

Chapter 49

The pensieve's surface had gone still.

Dumbledore straightened slowly, both hands braced on the stone basin's rim. For a long moment he didn't move at all. He just stood there with his head bowed, silver hair curtaining his face. No one in the room spoke.

Snape stood near the door, his arms folded, watching him patiently. McGonagall sat in one of the chairs across from the desk, her hands folded tightly in her lap and her mouth a pressed line. Kingsley leaned against the bookcase with his arms crossed, his eyes moving between Dumbledore and the pensieve.

Dumbledore finally lifted his head. He moved away from the basin and slowly walked over to the window. Outside, the Hogwarts grounds were dark, the moon partial and obscured by dark clouds. The Black Lake stretched away somewhere below, utterly still.

He stood there for some time. The others let him.

When he finally spoke, his voice was quieter than usual.

"How is Elphias?"

Kingsley shifted against the bookcase. "Stable, as of two hours ago. St. Mungo's has him in the long-term ward. Both legs... the curse did significant damage. The healers say he will walk again, eventually, but it will take months of work." He paused. "The pain curses he took on top of that. They say he was conscious when they brought him in. Kept trying to talk. Kept insisting they needed to hear what the Death Eater told him before they worried about anything else."

Dumbledore nodded once, still facing the window. "He always did put the message before himself. Even as a boy." He was quiet again for a moment. "See that he wants for nothing, Kingsley. Whatever he needs. Healers, potions, any comfort that can be arranged. And when he is well enough for visitors, I would like to know. I will go to him myself."

"Of course," Kingsley said with a nod. Then, more gently, he added, "He is lucky to be alive."

"He is," Dumbledore agreed. "But I suspect he does not feel particularly fortunate at the moment."

"I don't think he'll be returning to active duty," Kingsley said. "Even if he recovers fully. A man his age, after that kind of damage—"

"Neither will the others." McGonagall's voice cut him off, making Kingsley glance at her. "The ones who died at Oakhaven. They won't be returning to anything."

A profound silence ensued in the wake of her statement. The fire crackled. Somewhere in the office, one of the many instruments ticked softly.

"The Death Eater's message," Snape said in his usual drawl. "That is the more immediate concern."

Dumbledore turned from the window. He moved to his chair behind the desk and lowered himself into it, lacing his fingers together on the desktop. He looked, McGonagall thought, older than usual. Not tired, exactly, but his shoulders were slightly slumped.

"Yes," Dumbledore said. "Tell me what you make of it."

"Potter's methods have given the Dark Lord's forces a justification they've been looking for," Snape said. "Or a pretext. The distinction may not matter much practically. For every Death Eater killed, ten civilians die. It is a reprisal doctrine. Collective punishment." He paused for a moment. "Whether it is genuine policy or theatre, it creates a problem."

"The problem is that it's already begun," Kingsley said, straightening. "Oakhaven wasn't a warning. It was a demonstration. Forty-three dead, including children. The Dark Mark over a burned village. Potter kills Greyback and his entire pack, and this is the answer." He looked at Dumbledore directly. "I understand what Potter accomplished. I understand Greyback was a monster who needed stopping. But we cannot pretend there isn't a direct line between Harry's escalation and what happened last night."

"We have no way of knowing You-Know-Who wouldn't have ordered something like Oakhaven regardless," McGonagall said. "He does not require provocation. He never has."

"No," Kingsley said. "But Potter has handed him a narrative. A reason to tell his own people why this is necessary. That is not nothing, Minerva."

"The narrative was always going to exist," McGonagall replied with a slight edge in her voice. "They would have found one. They always do."

"Perhaps," Kingsley allowed, "but this one has the advantage of being true. Potter is killing Death Eaters. Not one or two. He is destroying squadrons. He has moved from defense to offense, and he is not asking anyone's permission. The Death Eaters he's eliminated had families, had networks, had people who are now grieving and angry. That is real. And You-Know-Who is very good at harvesting real grievances."

Dumbledore had been listening to it all. He looked at Snape and asked, "And what is your view?"

"My view," Snape said, "is that Potter's methods are effective and deeply foolish simultaneously, which is an impressive achievement and entirely consistent with his character. He has killed people who needed to be killed. He has also created a situation that is now being used to kill people who did not need to be killed." He paused. "I am not mourning Greyback. I am noting that effectiveness in one operation does not constitute a strategy. And the Death Eater who delivered that message at Oakhaven understood strategy rather well."

"You're not defending him," Kingsley said.

"An inconceivable statement, Shackbolt," Snape said flatly. "I am observing that Harry Potter has stumbled into the role of figurehead for a more brutal approach to this war, and that he has done so with all the careful planning one would expect from someone who was raised in a cupboard and has been improvising ever since. The question of whether that role is producing results is separate from the question of whether those results come at an acceptable cost. I find myself unable to argue confidently on either count."

McGonagall pressed her lips together but said nothing.

"There are members of the Order," Dumbledore said slowly, "who would not find that a difficult argument at all." He looked at Kingsley. "I have heard the conversations you have been having with Emmeline and Sturgis. And others."

Kingsley met his gaze steadily. "You've heard them because they are happening in common rooms and not in corners, Albus. Five people, last I counted, who are openly saying that Harry Potter's approach is the only one working. That the Order's restrictions are leaving us exposed. That we cannot keep telling people not to fight back while Death Eaters burn villages." He spread his hands. "I am not endorsing that position. But I am not going to pretend it's unreasonable, loathe as I am to admit it."

"No," Dumbledore said. "It is not unreasonable. It is also not something I am able to give my blessing to."

"You cannot stop them, Albus," Kingsley said with a sigh. "If Order members decide they are done with our guidelines, there is nothing to be done about it."

"No," Dumbledore agreed. "And I would not try. What I can do is try to ensure that we as an organization remain clear on what we are, and why." He sat forward slightly. "This is the oldest problem in any conflict, Kingsley. The moment you accept that your enemy's tactics are the only effective ones, you have already conceded something you cannot take back. Not the battle. Yourself. And once you have conceded that, you must reckon with what you become, and whether what you become is capable of building the world you claimed to be fighting for in the first place."

"With respect," Kingsley said quietly, "the people of Oakhaven-on-Wold did not have the luxury of that reckoning."

The silence was different this time.

"No," Dumbledore said, and his voice was very quiet. "They did not. And that is a fact I will carry for the rest of my life, as I carry all the others." He looked at his hands for a moment. "I am not arguing that comfort and principle are equivalent to lives. I am arguing that abandoning principle does not automatically save lives. And that men who are willing to cause terror among civilians to drive a point home do not stop being willing to do so once the war is over. That willingness does not disappear. It finds new targets."

Snape shifted against the wall. "Which brings us back to Potter," he said dryly, as though returning to an unfavorable subject that nonetheless refused to stay off the table. "Something does need to be done about his methods. Not because I have tender feelings about the Death Eaters he's killed. But because the Death Eaters now have a figure who represents escalation, and they are using Potter as justification for their own. He has inadvertently become their reason. Their cause. Their recruiting argument." He looked at Dumbledore. "He is not just fighting the war differently. He is shaping what this war looks like from both sides."

Dumbledore nodded slowly. He had been looking at his folded hands. Now he looked up. "The Death Eater in the memory. Did he look familiar to you, Severus?"

Snape looked thoughtful. The pause was long enough that Kingsley glanced at him.

"Yes," Snape said finally. "He looked familiar." He paused, glancing around. "Lucius. The bone structure, the coloring. There have been rumours for years. An illegitimate son, kept out of sight. Durmstrang. Lucius never acknowledged him, not publicly, not in any way that mattered, but he did not entirely sever the connection either. He has been paying tuition there since the boy was eleven." Snape looked at the others. "It was said that if Narcissa did not produce a male heir, which she did not, Lucius intended to eventually acknowledge the bastard and redirect the Malfoy holdings to him. Quietly. Through channels that could be arranged."

"And now Lucius is out of the picture entirely," Kingsley said.

"And now Lucius is out of the picture entirely," Snape confirmed. "And the boy has apparently found a different patron and a different inheritance."

"You-Know-Who," McGonagall said.

"The Dark Lord," Snape agreed.

"Lucius was never comfortable with actual violence," Kingsley said, almost musing. "He preferred leverage. Information. The suggestion of consequences rather

than their delivery. He preferred to be the person who told someone else to do the terrible thing."

"A preference that did not serve him especially well when tested," Snape said.

"His son," Dumbledore said quietly, "does not appear to share that preference."

"No," Kingsley said. "He appears to be considerably more direct." He crossed his arms. "A man can be intelligent and calculating and still choose to do violence personally. The combination is not common, but it is not impossible. And it is considerably more dangerous than either quality alone."

Dumbledore sat very still for a long moment. The instruments on the shelves ticked and hummed. One of the portraits on the wall shifted in its frame, a sleeping headmaster adjusting his position with a soft snore.

"The war is reshaping itself," Dumbledore said, more to himself than the room. "Both sides acquiring new figures, new methods, new shapes. The tragedy is not that it is changing. War always changes. The tragedy is that each change tends to make the next one worse." He looked up. "We are at a moment where the choices made in the next few weeks will determine what kind of conflict this becomes. That is not a metaphor. I believe it literally."

He looked at McGonagall. "Minerva. I need you to try to reach Harry."

She met his gaze without surprise. She had been waiting for it.

"I cannot approach him myself," Dumbledore continued. "Whatever existed between us... trust, communication, any of it... it has been severed. Completely. And I will not insult him further by pretending otherwise or attempting to circumvent it." He paused. "But he respected you. I believe that is still there."

"You believe that," McGonagall said carefully. "You don't know it."

"No. I don't know it." Dumbledore looked at her steadily. "I am asking you to try regardless. Not to bring him back. Not to make him answer to anyone or change what he is doing. Simply to talk to him. To remind him that consequences travel further than the target. That the village he is trying to protect is not only in the path of the curses he throws, but also in the path of the ones thrown in response."

McGonagall was quiet, wondering if it was the right thing or merely the necessary thing, and what to do if the two were not the same.

"I trust you to know what to say," Dumbledore said. "And what not to say. What to ask and what to leave alone." He looked tired now, and not from a lack of sleep. "I trust you more than I trust my own judgment in this particular matter, and that is not something I say without meaning it."

McGonagall looked back at him with a tight, measuring look. She said nothing. But she nodded.

Dumbledore looked back at the window.

The fire burned on.

No one spoke further.

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The upper corridor of Grimmauld Place was quiet at this hour.

Harry held the door open and waited. Ginny stepped past him into the room she had stayed in earlier, before the Order meeting at the Burrow, before the argument, and before everything that had eventually culminated in the choice that had brought her here tonight.

The room looked exactly as she had left it.

He followed her in and closed the door behind him, softly.

Ginny set her trunk at the foot of the bed and stood in the center of the room, looking around. Her hands were loose at her sides. Her eyes moved from the familiar curtains to the shelf where she had arranged a few things in her previous stay, still arranged as she had left them. She breathed out slowly through her nose, her shoulders settling by a fraction.

"It's exactly the same," she said.

"Nobody touched it," Harry said.

She glanced at him over her shoulder. Then she turned to face him fully, and he saw it all at once, the tiredness, the leftover heat of the argument that had ended with her mother saying come back and her refusing, the residue of the night's earlier grief in Luna's room, and underneath all of that, something else. Something she had clearly been carrying for a long time.

She started talking.

The Order meeting. Her mother's voice going to that particular pitch it reached when she was most frightened and expressing it as anger. The things that had been said, not just to Ginny but about Harry, and the frustration of hearing them without being able to do anything except leave.

She talked about sitting in that kitchen and looking around at the people she had grown up with, people who had been her family's whole world, and understanding with sudden cold clarity that they had decided what the war was before it started and they were refusing to revise that understanding no matter what the war actually did.

"It's like they're still fighting the last one," she said. "Or the one in books. Some version where everything has rules and the rules protect you if you follow them. And if anyone breaks the rules, even to protect people, that's worse than the thing you were supposed to be protected from."

Harry didn't say anything. He crossed the room and stepped up behind her, his arms going around her from behind, his chin resting on her shoulder. She relaxed immediately. Her hands came up and settled over his, fingers threading loosely through his fingers over her belly. She leaned back against him, her head tilting to rest against the side of his.

She kept talking.

"I want to be part of this," she said. "Not because of what happened tonight. Not just because of Mum or the Order or any of that. Those are reasons but they're not the reason." She paused. "I've wanted to stand beside you since I was nine years old, which I am aware sounds like the most embarrassing sentence a person could say out loud, and I'm saying it anyway."

A small breath of a laugh escaped Harry. She felt it against her hair.

"I grew up reading about you," she continued. "The-Boy-Who-Lived. The stories. And I was obsessed, I won't pretend I wasn't, but I was nine and you were a story. And then you were actually there, in our kitchen, eating my mother's soup, and I thought—" she paused, her thumb running absently over his knuckle, "—I thought, oh. He's a person. He's just a person."

"Just," Harry said drily.

"You know what I mean." She tilted her head to look at him sideways. "The story was one thing. The person was something else entirely. And the person was so much more." Her voice dropped a little. "Because the story was about someone extraordinary things happened to. But you, the actual you, you carry it. All of it. And you keep carrying it, and you don't ask anyone's permission, and you don't wait for anyone to tell you what you're allowed to do." She turned in his arms, slowly, until she was facing him. Her hands came up to rest against his chest. "That's the thing about you that I couldn't explain to Hermione, or to my mother, or to any of them. They see you breaking rules. I see someone who decided what mattered and refused to let anything be more important than that. Those are not the same thing."

Harry looked at her. The lamplight was low in the room, just the single lamp on the bedside table, warm and small, and in it her face was very clear to him.

"I'm not as uncomplicated as that sounds," he said.

"I know," she said. "I don't want uncomplicated. I never did." Her fingers curled slightly against his chest. "I want to be here. With this. With whatever this is becoming. I want to train and learn and be useful and stand next to you while the

world tries to sort itself out.” She held his gaze. “I’ve been moving toward this for years, Harry. It just took the rest of the world a while to catch up to where I already was.”

His eyes flashed. His hand came up and brushed her jaw lightly. She looked up at him, and he saw everything he wanted in there.

His thumb traced the line of her jaw slowly before he tilted her chin up. Their eyes locked for a heartbeat and he leaned in, kissing her.

It started out soft, his lips brushing hers. Ginny rose onto her toes to meet him, her hands sliding up his chest to fist the front of his shirt. The kiss deepened quickly. Her mouth opened under his, warm and eager, and Harry groaned low in his throat as their tongues met, slick, and hungry. He cupped the back of her head, his fingers threading through her fiery hair, and kissed her harder, devouring the little whimper she made when he nipped her lower lip.

Ginny pressed herself flush against him, her breasts soft and full against his chest. Her hips rocked forward instinctively, seeking contact, and Harry’s free hand dropped to her waist, pulling her tighter. Their breaths mingled, hot and ragged between kisses that grew wetter and messier. Their tongues tangled, their teeth grazed, and the sound of their mouths working together filled the quiet room, wet smacks and shared gasps.

“Harry...” she breathed against his lips when they parted for air. Her voice was already husky.

He didn’t answer with words. He kissed her again, walking her backward until her thighs hit the edge of the bed. Ginny’s hands roamed down his back, her nails scraping lightly through his shirt, and slipped under the hem to find bare skin.

He tugged her shirt free from her trousers and slid his hands up her sides, his palms gliding over warm, smooth skin until he cupped her breasts through her bra. They were full and heavy in his hands, her nipples already stiff peaks pressing against the fabric.

Ginny moaned into his mouth as he squeezed gently, his thumbs circling the hardened buds.

“Yes,” she whispered, arching into his touch.

He kneaded them with growing hunger, rolling her nipples between his fingers and thumbs until she was panting, her hips grinding against the obvious bulge in his trousers.

Clothes became an obstacle. Harry broke the kiss only long enough to yank her shirt up and over her head. Ginny helped, tossing it aside, and then attacked his own buttons with impatient fingers. Soon his shirt joined hers on the floor, and they were

almost skin to skin from the waist up. Harry's hands explored her back, tracing the delicate knobs of her spine before dipping lower to grip her arse through her trousers, pulling her against his hard cock.

"Fuck, Gin," he growled, his mouth trailing down her neck. He sucked at the sensitive spot just below her ear, then licked the mark he left. Ginny shivered, a soft keen escaping her as she tilted her head to give him better access. His hands returned to her breasts, now freed from the shirt. He pushed her bra down and her breasts popped free, held up by the fabric. He pushed them together, his thumbs flicking over her pink nipples before he bent and took one in his mouth.

The wet heat of his tongue made Ginny moan out loud, her fingers tightening in his messy black hair. Harry sucked hard, hollowing his cheeks, his tongue flicking rapidly over the stiff peak while his hand worked the other breast, pinching, rolling, and tugging until she was trembling. He switched sides, lavishing the same attention on her right nipple, his teeth grazing just enough to make her gasp sharply. Her body was responsive, flushed pink across her chest, her nipples glistening with his saliva.

"You're beautiful, Gin," he murmured against her skin, kissing down the valley between her breasts, then lower over the soft plane of her stomach. His hands worked her trousers open, pushing them down her hips along with her knickers. Ginny stepped out of them, completely bare now except for the socks she quickly kicked off and the bra that he unhooked and pulled off her.

Harry straightened, drinking in the sight of her, slender but athletic, freckles dusting her shoulders and the tops of her breasts, narrow waist flaring to hips that begged to be gripped, and the neat patch of red curls between her thighs already damp with arousal. His cock throbbed painfully against his flies.

Ginny reached for him, palming the thick bulge. "My turn," she said, her voice low and wicked. She dropped to her knees, her fingers working his belt and zip. His trousers and boxers slid down, and his cock sprang free, long, thick, veined, and the head already flushed dark and leaking.

She wrapped her hand around the base, giving a slow, firm stroke that drew a hiss from Harry. "I've been waiting to do this again," Ginny whispered, looking up at him through her lashes as she leaned in. Her tongue darted out, licking a broad stripe from balls to tip, savoring the salty taste of him. "Dreaming about your cock in my mouth while I touched myself at night."

"Merlin, Gin," Harry groaned, one hand gently cupping the back of her head.

She smiled, her lips brushing the head before she opened wide and took him in. The wet heat enveloped him inch by inch, her mouth slick and her tongue swirling around the underside as she sank down until he bumped the back of her throat. Ginny hummed around him, the vibration shooting pleasure up his spine. She bobbed slowly

at first, her cheeks hollowing, saliva already coating his shaft and dripping down her chin.

Harry's hips twitched. "That's it... fuck, your mouth feels incredible." He teased her even as his voice roughened. "Been practicing on something else while you waited for me, love? Or just thinking about choking on my cock?"

Ginny pulled off with a wet pop, strings of spit connecting her swollen lips to his glistening length. "Only you, you arrogant git," she shot back, but her eyes sparkled with heat. She licked the head teasingly, then sucked him down again, faster this time. Her hand pumped the base in time with her mouth, twisting slightly on every stroke.

Obscene wet sounds filled the room, gluck-gluck-gluck, as she took him deeper, relaxing her throat until her nose brushed his groin. Tears pricked the corners of her eyes, but she didn't stop, moaning around his thickness like she couldn't get enough.

Harry's hand tightened in her hair, guiding but not forcing. "Good girl... just like that. You look so fucking hot with your lips stretched around me." He thrust shallowly, fucking her mouth with controlled rolls of his hips. Ginny's free hand cupped his balls, massaging them gently, and he cursed under his breath, his thighs tensing.

After several minutes of her enthusiastic worship, licking, sucking, deep-throating with eager little noises, Harry pulled her off gently. "Enough, or I'll come down your throat and this'll end too soon."

He lifted her to her feet and kissed her deeply, tasting himself on her tongue. Then he guided her onto the bed, laying her back against the pillows. Ginny spread her legs without shame, revealing her glistening pink folds, her swollen clit peeking out, and her inner thighs shiny with her arousal.

Harry knelt between her thighs, his hands stroking up her legs. "So wet for me already." He leaned down and kissed her inner thigh, then higher, his breath ghosting over her pussy. Ginny shivered, her hips lifting. He spread her open with his thumbs, admiring the slick, puffy lips before dragging his tongue slowly from entrance to clit.

"Oh fuck – Harry!" Ginny's back arched sharply. He licked her with broad, flat strokes, savoring her tangy-sweet taste, then circled her clit with the tip of his tongue. Two fingers slid into her tight heat, curling to stroke that sensitive spot inside while he sucked her clit into his mouth.

Ginny's hands flew to his hair, gripping tight as she rocked against his face. Wet, obscene slurping sounds accompanied her moans, loud, breathy cries that grew higher as he devoured her. He fucked her with his fingers faster, his tongue flicking rapidly over her clit, and sealed his lips around it as he hummed. Her thighs clamped around his head, trembling.

“Fuck, I’m — Harry, I’m coming —”

Her orgasm hit hard. Ginny cried out, her body seizing as her pussy clenched rhythmically around his fingers, fresh slick flooding his tongue. He kept licking her through it, gentler now, drawing out every shudder until she was gasping.

Harry rose, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, his cock aching. He scooted closer on his knees and positioned himself between her legs. “Ready?”

“Fuck me,” Ginny demanded, reaching for him.

He rubbed the thick head of his cock through her folds, coating himself in her wetness, and pushed in slowly. Inch by thick inch, her tight walls stretched around him until he was buried to the hilt, balls pressed against her arse. Both groaned at the sensation, at the hot, slick, and perfect fit.

“Merlin, you’re so tight,” Harry hissed, holding still for a moment to let her adjust. Then he began to thrust with deep, steady strokes that made her breasts bounce with every impact. The wet slap of skin on skin mixed with their moans. Ginny’s legs wrapped around his waist, her heels digging into his back, urging him deeper.

He fucked her like that for long minutes, leaning down to capture a nipple in his mouth while pounding into her. Ginny’s nails raked down his back, leaving red lines. “Harder! Yes, like that!”

Harry kept slamming inside her furiously, watching as her tits bounced hypnotically with his thrusts. He shifted angles slightly, grinding against her slit on every thrust, and Ginny kept moaning, fisting the sheets as she kept her legs wrapped around him.

“Yes... just like that... don’t stop,” she panted, her walls starting to flutter around him again.

Harry pulled out suddenly, making her whine in protest. However, it turned into an eager gasp as he flipped her onto her hands and knees. She arched her back beautifully, pushing her arse up and spreading her knees wider, presenting her dripping pussy to him. The sight of her swollen, glistening folds made his cock twitch.

He gripped her hips firmly, lined himself up, and slammed back inside smoothly. The new angle let him sink even deeper, his cock dragging against her inner walls. Ginny cried out in pleasure, pushing back to meet him.

The bed creaked rhythmically as he took her from behind, her arse cheeks jiggling with every collision. One of his hands reached around to rub tight, slick circles over her clit while the other tangled in her long red hair, pulling just enough to make her moan louder.

“Fuck, your pussy feels amazing,” he growled, spanking her arse with a sharp, playful smack. The flesh jiggled enticingly, a rosy handprint blooming on her white

skin. He did it again on the other cheek, then smoothed the sting with his palm, gripping and spreading her wider. Ginny's moans turned filthy and broken as she rocked back onto him, chasing every thrust. He kept the pace deep and relentless, letting her feel every inch sliding in and out, the wet sounds growing louder as her arousal dripped down her thighs.

She came again with a sharp, keening cry, her walls clamping down around his cock in rhythmic pulses that nearly dragged him over the edge with her. Harry groaned deeply, slowing his thrusts to long, grinding rolls that rode her through every shudder and aftershock, savoring the way she milked him.

When her trembling eased, he pulled out once more and lay back on the bed, his slick cock standing rigid and glistening against his stomach. "Ride me, Gin," he said, his voice low and commanding, stroking himself slowly.

Ginny straddled him eagerly, her thighs slick with their combined juices. She hovered over him for a teasing moment, rubbing her soaked pussy along his length, before sinking down inch by inch with a long, satisfied moan.

The feeling of her enveloping him again was pure bliss. Once fully seated, she braced her hands on his chest and began to move, first with slow, sensual rolls of her hips that ground her clit against his pelvis, then building to a steady bounce. Her full tits jiggled and swayed hypnotically with every rise and fall, her nipples hard and begging for attention.

Harry's hands were everywhere, cupping and squeezing her breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples until she gasped, then sliding down to grip her arse, spreading her cheeks and helping guide her faster and deeper. The sight of her, with that wild red hair cascading down her back, her face flushed with ecstasy, her lips parted in pleasure, and her tight pussy stretched obscenely around his thick shaft, pushed him dangerously close.

He sat up, wrapping his arms around her sweat-slick body, and pulled her flush against him. They kissed messily, all tongue and teeth, as he thrust up to meet her bounces. Their bodies moved together in perfect sync, skin sliding hotly, their breaths mingling.

After several intense minutes of her riding him with abandon, Harry flipped them again, laying her on her back and hooking her legs over his shoulders. The position folded her nearly in half, letting him drive impossibly deep. He slammed into her with renewed fervor, the angle letting his pelvis grind perfectly against her clit with every powerful thrust.

Ginny's moans turned into desperate, broken sobs of pleasure. "Harry! Oh fuck! Right there! Don't stop! Harder!"

He didn't. The pace became frantic, the wet slapping of skin on skin echoing loudly. Her tits bounced wildly between them. Pleasure coiled tighter and tighter in his gut, a burning pressure at the base of his spine. Ginny's nails dug into his arms as she hurtled toward the edge again.

"Come with me," Harry rasped, his thrusts growing erratic and deep.

Ginny shattered first, crying out his name in a raw, ecstatic voice as her third orgasm crashed over her. Her pussy clenched and fluttered wildly around his cock, milking him with intense, rhythmic spasms. The sensation was too much. Harry buried himself to the hilt with a guttural groan, and his cock started pulsing inside her. Thick, hot ropes of cum shot deep inside her as his own release tore through him in powerful waves. He kept thrusting through it, drawing out every last drop of pleasure for both of them.

They collapsed together in a tangled, trembling heap, their breathing ragged and their hearts pounding. Harry stayed buried inside her, softening slowly as they basked in the afterglow. He kissed her softly, her forehead, her flushed cheeks, and her swollen lips, brushing damp strands of red hair from her face.

As he pulled her close against his chest, Ginny smiled up at him, sated and glowing, her fingers tracing lazy, affectionate patterns along his back and shoulders.

She nuzzled against his neck, pressing a soft kiss on his skin as he stroked down her bare back.

"Finally," Ginny said after a while. "I've fucked you as well."

Harry snorted at that before he flipped them so that he was hovering over her, smirking at the look of surprise on her face.

"Hope that wasn't all you had in the tank."

Ginny's eyes flashed as she wrapped her legs around his waist once again.

"Bring it on, Potter."

To be continued...