wouldn't be good for business to have customers find a snogging couple in the middle of the shop, he hoped George had the good sense to not leave Ginny and Lee alone. He wasn't sure if Ginny would forgive him if anything more happened between them.

Taking a deep breath and holding his wand at the ready, he opened the door and walked into the shop.

~oOo~

Chapter 4

Chapter 4 of 8

When Fred returns to the shop, what will he find?

A/N: Sorry for the delay, a few surgeries and a missing muse delayed this chapter. All seems to be fixed now.

~oOo~

When Fred opened the door to the shop and saw the scene playing before him, he wasn't sure whether to be relieved or furious. George sat comfortably in a plush chair with a sandwich and Butterbeer on the table next to him, watching Lee and Ginny snogging on the red velvet settee across from him.

They apparently hadn't slowed down while Fred was with Oliver. Lee was lying down, his head resting on a plush deep purple pillow against the arm of the settee with Ginny straddling him. Ginny's body was pressed against Lee's, her hands threaded in his dreadlocks. Lee, in turn, was rubbing Ginny's arse through her robes as he kissed her with abandon.

Hearing the door open, George looked up at a gobsmacked Fred.

"It didn't seem fair to leave them standing in the middle of the shop. I always prefer snogging when I'm comfortable," George told Fred while trying to look innocent.

"Oh, sure, why didn't you just conjure them a bed? It couldn't be worse than this bordello-style couch! This is our baby sister you are watching Lee snog. If I had known you wanted dinner time entertainment, I would have arranged it for you earlier."

"Oh, you're one to talk. If Oliver had been snogging Ginny you would be right here with me watching. Besides," George said with a smirk, "a bed wouldn't be appropriate in the shop."

With a sigh, Fred conjured his own chair. Briefly, he wondered if he should try to convince George that it was an innocent mistake. But, in reality, the time would be better spent trying to quickly decide what to tell Lee and Ginny.

"Lee ... " Fred heard Ginny say as she sat up, still straddling Lee around the waist. Lee stared at Ginny, confusion written all over his face.

"*Expelliarmus!*" Fred exclaimed, catching Ginny and Lee's wands as they flew towards him. "*Incarcerous!*" he added, pointing his wand at Ginny.

Ginny stared at Fred, barely comprehending why she was suddenly bound with ropes.

"FRED! Unbind me NOW!" Ginny screeched.

"Ginny, you need to listen to me."

"UNBIND ME!"

"Ginny," Fred pleaded, "please listen to me. I don't want to have to silence you also."

Ginny started to say something, but stopped; Fred reckoned that she decided she didn't want to be silenced also.

Fred and Ginny stared at each other as he tried to decide how to proceed.

He looked at Lee, who was still lying on the couch, then at George.

“George, can you please help Ginny move to a more comfortable position?”

“She looks pretty comfortable to me,” Lee observed, wiggling his eyebrows.

Ginny looked at Lee with a disgusted expression. “Boys!” she muttered under her breath.

George helped Ginny sit on the couch as Lee sat up to listen to Fred’s explanation.

“Well, you see,” Fred began as he paced back and forth, “I was working on a new love potion for the shop. It causes someone to kiss the first person they see after taking a bite of a piece of chocolate. The unique part of this is that it is transferred to other person as soon as they start to kiss, so both parties are under the influence of the potion.”

“Well, that explains why I didn’t find it odd that Ginny was kissing me,” Lee commented. “Not that she’d have to give me a potion to convince me to kiss her,” he added with a wink towards Ginny.

Ginny just stuck her tongue out at Lee, frustrated that she was bound, unarmed, and unable to respond in a more ~~appropriate~~ manner.

“So,” Fred continued, “when I came up front a little while ago to show George what I’d invented, I put it under the counter; I didn’t want a customer to accidentally take some. So, when I saw you run across the shop and jump into Lee’s arms, I knew you had taken a piece of my chocolate.”

“And,” Ginny added vehemently, gesturing towards the chairs with her chin, “you and George decided to just sit and watch, huh?”

“No, I left George here to make sure you and Lee didn’t get out of control, and I went to talk to Wood.”

“Oliver was here?” Ginny asked as the colour drained from her face. She fought the urge to curl into a ball as she didn’t want any of them to see how upset she was.

Fred walked over to Ginny. “He was supposed to meet me at 4:00. I’ve spent the past half hour talking to him about our new products, including the love potion you accidentally took. He did agree to think about our proposal to make him the face of the Wheezes. He’s supposed to get back to us.”

Kneeling in front of his sister, Fred asked, “Gin, can you forgive me? If I unbind you, will I live?”

Ginny was silent for a moment while she tried to absorb everything. If she understood everything Fred just said correctly, she’d just spent the hour snogging Lee, Oliver witnessed this, Fred worked to convince him that she wasn’t with Lee because she wanted to be ... and Oliver believed him and would be coming back to the shop.

Sighing, she nodded.

Fred pointed his wand at Ginny. “*Finite Incantatem*.” He looked at Ginny and Lee, handing their wands back to them. “I’m really sorry. I didn’t want this to happen.”

“It wasn’t the worst way I’ve spent an hour,” Lee said with a smirk. Looking at Ginny, he winked and grabbed her hand as he headed towards the door. “Come on, Ginny. Let’s go finish this someplace,” gesturing towards Fred and George, “without an audience.”

“I don’t THINK so!” George shouted.

Fred pointed his wand at his best friend. “*Levicorpus!*” Fred thought.

Lee was shocked to find himself upside down, dangling by his ankle with his robes flipped over his face. All three of the Weasleys started laughing hysterically as they noticed Lee’s pants flashing “Eat at Lee’s.”

“Very classy,” Ginny gasped, wiping tears of mirth from her eyes. “If I’d realised you hid *that* under your robes, I might have started snogging you earlier!

Chapter 5

Chapter 5 of 8

Ginny and Oliver go fishing

Many thanks to my betas, Cafe Mercury and PDRSJ56, and my muse, Poultrygeist99. All mistakes are mine; if it's wonderful, thank them.

Rating is for a later chapters.

The characters belong to JKR. Thanks for letting me play in your sandbox.

~oOo~

Oliver entered the Weasleys' joke shop with a little trepidation. After all, the last time he'd walked in, he'd found Ginny glued to Lee's lips. While he'd believed Fred's story that an accidental ingestion of a love potion had sent Ginny running into Lee's arms, he was never sure what to expect when he entered their shop.

Today, Oliver was relieved to find nothing amiss. He didn't see Ginny, but George was looking over the shelves at the right of the shop.

"Hullo, George," Oliver said, feeling a smile of relief on his face.

"Oliver, mate, what brings you in today."

"I'm looking for a birthday present for my dad. He was amused by the gift I gave my godson earlier this year. I thought he might appreciate something a little, er, light-hearted himself."

"I guess he would probably not appreciate Ton-Tongue Toffees?"

Oliver laughed and shook his head.

"No, I thought not. What does you dad like to do in his spare time?"

"Mainly, he works on stuff around the house and he likes to fish."

"Oliver, you are in luck. I have the perfect thing for your dad. We've not started selling these, but I have finished testing them. Let me go get it and you can try it out for yourself."

George headed to the back room of the shop and returned with a yellow box in his hand and Ginny at his heels.

"We can't keep using our friends to test our products," Oliver heard Ginny say sternly as they walked towards him.

"Ginny, we aren't using him. Fred and I just haven't received the stock from our supplier. I'm just letting Oliver try our prototype."

Oliver looked from one sibling to the other as they argued in front of him.

"Then you will have to go with him. Oliver has suffered enough as a result of our prototypes."

"Gin, you know I can't go. Why don't you take the afternoon and baby-sit our project. I'll even run upstairs and get a hamper of food for you to take with you."

"Does anyone care what I think?" Oliver asked finally.

"No!" both Weasley's said emphatically.

"Okay. Ginny, I guess we're going fishing. I'll go change into something more suitable and meet you back here in an hour."

"Sure, Oliver. That sounds good. Although maybe /should pack the hamper. I don't trust my brothers at the moment."

~oOo~

An hour later, Oliver saw Ginny standing outside the twins' shop. She was wearing a pair of jeans with a light blue jumper and a pair of trainers. Next to her sat the promised hamper of food.

"I wasn't sure where we were going," she said, indicating her clothes as Oliver approached her. Ginny noticed he was wearing a pair of chinos with a darker blue jumper. In his hand he carried two sticks approximately the same size as the average wand.

"You look great, Ginny. We're heading to my father's favourite fishing spot. It's in a Muggle area, but it's fairly isolated. I doubt we'll see anyone." Oliver looked at her for a moment. "Are you sure you want to come? I know George was a bit vague in his explanation of what the lure does, but I'm sure I'll be fine by myself."

"As often as these boys leave me at the shop while they take three-hour lunches, they owe me an afternoon out."

"Well, if you're sure." Oliver stepped closer to Ginny. "I'll Apparate us there, if you don't mind. It will be easier than trying to describe it to you."

Ginny picked up the hamper while Oliver put his arms around her. Ginny snaked her free arm around Oliver's waist and leaned her head against his chest. She closed her eyes and stifled a sigh.

~oOo~

When Ginny opened her eyes, she found herself standing on an old dock. She set the hamper down on the worn planks and reluctantly moved away from Oliver, missing his warmth.

She looked around for a moment, smiling broadly.

"Oliver, this place is beautiful! I love how clean and crisp the air smells. I can see why your dad likes this place. Look at the way the trees are reflecting in the water, and the colours of the leaves are *amazing* the reds, browns, and oranges. I can almost believe the birds are singing just for my enjoyment. And the..."

Oliver smiled as Ginny described the lake to him. For as long as he could remember, he loved to come here with his dad. It always filled him with a sense of peace that eluded him except when he was flying.

"So, have you ever been fishing before?" Oliver asked, enlarging the two sticks in his hand until they were the size of standard fishing poles.

"No. The Burrow just has land surrounding it. My brothers turned part of it into a Quidditch pitch, so that didn't leave much room for a fishing pond.

"Oh, I would have loved to have a Quidditch pitch at my house. Then again, I suppose it wouldn't have been much fun without siblings to play with."

"So, what do we do next with the poles?"

As they chatted, Oliver had been putting the twins' lures onto the end of the fishing pole.

"Now, we put worms on the hooks. This can be done magically, but I always prefer putting them on by hand."

Ginny wrinkled her freckled nose. "Would you mind worming my hook?"

Oliver smirked as he put the worm on her hook. When he was finished, he handed the fishing pole to her. She walked closer to the water to where Oliver stood on the dock, took the pole, and tentatively held it.

"Now, we need to cast the hook into the water. Here, let me show you," Oliver said as he moved to stand behind her. He wrapped his hand over hers. "Now, just relax and let me move the rod. We need to pull the rod back and sort of throw the hook into the water."

Oliver moved Ginny's arm back and cast the hook into the water with her.

Once the hook was in the water, Ginny and Oliver stood together for a moment before they separated reluctantly.

"What now?" Ginny asked, as she held onto the fishing pole tightly.

Oliver walked to the food hamper and removed two cups. He transfigured them into stools and set one near Ginny.

"Take a seat and wait for the fish to bite. Oh, and don't hold the rod so tightly. Your hand will grow tired. The fish are small enough that a loose grip will still keep the rod from being pulled into the water."

Ginny sat down and watched Oliver cast his rod and settle in, watching the water.

"Well, we have some time," Oliver said with a smirk. "Would you like to tell me about you and Crabbe?"

"I can't."

"Why? I promise I won't laugh."

"I made him enter a wand oath with me. As you can imagine, I never wanted anyone to learn about this. Let's just say that if either of us reveals anything about that ... encounter, it won't be pleasant."

"So, what happened when the orb revealed your secret at your brother's party?" Oliver asked.

Ginny noticed that his voice only seemed to contain concern for her. "I didn't know exactly what *would* happen; that was part of the reason I ran out of the flat so quickly. But it seems that the orb revealing the secret didn't activate the spell."

"Oh."

Oliver and Ginny fell back into silence, watching the birds fly around the lake.

"So," Ginny started at the same time that Oliver began with "Why..."

Laughing, Oliver inclined his head toward her. "You first, Ginny."

"What was the most embarrassing thing you had to face publicly?" she asked with a grin.

"Well...after one match...the first year after I was moved up from the reserve team...I was taking a victory lap with the team. As I flew past the stands, someone threw something at me. I happened to hold it up to get a better look just as I was flying past the press and ended up with a nice picture of me holding up lace knickers in the *Daily Prophet*. My mother was mortified."

Ginny started laughing. "I remember that picture. It hung in the common room for days."

"Now, I'm *really* embarrassed," Oliver said, not looking embarrassed at all. "What most people don't know is that inside she wrote her hotel number."

"Did you stop by for a visit?"

Oliver blushed and looked at his feet.

"Oliver, do you recall that I have six brothers? I think I know what blokes are like." Ginny smiled at him.

"It was fun for the first few years. No matter where I went, there were always beautiful women wanting my company. It was a bit overwhelming. Eventually I got tired of trying to sneak out of women's hotel rooms before they woke up. That was when I met Sophie."

"Who's Sophie?"

"She was the friend of one of my team mates. I met her at a pub after a match. She insisted we'd met before, but I suppose I wasn't paying attention to anyone who might want something more than a quick shag. We saw each other for a couple of years when I wasn't out of town with the team. I was just ready to ask her to marry me when she decided that she wanted to be with someone who wasn't a Quidditch player."

"That must have been hard."

"It was. But, my best mate on the team is married. His wife helped me understand a bit. She told me it's very hard being married to a Quidditch player. I never thought about it much, but I suppose between the groupies who want nothing more than to be a notch on your broomstick to the press who always seems to be around just when you find yourself surrounded by beautiful witches ... you really have to have a strong relationship to survive."

Oliver stopped speaking and watched the water for a while.

"Anyway," Oliver said finally, "that was my first love."

Ginny made a small noise of sympathy. "It's hard when you have no control over the decisions the people you love make."

"Are you referring to you and Harry?"

Ginny shrugged.

"We tried to make it work, but after the war was over, it was too difficult. We had both changed so much. I didn't blame him. Thankfully, we managed to stay friends. I adore his wife; she really is perfect for him. He managed to meet a witch who wasn't from England and was more interested in him than in his 'boy wonder' reputation."

"So, how did you end up working for the twins?"

"I wanted something fun that didn't seem like a job. The boys asked me to join them. Mum wasn't too happy about it. *She* wanted me to become a Healer. While I had wanted to when I was little, I just wasn't interested when I left Hogwarts."

"You could always become one now."

"I love what I'm doing. I'm good at it. I'll leave the healing to others. Besides, I can't imagine the twins finding someone who can hex them the way I can," Ginny said with an evil little smile.

"I suspect you keep them in line. Ginny, do you want ... oh! I have a bite. So, when the fish bites, you start reeling it in like ... ARHHHHHHHH!"

Ginny watched in amazement as the pole pulled Oliver into the water with a big splash. As she watched him flail in the water, she felt a tug on her pole and found that she falling into the water after him.

As she hit the water, she started laughing. She looked for Oliver and began to panic when she found him still flailing.

"Oliver!" Ginny hollered, "Are you OK?"

"Can't. Swim." Oliver choked between breaths.

Ginny watched Oliver start to slide under the water and started to swim towards him as quickly as she could, reaching him just as he lost consciousness. She wrapped her arm around his neck and pulled him back towards the shore.

As she felt the sand from the beach under her back, she finished pulling Oliver from the water and knelt next to him trying to determine if he was breathing.

Fuck! Ginny thought, trying to stay calm. *Why didn't I become a Healer? I don't know any of the healing spells for breathing. Fuck! Think, Ginny; what was that Muggle*

breathing method Hermione told me about? Right; now I remember.

Ginny tipped Oliver's head back and pinched his nose closed with one hand while opening his mouth with the other. She covered his mouth and puffed four breaths into his mouth. She then put two fingers against his neck.

Good; his heart is still beating, but he's still not breathing. Time to try again.

Ginny repositioned Oliver and tried breathing four more breaths.

She rolled Oliver on his side as he started coughing and sputtering water. As Ginny sat back on her heels, he promptly threw up.

"Don't get up," Ginny instructed as Oliver tried to sit up.

"What happened?"

Ginny laughed. "It seems George was trying to drown you. I guess it's a good thing I came along."

Oliver moved to get up again. As Ginny started to help him up, he brushed her off.

"I can get up by myself," Oliver snapped. He got up very slowly, but refused any attempts by Ginny to help.

"Fine!" Ginny exclaimed, her arms crossed over her chest. "Do it yourself."

Oliver stumbled up to the dock as Ginny followed. He sat on the dock and looked at his feet. Ginny stood next to him, still dripping water.

"I'm sorry, I just . . ." Oliver began.

"I'll pack everything up, and we can Apparate back."

Ginny packaged all their belongings back into the picnic hamper and walked over to Oliver, who stood slowly. Ginny wrapped her arms around Oliver. As she did, she remembered how much promise she felt when she did this earlier. Now, she just felt sad. Oliver put his arm around Ginny and she Apparated them back to the twins' shop.

"Maybe you should go to St. Mungo's to get checked out," Ginny suggested as she stepped away from Oliver.

"I'm fine," he said defensively.

"If you're sure. Oliver," Ginny started tentatively. "I'm sorry."

"Don't worry about it. I'll see you later."

Before she had the chance to say anything else, Oliver Disapparated. As she stood on the sidewalk, still dripping water, Fred walked towards her.

"Hey, sis, doing your best imitation of a drowned rat?"

"No, but if George is smart, he'll disappear before I turn *him* into a rat. He almost drowned Oliver with that new lure you created. He didn't think to mention to us that the lure drags you into the water as soon as you catch a fish."

Fred walked over to Ginny and put his arm around her.

"Come sit down and talk to me."

As Fred led Ginny to the bench next to the shop, he pointed his wand at her and performed a drying spell. Then, he pointed his wand at the bench *finite*. It should be safe to sit down. Now tell me what happened."

After they settled on the bench, Ginny told Fred about their adventures while fishing, leaving out the small detail that she thought Oliver had been about to ask her out just before he was dragged into the water.

Fred stood up. "Gin, it sounds like Oliver was just embarrassed. Give him a few days and things will be back to normal. Come on, let's get you cleaned up." He took Ginny's hand and pulled her up and into a hug.

They broke apart and Fred followed Ginny towards the shop, grinning as he pointed his wand to the bench.

"*Amplector maximus*," he muttered.

A/N: Amplector maximus means "large embrace," which anyone who sits on the bench would encounter.

Chapter 6

Chapter 6 of 8

Ginny goes to lunch with a client

A/N: Thanks to my muse for finally returning to me, to JKR for letting me play in her sandbox, and most importantly to sshg316 for coming on as beta.

Ginny walked into Danio's restaurant wearing her best business robes. They were a brilliant sapphire blue and had been ridiculously expensive. Her hair was pulled up into a smart French twist that showed off her lucky sapphire earrings. This was the first time one of the twins had asked her to handle a business meeting, and she wanted to make a good impression with their potential client, as well as hoping the twins would trust her with more responsibility. Fred had made all the arrangements for lunch.

"Good afternoon," the maitre d' wizard greeted Ginny as she walked in. "How many in your party this afternoon?"

"Two. I'm meeting someone here. His name is Toliver Forrest. Do you know if he has arrived yet?"

"Not yet, ma'am. I can seat you while you wait."

Ginny nodded her head yes and followed him to a table near the front window. After being seated in the chair that allowed her to watch the door, she ordered tea.

After twenty minutes, Ginny became irritated. She signalled for the waiter.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but has anyone rung for Ginny Weasley a Toliver Forrest?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, no one has called looking for you."

"I'm very sorry for having taken a table during the lunch rush. If you could please bring me my bill" She left the statement unfinished, unsure of what to say.

She stepped out the front door of the restaurant, thinking about what she was going to say to her brother when she returned to the shop. She turned left, not watching where she was going, and slammed into an immovable object. Two arms caught her waist preventing her from falling over as she put her hands up to steady herself and found a very muscular chest under them.

"I'm so sorry," she said, looking up into the face of the man who still had his arms around her waist. "Oliver! What are you doing here?" she said, flustered, as Oliver helped her find her footing.

"I was supposed to meet Fred. He wanted to talk to me about a new product. He said to meet at the coffee shop next door, but he never arrived. And you?"

"Fred asked me to meet a new client for the owl order business, a gentleman named Toliver Forrest. But, he never showed ..." Her eyes narrowed. "Or did he? Are you sure Fred said the coffee shop, or did he mean the restaurant next to the coffee shop?"

"You know, he was talking so fast, maybe he did say restaurant."

"I think you are Toliver Forrest, and my meddling brother set me up." Ginny started pacing. "When I get my hands on him ..."

"Ginny," Oliver started.

"... both of them will wish they had never tried to interfere ..."

"Ginny," Oliver began again, watching Ginny pace back and forth in front of the restaurant.

"... can't believe they think I need them to ..."

"Ginny," Oliver said firmly, reaching out to grasp her arm and stopping her tirade. "Let's go get something to eat. I don't believe your brother is safe at the moment."

Ginny stopped short and looked at him. "I'm not certain he will be safe for quite a while," she finally said with a glint in her eyes.

"Do you know of a quiet place that we can get some lunch? I think we need to decide what to do about my scheming brother."

"I know just the place. Do you mind if I Apparate us there?"

"Not at all," Ginny said, grinning. Oliver smiled at her as he put his arms back around her waist as she settled her head under his chin.

~oOo~

Before she could fully comprehend how comfortably they fit together, Ginny found herself standing in a hallway in front of a blue door.

"Where are we?" Ginny asked as she stepped away from Oliver.

"My flat." He touched his wand to the door knob to release the wards and opened it.

"I thought we were going to eat?"

"The place I have in mind is in Muggle London. I thought you might like to Transfigure your robes. Or I could get take away if you would prefer?"

"No, I can manage, if you could please point me to your loo?" Ginny asked, not sure she was ready to be alone with Oliver and hoping a restaurant would be a safer option.

"First door on your left," Oliver responded as he pointed down a hallway.

After Ginny finished Transfiguring her outfit, she walked back to the flat's main room, finding it empty.

"Oliver?" she called tentatively.

"I'll be out in a minute. Make yourself comfortable."

Too nervous to sit, Ginny wandered around the room. What was she doing here? She was so angry at Fred that she had found herself agreeing to have lunch with Oliver before she even thought about it. She had not heard from him in the weeks since their fishing trip. She wasn't sure how she felt about Oliver. Angry, confused, hurt ... and now she would have to try to be pleasant through an entire lunch. When she returned to the shop, Fred was going to be regret ever becoming part of the Weasley family.

She noticed that the décor was nice, unlike the twins' flat, which seemed to be decorated in early bachelor, yet not as fussy as Percy's immaculately designed one. The settee was a tasteful brown leather and was flanked by two coordinating chairs. The walls were filled with framed vintage Quidditch posters, and an old racing broom hung over the fireplace. Bookcases lined one wall, the lower shelves holding an assorted collection of books. The upper shelves housed a collection of wizard photographs of Oliver with many of his friends and team mates and tourist attractions around the world.

Ginny was drawn to a picture of Oliver with a group of people in front of the Eiffel Tower. As she picked up the photo, Oliver waved and winked at Ginny while the woman standing next to him glared at Ginny before departing the picture.

"Shall we go?" Oliver asked a startled Ginny as he walked back into the room.

She hastily returned the picture to the shelf and turned to see Oliver standing behind her. He was wearing a pair of crisply ironed khaki slacks and a blue shirt that showed his nicely sculpted chest.

"I see you've met Sophie," Oliver said, pointing at the recently vacated picture.

"I'm not certain she likes me," Ginny smirked. "Maybe we should leave before she returns."

"Probably," Oliver responded as he opened the door for Ginny. "The deli is just around the corner."

~oOo~

"Yo, Ollie," Tony called as they walked in the door.

"Hullo, Tony, Joe. This is my friend Ginny. She's had a horrible morning, and I thought that she might need a treat."

"Sweetheart, wha'cha doin' wit' him?" Tony said with a bright smile. "If your day is that bad, maybe you should let me take ya out."

"Tony, did you just try pickup line number 185?" Ginny asked innocently.

Tony looked at Ginny with a combination of surprise and mild amusement.

"You will have to forgive my friend here," Oliver added as he draped his arm around Ginny's shoulders, "She has six older brothers."

"And my youngest brother wasn't exactly careful about where he hid his sourcebooks," Ginny added with a smirk as she stepped away from Oliver feeling slightly uncomfortable with the casual way he was interacting with her.

"But I think we might be able to make her day a little brighter with a meatball sub and a hoagie. If you could cut them in half, we'd appreciate it. This way we can share. Is that alright with you, Ginny?" he asked, turning to the woman standing next to him.

Ginny nodded, not completely sure what Oliver had just finished ordering.

"Why don't you find us a table while I wait for our food," Oliver added as he reached for two bags of American potato chips and two bottles of Coke.

Ginny walked to an empty table, automatically selecting one that allowed for a view of the door and was not near a window.

"Trying to avoid the sun, Ginny?" Oliver asked as he carried a tray of food to the remote table.

"Sorry, force of habit. I tend to select tables away from windows and in view of doors so I can see if the press has taken notice. Harry always hated having his meals interrupted, or worse, finding a picture taken through a restaurant window."

"That's part of the reason I like this deli the *Daily Prophet* hasn't discovered it yet. But I certainly understand. Now, get ready for the most amazing lunch you have ever experienced."

Oliver tucked in and slid a plate with two sandwiches halves toward Ginny. She looked at them with trepidation. Picking up the hoagie, she took a bit into it. It was amazing.

"How's the sandwich?" Oliver asked as she swallowed the first bite.

"Good."

"The other one is a little messier but worth the sauce-covered fingers."

"I'm saving that one for a little later."

Oliver continued eating as Ginny picked at her sandwiches. Neither spoke for a while.

"Ginny," Oliver began, "is your lunch alright? Should we have gone someplace else?"

"No, it's fine," Ginny responded as she tore a piece of salami from her sandwich and took a bite.

"Are you ok?"

"I'm fine."

"Ginny, would you please talk to me?"

"Where should I start?" Ginny questioned with a calm voice that did not match the wild look in her eyes. "Four months ago, my brothers managed to reveal my closest held secret to an entire roomful of people. Three months ago, my brother managed to accidentally feed me a love potion that left me snogging their best friend in the middle of the shop. And six weeks ago my other brother almost drowned you, and since then, you've been acting like a total prat."

"I'm sorry, Ginny," Oliver said, his eyes downcast as he played with the remnants of his lunch, wondering if he made a mistake asking Ginny to talk. "I can try to explain."

"Oliver, right now I'm furious with my brothers. Not only can they not resist interfering in my life, but today I thought they were finally taking me seriously as a part of the shop. I was so proud that they asked me to take this meeting today. I wore my best set of robes and everything."

Ginny took a deep breath. "I'm still mad at you, too, but I suspect that if we are going to stay friends, we should wait to talk about this until I've calmed down. You mean too much to me to just throw whatever this is away over my brother's interference." Ginny looked at her half eaten sandwich. "I think that it might be better if we come back here another day, when I can truly enjoy this lunch. Right now, I need to take a walk."

Ginny stood and walked toward the door.

"Thank you, gentlemen," she said just before she opened the door. "Your sandwiches are a work of art."

Oliver cleared the table and followed Ginny out of the deli. He took her hand as they walked down the sidewalk.

"You know I've not forgiven you."

"I'd be disappointed if the 'Queen of the Bat Bogey Hex' let me get away with being a prat with nothing more than an acknowledgement of my actions. I fully accept that it shall take me several weeks of grovelling to properly make amends. I may also try apologies number 83, 155, and 283," Oliver teased, trying to ease Ginny's foul mood.

She glanced at him, fighting the urge to smile. "I don't think I've ever been so angry at the boys that I could not easily decide how I would exact my revenge." Ginny stopped walking and turned to look at Oliver.

Oliver smiled at Ginny with a playful look in his eyes. "I think our options are to convince the boys you found me and hexed me into oblivion, or that you and Toliver spent the afternoon having sex that Merlin himself couldn't rival and you are completely over me."

~oOo~

Ginny walked into the shop shortly before closing time. Her hair was hanging loose and wild around her shoulders, and she was surrounded by an aura of calm and serenity.

"I expected you back from lunch hours ago, Ginny," George stated as he looked up from the counter.

"How was lunch with Mr. Forrest?" Fred asked from the shelf he was restocking, trying to sound causal. "Is he going to invest in us?"

"Fred, I really owe you. You forgot to mention how attractive he was. I really loved his blond hair. We spent the afternoon negotiating a contract in his hotel room," Ginny added with a blush that seemed to extend all the way to her toes.

George raised one eyebrow in question as Fred tried to resist responding to his brother.

Blond hair? Who did she spend the afternoon with? Fred thought to himself. "And will this contract change the course of our little shop?" he asked, still trying to keep the confusion from creeping into his voice.

"Sorry, Fred. I know that you really hoped that Mr. Forrest would change the way we do business, but it seems that we were unable to come to any long term agreements. It was not from lack of trying. We started negotiating in the main room of his suite and then moved to the master bedroom. Once we abandoned our negotiations," Ginny added as she leaned lazily against the counter, "we decided that we should shower before tea. We took tea on the balcony, and I must admit I will never see the view of London the same way again."

"Ginny!" George whinged while cover his ears. "I don't want to hear this."

"But don't worry, Fred. Mr. Forrest and I did decide that we would try to negotiate again the next time he is in town. I'm exhausted now. I think I'll pop home and take a bath. Night boys!" Ginny waved goodbye and Apparated out of the shop.

"I just wanted to know who she spent the afternoon with," Fred grumbled as he waved his wand toward the front door to close the shop. Lee Jordan walked in the door just before the sign turned to closed.

"Who who spent the afternoon with?" Lee asked as he sat up on the counter.

"Ginny," George stated as he was counting the money in the till so they could owl it to their Gringotts account.

"What was she doing today?" Lee asked the twins. "I saw her ranting and raving at Oliver Wood today. Oliver is either the bravest or stupidest bloke I've ever seen. Ginny is right scary when she's angry, so I went the other way *quickly*."

"Are you sure Ginny was with Wood?" Fred asked.

"Unless a duplication spell has been invented."

A slow grin appeared on Fred's face. "Mates, I think it's time we go upstairs and have a Firewhisky," he announced as he finished restocking one of the shelves. "We need to celebrate!"

"Just what are we celebrating?" George asked, clearly confused.

"We need to discuss what you will do at the picnic when I win this bet," Fred responded as he headed to the door at the end of the shop.

"I may have to make time to come to this year's picnic," Lee said with a smirk as he followed Fred out the door to the stairs to their flat.

"They aren't together yet," George reminded as he waved his wand to turn out the lights and followed Fred and Lee out of the shop.

Chapter 7

Chapter 7 of 8

Ginny wants the shop to herself . . . will the twins let her?

A/N: Many thanks to SHUG for being my beta - she's amazing. Also, thanks to JKR for creating the playground we all play in. I don't own them, I just play with them.

~ ~ ~ ~

Ginny, sitting at her desk in her back office at WWW, looked up at the clock. It was still ten minutes to close. Sighing, she looked back at the parchment cluttering her desk. She had never mentioned to her brothers how hurt she was about the fake client meeting Fred had sent her on, so she'd been very surprised when they'd begun to give her more responsibility for the delivery owl portion of the business.

While she was grateful for the challenge, and the faith they seemed to have in her abilities, she found that she was now busier than ever. She was also happier than ever. The more she looked into the twins' business model, the more ideas of how to increase the owl order sales she came up with.

Ginny looked up from the parchment, rubbed her stiff neck, and glanced at the clock again. Sighing, she noted that it was only three minutes later than it had been the last time she looked. Time was moving exceedingly slowly.

Deciding that she was becoming too distracted and wasn't going to accomplish anything else today, she stood up from her desk and stretched her tight muscles. It was very quiet in the office; hopefully it was just as quiet in the shop. She needed to find a way to convince the twins to leave the shop without explaining why. Stepping out of the office, she looked towards Fred at the counter and then George, who was checking the stock on the shelves, thankful to find the shop was empty.

"Boys, how about if I close up? I don't have any plans tonight, and you could try to meet the girls for drinks."

George looked up from where he was working. "The girls decided we weren't invited for drinks tonight."

"It seems," Fred continued, "they weren't amused by our latest prank at the Three Broomsticks."

"We could see if Lee wants to meet up. He's usually not so sensitive to our..."

"... product testing."

George wandered over to Fred and leaned across the counter so Ginny couldn't hear.

"She's been offering to close the shop much too often lately," he said quietly. "Either she's up to something or we really need to find someone for her."

"Are you sure she's not seeing Wood? I really thought I had succeeded in getting them together that last attempt." He looked thoughtfully at his brother. "Think Lee would go for her? Did you see the kiss she laid on him?"

George shrugged. "Whatever she's doing, she's not quite herself. She's been a little too happy. We may need to keep a closer eye on her."

"Thanks, Ginny," George bellowed loud enough for her to hear.

"We're going to head up to the flat and see if Lee is free," Fred continued. "We'll lock up the back of the shop on our way out."

After the boys left, Ginny walked to the back of the shop to ensure the door was locked, not trusting her brothers, and added a spell of her own. Pointing her wand at the shop's front door, she turned the sign to read 'closed.' Once she was convinced no one would interrupt her without her knowledge, she transfigured her work robes to a pretty shade of emerald green. Finally, with one last wave of her wand, she added a soft curl to her ginger hair. Walking quickly to the mirror the boys had put next to the joke hat collection, she checked how she looked.

"You look lovely dear," the mirror complimented.

"Thank you," she said with a curtsy to the mirror.

Confident that she looked nice but not as if she'd gone to any effort, she needed to decide what to do while she waited for Oliver to arrive. Crossing the shop floor, Ginny turned on the wireless to keep her company. She was anxious to see him but didn't want to appear so.

As Ginny thought about Oliver, she unconsciously started straighten the stock on the shelves. She'd not seen him since that day she ran into him on the street. Puddlemere had left a few days later, and they had corresponded via owl for the month the team was on the road.

In a way, she was glad he had been out of town. It had been easier, somehow, to discuss what had happened between her, Oliver, and her brothers on parchment rather than in person. She wasn't confident that they ever would have discussed it if they had just started seeing each other in person, wasn't sure that their relationship, such as it is, would have survived if they hadn't worked out their feelings about it first.

Only a few minutes had passed when Ginny heard the front door open. She glanced up from the shelf she was working on to see Oliver walking in.

"Oliver! Welcome back to town," she said, giving him a brilliant smile. "I've missed you," she added, glancing at her feet before looking back up to meet his eyes.

"Hullo, Gin. You look lovely. I love that colour on you," he replied as he stood in the middle of the shop, feeling a bit unsure of how to act after being gone so long. "Um, are you ready to go?"

Ginny paused for a minute. She missed the easy way they had been with each other when they'd left for the fishing trip. She didn't want to spend the rest of the night feeling unsure of how to act.

"I'm almost done here, and then we can leave," she said, deciding that maybe if they spent a few minutes chatting here that they would recapture some of the ease she'd felt with him before her brothers had mucked things up so badly.

Oliver walked over to the front counter and leaned against it casually as he watched Ginny finish straightening the shelves.

"From what I read in the *Prophet*, it sounds as if Puddlemere had an amazing set of matches."

"Well, we all know how reliable the *Prophet* is," he said, laughing. "But it was a good trip. I was thankful for all your owls. It made things less lonely."

"If I'm to believe the *Prophet*, you are getting married soon. Anything you need to share with me?" she asked with a smirk as she winked at him.

Oliver crossed the room to where she was standing and gathered her in his arms. "Well, I'm not getting married, yet, but I did find someone I think is very special," he added, feeling more confident.

Ginny found herself pulled close to Oliver's firm body as he wrapped one arm around her waist and grasped her hand, placing it on his chest, close to his heart. As Oliver began to sway to the music coming from the wireless, Ginny slid her free arm around his shoulder, her fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck.

"You had better hope a photographer from the *Prophet* doesn't wander by and see you dancing with someone in a joke shop. I'd hate to think that you were cheating on your fiancée already."

"I've wanted to dance with you for months," Oliver murmured gently, his voice so soft she could only just make out the words. "I walked by one evening and saw you dancing through the front window. I've been dreaming of dancing with you since."

"You made me dance. You had stopped in the shop earlier that day and left a note for the twins. Unfortunately, or actually fortunately, I gave you one of the twins' truth quills. It crossed out what you wrote and replaced it with what you meant. The note said you wanted to ask me out."

"You knew," he exclaimed, pulling away from Ginny enough to look her in the eyes.

Ginny just laughed softly in response, then snuggled back against Oliver's chest and continued dancing.

"But after all the attempts of the twins, I didn't think we'd ever go out. I love my brothers, but they always seem to make things worse."

As Ginny and Oliver continued to dance, she noticed the song on the wireless change.

"This is just perfect," Ginny stated with amusement. "My mother will think this is exactly what I deserve."

"Huh? Why?"

"Celestina Warbeck—she's her favourite singer. I think it started when she and Dad danced to 'A Cauldron Full of Hot, Strong Love.' Every Christmas she would insist that we all gather in the living room and listen to her Christmas concert on the wireless." Ginny said with a far away look in her eye as she continued to sway to the music. "We would all sit out of Mum's sight and make fun of Ms. Warbeck's singing. Mum would be sitting in her favourite chair with the biggest smile on her face. I always thought it was because of the music, but now I suspect it was because for one moment each year, she knew we were all united together."

"It sounds nice, actually. I always wished I had siblings. Holidays were very quiet affairs at my house."

As they danced, Oliver's eyes were locked on Ginny. She looked up at him, smiling sweetly. Slowly, he lowered his head and captured her soft, pink lips with his own, kissing her gently. It was a simple, chaste kiss.

Ginny tightened her grip around Oliver's neck to keep knees from buckling. Never in her life had she had a first kiss that had made her feel this way.

"Well, well, well..." Fred started.

"... what have we here," George finished.

Ginny spun around and drew her wand. Looking up, Oliver saw it was the twins who had interrupted them and quickly wrapped his arms around Ginny, pinning her arms to her side to prevent her from hexing her interfering brothers.

"How... I mean what..." Ginny took a deep breath. "How did you get in here without me hearing you?"

Fred held up a glass jar filled with blue substance. "Haven't we mentioned our newest discovery?"

"We're thinking about calling it *Squeekase*. Put it on any hinges and you will never hear a door squeak. It even counteracts the extra loud squeaking spell you have recently started putting on every door... dear sister."

"It seems we've been discovered," Oliver said as he rested his chin on Ginny's shoulder. "What gave us away?" he asked, looking at the twins with a lopsided grin on his face.

Ginny turned to face Oliver and swatted at him as best she could with her arms still pinned by his. "Don't encourage them."

"I'm sorry. I'll try to behave myself," Oliver responded as he tried to look innocent. Ginny just shook her head in mock disappointment. She started to open her mouth, but before she could respond, Oliver captured her lips in a searing kiss.

Fred and George watched them kissing for a moment, then began looking at their feet, the ceiling of the shop, anywhere but the direction of their sister.

"Should we interrupt them?" Fred asked George.

"I'm not sure I'm ready to be hexed," George responded.

"But if they don't start talking to us soon, how will we confirm that/ was the one who caused their lips to come in such close proximity and thereby winning *our* bet."

"If you want to know so much, I recommend you interrupt them."

"I think maybe I'll ask them another time," Fred said as he turned to walk to the back door of the shop. Before he could open the door, he promptly fell over, his body wrapped in magical ropes. George landed not far behind him, similarly bound.

"Ginny! Unbind us!"

"I'm telling Mum."

"Actually, boys," Ginny started, pride filling her voice, "it was Oliver."

"Why?"

"Well, gentlemen, Ginny deserves to have dinner without interference."

"Ginny," George whinged, "you are coming back, aren't you?"

"Maybe," Ginny said with a shrug and a smirk.

"We'll be kind enough to notify someone that you are temporarily detained in your shop," Oliver added. "Most likely."

Oliver grabbed Ginny's hand and started walking towards the back door of the shop. When they reached the door, Oliver turned towards the twins.

"Oh, and I suppose I should warn you," Oliver winked at Ginny, "we aren't quite ready to tell anyone about us, so should you, *un*accidentally tell anyone about us, you will break out in a very uncomfortable and probably noticeable rash."

Oliver turned to exit the shop as Ginny waved goodbye to the twins before following him, closing the door silently behind them.

A few hours later, Lyra and Lily were standing outside the front door to the twins' shop.

"Are you sure we shouldn't go round to their flat?" Lyra asked as she peeked in the darkened windows.

"I don't know," Lily responded glancing at the note again. *'Lyra and Lily, I hope you are enjoying an evening with your friends. I wanted to let you know that the twins are a little tied up at the shop and would love it if you stopped by before you go home. Ginny'*

"Well, let's just go in and see what is going on. If they aren't here, we can see if they are up in the flat," Lyra said as she opened the door to the shop and turned on the light.

"Fred!" "George!" Lily and Lyra said simultaneously as they ran to the unconscious, bound bodies lying just out of sight of the front door.

Just as a concerned Lily kneeled down next to Fred to see if he was hurt, he let out a loud snore.

"Oh man, they are just asleep." Lily said to Lyra as she gently shook Fred awake.

"Hey, George," Lyra said, nudging him with her toe, "wake up."

George looked up at Lyra and smiled at her with a sheepish grin. "Hi, luv. Nice to see you," he said as he allowed his glance to glide down her body and stop on her shapely legs, made all the more shapely by the addition of the three inch strappy heels she was wearing. While he was sure he should have been thinking about how to apologize to Ginny and Oliver, all he could think about was what he wanted to do... no, first he had to convince Lyra to release him from these bindings and help him get the blood circulating in his body.

"Lyra," George said tentatively before looking at the bindings holding his body still. "Would you mind?"

"*Finite*," Lyra commanded, pointing her wand at George.

Lyra sat down on the floor to help George sit up. They both looked over to see Fred and Lily kissing as if they hadn't seen each other for years, Fred still bound.

"Should we remind them that it's alright to release Fred?" Lyra asked with a giggle.

"I think we should leave them here and..." George paused to kiss her. "... go upstairs to the flat."

"I do believe," Lyra said as she kissed George, "that first you need to tell me how you ended up tied up here."

"I want to know that, too," Lily suddenly added as she broke away from Fred, pointing her wand in order to free him from his bindings *Finite*."

"Well," George started while Fred rubbed his arms, trying to gain feeling in them, "we were outnumbered. There were six of them."

"Wearing black robes, and their faces were covered," Fred continued. "They said they wanted our stock."

"Your stock," Lyra said looking around at the perfectly stocked shelves. "Are you sure they were stealing stock?"

"Did we say stock?"

"We meant secrets."

"Lyra," Lily said as she helped Fred up off the floor, "what was it that note said? The one that we received while we were having drinks?"

"Oh, you mean the one we received from Ginny?" Lyra answered as George and Fred looked at each other with slightly sheepish grins on their faces, Fred's ears turning just a bit pink as he looked at Lyra.

"And what did..."

"... our beautiful sister say?"

"Something about being sorry that she was interrupting our night out without you, but we might want to stop by the shop as she thought you might have become tied up."

"So, is your previous story the one you'd like to stay with?"

"Well, we might modify it," Fred started, taking Lily's hand and leading her towards the back door.

"But first we recommend heading upstairs," George finished, grasping Lyra's hand as he followed them.

"And then you will tell us what happened?" Lyra asked.

"We would," George said as he started to close the door of the shop, "but then we'd break out in a horrible rash."

"Fine, don't tell us," Lyra said with a laugh, heading up the stairs to the twins' flat as the door closed behind her.

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 of 8

Ginny goes shopping.

A/N: Thanks to sshg316 the best beta a fangirl could ask for. This chapter would not have been as wonderful without the help of ariadne1 and duniyazade for lending their expertise for Ginny's travels. Additional notes are at the end of the chapter.

As always, I don't own the characters, I just visit with them.

Like it, hate it all reviews are welcome.

~oOo~

A few months later, Ginny was standing in her flat with her two best friends, Hermione Weasley and Luna White. They had been friends since her fourth year at Hogwarts when they had fought the Death Eaters together in the Department of Mysteries. Her friends had just arrived at her flat, and the girls were surrounded by overnight bags.

"Ginny, are you going to tell us where we are going? Why all the mystery?" Hermione asked, clearly frustrated to not know what Ginny was planning or why.

"Hermione, Ginny will tell us all about her new boyfriend in all good time. Just relax and have fun. It will be like an expedition. You never know what you will find."

"Luna," Ginny said, trying to sound shocked and innocent, "I never said this involved a man."

"No, but it does. I know very few things that put that particular look on a woman's face," Luna said confidently. "Unless you've run into a satyr."

"Well," Ginny said with a secret smile, "I'll have to tell you about it over lunch because if we don't shrink our luggage soon, our Portkey will activate without us."

The three women quickly shrank their belongings and put their fingers on the Portkey just before it activated. Each of them felt the familiar pull, and as they landed in a remote corner of a garden, Hermione found herself sitting on her bum in the Parc du Champs de Mars as her two friends dissolved into giggles. Trying to wipe the smile from her face, Ginny reached down to help her friend.

"I hate Portkeys. I've never figured out how to land on my feet."

"Now that all of us are on our feet," Ginny said, trying not to laugh as she held a piece of paper so everyone could see it, "I need you to read this." Written on the paper was *La Maison d'Augustine is located on L'Ile aux Cygnes*

After reading the address, the friends watched as the luxury hotel appeared before them.

"Ginny, isn't it a bit expensive?" Hermione asked, concerned that her friend might be overextending herself.

"Yes, but the twins owed me, and I decided a fun weekend with friends was how I wanted them to reimburse me," Ginny replied, winking at her friend.

They walked into the hotel. As Ginny walked to the desk to check them in, Hermione and Luna investigated the lobby. The spacious room was decorated in shades of off-white with pink undertones and beige. Scattered around the lobby were conversation areas consisting of comfortable couches and side chairs covered in silk damask.

Along the edges of the lobby, there were several plaster statues. Hermione approached one of a man and woman reclined on a chaise. She was quite taken by surprise as the man reached up and tenderly caressed the woman's breast while he smiled at Hermione.

Hermione squeaked as she stepped away, backing into Luna.

"I think we should go find Ginny," Hermione said as she took Luna by the arm and headed in Ginny's direction. As she glanced behind her one last time, the man winked at her as he tweaked the woman's nipple.

Once they rejoined Ginny, she indicated that they should follow the bagagiste to the lift. Once they were all on board, he pressed the button for the 39th floor. Only one floor was above them, and it housed the two penthouse suites.

When the lift finally stopped, they exited and followed the attendant as he turned left and walked three doors down the hallway. Putting his wand to the door, he opened it and motioned for the three women to enter the room.

The room was breathtaking. It was decorated in shades of light blue and gold; in the center were a couch and two side chairs surrounding a coffee table. An ornate chandelier hung from the high ceiling. On one side of the room was a chaise lounge with a reading light next to the chaise, while on the other side was a dining room table with six chairs. Beyond the table, French doors led to a little balcony with a small wrought iron table and two chairs.

Around the room, there were three doors. Two were open, and through them the girls could see two opulent bedrooms.

"Is everything to your liking, Mademoiselles?" asked the attendant.

"Oui. Merci," Ginny answered as Hermione and Luna looked around.

"If you need anything else, just call for me, s'il vous plaît."

"I will, Tomas," Ginny said as Hermione and Luna suddenly looked at her with matching shocked expressions. "Merci."

Hermione and Luna continued to watch Ginny as Tomas let himself out of the suite.

"Ginny, you know him?" Hermione asked, just a little confused. "Have you stayed here before?"

"Oh, didn't I mention that? I didn't stay in a suite last time...more a cozy room for two...but the tub is similar to the ones in the prefects' bathrooms at Hogwarts. We should check them out," Ginny added as she started to walk towards the closed door that led to the en suite.

"Or," Luna countered as she grabbed Ginny by the arm and redirected her to room's main door, "we should go for lunch so you can begin telling us about this young man that you have been keeping from us," she finished as she opened the door to the hallway and dragged Ginny through it.

"You do have a lot of explaining to do," Hermione continued as she walked through the door. "And if the explanation isn't quite up to our expectations, we will hex you," she said, shutting the door just a little more aggressively than necessary to emphasize the point.

Ginny led them to a café along the Boulevard Garibaldi. When they arrived, the group selected an outside table in the corner. Ginny and Hermione ordered *salade nicoise* and Luna chose the *omelette au jambon et fromage*. They decided to share a *p'tit pichet de vin blanc*.

After their food arrived, Hermione quickly and discreetly cast a *Muffliato* as well as an *Animagus-revealing* spell of her own creation.

Ginny then began waving her wand in a pattern that resembled a W and a three. The other two girls just looked at her with questioning looks on their faces.

"It's a spell to reveal any of the shop's products being used nearby," Ginny answered to the unasked question she could see in her friends' faces.

"Oooooo, can you teach us that one? It'd come in pretty handy," Hermione asked Ginny.

"Sorry, it's restricted to employees only," Ginny told her friends with a shrug of her shoulders. "Ron is pretty pissed off about that," she added with a smirk, "but we can't be too careful with our secrets."

"So," Hermione started as she and Luna looked expectantly at Ginny.

"Yes, how is work going, Hermione?" Ginny asked, looking at Hermione with a straight face. "How are Charlie and the kids?"

"No, silly, we need to hear about why you have brought us to Paris," Luna said as Hermione glared at Ginny.

"Ok, start eating and I'll tell you."

As they ate, Ginny told her friends about her relationship with Oliver. She started with the party at Fred and George's...skipping the detail of what the orb revealed...through to their first kiss at the shop. Her friends were amused at all the problems the twins inadvertently caused.

"Lately," Ginny continued, "we've been just going out, mostly to Muggle places. Both of us tend to attract a bit of media attention, although it hasn't been so bad since Harry and I broke up. But, with Oliver retiring from Quidditch this year, the media has been paying more attention to him."

"I can't believe the twins are still alive," Hermione said, shaking her head incredulously.

"Have you told your mother about your first kiss?" Luna asked.

"No, there are just some times your mother should never be proven correct," Ginny responded. "Besides, she'd remind me about it every time she heard Celestina Warbeck sing a song on the wireless. I'd rather she just wonder why I'm snogging Oliver senseless next to the wireless," she added, wagging her eyebrows.

"Your mother has probably already wished you a daughter just like you," Luna responded with all seriousness as she took a sip of *une tasse du café*.

"I hope not," Ginny responded with a laugh. "But we should get going if we are going to make my appointment."

"What appointment?" Hermione asked, her eyes narrowing in suspicion. "Is this more of the secret of why we are here?"

"Yes," Ginny said as she stood from the table, "I'll tell you about it while we walk."

Hermione and Luna stood from the table and followed Ginny out of the café. As they walked, Ginny told her friends the real reason for their visit to Paris.

"Oliver's Quidditch team is holding a ball to celebrate the end of the season. Since Oliver won't be playing anymore, well, there doesn't seem to be much reason to keep our relationship a secret. We know that there will be some attention at first, but we don't think it will last long."

"So, are we dress shopping?" Hermione asked warily.

"I know it's not your favorite thing, but I promise it will be fun and painless, and I really need you to help me look *smashing*."

"I'm not sure I'm the right person," Hermione stated as she remembered all the times she only looked presentable because Ginny had dressed her, "but we'll do our best."

"I just want us to have fun," Ginny said with a smile as she stopped and opened a nondescript door with the name Amélie written on it.

"Bonjour, Mademoiselles," the women greeted the friends as they entered the shop.

"Bonjour," Ginny returned the greeting. "We are here to see Mademoiselle Amélie."

"Ah oui, you must be Mademoiselle Weasley," the shop assistant responded in perfect English through a heavy French accent.

"Oui."

"Please, follow me, s'il vous plaît."

The girls were led to a private room with a small seating area with a settee and two chairs that surrounded a coffee table. On the table sat champagne bottle, glasses, and a tray of petits fours. The room was elegantly decorated in neutral tones with just a hint of pink accents so as not to compete with the dresses as they were showcased.

Ginny looked at Luna and Hermione to see how they were reacting to the shop. Luna had walked in and made herself comfortable. It was one of the things that Ginny admired about her friend...her ability to always experience everything with no regard for following convention.

Hermione, on the other hand, looked as if she had just found herself standing on the planet Mars. She wasn't sure where to look or what to do.

"Mademoiselle Weasley, Bonjour," Mademoiselle Amélie said as she walked in the room. "Mesdames," she added, acknowledging Hermione and Luna.

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Amélie. These are my two friends Hermione Weasley and Luna White."

"Please, sit," Mademoiselle Amélie said as one of her attendants poured the champagne. "Mademoiselle Weasley, what type of robes you would like to see today?"

"I will need evening robes. I have an end-of-year banquet. There will be press there, and the fact that I'm attending this event, and whom I'm attending with, will be noticed."

Mlle then turned to one of her assistant "S'il vous plaît, Chantal, show our Silver Lining series to Mademoiselle Weasley."

"Mademoiselle Amélie, would you please sit with us?" Ginny asked, knowing it was expected of her, as the assistant walked out of the room.

"Oui," Mademoiselle answered as she sat down. "Merci."

Ginny was a little surprised, but honored, that she had joined them rather than having her assistant show them the dresses.

Within a few minutes, the first model walked into the room wearing teal dress robes. The sweetheart neckline showed just enough cleavage to be interesting, but not enough to cause a stir. The sleeves were long and the skirt loose. It was a lovely outfit, but not quite right.

As each new model appeared, Ginny looked over the robes, trying to imagine how it would appear in the papers, and more importantly, how Oliver would view it. Just as she wondered if she would find anything that had everything she wanted, a model entered the room wearing the perfect gown.

Ginny looked at her friends and could see they were having the same reaction.

Made of a silvery grey fabric that was unlike any she had ever seen before, the dress moved as a river at midnight in the moonlight. It was sleeveless with a slightly scooped neckline. The bodice was fitted, with a slightly fuller skirt. Along the neckline was delicate embroidery with the occasional dark crystal that picked up light from the room as the model moved. Then, the model turned to show the back of the robes...

~oOo~

... Ginny heard a gasp as Oliver's eyes followed the line of the embroidery over her shoulder as it followed the low backline towards her arse. She started to walk away from him when she was stopped short as he grabbed her hand and pulled her to him. Before her brain could register what was happening, Oliver was kissing her with an unexpected passion. Eventually, her mind realized that he was drawing small circles on the skin at the small of her back with his thumb.

Before things could be carried too far, she put her hands on his shoulders and gently pushed him away, ending their kiss.

"Oliver," she said breathlessly, "maybe we shouldn't have drinks here. If we do, I don't think we'll make it to your banquet."

"Banquet, right. I suppose that is why you are dressed in this amazing dress," Oliver replied. "I'm not sure I can behave myself," he added with a lustful look in his eye.

"Yes, well," Ginny struggled with her words as she backed into the room to pick up her wrap.

"I suppose we should go," Ginny continued as she walked toward the door. "This way we can return home quicker," she finished, just before kissing him one last time.

Oliver opened the door for her and watched as she walked out the door. He straightened his robes and then followed her to the hall, closing the door with a soft click.

~oOo~

A/N (cont'd): For lunch, Luna had a ham and cheese omelet (omelette au jambon et fromage). The girls shared a pitcher of wine (p'tit pichet de vin blanc) and ended their meal with a cup of coffee (une tasse du café).