

how to brew it, so there's no pressure for this week or anything, I honestly wasn't expecting —“ He cut her off with a kiss, and when he pulled back he was smiling.

“You ramble worse than I do, sometimes,” he teased playfully. “I— I know what you mean. There's no rush. We'll just go at our own pace, do what feels right. But... it's good to know that— that if things do get there, we're prepared. For whenever we want to take that step.”

“Right.” Ginny was glad he didn't take it the wrong way — she hadn't even meant it *like that*, not really, but Fred had made sure when she started seeing Michael to explain that there were always risks even if you thought you were doing something in a way that wouldn't lead to pregnancy, and it was better to be safe than sorry. So even though she and Michael had never actually had sex, she was in the habit of taking the potion every month, just in case.

She shifted a little in his lap, and he let out a choked-off gasp as she brushed up against his still-hard length. A pulse of renewed interest sparked within her, surprising her with its force; she hadn't expected to be ready to go again so soon.

She should have, really. It was Neville; she'd never get enough of him.

With all her Gryffindor courage, she kissed him hard, leaving him dazed. “It's my turn, now,” she whispered, tracing the line of his jaw with her tongue, sucking a kiss against his throat. “Let me show you what *else* I've been thinking about.”

She slid languidly from his lap, body humming with arousal, down onto her knees on the paving stones. Neville's spine went rigid, and she saw his cock twitch in his trousers.

“Are you sure?” he asked, and she grinned, carefully unzipping his fly.

“I want to,” she insisted, adjusting his underwear to reveal his cock — while her other hand moved beneath her own skirt, where the aftershocks were turning just the right side of pleasurable. She leaned forward, taking him in her mouth, stroking herself as his hips bucked tightly.

They had a whole week together, Ginny knew; there was no need to rush things. But there was also no reason they couldn't start out strong.

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Cassius loved the mornings when Ollie didn't have early quidditch practice.

Mostly because his boyfriend woke up early anyway, and the two of them could have slow, lazy sex, bodies still lax and warm from sleep. It was even better on weekends, when Cassius didn't have to go to work either.

Those were the days that felt like a dream, like a fulfilment of every fantasy Cassius had dared let himself have at Hogwarts — him and Oliver, living together and done with school, their time spent fucking and laughing and bickering about whose turn it was to do the dishes, reading together on the sofa, a hundred other little domestic things that Cassius didn't think he'd ever truly get to have. But he did — he owned this flat, and Oliver was here, and even