

"I'm telling you, Harry, you're going to end up with that girl." Sirius slurred, not quite drunk but not completely sober either.

Harry could only scoff, in no better state than his godfather, "Give me that bottle. You've clearly had too much to drink." He managed to pull the whiskey bottle from Sirius's hand and take a swig of it himself. They were in one of the small, well-cleaned sitting rooms of Grimmauld Place. It was the Christmas holidays, and they were spending a bit of quality time together before he had to head back to Hogwarts.

"No, I'm serious."

"I'm aware." Harry said deadpan.

"Oi, piss off! That's my joke." Sirius glared, but it quickly fell away to laughter, "It's always the same with you Potter blokes." He'd just finished going into grand detail about how every Potter man seemed to end up with a redhead. *Almost sounds like an Oedipal Complex with the way he's putting it.*

"That doesn't mean that I'm going to end up with Ginny, you old dog." Harry shook his head, "There are plenty of other redheads in the world." Not that there was anything wrong with the youngest Weasley. Harry liked her well enough, especially since she seemed capable of talking to him finally, and he could admit she was pretty. *But that's as far as it goes.*

"True," His godfather conceded, "But Potter's always like them feisty, and Ginny has that in spades."

"Not every Potter is the same."

"No, of course not. You're a good bit of both your dad and mum. Probably a bit more of Lily, honestly. And James wasn't exactly like his own dad." He gave Harry a rueful smile, "But whatever their temperament, this one thing is always the same."

Harry shook his head, "In case you didn't notice from the times I've told you before, I fancy Cho Chang."

"So you do," Sirius told him dismissively, "Doesn't mean you'll fancy her forever, though."

"Dad fancied mum from the moment he met her."

"Like you said, you're not your dad." Sirius threw him a little smirk, "And I'd wager you like little Ginny Weasley perfectly fine as it is."

Harry shrugged his shoulders, "What about... Susan Bones... or Morag McDougal... they're both redheads, and Susan's plenty feisty."

"Are you sure you fancy, Cho Chang?" Sirius wiggled his eyebrows,

"Just because I fancy one girl doesn't mean I don't notice any other ones." He defended, "It's not as though you always kept your eye on one girl while you were at Hogwarts."

"Guilty, but just like you're not James, you're not me either, Harry." His godfather barked out a laugh, "And seems funny to me how it just so happens that two of the other girls you notice... are redheads."

"Because we're talking about redheads." Harry countered, "It's no wonder that you're a dog animagus, because you really don't want to let go of this bone."

Chuckling, Sirius just shook his head, "You can think what you like, but I'm just telling you the facts."

"Merlin and Morgana, you are relentless." Much as the conversation was a bit frustrating, he enjoyed seeing his godfather having a bit of fun as well. There was a part of him that deeply enjoyed having the mickey taken out of him by the closest thing he had to a father figure. Considering the years they'd lost together, it was worth the mild frustration. *Even if I still think he's a bit out of his ruddy mind.*

"It's simple, Harry. Potters like redheads, and redheads seem to like Potters." He looked at him with a discerning eye and nodded his head, "You're just a bit of a late bloomer, that's all. At least on the Potters liking redheads front, because I'd say it's pretty obvious that at least one redhead fancies you."

"Ginny got over her little childhood crush on me last year. Hermione told me."

"Oh, I don't doubt that. And I'm sure Hermione told you the truth..." Harry breathed out a sigh at finally having gotten the point across, "But that doesn't mean she doesn't fancy you."

Resisting the urge to go and bash his head against the wall, he responded, "Surely, that means she doesn't fancy me."

"It's Sirius, not Shirley... hey ow! No need for violence." The older man rubbed at his arm where Harry struck him, "And just because she grew up enough that she can actually be in the same room as you without turning into a freckled tomato doesn't mean that the rest of her feelings just disappeared. That girl fancies you something fierce and I'm telling you right now, it's only a matter of time."

"You know, I'm starting to think all that time in Azkaban actually sent you mad."

"Undoubtedly, I was already a little mad to begin with. I am still a Black, after all." Sirius gave him a wolfish grin, "But even mad men can be right some of the time, you know."

"Keep telling yourself that."

"You can deny it all you want, but I know what I'm talking about." Not knowing what else to say, Harry could only flip him the two-finger salute. It didn't bother his godfather one bit, who just gave him a little smirk. As though he knew something that Harry didn't.

The next morning, thanks to the whiskey, Harry remembered very little of the conversation, and wouldn't for quite some time.

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*Slurp. Slurp. Glugck. Glugck.* Harry had his hand buried in flaming red hair. *I love her hair, it's just so damn vibrant.*

Looking up at him with amazing amber eyes, she ardently suck his cock. He loved every second of his gorgeous fiancée's fellatio. Sliding her plump lips off his cock, she pulled free with a pop and smiled up at him as she beat his cock off with dainty, soft hands, "Don't you want to cum for me, Harry? Don't you want to cover my pretty face? Fill my little mouth?"

"Fuck... Gin..." She stuck her tongue out and licked at the underside of his crown in that perfect spot. His cock swelled in her hand as the cum shot up his cock. The first rope left his cock with enough force to go past her mouth. A thick, white line went from her silky red hair to her eye. Ginny just gave a sexy giggle as she kept jerking his cock.

The rest of his cum filled her waiting mouth, she held the sizable load there for him to see before she made a show of swallowing for him. Moaning at the taste, she scraped what was still on her face down into her mouth, and gave him a naughty smile, "Tasty, thanks for the breakfast!"

"You can wake me up like that anytime you... want." Harry breathed out as she sucked on the tip of his crown to get the last of his cum out.

"Always my pleasure. But I figured you could use a little treat before you're meeting this morning."

"Still not sure what exactly Gringotts wants with me."

"I'm sure they're going to tell you. But, I imagine it has something to do with the whole riding a dragon out of their deepest vaults after breaking into them." Ginny gave him one last kiss and tucked him back into his pajama pants.

"It's been over a year, though." Harry pointed out.

"And it's been a year of getting things back in order. It was the same for them, too." Ginny stood and leaned in to kiss his cheek, "Now, I'm off. I'll see you later." With that she spun away from him and headed out the door.

That night, Harry sat in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place tapping away at the table in thought. *How am I going to tell her this? What is she going to think? What if she leaves me?* It'd been the only thing in his mind since he left Gringotts that afternoon.

"Harry?" Ginny's voice came from the next room over as the floor flared to life.

"In here."

"Hey!" She said happily, until she noticed the look on his face, "How was the meeting at Gringotts?"

"Interesting."

Sitting down next to him, she looked concerned, "What did they want?"

"Well, first they assured me of their forgiveness for the break in. Had it been for any other purpose than removing a Horcrux, they wouldn't have been so generous. Second, they wanted to settle my debt with regards to repairs to the bank." He gave a little shrug, "Nothing too terrible, just took it out of the Black Family Vault."

She raised one eyebrow in question, "The Black Family Vault?"

"Yeah, funny little thing there. Since Sirius was never officially removed from the family by Arcturus, and he was never convicted of a crime, he was the Head of House Black until his death... and he made me his heir."

"Of course, he did." Ginny gave him a loving smile and grabbed his hand, rubbing the back of it, "And why didn't they tell you?"

"It didn't take effect until I was seventeen... which kinda explains the initial delay. And then they were too busy dealing with their own problems since the end of the war to address it with me."

“Alright... I suppose that makes sense.” Ginny gave him a look, “And?” She could see that he was bothered and none of that explained it.

“And... in order to pay them using the Black Family Vault, I needed to take on the Lordship of the House.” Not that he intended to reject that last gift from Sirius. *Though I wish I knew the fine print.* “And they only told me afterward that in order to continue both houses, Potter and Black, I would need a wife for both. It’s some antiquated law that hasn’t been relevant in centuries.”

“Oh...” She stilled, and for a second, he could only worry, “Well... I guess we’ll have to find you another girlfriend.”

He went cold for a second until he realized she said ‘another’ and not ‘a new’ girlfriend, “What?!” He looked at her gobsmacked, “Just like that? You’re fine with this?”

“It’s not your fault...” Stopping, she chuckled, “well, it’s slightly your fault for not asking what the catch might be. But I can’t say I blame you. It’s something to connect you to Sirius. And I doubt you want to see his family name die out..,” She shrugged her slim shoulders, “So... we find you another girlfriend. I’m still going to be Mrs. Potter, though.” She pointed her finger at him to get that last point across.

For a second, he could only stare at his girlfriend and then he leaned in and captured her lips. She yipped in surprise but leaned into it a second later. For a long moment, they were just caught up in each other. They only pulled apart when the need for air became a necessity. Running a hand through her hair, he smiled against her lips, “You’re amazing.”

“Don’t forget it,” Pecking him on the lips one more time, she pushed away, “And hey, if it makes you feel any better, I think I already have the perfect person in mind.”

“Seriously?”

“Yep,” Hopping out of the chair, she headed out of the kitchen with a look over her shoulder, “Mum’ll be concerned if I don’t get back for dinner. I’ll see you later, love.”

Harry wasn’t sure how long he sat there wondering why Ginny already had somebody in mind. But in the end, he decided it was best not to question that sort of thing.

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Sitting in a muggle restaurant, Harry found himself across from none other than Susan Bones. She was laughing at something that Ginny said, “How did your mother manage? I always thought Fred and George must have been the most mischievous, but it sounds like you were even worse.”

“Guilty.” Ginny said with a chuckle of her own. As hard as he tried to pay attention, he was having a hard time focusing thanks to Susan in her dress... among other things.

It was blue, the same color as her eyes, and it showed the most tantalizing bit of her absolutely fantastic tits. Her copper-red hair was in a lovely braid draped over her shoulder and nestled in her cleavage that made it even harder not to stare. She didn’t seem to mind, giving him a little wink as she kept talking with Ginny. His fiancée had one of her small hands on the inside of his thigh, rubbing him gently.

This was their third date, odd as they were. People had given them looks, even though they’d been sure to stick to the muggle parts of London to avoid any scandal. Ginny had taken it upon herself to set up the

dates. And so far, they'd been nothing short of wonderful. They were interrupted then as their waitress came to the table, "Were you interested in dessert?"

"Oh, no, just the check please." Harry said as both women at the table went quiet. The young woman put it down and gave him a little smirk as though she knew exactly what was going on. It was only then that he looked at his fiancée. Ginny was breathing a bit unsteadily, and there was a light blush on her cheeks that looked adorable.

Her breath hitched and her fingers dug deeper into her thigh. Looking at him through her eyelashes, Susan spoke low, "I don't know, Harry. I wouldn't mind some dessert, though I would prefer it back at yours."

"Yes!" Ginny interjected a little too loudly. She coughed as people looked over to try and cover for herself, causing both Susan and Harry to snigger, "Yes, we'd love that." Harry certainly didn't have any objections, but while he could be oblivious, something told him there was more to that reaction. Leaning back slightly so he could look beneath table, he was only half-surprised to see Susan's bare foot creeping up the inside of his fiancée's thigh.

Looking back up to the redhead across from him, he gave her a smile, "Of course, we'd love to have you over." *Well, I think I'm going to have a very interesting night.*

The bed was big and soft, and reinforced with magic after he and Ginny accidentally broke an old one after a particularly rigorous bit of lovemaking. Considering the current circumstances, it was probably for the best.

The room was filled with the most wonderfully lewd, debauched music... and Harry was in heaven. He had one beautiful copper-haired redhead bouncing on his cock with her gorgeously lined back toward him while another with flaming red hair licked and sucked at his heavy bollocks like they were the most incredible treat she'd ever been offered. There was a part of him that wondered how he'd gotten quite this lucky. *I'm going to have to find a way to thank Sirius someday. Because bloody hell, this is brilliant.*

"Fuck, right there, Ginny. Suck my fucking clit." Susan's ass flexed erratically, and he was treated to the sight of her tiny, puckered asshole flexing with every ripple of her stuffed sex. Her pretty, pink, cock-hugging lips were split open obscenely at the base of his cock as she shuddered through her peak. Her juices dripped down his shaft, all the way to his bollocks and then to the bed beneath him.

Leaning up, Harry kissed against her sweat-slick back to the crook of her neck as she twitched and writhed, "Oh!" She fell from one orgasm right into the next as Ginny just kept that little pleasure pearl tightly between her lips.

Unable to help himself, he buried his face in her lovely copper locks. Even with all the other incredible stimulus going on around him, he found himself drawn to her hair. Susan giggled as he breathed her in deeply. Ginny looked up at them both with amber eyes and released the other young woman's clit with a soft pop. There was a wet squelch as she pulled her digits from her own drooling quim and brought them to Susan's sex, "You'll just never get enough of that, will you?" She beamed up at him.

"Never." He said, completely unrepentant. His hand went to Susan's hip, and he helped her grind herself against his groin.

“What... what are you talking about?” Susan moaned.

“Harry loves my hair.” Ginny explained, not forgetting for a second to please Susan, “Must be something about Potters and red hair... because he seems to love yours, too.”

“Well... I love his fucking cock, so... so, we’ll consider it even.” Susan replied as she forced her sex up his shaft and started bouncing up and down even as she shuddered through post-orgasmic shudders. Ginny latched back onto one of his heavy balls, and started lashing at him with her flexile tongue.

Of course, his fiancée’s comment brought back a vague, drink-addled memory from a very different time, and in a different room of the house.

“Well, fuck me.” He said softly, as he remembered just how staunchly he rebuked his godfather. *I’m never going to live that down the next time I see him. Many... many years from now hopefully. After many more times showing just how much I love redheads.* Though considering his situation, he was pretty confident he could die happily by the end of the night.

“I thought I was already doing that.” Susan looked over her shoulder with the most sinfully sexy look in her eyes.

Harry laughed low and quick. Reaching down, he swatted her peachy bum cheek. The curvaceous redhead whimpered and bit down hard on her lip, “Oh, you punishing me for being such a tease tonight?”

“A tease wouldn’t have me stuffed balls deep in her cunt.” Harry pointed out as he gave her another swat.

“Oh... I didn’t say I was teasing you.” Her ass rippled and shuddered, and it sent her into another orgasm. Juices seeped out from the seal of her pussy, and he felt his fiancée’s tongue dutifully catching every drop. Harry brought his hands to her wide hips and pulled her down hard against his groin. With a groan, he started unloading into her pristine pussy.

“Merlin... and... and Morgan!” Susan’s peak was only enhanced by the warm cum bathing her tight walls, “So good...”

Shaking like a leaf, she couldn’t take any more of the pleasure and pulled herself off his cock. Her pussy kept trying to squeeze a cock that wasn’t there, and a trail of his cum came dripping out of her used pussy. She fell to his side and covered her sensitive slit, though she did take the chance to take a taste of his cum.

Only after sucking his dripping manhood clean of both his cum and Susan’s, Ginny laid her head down at the bottom of the bed and gave him the biggest smile, “You really did a number on her.”

Still rock hard, he felt an overwhelming love for this girl who’d so easily accepted these odd circumstances. And he had every intention of showing her what it meant to him. Standing up, he reached down and grabbed Ginny by the waist. It was so small that he could just about wrap his hand around it. And he loved the feel of her strong abs beneath his digits.

The second her back touched the bed, she brought her knees up and displayed her pale, glistening pussy for him. Susan felt the movement and turned over to look at the two of them, her big, bouncy tits jiggling as she did it.

Looking down at the incredible sight on the bed, again, he couldn't believe his good fortune. While they were both redheads, that was where their physical similarities ended. Where Ginny was short, toned and athletic, Susan was tall, soft and curvy. And in just their first time together, he was already learning to appreciate those differences.

Harry slapped his cock against her cute clit and watched as she bit her lip to stifle a groan. Looking up with pleading amber eyes, she begged, "Please Harry, I've been teased enough tonight... I need you..."

Her tits were a perfect, perky handful but that wasn't what drew his attention as he slid his cock into her welcoming heat. No, he was fixated on her abs tightening and flexing harder, and harder with every inch of his cock that plunged into her body. They fell into a comfortable rhythm that spoke to a familiarity with one another.

Running his hand down the lines of her tummy, he found her super-sensitive nub and gave it a firm squeeze that made her shudder. Fisting the sheets in a white-knuckled grip, she screamed out a guttural, "Yes!"

Picking her moment incredibly well, Susan leaned in to capture one of Ginny's stiff nipples between her lips. She went at it for a long moment before she pulled away and smiled at her fellow redhead, "I'm sorry for teasing you at dinner... but I think it worked out for the best."

"I... I think you're... right..." Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as Harry kept pounding away at her tight pussy.

"And I think you should come down here and make sure you make it up to her." Harry gestured to Ginny's pussy where it was splayed around his girth. Happy to oblige, she brought her face down to where they were joined and started licking at Ginny's clit like it was her job.

"Oh... oh... oh!" Ginny went off like a firecracker, her tight pussy doing it's level best to pull the cum from his cock, but he managed to hold out thanks to his earlier orgasm.

Susan looked up at him with her cobalt blue eyes, and gave him a little smirk, "She tastes delicious on your cock."

Catching Ginny's eye, Harry gave her the biggest, "You couldn't have picked better, love."

"Well... you're doing a good job of thanking me." Her chest was flushed from her orgasm and she couldn't continue as she opened her mouth in a silent scream.

It was at that moment, that that Susan shifted and threw her thighs over the top of his flushed fiancée. She dropped her cum-filled pussy right on Ginny's mouth. The moan that came from Susan went right to his balls.

Pumping harder into Ginny's spasming sheath, he tipped over the cliff and started filling her with another load. There was an animalist growl from between Susan's thighs as she felt his warm seed bathing her womb.

Suddenly, Susan pushed against his hips and started ravenously lapping up the cum that leaked from Ginny's pussy.

Standing there watching the two gorgeous girls suck his seed out of one another's pussies, he couldn't help but be thankful for redheads, and how much they loved Potters. *And I'm absolutely chuffed that Sirius was right. Or at least half right. Looks like I'm going to end up with Ginny... but not just her.*