

For Richer or For Poorer

by phoenix

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None

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Many heartfelt thanks to Maggie for volunteering to beta read this story on incredibly short notice. She helped confirm that I was not imagining parts of the story that needed to be fleshed out.

Additionally, I have written a related Tonks/Remus fic, [It's Really Better This Way](#). It is set shortly after Sirius' death and works as a lead in to this one, though this one stands alone.

Remus was utterly exhausted and glad to be spending a few days at home. As he stood outside the hovel where he was currently residing, he realized it was not much of a home. He longed for the days when he lived at Hogwarts, either as a student or a professor. True, he could always go to his parents' home, but he was unwilling to admit he was a failure. In fact, he had not communicated much with his parents over the years, wanting to spare them the pain of contact with their werewolf son.

Knowing this was all he had, and that it was better than sleeping in the woods, he entered. At least he had a halfway decent mattress. Stretching his back in an attempt to relieve the pain, he thought that anything was better than the ground.

Though he was hungry, his exhaustion was overpowering, and he walked to the back room.

"Aren't you going to eat anything?" asked a feminine voice.

He was so tired that he had not even noticed the intruder, and he spun towards the voice, wand at the ready. "Tonks? What are you doing here?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I thought you might like some human company."

"How long have you been here?" He knew that she liked him, even though he had tried to discourage it.

"Couple of hours. I brought some food and can whip up something for you," she offered cheerfully.

"You shouldn't be here. They could be watching me." Why didn't she get the hint when he tried to discourage her?

"Give me some credit. I'm not a total klutz. Besides, they wouldn't have recognized me anyway." She quickly morphed into a vagabond, and then back to her normal self. "I know how hard living with the werewolves has been for you. Arthur told me you come here after the full moon, when they won't really miss you."

"I'm really quite exhausted and don't feel much like eating, though I do appreciate the offer." He did not want to hurt her feelings, but he did want her to go away. She was just wasting her time with him.

"Tell you what, you can get some rest, and when you wake up, I'll have a hot meal ready. By the time you're rested, you should have a right good meal waiting for you."

As hard as he tried, he could think of no good reason to deny her request. "Fine, just don't wake me. I'll likely be out for the better part of the day."

"No problem. I've brought a book." She produced one from her pocket and held it up for him to see.

Normally, he might have been curious about the book, but not right now. He was more curious about the insides of his eyelids.

When Remus woke, he could tell that the light was fading. Before fully opening his eyes, he stretched and began to reminisce about how wonderful the bathroom in his quarters at Hogwarts had been and imagined how wonderful a nice, hot bath would be. When he opened his eyes, he saw Tonks watching him and pulled the blanket up to his chin. "What are you doing in here?"

She pointed at the window. "Light's better in here. You don't have any candles, and I didn't want to use magic and alert anyone to my presence."

Her explanation made sense, but he still had the suspicion that she had not read much of her book. "Right. If you could, er, give me a minute to change."

"Oh, right. No problem. I'll just go heat up dinner."

He watched her get up and walk out of the room, and he found his unconscious mind admiring her backside. *Quit it. No good will come out of it. You have nothing to offer her*, he chided.

After getting up, he dug out his cleaner clothes. As much as he hated to do it, he would have to pay a visit to the Weasleys' to get his laundry done. Molly never seemed to mind, but he hated being a burden.

Walking into the front room, he remarked, "Smells pretty good."

"Yeah, I've become a half decent cook over the years, though I normally don't cook too much for myself."

As they ate, she tried to make small talk. He made his answers as short and curt as possible in an attempt to convince her to keep her visit short.

"Do you not like the pink hair?" she asked.

Since he hadn't really been following her conversation, it took him a second to reply. "What? Oh, no, I have no problem with your choice of hair colour."

"Then what is it? Why won't you talk to me?"

"I am talking to you." *Tonks, just drop it and leave me be*, he willed.

"No. Not really. You're giving me one or two word answers. I keep trying to initiate conversation, and you keep trying to shut it down. Why?"

He set down his fork. "Look, Tonks, I appreciate the gesture, but you are getting your hopes up if you think this will turn into something."

"What do you mean? We haven't spent enough time alone for you to know that."

"I don't need to spend time alone with you. I'm not right for you."

"How can you know that? Unless... You're gay, aren't you?"

He nearly choked on his potato. "No. I'm not gay," he managed to spit out. "I'm not right for anyone."

"Because you're a werewolf?" she probed.

"Exactly. I can't get involved with anyone. It would be terribly unfair." Hopefully, this would finally get the point across to her. It was better for him to be left alone; it was his destiny.

She put down her fork and crossed her arms. "How so?"

He really didn't want to get into this with her. He knew that she was a bright, young woman and could surely figure it out on her own. "There are several ways. First of all, I am incredibly dangerous as a wolf. I wouldn't want to expose anyone to that danger and risk infecting them."

"But you lock yourself up to keep others safe. I don't see how that's a problem. You aren't contagious the rest of the month, are you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. As you can imagine, there have not been a lot of studies done on werewolves. Two, I don't have a proper job and am not likely to get one in the near future, given the Ministry's stance on people with my condition."

"That could all change once the war's over. You're showing that werewolves can be responsible citizens. And with the Wolfsbane Potion, you aren't dangerous at all."

Remembering the night at Hogwarts that led to his decision to resign, he replied, "That's not entirely true. I must take all the doses. Third, look at me. I'm a tired, old man. My condition takes a terrible toll on my body, with or without the Potion. You're already a good ten years younger than me. I can't ask you to sacrifice your youth."

"You aren't asking me to. I'm hoping for the chance to get to know you better, to decide if I want to spend my life with you, but you won't let me in."

He was trying not to get upset, but he was still feeling a bit wolfish. "Dammit, Tonks. I'm trying to protect you. You deserve someone better than me. Someone that can take care of you."

She stood up and slammed her palms on the table. "Did you ever think that I could take care of myself? That I don't need anyone protecting me? Well I can. And I'm an adult. I can make my own decisions. One of my decisions is that I want to get to know you better."

"I'm afraid I can't let you do that. Thank you for the meal, but I think you should go now." He turned his back on her, hoping she would do as he had asked.

"Remus, please, don't shove me away. Let me be there for you. Let me be your friend." She reached out and touched his arm.

He spun on her. "Why? So I can watch you die, too? That's what happens to people that get close to me. They die. I don't want to deal with it again. It's too much." His anger was fading into sorrow, and he turned away from her and leaned his head against the wall. "Please, go," he whispered, knowing he couldn't hold back the tears

much longer.

Tonks didn't know what to think as she left. She had been dumped before, but it had always been after a couple of dates. She couldn't recall ever having a guy turn her down flat. He found her attractive, of that she was certain. Many times, she had caught him watching her when he didn't think she was looking. He had even smiled at some of her Metamorphmagus antics.

True, he had given reasons why he didn't want to get involved with her, but they weren't really valid. She had refuted each of them, but he had still refused to consider the possibility.

Well, she wasn't going to give up this easy. Molly had mentioned how down Remus seemed since Sirius' death and how nice it would be for Remus to have a close friend again. Tonks knew that she could be that friend if he would let her in.

Molly had also told her that Remus liked to come by to do his laundry. She would stop at the Burrow and ask Molly to let her know when Remus was there. Since Molly was encouraging her to befriend Remus, she was sure the older witch would quickly agree.

Tonks checked herself in the mirror one last time. Everything looked good, but she was incredibly nervous. Molly had just sent her a message that Remus had stopped by. Tonks hoped that in the couple of days since their argument, he had calmed down and considered her points.

Now, she had to act like she was just stopping by the Burrow to talk to Arthur, not because Remus was there. The last thing she needed was him getting suspicious or thinking that Molly was trying to set him up. Which she was, but that was beside the point.

Tonks Apparated to the Burrow and walked up the path. She was pleased to see that Remus was not outside. Walking up to the door, she poked her head in and said, "Hey, Molly, is Arthur around? I know it's his day off... Oh, hi, Remus."

"Tonks," he replied politely.

"He had a few things to pick up in Diagon Alley but should be back in a bit, dear. Can I get you some tea?" Molly asked.

"That would be great, thanks," she replied happily. Turning her attention to Remus, who was busy reading the *Daily Prophet*, she asked, "What brings you here?"

He gestured at the washer, which was busy cleaning his clothes. "Laundry. I don't have anything at my place."

"Oh, right." She wasn't sure what to say next.

"Looking for Arthur, huh?" he asked.

"Yeah. I've got a couple of questions for him. Some stuff that I didn't want to bring up at the Ministry. You know."

"Of course." He noticed that Molly had left the room. "If you wanted to leave a message, I'm sure that Molly or I could deliver it. That way you wouldn't have to waste your time waiting around here for him to come home. You know how he can get tied up in business. His short trip might take a bit longer than anticipated."

"Oh, that's all right. I didn't have anything important to do, and I like Molly's company." She spun her cup nervously. "Have you given any thought to our discussion the other night?"

"I could ask you the same thing. Pursuing me is foolish and will only end in pain. Each time I go to the werewolves, I'm not sure I'll return. Greyback does not entirely trust me, though he doesn't really trust any of the others, either."

"And my line of work is any less dangerous?" Why couldn't he just accept that someone was attracted to him?

He looked at her sadly. "Tonks, find someone else. You deserve better than me."

He rose from the table and she could hear him in the other room. "Molly, I'm going out for a bit. I'll be back when the laundry's done."

Tonks let her head sink to the table. The next thing she felt was Molly's arm wrapped around her shoulders.

"Didn't go well, did it?" Molly asked gently.

Fighting back the tears, Tonks replied softly, "No."

Molly poured a fresh cup of tea. "What happened?"

"He...he refuses to consider the possibility. I'm not ugly, am I?" She had always been self-conscious of her appearance. She normally maintained what she thought was an attractive face that didn't have the classic 'Black' look.

Molly handed her a handkerchief. "No, dear. What did he say?"

"He keeps pushing me away, saying he's too dangerous, too poor, too old; it's just the same argument. He doesn't seem to understand I don't care. I know he likes me, I've seen the looks he's been giving me." Tonks disintegrated into tears.

Molly wrapped her arms around Tonks. "There, there. You mustn't give up. If you are persistent, he will be forced to deal with it and admit his feelings."

"Do you think so?" she asked hopefully.

"I know so. I had to work hard to get Arthur's attention."

Tonks looked at Molly in disbelief. She had assumed that Arthur and Molly had always been together. "Really?"

"Oh, yes. But you see how well it worked out. I'm sure it will be the same for the two of you."

"How did you get Arthur to come around?" Tonks was genuinely curious. She used the handkerchief to wipe the last of her tears away.

"Well, I just made sure that I was around him frequently. I'd try to get into a position to speak with him."

Tonks interrupted, "I've tried all that. It won't work on him. At least Arthur was open to the idea of a relationship. Remus isn't."

Molly looked confused. "Oh, right. Sorry, dear. Just be persistent. Once he realizes you are serious and aren't going to forget about him, he'll come around."

"I don't know..."

"Now, Tonks, you can't just give up. He might not be willing to admit it, but he needs someone. Be strong."

Despite Molly's words, Tonks did not feel particularly optimistic. She knew that continuing to talk with Molly wouldn't yield anything else useful. "Thanks for helping, Molly. I think I'll go now."

Molly gave her a crushing hug. "Don't give up, dear."

Tonks smiled weakly and left. There had to be some way she could convince Remus to see her as a woman and a romantic interest.

Once again, Remus was at the Weasley house. He still felt guilty about the amount of time he spent here, but Molly kept insisting he come by. Sometimes he had the impression she was treating him like one of her children, but he had to admit that it wasn't all bad. If he weren't at the Burrow, he would have been spending the holidays alone.

"I've invited Tonks to Christmas dinner," she said as she prepared a sandwich for him.

"That's nice." He didn't want to sound rude, but he really wished that Molly would stop trying to interfere with his personal life. She had been dropping not so subtle hints that he should spend some time with Tonks.

"Though I'm not sure if she'll make it. Perhaps you can talk to her and see if you can convince her to come?"

"I'll see if I can find the time," he replied noncommittally.

"It would be a nice gesture. Are you getting enough to eat?" she asked, clearly concerned about his well-being.

He smiled weakly. "I'll survive. I've been through worse times than this."

"Well, you know you are always welcome here. Even if it's just stopping in for a quick bite."

He really hated living off the charity of others. "I'll keep that in mind. Is the laundry almost done? I really should be going soon."

"Just a few more minutes. Are you sure you can't stay longer?" She sounded disappointed that he was leaving so soon.

"I'm sorry, no. I should be able to spend a couple of days here over Christmas, though."

"Well, that's good. Do try to talk to Tonks. I think if more of us ask her to come, she might feel more welcome." She smiled at him.

"I'll do my best." He really had no intention of talking to Tonks. The more distance he had from her, the better. People like him tended to spend their lives alone; he had resigned himself to that fate.

"Remus, I mean it," Molly said sternly.

He knew he would have to deal with Molly's meddling. He hated conflict, especially with his friends. "Molly, please, stop pushing. I know what you're trying to do."

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked in mock innocence.

"Please, stop trying to set me up with Tonks."

"I'm not trying to set you up," she replied simply.

"You have been trying to get the two of us together for months. Isn't it convenient that she is over here the same time I am? I'm surprised she isn't here today," he said bitterly.

"Now, Remus, I have seen the two of you. You look at each other when you think the other isn't watching. You can't tell me you don't find her attractive."

"Of course I do, but that doesn't mean I'm going to act on it. I like her as a friend, nothing more. There can never be anything else between us. I lead half a life, Molly. I can't ask her to share my miserable existence. Besides, I can't get close to anyone that way. I'm too dangerous. Because of what I am, I have resigned myself to a solitary existence."

She put her hands on her hips and spoke sternly. "Remus Lupin, you keep talking about your condition keeping you alone, well, it doesn't. You have a lovely young woman interested in you, willing to overlook that which has ostracized you from most of the wizarding world, and you are going to throw that away? Don't be a fool. Open up to her, get to know her. Give it a chance."

He was determined to hold his ground. "I can't do that, Molly. I won't do that to anyone. Any woman deserves better than me. How could I possibly be a good husband if I can't even support myself?"

"Men! You and your foolish pride. You would rather live on the streets than let someone else provide for you, wouldn't you?"

He grabbed his still wet clothes from the washer and headed for the door. "Yes, I would. I will not be a charity case. Good day, Molly, and thank you for the sandwich." Why couldn't anyone understand? He wanted to be his own man. He finally had a purpose in life and everyone was trying to make him dependent on others. He wouldn't let them. And he definitely wouldn't risk hurting Tonks. He cared for her far too much for that.

Tonks had finally agreed to stop by the Burrow. Molly had been pestering her with owls the entire week following Christmas. She figured the best way to get Molly to leave her alone was to visit. As soon as she entered the house, Molly wrapped her in a crushing embrace.

"Tonks, dear. So glad you decided to come. Come in, have a spot of tea." Molly herded Tonks to the table. "I wish you could have been here for Christmas. We had a lovely time. Everyone missed you."

"Everyone?" Tonks questioned. "Not Remus," she added under her breath.

"Now, dear, that's not true." Molly patted Tonks' hand in a reassuring manner.

"Did he ask about me?" she asked almost hopefully.

"Well, not exactly," Molly replied evasively, and then continued quickly, "but he did talk about you. You really should have come. It was quite pleasant, and the two of you could have found some time to talk when neither one of you were rushing off somewhere else."

"It won't make any difference," she replied sadly.

"Well, not if you take that attitude. Keep trying to reach out to him and be cheerful when you do it. If you were to talk to him acting like this, of course he wouldn't be interested in you. Make him see you for the woman you are."

"Yeah, right," she replied morosely.

"Come on, dear. Buck up. I can tell that he likes you; he just needs you to force the issue. I'll let you know the next time he's over, and I'll make sure he doesn't leave so that the two of you sit down and talk things through. You don't want to give up, do you?"

"Not really, but he makes it so hard. How do I get through to him when he won't talk to me?"

"You have to make him talk to you, or at least listen to you. Love is a very powerful emotion. I know he realises this, and you just have to help him see that love can let you be blind to faults and accept a person for who he is."

Tonks tried to put on a cheerful face. She didn't need to spread her bad mood. "Thanks, Molly."

Remus looked around in amazement. There had been signs that something was going to happen at Hogwarts, but it was still unbelievable that not only had the castle been attacked, but that the attackers had come from inside.

Glancing around the corridor, he saw all the Death Eaters had either fled, were injured, or were dead. Noticing that some of the tapestries and wooden ornaments were on fire, he doused them with waves of his wand.

Tonks came running around the corner. He saw the edges of her robes were singed, but before he could speak, she asked, "Are you all right?"

"Fine. You?" He hoped that she wasn't injured.

"A little singed, but it looks worse than it is."

Remus saw her starting to reach for him and turned away, continuing to survey the damage, and saw the bloody mess that was Bill. Remus rushed over and knelt at his side.

"Is he...?" asked McGonagall nervously.

Remus rolled Bill over and saw the slight movement of his chest. "No. He's alive. We need to get him to the Hospital Wing."

"Professor, we've got some more over here, but I think only one is seriously hurt," called Tonks.

"Do you need help, Tonks?" McGonagall called back.

"No, we can manage," Tonks replied.

McGonagall turned back to Remus. "How is he?"

"Bad. This looks like Greyback's work." He levitated Bill, and he and Minerva headed to the hospital wing.

Tonks had stood back while they were in the ward after her outburst. She could tell that this was a very difficult time for Remus. The best thing she could do was to be there for him. As he explained his theory on Bill's situation to the others, she noticed how haggard he looked. No one had seen much of him since Christmas. He seemed to have been avoiding everyone. She wasn't sure if this was by his choice or due to his role as werewolf infiltrator.

He had taken the news of Dumbledore's death harder than the others. She supposed it had to do with the fact that Dumbledore had been one of the few in the wizarding world to trust him. He was still in shock, and she led him from the ward so that the Weasleys could spend time with Bill.

"Remus?" she asked softly and placed a hand on his shoulder.

He turned and brushed her cheek. "Nymphadora, please. Don't make this hard."

She sat him down in the window seat. "Remus, you are the one making this hard. Look at all the time we've wasted. I love you. I don't want to waste any more time. You're being foolish by ignoring your feelings." While this was not the ideal time, it was the first time she had been able to sit him down and talk rationally about whether or not they had a future.

"I'm trying to be practical," he insisted, though the ferocity of his insistence was waning.

She cut him off. "Who said love is practical? I don't want practical. Does someone with pink hair seem practical?" She was so close to getting through to him. Hopefully, she wouldn't do anything to ruin the moment.

He smiled and touched a lock of her hair. "It's not very pink right now, is it?"

She wrapped her arms around him. "No. And it's all your fault, you pigheaded, exasperating man."

Wrapping his arms around her, he replied, "My fault? How so?"

She snuggled against him, feeling safe in his arms. "I've been worried sick about you all year. You were with those werewolves, and you kept pushing me away."

"I didn't want to see you hurt," he said softly.

"But don't you see, you keep hurting me by pushing me away." She pulled back slightly and pursed her lips for a kiss.

Remus paused before he pressed his lips against hers. When he tried to pull away, she laced her fingers through his hair and held him to her. He didn't fight against her deepening the kiss.

When they finally broke the kiss, he was breathless. "Wow. That was..." He found he was at a loss for words.

She smiled at him. "See what you've been missing?"

He pulled away. "This is all moving too fast."

"Why don't we go somewhere we can talk about the events? I've got a spare room, if you'd like. No strings attached, but you look like you could use someone to talk to."

"Thanks." As he led her out of the castle, he stuck his head in the ward and saw the Weasleys busy around Bill. They didn't need him right now. Tonks hooked her arm in

his letting him know that she needed him.

Remus stood at the mirror, staring at his reflection, trying to determine how it had happened. In the last two days, he had gone from being adamant about not accepting charity, to having fully moved in to Tonks' spare room. It was a modest flat, but it was weather tight and had a stocked larder, more than he had experienced in the last year.

Over the last two days, they had spent a lot of time just talking, getting to know one another. He was surprised to learn that she could be mature when she wanted to. She was really quite pleasant to be around. He started thinking about how much time had been lost, but then he rationalized that he had spent most of the last year amongst the werewolves and wouldn't have spent much time with her anyway.

Now, where did they go? The funeral was over and once again, Remus was burying a friend, one of the few that had ever loved him. Staring at his gaunt reflection and taking in the shabby clothes he was wearing, he tried to determine what Tonks saw in him. Running his hand through his hair and looking at all the grey, he thought that he looked closer to fifty than his true age. He felt much older than he looked. And now with Snape turned traitor, there was no one to brew the Wolfsbane Potion for him. Full moon was in less than a week, and he was already dreading it.

The recovery period would be the true test of her love for him. She had never seen him after that sort of transformation.

"Remus?" she asked from behind him.

In the reflection, he could see her leaning against the doorframe. He smiled weakly at her, admiring the fact that her hair had returned to its usual vivid pink.

She crossed the room and wrapped her arms around his waist. "Why don't you come out front, and we can listen to the Wireless?"

Actually, he preferred to be alone right now, to find time to sort out his emotions, but he could tell that she wanted company. He turned so he could wrap his arms around her. "All right."

They sat together on the sofa, and he had his arm wrapped around her shoulder. With his left hand, he picked up her hand kissed the back of it. "Thank you."

She was confused. "For what?"

"For not giving up on me."

She put her hand on his cheek. "I almost did. You can be quite obstinate."

He gave her a quick kiss on the lips. "So can you. But, I suppose I should be glad of that."

She seemed disappointed when he broke the kiss, and she began her kissing his cheek. Turning to face her, he encouraged her to straddle his lap. "Nymphadora," he said softly.

"You know, I think I might let you use my name," she replied as she continued to kiss him and slipped her hands into his robes.

He placed his hand on her waist, unsure of how to react. She was a beautiful woman, offering herself to him, but he felt he wasn't worthy, wasn't ready. "It's too soon."

She finished unfastening his shirt and pushed it off his shoulders. "That's nonsense and you know it. Do you know how hard it's been for me sleeping at night knowing that you were in the next room?" She ran her hands along his chest.

His body was reacting, agreeing with her. Of course, she was making it worse by pressing against him. Running his hand along her waist, he was waging an inner war.

Taking hold of his hand, she placed it on her breast. "I know you want this."

He most certainly did, but he was frightened of the repercussions. "Are we sure this is what we want? The last few days been rather hectic."

She leaned forward and kissed him again. "Are you afraid?" she purred.

"More nervous..." he cut off his reply when he felt her hand slide into his trousers. He couldn't stop the gasp that escaped his lips. Somehow, his hand had ended up on her leg and as he moved his hand up her leg, he noticed that she wasn't wearing knickers. That simple discovery let him make up his mind, and he shifted her so she was lying on her back on the sofa. "Are you sure?" he asked one last time.

As Tonks pulled him close for a passionate kiss, he had his answer.

Remus shivered. Though it was summer, it was quite cold in the cave where he imprisoned himself for his transformations. Groping around the cave, he searched for the blanket, and wrapped it tightly around his body once found. It would be several hours before he was strong enough remove the charm that kept him safely in the cave. This was the one time when he missed the company of his brethren. Following the transformation, they drew strength and warmth from each other.

He heard a sound at the mouth of the cave and fumbled for his wand, even though it wasn't likely he would be able to cast any spells.

"Remus? Are you still here?" echoed Tonks' voice.

"Yes," he answered hoarsely. How had she found him? He thought this cave was unknown by anyone else. He hid his eyes from the light when she entered the small chamber.

She was apologetic. "Sorry, I can't make it any less bright. I thought you might like a quick way out of here?"

He would, but he had a question. "How did you find me?"

Kneeling by his side, she replied, "Don't be mad at me. I followed you the other night. Can you stand?"

"I think so," he replied weakly. Clutching at his blanket with one hand, he grasped her hand with the other and let her help him to his feet. Once standing, he leaned against the wall, and panted, "My clothes." The transformation had exhausted him.

She looked around with her wand and picked them up. Once she had everything, and he had taken hold of her hand, she asked, "Ready?"

"Yeah," he replied and tightened his grip, not wanting to be splinched while nude. Once they arrived in her front room, he collapsed. He saw the concerned look on her face. "I told you it was horrible," he whispered.

She leaned over to help him up. "Let's get you to bed."

"Just the sofa." He didn't feel as though he could make it as far as his bedroom.

She transfigured the sofa to bed, and once he was settled, she asked. "Can I get you anything? Something to eat?"

He shook his head. "Water. Clothes."

Hurrying to the kitchen, she brought back a pitcher of water and a glass. After helping him drink some water, she started helping him into his pyjamas.

"I can do it," he replied. He didn't want to be treated like an invalid.

"I somehow doubt it. You can't even stand. Let me help you. Please?" She stroked his hair.

He found he didn't have the energy to fight her. All he wanted was to go to sleep, and it was easier to let her help. Once he was dressed, she tucked the blanket around him.

"Are you sure you don't need anything else?" she asked softly.

"Sleep." He nuzzled against the pillow and soon drifted off.

Tonks watched Remus. He had told her the transformation would be rough, but she had not been prepared for how haggard he would look. Reaching out to stroke his hair, she began to realise how tough his life was. His hair was liberally flecked with grey. Actually, it was almost more grey than brown.

When she had found him in the cave, he had looked so weak and helpless. Now, he was deep in an exhausted sleep. She found herself wondering if she could really deal with this for the rest of his life. She had done reasonably well in Potions. Perhaps she could learn how to brew the Wolfsbane Potion? That would surely help him.

She saw him shiver and crawled into bed behind him, wrapping her arm protectively around him. He was the one for her, and she would accept him in sickness and in health, for richer or for poorer. Even though there would likely be more sickness than health and more poorer than richer, but she didn't mind. She loved him.