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Chapter Four

Wake

*I dreamed I was missing
You were so scared
After my dreaming
I woke with this fear
But no one would listen
Cause no one else cared*

~ **Linkin Park, Minutes to Midnight**

July, 1997

Harry wasn't even close to being tired when he headed up the stairs, and to bed. He was more awake than he had been in a long time. Ginny had dealt him an unforeseen blow...and how to react properly seemed to be out the window.

Harry heard Jason heading up the stairs, and Emma arguing with him as they went about a necklace that she was missing.

"Jay, it was a gift from...my friend...and I need it back! It's important!"

"I told you Emma, I didn't take it!"

"You're a bloody liar, Jason Alexander Potter! I know you took it. Give it back!"

"Emma, why in the world would—?"

"Shut up, you two," Harry called but immediately froze. They had just given him an idea...

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It was almost 10, and everyone had finally retired to their rooms. Harry waited until the house was quiet before he snuck down stairs, unlocked the door, mounted his broom, and flew to the Burrow.

He landed, picked up a pebble, and chucked it at her window. He felt like he was in one of those Muggle movies, where the boy was trying to woo the girl. It may have been a little cliché, but what was he expected to do? Knock on the house door, and say "Hello, I'm here to have hot, passionate—

"Harry?" said a small voice from above.

"Ginny." he said. He stood, transfixed on the girl half hanging out the window, her bright red hair glowing in the moonlight. She looked...amazing was a word that couldn't even begin to cover it. She was obviously suited for bed. *I wouldn't mind if she went to bed in that every night for the rest of our lives* he thought, colouring slightly because of it.

"I didn't know if you were actually going to come tonight," she said looking slightly nervous.

"If you don't want to tonight, then I can wai—"

"No! Look, come up on the broomstick so we don't have to shout. I'd rather talk about this face to face. Come up, quick!"

Harry mounted his broomstick, and kicked off, rising up to the second floor. With her help, he climbed inside the open window.

He found it quite difficult, even in the dark, to focus on her face. The view, as Sirius would say, had improved greatly. The shorts and top left little to the imagination, and Harry found himself not minding much.

Ginny seemed to notice this and, for the first time in all of knowing her, she flushed with embarrassment.

"Ginny," Harry said, breaking the awkward tension, looking a little over her left shoulder with all the willpower he possessed, "I...I bought you a birthday present. I know it's really early, but really...I wanted to make it special, and I'm not sure if I could hold onto this for months and not tell you."

"Oh?" Ginny said lightly, and Harry didn't even have to look to know she was peering at him with her intense brown eyes, and he found them quite hard to stare into sometimes, like a brilliant light. "I thought you weren't going to buy me something."

"Right," He said, still staring intently at a Gryffindor banner, "but I really wanted to buy this...its something I've been thinking about lately, and well...I'm not pressuring you or anything, and you don't even have to answer now," he said nervously, fumbling with the hem of his t-shirt. Why did she always make things so difficult for him? He was bloody Harry James Potter, supposedly bravest kid in Gryffindor, and yet here he was, stammering over a present.

Not just a present, it could be your—

"Harry?" Ginny's voice pulled him from his thoughts, and he felt slightly sheepish. "You didn't have to buy me anything...but that was very kind of you," she said slowly, still slightly confused.

Harry chanced a look at her. She was very beautiful. She always was. And there she stood, looking confused and patient, waiting for him to explain. His mouth was dry, and he knew no words could fully explain it, even if he found the right words, they'd still never be enough. And he just hoped his actions showed what he meant.

He fished around in his pocket and pulled out a small box, his hand shaking slightly. He handed it to Ginny, unable to look at her, but couldn't look away. He watched her open the box, and to stare lovingly at a silver locket. Ginny pulled out the necklace, and examined it in the dark room. She tried prying it open, but it didn't budge.

She looked at him questioningly.

"Well...Ginny...I...before you put it on; I have to ask you something." She nodded for him to continue, and still held the small pendant in her hand, "I...we've been together a long time, and I know you're not ready, nor am I asking for it to be soon...but I really want to spend the rest of my life with you. And I love you. I've never felt a way about anyone before and I know I'll never feel the same about anyone else. And well...I just thought..."

"I love you too Harry, but I don't know what you're getting—

"Will you marry me?"

The look of shock on her face was priceless, and after several very long seconds, it was replaced with a look of wonder and love, and soon after, a tear drifted down her perfect milk white cheek.

"Oh Harry."

Her voice was soft and low and she still gripped the locket in her hand. She took a step towards him. Harry was unsure of what to say, and wanted to abate her fears.

"Ginny, I know we're young, and you're just 16, but I know this is how I feel. And I know we have all the time in the world together. And," he said, hoping the more he said the less likely she would yell at him, "the locket won't open until you're truly, 100% ready to be married...actually ready, not the thought of it, but really ready. And I will not ask you of anything until then, or until you're ready to tell me you want to. I'll wait until I'm 150 years old if I must, if it means being with you."

Ginny stared at him, as her single tear stopped on her cheek, but she did not move to wipe it away.

A loud shout came from down the stairs, but neither paid any attention as a minute later a triumphant yell made its way up to them.

She opened her mouth and breathed something, but Harry could not hear it. She seemed to have noticed this as well, and said it, for a second time; just above audible but Harry heard it.

"Yes."

"Yes?"

She nodded, looking at him, her gaze transfixed upon him. "I want to marry you, Harry James Potter. I've wanted to do that since I was nine years old...and...this is just...it's real." She said, not daring to fully believe it. She was ready for everyone to pop out of her closet screaming "SURPRISE!" but no one did.

They stood there for minutes, hours, possibly days, just watching each other. Neither knew what to say, when everything they wanted to say was just known. Harry distantly heard a cheer from downstairs, but it sounded from miles away.

"I'm so glad you came," she finally said, her voice slightly cracking from the lack of use.

It was all of a nudge that Harry needed. He strode over to where she stood, wrapped his arms around her and kissed her.

It was unlike any kiss they had ever had before. And Harry wanted more. He had never felt this intense for her. He had never wanted her this badly. He had never known for her to kiss him as she was, nor placing her hands where she currently was doing so. But he knew that'd he have his entire life to experience it all. They were going to get married. *Married*. His mind struggled to wrap around this exciting piece of life.

They both unconsciously moved towards the bed, Ginny falling backwards onto the made up bed, as Harry landed on top of her, giving him an even better position than before. His kisses began to move downward, from her lips down her neck, and to where her flesh began to curve upwards. Her hands played with the hem of his shirt, giving him even more of an incentive.

"Harry...no please, stop," She said, with much restraint. "I want to do this...I really, *really* do, but I'd much rather not do it in the same house where my parents and other family is currently in." At that moment, several loud groans and curse words were audible, and Harry knew she was right. He immediately stopped.

"I dunno if we could go back to my house without being caught," he moved off of her, letting her sit up, and smoothed out her hair and shirt.

"It's the same problem...you're parents, *and* sister are there, and probably Sirius and Moony as well...and I'd rather not get caught by them. It's almost as bad as getting caught by my parents," She said stiffly, sighing loudly.

"Well, maybe we shouldn't tonight..." he said slowly. "Sure, we'd have to wait until December, but Ginny if you're not ready and if the timing isn't—

"Harry, look at me," she said softly, taking his face in her gentle hands. His green eyes met her brown, and Harry had the overwhelming feeling of intensity again. "The only person I'd be ready for is you, and I'm ready. I've practically always been ready for you,"

He kissed her gently on her soft supple lips. She sighed a little, closing her eyes.

"There is another place we could go," she said as she hopped up, one hand around her necklace, "the pond clearing is deserted at night...and we don't want to get caught. It's a private moment between us. I'd rather keep it as such. And it's quite warm, so we wouldn't catch a cold," she said quietly from the closet, looking for something.

She reappeared with two blankets in her hands, looking both ecstatic and sober. She looked so much older than she truly was. And Harry knew that she was ready. Ready for him and he knew that now.

He steadied the broomstick, climbed on, and helped Ginny onto the front so he could hold onto her and make sure she didn't fall. He wrapped his arms around her stomach, her hair smelling of rain. As she was pressed up against him, he felt Ginny shiver that he knew had nothing to do with the gentle July breeze.

The pond was empty and still, despite the small wind that floated around every so often. The clearing in the middle of the forest glimmered in the full moonlight, illuminating everything. He helped her unfold the blankets and set one down on the ground, where both her and she sat, looking at the stars.

"I love you," Her voice was quiet and warm, and as Harry turned to look at her, she seemed to be emitting an ethereal glow that the moon and stars could have never possessed. She looked beautiful.

He leaned over and kissed her, slow and deep, gradually lifting her on top of her. Her hair glimmered on the ground, bright auburn locks spread across like waves. He kissed her, tangling his fingers in her hair, smelling the intoxicating scent that she alone had. And as he pulled off his shirt, and started working on hers, he knew that everything was perfect.

Just perfect.

~*~

Molly Weasley was not stupid.

She knew that look her daughter and Harry had exchanged before Molly took her home. She knew that they had felt so intensely for each other. And that the stomach ache Ginny had complained of before heading up the stairs earlier than normal wasn't real. Almost every parent would notice that. But what made Molly more observant than the norm was that she also knew that there was no other man who could be so perfect for her daughter.

If any of the Weasley men had the insight Molly Weasley had on her youngest daughter, they wouldn't have been so delightfully surprised when she turned the wireless to Quidditch, and served drinks all around for hours late into the night, keeping their minds off of Ginny and her stomach ache. Molly played her part well. She kept discretely looking towards the clock, which went unnoticed until about 2 am.

"Molly darling, why do you—*hic*—keep looking at the—*hic*—clock? Expectin someone?" asked her husband of 30 years. She gave him a pitying look, have had never seen him so smashed in his life time. If only he knew what she had allowed to be done...well...she wasn't so sure Harry would be having a happy birthday this year.

She shook her head and smiled "No, Arthur. Just reminiscing of the late nights we used to have."

"Ahhh yes," he said, his face almost wistful. "Those were the days. You were so beautiful. You've always been beautiful."

Molly flushed, her eyes shining with tears. She felt so awful lying to him, undermining him, when he had every right to know what she had done. Molly took a shuddering breath and wiped away a tear.

"Arthur I—

"It's okay Molly, no need to cry. The Cannon's always lose," said Arthur, feebly patting her on the arm. "Now, lets go to bed. Boys, that means you too."

The twins, currently tangoing to the sounds of cheers, just laughed and pulled George into a dip.

"Boys," said Arthur, almost authoritatively. The effect was ruined slightly by his slurred speech. The boys silently tangoed to the stairs, where they turned and with a *pop!* They disappeared from sight.

"Ron?" Molly approached her youngest son, who was sitting as he was hours ago in the corner near the window, staring off into space, his drink empty. She placed a hand on his shoulder, to which he immediately stood and shrugged her off.

"I'm fine," he said, and marched up the stairs without another word.

Arthur, despite his current state, threw her a look she recognized from frequent use. She nodded.

"Well then...can you go check on Ginny? I would...but seeing as I am not in the—*hic*— best of states—

"Yes Arthur, I will." She said it almost immediately. She averted her eyes from her husband as she too hurried up the stairs. She didn't understand why she stayed silent, why she hurried to Ginny's defence, why she had so resolutely changed her mind.

Molly listened at the door, straining for any sound. She felt a small bite of panic when she heard none, but convinced herself Ginny could be in no safer hands. There was a small *thump* from downstairs as Arthur began to climb the stairs. Molly turned, and with a faint *pop!* She found herself downstairs again, looking up to the clock. With relief, the hands of all 7 Weasley children were on "safe". She sighed, and apparated up the stairs, and climbed into bed.

Things would be better in the morning.

~*~

They both lied on the ground, looking up at the stars, not entirely sure what had happened was real. As the hours stretched on without a word, Ginny silently fell into a deep slumber, with Harry not far behind. He smiled, looking at her pale, freckled face, before he shut his eyes and the world went dark. He was truly at peace with the world...

"No, please, not Harry!"

"You're a wizard, a thumpin' good un' too!"

"Harry Potter...our new celebrity,"

"...Stand aside, silly girl,"

"You're a great wizard...books, cleverness, they're nothing compared to bravery."

"If you want him, you'll have to go through us first!"

"...Please, not Harry!"

"We've got something he doesn't—something worth fighting for,"

"...When the seventh month dies..."

"Just believe in yourself,"

"...It is curious that you shall be destined for that wand, while its brother gave you that scar."

"...Power, the dark lord knows not..."

"...Avada Kedavra!"

"Sirius..."

"Harry, Sirius isn't coming back..."

"He's not dead!"

"...You're the boy who lived..."

Harry's eyes shot open. White-hot pain branded across Harry's temple, feeling as if his head were splitting in two. He bit his lip to prevent himself from crying out. The searing intensified, and he tasted a coppery tang. Just as he began to see spots, the pain ebbed away, and was replaced with a dull throb. He touched his forehead, and found it sticky. He brought his fingers to his line of sight, and saw, with horror, blood.

His vision begun to swim, and changed from the pond to a large, high ceilinged room. The room had several men, all flanking around a chair, where a pair of feet was visible, but Harry couldn't see the man in the chair.

"Where is Alexander?"

The man in the chair's voice was cold and high, unforgiving. The men in the room flinched at the suddenness of the noise.

"He's not here, sir," said a man to the right, shuddering slightly.

"And why is this?" There was no curiosity in this voice. It was the cruel, toying tone that already knew the answer. The man in the chair moved, as if he were to stand.

"I'm sorry...we did all we—"

The man in the chair swiftly stood, and crossed the room to the quivering man, and drew his wand, yelling *"Crucio!"*

Harry shut his eyes, recoiling as if he had been struck with the torture curse, wanting the images to go away. But despite shutting his eyes, the vision was just as clear.

"Do not lie to Lord Voldemort. Lord Voldemort knows when you are lying."

Lord Voldemort's face was unlike Harry had imagined it: it wasn't a scaly, beast head with horns. It was almost handsome; it was almost *too* handsome, like a cliché, as if it had been carved from wood. It was all together hard, and unreal. It was the metaphorical mask.

"Let me ask you again, and this time do not lie to me. Where is Alexander?"

"M'Lord...they can not locate him. He disappeared three months ago, and hasn't reappeared since." Said a tall, thin, blonde haired man. He didn't speak with fear, but with a drawl, as if this piece of information was nothing more than the weather. *"And while they're all incompetent buffoons, I wouldn't be surprised if Alexander's done well and— Ahem, what do they say?—dropped off the map."*

The men in the room became anxious, almost excited, for something.

"That is true..." Voldemort said, pacing slightly. *"He is a good hunter...he'd know how to avoid being tracked. It'd take much skill to be even able to follow a cold trail."* The men, who had earlier cowered from Voldemort, now looked ecstatic and almost affectionate towards the tall man.

"Thank you my Lord! Thank you—"

"That does not mean I am not disappointed in your performances." The looks of glee on the men's faces were wiped clean, and replaced by sheer terror.

"And when Lord Voldemort is disappointed, there shall be punish—"

Despite having his back turned to all, Harry could tell something was bothering—almost frightening—Voldemort.

"Lucius, take the men down to the containment cellars. I shall deal with them later. And make sure you assemble your men."

The tall blonde man nodded, and left the room with a swish of his robes, the men disappearing.

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With a start, Ginny woke in a cold sweat, shaking. Something was wrong. She touched Harry's arm lightly, trying to wake him. His skin was hot and, as she turned him, his face was covered in blood and he was pale.

"Harry...oh Merlin...Harry! Wake up Harry!" She said, shaking him. His body contracted in pain, and she held onto him, weeping lightly, yelling for him to wake up.

* ~

The man named Lucius returned with several more men, all dressed in robes and masks.

"You summoned for us?"

"I did. Someone had broken into the castle, and I suspect it was a spy."

"Why do you think it is a spy, my Lord? Isn't it possible that the wards—"

"The intruder was in here...I heard him, and I sense him." Voldemort's eyes, where normal people's eyes would have blazed with anger, were nothing more than a dull well. *"Track him down, and find him. When you do, bring him to me."*

"Yes my Lord, we will."

"And make sure you succeed. I would hate to lose some of my finest men,"

* ~

"Harry, please Merlin...Harry wake up! Please, baby, don't do this to me," she was holding him tightly, crying. Ginny didn't know what to do other than this. She had had no medical revival training, nor could she just leave him here to run and get help. "Come on Harry, please wake up."

His eyes shot open, and his pulse quickened.

"Oh Harry...thank Merlin...you're alright," she sobbed lightly into his shoulder.

"Ginny we have to go, now." He said, getting up, and grabbing his wand.

"What's going on?" she said, wrapping herself in one of the blankets, and beginning to pack another.

"There's no time for that. Grab your wand and follow me. We have to get back to your house or mine, right now."

She grabbed her wand, and mounted Harry's broom, and felt his arms encircle around her as they kicked off and flew outwards.

"If we can get there in 5 minutes, we'll have enough time to—"

Bang!

Harry felt it hit him as if he had been punched in the stomach. The shockwave from the explosion hit them with full force, knocking them out of the sky. They landed with a dull *thud!*

"There! He's there!" One of the men Harry recognized from his dream.

Jinxes begun to fly at them from every direction. Harry grabbed Ginny, running, and turning back, sending hexes flying towards the opposition. It was the strangest sensation, even more so than the dream. He was hurtling curses he had never done

before, nor even *knew*, and the people who were chasing him for something he wasn't entirely sure had even happened.

"Impedimenta!"

There was a loud yell, and a *thump*, and Harry knew he had hit his mark.

Ginny ducked curses, running as fast as she could, but the men weren't too far behind, and they were gaining.

"Do you trust me?" Harry asked, looking at Ginny intently.

"Yes," she said, ducking a jet of orange light.

"Hold onto me, and don't let go."

"Awww, look. They're giving their last hug."

Harry held her close, with the men quickly gaining on them. Ginny trembled, and shut her eyes, but knew she was in the best of hands.

He raised his wand, turned on the spot, and thought hard about a safe place.

A large *Bang!* And clouds of coloured smoke filled the field.

When the men were nearly feet away, Harry and Ginny had disappeared.

A/N: I'm excited for the holidays, two weeks away from the grindstone. But, by the time I post this, my holiday assessment will be off by a lot, we'll probably be closer to Saint Patrick's Day than Christmas. I do realize this, and I left it in because I'm wondering how many people will write me a review saying "it's not December time frame, it's _____!!!!" I really hope people will have read this note, and avoided the embarrassment. Please, restore my hope in the intelligence of Man-kind.

Thank you.p

I Won The War

By Luff The Hufflepuff

A/N: This AN is gonna be a long one. Just a warning in advance.

From this point on, these chapters are completely different from my original writing. Something happened to my chapters from this point and they were irretrievable. :(but I hope that it's a blessing in disguise and that these are much better than their first draft counterparts. The story is heading toward a darker version than I had originally planned. But in light of recent events, it feels more than appropriate.

Soooo yes, I know this is a hella long story so far, for what little has happened. At the pace I'm going at, this'll be a 50 chapter when I'm done. Then again, some fictions are amazingly good and long, like **After The End** by Arabella and Zsyena,

HP and The Mind Mage by James Milamber, and an old throw back to **Girl in the Tower** series by Spooky Mulder (personally, I'm a fan of the older stuff...). But on that same token, on the flip side, there are short stories like **Recnac Transfaerso** by Celebony, and **Shattered Illusions** that have just as large of a fan base. I think I'm a mix between the two, it'll be a higher chapter story, but my chappies wont be 20 pages long either. The reason for me bringing this up is the fact that when I told possible beta readers (before I settled on two good ones) was that this story wouldn't be any longer than 15 chapters. My estimate was wildly off, however, seeing as this is now chapter 5 and I'm only really getting into the story. Can I say oops? :P

I know most people say their big thank you's at the end, saying who got them there, ect. But there is someone who needs to be thanked now. Because without him, this part of the story wouldn't exist. You listened to me, you knew what was at stake, and you also didn't laugh where you weren't supposed to, and cracked up endlessly when it was the right times. I don't know if it was the actual writing or the fact we were having a great time, but it did make going through the hard shit a little easier to bare. And I don't know what's going to happen now, but I do know things do happen for a reason. You taught me that. That's the whole thing behind this story. I know I reacted badly, and screamed and renounced what you told me and I believed, and now things have quieted down, I know deep down you were always right. It's a tough pill to swallow, but you'll surely be missed. We all loved you.

I loved you.

Goodbye.

Summary: We all know the story of The-Boy-Who-Lived; the pain, the suffering, the sacrifice. But what if you could avoid your fate? In the case for Harry Potter, his life is perfect: he's got a loving family, a beautiful girlfriend, and is Hogwarts Head Boy. But what happens when fate catches up with you? Harry's begins to catch up with him in a series of dreams of a life he's never had. But when the dreams start becoming reality, Harry realizes that he alone can change the outcome and save the ones he loves most.

Disclaimer: The recognizable characters in this story aren't mine, as you can guess. I claim no ownership of them. This is dedicated to the man who never got the chance to have the impact on the world that he should have. You really had everything to offer. You were so beautiful, and I'm saddened that people will never see your beauty as I did. I'm very lucky.