

So Close...

by Rose of the West

She had every intention of accepting the proposal she engineered.

The Ring

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters here and the world they inhabit are the creation and property of JK Rowling and her assigns.

Ron Weasley was a catch. He wasn't quite the catch that Harry Potter was, but he was cute, and he had that bumbling idiot thing about him that made her swoon. Lavender had engineered the whole thing quite carefully, encouraging Hermione to visit the Bulgarian and then "happening" upon Ron at the Leaky Cauldron.

She had listened sympathetically as he told her all his worries. She had helped him convince himself that Hermione must like the other wizard better. She had encouraged him to realize that she was more mature than she used to be. For example, she had stopped using childish expressions like "Ron-Ron." She set everything up and coddled and pampered him into believing he loved her as much as she loved his reputation.

Hermione's imminent return only sped the timetable. He was so intoxicated by her that she was sure he would ask her, soon. In fact, she saw him at the jeweler's shop with his brother George that very morning. They had a date and he told her that he felt it would be a special evening.

She dressed carefully. She needed the right sort of outfit to match the sort of ring he would buy with all the money he was now reported to have. She got a manicure by using Ron's name to preempt the appointment some lesser witch had. She curled her hair carefully and applied the perfect makeup. She was flawless.

He didn't actually ask; he just pushed the box across the table. She smiled coyly and said that she couldn't imagine refusing. Then she opened it.

It was an insult. There were gold, silver, and yes, even diamonds enough to satisfy her acquisitive heart. Yet the design was simply... wrong. She couldn't accept it. It was an insult. With tears in her eyes, she left the table, hoping that this time she had really seen the last of him.

When next she saw him, Ron was escorting the Granger witch to a gala. Hermione's hand was tucked into his elbow and covered by his other hand. When he moved that other hand off to point at something, the gorgeously proper diamond ring shone across the room. What made Lavender have to leave the room was the ring Ron had offered to *her*, hanging like a prize from a chain around Hermione's neck.

Credit to LynF's prompt:

I blame Pennfana for tainting mah brainz with this: <http://www.regretsy.com/2010/07/21/when-irish-goatse-are-smiling/>

Write a drabble involving a male character of your choice, a female character of your choice, and that ring. And it must involve a proposal.