

Meeting your mate for life

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One day in the life of Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks which will change them forever...

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1 - Untitled

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AN.:

First of all, I'd like to thank SlytherinFan15, not only for correcting my mistakes (I'm not English, meaning it's hard to read anything by me!) but also for pointing out sentences which weren't really logical.

Thank you very much!!!!!!!

I hope you enjoy this fanfic if you do, please give me some kind of feedback!!!!

Meeting your mate for life

*"A shadow in the moonlight
Here she comes to me
We sit and talk about it all
And out in the distance
A dream is over
All I've been working for*

*This is not how I want you to see
I have done the best I can*

*You are the reason I'll stay in the fight
And I can't take it anymore
You are the reason I'll wake in the night
And say that I was only dreaming"*
You are the reason (Chris de Burgh)

Remus' PoV

"Hey, Rem! Wake up!"

Remus Lupin slowly opened his eyes; he blinked and for a moment he asked himself where the hell he was.

Then he started to remember.

He and Sirius had tried to clean up Number 12 Grimmauld Place, and then it had happened! Sirius had found some old Sherry bottles, and of course he had made Remus drink with him. Well, okay, to be

honest, he hadn't been completely against it, but anyway, it was all Sirius' fault.

As always, Remus had forgotten how fast werewolves get drunk, and he now painfully remembered this fact as his head started to ache.

"shoot!" A burning pain shot through his body and his head felt as if it would burst any minute; he fell straight back onto his bed, closing his eyes again to find a bit of peace; but life's just not fair!

"Are you still alive?" Sirius' humorous voice was everything but welcome.

"NO! Ughh," the werewolf hissed in pain.

He returned his gaze towards the clock. It was 6:30 in the morning!

"Why, in Merlin's name is this idiot waking me up at 6:30. Why the hell is he awake anyway?????" He staggered towards the bath. All he needed was a shower, then maybe he would lie down again, and maybe, just maybe, he would go down and murder a certain someone; the someone who made him drunk yesterday.

While Remus let the warm water flow over his aching body he heard Sirius singing in the kitchen.

"What's the matter with him today?"

He dried himself and walked over to his suitcase, which he had brought with him a few days ago. He hadn't planned to spend the night here because the Ministry gets suspicious if a werewolf spends too much time away from his own place. But being prepared for everything, Remus had decided to place some extra clothes here if he ever needed to change one day.

He searched for a dry shirt, a tie, a Molly-Weasley-Pullover (luckily there wasn't anything embarrassing written on it) and an old, worn out pair of jeans. He hadn't worn these jeans for over three years, so he checked himself in the mirror.

His reflection looked at him with tired, grey eyes. Two parallel scars crossed his face; they were slowly fading away, but Remus knew they would never disappear completely. His honey-coloured hair was a bit too long, causing it to fall into his eyes. The gray streaks were clearly visible. His body itself was the typical body of a werewolf. He was lean, almost too thin, pale, and he looked like the softest gust of wind could blow him away. His clothes had been patched several times.

Remus looked down at the jeans he had bought almost seven years ago; they had fit perfectly at that time, but now they were far too wide and the once blue fabric had adopted a dirty grey-brown colour.

He tied his tie and made sure that his sleeves were covering his arms; no one was supposed to see the scars, not even Sirius.

He sighed and left the room measured, carefully, in order not to move too fast.

Having left his bedroom he smelled breakfast

Sirius is cooking? Am I dreaming?

"Good Morning, Moony?" Sirius greeted him cheerfully, trying to brush the soot of his burnt pancakes

Unbelievable how much alcohol he can take Remus thought while walking over to him.

"Morning, are you gracious enough to tell me why on earth you're awake at this time of the day? And what's that supposed to be?" He pointed at the pancake, which didn't really look like one.

"Guess!"

"Sirius, I'm not in the state of... stop, what do you think you're doing?????"

"Pancakes."

"You're burning them!"

"Well, you can scrape it off."

"But they won't taste that good!"

"You're never satisfied!"

"Hand it over!"

"What?"

"The pancakes!!!"

"Why?"

"Because you can't do it!"

"You want me to starve???"

"Merlin, Sirius hand it over, I'm going to make breakfast!"

Remus snatched the pan out of Sirius' hand and made the contents disappear. Sirius was now smiling down at his friend, who was bustling over the oven. With a few flicks of his wand he made the ingredients mix themselves. He then started to cook the first portion.

"You're almost as good as Molly, you know? I'm thinking about keeping you. You're a lot better than Kreacher!"

"Speaking of Kreacher, where is he?"

"No idea. I guess he's sitting in a dusty corner crying after my dear mum."

Sirius started to imitate Kreacher's voice. "Kreacher is so sad, Kreacher is so embarrassed, Kreacher has to serve the blood traitor of a son and his half-breed friend. Scum, which stains the pure floor of the family's house."

Remus laughed out loud but stopped abruptly when his head started to hurt again.

"I forgot how badly you cope with alcohol." Sirius laughed too.

"You'll forget much sooner," answered Remus and threw the muddy mass of dough in Sirius' face.

"You dare..." screamed Sirius, and he jumped at Remus, pulling him down to the dusty floor, tickling him all over.

"NO... Sirius stop.... PLEASE.... NO...."

"Say that you're sorry!"

"Sirius.... NO..."

"Say it!"

"Okay, okay... I'm sorry... really... I'm seriously sorry!"

Sirius seemed to be content and let go of Remus; he slowly stood up and started to clean off his clothes.

The werewolf, on the other hand, was still lying on the floor, breathing heavily. This was when he realised how elegant Sirius was dressed. He sat up. "Now, you're going to tell me instantly why you're dressed like that."

Sirius smiled. "Werewolves are curious creatures, aren't they?"

"If you don't tell me you won't get a pancake!"

"Oh no, the big bad wolf knows my weakness. Alright, I give in. I'm telling you before you take away my life elixir!" Sirius sat on the large wooden table while Remus went on cooking. "Do you remember Dumbledore fetching me in the end of July to do a job?"

"Vaguely," Remus answered.

"Well, he wanted my help in winning a new member of the Order, and Kingsley told him he knew a certain someone who might be interested. And it was this someone we visited."

"A very good strategy, asking for help with a condemned murderer beside you!"

"That's what I thought too, until I heard who this someone was."

"And who was this someone?"

"TONKS!"

"Bless you!"

"No, Tonks, it's a name!"

Sirius was beaming while Remus just stared.

"Tongs? No! You said 'Tonks'! Do you mean 'Andi Tonks'?"

"Nah, by Merlin's beard, can't you remember? Tonks! Andi's daughter!"

"Are you talking about Nymphadora?"

"She's going to kill you if you ever call her that."

"Isn't she a bit young? How old is she now? 20? 21?"

"She's 25 and an auror! And by the way, you weren't even of age when you joined."

"Times were different," Remus explained.

"Not that different, actually. I talked with her; she was so happy about the fact that I was innocent.

We didn't even need to convince her too much. Andi never really believed I did it."

Remus looked very sceptical. "I still have no idea why you're that happy TODAY."

"Because today is the first official meeting between her and the rest of the Order... in 4 hours!"

"You're not going to assault her, are you?"

"Remus, what do you think of me??? She's family!!!"

The brown haired men chuckled quietly and started to serve.

"You do remember her, don't you? You meet her once, during the summer of our 6th year. You stayed at my place during the Quidditch game."

"She's a metamorphmagus, isn't she?"

"Yeah!"

"She was quite a nice girl, sweet, intelligent."

"Yeah." Sirius suddenly started to smile in a strange way. It was that kind of smile that made Remus feel uncomfortable because he knew there was something on Sirius' mind. Something he would like better not knowing about.

"What?"

"She always liked you, you know?"

Remus smiled. "Yes, she didn't like Peter, he was never much fun around children; James had his deathly Lily-obsession and you had to look after him all the time. I was the only one left."

"Well, I was Uncle Sirius, James was Mr. Potter, Peter was Mr. Pettigrew and you... you were Moony. I have to say, I was somehow a bit jealous."

"Oh come on, I haven't seen her since."

"You wanna know what she told me?????"

"No, but you're going to say it anyway, aren't you?"

"Exactly! After you left, the little girl explained that, after she's as tall and pretty as Lily, she would marry a certain Remus Moony Lupin!"

Remus stared at Sirius, he had no idea how to react. He decided to be slightly confused and amused. "Girls."

Sirius was smiling even brighter. "Yeah, girls. But girls turn into women. You should see her, she really is beautiful. Very pretty, sweet and still intelligent, although a bit clumsy." Sirius couldn't help but burst into laughter when he saw the expression on Remus' face.

"Tell me, how long has it been?"

"No idea, she was about seven, it has to be about 15 years ago," came Remus' quiet reply. How could the time pass so fast?

"I wasn't talking about THAT."

"What were you talking about?"

"You know perfectly well."

"No, should I?"

"Yeah, you should."

"No!"

"Yes."

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No!”

“Okay, how long has it been since you had your last girlfriend? When did you last kiss a girl, sleep with one?”

Remus stared at him; he felt his cheeks burn. “That’s a very private question, do you know that?” he answered dryly.

“Oh, come on. I’ve been living like a monk for 12 years, it can’t be longer.”

“Sirius!...”

“Come on, we are friends. Tell me. How long ago?”

Remus remained silent so Sirius pushed on.

“Why aren’t you married? I was imprisoned, that’s my excuse. Where’s yours? We aren’t that young anymore, remember? We should think about beginning a family, assuming someone’s willing to marry us.”

Remus looked at him suspiciously, he felt trapped like an animal. “Why do you want to know?”

The black haired man thought for a second then answered carefully. “Because I do believe that you haven’t had ... an intimate relationship with someone because of... because of your furry little problem. Tonks, on the other hand, is a grown woman and doesn’t care about such things. She’s used to changing her appearance too. She knows you’re a werewolf; I told her. She took it straight. Well, I thought that maybe...”

“What? You’re trying to pair me off with your own cousin???”

“NO! I don’t want to pair you two off. I want you two to marry because she is exactly what you miss in your life, and it’s quite the same thing with her. I’m sick of having an old bachelor beside me who probably has no idea how to touch a girl anymore.”

“Sirius! She is more than 10 years younger than me. I do not have any money and I’m a damned werewolf! I would never lay that burden on any woman and your attempts to saddle your cousin with me just shows that you have absolutely no idea how it feels, what it’s like. Not the slightest idea!!!” hissed Remus angrily.

Sirius jumped to his feet. “You’ve been a loner for almost your entire life, you can’t be one forever Moony! Someday you’ll understand that even you deserve happiness, like anyone else; yes, even more than a normal man. And I hope that someday you’ll find a woman who loves you the way you are, and I do hope that you’ll accept this precious gift.” He stormed out of the room angrily, leaving the untouched pancakes and a stunned Remus behind.

“I’m going to fetch her now. I’ll be back in about three hours. Get a grip on yourself and don’t behave like a complete egoist,” he called from outside the kitchen.

“I’m not an...” Remus started, but Sirius had already transformed into a dog and left the house.

After his friend had left, the werewolf remained sitting in the kitchen for sometime, poking around in his breakfast.

He hadn’t thought about a relationship for some time; it had to be about five years since he last had something with a woman. And none of these women had ever known WHAT he was.

Being together with Sirius again reminded him painfully of how much he hated being alone.

If everything he wanted would come true, if Voldemort would be defeated, if everyone would survive and if Sirius would be acquitted... what would happen?

Maybe they would live together for some time, but in the end Sirius would fall in love. He wasn’t the kind of man who managed to stay alone for too long. Maybe Sirius would even marry her and then he, Remus, would have to leave again. Of course they would visit each other, but it wouldn’t be the same.

Remus would return in the evening, enter his cold, empty, lifeless flat knowing nobody was there

waiting for him. He would spend the whole night alone, like he always did, like he always would.

Hesighed. He thought he would have accepted this fact a long time ago, but slowly he started to realize that he would never be able to accept the fact that werewolves are condemned to live a lonely life.

But it's just like that. Werewolves are alone. Nobody loves werewolves.

He raised himself up from the chair and started cleaning the dishes. He thought about cleaning some of the other rooms too, since there was a thick layer of dust lying on the cupboards in the room upstairs. He just needed to distract himself and stop thinking too much. It was not healthy to think about oneself too much.

He started with the attic, but he hadn't finished when he heard people talking in the hall downstairs and shortly after it the screams and shouts of Mrs. Black. He cleaned his hands and hurried down.

Tonks' PoV

Nymphadora Tonks was walking around her small flat rather nervously. She was already dressed and was now more than excited. It was 7:30. They should be here any minute. Her eyes flickered to the Muggle clock in the corner of her living room, and then she turned towards the door.

"Damnit!" She whispered and hurried to her bed room.

Carefully she looked at herself in the mirror. Her eyes wandered over her thin, well-formed body to her green eyes and her vivid pink hair.

"Maybel should make my breasts bigger?" she asked her reflexion while looking at herself from the side. "No, Mad-Eye will be there, he knows what I really look like. He would think I'm not serious about it all. And on top of that, Dumbledore will be at Headquarters!"

She straightened her green top and pulled at her violet coat one last time. Her jeans were patched; she thought they looked cool.

I'm going to see him again! For the first time in almost 20 years!

Tonks put her wand into her trousers. She could clearly remember the day she first saw him. Sirius had brought him over during the holiday, together with James Potter and Peter Pettigrew, the traitor. She had immediately had an eye on him; the honey-coloured hair, the lean body, his gentle, caring manners and his scarred face. But what she liked most about him were his eyes: his grey-blue eyes, similar to those of a husky, so inhuman but wonderful anyway. His eyes had always given her comfort; she had always known how he felt just by looking into his eyes. She had always known that this man was different, so intelligent, wise, and kind-hearted, but also the saddest of all. She always knew he was special, just like her.

When he left in the evening she knew this was the man she was going to marry one day.

Of course, these were the feelings of a silly girl. Now she was a grown woman and she didn't feel love at all, that time was over. It would be foolish she thought and smiled sadly. She was more than 10 years younger than he and could hardly remember him. It was just a simple crush, every girl remembers a time she wanted to marry her uncle or grandfather someday. Well, Tonks had simply wanted to marry nice Mr. Lupin.

Unusual, but not strange.

But despite all this, Tonks had still been very excited when Sirius told her that she would meet him again. Especially after she was told that he was a werewolf.

At first, she was shocked and wasn't willing to believe it. She even thought Sirius was joking; but it was the truth. She wasn't sure how this mild mannered man she knew and this wild creature

belonged together. She had started to read everything about werewolves she could find, and had asked her cousin a lot of questions. In the end she came to the conclusion that Moony... Mr. Lupin... had to be an extraordinary strong man to bear all the prejudices, discrimination and the pain but still remain a gentleman.

Since this news she was even keener to become his friend (not his lover, just a friend!) in order to help him. But when the DAY came closer she grew even more nervous; she felt as if she would be introduced to the Minister of Magic. That was, of course, just because she finally had the chance to talk to him like another grown up person and NOT because she still had feelings for him. That would be ridiculous.

But why on earth do I feel all these butterflies in my stomach from just thinking about him?

Tonks pushed the uncomfortable question aside and concentrated once more on her hair. Then someone knocked on the door.

"Tonks! It's us, Kingsley and Snuffles!"

Nymphadora moved so fast that she knocked over a plate while running to the door. Standing in front of her flat were two creatures. The first was human and called himself Kingsley, and sitting beside him was a big, black dog. In actuality, it wasn't a dog, but she was one of the few people who knew.

Sirius launched for her and started to lick her face.

"Ughhh, Si.. Snuffles... Stop! Sit! Bad dog! No!"

The dog put his tail between his legs and slowly backed down.

"Wotcher boss. Sorry Siri, I love you too, just never lick me again, okay?" Tonks knelt down in front of the dog and stroked him slowly. She smiled silently.

"You're ready?" asked Kingsley.

"Yeah."

The three of them crossed the road.

"Take a hold of my right arm and touch Snuffles."

Tonks gripped Kingsley's arm and pulled Snuffles into a bone breaking hug. She closed her eyes tightly. When she opened them again she found herself in one of those rich streets in London. Nothing here looked like the Headquarters of a secret organisation to fight Voldemort.

"We'll need to walk for a bit."

"Where..." she started, but Kingsley interrupted her.

"We're gonna talk inside. Here, read and memorize."

He handed her a piece of parchment with an address written on it in Dumbledore's handwriting:

"The Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix may be found at
Number twelve, Grimmauld Place, London"

As soon as Tonks had memorized the sentence the parchment burst into flames.

"Is Dumbledore the secret keeper?"

"Yes." Kingsley whispered "Questions only inside please. It's not safe out here."

Tonks followed them down the street, waiting for a house to appear out of nowhere. And in fact, it did. Between numbers 14 and 10 the Black house appeared out of thin air.

Somewhere inside this building is Remus, Tonks thought. No! I didn't just think that, did I? What I meant to think was that somewhere inside there are other members of the Order, INCLUDING Remus.

Kingsley touched the door with his wand and it opened instantly. Tonks entered and found herself in complete darkness. She stumbled and... crashed into something big and massive. Both the mystery object and Tonks started to tumble to the ground.

“Tonks! Be silent!” hissed Sirius, who had returned to his human shape again.

“Why?” Tonks didn’t need to hear the answer to this question, because she heard something else.

“Auror riff-raff! Enemies of the purebloods, be gone! And you, horrid specimen of a son, traitor to your own blood, disgrace of this noble house, monstrous product of dreadfulness, murderer, hypocrite, thief! YOU! Even you! You dirty half-breed of a Tonks. Mutant. Don’t you dare carry your father’s dirty blood into this house. Scum! Awful riff-raff...”

Tonks looked up at her aunt in shock and horror. Sirius stood in front of her and tried to pull the curtains over the portrait; he didn’t succeed. Tonks heard steps and the shadowy form of a man appeared to help Sirius.

Remus’ PoV

Remus hurried down as soon as he heard the voice of Mrs. Black rise. He saw three forms standing in the hall: Kingsley, Sirius trying to cover the painting, and a smaller, dainty one. This had to be Nymphadora. He could neither see her face nor anything else, but he felt a strange feeling somewhere in his stomach, where normally the wolf was sleeping. All his senses seemed to be sharper and he smelled her sweet scent. He was shocked when he realised all he wanted to do was jump forward and snog this woman senseless. This had to be the wolf. He seemed to have reacted extremely possessively toward this woman. Remus concentrated and forced the wolf back into his hiding place before he hurried forward to help Sirius.

“Dirt, Mug... You! You awful creature, you half-breed, you mutant, you creature of the dark, son of evil itself, there is no place for your dirty fur in this house! Be gone and disappear into the mountains again you monster, bastard, outcast, dirty freak...”

“Shut your face!” screamed Sirius, while covering his mother with the curtains with the help of his friend.

This was really the last thing Remus wanted, to meet Nymphadora Tonks again and be insulted by the dead woman hanging on the wall.

“Can somebody turn on the light please?” the young woman asked. Her voice was like music in Remus’ ears. He didn’t understand the words she was saying, only the sound of words. The wolf inside purred in contentment.

“Sure.” Sirius lit the hall with his wand and there she was.

She was incredible!

Her pale skin shone in the light of the fire and her pink hair brought a light into his life he’d never seen before. She looked confused first, then their gazes met and she beamed. Her smile was the most beautiful thing Remus had ever witnessed; he couldn’t help but return her smile.

Remus, you’re behaving like a bloody teenager! He told himself.

He felt Sirius’ knowing gaze on him and decided to make the first move. He walked towards her, the same moment she started to move forward as well.

Before he even knew what happened he was standing right in front of her, staring into her wonderful eyes.

“Umm...hi,” was all he managed to say. Her smile was fantastic.

“I’m Nymphadora Tonks.” She held out her hand to him.

“I know. Remus Lupin.” She knew WHAT he was and still she wanted to touch him!!!!

“I know.” She answered “It’s great to see you again, Remus Lupin.”

“The pleasure is mine; it’s been far too long Nymphadora Tonks.” Remus smiled and Sirius couldn’t believe that Tonks didn’t correct him. But at the moment she seemed to be drowning in his eyes.

Their hands touched and for an instant Remus thought he felt a little electric push.

Did she feel it too? I don’t think so.

The werewolf inside him didn’t want to let go of the soft hand, and when Tonks started to laugh and hugged him tightly Remus knew he was lost. Forever.

“I missed you, Moony!” she whispered in his ear. It made him shiver.

“I missed you too, Nymphadora!” Remus smiled like he hadn’t for a long time.

Kingsley and Sirius were standing behind them, giving each other meaningful looks.

Tonks’ PoV

“Dirt, Mug... You! You awful creature, you half-breed, you mutant, you creature of the dark, son of evil itself, there is no place for your dirty fur in this house! Be gone and disappear into the mountains again you monster, bastard, outcast, dirty freak...”

The man started to help Sirius hide the screaming woman. This has to be Remus Tonks thought; her heart was beating wildly.

Finally the screaming stopped. The shadow moved away from the portrait.

“Can somebody turn on the light please?” Tonks asked carefully and seconds later Sirius’ wand had lit the room. Nymphadora Tonks was looking right into the eyes of Remus Lupin. Her breathing stopped.

The man in front of her was in his thirties; her eyes flickered over his worn jeans, the pullover and his lean body. She remembered a sentence she read in a book:

“The werewolf can be recognized even in his human state. He wears old clothing, looks unhealthy and thin. This is mostly because the werewolf belongs to one of the lowest classes in our society. In 1990, more than 75% of the deceased creatures died because of hunger or cold.”

She looked at the man intensely; although he clearly looked like a werewolf she thought he was quite attractive. He’s got a nice bum. She smiled to herself. His eyes were like they had been years ago. They seemed to be sadder and lonelier, but still they were kind and caring. His hair was shorter and flicked with grey, which she found rather mature and sexy. She already imagined her hand gliding through his soft hair. She couldn’t help but beam. And he smiled back shyly. It was the most beautiful smile Tonks had ever seen. Her heart jumped. Suddenly she realised she was staring.

Tonks, you’re behaving like a bloody teenager! She thought.

Remus started to walk toward her the same second she decided to do the same.

He was standing in front of her much too fast and she had no idea what to say.

“Umm...hi.” He was so sweet!!! She beamed.

“I’m Nymphadora Tonks.” She held out her hand to him.

“I know. Remus Lupin.” His breath on her skin made her dizzy.

“I know,” she answered “It’s great to see you again, Remus Lupin.”

“The pleasure is mine; it’s been far too long Nymphadora Tonks.” Normally she would have

shouted at him for calling her that. She hated her name, but when he pronounced it, it sounded like the most wonderful poem she ever heard. She moved her hand towards his and drowned in his eyes.

Their hands touched and, for an instant, Tonks thought she felt a little electric push.

Did he feel it too? I don't think so.

He took her hand gently into his own. She felt there was something connecting the both of them, but it wasn't something frightening; it felt like home, like safety. She knew, as long as this man was beside her, nothing could harm her. It was then that everything seemed to be okay. Suddenly a wave of thankfulness came over Tonks, and she was just glad he was still alive. She threw her arms around his neck and pressed her body against his. Closing her eyes she felt his arms touch her back; he was stronger than she had imagined.

"I missed you, Moony!" she whispered in his ear.

"I missed you too, Nymphadora!" Slowly she closed her eyes and had only one wish: to stay forever in the arms of this man.

Kingsley and Sirius were standing behind them giving each other meaningful looks.

Sirius' PoV

Sirius spent the rest of the day staring at the pair of them. After they had arrived, they had talked for a while until the other Order members arrived. Although Molly took her under her wing, she always managed to come back to Remus. Remus and Tonks! Remus and Tonks seemed to get along with each other quite well. Tonks joked, Remus laughed, she asked him about being a werewolf and he answered without hesitating. During the meeting itself they were separated, sitting in each corner of the room. But Sirius noticed that Remus seemed to look quite often to the young witch. Tonks, on the other hand, had managed to turn her chair about 10 minutes into the meeting; she was now facing Remus.

Although Sirius had talked about this with Remus, he would have never expected that the two would actually show so much affection right from the start. No matter what Remus was going to tell him, Sirius knew this was more than friendship. Sirius knew this look. It was the same look James had worn while looking at Lily.

During dinner, while Tonks and Remus (sitting beside each other) were having a very interesting conversation about Muggle TV, Molly asked Sirius why he smiled like that.

"You know what, Molly? I guess I need to look for my best man suit again." Smiling she pointed to Tonks and Remus. Molly looked at them for less than a second and then a knowing smile spread across her lips.

The rest of the Order, especially Arthur, asked for the rest of the evening why Sirius and Molly were smiling like mad after they had talked with each other. Well, almost every member asked; there were two people who certainly hadn't noticed anything except themselves. Lost in each other, they both knew this was all they ever wanted.

Sirius, on the other hand, saw it as his new life-mission to help the two people he loved the most to find some happiness and a future.

If Remus will serve her breakfast tomorrow...

To his utter surprise, both Remus and Tonks accepted his invitation to stay for the night, and

when Remus excused himself to go upstairs in order catch up on his sleep Tonks suddenly explained she was tired too.

While Minerva and Kingsley were talking about Giant sightings in northern Europe, Molly and Sirius were carefully listening to what was going on upstairs. After what seemed to be an eternity they heard Tonks' door shut first and then Remus' door; they had needed over half an hour to say good night.

When Molly turned away from the stairs, just to look in Sirius' complacent face, she burst out laughing; he joined her. While Minerva and Kingsley looked at them as if they were mad, Sirius was aware of one thing; the world had indeed gone mad!

Moony was in love.

General PoV

One floor higher, Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks were lying in separate bedrooms, smiling into the night.

AN.:

And...? Did you like it or not. PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK!!!!