

# What A Difference A Day Makes

*by jmlane57*

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## The Difference is You

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### **WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES**

**Sung** Renee Olmstead

*What a difference a day makes*

*Twenty-four little hours*

*Brought the sun and the flowers*

*Where there used to be rain*

*My yesterday was blue, dear*

*Today I'm a part of you, dear*

*My lonely nights are through, dear*

*Since you said you were mine*

*What a difference a day makes*

*There's a rainbow before me*

*Skies above can't be stormy*

*Since that moment of bliss, that thrilling kiss*

*It's heaven when you find romance on your menu*

*What a difference a day makes*

*And the difference is you*

### **What A Difference A Day Makes**

Twenty-three-year-old Ginny Weasley, top model for the new Wizarding cheesecake magazine, *Wizard Weekly*, a companion to the long-time Wizarding magazine *Witch Weekly*, was ready to hex virtually everyone that came near her, much less anyone who was foolish enough to speak to her. She had just gotten the worst possible news of her life ... her professional life, anyway. Her personal life had been shot to hell years ago. Wasn't life tough enough without losing one's favourite photographer?

Andy knew her every foible and quirk. What was more, he had never tried to tell her how to live, although she was certain he'd wanted to, many times. And now she'd lost him. He wasn't that old, so it wasn't as if he was retiring, but he had been with the magazine since its inception and knew it inside out. The only one who knew it better was its founder, her friend Luna Lovegood-Longbottom, who had decided to start it after selling *The Quibbler*. Her father had run that magazine too long for her to feel comfortable running it, and after his death, she needed something to keep her busy and *The Quibbler's* circulation was way down anyway.

Ginny considered herself open-minded, but at a time like this she was willing to make an exception. How could anyone possibly replace Andy? And nothing Luna said was going to make her change her mind. Of course, if she'd known just who the incoming photographer was, she might have changed her mind ... but as it was, she didn't...and for their own safety, hoped no one she knew approached her while she was upset. Otherwise they ran the risk of being zapped with her infamous Bat-Bogey Hex.

Even worse, she knew that she had a very important photo session scheduled today and had already reluctantly said goodbye to Andy, fuming as she waited in her dressing room at the magazine, ready to head for the door and leave for all time if the new photographer didn't please her...and at this point, nothing would, even if the person was "practically perfect in every way," as the phrase went in one of her favourite Muggle films, *Mary Poppins*.

She had known someone who had been believed to be "practically perfect in every way" but had known him well enough to know that he was anything but. Not that that was necessarily a bad thing, because he'd never wanted his so-called "fame" to begin with and always dismissed or discouraged it whenever anyone brought up the subject. All he'd ever wanted was to be left to live his life in peace. Even at that, he had proven his mettle in the end, because he had managed to fulfill the Prophecy and vanquish the greatest, most dangerous Dark wizard for all time with the very weapon Dumbledore had said he possessed in such great quantities ... love.

With Ginny herself, his closest friends and adopted family (not to mention the Order and D.A.) surrounding him, he had been invincible. However, shortly after the Final Battle and reconstruction of the Wizarding world had begun...both physically and emotionally speaking...Harry had inexplicably disappeared, and no one, not even his closest friends, knew where he had gone. Harry had never found it easy to discuss his innermost feelings, having learned the hard way to keep them hidden if he wanted to survive in the abusive household of his monstrous Muggle relatives, the Dursleys.

It had now been five years since she had last seen him, and it was only last year that he had finally contacted Ron and told him what he had been up to and why he had left without a word. Even at that, that was all she knew because she had never been able to get anything out of him regarding what Harry had said. It was as if he had sworn him to secrecy and admonished him not to tell anyone other than Hermione...and the way she was acting, Ginny was convinced that she knew the answers to her questions as well.

The only problem was that she was no more willing to discuss it than Ron was ... and both were stubborn enough to clam up even further if she tried to pressure them. She had even been tempted to get him drunk, which generally loosened his tongue, but couldn't think of a way to manage it without Hermione knowing...and she would surely have done something to throw a monkey wrench into her plans.

Showed how much she'd really mattered to Harry, if he didn't want her to know where he was or what he had been up to the last five years. So much for his claim that he'd only broken up with her to keep her safe! Maybe he still thought she'd come looking for him if she knew, and she might have at that ... that is, if she hadn't heard of his relationship with the predatory Romilda Vane, which she had learned of while listening at Ron's door during one of his numerous arguments with Hermione.

If Harry thought Romilda, the school slut, was a better shag than Ginny, who had truly loved him, then fine. She didn't need him ... or so she always told herself. She was five years older now, a mature adult who had long since gotten over her silly crush on the ruddy Boy-Who-Lived and had moved on with her life, just as Harry had moved on with his. He no longer mattered to her. Her feelings for him were in the past...and even if he eventually came back into her life, nothing he said or did would change her mind or bring those feelings back to life.

She was brought back to reality by a sharp knock on the door, and an equally sharp...not to mention familiar...voice accompanying it. "Bloody hell, woman, if you're there, open the effing door! It's time for your session!"

Ginny stood up, slid into her slippers, tightened the belt of her dressing gown and took a deep breath before striding over to the door, opening it to reveal the man who had haunted her dreams for the past five years, despite her best efforts. A man who had obviously decided to become a photographer at some point, if all the photography equipment she saw was any indication.

"Harry! Isn't it a small world? Fancy meeting you here!"

"Oh, my God ... Ginny! How can it possibly be you?" A short time later, they managed to pull themselves together. It was even Harry who said, "But old home week can come later. We've got a session to do, and we're late already. As you might know, I'm new here and need to know where you usually stage your photo shoots."

"Come with me," Ginny returned coolly. "I know a shortcut." With that, Harry followed her, and they arrived at the large room where photo shoots were usually staged a few minutes later. It took him a few minutes to set up, time she used to get into her first outfit and her hair styled appropriately.

She was the kind who modeled virtually everything in the way of clothing ... slacks, dresses, lingerie, seasonal clothing, you name it. The only thing she didn't do was pose nude, even though her body was such that she had been asked to a number of times. But she made enough money to get by nicely without that, so she felt safe in turning down those sessions. But this new photographer, her former paramour, was going to make things difficult for her, in more ways than one ... and it was up to her to build up effective defenses as quickly as possible in order to protect herself, whatever she had to do.

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Ginny was surprised at how well Harry was doing his job, wishing she knew when he had decided to chuck his original plan to become an Auror and study photography. She made a mental note to ask him at the first opportunity. Meanwhile, she needed to change outfits as quickly as possible and get her hairstyle changed. Fortunately that wouldn't take long since it was simply a matter of taking her hair down. Just the same, she was sure that it had to be difficult for Harry to be taking pictures of her in both provocative poses and brief, body-hugging clothing.

Harry's jeans were fairly tight to begin with, and Ginny couldn't help noticing that a bulge had begun to form at his groin within the first hour of the session. It had been steadily growing ever since. She had done her best not to react, but the remnants of her feelings and intimate knowledge from their romance of five years ago told her his trousers had to be becoming more uncomfortable with every passing moment.

Harry had never been one to complain of physical or emotional distress, but this was the worst possible distress a man could endure. A point would soon be reached where he would be unable to take the discomfort, if not actual pain, any longer and something would have to be done. She sensed he was pretty close to that point, but saw nothing in his manner which might indicate it, even though his body language told her otherwise.

Maybe he was even fighting the remnants of his own feelings for her and his own intimate knowledge of their romance ... but was sure he wasn't about to admit to those feelings any more than she was if he could avoid it. She knew how much he had enjoyed her performing oral sex on him and even now was tempted to do it, if only to ease his pain. All the same, he was likely to deny he had any such problem and refuse her offer, even as much as he probably wanted and needed it.

However, there came a point where it was becoming harder and harder for him to conceal his discomfort, particularly when he got in certain positions to take pictures of her at given angles. There had even been times when Harry had winced and gingerly, surreptitiously rubbed his private parts, hoping Ginny hadn't seen him do it. If she had, he was certain that she would believe her brief clothing and provocative poses were affecting him. He was unwilling to admit to that possibility...especially since it was entirely likely.

It was a challenge, but he managed to do it. Even at that, she knew he would have to excuse himself soon and wank off to obtain relief, if nothing else. He had become even more attractive over the past five years so that even she was hard-pressed to resist him. But after what he had done to her, cheating on her with Romilda of all people, Ginny truly doubted that he would have a believable explanation as to why he had allowed himself to shag her. Especially when he knew as well as Ginny did that Romilda was more attracted to Harry's fame and looks than to Harry himself.

"Having a problem, Harry?" she asked as casually as possible. "I'm sure this can't be easy for you, to take such provocative pictures of your former girlfriend."

"I'm fine, Ginny. No worries," he claimed, even as he once again winced at the intense discomfort in his groin area.

"I know you better than that. If you want me to help you on that score, don't hesitate to ask."

His face was a mixture of horror, desire and anger. "No! I can handle it myself, thank you!"

"Suit yourself. I just thought it would be easier for you than to try to make it to the loo."

"With all due respect, Ginny, my state of arousal is no longer any business of yours."

"So I understand," she returned waspishly. "Especially since you considered Romilda Vane a better shag than I am."

Her bluntness inspired a heavy blush in his cheeks and green daggers to shoot from his eyes behind his glasses. "How do you know about that?"

"Ron and Mione were arguing about whether or not to tell me when I overheard it one day."

"I'm sorry you had to hear that," he returned.

Somehow Ginny wasn't convinced that Harry really was sorry. She had always known what a bad liar he was, but also knew him well enough to know that he was expecting her to swallow it.

"I'll bet you are," she threw back. "And they wouldn't have let me know *that* if they could have avoided it. Nothing I did could get anything out of them regarding you these last five years, either, even though you left without a word to anyone and didn't even contact *them* until about a year ago. It really makes me feel good to know that I mattered so much to you that you would even turn my own brother against me." The last was almost positively dripping with sarcasm, and it wasn't lost on Harry.

"After what I did, the way I left and the thing with Romilda, I didn't think you would want anything further to do with me and that just hearing about me would upset you, so I told them not to mention me in your hearing if they could avoid it. That's all I told them, I assure you. Any embellishments beyond that are totally their doing, I swear!"

"Uh-huh. Are you going to tell me that they arranged the Romilda affair, too? You don't seem willing to take responsibility for any of your actions the last five years, as far as I can tell. Which reminds me, what got you into photography anyway? The last I heard, you still wanted to be an Auror."

"I decided against that once we'd vanquished Voldemort. My scar even disappeared shortly after he died. You've noticed everything else about me, so why not that?" Harry shot back, parting his dark fringe to show his now-unmarked forehead before telling her to get in position for the next shot. "As for the photography, I contacted Colin and asked him for help. He was only too happy to help me, in between his own photography work. You don't know how nice it is to be the one taking pictures for a change!"

Ginny was unable to help noticing that Harry had cleverly sidestepped the issue of Romilda (or so he believed, anyway), but she had no intention of letting him off the hook. If he were going to lose his virginity, why couldn't it have been to her, who truly loved him, instead of the school slut? Who could figure blokes anyway? She had once thought she could, having grown up with six brothers, but obviously Harry was something else again. Of course, he had never been what anyone would call normal, even in the Wizarding world, so it really shouldn't have come as any surprise to her.

"Just how did you think I felt after I heard that you'd shagged Romilda? If you were going to lose your virginity to anyone, why not me, who loved you, instead of Romilda, who's shagged virtually every bloke in Hogwarts and half of Wizarding London? You should know that she was only out for a piece of your fame, not to mention your arse. She never really cared about you, yourself, at all."

"All right, so I made a mistake," Harry reluctantly admitted. "Unfortunately it's not something I can take back now." He couldn't say he was surprised that Ginny had become so outspoken on sensitive subjects, but that didn't make it any easier for him to endure listening to her spout off. Even at school, Ginny had been second only to Luna in her expertise at speaking uncomfortable, even painful, truths, especially regarding his...or her...own feelings. Five years only seemed to have honed those abilities to a fine art.

He would have to keep his guard up at all times around her, or else he would be right back where he had been five years ago, a lovesick teenager torn between his feelings for the girl he loved and his duty to the Wizarding world. Fortunately he had done his duty to the latter and come out of it sane and in one piece; only now the chickens (or in his case, owls) had likely come home to roost, and he would have to deal with both Ginny and his own unresolved feelings for her at the first opportunity. Right now they had to get used to each other again, and that was going to take time.

Not five years, certainly, but definitely longer than overnight, much less a week or even a month ... if not several months. Even now he was tempted to resign his new position, but that would definitely be the coward's way out, and he had been enough of a coward five years ago without making it worse. Nor could he blame her for feeling left out, even though he had gone into it with the best of intentions.

If Ginny had had any knowledge of his plans, that could just as easily make her a target, even without the added risk of her being his girlfriend. Now that the Dark forces had been eradicated (to all intents and purposes, anyway), Harry deemed it safe enough to tell her just what he, Ron and Hermione had done to win over the Dark Lord. He could definitely understand her feelings of exclusion and would probably have felt the same way in her place, but as he had told her, there was no way to take back what had already been done.

All he could do was attempt to make amends by sitting her down and telling her what all had transpired up to and including the Final Battle ... or more accurately, all the battles she had not been in. He had allowed her to fight in some of the minor battles, but when it came to the Final Battle, nothing she said would move him in regards to allowing her to fight by his side. There was nothing he wanted more than to have her with him, but on the other hand, there was nothing he wanted *less* than to have seen her seriously injured or killed because of him. He would much rather have his beloved alive and angry at him rather than mourn her as he still mourned his parents, Sirius and Dumbledore, much less all the others who had died in the Second Wizarding War.

But he had to deal with the present situation before he could deal with any past ones. "Have you had any dinner?" he asked once they finally wrapped up the session and he had packed all his equipment, including both types of cameras, the Muggle kind and the Wizarding kind, which took pictures that moved.

"No. Why?"

"Do you think we could temporarily put aside our grievances against each other and just catch up on the last few years? Have you any idea of the nearest restaurant that has the best food?"

"Does it make any difference whether it's a Muggle or Wizarding restaurant? I know of a few of both in the area."

"I'm sure we're both too tired to cook any meals, so it really doesn't make any difference. Just let me lock up my equipment at my flat, then we can go after I shower and change. If you'll tell me where your flat is, I can pick you up there and we can Apparate to the restaurant."

"Fair enough." He took down the location of her flat as well as the restaurant in question, then smiled and made a temporary farewell. "See you in an hour." Ginny had a feeling of apprehension which she couldn't shake, no matter what she did, even as much as she wanted to be with Harry, if only to catch up on the last few years. How often did he want to talk at any length? He had always been the secretive type and didn't open up easily to anyone. Even his closest friends weren't always privy to his plans or secrets ... so how could she have any idea what to expect when with him, especially after five years of silence on his part, at least as far as she was concerned?

She finally decided that all she could do was make sure to keep her guard up, not let him get past her defenses as he once had if she could help it. All her feelings had come rushing back at the first sight of him, but she wasn't about to let him know that until and if she could manage to find out if he still felt anything for her. But for the moment, she needed to get to her flat, get showered and changed, then meet him at the restaurant. Anything that happened after that she would deal with when it happened, and not a moment before ... especially if it involved going back with him to his flat or his going back with her to hers.

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Within an hour after they had met at the chosen restaurant, a Muggle one called Olive Garden, the pair found themselves laughing over some of the most amusing experiences of the last few years of their lives, especially those of Harry. He confided that although some of the women were extremely beautiful, not to mention well-built, too many were either shrews, foul-mouthed, gay or attached in some other way ... so whatever initial attraction he may have felt for them was doused like water on a fire within moments. Other times, he recalled, it was all he could do to make it through the session and get to the loo so he could wank off in peace.

"Are you saying you never even tried?" Ginny found that hard to believe, knowing how Harry could be when he wanted to, especially if he happened to be in an amorous mood.

"I was tempted several times, I'll admit ... some had gorgeous arses and equally gorgeous boobs, but there's a new law that says a male photographer must have someone act as chaperone, be in with them while he's taking pictures of a female model, particularly one who's modeling form-fitting or very brief clothing. Other times a member of the model's family or a friend of theirs, usually of the same sex, was there ..." Harry trailed off, scowling at an unpleasant remembrance. "One time the gay lover of one came. I had to go to the loo, and when I came back, they were all over each other."

"That must have been fun for you." Ginny smiled inwardly as she took a drink.

"I could have done without it," Harry agreed fervently. "It didn't help matters that she was one of the ones who were well-endowed in the looks, boob and arse department. Of course, still others had their husbands or boyfriends to watch, too many of them built like King Kong and some with almost as much hair. Some even reminded me of Crabbe and Goyle at their stupidest and ugliest."

"Made you wonder what the women could possibly see in them, I imagine."

"That's for sure," came the reply. "What about you? Have you had any ... relationships since we broke up?"

"Oh, I've had my share, but none serious. Or at least none that I cared to stay with more than a few months at a time. Some wanted to get too familiar far too soon, and you know I don't go for blokes that come on too strong too early on. One especially turned me off; I only had one date with him, and he still expected me to take him home and shag him all night...all for a lousy cinema and only so-so dinner! Needless to say, he was the most persistent one. Only my hexing him with the Bat-Bogey thing stopped him." Harry couldn't help noting that Ginny wasn't willing to elaborate any further than that and was unable to help suspecting that she was either lying or the ones attracted to her were real losers, even more than he had been, and that was saying something.

"Sounds like we've both had the same kind of luck with our subsequent relationships," Harry mused as he took a bite of his meal, then a swallow of his drink to wash it down. "One other question ... how have you managed to hide your work from your family? I would think they'd have raised the roof by now."

"For one thing, I use a Disguising Charm and coloured contacts. I have to do that because my brothers get the magazine I appear in. Not to mention the fact that I have to go under an assumed name ... and since you're back in contact with Ron again, I don't know if I dare tell you what that name is."

"I can keep secrets, you know that," Harry assured her.

"But I also know that you blokes tend to stick together...and I'd never hear the end of it from any of them should they find out. If they did, I'd know who to blame. You'd get yourself hexed into next year, and that would just be the beginning!"

"I'm perfectly aware of that," he returned coolly. "I can also imagine how they'd feel if they knew I was the one taking cheesecake pictures of you." After a time he seemed talked out, content just to eat and drink, then when she least expected it, he said, "Do you have a current boyfriend?"

"No. Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No."

"That means we're both single at the moment," she mused, finishing off her drink and ordering another since she hadn't finished her food.

"Yeah, I suppose you could say that. But Ron tells me that there are several grandchildren for his parents now, and that he and Mione have supplied at least two of them."

"Yes," Ginny agreed. "The last I heard, Bill and Fleur have two, Charlie just recently got married, Percy has two with Penelope, and Fred and George have three between them with Angelina and Katie respectively ... so I'm an aunt nine times over, at least at the moment."

"Haven't they ever asked you when you plan to start having kids?"

"They hardly need any from me, for Merlin's sake! Nine grandchildren should be enough for even *my* mum and dad."

"Not necessarily. It wouldn't surprise me if they're expecting at least two from each of you and believe that you're falling down on the job by not having either a boyfriend or a husband who could supply you with those grandchildren they want."

"They can believe what they like. I'm not going to do anything like that until I feel ready...and at the moment, I'm not ready. What's more, the more they pressure me, the less likely I am to want to do it. I'm only twenty-three, for pity's sake. It's not as if I don't have time!"

"Maybe part of their concern stems from the fact that you're the first girl born in the Weasley family for generations, and they want to make sure they get grandchildren from you, however they have to do it."

"I get enough pressure from them, thank you, without your adding to it," Ginny shot back. "It's also rather difficult to have children without a husband ... especially since the only bloke I've ever wanted has just come back into my life after five years. I also have no idea whether or not he's even willing to consider marriage or fatherhood at this juncture. After all, from what I've surmised, he's been too busy chasing a certain Dark Lord to bother with such mundane things as settling down and raising a family."

"Are you trying to tell me something?" Harry's emerald eyes held hers, and Ginny couldn't have looked away from him if she'd tried ... not that she wanted to! It also didn't help matters that he had reached for her nearest hand and didn't seem to have any intention of letting go of it. If she could only have known what else he was feeling just being near her!

It was unfortunate for Harry that Ginny had not learned Legilimency, but he had, and he could not only sense and feel her renewed feelings of both love and desire for him but her fear of becoming involved with him again after his leaving without a word five years ago. Not that he could blame her, but that didn't make it any easier to be near her. His hands fairly itched to touch and caress her, just as his body and lips hungered for hers. He had never imagined it possible, but she had become even more beautiful than he remembered.

"What do you think?" she threw back, her voice so throaty and sultry that it hit Harry right in the groin. It was fortunate that he had changed into trousers with more crotch room, but even at that, if he got any larger, it would become acutely uncomfortable to continue wearing them. His heartbeat seemed to have increased to the extent that he was sure it was skipping here and there, and he was also beginning to feel very warm in more ways than one. But after so many years apart, he didn't want to force the issue. All the same, he didn't know how long he could wait to have her again.

"Would you think me a perv if I said I wanted to take you home and shag you senseless all night long right now?" Harry made sure that no one could hear him but her and could have sworn that her own pulse had increased markedly since he had said it.

"No," Ginny returned quietly, wanting him every bit as much as he wanted her, but needing to say something very important first. "I just don't want to be a one-night stand, to be used and discarded like before."

"For Merlin's sake, do you really think I wanted to do what I did? I would frankly sooner have had my heart cut out of me than walk away from you! My time with you was like something out of another life, like living the most beautiful dream ever. I'd never been so happy, never felt so loved ... but I just couldn't risk your life. I'd rather have you alive and angry at me for leaving you behind than be mourning you as well as my parents, Sirius and Dumbledore. It was bad enough to lose them; the last thing I wanted was to add you to that list."

"Harry, I've been a target since day one and would always be a target, even if we'd never laid eyes on each other, never become involved. You know that as well as I do...or you should by now. So what was the point of our breaking up simply because of that when we still loved each other?"

"I didn't want him coming after you because of me. Bloody hell, I was trying to protect you! If there's something wrong with that, then I'm guilty...and damn proud of it!"

"Just the same, I feel sure Voldemort knew of your feelings for me right from the start. Remember, he's a legendary Legilimens, as well as that psychic link you shared. He probably sensed and felt everything through it. I wanted to hex you for leaving me behind then, and I'm still willing to do so, even as much as I feel for you, especially if you start treating me like a bothersome child again. I'm an adult, every bit as adult as you! I haven't been a child for a long time, even if my parents and brothers seem stuck in a time warp right along with you."

"Sorry. You're right. I should have known better. You are definitely not a child. Forgive me?" He gave her such a puppydog look that Ginny was unable to stay angry with him. "So ... now that you've forgiven me, can we ... uh ... start over again?"

"Well, technically, starting over again after five years generally doesn't include shagging each other's brains out," Ginny pointed out, then gave her companion a wicked smile. "But since when have we ever followed the rules?"

"So where did you want to go? My place or yours?"

The look in Harry's eyes made Ginny blush because she was sure that she knew what he was thinking ... or rather, how he was picturing her in his mind. After all his unfortunate experiences as a cheesecake photographer, she couldn't blame him for being randy, and best of all, randy for her. And once they got started shagging again, Ginny had no doubt but that it would be quite a while before they came up for air. After all, five years was a long time to make up for.

"Come to think of it, why not mine? After all, I have the bigger bed," he recalled.

"Just as long as I'm the only one who shares it with you," Ginny warned, quietly but ominously. "I warn you, *don't* want to come home and find you with her. If I do, neither of you are likely to survive ... at least not with your bits intact."

"No chance," he assured her. "I have no intention of ever seeing Romilda again. No reason to. I have you again, after all." He raised her hand to his lips, lightly stroking her knuckles with the tip of his tongue; the sensation engendered made her gasp. If his tongue on her knuckles could make her feel like the top of her head had almost literally come off, she didn't want to imagine how it would feel on other, more sensitive and intimate places. "Which reminds me ... are you finished eating yet?"

"Not really, but I'm full. I don't think I can finish the food. Let's just get me a box to take home and Apparate to your flat so we don't lose any time ... catching up on things."

"The lady commands, I obey." Harry gave his soon-to-be-reinstated girlfriend a sly wink. "So let's pay the check and bug out of here." With that, he flagged down their server and did just that. Once that had been accomplished and Ginny had her box of leftover shrimp pasta ready, along with some leftover garlic bread, they were ready. Upon leaving the restaurant, she gripped his arm tightly, and they Apparated to his flat.

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Almost literally, the next thing they knew, it was morning and the couple awakened in Harry's bed, the pair entangled in both the blankets and one another's bare bodies. Even though they had obviously slept, Harry knew he was still tired and was pretty sure that Ginny was as well. He opened his eyes, slipping on his glasses briefly to feast them on the beautiful creature lying beside him. Some of her hair was in her face, but she had never looked more alluring to him. He moved back slightly when she moaned sleepily and stretched, then her soft brown eyes opened and she smiled at him.

"Morning."

"Morning," he replied, unable to stop smiling. How could he ever have stayed away from her for so long, much less ever shagged anyone but her? Definitely not one of the smartest things he'd ever done, to put it mildly. "Sleep well?"

"I always slept well whenever I was with you," she returned with an answering smile. "That is, when we slept." She gave him a sly wink. "Which reminds me...last night was pretty exhausting. You seemed well-nigh insatiable. Haven't you had anyone since Romilda and me?"

"Too many other things on my mind," he confessed. "But now that we're together again, that's going to change. I'll see to that."

"No. *I'll* see to that. Which reminds me ... have you given any thought to what I mentioned last night before we came here?"

"As I said, too many other things on my mind. You, for instance."

"Remember I mentioned how my folks seem to expect my brothers and me to give them at least two grandchildren each, and I said I couldn't because I didn't have a husband or boyfriend willing to supply me with them?"

"If I know your mum, she wouldn't allow me in the same room with you for such purposes unless we were married," Harry replied with a laugh. "That is, not if you still lived at home ... which I'm glad you don't. As for marriage, it's a bit soon to talk about that after just getting back together. Let's give it a few months, then we'll talk again. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough." Ginny reached out to stroke her lover's lips with a finger, which prompted him to smile with a mixture of love and lust. "Can you imagine how everyone's going to react once they find out we're back together?"

"Especially when they find out what basically brought us back together," he reminded her. "In the meantime, we still have some catching up to do."

He moved to take her into his arms, gently pressing her lower body close to his own to show her how aroused he had once again become before their lips met in a tenderly passionate kiss, a kiss which seemed to deepen and heat up with every passing moment. The next moment, Harry's lips traveled down her neck and throat, then his warm, sweet mouth found one of her breasts and latched onto it, once again teasing the nipple with his tongue until it was hard and beginning to suck.

Ginny moaned at the feel of him loving her, holding his silky yet unruly head in place for a time until he said, "If you want me to give the rest of you some attention, lady, you've got to let go of my head."

"Sorry. It's just that it felt so good I didn't want you to stop."

"I'm glad I can still please you, Gin."

"You always pleased me, Harry ... especially in bed. I just wish we could have been each other's first."

"I know, love, but all we can do is put that behind us and move on. What matters is that we're together again, and I intend for us to stay that way. Five years apart was five years too long."

"Amen," Ginny agreed, and with that, Harry moved to her other breast and began giving it the same attention he had given the first...then after reluctantly releasing it, kissed and licked his way down her body until he reached the red-gold triangle between her lovely legs. He gently reached his fingers between them and stroked her intimately, smiling when he felt how wet she was. A moment later he heard her gasp softly when he found her most secret place, her most sensitive pleasure spot.

He then parted her legs a bit further and moved two fingers into her tight but slick passage and began to move them tentatively at first, then when he was confident she was enjoying it and was thoroughly aroused, he replaced his fingers with his tongue and gently held her down while teasing her super-sensitive nub almost unbearably. Ginny moaned and squirmed beneath him.

"Oh gods, Harry ... Harry ..."

"Merlin, Gin, you're so bloody sweet ... I don't think I'll ever get enough of you ..."

It didn't take long before he sensed that she wasn't far from her climax, and he wanted to be inside her when that happened. The next thing Ginny knew, Harry had positioned himself above her and between her legs, resting his weight on knees and elbows; Ginny wrapped her legs around his hips and her arms around his neck even as they continued to kiss passionately.

"Harry, I want you inside me *now*! Bloody hell, I can't *wait* any longer!"

"Neither can I," he crooned back against her lips. "But don't be surprised if it hurts. You know how long it's been since we've been together."

"I don't care how much it hurts ... just bloody well *get on* with it already!"

Harry didn't need further encouragement ... and once again, the lovers lost all sense of time and where they were. All they knew was that they were in love and that they were together...and intended to stay that way for as long as they lived. One thing was for sure, even just one day could definitely make the difference between loneliness and love. Especially a love such as theirs, a love that "only few have ever known," as the song "Speak Softly, Love" said ... and in time, Harry fully intended them to be husband and wife, even have at least two children. Frankly, he wanted as many as Ginny was willing to have.

For the moment, however, all that mattered was that they were back together, and he knew that he didn't intend to allow anyone else but himself to take cheesecake shots of her, now or ever again. It was enough to think of other blokes ogling her by looking at that bloody magazine without having to worry about another man coming on to her while photographing her. She was his, and *only* his...and he would hex into oblivion anyone who disagreed with him.

All too soon, and yet not nearly soon enough, Harry felt himself become almost incredibly hard and knew his own climax wasn't far off. He began moving faster and faster inside his lover's sweet body. Her moans and cries seemed only to inflame him further until ... all at once ... it happened! He knew he would be unable to stop for a long time, nor did Ginny seem to want him to stop, entwining herself almost desperately around him.

He cried out in a mixture of pain and pleasure as he felt himself let go even as her nails raked his back and her small white teeth latched onto his neck. In the end, both cried out when the beauty burst over them just before falling back onto the bed, exhausted but sated (at least for the present). Truly, they were made for each other, and whatever he had to do, they would never be apart again ... at least not for one moment more than absolutely necessary, or he'd know the reason why. He had waited far too long to be this happy, feel this fulfilled, and no one...but *no one*...was going to take it away from him, not ever again!