

Chapter 50

The morning light filtered softly through the heavy curtains of the room at Grimmauld Place, casting a warm glow over the tangled sheets.

Harry stirred slowly from a deep sleep, his body heavy with satisfaction after hours of intense pleasure the night before. He quickly became aware of a pleasant warmth spreading through his lower body, a wet and insistent sensation that pulled him gradually toward full consciousness. His eyes fluttered open as he stared at the lump under the covers, and he realized Ginny was already awake and busy.

Her head moved steadily between his legs, her mouth wrapped around his cock in a slow, teasing rhythm that sent waves of pleasure radiating up his spine. He reached out and pulled the covers off her, exposing her completely.

She looked up at him with those bright brown eyes full of mischief and desire as she took him deeper, her lips stretching around his thickening length. The wet heat of her tongue swirled around the sensitive head before she sank down again, enveloping more of his cock until he hit the back of her throat.

"Fuck, Gin," Harry groaned, his voice rough with sleep and growing arousal. He reached down to thread his fingers through her messy red hair, not pushing but just holding on as she worked him with obvious enthusiasm. "That's one hell of a way to wake up."

She pulled off for a moment with a soft pop, her hand replacing her mouth as she stroked him firmly from base to tip, spreading the slickness from her saliva along his shaft. "Good morning to you too," she said with a wicked little grin, her voice low and husky. "I woke up feeling like I needed a taste of you again. Couldn't help myself." She leaned back in, licking a long stripe from his balls up to the leaking tip before sucking him back into her mouth with renewed hunger.

Harry's hips twitched upward instinctively as she bobbed her head faster, the obscene wet sounds of her sucking filling the quiet room.

Gluck, gluck, gluck.

Her cheeks hollowed out with each downward stroke, and she hummed around his thickness, sending vibrations straight through him that made his toes curl. He could feel her saliva dripping down his shaft and over his balls as she took him as deep as she could, relaxing her throat to accommodate his full size. One of her hands cupped and gently massaged his balls while the other pumped the base in perfect time with her mouth.

The pleasure built steadily, coiling tight in his gut as she devoted herself to his cock. Ginny's hand left his balls and roamed up his chest, her nails scraping lightly over his skin and teasing his nipples, which only added to the overwhelming sensations. Harry watched her through half-lidded eyes, mesmerized by the sight of

her red hair spilling over his thighs and the way her lips looked so full and shiny stretched around him. She was completely into it, moaning softly around his length like she could not get enough of his taste.

“Merlin, your mouth feels so fucking good,” he muttered, his grip tightening in her hair as she sped up. “Keep going just like that, love. Yeah, just like that.”

Ginny responded by taking him even deeper, her nose brushing against his pubic hair as she deepthroated him with ease. Tears gathered at the corners of her eyes from the effort, but she did not pull away. Instead, she swallowed around him, the tight constriction making Harry curse loudly and thrust shallowly into her welcoming heat. The sounds grew louder and messier, her saliva coating everything and dripping onto the sheets below. She pulled back occasionally to gasp for air, strings of spit connecting her swollen lips to his glistening cock, only to dive back down with eager determination.

Harry’s breathing grew ragged, his muscles tensing as the pressure mounted. He could feel his orgasm approaching fast under her relentless attention. “Gin, I’m getting close,” he warned, but she only hummed in encouragement and doubled her efforts, sucking harder and stroking faster. Her tongue pressed firmly against the underside of his shaft on every stroke, focusing on that sensitive spot just below the head.

When the climax hit him, it crashed through his body with intense force. Harry groaned deeply, his hips bucking as thick ropes of cum spurted into her mouth. Ginny swallowed around him greedily, taking every drop without hesitation while her hand continued to work the base. She milked him through the waves of pleasure, her eyes locked on his face to watch every expression of ecstasy. Only when he started to soften did she pull off slowly, licking her lips clean with a satisfied smile.

“Delicious,” she said casually, crawling up his body to kiss him deeply. Harry could taste himself on her tongue as their mouths moved together in a heated tangle. His hands roamed over her bare back and down to grip her arse, pulling her closer so he could feel the heat of her body pressed against him. They kissed for a long moment, tongues sliding and exploring, before Ginny broke away with a breathless laugh.

“Your turn to make me feel good now,” she whispered against his lips, but Harry was already moving, flipping them so she was on her back beneath him. He kissed down her neck and chest, taking one of her nipples into his mouth and sucking hard enough to make her arch off the bed with a sharp moan. His hand slid between her thighs, finding her already soaked and ready. Two fingers pushed inside her tight heat, curling to stroke that spot that drove her wild while his thumb circled her swollen clit.

Ginny's hips rocked against his hand, her fingers tangling in his messy black hair as she urged him on. "Yes, Harry, right there," she panted, her voice breaking into little gasps with every thrust of his fingers. "Don't stop, fuck, that feels amazing."

He worked her steadily, adding a third finger to stretch her while his mouth alternated between her breasts, licking and biting gently at the sensitive peaks. The room filled with the wet sounds of his fingers pumping in and out of her pussy, accompanied by her growing moans. Ginny's thighs trembled around his hand, her body flushing pink with building pleasure. He could feel her walls starting to flutter around his fingers as she got closer, but he wanted more than that for her.

Pulling his hand away, Harry positioned himself between her spread legs and lined up his cock, which had already hardened again from watching her reactions. He rubbed the thick head through her slick folds, teasing her entrance before pushing in slowly, inch by inch, until he was buried completely inside her welcoming heat. They both groaned at the sensation, the perfect tight fit that felt even better in the morning light.

Ginny wrapped her legs around his waist immediately, pulling him deeper as she rocked her hips up to meet him. "Move, Harry," she demanded, her nails digging into his shoulders. "I need you to fuck me properly."

He did not need to be told twice. Harry started with deep, steady thrusts that built in intensity, the wet slap of their bodies connecting echoing through the room. Ginny's breasts bounced with every impact, and he leaned down to capture one nipple in his mouth again, sucking in time with his movements. Their hands explored everywhere, his gripping her hips for leverage while hers raked down his back, leaving faint red trails that only spurred him on.

The pace quickened as desire took over completely. Harry pounded into her harder, angling his hips to hit that perfect spot inside her with every stroke. Ginny met him thrust for thrust, her moans turning into loud cries of pleasure that she did not bother trying to quiet. "Harder, yes, fuck me harder," she gasped, her pussy clenching around his cock in rhythmic pulses.

After several minutes of this intense rhythm, Ginny pushed at his chest, urging him to roll onto his back. Harry complied willingly, his cock slipping out of her for a moment as she climbed on top. She straddled him with eager determination, gripping his slick length and guiding it back inside her dripping pussy. Sinking down onto him in one smooth motion, she let out a long, satisfied moan as he filled her completely once more.

From this position, Ginny took control, bracing her hands on his chest and starting to ride him with hard, purposeful bounces. Her hips rolled and slammed down, taking him deep every time, the wet sounds of their joining growing louder and more obscene.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Her arse cheeks jiggled with the force of each downward thrust, and Harry reached up to grab them, spreading her wider and helping guide her movements.

"Fuck, you look so good riding my cock," Harry growled, his eyes fixed on where they were connected, watching his thick shaft disappear into her tight heat over and over. He thrust up to meet her, driving even deeper and making her cry out in pleasure. Ginny leaned forward, her red hair falling around them like a curtain as she kissed him messily, their tongues tangling while she continued to bounce on him relentlessly.

Their hands stayed busy, his cupping and squeezing her bouncing breasts, pinching her nipples until she whimpered into his mouth. Hers roamed over his chest and shoulders, occasionally reaching back to play with his balls as she rode him. The angle let her grind her clit against his pelvis with every motion, adding layers of sensation that had her moaning continuously.

Ginny sat up straighter after a while, arching her back and bracing her hands on his thighs behind her. This new position gave Harry an incredible view of her body as she fucked herself on his cock, her tits swaying hypnotically and her pussy stretched tight around him. He could see her arousal coating his shaft, dripping down with every rise and fall. "Touch my clit," she panted, and Harry obliged immediately, his thumb finding the swollen nub and rubbing tight circles that made her shudder.

The pleasure built higher and higher for both of them. Ginny's movements became more frantic, slamming down harder and faster as she chased her release. Harry matched her intensity, thrusting up powerfully from below while his fingers worked her clit without mercy. Their breaths came in ragged gasps, their bodies slick with sweat as they moved together in perfect sync.

"I'm so close," Ginny cried out, her walls starting to flutter wildly around his cock. "Come with me, Harry. Fill me up."

Harry felt his own orgasm surging forward at her words. He gripped her hips tightly and drove up into her with deep, erratic thrusts. Ginny shattered first, her body seizing as the climax ripped through her. She cried out his name loudly, her pussy clenching and pulsing around him in strong rhythmic waves that milked his cock intensely. Fresh slick flooded around him as she rode out every shudder, her thighs trembling and her head thrown back in ecstasy.

The sensation of her coming so hard pushed Harry over the edge right after her. With a deep guttural groan, he buried himself as deep as possible and started pulsing inside her. Thick jets of cum shot into her welcoming heat, wave after wave of intense pleasure crashing over him as he filled her completely. Ginny kept moving through it, grinding down slowly to draw out every last bit of sensation for both of them, her own aftershocks making her walls squeeze him rhythmically.

They stayed like that for a long moment afterward, Ginny collapsed forward onto his chest with his cock still buried inside her. Their hearts pounded against each other as they caught their breath, their bodies relaxed and satisfied in the warm afterglow. Harry stroked her back gently, pressing soft kisses to her forehead and the top of her head while she nuzzled into his neck.

“Best way to start the day,” Ginny murmured eventually, her voice muffled against his skin but full of contentment. “I could get used to waking you up like that every morning.”

Harry chuckled softly, his arms tightening around her. They lay together like that for a while longer, enjoying the closeness and the quiet intimacy of the morning.

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The sun had climbed higher by the time Harry and Ginny finally made their way downstairs from the upper corridor of Grimmauld Place. They moved together, their shoulders brushing now and then as they walked. Ginny kept shooting him these little sideways glances full of mischief, and Harry could not stop the grin that kept tugging at the corners of his mouth. Every few steps one of them would make a quiet comment that set the other off into soft laughter, the warmth still lingering between them after their intense time together earlier.

“Merlin, I’m starving now,” Ginny said as they reached the bottom of the stairs, her voice light and teasing. She nudged his side with her elbow. “You worked up quite the appetite in me. Hope there’s something decent ready because I could eat a whole hippogriff.”

Harry chuckled and slipped an arm around her waist for a moment, pulling her close enough to press a quick kiss to the top of her head. “Yeah, well, you started it with that very effective wake-up call. I’m not complaining though. Not one bit.” His tone stayed playful, matching hers, and they both laughed again as they headed toward the living room, the sound of their footsteps echoing lightly off the old wooden floors.

The moment they stepped into the living room, the easy atmosphere vanished completely. The space felt heavier than usual, the air thick with tension.

Cassie sat near the fireplace, staring into the flames with a distant expression on her face, her posture rigid. Narcissa stood close by with her arms folded tightly under her breasts, her face pale and drawn. Fleur, Daphne, Amelia, and Nym occupied the various chairs and sofa around the room, all of them looking equally troubled. None of them spoke when Harry and Ginny entered. The laughter died on Harry’s lips immediately as he took in their expressions.

Ginny's hand found his and squeezed once before letting go. Harry straightened, his shoulders squaring. He had seen looks like these too many times before. Something serious had happened, and he needed to know what it was right away.

"What happened?" Harry asked, his voice calm but firm as he moved further into the room. He did not waste time with pleasantries. His eyes scanned each face. "Amelia? Tell me everything."

Amelia cleared her throat and leaned forward slightly from her seat. She looked exhausted, like she had been up for hours. "There was an attack last night. Oakhaven-on-Wold. A small wizarding village in the countryside. Death Eaters hit it hard. The place was burned to the ground by the time anyone could respond properly. Forty-three people dead, Harry. Including children. The Dark Mark was left floating over the ruins."

Harry listened without interrupting at first, his jaw tightening as the details sank in. He crossed his arms and nodded for her to continue, absorbing every word. Ginny stayed close beside him, her expression mirroring his growing seriousness.

Nym jumped in next, her usually vibrant hair a subdued black this morning. "The Order got word through a lucky fluke. One of the members had a distant relative living there. The relative managed to send a weak distress signal before... well, before they did not make it. That is how they even knew to respond at all. A team apparated in as fast as they could but it was already too late for most. They fought off the remaining attackers, but the damage was done."

Fleur added quietly, her accent soft but her words clear. "The village is gone. Homes destroyed, families torn apart. It was brutal and targeted. They made sure to leave a message with the bodies."

Harry remained standing, taking it all in with a grave expression. He asked several pointed questions, wanting to understand the full scope without jumping to conclusions too quickly. "How many Death Eaters were involved? Did they use any specific curses that stood out? What about the response time from the moment the signal came in?"

The women answered as best they could, piecing together the reports they had received. Amelia mentioned the coordinated way the attackers had spread through the village, cutting off escape routes and detailed the types of dark magic traces left behind, including some particularly nasty pain curses. She spoke of how the Order members who arrived had done what they could, healing the survivors and securing the area, but the horror of it lingered in every description.

After a stretch of this back-and-forth Harry exhaled slowly and ran a hand through his messy hair. "Why were we not tipped off ahead of time?" he asked, his tone steady but clearly frustrated. "Our networks should have caught something like

this building up. A attack like that does not happen without some kind of movement beforehand.”

Amelia met his gaze directly, her voice firm. “Our network is not fully spread out yet to cover the remotest areas like Oakhaven. It is a small place, off the main paths. The Order only got the distress signal by chance because of that one distant relative. Even then it was too late for proper warning. The relative is gone now too. Died trying to get the message out.”

Harry sighed heavily at that. He could feel the limitations of their growing resistance pressing down on all of them. These kinds of failures cost lives, and he hated it. His eyes moved across the group again and settled on Narcissa and Cassie, who had remained mostly silent throughout the recounting. Both women looked more disturbed than the others, their faces tight with something deeper than just the general horror of the news. Cassie had not turned away from the fireplace once, her gaze fixed on the dancing flames as if they held answers she did not want to face.

He knew immediately that there was more to this. Harry stepped closer to where Narcissa stood. “What else is wrong?” he asked her gently but directly. “I can see it on both of you. Tell me.”

Narcissa hesitated for a long moment, her lips pressing into a thin line. She glanced at her daughter, then back to Harry, clearly weighing on how to put the words together. Finally, she let out a slow sigh and spoke. “The man who led the attack so viciously is none other than Cassandra’s stepbrother, Draco.”

Harry’s eyes widened at the revelation, surprise cutting through his composure for the first time since entering the room. He glanced over at Cassie, who still had not turned around. Her shoulders remained tense, her back straight as she continued staring into the fire. The silence stretched as the information settled.

Narcissa continued after another pause, her voice low and controlled but carrying an undercurrent of pain. “Voldemort must have told him to come back from Durmstrang. He is working now to prove himself as a valuable replacement for Lucius. The boy sees this as his chance to step into the role fully and make his mark. He is throwing himself into it with everything he has.”

Nym could not hold back her own sharp remark, her tone edged with disgust. “Going by how vicious the bastard was, he is trying to one up his wretched father and prove to his peers that he is not just a replacement. He is an upgrade. The reports coming in paint him as particularly ruthless, leading the worst of the curses himself.”

The room stayed quiet after that. Harry kept his gaze on Cassie, concern etched clearly across his features. She had not moved or spoken, lost in whatever thoughts the news had stirred up inside her. He exchanged a meaningful look with the others in the room. Daphne had also been gazing at her in concern, and when he caught her eye, she gave him a small nod of understanding. The rest caught on quickly.

One by one they began to excuse themselves, offering quiet words of support before filing out together. Daphne touched Cassie's shoulder gently on the way past, but still, she did not turn.

Soon enough only Harry, Cassie, and Narcissa remained in the living room. Narcissa remained sat with her hands folded in her lap, giving them space while staying present, watching.

Harry moved slowly toward Cassie, his footsteps quiet on the worn rug. He stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist gently, pulling her back against his chest in a solid, reassuring embrace. She leaned into him almost immediately, drawing strength from the warmth of his body. His chin rested lightly on her shoulder as he glanced at her.

The fire crackled softly in the grate, casting shifting light across her face. He could see the mix of emotions playing there even from the side. Anger, sadness, something like betrayal maybe. He knew this hit differently for her because of the complicated ties to Lucius and everything it represented.

"Cassie," he said quietly, his voice steady and warm. "I'm here. Whatever you need to say or not say, I'm right here with you."

Cassie closed her eyes for a moment, letting herself feel the comfort of his hold. His presence grounded her, reminding her that she had built something real here, away from the cold halls of Malfoy Manor.

"Lucius never treated me like I mattered," Cassie said, her voice low at first but gaining strength. "Not really. I was just the daughter. Good for alliances someday, maybe, but never good enough to carry the name the way he wanted. He made sure I knew it every single day without saying it outright. The best clothes, the right jewelery, all of that, but never any warmth. Never any pride. I was always second best because I wasn't a son."

Harry's hand rubbed slow circles over her stomach, his chin resting on her shoulder. He stayed quiet, just holding her steady while she talked it out. Narcissa nodded once, her expression cool and composed as she listened.

Cassie kept going, the words tumbling freer now. "And we all knew about the other boy. Lucius never hid the rumors from me, not completely. We knew he always planned to bring his bastard son back into the fold because my mother didn't give him a *proper* heir. It was just a matter of time. I told myself it didn't bother me, but it did. Part of me hoped the whole thing would fall apart. That Draco would grow up far away from all this poison and turn out different. That maybe he'd have some decency in him."

She let out a shaky breath. Harry pressed a soft kiss to the side of her neck, his arms tightening just enough to remind her she was not alone.

"Take your time," he murmured against her skin. "We're right here."

Narcissa shifted slightly, her tone even but firm. "I never claimed that boy as mine. He was Lucius's mistake, nothing more. I have no feelings for him one way or the other. Whatever he has become is on his own head and his father's doing."

Cassie leaned back heavier into Harry, drawing comfort from the solid warmth of his body. "I had no real idea what Draco would be like. But I had that hope. But after last night... after Oakhaven... that hope is gone. Completely shattered. He led that attack like it was nothing. Burned people alive, killed children, left the Dark Mark like some trophy. He is worse than Lucius ever was. Lucius pulled strings and let others get their hands dirty. Draco dove right in. He wanted to be the one doing it. Proving he is the upgrade, like Nym said."

The words hung in the air for a moment. Harry gently turned her around to face him, his hands coming up to cup her cheeks. His thumbs brushed lightly over her skin, his green eyes steady on hers. He stayed close, their bodies still touching, the intimacy natural between them. "I'm sorry, Cassie. You deserved better than any of that. From Lucius, from the whole bloody Malfoy mess. None of it defines you. Not then, and definitely not now."

Narcissa walked over and placed a gentle hand on Cassie's shoulder from the side. "You've always been stronger than the role Lucius tried to force on you. I saw it years ago. That strength is yours alone."

Cassie glanced at her mother before she met Harry's gaze, her own eyes searching his for a long second before she continued. "I hoped, stupid as it sounds, that one day things could be civil with him. Distant, maybe, but not this. Not him turning into a full monster. But now we know. He chose this. He is vile, Harry. He deserves to be put down just like the rest of them."

Harry nodded, his forehead resting briefly against hers. "I hoped that too, somewhere in the back of my mind. Even if I knew it was a long shot. I wanted you to have that chance at some piece of family that wasn't completely poisoned. But you're right. After what he did, there is no holding back. Not from me, and not from any of us here. We go after him the same way we go after every other Death Eater. No mercy, no hesitation. He threatens people, he burns villages, he dies. Simple as that."

Cassie took a deep breath as she opened her eyes wider and stared at him with clear resolve. "He is vile. He deserves to be put down."

Narcissa's voice cut in quietly but firmly. "Lucius shaped him into this. The letters, the expectations, the constant pressure to be the perfect Malfoy heir. I watched it from the sidelines and I have no love lost for either of them. That boy made his choices. Now he faces the consequences."

Harry kept one hand on Cassie's cheek while the other slid down to hold her waist, pulling her closer to him. The three of them formed a small, tight circle in front of the dying fire. "We are all in this together," he said, his voice low and steady. "You, me, Cissa, the rest of the girls. This place we have built, this family we are making, it means something real. It means we protect each other from exactly this kind of poison. Draco steps into the line of fire, we end him. For Oakhaven. For you. For everyone else he will hurt if we let him keep going."

Narcissa gave Cassie's shoulder another light squeeze before stepping back to give them a bit more space, though she stayed close. "He was never part of my family. Lucius kept that separate, and I was glad for it. Now it is just another thread of his legacy that needs cutting. You have already distanced yourself from all of that, Cassandra. Keep doing it. Lean on Harry and the rest of us when it gets heavy."

Cassie nodded, and they stood like that for a while longer, the conversation moving more naturally as Cassie let out the rest of what had been building inside her. She spoke about specific memories of Lucius's cold indifference, the subtle digs about her not being enough, and the way he had always prepared for the day the bastard son would return to claim his place.

Harry listened closely, murmuring agreement or offering quiet comfort with touches and soft words whenever she paused. Narcissa added sharp, practical insights into Lucius's mindset without any softness for the man or his other son, reinforcing that Cassie had always been the better part of that household.

Harry eventually pulled Cassie fully into his arms, hugging her tight as she finished. "We will handle the planning later with everyone. But right now, this matters more. You matter more."

Cassie nodded against his chest, her arms wrapping around him in return. Narcissa watched them with quiet approval before stepping into Harry's embrace when he held his arm out. He held them both close, providing comfort and reassurance in equal measure.

By the time they stepped back, the fire had nearly gone out. Cassie looked steadier, the words spoken aloud having lifted some of the weight. Harry kept an arm each around their waists as they turned toward the door.

The war waited outside, with Draco now a clear target among the rest, but in this room they had faced the personal side of it together. There were no more illusions, no more hopes left hanging. Just resolve, and the people who stood together to face it all.

To be continued...