

Wishing Only Wounds the Heart

by Aoibheann

Ginny Weasley looks at her life with eyes wide open and accepts what she believes is her lot in life. But is it?

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Small disclaimer: Obviously I own nothing of which I write. I'm not JKR (wish I was), and I'm not Stephen Schwartz (who wrote the wonderful song "I'm Not That Girl" from the musical "Wicked"). I'm not a huge fan of songfics, but I was starting a Ginnycentric fic and this song came on my media player, transformed into a plot bunny, and proceeded to have its way with my muse. So here it is, a one shot inspired by a song.

Ginevra Weasley wrapped her cloak around her lithe body and braced herself against the cold air of the Astronomy Tower. It was a cold February evening and there was a celebration of sorts going on within the castle. Hermione Granger and Severus Snape had returned from their belated honeymoon in Greece. Ginny welcomed back the couple, but somewhere during the festivities, the mediwitch intern felt the tears well up in her eyes. She made her excuses and rushed out of the Great Hall. Hermione watched her leave, understanding in a way only a friend could. Ginny needed time alone. The redhead ascended to the Astronomy Tower. She cast a warming charm and sat on the ledge looking down at the grounds. Ginny's attention was drawn to a lone figure walking across the snowy grounds. Ginny watched the figure, instantly recognizable to her as Remus Lupin, then closed her eyes and remembered.

Hands touch, eyes meet

Sudden silence, sudden heat

Hearts leap in a giddy whirl

He could be that boy

But I'm not that girl:

A small smile crossed her lips as she remembered their one date. She had felt giddy and lighthearted in his company. Remus had been a solitary man, lost for so many years following the downfall of Voldemort, then found, as if by a miracle, and cured of his werewolf condition by the brilliance of Hermione and Severus. When Ginny had kissed Remus, she'd felt at home. But Remus hadn't felt the same way. He had been unable to reconcile the woman she had become with the little girl he had last known. Ginny had grown up but since he had not been there to see it, she had remained sixteen in his eyes. Ginny sighed. He could have been the one for her, but she wasn't the woman for him. Wiping a tear from her eye, she contemplated going after him and talking to him. She contemplated making him see reason. She wanted to make him see

her as the woman she was.

Don't dream too far

Don't lose sight of who you are

Don't remember that rush of joy

He could be that boy

I'm not that girl

She shook her head. It would never work. He was with another. And she was simply Ginevra Molly Weasley. Weasleys rarely got what they wanted. Her mother didn't get to be a mediwitch; breeding Weasleys saw to the end of that dream. Her father didn't get to be Minister of Magic. His fairness and desire to see two sides of the coin saw to the end of that dream. Bill didn't get to live happily ever after with Fleur Delacour. She left him for a wizard with far more money. Percy didn't get his dream job - well, not for very long. He didn't live long enough to see that. The war took that from him. And Ron... Ron didn't get anything he wanted. He didn't get Hermione. He lost part of his soul when he froze on the battlefield during the war and allowed the Death Eaters to take Remus. It didn't matter that she lost her heart to the former werewolf. She was a Weasley, and there was no point in wishing for more than could ever be.

Ev'ry so often we long to steal

To the land of what-might-have-been

But that doesn't soften the ache we feel

When reality sets back in

Ginny felt the familiar ache in her heart. She had felt it since the night she realized that Remus wasn't going to choose her. There was someone else. Someone he could see as an adult. There simply wasn't any use in dreaming about Remus Lupin anymore. Thinking about him hurt. Thinking about the hours she had spent by his bedside while Hermione and Severus tried to find a way to bring him back to them caused her heart to thump painfully against her chest. She could dream, but waking up hurt too much. No, it was time to forget. Would that she could Obliviate herself. Would that she could wipe her mind and her heart clean of the memory of Remus Lupin.

Ginny looked down again. Remus was still out there, now by the lake. But he was no longer alone. She was with him, wrapped in the warmth of his strong arms. The woman he chose.

Blithe smile, lithe limb

She who's winsome, she wins him

Gold hair with a gentle curl

That's the girl he chose

And Heaven knows

I'm not that girl.

He had chosen someone bright, beautiful, and golden. He hadn't settled for plain, drab, freckled Ginny Weasley. He had chosen blonde and beautiful Kyla Bennett. He had chosen someone that he hadn't known when she was at Hogwarts. He had chosen a woman, not a woman-child. The fact that Ginny now worked with her in the Hospital Wing didn't seem to matter. Kyla was everything that Ginny wasn't. Kyla knew how to flirt. Kyla knew how to appeal to a man. Kyla knew when to keep silent and not to blurt out the first thing on her mind. Kyla knew how to be winsome. Kyla won him.

Don't wish, don't start

Wishing only wounds the heart

I wasn't born for the rose and the pearl

There's a girl I know

He loves her so

I'm not that girl

Ginny sighed. She felt the familiar ache as she watched Kyla and Remus approach the castle entrance. They put their heads together for a moment, embraced, and then parted, Kyla entering the castle ahead of Remus. He looked up for a moment, almost catching a glimpse of Ginny in the open window of the Astronomy Tower. Ginny ducked back into the shadows and shook her head. She was a Weasley. She needed to learn to remain satisfied with her lot in life. She would find a nice boring man and settle down, bearing children and living the life of a good witch. There was to be no excitement in her life. There was to be no great romance with a dashing older man who carried with him an air of danger. She would be a good wife and mother someday, like her mother before her. That was her destiny. She turned on her heel and walked slowly down the stairs of the Astronomy Tower, the tears beginning to fall as she accepted her fate. The tears blinded her as she entered the Great Hall, not noticing the man in the shadows. The man who watched her pass with a wistful look in his eye. The man who longed to touch her on the arm and pull her into an embrace. The man who couldn't summon the courage to approach her after the way he'd treated her months ago. The man who moments before had ended things with the golden haired Kyla Bennett.