

It was a hazy morning, the sun only just coming above the horizon. There was dew on the grass and a light fog in the air. There was a soft breeze rustling the leaves of the Forbidden Forest as Harry made his way down to the Quidditch Pitch with Ginny by his side. The younger girl had been so anxious the night before that she barely slept. She was just hoping the lack of sleep wouldn't affect her performance.

Harry's firebolt was thrown over his shoulder. He took a deep breath of the crisp morning air, "It's a good morning for quidditch."

Ginny yawned, "Bit early for my taste but, other than that you're right." The serene morning was interrupted as they both noticed what appeared to be Ministry officials working diligently to build... something on the school grounds, "Wonder what they're doing?"

"I can't imagine every event for the tournament is going to take place in the castle." Harry said, "And if the extravagance of the World Cup was anything to go by, they want to make sure the other schools are impressed when they arrived."

"Makes sense." They reached the pitch and made their way inside. They were among the first to arrive, the only others were Tracey Davis and a Slytherin third year, Harper if Harry remembered correctly. They weren't on friendly terms if the distance Tracey kept was anything to go by.

The bubbly brunette came over to them as soon as she noticed them, "Morning."

"Always figured you were the sort for quidditch." He told her.

Tracey smiled widely, "Honestly, I'm a bit of a mad-head for it. But as long as Flint was the captain, I had no hope in hell of getting to play."

"What position?" Ginny asked her.

"Chaser, you?"

"Same."

"Wicked." The mutual love of a sport could be such a quick way of forming camaraderie, "Think anyone is even going to bother trying to win the seeker position over you?" She looked at Harry.

Harry chuckled, "Oh I'm sure that someone else will come out for it. I certainly hope there is anyway because we're still going to need reserves."

"I'm sure Malfoy would've given it a try if he hadn't been such a colossal moron on the train." Tracey sniped at her housemate. They all shared a chuckle at that, but something caught Ginny's attention that made her quiet immediately.

Harry followed her gaze to see Madam Hooch walking across the pitch with two other people, a man and a woman. They both looked vaguely familiar, but he couldn't quite place them. He gave the redhead a questioning look, and she shook herself before answering, voice awestruck, "That's... that's Gwenog Jones." That explained why Harry recognized her, he'd seen her poster on Ginny's wall at the Burrow.

"Bloody hell," Tracey said looking at the woman as well, "They really are taking this seriously aren't they. The bloke is Daithi Moran from the Irish National Team and Puddlemere United."

"I would say so. Considering that Dumbledore is going to be helping personally with the dueling teams, I'm not surprised they brought in professional quidditch players as well." Tracey and Ginny both nodded at that. The Headmaster wasn't regarded as one of the most accomplished magicians in the world for nothing, and none of the other schools had someone that could quite match his expertise.

Over the next few minutes, more people joined them on the pitch. Ron, Seamus and Dean came down together, Ginny's friend Demelza just after them. Blaise joined Tracey while Daphne was up in the stands to support her friends. By the time all was said and done there were probably about forty people down at the pitch, some had their own brooms while others grabbed one of the beaten-up school brooms.

"Alright!" Gwenog shouted over the murmurings of the gathered students, "Everybody give me five laps around the pitch." Some people made to mount their brooms, "Running people." She got more than a few shocked looks at that, like they'd never even heard of conditioning before. *Do they think that quidditch players spend all their time on a broom?*

Setting off at a brisk pace, Harry kept himself somewhere in the middle of the pack. There was a third year Gryffindor, Romilda Vane, who was trying to run right in front of him to get his attention but quickly found that she couldn't keep up with his pace. In fact, it quickly became clear that there were a few people who didn't have the conditioning to keep up.

He ended up lapping more than one person by the time he finished up. Catching his breath, he drank a bit of water as they waited for the final stragglers to finish. There was one first year Hufflepuff that quit before they even reached the end. No one really paid them any mind though.

"We're gonna start with some basic flyin' drills to determine a baseline for yer skill level on a broom." Moran told them, he had a thicker Irish brogue than Seamus, "Then we'll get you into position groups and go from there."

They were separated by house and started with the Gryffindors, going along in alphabetical order. Harry was just happy to be up in the air, nothing around him but the freedom of the sky. Hovering up in the air some fifteen meters above the ground, Harry was between Ginny and Dean.

Romilda was trying to come up and join them but didn't look like she'd ever been on a broom before. Hooch glided over to her and said something to the young girl, she was clearly getting irate before the quidditch instructor gave her a look and pointed at the ground. Relenting, the young woman dropped clumsily and stomped her way out of the pitch.

With a wave of Gwenog's wand, an obstacle course formed in front of them. There were padded beams and rings that flew up into the air from their containers sitting on the pitch below. They moved quickly, back and forth and up and down in the air from the ground to tops of the goalposts. A white line appeared just in front of where the course started. Harry never did anything quite like that on a quidditch pitch before. *Must have been provided by one of the professional teams.*

Moran joined them up in the air, "You'll be doin' the course in groups of four. The goal is simple, get to t' the other side of the pitch and back quick as ye can without getting hit and passing through every ring you come to. Get hit and we add five seconds. We want precision and speed. O' course we'll consider the broom you're using." He glanced down at the Firebolt in Harry's hand. Flying to the side of the

pitch, he called back to them, "On my whistle!" There was piece of parchment floating in front of Madam Hooch where each of the their times would be recorded as they crossed the line. Harry along with Ron, Demelza and Ginny made their way to the starting line.

They all mounted their broom before the whistle cut through the air, clear and high. Like a bullet he cut through the air, the wind roaring against his ears as he urged his broomstick forward.

The Firebolt was a professional broomstick, no doubt, and as such, it took a good deal of skill to handle the speed and cornering it was capable of. Harry reached the first set of obstacles dipping beneath the first beam then going over the next. He weaved in and out of the floating beams gracefully, making it look almost effortless.

As he dipped below another beam, he needed to make a steep dive to go through the first of his rings before turning back up to slalom side to side through another series of beams that were moving left and right. He passed through three more rings before he reached the other side of the pitch.

Whooping as he made a sharp turn at the far side, he flipped upside down before shooting off back through the course. He weaved in and out as quickly as he could manage careful as he could be not to get touched in the process. As he neared the end, he wanted to curse as he felt his leg catch the edge of his weaved through the last stretch of obstacles.

Crossing the line, he pivoted to see how his housemates did on their own runs. Ginny finished next, and he had little doubt that she would've been right on his heels if their brooms were equal. Demelza finished next, followed closely by Ron.

Flying over to them, he noticed that Ron looked a bit disappointed at having come last, "You're a keeper, mate. You don't need to be flying across the pitch. Just wait until you get to the position drills, you'll be class between the posts."

Ron looked a bit more positive at Harry's encouragement, "Yeah, 'course. You're right." Together they flew down to the ground as the next group of Gryffindors readied themselves for the course. "So, how many times did you get hit?" Ron asked the group as they landed.

"Once, because I wasn't being careful enough." Harry supplied which only made Ron and Demelza shake their heads.

"Three times for me." Demelza told them.

"Four, I got caught out by the rings twice." Ron told them.

Ginny was smiling widely, so he knew she must have done just as well as him at least, "Got caught by the first beam because I wasn't expecting it to change direction as quickly as it did, but didn't have another one after that."

"Brilliant!" Harry congratulated her. They waited patiently as the rest of the hopefuls made their way for the course. The Hufflepuffs went next and then the Ravenclaws.

"She's quite good." Ginny commented as the Ravenclaws made their way through the obstacles. One of the first years was soaring through the course faster than any of the others from her house. She was on a Nimbus 2000. There were two people who had been reserves on the team the year before that were

having far more trouble with it than she was. *The only thing that might work against her is that she's quite small.*

"Good and small. Looks like she's going to manage to not get hit at all."

Ginny gave him a smirk, "Even you didn't manage that."

Laughing, he reminded her, "Neither did you, and you're a hell of a lot smaller than me." She shoved his shoulder good-naturedly.

Finally, the Slytherins had their turn. Harry couldn't help but think that the Slytherins wouldn't need to employ such dirty tactics, as well as outright cheating on occasion, if they would just pick the best people for the team. A couple of the Slytherin ladies that tried out would outfly the lads he'd flied against on the house team the past three years.

When everyone was finished, Gwenog flew over, "Well done everyone, there was some fantastic flying out there. It certainly gave us a good idea of who can really handle themselves on a broom." She gave them all a tight smile, "Now next we'll be doing positional drills. Chasers and keepers with Moran, beaters with me, and seekers with Madam Hooch." When they didn't move fast enough for her, she yelled, "Get a move on people!"

More than half of the students moved over to Daithi, another fifteen moved over to Gwenog, and only three moved over to Madam Hooch. The third year Slytherin, Harper, and the first year Ravenclaw that impressed him and Ginny in the obstacle course, joined him with the flying instructor.

Based on the sneer on Harper's face, Harry had little doubt that the younger boy was one of the ones who happily agreed with anything that'd spilled from Malfoy's mouth in the last few years.

Hooch looked at them all with her yellow, hawk-like eyes, "Only three of you then?" She looked at Harry, and huffed a breath through her nose, "I'm going to release, fifteen snitches. Your job will be simple, just as it would be in an actual match. Catch them and return each one to me before you retrieve another." There was more that a Seeker could do during a game, but that was the gist of it, "You should be aware though, that just like during a game, there will be bludgers flying about. Understand?"

"Yes, Madam Hooch." They all told her, and the older woman turned to retrieve the case with the snitches.

Harry looked at the young Ravenclaw and noticed that her hand was shaking around the handle of her Nimbus. Giving her a small smile, he asked her, "What's your name?"

The girl startled at his question, and told him shakily, "Em...Emma Byrne."

"Relax Emma, everybody's nervous the first time." He told her with a friendly smile, "Just fly and you'll do fine, yeah. You're a natural on a broom, so don't worry." His little pep talk seemed to give her some confidence as she gave him a firm nod

Hooch returned and told them, "On your brooms." They followed her command and watched as she opened the box in her hand. Inside were fifteen little golden snitches. With a tap of her wand they all came to life in an instant. She waited for them to speed away, all of them in different directions, "Go!"

Speeding through the air, Harry shot higher than the stands wanting to get a good vantage point to start scanning the skies and stands for one of the snitches. Never idle, lest one of the beaters happened to send a bludger his way, he knew that seekers needed to be fast and aware, otherwise they'd get their heads taken off.

Dodging a bludger that'd been aimed his way, he caught sight of his first snitch hovering around where the visitors stands were. Pushing his Firebolt up to speed, he rocketed through the air, and he felt such joy.

The small golden ball sensed his approach and zoomed off away from him, forcing him to make a tight turn in his pursuit. The Firebolt really was the best racing broom in the world, as he picked up speed after the turn, he was on top of the snitch in just a moment and with one stretch of his hand, he felt the wings beating trying to escape his grasp.

Returning to Madam Hooch, he offered her the now inert ball, "Good, now go get another, Potter." By the time Harry returned four to the flying instructor, Emma got two and Harper one.

Gliding around the pitch, Harper came near him, "You wouldn't be half so good without that broom. You're nothing more than a self-important half-blood." He was trying to goad him, but Harry had no intention of letting it work.

"I don't need a Firebolt to outfly you, Harper, you pillock. You might be better than Malfoy, but that doesn't mean much considering he paid his way onto the team." The Nimbus 2001 the other boy sat on was one of the brooms provided by Lucius two years prior for the Slytherins.

As if to prove his point, Harry spotted another of the snitches just above Daphne's blonde head clear across from him on the other side of the pitch. Weaving his way effortlessly through a formation of chasers, the quaffle passed by his head as he went by them. As he neared his potion's partner, her eyes were wide as she watched him approach her at speed. He could feel Harper behind him, trying to catch him.

As he neared Daphne, he slowed briefly, waiting for the snitch to make its move. It turned moving upward toward the clouds. The instant he saw it make that first move, he sped back up and made a sharp turn upward in pursuit mere centimeters from Daphne. He got close enough that his movement caused her hair to whip around her head.

There was a crash as Harper had been forced to avoid the Slytherin girl and couldn't pull off the move as he didn't think to slow down at all beforehand. He heard Daphne's faint laughter at the younger boy's expense as he soared upward, the snitch zipped from side to side, trying desperately to avoid capture but it was futile.

Harry flew back to Hooch but went by Daphne first, "Hope I didn't scare you." He said just loud enough for her to hear.

"I don't scare that easily, Potter." She told him with a little smile.

The hours ticked by as the tryouts continued. Harry ended up catching eight, Byrne five and Harper three... at least the first time. The snitches were released another time as it drew nearer to noon, and Harry managed nine the second time while the other two each got three. He made a point of both

interrupting and aiding the chasers where he could during the second session. He wanted to show them all that he wasn't only going to affect the game when the snitch showed itself.

By the time the tryouts were over, the sun hung hot and high in the sky, burning off the fog and dew hours before. When it was finished the participants were tired, sweaty and hungry. They all came together as the three instructors gathered. They nodded between themselves as they reached their decisions.

There was some quibbling that took place but they finished relatively quickly, "There will be a starting seven as well as a reserve for each player," Gwenog told them, "If you didn't make it, all you can do is work harder so that it doesn't happen the next time. Make it a lesson to learn from."

"Chasers," Moran announced, "Ginny Weasley, Tracey Davis, and Malcolm Preece will start." The last was a Hufflepuff third year, "Reserves will be Demelza Robbins, Alexander Chambers, and Dean Thomas." Harry was just happy to hear that Smith hadn't been one of the names called, he didn't know if he'd be able to tolerate being on a team with the pillock.

"Beaters," Gwenog continued, "Blaise Zabini and Duncan Inglebee." Blaise initially intended to go out for one of the chaser positions but changed as the tryouts wore on at the Holyhead captain's suggestion, "Reserves Jack Sloper and Maxine O'Flaherty."

"Starting keeper will be... Ron Weasley." Harry clapped his friend on the back as his sister hugged him from the side, "Reserve will be Peter Bole." Peter was a Slytherin and the younger brother of one of Slytherins team beaters, Lucian.

Hooch finished up, "Starting seeker is Harry Potter, reserve Emma Byrne." Harper threw his broom to the ground and stormed off the pitch as the words left the woman's mouth, "And ten points from Slytherin."

"Those who were named, please join us. The rest of you can head for the showers." People didn't need to be told twice, and the fortunate fourteen to get spots waited expectantly.

"Congratulations to all of you." Gwenog told them, "Your practices will be Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays until the other schools arrive, the exact schedule will be posted in your dormitories tomorrow. Barring our professional schedules, either Moran or myself will be here to help you prepare." He could actually feel the joy radiating off of Ginny at that news.

Turning to one large case that'd never been opened during the tryouts, she waved her wand to reveal fourteen brand new Cleansweep 10's, "These will be your brooms. They were provided by a Hogwarts alumnus. The intention of this tournament is to see which school has the best quidditch players, not who has the best brooms. So, everyone on every team will be on even playing field with these." They were good brooms, not as good as his own, but still better than his old Nimbus. *I'll have to get used to something a bit slower again.*

"Now, all of you need to go hit the showers, you absolutely reek." They laughed and turned to leave, "Potter, with us." Stopping, he waved his friends on. *Seems I've been having to do that a lot this year.*

Joining their three evaluators, Daithi gave him a warm smile, "I've heard stories about ye'. Your captain from last year, Wood, is playin' on Puddlemere with me. Don't know if I'd say they do you justice."

“You have three more years to try recruiting him, Moran.” Gwenog told the Irishman with a shake of her head, “As though Puddlemere isn’t already good enough.”

“Oh, come on, Jones.” He said giving her a look, “as though you wouldn’t want a seeker like that on your, Harpies.”

Gwenog turned her nose up at him, “I’m actually more interested in Weasley. As you found out at the World Cup. Sometimes great chasers beat a great seeker.” Harry could only imagine Ginny’s response when he told her what the Harpies captain had just said.

“Anyway,” Hooch cut them off, giving her former students a withering look, “it’s my decision that you’ll be captaining this team.”

“Are you sure?” While he had the most competitive quidditch experience of any of the players, he was still just a seeker. He didn’t know the ins and outs of strategizing with a team the way that a chaser or keeper probably would. *Ron or Ginny would probably be better choices if for no other reason than they’ve spent so much more time around the game.*

“Positive,” Jones told him, “You have a feel for the game that most people will never come close to, and people respect you. If you feel like you need help, it’s within your discretion to assign alternate captains.”

He would definitely be taking advantage of that fact, “Alright, I accept then.”

“Wonderful, the rest of the team will be informed at the first practice.” Realizing that he was being dismissed he turned toward the tunnel that would take him out off the pitch,

At the front of the stands, Daphne was standing there watching him. He called up to her, “Sorry about nearly running straight into you.”

“Nearly is the key word there, Harry,” She told him with a smile, “I trusted that you’d be able to pull it off, otherwise I would have moved.”

“And what about Harper behind me?”

“He didn’t just crash because he couldn’t pull off the move.” She told him with a shrug, “I wasn’t going to let him crash into me.” *No I can’t imagine how miserable Daphne would have made Harper if he actually managed to crash into her.*

Suddenly, Daphne yelped in surprise as Blaise stood behind her and poked her, “Come on Daphne, I’m starving after that.”

“Where’s Tracey?” She asked him.

“Probably still in the showers. You know how she can be when she’s not in a hurry.”

Daphne nodded, clearly amused at her best friend. Turning back to Harry she called down to him, “Congratulations, Harry, we’ll see you later.” Blaise waved and pulled his friend toward the stairs and back to the castle.

Taking a deep breath, Harry ran a hand through his hair and strode down the tunnel to the showers. By the time he entered, it was almost entirely empty. Some had chosen to return to their dormitory showers to get clean while others had been in a hurry to get lunch, much like Blaise.

He did cross paths with Zacharias Smith as he was leaving though, "Congratulations, Potter," he said with his usual air of snobbish superiority, "Preece told me you'll have to use Cleansweep in the games against the foreigners, think you'll be any good without your Firebolt?" Harry could tell from his tone that he clearly wasn't convinced.

Frowning at the skinny prat, he replied, "Well, I'll certainly be better than you ever would be with it so... if you thought you could do any better, you should have come competed against the seekers. Might've had better luck than you did with the chasers." Not wanting to continue the conversation any longer than necessary, Harry pushed past the other boy.

Smith scowled at his back and called at him as he went through the doors to the gents' showers, "We'll see!"

"Yes, you'll be seeing from the stands... with the rest of the school!" Harry replied tersely before muttering to himself, "Fucking pillock." Stripping his kit off, Harry was alone in the showers. He turned on one of the showerheads, the stall quickly filling with hot steam.

As he worked the sweat off his skin, he heard the door to the showers open. He figured it was Moran, but it didn't really matter to him. Well, he didn't care until he felt a soft hand on his back. Turning he found Ginny looking at him, her bright amber eyes filled with mischievous. The only thing covering her was a towel, and her hair was slick with water, "What're you doing?!" He asked her urgently but trying to stay quiet, not sure if there would be anyone outside the showers.

"What does it look like? Joining you for a shower." Despite what they'd done together at the Burrow, he was surprised at just how casually she said it. *Though if she was willing to get caught by her parents, I doubt she's the least bit afraid of teachers.* It was funny, he knew that the lads couldn't enter the girl's showers without a similar alarm going off as the one that existed in the Gryffindor dormitories... apparently the same wasn't true of the boy's showers. *Are they all under the impression that teenage girls don't get just as horny as the guys, or do they just not care?*

"How did you know that I would be alone?" Harry asked.

Dropping the towel to the stone floor, Harry couldn't help but appreciate that this was the first time he was seeing the beautiful redhead completely naked, "I used a spell of course." She told him as though it was obvious. Taking her in, he found he didn't really care what spell she'd used.

While Ginny was short, most of her height came from her strong legs. Her thighs were thick and lightly muscled but still looked wonderfully soft. Her belly had the slightest hint of abs. The treasure between her legs was small and pink and glistening with a mixture of water and her own arousal at just the thought of what she was doing... and what they were about to do. There was a small patch of fiery red hair on her mound.

Stepping up to him, she sighed as the water touched her skin, "Hmm... that's nice." Her eyes were locked on his cock, which was slowly beginning to fill with blood thanks to the tantalizing sight in front of

him. She leaned up to kiss him, and regardless of good sense, he decided to kiss her back. Her fingers ghosted along his abdomen down to his shaft. She gripped around the base and stroked him lightly.

Pulsing at her touch, he quickly became fully hard. His tip jutted out across the gap between them and prodded against the soft skin of her belly. Ginny smiled naughtily up at him, "I'll never get tired of seeing you like that. I've been thinking about it every night and I'm surprised that my dormmates haven't heard me considering just how... vigorously I think about you."

Harry chuckled lightly as she pressed herself against his shaft, "Maybe I should sneak you up to my dorm so I can help."

"I certainly wouldn't mind that." She told him, a second hand come up to stroke at his cock. But Harry didn't have any intention of letting her take the lead. She squeaked as her turned her so that her pert, perky bum was rubbing against his length, she groaned at the feel of it as she pushed up on her toes to grind it against the cleft of her arsecheeks.

Kneeling down between her legs, Harry kissed his way up the inside of her thigh, the spray of the water wetting every inch of skin as he went. Ginny shuddered and looked over shoulder to watch what he was doing. He smiled up at her from his knees, "You took such good care of me at the Burrow, now seems as good a time as any to return the favor." It wasn't the only thing he intended on returning.

Ginny whimpered as he prodded at her wet fold with the tips of his fingers. Sinking into her wet, gripping sheath, the sound that left her throat at his penetration was pure sin, "Oh... Harry..." Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, as she experienced something that she'd been dreaming about for years. She forced her eyes back open though, she wanted to remember every second of this that she could.

His mouth joined his fingers at the junction of her thighs, and he took a languid lick along her slit getting his very first taste of her. Pulling away, he felt her fingers slide through his hair, trying to get him back to her core. He caught her eye and grinned up at her, "You taste good, Gin." It was true, her taste was fresh and minty. He chuckled against her thigh as she couldn't seem to find any words to reply.

Returning to the task at hand, he kissed each of her bumcheeks before going back to devour her little pink pussy. Ginny slapped a hand against the wall of the shower stall, looking for something... anything to hold onto as he drove her closer and closer to her peak.

Standing up, he pushed against her back as she forced her bum out, bowing her back obscenely. His fingers never left her needy heat as he stood tall at her side. She reached for his cock and gave a few unsteady strokes.

She wasn't expecting for his other hand to snap against her bum. But then, none of this was anything like what she was expecting when she decided to come and join him. Gasping in a mixture of pain and pleasure, he felt her needy tunnel spasm around his digits as he dug them deeper into her sex.

He scraped against every sensitive inch of her, as he kissed at her temple, "Nuh uh, Gin, this is about you right now. You just stand there and take everything that I'm giving you." She looked at him with wide, blissed-out eyes. Her cheeks were flush, and it had nothing to do with the heat of the water.

Continuing to saw his fingers in and out of her pink depths, he moved his thumb so that it was prodding and rubbing at the sensitive, pulsing pucker of her tightest hole. The brand new sensation made her

squeal loud enough that he wouldn't be entirely surprised if there was someone in the castle who heard it.

Bringing his free hand up, he offered her his fingers to quiet her. She started sucking on them lovingly as he leaned in to whisper in her ear, "Are you going to cum for me? I want you to cum for me." Ginny's whole body shuddered as she sucked extra hard on his long digits. He felt her tunnel spasm rhythmically around his fingers as she reached her peak. Her legs shook and rippled, and if it weren't for him holding her up she would have fallen to the floor in a heap from the impact of it.

Her chest flushed as she sucked in a big breath of air. As she recovered from her orgasm, she looked at him like she'd never seen him before, though there was still nothing but adoration there, "That was... even... even better than I imagined."

"Lucky for you, we're not done yet." Smiling at her, he stepped behind her and slapped her puffy pussy lips with the top of his shaft.

Whimpering she looked back at him, eyes wild and desperate, "Please... please put it in... me. I want to feel you."

Much as he would love to fulfill that request, he had something else in mind. A bit of punishment in fact as he'd already repaid her for the Burrow. He shook his head at her, causing her to furrow her brow in confusion, "No Gin, after what you did at the Opening Feast, I'm not letting you have my cock. But that doesn't mean you're not going to help get me off either."

Ginny whimpered pathetically, and started wiggling her hips trying to tempt him into sliding inside of her. His cock was poking slightly at her entrance when she shocked him when she resorted to begging, "No... please... I'm **so, so** sorry, Harry. Don't torture me like that... I need you inside of me." Harry throbbed against her lips, but he wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of getting her way.

Harry forced her thighs together tightly so that he was squeezed between the soft skin of her legs and the engorged lips of her pussy. The girl-cum still dripping from her tiny slit from her previous climax provided him with more than enough lube to pound against the wonderful gap easily. Smacking her ass, the pale flesh rippled at his strike and made her pull forward, sliding along his shaft, "Now be a good girl, and don't cum until I tell you."

Ginny bit her lip and nodded her head. She turned away from rested her head against the wall of the shower as he started pushing and pulling her hips. On instinct, she started throwing her bum back against his crotch, a wet slap echoing in the room with every ever more forceful thrust.

While not as good as a warm, welcoming pussy, this still felt fantastic. And he loved watching the tortured expression of building joy on Ginny's face as his length pressed against her sensitive sex. The redhead shivered every time his crown scraped against her sensitive little clit and she tried to tilt her hips to increase that wonderful friction.

They continued on like that, Harry drawing closer and closer to his peak, and Ginny fighting her own off. Every little touch and movement had made her feel like she was burning up. There were stars in her eyes as she started panting with the effort of keeping her orgasm at bay. She'd never been so turned on in her life. She need to cum, so she pleaded with him, "Harry... please... please let me cum... I don't think... I can... I can..."

Kissing at the back of her neck, he smacked her bum yet again and he felt some of her slippery juices drip out of her hole and stain his cock, "You're almost there, Gin, just a little bit longer. Don't you want to be a good girl for me?" She nodded and closed her eyes. Her hands were balled in tight, white-knuckled fists as she did everything in her power to follow his command.

"Cum for me... cum for me... cum for me..." She started chanting through gritted teeth, "I want all your thick fucking cum. I'll lick it off the fucking wall if I have to... just please cum."

Her filthy comment sent a shot of pleasure down his spine right to his groin. He pushed her down onto her knees and forced her to look at him. One hand dutifully went straight for his cock and started pumping him while the other went found her ridiculously oversensitive pussy, "Go ahead... cum for me, Gin."

"Thank you! Thank you!" Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and her mouth opened in a silent scream as her peak hit her like a train as she tried to keep pumping his cock erratically. Grabbing himself at the base, he could feel the cum racing up shaft. Moving her hand away, he pointed his slick, dripping crown at her face.

Harry painted her face with his seed. He covered her freckled face even as the water tried to wash it away. More than one rope went straight into her mouth, and that only intensified her own orgasm as he heard her squirt around her own fingers. It took awhile but she eventually recovered from the most intense orgasm of her life.

Hungrily getting as much of his cum into her mouth as she could, Ginny looked exhausted and sexy and thrilled with herself as flicked the last of his orgasm onto her forehead, "Remind me... remind me to tease you in the future, if that's what you're going to do to me." Harry laughed and helped her to her feet. Her legs were too wobbly to do it herself. As they washed together, they were too busy with one another to hear the door open and close quietly.

They made their way back up to the castle thinking no one was any the wiser to what they'd done. When asked what took him so long by Ron, Harry told his friend, "Hooch, Moran, and Jones told me I'm the captain of the team. And they said that I get to choose alternates as well. Figured you'd be good for that, mate. I'll need help with the strategy."

Ron was so excited by the news that he didn't even notice the smile Harry and his sister shared as he quickly forgot that Ginny had been gone for just as long.