

“If you hadn’t, I would have,” he said boldly. “Merlin, Ginny... can I—“

He didn’t finish his sentence, but the next thing Ginny knew she was being lifted onto his lap, straddling him with her knees on the bench. A gasp ripped from her throat at the action; the bulge in his trousers was pressing right up against her damp underwear. “Fuck,” she breathed, eyes fluttering shut.

“Good?”

“*So* good.” Ginny rocked down against him, and both of them moaned.

“Oh, God,” Neville yelped softly, his hands fisting tight in the fabric of her skirt. “I want...”

“Yes.” Whatever it was, Ginny wanted it too. One of her hands cupped the back of his head, and as his tongue curled around hers, his fingers moved back to her thigh, *finally* moving higher.

“Tell me if— I don’t want to hurt you,” he breathed, but Ginny could hardly comprehend the words as his fingers slipped beneath her underwear and brushed against her most sensitive parts, sinking into the wetness he found there. She gasped in pleasure, pressing down into the touch.

“I— *oh*, Nev, I— little higher, *yes*, there.” His touch was tentative at first, but her words seemed to spur him on, and he took direction like a champ, fingers wringing pleasure from her, adjusting speed and angle as she aided him along the way. Ginny tried to reciprocate, her hand moving towards the hardness in his jeans, but he batted it away. “Let me focus on you,” he said breathlessly, and how could she say no to that?

Her orgasm hit hard — harder than she’d ever had before, a loud moan pouring from her throat as pleasure shuddered white-hot through her body. Neville froze, holding her through it, and when she slumped against him he let out a long, ragged breath. “*Merlin*,” he murmured, awed, as he slid his fingers out of her, hand resting on her thigh once more. “Did I — did I do it right?”

A tiny giggle bubbled from Ginny’s lips, and she yanked him down into a deep, messy kiss. “You did it *very, very right*,” she assured him, still riding the high of her orgasm. “Fuck. Wasn’t expecting that.” She’d thought it would take all week to persuade Neville to touch her like that.

“I— me neither.” Neville laughed quietly, looking amazed at himself. “I’ve been thinking about that for ages.”

“Me too.” But good Godric, that had been better than her imagination. She could hardly envision how good it might be with a bit of practice, once they really got to know each other. “I— I’m on the potion,” she blurted, and then immediately flushed as red as her hair. Way to sound like a sex-fiend! “Not that I’m expecting anything. We don’t have to, y’know, do anything. I just — Fred brews it for Angelina and he started doing a double batch last year for me too—“ She realised where that was leading and swerved abruptly, not wanting to mention her ex-boyfriend, not now she *finally* had Neville in her arms, “—but he taught me