

Something's Gotta Give

by Mollie

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This is a one shot of Ginny and how she got together with Malfoy. The song is Something's Gotta Give, by LeAnn Rimes. Oh, and I own nothing; JK Rowling does.

Something's Gotta Give

Jenny's got a job, a cat named Jake,

31 candles on her birthday cake

Next year

Thought by now she'd have a man

Two car seats and a minivan

But it still ain't here (hey!)

She's been lookin' for Mr. Right so long

But all she's found is Mr. Wrong

That's the pits

She's drawn a line that she won't cross

Her and time are facing off

She says something's gotta give

~*~

Ginny Weasley hated her life. She was thirty years old, and all she had to show for her life was a job at the Ministry of Magic, and a cat on named Jake. All of her life ambitions that she had conjured since she was ten went down the drain the day Harry Potter killed Voldemort, killing himself in the process.

Everyone thought that Ginny and Harry would be the perfect couple; after all, she'd had a crush on him since she was a kid. She had even gone out with him for a couple of months in her fifth year.

Ginny had just always assumed by this time in her life, she would be married with at least two kids; though if she followed the example of her parents, more than that. It wasn't as though she had given up that hope when Harry had died. She dated guy after guy, trying to find "Mr. Right." He just didn't exist.

First there was Seamus Finnigan, but all he wanted was a quick shag. That relationship had twisted her heart a little more. So she tried Dean again, but he had found someone with more money than her. He had offered her a place as his mistress, but Ginny wasn't interested in that kind of relationship.

After Dean, there was Henry Drudgewood, from Slytherin. He turned out to be the worst mistake that she had made. He only want to have sex with her, and then to beat her in his fits of rage. Ginny stayed with him for four years before she was finally able to tear herself away from him. You see, Henry treated her like a lady when he wasn't beating her up. He lavished expensive gifts on her, and he even proposed. Every time he beat her, he told her that he loved her, and that he was sorry, and that he would never hit her again. Ginny finally broke up with him two weeks before the wedding.

After Henry, Ginny had drawn a line. She had made up a list of aspects in a guy that she would absolutely not compromise with. For one thing, she would never end up with an abuser again. And she wouldn't stand for a guy who verbally abused her, either. Ginny knew that she didn't have much more time to find a guy before old age had finally claimed her. She always thought that maybe the next day she would meet her perfect man.

~*~

Something's gotta give me butterflies

Something's gotta make me feel alive

Something's gotta give me dreams at night

Something's gotta make me feel alright

I don't know where it is

But something's gotta give

~*~

What did Ginny really want? What was she holding out for that she couldn't find in any other guy? She wanted someone who would give her butterflies. Someone who would make her stomach tie up in knots every time she thought about him. Someone who, every time she thought about him, she would get anxious just waiting for that next kiss.

Ginny wanted a guy who would make her feel alive. After Harry had died, she felt lost and alone. She felt dead. Ginny wanted someone who would give her a reason to wake up in the morning. She had never really felt that way with Seamus or Dean, or even Henry. She had tried to convince herself that she felt that way, but in the bottom of her heart, she knew the truth.

And then she wanted a guy that she would dream about. Someone who she would think about all of the time. And when she went to sleep at night, he would be the first thing she thought about. And when she woke up the next morning, she would have breathtaking memories of the things that he had done to her in her dreams. Ginny wanted someone who would make her feel as though everything was alright. Someone who she wouldn't mind waking up to every morning.

Ginny didn't know where such a person was or even who the person was, but she knew that somewhere out there, there was a person who fit this description, just waiting for her. She knew that something had to give.

~*~

Friday night she had a date

Cell phone junky a half hour late

That's the biz baby

She's riding out the twists of fate

She's had all that she can take

She says something's gotta give

Something's gotta give me butterflies

Something's gotta make me feel alive

Something's gotta give me dreams at night

Something's gotta make me feel alright

I don't know where it is

But something's gotta give

I swear

There's got to be a meant to be for me out there

Somewhere someday

I'm gonna find someone, somehow, someway

~*~

Ginny got off of work on Friday and stumbled into her apartment. She had a date tonight. He worked in the Floo Network. Ginny got in the shower and washed her hair. She then proceeded to put on her make-up and fix her hair. Something in her stomach told her that tonight would be the night. She tore half of her wardrobe apart looking for the perfect outfit to wear.

At six o'clock, Ginny Apparated to Olivia's Garden, the restaurant where she had arranged to meet her date. Ginny looked around, trying to find out where he was. Half an hour later, he showed up.

"You're late," Ginny accused, angrily.

"Hey, that's the biz, baby. Nothing I could do about it."

"I'm out of here."

"Wait, Ginny, what do you mean?"

"Look, Jimmy, I'm looking for another kind of man. You know... someone who will make me feel wanted. Someone who will make me feel alive. Evidently, you don't even care enough about me to show up on our first date on time. Obviously, you're not the kind of guy I am looking for, and I find that to continue this date would be a waste of my time."

"Look, honey, no such guy exists."

"He's out there somewhere. Something's gotta give, that's all."

~*~

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~*~

Later that week, when Ginny was shopping down Diagon Alley, she bumped into someone. "Excuse me," she mumbled.

"It's no problem," a voice that was vaguely familiar answered.

Ginny looked up to find that she was staring into the face of none other than Draco Malfoy. "Malfoy?"

"The name is 'Draco,' Ginevra. God, it's been a long time. Here, let me buy you lunch, and we can catch up."

"Oh, I don't know. We never really knew each other."

"Of course we did. You were the one I teased and pretended to despise, and I'm the one you told everyone you hated. Neither of us told the truth."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Of course you do. Please, let me buy you lunch."

"Fine."

~*~

(Five years later)

Ginny had finally found the man of her dreams. It only took Draco and Ginny four dates to realize that they were intended for each other. They had married right away, both figuring that they had waited too long for the "right" person to appear to wait any longer.

Now Ginny got butterflies every time she thought about shagging the blond haired man, eagerly anticipating the evening. And after she fell asleep, she always dreamed about the man lying beside her. Ginny finally felt alive and like she was worth something. Draco made her feel wanted.

They had two kids, and Ginny finally felt as though her life was complete.