

Just A Man

by peppermint

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It may be selfish of me to want to watch the full moon come up alone.

I've spent every full moon since I was six either locked in a cage or dungeon; or when I was lucky enough to have Wolfsbane available to me, curled up in a safe place. I was always alone - nobody would be near me, and I want nobody near me now.

I'm tense, my muscles tight. I consciously force myself to relax, one part of my body at a time. The blood tests prove I've been cured, but I won't believe it until I've seen it for myself.

The sun slips below the horizon.

Opposite, I see the faintest sliver of the full moon start to rise through the lavender haze of twilight.

I hold my breath. I anticipate the cracking of bones, stretching of skin.

It does not come.

I do not change.

I lie back against the hill I sit upon, watching as that sliver inches its way above the horizon with each heart-pounding, shifting movement of the earth on her axis.

The crater-marked surface of my former nemesis glows with a strawberry hue on this warm June evening as she rises above me.

And I lie beneath her, just a man.

Prompt from silverdoe: someone has cured Remus of lycanthropy. Describe his first night under the full moon as a human.