

# A Tango for his Heart

*by Stefdarin*

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~One-shot.~

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Note:** This was written with prompts from one of the Saturday night drabble challenges. The prompts were: Lupin, Tango, and Stockholm.

***As always, thank you, Semptra!***

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### A Tango for his Heart

Remus stood on the bridge, looking out over the water. As he leaned on the railing, his hair fell across his eyes, and the cool night air brushed over his shoulders, requiring him to raise his lapel against it. The lights on the other side, a myriad of delicate colors, cast their reflection and danced across the surface, causing his mind to drift. He reflected on the last days before he came to Stockholm for the Order. Originally, the task had been assigned to him and Tonks, but his refusal to allow her to love him had lead to his subsequent isolation and their separation.

His thoughts were filled with her dark beauty and amethyst eyes. Her eyes seemed to see into his soul, no matter how scarred or misshapen it was, and saw love there. How she could love a man like him was beyond him, and his gut twisted in knots just thinking about it.

All his life he had been an outcast, a loner, because of his condition. In the early years of his life, it had not been his choice. But as he got older and began to see what lycanthropy had done to his father and how that had affected his mother, he had told himself that he would never open his heart to a woman and freely give her that pain. For, if he ever hurt her during one of his transformations, he would never be able to live with himself. Yet, he found himself and his thoughts continuously returning to Nymphadora Tonks.

As his mind focused on her, so many emotions ran through him, and his eyes softened as he remembered how their friendship had blossomed. Before he'd even realized what was happening, she had burrowed into his heart. And then she kissed him, and there was no denying the chemistry between them. His eyes flashed in anger as he reflected on the ensuing argument. No matter what he said, what he refused, she was always there. Looking at him with those eyes and telling him she loved him despite his faults and, in some ways, because of them. When she had explained that his experiences had molded him into the man she loved, he had been speechless. But he had stubbornly refused to submit to her further advances and had asked to come to Stockholm alone. He was running away, he knew that, but if he had remained, he would have capitulated to his desires... to their desires. Whether she realized it or not, Nymphadora was wearing down his resolve, and so he had fled, using work as an escape.

Now he traveled along the cobblestones, shoving his hands deep into his pockets as he made his way to an underground Wizarding club. He admitted to himself this wasn't going to be as easy as it would have been with Tonks by his side. But it was his own fault that he was alone. As he got closer, he heard the steady pulse of Tango music pouring into the street. And when he entered the room, it was swathed in a haze of cigar smoke and the low murmur of conversations.

His gray eyes traveled the room and landed on the man he was to meet. Slowly, he made his way across the room and stood at the bar beside a short, dark man in a fedora. When Remus leaned against the worn wood, the man said in a raspy voice, "Your lady-friend has all the details," and quickly left the establishment.

At the man's words, Remus' eyebrows lifted in surprise and then drew into a frown. 'What on earth was he talking about?' But he found he couldn't ask the man anything as the fedora-sporting gentleman had made a hasty retreat. When Remus turned to try to catch the man, his eyes landed on a familiar face across the room.

His vision immediately drank in the sight before him, and his mouth dropped open. Deeply intense, purple eyes stared back at him. Her hair was dark with a shimmer of deep red, and it was tied back in a simple twist. Loose tendrils fell elegantly, framing her heart-shaped face and creating a delicious contrast with her creamy skin.

His gold-flecked eyes journeyed lower, following the line of her neck to her shoulder and noted the deep blood-red of her dress. The dress hugged her curves, then flared out near her knee, and his hands twitched a little, itching to feel her skin beneath them. Without thinking, he moved toward her, and when he stood next to her, they gazed at each other but never said a word.

As they stood there, staring into each other's eyes, it was as if the earth had stopped and no one else existed but the two of them. Distantly, *Por Una Cabeza* began, and Remus reached out to pull Tonks firmly against him. When their bodies met, Nymphadora's pupils dilated and she let out a small gasp. As the music reached a sweet crescendo and brief pause, Remus held her firmly and dipped her low. And when the music continued in a staccato beat, they rose quickly and traveled across the floor.

Their eyes remained on each other and never strayed. Remus held Tonks against him and their bodies moved as one. Their hands clung and then loosened when she leaned into him and swept against his body seductively. Her feet traveled intricately in and out of his stance in perfect tempo with the music. It was as if time stood still while the melody entranced them to do its bidding, and they moved fluidly around the room.

Remus' heart beat wildly in his chest, and his pupils dilated. Having Tonks in his arms was almost beyond his imagination. She caused him to feel things he never thought he would feel, and the emotions were frightening and exhilarating all at once. He was scared to death at what a relationship with this woman might mean, but he knew he desired a relationship with her above everything. He realized at that moment that he loved Nymphadora Tonks, and he could no longer deny his love for her.

As the song reached its dolce ending, Remus dipped Tonks low once more and brought her upright slowly. He held her body steadfast against his, her feet off the floor. Gradually, he released her form enough that it slid to the floor, her eyes never leaving his. She gasped, her face tilted up toward his, and he told her how he truly felt... finally, "I love you."

After his soft, roughly-spoken confession, Nymphadora ran her hands up his sides possessively and wrapped her body around him. She rose up on her toes and kissed him with all the pent-up desire within her, and that night, she showed Remus exactly what he had been missing.

**Finis**