

# Ring of Glory, Ring of Shame

*by lyn\_f*

It was the most perfect ring he had ever seen. And he was hoping for a perfect night to propose to his one, true love.

## One-Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

It was the most perfect ring he had ever seen. And he was hoping for a perfect night to propose to his one, true love.

*I don't own them. It's all JK Rowling's. I'm just borrowing them for the moment.*

---

It was the most amazing ring he had ever seen.

He had done some research on Claddagh rings, and he liked the symbolism behind the ring. It was a perfect way for him to express his love for Hermione.

Draco snorted. A couple of years ago, in the aftermath of the defeat of the Dark Lord, he would never have imagined himself talking to the Gryffindor princess, much less falling in love with her. But, as they say, love is blind, and he was aware that politically, it would be a good move for the formerly bigoted pure-blood to declare his undying love and devotion to a Muggle-born.

Turning his attention back to the ring, he admired the diamonds outlining the heart and the golden hands on either side of it. He smiled as he remembered the description that went along with it: "A contemporary version of the traditional Irish wedding ring, a symbol of friendship and love." He was sure she was not only going to like it, but that she would enthusiastically accept his proposal.

*One week later...*

Draco was nervous. Everything was in place: the most exclusive restaurant in Diagon Alley was booked just for him and Hermione, the most exquisite menu chosen, and the most expensive bottle of wine to accompany it. All he had to do was find the right time to propose to the woman he loved.

Hermione was the picture of loveliness. The dark, forest green dress she wore was even better than the one she had worn at the Yule Ball during their fourth year at Hogwarts. He was charmed by the billowing sleeves and the way the bodice hugged her body in such a way as to accentuate her slim waist. After the dessert course was done and the dishes cleared away, Draco took Hermione's hand and looked intently into her warm, cinnamon-brown eyes.

"Hermione, you are the best thing that ever happened to me." He pulled out the ring and said as he placed it on her left ring finger, "You hold my heart in your hands, and I crown it with my love."

Hermione's eyes filled with tears at that declaration—until she took a close look at the ring. Her eyes widened, and she gasped in horror.

"Oh, Draco, you didn't!"

Draco, confused at Hermione's sudden change in demeanour, shook his head. "Didn't what, love?"

She huffed. "I'm sorry, Draco, but I'm afraid the answer is no."

"But why?"

She stood up and removed the ring from her finger and threw it on the table. "Because of this monstrosity, that's why!" she exclaimed.

He stared, dumfounded at the ring. "What do you mean you said no because of the ring?"

She shook her head, amazed at how incredibly clueless Draco was. "Well... it reminded me of... something."

"What?" Draco asked.

Hermione growled. "Are you that clueless? If you think we're doing to do... whatever this ring implies, you must be deluded. I really thought you'd changed. But it seems all you want me for is a fucktoy. No thank you, Ferret!"

With that, she stomped out of the restaurant, leaving behind a very confused, hurt, and rejected wizard.

---

A/N: Prompt issued by Rose of the West: "She was going to say yes until she saw the ring..."

<http://www.regretsy.com/2010/07/21/when-irish-goatse-are-smiling/>

I'll admit that I had to look up what 'goatse' meant. That threw a different twist into this equation and should, hopefully, explain why Hermione reacted the way she did.

Thanks go to Pennfana for the beta-reading.