

Technology Junkie

by *jmlane57*

A recently married Harry becomes infatuated with all things technical ... and Ginny has to take matters into her own hands after it begins to interfere in their love life.

None--one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Ginevra Weasley-Potter knew that her husband had done some crazy things in his day, but this had to top them all. First, Harry had kicked on their front door, then after she'd opened it, floated in several boxes containing only Merlin knew what.

"Harry, what is all that?"

"You'll find out," he returned enigmatically. "Just give me time to set it up."

She could scarcely believe her eyes when he had finished and called her back into the living room from the kitchen to view his handiwork. "A computer? But why?"

"I've always wanted to try one."

"But you once said...Didn't your cousin have one?"

"Yes, but he never let me near it. This one's mine."

"But, Harry, you have no idea how to operate one of those."

"Yes, I do. Your dad's a nutter about Muggle things. I asked him. He said he's got one in his office now. Cuts his workload considerably."

"Even at that, computers require eckle...*electricity*. Magic usually cancels that out."

"I've taken care of that. The computer will work here where I've put it ... but only here. Would you like to see?"

He turned it on before she could speak again. Before long, a picture came up on the screen, and he began entering something in a little box next to the word *Yahoo!*, which had a button which said *Web Search* on it, then pressed a button on the small device under his right hand after positioning a small white arrow directly over the *Search* box and clicked with one finger. After a few more clicks, a site featuring virtually everything a witch or wizard could possibly want appeared on screen.

"Oh, my God, Harry! How'd you do that?"

"I'll tell you once I've figured everything out. At the moment, that's all I know how to do. Now, if you don't mind, I need to figure out how to order stuff online. Your birthday's coming up, you know, and I want to find something really nice for you."

"But supper's almost ready," she protested.

"Call me when it is," he returned absently, returning to the wireless keyboard and 'mouse'. The monitor screen was flat, set at a slight angle and somewhat resembled a drive-in movie screen. Maybe they ran on rechargeable batteries or something; she had seen those around. Same with the small box-like tower sitting next to the screen. The only wires she saw were from the printer sitting beside the computer. One was hooked up to an electrical outlet, the other directly to the computer. Everything looked brand-new, literally state-of-the-art. She knew Harry had a large inheritance from his parents, but couldn't help wondering if this could possibly be anywhere near what they'd had in mind for him to do with it, even if his mother *had* been a Muggle.

Harry had always had a yen for trying new things, particularly electronic things, especially since he'd never had the chance to use any when growing up, but his fascinations didn't generally last long. This time, however, Ginny had a funny feeling that this was going to be different and had no idea how right she would turn out to be.

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And she was. He only reluctantly came to supper, and even in the midst of eating, the computer and how it worked was all he talked about. Ginny had tried, but was unable to get a word in edgewise, so she simply ate her meal and drank her drink as Harry rambled on. Almost as soon as he had taken his last bite of food and last swallow of pumpkin juice, Harry was out of the chair at the dining room table and back in front of the computer, staying there until bedtime despite her best efforts to get him to join her on the couch to watch a movie disc on their nearly-new DVD player, hooked up to their state-of-the-art plasma flat TV, which hung on the wall like a painting. She knew how much he usually liked to snog in front of it, which they had done fairly often...at least for the first few weeks after getting the TV and DVD player...but apparently not this time.

He had even shouted at her, "Turn that bloody thing down! I can't hear myself think!" when she tried to get his attention diverted to the film, not to mention herself, by turning up the TV volume. Shortly after their marriage six months ago, he had even gotten a new car with all the trimmings and signed himself up for a Driver's Ed course so he could get himself a driver's licence. He had offered to sign Ginny up as well, but she said she'd wait and see how he did first.

Another thing he did after buying the DVD player was purchase all the discs he could find relating to magic, wizardry and witchcraft, including TV series and movies, such as *Bewitched* and *Charmed*. They even each had individual cell phones and cable TV, the workings of which she was still trying to figure out, but which Harry seemed to know like the back of his hand. He couldn't have found out everything from her father, could he? She made a mental note to ask the latter the first chance she got. For the time being, she had to get him to come to bed, or else he'd be on that infernal contraption all night.

Only her brisk order to come to bed and get some sleep, not to mention her promise that he would be able to get back to the computer the next day got him out of the chair before it. Once they were in bed, he was as marvelous a lover as always, if a bit absent-minded, but Ginny didn't mind too much as long as she was pleased sufficiently...and Harry had always been an artist at that.

But this time, she got the distinct feeling that the computer was fast becoming a rival for Harry's attention and could just imagine how Ron, Hermione, Fred and George would react to his new electronic toy. Meanwhile, she had best do all she could to get used to it herself.

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Ginny dragged herself home the next evening, exhausted from a hard day as a Healer in the Spell Damage ward at St. Mungo's. She generally loved her work, but in between trying to control the dozen or so permanent residents, she was totally fagged out. If this kept up, she was seriously thinking of transferring to another floor. Even working behind a cash register at the Coffee Shop would be less stressful. Which reminded her, her tight, stiff shoulder muscles needed Harry's healing hands, the only things that could loosen them up and relax her.

Unfortunately, when she walked in, she found him where she usually found him if he wasn't doing anything else...in front of the computer. She was sure he'd finally managed to find her a suitable birthday gift and had ordered it delivered by now, so she couldn't imagine what else he could be doing that would keep him in front of it for hours on end. She went over to him and put her arms around his shoulders, warmly kissing his ear.

"I'm home, luv."

"Yes, I can see that," Harry returned absently, swearing when she tried to manuvre him around so she could kiss him. "Bloody hell, Ginny! You made me muck up this URL!"

"Well, excuse *me*," she shot back, her tone a mixture of anger and hurt. "You've rarely turned down one of my kisses. Besides, I wanted to ask you to do me a favour."

"What kind of favour?"

"My shoulder muscles are really twisted and tight. I'd appreciate your healing hands."

His eyebrows raised and he smiled in spite of himself. "Aren't you supposed to be the Healer in this house?"

"Not in this case," she replied. "I can't rub my own shoulders, you know."

"I suppose not," he had to agree. "All right, get ready and I'll be there in a minute."

She took off her Healer's robes and blouse beneath them, leaving on only a lacy strapless bra on her top half. When he finally joined her, he couldn't help exclaiming over her new bra.

"I never saw you wearing a strapless bra before, Gin."

"It helps a lot to not have to worry about straps slipping down," she remarked. "And it's *very* easy to remove. You would do well to keep that in mind for future reference." Her last sentence was all but crooned, but at the moment, Harry's mind was on other things. Even at that, he replied correctly.

"Oh, don't worry, I will. In the meantime, let's get this shoulder rub underway." Her back to him, Harry couldn't see the wicked smile Ginny gave herself, knowing how the rubs sometimes ended, with him beginning to kiss her neck and shoulders, then turning her to him so he could kiss and caress more intimate places. After removing her clothes, that is. But that didn't seem likely to happen this time, even though the session started out well enough.

With fifteen minutes of concentrated effort, Ginny felt her shoulder muscles loosen up and almost cried with relief. "Thank you, luv. Sorry to take you away from your computer."

"It's all right," he assured her, giving her his old sweet smile that always made his beautiful green eyes twinkle. "I've just got to keep in mind that however much fun being on the computer may be, it's even more fun to shag my wife until she screams for mercy." This time his smile turned wicked and he gave her a sly wink.

"Not if I manage to shag you first, mister," she threw back. "Which reminds me, if you can possibly manage it, please log off early tonight because I'd really like to fall asleep in your arms."

"I suppose that's the least I can do. You've always been so patient and tolerant of my idiosyncrasies, the computer being only the latest one. How about this? If I don't come to bed within an hour, I give you permission to use the *Accio* spell on me."

"You mean like this?" Ginny pointed her wand at him. "*Accio* husband!"

Harry found himself inexorably pulled out of his chair and into his wife's arms; they snogged happily for a while, even as she held her wand in her hand, using it to lightly stroke his back, which made him shiver, and then he deftly extricated himself and returned to the chair. "Yeah, like that. See you in a little while, luv." When she turned around, he playfully smacked her on the bum to send her on her way.

"I'm going to get you for that, Potter," she playfully threatened.

"I can hardly wait," he laughed. "Now let me finish this last thing I'm doing, and I'll be right with you."

Ginny was still smiling, enjoying Harry's playful side, which she loved but saw all too infrequently, when she left the room and headed for their bedroom, showering, perfuming and putting on her prettiest, laciest nightdress. She knew that Harry would likely have it off her in two seconds flat, but she still enjoyed looking sexy for her husband as often as she possibly could.

After some time had gone by, she checked the bedside clock. Ten-thirty. He had promised her to be here by now; if he wasn't in here in the next five minutes, she intended to take him up on his offer: she would use the Summoning Charm to bring him to her. Strange how she had to use that to get him to come to her nowadays. Bugger that computer!

It was beginning to interfere in their love life, and there was enough interference as it was between Harry's Auror duties and DADA teaching. Not to mention the times he went off with Ron for some "male bonding," as her brother called it, usually with Seamus, Neville, Fred and George, if not the times they lounged in front of the TV swilling butterbeer and firewhisky as well as chowing down on munchies like fish and chips while watching videodisc-ed Quidditch games.

How many times could one make small talk with her sisters-in-law, especially those she didn't get along that well with? Hermione was one thing; Angelina and Elizabeth, George's new wife, was entirely another.

She was thankful to have magic to clean up after them; unbelievable how sloppy six men could be sometimes, especially after they'd had a few too many. She didn't see Harry get drunk too often, but had seen Ron, Fred and George that way a number of times. Seamus liked to drink too, his Irish background, most likely, but Neville generally stuck to butterbeer, if not pumpkin juice.

She looked at the clock again. Eleven! This was quite enough. She'd had it once and for all! *Accio* husband!" she called out, pointing her wand in his general direction. Within moments, Harry entered, albeit reluctantly.

"Sorry, luv. Got sidetracked," he apologised.

"I used to be able to sidetrack you from almost anything," she reminded him, a touch of hurt in her voice. "But never mind that now. You're here, that's what matters. *The problem is, will he stay here?* she couldn't help asking herself. *Will I have to keep using the Summoning Charm to bring my husband to my side from now on?*

"I hope I won't have to keep using the Summoning Charm on you," she remarked as casually as she could as he began to prepare for bed. "I fact, I can remember times when you could scarcely manage to tear yourself away from *me!* I would even swear that that bloody computer has become my rival for your attention!"

"Don't be ridiculous," he gently chided her as he slid into bed beside her and began to kiss and caress her. "I know I can't shag my computer. I'm not that clueless. Not yet, anyway. I'm sorry if I seem to be spending more time on it than with you. Just trying to get the hang of it. Bear with me."

"I'm trying to, but after what happened the other day when I tried to kiss you ..." Her voice trailed off.

"I was preoccupied. I meant nothing against you. Let's not dwell on that right now, huh? We've got much better things to do. Like this, for example." With that, he turned her beneath him and, with one hand, opened her legs sufficiently to accommodate him, moving sensuously within her even as his warm mouth found her shoulder and neck. The warmth then trailed down to her breasts and found one, then pleased it for a time before he switched to the other, even as his incredible hands continued to stimulate her body, which seemed to have turned into one large erogenous zone.

"Oh, gods, Harry, what you do to me ..." Ginny moaned, wrapping her arms and legs around him, already wet with her arousal...an arousal only Harry could bring out in her.

"I swear to Merlin, Gin, there's no one more delicious than you ... I don't think I'll ever get enough of you ..." her husband crooned passionately, beginning to move faster and faster within her, rubbing against her sensitive centre even as she felt him become almost incredibly hard...which usually meant he wasn't far away from fulfillment. She tried to time it so they climaxed at least virtually simultaneously, but it didn't always work.

Her mother had told her that women usually took longer to become aroused than men did, so she wasn't really surprised ... but wished at least once that they would be able to climax at least virtually simultaneously. The last time she could remember herself and Harry doing that was on their honeymoon, and with all the things there were occupying their minds now, they were lucky to be able to shag so satisfyingly even at least relatively often.

There was no one she loved and desired more, and she knew that she could handle anything life threw at her as long as Harry was by her side, obsessions and all, but she couldn't help worrying what might happen once they had children. Would his obsessions prompt him to neglect them, and her, just once too often and end up tearing them apart? Whatever his faults, she didn't want to lose him; he was the best thing that had ever happened to her.

Of course, by their very nature, obsessions could easily get out of hand if one wasn't careful...and she had to do all she could to see that his electronics obsession didn't, whatever she had to do. But for the moment, she was content to feel her husband so warm, solidly masculine, fragrant and beautifully naked in her arms, his lips, arms and body pleasuring her almost beyond endurance ... or more accurately, one certain very special *part* of his body ... As long as she had him like this, she could endure anything.

Once the beauty finally burst over both of them, albeit a few minutes apart, Harry kissed her passionately one last time, then brushed her hair back away from her face, still breathing heavily as he fell back onto his pillow, thoroughly enervated. "Bugger, Gin, that was fantastic! How'd I ever manage to find myself such an incredible wife?"

"Just as I ask myself, how'd I ever manage to find myself such an incredible husband?" she crooned back, reaching to pull him into a searing kiss, a kiss which he returned wholeheartedly, albeit a bit absent-mindedly. "Unfortunately, I can never answer that question," she remarked, totally deadpan.

"Neither can I, Mrs. Potter," he assured her. "But then, we don't need to. What matters is that we found each other...and I, for one, have no intention of ever letting you go, computer or no computer!"

"That goes double for me, Mr. Potter," she purred. "And nothing, *but nothing*, could ever induce me to change my mind!"

And with that, they fell into a deep, satisfying sleep, putting off their domestic concerns until after they could get some rest...and best of all, neither had to worry about Harry ever having nightmares again. At least none that involved Voldemort, for he had been satisfactorily vanquished some time ago, he and all his minions, including the Death Eaters, renegade dementors, giants and werewolves like Fenrir Greyback, which were now more the exception than the rule ... for which they were both more than thankful.

Of course, it always seemed that as soon as one problem was solved, another cropped up to replace it...and Harry's computer/electronics obsession was hers. But there were a lot worse problems in the world, so if that was the worst she had to deal with, so be it. What mattered was that he, his love, his heart, mind and body all belonged to her...and if she had her way, he would belong to her for every moment of the rest of their lives!

In the meantime, it was necessary for both of them to get some sleep since they both had to be up early for their jobs ... Harry, his DADA teaching, which he did three times a week...his Auror duties filled up the rest of the week...and she, her Healer's work on the fourth floor of St. Mungo's. Even at that, she knew it was only a matter of time

until he had Ron, Fred, George and even Hermione all gathered around him at the computer, regaling them with all its various features and maybe even showing them how to use them.

Maybe she would even get in on the craze at some point; for the time being, her Healing took up the majority of her waking hours during the week. She was frankly more interested in learning about how to use the DVD player to watch some of the discs Harry had bought, the TV series and movies relating to magic and wizardry.

Maybe she could even get 'Mione interested in at least some of them enough so they could discuss and analyse them at length ... Merlin, she had to stop this or she'd never get any sleep! She took a mild Sleeping Draught, which she kept a constant supply of on her side of the bed, if she couldn't get to sleep immediately, as she usually did, and thankfully, was asleep in a few moments after taking it, automatically wrapping herself around Harry, who wrapped himself around her in turn, even without waking up.

They stayed like that until morning and awoke refreshed, showered and dressed, then headed off for another day of work after assuring each other they would catch a meal at their workplace and sharing their customary goodbye snog ... usually only a prerequisite to an exciting, romantic evening together upon returning home once they'd rested up from their workdays...and if Ginny had anything to say about it, she intended to see that it stayed that way, that they never ended up taking each other for granted or getting tired of each other ... now or ever!

It wasn't long, however, until the exact scenario Ginny had originally pictured with the twins, Ron and Hermione came to pass. Harry happened to get off work earlier this particular day (he usually got off later, but today he merely Apparated there long enough to find out what his next Auror assignment was, then headed for Hogwarts to visit his office there as DADA instructor and do some work there involving his next lesson plans for his fourth- to sixth-year students as well as check in with McGonagall to keep her up to date on what was going on at Auror Headquarters and the type of work he was doing for them. He also religiously followed the Quidditch news in the sports section of the *Daily Prophet*, although he also subscribed to the London *Daily Mirror* to keep abreast of the Muggle news.

But Ginny was tired, feeling cranky, hungry and grimy; all she wanted to do was eat, have Harry rub her shoulders to get the kinks out of them, then have a long, hot shower and hit the rack. Frankly she could not remember ever feeling so totally and thoroughly knackered; in fact, it was all she could do to make herself keep moving. She really had to transfer to another floor! She was making almost as many Galleons as Harry was, but the increased salary just wasn't worth the emotional and physical drain on her.

But the chatter of myriad voices reached her from the living room even as she stepped in the front door. She didn't want them to know she was there yet, so she simply snuck a quick look in and found Harry enthusiastically describing a given computer function to the totally enthralled group around him, Hermione particularly so. In fact, she'd even declared she was going to get herself her own computer at the first opportunity, and Harry offered to help her set it up.

"Set what up?" she called as she stepped into the room. "Hello, everybody." The others all smiled and murmured greetings, but Harry was the only one who spoke an understandable sentence.

Harry turned in her direction and smiled. "Hello, luv. You look totally fagged out."

"I am," she confessed. "I have *got* to transfer to another floor, or else this job will likely end up being the death of me!"

"Well, we can't have that, now can we?" her husband teased affectionately even as she moved to give him her customary kiss of greeting. "Would you like me to rub your shoulders yet?"

"I wanted to take a shower first, then have something to eat. After that, I would definitely appreciate your healing hands."

"Just let me know when," he gently admonished. "Until then ..."

"Yes, I know. You'll be in front of the computer, regaling everyone with all it can do," she teased affectionately. She caught Hermione's eye. "'Mione, send him into the kitchen in about forty-five minutes, okay? I should be done eating by then."

"Of course," the other young woman assured her friend. Even at that, Ginny couldn't be sure if even Hermione would remember her promise, considering her love of learning...but if anyone would be the most likely to do so, it was Hermione.

With that, Ginny took her leave, heading straight for the bathroom and undressing after turning the shower on to as hot as she could stand it, then placing her rose-scented shower gel and shampoo at the ready. Naturally she tended to think of Harry when she was in the shower like this and he wasn't around. Tonight was no exception, although he had been known to come in unexpectedly and join her sometimes, and they had shared some passionate interludes in the shower ... but it didn't happen this time, even though when he did, he could usually make her forget any weariness with one touch and kiss.

She sighed deeply and completed her shower after scrubbing the perspiration and grime from her body and scrubbed her hair thoroughly, then rinsed off and stepped out of the shower to wrap herself in her favourite fluffy blue robe with a Golden Snitch design, along with her matching slippers and her wet hair wrapped in a towel. She could also remember times that Harry had enjoyed smelling her freshly showered body and yet more exquisitely pleasurable interludes had resulted from same.

Ginny then entered the kitchen and began to prepare herself a late lunch (it was around four p.m.) with a Philly cheesesteak sandwich, seasoned fries and a large mug of pumpkin juice. She had just finished her lunch when Harry entered, right on time at 4:30 (she had left the living room at 3:45). Hermione had actually remembered, bless her heart.

She would have to do something for her in return as soon as possible. The shower had helped considerably, but she still needed her regular shoulder rub, if only for the pleasure it always gave her to have Harry do it and feel his incredible hands on her. Of course, his lips were just as incredible, but she forced herself not to dwell on that right now.

"Are the others still here?" she asked as he stepped up to her.

"Ron and 'Mione are," Harry revealed. "Fred and George had to get back to their shop."

Ginny smiled wryly, knowing all too well how conscientious her twenty-three-year-old twin brothers were about coming up with new and more sophisticated joke products; if they had been half as conscientious in their schoolwork, they'd have gotten far more than four OWLs each. But that was Fred and George for you...and what's more, they would never have been so successful if it hadn't been for Harry giving them his winnings from the Triwizard Tournament to start their business, the monetary compensation of which had only added to his already considerable inheritances from his parents, Sirius and Dumbledore.

And this wasn't even including the money he made from his Auror and teaching work! But strangely enough, business at Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes was booming ... Who could figure the wizarding public? However, she had had Harry make sure to continue to warn them to screen their customers and check their backgrounds in order to not sell to anyone unless they knew they weren't on the Dark side, like the Malfoys and their ilk.

They had learned the hard way about doing that during the incident which had led to Dumbledore's death and the storming of Hogwarts...an incident neither of them cared to think about for very long at a sitting and for obvious reasons. Even at that, both knew they would always miss the gentle and wise wizard who had always believed in giving people second chances and allowing Muggles and half-bloods with magical ability to attend Hogwarts. Unfortunately, these were beliefs which had gotten him killed.

To this day it was claimed that Snape had been acting on Dumbledore's orders in order to make Voldemort think he, Snape, was still loyal to him when in fact, he was working for the Light. Snape had even claimed that Dumbledore had been poisoned by that potion he had been forced to drink in the Horcrux cave shortly before his death and there was no antidote, which definitely didn't sit well with Harry, especially since he had been forced to give it to him, also on the headmaster's orders. He had enough deaths on his conscience without that.

But they had better things to think about at this point, so Ginny pushed it from her mind, as did Harry (they had a mental link via his Legilimency), and he began to gently but firmly knead her still-taut shoulder muscles until they were relaxed again. At about the mid-point, he had leaned down to softly kiss the back of her neck and breathed in deeply. "Mmmm. You smell delicious."

Ginny shivered deliciously at his kiss. "That's not the only place I smell like that," she purred seductively. "But you'll only find out where if you can manage to get rid of our guests in a timely manner."

"I'll try," he assured her, nuzzling her under her right ear. "But can't make any guarantees, even though I left 'Mione at the computer with Ron hanging over her shoulder."

"You don't generally let too many people touch your computer," she pointed out. "Not even me. At least not very often."

"Do you think they'll come looking for us if we don't come back?" Harry crooned in his wife's ear, having pulled her to her feet and put his arms around her from behind, gently pressing close to her and once again nuzzling her even as his hands gently cradled her breasts through her robe.

"Hard to say. Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't. You know how long it took for Ron to get over catching us the last time we shagged and he happened to be around."

Harry laughed softly as his lips brushed her ear, and then his teeth nibbled the lobe. "I never saw anyone blush so red...nor move so fast...in my life! If only for that reason, I don't think he's as likely to come looking for us as 'Mione is."

"Speaking of our mutual friend ..." Ginny remarked. "I was going to meet with her this weekend to see what movies and TV series she'd like best...that we'd watch as many as we could in one evening and then discuss them, maybe even while you're on the computer so we don't bore the bejabbers out of you."

"Hey, don't I get a say in that?" her husband grouched. "I haven't had a chance to watch those shows and movies either, you know. What do you say we all watch together, maybe even invite Ron to join us?"

"That's an idea," Ginny tentatively agreed. "But what do we do in the meantime?" She smiled wickedly. "Maybe we can say I'm still tired and want to go to bed and want you to be there to rub my back so I can fall asleep in your arms."

"But we probably won't," Harry pointed out.

"They don't know that," she countered. "Why don't we try it? As far as that goes, I'd like to see just what they've been up to themselves. Who knows, they might not even still be on the computer!"

"You have a point. We'd better be careful and approach as quietly as possible," Harry advised, only reluctantly releasing her before reaching for his wife's nearest hand and following her back to the living room.

To their relief, Hermione was still at the computer when they cautiously peeked around the corner, although they couldn't help noting that Ron's hands were wandering further with every passing moment. Hermione squirmed and squealed at her own husband's ministrations, finally swatting him when his hands found her breasts and made her screw up something on the computer. "Ronald, for pity's sake, *stop* that! Harry and Ginny could be coming back at any moment!"

Ron dismissed this, not moving his hands from their favourite spot on his wife's body. "I doubt that very much. If I know my sister, she's got Harry flat on his back, and they're shagging like rabbits!"

"Now is that a nice thing to say?" Hermione affectionately scolded even while firmly removing Ron's hands from her breasts. "After all, they're our friends ... and she's your sister."

"Maybe not nice...but it's true," he reminded her.

"That's beside the point. Besides, if memory serves, we've done the same thing, so we can hardly judge them. Which reminds me ... if you can't keep your hands off me, we might as well leave."

This was better than the other couple had hoped for, entering as casually as they could. "Just finished the shoulder rub," Harry told them. "What about you two? Haven't you got better things to do than hang around here?"

"Come to think of it, we do," Hermione declared before Ron could draw breath for a reply. "You've got to get up early to go to your Ministry job, and I've got lesson plans to figure out for my Transfiguration class."

Ron looked like he wanted to argue but, after the look Hermione gave him, sensed it would do no good, so they...albeit reluctantly...made their goodbyes to their friends and sister. The door was locked magically almost as soon as it closed behind them, and Harry gave his wife a sly smile just before literally sweeping her off her feet and into his arms to head for their bedroom ... that is, after making sure the computer had been logged off.

And that was the last thing either of them remembered doing that night and well into the next morning, recalling only that they awakened pleasantly exhausted from multiple interludes of either Ginny making love to her husband, vice versa or even the couple making love to each other. However it happened, they knew it would take them the rest of the day at the very least to recover ... but what a way to spend a weekend! It was on this day that Ginny realised that Harry's obsession was all but behind him.

He would likely always enjoy getting online, but now that the computer wasn't interfering so much in their love life, it was far easier for Ginny to endure. Now maybe she could even tell him what she had begun to suspect over the last couple of weeks ... that she was pregnant. It was a little sooner than they had planned on, of course, but Harry would likely be pleased anyway since he'd always wanted as large a family as possible to make up for having had to grow up as not only an only child but an orphan, at least until he met the Weasleys...a meeting which had changed his life 360 degrees from that day on.

She manvred her head on his nearest shoulder, arms locked around his slender waist as his were around her, his cheek resting on her silky, fragrant hair. "Harry, there's something I've got to tell you. Remember how I've been feeling sick the last couple of weeks?"

"Yeah," he recalled. "Are you saying you know why that is?"

"Definitely. I did a spell on myself while in the bathroom, and ..."

"And what?" he prompted.

"It was a ... Pregnancy Detection Spell."

Harry was stunned speechless for a while, and then once he got his voice back, he hugged her tight and kissed her. "That's wonderful! Have you figured out when you're due yet?"

"Not yet, but I intend to in the next few days," she informed him. "And don't worry, I should be able to keep my job while I'm pregnant."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that. Just wondering if it'd be good for you to keep working, all the stress you're under all the time, that's all. I don't know much about pregnancy, but I do know that stress isn't good for a pregnant woman."

"I should be fine. After all, I work in a hospital. If anything happens, I should be well taken care of ... and I'll make sure they get in touch with you. That is, if you don't sense

it through your Legilimency."

"I'd still feel better if you didn't work, at least for the duration of your pregnancy," he countered.

"I need something to do all day, luv, or else I'll climb the wall. You know what happens if I get stressed out. And from what I understand, I'm going to experience a lot of mood swings and be very difficult for all of you to live with. The best I can promise is to have a talk with Mum and see what she can come up with that will minimise them. After all, having had seven children, if anyone would know of something, it's her."

"It might also be a good idea for both of us to talk to her, if not your dad as well, if only to find out how he handled your mum's moods," Harry suggested just before yawning deeply. "For the moment, though, I think we'd better get some more sleep. Whoever thought shagging could make us this tired?"

"But it's a nice kind of tired." Ginny smiled as she lifted her head and one hand to caress her husband's cheek before giving him a sweet, deep kiss full of sensual promise, which he enthusiastically returned.

"Nicest kind of tired in the world," Harry replied, returning the smile as well. "Let's sleep some more now, though. We can shag again later."

"Oh, I assure you, we will. Good night for now, luv."

"You, too." With that, the loving couple fell back to sleep, bodies intricately yet comfortably entwined.

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It was that weekend that the two couples, all close friends and/or siblings, began to watch the magic-related TV shows, beginning with the old '60s show *Bewitched*. Essentially, it was the story of a witch who had married a Muggle and tried to live as such as much as possible...but her crazy life situations usually made it necessary for her to use her magic to save her family and friends, sometimes even strangers. What was strangest of all, though, was how she called up her magic powers...usually by making either sweeping hand gestures or twitching her nose.

None of them had ever heard of a witch doing that, at least not the latter. They were especially intrigued when they learned she'd had two children with her Muggle husband and that the oldest, a daughter named Tabitha, was also a witch...and that when she was a little girl, she also used magic as her mother did...but used a finger to twitch her nose. The younger of the children, a son named Adam, seemed to be totally Muggle since he showed no signs of magical powers.

Hermione even suggested he might be a Squib or something ... that is, before the four began discussing how the woman could have done such complicated magic sometimes, doing some things even they had never done...and that was saying something. Ron even commented on how unusual it was.

"The witch on the show, luv, she wasn't really one, was she?" Harry had to ask his wife, who had previously researched the show online.

"No, just a very good actress who had the help of what Muggles call 'special effects'," Ginny explained.

"It's also something how her parents split up and that her mother dislikes her Muggle husband and vice versa. Not to mention how many screwy relatives she had...that Uncle Arthur, Aunt Clara, her identical cousin Serena ..."

"Well, that happens. Look what happened with your family," Ginny reminded him. The look on his face made her apologise immediately. "Sorry, luv. I should have remembered those aren't pleasant memories for you."

"I forgive you this time," Harry returned magnanimously. "I also couldn't help noticing that she is just as much a redhead as you and her husband dark-haired as I am."

"That's something else very unusual, just how often a redheaded heroine, as it were, and a black-haired hero seem to turn up in written stories or TV shows. I can't help thinking that the frequency of that occurrence has got to be more than a coincidence...but have no idea where it originated."

"Maybe you'll have to do some more online research," Harry suggested. At that point, they realised they had gone through the entire run of *Bewitched*, and he asked what everyone wanted to watch next. Hermione handed him the first set of the original *Dark Shadows*. She had done some research on that show, relating it as Harry prepared to begin the first set and put away the *Bewitched* DVDs. She considered it "fascinating," to coin a phrase, with ghosts, zombies, vampires, witches, black magic, time travel, secret rooms, and the devil incarnate...not to mention several different timelines and passages in the Collins family home, not to mention the fact that one of the Collins cousins was a werewolf as a result of a gypsy's curse.

Of course, the show had gone on for five years, so there was a lot of ground to cover, but at the same time, Harry, Ginny and company knew they would have plenty of discussion fodder to keep them busy for weeks to come on just this show alone. This was the point where Ginny found herself actually pleased (at least to a degree) with Harry's original electronics obsession, for she found herself becoming almost literally obsessed with everything about *this* show. They even somehow managed to wean Ron off his almost unhealthy obsession with the Chudley Cannons, at least for a time. As far as the other three were concerned, this was a much healthier thing to be obsessed with, at least for the time being.

This was just the beginning of their DVD viewing, of course, and they wouldn't be doing it 24 hours a day mainly because they had other things they needed to do in their lives...such as eat, drink, shag, work ... just little incidentals like that. And for Ginny, especially, she had to start preparing to be a mother...and prepare her friends and brother for the coming child as well, not to mention Harry to be a father. At the moment, however, what mattered was that the worst of his obsession was now under control. The main concern was that she and the others not become too obsessed with the show and the others like it. They'd just have to keep an eye on each other, as they usually did. For the time being, though, they just vowed to enjoy themselves and take life as it came, one day at a time.