

# Musings of Apathy

# FanficAuthors.net

## Sadie Hawkins Dance One-Shot

Thanks to my Beta Donalddeutsch.

---

Disclaimer: I own nothing that you would want. J.K. Rowling and associates of hers own Harry Potter and all related characters and settings. I mean no disrespect and will not make any money. I merely thank her for the use of her toys.

---

The Story In One Part:

---

From his conjured comfortable chair, Harry stroked the white plumage of his faithful friend. Hedwig stood on his thigh, a package and letter in her talons, waiting.

"I hope that everything goes well, Hedwig," Harry said. "This could be important."

She nuzzled his hand and hooted softly.

"Yeah, girl," he said. "It's time. Be swift."

He gave her a boost into the air and watched the laden owl fly out through a concealed shaft that would lead to the evening sky.

---

The news was everywhere. All of the girls in the entire school were a twitter. They couldn't contain themselves. It was happening in just two weeks time and they had to find someone. Not just someone, the perfect someone.

There was to be a Sadie Hawkins Dance at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

All of the girls wanted to ask the nicest and best looking guys in the school out.

And this annoyed Ginny to no end.

Because, in the end, that meant dozens of girls after just one guy.

And Ginny was in love with him.

And hadn't confessed.

"Damn it Hermione," exclaimed Ginny in exasperation, "Where is Harry?"

Hermione and Ron raised their eyebrows. They were sitting closely together, Hermione had wasted no time in asking Ron to the dance as soon as it had been announced, setting an example, even if only in her own mind, of how one is supposed to act.

"What do you mean?" asked Hermione, innocently.

"I am through with the innocent Ginny. I am through with the shy Ginny," she said forcefully, "I want to find Harry and finally make him my man!"

"Ginny!" admonished Ron, her older, overprotective brother.

"Ron, I don't care. Harry has an entire brigade of witches chasing after every rumor of him being seen in the halls, around the corner or even in the loo," Ginny said, "Every unattached girl wants to ask him out, but no one has seen him since the second that Professor Dumbledore announced that stupid dance."

"And now you are just one of tens and that annoys you," stated Hermione.

"Yes!" Ginny said loudly, garnering glances from the surrounding Gryffindors and a couple of Hufflepuffs from the next table.

"And he hasn't been seen for three days," Hermione clarified.

"Yes!" Ginny yelled again. "He disappeared at the exact moment that he heard that the girls were supposed to ask the guys out. It's supposed to be impossible to apparate in Hogwarts. Where is he!?!"

"Ginny," said Hermione quietly and calmly, "Did it ever occur to you that you were at the other end of the Gryffindor table on the opposite side busy making moon eyes at him and would have never reached him before a dozen other girls."

"No," Ginny admitted, "But what does that matter. Every girl in the school is after him. Without the threat of death hanging over his head he's a prime catch, especially with his hair, his hands, his intelligence, his physique, his muscles, his eyes, his cheekbones, his calves, his arms, his ass..."

"Ginny!!!" yelled Ron, "Man, that's the last time I prank him in front of the school in his boxers," Ron said under his breath, "Or at least in front of my sister."

"Did it ever occur to you, Ginny," asked Hermione, ever the calm and collected one, "that Harry did know this and simply wanted to make sure that you were the one to ask him?"

"No," she said with more finality, "Why would it? He doesn't think of me that way."

"Oh?" asked Hermione. "And who, pray tell, does he think of that way?"

"Cho?" Ginny asked, unsure.

"He hasn't liked her as more than a distant friend since before he defeated Voldemort. He hasn't liked her since February of his fifth year. And he hasn't gone with anyone else since then."

"Oh?" Ginny said, bolstered a bit.

"Yes," Hermione stated simply.

"But, then, does that mean that he doesn't like anyone?" an unsure Ginny asked.

"No," Ron said, with a knowing smirk. "He's been making moon eyes over one girl in particular."

"Oh," Ginny said, her spirits dropping.

"Ginny," Ron said.

"Hmmpf."

"Ginny!" Ron said more forcefully.

"What!" Ginny said in exasperation.

"He looks at you," Hermione said.

Ginny smiled shyly.

"He does?" she asked.

"All the bloody time," Ron said, earning a slap on the shoulder from Hermione.

"Yes, Ginny," Hermione said with a smile, "We do believe that Harry James Potter likes Ginevra Molly Weasley."

"If I may have your attention," a voice boomed from the top end of the great hall, interrupting the very intellectual discussion.

The audience became silent as they always do when Professor Dumbledore asks for their attention. On the table beside the Professor, Ginny noticed a distinctive owl, Hedwig. The Professor was holding a parchment in one hand and something she could not make out in the other.

"I am sure that you are all...concerned...about a certain student of ours that has gone missing for the past several days," Professor Dumbledore said, looking over his glasses. "As some besides his dorm-mates might know, he has not slept in his bed for that time as well. Yes, I am aware of the young lady that took residence in his bed to await his return and I must say that I do not approve, however, she has served her detention," he said with a sparkle in his eye, "As I was saying, I have been in contact with Mister Potter and can assure you that he is quite well."

There was a murmur going around the Great Hall of witches trying to figure out where Harry could be that Dumbledore had spoken to him.

"In this letter," Professor Dumbledore said, holding up the parchment, "he has asked me to play this message to you in hopes that he can emerge unscathed."

Dumbledore raised his opposite hand, displaying a glass sphere momentarily before he tossed it to the stone floor in front of the head table. The broken glass melted into the floor, disappearing as a misty image rose.

The whole student body was agape at the image of Harry Potter standing before them. Ron was struck by how strange it was to see the aged professor breaking a glass ball on the Great Hall floor only to see his best friend appear as mist and begin to speak.

"Hello," the ghostly image said, "I am sorry for worrying everyone like that. I have not, however, left the school. But as soon as I heard the terms for the upcoming dance, I realized that I had a problem..."

Ginny looked down, dejected.

*"...Throughout this year I have had the pleasure of the advances of many admirers around the school..."*

Ginny felt rejected.

*"...While I appreciate the offers that I have received, I am afraid that I am not interested..."*

Ginny looked up.

*"...When I heard that the girls were to ask the guys to the dance, I realized the one woman that I wanted to have asked me would not be able to reach me in time..."*

A smile approached Ginny's lips. It was her.

*"...This was not acceptable, as I believe that she may actually like me in return..."*

I do! I do!

*"...I am sorry for not giving any others a chance at asking me, but this is too important to me. You see...I love this wonderful witch..."*

He better mean me!

*"...Because of this, I have hidden in the only place that I believe she can reach that no other witch could..."*

Oh no! Where could that be?

*"...The place where our lives hung in the balance and she refused to leave me for her own safety as I lay dying. I fell in love with her that day, only it took me nearly five years to realize it..."*

Ginny was on her feet and racing at top speed out of the Great Hall before Harry's last line was floating in the air.

*"...I hope to see you all soon. Bye."*

She took the corner at a dead run, leaning in at such an angle that the observers couldn't believe that she was still upright.

The student body sat stunned. Not by magic, but by the action of a fiery haired teen breaking all rules of physics and the school as she left in a streak of color.

---

Harry James Potter was sat contentedly in the Chamber of Secrets, knowing that his message was just finishing, confident in Hedwig's prompt delivery of her charge. He was smug in the thought that he may soon be getting a visitor. To his mind, the tragedy that was his second year and Ginny's first was all worth it. Through years of loving support from her family, Ginny's only lasting remnant of the hellish events was one she shared with Harry, the most obvious ability that transferred to Harry when he was struck as a baby, the gift of parsletongue. Five years after the Chamber, things were better; Tom Riddle was defeated for good, Harry was free to live his life, free of destiny's cruel grasp and if everything went right, in a few years he could put a diamond ring on Ginevra Weasley's left ring finger.

Without warning his reverie was broken as a blur impacted his chest, catapulting him from his chair and wrapping itself around his ribcage and his thighs. He flew from the overturned chair and slid to a halt on the smooth stone floor, a warm something attached firmly to his mouth.

Sometime between overcoming his shock and the eminent threat of unconsciousness due to asphyxiation, Harry managed to return the embrace and kiss with all of his being, heart and soul.

Ginny broke the kiss before unconsciousness was realized, resting her forehead on his, panting for her all.

"Hello, Ginny," Harry said, recovering the gift of speech before his attacker due to his not having run the half mile in two and a half minutes up three flights of stairs and down a drain pipe.

Ginny gulped her air, trying to regain her own speech, finally taking a deep breath.

"Harry," she said, excitedly, "Will you marry me?" she nearly screamed, her subconscious overriding her planned speech.

Harry was dumbstruck.

He shook his head as he replayed what she had said in his head.

"Uh..." he started, lamely, "Don't you mean, 'will you go to the dance with me?'"

She blushed, although with a wide smile on her face.

"No, I mean just what I said," she said stubbornly, refusing to admit mistake.

Harry was shocked. Wha...would she...did she mean...really?

“Okay,” he said, half in shock still.

She was stunned. She had not meant to ask that question, but she wasn’t going to back down. Her heart had spoken for her mind.

“Really,” she said, elated, “You mean it? You will marry me?”

Harry smiled at his fiancé of seconds.

“Yes, Ginevra Weasley,” Harry said sincerely, “I love you and will marry you.”

“Oh, Harry. I love you so much,” she said. “When can we get married?”

Harry chuckled at her enthusiasm.

“Aren’t you forgetting something that comes before the when?” he reminded her.

“...?” she gave him a quizzical look.

“A ring?” he prompted.

She blushed.

Harry chuckled again, the sound reverberating from his chest to her own as she still had a death grip around his ribs. He flicked his hand and a deep purple velvet jeweler’s box appeared in his hand.

“Here,” he said.

Ginny took the box and opened it to reveal two rings, a gold ladies engagement band with two emeralds flanking a stunning diamond and a gold men’s engagement band with an inset heart cut emerald. She looked up, shocked to see him with a smug look of satisfaction on his face and his left hand held up to her.

“Where...when...did you get...?”

Harry beamed, “They were my parents’ rings. I summoned them from my trunk where I kept them.”

She hugged him for making the moment perfect.

“Hmmpm,” he cleared his throat, “You asked me, shouldn’t you be putting the ring on my finger about now.”

She blushed, realizing their reversed rolls in this ritual. “Oh, yeah.”

She took the engagement band and slipped it onto his left ring finger smoothly.

She kissed him again, soundly.

“Your turn,” she said, holding the, now, half empty jeweler’s box in her right hand as she presented her left to him. Her eyes sparkled with passion and excitement, as if this moment was one that she had been anticipating for years.

---

“She seemed awfully passionate about finding him,” Ron said, “You don’t suppose that they would do something, you know...rash.”

“You mean get intimate?” asked Hermione, “No,” she said confidently, “Not before they are at least engaged. She wanted to wait for the ring.”

“Oh, okay,” Ron said, with relief, “Nothing to worry about then.”

---

The End.