

Harry Potter

Harry Potter & the  
“Wand” of Destiny

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# Harry Potter & the “Wand” of Destiny

**Fandom:** Harry Potter.

**Author:** hgfan1111.

**Genre:** Crack.

**Rating:** Explicit.

**Status:** 1,600 words; One-Shot.

**Summary:** Crack fic at its best. When puff goes bad; all the way bad.

"I neeeeed you," Harry whispered into her ear as he bent over the back of the fluffy, plaid sofa that rested in the very center of the Burrow's living room.

Ginny giggled, trying to keep from looking back where she'd no doubt see his throbbing manhood tenting out his jeans.

"Harry," she replied, scandalized, "we're in my parents' house, and it's Christmas Eve."

"I don't care," he whined, licking the shell of her ear, "I neeeeed you." The lust in his voice made her knickers—the pink frilly ones that were his favorites, except that she always had to buy a new pair because he frequently ripped them with his teeth—all wet.

It only took one look in his deep, gorgeous emerald eyes to know that he was going to explode if she didn't let him have her right now... right here!

"Where?" she asked breathily, glancing around and hoping that no one else could hear them. Her face was already turning four different shades of red.

"Upstairs," Harry whispered, his voice shaking with desire. "The loo."

"But what if someone needs it?" She asked uncertainly. "Ron drank all that eggnog . . ."

"He can piss out his window for all I care," Harry growled, leaping lightly over the back of the sofa and pulling her up into his arms. He grasped her to him almost desperately as his kisses, urgent and hard, yet still sweet and tender, tickled her jaw and made her moan with pleasure. He fisted his hands in her hair and Ginny forgot everything. She wanted him, NOW.

Grabbing Harry's hand, she pulled him towards the stairs. Harry groaned, half pleasure, half pain as his prodigious erection rubbed more insistently against the fabric of his jeans. Luckily, the sound was masked by the squeaking stair they forgot to jump.

Once in the loo, Ginny wasted no time pushing Harry up against the wall and rubbing into him. Falling to her knees, she unbuckled his belt and opened the top button. And then, feeling especially wanton, she grabbed the zipper in her teeth and gently pried it down, almost getting hit in the face as his swollen member sprung out of the casing of his boxers.

"Do you like my Sword of Gryffindor?" he asked huskily. "I unsheath it only for you."

"Mmmmmmmmm," muttered Ginny. He was already in her mouth, her rosebud lips moving smoothly back and forth across his heated flesh.

Harry's eyes rolled back in his head as she licked him like an especially juicy, purple popsicle, moaning each time he thrust deeply into her mouth. "Oh, baby," he groaned. "Sweetheart, you are so amazing... my angel."

He buried his hands in her crimson hair, massaging her head gently as she continued to love him,

sucking and licking his pulsing love-shaft.

When he couldn't take it anymore, he pulled her up to him, fumbling with the buckle on her belt and ripping open her shirt, sending buttons flying everywhere.

"Its fine," Ginny protested when Harry tried to apologize, "I'll make you buy me a new one. You are rich, after all."

"I am," Harry agreed, reaching down to undo the clasp on her front-closing bra with his teeth. It came open with a 'snap', filling his face with her ample mountains of flesh. "I'll buy you a thousand shirts," he mumbled. Ginny screamed his name as his hot lips closed around her tingling, rosy nipples. Her knickers were drenched now, just thinking about him making love to her.

Harry vanished her jeans and knickers with a flick of his wand and Ginny screamed again, the sound echoing around the small room.

"I love it when you scream my name," Harry grinned, his hot breath raising goosebumps all over her flesh as he lifted her onto the sink.

"Brace yourself, love," he growled, wagging his eyebrows.

Ginny leaned back, not forgetting to cast a cushioning charm on the sink or the back wall, first. Then she waved her wand once more and the room was bathed in soft, pink light. She smiled down at Harry and spread her legs wide, exposing her dripping folds. Her tiny nub of pleasure quivered with anticipation.

Harry couldn't resist dipping his head for a taste of Ginny's honeyed flower first. She squeaked with pleasure as his probing tongue gave her warm cave all manner of pleasure; exploring, delving, spelunking . . .

She couldn't stop groaning his name; it became a chant, "HarryHarryHarryOhOhOhOhYes!" She thrust her hips to him so violently he was almost knocked off balance. But he wasn't Harry Potter, Savior of the Wizarding World, for nothing. Regaining his balance he stood back up, a feral look in his eye. Even a foot away from where she sat on the sink, his stiff love wand nearly touched her sopping curls.

Grabbing her hips, it was only a short step forward to her entrance. As he buried himself up to the hilt inside her, he groaned her name, over and over, trying to show with his moves just how much he adored fucking her. She groaned back in response as he reared back and then slammed into her again and again, the sound of frenzied flesh slapping against each other drowned out all other noise.

Just when Harry thought he had reached the pinnacle of this roller-coaster of gratification, Ginny grabbed his shoulders and wound her legs around his back, impaling herself on his shaft. He lifted her by the arse until she floated in his arms, pumping her up and down, up and down.

"Merlin!" she screamed. "That's fantastic!!!" Her voice was Harry's undoing. "I'm gonna come!" he grunted, struggling to hold his juices inside just a little bit longer. In response, Ginny clamped her legs around him and squeezed.

"Not until I do, you bastard," Ginny growled, taking the sting out of her comment by licking up the side of his face.

Her swearing was almost his undoing, but he quickly tried to think of something else, other than her pulsating passion-hole around his sex-wand. Mr. Weasley walking in on them, Ron pounding into Hermione, Snape in a bikini... the last thought was enough to hold his climax just a bit longer.

"Almost," Ginny cried, digging her fingernails into his back until Harry was sure he would have scars. She rode him hard, rocking against him like a piston until she came, coating him in her love juices. "HarryHarryHarry! OHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHarry!"

"YES!!!" Harry roared as he came hard, spurting his seed deep into her. "Oh, baby, that was the best ever!" he said, lifting her up so he could lick her breasts. Their bodies slid together, every inch touching. Showing the amazing virile strength of The Chosen One, Harry's groin began to twitch again.

Ginny's eyes went wide and she was just about to thank him in her own special way, when her mother, Molly Weasley, broke down the door, her red hair standing up on end like it was on fire.

"Ginevra Weasley! You scarlet woman, you!! You've corrupted that boy forever." She burst into tears and Ginny scrambled to cover herself and Harry.

"Mum," Ginny excused, "it's not what you think, Harry and I are in love."

"But you should have waited until your wedding night," Molly wailed.

Harry grew increasingly agitated, standing there behind his topless girlfriend while his enormous baby-maker hung out there for the world to see.

"Mum!!" Ginny protested, covering her breasts with her hands.

"I hope you at least used protection," Molly scolded. "You're far too young to be parents."

Ginny scowled, fumbled to slip her torn shirt on to cover her sweaty, porcelain skin. "Mum, I want nothing more than to have Harry's babies. Lots of them. Hundreds and hundreds."

Harry grinned at the plan. Not that he wanted that many kids, but at least he'd be getting laid all the time. In fact, he might just have to stay at home instead of working, just so they could make the beast with two backs, get it on, bump uglies... and have hot, wild sex on every surface available. What better life could there be? After all, he deserved it.

"I love the idea, Mrs. Weasley," he offered. "And soon, I'm going to ask Ginny to marry me."

Molly looked slightly pacified. "Hundreds?" she asked hopefully. Ginny could see the sparkle in her eye and nodded.

"Hundreds. Think of all the biscuits you can bake for them, and jumpers you can knit."

"Besides," Harry added. "When I'm with Ginny, I can feel myself start to heal from all the hurt in my past... like never knowing my parents... and living in a cupboard and all." His eyes glinted with

unshed tears and Ginny once again felt her passion for him growing. If only her mother would leave, she'd jump him right here again. "Not to mention the whole Voldemort-after-my-hide thing," he finished.

Ginny growled in attraction and Molly wiped away a tear.

"Does it really make you feel better, Harry?" Molly asked.

"It does," Harry said, grinding his once-again-hard sausage against Ginny's arse.

Molly looked a bit torn for a minute before nodding. "Then you two have at it. I'll go downstairs and make a plate of sandwiches. Merlin knows you'll be hungry for them soon enough." She nodded concisely and closed the door behind her.

"Do you know how brilliant you are?" Ginny asked, wrapping both her hands around his manhood.

"Hundreds, huh?" Harry asked as he slipped inside her and began pounded into Ginny's tight, hot sex-muscle.

"Well, maybe not hundreds," Ginny said as she looked up from where she was upside-down on her hands.

"Practice makes perfect," Harry grunted as he exploded inside her once more.