

Written for the Ashes Fic-a-fest at LiveJournal, for Eimajunknown, who gave the following prompt: *It's Harry and Ginny's honeymoon and everything goes wrong.*

~*~

Harry looked down at the woman in his arms and pulled her closer as they danced. He'd been looking forward to this day for what seemed like ages, and it was finally here.

He'd made Ginny his wife.

It had really been a perfect day. Even the highly unpredictable March weather had cooperated. Their family and friends had surrounded them when they said their vows. Molly and Hermione had cried, and Harry thought he'd seen Arthur surreptitiously wipe a tear away when he'd given his only daughter away.

Ginny had been brilliant. From her cream-coloured robes to her hair to the flowers she carried, she was perfection. She took his breath away every time he looked at her.

But now he was beginning to get impatient. He just knew that as brilliant as Ginny looked *in* her wedding robes, she'd look even *more* brilliant out of them.

Her arms tightened around his neck, and he looked into her eyes before leaning down to kiss her again.

"When can we leave?" she murmured when they pulled apart. Her body moulded against his.

"Bit keen, are we?" Harry asked with a smirk. Truth be told, so was he. He'd been ready for the two of them to get started on their new life together for what seemed like forever.

"With you? Always," she replied, her voice sultry and full of promise.

He gulped, then took her hand in his and led her off the dance floor and over to her parents. Their "quick good-bye" lingered a bit longer than he would've liked, but finally, they were able to free themselves and leave.

He thought of all the plans he'd made for their honeymoon, going over them in his head one last time. He'd taken care to keep their destination for the night a secret from everyone save Ron and Hermione, to prevent anything...untoward...happening. He loved Ginny's family, but he really didn't want them involved in his honeymoon...especially the twins.

His smile was self-satisfied as he Side-Along Apparated Ginny to their hotel. It was going to be perfect.

~*~

It was wretched.

Ginny stood off to the side in the hotel lobby, watching as he attempted to check into the honeymoon suite. Unfortunately, *attempted* was the operative word.

"Harry, is everything all right?"

He flashed his wife a tight smile. "Of course it is, love. Just give me a minute, and we'll be able to go up to our room."

Then he turned to the clerk. "What do you *mean* there are no reservations under the name of Potter?" he whispered harshly. "I have the confirmation right here." He dug in his pocket and pulled out a slightly crumpled piece of parchment. "Reservations for HJ Potter for the honeymoon suite for Saturday the twentieth of March." He thought something sounded odd about the date, but pushed it out of his mind until the clerk spoke again.

"Ah. I believe that you have found our problem, Mr Potter. Today is not the twentieth; today is the thirteenth."

"*What?*" His voice rose in pitch, and it was much louder than he'd intended.

"Harry?" she called again.

"Be right there, Ginny."

"I'll bloody well kill Ron," he muttered under his breath. "Ask him to do one thing for me, *one* thing, and he bollocks it up. 'Of course, I'll make the reservations for you,' he says. 'It'll be no trouble at all. Want your day to be special, don't we?' he says."

"Mr Potter?" The clerk sounded nervous.

Harry sighed and apologised to the clerk. It wasn't his fault. His gigantic prat of a best mate, however...

"Is there any way we could get another room, just for tonight? It's our wedding night, and we don't have anywhere to go until tomorrow."

The man gave Harry a sympathetic look. "Let me check." He paused and rifled through some parchment for a moment before continuing. "We do have one room left. It's considerably smaller than the honeymoon suite, though."

"We'll take it," Harry said, relieved. True, it wasn't what he'd planned, but they'd still have a nice room...and a bed...for their wedding night, and that was all that mattered.

He signed the register with a flourish and took the key before leading the way to their room. It was on the first floor rather than the top, and it opened into the corridor, but it would be fine. Or so he thought until he opened the door after sweeping Ginny up in his arms to carry her across the threshold.

"Bloody hell," he grumbled when he saw the room. The decor was just what one would expect when looking at a nice, moderately expensive hotel room, except for one thing.

"Single beds, Harry?" Ginny asked from his arms.

"Your brother made the reservations for the honeymoon suite for our wedding night."

"Why are we in this room, then?" she asked, confused.

"For the twentieth of March."

"But it's the--"

"Thirteenth. Yes." He looked at her, hoping she could see how remorseful he felt. "I'm sorry, Gin. But it's only one night, and I promise to make it up to you. I know it's not what you expected--"

"Oh, shut it, Harry. It's not your fault; it's the fault of that gormless prat I call a brother." She walked over and sat on the bed nearest the window, bounced just a bit on the mattress, then patted the spot beside her. "We'll just have to hex Ron when we get back to make up for it. This will work," she said. "It's not like we're going to need more room than what we have here." She grinned and stood up, sauntering over to him and giving him a lingering kiss. "Why don't I just go change in to something more comfortable while you order some champagne..." She trailed off suggestively, and Harry marvelled again at his luck. She really *was* brilliant.

After pulling them from his jacket pocket, he enlarged their overnight bags and handed Ginny hers. Then he busied himself with ordering some champagne, strawberries and chocolate while he waited on her to change in the loo. But when their food arrived and she still hadn't come out, he started to get worried.

"Ginny? Is everything all right?" he asked.

"I *will* kill them," he heard her mutter through the door. "Think they're funny, do they? Well, wait 'til I get through with them. Then they'll know funny. Gits."

"Ginny? The food's here. Why don't you come out, love?"

She opened the door a crack. "I can't." She paused, then added, "I don't want to."

"Come on, Ginny. It's not like I haven't seen you in a bikini. What's the difference?"

"The difference is that when I was in my bikini, I actually *had* clothes on."

His eyebrows shot up at that comment. "Erm...do you mean you *don't* have clothes on now? Because I wouldn't mind, if that were the case. But I know you went in there to change, and I'm looking forward to seeing you in some of that lingerie you brought home from your hen night." He still couldn't believe that she'd shown him all of her new gifts. She had some wicked friends, and he'd been thinking of her in that skimpy black number...and the green one...and the blue lacy one...ever since.

"I still have clothes on, you pervert. But I can't very well come out in lingerie if I can't get it on, now can I?" she said, clearly very exasperated. She opened the door and stuck her head out, handing him a mass of satiny material "Someone made certain of that. The openings are stuck shut, and it's all been sewn into one long line of satin and silk and lace."

Harry groaned. He wanted to see her in that lingerie so badly he could almost taste it. He shook his head to clear it. "Are you a witch or not, Ginny? Isn't there a spell or something to help with that?"

If looks could kill, he thought he'd be lying dead on the floor from the force of the glare she gave him. "Don't you think I've tried that, Harry? And look what else I found." She handed him a note and a pair of high-necked flannel pyjamas.

"Dearest Ginny, " Harry read aloud. "Surprise! Now, now, little sister, before you lose your temper, let us remind you that, as your big brothers, it is our duty--nay, our sacred honour--to protect your virtue, even on this, your wedding night. Perhaps, when you're older and wiser and no longer in need of our protection, you might be able to convince us to remove the spell that will allow you to utilise these lovely, if very brief, garments to their fullest potential. Until then, we're afraid that you're stuck with flannel.

*Love, Gred and Forge.
P.S. Give our best to your husband. "*

He looked up at her. "They spelled your knickers closed?"

"Only the sexy ones. They left these--" she held out a pair of old-fashioned pantaloons-- "as replacements."

Harry coughed to hide his laughter, and she glared at him again. "It's not funny, Harry. I had it all planned out. I was going to come out there wearing the sexiest thing you could ever imagine and you weren't going to be able to keep your eyes off of me, and *look!* Look at what they left me with."

"Ginny. Love. It's all right."

"No it's not! It's our wedding night, and we don't have the right room because of Ron, and I don't have anything to wear because of the stupid twins, and it was supposed to be perfect, and it's not."

"Do you still have your wedding robes on?" he asked suddenly.

"Obviously, since I don't have anything else to change into. Why?"

"Why don't you come out here and find out," he suggested. His breath caught when he saw her; although he hadn't thought it possible, she was more beautiful than before. Her cheeks were flushed from anger and she'd taken her hair down so it floated around her shoulders, emphasizing the creaminess of her skin.

"You are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," he said, pulling her into his arms. "You don't need a sexy negligee to get me so I can't keep my eyes off of you. You do that just by being you." He released her and took her hand, pulling her over towards one of the beds, where he took her into his arms again and kissed her fiercely. His hands wandered over her back, fumbling with the buttons there.

He lifted his head and stared into her eyes as he slipped the buttons through their holes, exposing her skin to his touch. *This*, he thought, *was exactly what he'd imagined when he thought of his honeymoon.*

~*~

This was *not* what he'd imagined his honeymoon would be like.

First, they hadn't been able to get into the honeymoon suite like he'd planned. Then they'd found Ginny's underthings sewn together in such a way that even between the two of them, they couldn't get them apart.

And then...

"Ow! Bloody hell," Harry grumbled from the floor where he'd just landed. It was half-six in the morning, much earlier than he'd planned, and he'd woken up after falling out of the bed when he rolled over. "Stop laughing," he ordered his giggling wife, which only made her laugh harder.

"Oh, Harry. I wish you could've seen your face," she said. "It was priceless."

"You try landing on your arse while starkers and see how you like it, then," he said, scowling.

"I told you we should've enlarged the bed," she replied. "But you said, 'We don't need to make it bigger. There's plenty of room,' remember? You said something about wanting to hold me close while we slept."

"Well, I did," he retorted. "And I slept perfectly well, thank you, until I tried to roll over without stealing the blankets off of you. *That's* when I landed on the floor."

"Awww, poor baby," she said, grinning. Then she waggled her eyebrows at him and budged over towards the wall. "There's room up here. I can help you soothe your sore bum, if you like."

"Yeah?" he asked, his voice husky.

"Come on up and see," she suggested, and proceeded to show him exactly what she meant.

Later that morning...much, *much* later...they decided to get dressed and continue on to their next destination. Although Harry's bum was still sore, he was actually feeling pretty confident about the day's prospects. A morning spent in bed (and the shower) with his wife tended to improve his disposition, or so he'd discovered. So he was in a chipper mood when he began to pull his clothes out of his bag, ready to prepare for the day.

Ginny was dressed in one of the robes provided by the hotel and running a brush through her hair as she watched him dress. She smiled and her eyes raked over his body when he dropped his towel in order to don his boxers.

"Stop staring, Ginny, or we'll never get out of here," he said.

"You wouldn't mind, and you know it, Potter," she shot back at him.

"True, that," he replied, giving her a cocky grin. "But we've reservations in Cyprus, and I'd like to actually make it there." He held open the waistband of his boxers, lifted his left foot to step into them...and promptly lost his balance and landed on his bum again.

"Damn it!"

They'd sewed the legs shut.

He heard Ginny gasp as she ran over to help him up. "Are you all right?"

"Other than my arse and my pride?" he asked. "I'm fine. But I'm going to kill your brothers." Standing, he grabbed his wand from the bedside table and pointed it at the offending garment, saying, "*Finite Incantatem*." He tried sticking his hand through the leg of his pants again, only to be met with a wall of material. Then, as Ginny watched, he tried every other spell he knew that might cancel the effects of the sewing charm the twins had used, to no avail.

"They got you, too, huh?" Ginny said sympathetically.

He raised his eyes to hers. "One way or another, we *will* get your brothers back."

"Absolutely."

~*~

"Look at how gorgeous it is, Harry," Ginny gushed. "The sand is so white and the water! I never knew it could be so blue," Harry watched his wife fondly as she took in their surroundings, awe plainly visible in her eyes. He'd known she'd love the beach.

She turned to him. "You're certain we have reservations?" He nodded. "For this hotel? For the fourteenth of March?" He nodded again.

"I'm positive, Ginny. Here's the confirmation notice, and here's our luggage claim." She gave him a brilliant smile and he sighed in relief. Maybe, if he were lucky, they'd be able to forget how terribly their honeymoon had started and make some fabulous memories. That was his plan, in any case.

At the reception desk, Harry breathed another sigh of relief as the clerk gave him the key to a private bungalow, which was located directly on the beach and boasted of its own private shoreline. After getting directions and being assured that their luggage, which they had sent on ahead of them, had been deposited in their room earlier that morning, the couple leisurely made their way towards the little cottage that would be their home for the next week.

Harry knew, as soon as they arrived at Bungalow number 7, that he had indeed made the right choice for their honeymoon destination. Ginny was obviously enraptured as she watched the waves pound the shoreline, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Can we go swimming?" she asked enthusiastically.

He gave her an indulgent smile. "Anything you want, love."

He watched as pink tinged her cheeks. "Anything?" she asked coyly.

"Anything," he responded, his voice filled with promise.

She gave him a cheeky grin. "Right, then. I want to swim. Come on, Harry! Let's change!" She grabbed him by the hand and pulled him into the bungalow, stopping dead when she saw the room.

It had an open floor plan, with one large central room and several smaller alcoves. There was a small kitchen and dining area, and a living area with two loveseats around a short mahogany table. But by far the most impressive feature of the room was the large four-poster bed that stood off to the side, beside the floor-to-ceiling picture windows gracing the front of the bungalow. Harry could very easily imagine lying in that bed with Ginny, sated by their lovemaking and watching and listening to the ebb and flow of the water.

"Wow," she said. "This is..."

"Yeah. It is, isn't it?" He was somewhat surprised at the pride he felt because of her reaction to the room.

She made her way over to the wardrobe and opened it with the obvious intention of retrieving their swimming costumes, but stopped short once the doors were fully opened.

"Harry?" she called. "Didn't they say our luggage was in our room?"

"Yeah. It should be right there." He stepped closer to her and peered over her shoulder into the wardrobe, only to find it empty. "That's odd. Maybe they put it somewhere else." They turned away and looked around the bungalow, going so far as to try to Summon the luggage before giving up in defeat.

"It's not here," Harry said, after his fifth attempt at the Summoning Charm failed to retrieve anything other than their overnight bags.

Ginny surveyed the room again. "I'm going to the front to ask for our luggage," she said. "You stay here and look some more. I'll be right back."

"Why don't I--" he began, but he stopped speaking when he noticed she was no longer in the room.

He half-heartedly tried another Summoning Charm and even got down on his hands and knees to check under the bed, which was unfortunately the position he was in when his wife returned, the hotel manager in tow. Embarrassed, he rose to his feet and brushed off the knees of his trousers.

"Mr Potter, your wife tells me that you can not find your luggage. I have a record here that says it was deposited in this room promptly at half past ten this morning." The manager showed the couple a parchment with a list of timestamps and charms, tracking their luggage from when it arrived at the hotel on the day before, the time it spent in the holding area, and the Banishing Charm that sent it to the room. She waved her wand, and an imprint of their luggage appeared outside the wardrobe, along with a time, stating it had arrived at precisely thirty-minutes past ten o'clock.

Frustrated, Harry said, "That's fine. It was here then. But it's not here now, and I'd like to know what happened to it. We're paying a significant amount of Galleons to stay here, and I can promise you, this is not leaving me with a good first impression."

The manager's face fell. "Of course, Mr Potter. I have our best employees searching for your luggage as we speak, and we will, of course, compensate you for your trouble. We'll let you know what we've found as soon as possible."

After she left with a promise of free room service for the duration of their stay, Harry sank to the bed, and Ginny followed suit beside him. He hated the look of disappointment on her face, and, after thinking for a few moments, he resolved to replace it with a look of happiness and satisfaction.

"Come on," he said as he stood up and grabbed Ginny's hand. "Let's go shopping."

"Harry..."

"No, look. It's a good idea," he said hurriedly. "We'll go out and get what we need. If they find our luggage, great. But if not, we won't have to stay in these clothes for the entire week."

She grinned and looked at him, her gaze predatory. "Who says we'll need clothes?" she asked, running her hand up his back to tangle in his hair. She pulled him closer for a searing kiss, and all plans of shopping flew out of Harry's head.

Some time later, the newlyweds left the bungalow hand in hand and made their way to the shopping district. The sights and sounds were almost overwhelming, and Harry found his head turning left and right as he tried to take everything in. He dragged Ginny into boutique after boutique, watching as she replaced her clothes and personal items, and then she did the same for him.

They were headed back to the bungalow when a display in a small, seedy-looking shop caught his eye. There were two small travelling trunks, and a not-so-tastefully arranged collection of clothing.

Familiar looking clothing.

"*GET A PIECE OF HARRY POTTER'S LUGGAGE!*" the sign read in lurid, flashing lime-green letters. Underneath, in smaller print, it said, "*Own articles of clothing actually worn by the Boy Who Lived and his new wife. Enquire inside.*"

He stared at the sign in disbelief. There was their luggage. Their clothes...his *pants* for Merlin's sake! And Ginny's lingerie. And their *toothbrushes!*

He turned to Ginny to determine how she was feeling about the situation, only to notice that she was no longer standing next to him. Instead, she was stalking towards the shop, her long red hair trailing behind her, hands clenched at her side, anger evident in her step.

He hurried after her and caught up with her just as she opened the door, following her inside as she strode to the counter.

"How may I help you, miss?" the man at the till asked obsequiously.

"That luggage in the window, the stuff you claim belongs to Harry Potter," Ginny began, her voice clipped, "where did you get it?"

The man's eyes narrowed, and he dropped the fawning attitude. "Why do you care?"

"Because," Ginny responded coldly, eyes flaring. "It's *mine*." Harry was torn between being glad that Ginny had never been that angry with him and amused at the beads of sweat that had broken out over the slimy man's forehead. Ginny, when she was angry, was a force to be reckoned with.

Still, he had to admire the man's courage--or his stupidity, Harry wasn't certain which--when he said, "Prove it."

Ginny's wand was out and pointing between the man's eyes before Harry could blink. "Look, you slimy excuse of a human being, I don't know who the hell you think you are, but you have *our* things in your store window. I expect you to go over there right now, pack it up and give it to us."

"And what if I don't? You'll be causing me the loss of a lot of Galleons, taking those things."

Harry shook his head in disbelief. Had the brains of a flobberworm, this bloke.

Harry watched as Ginny's wand dropped slowly from between the clerk's eyes to point at a more...valuable part of his anatomy. "Do you really want to know what I'll do?"

The clerk gulped, and Harry decided it was time to step in. "Wait, love," he said. "We don't want to ruin our time here with all the paperwork we'll have to fill in if you hex him. Let's go report him to the local law enforcement. They can take care of him without ruining our holiday."

"No, wait," the clerk said, clearly panicking at the thought of law enforcement becoming involved. "I'll get to it right now."

He hurried over to the window and waved his wand, causing the articles to fold and pack themselves neatly in the trunks. He handed them over to their proper owners and watched as they started to leave the shop.

"This is everything?" Harry asked.

"Yes."

"You're certain? Because I wouldn't want to be you if my wife finds out that something is missing."

The man blinked.

"I--I think so. I'll look again, just to make certain."

"You do that," Ginny said, her voice cool.

They opened the door, ready to leave, when they heard the clerk call out, "Wait! How do I know you won't report me?"

Harry glanced back at the man as he ushered Ginny out. "You don't," he said. He felt a rush of satisfaction as he watched the man's face pale.

Ginny was fuming as they left the shop. "How dare they invade our privacy like that? Who do they think they are?"

He took her hand in an attempt to calm her down, but she shook it off, still obviously angry. "What I want to know," he said thoughtfully as he captured her hand again, giving it a quick squeeze, "is how he managed to get a hold of our things in the first place. The hotel boasts of their strict security measures and how much they respect their patrons' privacy. That's why I chose it over the rest."

"Some security," Ginny muttered. "Someone took our things right out of our room and sold them!"

"Yes, well, I don't want to worry about it anymore. We'll talk to the manager and report the theft. For now, I want to enjoy my honeymoon with wife. My *very beautiful* wife."

"You should've let me hex him," Ginny grumbled, but her expression brightened at his compliment, and Harry knew that he'd managed to diffuse the situation.

"Probably, but we're in a foreign country, and I really didn't want you to land yourself in prison. Sometimes discretion is the better part of valour." He pulled her closer and wrapped his arm around her shoulder. "Besides," he added, winking, "I have plans for you. Come on. Let's go swimming."

Much later that evening, the couple sat on a blanket on the beach. Harry's head was in Ginny's lap, and he sighed as she ran her fingers through his hair. The stars were bright in the night sky, and the not-quite-full moon reflected off the water, lending a glow to their surroundings. He didn't think he'd ever been this content.

"Knut for your thoughts," Ginny said as the fingers of her left hand traced patterns across his bare chest. The moonlight glinted off the stones in Ginny's wedding band, and Harry caught her hand in his, bringing it to his lips in a gentle kiss.

"I don't know what I did to deserve you," he said huskily. "But whatever it was, I'm so glad I did it."

"Yeah?" Ginny asked as she leaned down to kiss him. He raised his head to meet her halfway, wrapping his arm around her neck and pulling her as close as he could in the position he was in. The kiss, tender and gentle at first, deepened, as the sound of the ocean's waves echoed in the background.

"Yeah," he said, when they'd ended the kiss, and he let his head flop back down on her lap. "I'm the luckiest bloke in the world."

"Hmmm. If you say so," Ginny replied.

"Oh, definitely, I say so." He rolled over slowly and stood, pulling her up to stand beside him, giving her a passionate kiss before he started walking, tugging her hand so she followed him.

"Where are we going?" she asked, her expression bemused.

He gave her a cocky grin. "I told you I felt lucky."

~End Part I~

A/N: Many, many thanks to both **Anka** and **OHGinnyfan** for their amazing betaing, comments, and help with plot development.

And even more thanks to my flist at LJ, who helped me think of ways to torture our favourite couple while they were honeymooning.

Author's Notes: For eimajunknow, Holy cow. I so totally didn't expect it to take this long to get this part done. *hangs head in shame* Thanks to OHGinnyfan for the fabulous beta job. She's the best!

xXx

How one bloke could be so unlucky, he'd never know.

The day had started out amazingly. He and Ginny had made love while the sun rose outside their window; he'd watched the rays creep across the floor until they reached the bed and touched Ginny, bathing her in orange-red light that made her hair seem as if it were on fire and her skin glow. He didn't think he'd ever seen her look more beautiful, even though he felt like he said that each time he saw her.

The rest of the morning had gone just as well. They'd fed each other breakfast in bed before showering together (Harry had no problem admitting that he really liked *that* particular perk of being married) and getting dressed for their day out--they'd decided to try some of the Muggle water sports that were offered nearby.

He dressed faster than Ginny, so he watched from one of the loveseats as she donned her new swimsuit, then added a cover-up and pulled her hair back into a plait. Watching her dress (not to mention watching her *undress*) was yet another perk of married life he was beginning to enjoy.

When she was ready, they left the bungalow, intent on finding something fun to do. They walked hand-in-hand around the pile of complimentary newspapers that had grown on their doorstep

overnight. Harry ignored them--he was on his honeymoon, and he had no desire to read about the latest political manoeuvrings or fashion disaster or celebrity scandal.

As they walked, they strolled along the road that ran parallel to the beach, looking at the small souvenir and dive shops lining the street. Ginny was chatting excitedly as they walked, pointing at things that caught her eye and pausing whenever she saw something that really interested her. Harry smiled indulgently and kept a mental list of the things she liked, planning to arrange for a few special items to make their way back to England.

He felt a tug on his hand, and it directed his attention back to his wife. "Look at that, Harry," she said, pointing out towards the water. His eyes widened at the sight in front of him: it looked like small, individual sailboats, each holding a single person, skimming across the water.

"Brilliant," he breathed; it looked almost like flying. "*We have* to try that." But Ginny was one step ahead of him, as always, and was already dragging him toward a small dive shop advertising sailboarding lessons.

A short time later, the two found themselves in a beginners' class for sailboarding, although they soon were wishing they hadn't bothered. The lesson was an exercise in chaos, and Harry thought it was amazing that no one had drowned while they were out on the water. Not that it was the instructor's fault: he had done everything in his power to ensure the safety and well-being of his students. Unfortunately, there was one student who refused to listen or obey the safety rules.

There was something about him that seemed vaguely familiar to Harry, but he couldn't quite place it. He was a large, beefy, man with thin blond hair peeking out from the cap on his head and a thick moustache on his upper lip. He was wearing a skin-tight, bright red, entirely-too-small swimsuit that Harry wouldn't be caught dead in (he shuddered at the thought), and he went through the lessons as if he fully expected everyone there to cater to his every whim. A thin, simpering woman had attached herself to his side, letting go only when the man had his turn on the board.

Harry rolled his eyes at Ginny as the man tried without success for what seemed to be the thirty-seventh time to stand on the sailboard without capsizing. He looked like an overgrown whale, and Harry and Ginny both sniggered as they watched him flail about trying to catch his balance before slipping into the water with a huge splash. It wasn't until he came up sputtering that Harry recognized him.

"Dudders!" shouted the man's wife as she tried to pull him out of the water.

"*No.*" Harry shook his head in denial. "Please tell me that's not..."

"What's the matter?" Ginny leaned closer to him, turning her head to follow his horrified gaze over to the floundering man and his wife.

And then his day got even worse.

"Diddy!" "Son!" The shouts came from behind them, from two very familiar voices.

Harry groaned. Why him? Why *them*? Couldn't he catch a break? He was on his *honeymoon*, for Merlin's sake. And of all the people in the world, he had to run into *them*.

He gave Ginny an agonized look. "It's the Dursleys," he whispered painfully.

"What? *Where*?" she asked loudly.

"Shh! Keep your voice down, Ginny. Maybe they won't notice us." But Harry's luck continued to run the same way it had been for their entire trip: badly.

"You, boy! What are *you* doing here? And what did you do to Dudley?"

"Hello, Uncle Vernon," Harry said as politely as possible.

"Don't you 'hello' me, boy! I want to know what you did to him. You used that...your..." Vernon voice lowered to a whisper. "Your *thingy*, didn't you?"

Harry looked over to the water, where Dudley was still struggling to rise to his feet, despite the best efforts of his wife, the instructor, and half of the students. He stifled a laugh when Dudley fell again, pulling his wife and half of the crowd with him as he went.

Hiding his smile, he turned to his aunt and uncle. "No, I didn't use magic--"

"Shhh! They might hear you!" Aunt Petunia shrieked, causing several people to turn their heads and look at them.

"They wouldn't pay any attention to us at all if you'd stop shrieking like a banshee and just carry on a conversation in a normal tone," Ginny said.

Harry watched his uncle look his wife over and found himself slightly disgusted at the leering expression that was forming on the man's face. "And *who* might you be?"

"This is my *wife*," Harry said, stressing the last word, "Ginny. You've met before."

Vernon looked scornfully at Harry. "Who'd marry a freak like you?"

Ginny stepped forward, her eyes menacing. "I'd watch what you say if I were you," she said forcefully.

"And who's going to make me? Another *freak* like him?" Vernon said, sneered. "You can't do anything to me here in front of all these people. You're not allowed."

Harry looked back and forth between his wife and his uncle and grinned. He knew who the winner of *this* battle would be, so he decided to let Ginny continue to handle the situation.

"But didn't you know, *Vernon*?" she said, advancing on him. Harry coughed to cover his laugh when the man took a step back; he weighed several stone more than Ginny, and yet he was

obviously afraid of her. "In this town, wizards and Muggles mix freely. There is no limitation on magic--" Petunia gasped at the word--" here," Ginny continued as if nothing had happened.

"In fact...." She took another step forward; Vernon took another step back. "Around here, they actually encourage wizards to use magic. It's part of everyday life."

Harry watched in fascination as Ginny took another step forward and Vernon took another step back. It happened again...and again, until she had him backed up to the edge of the dock.

"Now see here!" Vernon blustered.

"No, *you* see here!" Ginny demanded, poking her finger in his chest with every word she spoke. "Somehow, despite everything you did while he was growing up...." She sent a scathing glance in Petunia's direction and turned to poke Vernon again. "Harry ended up a brave, caring, loving, amazing man. I don't know how, because looking at your *son*," she said, sneering at the man who had finally lumbered to his feet in the water, "you weren't much better as parents than you were as guardians. You were actually probably worse, now that I think about it."

"How *dare* you?" Petunia said. Harry thought she looked angrier than he'd ever seen her as she raised her hand to her mouth.

Ginny's voice rose in volume, and Harry watched as the crowd gathered closer, no longer pretending not to listen. "I *dare* because he saved your worthless arse, you skinny cow."

"Ginny," Harry said, taking her by the arm and trying to lead her away. He was tempted not to, actually, because she was saying things that he'd always *wanted* to say, but never had. Well, that, and she was bloody beautiful when she was angry like this. He made a mental note that although she was gorgeous in this state, he didn't want to ever be on the receiving end of it.

She shook him off and turned to Petunia. "And *you!* His mother was your *sister*. And look what you did for her son."

"We fed him, gave him clothes and a home," the older woman said defensively.

"Don't. Move," Ginny ordered Vernon, who had started to edge away from the edge of the dock. She turned back to Petunia.

"You gave him food fit for a dog...or your son," she said derisively.

"Ginny..."

"No, Harry. It has to be said," she told him, keeping her eyes on his aunt. "Your so-called clothes would've been put to better use as rags and your 'home' was nothing like a real home should be, at least to him. You locked him inside his room. You made him sleep in a *cupboard!*" she spat at Petunia.

"Ginny, come on," Harry said, trying to lead her away again. "It's not worth it. *They're* not worth it."

"You're worth it, Harry," she said softly. "But I'll stop after I say one last thing." She stepped away from Harry and closer to Vernon.

"Boo!"

Harry watched in morbid fascination as the portly man that was his uncle teetered on the edge, arms flailing, and fell into the water with a loud splash.

"*That* was brilliant!" he told Ginny, adding, "*You* were brilliant." He leaned forward to give her a lingering kiss. "Thank you, love." He was lifting his head to look his aunt in the eye when a force came out of nowhere, crashing into him and knocking him unconscious.

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Harry felt like he was swimming against a strong current as he awoke. The ebb and flow of voices washed over him and the room was a blur of pale green and white. Where was he? More importantly, where was Ginny?

The second question was answered as she came into view, looking worried. "Oh, good. You're awake."

"Wher'mI?" he managed to mumble. His arm shot out to check the bedside table for his glasses, and Ginny handed them to him and helped him sit. He winced as he became more upright; his jaw and head were killing him.

"St Mary's Hospital for Magical and Muggle Maladies," a Healer said, as he came into the room, chart in hand.

"What happened?" he asked.

Ginny took his hand and sat on the edge of the bed. "What's the last thing you remember?" she asked, watching the man, who had introduced himself as Healer Diotrephe, examine Harry.

"Vernon falling into the bay," he answered with a grin. "Please tell me that really happened, and I'm not just imagining it."

"Oh, he fell in, all right," Ginny replied with a small laugh. "But just as he was going in, Dudley managed to get *out*. He apparently decided that you were attacking your uncle with 'that thingy--'" her fingers made quote marks in the air -- "so he tackled you. His shoulder hit you in the jaw, breaking it, and then your head hit the edge of the deck. You were knocked unconscious and fell into the water. The instructor had to rescue you."

Harry touched his jaw with his free hand. No wonder it hurt so much.

"Then what happened?"

"Then we brought you here," she told him. "Healer Diotrephes says you'll be okay...just a bit sore for a few days."

"And what about the Dursleys?" he asked.

"Gits," Ginny muttered under her breath, before giving Harry a brilliant smile. He squeezed her hand, silently agreeing with her. "Your aunt is fine, and so is your uncle, more's the pity," she continued. "Dudley's been taken to prison, for assault, and his wife--"

Harry choked back an incredulous laugh. "His *wife*?" he asked. "Someone actually married that whale?"

"Amazing, isn't it?" she said, chuckling slightly. "They're apparently on their honeymoon."

Harry snorted, then laughed out loud. "At least *someone's* having a worse time on their honeymoon than we are."

"Now, Harry," she said, leaning in to whisper seductively in his ear. "It hasn't been *all* bad, has it?"

His breath caught at the feeling of her breath against his ear. No, it definitely *hadn't* been all bad.

His head shot up when he heard the Healer clear his throat. "I'm sorry, Mr Potter, but if you and your wife will let me finish up here, we'll let you be on your way."

Ginny stepped back to allow the Healer access to Harry, watching from beside the bed. When he was done, he handed Harry a sheet of parchment with written instructions and a flask of a green potion. "You'll need to take this twice a day for a week, to make sure everything heals properly," he told them. "And you'll need to take it easy for the next couple of days. No strenuous activity, all right?" The Healer looked directly at Ginny when he said this, and she nodded her head. Harry rolled his eyes. Diotrephes was acting like he, Harry, was incapable of taking care of himself.

Harry dressed after the Healer left the room, and he and Ginny were finally able to leave the hospital. They walked hand in hand down the corridor to the lift, entering when it arrived. When the doors closed, Ginny leaned close to him, kissing him gently on the corner of his mouth. "I'm glad you're all right," she said. "I was worried."

He leaned his head down until his forehead touched hers. "I'm fine," he said, kissing her again. It had only been a few hours ago--at breakfast--when they'd last kissed, but he felt like it had been days. He deepened the kiss, pulling her flush against his body, so all that he knew was her lips on his.

"Forget sailboarding," he muttered. "I've got something else I'd rather do." His mind was thinking of all sorts of wicked things he and Ginny could do once they got back to the bungalow.

"Oh, really?" she purred, and he said a silent prayer of thanksgiving to whoever had brought her into his life. "You're supposed to rest, remember?"

He pulled back and grinned at her. "Reckon you'll have to do all the work, then," he said cheekily. He had just started leaning down to kiss her again when the lift doors opened, and they were bombarded by flashes of light and shouted questions.

"Mr Potter! Is it true that you nearly drowned?"

"Mrs Potter! Why did you push Vernon Dursley into the water?"

"Mr Potter! Is it true you threatened Kleftis Peef? And why did you hex him?"

"Mrs Potter! Did you plan to meet Harry's family whilst on your honeymoon?"

"Mr Potter! How has the honeymoon been going?"

Harry looked at his wife, bewildered. *What were they talking about? Who was Kleftis Peef? And how in Merlin's name did they know we were here?* He grabbed Ginny by the elbow and tried to lead her through the crowd of reporters and photographers, but they pressed in on the couple, effectively cutting off their escape route. Cameras were thrust into their faces, and the questions overlapped until all he could hear were shouts of their last name.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?" The crowd grew quiet and turned toward the source of the shouted question; Harry looked up to see Healer Diotrephe standing at the back of the group of reporters. He was obviously not happy at the chaos he was witnessing in his waiting room.

"Who allowed these people in here?" the Healer asked angrily. "This is a hospital, not a Quidditch pitch. And how did they know the Potters were here in the first place?"

He stepped forward and cleared a path for the couple, elbowing reporters and photographers out of the way whenever they got too close. Harry happened to notice a woman with acid green nail polish trying to break through the rank until she was stopped by a sharp elbow from the Healer. Harry shook his head. *Would that Skeeter woman ever learn?* As soon as they were near the door, the questions started again, louder and more urgent than they were before.

"I'm sorry about this," Diotrephe told them, ignoring the reporters as he ushered the couple out the door. "I'll find out who leaked to the press that you were here--this will be the last day they work at this hospital. Perhaps the last day they work on this island, if I can help it. We take our patient confidentiality very seriously. I'll hold the reporters off while you escape."

They had to take a circuitous route, but they finally made it back to their bungalow, where they collapsed in a heap on the loveseat.

"What caused all *that*?" Harry wondered aloud. Ginny looked at him, her expression incredulous.

"What?" he asked when he saw the look on her face.

She shook her head, clearly exasperated with him. "Harry, you're the Boy-Who-Lived," she explained, somewhat impatiently. "You defeated Voldemort--twice. You're *famous*. What else did you expect when you wound up in hospital?"

"Not that, that's for bloody sure," he grumbled. "I don't want all that." He gestured, waving his hand vaguely. "I don't even know how they found out I was in hospital. And I didn't understand half of what they were asking. Who's that Peef bloke they were talking about? "

Ginny shifted in the seat next to him, acting uncomfortable.

"Ginny?" he asked.

"Ah, yes. Well. About him," she began, turning in her seat to face him fully. "Promise you won't get angry?"

He raised his eyebrow at her.

"Kleftis Peef is the git who tried to sell us our own things," she explained.

"And you know this how?" he asked her, amused. He knew where this conversation was leading; he just didn't want to make it easy on her. She took the mickey out of him often enough, and he thought it was time to turn the tables on her.

"Kleftis Peef's Pawn Shoppe," she retorted. "I read the sign."

"Uh-huh," he said, doubtfully.

"I did!" she said defensively. "On our way out, when I hexed his bits for being such a--"

"Ginny!" Harry said. He was trying to sound scandalised, but he ruined the effect by laughing. "You *hexed* him? I thought we agreed that it was better that we didn't do anything to him."

"No, *you* agreed that it was better that we didn't do anything to him."

It was hard to argue with that kind of logic, so he didn't try. "What did you use?"

She beamed at him. "Oh, a little of this, a little of that," she said airily, waving her hand. "He reminded me a bit of Malfoy and the two gits after the DA got a hold of them on the train."

Harry blinked at her and then hauled her into his lap. "You," he said, punctuating his comments with kisses, "are brilliant. Absolutely, completely brilliant. I love you." And then he proceeded to show her how much.

xXx

"I'm famished," he told her, some time later. "We missed lunch."

"And whose fault was that?" she asked cheekily, a blush gracing her cheeks...and her neck...and her...

Harry dragged his attention back to what she was saying. "Yours, of course," he told her. She stretched beside him, causing the sheet to inch lower down her chest, his gaze following it the entire way. "Stop that," he ordered. "Or we'll never get to eat." His stomach growled loudly, providing proof that food was indeed a necessity, and he gave her a mock-glare when she giggled.

"Oh, all right, then," she said dramatically, sitting up and allowing the sheet to fall to her waist. "We can go get some food. We don't want you to starve. After all," she winked, "we need to keep your strength up."

"You don't play fair," he said, reaching for her, but she was too quick for him as she got up, pulling the sheet with her and wrapping it around herself as she walked over to the wardrobe.

She gave him a seductive smile and winked again as she dropped the sheet and grabbed her clothes. "C'mon, Harry. I'm hungry."

Grumbling good-naturedly, he got out of bed and got dressed, but not before stealing a quick kiss and pinching her bum. "Cheeky witch," he told her, laughing as she swatted at his hand.

"I'll show you cheeky," she said, stepping closer to him. He leaned down to kiss her again, but she ducked under his arm and went to the door. "Are you coming or not, Potter? I'm starving!"

Arm in arm, they walked along the shore, trying to decide where they wanted to eat. Eventually they came upon a small, out of the way seafood restaurant and decided to try their luck there.

Harry leaned back at the table, pushing his plate away. His flounder had been excellent, and Ginny couldn't stop raving about her shrimp. The wine was delicious, the atmosphere calming, and the company perfect. *Finally*, he thought, *something's going right*.

"Can we go for a walk along the beach when we get back?" Ginny asked suddenly. Harry had been enjoying watching her savour her dessert and was slightly taken aback at the question, but he readily agreed. There's no way he was going to turn down a moonlit walk with his gorgeous and sexy wife.

Harry paid the waiter, and they left the restaurant intent on returning to the bungalow so they could get rid of things they wouldn't need for their walk. They kicked their shoes off inside the door before heading to the beach. The waves lapped gently at their feet, and the moonlight glinted off of the water.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Ginny asked, leaning back against his chest. They'd stopped at the edge of the water and looked out into the vastness of the sea.

"Hmmm, beautiful," Harry agreed, although he wasn't looking at the water. Ginny turned in his arms, and Harry bent down to kiss her, but she took a quick, panicked step away from him.

"Ginny?" he asked. "Are you all right?" She was looking pale and a little green. She shook her head and clamped her hand over her mouth. "What's wrong?" he asked her, worried. She really didn't look well.

"Can we go back to the room?" she asked him. There was perspiration on her upper lip and forehead, and she clutched her stomach as if it hurt. "I think I need to lie down for a bit."

"Yeah, all right," he told her. "Here, let me help you, love." He gently put an arm around her waist and pulled her close, supporting her as they walked. "Is this okay?"

Nodding slightly, her lips pressed tightly together, she leaned into him. They could just see the bungalow when she suddenly tore herself from his grasp, turned away from him, and vomited on the edge of the path.

"Ginny!" Harry said, watching helplessly as she emptied her stomach on the ground. When she was done, he conjured a glass of water and handed it, along with his handkerchief, to her. "Better?" he asked when she finished rinsing her mouth out.

"Maybe," she answered shakily. "I haven't been sick like that for ages."

"Here. Let's get you back." He briefly considered picking her up and carrying her the rest of the way, but settled on wrapping his arm around her and supporting her weight so he didn't offend her pride. *But if she gets sick again, I'm carrying her, her pride be damned* he thought.

She was sick twice more on the way back to their room, and by that time, she was so exhausted that she didn't even protest when Harry swept her up in his arms and carried her to the bungalow.

"Ginny?" he said, setting her gently in the armchair in the sitting room. He watched her shiver and wrap her arms around herself as if she was trying to get warm. "Here. Let's get you into the bed." He scooped her up in his arms again and carried her over to the bed, settling her in and pulling the duvet over her. He watched as she snuggled down into the covers, pulling them up to her chin.

"Okay?" he asked. When she nodded, he said, "I'm going to get you something to settle your stomach." Before he left, he brought the rubbish bin over and set it beside the bed, just in case

she couldn't make it to the loo in time, then he flooded the hotel desk and requested the ingredients for an anti-nausea potion.

Even as he added the ginger root to her potion, he could hear her retching, and his heart went out to her. By the time he made it back to her, potion in hand, she'd got out of the bed and was lying, pale-faced and sweaty, on the floor. Placing the phial of potion on the floor next to her, he knelt beside her and lifted her head, carefully brushing her hair back from her face.

He brought the phial up to her lips, but she turned her head away. "Come on, Ginny," he said. "Please take this; it'll make you feel better."

She opened her eyes and glared at him. "I'll be sick all over you if you make me drink that," she muttered.

"I can get cleaned up if you do," he told her. "It really will help. I promise."

She eyed him warily before dragging herself to a semi-sitting position, her back leaning against Harry's chest. He offered the phial one more time, and she took it, giving it a mistrustful look before putting it to her lips and drinking. She gagged once or twice, and Harry prepared himself to help her again, but she eventually managed to drink the whole potion, falling back on his chest in exhaustion when she was done.

"That's my girl," he said, brushing his hand through her hair. "Just rest now, and everything will be all right." He held her like that until he was sure she was asleep, then stood and picked her up, kicking off his shoes before moving her to the bed. Getting in beside her, he tucked the duvet over the two of them, and pulled her into his arms, holding her as she slept.

Harry woke the next morning when he felt Ginny stirring beside him. "How do you feel?" he asked, his voice rough with sleep. He winced at the stiffness in his neck when he tried to sit and eventually settled on remaining where he was, Ginny's head on his chest.

She cocked her head as if she were taking a mental inventory. "Better," she answered after several minutes.

"Yeah?"

She nodded against his chest. "Yeah," she said, her voice muffled. "A little hungry, actually."

"Thank Merlin," Harry mumbled. "I was getting worried." He struggled to sit up, bringing her with him and ignoring the pain in his neck as he propped himself up against the headboard. "Any idea what you want to eat?"

She made a face. "Definitely *not* shrimp. I don't think I'll ever be able to eat them again."

Harry winced sympathetically. Dudley had forced him to drink some sour milk when he was eight, and the thought of it even now, fourteen years later, was enough to make his stomach feel not-quite right. "Toast, then? And tea?"

She smiled gratefully. "Sounds brilliant."

"You look better," he told her when they'd finished eating. The colour was returning to her cheeks and she was losing that sickly green tone she'd had the evening before.

"Are you saying I normally look bad?" she asked, pouting in such a way that Harry grinned, knowing she was having him on.

"Do you really think I'd be stupid enough to answer that question?"

"No, I reckon not; at least not anymore. I've trained you well," she said, giving him a sly look.

He stuck his tongue out at her. "Ha ha. Very funny. I'll show you well-trained."

"Is that an offer or a threat?" she asked, waggling her eyebrows at him and laughing.

"You're obviously feeling better," he said wryly. "What do you want to do today?"

"I *do* feel better, Harry, but... Would you mind horribly if we just stayed in today? It's just that I've only been up for an hour and I'm already knackered."

"Of course we can stay in today, love," he told her. "I'm supposed to be resting, too. We'll just make a relaxing day of it. Maybe we can see if there're showing a film we want to watch on the telly."

They spent the day snuggling on the sofa and watching some old--and very bad--movies.

"Is this supposed to be scary?" she said, giggling at the scene on the television.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, laughing along with her. "That blob thing was pretty frightening. And the Zombies..." He leered at her, holding his hands out like he was going to attack her, but instead of backing away, she leaned into him and kissed him thoroughly.

"Problem?" she asked, smiling at what he knew was a goofy look on his face.

"Ginny, you're supposed to be resting," he said, putting his hands on her arms and putting some distance between them.

"No, *you're* supposed to be resting. The Healers haven't said anything about *me* resting."

"That's only because you're stubborn and won't go see one, even though you were sicking up all night."

"I feel fine," she said, clearly exasperated. "Just a little tired."

"All the more reason for you to rest, then."

"Nice try, Potter."

He raised an eyebrow at her. "Didn't work?"

"Nope," she said cheerfully.

He furrowed his brow, thinking. "I'll make you a deal, then," he bargained with her. "We spend what's left of today resting, get to bed early, and then I'll wake you up in the morning, and we can do whatever you want."

"Anything?" she asked, looking intrigued.

He gulped at the look in her eye. How was he supposed to keep his hands to himself if she was looking at him like that? He gave it a bit of thought before answering her affirmatively, "Anything." He didn't know what he'd got himself into, but he knew it'd be worth it in the end.

"All right, then," Ginny agreed, and she turned her back to him, leaning back against his chest and allowing him to wrap his arms around her.

After two more movies, a bit more snuggling, tickling, kissing and touching, and dinner, they found themselves exhausted and ready for bed. Ginny snuggled up next to him, and Harry draped his arm over her, tucking her head under his chin. He heard her whisper, "I love you, Harry," and he pulled her closer, mumbling his love to her as he drifted off to sleep.

*

He ran his hand up her curves, stopping to tangle in her hair and she turned to face him, kissing his chest and neck.

"Morning," he murmured, tightening the grip in her hair and turning her face up to his. Their lips met briefly, then again and again, the passion growing between them. She pushed him over onto his back and straddled him, leaning down to kiss him again and running her hands over his chest.

"Ready to let me have my way with you?" she asked, her voice husky.

"Absolutely," he replied, settling back into the bed. She looked incredible. She felt incredible. She *was* incredible.

Bam bam bam bam!

"Ignore it," she whispered into his ear, her tongue tracing the lobe.

Bam bam bam bam!

He groaned in frustration. "Maybe they'll just go away if we don't answer," he said hopefully.

Bam bam bam bam!

"Ginevra Molly Weasley! Open this door right this very second!"

Ginny's hands stilled on his chest. "Mum?" she whispered. "Is that my *mother*?"

Bam bam bam bam!

"Damn it," she said, rolling off of him. "I'm on my honeymoon. What in the name of Merlin does she think she's *doing*?"

Harry fumbled for his glasses and ran his fingers through his already mussed hair. "She's not going to go away until we open the door, is she?" he asked sighing.

Ginny gave an unladylike snort.

"Right. Well, let me get dressed, and I'll see what she wants." He got out of bed and pulled on his jeans, not bothering with his boxers or a shirt, then shuffled over towards the door, attempting to straighten his hair as he went.

"Give it up, Harry," Ginny giggled from the bed. He flashed her a quick smile over his shoulder and sucked in a breath when he saw her, shoulders bare, sheet wrapped around her.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?" he asked.

"No," she said shortly. "We're on our honeymoon. We're married; we're allowed to have sex. She can just live with it. Besides, if you didn't agree with me, you'd have put a shirt on."

He looked down at his bare chest and flushed. He *had* wanted to make a point to Molly.

Bam bam ba--

Harry pulled the door open just as Molly was getting ready to shout Ginny's name again, her hand raised mid-knock.

"Molly, Arthur," he said, leaning against the doorframe, blocking the entrance. "What can I do for you?"

Arthur gave him an embarrassed, apologetic look as Molly tried to look past him into the room.

"Where's Ginny?" she demanded.

"Right here, Mum," Ginny said from behind Harry. She'd got out of bed and wrapped the sheet around her, causing Harry's mind to drift back to the last time she was dressed in a similar manner.

"Ginevra! Why aren't you dressed? What are you doing?"

Harry saw Arthur close his eyes in resignation. "Harry, son, may we come in?" Arthur lowered his voice and leaned in as if to tell Harry a secret. "You know how loud the two of them can get when they have a row. We won't be quite so conspicuous if they're inside when the yelling starts."

Harry winced as he remembered the argument his wife and mother-in-law had had about including Ginny's cousin, whom she'd met only once, as a bridesmaid and stepped aside silently. Molly pushed past him, actually quite brusquely, to her daughter and Arthur gave him another apologetic look.

"I *cannot* believe you! Look at you. Dressed in nothing more than a bedsheet, answering the door. You look like a scar..."

"Mum, if you call me a scarlet woman, I will not hold myself responsible for my actions. Besides, I didn't answer the door; Harry did. I was out of sight until I knew who it was--"

"Yes, well, no offence to Harry, but *he* opened the door half-naked. I don't know what he was thinking." She looked at him. "I'm sorry, Harry, dear, but it's the truth. I could have been anyone and you just opened the door, no shirt on, and goodness knows what else is missing."

Ginny sighed heavily. "Mum. We knew it was you as soon as you started screeching my name. Half the island had to have heard you."

"Well, never mind that; that still doesn't explain why he answered the door dressed like that" -- she waved her hand at him -- "or why you're only wearing a bedsheet!"

"Mother, it's half-seven in the morning. We were having a bit of a lie-in. We're on our honeymoon, remember?"

"That's no excuse. And what's more, young lady..."

Harry tuned her out and looked at his father-in-law. "Why *are* you here?" he asked.

Arthur sighed. "I'm sorry, Harry. But you know Molly. Once she gets a bee in her bonnet, well...there's no stopping her, is there? I decided it might be better if I came along, too. You know, smoothed things over between those two. I knew Ginny wouldn't be very happy about being interrupted."

Harry grinned. "I appreciate that, Mr Weas--Arthur. But I still don't understand what prompted Molly to come in the first place."

"Haven't you looked at the papers recently?" Arthur asked, then shook his head. "Of course you haven't. You're on your honeymoon. I imagine you've found other things to keep you occupied."

Harry felt his face heat and cleared his throat. "Erm, yes. The...sightseeing has been very nice," he said, looking anywhere but in Arthur's eyes.

The older man laughed. "Oh, Harry. It's all right. I have no illusions at all about what the two of you have been doing over the past few days. I'd have been disappointed if it were otherwise, honestly. Molly, however... Well, she's a bit more old-fashioned than I am. And I tried to remind her about what we got up to on our honeymoon and that we needed to leave you two alone. But, when she saw all those things in the papers about the two of you--"

"Wait. What things in the papers?" Harry asked.

"--can't believe you're pregnant and already showing signs and you've been married less than a week!" Molly's voice came ringing through Harry's conversation with Arthur.

"Ah. Well," Arthur said, tipping his head toward the two women still rowing in the other part of the room. "That would be one of them. That Ginny's pregnant and already showing signs."

"But she's *not* pregnant," Harry said, bewildered.

"That's not what the latest article in *Witch Weekly* said, Harry. And then there was the story about the two of you skinny-dipping on the hotel beach, and the one in the *Prophet* about the riot at the dock with some family on holiday, which then later spread into St Mary's. And the one about the shopkeeper..."

"I want to know how they *got* the photographs of us while we were on the beach," Harry grumbled. "The hotel advertises itself as being extremely discreet, but we haven't seen any discretion at all, except from the manager. The riot on the dock..." Harry shrugged his shoulders. "That *family* was my relatives – as in my Muggle cousin and his new wife. The dolt brought along my aunt and uncle on his honeymoon. They acted like the total idiots they always have been. It's not like they'd never heard of magic before, but they just have to make it out as something *unnatural*."

"And what about the shopkeeper?" Arthur prodded.

"Ah. Well. That," Harry said, chuckling. "That would be your daughter's doing. She has quite the temper, did you know?"

Arthur chuckled shaking his head. "Ah, yes, Harry, that she does."

At that moment, Harry heard a screech from the sitting room. "You will *not*. We are on our *honeymoon*. I am not having my *parents* in the same town while I'm on my honeymoon, much less in the same hotel. There is no way in *hell* that you are staying in our room with us. If that

doesn't tell you anything, let me spell it out for you. You and Dad are leaving. You *will* go back home, Mother, where you'll do whatever it is you do until we show up for the welcome back party you've been planning for us."

"Ginevra Weasley! You will not speak to me in that tone of voice! You need to think of your reputat--"

"It's *Potter*, Mother," Ginny spat. "Ginevra Potter. And I *am* thinking of *our* reputation. Can you imagine what the response will be when the damn reporters catch that my *parents* are staying with us?"

"My daughter will not..."

"Your *daughter* is now a wife. A married woman, Mother, who's capable of ..."

Harry let his head hit the table. "This is never going to end in its own, is it?" he asked Arthur.

"I'm afraid not." Arthur sighed, shaking his head.

"Do *you* have a problem with any of the things the paper reported?"

Arthur looked Harry straight in the eye. "No. It's all rubbish. Molly knows that, too. She just tends to react first, and do her thinking later. Just like Ginny, actually."

"All right, then. What do you think about a holiday for you and Molly?"

"I-- *What?*" Arthur said. "Wait, what are you talking about?" But Harry had already risen from his seat at the table.

"Pardon me," he said, stepping neatly between Ginny and Molly. "Ginny, could I see you for a minute? In private?" he added as Molly started to follow them.

Ginny was still fuming as he led her away from her mother and over to the wardrobe. "Look, I've had an idea. Why don't you get dressed, and we'll go home?" he said quietly. "I've had it. It's been one disaster after another on this bloody island, and your mother is the last straw. There's no way anyone can get to us at home; we'll have all the privacy we want once we set the wards. Your mum and dad can stay here through next week."

Ginny blinked a moment, contemplating the offer. "Are you certain that's what you want?" Ginny asked him, a smile growing on her face.

"I want to be with you," he said simply. "It doesn't matter where."

She tilted her head and looked at him for a moment. "All right," she said, reaching into the wardrobe and collecting a shirt and simple skirt before kissing him and heading to the loo.

While she was getting ready, Harry pulled on a t-shirt and his trainers, waved his wand, and packed their belongings.

"Harry dear, what are you doing?" Molly asked as clothes flew towards their trunks.

"Packing," he told her, letting the lid of Ginny's trunk fall shut with a quiet click. "We're going home."

"But...but...you can't!" Molly protested. "Tell them, Arthur."

"No, Molly, I'm not telling them anything," said the older man, shaking his head. "They're adults. They're married. They can certainly make up their own minds."

"But...but...the rumours that'll start! The reporters will have a field day with this!" Molly sputtered.

"Yes, they probably will, Mother," Ginny said as she left the loo, brushing her hair. "But they're going to have a hey-day with the fact that my *mother* raised such a ruckus on this island as it is; may as well give them something else to write about."

Harry grinned at his wife, pulling her into his arms. "You look gorgeous," he said, leaning down to give her a lingering kiss.

"Thanks," she said happily. "Ready?"

He raised his eyebrow at her. "I was born ready," he told her, puffing out his chest in an exaggerated manner. Grinning at her response to his show of masculinity, he pulled away and grabbed the keys to the bungalow, turning to Arthur. "Here you go, Arthur. It's paid out through the end of next week. There are some shops along the docks where you can find suitable clothing for the two of you--avoid a man named Peef, though."

"Bye, Daddy," Ginny said, giving Arthur a kiss on the cheek and her mother a baleful look. "We'll see you in a few weeks." Harry shrunk the trunks and put them in his pocket, thinking they should have done that in the first place and saved themselves some trouble. Taking Ginny's hand in his, he led her outside to the Apparition point, where they vanished from sight.

Author's Notes:

Kleftis Peef means Thief Thief. A bit redundant, but I couldn't pass up the opportunity to include an inside joke for my family. *Kleftis* is thief in Greek (according to an online Greek dictionary, at least). *Peef* is how my oldest son used to pronounce thief, when he was about two.

And for those of you out there who doubt that Ginny's illness could appear--and disappear--that quickly, let me assure you that it's quite realistic. Take it from the woman who recently watched the stomach virus from hell race through her family, one after the other, until all six of us had had it. The Potters got off easy.

There's one more chapter (in which we'll finally see the revenge against Ron, Fred, and George) and possibly an epilogue. I solemnly swear that it won't take me six months to get the next part finished.