

Waiting for a Miracle

by del

What happens to Harry and Ginny now? WIP. Will gbe NC17.

Chapter 1.

Chapter 1 of 2

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"The nerve of them! They know it isn't safe! They know they could get hurt! Arthur, have you tried talking some sense into Ronald? Hermione? Will Harry even listen? Arthur!" Mrs. Weasley's voice floated up the stairs and Ginny rolled her eyes at it.

Her father's reply was much softer, because she could only hear the murmuring, but could not make out the exact words; however, Ginny didn't need to hear to know he was telling her that he *had* talked to Ron, and he was pointing out that all three of them were of age.

The sound of stomping came next, and this almost made Ginny smile. Until she realized her mother was on her way upstairs.

"Feeling all right, Ginny?"

Mrs. Weasley sighed when Ginny didn't look up at her from her piece of obviously blank parchment. Things had not been the same with Ginny since she had come home after fifth year. Her mother could tell it was not just Dumbledore's death; although, Dumbledore's death had thrown the entire Order for a loop. They were *slowly* recovering, though.

"Ginny," the older woman said after a beat.

"Yes, Mum," answered Ginny, rolling her eyes. A few seconds later she listened to the door click shut. She did not need to look up to know that her mother had been staring at her worriedly. At least she hadn't hung around to ask questions again.

Ginny rolled the quill between her index finger and thumb. An hour had passed and she was still gazing down at the parchment. There were so many things she wanted to say, but something was stopping her from saying them. A pile of crumpled up parchment was overflowing from her garbage bin in the corner, proof of all the ways she had tried.

She glanced at the bottle of color changing ink, and then dipped the sharp tip into it. With a sigh, she started to write very slowly.

Dear Harry,

Mom still hasn't stopped raging about you three moving into Number Twelve. I would get into it, but I think you've all heard it. Probably more than once.

Bill and Phlegm Fleur are getting married next week. I assume that you will be there? Of course I will be.

I suppose you realize how boring it is here.

No one to play Quidditch with. No one to annoy. No one to plot pranks with.

I realize why you've done it.

For the greater good, right?

Always,

Ginny

Releasing a slow breath, Ginny leaned forward and plucked an envelope out from under a messy stack of parchment.

All those years of waiting and... nothing. He'd only carelessly discarded it. It bothered her most at night. Nighttime meant that she would get restless. There was only so much to do at the Burrow.

And it all ceased after dark.

She folded up the thin piece of parchment and stuffed it unceremoniously into the envelope.

"RONALD!! HERMIONE!!" shrieked Mrs. Weasley from below her.

"RON!" cried Ginny, not having to see her brother to know that he was, indeed, in the house. Ginny was on her feet and fleeing hastily down the stairs before the cry got halfway out of her mouth. The letter was still clutched tightly in her hand.

Mrs. Weasley was smothering Ron in a viselike hug.

Hermione was beaming from his side, but she looked paler and smaller than she did the last time Ginny had seen her. "Hullo, Ginny," she greeted.

"Back for a visit already?" Ginny asked, slowing her pace at the bottom of the stairs. She blew a piece of hair out of her face.

Hermione shrugged. Ginny got the impression that Ron had missed his parents. She exchanged knowing smiles with Hermione.

It was like Ron and Hermione had been gone for weeks. "Oh Ron, we were so worried!" said Mrs. Weasley, dabbing at her nose. "Where is Harry? Is he all right? Has anything happened?"

Ginny went as rigid as a board.

Ron swatted at his mother in an unconvincing way. "Every thing is fine, Mum!" he said. "We were in the area... thought we would drop by for a visit."

No one in the room believed this, as the Burrow was miles and miles away from anything, but everyone let it hang in the air. Obviously Mr. and Mrs. Weasley knew Ron would lessen his visits if he were teased too badly.

Mr. Weasley shook Ron's hand firmly.

Ginny shook her head distractedly, not at all interested in Ron's insecurities. "Where... is Harry?" she asked, leaning against the doorway.

"He's still at Number Twelve. He wasn't... too interested in visiting," answered Hermione, glancing down at her feet and then back up at Ginny. Spotting the annoyed look on the red-haired girl's face, she rushed on, "Said he was tired. We had a long day."

Ginny's grip was so tight on the letter that it crumpled. Harry was avoiding her. "Ah," she said, feigning indifference.

Ron and Hermione sat around the table with Mrs. Weasley, Mr. Weasley, and Ginny, and the entire situation was entirely too adult-like for Ginny's liking. It was odd to observe them. Ron and Hermione were utterly comfortable with themselves as a couple. Her parents were even supportive and it made them scoot their own chairs closer together. Ginny was jealous that Harry wasn't there, jealous that she wasn't sharing that with Harry. She still hoped he would change his mind, but she seriously doubted he would.

She knew this was dramatic, but she couldn't help feeling this way.

Breaking up with her had been so sudden. It had confused her, but she had vaguely expected it, and completely accepted it. Harry was going to do what Harry wanted to do. And no one was going to change his mind.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Ron and Hermione pushed up from the table, leaving the meaningless chatter behind. "Night, Ginny," said Ron, giving her an affectionate smile that disappeared as soon as it had appeared.

"Wait," she said, grabbing her wand from the waistband of her pajama pants. "Give this to Harry?" She tapped the parchment and scribbled across the bottom, adding a sentence.

Ron opened his mouth to say something, probably to tell her that wasn't a good idea, but Hermione silenced him with a hand gesture. "Of course, Ginny," she said, taking the missive from Ginny.

Ginny felt a rush of gratitude toward Hermione. "Thanks."

Chapter 2

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What happens to Harry and Ginny now?

The glint in Ron's eyes was starting to get annoying.

"What are you *staring* at?" asked Harry tersely.

The chessboard was as bleak as ever. Most of Harry's chessmen were killed by Ron's, which left the board covered in white pieces that, much to Harry's resentment, weren't missing many comrades.

"Oh, nothing," said Ron conversationally, grinning at his best friend's agitated expression.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "There is a way around this, isn't there?" he asked, motioning to the game with his hand vaguely. Playing chess with Ron always distracted him from things that were bothering him. Though he hated to lose at any game, he rarely ever beat Ron at chess.

"I'll let you win if you tell me what that note from Ginny said." When Harry bristled, he added, "C'mon, mate, can't keep it a secret forever."

"It hasn't been forever. It's been three days. And I don't need you to *let* me win." Harry forcefully shoved his Rook into position to protect his King, and Ron promptly put him in checkmate. "Why do I even play this game with you?"

"You're waiting for the day I *let* you win."

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The next morning, Harry rolled over in his bed and stared blankly out the open window. The harsh morning rays of sunlight didn't make him blanch or strain his eyes. He had watched the sun rise just as he had watched it set. Sleeping wasn't something that Harry did very much of anymore.

He stretched dramatically and yawned before a familiar voice startled him.

"You're going to freeze if you don't keep that window shut."

Huffing, Harry went limp against his bed, leaving the blankets awry and twisted around him. "I really hate it when you stalk me," he said.

"We live in the same house, Harry."

"I know, Hermione, but do you have to be in here every morning?"

Hermione pursed her lips and gave him a severe look, ignoring his last jab. She didn't come into his room every morning, but Harry was an extremist, and if something that annoyed him happened then it happened all the time, no matter how frequently it *really* happened. Harry instantly felt guilty when he realized she'd brought him breakfast. His guilt faded quickly, and was promptly replaced with suspicion. He knew *exactly* what she wanted to talk about.

He eyed the plate of burnt toast warily. He wondered vaguely if he was obligated to actually eat it. Finally, Hermione spoke again, "No, you don't have to eat it."

"Oh," said Harry as though he were somewhat disappointed, but he made no move to grab for the plate. He wouldn't have been hungry even if the food were edible.

"I want to talk about Ginny," said Hermione slowly, allowing herself to look a tinge of the hopefulness that she felt. She had been trying to get Harry to open up and talk about what had happened between them, but he would always clam up and leave the room or change the subject.

Harry's face remained carefully blank. "You do?"

Hermione's look of hopefulness increased. Maybe Harry would actually let her get her foot in the door this time. "Yes, Harry, I do," she said quickly, pushing forward until she was perched on the edge of her chair in anticipation. "I was wondering if you would talk to me—"

"Because I don't want to talk about Ginny," said Harry, rearranging the blankets around him idly. He picked a piece of imaginary fuzz from his comforter, which made him fail to notice the disappointed look on Hermione's face. "We can talk about Ro—"

"You can't hide from it forever, you know," said Hermione abruptly. Her eyes never wavered from his unblinking, eerie gaze.

It shocked Harry slightly that she had the audacity to bring this up so many times after he had blatantly told her not to. His jaw tightened visibly, and the muscle flexed repeatedly.

"Harry, listen to me—"

"No. I need to get up and shower. I have some errands to run today," Harry lied.

Hermione knew better, but she didn't push it. At least he hadn't shouted at her this time. Maybe she was making progress. But at this rate, it would take years to have a civilized conversation about it.

"Fine," she said shortly, standing up and smoothing her skirt down. "Remember what I said."

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The problem was that Harry didn't remember what Hermione said. He hadn't given it a second thought. However, this was likely because he didn't *want* to think about it. There were so many other things to worry about these days. Not to mention there was always a certain red-haired girl that haunted his thoughts.

Said girl was floating through his mind while Ron was talking about Bill and Fleur. Ron's hands were gesturing animatedly around. "Should have seen it, Harry. Home looks so... there are flowers everywhere and they've cleaned the yard free of gnomes." Harry had the sneaking suspicion that Ron was only excited about seeing Fleur all dressed up.

Hermione must have had the same notion, because she slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Why don't you tell us what you're *really* wanting to see, Ron?"

Ron ignored her and turned his attention back to Harry, wanting to steer her from her jealousy of Fleur. "Oi, Ginny seemed disappointed that you hadn't written her back."

Harry sighed heavily and sank into his chair, looking back and forth between his two best friends with a look that could have been contempt or indifference. It was hard to tell. Harry always felt a stab of something cold in his chest when they said her name. "Did she?" he asked, trying not to appear as curious as he really was.

"Yeah," answered Ron, nodding. "She was lurking about, but... I didn't know she wanted to talk to me alone."

The only answer Ron and Hermione got was a curt nod.

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Harry raked a hand through his disheveled hair and looked down at the piece of parchment in front of him. There was only one word scribbled at the top, and that was "Ginny". He sighed heavily.

He knew that he had been avoiding Ginny, and that he probably shouldn't be, but it lessened the guilty feeling in the pit of his stomach if he didn't have to see her. She

understood why he broke up with her, and he was grateful for that, but it bothered Harry. There was a swooping sensation in his stomach each time he thought about her.

It took him a couple of days to realize that *hemissed* her.

That was what made writing this letter so difficult. Harry couldn't express that he missed her, not after he'd broken up with her. There were tons of things that he would have liked to write to her about, but none of them seemed very important at the moment. Only one thing kept coming to mind, and he couldn't force himself to write the words "I miss you, Ginny."

It was late and Kreacher was muttering to himself as he wandered around the den, smearing a filthy rag across the window and leaving streaks of dirt behind. The house felt so cold and empty now. Sirius was dead. Dumbledore was dead. His most comforting form of companionship had been dismissed. But he had no one to blame for that. Except himself.

Angry with himself, he wadded up the yellow parchment and threw it at the garbage bin.

He would wait until Bill's wedding to talk to her.