

There's No Place Like Home

by Good_Witch

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Please pay attention to the warnings!

Response to prompt #88 in LJ's Samhain_Smut fest 2010.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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There's No Place Like Home

It was Halloween evening, and Ginny had popped into the flat above Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes, waiting for George and Ron to close up shop so they could go to the party at the Burrow. Voldemort had been defeated over two years ago, and everyone was enjoying living a life less fraught with peril, even though not a day went by that the Weasleys didn't mourn the loss of their dear Fred. Everyone would be there, including Percy, who had been welcomed back with open arms after the Final Battle.

Ginny peeked at the clock, wondering where Percy was, as he had agreed to meet them at the shop first before going to the Burrow. Since the four of them had banded together for their costumes...she was Dorothy, George was the Tin Man, Ron was the Scarecrow, and Percy was the Cowardly Lion from the Wizard of Oz...they wanted to show up as a group. She was a bit early, unable to tamp back her excitement, so she meandered through the flat, peering at the varied products George and Ron were working on. In a bowl, she saw a mound of Giddy Gumdrops, and she filched a handful. It was Halloween after all; they were *supposed* to eat candy and have a good time!

Just as she lifted the sweets to eye them more closely...they weren't the same colours she was used to; perhaps they were expanding to new flavours?...she heard someone stumble onto the hearthrug. Spinning to face the newcomer, she guiltily shoved the gumdrops into the pocket of her gingham dress, then smiled at Percy dusting soot off his furry costume.

Bouncing a little, she cried, "Oh, well done, Percy! It's marvellous!"

Percy glanced up from cleaning his glasses and grinned; the whiskers attached to his cheeks quivered. "Glad you approve! You look adorable, Gin."

Ginny giggled and bobbed a curtsy before spinning to show off the dress and her pigtails. She paused and opened the little basket on her arm to show him the stuffed Toto inside. "I can't wait until everyone sees us marching in arm-in-arm. I'm so glad we kept our costumes a secret."

Percy crossed to her, smiling fondly. After he had returned to the family, thoroughly ashamed of himself for his blind idiocy, Ginny had been the kindest to him, rebuilding his faith in himself and easing the way for him as only the beloved baby of a family could. Tugging on one pigtail, he chuckled and said, "Maybe we should charm up a little yellow brick road leading up to the house, just for maximum effect."

Ginny laughed and twinkled at him. "Do it! That'd be brilliant!" She passed him and leant against the back of the sofa, dropping the basket to the floor and dipping her hand into her pocket to fish out some gumdrops. Percy joined her, smoothing the fur of his costume as he leant beside her. About to pop the sweets into her mouth, Ginny paused and flushed, realizing how selfish that was, and said, "Would you like a Giddy Gumdrop? I just want to enjoy myself tonight, so I thought I'd have a couple."

Percy eyed his fuzzy paws and quirked a rueful smile at her. "I'd take one, but they'd probably stick in my fur."

Ginny smirked and lifted one gumdrop between them, nodding at him. "Open up!"

Percy obediently opened his mouth, and Ginny tucked the sweet onto his tongue just as she ate hers. An unfamiliar flavour spread over her tongue, and an unfamiliar sensation radiated through her. She gasped at the same time Percy did. Whipping her wide eyes to meet Percy's stunned gaze, she felt the first pang of unease at the way the colour had drained from his face.

His voice was hoarse as he said, "Ginny, what have you done? That was no Giddy Gumdrop."

Ginny blinked at the tingles and jolts racing through her body, then stiffened as she realized where all those sensations were ending...in a fiery blaze in her knickers. Turning worried eyes to Percy, she whispered, "I don't know. I thought they were just new flavours of the gumdrops. I have no idea what they are."

Percy's eyes closed in a pained grimace, and he murmured, "Oh, I have an idea what they are, but I didn't know they had made some prototypes already."

Ginny struggled to breathe properly, fighting the lust pounding through her veins. She couldn't stop staring at his lips, and her body edged closer to him of its own accord. Her voice was faint and plaintive as she said, "Percy?"

His eyes snapped open, and she gasped at the crackling heat in his gaze. The sizzling in her loins surged as he turned, gripping her arms in his padded hands. Her pupils dilated, and Percy groaned in defeat, pulling her against him and pouncing on her with a fierce kiss.

Ginny's mind was reeling between horror at her brother snogging her so thoroughly, his erection pressing through the costume against her belly, and unholy joy at the very same sensations making wicked promises to sate the burning desire that left her knickers so slick. One part of her mind screamed in denial when she found herself sucking on Percy's tongue and frantically working to find the opening to his costume while he deftly manoeuvred her around the sofa and pushed her onto the cushions.

She had wrenched the front open, shoving it off his arms. It sagged behind him, falling down around his knees and leaving him clad only in tented boxer shorts. As soon as he had wrested his hands free from the padded paws, he reached forward and twisted each pigtail in his fists, tugging her forward. Ginny looked up at him, her eyes dark with lust, her lips swollen and glistening, and Percy swore, his voice a low hiss. Her lips curled in a devious smirk, and she slid her fingers beneath the waist of his pants, smoothing them down, exposing his flushed cock.

Percy's hips tilted, thrusting forward, at the same time he pulled on her hair again. Ginny stared at the damp tip in fascination as alternating flashes of hot desire and cold shame washed over her, leaving goose flesh in their wake and tightening her nipples. Her breath ghosted over his fevered skin, and Percy groaned again, then rasped, "Do it."

Ginny closed her eyes and leant in, dragging her cheek along the shaft to the accompanying moans above her. When she reached the end, she trailed her lips over the spongy head, lightly flicking her tongue out to taste the bead of moisture glimmering at the tip. A whimpering moan of both protest and desperate need vibrated her lips against him, and Percy shoved forward, plunging into her mouth and nearly gagging her.

Tears sprang to Ginny's eyes in reaction to the degradation of her brother fucking her mouth and the betrayal of her cunt clenching in appreciation of the salty, musky taste of his cock on her tongue. Her keens of protest were repeatedly stifled by Percy's erection lodging in the back of her throat, cutting off her air.

Through the drugged haze of lust, Percy saw tears trickling down his baby sister's cheeks. A shame worse than he had ever felt, even when he had realized all that he had almost lost when he abandoned his family for the Ministry, rose up to choke him. Fury at his reckless brothers twisted his face into a rictus of agonized pleasure, as his body informed him that Ginny's delectable mouth was not enough.

Yanking her head back, off his cock, Percy panted, blinking at Ginny, his eyes wild. His voice was broken as he said, "Ginny... I-I'm sorry..."

Ginny, cringing at the sting of her hair being pulled, felt dizzy with relief that she could breathe, but she missed him already. She lifted her hands to his, where they were still tangled around her hair, in an attempt to dislodge him. Percy, however, pulled her to her feet, making her yelp at the pain. Sniffing, she opened her streaming eyes to meet his, and her body sang with pleasure when he descended on her again, kissing her deeply, not caring that her tears and runny nose were wetting his costume whiskers.

Percy's cock prodded Ginny's belly, and she reached down to grasp it. His roar of approval and rage was muffled against her mouth, and he finally let go of her hair, instead snatching at her dress and shoving it above her waist. Ginny released his cock, scrabbling to fend off his aggressive advance, but when his roaming fingers gripped her arse and slipped into her knickers, she could only hold tight to his wrist, wavering between pushing him away and holding him there so he could assuage her cravings.

Percy used his body weight to push her backward onto the sofa, pinning her even as one hand ripped at her knickers. Ginny's hands were gripping him so hard that he was sure he would find bruises later, and he felt the raw weals where her nails had scratched him. They both heard the tear of fabric as her knickers gave way, and there was a beat in which they locked terrified eyes before Percy breathed, "I can't...can't stop... Gods, Ginny..."

A sob caught in Ginny's throat, and she closed her eyes the moment she felt Percy bury himself in her with a strangled groan. She hated herself for the way her body responded, making her gasp in pleasure even as she wept in humiliation and disgust.

Percy was pumping into her hard and fast, and she felt her climax building, but before she could succumb to the final debasement of orgasming from being fucked by her brother, she heard two voices shouting in unison as Percy was hauled off of her and thrown to the floor.

George stood over Percy's crumpled form, his wand trained on his older brother, his face contorted with rage and loathing. Ron knelt by Ginny, blue eyes wide and anxious, hands fluttering as he wanted to comfort her, but she was still half-naked. Ginny glanced at Percy and saw him cowering away from George's wand, even as his erection still jutted up, obscenely red and glistening.

"Are you all right, Gin?" Ron's voice was high with shock.

"What the fuck is going on here?" George growled at Percy, knuckles white as he gripped his hands into fists, his wand vibrating with the force of his grip.

Percy panted, "Can't...help it...I swear...never...want to...hurt Ginny..."

Ginny shook her head violently, trying to dispel the sexual frustration at being denied what her body needed so much. "It's not his fault!"

Ron and George froze, owl-eyed, gaping at Ginny in incredulity. George hissed, "Not his *fault*? He was raping you! His own sister!"

Ginny screamed in frustration...both sexual and not...and clamped her legs together, squirming, trying to stop the buzzing need. "Not rape! *Your* fault! *Both* of you!" Then she buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Ron croaked, "Our fault? What the hell are you talking about?"

Ginny shoved a hand into the pocket of her dress where it was bunched around her waist and withdrew the remaining gumdrops, throwing them at Ron and then George. "What *are* these, you fucking wankers?"

Both George and Ron gasped so much that they seemed to suck the air from the room. Faces white under their freckles, they locked guilty eyes, and George whispered, "He took one?"

Ginny shot him a poisonous look and growled, "We*both* did!" Then, she writhed again, her hands travelling down to her mound, and added, "And I wish to Hell that you had waited just a little longer to show up...and I *hate* myself for it!"

Percy, still huddled on the floor, stroking himself against his better judgement, groaned in recognition of her plight.

Ron and George snapped their attention to him, but George backed away, looking scared. His voice held a note of panic as he said, "I'm sorry...we didn't mean to...the dose ended up stronger than we thought."

Ron glared at George in warning, two pink spots burning on his cheeks as he barked, "George! We agreed never to mention it!"

Ginny, tormented by the steadily-increasing need between her legs, rolled onto her side and grabbed Ron's collar, pinning him with a manic gaze. "Mention *what*, Ron? You tested them, didn't you? You *know* what it feels like!"

Ron's eyes dropped guiltily, and he swallowed hard, unable to answer. But his expression changed to one of abject fear when Ginny pulled him closer and murmured, her voice throaty and coaxing, "You know what I need, Ron... Please, make it stop!"

She darted in to kiss him, but he shoved her away in panic, launching himself backward onto the floor. Ginny voiced a wail of mortified frustration. Ron shot a glance at George, who was rooted to the spot, his head hanging in remorse. In his hand were the gumdrops Ginny had pelted him with, and Ron choked when he saw them.

Percy was curled away from them, wanking furiously, and George shook his head, saying, "It won't work, Perce; I'm sorry."

Percy let go of his cock and keened, his hands tangling in his hair and pulling.

Ron breathed, "George, *no*..."

George flailed and shouted, "What are we supposed to do, Ron? We fucked up! You know that as well as I..."

Ron heaved to his feet, skirting his writhing sister and Percy's rocking form on the floor as he crossed to George. Desperately trying to keep his brother and business partner from outing their drug-induced tryst, he said, "Shut up! We swore it would be a secret!"

Ginny's hands had crept between her legs, and she was frigging herself, vainly trying to reach her peak. Percy got to his hands and knees and flicked a glance at his brothers before crawling toward the sofa. If he could only fuck her a bit more, maybe all this torture would be over.

George muttered, "You know it won't end until they fuck until they come. And you *know* it just gets worse the longer you go without caving. We should... just leave them alone... until it's done."

Ron's eyes nearly bugged out of his head. "She's our *sister*! You can't be serious!"

George fisted Ron's shirt in his hand and yanked him forward until their noses were almost touching. In a fierce whisper, he said, "Yeah, well *you're* my *brother*, but that didn't stop us from buggering each other to get some peace, now, did it?"

Ron looked stricken, and they were silent for a beat, then they turned to see Percy and Ginny frantically snogging as he pulled her off the sofa so she could mount him.

In that moment, George made a rash decision and clapped a hand over Ron's mouth, forcing the sweet between his startled lips. Then, swallowing one himself, he let go of his younger brother, who rounded on him in incredulous fury, and framed Ron's face in his hands to kiss him.

Ron surrendered with a ragged groan, his instant erection bouncing against George's. At the sound of clothes being torn off, Percy and Ginny surfaced from their passionate snogging and coupling to see their brothers in nearly the same state they were in.

Ginny's cunt clamped down on Percy's cock at the sight, making him cry out in shocked pleasure. Loathing herself for being so aroused by it, she couldn't tear her eyes away from George and Ron pawing at each other. George dropped to his knees and sucked in Ron's cock all the way to the root, in one motion. Ron's arse muscles flexed, and Percy drove up into Ginny a little harder, making her squeak.

There was naught but the sounds of heavy breathing and grunting, punctuated by a moan or a squeal, while Ginny rode one older brother's cock, watching another brother sucking a third brother while he reached back and plunged his fingers into his own arse.

George pulled back, leaving Ron's shaft coated with saliva, and climbed onto the sofa on his knees, beckoning to Ron. "Hurry! Before it dries..."

Ron scrambled after him, positioning himself on one knee on the sofa with one foot on the floor, then gripped George's hips and pulled him back onto him, sinking in and stretching George's tight hole around his cock. George hissed, grimacing, but Percy and Ginny stared up at the invasion, rapt.

Once Ron was buried balls-deep, he exhaled a long note of blissful torment. Holding still for a beat, his head bowed forward to rest on George's back, and George rasped, "Fuck me, Ron. Now!"

Ron backed out and plunged in, hard. George shouted something incoherent. Then, when Ron began pounding George's arse in earnest, Percy couldn't take it anymore, and he was ambushed by his orgasm, shooting deep in Ginny's cunt.

Ginny, so fascinated in spite of herself at the spectacle of Ron buggering George that she had plateaued in her climb to ecstasy, was unprepared for Percy's orgasm, and she moaned in both relief that he was finally freed from the drug's potent effects and frustration that she was still suffering.

Percy lifted her off him and rolled away. "I'm sorry, Gin... I couldn't help it!"

Ginny shook her head and shut her eyes against the tears welling up. Her shriek of irritation drew the attention of George and Ron.

Gasping for breath, George sussed out the problem immediately, glancing at Percy's spent cock, and said, "You didn't... come yet?"

Ginny sobbed into her hands, Percy's come trickling from within her to drip onto the floor, reminding her of the peak she had yet to reach.

George reared back, saying, "Ron, hang on...ease up a bit. Ginny, come here!"

Ron stopped thrusting, seating himself deep inside George, who shuddered. Ginny realized what George meant and scrambled to get on the sofa under George. He leant forward again, hooking Ginny's leg over his elbow, and prodded until he felt her slick heat enveloping him. The groan that tore from his throat was one of delicious,

depraved sin.

As soon as he was completely buried in his sister's pussy, George murmured, "Ron, back out a bit."

Ron complied, giving George enough room to rock his hips, impaling himself on Ron on every backstroke out of Ginny. Ginny's keen of satisfaction made him smile past the deviance of their incest. "All right, now. Take it nice and easy, Ron, Ginny's first."

George kept the rhythm steady, concentrating on containing himself until Ginny came, knowing that she'd have to be fucked by someone to climax and end the spell of the drugged sweet. It was difficult, though, and he could tell that Ron was having a hard time holding out as well. He glanced at Percy, who was watching them with a sick fascination, white to the lips. "Percy, help us! Get over here."

Percy shook his head frantically, eyes wide.

"Goddammit, Percy! If you could've held on a bit longer, this wouldn't have to happen! She deserves to be put out of this hell as fast as possible!"

Percy grimaced, trembling as he crawled to the sofa, goaded by George's words. Ginny opened her eyes to lock with his and begged, "Please... kiss me... touch me... I need to end this!"

Consigning himself to Hell, Percy closed the distance between them and kissed her, one hand snaking down her belly to slip between her pussy lips, stroking her clit while George fucked her.

Ginny wrapped her arm around his neck, holding him there as she moaned into his mouth in appreciation. She sucked on his tongue and lips, then backed away enough to pant, "Yes... Percy... George... oh gods... *fuck!*"

Percy willed himself to keep up the rhythm on her clit as she convulsed, bucking on George's cock and shrieking in ecstasy. George, released from his obligation, plunged harder and faster, begging Ron, "Fuck me! Gods, please, fuck me!"

Ron slammed forward, driving George into Ginny, burying his cock as deep as it would go in George's arse, shuddering and grunting as come pumped out of him. George felt the spasms, and, coupled with Ginny's cunt clamping down on him in her aftershocks, nearly passed out with the exquisite pleasure as he added to the come oozing out of his sister's pussy.

Percy rested his face in the curve of Ginny's shoulder, inhaling the scent of her skin, sweat, and sex as he carefully drew back his hand to lie on her trembling stomach. Silence stretched on as their breathing calmed, until their tableau was broken by the wet, squelching sound of Ron's flaccid penis dislodging from George's arse. George grunted and backed up, his own deflated cock slipping out of Ginny in a pool of creamy liquid.

Ron staggered over to a chair, where he collapsed, waving his wand to Summon his clothes and dress again. George edged to the opposite end of the sofa, leaving Ginny to squirm up to a sitting position, furtively shoving her dress back down. Percy sat back on the floor, his furry costume twisted and matted around him.

Ron, the first one to recover, stalked over to the bowl of gumdrops and pointed his wand at it, snarling, "*Evanesco!*" He stood there, his head bowed, his back to the others.

George gingerly gathered his clothes and dressed, wincing at the lingering aches of such frenetic shagging and clenching at the tickle of Ron's come trickling out of him.

Percy kept his eyes averted as he sorted his mangled costume and used his wand to clean the stains off the fur.

Ginny carefully wriggled out of her torn knickers, repaired and cleaned them with a few muttered spells, then blushed furiously as she hastened to put them back on. She broke the heavy silence, saying, "The party is starting. You two should get into your costumes."

Ron whirled, staring at her in disbelief. "Are you *mental?* We can't go to the party after *that!*"

George snapped, "If we don't go, there'll be more questions asked than if we did go! Besides, no one caught on to anything with *us* after..."

Ron blanched, swallowing hard. His voice was hoarse as he said, "Seriously! *Stop* mentioning it! I'm not into blokes as it is, and it was bad enough the first time..."

George tossed his head. "Look, no one's holding it against you, all right? It only happened because of the fucking sweet! I daresay we've learnt our lesson, eh?"

Percy lifted mournful eyes to Ginny and croaked, "Ginny, I'm sorry... so sorry."

Ginny cut an awkward glance at the brother she had so recently bonded with and saw the same self-hatred she had seen before, right after Fred had been killed. Her heart smote her, even in the wake of such a harrowing disaster. Sitting forward, ignoring the slippery feel in her knickers, she murmured, "I forgive you, Percy. I'm sorry too."

Percy launched himself at her, collapsing against her knees, sobs wrenching from his throat. Ginny tentatively patted his head, biting her lip as tears welled up again.

Ron ran his hands through his hair and laced his fingers behind his neck as he looked at the floor, disgusted with himself and all that had happened.

George sidled past the sofa on the way back to his bedroom and said, "Come on, Ron. We better change. Mum is expecting us soon. Gin, you really should hit the loo and get cleaned up, or there'll be lots of questions we can't answer. Percy... I'm sorry, mate. But it's all over now, and you're not to blame. Calm yourself. Do you want a potion?"

Percy snarled at George through his tears. "Like I'll ever take *anything* from you again!"

George lifted his hands in a gesture of appeasement. "All right; no worries. We'll need to leave soon; that's all."

As soon as George disappeared, Ron sped to his room, leaving Percy sniffling and choking, his hands gripping Ginny's knees. Ginny's gentle pats turned into comforting caresses, smoothing his hair as she crooned, "Percy, please, stop crying. I'm not angry with you. I know it wasn't your fault. I forgive you; please calm down."

Percy's voice was muffled as he said, "I should be locked up...thrown to Dementors... I don't deserve to live in civilized society. I'm just a brute...a disgusting, perverted, sick *monster!*"

Ginny gripped his chin and forced him to meet her gaze. Eyes bright with pity and shame, she hissed, "Stop it! I know you would never *ever* have even dreamt of doing something like that! We were drugged; it wasn't the real us! You're not a monster, Percy."

His face twisted in revulsion as the confession was ripped from his throat. "I *am*...I *enjoyed* it, Ginny! It was the best I've ever had, and I was *raping* my baby sister! I don't deserve your forgiveness! I deserve the Kiss!"

Ginny's eyes closed and her head drooped. Her stomach roiled with nausea at his words, particularly as she understood them so well. Unable to look at him again, she whispered, "If you deserve the Kiss, then so do I. I *wanted* you. And if George and Ron hadn't interrupted us, I know I would have had the best orgasm of my life. I *have* to forgive you, Perce, or I can't forgive *myself* for enjoying it so much!"

Percy groaned in despair, spinning away from her and burying his face in his hands. Ginny laid a gentle hand on his back and said, in a broken whisper, "Percy, you're my

big brother, and I love you. I know you would never hurt me intentionally. And...you need to realize this too...you *helped* me! Even when you were free of the drug's effects, you gave me what I needed to *end it*. I know that was horribly hard for you, and I appreciate that you sacrificed yourself to help me. Please, *please*, Percy, stop blaming yourself and get a hold of yourself so we can just get to the blasted party."

Percy's head was lying on his arms where they crossed on top of his knees. Ginny's comforting caresses on his shoulder stopped, and he shuddered, only to yelp in surprise as she knelt behind him and embraced him, whispering, "It's okay, shh, it'll all be okay..."

George came back out, dressed in his Tin Man costume, and said, "All right there?"

Ginny gave Percy one last squeeze before shoving to her feet and wiping her tear-stained face. "I'll just freshen up..."

She disappeared, and George eyed Percy's huddled form warily. "She'll be okay, Perce, really."

Percy surged to his feet and spun on George, his eyes livid with loathing, his wand stopping a bare inch from George's throat. His voice a low growl through clenched teeth, he said, "You heartless fuck! Pity Snape didn't cut off your dick instead of your ear, you disgusting piece of filth!"

George panted shallowly, eyes wide. Once again raising his hands in a gesture of appeasement, he breathed, "Easy there, don't do anything you'll regret."

Percy snarled, "*Accio* wand!" and snatched George's wand from the air as it sailed toward him.

Ron, finally finished with his Scarecrow costume, emerged, taking in the scene, and barked, "Oi!"

Percy whipped his wand at Ron and shouted, "*Expelliarmus!*" Ron's wand flew into Percy's waiting hand as Ron staggered backward from the force of the spell. Chest heaving, Percy said, "Shut up! You brainless *idiot!* Both of you! It's your fault we're stuck in this mess, you fucking shits!"

George said, "We won't do it again, honest! We'll all agree to just forget about it, right, Ron?"

Ron nodded vigorously. "Yeah, exactly! Forget it!"

Percy's eyes narrowed in calculation and he repeated, "Forget..." Then, he jerked his wand at Ron and said, "Get over here!"

Ron scurried over beside George, hands out. Percy backed away and glared at them in revulsion. Pointing his wand at them, he said, "Forgetting is the best idea yet, even if you don't deserve the reprieve. *Obliviate Maximus!*"

George and Ron didn't have time to react, and they fell to the floor under the power of the Memory Charm. Ginny, stepping out from the hallway, shrieked, "Percy! What did you do?"

Percy rounded on her, his wand still out, and said, "I Obliviated them. I'll do the same to you. You shouldn't have to suffer this trauma, but I only did them so they couldn't hold it over your head...so they wouldn't be able to summon up such a horrifying memory every time they saw you!"

Ginny stepped closer to him, until she was just beyond the end of his wand, her expression one of sadness and pity and wistful affection. "Percy, lower your wand, please. I understand what you did, and I can appreciate why, but I can't allow you to Obliviate me."

Shaking his head and scowling, he said, "No! After what I did to you... let me do this for you!"

Ginny wrapped her fingers around his wand and guided it down as she closed the distance between them. "No. If you Obliviate me, then you'll be the only one left with this burden, and I can't let that happen. It would kill you by inches if you had to suffer alone. I wouldn't let that happen before, and I'm not about to start now."

She cupped his cheek and gave him a watery smile, her lips trembling. Percy heaved a deep sigh and nearly collapsed as all the tension in his body drained away at once. Eyes closing, he pulled her into a hug, resting his cheek on the top of her head as he breathed, "You're right. You're always right."

Ginny hugged him, relieved to note that the traitorous responses of her body earlier were no longer present. Bolstered by that discovery, she squeezed him tighter and said, "Thank you."

Percy compared the soft warmth of her body in his arms now with the way she had felt undulating against him, and a tiny piece of him thrilled to the sensation, but he forced that vile thought away with the knowledge that his sister was sweeter and more compassionate than anyone else he knew; she was truly a good witch. Hating himself for the spark of attraction worming through his body, he whispered, "I love you, Ginny."

Ginny smiled and said, "I love you, Perce. Now, why don't we revive these idiots and get to the party before people make a big deal about our late arrival?"

Percy released her and nodded, handing her their wands and saying, "You wake them. I can't trust myself to do it yet. I'm just going to the bathroom to wash up."

Percy stepped into the hallway, pausing to glance back at Ginny tucking wands into Ron's and George's hands before reviving them. He could do it now...she'd never see him Obliviating her if he did it before she woke them up. She'd be free; she'd never know what was eating away at him.

But the moment passed, and a flash of relief and twisted hope filled him with guilt and loathing as he realized that he *wanted* her to remember; if she remembered, maybe she would yearn for him as much as he would for her.

In the bathroom, Percy stared hard at himself in the mirror, carefully fixing his whiskers and cleaning his face even as he recognized the abomination he had become, for he knew, deep down, that not only would he always remember fucking his sister, he would long for the delight of her body for as long as he lived.

It wasn't too late; he could still Obliviate her and save her from the pain of the memory. And then he could do the same to himself, so they'd all be able to go on without the unholy carnal knowledge of their siblings. Even as he thought it, that depraved part within him protested, not wanting to be without the memory of Ginny's succulent mouth, her soft skin, her tight cunt...

He pointed his wand at himself, trying to work up the nerve to Obliviate himself, to rid himself of this life-altering event. But he slammed his wand onto the sink basin and cursed at his reflection. He didn't have the courage. So much for being a Gryffindor...he really was a cowardly lion.