

The Heart That Doesn't Mend

by yomoedmb

Ginny is left lonely from the war, and there are only two things that cheer her up. A surprise that was left behind, and an unlikely comfort. This story has been updated with a beta, so it is basically the same if you have read it, but different, haha. Special thanks to Roonil Wazlib for putting up with me and betaing.

She Feels So Guilty

Chapter 1 of 2

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She walked into the room with everyone staring at her. *So everyone has heard about it then*, Ginny thought to herself while crossing the common room to go to her dormitory. People whispered to each other as she passed and gave her sympathetic looks. *I could have done without those looks.* Her eyes started to fill with tears as she bounded up the stairs to her room.

Relieved her roommates weren't there, she immediately collapsed onto her bed in tears. The same thoughts kept running through her mind: Why did he have to die? Why was it him that had to be chosen? It could've been anyone, but it was the one boy I loved. Her body shook fervently with her sobs. It seemed every time she managed to quiet her thoughts and was sure her tears had finally run dry, new pangs of guilt and sadness made her eyes flood again.

After three months of fighting that felt like an eternity, the war had finally ended just a week ago. The duration of the war Ginny had spent either held up in tents traveling with everyone or actually out on the field by Harry's side fighting. Harry had finally agreed to let her join in the fight when she'd pointed out that with her by his side, he would have his love with him on the battlefield and this might help in defeating Voldemort. Ginny had had no idea that, although their love would defeat Voldemort, that love would destroy Harry too.

It had been a cold, misty morning when Ginny woke up in her tent. She noticed Harry was no longer beside her and left the tent to look for him. When Ginny finally found him he was sitting and staring at the fire with a brooding look on his face, and she felt a pain in her heart. This boy, no, this man, had her heart, and he had a horrible thing to do. She walked over to Harry and sat next to him and nudged him with her shoulder.

"Oh, you're up," Harry said, giving her a light kiss and staring at her with eyes full of sadness.

"Talk. You can't get away from me. I have you stuck here," she said, looking at him with challenging eyes.

He hesitated and stared at the fire again before he began talking. Harry knew Ginny was inescapable when she wanted to know something. After a few minutes, he finally sighed and looked at Ginny.

"Today's the day. I know it is; I can feel it. Voldemort is finally ready to face me after so many of his followers have been defeated, and I don't know how any of the plans will work. I have hatred towards him, but too much heart to effectively perform an Unforgivable Curse." He paused and looked back to the fire while postponing what he wanted

to say to her next. "Ginny, promise me something."

Ginny hesitated for a second. "You know I'll do whatever I can."

He looked back up at her with tears in his eyes. She was completely taken aback, having never seen Harry show weakness before. "If anything happens to me today, make sure I'm put next to Dumbledore and everything I own is distributed between you and Ron."

"Harry, don't say that. You're going to survive and defeat Voldemort, and we'll make it through together." Ginny had tears pouring down her cheeks while saying this. She wasn't sure who she was trying harder to convince – Harry or herself. "You destroyed all of the Horcruxes and have defeated so many Death Eaters. You're going to win this war and be everyone's hero, especially mine." She smiled at him through the tears, trying to reassure him.

"Ginny, whatever happens just know that I love you. I have for so long now, and if I do survive, I want to marry you," Harry said while wiping the tears from her cheeks.

"Let's not talk about this stuff right now, Harry. I will marry you, you know that, and I love you with my everything." Ginny stood, taking his hand to pull him up. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him with her everything.

Harry kissed her back, sensing in the back of his mind this would be his last day with her. He pulled away and took her to their tent. They both knew what was to happen between them and decided they didn't care if people heard them. Harry looked deep into Ginny's eyes and started to lovingly undress her and made passionate love to her.

Harry made sure to put kisses in places that he had never voyaged to before. He lovingly caressed every part of Ginny, thinking nothing of himself but of the beautiful girl lying under him. At first he rubbed her clit the way he knew she loved, and she bucked wildly against him. Harry knew every spot that Ginny loved; he had memorized her and at this moment was glad he had paid so much attention to her. Soon, Ginny couldn't take it anymore and begged Harry to fill her with what she so desperately needed, him. Obliging her request, he slowly entered her, looking deeply into her eyes. He gave her long, full slow strokes just wanting to be with her for as long as he could. In his mind, the longer he made love to Ginny the longer he really lived.

Ginny had become his main reason to fight and to stay strong over the months of wandering through Britain. After he had broken things off with her at Dumbledore's funeral, his dreams had been haunted with her face through the months he had gone destroying the Horcruxes. When he had gotten back, he had told her that he would do anything in his power to keep her safe as long as she would forgive his mistakes and be with him. Ginny had agreed without a fight since she had become frail from loneliness with him being absent.

With these thoughts wandering through his mind, he couldn't control himself anymore and pounded into Ginny just the way she loved it. He made sure to hit the spot that drove her crazy. With hearing his name coming from her mouth, he poured his love into her body until she was filled, and he collapsed next to her breathing hard.

Ginny wrapped herself around him, pulling him close to her body, knowing the thoughts flowing through his mind were probably realistic. The tears started streaming from her eyes again, but she stemmed them before he noticed.

Ginny was torn from her memory when there was a knock on the door. She quickly sat up and tried to brush the tears away. But the tears were coming faster than her fingers could sweep them away and were still falling down her cheeks when Hermione entered their room. She walked over to Ginny and sat on the bed next to her. Ginny leaned into Hermione and sobbed everything she felt out – the guilt, the pain, and the breaking of her heart, a slicing tear within her chest.

Hermione wished Ginny would speak her pain instead of crying it out. She was sure she could be more helpful if she knew exactly what Ginny was thinking. Hermione knew she was undoubtedly the luckier of the two. In a sense, they were both cursed for they had lost Harry – someone they both loved dearly – but this fate had delivered love to Hermione, not stolen it away. The war had brought Hermione and Ron closer together and had broken down the walls of friendship and let them finally recognize the love they had for each other.

"I just don't understand. I feel like I'll walk into the common room and see him sitting there waiting for me, but I know he won't be, and it's because of me Hermione. It's all because of me." Ginny said this through shaking sobs and wails of pain. For a moment, Hermione thought Ginny might be ready to finally talk about what happened.

Suddenly, Ginny sat up and pulled away from Hermione as if she had been shocked. "Hermione, would you please leave? I just need to be alone to think about this, I'm sorry."

Hermione hesitated on leaving her alone with such guilt and heartbreak waving through her. While she wouldn't think that Ginny would do anything to harm herself physically, she knew that Ginny was slowly drowning herself in guilt and anguish, and that was almost as bad as death itself. "If that's what you want, Gin, but you know you can always come to Ron or me if you need something."

Ginny nodded and lay back down on her bed while Hermione left. She then proceeded to sob herself into a haunted sleep.

The Odd Comfort

Chapter 2 of 2

Ginny won't eat and won't tell anyone what happened in the final battle. When Hermione tries to comfort her and get her to eat she comes across a great surprise.

"Ginny, we need to get ready. We're leaving in a little bit to go head them off," Harry whispered to the redhead on his chest.

"I wish we could stay here like this forever, Harry, but I guess today we can't. We can do this for the rest of our lives, though." Ginny said, looking up into Harry's eyes and smiling.

Harry smiled at her optimism and stubbornness; he had always loved that about her. No matter what was going on, she saw the best in it. She could've been holding an injured body that seemed beyond repair and state with honesty, "I can do it. I can fix him."

He stood up and got dressed and helped Ginny with her things. When she was about to leave the tent, he pulled her back to him and kissed her softly and with passion. After ending the kiss she looked up at him with eyes full of love and smiled her quirky smile.

"You can say goodbye to me, Harry, but I refuse to say it back." Then Ginny strode out of the tent to get some food.

As Harry stood there watching her shadow retreat, he knew today would be the hardest day he'd ever endure, and probably his last one.

He ducked out of the tent and put on an optimistic smile to fool the others. He walked over to Mrs. Weasley and had some porridge in the frigid silence that had fallen around them. It seemed everyone knew the consequences of what would happen and figured if they didn't talk at all, nothing bad could possibly happen. Everyone knew the possible outcomes of this final confrontation, both good and bad. But by not talking about it, none of the bad ones could possibly happen.

"Come on, everyone, it's time to head out now," Mr. Weasley announced to the group. He then flicked his wand and, magically, everything was packed up into a miniature box that he put into his pocket.

Everyone congregated into a group and started walking the distance to the Death Eaters' camp. Ginny walked next to Harry, holding his hand and giving it a reassuring squeeze every now and then to remind him she was there. Next to them walked Ron and Hermione, who gave Harry furtive glances just to make sure he was still there.

In front of them walked the Weasleys with the four other siblings and parents. Lupin walked next to Mr. Weasley, whispering plans and hopes. Following behind were the rest of the Order and students from the DA, who insisted on fighting in the war.

The oddly assembled group hustled along, wanting to head the Death Eaters off so they would have the advantage of attacking the Death Eaters before they were alert enough to know of the assault. Voldemort's location was known only due to Draco's betrayal of the Death Eaters. It was his burning attempt at revenge on those responsible for the murder of his parents. When he had come in front of the Order, Harry had taken pity on him, knowing what it felt like to be an orphan, even if Draco had chosen to fight with Voldemort at first. In the end it didn't matter whom he had believed in at the beginning, but whom he fought with at the end.

They finally came upon the Death Eaters' camp and huddled together far enough away so as to not be noticed by the enemy.

"Gather around everyone!" Mr. Weasley said. "We have been in our share of battles against the Death Eaters, but today is different. Today we will also face You-Know-Who. If we can defeat him, then today this war will be over, and it will end for us in victory."

After a round of nodding and murmurs of support, everyone reached for their wands and proceeded to attack the campsite.

And what a mess they caused. Tents were thrown, revealing the unmasked Death Eaters, and beams of light emanated from wands as spells were cast everywhere. Harry ducked green lights while he searched for his destiny in the field. It seemed unsurprising no one had uncovered Voldemort yet--he was probably waiting for his minions to wear down the competition. Harry looked over to see how the others were doing and stupefied a Death Eater coming up behind Ginny. Taking a deep breath, he jumped head first into the battle, figuring the fewer Death Eaters left after Voldemort was finished, the better.

After evading numerous spells, hexes, and curses--and issuing plenty of his own--Harry heard a familiar voice screaming his name. Harry watched in slow motion as a cloaked and hooded figure strode towards Ginny. The sounds of the battle around him seemed to diminish to mere whispers as he listened to the words coming from inside the hood. The figure turned towards him for a fleeting moment, and Harry saw something like a smile play on the mouth of a man who seemed more snake-like than human. Then, in the blink of an eye, a wand was pointed at Ginny's throat.

Harry then did the only thing he knew to do.

Ginny woke in the morning with drops of perspiration on her brow. Immediately she started crying again and yelled out Harry's name. She yelled his name over and over, waiting to see him appear before her, but it didn't happen. Instead Hermione appeared, and wrapping her arms around Ginny, she began rocking her.

Once Ginny gained as much of her composure as she thought possible, she left Hermione's embrace and headed to the bathroom. She closed and locked the door and turned on the warm water in the shower. Ginny removed her clothes and looked in the mirror at herself for the first time in a long while. She saw her face had become gaunt and her bones now protruded from her chest and hips. At first she assumed it was because during the war she had barely been able to tolerate food due to her high-strung nerves. But since making the effort to eat under the reproachful stares of her friends and family, she'd found she couldn't keep anything down even if she wanted to. After getting fed up with her image, she stepped into the warm water of the shower and let it mingle with a fresh torrent of tears.

Hermione sat on her bed after getting dressed and waited for Ginny to get out of the shower. Today was the day that she was going to get the story out of Ginny no matter how hard it would prove. No one knew what had really happened to Harry except that he and Voldemort were dead. The only thing Ginny had said since was that it was her fault. Hermione couldn't see how Voldemort killing Harry was Ginny's fault, but that's what Ginny insisted.

Hermione waited for a while until Ginny emerged from the bathroom. She had to hold back a gasp when she saw Ginny in Muggle clothes instead of her robes. *How could I have not noticed how frail she has become?* Hermione asked herself. Instead of bringing the question to light, she just gave Ginny a concerned look. Ginny tried to smile at Hermione, but it just looked like she was in a serious amount of pain.

Before Ginny had a chance to shoo Hermione away, she had been grabbed by the wrist and was being pulled down the stairs to the common room.

"Please, Hermione, I just need to be let alone," Ginny begged Hermione, but Hermione hadn't seemed to hear her.

"We're going to breakfast, and then we're going on a walk so that we can talk, Ginerva." Hermione said this with a tone that hinted at no escape.

Ginny walked, or more so got dragged along, with her head down. She didn't want to see the sympathetic looks the other students were giving her. It had been a week since they had come back to school, and she was still getting looks. She suspected they wouldn't stop anytime soon. It's not everyday you're dating "The Chosen One" and he dies in the epic battle to destroy Voldemort.

They arrived at the Great Hall before she even realized it. She could feel the eyes boring into her skin as she walked by. For once, she didn't even feel like raising her head up proudly because there was nothing to be proud about. In her eyes, she had lost too much to feel anything but numb.

Hermione pulled Ginny down onto the bench next to her and started piling food on Ginny's plate for her. Ginny stared at the eggs, pancakes, and toast like they would eat her and felt disgusted. If people had told her last year that she would go days without eating and still have felt nauseous at the sight of food, she would've laughed in their faces.

Ginny put her fork into the eggs and pushed them around, staring at them in disgust, until someone cleared their throat in front of her. She looked up to see Ron looking at her with a worried expression on his face.

"For Merlin's sake, Ginny, you need to eat something before your body finally just swallows you whole."

Ginny looked back down at the eggs and put a small portion on her fork and ate it. She then put a feeble attempt of a smile on her face and looked up at her brother as she swallowed.

"Oh, now that won't do, Gin," Ron said to her with a determined look. "I won't let you leave this table until you've cleared your plate."

Ginny looked at her brother like he had sprouted another head and looked back down at the plate of food. She thought she was already going to vomit with that one bite, but decided to at least try to eat; maybe it was just the nausea getting to her again.

After eating a pancake and half of her eggs, she looked back up at her expecting brother with a green tinge to her face. Before Ron could say a word, she got up and ran outside to vomit. Hermione looked at Ron with her eyebrows furrowed together with concern, not noticing someone had followed Ginny outside.

"She's letting herself waste away since she feels so guilty, Ron. We have to do something."

"Yes, but nothing seems to work with her. She was stubborn and sarcastic before... well... you know." Ron hesitated as he remembered what had taken place. "But now she's stubborn in her guilt, and we don't even know the full story of what happened."

"I'm going to see if I can at least talk to her, or have her say something other than how guilty she feels," Hermione stated definitively while standing. She leaned over and kissed Ron and went outside.

Hermione found Ginny outside, sitting on the bench next to Harry and Dumbledore's tombs. She remembered how Ginny insisted that Harry wanted to be laid to rest next to Dumbledore when something happened. It made her wonder if Harry knew that he was going to be killed.

Before Hermione could reach Ginny, she saw a blond-haired boy walk over and sit next to Ginny and hug her. She had to blink a couple of times to make sure that she wasn't imagining Draco hugging a Weasley.

Hermione stood there watching the odd couple for a few more minutes, waiting for Draco to do something offensive. Obviously he didn't realize that he was holding a Weasley. Even during the time he stayed with the Order, he still had snide remarks to say about Hermione, but he just cradled Ginny in his arms, stroking her hair and whispering something in her ear. Seeing that everything was all right, she walked back inside to tell Ron.