

# Wedding Announcement

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## Wedding Announcement

Chapter 1 of 1

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**A/N:** I was sorting through my harddrive and found a bunch of unfinished stuff, which I am now trying to clean up and post. I hope you like it. Reviews are love.

Written for the *10 Songs Challenge*. The Song is *River Below* by Billy Talent.

They'll think I'm insane but you'll all know my name!

Into the river below...I'm running from the inferno...

I'll take all the blame, the front page and the fame!

"HARRY!" Ron Weasley screamed from the top of his lungs, stumbling out off the fireplace at number 12 Grimmauld Place and running upstairs. Seconds later the distraught Weasley arrived at the door to his best friend's bedroom. Not bothering to knock, Ron stormed inside. Harry barely had the time to cover himself and Ginny with the sheets before Ron reached the bedside, brandishing a newspaper in front of him.

"What is it?" Harry asked, disgruntled. When they were still attending Hogwarts, Harry might have feared Ron's reaction upon finding him in bed with Ginny, but they were all in their mid-twenties, and Ron had grudgingly accepted the fact that his little sister was having "physical relations".

"Ron you are behaving like a madman," Ginny piped up, pulling the sheets closer around her body.

"Read this," Ron demanded in a voice bordering on hysterics, and completely ignoring his sister's comment as well as her state of undress.

Exasperated, Harry took the *Daily Prophet*, which Ron was still holding out to him.

"British Minister of Magic pays France a state visit," Harry read out loud. "So? Don't tell me you came here at eight o'clock on a Sunday morning to show me this."

"Further down the page, you idiot," Ron screeched, wringing his hands.

Harry began wondering just how much Ron had had to drink the night before and if he could possibly still be inebriated, but continued reading. It was better not to argue with a madman. He was just about to ask Ron what in Merlin's name he was supposed to be looking for when a small article caught his attention.

Hermione Granger Weds Draco Malfoy

Hermione Jean Granger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Granger, was married yesterday to Draco Lucius Malfoy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Malfoy. The private ceremony was held at the groom's family residence in Wiltshire.

The formal and quite simple wedding announcement was sitting innocently at the bottom left corner of the *Daily Prophet's* front page. Harry could only gape at it. Ginny snatched the paper from Harry's hands in order to read it for herself.

"You see!" Ron cried.

"This gotta be a joke," Harry said desperately. "Someone must have put this there as a prank. Is it April's Fools Day yet?"

"Honey, it's December," Ginny said, having just finished reading the announcement. "But you have a point. This can't be right. Hermione would never date the ferret, let alone marry him without telling us. Ron, have you tried contacting her?"

"Yes, of course I have. She isn't at home."

"Well, maybe she went into the office," Harry suggested.

"On a Sunday?"

"You never know with Hermione. She loves working at the Ministry of Magic."

"Right," Ginny agreed. "Let's go to the Ministry and see if Hermione is there. She must be livid that someone is playing such a prank at her."

"Let's do that," Ron nodded, belatedly noticing that Harry and Ginny were looking at him expectantly. "Er... I'll wait for you outside... let you get dressed," he stuttered, walking to the bedroom door hastily.

"Very considerate of you," Ginny said sarcastically, moving to get off the bed. Ron closed the door quickly.

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While Ron was waiting for his best friend and sister to get ready, Pansy Parkinson was still lounging quite comfortably in her bed in her West Hempstead townhouse. A house-elf had brought breakfast and the paper on a tray, and Pansy was giving the front page a cursory glance while sipping on her tea.

She was just about to move on to the society pages when a small notice in the bottom left corner of page one caught her attention. Spilling her tea in shock, Pansy read through Draco and Hermione's wedding announcement several times.

"This cannot be true," she declared to her empty bedroom. Pushing her breakfast tray aside, Pansy hurried out of bed. She barely threw on a robe before kneeling down in front of the fireplace.

But Draco did not answer his Floo, and the house-elves that had come running at Pansy's borderline hysteric shrieks had informed her that their master was not at home. Where he was, the house-elves couldn't say.

Cursing in a very unladylike manner, Pansy threw a second pinch of Floo powder into the flames, Flooing Blaise instead.

Blaise's bedroom was still dark when Pansy's head appeared in the fireplace.

"Blaise, wake up this instant!" Pansy shouted.

"Bloody hell, woman, keep it down," Blaise grumbled from underneath the covers. "It's early."

"Blaise Zabini, you get your arse over here right this second, or by Merlin, you will regret it," Pansy threatened.

"Well, since you asked so nicely," Blaise replied sarcastically, but he got out of bed nonetheless. "What is it?" he asked, kneeling down in front of his fireplace.

"Read this!" Pansy thrust the *Daily Prophet* at him. "Left corner."

Blaise eyes widened when he read the announcement. "Is this a joke? Draco will be furious."

"I don't know. It has to be!" Pansy replied. "Draco isn't at home. I already tried the manor."

"Could he be at work?"

"On a Sunday? I doubt it."

"But where else could he be this early in the morning?" Blaise asked.

Pansy thought about it for a moment.

"Alright, let's check his office at the Ministry first. Maybe that Know-it-all he is working with makes them come in at the weekend now. Then we will go to Diagon Alley. He could have gone out for an early breakfast."

One wave of her wand later, Pansy was impeccably dressed and Flooed to the Ministry of Magic. She waited impatiently, tapping her heels on the polished floor of the Atrium until ten minutes later Blaise arrived, too.

As expected the Ministry was almost deserted. A sleepy wizard at the front had handed them their visitor batches before returning to take a nap. Pansy and Blaise went the Department of Magical Law Enforcement where Draco's office was located. But when they turned the last corner, they found that somebody else was already standing in front of the office. Harry Potter, Ginny Weasley and Ron Weasley were all staring at the closed door that led to the office of Hermione Granger and Draco Malfoy.

Pansy raised one elegantly sculptured eyebrow in surprise, but refrained from commenting. At least until she was close enough to read the paper that was pinned to the front of the door.

*Mr. Malfoy and I are on our honeymoon. Any work-related inquiries can be directed to our colleagues in room number 24.*

*We apologize for any inconvenience,*

*Hermione Granger-Malfoy*

"Preposterous!" Pansy exclaimed.

"This has to be a joke," Blaise insisted, looking accusingly at Harry, Ginny and Ron.

But those three were looking just as shocked as Pansy and he.

"Something tells me, this isn't a joke at all," Ginny Weasley said tonelessly. The five witches and wizards continued to stare at the note Hermione had left.

"This is completely insane," Ron muttered and Blaise could only agree.

But try as they might, they weren't able to find Draco and Hermione anywhere else.

Three days later they each received a postcard from the Caribbean. There was no denying it any longer. Draco and Hermione really were on their honeymoon.

The End