

Communications Gap

by *jmlane57*

Post-DH fic. Three months before their wedding day and tired of waiting for Harry to make the first move into sexual intimacy, and wanting Harry so much she can taste it, Ginny takes matters--and Harry--into her own hands.

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By *hgseeker*

They had resumed dating a month ago, as soon as possible after Harry had done all he could to debrief the Ministry and Kingsley, the new Minister. Shortly after said resumption, their snogging and caresses had become progressively more passionate, ever more intimate...yet for some strange reason, Harry always stopped short of going all the way ... and Ginny was bloody well getting tired of waiting to officially become a woman by making love for the first time. Both of them were certainly old enough, and Harry had no more reason to worry about Voldemort since the Darkest wizard in history had been vanquished months ago. However, it seemed that no matter how baldly she expressed her desires on that score, Harry seemed totally clueless, and it seemed incomprehensible to her. Surely he could not snog and caress her as he did and not want her.

From the strength of his arousal whenever their bodies were pressed close, she was convinced that *he did* want her ... far more than he seemed willing to admit. Maybe if she just put on a robe, then went to his room, closed the door behind her and called his name...then dropped the robe when his head turned in her direction. Maybe that was the problem. After all, actions usually spoke louder than words. If he didn't react to *that*, she seriously doubted he would react to anything. It was also just about the only thing she hadn't tried in the way of getting his attention.

She recalled that they had gone for a walk late one night after everyone else was asleep at the Burrow. At one point they sat down beneath a tree near the large pond on the Weasley property a short distance from the Burrow, beneath the full summer moon. They were soon in each other's arms, kissing and caressing, their bodies all but molded to each other, they were so close, and both sets of hands had roamed deliciously over the other. Ginny knew she would never forget the warm smoothness of Harry's bare skin when her hands had found their way beneath his shirt and began sliding it up, intending to slip it over his head at the first opportunity. A short time later, she manuvred herself onto his lap, straddling him and moving sensuously even as they continued their now volcanically hot kisses.

"Bloody hell, Ginny! If you don't stop that, I can't be held accountable for my actions." Harry's voice was husky with passion even as he tore himself away from her, breathing heavily as sweat broke out on his brow.

"I don't *want* to stop, Harry," she crooned passionately. "I want to shag your ruddy socks off shag you until neither of us can walk ..." With that, she molded herself against him again, kissing him ever more passionately and caressing him all the more intimately, unable to get enough of him.

Harry could only moan at her ministrations. "Gin ... oh, my God, I want you so bloody much ..."

"Not half as much as I want you," she purred, pulling her dress up over her hips and fitting herself even more snugly against him, planning to send a wandless, nonverbal spell to Vanish his clothes. Once they were gone, she planned to push him to the ground and ride him like a pony, her desire to feel his incredible manhood inside her the greatest hunger she had ever known.

But even as she was preparing to cast the spell, Harry seemed to sense her intentions. "Gin, what are you thinking? We can't...not here ... not now!"

"Why not? We're alone, of age, and no one knows we're gone."

Ginny sighed deeply and continued her sexy ministrations, which were slowly but surely driving her companion up the wall ... but even though he was loving every minute of it and wanted her more than anything in the world, the undeniable fact that if anything untoward happened...such as Ginny getting pregnant prematurely...what would happen to him at the hands of her six brothers didn't bear thinking about. Their depriving him of his bits would likely be only the beginning, and it would be no more than he deserved for not being strong enough to wait until their marriage, due to take place in three months. But her lips, hands, and body were so delicious that Harry didn't see any way in the world that he would ever be able to resist her long enough to make it to their wedding night. He didn't want to insult her, mainly because he knew what her temper was like, but neither did he care to risk the wrath of the Weasleys, especially not Ron. But sweet bloody Merlin, he'd have to be a statue to be able to keep her at a distance...and rest assured, he was anything but! How could any bloke worthy of the name ever be expected to resist her? Gods, she was insatiable ... maybe too much for him.

"That's beside the point," he retorted. "We're not married."

"What difference does that make?"

"We can't shag until we're married."

"Since when?" Ginny threw back. "And if memory serves, we aren't getting married for three months...and I, for one, have no intention of waiting for three months. I want you right here and now. In fact, you're lucky I haven't jumped you a long time ago!"

"Gin, luv, I assure you, I want you every bit as much as you want me, but what if you got pregnant? If that happened, your entire family, especially Ron, would kill me and enjoy doing it, best mate or not."

"There *is* such a thing as Contraceptive Charms, you know," she pointed out.

"Maybe so, but even they're not foolproof, and I don't care to take any more chances than we already are."

He cried out softly as Ginny's tongue found and licked, then gently sucked one of his nipples and fondled the other with gentle fingers. Her free hand began to move toward his painfully hard arousal; his hand just barely caught it in time. If she touched him there, he would be totally and completely lost. Even at that, he found himself unable to care...at least at this point in time. She looked up at him, reluctantly ceasing her ministrations, her eyes aflame with both tender love and insatiable passion.

"But you want me, Harry. I know you do. You can't deny it!"

"Yes. Yes. Merlin help me, I do!"

With that, he silenced her with hot, passionate yet sweetly insistent lips, his hands deliciously busy and making her forget her own name even as he moved her dress out of the way and did the same to her as she had done to him earlier ... the right breast first, then the left. He had also heard of something to help take the edge off one's desire, and thought it would help Ginny, at least temporarily. He reached beneath her dress and moved it even further up, aroused even further by the knowledge that she wasn't wearing any knickers. Instead, he found her sweet, moist flesh...and gently parted her legs to find her delicious tightness. He began to stroke her intimately; she moaned and squirmed as he found the small, exquisitely sensitive nub of flesh, fondling it for a time until she began writhing and moaning. The sweet, musky smell of her inflamed him almost beyond control.

"Oh, God, Harry ... Harry ... Oh, love, keep ... doing ... that. It ... feels ... wonderful. So ... wonderful, in fact, that ... I ... don't ... think ... I can ... wait ... much longer. I'm ... going to ... come soon!"

They soon manuvred themselves so that they could still kiss and caress, Harry's free hand remaining between her legs at the spot which would soon bring her to screaming, moaning ecstasy. Her breath felt hot on the bare skin of his chest, the scent of her hair making him light-headed as she rested her head there. Her hand was dangerously close to his arousal, making his jeans acutely uncomfortable, but thankfully she didn't seem to be inclined to do anything with it at present, despite the fact that with a part of him, he wished her hand could be bringing him off at the same time he was doing it to her. He had heard of couples doing mutual manual stimulation, and seriously considered suggesting it to her as one way of keeping one another satisfied until they could be married without actually having sex. Maybe they could also do both kinds of oral sex as well ... but he'd have to do some heavy thinking before he could even mention it to her.

It was at this point that she cried out. "Ahh ...*ahhh* ... ohhh ..." then sighed softly and relaxed after arching her back, her arousal flooding all over his hand. "Thank you, love, thank you ... I feel so much better ... but I would think you need satisfaction, too."

"It's all right, Gin. We don't have to do that tonight."

"Of course we do. I don't want you to toss and turn all night long, not when it's avoidable."

She moved one hand to open his jeans before Harry could stop her...and once she had him in her soft, gentle hand, gently caressing and fondling, he knew he had never felt such pleasure in his life ... and all he wanted was to feel her give him the same satisfaction he had given her. He found himself spreading his legs after Vanishing his jeans and boxers himself, in order to allow her better access to him. They again began to snog passionately, her hand between his legs even as their tongues dueled, each seemingly unable to get enough of the other. It felt so good that he never wanted it to end, his mind having become blank some time ago. He could no longer think, only feel ... there was only Ginny, her hands, her lips, her scent ... The next thing he knew, she had kissed her way down his body and her auburn head was bobbing up and down as she gently sucked and licked his painfully hard length. He moaned and thrashed as the suckling intensified and one of her hands gently fondled his balls. One hand rested on her head as he felt himself coming nearer and nearer to the pinnacle of pleasure.

"Oh, Gin ... Bloody effing hell! Your lips ... your tongue ... Don't ever stop. Dear gods, don't ever stop!"

Just when he didn't think he could stand it any longer, Harry arched his back, cried out and felt himself become even more painfully hard, if that was possible...then it hit him all at once. He was unable to stop himself for a long time, but Ginny was able to take it all. He even felt the telltale sensation of the *Scourgify* spell as she cleaned him up. He felt as limp as the proverbial dishrag but totally and thoroughly sated, at least for the moment. He wouldn't mind experiencing *that* again and again, that was for sure! A short time later, they were facing each other again...but this time, all they wanted to do was snuggle and croon love words to each other.

"Oh, Gin, I love you, I love you ..."

"The feeling is mutual, Harry ... and I was right in showing you that we can have sex in some way without having to worry about me getting pregnant."

He kissed the top of her head, then rested his cheek on it, entwining his fingers and resting them on the curve of her waist. "Just the same, we'd better be prepared in case things ... get out of hand at some point."

"Don't worry, we will. Meantime, we'd better get back home."

They exchanged one final long, soulful kiss before getting to their feet and returning to the Burrow, both knowing that this would be only one of many times they would

sneak off together and indulge in sexy love play. In the meantime, the edge had been taken off, and that was what mattered. If they could do this sometimes over the next three months, it should help keep them from going too far too soon. Even at that, both doubted that their hunger for each other could or would ever be sated, not for as long as either of them lived.