

Harry Potter

Too Much

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Fandom: Harry Potter.

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Genre: Fluff. Romance.

Rating: Teen.

Characters: Ginny Weasley. Harry Potter.

Pairing: Harry/Ginny.

Status: 1,300 words; One-Shot.

Summary: “Sometimes I think I love you too much,” he confesses as they stretch out on a blanket in the warm summer sun, stealing a rare moment from the business of life, of living.

Sometimes, when he allows himself to think about it, he wonders if it's really healthy how much he thinks about her. It's been like this for a long time—probably shorter than he remembers, but he doesn't like to think about that. Life before her. It didn't really exist. Or, if it did, it wasn't worth living.

Ginny is like air to him. And yet... Sometimes he feels as if he'll suffocate in the love she gives, and the love she takes. It's overwhelming, and wonderful, and confusing, and defining. All at the same time. Harry has never felt anything like it before. Except... maybe when he died. Yeah, probably then. His chest feels tight and so full of emotion that the skin might stretch and finally break from all the love inside.

He felt it then too, but it was still wrapped up in Ginny. In the two of them together.

"Sometimes I think I love you too much," he confesses as they stretch out on a blanket in the warm summer sun, stealing a rare moment from the business of life, of living.

Ginny laughs. "There's no such thing, Harry."

He blinks up at the brilliant blue sky and then turns his head to stare at her brilliant red hair.

"Maybe there is," he argues, just for the sake of arguing and seeing her cheeks turn pinker in the sun.

But Ginny just laughs and kisses the place between his thumb and finger, her soft fingers caressing each inch of skin on his hand. She has the same calluses he does, from holding her broom too tight. It's another way they match so perfectly.

"I think about you all the time," he admits, feeling his own face heat. "And I don't like it when you go away."

She stares at him before her face softens and she nuzzles into his chest, placing a kiss right above his heart. In the place where he has a scar. She always kisses there, but Harry doesn't mind. He knows the scars don't bother her; she has some too. They spent their first year together mapping each other's scars and slowly telling the stories. It was painful, but in the end, it was more painful not to tell them.

"I think about you all the time," she echoes. "When I'm flying, when I'm supposed to be training... when I'm doing extra laps because Gwenog thinks I think about you too much."

This makes him smile and he knows it's no use scolding her for getting in trouble; he rather likes that she gets in trouble because she's thinking about him. It puts them on even ground because Kingsley is always sighing when he catches Harry staring off when he's supposed to be paying attention.

"And I don't like it when *you* go away."

"I'm not going to," he assures her, even though they both know it's a lie. He has a training exercise in a few weeks, but Ginny will be away as well, playing with the Harpies.

"Maybe we should... maybe we should not go away... together."

He blinks at her suggestion, wondering if she means what he thinks she does, or if he's floated off, thinking about her, and just imagined it. His fingers find the edge of her hair, the end curling around his first knuckle and shining like spun gold in the sunlight.

"Did you..."

"I mean," she trails off, shrugging and Harry can't help but lift her chin back so that he can see her eyes. Eyes that he drowns in when he looks at them. They're chocolate; warm, and melting, and the best medicine in the world.

"If you want," he says, the corner of his mouth lifting.

"We could," she agrees. "We've been together long enough."

"Is there a time limit on that?" he quips and she digs her fingers into his side, making him squirm.

"I just mean..." Ginny says, before sighing. "I don't like to be apart from you. And if we were... then we could be together all the time. And then Mum won't make that face that she makes when she knows I've stayed over. And Ron won't have to make that noise of disgust when he sees me walk out of your room after I've stayed over. We could... get our own place."

Harry's head spins and he has to look away for a minute. He doesn't doubt this at all, it's just... It's *huge*. This is the rest of their lives and even though he's sure, he needs to be sure she is.

"We're talking about getting married, yeah?" he asks, praying he hasn't made a complete prat of himself and she's really talking about doing something not nearly as exciting and terrifying. Ginny's smile is slow to start, but when it's there, it makes Harry's chest tight and he feels that panicky, suffocating feeling that makes him feel all wonderful at the same time.

"We are," she nods slowly.

The world bursts around him as he leans in to kiss her—he can't hold it inside him any longer and he needs to touch her, needs to feel her warm cheeks next to his.

"Aren't I supposed to be asking?" he asks, feeling bad all of a sudden. But Ginny's laugh makes that feeling evaporate like steam above a potion.

"Then ask."

He smiles and kisses the three freckles that are just to the right of her nose. They make a perfect triangle.

"I think," he says, drawing out his voice so that it matches the laziness of the day—the laziness of laying in the shade while the world spins around them, and the birds sing their songs.

“That if I let you ask me, I’ll never hear the end of it.”

Ginny laughs again and it sends tingles down his arms and makes his fingers a bit numb where they’re holding onto her hips.

“Ron will take the piss every chance he gets.”

“Only if you tell him,” she shakes her head. Her fingers reach up and brush the fringe out of his eyes, and Harry stares down at her, amazed that maybe he’s discovered he can love her just a little more.

“I tell him everything,” Harry dismisses, knowing it’s mostly true. “Him and Hermione.”

Ginny smirks. “Have you told him that we...”

“I think he gathered that,” Harry says, clearing his throat, “when you walked out wearing only my shirt that one time.”

She looks rather proud of herself just now and Harry needs to kiss her again. They kiss slowly and without any rush for several minutes before Harry rests his forehead against hers.

“We’ll make it a game then,” she says, so quiet that Harry thinks he might have missed it if he breathed at the same minute. “We’ll release a Snitch, and the one who catches it... gets to propose.”

Harry’s eyes are closed, but he can tell she’s smiling. He can hear it in her voice.

“A game it is, then,” he agrees.

But they still don’t move from their spot underneath the huge oak that has grown on the edge of the garden for centuries; millennia, maybe. They’re rooted to the spot just like the tree is.

“You’d win anyway,” Harry sighs, lifting his head and brushing the edge of her hair with his fingers, even though it wasn’t in her face.

“I would,” she agrees.

Harry laughs and finds that he doesn’t remember the time when Ginny hasn’t made him feel this way. It must have been there, back in the war when they weren’t allowed to feel for each other. But it’s gone now. Instead, is just this pressing, clawing, smothering feeling—and Harry decides that it’s much, much better this way. Drowning, and suffocating, and dying... they’re all good when they make you feel this way.

“Yes,” he answers finally, grinning when Ginny’s eyes light up.