

# The First Day Of The Rest Of My Life

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It's Hermione and Ron's big day.

## One Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: A huge thanks to thegoodgirldoll for being an amazing beta! I hope you all enjoy this little Romione one-shot.

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### The First Day of the Rest of My Life

Hermione took a deep breath. This was it. Today was the first day of the rest of her life. Today was the day she would marry the love of her life. She trembled slightly just thinking about it.

"Hermione?" She heard a soft voice whisper from outside her bedroom door. She crept over to the door and opened it.

"Ginny, come in!" she whispered excitedly.

The redhead nodded and quietly slipped inside the room. She carried in two cups of tea with her. The two of them made their way to Hermione's bed and sat down on it. Both girls had smiles on their faces, and for some reason, neither of them could stop giggling.

Ginny handed one of the teas to Hermione. They sat in silence for a moment, each drinking their tea.

Ginny was the first to speak. "Hermione, I just can't believe it. This is so exciting!"

Hermione smiled, and nodded her head enthusiastically. "I know. I'm so excited. I just can't believe it; it's finally here. I barely slept last night. I just can't believe I get to marry the love of my life."

Ginny smiled. "I know, Hermione; I'm so happy for you and Ron. The both of you deserve all the happiness in the world."

"Thanks, Ginny. We both got to marry the men we've always loved."

She sent Ginny a grin. The two of them had stayed with their childhood sweethearts. They had been sisters in everything but name and that was soon about to change. Hermione would officially be a member of the Weasley clan.

Ginny blushed. "Hermione, stop. This is your day; let's not talk about my relationship!"

Hermione laughed. "Ginny, don't be so coy. I know you and Harry are perfectly happy in your relationship. I can't believe you two have been married for two years already!"

Harry and Ginny had married a year after the war had finished. Ginny had barely graduated from Hogwarts, and the two of them had tied the knot.

Hermione and Ron had decided to wait a few years. Hermione wanted to become more settled in her career, and Ron had agreed with her.

However, the two of them had decided it was time.

Ginny shrugged. "Life goes by fast. And it will for the two of you too! Don't fret."

Hermione smiled. "I know. It's sort of scary and exciting at the same time. I'm nervous things will be different..."

"Of course they'll be different, Hermione. You two will be husband and wife. Obviously your life is going to change."

Hermione sighed. "I know, Ginny. I'm just scared. What if we don't work out that way?"

Ginny sighed. "Hermione, you and Ron have been together for three years! And you've cared for each other much longer than that. You two will work out perfectly. Trust me, I can just tell. Besides, this is just the pre-wedding nerves. It happens to all of us."

Hermione nodded. "Did you feel like marrying Harry was a mistake?"

Ginny blushed. "Yeah, I thought I was making the biggest mistake of my life. I mean, we got married so soon after the war, and we had barely spent much time actually *together*. I was ready to book it. But Dad held onto my arm tightly, telling me that running away would have been a mistake. It was him who dragged me down the aisle, but halfway down, I started dragging him," she giggled. "I love Harry and we're so happy together. You and Ron will be the same way."

Hermione smiled. "I'm sure you're right."

"Of course I'm right. Ron's my brother; I know him inside out, and you...you're my best friend. I know you pretty well too."

"Yeah, you're right."

The two of them quickly finished their tea.

"Hermione, we have to start getting you ready. It's almost time."

Hermione nodded. "Yes, I suppose we should."

She was nervous. The butterflies in her stomach just wouldn't settle down. She was going to marry Ron today. The idea was still so hard to wrap her head around. He loved her just as much as she loved him. They were meant to be together. She blushed at her thoughts.

Ginny grabbed her and pulled her to the door. "We need to sneak you to my room. I have everything set up in there."

Hermione nodded. Ginny poked her head out and saw that the coast was clear. They quickly scurried their way to Ginny's old bedroom.

Once inside, Ginny began working on Hermione's hair immediately. She was muttering charms here and there, but doing most of it by hand. Hermione closed her eyes, letting Ginny take care of everything. She moved to her face and nails, putting great detail into every inch of her.

Hermione became lost in her thoughts, imagining what her new life with Ron would be like.

"Open your eyes, Hermione. I'm done with my masterpiece."

Hermione opened her eyes and immediately squealed in delight.

"Ginny, I can't even...words can't describe how amazing this is. Thank you so much."

Hermione didn't even recognize the witch staring back at her in the mirror.

Her brown hair had been pulled into a low bun, with loose curls hanging here and there. It was so simple, yet so elegant at the same time. She touched the curls gently, pleased to find that they were soft.

"Ginny, I love my hair. It's perfect. Thank you," Hermione said with a smile.

Ginny beamed. "Of course, Hermione. I knew you wouldn't want anything too dramatic, but I had to keep it classy."

Hermione chuckled. "That's right! We're classy girls," she said with a tinge of flare in her voice.

The two just looked at each other before bursting out into giggles.

Hermione looked back into the mirror. Ginny had done her make-up flawlessly as well. She had done a gentle smoky eye, making her golden eyes pop. A little pink blush had been dabbed on her cheekbones and her lips were a soft rose color. It was perfect.

"Ginny, thank you."

Ginny chuckled. "I just did your hair and makeup. Stop acting like it's a big deal."

Hermione pulled her friend in for a tight hug. "It is a big deal," she whispered.

Ginny looked at her and a few tears leaked from her eyes. "I'm just so happy for you!"

Hermione felt her eyes begin to water as well. She quickly began to fan them away, not wanting to ruin her make up. "Ginny, you're going to make me cry! Stop it!"

Ginny nodded. "I don't want you to ruin my fantastic job, now do I? Come on, it's time to get you dressed."

Hermione blushed, and then stripped down to her knickers. It wasn't as if Ginny had never seen her change before. The two of them had shared bedrooms during their summers at the Burrow.

Ginny smirked, then handed Hermione a very small piece of clothing.

Hermione look horrified. "Ginevra, what is this?"

Ginny sent another smirk her way. "It's what you're supposed to wear under your wedding dress."

"Ginny, I can't wear this! This, this, this is nothing! There is nothing to this! I can't." Hermione was bright red in the face.

Ginny laughed. "Just put it on, Hermione. It's sexy. Wear it."

Hermione looked down at the material in her hand.

"Besides, every bride needs to wear something skimpy beneath her gown. It's practically a bridal tradition." Ginny added with a waggle of her eyebrows.

Hermione took a deep breath and quickly changed into the lingerie. Taking another deep breath, she stepped out so Ginny could see her.

"Hermione! You look hot!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah yeah yeah, can we just put my dress on now?" Hermione said exasperated. Her nerves were getting the best of her.

Ginny nodded, noticing the frantic look appearing in her friend's eye. "Yes, Hermione. Arms up!"

Hermione placed her arms above her, closing her eyes. She heard the rustling of fabric, then felt the cool material caress her skin. She opened her eyes and adjusted the top, so it was aligned right. Ginny swiftly began lacing up her back.

Turning, she looked in the mirror. She gasped once more. The dress was beautiful. Simple, yet elegant. The ivory dress was a halter top A line. The material cascaded down her body, pooling near her feet. Small flowers were embroidered all over the dress, and a light blue bow rested on her hips.

"You look beautiful, dear," Arthur Weasley murmured from the doorway.

Ginny and Hermione both turned to face him.

"Thank you, Arthur," Hermione said with a smile.

Ginny excused herself. She wanted to make sure everything else was in order.

Hermione faced Arthur, who simply smiled at her.

"Arthur, thank you again for agreeing to walk me down the aisle," Hermione said. She was grateful he said he would. Hermione had come to terms with the fact that she was unable to find her parents, and that she would never see them again. It hurt, more than anything, but she would be all right. She had to be.

Arthur walked over to her, pulling her in for a hug. "Hermione, I've come to think of you as a second daughter. It's an honor on my part."

She smiled. "I'm just so nervous about everything. I haven't seen Ron in days, and I miss him, which I suppose is a bit silly on my part. I'm just stressed, and oh..." She broke off, a few tears falling from her eyes.

"Come on, Hermione; wipe those tears from your eyes. It's time." Arthur grabbed her hand and gently led her down the stairs into the kitchen. Looking out from the window, Hermione could see the tent set up outside.

This was it. She was going to marry Ron. Today she would become Hermione Weasley.

"Ready, Arthur?" she asked, grabbing onto his arm.

"Yes, Hermione," he said with a soft smile.

The music began playing. It was her moment to shine.

Hermione closed her eyes and took a step forward. Another step. Another step.

Opening her eyes, she looked up. Her gaze traveled down the aisle where it met Ron's. His eyes were opened wide, taking in her beauty.

He had the biggest grin on his face. She smiled back at him.

*I love you Hermione*, he mouthed to her.

She smiled even more. This would be the happiest day of her life.

Hermione glanced to Harry, who was standing next to Ron with tears in his eyes. He nodded his head to the side of him slightly. Confused, Hermione followed his nod.

She gasped once more when she saw who was standing next to Harry.

Her parents.

She had the biggest smile on her face. It all made sense. Ron and Harry had found her parents while they'd been away. They must have reversed the memory charms.

Ron loved her so much. He did that for her. Just to make her happy.

And she loved him back.

Arthur and Hermione made their way to Ron. He placed her small hand into his son's.

"I give you both my blessing and I wish you two all the happiness in the world."

Ron squeezed her hand. She looked to him and tried to convey all the love in her gaze to him.

"I love you, Ronald."

"I love you too, Hermione," he said with a smile.

Kingsley's deep voice boomed out. "Dearly beloved..."