

# Bittersweet Sixteen

*by jmlane57*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Harry had had a strange look both in his eyes and on his face all through his girlfriend's birthday meal, but Ginny knew what that look meant...she was possibly the only person who did, simply by virtue of the fact that she *was* his girlfriend. Five weeks of intimate association had given her the ability to read him like a book, so she knew what was coming. She was privy to first-hand knowledge and understanding of every touch, look and gesture, every mannerism and idiosyncrasy that Harry employed. She literally knew everything that made him uniquely Harry.

Even as close as he was to Ron and Hermione, not even they knew Harry as well as she did at this point. The kind of knowledge she possessed came only with intense, intimate romantic involvement. Once the meal was over, they excused themselves, and then Harry took her hand and led her to the stairs leading up to the attic. She didn't know he had a bottle of butterbeer shrunk down and stashed in one jeans pocket, along with two small glasses. Once they reached the attic door, he pointed to it and performed a wandless, nonverbal Locking Charm so they would not be disturbed.

"Harry, what are you up to?" She gave him a funny look.

Harry put a finger to her lips and gave her a sweet but enigmatic smile. "Shh, luv. This isn't the time for talking. Come on." His hand again found hers, and they made their way upstairs to the first landing. Relatively free of clutter, this floor still contained several boxes of Fred and George's inventory that were large enough to hide them, not to mention some old blankets piled behind the boxes. Ginny could almost swear that Harry had set this up, from the looks of things. On the other hand, who cared? Certainly not she. What mattered was that they were alone together...and they didn't get much of a chance for that nowadays.

He gestured for her to sit on the old blankets; after she complied, he joined her there. Harry then reached into his pocket and brought out the bottle and glasses, enlarging them to normal size with one touch. Upon opening the bottle and pouring a glass, he offered it to her.

"Drink?"

"Yes, thank you."

After she took it, he poured himself a glass, then set the bottle aside and turned to her, again with an enigmatic smile. She knew he had to be leading up to something now. Whenever he got *that* look, it usually meant a long, lovely snogging session. But this time it was going to be more, Ginny could feel it ... and she could hardly wait.

"Harry, why did you bring me here? Why are you acting so mysterious?"

This time he was the one who gave the funny look. "I wanted to be alone with you and didn't want to be disturbed. What's so mysterious about that? No more questions now. We have better things to do."

He then set his glass aside, scooted closer to her, lifted her face to his and kissed her...a kiss that started out sweet, but soon turned passionate. She could taste butterbeer on both his tongue and his lips, savouring both it and his own personal taste. She was losing herself to the feeling overtaking her, and barely noticed when he took her own glass from her suddenly nerveless fingers and set it next to his own. The next thing she knew, the warm silk of his lips was traveling down her throat to her neck and latching onto the wild beating of her heart. His arms and hands weren't idle, either.

She found herself pressing close to him, moving sensuously, even as his hands found her slender waist. His light caresses there thrilled her beyond words. "Harry, luv ..."

"Gin ... I love you, I need you ..."

This time he moved sensuously against her; she gasped upon feeling the size and strength of his arousal. She then found his hands tentatively yet intimately caressing her beneath her blouse. Almost before she knew it, it was off her, soon followed by her lacy blue bra. Next, he lowered her to the blankets, lips and hands soon finding their way to her small but perfect breasts, dotted with light brown freckles and topped with baby-pink nipples hard with excitement and literally inviting his lips.

With one hand still caressing her firm breast, Harry's other hand caressed her backside; with lips and tongue, he gently licked and suckled. Ginny moaned softly as he once again moved sensuously against her. Not too long afterward, he did the same with the other breast, this time evoking a moan from his lover along with the arching of her back.

"Gin, luv, your nipples are so sweet. I don't think I'll ever get enough of them."

"Harry ..." she moaned.

"Shh ..." he crooned, sweetly cutting her off with a kiss after reluctantly moving his mouth from her breasts. Ginny reached for the button and fastenings of his trousers, taking the opportunity between kisses to glance down toward her fumbling fingers. In doing so, she noticed for the first time that Harry, too, was topless, though she hadn't any idea just when he'd done it. She moved her hand upward, discovering warm, lightly furred bare skin where his shirt had been not too long ago.

"Harry ..." She spoke more insistently this time, though somewhat muffled as her lips were still pressed against his as her hands caressed his bare chest, provoking another soft moan and squirming on his part.

"What?" he almost snapped, impatience in his voice.

"Take your trousers off. They're in my way."

Once he realised what she wanted, he smiled wickedly. "Why don't you do it? Your hands are closer than mine."

"If you say so." A moment later her fingers had undone the button and lowered the zipper; then her hands pulled down the trousers to leave him in only a pair of pale green boxers. Once the trousers were down far enough, Harry shimmied the rest of the way out of them, quickly returning to Ginny's arms.

He drew her close and they began kissing once again. At the height of the snogging, Ginny let her hand wander down her lover's abdomen until it reached the large bulge pushing out the front of the flimsy garment. A moan of pleasure escaped his lips in his surprise. When he least expected it, that same hand reached in to find the heat and almost incredible hardness of him...a hardness which was even now throbbing deliciously in her hands as she gently stroked and caressed it, even as the lovers continued kissing. Not long afterward, she slid the boxers off to reveal her lover in all his naked glory. Taking in the scene before her, Ginny smiled and continued to let her hands explore as she leaned in and slowly slid her tongue over his lips.

"Dear gods ... Gin ..." Harry moaned and squirmed against her lips at her ministrations, but did not ask her to stop. It felt far too good for that...and it wasn't long before it felt even better.

"Lie back on the blankets, luv ... then open your legs," a soft voice whispered in his ear. His eyes widened behind his glasses, which he had shrunk just enough so that he could keep them on even while shagging, mainly so he could see what she was doing, but did as she asked, resting his head on his hands and looking down after folding his arms.

Ginny inched her way down his torso, planting gentle kisses until she arrived between his legs. She continued loving his body ... or more accurately, one particular part of his body. She lightly kissed the tip, then enveloped the head in her hot, welcoming mouth. Her lover's moans and squirms increased exponentially as she began to gently lick, suck and caress.

"Oh, God ... oh, God ..." were the last audible, intelligible words she heard him say.

After that they became unintelligible, his hands grasping the blankets beneath him in a death grip. He was positively panting, uncertain of how much longer he could stand such delicious torture when she caressed his "family jewels," even stroking around his backside and inserting a gentle, tentative finger into the tightness of his nether hole. After a few calculated movements of said finger, Harry knew he could stand it no longer ... and soon, Ginny knew it, too.

"Dear God, Gin, I'm coming ... I'm coming ... I can't wait any longer ..."

"Let 'er rip, luv. I'm ready," she crooned ... and he did.

She had to swallow several times in rapid succession, but managed to take it all. He was totally enervated upon finishing; then upon getting his strength back, he flipped her on her back and began sliding both her short skirt and lacy blue knickers off. He was pleased to note how wet they were as he tossed them aside with the rest of their clothes, then moved to kiss his way down her body to her pubic area.

"Harry ..."

"Shh, luv. Just returning the favour." He then parted her legs with one hand before moving lower. It wasn't long before his hungry lips and tongue reached their goal ... and by her reaction, Harry knew when he'd found her sensitive centre. He smiled inwardly, loving it as her moans and squirms increased in frequency and intensity as he continued to kiss, lick and suck the deliciousness between her legs.

"Harry ... dear gods ... ohh ... ohh ..."

In the split second between his last gentle stroke and her release, Harry cast a Silencing Charm on the walls and floor nearest them to keep any incriminating sounds from leaking to anyone else in the house. Once she came back to earth, Ginny was every bit as satisfyingly languid as he had been, but he quietly murmured, "*Ennervate!*" as he gently caressed her.

"Oh ... Harry ... Luv, that was incredible. Where did you learn to do it?"

"I might ask you the same thing. I had no idea you knew how to perform oral sex."

"Mum told me. How did *you* learn?"

"Our school's Sex Ed manual. Or more accurately, a combination of that and Sirius's advice."

Ginny's eyes widened, but she smiled as she stroked her lover's silky but always-unruly hair as he rested his head on her belly. "I hope that's not all you learned."

"Far from it," he assured her, his voice almost a purr. "Would you like me to demonstrate what else I know?"

"Need you ask? Get up here right now, Mister, before I ravish you!"

Harry needed no further encouragement, especially upon finding his lady's arms and legs invitingly open to welcome him into them. He just had to spread the latter a bit more before resting the majority of his weight upon forearms and knees, then manoeuvring himself so he was right where he wanted to be. He started off slowly once inside...gods, but she was delicious, so wonderfully tight around him. Hot, tight and wet ... the perfect combination, at least as far as he was concerned. They fit together like a hand in a glove, as if specifically designed for each other...and who's to say that they hadn't been?

Then he held her hips for a time as his thrusts increased in both speed and frequency. It wasn't long before Harry felt his lover's sweet arms and lovely legs wrap around him, and he increased his movements accordingly. She again gasped, squirmed and moaned beneath him, tightening around him so deliciously that he was hard-pressed not to come right then and there.

"Gods, Gin ... yes ... yes! That feels ... effing bloody incredible! Keep doing it ... keep doing it ... I'm almost there ... almost there ..."

As it turned out, so was she. The mind-boggling and virtually simultaneous release almost made the lovers literally fall into each other's arms from exhaustion even while fighting to stay awake. The effort proved futile, however, and they ended up sleeping late into the night. Even when they woke, they didn't get up or dressed. The only light in the room came from the end of Harry's wand, which glowed like a candle flame in the otherwise pitch-black darkness.

All they wanted was to remain close to one another, feel the other's bare skin, smell their unique scent, especially so after lovemaking...and in this case, at this moment, it definitely was. Whatever happened later, they would always have these moments alone to cherish. Memories and moments which would warm even the coldest of nights, soothe and please and comfort even in times of greatest loneliness.

Ginny awakened early the next morning to her lover's tender kiss. "Hello, Sleeping Beauty. Had a good rest?"

"The best. And you?" She smiled as she returned the kiss.

"The best. But we'd better get up, get dressed and get out of here. No doubt everyone else is wondering where we disappeared to."

"No doubt."

"Oh, and Ginny? Happy birthday, luv," he crooned lovingly.

"Thank you," she returned. "That's the best birthday present I've ever gotten."

With that, the lovers got up and dressed. Upon reaching the downstairs door and before Harry removed the Locking Charm, he lifted her chin to face him once again. She saw a mixture of love, pain and desire in his beautiful emerald eyes.

"Just one last thing I want to say."

"Yes?"

"In these dangerously uncertain times, one can never be sure of anything for long, least of all safety...but one thing that I know neither can nor will ever change ..." His voice trailed off.

"Which is?"

"My love for you. Whatever I may say or do to the contrary in these next few weeks, I love you. I always have and always will, no matter how much time or distance may separate us."

"How may I be sure of that?"

"How? Here's how ..."

With that, Harry bent down to find her lips with his in a lingering kiss, which held every ounce of love and desire he bore for the girl in his arms...and every ounce he would ever feel. Upon reluctantly releasing her, he removed the Locking Charm and they departed back to their respective rooms.

This was truly a "bittersweet sixteen" day for Ginny, especially in view of what was soon to come. But what mattered was that she and Harry had had this time alone together, a time she would remember and cherish as long as she lived. The day she had become a woman in the arms of the one man she had loved since she was a child ... and the man she would love from this day forward, until she took her last breath...Harry James Potter.