

The Best Man

by Mollie

Ginny and Harry break up and she ends up with someone quiet different. Song-fic.

She Wasn't Good Enough For Him

Chapter 1 of 1

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Chapter One: She Wasn't Good Enough For Him

~*~

She was good at late night listening

When he'd call her on the phone

She was good to come and get him

When he couldn't make it home

She was good to make love to

And they did now and then

She was good to never ask

When he'd be back again

~*~

Ginny Weasley and the boy who lived: the perfect couple. After Harry had defeated the Dark Lord, Harry and Ginny had hooked up for the second time.

Harry always said that Ginny was the perfect girl for him. Every time Harry Floo-called her at three in the morning to talk about his latest nightmare, she always listened faithfully. She whispered soft endearments to him until he felt he was ready to go back to sleep without fear.

And every time Harry sunk into depression and went out to drink his pain away, Ginny went to get him. During the first couple months, Harry was rarely able to make it

home, and Ginny always showed up and flagged down the Knight Bus to take them to Harry's flat.

On those nights, Ginny slept on the couch in Harry's living room while he slept off his drunken stupor. And every afternoon when he would wake up with a hangover, she had a cup of coffee ready and a hangover potion. She never expected anything in return.

After the rare date that they went on, they would find their way back to Ginny's flat, and things often went farther than Harry and Ginny intended.

The next morning, Harry would crawl out from under the covers and leave without a word to Ginny. Ginny frequently cried a few tears after these departures, but she never asked when he'd be back again. After all, Ginny knew that it was only a matter of time before he proposed to her. Ginny expected it; everybody expected it.

~*~

She wasn't good enough for him

For his family or his friends

He kept her out there on a limb

Wouldn't let her go, wouldn't let her in

She wasn't good enough for him

~*~

Ginny cried, many times, about her relationship with Harry. He never told her anything. He didn't tell her about the night Lord Voldemort was killed. He never told her what he saw in the nightmares he always had.

Ginny always had a mindset that she wasn't good enough for Harry. She was ecstatic that he picked her, but she always felt this nagging voice that she wasn't good enough.

Harry knew that he should let Ginny go. He thought that he was better than her. Besides that, he couldn't stand to marry someone who saw him at those weak moments in his life.

Harry never took Ginny out too much because he didn't think that she should be around his friends. After the end of the war, Harry had changed social circles. Ron and Hermione had died, so he no longer felt like he was part of the Weasley clan.

Harry now hung out with the likes of Draco Malfoy, who had turned out to be a spy for the Order. Harry didn't think that Ginny was good enough for that society.

So why didn't he dump her? He asked himself that question many times. It just felt nice to have someone worship him in the way Ginny did.

He didn't let her go, but he didn't let her in. No, it was too dangerous to let anyone in, but he wasn't ready to say goodbye to her yet.

~*~

She was there on his bad days

And for years he led her on

We all knew she had a bad case

He was doing her all wrong

She couldn't bring herself to do the right thing

Break it off and say goodbye

~*~

For two years, Ginny was there whenever Harry needed her. She made hangover potion upon hangover potion. Ginny knew that Harry didn't love her; after two years, the whole wizarding world had figured it out.

The only problem was that Ginny couldn't bring herself to break up with Harry. Every time Ginny would try to, she would remember how helpless he had been just a couple of days ago. She would always try to convince herself that Harry loved her in his own sort of way, but Ginny knew better; she wasn't stupid anymore.

Everybody in the wizarding world knew that Ginny Weasley had it bad. Every time they saw her, she seemed a little worse. It was obvious in the tired expression on her face whenever she was with Harry that he was treating her bad. But she couldn't break his heart in this way.

~*~

'Til she overheard him one night tellin'

Somebody on the side

She wasn't good enough for him

For his family or his friends

He kept her out there on a limb

Wouldn't let her go, wouldn't let her in

She wasn't good enough for him

~*~

It was three years after the defeat of the Dark Lord when the incident happened.

It was a Friday night and Ginny decided to go looking for Harry. She found him inside of his favorite pub, talking to none other than Draco Malfoy.

As Ginny moved closer, she heard Harry say, "I don't know, Draco. She just isn't good enough. I mean, don't get me wrong, she is great in bed, but you know... she isn't enough."

Draco raised his martini glass and murmured, "After all she has done for you, you don't think that she is enough?"

"No, she isn't enough." And with that, Ginny Apparated to Harry's flat, tears pouring down her face.

A couple hours later, Harry stumbled into his flat, stopping dead in his tracks when he saw Ginny. She stood up, hate in her eyes. "Hello, Harry," she said, her anger evident in her words.

Harry grinned at her. "Gin, what's wrong?"

"Apparently I am."

Harry frowned. "What?"

"I heard you, Harry. I heard what you said to Draco."

"Oh."

"Oh? Oh? Is that all you have to say?"

Harry suddenly got angry. "What do you want me to say, Ginny?"

"Nothing. I should have said this a long time ago, Harry. We're over."

"What?"

"You heard me. You and I are no longer dating! We are over! You can't hurt me anymore!"

"You'll come back, Ginny," Harry said confidently.

"No, Harry. I will never come back to you." And with that, Ginny Apparated back to her flat.

~*~

She was good at late night listening

When he called her on the phone

~*~

That night, Ginny laid curled up in a ball, crying herself to sleep. She thought of how stupid she had been and of all the times she let Harry hurt her. She would never let that happen again, she vowed before allowing herself to fall asleep.