

Chapter 23 – A Dinner at Grimmauld Place

Ginny asked so little of Harry, so when she did require his assistance, he gave his wife his full attention. She asked him if he had any plans the next evening with Hermione. The wizard shook his head and then Ginny smiled at him and affectionately waxed over his neck and ears with her lips. At first Harry thought that she was going to take him right there at the dinner table, and then Ginny informed him that she would invite her family to come over.

Harry was amused that he hadn't seen it coming. It had been a while since they go the whole group together, and they had so much space that it always felt a bit better hosing the Weasley Clan here instead of squishing a gaggle of bodies into the Burrow.

"It will be great,"

"You're the best," Ginny said, her smile as delightful as ever. Then Ginny's hands fell on his Auror's robes, and she quickly nuzzled her face against his.

"How did I get so lucky?"

"Hmmm. You were lucky I had the patience to wait for you," The redheaded woman teased him with a devilish look on her lips.

"Well, you never have to wait on me any longer," Harry said with a smile before pressing his mouth to his wife's. After that, Ginny felt like putty in his big, strong arms. She heard that many muggles were fascinated with pottery, and she could imagine it must feel very good because she felt very good being manhandled and rubbed by her husband's strong hands. The wizard could fuck a hundred other women, but when he was with her, he still lit up Ginny's entire mind.

He continued kissing her while his hands prowled across her body. When he bit her lips the first time, one hand slipped underneath her bra and found her nipple waiting. Waiting, but already hard as Harry's cock was, as Ginny found out when she began touching him in return. The witch and wizard played with one another, and then Harry found Ginny's lips reaching out his own.

Her eyes pleaded with him, and he gave his wife what she desired while taking a handful of her breasts. As he rubbed and squeezed her sensitive flesh, he wedged his body closer to her. The redhead's incredible form shivered underneath his fingers and lips. When Ginny couldn't take it anymore, she pulled back, stopping the kiss, but only for a breath.

The Quidditch player practically tore off her shirt and her bra and then braced both of her husband's hands on her quivering flesh pillows.

"That's it, Harry. Tonight, I'm all yours. Nauaha... Oohuaah... yes... right there... Nrrragh..."

Ginny found her body being pushed backward. Her back hit the wall, and Harry grew even more aggressive. His mouth washed all over her bare neck and shoulders. When his hand touched her pussy again, Ginny's entire body came like a cracklepop. Her mouth raced forward and buried itself against Harry's neck, muffling her moans as she came. The orgasm was so intense that her legs shivered like a willow in a storm, and she almost felt like she would squirt all over the floor.

When her clothes were finally removed, Ginny fought hard not to feel any lingering shyness that had been her constant shadow when she was younger. Most times, she didn't tense up when Harry's eyes fell on her, but tonight, there was something special in the air. Maybe it was because she had him all to herself, or maybe it was just the right moment, but she suddenly felt so small as his green eyes gazed over her naked body.

The moment was just that, a moment, then Ginny's hands looped around Harry's neck, and she whispered to him to take her, to make her moan and forget about everything else. Harry's hand grabbed her leg and pulled it out and to the side before he pressed the tip of his thick wood against her red forest. Now and again, his glans teased against her most sensitive point, and Ginny let out light hissing moans as her body threatened to release her essence all over again.

"Harry quick. Stop teasing me before I make a mess-huaaah!" Ginny moaned when the wizard finally pushed his thick length in between her folds. Harry grunted, and Ginny cried out, feeling his massive heat sink inside of her as Harry quickly started vigorously pounding her plump butt against the wall. One of Ginny's hands clawed into the meat of Harry's back as he railed her, pumping her ever closer toward her first release.

Ginny's nipples felt like they were about to pop off as her chest constantly bounced and slid against Harry's hard muscles. She never tired of him releasing his wild side and just fucking the shit out of her. He worked so hard, and the witch knew his current case was really taking a lot of his patience almost every day. A man like Harry wasn't meant for the humdrum of work in the Ministry and yet he still went at it every day he walked into the office, doing his best to put evil wizards in irons.

Still, they didn't lack money, and Ginny would have been more than happy to while away perfect mornings and late afternoons doing precisely what they were doing now. But there was more to work than just the galleons in their vaults. She knew that, like her, Harry had a lot of pride. Neither of them was meant to just sit around all day like some of the rich in magical society liked to do. They were a pair who got the most out of life when action and focus were required.

And of course, the woman knew how Harry worked when he came across difficult cases. He could be like a hound with a bone. He wouldn't stop halfway, just like he wouldn't stop rutting the beautiful redhead until she was well and truly satisfied.

Ginny's fingers dug into his back as his thick penis continued splitting her open. She cried out, her face bobbing listlessly before she felt a stream of her juices exploding out down her legs. She blushed slightly,

thinking how her mother would say that squirting in the dining room was so ladylike, but that didn't stop the woman's body from convulsing and expelling even more girlcum.

Harry chuckled and took out his cock for a moment, rubbing his hot tip all over Ginny's dripping lips. "Really excited tonight?"

"No, I've just been holding that in for so long," Ginny said while breathing deeply. She laid a hand on his side and squeezed him gently. She didn't want to give him the impression she wasn't ready to continue. Harry leaned his face in toward her and pressed his lips hard to her face. Then Ginny felt herself being carried up by her husband's powerful arms.

"Oohuaah..."

Ginny swooned as her husband gently laid out her body on the table. With a kinky smirk, the redhead turned around, moving on her hands and knees.

"I want you inside me..."

Then Ginny reached back, opening up her buttcheeks and showing off the glistening folds waiting for Harry. The witch always got a thrill riding on her broomstick during games and practice, but nothing could compare when her favorite auror stepped up to show her some real magic. But Harry held off, playing with her. Ginny's tongue lazily scratched at her lips and she invited him forward with a wiggle of her amazing ass.

"Mouhrraah!!!" Ginny squealed out as Harry slammed every inch of his meat back inside of her. His hands rubbed over the woman's bare shoulders before squeezing down on her hips.

"Mfufhuh... yes... Oh my god, Harry..." The redheaded witch sailed through various levels of pleasure. Each time she tried to put up a wall to postpone her orgasm, Harry's strength easily powered through, breaking her defenses down and making her pussy dribble all over the table. Ginny squinted for a moment, trying to focus the inner muscles of her squishy folds to squeeze hard on him and blunt his forceful attack, but the fight had already gone out of her body. The table creaked beneath her, but her mind was simply consumed by the sharp blasts of pleasure each time Harry went balls-deep in her pussy.

"Murraah... yes... Oh!" Ginny exclaimed widely as her toes curled and her knees threatened to buckle. Her long red hair danced in front of her, some clinging to the beads of sweat seeping down her cheeks. Her brown eyes flashed like amber crystals under a light as her husband pumped her right onto cloud nine. She'd barely recovered before she leaned her head back to look at her muscular stud of a husband.

"Give it to me, Harry. Pour it out all over my body!" Her lips struggled to make the words as her entire body started twitching and convulsing. One of the witch's hands went from supporting her balance to falling forward. Ginny's upper body ended up balancing on her elbow as her body fell head-long into an orgasmic conflict between the slight ache and incredible pleasure playing around inside of her cunny.

"Gnrrrh..." Harry grunted out before his balls tightened, and a river of warmth filled up every inch of his member. His cock jumped and jerked right after that, sending scores of thick, juicy missiles all over Ginny's undulating muscles and flesh.

Harry watched his cum splattered all over her toned shoulder blades while some pooled in the small of the woman's back. After Ginny caught her breath, she slinked around on the table, knocking off some glasses. She didn't care, his woman was entirely focused on his cock, even now. With eyes still foggy from her orgasm, she winked up at Harry and then took his still throbbing length inside of her lips. Once all of his cum and her juices were stripped off his tasty cock, Ginny eased herself down from the peaks of pleasure.

Harry found her smiling warmly at him before he noticed her nostrils tense up. The gorgeous redhead with long, messy locks wiped her nose and lips.

"The smell is everywhere. I should probably figure out a real deep-cleaning spell to make sure this place is tidy before tomorrow,"

Harry chuckled and then kissed her neck and breast before flipping her back onto her back. Ginny didn't even have time to ask him what he was up to before he started fingering her pussy and kissing all over her ears and shoulders while Harry went to work on pleasuring her all over again.

"I'm sure that can wait a little longer,"

The next night, Grimmauld Place bustled with activity. Harry and Ginny slaved away in their kitchen. The couple didn't cook at home often. With their busy schedules, it was often difficult for them to meet up at home in time for dinner, and of course, most times when they did accomplish that, their appetites turned toward the sexual rather than food-related. So the cooking spells that Ginny had grown up with and seen Molly do a great number of times ended up making not one but three messes in their kitchen before they finally got things right. And just in time, too.

The first guests to arrive were Ron and Hermione. Ron smiled warmly at his friend and gave the wizard a handshake.

"You alright, Harry?"

"Very well, Ron. Putting the pressure on Malfoy's mum for a case, if you can believe it,"

Ron gave him an awkward look, and then a smile cracked. "Yeah, I heard something about that. I'm sure that makes ol' Draco squirm,"

"I hope so,"

"Ahem. Harry's investigation into Narcissa Malfoy is not motivated by some petty revenge, Ron," Hermione said curtly, giving her husband a sharp glance. Ron noticed his wife's ire didn't extend to Harry.

"Ron's only joking, Hermione," Harry said with a grin and a pat on his old friend's shoulder. Hermione didn't look so convinced, but she eventually softened and strode to hug Harry. Of course, the bushy-haired witch had a few tricks up her sleeve to make the night very entertaining for Harry. He noticed her rubbing her breasts pointedly against his chest, and there was something else. The wizard couldn't be sure, but when Hermione rubbed her lower body against his while they were embracing, it almost felt like she wasn't wearing any underwear under her dress.

Molly, Arthur, George, Percy, and Audrey arrived after, rounding out the party's numbers. Her parents arrived with some wine, including a rather tasty vintage Arthur received as a gift from the muggle Prime Minister during one of their meetings. The two appeared to get on swimmingly when the PM discovered Arthur's great fascination with the muggle sport of golf. After everyone caught up and exchanged pleasantries, Harry informed them that dinner was served.

"Bang-up job you're doing, Harry," Arthur Weasley said over his second glass of wine. He took to the savory red like a fish to water. Of course, they were all enjoying the drink, save for George.

Harry did his best not to let his annoyance at Hull come through in their discussions. He wasn't about to complain about work, especially to someone who was effectively his boss' boss' boss. It wouldn't be proper, and of course, it wasn't like he wasn't enjoying his spirited investigation into Collinworth and his conspirators. If Hull hadn't stonewalled him, he never would have gotten so acquainted with Narcissa Malfoy or had some fun with Pansy Parkinson.

"Before the Summer, you lot should come around the Burrow. The garden is looking amazing, but it could always use some de-gnoming,"

Harry and the others laughed, but his fingers suddenly emitted a dull ache. He always enjoyed time spent at the Burrow, but he wasn't sure he'd want to rush out to be bitten with razor-sharp teeth in Molly's garden. Plus, with his and Ginny's libido, that his incredible wife would ask him to pudding her peach sometime while they were visiting the giant boot.

"Yes, maybe we can carve out some time, Mom," Molly Weasley beamed at her daughter when Ginny replied.

"You must. There is nothing better than enjoying a nice home fire. Especially a home with walls that aren't covered by sneering portraits. You really must do something about those, Harry,"

Harry nodded, but he wasn't about to do any home decoration. Annoying as the portraits could be, they represented one of his last connections to Sirius Black.

"Dad, can you really take time off over the summer? You're Minister now," Ginny asked her father, one of the most powerful wizards in the wizarding world, even if he wasn't the most powerful wizard in the world.

Arthur gave them all a bit of a nervous look. It seemed like the weight of his job still hadn't quite landed on his shoulders, even though he'd been in the office for two months now. He cleared his throat and then thumbed the lip of his wine glass.

"Well, it offers plenty of leeway when things are running smoothly, you see. Fudge used to go to Venice for an entire month, you know. Drowned himself in Italian wines and Venetian Veela, by all accounts,"

The patriarch of the Weasley family looked over at Harry, Hermione, Audrey. "With all of these vigorous young hands working as my Aurors, I have every confidence that we'll enjoy a quiet summer,"

"Cheers to that," George said. As everyone lifted their glass, Ginny and a few others gave her brother a look. It was good to hear him speak, but beyond the three words, he seemed content to return to his meal.

Down the line, the group tried (mostly unsuccessfully) to probe George about his newest line of prank and joke products. He was still inventing, but even at gatherings of close family, the wizard didn't make nearly as much fuss or crack even a tenth of the jokes he would while his brother was alive.

Harry finished off another glass of wine and then noticed Hermione's eyes on him. He knew that look, clear as he knew how to hunt down a snitch. The brainy witch wanted to be fucked, hard, and very soon. When their eyes met, she coyly played her finger along the rim of a spoon, drawing the pad of a finger around the curve. She went even further, licking and then sucking on her finger, and Harry quickly felt a fire stirring beneath his clothes.

He grinned at her, knowing full well that it would make for a bit of a spot if anyone noticed them, but Harry was never one to care about table manners after his upbringing with the Dursleys. Finally, he gave her a quick shake of his head when his better senses returned. If only she had come around the previous night, he could have taken both her and his wife on the table simultaneously.

Later in the evening, dessert was being served, and Harry went to the bathroom. Could you imagine his surprise when Hermione's hair brushing the back of his neck and the scent of her perfume filled his nose. The horny know-it-all hugged him from behind, pressing her breasts firmly against his back.

'No underwear, and no bra,' Harry mused to himself.

Harry pushed down a sigh and then quickly closed the door after both of them got in. He wasn't even done making sure the door was locked before Hermione had his trousers open. Then she set her attention to pulling down his briefs to get at what she wanted.

"I want you so bad, Harry. It feels like it's been forever,"

"It's only been a few days," He coolly reminded her. It was getting so hard not to just put his hands on her and take her. Still, he was trying to behave. Ginny had plans for him after dinner was over and something told him he needed to conserve his energy.

And yet, Hermione persisted. "I'm sorry I'm so weak. I'm a bad girl. Come on. Punish me. I need it. I shouldn't question you,"

"And I shouldn't be doing this at your home with your family here," Her lips looked so wet, so kissable. Lust sparked in her eyes.

"Or your husband," Harry noted.

"Yes. But I want to. I want to feel you inside me,"

Harry pulled her into a kiss, but after that was over, he moved her hands off of his body and pulled up his pants.

"We will have to hold off for now, Hermione. I'm sorry,"

She looked close to tears, but soon enough, Hermione grabbed a firm hold of her wits.

"*Sniff* Right. I... I don't know what came over me. It uh... it must have been the wine,"

"Yes. I'm sure we'll find some alone time this week, Hermione."

"After the case is closed?"

"Maybe even before. But we'll find out. I think my spy is getting close,"

"Yes. But we should be careful. The only way this plan of yours works is if she is much braver than her son and doesn't tell those villains the truth,"

Harry nodded and then gave her a kiss before turning and opening the bathroom door to return to dinner.