

Kismet

by cosmopolitan411

Everyone knows that you don't pick a ginger as your bridesmaid as she will steal your groom.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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NOTE: This is a response to the [superstitions](#) challenge, at which I was assigned to write about the belief that "if a woman sleeps with a piece of wedding cake under her pillow she will dream of her future husband."

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Summary: Everyone knows that you don't pick a ginger as your bridesmaid, as she will steal your groom.

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I'd always been so sure that he was the one for me; ever since I was a young girl I *just knew*. When I first learned of him...*the* Harry Potter, "the-Boy-Who-Lived"...I felt it, this surge of something so amazing, so indescribable; it was kismet.

I even remember the first signs as if they had only happened yesterday. It was when I was only eleven, they came to me slowly, but I immediately recognized them. One night, out of nowhere, I just...I dreamed of taking a bath of all things. And then, the next morning, as I was leaving the kitchen to go take a shower, I stumbled up a flight of

stairs. And *then*, there was the guaranteed indication that something big was going to happen to me...I noticed that the lines of my hand formed *am*.

Now, I've always been a bit of a romantic, and that was really what made me see these little "coincidences" for what they really were. *signs*. As far as love was concerned, I knew all of the superstitions, and those...well, those were three of the most vital and magical ones to have happen to you: sure-fire signs that you will fall in love soon.

I just...I had to know who it was, so I used everything that I knew to my advantage. Every night, before going to bed, I would stand in front of my mirror and brush my hair exactly three times, and then I would go and make sure that my shoes, which I had placed a spring of rosemary and thyme in, were sitting at the foot of my bed, just as the old lore required.

I did it all...wore my night gown inside out, counted nine stars for nine nights, rubbed my headboard with a lemon peel before turning off the light. I even slept with a mirror under my bed, despite the discomfort that it caused me. I took all of the necessary precautions with so much care and precision that it would astound most people that a mere eleven year old is capable of such meticulousness.

And it was worth it, all of the trouble, it really did pay off the end...and ten-fold at that. Just as I was supposed to, I dreamt of what my boyfriend would look like...I dreamt of *him*.

I welcomed it all with ease, more than willing to accept the signs for what they were. But at the same time I also knew what those bloody "logical" people with no sense of intuition or *belief* would say, so I had to test it. I needed to see if what I had always thought was actually as true as I had believed it to be. So when I heard of Ron, George, and Fred's plan to rescue Harry, I got ready for it in my own way.

The day that I learned that he was coming I placed a leaf, that I had had mum transfigure into a four leaf clover, in my right shoe. According to superstition, the next bachelor I would meet would become my husband. In the end, it all happened as I knew it would: he came in as I was eating breakfast. It was him, the first single man, apart from a family member of mine, that I had met since placing the clover in my shoe. Like I said, it was kismet.

Now, some people might say that even *that*...a sure sign from God, no less...isn't enough. They're wrong. I proved as much in my fifth year at Hogwarts when he fell in love with me. Sure, it had taken me five years since I had first learned of our love to get him, but that's not of any real significance. All that matters is that I got him. It was *fate*.

The only reason that we ever even ended things was because the bloody prat was so honorable...really, it's not hard to understand why he's referred to as *the* Harry Potter." He ended it to protect *me*, so Voldemort wouldn't learn of his undying love for *me*. He wouldn't admit it, but I knew that was the reason why. Didn't matter how many times he protested the fact; I knew him and therefore I could interpret the reasoning behind all of his actions.

So I waited.

The end of the war came, but he still needed his space. I let him have it. After all, who am I to refuse *hero* what he needs? I could tell that he wanted to be prepared for our love so nothing could get in the way or hinder it. He only wanted the best for me. He didn't say it, but, of course, I understood him well enough to read between the lines, see past the veneer.

His demons started getting the best of him, and he needed a shoulder to lean on...that's where *she* came in. Poor bloke, he was just so weak, never strong enough to resist her conniving little plan. He fell in love with her in this misguided desperation for some sense of comfort. He saw no solace until she came...she's good at all that psychology shite. But that's all there was to it; he just misinterpreted it as something more. And she...*she* was only too happy to take advantage of that fact, manipulating him, toying with his mind and forcing him to fall in love with her.

It was all rather disgusting to watch, how he'd follow her around like a bloody lost puppy or something, calling her nicknames like "love," "my sexy little bookworm," or just "my minx." I cringed every time I heard that loving tone he used with her, saw how his eyes would light up at the sight of her.

I hated how he was no longer like that with me. The bloody chit just had him so confused. Everything became discombobulated, he couldn't see right from wrong anymore. She controlled him, took advantage of him when he was at his weakest, and kept him under a strong hold. She was a conniving bitch, using that intellect to beguile the man who she supposedly called her best mate. What sort of a person does such a horrid thing?

When he proposed to her I wasn't fooled like the others. They actually had the gall to refer to it as the "romance of the century." *Imbeciles*. I was the only one who actually saw it all for what it really was. I saw past that fake, "loving" facade. I saw how terribly fooled he had been.

And so my ever faithful signs came back to me. It all started when the chit chose me to be her bridesmaid *idiot*. How the bloody hell can people actually call *that* the smartest witch of our age? Everyone knows that you don't pick a ginger as your bridesmaid as she will steal your groom! But, *whatever*, I was okay with it; I was more than willing to accept it for what it was...a sign, reassurance. I just...I knew it was telling me not to give up, and I was sure that it'd pay off in the end, just as it had last time.

The wedding came, and I'll admit that I was rather distressed by the fact...shocked that God, the signs, had all failed me so. I was on the brink of tears as the wedding went

on, my hope quickly evaporating more and more with each word uttered by the priest. The *then* the most wonderful and amazing thing happened.

When *it* happened my heart immediately mended itself...all the broken pieces quickly returning to their rightful place. It was a beautiful sight to behold, one which I took a perverse pleasure in seeing. Everyone said that it was awfully romantic how he was *so* nervous about marrying the "love of his life" that he dropped the ring, but only I knew the *real* connotation, significance, behind that. After all, lore*dictates* that if a groom does that during the ceremony the marriage is doomed to failure.

That night I slept with a piece of their wedding cake under my pillow so that the picture of my future husband came to me in my dreams...I *saw* *him* again: he was there to renew my faith in him.

Everything, it all points to us. It's kismet and I know it. I won't let it *us*, go...I'm stronger than that, and I know I'll persevere in the end. The signs, they'll protect me, I know it.