

# Mollywobbles

by Aurette

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Chapter 1 of 1

Arthur Weasley finally makes a stand.

He could understand. Really, it wasn't difficult. Jim Bennett was all flash and dazzle with his long side-burns and mustache, and Arthur Weasley was, well... *not*. His mother would kill him if he tried to grow his hair down into his eyes or wore pegged trousers.

How could he compete? Not that he'd ever worked up the nerve to try.

Honestly, it wasn't until last year that it had even occurred to him that perhaps he ought to. However, in the year since his thunder strike of a revelation that his friend was, in fact, an angel in disguise, he still hadn't worked up the nerve.

Instead, he just sat in the Gryffindor common room and watched her, and she watched Jim. He glanced over to the object of her ardor and sighed. He and Freddie Pimpleton were ogling a Muggle magazine. Arthur would have loved to take a look at it but knew the two boys wouldn't give him the time of day.

"Oi, look at her! Isn't she a tasty bird?" exclaimed Bennett.

"Why isn't the picture moving?" asked Freddie. Arthur rolled his eyes.

" 'Cause that's Muggle photography, that is," Jim said.

"But I want to see her *move*. Can she even blink with those lashes? They're huge! And look how big her eyes are! Who is she?"

"Her name's Twiggy."

"Really? Is that because she's so skinny?"

Jim thwacked his friend with the magazine. "That's not skinny, that's *gamin*."

"What, she's a he then?"

"Don't be stupid! She just *looks* boyish, you see? That's the rage! Totally mod, get it?"

"Yeah," said Freddie, clearly lying. "She's a looker, for sure."

"All Muggle birds are. Not like witches at all, are they? I mean, just look at Prewett. She's all cardigans and wobbly bits. *That's* what we'll get saddled with. I bet she's never even *heard* of Carnaby street." Jim tsked in disgust. "C'mon. Let's get out of here. Just seeing her is depressing."

Arthur took one look at his angel's ashen face and leapt up out of his seat. Clenching his fists, he stormed across the common room. She looked up at him, blinking away humiliated tears as she gathered up her knitting.

"Molly," he blurted. "If you want me to give him a punch on the nose, I will! But first, I just want to say that—" he felt his throat closing over, so he forced the words out as fast as he could before he lost his nerve—"I'm really rather fond of your wobbles!" Knowing he was turning bright red, he struggled on. "I've been watching your wobbles rather closely for the last year now. They're perfect." Knowing he was now fully committed, he finally shut up.

Her face seemed to jump from one expression to another to another, and finally she lifted up her chin and said, "Why, Arthur Weasley! That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me. Now, do sit down and tell me more..."

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Prompt: The first baby steps of a new relationship.

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Thank you to my wonderful beta!