

First Times at the Weasley House

by notsosaintly

Ginny is intent upon perfecting her skill. (Please take note of warnings.)

1. Practice Makes Perfect

Chapter 1 of 3

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Chapter One: Practice Makes Perfect

Ginny Weasley sat at the desk in her tiny room in the Burrow, silently thanking the gods or whoever was listening for the millionth time that her parents had only one girl which thereby secured her a bedroom all to herself. She needed the privacy. After all, she was a girl on a mission.

Next to her notebook on the desk she had laid a banana, a cucumber and a rather large carrot. She had her quill poised above a page in her notebook, tickling the feather end back and forth across her lips, deep in thought.

The problem is, she told herself, I'm not even sure if any of them are the right size or length that I need, not to mention the fact that they are rather inflexible and I'm almost sure that there is a certain amount of flexibility. Her lack of experience was placing her in a right fit of temper. She scowled as she looked at the notes she and Hermione had already made in the notebook in the couple of months before school let out for the summer. They had both read innumerable books on the subject and were ready for their testing phase. Both girls were rather keen on being the best at whatever task they undertook.

Giving a Mind-Blowing Blowjob

1. Sensitive Parts

a. the tip

b. the vein underneath

c. the balls

2. Technique

a. flicking the tongue

b. taking it as far in as possible

c. swallowing

That was as far as they had gotten because they simply could not continue with their notes until one of them had the experience to compare it to. Ginny threw down her quill in a fit of exasperation and picked up the banana. She peeled it and bit off the tip. Well, that was no place to start but she was hungry, come to think of it. Perhaps it was no good to start this on an empty stomach. As she chewed she looked at the remainder thoughtfully. Better to start of a little smaller anyway, she thought, biting off a bit more and slipping the banana into her open mouth as far as she could.

She gagged. *How stupid can I be, anyway, you just don't jam it in.* She took it a little slower this time to see just how far she could take it in without gagging, marked the point on the banana and removed it. She measured it and jotted the results into her notebook. Four inches wasn't bad to begin with.

The cucumber looked a little more difficult as it was a bit thicker than the banana. *But*, she reminded herself, *not every guy is the same.* After all, growing up in a house full of boys she knew that they came in different shapes and sizes. She picked up the cucumber and put it slowly into her mouth just as she did the banana. All of a sudden the door banged open.

"Ginny! I need..." Ron stopped and stared at his sister with a cucumber half sticking out of her mouth. Quickly she pulled it out and bit off the end, trying to make it look more innocent than it was.

Ron smirked. "Ginny. What the bloody hell are you doing?" He knew damn well what it looked like and her attempts at covering it up were just too hilarious. It was all he could do to keep from laughing in her face. He sat down on the edge of her bed, his shoulders shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Well," Ginny choked out around a mouthful of cucumber, "I thought I'd have lunch up in my room today if it's all the same to you."

He just couldn't hold it in any longer. It was just too damn funny. He collapsed on her bed in a fit of giggles.

"Ronald Weasley! For someone who is almost 18, you are so immature!" Ginny screamed. Her face was getting a deeper red by the second.

Calming down a bit, Ron croaked, "You know, Ginny, I'm perfectly happy if you choose a cucumber as a boyfriend but I'm not quite sure what Mum would think."

Ginny threw the remaining cucumber at Ron's head, only missing because he ducked at the last second. It landed somewhere, lost in the pillows.

"Oh, come on, Ginny!" he shouted. "I'm only kidding. Anyway, wanna tell me what that was all about?"

"Oh, I'm sure you'd love to know, Ron," Ginny replied sarcastically, "but it's private. You know, privacy? Something you obviously know nothing about since you seem to think barging into my room without knocking is acceptable behavior?!"

"Hush! Keep it down! Fred and George will hear you. Don't think you'd want them butting into your business as well."

"What's the point? I'm sure you'll tell them as soon as you leave." Ginny sat down dejectedly and sighed. "I don't want to talk about it with you. It's not as if you could help me anyway."

Ron stared at her for a few seconds, then looked away. "Are you so sure about that?" he asked tentatively. He had come running into Ginny's room expecting to ask her advice on girls. He had just received an owl from Hermione and, as usual, all his thoughts were befuddled when it came to her.

After Ron and Hermione had spent that week in the infirmary together at Hogwarts at the end of their fifth year, he felt even more strongly for her than he did before. They had gotten even closer in their sixth year, talking a lot about their fears and desires and plans for the future. Separate plans, of course, but it turned out that they were quite similar after all. But neither of them had acted on their feelings for each other. Ron had a suspicion that Hermione was as nervous as he was since neither of them knew exactly what they were doing. But now it was their last year of school and they didn't have much time left.

"And what exactly do you mean by that, Ron? It was obvious what I was doing, unless you left your brain back in the Department of Mysteries. You can't possibly be insinuating that you want to be my test subject?"

"Well, why not, Ginny?" At Ginny's incredulous stare, he quickly added, "After all, I figure you could help me out with something as well."

Ginny narrowed her eyes at her brother. "And what exactly would that be?" She felt a little suspicious at this quid pro quo. She wanted to gain experience without having to give too much of herself up in the process. She always dreamed of saving her virginity for the man of her dreams.

"Well," Ron cleared his throat, feeling a little embarrassed, "you know, I...uh, I have liked Hermione for some time...oh, come on, don't look at me like that!" Ginny closed her mouth with a snap. "Well, I've never kissed a girl before and I was wondering how exactly you go about kissing someone because I don't want to come off looking like I don't know what I'm doing!" Ron finished quickly in one breath before his sister could wear away at his self-confidence. "I thought maybe if I help you, you'd help me," he added under his breath.

Ginny sat back in her chair, arms folded across her chest, staring at her brother appraisingly, looking him up and down. The thought had never occurred to her before. Kind of silly, really, since her house was full of boys probably ready to gain a little pleasure and offer up a little advice in return. Best thing about it was she wouldn't have to worry about feelings getting in the way as she would if she experimented with other boys. *Nothing wrong with a bit of research*, she calmly told herself. After all, Fred and George were the ones who taught her that.

"All right," she finally said. Now it was Ron's turn to gape at her.

"All right? You mean..." he stuttered, unable to believe his ears.

"Ron, if you are going to volunteer for something like this and then back out when I agree to it, then you can just..."

"No! No, I'm not backing out. I was just shocked, is all." Ron edged closer to Ginny, now sitting cross-legged in the middle of her bed. "So, err, when can we start?" he asked hopefully. He hoped it didn't sound too eager.

"Well, we can start right now," she answered as she shut the door, locking it behind her. "That is, if you want." Ron's head nodded mutely up and down. "But, I think we should start with your little problem first. It just makes sense, I guess." Ginny added a little thoughtfully. A kiss was a little less intimate than what she had in mind, not to mention much easier to accomplish.

Ginny approached Ron and sat on the bed facing him. "I guess the first thing you need to know," she began, "is you don't want your kisses to be too wet. In fact," she continued as Ron stared eagerly at her, "you don't want to come at her with an open mouth. Start off slowly, just use your lips at first then open your mouth just a little. You can use your tongue, too, if you'd like."

Ron was beginning to look a little hesitant, so Ginny took control. "Like this, Ron. Here, I'll show you." She placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned up into him. He couldn't tear his eyes off her lips. Actually, he couldn't believe his sister was about to kiss him, to tell the truth, or that he was about to let her.

She pressed her lips to his in a short kiss and looked into his eyes. His eyes locked with hers and he pressed back into the kiss. She kissed him again, a little longer, opening her lips slightly to catch his bottom lip gently. Then she kissed him a third time, lingering a bit, and ran her tongue lightly across his lips for a second. Ron inhaled

in surprise and his eyes grew wider.

"Wow, Ginny," he breathed. "That was amazing."

"Yeah, well, you can do that, too, Ron. Try it on me, now. Do it just like I did," she added encouragingly.

He grabbed her waist and pulled her closer, capturing her lips in his, prodding hers open slightly as his tongue snaked out to taste her mouth. He almost pulled back when Ginny met her tongue with his, but she held him firmly and wouldn't let go. Hesitant, but feeling quite bold, Ron let his tongue duel with Ginny's a while longer before pulling back and giving her one last gentle kiss on her closed mouth.

They both sat back and Ginny said, "Honestly, Ron, you have nothing to worry about. You are much better than most of the guys I have kissed." In fact, if truth be told, she was feeling a bit out of breath. Funny how her brother, who usually annoyed her, could make her feel like this.

The look Ron gave her, however, when she mentioned the other guys, was priceless. "Oh, come on now, Ron, you know I haven't done anything but kiss these guys. Why else would I need help with my little project?" she purred demurely at him. It wouldn't do to upset him before she had a chance to get some advice, no it wouldn't.

"Okay, Ginny, fine. What do you want help with now?" Ron asked, a bit out of breath himself. *This was my first kiss*, he kept repeating in his mind over and over, *and it was with my little sister!* He felt a little embarrassed that his sister could actually make him feel this way. He had to move a bit on the bed to rearrange himself slightly. He was half hard. He knew what was coming next. He didn't really need Ginny to tell him at all.

"Right. Well, you see, Hermione and I..." Ginny began with all the confidence she could muster. Ron started to say something, but she cut him off before he could get a word out. "Yes, Hermione and I, Ron, is that so surprising? We started researching how to give blowjobs last year, but all we have so far is what we have read. We need experience, though, to continue our research. You know neither of us want to come across terrible or even just adequate at anything. We like to be the best at what we do. Unfortunately, I don't think that fruits or vegetables are going to help us in our research," she continued. "I want to learn how to do it properly, of course, and I need input on what works and what doesn't. It's that simple."

By this time, Ron was stiff as a pole. *This is my little sister, he thought, I shouldn't be doing this.* But on the other hand, no one could blame me, could they? "Ginny. You do know I've never had a blowjob before, do you?"

"Well, yeah, I figured as much, but you're still a guy, aren't you? You still can tell me what feels good and what doesn't, can't you?" She was looking up into his blue eyes imploringly. "Please, Ron? I mean, it's not as if you're not ready for it already," she said, looking down at the obvious and rather large bulge in his shorts.

Ron slowly knelt up on the bed and undid the button and zipper on his pants, letting them fall down to rest at his knees. His dick stood at attention in front of Ginny's face. She looked from it back up to Ron's eyes. "Well, go on, Ginny. Let's see what you know so far then."

Ginny scooted closer to Ron, her face at the same level as his dick. It was larger than she was prepared for, she decided, almost as thick as that cucumber, to *Oh, well*, she thought, *I have nothing to lose and everything to gain.* She grabbed his dick at the bottom, making Ron wince slightly.

"Ow, Ginny, not so hard. Be more gentle, okay? It's not a damn cucumber," Ron complained through gritted teeth. But his eyes closed as she muttered an apology, loosened her grip and took her first lick across the tip.

Ginny heard him groan. "Does that feel good?" He moaned in response. Taking that as a yes, Ginny licked the underside from the bottom near his balls all the way to the tip then circled the tip with her tongue. There was a small amount of thick liquid at the tip. She stopped and looked up at Ron questioningly.

"That's supposed to happen," he said, his voice rough and gravelly. "Take your thumb and spread it around." Ginny did as she was told and Ron gasped in pleasure. She grinned, took one last look at her main goal and slid her lips over the top. "Oh God, Ginny, yes!" Ron whispered. That was all the encouragement she needed.

Very slowly, she took as much of him as she could into her mouth, which ended up only being about half of it. He was just too big. Quickly, she slid up and took her mouth off him as he cried out at the sensation. *Hmm, Ginny noted mentally, up is definitely more sensitive than down.*

Hearing Ron whimper, she told him to wait a second and grabbed the bottle of lotion she had next to her bed. She put a little into her right hand, smearing it around just a bit. Then she lowered her mouth back onto him as far as she could go and then let her right hand finish the trip down to the bottom, squeezing slightly, then let it travel back up until it met her mouth and let her mouth trail to the top where she licked and sucked the head all around before she continued back down.

Ron could not believe what was happening. This felt so much better than jacking off under the covers at night or in the shower. It felt too damn good. So hot. So tight as she sucked him into her mouth harder each time. He grabbed her left hand and she let him guide it down to his balls. "Very gently," he prodded her. She cupped them, squeezed them, rolled them around a little and noted his expression each time. She let her fingers wander underneath and behind his balls as her mouth and other hand continued working.

He jumped as she pressed on the skin behind his balls and massaged that area. Little sounds were escaping his lips now, totally incoherent. He couldn't even think anymore. This was just too good, too unbelievable.

Then Ginny remembered something she and Hermione had read in one of the last books and pressed her finger a little farther back and slightly into Ron's hole. Immediately, she felt his balls tighten, almost retracting, and he exploded into her mouth. A bit surprised by the suddenness of it, she instinctively swallowed and discovered that it didn't taste too bad at all. She milked him until he was finished and let him go as he collapsed backwards onto her pillows.

Ron felt as if he died and had gone to heaven. Well, aside for the fact it was Ginny who had just sucked him off. If Ginny was this good and had never done it before, he wondered what Hermione would be like. His dick twitched at the thought but he was too tired apparently to think on it too much and he dozed off.

Ginny stared at Ron for a minute, his pants still around his knees, his dick hanging limply off to one side. Noticing he had fallen asleep, she covered him with a blanket and sat at her desk to write a few notes, taking a bite out of the carrot. Blowjobs were hungry work.

She started noting all the things that seemed to work and some that did not, although that list was rather short compared to the former. Then she made a note at the end: *Hermione, tell me the earliest you can come to the Burrow this summer. I am absolutely positive that you will be able to partake in the experimentation phase of our research while you are here. Let me know soon. Mum is always happy to have you around!* She closed the notebook.

With a smile on her face, she sat back in the chair propping her feet on the bed next to the sleeping Ron. Hermione had the brilliant idea of charming both notebooks to reflect what was written in the other. It was a rather effective and quick way of communicating. She would check for a response later. In the meantime...she pounced on the bed, straddling her brother's chest. Ron awoke with a start but still feeling a bit lazy.

"So, how was I?" Ginny asked.

"Brilliant," Ron smiled back at her. "But I think a bit more practice is in order," he added sassily as he pulled her down on the bed next to him, kissing her soundly on the lips.

"Well, I'm sure there are a few more things you could learn about pleasing a woman," Ginny replied mockingly at him. Ron growled deep in his throat and pushed her down into the pillows tickling her.

"Oh, yeah, like what?" he inquired over her giggles. "Shh! Stop it, Ginny, unless you want Fred and George in on the action. Or maybe that's what you'd like, a foursome?"

He continued tickling her mercilessly as she squirmed beneath him trying to be quiet. His hands were on her waist now, attacking her most sensitive spots, when Ginny grabbed his hand and pulled it down below her skirt to her well-soaked knickers.

"See what you did to me, Ronald Weasley?" she intoned. The blowjob had turned her on more than she wanted to admit and it was either kick Ron out of her room and use the rest of that cucumber for better purposes than practice blowjobs or teach Ron the Art of the Proper Care of Women. Hmm, difficult choice. But not really.

He had stopped tickling her and was massaging the area he found his hand resting on through her damp panties. Then feeling more than a little curious, he hooked his thumb under the edge and pulled them right off in one swoop. She let him hike up her skirt and spread her legs so he could have better access.

Letting his fingers roam over her bare skin, he started to explore. Then he found a small bump, which made Ginny jump when he hit it with his thumb. He began to rub it, watching Ginny's face as she let her head fall back and her eyes close. *But there's got to be more than this*, he thought, and started exploring the area with his other hand as well. All of a sudden he found what he was looking for and slid a finger inside. It was deep and tight and he slid it in all the way feeling how slippery she was.

Ginny was groaning now and he heard her chanting something under her breath. Leaning a bit closer, he heard, "suck me, suck me," over and over. *Why not, he thought, turn about is fair play.* He shifted a little and bent over to take that nub into his mouth and suck on it while his finger continued to play in and out of her snatch. Her breathing started to come faster and she cried out as he licked and sucked and bit gently, her hips bucking up into his face, and then she screamed, "Yes, Ron, YES!" and he felt her insides clutch around his finger which was still buried deep within her. He licked her gently until the throbbing stopped. Moving back up to lay next to her, he kissed her softly.

They just lay there for a while nipping at each other's lips when suddenly there was a banging on the door.

"Let us in there, Ginny Weasley, what's going on?!" Fred and George clamored noisily behind the locked door.

"Go away!" she yelled back.

"Now, Ginny, we heard you screaming and we're just checking to make sure everything is all right. Are you sure you don't need help with something in there?" Fred's muffled voice called through the door, sounding a bit amused.

"I have all the help I need right here, thanks! Now, go away!" And she continued to let Ron practice his already improving kissing skills on her as she calmed down after the most mind-blowing orgasm she had yet felt in her short life. *If it felt this good with Ron*, she wondered, *what would it be like with someone else?* She was more than eager to find out as soon as possible.

"Um, Ron?" she asked coyly, "When is Harry going to be visiting this summer?" But Ron had a fair idea that that question was anything but innocent.

2. Research is Good Business

Chapter 2 of 3

The twins show the girls the importance of research.

Chapter Two: Research is Good Business

Ginny awoke to the sounds of pounding on her bedroom door. She groaned and pulled her pillow over her head as two voices yelled from the other side.

"Ginny! Oy, Ginevra, open up or we'll apparate right on top of you!"

Bloody blasted twins, can't they leave me in peace? Didn't they have any sense not to bother her in the mornings before she had her coffee?

"Ginny," sang Fred sweetly, "I have a hot steaming cup of coffee in my hands, just the way you like it."

The door sprung open with a snap.

"Give me that," she quipped as she snatched the coffee out of Fred's hands. "What do you two want so early in the morning? It's not even light out yet!" she whined into her mug.

"Well," began George, "we've been talking about the noises we heard coming out of your room yesterday."

"Right," piped Fred before Ginny had a chance to open her mouth. "Gotta be a bit more quiet if you can't use a silencing charm. Lucky Mum wasn't home."

"Anyway, as I said we were *thinking*," continued George as he elbowed Fred in the ribs to shut him up, "that maybe we could help you with your little *project*."

"What do you know about my project?" Ginny screwed her eyes suspiciously as if she could somehow gleam the truth out of their respective brains. Sometimes you had to be really careful around these boys.

"Well, it really is amazing the sort of information you can get out of Ron when spiders are involved."

"Yeah," Fred giggled, "we used him as a test subject for one of our new creations. Apparently they make you hallucinate."

Ginny gave one of her prize Mrs. Weasley expressions, her hands on her hips.

"Come on Ginny, don't act like Mum. We gave him the antidote after he told us everything. Not that we didn't hear practically everything anyway," Fred added.

"Right. Fred and I had been wondering when you were going to start experimenting with the opposite sex. Actually, we kind of expected something like this to happen a couple summers ago already." They looked up at her, bouncing lightly on the bed, their heads bobbing up and down in agreement. Ginny was nearly speechless. Did she just hear correctly? They were expecting this?

"Right. Well, we'll get to the point then," Fred continued eagerly. "Since you and Hermione want hands-on experience," the twins looked at each other with smiles on their faces, "we figured we would offer our services."

"I mean, since Ron and Hermione seem to fancy each other and all," George continued, "it would seem you girls are in need of an objective, um, opinion, as it were."

"We of all people know the importance of good solid research," finished Fred.

Ginny watched her two brothers bouncing up and down like two puppies salivating over a bone. She nearly spluttered coffee out her nose in amusement. They really were adorable, after all, and they made such a case for themselves. A bit conniving maybe, but adorable.

"I think it's a brilliant idea, boys. I'm sure Hermione will be more than happy to take you up on your offer. I'll let you know when she'll be here, right?" Ginny hoped that would be enough to get them to leave her alone.

Fred and George grinned at each other even wider, if it were possible. How anyone could have this much energy this early in the morning, Ginny didn't know.

"By the way, Gin, don't tell Ron about this, okay?" said Fred. "He's a bit sore at us at the moment. We gave him a Snoozing Snap after the Hallucinating Hops to shut him up. Don't expect him to wake for another few hours, do we?" They both looked at their watches and shook their heads. "Later, then!" And they stumbled out of the room after each other. Ginny shut the door quickly before they changed their minds.

Well, now that I'm up I might as well get some work done, she thought. Ginny dug out the charmed notebook from beneath the mess on her desk and opened it. Hermione's answer appeared at the bottom.

Wow, Ginny, your notes are pretty impressive. I spoke with my parents about coming to The Burrow and they said I could be there by Friday. I am looking forward to continuing our little research project. Any ideas? ~H

Yup, a couple of ideas, all revved up and ready to go!

Hermione arrived at the end of the week, her trunk and Crookshanks in tow. She was greeted warmly by the entire family although somewhat awkwardly by Ron. Ginny was not the only one to notice the tension that had developed between the two. It was almost comical, really.

Ginny took Hermione up to her room to get settled. They had not been there for two minutes when there was an urgent knocking at the door. Hermione swung the door open, surprising Fred and George, and they fell in on top of her tumbling to the floor in a heap.

"Oy, Hermione, that's one way to get our attention," George joked as he began to tickle her mercilessly. Hermione squirmed beneath the two boys laughing and begging them to stop. She sighed as they abruptly stopped and quickly got to their feet.

Fred and George gave Ginny a knowing look. "So, Ginny, did you tell her yet?" they asked in unison.

"Tell me what?" Hermione looked suspiciously back and forth between the boys and Ginny.

"Only that we will be helping with your research," offered Fred as he pulled her to her feet.

"And I believe we should get started as soon as possible. I don't think Ron will be able to hold out much longer. That lad is about to explode," George and Fred exchanged knowing glances. "What say we meet you girls out in the far field at midnight?"

Now it was the girls' turn to give each other knowing looks. They both grinned and nodded their heads enthusiastically. Nothing like getting right down to business.

Hermione and Ginny spent the time waiting for midnight discussing their research. They decided the most important skill to learn when giving a blow job was to overcome the gag reflex so they could take it in farther. They hoped that the boys could offer some useful advice.

Midnight seemed to take forever to come.

Everyone was asleep when the girls snuck out of the house and headed for the field. They could practically see the energy coming off Fred and George as they approached. The boys had brought several candles and the field looked like it was scattered with fairy lights. Not too much light to be noticed by anyone who might be looking out a window from the house, but enough to be able to see what was going on around them.

The girls grew decidedly nervous when George muttered privacy and silencing charms.

"Erm...I mean, I don't know where to begin. No, scratch that," Hermione shook her head as if to clear her brain, "I do know but..."

Ginny interrupted, "Simply put, we want to learn how to deep throat."

The boys looked at each other with unconcealed glee and then back at the girls. "Whatever you want, we will provide." They bowed humbly before them like willing...well, more-than-willing servants.

"Your wish is our command," Fred added jokingly. Yet, when they stood up again their bodies betrayed their lighthearted banter. Both pairs of shorts seemed to have grown quite tight.

"I believe Angelina was quite well versed in that technique, wasn't she, Fred?"

"Oh, quite right, my dear George, she most certainly was," Fred answered, completely lost in the memory. They both nodded, looking most forward to what was coming.

"Right then, where do we start?" Ginny stepped forward and cautiously approached George. She reached out and pressed her hand against his straining bulge. She looked back at Hermione and purred, "Come on, Hermione, they are more than ready."

Not one to waste an opportunity as perfect as this, Hermione stepped up to Fred eagerly unfastening the top few buttons on her shirt revealing her ample cleavage. Twin moans escaped twin mouths as both girls seductively pressed up against each boy and slid slowly down until they were on their knees.

The girls mirrored each other as their hands moved up to undo the boys' shorts. As the last buttons came undone, Fred and George's rather large erections sprang free. They laughed at the girls' gasps of surprise.

"It might be easier to learn how to deep throat if we were to lay down," commented George directing Ginny to a large blanket behind him. Fred and George reclined next to each other on the blanket, propping themselves up on their elbows and waited for the girls to devour them, their erections proudly standing attention against their bellies. Hermione and Ginny promptly took their places in front of the boys.

"You can begin however you like," Fred prodded, gently pulling Hermione's head toward his waiting cock. Hermione glanced over at Ginny who had already begun licking and sucking the tip of George's hard-on. Watching intently, Hermione began mimicking Ginny's motions.

Fred grasped her right hand, moving it toward the base of his penis, wrapping his fingers around hers as he guided her hand up to meet her lips. "Now relax your throat as if you were yawning and take in more," he urged.

Hermione choked on her first attempt, pulling away abruptly, her eyes watering. Fred reached for her and pulled her against him in a hug, smoothing her hair comfortingly. "Now, now, sweet, it's all right. Watch how Ginny is doing it."

Apparently Ginny had gotten the hang of it fairly quickly. George was moaning senselessly as Ginny's lips traveled his entire length straight to the bottom and then slowly returned to the top. "Oy, Fred," he said weakly, "our little sister has quite a talent, she does."

Having seen her best friend perform such a wonderful feat, Hermione felt more than up to giving it another go. She relaxed into it this time, concentrating on Fred's erratic breathing and reveling in the pleasure she was giving him, wanting to give him more. She focused on how sweet he tasted as her mouth engulfed him. She let her lips travel about halfway and sucked hard as she came back up. Her tongue swirled around the head, lapping up the bit of fluid she had coaxed out. Fred groaned and twisted her hair between his fingers. "Yes, Hermione, more," he whispered as she started back down.

Beside her George was urging Ginny on noisily, "Oh, shit, Ginny, it feels so good. Damn! Keep going, Gin. Oh, Fred, her mouth is so...fucking...tight."

Listening to George and Fred's mingled voices turned Hermione on so much that she forgot to worry about gagging. Wanting more than ever to hear their mixed cries of pleasure, she relaxed, opened her throat and let Fred's cock slip all the way in until he hit the back of her throat. She swallowed involuntarily and Fred's hips bucked up against her. Her confidence rose another notch and she let her hands roam over Fred's body while letting her mouth and tongue practice their newfound skill.

George had Ginny's head in a vice grip as he met every thrust into Ginny's waiting mouth. Her ministrations became more frantic as she felt his end drawing near. "Oh...shit! Fred, watch her," he panted. "Our baby sister...oh fuck!" he growled as Ginny tightened her small hand around the sac between his legs. "God, Ginny," George squeaked, sounding a bit like Ron, "I'm...going...to...come...ahhhhhhhhhhh!"

George's scream filled the air as Hermione's mouth worked its magic on Fred. Fred's fingers tightened in her hair as he watched his twin explode into his sister's mouth. He tensed for an interminable second as the combination of Hermione's hot little mouth working him up and down and the sight of Ginny sucking the cum out of his brother's throbbing cock sent him over the edge. The sensation of Hermione's throat swallowing around him forced out a yell to rival George's.

The girls eased up as their mouths gently coaxed out the last remnants of the boys' desire. Hermione sat up watching in wonder as Fred's penis flopped to the side. He chuckled at her reaction as he gazed up at her lazily, not of the mind to move much at the moment. "Well done, Hermione. Bravo. What say you, George, shall we give them a passing grade?"

George's only response was a very weak, "Mmmmm." Ginny and Hermione looked at each other in pure triumph as the boys promptly fell asleep.

The girls decided to leave the boys to sleep it off. They took care to tuck them back into their shorts and extinguish the candles before silently making their way back to The Burrow. They were shocked out of their perspective reveries when they opened the back door to find Ron raiding the kitchen for a midnight snack.

"Hey! What are you two up to?" he exclaimed, looking very much like the boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He stood feeling quite exposed in only his boxers, not having expected to be seen by anyone. His blush was obvious even in the dim light. Hermione stood frozen to the spot, simply staring at his broad naked chest. She reddened when she noticed him watching her.

Ginny cleared her throat. "Well, you two, I am going up to bed. That walk was exhausting. See you both in the morning." As if either of them even heard.

Ron positioned himself behind the counter before he gave Hermione an even better show. He couldn't help it. Every time he thought of her, every time he saw her it was a fight to keep his body under control. Unfortunately, his lower half was currently covered by a rather thin piece of material. He usually had more clothes on, not to mention his robes, when confronted with this particular problem.

"Erm," he stuttered, "would you like some?" Ron indicated toward a large portion of his mother's famous pecan pie. Hermione nodded, her eyes lighting up as she moved opposite Ron. One would have to be crazy to refuse anything Mrs. Weasley had baked, that was for sure.

Ron stabbed a piece of pie with his fork and held it out towards Hermione. In his true lack of experience, he had expected her to take the fork. Hermione, however, had no intentions of anything remaining so innocent, not after being wound up by the twins. She leaned forward and opened her mouth to receive the sweet morsel, her tongue sweeping it delicately between her lips. She let her eyes close for a moment as she let out a moan of approval.

Ron whimpered and dropped the fork. As it bounced and clattered to the floor, he reached for Hermione across the counter and pulled her lips to his. Stars exploded behind her eyelids as Ron's hot sweet mouth claimed hers. His tongue probed and prodded her lips desperately requesting permission to enter. She opened up to him and their tongues twisted and fought against each other in desperation, having been denied for far too long. Ron growled into her mouth as his strong arms lifted her up onto the counter and sat her down in front of him. He pushed her legs apart and settled much more comfortably between them.

Hermione groaned in response, all her senses having already been heightened now exploding like firecrackers all around her as Ron pushed himself up against her. Her knickers were already soaked through, but she gushed again when she felt the broad hardness of his length settle into her waiting crevice, just his boxers and her knickers separating them.

Hermione tilted her hips forward, welcoming him and urging him not to pull away. Their breath mingled harsh in each other's mouths as Ron ground himself against her insistently. Her movements complemented his as he continued to stroke his aching cock against her slit, feeling her nether lips grab at him through the slick material and relishing in satisfaction when his overly sensitive tip hitched against her swollen clit, making her cry out her pleasure.

Their kisses became more frantic and their breathing became more erratic as they labored against each other. Ron's hands tore at Hermione's shirt, the buttons shooting off in various directions as he sought to release her aching nipples from their confines, kneading them in his large hands and rolling them roughly between his fingers.

She squealed as the hands working at her breasts stoked the fire burning low in her belly. She was at her wits end and pulled her lips away from his no longer able to control her breathing. His lips sought out every available spot on her neck up to her ears down to her shoulders feeling like he couldn't get enough of her, his cock pushing and prodding against the barrier they left between them aching to find its release.

A litany of discombobulated words and phrases fled her lips as she grasped at him carelessly, clasping him to her as her body caressed his. "Oh yes Ron...gods please...more...don't stop...oh my...oh Ron...harder please...oh yes...oh god yes Ron don't stop oh my god I'm coming Ron yes!"

Her voice built the tension to the breaking point inside him and as she quietly screamed her release into his ear he felt her muscles throb against his shaft. Wave upon wave crested over them both as he exploded against her, wetness mingling with wetness through the fabric as they ground out the last of their passion until they were spent.

Hermione's head dropped against Ron's bare shoulder, her hair clinging to her moist face. Ron held her tightly against him, feeling the warmth of her body, not wanting to give it up for the chill of the room. He sighed deeply, the breath catching in his throat. His body convulsed with a sob. Finally. He had her in her arms. It had been way too damn bloody long.

Hermione turned her head to look up into Ron's glistening blue eyes. She kissed his lips briefly and whispered, "I love you, Ronald Weasley."

Keeping their bodies pressed together, he locked his fingers under her bum and carried her up the many stairs to his room.

3. The Taming of Harry Potter

Chapter 3 of 3

Harry's self discovery.

Chapter Three: The Taming of Harry Potter

Two more days. Two more days and I am out of this hell hole. Two more days and I will never have to look at Uncle Vernon's fat, red arse of a face. Two more days. Two more days and I can tell them all to bugger off. Two more days and I will never have to step foot in this blasted house ever again.

It had become Harry's mantra from the first day of the summer holiday. *Thirty-six days and I will never have to spend another hour at 4 Fucking Privet Drive.* A countdown to freedom. The only thing that had kept him from going crazy this summer was he had stumbled across one of Dudley's magazines in the bathroom that they shared.

One morning as Harry silently chanted "thirty-three days" to himself he stopped short in front of the closed bathroom door.

"Oy, Dudders, give someone else a go, would you?" Harry was peeved. He'd been there three days and managed to secure the bathroom only twice. Aunt Petunia didn't like Harry using the guest bathroom downstairs and they had already gotten into two screaming rows when it was either that or wet himself. Yelling at Aunt Petunia felt infinitely better.

When his cousin neglected to answer, Harry put his ear to the door. All he heard were some odd thumping sounds, heavy breathing and unintelligible whispers. He raised his fist and pounded on the door.

"Go...away," Dudley forced out with seemingly great effort.

His curiosity peaked, Harry glued his ear to the door once more. "I'm not going anywhere Duddy-kins," Harry sing-songed. "Watcha doin' in there?"

The thumps came faster for a few seconds and Dudley grunted and swore. Harry heard him zipping his pants and quickly stepped back before his corpulent cousin steamrolled through the door and shoved past him. Too grateful to finally have the chance to relieve his bladder, Harry shut and locked the door without his usual commentary.

He stood in front of the toilet undoing his buttons and pulling himself out almost simultaneously. He closed his eyes and let his head fall back as he listened to the water hit the bowl. Feeling more relaxed, he looked down to shake off the last few drops and tuck himself back into his jeans, when he saw the magazine sticking out from behind the tank.

Harry tugged on the magazine and it fell into his hands. Staring at him from the front cover was a woman, stark naked, and holding two of the most enormous knockers he had ever seen in each hand. Okay, so they were the *only* knockers he had ever actually seen. He leaned against the sink and slowly leafed through the pages.

When he shook himself from his stupor, he realized he was staring at a gorgeous redhead with curls down to her naked bum, knockers the size of small watermelons and one hand playing in the curls between her thighs. Only then did he notice the tightness between his own legs. Rolling up the magazine tightly, he tucked it into the waistband of his jeans and went back to his room.

Harry double locked his door with the chain and flopped onto his bed to have a better look at Dudley's magazine. Suddenly, he understood why his cousin was spending so much time in the bathroom. Harry look down at the bulge that had formed at the front of his pants and rolled onto his stomach.

After a few minutes of aimless page turning he was finding it difficult to stay still. Harry had his share of wet dreams in the past but never really discovered the true art of jerking off. As his hips bucked into the bed he turned the page to an extraordinarily detailed cartoon of a woman licking a man's dick like a lollipop. Five frames later her face was covered in cum. That was all it took. Harry yelped as he came right in his pants.

He rolled over as Dudley busted the chain on the door.

"Gimme my magazine," his cousin grunted as he pulled Harry off the bed. When Dudley saw the wet spot on the front of Harry's jeans, he dropped him on the floor.

"Geez, tossin' in yer pants like a baby. Gimme that," Dudley grabbed the magazine from Harry's bed. "Leave it in the bathroom next time. I'll put some more *educational* stuff in there for you." He stomped out leaving Harry to deal with his mess.

Harry thought Dudley was making fun of him until he found some new magazines hidden behind the tank a couple days later. One had very detailed pictures of men jerking off, alone and together. At first Harry was a little put off but then he realized these guys weren't into doing anything more involved.

Some of the pictures caught his eye and he had to admit that he wanted to find out if any of them really worked. He went over to the sink and propped up a layout of the redhead completely starkers and in various positions.

Harry unzipped his pants and let them fall to the floor with his underwear. Resting his hand against the porcelain sink he imitated one of the photos in the "more educational" magazine and slipped his half erect penis into his fist. Slowly he began to slide in and out, fucking his hand while eyeing the photos of the girl.

Apparently, the technique worked fairly well. Harry found himself daydreaming that he was nursing on those glorious knockers while the girl jacked him off. As his thrusts came faster he imagined the girl kneeling before him and licking his pole with her tongue...wrapping her lips around the tip...taking him into her mouth...suddenly he exploded all over his hand and the edge of the sink. His hips jerked against his fist as the spasms shook his body. Yup, that definitely worked.

Dudley started banging on the door as he washed his hands from the sticky mess. "Come on, cousin!" he shouted. "It's my turn!"

The rest of the summer followed in suit. Dudley and Harry reached some sort of unspoken form of pseudo-camaraderie, working in tandem to keep Aunt Petunia blissfully unaware of their secret stash. Dudley had even given Harry the issue featuring the buxom redhead as well as the more educational issue saying Harry had more need of it than he did.

As he packed his trunk to leave for the Burrow, he carefully tucked the two magazines between two pairs of jeans. He was looking forward to sharing them with Ron. They certainly weren't as impressive as the moving wizard mags but he was sure Ron would appreciate them nonetheless.

Harry borrowed Mrs. Figg's fireplace to floo to the Burrow. She tousled his hair fondly, making small talk and asking questions about how he was faring this summer. He blushed and stammered as he realized his foray into self-pleasure was the sole reason he fared so well, and he was not about to share that little fact with her.

Mrs. Weasley greeted Harry with a bear hug as she squeezed him uncomfortably to her matronly bosom. He returned the affection wholeheartedly. Then there was Ron

and George and Fred who all pumped his hand eagerly and Hermione who came running into his arms from the staircase, the force of it spinning him around.

And when he finally came to a stop and sat Hermione back on her feet, Harry looked up to see a beautiful redhead staring back at him with large doe-like eyes. For a split second his mind flashed to the redhead in his hidden magazine until he realized it was Ginny. She stood confident and tall alongside her brothers and he found that not only had she grown in height over the summer but had also blossomed in all the places that really counted in his mind.

"Ginny?" Harry's surprise registered in his smile. All of a sudden he felt inexplicably shy. He just stood there stunned, staring at her as if he had never seen her before in his life.

Luckily, Ginny wasn't shy at all. She walked right up to Harry and placed a small but resolute kiss on his cheek. "Hi, Harry," she breathed in his ear as she stepped back and allowed her brothers to drag him upstairs. Harry spared one last glance back to see Hermione and Ginny grinning at each other.

After dinner the boys went upstairs to Ron's bedroom while Ginny and Hermione retreated to the younger girl's smaller but more private room.

"I want to show you something," Ginny whispered to Hermione. They could hear the boys laughing and ribbing each other through the walls. Ginny pulled out something that looked very much like an Extendable Ear.

"Fred gave me this. It's a prototype. The boys call them Elongating Eyes. It works along the same lines as the Extendable Ears except it allows you to see instead of hear."

Hermione was duly impressed. "Do you think we can try it out?" she asked. "We should peak in on the boys. They're up to something, I know they are. They've been whispering among themselves since they came down to dinner."

Ginny nodded. "I know. I bet it's something really fun, too. I'm feeling a bit left out."

"Only a bit?" Hermione teased. She knew her friend had her eyes on Harry and here her brothers were monopolizing precious time.

"Oh, come on, 'Mione, what about you? You must be going into withdrawal by now."

It was true. Hermione had spent the last week glued to Ron's side...not to mention other parts of him as well. She hadn't been apart from him this long since she arrived.

"All right, then," Hermione pushed her friend to the door. "Go on, send in the Eye."

The eye soundlessly slipped underneath the boys' door. They could hear no sound but could see everything clearly. Four shirtless boys were huddled around something in the middle of Ron's bed. Occasionally a shriek of pleasure and laughter could be heard through the walls.

"Can you make the thing go farther without being seen?" Hermione whispered in Ginny's ear.

"That's the beauty of it. It has a built in Disillusionment Charm," Ginny grinned as she sent the eye in farther to see what the boys were looking at. It crawled between Fred and George and brought all four boys' faces into clear view.

Their eyes were wide and they were practically salivating as they flipped a page of what looked like a book. Then the twins fell over each other and once again they heard guffaws of laughter through the walls.

"They're not reading a book, are they?" Hermione asked in disbelief.

Ginny shook her head. "That's no book, 'Mione. Look."

She adjusted the view and they saw what the boys had been looking at: a muggle picture of a circle of guys jerking off in front of each other. Then George pulled out a wizard mag with moving photos of naked girls engaged in many different activities. .

"Merlin's balls, did you know that was possible?" Ginny asked incredulously as she looked at the magazine with the boys.

"Do they make magazines like that of wizards? Because if they do..."

"Oh!" Ginny interrupted Hermione, drawing her attention away from the magazine as the Eye looked up in between Fred and George. The wizard mag had been charmed to turn a page every couple minutes, leaving the boys free to enjoy the various sights, and enjoy it they were.

Fred and George were caressing their erections through their shorts and seemed to be encouraging the other two boys to do the same, making gestures toward the magazine of men they had been looking at earlier.

"What I would give to be able to hear what is going on in that room," Hermione groaned, feeling very turned on by the boys' reactions.

"I have an Extendable Ear somewhere," Ginny mumbled, "but there is no way in Hades I am going to miss this to go look for it."

"Mm-mm," Hermione agreed, not being able to tear her eyes from the unfolding scene.

With a turn of another page, the boys lost any modesty they had been hanging on to. Fred and George apparently did not know the meaning of modesty, lending Hermione and Ginny to believe they probably had done something like this before.

The girls watched as the twins double-fisted their erections, one hand going up while the other went down, meeting in the middle. They mirrored each other perfectly even though their sight never wavered from the naked girls gyrating before them.

Ron followed their example, hooking the waistband of his shorts beneath his balls to push them up. Hermione watched as he rubbed the flat of his palm over the head of his cock. She swallowed with great difficulty, feeling the slow burn of the fire between her legs. Ron's other hand gripped his shaft and pulled the skin up and down over his growing hardness. Occasionally the hand skimming the head of his penis would drop below and alternately squeeze and roll his globular sac. His eyes glazed over as he watched a naked witch bend over and finger her arse with one hand while her other hand was busy at her other hole.

Harry was extremely turned on but the girls could tell he was a little nervous at sharing his solo activities with the other boys. He had one hand inside his shorts moving up and down rapidly while he supported his weight with the other hand behind his body.

The page turned and a witch was sucking off a wizard with unadulterated enjoyment. The wizard's face, to the girls' amusement, reflected that of the four boys masturbating over her picture. Her tongue flicked back and forth over the head of the wizard's cock and then she swallowed him whole and sucked in hard all the way up.

Harry's eyes rolled up into his head. The muggle mags had not prepared him for this. Just as the wizard unloaded onto the naked witch's face, Harry pulled his cock free of his shorts in time to release his load onto his stomach. The girls sucked in their breath simultaneously.

"Oh, fuck!" they heard through the wall and watched as Ron succumbed next, gobs of semen shooting from his throbbing cock and landing all over the magazine. He collapsed backwards next to Harry exhausted. The two boys milked the last of their orgasms as they lazily watched the twins finish.

The page turned and some wizard was busy pumping in and out of some witch's arse while another wizard lay beneath her licking her snatch while fucking his own fist.

The twins took one look at each other as if this was their cue. They watched as the copulating couple shouted out their orgasms and the wizard below pumped his fist harder, arched his back and discharged his fluid three feet into the air. It was rather impressive.

The twins braced themselves, furiously working their swollen members until they couldn't hold back any longer. The quantity of cum that pulsed out of their cocks rivaled that of the younger boys. Harry and Ron just stared with obvious admiration as the twins took aim and tried to see who could shoot the farthest. Then they collapsed side by side on the bed next to Harry and Ron.

The girls slowly pulled back the Elongating Eye in complete silence. Then they sat and just stared at each other.

"Well," Ginny broke the silence, "at least I won't have any difficulty impressing Harry."

The girls collapsed in fits of laughter.

Hermione and Ginny were already at the table the next morning when the boys came down for breakfast.

Ginny winked at Fred and George and quipped, "Sleep well, boys?"

Fred and George looked at each other and back to Ginny, easily reading between the lines. They affected proud big-brotherly looks as if they had taught her everything she knew. They were impressed that she found a use for the Elongating Eye so quickly.

"Quite well, thank you," George bowed to his sister and winked back. "How about you girls? We hope nothing *disturbed* your peaceful slumber."

"I wouldn't exactly say '*disturbed*,'" Hermione replied around a mouthful of her breakfast. To tell the truth, she had been perfectly randy after watching the boys. She had brought herself to orgasm three times under the sheets before she could fall asleep. Even then, she had kept having dreams of the boys wanking in various rooms of the house and having ejaculating contests. She had awoken in a right state.

Harry and Ron sat across from the girls oblivious to the fact that the girls had seen the previous night's activities. They dug into their breakfast like they hadn't eaten for a week. Ron smiled disarmingly at Hermione and she melted instantly in her seat.

Determined that Ron would not leave the breakfast table without being fully aware of her intentions, she let her toes travel up his leg, nestle between his thighs and nudge his balls. He swallowed his food with some difficulty as he tried to pretend nothing was happening. Hermione let the arch of her foot come to rest along his length and felt it slowly get hard as she gently pressed and released.

Ginny knew what her friend was doing beneath the table and was getting turned on knowing her brother had a hard-on. She looked at Harry and discovered he had been staring at her. Giving a little smile, she brought a spoonful of porridge to her mouth and let her tongue lick around the edge of the spoon before slowly slipping the mouthful between her lips. She watched Harry's reaction as she let her tongue gather the bit that remained at the corner of her mouth. He looked as if he was about to cum at that very moment.

Harry came to his senses and quickly excused himself from the table. Fred and George, who had been watching the show, nudged their heads in Harry's direction, urging Ginny to follow him. Ginny finished her breakfast quickly making a comment about needing a shower before going to Diagon Alley that afternoon.

Ginny tiptoed up the steps until she reached the closed bathroom door. She knew Harry was inside and she had a pretty fair idea what he was up to. Quietly releasing the lock from the outside, she opened the door. Sure enough, Harry had slumped to his knees on the floor and his hand was gliding up and down his rigid cock. His eyes were closed and he was so lost in his thoughts he didn't even notice Ginny was there.

She knelt in front of him and quickly took advantage of his downstroke, sliding her mouth over his erection until her lips hit the base.

Harry cried out as his freed hands gripped handfuls of her hair. He plunged into her tight, hot mouth again and again, feeling her tongue glide along the underside and swirl around the head on every upstroke. He pushed in and hit the back of her throat and nearly sobbed when she swallowed around him. The sensation was overwhelming. His head swam with incoherent thoughts as he became the willing recipient of his first blow job.

Ginny gripped Harry's cock between her lips and rocked her tongue against him as she swallowed him to the hilt. His balls tightened beneath her fingers as she slowly let him out. She felt the slight retraction in his muscles that warned he was close to letting go. She sucked him hard fully into her mouth as he lost all control and came violently against the back of her throat. His sweet cum ejaculated over her tongue and she swallowed his seed in great gulps as he brought his hands over his face and murmured incomprehensibly behind his fingers.

Straightening up, she pried his hands away from his face. Tears streaked down his cheeks and he looked at her in disbelief. Ginny placed both hands on either side of his face and pulled him to her, kissing the delicious lips of the boy she had desired for so many years.

Harry devoured her lips hungrily, probing his tongue against her lips. She invited him into her mouth and tangled her tongue with his, letting him taste the distinct flavor of his own cum. He sobbed and broke away, pulling her into a tight embrace.

"Ginny. Ginny. Ginny," Harry whispered into her golden strawberry curls. He breathed in her scent as they knelt holding each other on the bathroom floor, never wanting to let her go. She held on tight running her hands over his broad back as he calmed beneath her touch.

When he was once again breathing normally Ginny pulled him to his feet, straightened out his clothes and guided him to her bedroom. They lay down on her bed together and Harry snuggled tightly against her full breasts, nuzzling them through her shirt. Ginny undid the top button, encouraging Harry to continue.

When he had her shirt open, all that covered her breasts was a thin film of black lace. He grazed her nipples through the fabric with his teeth until Ginny released the front clasp revealing two magnificently round globes with dusty pink peaks. Harry buried his face in them, sucking on each nipple in turn, marveling at how they turned hard beneath his tongue.

"Ginny," he pleaded, "show me what to do. I want to make you feel good."

Ginny took one of Harry's hands and brought it between her legs under her skirt. He felt her mound through the damp material and looked into her eyes for approval. She lifted her hips and he removed her matching black lace underwear. She spread her knees a little more and directed his hand to the nub of her pleasure.

Harry lifted her skirt and watched as his circling thumb caused the nub to swell. Ginny's face and chest flushed pink and her breathing quickened beneath his touch. She pinched one of her nipples and twisted it hard as he continued to give her the pleasure she craved below.

Taking his other hand, she forced one of his fingers into her aching cunt, showing him how to massage her from the inside. He pulled and twisted and pumped his hand into her as his other hand never ceased its circling.

His eyes clouded as he realized how much more beautiful Ginny was when she was on the brink of an orgasm. And then all of a sudden her muscles clenched around his finger and her hot juices gushed over his hand. She screamed his name as she came and his cock jumped in response to her call. Kneeling in front of her, he undid his pants, let out his erection and placed it where his finger had been.

"Please, Harry. Please," was all Ginny could say, and he sunk into her still throbbing hole. He waited for a second as he adjusted to the tightness and then pushed in the rest of the way feeling something break against him deep inside. He almost pulled out thinking he had broken her.

Instead, Ginny held him tight against her and said, "No, it's all right Harry. That's supposed to happen the first time."

Realizing that she was as much a virgin as he was, he kissed her deeply, distracting her from the discomfort he caused the only way he knew how. Slowly he began to move within her. When he felt her breathing becoming irregular he picked up the pace, plunging in and out of her wet hole, reveling in this brand new sensation.

"Ginny," he whispered in her ear, "I'm going to come again." He could feel the pressure building.

Between labored breaths she urged him on. "Fuck me harder, Harry. I'm almost there."

He slammed into her harder and longer and within a couple strokes her orgasm hit, squeezing his cock so violently that he came instantly, shoving into her as deep as he could. He jerked wildly into her a few more times as their orgasms subsided and collapsed to the side, completely worn.

Harry held Ginny tight, kissing her neck up to her earlobe, letting his fingers play lazily over her nipples. His heart felt like it was about to burst at any moment. It took a few minutes before he realized what the feeling actually was.

He propped himself up on an elbow and looked into her eyes, searching for something somewhere deep inside.

Ginny smiled up at him lovingly and asked, "What is it, Harry?"

He smiled back at her, having found the answer he wanted. "I love you, Ginny Weasley," he whispered as his eyes started to water.

"Oh, Harry," Ginny whispered as a single tear rolled into her hair, "I love you, too."

THE END