

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

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Chapter 6: Gripes, Groans, and Ginevra Weasley

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Practice had been nominally successful in Harry's opinion. At least enough for him to feel confident about their chances tomorrow against Slytherin. Perhaps the team wasn't at the same level they had been under Wood and Angelina, but Harry had to practically build up their player base from scratch. He liked to think he's done a well enough job so far, especially considering it was only the first month of term.

He was certain the team would improve, and winning tomorrow would go a long ways towards their improvement.

It almost made him wish Cammi could watch one of his games sometimes. Despite the impossibility of the notion, seeing Cammi dressed up in a copy of his quidditch jersey while cheering loudly from the stands would certainly be a sight.

The tattooed vixen was an adamant football fan in her daily life. He'd personally seen how amped she could get over a sport after watching her jump around her flat, screaming at the telly while they watched the second round of the premier league. Liverpool beating Arsenal 2 - 0 had Cammi throwing the windows open with the loudest cheer he'd ever heard. He could only imagine her reaction when he catches the snitch.

Sadly, this small fantasy of his would likely never live to see the light of day. Cammi was still, unfortunately, a muggle, with absolutely no concept of magic.

It wasn't as if he *couldn't* tell her. There was nothing physically stopping him from admitting he was a wizard. Hell, he could even prove it now that the ministry was off his back about magic

outside of Hogwarts. Sure- It would break the whole 'Statute of Secrecy' thing, but Harry couldn't give a bollocks about that stupid law.

No, Harry could tell her, but that would mean endangering her to his world as well. The Wizarding World was a dangerous place, even more so with Voldemort on the rise. If Cammi knew the truth, she'd just be at even more risk against the Dark Lord and his cronies, and a muggle had practically no chance against them. Harry could never willingly put Cammi in danger like that. So as much as it pained him to keep up the ruse, it was necessary to keep her safe.

He only hoped she could forgive him when he was gone. She'd likely never know what happened to him, only that he up and disappeared one day. No calls, no letters, nothing to show that he didn't abandon her but simply died due to the whims of some bullshit prophecy and a psychotic wanker whose paranoia overwhelmed his common sense.

Harry scoffed to himself and lit a cigarette with the tip of his finger. He'd need to go into town for another pack soon. The nearest muggle village wasn't too far by broom ride. He could go this weekend after the game.

It was dark by the time he left the quidditch pitch. Everyone else had trudged back up to the castle long ago. Only Harry was left to make the journey back on his lonesome, not that he complained. He always enjoyed a quiet evening walk to reflect.

He had stayed behind after practice to ensure everything was ready for the match. The equipment was polished and inventoried, the starting and reserve roster was turned into Madame Hooch's office, and most importantly- an owl order was sent off to Fred and George for their biggest crate of firewhiskey they had. Not an official product of Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, but the twins always had a stock lying about for celebrations. Harry was merely requesting a nice hefty portion of that stock. How else were they supposed to celebrate their win?

...Plus Lavender did say she and Parvati always got a bit intimate when firewhiskey was involved.

Harry's mind was filled with unbidden thoughts of the two gossiping temptresses locked in a deep, sensual kiss. Their soft, curvy bodies intertwined with not a single stitch of clothing in sight. The soft moans that escaped their lips as both girls' hands began to wander- as Harry's own hands joined them and began to explore every dip and crevice of their plush curves and supple flesh- Harry could imagine it all and it filled his blood with a fiery determination to win tomorrow.

The walk back from the quidditch pitch took almost no time at all. The light of the moon guided his path well enough along the way. As he approached the castle, he was surprised to find another figure waiting for him. Even with the absence of daylight obscuring most things from his sight, Harry still knew exactly who the figure was just by the sheer fiery redness of their hair. Ginny's bright red locks practically shined in the moonlight, casting an almost ethereal glow onto her pale freckled face. Harry was caught off guard by just how pretty she looked in that moment, but he wasn't exactly surprised. Ginny had always been a very beautiful girl. The only reason he'd never pursued her romantically was because of her blatant hero worship of him, something that had irked him to no end. Thankfully the girl seemed to have shaken that habit and was now someone he could consider a close friend.

"Waiting for me?" He smiled.

Ginny looked up at his approach and pushed off the stone column she'd been leaning against with a nod. "Knew you'd be staying behind tonight."

Harry nodded and slowed his pace to allow the redhead to fall into step beside him. "You could've hung back at the pitch you know? Beats standing around here in the cold."

"Probably, but then we'd both be walking back in the cold and miss dinner." At her words, the young chaser produced a small bag from within her robes. "Figured you'd be hungry so I snagged us a couple sandwiches from the kitchen."

Harry was indeed hungry. He had intended to visit the kitchens himself after curfew but this was a good alternative. They walked a little longer, coming across one of the smaller courtyards soon enough and settled themselves down on a bench by a fountain depicting kindly merfolk spraying water from their mouths.

"Thanks," Harry muttered as Ginny passed him a sandwich. They ate in silence for a bit, both of them simply enjoying the simple company of each other. Finally, when all the crumbs were swept away and the trash vanished, Harry decided it was time to confront the girl's real reasons for her ambush.

"So I take it you wanted to talk about what you saw with me and Katie this morning?" He said offhandedly.

If Ginny was surprised by his question she didn't show it. Instead, the girl simply sat picking at a stray stitch on the hem of her hand-me-down robe, her mouth furrowed into a small frown.

"Gin' it's okay. I'm not mad or anything."

Ginny sighed and finally ripped the stitch out. "Are you and Katie dating?" She asked bluntly.

Harry wasn't surprised about her outburst. Ginny had never been a 'beat around the bush' sort of person so her question was expected.

"No, we're not dating."

"But you are shagging?"

"Yes. Sort of a friends-with-benefits type of situation I suppose." He explained.

Ginny nodded but her frown seemed to only deepen. "And Hermione?"

Harry paused at that. He didn't think Ginny knew about him and Hermione. Sure on the train she may have expected, but he and Hermione had been careful not to clue anyone else in on their physical relationship. Lavender and Parvati knowing was already a risk, no matter how much Harry trusted the two vixens' word.

Still, he couldn't lie to Ginny even if he wanted to. The fiery redhead could sniff out a lie a mile away. She'd know he wasn't being truthful before he even opened his mouth. Harry groaned

internally. Despite his fears, Ginny did deserve to know the truth. She hadn't said a word to anyone about him and Katie after all, so he highly doubted she'd do the same about him and one of her closest friends.

"Same situation I suppose." He said with a small sigh.

Ginny hummed lightly at his response. She seemed to take a moment to contemplate his words and weigh them in her mind. After a few moments, the ginger girl nodded and stood.

"Okay then. That's all I needed I think."

Before he could question what she meant, Ginny reached down once more for the hem of her robe. With a single tug, the thick material was thrown over her head to reveal her shirtless chest framed ethereally in the moonlight. Harry's eyes immediately locked on her nude breasts. The two small mounds were barely bigger than a handful each but sat perfectly perky on the chaser's thin frame. The pale flesh of her tits was covered with a smattering of freckles that served to draw his eyes directly to her two nipples. The quarter-sized nubs reacted with the cool night air, standing now crinkled and stiffened as Ginny shivered momentarily from the cold.

"Well?" Ginny asked impatiently. Her face had turned a healthy shade of red since he last looked at her, yet she stood proudly- arms at her side and made no move to cover herself. Harry stood without a word. Green eyes remained glued to the redhead's own coffee-brown orbs as he approached. Ginny shifted slightly at the intensity of his gaze but she remained steadfast, keeping her eyes level with his in some small act of defiance.

The young chaser flinched when his hand grazed against her cheek. She sucked in a small breath but didn't move away as he cupped her cheek.

"Gin' are you sure about this?" He asked in a low voice.

Ginny nodded with a bite of her lip. Her brown eyes were full of an emotion he could hardly describe but there was not an ounce of hesitation hidden within them. Slowly, Harry leaned forward, capturing her lips in a soft and slow kiss.

Ginny inhaled sharply through her nose. He could practically feel the heat radiating from her cheeks as they flushed red but the younger witch surprised him by deepening the kiss with a small strangled moan. Harry took it in stride, letting her move things along at her own pace. It began with Ginny's lips opening just a fraction of an inch, enough for Harry to suck gently on her bottom lip. Ginny whimpered and pressed herself firmly against Harry's form, enough to where Harry could feel the stiff points of her nipples through his shirt.

Just as things were starting to heat up, a cool gust of wind blew in from out of nowhere. Ginny squeaked and pulled away from him, rubbing her hands over her arms in a vain attempt to stave off the cold. Harry chuckled and quickly collected the redhead's discarded robe.

"How about we go find someplace a bit warmer yeah?" He said, throwing the garment over her shoulders snugly.

Ginny smiled sheepishly and nodded, wrapping herself up tightly in her robe.

Harry led the girl through one of the many unused entrances into the castle. It was nearly curfew, and while there wasn't too much risk of getting caught at the moment, Harry wasn't keen on taking many chances. With his knowledge of the castle thanks to the map, he knew of a handful of different places they could settle for the night. Places where they weren't at risk of being disturbed.

The Room of Requirement was the obvious choice, but Harry would rather keep its usage to a minimum. They'd drawn enough attention to it the year before, plus he doubted Ginny wanted to climb all the way up to the seventh floor in her current state of undress.

There was a multitude of guest rooms hidden among the castle for various guests and recent grad-workers could use when needed. One of those would be perfect and luckily there was one such room close by.

Descending down into the dungeons, Harry led Ginny past the kitchens and Hufflepuff dormitories, all the way down until they'd gone past many of the storerooms and were very nearly upon the Slytherin dorms. There sat a painting like any other in the castle, one depicting

a lone cottage upon a faraway hill. Ginny looked at him confused at first but Harry offered her only a wink.

Raising his hand, Harry knocked 6 times in the tune of 'Sing a Song of Sixpence'. They both watched as the painting's depiction shifted, rolling over the vast hill and coming to a stop just in front of the distant cabin's wooden door. A soft 'click' was heard as the door finally came into full view and the painting swung open, revealing a large bedroom fit with a queen-sized bed, blanket chest, and a claw-foot bathtub nestled in the corner. A fire was already lit in the room's small hearth, casting a warm glow about the otherwise darkened interior.

Ginny bit her lip and cast a searching gaze his way. Harry gave her a light smirk in response and placed a light smack against her bum. She yelped in surprise before quickly clamping her mouth shut and giving him a heatless glare.

"Fucking prat." She muttered and ducked inside the room.

Harry just laughed and stepped inside as well, closing the hidden door behind him with a soft click.

They only make it halfway into the room, barely past the chest full of spare blankets and threadbare rug on the floor, before their desire becomes too strong.

Ginny's mouth is on his first, the heat of the fiery chaser's body cuts through the air like a knife. Harry wraps his arms around her thin waist, leaving gooseflesh along the redheads ribs everywhere he touched. Ginny moans against his mouth as his hands reach the swell of her breasts, her wet tongue slipping easily into the warmth of his mouth while he hums in agreement.. The feel of her breasts beneath his palms has Harry already ragingly hard. He could feel his cock strain against the material of his boxers, wanting nothing more than to be sheathed inside the petite girl's tight quim.

"Touch me," Ginny breathes, her lips ghosting over his. "Oh god Harry please touch me!"

Harry does, kneading the small mounds of flesh almost reverently. Despite their small size, Harry doesn't remember ever touching anything *softer*. The two pink buds capping each mound

of flesh complimented the softness with an underlying hardness that showed plainly the ginger minx's excitement. They called to him alluringly, begging Harry to lavish them with his mouth. Not even a Veela's allure was this strong, and soon enough he found himself scooping the pixie sized girl up by her thighs and walking her over to the bed.

Ginny landed with a soft 'oof' against the plush mattress. Harry gave her no time to adjust before his mouth was on her again, sucking and nipping at the soft flesh of her neck first before descending lower and lower and *lower...*

"Oh!" Ginny gasped, her hand flying up to thread through his hair as he sucked lightly on the crinkled buds adorning her chest.

Ginny's hands anchor on his shoulders, nails digging into the toned muscle when he takes her nipple fully into his mouth. Humming in delight, he suckles hard and fast, preening at the symphony of moans leaking from the redhead's mouth. Part of him expects Ginny to tell him to slow down- Yet he knew Ginny and patience were never one's to mix well. She doesn't utter a single plea for a reprieve or shout of regret. Ginny only tighten her grip on his hair while the sweetest sounds spill from her lips.

"H-Harry- Oh god!- I n-need you!" The young chaser gasps, propping herself onto her elbows with a pleading look of want.

Harry pulled away from her chest, hands settling gently on the inside of her thighs. "Are you sure Gin'?" He needed to know. He couldn't leave this to chance no matter how much he wanted to ravage the ginger girl's tight cunt. This was his best mate's sister- but more importantly, Ginny was his friend.

Ginn, thankfully, had no intentions of stopping now. With a scowl, the fiery witch reached down and roughly cupped his hardened cock through his trousers. "*You* are going to fuck me Harry. Again and again and *again!*- Until I beg you to stop! Got it?"

He barely gave her a single affirming nod before her hand dipped under the hem of his trousers. Fingers, calloused from years training and practicing quidditch, find the shaft of his cock easily

enough. Harry groans aloud, the redhead's hand wrapping firmly around his length and sending such delicious sensations through his body.

It's a mirror of the robe that was hastily thrown to the side when he yanks the girl's pants down.

To his delight, he found her cunt just as bare as her tits, with no knickers in sight to cover the sweet treasure of his desires. Ginny giggled at his haste, her hands finding the hem of his own pants just as fast as she pulled them down. His cock spilt free from its denim prison almost instantly, crashing against Ginny's moistened cunt with a light '*smack*' and for the girl to grunt in surprise. She tries to clamp her legs shut but Harry stops her. Grabbing her by the widest points of her thighs, he pushes her legs further apart, wider than they were before. It's a small nudge at her limits, a test to see how far she'll let him go.

Ginny's breath catches and a glance upward reveals her watching him with rapt attention, eyes nearly black from the size of her pupils. Her cheeks are flushed pink as a ripe peach, practically begging to be kissed. Upon closer inspection, Harry can just make out a small mark he hadn't realized he'd left starting to form on the freckled skin of the petite girl's small breast. It makes his cock pulse against her quim. If he hadn't needed to take her now- to dominate her in that instant. He certainly did now.

Harry let out a breath as he lined himself up with her entrance. Looking up, he gazed deeply into her dilated eyes with one last tiny moment of hesitancy. "Say the word." He says, searching for any sign of uncertainty in her eyes.

Ginny looks back, her gaze strong and determined as she reaches down and rubs his cock head up and down her slickened entrance.

"Please."

Ginny is snug and wet around him, tighter than even he imagined her to be. The muscles of her cunt contracted to pull him further in. In one smooth motion Harry thrusts himself in to the hilt, earning a muffled whimper from the young witch beneath him. Ginny's dexterous fingers grip the bed tight, but there's no pain or resistance in her posture. Harry takes the sound as

encouragement and grips the chaser's hips tightly, slowly rocking his cock in and out of her damp folds.

Ginny gasps with each thrust, making Harry's confidence in her ability to handle his cock rise. Ever so slowly he began to increase his pace, pushing his cock deep inside her pretty little cunt with increasing force- stretching her out undoubtedly farther than she's ever imagined. He watched as Ginny threw her head back with a screaming moan after just a few hard thrusts- pink lips forming an 'O' shape as she wailed with sudden and intense climax.

Her cunt trembled around him, actually forcing Harry to pause his hammering thrusts due to just how tight she felt.

"N-NO!" Ginny cried, her body convulsing under him. "DON'T S-STOP! OH GOD FUCK ME HARRY PLEASE!"

Her hands came up to claw at his chest. Were she a girl to grow her nails long he'd no doubt leave this room come tomorrow with deep gouges traced down his sternum. Thankfully her scratches had no real bite to them, and soon enough her hands had traced their way down his torso and, surprisingly, one settled upon her battered mound. Ginny moved hesitantly at first, her movements fueled by unsurety yet with a need for more. Slowly she began to circle her clit, rubbing it affectionately while she whimpered and cooed with every thrust of his cock.

The redhead's breath hitched. Ramped up. It went completely out of control after only a few more seconds, turning into a raging beast inside her chest that threatened to tear the girl apart. Harry could sense her need for release, so soon after her first climax yet so very much needed. Pushing her legs up against her perky chest, Harry slammed his hips forward with as much force as he could muster. Ginny screamed with sudden and intense ecstasy, her legs fighting against his hold as she spasmed between him and the mattress below. Harry didn't let up, pounding into her velvety pussy with everything he had. Their hips met with a chorus of meaty wet slaps. His groin was soaked with the chaser's juices, letting his cock able slip inside her cunt all the more easier.

One final thunderous smack pushed Ginny's knees above her shoulders, folding the lithe girl in half while Harry let out a shuddering groan. Ginny squeaked with each pulse of his cock inside her, knowing full well that each one meant another spurt of his hot creamy load dumped deep inside her. Her ripe pussy clutched him tightly as he came, milking his cock for every last drop while the girl herself was practically shellshocked at receiving such a massive influx of cum inside her.

Harry pulled out of the girl's tight depths with one final groan. Like a cork popping free from a bottle, his cum instantly poured free from the girl's folds, staining the sheets beneath the white. "T-that's a lot..." Ginny breathed, watching with no small amount of fascination as his cum leaked from her pussy.

Harry had other plans besides admiring his handy work though. The sight of the petite chaser staring in awe at her used cunt had him back to full mast within moments. Grabbing her by the waist, he quickly spun the girl around on her belly and entered her ruined folds before she could so much as squeak in surprise. The only sound that did emanate from her mouth was a deep-tired moan of pleasure as he filled her once more.

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Hermione looked from her friend/lover to the redhead opposite them with a suspicious gaze. Ginny's face was buried into the Gryffindor table with small groans emanating from the girl's unmoving form every now and again. Harry, for his part, looked quite unperturbed by their friend's lack of consciousness, especially in the middle of the great hall of all places.

"Is she alright?" She whispered to her raven-haired lover.

Harry unhelpfully shrugged and continued to nibble on his breakfast. "She had a late night."

Hermione nodded, almost accepting that answer for what it was before her mind suddenly caught up with her. Freezing, she slowly turned her head back towards Harry with annoyed glare.

“Harry you didn’t...”

“S-seven times.” Ginny groaned, finally sitting up. “Merlin I’m gonna need a fucking nap before the game or else I’ll barely be able to kick off the ground- much less play.”

“Mind if I join you?”

“Fuck off Potter.”

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Author’s Note

Ginny gets a taste of what she’s been dreaming of for years... though it may have been a bit more than she was bargaining for.

Next chapter: The aftermath of the Slytherin v. Gryffindor match feat. a very happy Lavender and Parvati. PLUS! Another look at what our favourite muggle is up to.

Thanks for reading!