

# The Haircut

*by shalimar1981*

Hermione does Remus a favour that leads to more...

## part I

*Chapter 1 of 3*

Hermione does Remus a favour that leads to more...

Disclaimer: I don't own any of these characters. I just have some fun with them.

This is pure fluff. For more angst, check my WIP Wicked Game. Betaed by lux\_astraea.

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"You don't have to do that."

"I know, but I want to. Besides, would you rather Molly cut your hair?"

He shook his head slightly with a mock shudder. "I love her. I really do. But she has such a tight grip..."

She chuckled, pulling a comb through his moistened hair, neatly trimming it with a pair of scissors. "I know. I'm lucky. One look at my hair and she sent me straight to the hairdresser."

"Why? You have very nice hair."

"Right."

"No, really. I think it's... charming."

"You're crazy. It's a bird's nest!"

"Well, then I am. I like it. It's so much like you."

"What? Impetuous, unruly, uncontrolled and overbearing?"

"No, it's untamed, with a mind of its own... it's lovely," he replied quietly.

"Thank you," she answered with a smile and a blush, putting the comb and scissors aside. She gently ran her hands through his greying, sandy-coloured hair, appearing as if she was checking whether she was done or not.

She wasn't looking very closely though. Her hands were running through his hair over and over again, caressing him affectionately.

His eyes were closed.

## part II

*Chapter 2 of 3*

Hermione does Remus a favour that leads to more... and what happens when they get caught...

**The Haircut part II** by shalimar1981

"Remus, are you in he h."

Hermione removed her hands from his hair and picked up comb and scissors, resuming cutting, her face flushed. Remus opened his eyes and smiled genially at Molly Weasley.

Speak of the devil.

"Hello, Molly."

"Remus. I'm sorry to interrupt," she said, looking back and forth between him and Hermione with interest, "but I need your help in the garden. Something is hiding in the bushes, and it doesn't seem to be a gnome."

"I'm finished," Hermione replied, combing loose hair out of the greying strands, still slightly red in the face.

"Oh, good. Then I'll be right with you, Molly."

But Molly didn't leave. Instead she came to stand beside Hermione, observing her handiwork critically.

"Hmm, you've done a good job on this, Hermione. Whose hair did you cut before?"

"My father's," Hermione replied simply. She laid comb and scissors on the small table beside her and removed the clothes-peg holding the towel around Remus' neck in place. Taking the towel from around his neck carefully, she *Evanescloed* any loose hairs from it and the floor.

Remus got up from his seat on the sofa and walked over to the mirror of the vanity. "It looks good. Thank you, Hermione." He looked into the mirror, checking his reflection for a moment before he looked straight at Hermione, staring at her intensely. "Lovely."

Her face flushing once more with heat, she held his gaze till he broke eye contact and turned to Molly.

"So where's that unknown beast in the garden?" Leading Molly out with a firm grip on her arm, he took care that what his other hand did was not visible to her.

The moment he passed Hermione, he grasped her hand and squeezed it tightly for an instant before he had to let go of it again to leave the room with Molly, shooting Hermione a quick smile before disappearing around the corner.

Hermione stood frozen in the middle of the room, listening to their progress down the stairs.

When she heard a door shut several floors below her, she unfroze instantly. She leapt up and down with an ecstatically happy expression on her face in an unusually immature display of emotion. Though she took care to only use the balls of her feet as to not make any loud sounds.

## part III

*Chapter 3 of 3*

Hermione does Remus a favour that leads to more... Now what will the others say?

**The Haircut part III** by shalimar1981

"Hey, Lupin, nice hair," Ron said when Remus came in for dinner a few hours later.

"You like it? Hermione cut it for me," Remus replied proudly, realising too late what Hermione's frantic waving behind Ron's back meant. What was the matter?

Then he remembered how she had finished his haircut.

"Well, it's okay." He tried to tone his enthusiasm down a bit, watching Hermione's reaction. Seeing her smile at him in relief relaxed him a little.

"You were certainly more enthusiastic earlier, Remus. She did you a favour. The least you can do is be appreciative of her efforts," Molly remarked, frowning at him, before she turned back to the stove.

"Believe me, I am," he muttered under his breath, low enough so no one would hear.

"Why do you never cut *my* hair?" Ron whispered to Hermione with a sidelong glance to see if his mother could hear him. Hermione kicked his shin if Ron's grunt of pain and annoyed look were anything to go by. Then she pointedly ignored him and got up to help Molly distribute food into various bowls.

Remus got up to help as well. Their hands touching and the intense looks exchanged between him and Hermione seemed coincidental and, they thought, inconspicuous. Until...

"Does she have something in her eye, Lupin?" Ron asked, tactful as ever.

"Ron! Shut up!"

"But he's looking at her as if—"

"Ron—"

"—OH!" Ron stared at Hermione as if his world had come to an end. "But he's *sold*, Hermione! And... and..."

"He's not!" Hermione replied heatedly, her cheeks flushed in anger and gripping a juice-pitcher tightly. "He's kind and gentle and intelligent... and he's *aman*! He knows what he wants. *And* he likes my hair!" she yelled, then brought a hand to her mouth in mortification. She lowered the pitcher and flopped down into her chair with a thump. Hands wringing in her lap and face flushed in embarrassment, she studied the table.

"Well." Harry's gaze was alternating between Hermione and Remus, who was looking at her as if she had just given him the world. Remus sat down beside her and slid his hand beneath the table, grasping her hand gently and giving it an encouraging squeeze.

"That was very enlightening and all, but could we please eat now?" asked Fred, breaking the awkward silence.

Molly heaved a sigh of relief, and everybody relaxed, the tension abating.

They all started eating at once and watched the newly established couple with interest. The two of them kept holding hands all throughout dinner, blissfully ignorant.

Afterwards Molly bustled them out of the kitchen, returning to clean the kitchen with the others.

When she closed the door behind her, Ron voiced, not a little incredulously, what they all had been thinking since Hermione's revelation. "He likes her hair?!"

A sound smack was all the answer Ron received. "Mom! What the bloody hell was that for?"