

Ripples

by Fenrir

Even the simplest event can effect father than you know.

Ginny

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N:I don't own Potterverse. I just like to play with the characters. I also do not own the song laced throughout the fic either, because while I can play music and improv, I can't write lyrics to save my soul.

Ripples: A Series of Event Vignettes

By: Fenrir

Event I: Ginny

Ginny and Harry walked through the halls of Hogwarts, the golden couple, practically king and queen in their own right. Gryffindors stopped to talk to the Chosen One and his equally talented girlfriend; they were popular and well liked. Harry and Ginny were on their own special pedestal. Inevitably though, even sunny weather has its bad clouds, and the foils of Ginny and Harry were Draco and Pansy, the Slytherin couple of choice. Blonde, cool, composed, they were the classy counterparts to the scrappy and friendly duo of Gryffindor.

When the duo clashed, it was always a tension-filled time; both pairs had their groupies to keep at bay.

Today was no different. Ginny looked at Pansy's perfect coif and felt a twinge of hatred toward its flawless appearance.

Pansy looked the redhead up and down scathingly. "Ah, Weasel, I smelled you from down the corridor. Really, have you thought of using something other than mud to wash yourself in?" Ginny glared and opened her mouth to grind out a rebuttal as Harry pulled her close and replied instead.

"Ooh, Pansy, might want to be careful. I think your hairline is receding; you know what they say about using too much dye." Harry winked at her, and she turned beet red.

Draco lifted an eyebrow and smirked at Ginny. "Potter, your infantile wit positively frightens me. Do you have to take a rest after thinking about that comeback all morning?"

"You'll certainly need a rest after I take a chip out of that perfect face!" retorted Harry, snarling. Ginny put her hand in front of his chest and kissed him on the cheek.

"Harry, we don't need to do this. You know what McGonagall said," she whispered softly.

A sniff came from Draco. "That's right, Potter; take your girl's advice...musn't fight." He shoved past Harry and laughed the entire way down the hall.

Rolling his eyes, Harry straightened and continued forward, his hold on Ginny tightening from only a little more to slightly painful. She swallowed hard. He was furious, but

he couldn't show it publicly. One thing she'd learned was that Harry had anger and pride issues. When he got burned, he lashed out. Not entirely physical, but not entirely not physical.

Upon reaching Ginny's quarters, Harry let them in and spun her around. "Any reason you suddenly felt the need to demean me?" he spat out.

"Harry, I..."

The look he gave her made her close her mouth tightly. "You just felt like making me look like a momma's baby?" He scoffed. "I'll be hearing about it all week."

Ginny looked down, pursing her lips. "I didn't want you to get into any more trouble," she whispered, hoping he'd listen.

"Yeah, well, I don't care, Gin. You positively screwed me by doing that!" She heard a glass shatter into the floor and was glad *Reparo* worked on shattered vases. "I'm going; try not to *ever* do that to me again!"

Flinching at the door's slam, she leaned against the wall and looked at the ceiling. *There went another chance, Gin, another time you could've just ended this.* Scoffing, she waved her wand at the antique vase Harry had destroyed and watched as it was put together again.

"If only that would work on us."

A knock woke her up that night. Glancing a sleepy eye to her clock, she groaned and got out of bed, hopping to the door, as the stone floors were positively freezing.

"Harry, I am n..." she stopped as she saw the person on the other side of the door.

He stood there, tie undone and robes unbuttoned, revealing his vest and white shirt, pressed black pants and shoes. A slow half smile marked his face.

The same smile he gives every girl, I'd wager.

Still, that smile took her breath away and made her throat clench. As Draco held up one perfect rose, her heart pounded wildly. "What are you doing here?" she whispered hoarsely.

"Thought you might want company." He stood up and took her hand, kissing the palm. "Was I wrong?"

Ginny smiled softly. "Not entirely."

Sighing, she nuzzled into his shoulder. "How many nights have you shown up at my door, Draco?"

He chuckled. "More than I can recall. Does it bother you?"

They were on her bed, enjoying the fire he'd made and each other's company. Their companionship had been going on for months, ever since Harry had flirted with Cho. Ginny, not as cowed as she felt now, had drunkenly made out with Draco in an alley of Hogsmeade. That was what had started this, and ever since, Draco had told her what to expect.

It wasn't his first time with a mistress. Not by a long shot. Pansy didn't allow herself to have lovers yet, as she was waiting for marriage or something like that. Draco, on the other hand, was a Malfoy and not interested in celibacy. Ginny was just one in a long line of girls, but she was different at the same time.

Draco had told her a month.

It had been over four. Nearly six, when she added it up. Six months of him coming to her door. He always came to her door. Always brought her something beautiful. Draco charmed her like Harry had never done, giving her baubles, but more than that, treating her like an equal. He never, ever, not even when Harry and he clashed, insulted her. Pansy had never noticed, at least not that Ginny had seen. Draco knew she was bright; they talked sometimes, not just having sex during their meetings.

To her, it hadn't been sex for five months. She wondered if Draco had other girls, but she highly doubted it.

"Draco?" she whispered.

He rubbed his cheek gently against her hair. "Yes, love?"

Ginny sat up and inhaled deeply. "I've given this a lot of thought."

Draco's lips quirked up lightly, and he trailed a hand down her cheek. "Oh, dear, should I be worried?"

"It might come as quite a shock, but I like you, Draco."

Laughing, he pulled her close and rubbed noses with her, rolling so she was underneath him. "I like you, too, love. What's that got to do with anything?"

"It's killing me to know you like this, Draco, without being able to be with you." She slid a hand through his blond hair. "I know you've heard this before; you've told me as much. All I want to do is hold you and have you hold me. I know it would be difficult. I know we'd be mocked." Ginny continued vehemently, as Draco's smile dimmed. "But I love you, Malfoy. You've done this to yourself. I probably love you more than Pansy ever will love your money, and I want us to be together. You're the first man who isn't interested in making me barefoot and pregnant, the first who treats me like an equal, sometimes even superior. I want that, I want us. I want us to be more than friends, because I can't be your friend anymore."

Draco sat up, bringing her with him. "Sunset, my love, you and I can't be together. Think of the backfire. Potter would be at my throat; Pansy would be at yours. Peace is only peace when we can't fight. I hate him for what he's doing to you, but this is peace. Peace you want, you little goodie too-shoes." He shook his head and played with a tendril of her hair. "I can't break up with Pansy any more than you can break up with Potter." Leaning in, he tried to kiss her, but she pulled away.

"You can be with me. Or you can walk right out that door. Those are your choices, but we can't just be friends anymore, Draco. I'm sorry." Her mind was made up; it was Draco's move now.

His face reflected shock, and she thought, for just a moment, sadness, but then he shrugged. "If that's the way it will be, Sunset, that's the way it will be." Kissing her hand, he slid off the bed and walked away, shutting the door behind him.

Ginny furiously stopped herself from crying. "You are strong, Ginny, remember that."

Weeks later, Ginny walked through the halls once again, though this time, instead of being the female part of the golden pair, she walked alone. Two days earlier, she'd broken up with Harry. It had been hard, but she'd done it.

He'd hit her, only once, before she'd gotten a countercurse off. The stitches were neat and tidy on her face, and the bruise was almost gone. Ginny's decision being so that it would leave a scar; she wanted to remember that she was strong and that she should never be so cowed again. Ginny had also left a note for Draco, saying she'd done her half.

It was up to him now. His choice. Would they be together? Would he leave Pansy like she'd left Harry? Would her heart fly with his?

Merlin, she hoped so. All she wanted was to be with him. It hadn't ever occurred to her that she'd find love with Draco, but sometimes, she learned, life wasn't the easy road. It wasn't the first time she'd had a rough time. It wouldn't be the last. If Draco and she ever became a couple, the pressures and tension would get worse. Worse than the hisses and nasty comments, worse than any of this. She'd be a traitor to the House of Gryffindor.

With Draco there, she knew she could do it. Ginny knew she could handle it, stand up to the hurt, the pain. Together they were stronger. But Draco had left with finality. Would he leave her heart broken on the floor? Would he step around it and her, holding Pansy close and ignoring all they had shared? She prayed he wouldn't, prayed hard and long.

Walking down the corridor, she glanced up to see the Slytherin couple on the opposite end and looked at him.

Will we win, Draco? Or will I lose?

A/N: Yes, it is yet another songfic based on the song by Tim Rushlow (recently revamped by D.H.T.), *I Can't Be Your Friend* It's really quite good, either country style or techno style, so I'd recommend it for listening during the story. Thanks go, of course, to my lovely beta, Southern Witch, for whom I owe many shiny pretty things for turning the frowns that are my silly scribbles upside down.

Southern's Notes: I am quite intrigued and can't wait to see what happens next. I hope he'll be man enough to go after what he truly wants.