

“I’m just saying, Harry,” Ginny shrugged. “Other girls are going to be after you; that’s just the way it is. You were already famous, not to mention hot.” She giggled and stroked his cheeks with her hands, and he brought his hands up to her wrists as she did. They smiled into each other’s eyes, and Harry couldn’t imagine ever wanting anyone else to smile at him like that. It didn’t hurt that this smile came as Ginny rocked her hips back and forth on him, performing a familiar dance that they’d learned together over this summer. Harry would remember the night where he and Ginny had given each other their virginities forever, and the dozen or so times that they’d shagged since then were nearly as memorable too. The far more regular groping, teasing and sucking wasn’t far behind, either. All in all, this summer had been the most amazing of Harry’s life by a very large measure, and he was in no hurry for it to end.

Alas, September 1st was rapidly approaching, and Harry would soon be returning to Hogwarts to accept Headmistress McGonagall’s open invitation to all students whose 7th years came during Voldemort’s reign of terror to return for an ‘8th year’ so they could get proper schooling before taking their NEWTs. As much as Harry was happy to have one more year in the only place that had ever felt like his home, going back to Hogwarts would mean not getting to fuck Ginny as regularly as he had been, if at all, and that was something to be lamented.

“But now you’re not just the Boy-Who-Lived, but the man who beat Voldemort for good,” Ginny said. “There’s not a more famous wizard in the country, and it’s no secret that as the last Potter, you *have* to choose a witch to get betrothed to by the time you finish Hogwarts if you want to hold onto your family’s Wizengamot seat. Then there’s you inheriting Sirius’ dormant seat and being legally eligible to marry another woman for the Black line, which everybody’s going to hear about after the next Wizengamot session. Every eligible witch in the bloody country’s probably going to be throwing themselves at you and trying to stake their claim.” She angled her hips upwards slightly on her next grind, and the moan she let out as she did so almost made Harry cum then and there. Ginny’s moans of pleasure were the sexiest sounds he’d ever heard, without question.

“But I don’t need any other witch,” he said. He moved his hands from her wrists down to her perky, freckled breasts, which felt as soft as ever in his hands. He’d gotten to do a bit of clothed groping of them prior to this summer, but in the few months since the Battle of Hogwarts, he’d gotten to play with Ginny’s bare boobs regularly. He loved squeezing them more than any toy he’d ever played with, and she giggled as he did so again now. “I’ve got you.”

“We’ve talked about this, Harry,” Ginny said softly. “You’re bloody wonderful, and I *would* love to be your wife someday.” She smiled at him, and her hands moved from his cheeks down to his shoulders. Harry, who had been beneath Ginny while she rode him several times before this, recognized the shift and what it represented. She was going to speed things up soon, and it was going to be even harder for him to avoid cumming. “But that year with Death Eaters running the school, fighting Bellatrix, nearly getting killed, and—and losing people I loved?” Harry knew that she was trying to avoid mentioning Fred by name, not wanting to kill the mood entirely, but he still swallowed back a lump in his throat at the emotion in Ginny’s voice.

“It showed me how short life is, and that I need to make the most of every day I have. I want to play professional quidditch, hopefully for the Harpies. I want to see the world. I’m not ready to commit to marriage and children yet. I’m not ready to settle down, and it wouldn’t be fair for me to ask you to wait.”

“But I would,” Harry said, and not for the first time. They’d had a discussion similar to this more than once over the summer, which Ginny had been quick to label a summer of fun, free from guilt or commitment. Before he’d seen her naked for the first time, Ginny made sure he understood that she didn’t want to jump back in where they’d left off and become his girlfriend again. The war had changed her priorities in several ways, and she wasn’t ready to commit to being his girlfriend and seeing him exclusively, let alone accepting a betrothal and set herself up as the future Lady Potter. He was willing to wait as long as she needed, but Ginny shook her head every time he mentioned that, and she did so again now. Neither of them had changed their positions before, and it seemed unlikely that anything was going to end differently this time around.

“I know you would,” Ginny said. She started moving her hips up and down rather than back and forth, and Harry held his breath. She was going slow right now, but he knew that wouldn’t last long. When Ginny’s hips began moving vertically, he was soon going to see stars. “But I don’t want you to. I want to live my life to the fullest, and I want you to do the same thing. I’m going to be focusing on helping Gryffindor win the quidditch cup again, and also doing my best to catch the eyes of professional scouts. That’s how I’m going to live my life to the fullest during my last year at Hogwarts. And you? You’re going to have witches lining up to throw themselves at you.” She smirked down at him. “If I *don’t* hear rumors about you snogging Slytherins in broom cupboards and bugging the badgers of Hufflepuff, I’m going to be disappointed in you. You spent six years in Hogwarts playing the hero, and last year was even harder for you than it was for the rest of us. If anyone’s earned a year of fucking every witch that wants a piece of you, it’s you. Have some fun before you pick a witch, or maybe two witches, to propose to and settle down with at the end of the year. And speaking of having fun...”

Ginny started riding him hard after that. The talking was done, and it was time for Ginny to bounce up and down on him as hard as she could. Harry groaned and watched her sexy body bounce as she slammed her hips down to sheathe his cock fully inside of her. She’d been clear about not wanting to settle down or commit, but she’d definitely learned how to ride his cock during their summer of fun. Their first time having sex was memorable because of how new everything was, but in terms of pure pleasure, there was no question that it felt much better now. There was no awkwardness in Ginny as she kept Harry’s shoulders pinned down on her bed and rode his cock as expertly as she rode her broomstick.

Being inside of Ginny was better than anything in the fucking world, and Harry wanted to enjoy it for as long as he could. That had been his philosophy all summer, and it seemed even more important to hold on and savor it with summer coming to an end and Ginny making it clear where her priorities were going to be this year. But she wasn’t making it easy on him, because her aggressive bounces were giving him no chance to control himself. Her arse slapped against his legs and her perky breasts bounced hypnotically as she slammed down onto his cock and made the bed creak beneath him. Staring at those freckled tits jiggling seemed like a bad idea if he wanted to hold on, so he tried looking away from her and letting his eyes fall on her poster of the Weird Sisters instead.

Ginny was having none of it. She grabbed his face and forcefully turned his head back towards her.

“Look at me, Harry!” she groaned. “Look at me while I’m riding you!”

Harry couldn’t refuse her. He couldn’t look away from Ginny as she bounced on his cock. He watched her breasts bounce, and he looked down to admire her body. He could see the little bit of muscle definition in her abs, proof of how hard she was working towards her goal of playing pro quidditch. But right now, it felt like she was just as focused on making him cum, and she was soon going to succeed.

Looking into her face and seeing her mouth hanging open wasn't any better for Harry's staying power. Ginny started to grunt while she fucked him, and Harry just couldn't help himself. He groaned and held onto her hips as she pushed him over the edge. He forced his eyes to stay open as he began to cum inside of her, knowing that it could very well be the last time he saw it. He was serious about being willing to wait for her, but she'd made her thoughts on that clear. If this did end up being their last time together before their lives started pulling them down different paths, he wanted to see and remember as much of it as he could.

Maybe she felt the same way, because their eyes remained locked as she moaned, trembled and came on his cock. Ginny wasn't ready to settle down, but she *had* shared her first time with him and given him a summer he'd remember forever. If this was how it ended, how could he complain about that? He would've killed for a single moment like this all of last year while he was on the run and fighting for his life, and he'd gotten an entire summer of it.

"Thank you, Harry," she panted as she got off of his cock and flopped onto her back beside him. "This was the best." He sensed that she was talking about more than just this one shag.

"It was," he agreed, reaching over to put his arm around her and squeeze her breast. Ginny didn't want to be his girlfriend, but she welcomed the opportunity to snuggle against him. Their summer of fun was coming to an end, but he couldn't bring himself to regret it.