

# Under The Watchful Eye

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## Mrs.Weasley's Encounter

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### Chapter One- Mrs.Weasley's Encounter

Harry lay in Fred Weasley's bed, his bare shoulder touching hers. She stirred in her sleep, and Harry turned to face her; she opened her eyes and smiled, nestling against him. She must have noticed the troubled and worried expression on his face for she propped her head up with her hand and said, "I don't regret it." Harry nodded his head to show that he agreed, but something else was nagging him, at the very back of his mind.

Harry's mind raced with old memories, happy and sad. His parents, whom he could scarcely remember. Only in his mind they were with him. Finally finishing off Voldemort only about three months ago, without the help of Dumbledore. He would soon be going back to Hogwarts, his last year there. The nagging continued. Could it be that he heard footsteps coming up the stairs and they were probably going to get caught? Could it be that he had just taken the virginity of his best mate's little sister? Or could it be that Mrs.Weasley had just opened the door?

Harry snapped back to reality; Mrs.Weasley just walked through the door! He looked over to where Ginny had been. She was now hiding, and shaking with fear, underneath the itchy, wool blanket.

"I just came up to check on you. I didn't figure you would still be awake." Mrs.Weasley grabbed another blanket and settled it on top of him, her hand brushing the mattress. Harry looked over where she had brushed, and his eyes raised up, he saw the tips of Ginny's red hair sticking out the top of the two blankets, he looked up at Mrs.Weasley. She had noticed them too.

She flipped the blanket off to reveal Ginny's bare chest. Harry quickly pulled the blanket back up to cover himself and to cover Ginny's chest.

"Ginny! What... This... Get out of that bed this instant, young lady!" Mrs.Weasley screamed at the top of her lungs, probably waking everybody else up who was currently sleeping at the Burrow.

Ginny scrambled out of the bed and reached for her clothes, pulled her nightgown on and reached for her undergarments. She had barely grabbed them when she was pulled out of the room by her ear. Ginny sent him a look that seemed to say, 'Oops.' Then she half

smiled at him and mouthed the words, 'I'm sorry.' Harry returned them back, and she disappeared.

Harry felt the instant regret of doing it, he knew he had wanted to give Ginny his heart, and he had. She had stolen it from him, and he had returned the favor by stealing hers. His mind raced at the thoughts of what Ron would say, what Mrs.Weasley could possibly be thinking about him right now. He was disappointed in himself. He knew he was taking a giant risk, and under the Weasleys' own roof. He felt that he should repay them somehow, for his mistake.