

Middle Aisle

Written by: Amaryllia

This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by JK Rowling, various publishers including but not limited to Bloomsbury Books, Scholastic Books and Raincoast Books, and Warner Bros., Inc. No money is being made and no copyright or trademark infringement is intended.

Middle Aisle

I should've been the one walking down that middle aisle.

The bride walked down the aisle gracefully, the long fabric flowed behind her, trailing after her path.

I should've been the one he was waiting for.

The groom took her gloved hand, she smiled.

They stood in front, back to their enormous audience. The boy, who lived, was getting married.

The engagement ring gleamed on her middle finger; the bride stole glances at it, looking at the sapphire stone on it.

I looked at it with envy to my own best friend.

The ring should've been on my middle finger.

The groom looked at his bride, his eyes showing a sincere and soft look as his eyes scanned her smiling face.

The priest cleared his throat, and everyone's attention was back on the wedding procession.

So was mine, as I stared at the couple standing on the altar.

It should've been me standing on the middle of that altar.

“Do you, Harry James Potter, take Hermione Jane Granger as your lawfully wedded wife?”

I saw the priest taking a deep breath.

“To have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish; from this day forward until death do you part?”

“I do”, he said, as my heart crashed and sink to hear him say those words to another woman.

I'll still love him, no matter what. Maybe, there is hope he would realize from his dense heart that I love him before she says 'I do'.

“Do you, Hermione Jane Granger, take Harry James Potter as your lawfully wedded husband?”

She smiled, ready to say the two words that would seal their marriage.

“To have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish; from this day forward until death do you part?”

“I do.”

I was sitting on the middle of the middle row, trying to keep as far away as possible. Yet I wish I was in the middle of the altar, saying the vows in her place.

I heard the crowd cheering for them, filling the place with laughter. In my mind, this laughter only covered the sound of my heart breaking, my silent tears, and my heart falling apart, crashing in contact with the cold reality.

“You may kiss the bride.”

I closed my eyes, as moments ceased.

I couldn't bear seeing the man I love with my best friend.

Memories of trying to pry them apart secretly slowly flashed in my mind. I had been a terrible friend to them.

I had always tried to show him my feelings, but his eyes were reserved for her. I knew I was deliberately trying to stand in the middle of their relationship, but fate was fate, and destiny was destiny, I had tried to be in the middle, beside him. All I've done is hurt myself while trying to hurt my best friend.

I had failed constantly in my efforts, and now, drenched in guilt, I still felt the pain of failing to be his only one.

Was I always the one trying to be in the middle of them?

I looked at the smile that adorned his face.

I regretted his love for her, and had always tried to be the obstacle, hoping that one day their relationship was just a nightmare, and that when I woke up, he was mine.

My dreams never came true.

I tried to make my best friend unhappy, now I realized that by doing so, I had made him hurt as well.

I tried to control my emotions and feelings, despite her being my best friend. But my love for him overcame it all.

I watched him with a heavy heart on his wedding day, trying to be happy for him. Today, I wore a fake smile.

I saw the flower in the middle of them, their hands entwining as they held on to the bouquet.

Maybe, those fingers in the white gloves he's touching could've been mine.

Hermione closed her eyes as he let go of the bouquet that came between them, she turned her back against us one more time as she launched the flowers on the direction of the crowd.

I would've usually been a part of the enthusiastic unmarried girls and women running to be the one who catches the bouquet. But I didn't want to marry, I didn't want to love and hurt again.

I didn't want to be in the middle of the happy crowd, because I wasn't happy.

I watched as they walked down the middle aisle one more time, and the moment flashed through and through.

Even after they walked out the door with the crowd following them to the limo.

I stayed in silence, not moving to say congratulations like everyone else; I was left alone in the church, mourning for the death of my heart.

Until the day I die, I know, I'll still want to be the one walking down the middle aisle with him, hand in hand. I'd still want her engagement ring on my middle finger, and I'd still want to be in the middle of them, finally taking her place.

Ginny Weasley walked out of the church, eyes red, alone, and aside from them at last, but she knew she still wished to be the one who had walked down the middle aisle with him.