

Apologise: an internal monologue.

by pokeystar

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"I'm truly *not* sorry about the other night at the Leaky, when I made you look like *a complete fool with very little effort* in front of those *gorgeous* witches. How was I to know they worked with you at the Ministry? *Disregarding the fact that I see them there every day.* And I'm *ecstatically* happy to pay the *negligible, I'm sure* cleaning bill, since I *not so* accidentally caused you to fall. It's a damned shame that *sublimely ridiculous* nickname caught on. It was a *purposefully calculated* slip of the tongue. Hopefully, everyone will forget about it eventually. *Say, before your hundredth birthday?* I appreciate that you are one of Hermione's dearest and *utterly platonic, like a eunuch* friends, and I hope my *wickedly awesome* behaviour hasn't ruined our *non-existent* relationship. I deeply respect *and fear* my girlfriend *mine, mine, mine!* and her *continued sexual* well-being means everything to me. What do you say? Can we bury the hatchet *in your shiftless freckled arse?*

~***~***~

Originally written for round 1 of *dramione_idws*, a Live Journal community.

Prompt: an apology.

Italics indicate internal thought - he is apologizing in front of Hermione, after all.