

The nightmare

By moony4ever

Submitted: February 28, 2006

Updated: February 28, 2006

Tonks has a nightmare... and Remus a problem in his bed...

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/moony4ever/29073/The-nightmare>

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Titel: Titel: Der Albtraum
Disclaimer: Mir Nothing belongs to me (though I wishoot would)
Author: Moony4ever
Category: humour/romance
Summery: Tonks has a nightmare... and Remus aproblem in his bed...

AN:
A short one-shot I wrote two day ago. I hopeyou like it.
Have fun!
„Der Alptraum“ is by the way German and means„The nightmare“.
Please be gentle with my English, I tried tomake not too many mistakes, but I'm not perfect!!!
Enjoy anyway!

Der Alptraum

Tonks PoV

Okay, I won't lie and tell you that I'mcompletely silent but well, I managed to avoid crashing something so far!!!!

You can't ask for more, at least not ifyou are me, can you? It's three o'clock in the morning, the corridor is onlylight up by some candles and I'm barefooted, not to mention the fact that Ijust had the worst nightmare ever!

Well, to be honest, it wasn't that bad,but worse enough to crawl into my mother's bed.

That is of course not what I'm doing rightnow. I'm twenty-two. One doesn't crawl into your mother's bed at the age oftwent-two! Not even after the worst nightmare.

And by the way, she isn't even here, sothere is no sense in searching her. I'm searching for something differenttonight.

I decided to at Sirius' for a couples ofdays, which was, as I know now, a bad idea.

I mean, honestly. How am I supposed to feel after a giant, nasty, meat-eating rabbit hunted me down in my dream?

We, meaning a certain werewolf and I, had a nice, romantic pick nick (Hey, it's not like I dream of him every night!!!!) and then that disgusting monster appeared out of thin air.

It wasn't that scary. But it's quite frightening to wake up after the Giant-Rabbit-Contest, which you hardly survived, and look into the ugly face of this good damned Kreach. That's enough for one night.

I throw the dwarf out imminently. But no matter what I tried I could fall asleep after that (I have the suspicion that Kreach was creeping outside my room. I just can't prove it!).

Well, what would you have done in my place?

I gripped my Teddy (it looks like a pig, but I swear it is supposed to be a bear) and left. Regarding the fact that I'm not a Crawl-into-you-parents-bed-Type I had to find someone else. Of course, I do not want to indicate who this certain someone is.

And this is exactly where I am now. In front of his room, the closed door in my face. Bloody brilliant.

It's not locked, but closed. It wouldn't be a problem if this someone wouldn't have chosen the room with the most creaking door.

But nothing ventured, nothing gained!

Move Tonks! Do it! Go girl!

Okay, okay, I'm doing it (I wish these little voices in my head would stop talking me into doing embarrassing things).

I'm carefully extending my hand (I just saw a movement behind me, I suppose it's that house elf again, have I ever mentioned how much I loath him?), I touch the door handle and push it down gently... and then up again. No sound at all. Fantastic. I made it!

I breathe in freely, and this is when I notice that I'm still on the wrong side of the door. shoot!

The whole thing again. Blood brilliant! It's amazing what a woman like me is capable of if she doesn't want a lonely man to sleep alone. (As I said, I'm acting completely selfless)

Take a deep breath and get to it!

I push down the handle and the door is moving into the room. The dim light of the hall is falling on his bed. And yes...there he is. Or at least, I believe it's him, I can't really be sure of that 'cause I only see the cover. But I assume it's him somewhere beneath it.

Well, maybe I should check whether it's really him.

It would be quite embarrassing if I would lie down beside Mad-Eye... ough, stop! One nightmare is enough!

It would, on the other hand, be pretty stupid to wake him up, ask him the secret question to check if he is he and then lay down next to him. I guess he wouldn't be too fond of that and the surprise would be lost.

Of course, I could also use a "Stupor" but, well... it wouldn't be that comfortable.

I suppose I just have to take a risk. Alastor will kill me tomorrow but I think it's worth it. By the way, it's unlikely that a dementor is hiding in Remus' bed.

I open the door a little bit wider... still no a single sound... just a bit more... A few millimetres...

Oh wonderful!!!! It always happens to me, that's so typical! The door screams as if it would want to drown out Mrs. Black.

Well, it's too late now. I run inside and close the door as fast as possible, prying that he's still sleeping.

And yes, like a baby! Sweet little puppy!

I hug my Teddy, its name is, by the way, Severus (don't look at me like that!)... Well, what I wanted to say is that I press Sevi against my chest (no that was not ambiguous) to stop my heart from leaving my chest and jumping right on the free bedside next to him.

Although I want to reach it as well, I strongly believe that all my body parts should arrive at the same time.

I'm lucky that the curtains aren't closed. The stars are shining bright so the room isn't completely dark. That would be bad for me because our dear Mr. Lupin seems as if he has never heard of something like a bookshelf before. His small "paperbacks" consisting of at least 2000 pages are piled up on the floor.

How am I supposed to find my way through them without killing myself?

I slowly start to move through the maze of books and yes... I'm still standing!

Come on, where's the applause?

But I shouldn't get my hopes up too soon.

I've just reached the window-sill and now I have to climb some mountains to find what I'm longing for: The Bed (and the person sleeping in it)!

I'm quiet good, never though I could manage this... only two meters now... yeah!

And now, what a disappointment!

I thought Rem was sleeping alone!

But no, of course not. Men like him do not sleep alone!

Men like him take their favourite books to bed.

Can't this guy imagine that maybe a lonely witch will appear in the middle of the night with the intention of curling up next to him?

Does he love his books that much!

I make a note in my head to drive this habit out as soon as I have the chance to.

I can't live like that! I will not share our matrimonial bed with a heavy tome about Indian snails!

Well, it's not as if I would be dreaming of marrying him that often!! Only twice a day.

I'm just about to remove each single book on the floor (although I know I will trip over them tomorrow morning) when the thing in front of me groans softly and then starts to move. It turns around and yes... it's definitely Remus and one of his legs just hit a book tower!!!!

Not good... not good at all... really bad to be honest... no, please... stop it... yes... yeah... no... don't sway... NO!

I lurch forward, but I'm too slowly and the books are too fast. I fall to the ground and a huge avalanche is covering me seconds later. "African Mud-Demons and their weaknesses" is hitting me right on top of my head. Ouch... That hurt!

Let me tell you one thing guys, is there anything more painful than to fall down, than it's to fall down and be covered by a torrent of books.

And as if I would suffer enough already, the thing, Remus is awake now.

I do not dare to move. At least I didn't scream so there is a small chance that he will think he made that noise and go back to sleep.

But... uhm... well. I have some reasons to believe that his hand just gripped my foot! Yes... now I'm sure of it, Remus J. Lupin is touching my bare foot, wondering what the hell it is. I guess he has no idea what is there right in front of his nose (I hope they don't smell). I hope he'll come to the conclusion that it's just a strange book.

I feel quite embarrassed and... it's stickling!

Guys, I swear, I tried it!!! I really did, but... it didn't work! It was just too much; I can't hold it back any longer...

I oppress a giggle and the sound that now comes out of my mouth is enough to make Remus jump miles away.

Great! If he wasn't awake seconds ago, he certainly is now! And He will turn on the light!

Maybe I could morph a bit; maybe I could morph into Kreacher.

But you never know what happens. Maybe I will look more like a gnome and then my love will throw me out the window!!!! I'll just close my eyes and pray that I'm invisible.

I'm frozen and feel as if I was waiting for my final judgment, than my victim is holding his shining wand down to me.

He looks at me, I look at him. He sighs, I grin.

And I know I'm for sure not invisible.

His eyes are constricting and he doesn't look pleased at all while looking at the small bundle on the floor.

I'm certainly looking stunning at the moment, in my pink fleece pyjama, lying on my back, legs towards the ceiling and buried by books. How does he know, maybe he thinks I'm sexy.

The look on his face makes me doubt that.

If looks could kill...

Anyway, if he's awake, I'm sure he doesn't bother me standing up and making some noise while doing so. I don't think I have to mention that I'm falling down several times until my knight in shining armour (or rather in shabby pyjama) shows some pity and lifts me up onto his shining horse (or rather on his squeaking bed (is there anything in this room which isn't squeaking????!!!!)).

What would I do without him?

Easy girl, you wouldn't be out of bed at this time... but these adventures do have their attractions, even if Remus doesn't seem to share my opinion.

"What you're doin' here?" He asks and he sounds rather annoyed, I wonder why. He puts his wand away and lies back onto the soft mattress. I'm glad I have so much self-control...

It's pitch-black once again... this has to be an invitation, hasn't it? He can't honestly expect me to return to my room in this darkness, not if he doesn't want to push me around in a wheelchair for the rest of his life!

"I wanted to visit you." Actually I intended to sound tempting, but I'm not quite sure if I managed it, my bum's still hurting too much.

"You wanted to pay me a visit at four o'clock in the morning?????" He sounds very sceptical, his voice is tired and I'm surprised that the words leaving his lips actually reach my ear. If I would be that tired I would instantly snuggle under the cover next to him. Of course, I would do this in any state.

He groans and turns around. I'm now facing his back. How friendly. I guess he's trying to fall asleep again. This has to be a sign!!! He wants me to stay!!!!!!

Carefully I creep on his bed.

"What are you doing???" His voice is sharper than I expected it to be, but he is still too sleepy for my taste.

"I'm lying down." I'm trying to sound casual while my hands search for Severus, he has to be here somewhere.

"I'm aware of that!" He answers dryly. Do I imagine things or has Remus indeed just pulled a pillow over his head???

"So why do you ask?" I love playing this game with him, if I manage to provoke him a little bit more, than maybe he will be a little bit more awake and prepared for... other things...

"Why do you lie on my bed although you've got your own?" Oh... I'm getting on his nerves!

"I had a nightmare!" It's the truth, so why hide it? He turns around and looks at me confused. The pale light is enough for me to see his face and the doubtful expression on it.

"You had a nightmare?" He's asking in that strange voice. Is he hard of hearing???

"Yeah."

"Want to talk about it?" OH MY GOSH, isn't that just sweet????

"No, but thanks anyway." What the hell are you doing???? Of course I want to talk about it. Especially about the pick nick part. To be honest, I'd loved to make it come true!!!!

"So what are you doing here?" He asks again. Is he really that slowly or is it just because of the late (or early) hour?

"I'm trying to sleep." I answer with a smug smile on my face. As if it wouldn't be obvious.

"Well, you're not the only one." He's yawning loudly. Why is it that one always has to yawn when someone else is yawning???? No one thinks a woman is attractive if she yawns like that while spending the first night together.

"Am I right by saying that you intend to spend the rest of the night here?" There is something in his voice I can't really place. I think it's a threat!! Maybe he wants to make clear that he doesn't want me to leave!!!!!!

“Correct!” I answer completely satisfied and fall into the bed. Maybe I should visit him more often.

He moans again. Why does he always have to groan or moan or sigh when I'm around. There are certainly positive reasons for someone to do so but he always sounds stressed out. Again I discovered something I would have to change. Maybe even tonight if I'm lucky.

He turns away from me and... oh no, this isn't working Mister. He just pulled the blanket away. I want too! Give it back!

“Tonks. What the hell was that?” He's outraged. I'm clenching the piece of fabric against my chest, in order to never letting it go again.

“You stole the blanket! I don't want to freeze in your bed! It's frackin' cold out there, you know?”

Oh... I hate his ability of moving that fast. He's snatched the blanket and again, I'm left with nothing to cover me. What a gentleman!

“Dora, you are LYING on your own blanket, this one is MINE!”

I look down and yes, he's right. He could have told me that from the start couldn't he?

Two minutes later I'm lying beneath my own blanket.

“Finally.” He sighs AGAIN!

“Goodnight Remmy.”

“Goodnight Nymphadora.” I box him carefully and he smiles, then I turn around on my side of the bed.

I have to get up early tomorrow morning, I should sleep, but hey... How am I supposed to???? And by the way who of you would sleep with a man (that wasn't ambiguous either) without knowing how he does it (why do you always have these dirty thoughts????).

There are just some questions I need to ask. Mad-Eye would agree with me. I pock him slightly in his back.

“Remus?”

“Mhhmmm?”

“Are you sleeping?”

“In my dreams.”

“So you do?”

“NO.”

“Why are you talking about dreaming then?”

“Oh Dora...”

...

“Remus?”

“WHAT?”

“Sorry.”

...

“Remskybemsky?”

“Nymphadorachen, what do you want????” (An.: The ...chen-ending is a German way of making a name cuter. I didn't know how to do it in English. Sorry)

Oh Remus, if you would have the faintest idea what I want of you...

“I'd like to ask you something.”

“Thango ahead, ask, listen to the answer and in Merlin's name sleep!”

“Okay, number one:...”

„Wait! Weren't you talking about ONE question?”

„Don't wail, it will only take longer because of you.“

He groans. Has he any idea what I'm imagining every time he does so????

“Okay, number one: Do you snore?”

“No. I don't think so.”

“If you do, am I allowed to hit you?”

“NO!”

“Am I allowed to push you a bit?”

Oh... now I understand,... pity I do because I'm feeling sick now.

"You're disgusting!"

I hit him hard just to remind him that he's the man of my heart although he doesn't know about it yet. How sad.

"You started."

"I was talking about my teddy Sevi, not Snape!"

Silence

"You've got a teddy?"

"Yes."

"In your bed?"

"Yes."

"In my bed?"

"Right now, yes."

"And you called it Severus????"

"Yes, does it matter? He looks a bit like him... I first thought about calling him Remipoo but then I decided Sevi would be more fitting."

"What a disappointment!"

"Whatever you say, I'm not going to rename it!"

"What a pity!"

Silence.

"So...?"

"So what?"

"You've got him?"

"No, dear Nymphadora your teddy Severus is not beneath my blanket!"

"Calm down, it was just a question!"

Silence.

„Would you mind if I'm going to search for it.“

“If you manage without crossing the line and without making a sound... no.”

“That's impossible.”

“Well, I'm sorry to say: YES!”

“You're evil.”

“Well, life isn't fair, is it?”

“But I need him?”

“FORWHAT?”

“I need something to hug.”

“Can't you hug something else, like for example your pillow?”

“NO, I need my Sevipoo!”

“Oh Dora...”

“Of course if you volunteer...”

“For What?”

“If I do not have my Sevipoo I need something else to hug... for example you!”

“Okay! Search that bear. Now!”

Aww... he's so sweet and so shy!!!!!! I had hoped I would say yes... maybe the next time...

It takes me almost two minutes to search through the whole bed until I find him. Remus is lying there, looking stressed out, groaning and rolling his eyes every five seconds. Oh, how much can you possibly hate a man????

But finally, there he is!

I hug my first love tightly to my chest (I WAS REFERRING TO THE BEAR!!!) and lie down again.

“Finished?”

“Finished.”

“Content?”

“Content.”

“Satisfied?”

“Satisfied.”

“Good.”

“Yes, very good.”

“Goodnight Dora.”

“Goodnight Rem.”

He sounds so relieved, I wonder why.

He moves to his side, and I to mine.

His breathing grows steadier and I suppose he's nearly sleeping again.

How does he manage this?

And why, in Merlin's name, does he have to look that sweet while sleeping? I turn around to face him. He looks so peaceful. I have to sigh and a smile spreads out on my face.

“Tonks?”

“Mhmmm?”

“Would you please stop staring at me while I'm trying to sleep????”

“Never!”

He groans (does this man never stop groaning and moaning?) and turns away from me! How nasty... oh no, nasty blanket. Nasty, nasty Tonks!

Do not star at his bum...sweet. Stop it! Nasty Tonks.

That's it. All thoughts of sleep are gone, can you blame me?

I turn around, away from the object of my desire. It's cold and Sevipoo's just too small to be hugged. I need something bigger and warmer... I've got an idea!!!! I turn around to the nice bum.

It's worth a try... slowly I move towards my victim.

"Tonks?"

"Mhmmmm?"

"Your hand is resting on my hip."

"Mhmhm." I agree half asleep. He's so warm, exactly the right temperature to fall asleep! And he's quite comfortable on top of that. He should just turn around to rest on his back. That would be marvellous!

"Although your teddy was all you needed."

"It's cold." Ant that's true!

"You don't feel cold." Of course not fool. Every bit of my skin burns days after you've touched it!

I move my legs (well, they were once legs, no they're just frozen lumps) as a prove of my current state, towards him.

"Merlin, Dora you're an iceberg!" Thank you for that compliment!

"I told you."

We stay like this for some time, than another nasty thought makes his way into my mind and I start to giggle.

"Oh no! What's wrong now? Have you lost Alastor, your cuddly cushion?"

"No. Nothing." I lie and cover my face with a pillow to stop laughing.

He turns on his back (YEAH!) and looks at me, I do not yet dare to rest my head on his shoulder, but I will soon...

"Tell me Dora and then please try to find some sleep, I'm tired!"

Poor Remy bemy.

„I just thought about what would happen if Molly wanted to bring you your breakfast in the morning.“

I think Remus face has turned a bit red by that.

"It's all your fault."

"Why?"

"You had a nightmare, and you're cold."

"So you do agree that our position is somehow... provoking?"

"Nymphadora, you're awful!" He pushes me away but I don't give up that easily! I fought for his arm!

"Do you feel... nervous and uneasy while lying beside me." Oh please say yes!!!!!!

He sighs again. New note in my head: Remus Lupin is definitely sighing, moaning and rolling his eyes too often!

"Do you feel uncomfortable because I'm too close... do you fear you could break your... abstinence."

"Okay, that's enough."

Suddenly my pillow is gone and Remus is sitting on the bed, preparing to leave it.

"What? Did I say something wrong?"

"Nymphadora, I've come to the conclusion that it's just impossible to sleep in the same bed with you without being tortured by questions or suggestive comments. I'm going to sleep on the couch."

He's moving to leave but he won't escape this time. I'm prepared to go as far as I have to!

"NO!" I throw myself onto him, wrap my arms around his neck and pull him back onto the bed, which squeaks miserably.

He pants and falls back. Ha! Here we go. He's lying on the bed; I'm on top of him, holding his hands down. This is exactly where I always wanted to be.

"Tonks, you're unbearable!"

"I know."

"Look, I could perform a warming spell, enlarge Sevi and you've got everything you want."

"And what if I want you?"

"Are you trying to seduce me?"

"I'm not only trying, I'm doing it!"

"And do you think you'll succeed?"

"Oh yes, I definitely will."

“I seriously doubt that.”

“Although you wanted to give me what I want to have?”

“I was proposing to.”

“And how do you know, what I want?” I asked playfully, my hands still fixing him. If someone would enter right now... it would look suspicious.

“I believe I’ve got quite a good overview of what you want since you asked quite some questions about your preferences.”

Am I dreaming or is he really flirting with me?????????????

Who knows, Tonks, maybe you’ll finally get lucky tonight.

“And I guess that you have noticed that there is only one person in this room who is able to really fulfil my expectations?”

He looks at me for some time and I’m absolutely aware of the fact that I’m moving down towards him. It was, of course, never my intention!

“But this person you’re referring to doesn’t want to play your pillow. He wants to sleep namely on the couch!”

„You actually believe I let you go?“

“Do you actually think you could stop me?”

“Oh yes I do.” I smile seductively... but it’s already too late. He’s too strong for me. Within a heartbeat we’ve changed positions. Great... although it’s quite nice this way.

But it would have been so easy to kiss him. I could have kissed him and after that said that it was all gravities fault.

His eyes are shining.

“And what is Miss Tonks planning to do now?” He asks with a knowing smile on his face. Did I understand something wrong or wasn’t he just seconds ago talking about going down to SLEEP! He isn’t looking tired at the moment!

“Miss Tonks decides to give in to her fate and begs for mercy.” I’m whispering, afraid of how lonely I will feel once again after this wonderful moment is over. And I know it will be over, because Remus never does more than tease me with words, will he tonight?

“You should know that werewolves do not know mercy. The punishment for awaking one of them is cruel.” He whispers back as quietly. His breath hits my skin and I shiver.

“And what would such a terrifying punishment look like?” I ask breathless. I have no idea how my hands had made their way up around his neck, but this is exactly where they’re resting right now. I pull him down slowly. One of his hands is supporting my head the other is resting on my side.

Is he actually planning to do what I think he will?

“That depends on the person who committed the crime of waking the wolf inside.” Oh Remus, this was naughty!

“What punishment would overtake a woman like me?” Our lips are so close together I can almost taste him. Just a few inches and we would touch...

„I would suggest a night without sleep, as compensation.” His voice is barely audible. He can have such a sexy voice if he wants to, and I guess he really wants to at the moment!

“And how would the wolf manage this?” Please, stop playing with me. Please make it real!

“There are several possibilities.” He’s grinning and then his lips are on mine and the world explodes.

I think we both forgot pretty fast that we actually wanted to sleep.

He starts to kiss my neck and I fumble with his buttons. Why do these beasts have to be that small? My sweating fingers aren’t making my task easier.

Ha... finally. The shirt is gone and I let my hands travel along his bare skin while he’s undoing my bras. I shiver at the touch of his hands... the touches I was so longing for to receive.

I giggle and fall on top of him. He lies beneath me and we passionately kiss. It feels as if he was waiting for this to happen as well. My legs start to part his.

Suddenly he’s panting. I stop imminently.

“What?” I asked worried, I never wanted to hurt him.

“Dunno.” He answers breathless and his hands move under the cover. Seconds later he’s holding Sevi in his hand. I completely forgot about him (don’t you dare, blame me for that). We look at it sceptical.

Well, I was a bit impatient and tore him off Remus’ hand.

"I believe," Quietly I whisper in his ear making him moans softly "that I do not need a teddy tonight."

He smiles and pulls me beneath him exploring my body with his hands.

"What a pity, I thought I could once tell our children I spent a night with Nymphadora Tonks AND Severus."

I start to laugh but he cuts me off by kissing me again.

When I think of it now, nightmares aren't that bad at all. I will tell this our children after they had their first one. A changed version of course.

I will think of it later, at the moment I'm too distracted.

General PoV

Sirius sits with a wide grin on his face in the kitchen of his parents' house; he listens to the soft steps on the wooden floor announcing the arrival of another inhabitant. His eyes are shining.

"Badnight Moons?" He asks his friend with a voice of pure innocence.

"Mhmmm." Remus just groans and collapses on the first free chair.

Silence.

Sirius reaches for the Daily Prophet to hide his laughter. Remus pours almost cold tea into his cup and starts to slurp it, carefully to avoid each single unnecessary movement.

Sirius watches him out of the corner of his eyes, he can't hold back another comment.

"I can imagine how you feel. After such a night, your bed really squeaks awful!"

Remus cokes on his tea and starts to cough, desperately gaping for air. Sirius laughs out loud and pats on his friend's back. Both turn around when the door opens once again and a rather sleepy and ruffled Tonks enters the kitchen.

"Watch you guys." She looks as if she hadn't sleep for the whole night.

“Morningcuz, had a bad night as well?”

Tonks stops dead in her movement and drops the cup she was holding in her hand. Sirius repairs it with a flicker of his wand. He doesn't miss the short glance of Tonks in Remus' direction.

“So, I guess you couldn't sleep because of a creaking bed either. Interesting, very interesting.” Sirius is musing, a small smile across his lips. Tonks' hair has turned fire red and Remus can't completely hide the blush on his cheeks.

“We should get you a new bed Remus, if this... activities... will continue. For the sake of us all.”

He's moving slowly to the door. Neither Remus nor Tonks seems to be able to hold his gaze. Sirius can hardly hold back his laughter. He turns around as he reaches the door.

“And Tonks, darling. There are certainly some books about “Silence-spells” in my father's library. I think you should take a look at them. You really can't deny the relationship to my mother.

AN:

Well, I hope you liked it and I hope I could make you smile a bit. It's hard to translate humour into another language, but I hope I managed. And please leave me a REVIEW (if you do, please log in or note your email, so that I can follow you).

Thank you so much

Greetings

moons