

Jessica21

## **Four Times Ron Tried To Say 'I Love You' (And One Time He Did)**



Veröffentlicht auf Harry Potter Xperts  
[www.harrypotter-xperts.de](http://www.harrypotter-xperts.de)

# Inhaltsangabe

## Four Times Ron Tried To Say 'I Love You' (And One Time He Did)

Maybe there's a parallel universe where she knows just how much.

## Vorwort

Diese Fanfiction entstand ursprünglich für den Romione Secret Santa, den die wundervolle Kat organisiert hat - deswegen ist sie auch ein bisschen spät dran.

Wer sich übrigens fragt (niemand tut das, Jessie), warum ich dieses Jahr so spektakulär inaktiv war - war ich gar nicht! Na ja, doch, auf Xperts schon, aber viele große Dinge sind dieses Jahr passiert oder angefangen worden. Der Grund, warum hier dieses Jahr so wenig los war - ich steige langsam auf FF.net bzw englische Fanfics um (*und* auf AO3!), besitze zu viele Blogs, hatte damit zu tun, 100.000 Worte zu schreiben (bald fertig!), und und und. ^^

Egal! - Frohe Weihnachten, ihr Nudeln :3

# Inhaltsverzeichnis

1. Four Times Ron Tried To Say 'I Love You' (And One Time He Did)

# Four Times Ron Tried To Say 'I Love You' (And One Time He Did)

## Four Times Ron Tried To Say I Love You (And One Time He Did)

“I love you, Hermione”, he mumbles when they're lounging on the trio's favourite sofa in the Gryffindor common room, and his heart misses a beat.

There's a short silence – Hermione shifts slightly on her feet, but shows no reaction otherwise, and Ron tells himself he's relieved: Because he has a girlfriend, after all, a girlfriend he – doesn't love, admittedly, but one that admires him and would certainly be heartbroken to hear him confess his love to someone else – and who is he to tell Hermione he loves her, anyway? – and yet: Now that the words are out there, he can't help but think he's spent too much time being careful.

He shoots a careful glance at Harry, who appears to be blissfully oblivious to the situation, and back at Hermione, whose shock of tangled hair is hiding her face from view. She's still trying to fix his essay for him, and maybe, he thinks – maybe she did hear him, maybe she'll turn around in a second and look at him, and maybe she will raise her eyebrows the way she always does when she's surprised –

And maybe everything will fall into place.

“Don't let Lavender hear you say that.”

A joke, he thinks.

Of course she takes it as a joke.

\*\*\*

“I love you”, he wants to say when they're dancing at Bill and Fleur's wedding, awkwardly swaying on the spot, not quite in time to the music.

“We're bad at this”, she whispers before he gets to speak, and she smiles, and the world is spinning around them in a fuzzy blur of colours – and Ron decides that the universe doesn't care about his words.

Maybe she doesn't, either.

“We're not too bad”, he says instead, in a light-hearted voice he barely recognises as his own. He sounds carefree and confident – like someone whose mouth doesn't taste like firewhisky from words he's too afraid to speak. “Look, I haven't even stepped on your feet yet.”

“Well, I've nearly stepped on yours. Twice, actually.”

“Yeah ... you know, Hermione – “

The world gets ripped apart by an ear-splitting bang. Her hand finds his in a swift motion that feels as though she's been practising it for years. In a lot of ways, he thinks as they're stumbling through the panicking crowd, searching for Harry, she has – they've spent half their life running and fighting and risking their lives, over and over and over again –

And the words get lost in the chaos, unspoken.

\*\*\*

“I love you”, he tries to whisper when he's clutching to her lifeless form at Shell Cottage, and the crashing waves swallow the sound of his voice. Hermione's breath is feeble and erratic; her head is resting on his shoulder, and her hand isn't holding on to his anymore.

In the past few months, Ron has had a lot of time to think about a lot of things he'd rather not have thought about, and he's had far too much time to think about this particular scenario: Hermione, dead in his arms, because he wasn't there in time to save her. Yes, she's alive now – she's safe and alive in his arms, and the fact that she's unconscious just means she's not in pain – not anymore – he keeps telling himself that, again, and again; that she's okay, and that she didn't die this time – but he remembers with a twinge in his stomach that she could have. She could have died, and she would've never known.

Ron makes a silent promise to never let the words die on his lips again.

\*\*\*

“I love you”, he chokes into her neck when she's holding him after the funeral, but his voice feels rugged and coarse and doesn't really sound like his voice anymore, and he can't remember what breathing is supposed to feel like, and he's not crying, not anymore.

“It'll be all right”, she whispers, and her arms around his back are shaking. “We'll be all right. You'll be all right – you'll see.”

Ron thinks of his nearly forgotten promise and the dying laughter on his brother's face. He buries his face in her shoulder, fingers wrapped around hers, and if he weren't as exhausted, maybe he would have realised that he's never loved her more than he does right now.

Maybe there's another life, he thinks dazedly, where they're happy – a life where they didn't waste so much damn time, where it's easy to tell her he loves her.

Maybe there's a parallel universe where she knows just how much.

\*\*\*

Sunlight comes pouring into the room when he opens his eyes, and Hermione's arm is wrapped around his torso.

“Oi”, he mumbles sleepily, rubbing his eyes. “Stop hogging the blanket.”

A soft giggle erupts from her chest, and the feeling of her face pressed against his back sends a gentle shiver down his spine. “Your blanket isn't big enough for two people. Well, neither is your bed, to be fair, but that's not really a problem – “ She breaks off. “Happy Christmas, Ron.”

He turns around to face her, and her lips taste like home. “Happy Christmas, Hermione.”

She pulls the blanket up to her chin, snuggling close to him – there's a quiet thud on the floor. “Oh!”

“Present”, Ron says, half-heartedly stifling a fit of laughter as he's looking at the poorly wrapped present that fell off the bed. “I wonder who brought that here.”

“Present-wrapping is not Harry's forte”, Hermione says with a smirk, sitting up. “Well, he tried.”

“Hermione”, he says softly.

“Hm?” Her smile fades slightly when she looks at him. “What's wrong?”

“Nothing, I just – “

Pause. Stare. “I love you.”

Her smile feels like sunlight on his skin.

“I know.”