

# A Mother's Touch

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## One Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"Charlie, honey, I'm so glad you're home," Molly Weasley said, pulling her son into a bone crushing hug.

Charlie chuckled, hugging his Mum back. It was his first time back at home since the War had ended. He had missed his family and had taken the week off so he'd be able to spend some time with them.

"Mum, you can let go now," Charlie murmured when she wouldn't let go.

"Oh," she mumbled, pulling away. "I'm just so happy to see you, Charlie," she said, patting his cheek. "Everyone else is out back if you want to go see them. Dinner will be ready in an hour or so."

Charlie nodded, making his way towards the backyard.

"Charlie!" someone shouted. He waved when he saw Ginny in the sky on her broom. She flew down quickly, dropping her broom in the grass and throwing herself into her brother's arms.

"Hey, Gin," he said, hugging her tightly.

"I'm so excited to see you!" she exclaimed. Ginny looked him up and down before she said, "Your hair has gotten so long!"

Charlie nodded. "Yes, it has. What are you guys up to?"

"We're playing Quidditch, want to join us?" she asked, a smile on her face.

He shook his head. "I'm a bit tired. I'll sit this round out."

Ginny frowned but nodded. "Hermione's over there reading under the tree if you want to join her."

Charlie smiled as he replied, "I think I will."

He made his way towards the oak tree Hermione was sitting under.

"Oh, Charlie," Hermione said, smiling at him as he sat down next to her.

"Hi, Hermione," he said, looking at her. Hermione had definitely matured since the last time he had seen her. "How's work going?"

She smiled. "It's good, although I don't like working for the Ministry anymore. I'm thinking about setting up a private law firm."

"You should," Charlie encouraged her. "Don't let anyone hold you back."

Hermione smiled, pulling her knees up to her chest. "I'm glad you're home."

Charlie furrowed his eyebrows.

"Why?" he asked warily.

"Because now there's someone else for Molly to harass," Hermione answered, letting out a small giggle.

"She's been harassing you?" Charlie asked, disbelief in his voice.

Hermione blushed. "Well, I'm still single, much to her displeasure. Between her and Ginny, I'm constantly being set up on blind dates. It's awful."

"How are you still single?" he asked.

Hermione shot him a glance. "That's a rather personal question. But honestly, I just haven't met anyone up to par."

"High standards?"

She nodded. "I deserve the best." Her cheeks turned a light pink.

"Good for you," Charlie said, smiling at her.

"But she'll have you set up with a date by the end of the night, I guarantee it."

Charlie paled. "I'm not going out with someone I don't know!"

"Good luck with that," she laughed.

"Dinner's ready!" Molly called.

Charlie stood, holding his hand out to Hermione. Helping her up, they made their way towards the house. They sat down, waiting for the others to join them.

Dinner went along smoothly until Molly spoke. "Charlie dear, I heard Katherine Midel was in town. I spoke to her mother the other day, and she said Katherine would love to see you."

Charlie heard Hermione snicker quietly.

"Mum, I'm not really interested," Charlie said, giving his Mum a pleading look.

She laughed. "Nonsense, Charlie, I'll set something up!"

Charlie began to panic. Hermione, a plan already formulated in her head, cut in, "Molly, Charlie doesn't need to go on a date. He's already seeing someone."

Everyone turned to face Hermione.

"Really?" Molly asked, looking back and forth between them.

Charlie nodded. "I am, it was rather sudden, but it's a great match."

"Who is it?" she pressed, curious to know who her son was seeing.

"Hermione," Charlie said, a grin on his face.

There was a large commotion from the family. Hermione stood as she said, "Everyone calm down. Yes, Charlie and I are seeing each other, but it's not that big of a deal."

"Oh, I'm so happy for you both!" Molly exclaimed, sending them both looks of happiness.

"Now will you stop trying to set me up with people? I'm rather happy with Charlie," Hermione said, giving the older woman a look.

"Of course, your love lives are your own; I won't interfere anymore."

Hermione breathed a sigh of relief.

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Later that night, Hermione was sitting in the living room reading. Charlie sat down next to her, throwing his arm around her.

"Yes?" she asked, turning towards him.

"Let's go on a date tomorrow night," he said, smiling at her.

Hermione let out a small laugh. "We're not really dating, Charlie," she whispered. "We only did that so your Mum would leave us alone."

Charlie shrugged. "You're a pretty girl, ione; I'd like to take you on a date."

"Are you serious?" she asked, her eyes widened.

Charlie nodded. "Yes, I'm being serious."

Hermione blushed, closing her book. "I'd love to go on a date with you, Charlie."

"Wonderful," he said, pressing a quick kiss to her lips. He disappeared up the stairs before Hermione could respond.

Maybe Molly had helped her find someone to love after all.

Hermione smiled before returning back to her book.