

Chapter 3

Harry sighed as he sat down in the common room, having just come back from another lesson with Professor Trelawney. He was getting sick and tired of having his death predicted in every class, and it was only the second week of classes.

"Do you think McGonagall would let me switch classes?" he asked.

"You can ask." Hermione said. "It's not too later in the year, so she'll probably let you. What class would you take instead?"

"Ancient Runes, maybe." Harry said after a moment of thought. "You said it's used in enchanting, right?"

"And warding, yes. It's really quite useful." she told him.

"Come on, mate." Ron said. "It's not that bad, plus it an easy grade. All you have to do is make stuff up."

"It's also completely useless, Ronald." Hermione said sharply. "Harry's actually thinking about his future."

"If it's so useless, then why are you taking it?" he asked snidely.

"I *thought* it would be interesting." she snapped back. "Besides, I'm already taking other, more useful, classes."

"How are you getting to all your classes?" Harry asked, interrupting their growing argument.

"Professor McGonagall worked out a schedule for me." she said.

"Well, I'm going to ask her if I can switch classes. Do you want to come with me?" he asked.

"Sure." Hermione said.

"You coming Ron?" Harry asked.

"Nah, I'll go see if Neville or Dean wants to play chess." Ron said.

Shrugging, Harry left the common room with Hermione right behind him.

"I'm not stupid, Hermione." Harry said.

"What!? I didn't-"

"There's no way you should be able to get to all of your classes. Su Li was talking about you working with her in Arithmancy at the same time we have Care of Magical Creatures." Harry said.

"I promised McGonagall I wouldn't say anything." she said softly.

"Oh, come on, Hermione. You know you can trust me." Harry said. "You know I'll figure it out eventually."

Hermione chewed her bottom lip for a few seconds nervously.

"She gave me a Time Turner." she said eventually.

"A Time Turner?" he asked.

Grabbing his hand, Hermione yanked him into a secret passage behind a tapestry. Lighting her wand, she reached into her shirt and pulled out a delicate looking hourglass on a thin gold chain.

"I use this to travel through time. It's how I get to all my classes. I have to be very careful with it not to run into my past self, or I could go insane." she explained.

"You're using time travel to get to your classes?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Shh. Yes, it's the only way to take all the electives." she told him.

"Hermione that's insane! You don't even need to take Muggle Studies, and Divinations is a waste of time, you said so yourself. Can't you just drop a couple of classes?" he hissed.

"But this is the only way I can take Care and Arithmancy at the same time." she said.

"Hermione, you're going to wear yourself out, you already look more tired than usual and were not even a month into school." Harry said in concern. "Look, I'm not saying get rid of it, just drop a couple of classes you don't need."

"I'll think about it." she said.

Before he could get another word in, she walked back out into the hall. Sighing, Harry followed her. A couple of minutes later, he was knocking on the door to McGonagall's office.

"Enter." she called out.

Harry opened the door and walked in, waiting for her to look up from grading papers.

“Ms. Granger, Mr. Potter, what can I do for you?” the professor asked.

“I was wondering if it’s too late to switch classes?” Harry asked.

“That would depend on what class you want to switch to and why.” McGonagall asked with a raised brow.

“I want to switch from Divinations to Ancient Runes. Professor Trelawney only predicts how I'm going to die gruesomely in every class. I want to take something useful.” he told her.

“I see.” she said. “Ms. Granger, I know your plate is rather full at the moment, but would you be willing to help him catch up to the rest of the class?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Hermione said. “Actually, I was thinking about dropping Divinations as well, and Muggle Studies. I don’t think those classes are as beneficial as I thought they would be.”

Harry turned to Hermione and smiled at her; glad she had taken his advice. McGonagall reached into her desk and pulled out a copy of Hermione’s schedule, looking it over briefly.

“I take it you still wish to take Care of Magical Creatures and Arithmancy?” she asked.

“Yes professor.” Hermione said.

“Very well, I’ll let your professors know about the changes. Here, your revised schedules.” she said, handing them their new schedules.

“Thank you, Professor.” Harry said in relief.

“Don’t make me regret this, Potter.” she said sternly.

“I won’t.” he promised her.

As soon as they left the office, Harry turned and hugged Hermione.

“Thanks for listening to me.” he said quietly.

“Well, you were right. Divinations is useless, and you wouldn’t believe some of the things they teach about muggles in Muggle Studies.” she said with a giggle. “They still call cars horseless carriages for Merlin’s sake.”

Laughing, Harry and Hermione walked back to the common room. When they got there, Ginny rushed up to her and pulled her away. With his girlfriend commandeered for the time being, Harry decided to go outside and get some flying in.

Shooting through the center hoop at highspeed, Harry rolled over and pulled up sharply, pelting towards the ground. Rolling back over, he pulled up at the last second, his feet brushing the grass as he rocketed across the pitch with a smile on his face. Catching movement out of the corner of his eye, he slowed down and turned. Ginny and Hermione were walking towards the pitch, though neither had a broom.

With a mischievous grin, Harry leaned forward and fly towards them at top speed. As he rapidly grew closer, he saw Hermione’s eyes widen. Barreling towards them, showing no sign of stopping, he suddenly whipped his broom sideways and skidded to an abrupt halt. Hermione shrieked, covering her head with her arms, while Ginny ducked.

“You prat!” Hermione yelled, smacking his arm.

Harry laughed as he hopped off his broom, pulling her into a hug.

"Sorry." he said laughingly.

"No, you're not." she grumbled into his shoulder, smacking his arm again.

"I'm sorry I'm not sorry, then." he told her, getting a laugh from Ginny.

"Prat.' she said again as she pulled back, her lips twitching.

"So, what brings you two out to the pitch?" he asked.

"Well, I was talking to Ginny, and she wants your help getting rid of her chastity belt." she told him.

"Alright." Harry said with a shrug.

"Um, Hermione said you would also, uh..." Ginny muttered quietly, her face blushing bright red all the way to her ears.

"She wants you to sleep with her." Hermione said with a smirk.

Impossibly, Ginny managed to blush even harder and stared down at her feet in embarrassment.

"If it's alright with you." Harry said. "Just don't tell Ron."

"Merlin no!" Ginny said, horrified.

Hermione giggled. "It's fine with me. I'm going to go do some studying, you two have fun."

Hermione gave him a quick kiss on lips.

"I'll be in the common room when you get back." she said before turning to leave.

Harry watched her go for a moment before turning to Ginny, who was still blushing and staring at her feet.

"Come with me." he told her, holding out his hand.

She took his hand hesitantly and Harry led her over to the locker room. There wasn't much in the way of comfort, with metal lockers on the walls and the only hard wooden benches to sit on. He should have asked Hermione to transfigure a mattress or something for them, he thought. Fortunately, there was a large stack of fluffy white towels by the showers.

Grabbing one of the benches, he moved it next to the other one and pushed them together. He then grabbed a stack of towels and laid them out on top of them to form a makeshift bed.

"I'm going to unlock your chastity belt, okay?" he asked.

Ginny nodded, and Harry hissed 'open' in Parseltongue. Ginny shivered from the sound, and there was a loud click from under her skirt. As she reached under her skirt to remove the chastity belt, she accidentally lifted her skirt up enough to give him a glimpse of her bald, taut lips. Once she pulled the chastity belt down her legs, she dropped it to the ground with a *clang*.

"That feels so much better." Ginny said, sighing in relief.

Smiling, Harry walked up to her and rested his hands on her waist. She looked up at him, biting her lips nervously. Ginny was quite thin and a few inches shorter than him.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Harry asked.

Ginny nodded, her hands shaking lightly as she rested them on his shoulders. Leaning down, Harry pressed his lips against her and pulled her body against his. Surprisingly, despite her nervousness, she kissed him back eagerly, her hand threading through his hair. Sliding his hands down to her small, tight ass, he cupped her cheeks and groped them gently. Gathering her skirt in his hands, he lifted it up until he could slide his hand underneath and rest his hand on her bare skin. Ginny moaned into his mouth, as he gripped and squeezed her firm bum.

Suddenly, he lifted her up and carried her over to the bench. He broke the kiss as he sat her down on the bench and stood up straight. Grabbing the bottom of his jumper and t-shirt, Harry lifted it up and over his head, dropping it to the ground. Ginny stared wide eyed at his muscled chest and abs as he bent down and grabbed the bottom of her jumper. Lifting it over her head, she raised her arms to help him. Tossing it to the side, he realized that her breasts, held in a plain beige bra, were larger than he had thought they were.

Ginny looked up at him nervously as he started working on his belt and opened his pants. Kicking off his shoes, he took off his jeans and underwear in one go. Harry’s partially hard member hung between his legs, drawing Ginny’s stare.

“You can touch it if you want.” he told her.

With a shaking hand, she reached up and grabbed his length and gently stroked him. Quickly, Harry grew rigid in her hand, his member swelling to an impressive size.

“I think he likes you.” Harry joked.

Ginny giggled and gradually relaxed, holding him more firmly and stroking him faster. While she continued to play with him, Harry leaned over her and unclasped her bra. It slid down her arms

and she let go of him for a moment to nervously pull it off, covering her chest with one arm. Bending down, he stroked her cheek and kissed her on the lips. Slowly, she relaxed her arm, revealing her small, palm sized breasts and bright pink nipples. Still kissing her, he slid his hand down her chest, cupping her breast and squeezing it gently, her stiff nipple rubbing against his palm.

Pushing her back on the bench, Harry kissed his way down her chest, pausing for a moment to kiss and suck at her perky nipples. Continuing his way down her stomach, he lifted her skirt up to her waist. Ginny whimpered when he teased her belly button with his tongue and slid his hands up her smooth, pale thighs.

Kneeling down between her legs, he placed a kiss right on her taut little lips, causing her to gasp loudly. Pushing his tongue between her lips, he wiggled it up and down, smearing her taste all over his taste buds. Ginny laid back and panted with her eyes closed as he alternated between pushing his tongue into her entrance and moving up to tease her hooded clit. Soon, she gripped his hair tightly, a long string of moans escaping her lips.

Slipping two fingers into her depths, he pumped them in and out gently while sucking on her swollen clit. With a high-pitched squeal, Ginny went rigid as she reached her peak, bathing his tongue in her excitement. Her face was scrunched up beautifully and turned bright red as overwhelming pleasure coursed through her.

After a long thirty seconds, she finally calmed and relaxed, releasing her nearly painful grip on his hair. Harry stood and smirked down at her, watching as she panted with her eyes closed. Giving her a little bit to recuperate, he spent some time playing with her breasts and teasing her stiff, swollen nipples. When she was finally recovered and opened her eyes, Harry pressed his erection against her slit and ran his head up and down between her hot, moist lips.

Ginny bit her lip cutely as Harry lined himself up with her entrance and slowly eased into her slick, gripping depths. She shuddered as he slowly filled her, inch after inch of his long shaft disappearing into her tight entrance. Her eyes were locked on his length, watching almost incredulously as he fed his entire cock into her tiny core. Harry groaned at the feeling of being encased in her hot grasp as he bottomed out.

Slowly pulling back about halfway, he paused for a moment before pushing back in. Ginny moaned loud and long as he rocked back and forth, her legs locking around his waist. Gradually, Harry picked up his pace, leaning over her with his hands on either side of her head while pumping his shaft in and out of her. Soon, he was slamming his length in and out of her depths, driving her ass into the towels covering the bench roughly with each thrust. Ginny small breasts trembled and bounced on her chest enticingly as a continuous stream of moans left her lips.

Surprisingly, it didn't take long for her to reach her second climax, the tendons in her neck straining and her face going red as she moaned through clenched teeth. Harry smirked and grabbed her shoulders, plowing into her even harder. His pelvis slapped wetly against hers, the sound echoing around the room. Finally, it seemed like she couldn't take any more and pressed her hands against his stomach to stop him. Trembling and moaning, Ginny panted heavily while her walls fluttered around him.

"You know, I've always wanted to have sex in the shower." Harry told her.

"Huh?" Ginny grunted, lost in her own world.

Laughing, Harry grabbed her hand and wrapped them around his shoulders. Once she had a grip on him, he grabbed her ass and stood up. Ginny gasped, holding him tightly while he carried her into the shower, still buried to the hilt in her depths. Because she was so light, he had no problem holding her up with one hand while he undid her skirt with the other, and then turned on the water.

Pinning her back against the wall as the water cascaded over them, he kissed her hard while thrusting into her. She whimpered into his mouth when he began to drive into her roughly, their wet bodies slapping together loudly. Grabbing her legs, he tossed them up over his shoulders, folding her in half against the wall and leaving her completely at his mercy. Breaking the kiss to breathe, Harry pulled his hand back and spanked her pert little ass lightly.

"Harry!" she exclaimed, scandalized.

Harry laughed and spanked her one more time before gripping her ass tightly and focusing on hammering her against the wall. While adjusting his wet grip on her bum, his middle finger unintentionally slid it over her puckered hole. Ginny gasped, her eyes widening as she bucked her hips in surprise and her walls tightened around him.

“Harry?” she whimpered.

Smiling at her, he teased her tight ring again, this time intentionally.

“You love it.” he said, feeling her tighten around him again.

Ginny closed her eyes, her cheeks going pink while his finger probed gently at her back entrance. Her nails dug into his shoulders as he pushed her closer to yet another climax. Harry could feel his own pleasure rising and huffed with exertion as he plowed into her even faster. Ginny reached her climax first, her hips bucking and her a soundless scream coming out of her open mouth.

Pushing her hands against his chest, she tried to stop his relentless pounding. This time, Harry ignored her and continued thrusting, chasing his own climax. Ginny body quivered and spasmed against him as she slammed into her mercilessly, sucking in gasping breaths with each brutal thrust. Just as Harry reached his peak, Ginny seemed to go from one orgasm to another. As he grunted and came, her eyes rolled into the back of her head from the agonizing pleasure. Her breathing stopped and he was genuinely worried she might pass out from the agonizing pleasure.

Thankfully, she sucked in a deep, trembling breath and shook, her legs spasming violently from the intensity of her climax. Just as Harry finished filling her depths with his seed, Ginny went completely limp except for her still trembling legs. Even a couple of minutes later, when Harry tried to set her on her feet, she would have collapsed to the floor if he hadn't held her up.

Eventually, she managed to stand, and Harry helped her dress. She seemed to be lost in a haze of pleasure on the walk back to Gryffindor Tower. Harry had to lead her the whole way back to the common room.

“What’s wrong with Ginny?” Ron asked when he spotted them.

Harry mentally cursed. Of all the times for Ron to be observant, he thought.

“She’s just tired from Quidditch practice. She was helping me train.” Harry said, making up an excuse.

“I’ll help her up to the dorm.” Hermione volunteered.

Harry smiled at her gratefully as she came over to help him.

“See, this is why girls shouldn’t play Quidditch.” Ron said, shaking his head.

Unfortunately for him, Angelina, Alicia and Katie were close enough to hear him and tore into the red head. Even Ginny came around enough to yell at him while Hermione glared at him angrily. Shaking his head, Harry dashed up the stairs to his dorm and out of the line of fire. Now seemed like a good time to catch up on Ancient Runes, he thought.