

Harry Potter loved going on missions for the Ministry. Returning to the office and dealing with the 'aftermath' however, was close to the thing he hated the most.

'Back in school, I'd just get a serious warning from Snape, or some strange wisdom from Dumbledore. Now when I do my job, I have to listen to quill-pushers talk about how I did it, the results, and how I could have been better,'

It wasn't as if people were mad about how things concluded in Scotland, but they definitely felt that he should have called in back-up after the attempt on his life. Harry accepted their perception, more as a matter of getting through the report as quickly as possible than true accepting. Beyond closing the book on the case and getting ready to hunt down the next dark wizard threatening the world he loved, Harry was of course interested to see his wife. Last night, Ginny hadn't come home. He had to check the calendar she kept for him and found that she was due to arrive today, not the night he returned. So once he had spent about an hour combing through the newest batch of leads, Harry packed up his case, said goodbye to Audrey by way of a hand down her backside and then walked out of the office. Once at the atrium he'd be on the last leg back to home. Back to Ginny.

He was waiting for the elevator doors to close when an arm surged forth. It kept the doors from closing. While the other passengers were alarmed, Harry merely grinned when he recognized the owner. "Hello, Hermione. What's the rush?"

His long-time friend gave him a bit of a perfectly annoyed look. A quick sigh helped relieve the charming girl of some frustration but the look in her eyes told Harry he might not like what she'd come to say. Wedging in close to him, Hermione set her unbending gaze on her friend.

"Harry... You've been back a day and didn't even bother to come say 'hello',"

Harry laughed at that, remembering all the times he'd wished for a communication from her or Ron only to end up learning that Dumbledore had forbidden them to write to him. He felt a brace of heat that she had taken his absences personally, but in the end, Harry gave a short and sweet apology.

"Alright then. Now I have a feeling there is something else," Harry said, green eyes dipping down to the envelope in the crook of Hermione's arm. Around them, the elevator cage continued moving, occasionally shaking as it navigated the strange interwoven travel lines of the Ministry of Magic. Hermione didn't appear to mind the bumping all that much. But she did mind his arrogance.

The bushy-haired woman let out a huff of annoyance before passing the envelope to him. It wasn't addressed to him, however, but it appeared that it wasn't addressed to Hermione either. Harry's eyes eventually scanned the name Harbor Ashe, Hermione's superior in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

I guess we all still like to break rules now and then.

Harry pulled out the parchment, finding it to be nearly illegible as if written by a drunk. A few discernable words here and there gave him no sense of the matter. "What am I supposed to be getting from this, Hermione?"

"It's testimony from a muggle named George Malcarr. He is a night watchman in Enfield and based on what I've seen, it seems like a Dementor attack. In London," Hermione's final two words came with a darkening of her expression.

Harry's own eyes perked up as his mind flew to all the nightmarish encounters when he had come across the foul agents of foreboding sensations and worse. He knew Hermione had grim memories of some of those situations as well, but that didn't explain her strange way of providing him with the information. The cage rumbled again and the two long-time companions bumped into one another. Hermione cleared her throat and her eyes looked elsewhere for a moment.

"It's obvious you should be the one working this case, Harry. You know it," Her eyebrows ticked up for a moment as she looked at him with all the seriousness she could muster.

"First, Cygnet will ask how I knew about the report since it wasn't given to me. Then he'll say 'You're good Harry but you still need to build up your experience,'" Harry's brow furrowed with indignation and a bit of arrogance. Sure he'd nearly gotten burned up in some shabby muggle in, but he'd survived. Not only that, he'd taken on the Dark Wizard's responsible and brought them to justice.

"Yes but Harry that's the problem. He'll send someone else. Someone with not as much experience with Dementors. Not only that, only you and a few other people have outmatched them after they broke from the Ministry. And who knows what these ones could be up to," Hermione tone betrayed a whisper of fear in her usually measured and controlled voice.

"Tomorrow then..." Harry finally spoke.

Hermione blinked at him with confusion. Another bump made his forearm brush her chest. Something compelled her to make inquiries. "Why not tonight? I'll be done in an hour,"

Her black-haired friend and occasional lover shook his head and gave her back the parchment. "I haven't seen Ginny in days, Hermione," He calmly replied after quickly moving out of the elevator.

It looked like she was about to say something, then thought better of it. "Say hello for me. She's been so busy with practice, it feels like it's been ages..."

Harry waved goodbye to her. "First thing tomorrow, Harry!" He heard her call out to him as the doors to the elevator closed. A bit worn-out from too much bureaucracy and now a side investigation that had Hermione worried, (when does she ever not worry) Harry joined one of the queues using the Floo

Network instead of simply apparating back home. The line moved well enough, but at the end of the day, it was quite the crowd. Several witches and wizards, upon realizing it was him, quickly parted and shuffle out of the way. Many bowed and tilted their head as he strode by.

“Go ahead, Mr Potter.” “It would be an honor, Mr. Potter,” “Heard you gave them a good tussle up North. Wish we had a few more like you, Sir.” The line that may have taken ten minutes devolved to one minute. Stepping into the emerald-stoned hearth, Harry spoke his home address and in an explosion of vibrant green fire.

Through the blaze and out the other end, Harry arrived back at the austere but dull and almost crestfallen interior of Number 12 Grimmauld Place. He almost made it two steps before something came whizzing forward in his direction. The spell made of feral, red light, missed him by inches. Harry’s teeth clenched, fear passing through him before coiling into anger. He moved into a roll and saw another spell hit one of the nearby couches. There was a mild ‘puff’ but Harry was too busy feeling an assassin’s sights on him to give it much notice.

His green eyes scanned the room, noticed something that he would have moved past, but they hung back. “What in the-”

“Half-blood. Doombringer!” The crested goblet said before delivering a foul curse. Somehow, the goblet had changed. It was still dirty silver but it now appeared to have arms and legs. The hands at the end of each arm also appeared to be quite capable of casting magic.

“Homewrecker! I’ll scour you from this home once and for all!” The goblet creature leaped forward and Harry dove from behind the couch as another spell flew at him. Landing and then rolling onto his side, his wand shot forward, pointing directly at the strange image muttering after him.

“Reducto!”

Harry allowed himself a grin after seeing the metallic-machination stop mid-air. For one brief moment, he thought he saw a frown form on the crest before the goblet erupted into a brilliant-blue explosion. Getting up from the ground in case the spell didn’t do its job, the Auror stood at the ready, wand out and will at the ready.

“Harry!”

The tip of the phoenix core wand pivoted to the right. Instead of completing a full turn however the wand tipped down once Harry recognized the voice.

“Ginny...” Harry said, his breathing quickly calming down the moment he saw that she was unhurt. “Careful, there might be more of them,”

“No... at least I should think not,” His beautiful redheaded wife moved close to him and quickly embraced her husband in her arms.

Harry’s eyes closed as he enjoyed her hug. He didn’t realize just how much he’d missed his wife during his time in Scotland with Audrey and Luna. The wizard immediately wondered if he could subtly summon up his broomstick to carry them both upstairs. The curious thoughts were interrupted when Ginny’s words played through his mind once again.

“What do you mean?” He asked quickly. Harry didn’t pull back from her, but after the harrowing escape through fire and having some strange critter attack as he came back to his own home, it was hard to not be a little on edge.

Ginny blushed and looked even more embarrassed than before. “I came back home early and...” Harry noticed she was wearing something odd. It was a heavy hcoat, not unlike one he’d seen his Uncle wear during days with particularly nasty weather.

“Ginny, the coat... everything alright?”

A smile slowly cracked on the face of the woman who had stolen his heart years ago. “I meant it to be a surprise. That’s why I set up the charm to alert me. Everything’s ruined...”

Still not fully answering his question, Ginny moved forward. She smiled at him and stroked his cheek before Harry inched in and captured her lips with his own.

“My charms aren’t that bad, Harry...” Ginny said after their lips broke apart. Though her words had gotten decisively quieter, the young Auror had an immediate idea about what she was alluding to. To this day, they still had not been able to remove the Portrait of Walburga Black, Sirius’ mother. Both Harry and Ginny had encountered enough oddities between themselves to know it wasn’t just mishaps. It was mischievous bordering on malevolent mysticism.

“Well, at least we know Grimmauld Place doesn’t have Gnomes...” Harry said with a wry grin.

Ginny’s head bowed and she held back a laugh for a moment, but the line of her resoluteness drew taut before finally breaking. The redhead soon burst into laughter and Harry joined her. Closing in once more, Harry’s hands examined every inch of her luscious body. Even with the heavy coat over her form, it was easy to enjoy his wife’s bust as they kissed and reforged their affection once more.

The redhead’s hands immediately went below his beltline. She nudged open his robes and quickly unbuckled his pants to get at his manhood. There was nothing she wanted more than to feel his powerful wand in her hands where it belonged. She quickly began sizing up all of his manliness and could immediately feel butterflies racing up out of her stomach while her pink nipples emerged to their

full height. The twin nubs that capped her large breasts begged for attention while they remained contained for the moment.

Gently putting her hands up, she slowly drew away from Harry while his cock throbbed, ready and rearing to claim the redhead's succulent pussy once more. The muscular man with messy black hair cocked an eyebrow at his wife as she took one step back. Ginny spun after putting her hands on the coat. At the crescendo of the movement, she opened up the outerwear.

"Wow..." Harry found his curvy and large-breasted woman wearing a set of very scintillating lingerie.

It was all black lace and it criss crossed her athletic washboard stomach while framing Ginny's large breasts that just begged to be licked and nibbled on. Her pussy was protected only with a simple thread of black that covered up the woman's slit but hardly did anything to obscure her pubic mound. Ginny's brown eyes glowed with even more lust when she noticed Harry's cock increase in girth while the throbbing intensified. She let the coat drop to the floor and then let out a cute little yelp as Harry plucked her up and kissed her fiercely. Her mind and heart skipped a beat feeling his tongue swaddle her own while his firm hands kept her up.

When Harry pulled back, Ginny didn't let him off the hook that easily. Her teeth locked down on his bottom lip while her hands raked through her husband's dark hair. She knew he was trying to get the pair into a bedroom but she was already too far gone to care about such details. When he finally broke free of her bite, Harry gave her a mischievous look before uttering out a spell. "Accio Firebolt!"

The pair smiled when they heard the first crash of something nearby while the broom quickly raced to its Master. "Hurry Harry... don't make me beg..." Ginny declared hastily while biting her lower lip.

Her husband said nothing and instead turned and mounted his broom. Using another spell, he controlled his broom to take them up the stairways of the house that his godfather had bequeathed him. Up and up they went, the whole time Harry's fingers manhandled Ginny's nipples as she whimpered and sighed. "Fuck... that's it... I couldn't stop thinking of you while you were away, Harry. I can't wait to feel you inside of me again!"

By the time they finally made it into the bedroom. Ginny couldn't hold herself back anymore. The two tore off their remaining clothes, sparing only the lingerie and then Ginny ended up between Harry's legs as he sat at the edge of the bed. There the bodacious redhead sucked and nuzzled her husband's powerful cock. He tasted so good each time Ginny's tongue rubbed against his glans. Her fingers gently cradled his balls, giving him the occasional squeeze. Hands that had caught many Snitches in Quidditch worked their magic while wild... almost feral groans cascaded out of Harry's throat. The noises made Ginny feel confident about how glad he was to be back home.

While she continued gorging on his cock like a Back-alley Sally, the simple makeup she'd put on began to run. The fierce-spirited redheaded didn't care and simply persisted in swarming her tongue all over

Harry's handsome cock. Spittle dripped out from her lips as she started taking his entire length with each stroke of her mouth and head. Inside her delicious form, fires of sexual desire raged from her pussy to the tips of her nipples and then back down to her throat. Through it all, Ginny continued bathing Harry's tip within the wet interior of her horny lips.

"Lurrpph... Mrrmmhmm... Maaahummm..." Soon Harry's cock had a nice healthy coating of saliva, but Ginny still hadn't finished. The frisky woman began rubbing her fingers up and down her husband's long thick cock while grinning up at him with glee. After licking her lips, Ginny angled his member to the side for a moment so that her tongue could go wild on his balls. As her fingers gripped and slid along his raging erection, it was all Harry could do not succumb. Soon enough, it appeared that Ginny was tired of the appetiser and was excited for the main course.

They tried to balance on the Firebolt in a comfortable position but after two falls, and no real sense of how to get it right, they ended up using a levitation spell on each other. Harry sat across his broomstick and then Ginny clambered on top of him. He suckled on her tits, patting them like they were exciting toys while the lewd redhead strung her legs around his body. Locking up her ankles behind his back gave her a nice firm grip on Harry's muscular form.

"Ohuaahh... Ohuaa.... Ahuaaahh... Harry... C-Come on, I can't wait any longer your cock..." Ginny mewled out while Harry squeezed her breasts together and then planted his lips against her own. The two bodies ground together as they floated through the air. Soon enough, Harry began thrusting and his cock started hammering away inside of Ginny's hungry cunny. The clamor of her flesh slapping against his own quickly joined the sound of her moans and Harry's sighs.

"O-Oh... Oh god.... Right there... You're hitting my deepest point, Harry... Fuck... Fuuahuuukkk.... Ooohuaammmm..." Ginny Potter moaned out like the bitch in heat she became during times of such overwhelming pleasure. The sensation of Harry's cock drilling up to her womb while his teeth pinched on one nipple and his hands pulled on her other made her head dazzle while her pussy became a frothing, pink mess. A constant string of her juices leaked free from the busty girl's sex as she rode Harry's hard cock while they both floated slowly atop the broomstick.

"Hauuaahh... Mrrmhuaa... Harry... right there... Don't stop..." Ginny cried out as she sucked and nibbled on a finger as Harry's fiery flesh continued scraping against her intimate folds.

"Not a chance," Harry growled out before pulling on both of her nipples. As she moaned out, Ginny felt him pull her up off of the broom. Harry let both of them fall down onto the bed. His mammoth length remained inside the gorgeous redhead the whole time. When the pair hit the bed, it created a new burst of pleasure inside Ginny that sent her screaming and moaning as she crashed over the edge.

"Yes.... Ohuaahh... oh Fhuuaaakk... Harryyiaaahh!" Ginny squealed out as her back arched off the bed. Brilliant streaks of light clouded her vision as her gaze lost track of Harry when her brown pupils became crisscrossed. The heat washed over her while her fingers clawed fresh scratches into the bedding

beneath her pale naked body. The freckled beauty bit down hard on her knuckles, a vain attempt to close off some of her most frantic and wanton moans. The woman who had transformed into little more than a spasming cocksleeve quickly lost her voice however. Harry hadn't cum yet, and he was nowhere near done with the peerless redhead or her steaming-hot pussy. As he continued thrusting, Harry's teeth clenched as his cock drilled nice and deep into his wife's molten passageway. His body leaned down even further over her shuddering form, and his fingers looped into her brilliant, red locks.

"K-Keep... going... give me.... E-Everything Harry...." Ginny's voice trailed off, her only noises quickly turning from strained sighs into joyous moans once more. Slowing down just a little, Harry reveled at the incredible warm tightness settled all around his cock. AS the pair rutted, their lips fought for supremacy over the other. Sweat dripped along every inch of their sinewy flesh as Harry and Ginny mated like two rabbits on the bed.

Carving out a space for his cock within Ginny's ecstatic flesh, it only took him a few more thrusts before Harry felt his balls churning with fiery purpose. The portent made him grin as he pulled back from his wife's shivering lips while keeping his cock wedged halfway inside her vessel. With a single caress of her cheek, Harry was surprised as the freckled beauty gasping beneath him grabbed at her husband's hand. She smiled at him and then bucked her hips against Harry's body, spurring him. With two more hammering thrusts, Harry's entire world melted into one of intense, blistering heat as he gave the redheaded vision beneath him another load of thick cum.

Ginny's lungs continued filling the bedchamber with her mewling growls and overly-pleased sighs. No matter if she enjoyed a spectacular victory on the Quidditch Pitch, nothing fired her up half as much as Harry did; especially with his cock continuing to fill up her most intimate points with a nice helping of cum.

Once the pair got cleaned up, the young couple whipped up a dinner and caught up with each other's activities while they were parted. Ginny was glad to hear about Luna, even more so to find out that she was safe after the mission and that Harry had helped get her even more out of her shell.

"We should invite her over sometime, when she's in town of course," Ginny said as the two enjoyed a late dinner. Each was particularly ravenous, recouping their lost energy after a very heartwarming, albeit mindblowing reunion. That night when Ginny went to bed, Harry stayed up a bit later, whipping his wand through the air in his study. It had been some time since he produced a Patronus charm, and as he'd learned from Remus, practice made perfect. Fortunately, the proud stag of magical, misty light quickly appeared after summoned. It walked around him, after eyeing for it's common foe and then Harry ended the spell. Confident in his ability to deal with any Dimentors when he went with Hermione, the black-haired Auror and Master of the house joined his wife in bed.

