

The Return

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Prologue

Dumbledore sat behind his large desk. His gaze was focused on the letter he now held in his hands.

Dear Professor Dumbledore,

I am sure you are quite surprised to be receiving a letter from me. Well it has come to my attention that you are in dire need of a new Charms teacher. As I was quite advanced in the subject I offer my services to you and Hogwarts. My husband, would love to be able to take over the Defense Against the Dark Arts subject as well.

Normally I would come ask you this but due to certain circumstances we are unable to do this. We still have not forgiven you for what has happened but we are willing to aid our former home.

The only request that we make is to allow our children to be able to attend Hogwarts. We will be in contact. Hedwig, my son's owl, is the only one able to reach us. She will return within a week to pick up your message. I suggest you refrain from trying to track her or us in any way possible. We do not hold you in such high esteem as we once did. We are more then willing to teach at the school.

*From,
Lily Potter*

He reread the letter over and over again. Was it true? Were the Potters actually alive and well? He thought to himself. If so then I have a lot to atone for.

Dumbledore sighed heavily as he began to fill out his letter for them.

Dear Mrs. Potter,

I am quite shocked to be receiving this letter from you. It was said that none of you ever made it out of the house that Halloween night. This news is quite a shock to an old man such as myself.

I suppose that means Mr. Black and Mr. Lupin are with you as well? If that is the case then this does not surprise me in the least. I am sorry to say that I had no idea what was to come of the situation at hand.

It would be an honor to have you and your husband teaching at our school. It would also be a pleasure to have your children here as well. I will speak with Minerva as soon as possible about getting your quarters set up immediately. As you already know, the train leaves on the first of September. I am also aware that you probably know the criteria needed for each child. If not, then I will be sending all seven letters for each year just to be sure. I hope to see you all soon.

*Sincerely,
Headmaster Dumbledore*

With that done, he gathered the letters for each school year and proceeded to tie them together for Hedwig to take when she returned. He removed his half moon spectacles from his face and placed his face in his hands.

Just then, Professor McGonagall swept into the room.

"You asked me to come?" She asked as she took a seat.

"Indeed, I did. I have just received a very interesting letter," he said as he held up Lily's letter for her to read.

She quickly took the letter and scanned over what was in it. Her eyes grew wide as she realized exactly who had sent this letter.

"But they are dead. How can this be?"

"Apparently, a lot more happened that night than we were told. Lily and James seemed to have escaped with their son and have moved out of the country. Wherever they are, they have kept well hidden."

"What does she mean by not trusting you?" McGonagall said in a stern voice.

Lily had always been a favorite of hers. In all of her years of teaching, she had never seen a student with so much potential as she had with Lily. James was always quite good at Transfiguration and he had bested Lily a few times through out their lives at Hogwarts.

"That is a matter for another time," he said sadly. "They are coming to fill the post of our Charms professor and Defense Against the Dark Arts."

"Severus will not be happy about that. He has wanted that position for years. He also never got along with James if my memory serves me correctly," replied Professor McGonagall.

"It does and there is little I can do about that now. I have already accepted them at their new post. They will be bringing their children along at the start of this year's term."

"I see, I shall get to work on their quarters right away," Professor McGonagall said as she left the room. She descended the stairs and turned down the hallway.

It was fifteen years ago that Voldemort had attacked the Potter residence. They thought the entire family had been killed that night. Sirius, Peter, and Remus had disappeared that night, but not before the entire world knew that Peter had betrayed two of his friends. A letter had been waiting for her when she had returned home that night. It detailed the events that had more than likely occurred that night.

For the first time during that war, she had spent the entire night crying. She had gotten close to the two of them and had even been there when they were married. It had really hit home for her to lose them, all of them.

Alice and Frank had been devastated. They had taken their son with them to Hogwarts the night their house was attacked. The three had gone to speak with McGonagall that night about what they could do to preserve Lily and James' memory.

They had been lucky. When they returned home, they took their belongings and fled. No one really knew where they had gone to, but had returned when Neville turned eleven so that he could attend Hogwarts. Alice became one of the healers that worked in Hogwarts with Madam Pomfrey, and Frank was the professor for Ancient Runes.

No one had seemed to be the same after that. The war still raged on though. Voldemort seemed to be worse than ever. It seemed as if all hope was gone. That was, until she had read Lily's letter a few moments before. Wherever they had hidden for the last fifteen years, they were now deciding that it was time to face destiny.

Minerva was no stranger to the prophecy, having been told to her by Lily in that letter. It seemed that their son, who had been attacked that night along with them, was now returning to destroy Lord Voldemort. She could only hope that they knew what they were doing.

Chapter One: They Live

"Ginny Weasley, get out of bed this instant!" Molly Weasley shouted on the other side of her daughter's door.

Ginny groaned as she rolled out of bed. "I'm up, I'm up," she shouted back.

"Hurry up, or we will miss the train."

She shook her head as she quickly changed into her clothes for the day. Ginny picked up her book that she had been reading and tossed it into the trunk. As she headed out of the room, she kicked it shut, and almost ran into her brother, Ron, as she was leaving.

Ron was a year younger than her and was just going into his fifth year. Their family was quite diverse. Her two eldest brothers, Bill and Charlie, had been sorted into Gryffindor. Then came Percy, who was sorted into Ravenclaw. The twins came next, Fred and George, who were both sorted into Gryffindor. Next it was Ginny's turn, she had been sorted into Slytherin of all things. Ron, being the youngest, was then sorted into Hufflepuff.

Ginny had been made a Prefect last year, just like Percy, Bill, and Charlie had been. Fred and George caused too many problems to be Prefects. Ron had received his letter, becoming the last Prefect in the family.

"Hello Ron," she said brightly to her younger brother, who was starting to tower over her.

"Hello Ginny," he said brightly as the two made their way back down the stairs and into the kitchen.

"Morning Mum," they said together.

"Hello children," Mrs. Weasley said with a smile. "Hurry up and eat so that we don't miss the train."

"Yes Mum," they said again. Ginny plopped down into her chair and dug into her breakfast. She couldn't wait to get back to school. She missed all of her friends.

"Where are the twins?" Ron asked.

"They are at their shop," Molly told them.

The two had saved up all the money they could earn so that they were able to open up a joke shop. Apparently, business was getting really good. She had worked at their shop a few times over the summer.

"Are Bill and Charlie coming today?" Ginny asked.

Because of the war with Voldemort, they had taken extra measures to ensure that their children arrived safely on the train to Hogwarts.

"Yes, they should be here any minute."

"Hello children," Mr. Weasley said as he entered the kitchen.

"Hello Dad," they said together.

"Hello Arthur," Molly said with a smile at her husband. He kissed her cheek before sitting down at the table.

"Charlie and Bill should be here any minute now," he said lightly.

"We are here," someone called from the living room.

"Bill," Ginny cried happily as she ran to hug her older brother.

"Hello firecracker," he said as he hugged Ginny.

"I think she's getting taller," Charlie said with a smile as he hugged her tightly.

"She's growing up into a woman, too. We might have to beat a few boys off of her," Bill said with a bright smile.

Ginny just smiled at her brothers. "I've missed you both."

"We've missed you, too," Charlie said with a grin.

They all moved back into the kitchen.

"Hello Mum," the two boys said together.

"Hello Charlie, Bill, glad you could make it," she said with a smile as she hugged her oldest sons.

"Of course we'd make it," Charlie said indignantly as he took a seat next to his father. "Hello Dad."

"Hello son, how are things in Romania?"

"Hectic as ever," he said with a shrug.

"Not as bad as the goblins. Heavens knows it's a hassle with all of these safes being broken into," Bill said as he took his seat.

The talk continued on through the rest of breakfast until it was time to go. Bill and Charlie levitated their younger siblings' trunks down the stairs. They all piled into the car that the Ministry had provided and headed to King's Cross. Ginny was the first to pass through the barrier, her eyes scanning the crowd for her friends.

"Ginny!" A voice called. Turning she smiled at Luna.

"Luna," she said happily as she hurried over to hug her friend. "It's been ages."

"That it has," Luna said with a smile.

"Hello Ginny," Luna's mother said as she came to stand by her daughter.

"Hello Mrs. Lovegood."

"Now, Ginny, how many times do I have to tell you to call me by my first name?" She asked with a smile.

"A thousand times," Ginny said with a smile.

"Ginny! Luna!" A voice called from behind them. The three turned to see a bushy hair girl hurrying over to them.

"Hermione!" The two girls called together as they moved to hug their friend.

"How have you two been?" Hermione asked with a bright smile.

"Wonderful," Luna said.

"Alright, how about you?"

"Busy," Hermione said with a shrug.

"Girls!" A new, male, voice called from behind them.

"Neville!" The girls shouted together as they tackled the youth.

"Nice to see you all, too," he said with a chuckle.

"Well we haven't seen you in forever," Hermione said as she climbed off the boy.

"Speak for yourself. I got to see him all summer," Luna said with a bright smile, her blue eyes bright.

"Yes you did," Mr. Lovegood said as he approached. "Hello Neville."

"Hello sir," Neville said with a smile as he got to his feet. When he was standing he hugged Luna around the waist.

"Hello Mr. and Mrs. Lovegood," Mr. Weasley said as he approached. "Your brothers already put your trunk on the train," he told Ginny, who nodded her head.

"Hello Arthur," they said together.

"Have you two seen Daphne or Pansy yet?" Hermione questioned as she scanned the crowd of people.

"Not yet," they all said together as they began looking around for their two remaining friends.

"Hello all," Daphne said suddenly, making all of them jump.

"I still don't know how she does that," Hermione huffed.

"It's all practiced," Pansy said, making them jump again.

"Well knock it off."

The two girls grinned. "Well, we better get on the train or we will miss it," Daphne said.

Everyone broke off to go say goodbye to their families. Ginny and Hermione took the lead looking for a compartment to sit in. They opened one door and the two girls gasped. Inside was a small group of children. There was one boy and three females.

The girls were the first to notice them. All three had red hair and sported the same color green eyes. They all varied in age. Two of the girls smiled, the third elbowed the boy. He turned to face them. His hair was black and shaggy. His green eyes met Ginny's brown ones and she felt her knees instantly go weak. She was glad that she was already holding onto the door or she might have fallen.

"Hello," Hermione said brightly, not realizing Ginny was in a staring contest with the boy.

"Hello," one of the girls said.

"You all must be new here."

"We are," another girl said. "Just transferred here, actually."

"Well it's a pleasure to have you hear at Hogwarts. My name is Hermione Granger and this is my friend Ginny Weasley."

"I'm Samantha, this is Jessica, Danielle, and Harry," Samantha said with a smile.

Danielle, noticing that her brother was staring at the red head smirked slightly. She knew her brother a lot better than anyone else. He never cared to look at a girl twice, claiming none of them were what he was looking for. This time, however, he couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from this girl. She would have to speak to her sisters about this one.

"What's going on?" Pansy asked as she stuck her head in. She managed to bump Ginny, who lost eye contact with Harry. "Hello," she said with a smile.

"Hello," Danielle said.

"I'm Pansy Parkinson, by the way. This is Neville Longbottom, Luna Lovegood, and Daphne Greengrass."

"I'm Jessica, and these are my sisters Danielle and Samantha, and this is our brother Harry."

"Pleasure to meet all of you. If you have any questions, feel free to ask us."

Ginny here is the Slytherin Prefect, Hermione is the Ravenclaw Prefect, Neville back there is the Hufflepuff Prefect, and the rest of us just aren't as smart as the others," Daphne said with a smile.

"You are too," Neville, Ginny, and Hermione said together. Making the others grin.

"Thank you," Danielle said with a smile, her eyes locking in on Ginny's. Ginny held the young girls gaze. She couldn't help but feel like the younger girl was assessing her for some reason.

"I have a quick question," Jessica said suddenly.

"Alright," Pansy said. "You three can go get us a compartment."

"Sure thing, slave driver," Daphne said with a mock salute and dodged Pansy's hit. The three headed on, their laughter floating back to the others. Harry watched with interest as his oldest sister was assessing the red head.

"Our parents used to go here. They said the houses were quite diverse but yet, you six seem to get along quite well for not being in the same houses."

Hermione smiled. "That is because we are going against the 'code'." She told them as she rolled her eyes. "We rebelled against what our houses wanted."

"See, Pansy, Ginny, and I are all in Slytherin house. Ginny met Hermione in the library one night and it kind of went from there. Neville met Daphne in Herbology. Then Luna we met through Hermione, they are both in Ravenclaw."

"Oh," Jessica said.

"So, you are all going against code? Where is your Gryffindor?" Danielle asked suddenly, still holding Ginny's gaze.

"We haven't found one that we like yet," Ginny said, speaking for the first time. "A lot of them don't like to associate with Slytherin, they think we are all evil."

"That's because half of them are Death Eaters in training," Pansy snapped. "Stupid idiots give our house a bad name. Ambition is not what makes someone evil."

"That's true, but it is what you do with that ambition that defines you," Harry said, drawing all their attention.

"What's your last name?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Potter. I'm Harry Potter, Jessica Potter, Danielle Potter, and Samantha Potter."

"Potter?" The three of them questioned.

"We aren't dead, nor have we ever been, at least not to my knowledge," Harry said with a shrug.

"You must excuse my thickheaded brother over there. He likes to play stupid sometimes," Danielle said as she shot her brother a look the rest of them couldn't decipher. He just smiled and turned to look out the window. "Our parents fled that night to avoid being killed."

"I see," Ginny said, her eyes traveling over to Harry.

"It was nice meeting you," Hermione said. "We are here to help if you need us."

"Thanks," the three girls said together. Ginny, Pansy, and Hermione left to head back to their compartment. Ginny dropped into the seat by the window and turned her full attention to gazing outside.

"What's up, Ginny," Neville asked.

"Nothing," she mumbled.

"Liar," they all said together.

"You remember those dreams I was having?" She asked quietly, not turning to face them.

"The ones where that figure helped you?" Luna asked.

"Yes."

"What about them?" Pansy asked.

"His eyes, they were the same green as...as Harry's were," she finished.

The friends all exchanged looks. From the beginning, Ginny had shown no interest in the male population at the school. She was revered to be the best looking girl in their year, but she refused any boy who asked her out. They had asked her time and time again why she refused them, and her only response was that they weren't what she was looking for. It came as a shock that she was showing interest in Harry.

"I see," Daphne said.

Chapter Two: Sorted

The students all filed into the hall, taking their seats among their respected tables.

"Well if it isn't the Ice Queen and her little ice princesses," Malfoy sneered from his seat between Crabbe and Goyle.

"If it isn't the ferret," Pansy said. "So, Crabbe, is Malfoy as good a lover as all the guys say?"

"What?" The three snapped.

The three girls burst out laughing, causing the rest of their house mates to follow suit. Most of the Slytherin house had been divided between Draco and Ginny.

"Settle down, settle down," Dumbledore said. The hall quieted down as the sorting began. When it was finished he stood again. "Now, I happy to introduce our two new professors. Our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher is Mr. James Potter."

Frank, Alice, and Snape's heads all snapped up as their gaze fell on the Great Hall doors.

"Also, our new Charms professor is Mrs. Lily Potter."

Alice was halfway out of her seat, watching as the door opened to reveal Lily and James Potter. They smiled wide as they saw two of their old friends.

"Lily!" Alice said as she moved from her seat at the head table to where Lily was standing.

"Alice!" Lily said happily as she went to hug her friend.

"It's been too long."

"It has, it has."

"Hello Alice," James said as he hugged Alice.

"Hello James."

"Hello Lily, James," Frank said as he swept Lily into a tight hug, lifting her off her feet. This caused a bit of laughter to rise up from the watching students. Ginny watched the whole exchange. Everyone knew the story of the Potters but no one knew they were still alive.

"Hello Professor Dumbledore," Lily said. Ginny was a bit shocked at how cold the woman's eyes had become when she looked up at the Headmaster. Dumbledore flinched slightly, making Ginny even more curious as to why he was acting like this.

"Hello Mrs. Potter, Mr. Potter."

"We'd like to introduce you to our children," Lily said in the same cold voice.

"My oldest child, my son, Harry Potter."

Harry walked into the hall, gaining a few gasps from the female students. All of them females and a few males turned their attention towards him. He held his head up high, his eyes scanning the Great Hall. She was a bit surprised when his eyes landed on hers. She felt a chill run down her spine.

The look in his eyes was unnerving but also thrilling at the same time. A small smile crept across his face. Neither of them were aware of the knowing look James shot her or Lily's pleased smile.

"My daughters, Danielle, Jessica, and Samantha," Lily said brightly as she gave her son a brilliant smile. Danielle, Jessica, and Samantha all entered the Great Hall. The entire school turned to look at these girls. They all walked proudly up to their parents, their eyes never straying to look anywhere else.

"It is a pleasure to have you children here with us," Dumbledore said. Ginny noticed that the twinkle in his eyes had dimmed considerably.

"We are pleased to be here," Harry said curtly with a stiff bow.

Lily rested a hand on her son's shoulder. "This is Alice and Frank Longbottom. You remember your father and I mentioning them to you," she said to her son. Harry smiled warmly at the couple as he shook their hands. "It's an honor to meet you two. My parents have told me wonderful things about you. Also, your son is a very nice young man. I met him on the train and his friends offered to help us if we needed it."

Neville blushed from his seat and his parents were beaming. "Well I am glad that you have met our son," Alice said.

"You've grown quite a bit," Frank said. "Take after your dad in looks, but you've got your mother's eyes, all of you do."

James grinned. "I was quite disappointed to see all my children had Lily's eyes but they are stunning."

"Well your son has your hair, so I don't see why you complain," Lily said with a grin of her own.

"If I might interrupt," Professor McGonagall said quietly.

"Hello Professor," Lily and James said together. Lily moved to hug the older woman, who hugged her back.

"I suppose our children need to be sorted?"

"Yes, they do."

"Alright, Samantha," Lily said as she pushed her youngest daughter to the chair.

Samantha sat down and the hat was placed atop her head. "GRYFFINDOR," it shouted after a moment.

The Gryffindor table burst into applause. Samantha gave a shy smile as she made her way to the table. Jessica went next. She smiled happily when the house called out Gryffindor as well. Danielle sat down on the stool, her eyes finally finding Ginny's. She gave the older girl a secretive smile, one that Ginny raised her eyebrow at. It came as no surprise that the hat shouted Gryffindor as well.

Lily and James were positively beaming. The two were Gryffindors when they were in school. They also had been Head Boy and Head Girl. Harry was the last to go up there.

"Well, hello, Mr. Potter."

"Hello," Harry replied.

"You are quite a character. I've only met one other like you."

"What do you mean?"

"One that isn't yet whole. The other was quite difficult to place. I see... I have made a few minor mistakes in some of the placement of some students. My parents said that you never make a mistake."

"Mistakes happen. I am not perfect. I know exactly where to place you. You are a Potter, and as such, you belong to your house."

"Gryffindor," Harry replied with a sigh.

"Do you not wish to be placed there?"

"I do not know where else to be placed."

"I see...you will do well no matter where I place you. You shall remain in Gryffindor with your family."

"GRYFFINDOR," the house yelled.

No one seemed shocked by this. Ginny yawned and leaned back against the beam that was behind her seat. Her eyes followed his progress to his seat by his sister Danielle. Ginny turned to start talking to Pansy.

Lily, who had been watching the strange interaction between her son and this red head, turned to look at her better. They had taken their seats up at the head table giving Lily free viewing range of the Great Hall.

Her eyes landed on where Ginny was sitting. The young girl was leaning over talking to a black haired girl beside her. She was a Slytherin. From the looks some of her fellow housemates were shooting her, she had a suspicion that the girl wasn't close with them. The two girls beside her talked happily to the young red head.

She watched as her son and the girl traded looks again, this time Harry looking away first. Lily gently rested a hand on James' arm. He turned to look at her.

"What is it?"

"Look at Harry," she whispered to him.

James looked in the direction of where his only son sat. He was startled when he saw Harry eyeing the redheaded Slytherin on the other side of the Great Hall. "But he has never showed any interest in any female," James said shocked. "I thought he was gay."

"James!" Lily snapped at her husband.

"What? Oh, come on, Lils, you were thinking the same thing. Harry's kissed a couple of girls so what? He still never had a girlfriend. I just thought maybe he was gay."

"Well he isn't," Lily said lightly, still glaring at her husband.

"I can see that," James muttered as he kissed his wife's forehead. "I should have known it would be a redhead."

"You Potters and your redheads," Lily said with a bright smile. "Interesting choice she is though."

"Danielle looked her over yet?"

Lily looked towards her oldest daughter. Danielle was a seer. Her visions weren't frequent but she also knew a lot more than what she ever let on. She was a great judge of character and had saved them a few times. Danielle looked up at her mother, as if she had sensed her watching. The young girl nodded her head and returned to talking to Jessica.

"She does."

"Then we have nothing to worry about," James said with a smile.

Lily smiled. "Sometimes I worry about Harry. I am not sure what is going to happen soon."

"He'll be fine, love," James said quietly as he kissed her cheek.

"Hey Ginny," Daphne called. Ginny stopped walking and turned to look at her friend. The welcoming feast had ended about an hour ago and she was now roaming around the halls. Being Prefect had some perks to it. She could always claim she was out looking for students while she was out thinking.

"Hey Daph, what are you doing out here?"

"I was wondering where one of my best friends had gone off to. What's bugging you?"

"I don't know. I just keep having this bad feeling something bad is about to happen but then I have this feeling that something great is supposed to happen as well."

"Conflicting," she said quietly. "It could just mean that something bad will happen but something great is going to follow."

"Maybe," Ginny said with a sigh. She moved to lean out of one of the windows, gazing out onto the grounds below. "I just hope that it comes swiftly."

"We all do. Are you coming back to the common room?"

"I'll be there in a little bit," she replied quietly.

"Don't think too long, Ginny. You can't stop what is going to happen, you know that. Just be happy that it hasn't happened yet."

"I know, Daph, but you know me."

"You brood too much. You also take everything in strides. Don't stay out too long."

"I won't," Ginny told her friend, who headed down the halls.

Ginny continued to gaze out of the window, her red hair being ruffled by the wind that was blowing. She sighed heavily and closed her eyes. No matter how many times she tried to get her dreams out of her mind, it never happened.

For the past year, she woke to the same dream. It was dark, it was too dark. She could hear noises in the distance, screaming and anguished cries. Then there was the cold, the bone chilling cold that made her shiver uncontrollably. Next, the door would squeal open, revealing four large figures. She could never make out what they said, but she could tell by the tone that they were hateful, spiteful, and cutting. No matter how hard she tried, she would open her mouth to say things back to them. They would laugh, a cold, cruel laugh before the pain started. It usually started on her face, two sharp blows on either side of her face. Then the pain would be in her hands and knees from when she impacted on the cold stones below her. Someone would kick her in the middle of her back, causing her to cry out. They would continue. The pain always seemed endless. The pain only increased, and it seemed to take longer before she could wake up. Then, the dreams began to change. When the four men would enter, they only managed to knock her down before her cell door would burst off its hinges.

It would shatter into a thousand pieces, the wood chucks hitting her captors, but never touching her. They would cry out in outrage, but they could never top the screams that filled the halls of the others who were being tortured. She would turn to look at who stood in the doorway.

The light filtering in behind him cast too many shadows to distinguish what he looked like. The only thing she could see was his piercing green eyes. When she met his gaze, she could see the colors shift until the only thing she could see was love within their depths.

"Love," she sneered. "Who could possibly love a blood traitor like me?" Ginny huffed as she pushed away from the window. She didn't really pay attention to where she was going and she really didn't care.

But he is there, he's always there. His magic would never harm me. Each time he would look at me, his eyes would be filled with love, not the anger that they held against my captors. Who is he? Why does he plague me so? Will I never feel complete? Ginny thought to herself as she continued down the now deserted corridors of Hogwarts castle.

Everyone would be in their common rooms catching up with old friends and making new ones. Ginny just couldn't bring herself to do that. Half the Slytherin house would taunt and tease her. Malfoy would sneer and say crude, vulgar comments about her. The other half would defend her, but they would quickly quiet down.

Most of the house had a problem with her 'friends'. Slytherins didn't always get along with their fellow housemates. She was good friends with a few Gryffindors, which made them mad. Lavender Brown, Parvati Patil, Katie Bell, and the Creevy brothers were close friends of hers. They didn't have a big problem with her being friends with Ravenclaws or a few Hufflepuffs.

Ginny stopped by a set of doors. She pushed them open and stepped out onto the balcony. She had found this during her second year and came here often to think. With a loud sigh, she leaned against the railing. Her gaze focused off into the distance.

In her dreams, he would smile at her before turning to her captors once more. Their wands were drawn, aimed at him. Her screams echoed around the room as she tried helplessly to keep them from attacking her savior. It did nothing. They couldn't hear her pathetic cries. She would watch as, one by one, they fell to the ground. He would rush to her, wrapping her in his arms. She would hold him tightly, burying her face in his shoulder. The tears would start then.

'I'm so sorry I didn't make it sooner,' he would tell her.

'It doesn't matter, you're here now,' she would whisper back to him. 'That's all that matters now.'

'I love you so much. I couldn't bear the thought of you ever being gone,' he would say in a broken voice that made her cling tighter to him.

'Don't think of it. It's not going to happen,' she said fervently. 'Don't ever think it will.'

He would nod his head and start to get up. She would take his offered hand, but when she tried to get up, she found she couldn't. Having spent weeks being beaten and having little to no food had taken its toll on her body. She was too weak to move. The tears would stream down her face faster.

'Go,' she would plead with him.

'I won't go unless you come with me,' he said back defiantly.

'You'll never make it out of here alive if you stay here with me,' she said through her tears.

'I won't leave you. I won't leave you in this place. Not now, not ever.'

'I'll only slow you down. I won't see you die because you had to look after me.'

'I would rather die at your side than die leaving you.'

'I won't see you die. Go, now, before they come,' she begged.

'I won't do it. I won't leave you.'

He would bend down and pick her up. She would manage to hold herself up for the most part so that he wouldn't have to carry all of her weight. He would hand her wand to her, which she held up with shaky arms.

They exited the cell, heading past the cells where the screams could be heard. This wasn't the time; they couldn't do anything for them yet. It hurt both of them to walk away from those that were being hurt but they had no choice.

'I see you've found her,' a voice sneered from behind.

The two turned to see Malfoy, Draco Malfoy.

"Hello?" A voice called softly from behind her.

Ginny jumped, spinning, to come face-to-face with Lily Potter. She couldn't stop the yelp that escaped her throat from being startled. The older woman's eyes danced with laughter.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you," she said softly. "I'm Lily Potter, by the way."

"Ginny Weasley," Ginny said softly as she shook the woman's hand. She was surprised at how small the woman really was. She seemed a lot bigger earlier, she thought to herself.

"I see you're Slytherin Prefect. Correct me if I am wrong, but aren't you Arthur and Molly's daughter?"

"I am. They are my parents."

"Ah, I met your mother a few times, very nice woman."

Ginny smiled. "Thank you."

"She always said she wanted a big family. I just didn't realize she would have seven children."

Ginny laughed. "I don't think my parents thought that either. I think Ron was the biggest surprise, next to when Percy was born."

Lily smiled. "I know how that is. I had no idea I was pregnant with Danielle. It came as quite a shock to us when we found out."

Ginny could only smile.

"What are you doing out here, by the way? Shouldn't you be with your friends?"

"I should be, but I just wasn't in the talking mood, so I came out here to think."

"May I inquire as to what you were thinking about?"

Ginny dropped her gaze for a moment.

Should I tell her? What could it hurt? She seems like a nice person. I suppose... she thought.

Either you do it, or you don't do it. She isn't going to force you to tell her. Ginny sighed and looked up again.

"I've been having some strange dreams for a while and they have only gotten weirder as the days go on."

"I know how that is," Lily said as she moved to stand by the balcony. After a moment Ginny followed as well. "I used to have nightmares just before Harry was born. I couldn't ever tell what they meant, that is, until Halloween night came."

Ginny looked up, shocked. She was completely surprised by this information.

"You mean..."

"Yes. In a way, I knew that something was going to happen that night. I guess it helped to make me cautious that night. It saved my life."

"What happened?" Ginny asked quietly.

Lily smiled at the girl.

Chapter Three: Dreams

"When I first married James we were quite happy together. I only wish he had grown up sooner. It started about the time that I started to get sick and before I knew I was having Harry. The dreams were so real; I could feel everything like I was actually touching it. I would be sitting with James in our living room.

"Harry had just been put down to sleep that night. So we were enjoying some quiet time watching television. Then I would hear the alarms going off. Someone had entered the wards; that was possibly dangerous. We would get to our feet, wands drawn. James would rush to the window.

"'He's found us,' he would say to me. 'Go and take Harry.' I would scream my defiance at him, saying I would never leave him as long as I was still breathing. He would just look at me, pleading with me to take Harry and run. No matter what, he would always say that we should live even if he couldn't.

"The door would blast off and throw both of us back. James would scramble to his feet and try to protect me. Then I'd have to watch as he was killed right before my eyes. I would cry his name out, and then run to where Harry would be sleeping. Voldemort would follow me. I begged for him to spare his life, but, of course, that never happened.

"After I found out that Harry was going to be born, I decided to take my dreams seriously. So, we set up new spells that would transport us immediately out of the house, and we would have shadows to take our place. We were transported straight to Remus and Sirius' flat. We told them what happened and how Peter betrayed us. James, Sirius, and Remus wanted to go kill him, immediately, but I told them we had to wait.

"So, we all left, together. We headed out of the country and we kept Harry out of school. It wasn't easy to hide from the world, but we did it."

"What made you come back?"

"Destiny," she said quietly. "So tell me about your dreams."

After taking a deep breath, Ginny launched into the description of what she had been dreaming, how the mysterious figure would come to rescue her. She told her how, every time, she would wake just as Malfoy found them.

"I don't know who he is either. It's been driving me insane ever since he walked into my head. But there is something else there..."

"Like what?" Lily asked quietly, her gaze still focused off into the distance.

"It's like when he is there...I feel...I don't know...complete is the best way I can put it. When I wake up, it feels like a part of me is missing. I want to find him. I want to know who he is, and why he makes me feel so complete."

Lily turned to smile at the younger girl. Her description was about the same as what her son would complain about. While Lily would never reveal this to either of them, she had a suspicion that Ginny and Harry were really meant for each other. Something about Ginny stood out to Lily. There was something more there, behind the Ginny's chocolate brown eyes.

"You'll find him. It was meant to happen," said Lily

"I know," Ginny said in a quiet voice. "I just don't like to wait."

"No one does. But it's the way the world works."

Ginny nodded her head. She gazed out into the distance, watching as the moon began to come up. The two stood there in a peaceful silence, each lost in their own thoughts.

I wonder if she is the reason that Danielle insisted that we come back. It's possible. She could know something that we don't. I'll have to ask her later, Lily thought.

What will Harry think when he realizes that she is the one he's been searching for, the one he has been trying to find. I reckon I won't know until they make the connection themselves. But, I wonder why Danielle didn't tell me. She obviously had some idea about it. Maybe she was just waiting until the right time to say it. Probably, Lily thought further, sighing quietly and closing her eyes.

Ginny was lost in her own thoughts, not far from where Lily's were.

Those eyes, his eyes, they haunt me, Ginny thought.

Because they hold the key to who you are, to make you complete, came a voice from within her head.

When did my conscious start to sound like Hermione? Ginny wondered.

When you started listening to her, answered the mysterious voice in her head again.

Oh wonderful, now I have to listen to her inside my head, as well, thought Ginny.

Be thankful you have friends to help you.

I know. But, I want him. I want to see that love in his eyes. I want to have him hold me, protect me. I don't want to feel like I am only a shadow of what I could be.

Then wait. He will come.

But how long must I wait? I'm seventeen! I don't think I can stand to wait forever. All my life I have felt as if I have never been me. Like something was missing and I needed to find it. Every boy that would approach me, the ones that would kiss me, I didn't like it. They weren't him, they weren't my other half. These dreams—these dreams that are burned into my mind, I want to finally be at peace!

There is nothing you can do but bid your time. Fate has everything planned.

What if it's wrong? What if he is already gone? Then what? I live as nothing?

He is still alive. You know he is.

Ginny grumbled unhappily gaining Lily's attention, she said aloud, "My conscious sounds like one of my best friends."

Lily laughed quietly. "I know how that feels. My husband and his friends say I am the voice of theirs, as well, probably because I've spent seven years trying to get them to behave."

Ginny smiled.

"Well, we better get inside. Thankfully, today is a Friday, so school starts on Monday. It was a pleasure to meet you."

"Same here," Ginny said as she shook the woman's hand and headed off towards her common room. She felt a little bit better about the day, but not completely. She was still uneasy about Harry. On the train, it had been something else.

"You'll find him," a voice said from behind her.

With her wand drawn, Ginny jumped and spun to face the person behind her. She wasn't really surprised to be looking at Danielle. The young girl had a slight smile on her face, her green eyes dancing merrily.

"What are you talking about?" Ginny questioned.

"You'll find him, the one you've been waiting for."

"How do you know that?"

"Because, I'm a seer, that's why. He's waiting for you, needing you as much as you need him."

"So, then, you know who he is?"

"Of course I do, but it's not my place to tell you. That is something you will have to learn on your own."

Ginny sighed. "Oh goody, more waiting for me to do."

"It won't be long now."

"Thanks," she said as she turned to head off to her own common room. Ginny shook her head. That Potter family is just plain odd, she thought to herself as she entered the common room.

She knew something was wrong the second she entered the room. Draco stood in front of her, Crabbe and Goyle flanking him on either side. They all had their wands out.

"Nice of you to join us," Draco sneered.

"What did you do to Pansy and Daphne?" She demanded, glad that she already had her hand in her pocket.

"Nothing, yet."

"Where are they?"

"Oh, just hanging around."

Ginny looked up and saw them both stuck to the ceiling. They had silencing charms on them, but she could tell that Pansy was saying some very obscene things towards Draco.

"Let me guess; they hit you from behind?" Ginny asked them.

Both girls nodded their heads fiercely, glaring at the boys on the ground.

"It figures. Draco, you are too scared to do anything face-to-face with someone. How pathetic."

"Shut up, you blood traitor. You have no idea about anything," Draco sneered.

"Oh, like you? Does your precious master really condone hitting your opponent in the back? How would he like to know that one of his Death Eaters can't even face their enemy? You pathetic excuse of a wizard."

"Take that back!" He screamed.

"Do it, Draco. Hex me. I'm Head Girl, and if you hex me, you will regret it. Do it and see how you will pay for your mistake!" She snarled, her brown eyes fierce.

His arm started to shake as he glared at her. Slowly, he lowered his arm.

"That's right, you filthy ferret! I'll make you regret ever touching my friends, you ugly bastard!"

Ginny lifted her wand and cast a few spells that allowed her friends to come down from the ceiling.

"Come on, you two are staying in my suite from now on. This place is just too full of arrogant, selfish purebloods."

Daphne and Pansy glared at the boys, but followed her out of the common room. They headed down the halls until they reached where the Head Girl and Head Boys rooms were located.

"I still can't believe he won't pick a Head Boy," Pansy said as she sat down on the couch.

"It doesn't really matter to me," Ginny said as she sat down in one of the arm chairs.

"Watch, the next thing you know, it's Seamus or Dean from Gryffindor," Daphne said with a snicker as she dropped into another seat.

"You know, he is just waiting to get at you, Ginny. He's been after you since you kneed him during our second year," Pansy said with a roll of her eyes.

"I don't care. That slimy jerk is going to get it when he crosses me again. Besides, he is just mad because the three of us have been able to keep half of the house from becoming Death Eaters."

"Why would anyone want to serve that half-blood, anyway?" Daphne questioned. "I mean, he is killing off his own kind and people think he is some big shot pureblood."

"Salazar Slytherin would be quite ashamed to see what his blood line has become," Ginny said with a groan. "Ever going to tell them that you're a descendent, Pansy?"

"Are you crazy, Ginny? Do you have any idea what that would do? I don't want anyone saying I am related to that filth!"

"What's wrong with half-bloods?" A new voice said, making all three girls jump.

Ginny almost ran from the room when she saw who was standing there. Harry Potter was leaning against the wall that lead up to the Head Boys room.

"Nothing is," Ginny said as she finally regained her composure enough to speak. His eyes were focused on her.

"You three make it seem that way."

"No, we don't," she said with a dangerous edge to her voice. "We are tired of having to listen to them praise a man who is a half blood himself. Look in the history books. Hitler, they think that he was Jewish, as well, but he tried to purify the world. That's what Voldemort is doing. He's giving the rest of us a bad name as purebloods and it doesn't help that half our house is just like him."

"So, you aren't supporters?"

"No!" all three of them yelled fiercely.

"I would never want to do that. Most of our friends are half blood themselves or even muggle born. It doesn't matter what your heritage is, but what you do with your abilities," Daphne growled.

His eyes didn't stray from Ginny's as Daphne spoke. "That's true. So why doesn't everyone believe that?"

"Because, everyone is raised differently," Pansy said. "My parents told me what I was. How would you like to know you were a cast off of a line that became so impure that you could barely stand to look at yourself? Knowing that you were part of a great line of witches and wizards that deteriorated into this monster. Do you think I want him to know that I am a pureblood heir to Slytherin? I'd rather die."

"Are there any other heirs in the school?"

"Yes," the three said together.

"Oh?" He questioned. The longer he looked at her, the harder Ginny found it to look away. His gaze was drawing her in. There was something so familiar, yet so different in his gaze that it made her want to know what it really meant.

"Our friend, Luna Lovegood, she's the heir to Ravenclaw," Ginny said lightly.

"Susan Bones, she's heir to Hufflepuff," Pansy put in.

Daphne was glancing back and forth between Ginny and Harry. She had never seen so much magical energy flowing between two people. It was also a shock to see Ginny so entranced by someone.

"How did you figure that out?"

"They told us," Daphne said. "Susan was scared and she wanted our help. She may not be a part of our immediate group but we still keep a close eye on her. If Voldemort ever realized that there were three heirs of the four founders it could mean horrible problems."

"So, the only thing you are missing is the heir to Gryffindor, then," he said quietly. Harry was having a bit of difficulty with the conversation that was taking place. He couldn't tear his eyes away from Ginny.

"Why? Do you really think the four founders heirs are really going to make a difference?" Ginny asked.

"It could."

"Are you the new Head Boy or something?" Pansy finally asked.

"Yes. Dumbledore approached me after dinner and offered. I think my parents flipped out when they heard that I could be Head Boy. They were both Heads when they were in school."

"Well, I hate to say this, but my friends will be staying here for a while. I don't trust anyone down in the common room," Ginny said. "They are going to share my room, thought I'd give you a heads up that you'll have three girls in here."

He just nodded before turning to head up to his room. Once he was out of sight, Ginny collapsed back against the seat, her eyes shut. Daphne and Pansy watched on with a mixture of worry and awe.

"I'm going to bed," she finally declared as she headed up to her room. The girls watched her leave and shook their heads.

"So when do you think they will figure it out?" Pansy asked after about five minutes.

"I'd give it a couple of months. You know how Ginny is when it comes to guys. She's probably trying to figure out why she can't stop staring at him," Daphne said with a laugh. "Did you feel that magic?"

"Yes, I've never seen anything like it before," Pansy said with a shake of her head. "They would definitely make a very cute couple."

"If only they thought so."

"They'll figure it out eventually. Ginny's pretty smart you know."

"That may be true, but she doesn't have much experience with guys. Let's hope she can put it all together."

Daphne laughed. "I'm curious to know what his sister thinks. Did you see the way she was looking Ginny over? I swear, I think the girl was evaluating her."

"Maybe. I thought it was a bit odd, to be honest."

"Agreed. Now, how to get Potter and Weasley together. I say we get our group in on it."

"Perfect, Daph. This will be oh so much fun."

"Let's just hope she doesn't hex us into oblivion for this."

"Agreed."

"Alright Danielle, tell me," Lily said. She was still leaning on the railing,

Danielle stood just behind her.

"What would you like to know, Mum?"

"Why you were so insistent on making us return here? Especially now of all times."

"To be honest, I just wanted to see him happy. I think the longer they were apart the worse they got," Danielle admitted quietly.

"Why didn't you say something sooner? I can see it in her eyes. There is a void in her soul that isn't quite filled yet. If I had known you knew where she was at, I would have left a long time ago."

"The time wasn't right. Voldemort knows, Mum. It won't be long before he realizes that the four heirs are here. Not to mention that the prophecy states that Harry and his 'other half' will destroy him. If he had found Ginny before they were ready, we would have no hope of winning."

"So what exactly are you telling me?"

"That we should expect some attacks from Voldemort and his pet Death Eaters. Also, that Ginny and Harry have to get together on their own time. No one can hint, or try to push them together. It doesn't work that way."

Lily turned to face her oldest daughter. She was still amazed at how much Danielle looked like her, but she was happy with it. "What did you see?"

"A lot of things. Some may come true, some might not. I've basically seen three paths. One is that Voldemort will kill all living heirs to all four lines and take complete control; two is that Harry and Ginny will find the truth on their own time and they will be able to bring down Voldemort and finally have peace; three is that it's a stalemate. Harry and Ginny are forced, but they aren't content, yet. Voldemort manages to get two of the four heirs. It's a stand still until one side takes the lead."

Lily sighed heavily. "Seems like we have a long year ahead of us."

"Don't we always, Mum?"

"That we do, Danielle, that we do," Lily said as she opened her arms to her daughter. Danielle smiled and moved into her mother's embrace. There were times when Danielle seemed older than what she really was, but this was not one of those times.

"So what is the plan for this year?" Harry asked suddenly. He had managed to slip out of his dorm room to come searching for his mother and sister. He knew he would be able to find them together.

"A lot," the two said simply.

"I take it Danielle has said I am not allowed to know?"

"I did. It would have bad consequences if I were to tell you the truth. Just be content that you don't have to see multiple visions all the time," Danielle told him.

"Of course," he said with a shrug. "So, tell me, Mum, why are we here of all places?"

"That's not really something I can share either, son. Sorry."

"Why must I always be the one shrouded in darkness?"

"Because you are the deciding factor for the outcome of this war," Danielle said. "If you weren't, then we could tell you. But we can't do that."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Did you know I am now living with three girls?"

"I thought there was only one Head Girl?" Lily said confused.

"Well there is. Ginny Weasley is the Head Girl. Her friends...Daphne and Pansy, if I have their names correctly, came to stay with her. Apparently, there are some problems with the wannabe Death Eaters. It seems that Ginny has managed to segregate her entire house."

"Oh, I bet old Snivellus just loves that," James said as he appeared beside his son.

"Looks like the old man can't keep his little Death Eaters in control. Of course, he is one, himself, so I don't see it as much of a surprise."

"That is no way to talk about a Professor, and, James, you are teaching our son bad habits."

"I am doing no such thing," James said. "I am only telling him about the old grouch that we went to school with."

"If you, Sirius, and Remus had left him alone, we wouldn't have to worry about it," Lily snapped, but her eyes danced merrily.

"Well, if he wasn't so hung up on himself, we wouldn't have to. Besides, he was always jealous that I married you instead of him marrying you."

"Ew!" their two children said together.

"I am so glad you married Dad, Mum," Danielle said. She shivered involuntarily. "Gross."

"I don't think I want to know," Lily said to her daughter.

"Me either," James said with a look of disgust on his face. "Alright you two, off to bed, and we will take care of the Slytherin common room in the morning."

"Night Mum," Danielle said as she hugged her mother tightly again.

"Night dear," Lily said as she kissed the top of her daughters head.

"Night Dad," Danielle said as she threw herself into her father's arms.

He easily lifted her up and spun her, making her laugh happily. She was about as small as her mother so it was easy for James and Harry to lift either woman up. "Night, my princess," James said as he kissed her forehead.

"Night Mum," Harry said as he hugged Lily.

"Night Harry, sleep well."

"I'll try," he said with a grin. "Night Dad."

"Night son," James said as he hugged his son.

Chapter Four: Potter and Weasley

"Wakey, wakey!" Daphne said as she tossed her best friend from her bed. Ginny hit the ground with a loud 'thunk'.

"Daphne!" Ginny cried as she tore off after her friend. She chased her friend around the common room. Pansy was sitting in one of the chairs, watching the events unfold with a smile.

"Nice to see you are awake," Pansy said with a grin.

"Yes, well, Daphne here decided to throw me onto the ground! I'll get you for that."

"You have to catch me first," Daphne taunted from the other side of the couch.

Ginny glared at her friend. She didn't realize that Harry was coming down the stairs, trying to figure out what all the noise was about.

"What was the point of throwing me out of the bed?"

"Because, it was fun."

Ginny pounced. She managed to grab her friend's arm and they both hit the ground.

"Ginny!" Daphne moaned as she sat up, rubbing the back of her head.

Ginny got to her knees, grinning when Daphne realized she had managed to grab a pillow and used it to break her fall. "You deserved that."

"If I get a concussion, I will so make you pay."

"Same goes for you, my dear friend. Throwing me out of bed is not nice."

"What's going on in here?" Harry asked, gaining the attention of all three girls.

Ginny and Daphne got to their feet.

"Ginny here was mad because Daphne tossed her out of her bed to wake her up. So Ginny tried to get her back. Now Daphne is mad because Ginny caught her and made her hit her head while Ginny managed to keep from hurting herself in the process," Pansy told him. "It's normal."

"I see. You act like Jessica and Samantha," he said with a shake of his head.

He smiled though when he realized that Ginny was the only one in her pajamas. Ginny seemed to realize that, too, as she blushed red. She smacked her friend in the back of the head, making her fall forward onto the couch before she sprinted off to her room. Daphne laughed as she watched her friend run off.

"Get a good look?" She questioned Harry.

He quirked an eyebrow at her. He just smiled at her and headed for the door.

"I did in fact," he called over his shoulder as he left.

Pansy and Daphne were grinning from ear-to-ear. "I think someone's got an eye on our little Ginny!"

"Who would that be?" Luna asked as she came waltzing into the room.

"Why the new Head Boy, of course," Pansy said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"And what trick did our dear Daphne use to get her down here in her pajamas?" Hermione asked as she appeared behind Luna.

"I tossed her out of bed. So she chased me. He did enjoy his look though," Daphne said with a smug grin.

"You aren't trying to set them up, are you?" Neville asked as he appeared.

"No," they said together. "Just having a bit of fun is all."

"So how long till one of them catches the other in the shower?" Luna asked.

"Luna!" Hermione said with a scowl, but her eyes were laughing.

"I'd give it two weeks," Neville said. "With as good looking as Ginny is, and with her luck, it will happen within a matter of weeks. The bathrooms are conjoined; it's bound to happen soon enough."

Luna smiled up at her boyfriend. "That's true," she said. "I agree with Neville on this one."

"Too bad we will be moving out soon," Daphne said wistfully. "I wouldn't mind catching him without a towel on."

"I'm so glad you are all fawning over the new Head Boy," Ginny said as she came into the room. Since it was the weekend, she could wear her casual clothes. She had a pair of tight jeans on with a black shirt.

"Oh, come on, Ginny, he is absolutely stunning," Hermione chided. "There is no way anyone would not want to look at him."

"What I wouldn't give to have him attached to my arm," Pansy said with a grin. Ginny rolled her eyes. "Come on, you dreamers, let's get down to breakfast."

"Anything you say, captain!" They all said together as they headed down to the Great Hall.

They all split up as they entered the hall, moving to their respective tables.

Ginny took her usual seat and loaded her plate with food. As she began eating, she let her eyes drift over the Great Hall. People were laughing and talking amongst themselves. Up at the Teacher's table, she watched them all interact. Lily was talking to Alice. They both wore huge grins on their faces. Frank and James were also talking to each other, identical grins on their faces. Her head of house scowled each time he looked at James.

Her eyes drifted back to her breakfast, but she had a feeling someone was watching her. She looked up and met Draco's gaze. He sneered at her and she just glared at him. Shaking her head, she turned back to listen to her friend's conversation when she realized it wasn't Draco who had made her look up. Her eyes met a pair of dazzling emerald eyes. Harry smiled at her, making her heart race in her chest.

Suddenly, the door burst open, drawing everyone's gaze toward the door. Two figures strolled into the Great Hall, followed by another figure carrying a small girl in her arms.

"Sirius, Remus, Michelle!" James called as he got to his feet.

"Uncle Moony!" Jessica called.

"Uncle Padfoot!" Samantha said.

"Aunt Michelle!" Danielle chimed.

"Elyse," Harry said with a grin.

Jessica threw herself into one of the older man's arms. He laughed as he picked her up in a big hug. Samantha was already being picked up by the

second man. Harry was balancing the little girl in his arms, while Danielle was hugging the woman.

"Glad to see you three could make it," Lily said as she headed down the aisle between the tables in the Great Hall.

"We just got a new house in Hogsmeade, so we thought we'd stop by," Michelle said as she hugged her friend.

"Glad to know that ol' Remus here can get you what you want," James said with a grin as he clapped his friend on the back.

"What about getting you and your family a house?" Sirius put in as he elbowed his friend.

"We have one, part of my inheritance," James said with a grin.

Lily and Harry rolled their eyes. Dumbledore rose to his feet. "Mr. Black? Mr. Lupin?"

"Hello Dumbledore," the two said together.

"How are you on this fine morning?" Sirius asked.

"I'm doing well...and yourself?"

"I could be better, I suppose."

"Sorry to be so rude, sir, but why don't you three come with us?" Lily asked as she indicated out of the hall door.

They nodded their heads and made their way out of the Great Hall. Ginny watched them go and returned to her breakfast.

"Wow, did you see the one with black hair?" Pansy asked. "He is absolutely gorgeous!"

"He's also twenty years older than you," Daphne pointed out to her friend.

Pansy groaned. "Why must they all be older?" She whined before turning back to her breakfast.

"Miss Weasley, the headmaster would like to have a word with you," Snape snarled as he passed Ginny.

She shrugged her shoulders and headed towards the Headmaster's office.

"Lemon Drops," she told the gargoyle. It sprang aside and Ginny proceeded up the stairwell to his door. Ginny knocked on the door.

"Come in," he called through it.

As she entered, she was a bit surprised to see Harry, Lily, James, Sirius, Remus, and Michelle waiting inside.

"Ah, Miss Weasley, glad you could make it. I was beginning to wonder if you would come," Dumbledore said.

"Professor Snape didn't come speak to me till after the meal was over."

"I see," he said quietly. "Please have a seat."

"No thank you, sir."

"Alright."

Ginny moved away from the group and leaned against the wall by one of the portraits that knew her very well. It was of an uncle of hers from way back on her father's side.

"Hello Ginevra."

"Hello Albert."

"How are you today?"

"I am quite well today, thank you," she said with a smile.

"How are your parents?"

"As well as can be."

"Wonderful, wonderful."

"Now, it has come to my understanding that Miss Greengrass and Miss Parkinson are sharing your room with you, is that correct?" Dumbledore questioned.

"Yes sir, it is." Ginny said in an even voice.

"Why is that?"

"Because they were assaulted last night when they returned to the common room. Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle attacked them. He would have attacked me if I hadn't been Head Girl."

"There have been no reports of problems within the Slytherin common room."

"Of course there wouldn't be, sir. Professor Snape hates us because we have divided his precious house."

"How have you done that, Miss Weasley?"

Her eyes locked on Dumbledore's. They were twinkling merrily, as if he knew something she didn't. Ginny strengthened her mental walls to make sure he wouldn't find a way in.

"By making sure that my friends in my house have not become Death Eaters to his dear 'Master'," she snarled.

Lily and Michelle both gasped.

"You let a Death Eater teach at your school!" Lily cried out.

"How dare you! That's endangering the lives of countless children!" Michelle snapped.

"He is a spy for the Order," Dumbledore said simply, but his eyes had lost their twinkle. "He would not impose our students to take the mark."

Ginny laughed a cold, humorless laugh, and all eyes focused on her as she said, "For someone who knows what goes on in his school, you know nothing of what goes on in those dungeons. Did you know last year alone there were sixteen attempted rapes on different girls of all houses? Did you know that there were actually five rapes, all of who were Slytherin girls? Did you also know that Professor Snape," she snarled his name, "actually approved of this behavior, he actually assaulted one of his students?"

"That bastard!" Sirius, Remus, James, and Harry all cried at hearing this.

"These are heavy accusations, Miss Weasley," Dumbledore said in a calm voice.

"I'll swear it under Veritaserum that he has done so. Considering I was the one he assaulted."

"Why have you not come forward before?" Dumbledore questioned.

"We've tried, but you blew off every girl that has come in here. Now, if you will excuse me, I have to go to my room," with that Ginny strode out of the Headmaster's office.

She slammed the door hard behind her, making a few people jump. As she made it to the bottom of the steps, she took off running. She didn't really know where she was running to or why, but she knew she needed to keep going. Finally she collapsed outside of some door.

Ginny sat for a while, trying to control her breathing. She tried to suppress the memories, not wanting to relive those days.

"You alright?" A voice asked from beside her.

She snapped her head up, her hand hovering over where she stored her wand. Ginny was startled to realize it was Harry she was gazing at. She let herself relax. "I'll be fine," she mumbled as she returned to her previous position. Harry moved and sat down beside her, their shoulders just barely touching. "I didn't realize he was that bad. My dad always said he was a git but I didn't think he would go that far."

"No one would have believed us, they haven't so far," she mumbled.

Then I'll make sure that he pays for it, Harry thought.

He was a bit shocked by his own anger towards the man. He could definitely understand his anger towards the man for harming innocent girls, but he was even more infuriated that he would touch her.

"Well, my parents will settle this. He won't get away with what he's done, any of them."

Ginny shook her head. "Dumbledore won't give up his precious spy so easily. I don't plan to let them harm my friends or anyone I know. Do you have any idea how hard it is for those girls?"

"I can understand. Not to such an extreme, it's probably left them quite shaken."

"I had to obliviate their memories and reconstruct new ones. Madam Pomfrey helped of course."

"He didn't believe his head healer?"

"Nope, none of it."

Ginny watched as his hands clenched into fists. She tilted her head to the side. Anger was flashing in his eyes.

"Bastard," he whispered harshly.

"I know. Try living with it for six years."

"He should have done something sooner."

"He should have, but he refused to listen to us."

Harry turned to look at her, meeting her beautiful brown eyes. He could see the pain in her eyes, but he also saw a strength deep within that allowed her to continue on, making her want to help others, no matter what.

They sat there for what seemed like an eternity just gazing at each other. Harry couldn't look away from her. Something was pulling at him, pulling at him harder than anything else he had ever felt, and it was coming from her. Ginny's eyes held his. The longer she gazed into his green eyes the more she felt at ease. Why? Why does he have this affect on me? She thought to herself. Ginny could forget the world, could forget her problems, and forget everything when she gazed into those eyes.

He smiled slightly at her and Ginny couldn't help but smile back. Slowly, he moved his hand towards her face. She didn't flinch or move an inch, her eyes still locked on his. His hand was soft against her cheek.

Harry's smile grew a little more as he rested his palm against her cheek. Ginny leaned her head slightly into his hand. Her hand moved to rest on his arm.

Danielle stood at the end of the hall, a smirk on her face.

They are moving along much faster than I thought they would. I wonder how much longer it will take for their magic to connect? She thought, watching them, realizing they probably would remain like that forever if they had the chance. They had already been like that for two hours. She wondered how they could sit in that position for that long.

If her dreams keep progressing as fast as they have been, she should know that it's Harry by the end of October. That is if, of course, Harry doesn't end up kissing her first. Well, he was a bit of a slow one, so he might not actually kiss her for a while, Danielle thought.

I wonder how long it will take him to figure out the reason he is so drawn to her is because she is his other half? I hate being a seer, she grumbled to herself. With a sigh she stepped towards them, Danielle thought further.

"Ginny, Harry, Dumbledore has been looking for you," she said with a smile.

The two looked up at her, neither of them moving from their position. She could see how clouded over their eyes were. Their magic was slowly conforming to the others. Danielle couldn't have been happier to see that her brother was finally finding what he had been missing.

"What does he want?" Ginny asked in a quiet voice.

"Well, we have been looking for you for a while. They have Professor Snape, Malfoy, his friends, Pansy, and Daphne waiting. No one has been able to find you two."

"How long have they been looking?" Harry asked, his voice just as quiet as Ginny's.

"Well, you two have been gone for two hours."

"Two hours?" They breathed together, not really sure if she was lying or not.

"Yes, so come along."

The two slowly got to their feet, their bodies protesting their movements. Ginny's legs gave out and she fell into Harry, who still hadn't gotten his balance, and they both fell to the ground. Ginny managed to land on top of him. He groaned as she knocked the air out of his lungs.

"I'm so sorry," Ginny said as she tried to move off of him, but her body wouldn't let her up. She groaned as pain flooded her body.

Harry let out a quiet chuckle. "I think we stayed in one position for too long."

"I think so, too, either that, or your sister put a permanent sticking charm on us," Ginny said with a chuckle.

"I never thought of that," Danielle said thoughtfully.

Ginny shook her head, managing to hit Harry in the face with her long red hair. He was hit with the smell of cinnamon and apples. She smiled down at him, before realizing that their faces were only inches apart.

Danielle held her breath and thought, *This might work out better than I thought it would.* She bit her lip, praying one of them would do something! *Please, please, please kiss her! Come on, Harry, get some backbone!*

Harry gazed up at her, his eyes searching hers. He had met her a day ago and he didn't want things to move too fast, but he wanted to kiss her. He could see it in her eyes too. Why her?

His hand moved to the back of her head, his body having a mind of its own. Her hands moved to either side of his head, holding her slightly above him so that she wasn't lying completely on him. She allowed his hand to slowly bring her head down to hers.

Chapter Five: Memories

Ginny could feel her heart crashing against her chest. *I shouldn't let him do this*, she thought to herself. *But I want to so badly.*

Just as their lips brushed, Ron came bounding down the hall. "Hey Ginny! Here you are."

Danielle groaned audibly, but it was covered by Harry and Ginny. Ginny glared daggers at her younger brother.

I'll kill him! Ginny thought as she moved off of him, instantly missing the warmth he provided.

Harry glared at the younger boy as well.

"Oh, I see you are here with him," Ron growled when he got close enough.

Ginny's head snapped in her brother's direction, surprised by the venom in his voice. "Yes, we were just on our way to the Headmaster's office," she said in a calm voice, her eyes never leaving her brother.

"Then you better get going," Ron said as he shot Harry a cold stare.

Harry got to his feet with ease and stared Ron down. "I'm Harry Potter and you are?"

"Ronald Weasley," he said as he stood up straighter.

Danielle and Ginny exchanged glances.

"Pleasure to meet you."

"I could say the same for you, only I'd be lying."

"Ronald!" Ginny snapped.

"Go to the Headmaster's office, Ginny. Mum is waiting for you."

Ginny paled as she reluctantly turned to leave. Danielle stood, watching as the two boys stared each other down.

"What have I done to you?" Harry asked coldly.

"I know your type. Stay away from my sister. She's gone through enough problems as is. Don't you dare get near my sister."

"My type? My TYPE! You don't know anything about me!"

"You're one of those jerks who use others for your own personal gain. You're arrogant and selfish. Don't come near her, understand me? She's got six brothers, just so you know, and none of us want her getting her heart broken by some stuck up rich boy. You've been warned, stay away from her!" Ron said as he turned to walk away.

"Bastard," Harry said under his breath. "He doesn't know a thing about me."

"But he knows you want his sister."

"There is just something about her," he said quietly. "I want to be with her. That stupid git had to come and interrupt us."

"Come on, we have to get back to the Headmaster's office."

Harry nodded his head and followed his sister to the Headmaster's office. When they walked in they noticed how the room had been expanded. He was a bit surprised to see Madam Bones, Minister Fudge, and Dolores Umbridge waiting as well. Ginny stood by a red headed couple. Her mother was fussing over her and her father was glaring daggers at Professor Snape.

His parents stood at the back of the room, neither of them saying anything. He did notice that his father had his arms wrapped around his mother, meaning they were both trying to refrain the other from doing something drastic. He was a bit surprised to see his two uncles and his aunt waiting, as well, all three of them looking like they could kill. Professor Dumbledore sat behind his desk; his eyes had lost their twinkle.

Pansy and Daphne were sitting with their parents, who were glaring back and forth between the Headmaster and Professor Snape. Harry's eyes drifted back to where Ginny stood. She was now sitting between her parents, her eyes meeting his. He gave her a small smile which she barely managed to return.

"Alright, now that everyone is here, let's get this worked out," Fudge said from his seat.

"Yes, lets," Umbridge said.

"Why are we here?" Draco asked in an annoyed voice.

"I suggest you keep your mouth shut if you know what's good for you," Daphne snapped hatefully at the blonde youth.

"Miss Greengrass, please refrain from such outbursts," Dumbledore said calmly. "The reason you are all here today is because of the accusations held against you."

At this point, Madam Bones stood up. "Professor Snape is hereby charged with three counts of attempted rape and abuse. Draco Malfoy is hereby charged of three counts of rape and eight counts of attempted rape."

Draco sneered hatefully at the woman. "You have no proof that I have done anything of the sort."

"Oh, but we do, Mr. Malfoy," James said in a cold voice. "We have testimonies from all eleven ladies."

The boy paled slightly. "You can't prove that."

"We already have."

"This is an outrage," Snape said loudly. "Who brought these charges up against us?"

"Miss Weasley," Dumbledore said.

"That liar? She is just as bad as her brothers. Always pulling some sort of trick to get more attention. You can't believe her," he snarled.

Danielle grabbed Harry's wrist, stopping him from punching the professor. He had never felt so angry before in his life as he did at this moment.

"Swear it under Veritaserum," Lily said calmly. "That is, if you truly believe you are innocent."

Snape glared at Lily. "I'll do it."

"The potion must be brewed by someone else," Ginny snapped. "I will not have him making or taking a potion that he made himself."

"I am the best potion's master there is!" He said loudly to her.

"I demand that it be made by someone we can trust."

"How dare you insult me?"

"How dare you attack her!" Pansy and Daphne screamed at him. Their faces red with pent up fury.

"I did no such thing," he said defiantly.

"LIAR!" All three girls screamed together. They were all on their feet, wands in hand, aimed at him.

"Put your wands away!" Fudge demanded. "Parents, control your children."

The adults exchanged looks, but made no move to stop their children.

"I want them thrown out of this school!" Ginny cried. "They deserve to be in Azkaban for what they've done."

"You can never prove that," Snape said. "I have never once harmed her."

"You bastard," Daphne said just before she hit the man.

Draco was already on his feet and had hit Daphne hard. Pansy had hit Crabbe, who fell back into Goyle. Snape was regaining his balance and aimed for Ginny. Before his arm ever got close enough, he was slammed hard against one of the walls. Everyone was frozen in place. Harry's wand was aimed at the older man, his green eyes flashing with anger.

"I challenge you to a duel," Harry said in a cold voice. "To prove that Ginny's statements are true. Should you refuse, then it shows what a lying coward you really are."

A gasp rose from the occupants in the room. Snape's eyes were large and scared.

"Do you accept?"

Snape just stared at him.

"Accept or admit that you attacked your students."

"I accept," Snape snapped. The room flashed brightly as the magical duel was set. "What happened?" He asked worriedly.

Harry was grinning, but it was a cold grin. "You've just accepted the most costly duel in the history of duels. You swore on your magic Professor Snape. Whoever wins this duel gains their opponent's powers. You won't live afterwards."

"I-I-I didn't!" Snape shouted. "You little-"

"The duel is set, Severus," Madam Bones said. "It will be held three weeks from Monday. In the case of Mr. Potter versus Mr. Snape. The duel will take place at noon. Until that time Mr. Malfoy, Professor Snape, Mr. Crabbe, and Mr. Goyle will be in holding cells at the Ministry under constant surveillance. Aurors, please take these prisoners to their cells."

Five Aurors that Harry hadn't noticed before took the four men through the floo system.

James and Lily moved to stand beside their son.

"Harry?" Lily asked.

"I know what I am doing, Mum," he said quietly to her.

"I sure hope you do. You just chanced your magic," James said.

"James!" Lily snapped. James dropped his head and mumbled an apology.

"Mr. Potter, might I have a word with you?" Mr. Weasley asked.

"Yes sir," Harry said as he followed the man out of the office. The two walked a short distance from the office before Mr. Weasley spoke again.

"I want to thank you for doing what you did back there, but I feel that I do not know what your true motives behind this are."

"My motives were simple, sir. The man deserved to be punished for abusing his position as an authority figure. He assaulted several young ladies and denied it profusely. He also attempted to attack again, even in front of Ministry officials. I will not let that stand, sir."

"Thank you. You have no idea what this means to our family."

"It's no problem at all."

Mr. Weasley nodded and headed back towards the office. "Are you coming?"

"No," Harry said as he turned to leave. Mr. Weasley returned to the office.

Ginny, Daphne, and Pansy were sitting together, neither of them talking. Mrs. Weasley approached her husband.

"Did you speak to him?"

"I did."

"And?"

"I think he might feel something for our daughter," Mr. Weasley said with a small smile.

Mrs. Weasley's eyes sparkled. "He's quite handsome too."

Lily and James moved to approach Ginny. Her head snapped up when Lily touched her arm. "Hello," Ginny said weakly.

"I'm sorry all of this had to happen, but we weren't going to allow it to continue," Lily told her.

"I understand."

"We hope so," James said with a small smile.

"If you'll excuse me," Ginny said as she got to her feet. She waved her parents and friends off as she left the Headmaster's office. Her eyes scanned the halls for any sign of Harry. With a sigh, she headed off towards her Suite. Her footsteps were heavy and slow. Her mind was still trying to grasp what Harry had just done.

Why did he chance his magic on this? What if he loses? He'll die. I can't lose him. This last thought startled her. *Since when did he become so important?*

Maybe when you realized that he could mean something to you.

That's ridiculous.

As ridiculous as the two of you almost kissing earlier?

That's not the same thing.

Only to you. One day you will admit it to yourself.

I can't believe I am arguing with myself! She thought.

She shook her head and entered the common room. Harry was sitting on the couch, gazing into the fireplace. She was slightly surprised to see how late it was in the day. It had to be around five in the evening.

She watched Harry for a moment. His long black hair stood up at all angles just like his father's did. He didn't wear glasses like his father, but he had his

father's build. His face was shaped more like his mother and he had her stunning green eyes.

"I owe you now," she said quietly.

He didn't turn to look at her. "You don't owe me anything."

"But I do. You didn't have to duel him."

"He had no right to do what he did," he said calmly.

Ginny moved over to the couch, sitting down beside him, her leg brushing against his. "No, he didn't, but you still didn't have to challenge him to that duel."

"Would you have done it?"

"Yes."

"You were willing to go against him? A Death Eater? Voldemort's number one spy?"

"I'd give him hell for doing what he did to people that I know," she ground out through clenched teeth.

"He won't live to do it again. I won't let him," Harry said quietly. He turned to look up at her.

Ginny met his gaze, searching his eyes for what made him do it. "Why? Why are you doing this?" She whispered.

"Because of what he's done to people, what he's allowed others to do with innocent women. Because he hurt you," Harry said the last part so quiet that Ginny thought she was hearing things.

She reached up to rest her hand against his cheek. "You didn't have to do this. He still would have got what was coming to him." Her voice was soft.

"He'll never harm anyone again. He won't harm you either."

Ginny smiled slightly at him. He moved his hand to rest on top of hers. His hand was warm and soft. After a moment he held her hand in his, keeping it against his cheek. Her eyes searched his for a long moment. Slowly, she gently drew his face towards hers.

In the back of their minds, they both wondered what was making them so drawn to each other. What made this person so different from all the rest? Why now?

At some point, Ginny pushed that voice away. If she were being drawn to him, then she would see why, why she wanted to be around him, why it made her sick to her stomach to watch the stares he got from the rest of the girls in the school, and why it meant so much to her that he would defend her.

Harry was curious to figure out why he had reacted like he did. He could picture Snape hurting Ginny and it had made him furious. He was so protective of her and he wanted to kill the man for ever hurting her. When he saw the looks some of the boys were shooting in her direction, it had made him want to incapacitate all of them. His eyes searched hers, and he found confusion, want, joy, and hesitation in her eyes.

He moved his other hand to her hip and leaned towards her. Harry didn't want someone else to interrupt this chance that was presented to him. Just as his lips brushed hers, a knock sounded on the door.

Both of them sat there for a moment. Neither of them wanted to answer the door, but they would have to. Reluctantly Ginny moved away from him and headed towards the door. She opened it to find Jessica, Samantha, and Danielle standing by the door. Ginny didn't say anything as she moved aside and headed towards her dorm. She glanced over her shoulder one last time before disappearing up the stairs.

Harry watched her leave, and when he was sure she was out of hearing range, he groaned and collapsed against the couch.

"I see we've come at a bad time," Jessica said with a laugh.

"You think?" He said in a tired voice. "I'll never get a moment with her, will I?"

"I'm sure you'll find a way," Samantha said as she dropped into a seat.

"If all of you people would just leave us alone, that would be wonderful!"

Danielle laughed. "Tried to kiss her again?"

"Yes, and it didn't work."

"Well, just keep trying. It seems like she wants to just as much as you do."

Harry laughed. "I'll wait and see," he said with a sigh. "What do you three want anyway?"

"Why are you doing this?" Samantha asked.

"Because he hurt her," Harry said simply.

"Since when did you care about the well being of a certain girl?" Jessica demanded of him.

"The moment I looked into her beautiful chocolate brown eyes."

The three sisters exchanged looks. Even though Danielle had seen this coming, it still came as a shock to all of them to hear their brother speak about any girl in the way that he was talking about Ginny.

"Looks like you've got it bad brother," Samantha commented, a slight smile on her face.

"I barely know the girl," he mumbled, a smile still on his face.

"Then get to know her smart one," Jessica scowled.

"We all heartily approve of her too," Danielle said with a grin. "Any girl that can get you this happy is just what you are needing."

Harry just smiled at his sisters. "She's amazing, isn't she?"

The girls chuckled. "Well, I hate to say this, but I think my precious Godson has fallen in love," a voice said from the door.

The four occupants turned to look at Michelle, who was grinning.

"Love? What makes you think its love?"

"Because you remind me of me when I met Remus. She's a very lovely girl too."

Harry shook his head. "Please don't tell me my love life is going to be the topic of future discussion."

"We won't," his sisters said together, grinning at him.

"Good, I haven't even begun to start to know her, so no bugging her for my sake."

"We would never!" Danielle said with a mock shocked expression on her face.

Harry smirked and shook his head. "It was good seeing you again, Aunt Michelle. Tell Moony hi for me. I'm off to bed, so you all need to head out of the Heads room."

"Night Harry," they all said together.

Chapter Six: Finally!

Ginny groaned as the sun slanted in through her window. The rays of light hit her directly in the face.

"Stupid window," she grumbled as she stumbled out of bed and headed towards the bathroom.

She had had little sleep the night before. The only thing that kept replaying in her mind was Harry defending her. Then it would move on to images of them almost kissing. By now, Ginny was completely frustrated. She wanted her kiss! His lips were just too tempting to pass up.

As she turned on the water, she grabbed a towel to set out for when she was done. She still couldn't grasp why he was helping her, why it meant anything to him. It brought a warmth to her heart that she had never thought possible when he said that to her.

Everything just seems to feel so...so right when we are together, she thought to herself. *To think it's only been one day at school and I've already got someone in a duel in my defense.*

Ginny sighed heavily as she stepped into her shower. *I wonder what Ron's problem was yesterday. He didn't seem happy at all and I just can't seem to figure out why. It's not like he has any reason to hate Harry or anything. Though I wish he hadn't come when he did. Now that I think about it, Danielle didn't even say anything.*

Ginny was so lost in her own thoughts that she didn't even hear the bathroom door open. Harry, who had not slept that well, was not paying attention to his surroundings. His mind was set on a certain red head that just happened to be taking a shower as he walked into the bathroom.

It took both of them a few minutes to realize what was going on. Ginny screamed, Harry turned to run, and one of them ended up on the floor. Ginny quickly turned off the water and wrapped her towel around herself as she rushed over to where Harry now lay unconscious.

"I'm so blaming Neville for this," she mumbled as she bent next to him.

"Harry, Harry," she called softly as she shook him. Realizing it was a useless attempt, she looked around for her wand. Then it hit her that it was probably in her room. Getting to her feet she hurried to her room to grab her wand. She knelt beside him as she cast a quick spell. Harry groaned as he tried to sit up.

"Lay down," she told him. "You hit your head pretty hard."

"Oh," he said weakly as he kept his eyes shut. After a moment, he realized that was a bad thing, considering that when he closed his eyes, he could only see Ginny. Harry decided it would probably be a good idea to keep his eyes open for a while. "Sorry," he mumbled.

Ginny couldn't help but grin down at him. "Don't worry about it. We'll just have to make a schedule so this doesn't happen again." *Not that I mind in the least.* She thought to herself. It was hard for her eyes not to linger on his well-muscled chest.

"That might be a good idea. My head is killing me," he groaned.

"Well you're in luck."

"Oh?" he asked, his eyes locking on to hers.

"Yes. You just happen to be in the presence of the best healer in the castle, next to Madam Pomfrey. But between you and me, I'm a bit better."

"Really?" He asked hopefully.

"Yes," Ginny said. "Just relax and this will all go easier."

Ginny moved to sit at the top of his head. He leaned his head back so he could look up at her. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to get rid of your headache. You'd be amazed at how much your body can do on its own. Just close your eyes and relax," she said in a soothing voice as she began to massage his temple.

Harry gazed up at her for a moment before his eyes slid shut. He quickly opened them again as he saw images of Ginny in the shower.

"Relax," she said calmly.

"That's not that easy to do," he said in a low voice.

"Oh really? Why is that?"

"Because every time I close my eyes I see you in the shower."

Ginny couldn't help the blush or the grin that spread across her face. "Well, we will just have to make the situation even soon."

Harry's eyes met hers and he grinned slyly. "We might just have to do that."

She shook her head. She had never flirted this much in the whole time she had been at school here. Now, she couldn't help herself.

"I'll be looking forward to it."

His grin grew wider as he gazed up at her. Ginny's hands were easing his headache, but he wasn't about to tell her that. The feel of her hands was sending tingles all through him.

It took him a moment to realize that her eyes would stray to his chest. He knew that she noticed how his gaze lingered below her shoulders, but she didn't say anything.

"Let's get you up," she said in a soft voice.

Harry nodded his head as she helped him sit up. He groaned as his head began aching. Ginny moved behind him, her hands on his back so that he wouldn't fall. Chills ran up and down his spine as her hands touched his back.

"Careful now, Harry, you'll be dizzy if you keep moving so fast," she told him.

A smug smile crossed her face as she watched him visibly shiver when her breath touched the back of his neck.

"Right," he said. A grin spread across his face as he got an idea. He tried to stand and 'accidentally' slipped. Ginny was startled and didn't have time to catch him. Harry fell back into Ginny, who barely managed to hold them up. Ginny quirked an eyebrow as she looked down at Harry. He sat between her legs, his head resting back against her chest. There was a devilish glint in his eyes as he gazed up at her.

"Oops, I think the floor is wet," he said lightly.

"It must be," she agreed with a smile. "Comfortable?"

"Very much so, actually."

"You do realize how inappropriate this is?"

"How so?" He asked as he let his hands rest on her ankles.

"Well for one, I am in nothing but a towel. You are in just a pair of boxers, which are really cute by the way. And not only that, but you are lying between my legs using my chest as a pillow."

"It's a very nice pillow too."

Ginny laughed. "I'm not sure if I should be thrilled or not. Most girls don't like being told they work as good pillows."

"True, but I didn't mean all of you."

"So, just my chest?"

"Yes."

She shook her head and Harry just grinned at her. "If you want, I can leave you alone and let you finish your shower," he suggested.

Ginny was sorely tempted to say something but changed her mind. "You can leave if you want," she said with a shrug.

Harry grinned up at her, hoping that would be her answer. "I think I'll stay here. You are much more comfortable than my bed anyway."

"Again, I don't know if I should be insulted or pleased by that."

"Good point," Harry said. He turned around so that he was fully facing her.

Ginny's breath caught in her throat as she found herself face-to-face with him. His dazzling green eyes bore into hers, making her weak. His hands were placed on either side of her, his fingers brushing hers.

"You know, in a week, I'll be dueling Professor Snape in your honor," he said quietly.

"I know and I still owe you," she said just as softly as he did. She was having a hard time concentrating with him so close. His breath was warm against her neck.

"You don't owe me anything, Ginny."

"I do and I intend to pay you back, Harry."

He gazed at her and leaned towards her. Ginny didn't wait this time; she didn't want to lose yet another chance to feel his lips against hers. Her hand moved to the back of his head, pulling his head down towards her. Their lips met and Ginny could swear she saw fireworks.

Just as Harry was pulling her closer, a loud knock on the door made them break apart.

"What!" They both snapped loudly.

"I wonder if this is how they treat all of their friends?" A very distinct female voice said. Ginny cringed as she realized it was Lily.

"Honestly, no wonder no one comes to visit," James said as well.

"Maybe they want some space?" Danielle suggested.

"They?" Lily and James said together.

The two exchanged glances. Ginny broke out of his grip and pushed him towards his room. He stumbled into his room as the bathroom door closed and he heard the shower start up again. With a shake of his head, he pulled a shirt and a pair of shorts on and headed down the stairs. He opened the door to see his parents and Danielle waiting for him.

Danielle took one look at him and was grinning happily. About time! She thought to herself. Lily caught Danielle's smile and raised a questioning eyebrow at her. Danielle only shook her head indicating she would tell her mother later.

"Aren't you ready yet?" James asked his son.

"For?"

"Our morning exercises. Come on, Harry, you can't be slacking that badly."

"Sorry, Dad. I'll go get changed."

"Meet me on the pitch in ten minutes."

"Will do," Harry said as he sprinted towards his room. He quickly changed into his exercise outfit and was about to go into the bathroom when he realized the water was still running. With a small smile, he headed back down to the common room. His mother and sister were already gone and he knew his dad was out on the pitch.

"They already gone?" Ginny questioned as she headed down her stairs. She wore a black shirt and a pair of blue jean shorts that went to the middle of her thigh. She had a towel in her hand as she worked on drying her hair.

"Yes, they just stopped by."

"Where are you running off to?"

"Practice with my dad."

"That explains a lot," Ginny said with a grin.

He smiled at her. "So what do you do?"

Ginny smiled at him. "You'll have to figure that out on your own."

"I think I'm up to it."

"You'd have to be. Have fun."

"I will."

"Now care to explain to me what all of that was about?" Lily asked her daughter.

"They've managed to get enough time to kiss," Danielle said with a smug grin.

"And that means what exactly?"

"That their magic has already begun to weave together. Now the only thing we need to do is make sure that they get a bit more time together. The longer they are together, the quicker they will become 'complete'."

"I thought we weren't allowed to influence their relationship?"

"We aren't, we are just giving them more time to spend together."

"I see," Lily said. "She's the perfect girl for him."

"She is," Danielle agreed with a smile.

News of the upcoming duel spread through the school like wild fire. There were many variations to what was true and what was not. Draco and his cronies were gone from the Slytherin house and it seemed as if a giant weight had been lifted.

The girls in the house were a lot more open and flirted amongst the various houses. Even the boys had a visible change in their attitudes. Professor Potter, James that is, was placed as head of the Slytherin house. He made sure to keep a good eye out on the students.

Ginny was quite pleased with the change in her fellow housemates and the entire school in general. The only problem she had was the amount of flirting and attention that the girls were showering Harry with. Since their kiss in the bathroom, they just couldn't seem to manage any time together.

The most contact she had managed was the looks they shared during each meal. They always just seemed to miss each other and she couldn't stand it. Ever since that kiss, her body and mind had been yearning for him. It was a startling discovery, but one she would deal with. She wanted to be with him, never realizing that he was suffering just like she was.

Neither of them knew of what her friends had planned for their time together. Lily shook her head as she watched the two in her class. Ginny sat on the other side of the room between Pansy and Daphne. The three girls were very talented, so they sat and talked through most of the class, mainly Pansy and Daphne. Harry sat beside a different girl every day. She could tell her son didn't care much for the attention he was getting. No matter whom the girl was or how beautiful the girl was, his eyes would always stray towards Ginny. Danielle had said it would cause problems if they remained further apart. It was then that James had come up with his brilliant scheme. While it wasn't intended to target Harry and Ginny, it would allow them some time together. Instead, it was targeted at Hermione Granger. She had approached James with the idea of having a school wide dueling session. It would allow the students from different houses to interact more.

James had readily jumped at the chance, and that began the new gossip flowing through the school. Partners were drawn at random by Professor McGonagall and the students were told at dinner.

Danielle was laughing her head off when she heard about the idea, already knowing something Lily didn't know. After the announcement of who the partners were Lily understood. Somehow Ginny and Harry managed to be teamed together for the contest.

Ginny woke on the morning of the duel feeling queasy. She had had trouble sleeping that night and she felt nervous. Yesterday they had announced the partners of who would be competing in the school wide tournament. With a heavy sigh, she tossed the blankets aside. She had given up on the idea of sleeping tonight.

Glancing at her clock, she saw that it read four in the morning. Shaking her head, she made her way into the common room. She was a bit surprised to see Harry sitting on the couch gazing into the fire.

"Hey," she said softly as she sat down beside him. "Couldn't sleep?"

"No," he said quietly as he turned to look at her. "Couldn't sleep either?"

"No."

The two sat in relative silence, both of them gazing into the fire.

"You'll be safe, right?" Ginny asked suddenly.

"I'll do my best," he said quietly, making Ginny turn to look at him. His gaze was locked on the fire.

She bit her lip before leaning forward to kiss him on the lips. It was short and over before Harry realized what had happened. "Be safe for me," she whispered in his ear.

He could hear the worry in her voice, and when he gazed into her eyes, he could see the fear. Harry pulled her to him, wrapping his arm around her waist.

"I promise," he whispered in her ear.

Ginny curled up against him, wrapping one of her arms around him. She inhaled deeply and smiled as she cuddled closer to him. Harry smiled as well as he held her closer. The two sat like that until they drifted off into sleep.

Danielle opened the door to the common room and smiled slightly as she saw them. They were lying down on the couch. Ginny lay half on top of Harry, her head resting on his chest. Harry had an arm wrapped around her, the other held her hand in his. She could see their magic building around them as they finally began to spend the time they needed together. She quietly approached the two, not really wanting to wake them, but knowing she had to.

"Ginny, Harry, you need to get up," she said as she shook them gently.

Ginny's eyes slowly opened. "Hi Danielle," she said sleepily.

"Morning. You two need to get up."

Ginny nodded her head as she slowly brought herself up. She smiled down at Harry, who was still fast asleep. Danielle slipped out of the room unnoticed.

"Harry, it's time to get up," she whispered to him.

"I don't want to," he said.

"You need to," she told him as she bent down to kiss the corner of his mouth.

His eyes opened and he smiled as he saw Ginny leaning over him.

"Alright, I'm up," he said. "So what do I get?"

"To take a shower," she said with a smile. "You have a duel to win, my prince."

Harry smiled. "Going to join me?" He asked with a wicked grin on his face.

"Keep dreaming, wonder boy. I'll meet you in the Great Hall for breakfast."

Ginny moved off of him and up to her room.

Chapter Seven: A Duel

Harry stood beside his parents on the Quidditch pitch. He wore a dark red shirt with a pair of black shorts. His sister, Jessica, had been admit on making sure that he had an outfit that he could move in. On the other side of the pitch stood Professor Snape. He stood alone in his black robes, his arms crossed over his chest.

Ginny was sitting crossed legged on the ground beside his mother. She hadn't said anything but just sat down beside Lily. Lily just smiled wide at the girl and settled beside her. Harry gazed down at her for a moment before focusing on the pitch in front of him.

Minister Fudge sat with Dolores Umbridge and Madam Bones. They had a man brought in to oversee this kind of duel. He was from the United States and had seen a few of these duels in his lifetime. He had been trained to cast the spells that would allow the two to have the standard duel that would drain the loser of his magic.

The man was about six two and had short brown hair. His dark brown eyes assessed the two duelists. Harry moved to sit beside Ginny. She smiled at him, slipping her hand in his. They didn't see the man's gaze on them.

"You'll be fine," she said in a soothing voice.

"I hope you are right," Harry said with a frown.

She squeezed his hand gently as she pulled it into her lap. With her other hand, she grazed her fingertips against the back of his hand. "Don't worry, just remember to concentrate."

"I can't when you are doing that," he mumbled to her.

Ginny smiled at him. "I won't be out there doing that anyway."

Lily shook her head slightly. She had never seen her son acting like he was right now. It made her smile, but it also made her worry as well.

"Mister Potter?" The man asked.

Ginny and Harry turned to look up at him. "Hello," Harry said.

"I'm Jackson. I'll be overlooking your duel today. May I have a word with you?"

Harry nodded his head as he got to his feet. The two walked a few feet away and the man put up silencing spells. "What's going on?" Harry questioned.

"I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"That's fine."

"Will you promise to answer them truthfully?"

"I promise." A green light flared around them. "I didn't just do that, did I?"

"You should choose your words wisely. Now tell me who that young lady was you were sitting with."

"Ginny Weasley. She's the Head Girl."

"I see. If I understood Madam Bones correctly, you are challenging Snape on behalf of Miss Weasley."

"Yes sir, I am."

"How long have you known her?"

"Only a week or so."

Jackson nodded his head. "Understandable then. She's a powerful witch. You would do well to keep her close."

With that, Jackson walked away, leaving Harry speechless. He shook his head and returned to his seat beside Ginny. She gazed at Professor Snape with anger in her eyes. He stared back at her.

Harry gently tugged on her hand, making her turn to look at him. "He'll get what is coming to him," he whispered to her.

"I know," she said quietly. "Make sure he doesn't have an emergency portkey or something like that. We don't want him getting away."

"It won't really matter. Jackson's magic is binding and won't allow someone to back out of the duel."

"That's good," Ginny said quietly.

"Good luck, Harry!" A group of girls said from behind them. Ginny turned to glare at the girls. The one in front smiled back at her.

"We know you'll win," she told Harry.

Harry looked between Ginny and the girl in front. Ginny looked like she could hex the girl in a second given the chance. It also seemed like the girl wasn't about to back down either.

"Thank you, Alexis," Harry said as he flashed the girl a smile.

She smiled sweetly at him. "We are all hoping you beat him."

"Do you even know *why* he is dueling Professor Snape?" Ginny snapped, her eyes blazing with fury. The group forgot that Lily and James were standing next to them.

"Because of what he did to the students," she said with a glare in Ginny's direction.

"That's true. But what did he do?"

"Attacked students and allowed his students to do the same thing."

"Do you realize that two of the girls in your group there were attacked? Or that a few more girls in your house were?"

Alexis opened her mouth, then closed it when she turned to look back at the group. The two girls who had been attacked were now smiling down at Ginny.

"Nice to see you again, Ginny," they said together.

"Nice to see you as well."

"We wish you the best of luck, Harry," the blonde said as the two turned to walk away.

Ginny and the older girl glared at each other. "This is not over, Weasley," she snapped.

"You won't win, Alexis, I promise you that."

Alexis turned to walk away.

"What was all that about?" Harry whispered in her ear making her jump.

"We don't get along," Ginny said with a shrug as she focused on the field in front of her. "I think its time for you to get up."

Harry nodded his head and turned to grin at her. She quirked an eyebrow at him. "Do I get a good luck kiss?"

Ginny laughed. "Do you have any idea how many rumors will be spread across the school?"

"Not any worse than what is going on now."

"This would make them more believable," she whispered as she leaned closer.

"That's true. But I could really care less."

"And why is that, Potter?"

"Because we know the truth."

"So you are willing to let me be branded a scarlet woman?"

"Never. But you can't always help what people say."

"Kissing in front of a stadium full of people, including our *parents*, without us dating would raise a few suspicions."

"Then we should fix that, shouldn't we?" Harry whispered as his lips brushed hers.

"Are you offering?"

"No, demanding," he told her just before he kissed her. Ginny pulled back first, a smile on her face.

"Better?" She said a bit breathless.

"Not really. But I suppose that will do," Harry said with a grin as he got to his feet.

He walked towards the middle of the Quidditch pitch, where Jackson and Professor Snape were waiting.

"Kissing blood traitors now?" Snape snarled.

"Very beautiful blood traitors at that," Harry said, his grin slightly smug. "But you wouldn't know how that feels since you couldn't get a beautiful girl even if you tried, which is why you hate my dad so much."

"How dare you! You have no idea why I hate your father."

"Because he was popular, good looking, and could get any girl in the school. But the one woman he wanted was Mum and you hated it because he *got* Mum. You couldn't even get her to think of you as anything more than a friend."

"Alright, gentlemen, save it for the duel," Jackson said. "Now you both have magically agreed to take part in this duel. Under no circumstances will you be allowed to leave or forfeit this battle. This duel ends when one of you is unable to continue. You will be stripped of your magical abilities. Do you both understand?"

"Understood," they both said together.

"Now raise your wands, please."

The two of them raised their wands in front of them. Jackson lifted his arm and began chanting under his breath. A green light wrapped around the two wands, connecting them with a small sliver of magic. A bright flash of red shot from the two wands, sealing the duel.

"The battle will now commence," Minster Fudge said to the stands.

"You'll die, Potter, just like your little blood traitor girlfriend," Snape snarled as he shot a cutting curse at Harry.

Harry dodged to the side. "I'll make you pay for *ever* touching Ginny you bastard. No one and I mean *no one* will harm her as long as I am breathing."

"Tell me, Potter, why do you care for her so much? What makes you want to defend her?" Snape questioned as he dodged the hex that was shot at him.

"Because she is important! I won't let anyone ever harm her again."

Snape cackled. "Too bad you will be dead! I'll be sure to give her something special for you when you're dead and buried."

Harry's eyes flared dangerously as they began firing hexes at each other.

"She's very appealing, by the way. I can see why you are dating her."

"Tell me, *Snivellus*, how much work does Riddle give you? This the best you can do? Working as a teacher? Not good enough to be out doing the *real* work? What does he give you prizes? Does he give you what you want? Apparently not since you have to go after students."

"You don't have any idea, you brat! My Lord will have your head for this."

"I doubt it. I'll make sure to give him a proper greeting when I see him soon."

Harry began sending multiple hexes at him, some he dodged or blocked completely.

Snape was beginning to be forced back by the force of Harry's spells. He watched as the young boy's eyes began to grow a darker shade of green. For once in Severus' life, he was actually scared.

What the hell have I gotten myself into? He thought frantically. *I'll never make it out of this alive.*

Lily, who had been sitting beside Ginny, was startled when the girl fell over sideways apparently unconscious.

"Ginny?" Lily questioned as she moved to lean over the young girl. "Wake up, Ginny," she said as she shook her.

Ginny only managed to stir a moment before she completely collapsed.

"James!" Lily called. "Go get Madam Pomfrey, something is wrong with Ginny."

James took off running, knowing better than to question his wife on anything.

Snape, who was facing towards them, noticed what happened to Ginny. *This might be my only chance to get out of this alive*, he thought.

"Hey Potter, looks like something is wrong with your girlfriend."

"Shut up!" Harry called but he was now worried. His back was turned towards her so he had no idea if he was lying or not. So he took a step to the side, Snape mimicking him. He took another step, but Snape took one towards him, realizing what he was doing.

"Poor thing, she's not waking up. Your Mum is over there trying to help, but that stupid Mudblood can't do anything for her."

"SHUT UP!" Harry screamed, his anger reaching its boiling point. "Don't you dare insult my Mum, you stupid half blood!"

"How dare you insult me!" Snape snarled as he began firing the hexes back at Harry. The battle turned more to offensive than defensive on both of their parts.

Harry's breathing was coming in shallower, shorter breaths.

Lily, James, Molly, Arthur, and Madam Pomfrey watched, horrified, as Ginny began to become wounded. James snapped his head up and looked between Ginny and Harry.

"It must be their connection that Danielle was telling us about," James said hurriedly. "It must be stronger than it was before, because whenever Harry gets wounded, so does she."

"What in the world is going on?" Molly demanded as she watched another cut appear on her daughter.

"This isn't good," Danielle whispered, having appeared behind her mother. All the adults turned to look at her. Her green eyes were clouded. "Things have changed, lots of things."

"What's happened Danielle?" Lily said as she turned fully to face her daughter.

"Voldemort is watching this. He knows of their connection. He wants Ginny to get to Harry. Pain. Lots of pain."

"Ginny's dreams!" Lily cried out helplessly. "Those dreams she told me about. Can't we prevent them?"

"I don't know. They need to finish the bond, they have to finish the bond before he comes for her. Somehow, somehow they *must* complete it. Two paths. I see two paths."

"I thought there were three?" James questioned.

"Now there are two. He's blind to the heirs now, he will regret that soon enough. Their getting closer, on their own time, but a lot quicker than I anticipated. If this keeps up we may be in luck." Danielle's eyes never looked at them, but looked at Ginny, whose breathing was shallow. "The time draws near. It's getting closer. I can feel it."

Harry lunged at Snape, his fist slamming into the man's stomach. Snape had no time to react and hit the ground hard. Harry ripped the wand from his hand and aimed both at him. Bruises and cuts covered both of them.

"No one harms her," he hissed in a dangerous voice. "I'll kill anyone who dares to lay a hand on her."

Snape gazed up at the teenager, his eyes filled with fear. *Least it's better than death by Voldemort.* He thought to himself as he closed his eyes.

"Then beware, Voldemort is always watching. He will try and take her. He will do it."

"Then that means I will kill him all the more faster. He won't live another day if he harms her."

With that, Harry sent the last curse. Snape fell to the ground, **dead**. Harry dropped to his knees as the magic from Snape drove into his body, combining with his magical core. His eyes slid shut as he watched the magic slide through a connection that he had never seen before. It was gone just as quick as it had come.

He spun, his eyes searching for Ginny. She lay on the ground, surrounded by his parents, her parents, Madam Pomfrey, and Danielle. He shoved himself to his feet and sprinted towards her. The pain was pushed from his mind as he dropped beside her. He didn't even register that the others had been pushed aside due to his magic.

"Ginny," he whispered urgently. "Ginny, open your eyes."

Slowly, her eyes fluttered half way open and her brown eyes met his. "Harry..." she whispered.

"I'm here, it's over," he said as he bent down closer to her.

"Good," she said with a small smile. "You kept your promise."

"Of course I did," a smile on his own face as he reached out to touch her cheek. She flinched from the pain. "What happened?" His green eyes filled with confusion and concern.

"We'll explain that later," Lily said. "Right now you two need to go to the Hospital Wing."

Harry nodded as he began to help Ginny to her feet. She smiled up at him when she managed to get to her feet. Suddenly, Ron appeared, followed by a much taller red haired boy.

"Bill," Ginny said with a grin. "I thought you were working."

"I came to see who was dueling Snape in honor of my baby sister," Bill said as he lifted Ginny into his arms.

"I *can* walk," Ginny hissed, but she still had a smile on her face. "And I am *not* a baby."

Molly and Arthur smiled as they followed their children. Danielle, Lily, and James began walking away, as well, with Madam Pomfrey in the lead. Harry began walking when Ron grabbed his arm. The two boys gazed daggers at each other.

"I told you to stay away from my sister," Ron ground out.

"It's *her* choice, not yours," Harry snapped.

"Stay the hell away from her! I mean it! You don't have any right to be interfering in her life!"

"Interfering? Please. I've done nothing."

"This is my last warning. I don't want you to come near her. Mark my words, I'll make you pay if you harm my sister."

Harry grabbed Ron's throat, shoving him hard into a wall. "Don't you *ever* threaten me again. I didn't just kill a man for no reason. Whatever you might think of me is completely off. I would *never* threaten or harm Ginny, and so help me, I'll kill any person who even *dares* to hurt her. I would do anything to protect her."

He let the older boy go and headed off towards the Hospital wing.

"You know, no one is ever going to date you unless you grow up," Pansy snapped from behind him. Ron whirled around to face his sister's two best friends. Daphne looked as if she could kill.

"Don't you even realize how happy your sister is now?" Daphne demanded. "Her eyes have *never* had that sparkle to them until she met Harry."

"Don't you dare go trying to ruin something that not only Ginny, but Harry, as well, have been waiting for. She's never been this happy, and she won't ever be this happy without him."

"It was downright stupid of you to try and interfere with your sister and Harry," Hermione snapped from behind him.

Ron turned to gaze at the girl who he had the largest crush on. Her eyes were ice cold.

"You don't do anyone a favor by being a stubborn prat. Stay out of the way, or we will make you regret the day you were born. Come along girls, I believe that Ginny could use some company."

The three girls glared at him once before stalking off, leaving the red headed boy gaping.

Ginny's eyes slowly opened. The room was dark except for a few lit candles throughout the room. The hospital wing was fairly empty, considering school hadn't even gotten into full swing yet. Her eyes traveled along the white walls of the room before finally coming to land on where Harry lay fast asleep. His bed was to the right of her. His head was turned towards her. Ginny was struck by how peaceful he looked. A smile crossed her face as she remembered how nice it felt to wake up in his arms. He had been so comfortable and she finally slept in peace. There were no nightmares or worries. It was just them, together.

As if he could sense her watching him, he opened his eyes.

"Hey," he said with a smile.

"Hey," she said back, grinning as well.

Harry pushed himself up and got out of bed. He stood beside her bed. His green eyes danced as he gazed down at her. "How are you feeling?"

"Better. Where did my family go?"

"Home. Well that is after Madam Pomfrey and Alice convinced them that you were perfectly fine and only needed some rest."

"Good."

"That's good?"

"Yes, that means I can do this," she told him as she pulled him down to her.

Harry grinned when he realized what she wanted and kissed her back. Ginny's arms slipped around his neck, holding him close to her.

Chapter Eight: Young Love

"Children these days," Madam Pomfrey said with a shake of her head. Ginny opened her eyes and realized the curtains were drawn around her bed. Turning her head, she saw Harry awake. He smiled down at her, kissing her lightly on the lips. She grinned up at him.

"What have they done now?" Lily asked as she came into the hospital wing.

"None of them *ever* stay in *their* beds. Neville and Luna don't seem to manage to stay in separate beds each time they end up here."

"My son better be in his *own* bed from now on. I do *not* want to be a grandmother just yet," Alice said.

"Exactly where is my daughter?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"In *her* bed," Madam Pomfrey said.

"So I take it Harry switched beds?" Lily questioned.

"Indeed he did."

"And all this time we thought he was gay," Danielle and James said together.

"James! Danielle!" Lily snapped.

"What?" Danielle questioned.

"How can you think that about your own brother?"

"Because it seemed to be the only plausible reason why he ignored countless good looking witches," James said. "But it seems like he isn't after all."

"I don't think he is," Ginny said loudly. Madam Pomfrey pulled back the curtain to reveal Lily, James, Molly, Arthur, Danielle, Alice, and Hermione. "Well at least I hope he isn't. You're not really female are you?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well I can let you look if you want," Harry said with a sly grin on his face.

"I might just have to do that."

"Ginny!" Mrs. Weasley said in a loud voice.

"He's definitely your son," Lily said in a dry voice as she looked at James.

James got a smug grin on his face. "He is and you've known from the beginning that I am male."

Lily blushed scarlet. "That was *not* my fault."

Alice started laughing when she saw how red her friend was. Lily glared at her.

"I remember that too! Oh Lily was red for a week!" James just grinned.

"We don't want to know!" Harry and Danielle cried.

Ginny shook her head as she snuggled closer to Harry. His hand held hers, his fingers playing with hers.

"Alright, you two are free to go," Madam Pomfrey said.

"Good," Hermione said. "I need her help anyway."

"But Hermione," Ginny whined. "I don't want to study today."

"That wasn't what I needed your help with."

"Alright, alright already. Let me take a shower and I'll meet you in the library in an hour."

"Don't be late," Hermione told her as she headed off in the opposite direction.

Ginny shook her head as she climbed out of bed. She hugged her parents tightly. "I'm off."

"Bye Ginny," Mr. Weasley said with a smile at his daughter.

Ginny grinned and headed towards her room.

"What do you see in him?" A voice asked behind her. Ginny turned to see her younger brother leaning against the wall.

"See in who?"

"Potter," he snarled.

Ginny was suddenly struck with an overwhelming desire to hit Ron. She had never hit her brother before unless they were fighting and even then she

wasn't that bad. But the second he said Harry's name she became defensive. No one harmed *her* Harry.

She growled. "Don't you dare say his name like that," she said in a cold voice.

Ron gazed at his sister, his eyes just as cold as hers. "Come on Gin, what do you see in that loser?"

"He. Is. Not. A loser," she snapped. "Don't you dare insult him either. He's done nothing to you."

"He's not good for you, Ginny. You should stay away from him."

"Don't tell me who is good for me and who isn't. You don't even know him."

"Neither do you!" Ron snapped. "What do you know about him? Do you realize that Voldemort will probably kill him? What kind of person is he Ginny?"

"Shut up!" Ginny yelled.

"You're being stupid! You need to stay the hell away from that idiot. He's going to get you killed. And I for one am not going to let that happen."

"You're wrong."

"Am I, Ginny? For all you know he could be sleeping with half the girls in school. He is a bloody--"

Ginny's hand impacted so hard with Ron's face she was sure to leave a bruise on his face. "Don't you *ever* say anything about him again. I swear on my life I will make your life a living hell. There are some things in this world you will *never* understand. My relationship with Harry is one of them."

"So he talked to you too," Harry drawled from the end of the hall. Ginny and Ron spun to face him.

"What did he say to you?" Ginny questioned.

"Just warned me not to get near you or I would seriously regret it. Also threatened to make my life hell if I ever hurt you."

"You wouldn't do that."

"I know."

Harry walked over to take Ginny's hand, pulling her away from Ron. He shook his head as he pulled his girlfriend down the hall. Ginny reluctantly went with him. When they turned the corner Ginny let out a heavy sigh.

"You alright?" Harry questioned.

"No, not really," she said.

"What's wrong?"

"Ron, who else. He's never acted like this before."

"When did he start?"

"Last year, just at the end of it actually. He's been so distant all summer," she said with a shrug.

They entered their common room and Harry pulled her to the couch.

"I have to go shower," she complained but didn't pull away. "I told Hermione I'd meet her in the library in an hour."

"She'll be fine," he said as he pulled her down into his lap. She buried her face in his chest, wrapping her arms around his waist. Harry wrapped his arms around her, holding her close to him.

"I hope he is doing alright. He's never been so...so not Ron before. It's just so odd to me," she mumbled against his chest. She found that she was enjoying being held by him. Not only was he comfortable but he also seemed to comfort her even if he was just holding her.

"Let's hope he is doing alright. It's a strange time lately. He might just be jealous or something."

She nodded her head. Harry smiled slightly as he rested his chin on top of her head. He loved holding her in his arms. He finally felt as if he was complete. Ginny lifted her head to rest her forehead against his.

"I can't believe I slapped him."

"Why did you?"

"I'm not really sure," she said in a quiet voice. "He just started insulting you and I just got so...so mad. I just slapped him and it was really hard. I don't really know what came over me. Just the thought of someone saying something about you or hearing it made me mad and really defensive."

Harry moved his hand to her cheek a small smile on his face. "I know how that is."

"Same thing happened to you?"

"Yes, that's why I entered that duel."

"Oh," she said quietly as she placed her hand on his. "What's going on?"

"I'm not really sure but whatever it is it's confusing."

Ginny nodded her head. She sighed and closed her eyes. "Great more things to figure out."

"But at least we will be able to figure them out together," he mumbled.

"That sounds nice," she said quietly, her eyes still shut.

"What sounds nice?"

"Us. Together, it's never sounded so...right before," she said as she opened her eyes to look at him.

Harry's breath caught in his throat as he gazed into her brown eyes. They were *alive*. His hand caressed her cheek without even realizing it. Ginny's smile grew brighter as she saw how alive his eyes were. His hand was warm against her cheek and she didn't want to pull away from him. For once in her life she felt like she truly belonged somewhere. And that place was with Harry.

Danielle stood in the doorway, her eyes wide. She could *feel* the magic pouring off of them. The magic filled the room to the brim. It slid over everything, making it all bright. Slowly it began to twine together, growing brighter and encasing the young couple together.

So this is what happens when they become one. It's almost there. Danielle thought to herself.

The two were oblivious to what was going on around them. Hermione appeared behind Danielle, her eyes wide as she watched the scene before her. She was too stunned to say anything, instead just stood there, mouthing hanging open. The colors that swirled around them grew in intensity. Danielle's eyes glimmered with hope as they were about to complete a magical bonding that would finally defeat Lord Voldemort.

Harry searched Ginny's eyes. He didn't see the magic swirling around them or that his sister and Hermione were standing in the doorway. This was what he wanted. She was what he had been looking for for so long. He leaned forward. Ginny's smile didn't falter. His touch sent chills down her spine. The only thing she wanted was to remain with him forever. To never have to leave his side. When she saw him lean forward she did the same.

Danielle and Hermione watched, anticipation building, as they waited for the young couple to kiss. The magic was like a whirlwind around them, begging for them to complete their bonding.

The two could feel the person coming up behind them. They spun and came face to face with Ronald Weasley. His eyes burned with pure fury as he moved to stop the two. Without even thinking their wands were gripped tightly in their hands as the two girls shot multiple hexes at him before he could even reach his wand.

He hit the wall hard, the silencing charm kept the sound from reaching the couple. Ron's head slammed back into it and he dropped to the ground. Neither of them spared him a glance as they turned to watch Harry and Ginny complete their bonding.

The two kissed. The magic around them erupted, the colors so bright that Danielle and Hermione had to shield their eyes. A magical pulse was sent out over two hundred miles in every direction. Hogwarts wards flared into life, becoming so bright that it was blinding.

Everyone could feel the magical energy and stopped. The magic was pure and anyone who was hit by the magical wave suddenly felt better. Anyone who was impure were falling to the ground in pain.

It was a few moments before the effects of the magical impulse began to fade. People could move once again and those who were in pain could breathe again. Danielle and Hermione blinked rapidly as they turned to gaze at Ginny and Harry. The two were still locked in an intimate kiss, both of them glowing a deep red color.

The two girls smiled at each other before their legs gave out. They fell forward and managed to catch themselves on their hands and knees. Their breathing was labored.

"That was one heck of a magical pulse," Danielle muttered under her breath.

Hermione gave a short laugh. "You're telling me," she said breathless.

"Maybe we shouldn't have been standing so close." Danielle collapsed on the ground. "I think I prefer it down here."

Hermione dropped a second later. "I agree."

"Need a hand?" Ginny said suddenly.

The two girls turned to look up at Ginny, who stood over them, a hand offered to them. She was still glowing brightly but it wasn't as bright as before.

"I think we'll rest for a bit," Hermione mumbled.

"A trip to the hospital wing will do you some good," Harry said as he appeared beside Ginny. He was still glowing as well and as he stood beside Ginny their color got brighter. The two seemed oblivious to the fact that they were both glowing!

"Sure," Danielle said in a dry tone. "I bet Mum and Dad haven't even left yet." Ginny laughed as she pulled the younger girl to her feet. "Do I want to know why my brother is unconscious outside of my suite?"

"Not really," the two girls said together.

Harry pulled Hermione to her feet, easily picking her up in his arms. "You know you're pretty light," he commented.

"It's because you lift everyday," Danielle called back as she leaned on Ginny for support.

"True," he said with a shrug.

"So what exactly happened to you two?" Ginny questioned.

"I'm not really sure," Hermione said with a yawn. She was starting to feel a bit tired now.

"Danielle?" Harry questioned.

"Well I do know but as to telling you is an entirely different matter all together. But I can tell you that it's a good thing or at least I hope it is."

"Right," the two commented together.

Just like Danielle said Lily and James were still in the hospital wing.

"What exactly happened to you two?" Lily asked as James picked up his daughter. He set her down in one of the beds while Harry set Hermione in another.

"Standing too close to a very large magical impulse tends to have some side effects on you," Danielle commented in a bored voice. "You might want to go pick up Ron, we sort of knocked him out earlier. He should still be outside of the Head's rooms."

"I'll go get him," Arthur said with a frown as he went to find his youngest son.

"Magical Impulse?" Harry questioned. "What magical impulse?"

"I'm not surprised you two didn't feel that," Dumbledore said as he came in the room, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"Well they were the cause of it so why would they?" Lily asked as she brushed Danielle's hair from her eyes. Danielle smiled up at her Mum.

"They did it!" Jessica and Samantha shouted as they came sprinting into the room.

"Let me guess," Jessica said to Danielle. "You were standing too close to the magical impulse," she said in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"Are you sure she isn't a seer as well?" Danielle said with a grumble.

"You don't have to be a seer to realize when someone is recovering from the after affects of being too close to any sort of magical impulse. Besides, you should know better by now than to stand by one."

Danielle snorted. "Either she is really smart or a seer."

"She's just like her Mum is all," Alice called from where she was helping out Hermione.

"They all are just like Mum," James and Harry said together. The two men grinned at each other.

"Would someone please mind informing me what magical impulse they were by?" Ginny said in an annoyed voice.

"Well Miss Weasley I do believe that you and Mr. Potter have finally completed your bond," Madam Pomfrey said.

"What bond?" Harry and Ginny said together.

"Tell me," Dumbledore started to say. "Have you two felt an overwhelming desire to be near each other?"

"Yes," they both said slowly.

"How about wanting to protect the other when someone starts to say something bad about them?"

"Yes."

"Have you two felt repulsed by the mere thought of someone of the opposite sex touching you?"

"Yes."

"And when someone else kissed you you felt nauseous?"

"Yes."

"Well, the reason for that is because you two are halves of a whole," Danielle said.

"So each of us is a half?" Harry said turning to his sister.

"Exactly and together you make a whole."

"What does this have to do with the magical pulse?" Ginny said.

"Everything. See the two of you have always felt incomplete have you not?" They both nodded their heads. "Well, that is because you two hadn't met. I had to wait to bring you two together. See, if Voldemort found you before you were ready, we would be doomed. He already knows that you two have a special bond because of Harry's dueling. Now he will-" She cut off suddenly as her eyes clouded over.

"I think you two changed the path again," James said.

Ginny turned to look at her mother, who could only shrug in reply.

"She knows better than we do," Samantha said.

"Well actually Voldemort will find out about the bond but he won't have any idea as to what it could mean to him," Jessica said. "You two will be stronger now that you two have completed your bond. See the bond had to form on its own. We weren't allowed to interfere or it would throw it off. It can't be

forced to happen and it wasn't. We couldn't tell you two about the bond until you completed it."

"You two finished it a lot quicker than we thought you would," Lily said. "We didn't think that you two would come together as fast as you did. I suppose the fact that you had spent your whole lives apart was what made you two more inclined to figure out why you felt so different or right when you were together."

"So now that you two are together it may be that you are altering what could be happening," Samantha said calmly.

"Well, that was something," Danielle said as she shook her head.

"What do we have now?" James asked.

"Well, besides the fact that even with their combined power, Voldemort is *still* going to be a right pain. I suppose tapping into the power of the four heirs would do well right about here. Ginny will have to serve as the vessel and the one to produce the final spell though. The paths are set. The battle will come swiftly enough, but there is still time."

"Four heirs? Who is the fourth heir?" Ginny asked.

"The Potter line is really the Gryffindor line," Lily said. "Harry is the heir."

"You knew and you didn't say anything?" She rounded on Harry. He jumped back and gave her a sheepish grin. "You didn't ask."

"We were talking about it! It would have been easy to tell us."

"It wasn't that easy, I could barely follow the conversation to begin with," he said as he stood up a bit straighter.

Mrs. Weasley smiled at Harry. Most people would cringe away from Ginny when she got in this mood, a trait she picked up from her. The whole house would pretty much be deserted when the two of them got into a fight.

"Oh and what is your excuse for that?"

"A beautiful witch had my attention," his grin was wide. Ginny flushed but held her ground.

"Definitely your son," Lily muttered to her husband who was grinning.

"Easiest way to curb your anger love. Besides you look gorgeous when you're furious," James said as he hugged his wife tightly.

"That still doesn't give you the right to not tell us," she snapped only it wasn't as bad as before. Harry moved to stand in front of her. She had to tilt her head back so she could still glare up at him.

He bent down to whisper in her ear. "Did you know you look absolutely stunning when you're mad? Your hair changes colors and your eyes look beautiful."

Ginny's knees went weak when he kissed her neck. "That's not fair," she whimpered in his ear.

"I know you'll forgive me later or punish me."

Ginny set her hands on his chest and leaned up to whisper in his ear. "No torturing you would be too nice. I may have to find another way to get you back for that," she said as she brushed her lips against his ear.

Harry shuddered.

"Alright, everyone out. Let these two rest for a bit," Madam Pomfrey said suddenly.

Harry pulled away from Ginny, a smile on his face. Ginny smiled smugly at him as she brushed past him and out of the hospital wing.