

Entirely Too Perfect

by tiggertam

Written for Spring Fling 2009! Hermione finds out that Harry's getting married. Good for him, right? Fluff! Disclaimer: the Harry Potter Universe does not belong to me- it would have ended very differently if it were mine.

Marry Mary

Chapter 1 of 2

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Thanks to my betas! Written for Spring Fling 2009. It was written very quickly, and not really my best work, but I still like it :D.

Entirely too Perfect

Chapter One: Marry Mary

"I'm going to ask Mary," Harry said conspiratorially over the dinner table.

The change of subject – from Hermione's nasty boss to a marriage declaration – was so abrupt that it took her a second for the words to sink in. The familiar smells of the Three Broomsticks, which had never seemed to bother Hermione before, started making her nauseous. She thought vaguely that, judging by the sinking, greasy feeling in her stomach, it could have been something she ate.

"I'm going to ask Mary to marry me!" Harry couldn't see the humour in his exclamation; he was too ecstatic.

Ron certainly didn't miss it and burst into a series of guffaws. "Mary–Marry!"

All Hermione could manage was a smile that felt weak and bitter, even to her. *What's wrong with me?* she wondered.

"Hermione, listen to him. He's going to marry Mary!" Ron elbowed her in the side, causing her to lurch towards the end of the bench.

"Thanks, mate. I didn't catch that." Her sarcasm had a bit more bite than usual, and for once, Ron caught it. Harry, however, was barely paying attention and started scribbling on his crumpled, dirty napkin with the quill Hermione wore to keep her hair up.

"Hey, 'Mione, you okay there?" Ron stared intently at her blanched face. "You look awful."

"Wow, you catch on fast, don't you?"

Ron's face was comical – he was no stranger to Hermione's sarcasm, but this raw rudeness was not one of her normal mannerisms. A rigorous shake of her bushy hair seemed to revive her normal good humour and clear her head, at least a bit.

"I'm sorry, Ron. I think I ate something earlier that didn't agree with me. Excuse me; I'm going to run to the loo."

As Hermione walked away, she heard Ron whisper to Harry, "It must be her period. We'd better leave her alone tonight." It was such a classic thing for Ron to say. If there was one thing he remembered besides the winner of the latest Quidditch match, it was that that he'd walked in on Hermione binging on Dairy Milk and watching Moulin Rouge just the week before. He'd blamed that incident on her menstrual cycle as well and had actually been correct – she'd told him so, glaring at him menacingly through a mouthful of chocolate.

As it was, she was glad she wasn't on her period.

She had never appreciated the smell of alcohol, but as she walked past the bar not vomiting was harder than dealing with her nasty boss had ever been. She got to the bathroom just in time for some dry heaves, but luckily they passed soon enough. A woman in her forties, obviously enjoying a night out away from the kids, patted her back and told her not to worry. She'd get used to it.

Not likely, Hermione thought as she splashed her face with cold water.

She slid down the wall and sat for a moment in the loo to think things through. She knew Mary, but no more than she knew every other woman that Harry dated. Mary was probably the most beautiful woman that Harry had ever been interested in. She tried not to act like it, but she was well aware of her beauty and had worked out an expensive routine to maintain her good looks. She was nice, but she knew what she wanted and she always got it. Hermione didn't know much else about her, besides what Harry had told her.

After reluctantly leaving the bathroom, she slid back onto the bench and shivered; the wood had cooled while she was gone. All she could see was the cheerful chatter of happy hour on a Friday night, contrasting sharply to how she felt. The atmosphere had been so warm just a few moments ago, but it seemed so foreign now. It was surreal. Her whole life had changed but the world went on turning.

"All right there, Hermione?" Harry asked, peering at her face entirely too intently. "You still look a bit pale."

Ron snorted, "Of course she's fine." Hermione barely registered the typical comment in her weird state of mind. "So, how much was the ring? Or haven't you got it yet?"

"I'm going to get it tomorrow. I picked out this one with a pearl and two diamonds next to it."

I've always wanted a pearl ring, was Hermione's first thought, and she unconsciously jerked upright.

"But I don't know if she would want a pearl one. What do you think, 'Mione?"

It took a second for her to get her head out of the clouds and back into the conversation. "Oh, I think pearls are lovely." And she collapsed onto her bench once more, hoping the cool wood might reduce the hot blush on her cheeks. Instead she found a sticky tabletop.

"Ginny? Ginny, please be here!" Hermione called, picking herself up from her friend's hearth where the Floo had unceremoniously dumped her. "Ginny, where are you?"

"Where's the fire? I'm right here." The redhead came out of her study in jogging bottoms and an old Quidditch hoodie. She held a quill and a folder of papers, now forgotten. "What's up?"

Hermione tried to take a few calming breaths, but they didn't seem to make any difference. She wondered if she was coming down with a fever. "Harry's doing it! He's going to actually ask her to marry him." She started to pace, as she always did when she was upset.

"You're kidding! Brill!" Ginny grinned.

"No, it isn't! He's mental! I can't believe he's doing it already. I mean, they've only been dating for six months! They can't know each other in six months!" Her voice rose, almost reaching a falsetto pitch.

"Well, it depends on the relationship. Why do you care so much anyway?" A devious smile crept onto her friend's face.

"I don't know! I think it's just that we won't be 'the golden trio' now." But as Hermione thought about it, she realized that she had never cared when Ron was engaged to his ex. She hadn't thought they'd fit together well, but it had made him happy.... So, why was she so frustrated with Harry's engagement? "Oh, Merlin." Hermione flopped onto the couch with as much grace as a dead fish. "Ginny, why do I care so much? Oh, God." She curled up on the couch as if to protect herself from some outside force.

"I knew it! You are in love with him!" Ginny's smile turned triumphant.

"Why does it have to be him? How could I not have known this?"

"Of course you didn't know. You never have." Ginny shook her head. "Remember Jake and Daniel? I'm your best girlfriend. I know more about you than you do. Anyway, it's always easier to notice things when you're only an observer."

The mention of her exes made Hermione think of her feelings for them. It sharply contrasted to what she felt now. Jake and Daniel had been like cheap perfume - they paled in comparison to Harry and left her feeling slightly nauseous.

"Oh, no. Oh, please, Merlin no!" She got up to head to the kitchen, where she intended to grab a glass of water and maybe a knife or two. "Ginny, what do I do?"

"'Mione! Calm down." Ginny pushed her onto the couch, conjuring her a glass of water. "Hyperventilating is not the answer."

"Well, hyperventilating at the pub was not really an option either, so I have to do it now." She began to feel faint, and that ridiculous voice in her head told her that of course she felt faint. She wasn't breathing. "Gin, what am I going to do?"

"Well, right now, we are calling Ernie right up, and we're going to one of his gay bars to take our minds off it all." She advanced on Hermione, but Hermione evaded her reach. She stopped only when she found herself backed against the wall.

"You're winding me up. It's eleven PM!"

"C'mon, let's get you into something proper."

Hermione and Ginny's ideas of proper were two very different matters, but Hermione didn't have the energy to fight. It was strange, but Hermione had the weird feeling that she was being dragged to her doom.

"I have a snazzy little number that'll suit you perfectly..."

AC/DC

Chapter 2 of 2

In which Ernie joins in.

Please Read and review!

Chapter 2: AC/DC?

"Now, don't you look fantastic?" Ernie twirled her around, letting out a whistle. "I've never seen so much skin on you, and let me tell you, it looks wonderful!" The pulsing music and swirling lights were doing nothing for her headache, so she downed whatever drink Ernie had shoved into her hands.

"Thanks, Ern. Is it always this loud?" This was definitely not where she wanted to be. She felt absolutely sick to her stomach, and the pop music was deafening.

"Yeah, but aren't the men just divine?" Ernie sighed, gazing at a couple of bronze gods a few feet away, jiving together. Now, that was one point she couldn't disagree with.

"Why are all the handsome ones gay?" Ginny pouted with her already full lips. "I swear it's ridiculous."

"Well, darling, some of the men here are AC/DC, you know." Ernie winked at her and laughed when her face lit up.

"I think I'll go to the bar and get a few more drinks." Ginny slinked off with a slightly scary look on her face, her long, red hair swaying over the back of her satin green dress.

"I don't think we'll be seeing her anytime soon. Doesn't she look gorgeous? I wish I had that hair!" Ernie turned back to Hermione and watched as she downed another shot. "So, what's this the angel over there told me over the Floo about man trouble? Anyone specific?"

Hermione couldn't seem to tear her eyes away from the line of empty glasses in front of her. Were they all hers? "Yeah. Ummm, did you hear that Harry's getting engaged?" She managed to glance at him through her eyelashes before returning to the glasses.

"Yeah, Ginny mentioned it. Sounds wicked!" Ernie's smile didn't last long, however. "Oh, no. Oh, honey, it's him, isn't it?"

Hermione suddenly needed to blink quite a lot and instead focused on the heels that Ginny had forced her to wear.

When she didn't answer, Ernie sighed. "You poor dear. No wonder you're trying to drown your sorrows." He slipped his arm around her waist and led her to the bar where he promptly ordered shots for the both of them. "Why didn't you ever tell him about your feelings?"

"I didn't know myself! I always thought that we were just friends." She tried to gulp down the lump in her throat - a result of tears that were still threatening to spill. "I just thought that we were closer than Ron and I. Besides, even if I'd known, how could I have told him?" Her forehead made a thumping noise as it hit the bar. "I would never have been able to look at him again once he turned me down!"

"Drink up, sweetie, and then I'm taking you home. You've had far too much." Ernie looked around for Ginny and finally found her further down the bar, surrounded by men. "How does she get them so easily, even in a gay bar?" Ernie sulked. Meanwhile, Hermione started losing her ability to focus, and it took her a minute to decipher Ernie's mumble. "I'm going to tell Ginny the plan. Stay here."

"Of course!" She finished her drink in one swallow and asked the bartender for another, wincing slightly at the sensation of drunkenness.

"You'd better watch yourself there. You've been drinking those faster than I can make them!" He had a charming smile, but his mannerisms were decidedly camp.

"You know," Hermione whispered over the bar, "he doesn't deserve me. He can marry that bloody Mary." She had thought that Ron was being inane only a few hours ago with his Mary joke, but now she couldn't seem to stop laughing. "Bloody Mary!"

The bartender didn't even try to cut in and set her drink in front of her. She took a long gulp of her drink, and her inebriated curiosity made her ask, "What is this anyway? It's so yummy!"

"It's a Sex on a Beach."

If Harry marrying Mary was funny, that was riotous.

"Okay, it's time to go now, Hermione," Ernie said as he returned from talking to Ginny. Hermione frowned at him. "Thanks for taking care of her, Luke. Just put it on my tab, and I'll see you later."

"Wasn't he dishy?" Hermione giggled as she bumped into Ernie.

"Yes, Luke's a dear." When he had to stop Hermione from colliding with a rubbish bin for the third time, he couldn't help but mumble, "This is going to be a long walk."