

# Pig Latin

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What's a boyfriend to do when the love of his life decides to start writing him love notes -- in *Pig Latin*? The only thing he *can* do...learn Pig Latin! HarryGinny. Somewhat AU.

## Love Notes

Chapter 1 of 1

What's a boyfriend to do when the love of his life decides to start writing him love notes -- in *Pig Latin*? The only thing he *can* do...learn Pig Latin! HarryGinny. Somewhat AU.

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(Everything in Pig Latin will be in boldface italics)

At first Harry didn't think anything of it when Ginny started writing him love notes, but one day, about two weeks after the first note, one came that he was sure was in a foreign language, but at the same time, it wasn't any foreign language he'd ever seen or heard of.

As far as he knew, Ginny didn't know any foreign languages. Maybe it was some kind of secret code or something. If so, though, why hadn't she mentioned that she wanted them to write their love notes in code so no one else could decipher them? At any rate, he had to figure out how to do so *and soon*. And he knew who he had to ask: one of his closest friends and Gryffindor's resident bookworm, one Hermione Jane Granger!

Knowing Gin's feelings for him, he was sure it had to be something sweet and tender, yet at the same time, suggestive...if not passionate. This latest note wasn't a long one, but considering the fact that he couldn't read it, at least not yet, it might as well be novel-length.

**Arryhay, uvlay ...**

**Ouldway ouyay ikelay otay etgay ogethertay afterway assclay odaytay? Eway avenhay'tay eenbay ableway otay ebay aloneway ogethertay orfay away onglay imetay. Ifway ouyay oday, easeplay etlay emay owknay ybay ethay endway ofway ethay ayday osay eway ancay ickpay away imetay andway aceplay.**

**Ouryay Ingay**

Harry headed directly to the common room, which was the second most likely place to find Hermione, if she wasn't in the library. And he was right; she was sitting at one of the various tables, her homework spread out before her, writing busily on her roll of parchment. He didn't want to disturb her, but had no idea how long he would have to wait if he didn't, so he did it as unobtrusively as he could.

"Mione? Can I talk to you?"

Hermione jumped visibly and looked up at Harry, annoyance mixed with pleasure at his presence wreathing her features. "Harry! You disrupted my concentration! I've got to get this Potions essay done; it's due tomorrow...and you know how Snape is if you hand in homework late!"

Harry nodded, lips twisting wryly. Yes, he knew all too well...and didn't want to get Hermione in trouble with Snape, but didn't know who else to ask. "Since you're here, is there something you wanted to ask me?"

"Erm ... yeah," he made himself say.

"Well, what is it?" She reluctantly replaced her quill in its inkpot and turned to face him.

"I just got a ... love note from Ginny," he quietly confessed.

"So?"

"It seems to be in some sort of code or something. I was wondering if you could help me decipher it."

"I won't be able to tell you that until I have a look at it."

Harry was reluctant but made himself show her; a moment later a sly smile came over her lips. "Well, what is it?"

"Harry, have you ever heard of Pig Latin?"

His eyes widened. "Pig what?"

"Pig Latin. It's a ... kind of ... secret language between lovers. At least that's how it's generally used, anyway. Is this the first note she's sent like this?"

"Yeah. So how do I read it?"

Hermione frowned thoughtfully, then smiled again. "Wait a minute. I have an idea. Just a second ..." She grabbed a small piece of parchment, touched it with her wand and said, "*Portus*, Aisle 16, library." Harry gave her a strange look, wondering why she was doing such a thing, then she spoke to him again after carefully handing him the parchment. "I just turned this into a Portkey, Harry. Touch this parchment, and it will take you to the book that can help you decipher the note. But don't touch the upper right corner until you're ready to go there."

"Thanks, 'Mione."

"No problem. See you later."

"Later." With that, Harry touched the upper right corner of the parchment and was gone after feeling the familiar tug behind his navel.

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The next thing he knew, he found himself standing in an aisle lined with books of every size, colour, thickness and description...but he looked at the parchment and read the title he needed to find. It read as follows in Hermione's neat, precise handwriting:

*Everything You'll Ever Need to Know About Pig Latin...The Favourite Secret Language of Lovers*

And by...get this!...*Dan Cupid!*

If his need hadn't been so serious, he would have laughed. But he didn't, simply reaching to pull out the book. It was large and fairly thick, not to mention fairly old-looking...but he put a nonverbal weight-nullifying spell on it so it would be easier to carry to the nearest table. He was consequently able to handle it as if it didn't weigh at least two kilos, which he was certain it did. All that mattered to him was being able to decipher what Ginny's note said.

He reached the nearest table in maybe a dozen steps, seated himself and opened the book, leafing over to the contents page to find what he needed, the first Appendix in the back, which featured the most popular British English words and their equivalent in Pig Latin. Once he'd found it, he moved to that Appendix, took out the parchment with Ginny's note on it and began his research.

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It took about an hour, but at last Harry was able to decipher what Ginny's note said.

*Harry, luv ...*

*Would you like to get together after class today? We haven't been able to be alone together for a long time. If you do, please let me know by the end of the day so we can pick a time and place.*

*Your Gin*

By this time he had read up enough so he believed he would be able to write her back the same way she had written him. Even at that, he made sure to refer to the book in case he got stuck on a word. After some thought, he began to write her back...on the back of her note to him after writing the note out in English on scrap paper first.

*Gin, luv ...*

*I'd love to get together after class today. I've missed being with you and can't help thinking how much I want to feel you in my arms and your lips beneath mine, snogging you silly. One question, though ... when did you decide to start writing me in Pig Latin? (Just curious.)*

*Your Harry*

***Ingay, uvlay ...***

***Iway'day ovelay otay etgay ogethertay afterway assclay odaytay. Iway'evay issedmay eingbay ithway ouyay andway ancay'tay elphay inkingthay owhay uchmay Iway antway otay eelfay ouyay inway ymay armsway andway ouryay ipslay eneathbay inemay, oggingsnay ouyay illysay. Oneway estionquay, oughthay ... enwhay idday ouyay ecideday otay artstay itingwray emay inway Igpay Atinlay? (Ustjay uriouscay.)***

***Ouryay Arryhay***

When he got back to his dormitory, he told Hedwig to take the note to Ginny in hers, then wait for a reply.

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He got one back within the hour.

*Harry, luv ...*

*Glad to hear you've missed me as much as I've missed you. I can hardly wait to be in your arms and snog you silly. As to your question, I just thought it would be fun if we wrote each other in Pig Latin. You doknow it, don't you? At any rate, where and when do you want us to meet after class?*

I love you,

Your Gin

**Arryhay, uvlay ...**

**Adglay otay earhay ouyay'evay issedmay emay asway uchmay asway lway'evay issedmay ouyay. lway ancay ardlyhay aitway otay ebay inway ouryay armsway andway ogsnay ouyay illysay. Asway otay ouryay estionquay, lway ustjay oughthay itway ouldway ebay unfay ifway eway otewray eachway otherway inway lgpay Atinlay. Ouyay oday owknay itway, onday'tay ouyay? Atway anyway ateray, erewhay andway enwhay oday ouyay antway usway otay eetmay afterway assclay?**

**lway ovelay ouyay,**

**Ouryay Ingay**

He had made sure to check out the book for the maximum time allowed, four weeks. Even at that, he wasn't sure if he would be fully familiar with Pig Latin by then or not. Maybe if he asked Mione to do a charm on him that would enhance his memory or something ... He then frowned thoughtfully and once again set quill to parchment after casting a Permanency Charm on the conjured-up paper ... and writing out the note in English first.

Gin,

*You know when our last classes of the day let out: mine at 2 pm and yours at 2:30. How about my meeting you at the bottom of the stairway to the sixth-year girls' dorm at 3:00? (By the way, I love you, too, and can hardly wait to see you.)*

Your Harry

**Ingay,**

**Ouyay owknay enwhay ourway astlay assesclay ofway ethay ayday etlay outway; inemay atway 2 pmay andway oursyay atway 2:30. Owhay aboutway ymay eetingmay ouyay atway ethay ottombay ofway ethay airwaystay otay ethay ixthsay-earyay irlsgay' ormday atway 3:00? (Ybay ethay ayway, lway ovelay ouyay, ootay, andway ancay ardlyhay aitway otay eesay ouyay.)**

**Ouryay Arryhay**

After allowing Hedwig to rest for a while upon her return from her original errand and refresh herself with a few bites of food and an equal amount of water, he gave her the note and the same instructions as before. Once again, Ginny answered almost immediately.

*Sounds great, your meeting me at the bottom of the sixth-year girls' dorm stairs at 3. See you then, luv.*

Gin

**Oundssay eatgray, ouryay eetingmay emay atway ethay ottombay ofway ethay ixthsay-earyay irlsgay' ormday airstay atway 3. Eesay ouyay enthay, uvlay.**

**Ingay**

After Hedwig returned with this answer, Harry saw no further need to communicate with Ginny until he actually saw her in person...that is, if he really felt like talking or anything that wasn't literally snogging his gorgeous girlfriend within an inch of her life. If he had his way, she would be unable to think of anything but his touch and his kiss ... just as he knew the reverse would be the case.

He had had no idea he was even capable of such deep feelings for anyone, but it obviously was possible. Harry had already decided that if everything worked out and he was able to come back alive from the Final Battle with Voldemort, which he intended to fight as soon as he finished school and was able to find him, he would ask Ginny to marry him. But first things first. When the time came to go after Voldemort, however, Harry also intended to take with him as much help as he could muster, his friends included, because it was a bloody cinch that Voldemort wasn't going to show up alone.

Why should he, Harry, be so foolhardy as to do so? Why make himself an even greater target by showing up alone? And even as much as it went against all his protective instincts, Harry knew that Ginny would never forgive him if she was left behind, even ostensibly to keep her safe. He knew that she would far rather be fighting at his side than supposedly safe at home and was, in fact, already researching various spells they could use against Voldemort and his henchmen. For the moment, though, he had far more ... *physical* things on his mind, things which were already making his groin tighten dangerously. Three o'clock couldn't come soon enough for him...and if his hunch was right, for Ginny, either.

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And he was right. When they first met, they almost literally ran into each other's arms and almost instantaneously began snogging (that is, once Harry had had the presence of mind to pull them out of public view) behind one of the many statues in the halls of Hogwarts. In this case, one of the statues on the sixth floor, Lachlan the Lanky. They tended to do this in either the absence of a nearby broom cupboard or extreme eagerness to be alone.

It was a long time before they came up for air, and that was the only reason they broke apart, for even a moment...and even then, Ginny whispered huskily, **lway ovelay ouyay, arryhay** (I love you, Harry)."

Harry all but moaned, half out of unfulfilled desire and half out of exasperation. "Please, Gin,*don't* speak Pig Latin right now. It's all I can do to think in English!" But even as he said this, one hand was groping for hers so that she could caress him intimately...although if she started doing much of that, he wouldn't be able to think coherently in any language.

"Sorry, luv," she apologised. "Just trying to keep in practise."

"Let's keep the Pig Latin in the love notes. Speech must be in English. When we're speaking, that is." He gave her a wicked grin and waggled his eyebrows suggestively.

"By the way, if we're going to do anything besides snog, we'd better find a more secluded space. Here, we're practically out in the open," Ginny reminded him even as she bit back a moan upon feeling him moving sensuously against her and his hands pressing her close to his arousal.

"The way I feel, I could take you right here and wouldn't give a damn who bloody sees ... at this point, not even one or more of your brothers!"

"You'd give a damn if it was Snape or Filch, I think," she countered. "Too bad we can't Apparate inside the castle or on the grounds; it'd be a lot easier to find a spot where we wouldn't be disturbed."

"Yeah," Harry agreed absently even as his lips hungrily devoured the warm expanse of his girlfriend's throat beneath her right ear. "Where would you suggest, then?" At this point, one hand moved to slip beneath her blouse (where, incidentally, she had conveniently forgotten to wear a bra) and find her left breast; it was all he could do not to tear the blouse open and latch his mouth onto it. It was almost unbearably exciting just to feel its warm softness and the hard nipple beneath his eager fingers. This time

she was unable to remain quiet, moaning against his lips as he returned to passionately snog her, his tongue the sweetest thing she had tasted since cinnamon treacle tart.

"Maybe a deserted classroom," she somehow managed between kisses, scarcely able to think straight when Harry snogged her like this. "Or maybe ..." She thought some more, quickly, while she still could. "The Room of Requirement! It's perfect! It's on the next floor, and no one would know we were there because they'd all be somewhere else!"

"Best idea I've heard all day," her companion growled seductively. "Let's go, while I still have some control left." With that, they slipped out from behind the statue of Lachlan and made their way hand-in-hand up to the seventh floor, where the Room was located opposite a tapestry showing Barnabas the Barmy trying to teach trolls to dance the ballet. The pair walked up and down in front of the wall three times where the door usually appeared and concentrated hard on their need for a private place to be alone with no interruptions.

Moments later the door appeared, and the couple gratefully ducked behind it. Harry thought a nonverbal Locking Charm in its direction and they were safely alone, able to do whatever they wanted with no one likely to be the wiser. "Now, where were we?" Harry again growled seductively as he once again pulled his girlfriend close and once began to snog her passionately, unwilling to stop even to get some air as his hands began to undress her (even as she began undressing him) as quickly as possible ... which wasn't nearly quickly enough.

If either had known a Vanishing Charm at this point, one may be assured that they would have used it to Vanish all their clothes. Since they didn't, though, they had to make do. It had been so long since they had been alone like this, and they intended to make the most of it.

"Here, I believe," she whispered just barely loud enough for him to hear before they surrendered themselves to the temptation of the other's lips, hands, and body ... after that, losing all sense of time and place. All awareness of anything, in fact, except the touch, taste and smell of the other. Not to mention the sensation of feeling one another at last join physically, as they had already joined emotionally.

In fact, the last thing either remembered upon finally fully disrobing was falling back onto the softness of the four-poster bed, which had appeared directly behind them. Dear God, it was the most incredible thing either had ever felt! There was pain, of course, at the initial joining, but Ginny was beyond caring. All that mattered was the feel of Harry inside her, possessing her in every way possible...body, heart, mind and soul.

For Harry, the incredible feeling came at the sensation of himself being surrounded by Ginny's deliciously hot, wet tightness even as her legs locked around his hips. She was so sweetly tight, in fact, it was all he could do not to come off right then and there ... but he wanted it to last as long as possible, since who knew how long it would be before they could be together like this again, especially with her O.W.L. tests coming up. He decided he didn't give a damn about anything or anyone but this moment and the girl in his arms...the most incredibly passionate, yet loving girl he had ever known ... or was ever likely to know.

"Dear God, Gin, you're effing incredible ... I don't think I'll ever get enough of you!"

"Nor will I ever get enough of you ... oh, my God, Harry ..." she moaned, tightening herself further around him upon feeling him increase the speed and intensity of his thrusts.

Her lover gasped and moaned even as she felt him become even harder inside her. "Don't do that, Gin...not if you expect me to last more than five minutes!"

"I can't help it," she moaned back, her warm breath blowing in his ear, then small, even teeth nipping and sucking on the junction of his neck and right shoulder. "You feel so wonderful."

"Oh, God, I can't stand it any more. I've got to ..." With that, he increased the speed and intensity of his thrusts even further. Ginny's actions had obviously driven Harry over the edge, and he had no choice but to finish now! And with one hard, final thrust, Harry felt himself let go, unable to stop himself, but at the same time, feeling the most blessed relief of his life. He had finally claimed Ginny for his own in literally every way ... in a way that no other bloke could ever, nor *would* ever, do. She was his, for now and all time!

Once he had finally finished, he felt himself almost literally collapse against her. Not long afterward, her hands and lips began to kiss and caress him, not so much to arouse him again but to revive him. Nothing had ever taken so much out of him as this one moment of full sexual intimacy had ... and one thing was for sure, he definitely wanted to repeat it at the earliest opportunity! Once Harry had gotten his strength back, however, he had gathered his lover close and locked his arms around her, her tousled red head cradled on his left shoulder.

"Did you think to use a Contraceptive Charm?"

"Fraid not, luv. We did have other things on our minds, you know."

"In that case, I'd better check something." He extended his free arm and said, "Accio wand!" It hit his hand a moment later, and he touched the tip to her belly after moving the blankets slightly, holding it there for five minutes...but there was no change in the colour of her skin as the spell he had found in a Medical Magic manual in the hospital wing the last time he was there indicated, a spell to determine whether or not a woman was pregnant, something that gave better and much faster results than even the Muggle in-home pregnancy test. They had been lucky ... *this* time. But they'd better not forget again, or else there might be trouble they could never explain their way out of.

"What did you do?" she asked.

"Checked to see if you were pregnant." Her eyes widened. "Don't worry. You're not. At least not at the moment...but we mustn't be so careless again. We might not be so lucky a second time."

"How did you know how to check for pregnancy?"

"Research. I couldn't very well approach Mione about something like this, could I, and risk having her tell Ron? Nor could I mention it to any of the teachers. Not even Dumbledore. It was something I had to do on my own." He sighed and laughed softly. "Of course, I could also use the Prophylactic Charm too."

Ginny smiled at the thought, knowing what that was from her talk about "the facts of life" from her mother three years ago, just after her first period. It was a charm which formed something very similar to a condom shield over a man's erection, which would capture seminal fluid and remain attached until he could get to the bathroom and remove it, lessening the likelihood of pregnancy by up to 98%. It had a limit, of course; all charms and such did, but it *was* still a contraceptive option, and that's what mattered.

How many young men would think to protect their partner in a situation like theirs? Most would consider it entirely her responsibility and blame her for any resulting pregnancy...but not Harry. He cared about her, ever mindful of her health and safety. A bit too much sometimes for her taste, of course, but what mattered was that *he cared*...and she would far rather have him care a little too much than not enough.

"In that case, I think we'd both better shower, then get back to our dormitories," she decided. "I'll send you another note as to when I want to see you again...if you don't send me one first, that is." She winked slyly at him.

"In Pig Latin, I suppose," he remarked.

"Yes. That way, if our notes get a little ... racy, only we will know." With that, she grabbed a towel and dressing gown, both of which had appeared on the bed at her feet, then headed for the nearby bathroom door, which had also just appeared.

Fifteen minutes later, she came out, wrapped in the dressing-gown, her hair obviously freshly washed and dried. "Your turn, luv." Harry smiled and nodded, then disappeared into the bathroom upon picking up his own towel and dressing gown from the foot of the bed on his side. As he entered, he considered the possibility of actually having a hot, steamy shower with Ginny next time around. He would have to suggest it to her in their next communication and see what she thought of the idea. For the time being, though, it was necessary to clean up from *this* time.

By the time he came out, she had dressed and watched, smiling as he did so. "You know, luv, you have the cutest bum," she remarked as he turned his back to her and began putting on clean clothes, beginning with a clean pair of boxers. "I've always loved how gently rounded it is, how ... touchable and caressable."

"Gin, don't say things like that," he threw back, blushing, scandalised in spite of himself, despite what they had recently done, and glad she couldn't see his crimson cheeks.

"Why not? It's true. Don't worry, I won't say it in front of anyone else ... unless you force me," she returned wickedly.

"How could I force you?"

"By being a stubborn, insensitive prat," she replied, unwilling to elaborate as to just how he could be stubborn and insensitive enough to make her do that...something that made Harry realise that he'd better watch his step or else the whole school could end up knowing what they'd done because his actions supposedly "forced" her to confess it.

Of course, Ginny really had no intention of doing so, but it was best to let him think she did, if only to keep Harry in line. For the time being, though, it was enough that they were no longer children...at least not sexually. They had left their childhood behind for all time in this room, on this day ... a day which would live forever in both their memories as they had officially become adults together. She had also recently turned sixteen, shortly before school started again, and Harry had officially come of age just eleven days before her.

They walked out of the Room of Requirement together, and he walked her to the bottom of the stairs leading to the sixth-year girls' dorm. Since they were alone, at least for the moment, Harry decided to take the opportunity for one last quick snog. He also decided to surprise her. "***lway ovelay ouyay, Ingay (I love you, Gin)***" he whispered against her lips.

Ginny's eyes widened, but she simply replied, "***Anday lway ovelay ouyay, arryhay. Eesay ouyay aterlay (And I love you, Harry. See you later).***"

"***Aterlay,***" he smiled, then squeezed her nearest hand one last time and left.

Ginny smiled and began to make her way upstairs, knowing what she would be dreaming about tonight...and likely every night for several days to come ... all because of Pig Latin! At the very least, it had helped things along. What mattered was that she and Harry had finally managed to take that necessary next step to advance their relationship to a physical level equal to their emotional one. She just hoped she could wait the necessary time it would take for them to belong to each other completely, which meant marriage.

Of course, they were both too young for that just yet, but if anyone was worth waiting for, Harry was...and Ginny knew she would, however long it ended up taking and whatever circumstances might separate them. In Harry's case, she knew precisely what circumstances were likely to do that, but for the moment, told herself to simply enjoy his loving her both emotionally and physically...and she would give her all in return.

"***Oreverfay andway orfay alwaysway,***" she whispered after him... in Pig Latin, of course. Not everyone would understand the language, especially if they heard the couple speak it to each other, but what mattered was that *they* would understand it. *Forever and for always.*