

Imperfections

by savine_snape

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So Our Story Begins and Ends

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: As always, I own nothing of the Potterverse; it all belongs to JK Rowling and others too numerous to mention. I make no money nor is any required.

Tonks paced the room; worry was becoming second nature to her. She and Remus had been married for six months, and she was expecting their first child. Remus was not as ecstatic as Tonks hoped he would be. Something was bothering her husband, and she was adamant that she was going to find out exactly what was on his mind.

Remus John Lupin sat in the pub, swirling his glass of Ogden's slowly as his mind wandered. He loved Tonks deeply; this, however, did not stop him from worrying about his unborn child. No-one could tell him for sure whether the child would suffer from his lycanthropy. It would be much better if the child were a Metamorphmagus. Much better that, than to grow up with the poor prospects that werewolves experienced. Sighing, Remus pulled his travelling cloak around him and made for the door. He'd been missing for several hours, and he was certain that his young wife would have questions when he got home.

He opened the door slowly, anticipating a less than welcome reception. His thoughts were slightly foggy due to the amount of Firewhisky he had consumed. Severus was right: the answer didn't lurk at the bottom of a bottle. He had to be a man and explain why he was so melancholy. He should have stood by his original mantra that he was too old and much too broken a man for Tonks to wed.

"Oh, you've finally deigned to come home have you?" Tonks spat, her face set with a scowl and her hair its natural brown colour.

"Yes." Remus sighed. "We need to talk, Tonks."

"Oh, we *need* to talk, do we? What's caused this change of heart? I've been trying to talk to you for weeks."

Remus noticed her hair was changing from brown to a violent red. "Tonks, I'm sorry; I told you I was no good for you."

"Nonsense, Remus. You see yourself as being incomplete, inadequate, dirty even, all because you were an innocent child who got bitten by Greyback. I love you, Remus. Every single last one of your imperfections. None of us are perfect, but you take your melancholy to the nth degree because you feel you are somehow less of a man because you suffer from lycanthropy. You've got to meet me half way, Remus; we need to do this together." Tonks sat down slowly on the settee, lightly rubbing her slightly swollen tummy.

Remus really looked at her for what seemed to be the first time. Her hair was hiding her face, but he could smell the salty tears that traced lines down the sides of her face. She meant the world to him, but she was right: he did hate himself.

He walked around to where Tonks was sitting. He knelt down in front of her, taking her hands in his. "I don't deserve you." He tenderly rubbed his thumb over her hand.

"Don't push me away, Remus. Please don't do that," Tonks sobbed.

Gently rubbing her tummy, he sighed. "What if this child is like me?"

"I've spoken to Mum, and there is a way we can find out."

"Find out what? Whether the child is affected?" Remus felt hopeful, his heart soaring. If they could tell, if they knew what to expect, things wouldn't seem so uncertain.

Tonks reached into her pocket and took out a small pendant. "Mum says this will answer our question. It's a Haruspexor; it will rotate clockwise if the answer is yes and rotate anti-clockwise if the answer is no." She sounded apprehensive, but Remus needed to know.

Remus rose from his knees, offering Tonks his hand he led her through to their bedroom. Tonks lay on the bed, and Remus dangled the Haruspexor over her tummy. Silently, he asked the question, his eyes keenly focused on the pendant. They both waited, and then slowly, the pendant started to rotate.

"What did you ask?" Tonks whispered.

"If our child has lycanthropy," he whispered before a small smile appeared.

Joining Tonks on the bed, he pulled her close, bestowing tiny kisses on her face. Tonks leaned in closer, fumbling with his shirt buttons; she kissed each freshly exposed piece of flesh.

Remus placed small kisses down Tonks' neck, deepening the kiss where her shoulder and neck met. Slowly working down her body, he paid particular attention to the small bump that was their child; he continued to shower his wife with kisses whilst they made leisurely, passionate love.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Scoffy for naming the device; Haruspexor is from the Latin word haruspex, which means soothsayer. I would also like to thank Scoffy for checking my grammar and giving me some great advice throughout the process of writing a different 'ship from my usual one. Thanks for the encouragement, love; you're a doll.

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