

To Move a Mountain, Move a Pebble

by phoenix

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One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: I would like to thank Giton for her assistance as my beta reader and letting me know that this really did make sense. This was originally written for the LJ Summer Smut 2008 exchange for Anathema1980 and is finally being reposted here.

It ignores not only the epilogue, but the fact that Remus was killed in the final battle. I curse JKR for orphaning Teddy and robbing us of a future wizarding world with Remus Lupin finally proving he is worthy.

The war was over. Really over. Hermione was numb. All around her she saw the dead and wounded, the rubble of the castle, but even through all that, there was happiness and relief that the war was finally over.

The Weasleys were mourning Fred's loss, and she felt that she didn't belong with them, that they needed time just for family. Wandering through the Great Hall, she was lost, alone, looking for a kindred soul. She found him in the Entrance Hall. Remus Lupin was cradling his wife's body.

Slowly she approached him and placed her hand on his shoulder in a reassuring manner, letting him know that he was not alone.

In a hoarse whisper, he said, "I begged her to stay at home, to take care of Teddy, but she insisted."

She sat next to him on the rubble, placing her arm around his shoulders. "She did it to fight for Teddy's freedom." The words sounded weak, hollow, but it was the truth. Teddy would have had no place in Voldemort's world, not as a half-blood son of a werewolf.

"One person would not have mattered," he said.

"Remus, a mother's desire to protect her child is very powerful. She knew what he was going to face. And she would not want to be known as a coward." After the words were out of her mouth, she knew it was the wrong thing to say, and she desperately wished she could have taken the words back.

"It is not cowardly to stay at home and protect your child," he insisted.

"I know that. But you know how she was."

He finally set her body down and leaned on Hermione. "I know. That was part of why I loved her." He brushed Dora's hair, no longer vibrant pink, but it's natural mousy brown, trying to smooth it down.

"I don't feel much like celebrating either. Do you want to find someplace quiet and talk?" Hermione asked.

"I... think that would be a good idea. I'm not ready to go home and tell Andromeda yet. Poor woman. Losing both her husband and child."

She gave his hand a squeeze. "But she still has you and Teddy."

He smiled weakly at her. "That she does."

They found a quiet place at the edge of the forest that was untouched by the battle and sat on a fallen log, talking for hours. Sometimes about Hermione's travels during their quest for the Horcruxes and how perhaps they could have done with his advice a few times. Sometimes about Teddy and others, just reminiscing about Tonks. Finally, they both felt ready to face the world. Remus left to tell Andromeda the bad news and Hermione went to find Harry and Ron.

After a year, Hermione was feeling as though she had found her place in the Ministry. Granted it was in the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, but you had to start somewhere, and she had some very big ideas. First and foremost was rectifying the injustices against werewolves.

Even with all he had done during the war, Remus was still treated like a second class citizen and was not able to find employment. Andromeda had the means to take care of both him and Teddy, but during her visits she could tell this bothered Remus.

Her ideas had been met coolly; no doubt her superiors thinking that she would move on to something more appropriate. And there was the fact the department had been reworking regulations dealing with the goblins and had just last week found someone the goblins found acceptable to head their department.

Actually, this was a fact that Hermione was trying to use to her advantage. She hoped that everyone would be too busy trying to placate the goblins to pay too much attention to her. The first thing she needed to do was recruit people to her side. Naturally Harry would support her, and his support meant a lot in the wizarding world. And Bill would also be on her side he would put a human face to werewolf victims.

She really needed a werewolf on her side, one who could present a respectable face to the wizarding world, and she knew that it had to be Remus Lupin. But she wasn't sure he would agree. He preferred to exist in the shadows, being ignored by everyone. In the past if they hadn't ignored him, they had treated him poorly. She knew that his one hope was that Teddy could grow up and have a normal life, and that was more likely to happen if people didn't know what his father was. She would have to overcome his natural reluctance.

Deciding there was no time like the present, she decided to stop by their house after work. It had been a few weeks since she had seen Teddy anyway.

She knocked on the door to Andromeda's house, and it only took a few seconds for her to answer the door. "Hermione. How nice to see you again. Teddy's been wondering where you were."

"Work has been hectic, but things are finally starting to get back to normal. How have you been?"

"Better. I think I've almost got Ted's business back on track after all the damage it sustained."

"That's good to hear. Is Remus around?"

"He's out back with Teddy. Will you be staying for tea?" Andromeda asked politely.

"I will, but I'm afraid this is as much business as it is a social call."

"I'll let the two of you take tea in the Garden, and I'll bring Teddy indoors then," Andromeda offered helpfully, a sad look in her eyes.

As Hermione walked back to the garden, she was once again amazed that this wonderful and compassionate woman had Bellatrix LeStrange as her sister. She could see the resemblance to Narcissa Malfoy, but not to Bellatrix.

"Hi, Remus," she said as she walked into the back garden. He was sitting in the grass playing with Teddy who giggled and clapped excitedly at seeing Hermione.

A broad smile emerged on Remus' face. "Hermione! How wonderful to see you."

She knelt next to him and ruffled Teddy's hair. "Hi, Teddy. My, aren't you growing quickly."

"Like a sprout. He's almost walking now," Remus said proudly.

"Wonderful." After a moment, she asked, "How are you doing?"

"I'm managing. I help Andromeda when I can, but Teddy takes a lot of time." He looked away from her.

She placed her hand on his arm in a show of support. "Remember, if there's anything I can do to help..."

"I know. I just know that all of you are busy with your jobs, your families..." his voice trailed off sadly.

"... And you don't want to be burden," she finished. "Remus, you aren't a burden. You're part of the family and a good friend." He was always so modest and reticent, thinking he was a burden on everyone. She only wished that he would open up and realize that he was surrounded by people who loved him and were willing to help him.

She didn't get to say anything else because Andromeda came out of the house with the tea service. "Here we go. A nice light tea." She bent down to pick up Teddy. "Come on, little guy. It's time for you to go inside."

Remus immediately knew something was going on. "So, what brings you here? It's obviously not a social call," he said as they moved to the table and chairs where Andromeda had placed the tea.

"No. Not entirely. Remus, I need your help." She was saddened by the speed at which he started to close himself up emotionally.

"My help?" he asked skeptically.

"Yes. I've managed to get the department to agree to put me in charge of the werewolf branch..."

He cut her off. "No. You know how I feel, Hermione. It's best for Teddy if I remain in the shadows."

"Remus, you are an incredibly intelligent and talented wizard, but no one will ever know that because you let them continue to oppress you. I need a werewolf ambassador if I am to get any rights for folks with your affliction. You are proof that werewolves can assimilate into society. You successfully taught an entire year at Hogwarts and were the best Defense Against the Dark Arts professor in a good many years."

"We don't deserve rights. Look at what the others did!" he said angrily.

She shot back, "Because they had no choice. If we can get rights, get werewolves out of the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, get them on Wolfsbane, we will give them something to strive for. I want to create a werewolf education program to help them learn how to be part of society, teach them how to use their magic for those who didn't get a chance at going to school." He wasn't looking convinced, so she decided to play her hold card. "I want Teddy to be proud of his father."

He flinched at that last remark as though it physically stung. "Hermione, I..."

She reached over and placed her hand on his knee. "Remus, please. I need you. I cannot do this without you," she said gently.

He stared into her eyes for a few moments. "You are a very persistent witch."

"One of the best." She smiled softly. "I know that I can do this. You once said I was the brightest witch of my age. Trust me."

"All right. But I don't want to go public with this until we have a decent plan," he said reluctantly.

She grinned. "I've been working on it for months. Come over to my place after dinner and Teddy's down for the night, and I'll go over it with you." She got up to leave and bent over and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you." As she left, she was nearly bouncing.

Remus watched her leave. He had no idea why he had agreed to work with her. After Dora had died, he had vowed that he would lay low, not taint Teddy with the stigma of what he was, but there was something in her enthusiasm that was infectious. She believed that she could make the world better for his kind, and he knew how relentless she could be, that it was because of her that Harry had succeeded in so much that he had accomplished, so he believed along with her.

Andromeda walked back into the garden. "Teddy's down for a nap. What did Hermione want?" she asked as she sat down and poured tea.

"She wanted to talk to me about werewolf rights," he said simply, still not believing that he had agreed to help her.

"Is that what she's working with now? Good for her. I assume she wants your help?" Andromeda said hopefully.

"She does. I'm going over there this evening to listen to her plan."

Andromeda smiled at him. "I think you could have no better person working on this. She doesn't like to take no for an answer."

"That may be true, but she will be fighting against hundreds of years of discrimination." He refused to get his hopes up, that someone who was barely of age could make a change this monumental.

"Yes, but she has a few things working in her favor. I think the fact that she is Muggle-born will be of immense help. She can help the others see past discrimination they have learned from their parents. And she has a sympathetic Minister. She can present a case that Kingsley cannot ignore."

He sighed and leaned back in his chair. "Perhaps, but I don't want to get my hopes up."

"Think positive, Remus. If you think it will fail, then you will make it fail."

"I know. I've just lived with disappointment for so long. It seems that every time happiness comes my way... something ruins it," he finished softly.

"It will change. Just be patient." She patted his knee.

He wanted desperately to believe what she was saying, but so many bad things had happened in his life. He had lost his best friends, found one only to lose him again, found love only to have her taken from him as well. A part of him feared that if Hermione's plan didn't work, he might lose Teddy, and he wasn't sure if he could bear that.

After Teddy was in bed, he Apparated to Grimmauld Place where Harry and Hermione were roommates. She greeted him warmly and led him to the kitchen table, which was strewn with papers outlining her plan. It took her a little over an hour to explain the plan to him. Obviously she had been working on this for months. It was incredibly well thought out, and even his pessimistic side could not find any fault with it.

"This It's amazing, Hermione. How long have you been working on this?" He had never seen the case for werewolf rights presented so completely. There had always been some sort of hole that caused the campaign to fail.

She blushed slightly. "I started on this when I started with the Ministry."

"Really? Why?"

She reached her hand across the table and grasped his. Smiling warmly, she replied, "For you. After all you have done for us, you deserve this. And by assimilating werewolves, hopefully we can stop this plague and spare others from this fate."

He returned her smile. "You really are a wonderful witch, and I cannot thank you enough for this."

"I think you should save your thanks until we succeed. I don't know about you, but I could do with a bite to eat. Care to join me? Though there's not much in the house right now because Kreacher hasn't been to the market yet, and I don't want to disturb him. There's a pub down the road that isn't too bad. Muggle... but I think that'll be better."

"I'd like that."

As they walked down the street, she talked about some of the places she would like to see one day. It was obvious that she had also done some research on other magical places in the world. Some of them were places that he had longed of visiting since childhood, and he told her about some of the pictures he had seen from his parents' travels.

Being with her made him feel young again. Her energy was infectious. They continued their tourism discussion over a light meal.

"What about Shangri-La? Wouldn't you just love to go there?" she asked eagerly.

All wizarding children had grown up hearing about Shangri-La, but it was a very controlled city and very difficult to get permission to enter. "I would, but it's been years since I've heard of anyone from Britain visiting. They have denied Ministers of Magic entry," he replied.

"I've been looking into it, and it's one of the things I've been working on. It'll take a few years, but I can put together the experience and proposal to get permission," she said, as though that sort of thing was no barrier to her aspiration.

He didn't doubt that she could. Checking his watch, he noted the time, nearly midnight. "It's getting late. We should probably get going."

She blushed as she checked her own watch. "Oh, it is, isn't it? I'm sorry to have kept you so late."

"Don't be. I had a good time." And he meant it.

Shortly after they left the pub, the skies opened up. Since they were on a packed Muggle street, they couldn't use magic, and Hermione hadn't brought her cloak. Remus pulled her close and held his over both their heads as they hurried back to Grimmauld Place.

Once inside, she pulled out her wand and quickly dried them both. "I think I got it all."

"You did a wonderful job. Thank you."

"Thank you for the cloak, it helped."

They stood in awkward silence staring at each other for several minutes. Finally, he leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek. "Well, good night."

When he returned home, the house was dark and quiet. He went to his room and lay in bed thinking about what had happened that evening. While walking back in the rain, she had wrapped her arm around him and it had felt good. He tried to rationalize that she had only done so to stay close to him in order to stay as dry as possible, but her touch had felt more intimate than that.

If he had been too old for Dora, he was definitely too old for her. Banishing thoughts of Hermione's arm around his waist, he rolled over and tried to go to sleep, but it eluded him as his brain replayed that awkward moment in the entry hall where he had tried to determine how to say goodnight.

Over the next few weeks, they would meet one or two evenings a week as she prepared him for what would happen when she submitted her proposal. There would naturally be a hearing, and she helped him think through answers to any question she could imagine.

After she submitted the proposal and the hearing was scheduled, they would meet every evening. "Hermione, I'm ready." When she started to talk, he interrupted, "We have been over the questions several times. I'm ready."

"I know. I just don't want anything to go wrong," she said nervously.

He placed his hands on her shoulders. "It won't. Your attention to detail is unsurpassed."

She collapsed into his arms. "I'm so nervous. I've never done anything this big before."

He held her protectively. "You helped defeat Voldemort."

She laughed. "I did, didn't I? I think we should get some sleep. I'll stop by your house tomorrow, so we can go to the Ministry together."

"See you at eight," he said and kissed her on the top of the head before releasing her. Her hand lingered on his a few moments before she let go.

"See you tomorrow," she said fondly.

When he left Grimmauld Place, there were people on the street so he couldn't Disapparate right away. As he walked down the street, he tried to get the look in her eyes out of his mind, but he couldn't. There was something in the way that she looked at him that said that she liked him as something more than a friend.

"Remus, you are imagining things. There is *no* way that she is interested in you like that," he muttered to himself. But then he started thinking about her behavior the last few weeks. She seemed to constantly be touching him and smiling at him. Could she feel that way about him? Could he handle her feeling that way about him? Did he return her affection? Of course he did, but it wasn't appropriate, was it?

He decided to keep walking and ponder these questions because he knew he would never be able sleep right now anyway.

The hearing went very much as they had rehearsed. Once Hermione had found out who would be on the panel, she had tailored her practice questions based on what she knew about them. He had done his best to appear just like any other normal, respectable wizard. Thanks to his time amongst the werewolves for the Order, he had intimate knowledge on what their biggest dissatisfactions were, and he and Hermione both presented a plan which would address those issues.

And Hermione. She was very impressive. She attacked the old wizarding prejudices against his kind without insulting anyone. She used her Muggle-born nature and lack of those prejudices to illustrate how it would be possible to accept werewolves, and the panel had seemed most interested in her theory that better treatment and acceptance of werewolves would lead to fewer folks being bitten by werewolves and how that could lead to its eradication.

She finished with, "Let Britain lead the worldwide wizarding community into a new age of enlightenment, show them that Voldemort was an aberration and not something indicative of our wizarding society."

At this dénouement, a few members of the panel actually broke out in applause, completely caught up in her speech.

Kingsley arched an eyebrow at them, and they quickly tried to regain their composes. Turning back to Hermione and Remus, he said, "Thank you, Miss Granger. If you will return to your office, the panel would like to deliberate. We'll send a memo recalling you when a decision has been reached."

"Thank you, Minister," she said and then rose and gathered her notes.

On the way out of the room, she dropped one of the files. Remus leaned over to pick it up as she did, and their hands touched. "Allow me to help you with some of that," he said with a smile as they both stood up. Before she could protest, he took the top half of the stack from her arms.

Once they were out of the hearing room, she leaned against the door. "We did it! They liked it. I can tell."

He chuckled softly. "I think the applause does indicate that. It was an excellent summation. Perhaps you should go into magical law?"

"Oh, I don't know. I kind of like this. I get to pick the battles I fight, whereas you don't always get that opportunity in law."

They rode the lift down to her office in silence. After depositing her papers on her desk, she started to pace the cubicle area restlessly. "I wonder how long it's going to take?"

"I don't know. But I want to thank you again for doing this. It really wasn't necessary, and it was certainly unexpected for you to offer to help werewolves."

"But it was necessary. You are a war hero who is treated like a second class citizen, if you are lucky. You have proven that being a werewolf does not make you any less of a man. I had to do it for you," she said softly. She was standing in front of him, staring up into his eyes.

Looking into her eyes, Remus knew how she felt about him. He was about to lean forward and kiss her when a paper airplane began circling over her desk.

"The memo!" she said excitedly.

Remus stepped back and let her read it.

"They're ready for us. This is great news. If it didn't take them long, it must mean that they are for it."

He didn't want to dampen her enthusiasm, but he didn't want to get his hopes too high. Despite their outward enthusiasm, it was possible they had decided to deny her request.

When they returned to the hearing room, Kingsley waited for them to be seated before he began speaking. "Miss Granger, that was a very well thought out and informative presentation. It certainly gave all of us here a lot to think about. As you know, the Ministry is in negotiations with the goblins concerning their rights, something that will have world-wide impact. This proposal of yours would be equally far reaching. You are correct that wizarding Britain could lead the world into a new age of enlightenment.

"Of course, it also depends on how the werewolves receive your plan. The Ministry authorizes your plan to contact the werewolves. Additionally, a new division will be created at St. Mungo's to oversee the distribution of Wolfsbane. Good luck, Miss Granger, Mr. Lupin."

"Thank you, Minister," they replied in unison.

Once outside the hearing room, she wrapped her arms around his neck and impulsively kissed him. Without thinking, he returned the kiss, deepening it, his tongue hungrily delving her mouth. When he finally broke the kiss, he said, "I think... Perhaps..."

"No one's home right now," she finished, a look of longing in her eyes.

"After you," he said.

Once they got to the lift, she impatiently jabbed at the button. "Patience, Hermione," he said, wrapping his arm around her and pulling her away from the button. She felt good pressed up against him.

They rushed into the lift when the doors opened. Noticing it was empty, he pressed her against the wall for another kiss. It took all his self-control to do nothing more.

When the lift doors opened at the lobby, they hurried to the fireplaces, eager to floo back to Grimmauld Place.

Upon arriving, he pressed her against the table and ripped open her robes, once again kissing her passionately. He couldn't get enough of her.

She pushed his head back long enough to say, "Not here."

Letting her up, he followed her upstairs, divesting himself of clothing as he did so. By the time they got to her room, he only had on his boxers and socks. She had a mischievous grin on her face, and he took his time unbuttoning her shirt. She lazily traced the scars on his chest, her touch sending sparks through his skin.

He throbbed with need, wanting to plunge himself into her, but he knew their first time should be drawn out, memorable, not just a quick shag. Reaching behind her, he unhooked her bra. Leaning forward, he took one of her nipples in his mouth and used his tongue to tease it to hardness. She moaned at his ministrations.

Her moan of desire nearly sent him over the edge. He had considered himself lucky to be loved once, but to have found it a second time was truly miraculous.

Reaching down, he slipped his finger between her legs and found her already wet. She spread her legs, beckoning his touch. Using one finger and then a second he stretched her, preparing her. He then rubbed her nub, enjoying watching her squirm.

She dug her fingers into his shoulders, arching her back and moaning breathily, "Oh, Remus."

It was music to his ears to hear his name coming from her lips, and once again he nipped at her breasts.

She started panting heavily as he found the perfect spot to excite her. Wrapping her legs around him, she tried to pull him closer, but he held her back.

Wanting to taste her, he brought her to the edge and trailed kisses down her stomach. Slowly he removed his fingers and began teasing her with his tongue before sucking her sweet juices. She laced her fingers into his hair, pulling him tight against her.

It wasn't long before she started shaking and crying out. "Remus! Oh, please! Yes, yes, yes!" She went stiff as her orgasm peaked.

He drank deeply, enjoying her taste. After licking his lips, he trailed kisses up her stomach, enjoying the look of satiety on her face. As he leaned over her, looking into her eyes, he rubbed his throbbing erection against her swollen lips, eager to penetrate them. It took all his self-control not to plunge into her. He smiled softly at her.

She reached up and started rubbing first at his hair and then moving down to his back. "That was... amazing. I've never felt that way before."

In between nips at her neck, he asked, "Are you ready for more?"

She wrapped her legs around him and pulled him tight. "Definitely."

In one smooth motion, he thrust himself deeply into her. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath, both reveling in the feel of her tightness around him and willing himself to last as long as possible. Slowly he circled his hips, looking for her pleasure center.

She hugged him tightly against her and whispered into his ear, "I like it rough."

This surprised him, but he was more than happy to oblige. Pulling away from her slightly he started thrusting into her.

Using her legs, she tried to pull him deeper with every thrust. Placing his hand on her hips, he plunged into her again and again. She was encouraging him to go harder and deeper. His own relief was imminent and he lost control, growling as he moved faster and plunged deeper into her. Sweet relief came, and he leaned his head back and howled. While it was not full moon, the wolf still lurked inside, and these animal passions partially awoke it.

Collapsing beside her, he wrapped his arms around her. He could not remember the last time he had felt so alive. She rolled over and snuggled against him, placing her leg on him. It felt natural to be lying in bed with her.

She nuzzled into his shoulder. "I love you," she said softly.

"I love you, too." These were words he had not thought he would say again, but he did mean it.

They drifted off to sleep, wrapped in each other's arms.

Remus woke a few hours later, surprised to find his arms wrapped around someone. It took a few moments for him to remember what had happened. He was with Hermione. Giving her a quick squeeze, wanting to be sure that it was real.

She started stirring and muttered, "Mmmm."

"Hermione," he whispered, "I need to be getting home. Andromeda will be wondering what happened to me."

"Do you have to?" she asked groggily as she rolled over to look into his eyes.

He brushed her bushy hair out of her face. "I'm afraid so. One of the responsibilities of parenthood." At the look of disappointment on her face, he offered, "Let's have dinner together tomorrow."

A smile spread across her face. "I'd like that. Meet me at eight?"

"Perfect." He gave her one last passionate kiss before getting out of bed. With a quick wave of his wand, he cleaned himself up and started searching for his clothes. Suddenly he realized that most of them were outside the room. "Er, Hermione... does Harry know?"

"Oh!" she said in a shocked voice. "Er, no."

"Right, then. Well..." He knew this was going to be very awkward.

She got out of bed and pulled on a bathrobe. "I guess we should get this over with."

Opening the door, he found his clothes folded neatly on his shoes. He quickly dressed, and he and Hermione made their way downstairs. Harry was nowhere to be seen. Pulling her against him, he gave her a passionate kiss. "See you tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow." After closing the door, she leaned against it. This was turning out to be one of the best days of her life.

Feeling a little peckish, she headed down to the kitchen. Harry was sitting at the table.

"I saved a couple of plates, but I guess he decided to go home."

"Er, yeah." She sat down and started eating.

After a few minutes, he said, "I didn't know that you were that serious about anyone."

"I wasn't sure if it was going to work out, so I didn't want to say anything." Putting down her fork, she asked, "Did you hear..."

"Hermione, that's the reason I'm down here. I didn't need to hear what was going on." She took a few more bites before he asked, "So who is the lucky wizard?"

"You don't know?" She was sure that if he had heard them, that he would have known who it was.

"I wouldn't ask if I did." When she didn't answer, he said, "I understand if you don't want to tell me, but if you two are that serious... I know that you and Ron weren't going to work out. It's okay if you are seeing someone else."

It took her a few minutes to work up the courage before she finally blurted, "It's Remus."

Harry choked on his food and Hermione had to slap his back. When he could finally breathe, he asked, "Remus? Remus Lupin?"

"Are you mad at me?" she asked. She knew that Remus was the closest Harry had to a father and that she was like a sister to him.

"I'm not mad. Surprised, well shocked actually."

"I know he's a lot older than I am, but we have a lot in common and get along very well," she defended, still not entirely sure what Harry thought of the situation.

"I know the two of you are very good friends, but... He's old enough to be your father," he said as though he was talking about the latest scandal being reported in the *Daily Prophet*.

She leaned back in her chair. This was the reaction she had expected from Harry, and why she had decided not to tell him about her feelings before she was sure that Remus felt the same way. "Age is just a number, and not that an important one. Did you know that my father is much older than my mother? They have been happily married for almost thirty years now."

"You aren't doing this because you feel sorry for him, are you?" Harry asked cautiously.

She shook her head. That was one of the reasons she had moved so cautiously in revealing her feelings to Remus. "No, Harry. Pity isn't a factor in it. I love him for who he is: a kind, gentle man. Can you accept that?"

"I... think it will take some time to get used to," he said as he considered her.

She got up and hugged him. "Thank you, Harry. That's all I'm asking for. And if you could, let me tell Ron."

"Sure. I don't think I'd want to be the one telling him anyway." Since he was finished eating, he decided to head upstairs.

Dreamily, Hermione ate the rest of her meal, not really noticing what it was or how it tasted, only thinking about the sheer wonderfulness of Remus.