

The Bachelorette Party

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written for DynoDrabbles. The prompts were Draco, Hermione, and "There was only one, but it was perfect." Thanks to my wonderful beta, MystressXOXO!

It was times like these that Hermione kind of wished she had more girl friends. The eve of her wedding to Ron was supposed to be a fun-filled time of teasing and revelry—her bachelorette party. Instead, she had Harry here, which was great, really. Just not what she had envisioned for her last night as a single gal.

Ron had agreed to share him because Ron had all of his brothers to send him off as a bachelor, and they had something wild planned for him. Hermione had Ginny, and with Harry that made, well... three. And seeing as how Ginny had come down with a case of the stomach flu at the last minute—Hermione stared at Harry over their third round of Firewhisky. This must be his idea of a good time. She winced.

"So, what do you girls do? Tell stories? Play Truth or Dare?" Harry wasn't loosening up any. Hermione had never seen him so uncomfortable before. She sighed.

"No, we usually... I don't know. Talk? Play silly games. Do each others' hair. Maybe a pillow fight? Tell secrets. Just—girl stuff, Harry." Hermione tried not to sound glum. Drinking herself sick in a bar wasn't her idea of a fun night.

Harry glanced at her. "Gosh, 'Mione. I'm really blowing it. Well, I'm not going to do your hair, but... okay what else can we do? You want me to hit you with a pillow?" He grinned lopsidedly.

Hermione forced a smile. "No thanks, Harry. Let's just call it a night."

"No!" Harry sat up, determined. "A secret! I can do that. I'll go first." He took a sip of his drink for courage. "Okay. One time at school I cheated on a test. In Trelawney's class."

"Harry!" Hermione's eyes got round. "You didn't!"

Harry laughed. "I did! I cheated off Ron. We both flunked. Okay. Your turn."

Hermione fiddled with her glass. "I kissed Draco once."

Harry's mouth fell open.

Hermione blushed.

"Malfoy? Are you kidding me?"

Hermione shook her head. "There was only one, but it was perfect." She stared off in the distance, then shivered. "Okay, what happens at a hen party *stays* at a hen party. Right?"

Harry looked a little sick. "Are they all like this?"

Hermione grinned conspiratorially. "Worse, Harry. Much, much worse."