

By the Pull of the Moon

by phoenix

Remus tries to rebuild his life after the first war, but the wolf inside is his enemy, causing him to retreat from wizarding society.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Warning: This fic is very dark and there is non-consensual sex, so proceed with caution.

Remus Lupin couldn't believe his luck. Just a few short months ago, his entire world had come crashing down around him. Most of the wizarding world was celebrating the defeat of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, but he had been mourning the loss of his four closest friends, his surrogate family. Two murdered in You-Know-Who's final attack their young son sent to live with relatives the third struck down by the fourth. He had lost many others who were friends, but none would ever be like those four. They had known his secret and had still accepted him for *who* he was, not shunned him for *what* he was.

Now, just when his life was at its lowest, he had met a wonderful woman. She was good looking, though not gorgeous, but had the most wonderful personality. He had only known her for a few weeks, but he felt she was someone very special. Perhaps in time he would even confide his secret to her.

She had been non-judgmental about his lack of steady employment, saying that he would recover from the effects of the war in time. How he longed to tell her that that might not be the case, but he had always feared how others would react. James, Lily, Peter and... *Sirius* had been the exception. Could he be so lucky to have found another?

"What are you thinking about?" Sarah Whiting asked.

He shifted his gaze so that he focused on her. Reaching across the table, he took hold of her hand and smiled warmly. "How lucky I am to have found you."

"I think we are mutually lucky." She paused as though waiting to say more. Finally, she added, "I was talking with my brother today. I hope you don't mind, but I know you said that you were having had a hard time finding work, and he has an opening. It's only part time and it's not particularly glamorous, but it will be something to tide you over until you can find a more permanent job."

He was completely taken aback. "Are you serious?"

"You aren't upset with me, are you?" she asked nervously.

"Oh, no. Of course not. I can't believe you would go through that trouble for me." He felt a little guilty for harboring his secret now. Surely, her brother would inquire as to his absences, but since it was part time work, perhaps he could keep the secret long enough for him to feel secure in telling her.

"It was really no trouble. He actually brought it up first, mentioning that business was starting to pick up and that he was looking into hiring someone. I just mentioned your

name, hoping you wouldn't mind."

"I really appreciate it. When do I interview?"

"You start tomorrow. I'll give you the directions later, but I think this is cause for celebration."

"I don't have the job, yet." Even though he knew that many people got jobs through exactly this sort of connection, he still felt guilty about it.

"Yes you do, silly. My brother trusts my judgment. Now, I don't think we can do a proper celebration tonight, but how about we go out to dinner and dancing on Friday, my treat."

He could tell how much this meant to her, but he was nervous about being out the night before full moon. Unfortunately, he could not devise a good reason not to go out with her. He reasoned that they would be in public, so it should be safe. Then he could lock himself away for his transformation. Next month, he would have to arrange his days off to keep his secret.

The work for his new job was not overly difficult. It was some advanced Charms work, but that had been one of his best subjects in school. Sarah's brother, Brian, had complemented Remus' work, and he was beginning to feel quite confident in himself as he had not since the Order had disbanded.

On Friday, he tried not to act nervous, but he could never help it when the moon waxed full. On days before the full moon, he could feel the pull starting to change his personality, and he hated what those changes portended. Thankfully, Brian thought it was because Remus was going to dinner with Sarah that night. He could only hope that neither of them would learn the truth, at least not until he had fully earned their trust and could reveal his secret.

She met him at Brian's business, and they left for the restaurant from there.

"Now, this is my treat," she said, her arm looped affectionately in his. "And I won't take no for an answer. You can treat next time."

He still felt bad that she was paying, especially since he now had a job, but he reasoned that this was a special evening. "Fair enough."

She tried to make pleasant conversation over dinner, but he couldn't help staring at her. He couldn't really believe that a woman like her wanted him. She really was quite beautiful and the cut of her robes really accentuated her curves and her cleavage. He started to feel an intense emotional attachment rising up even though he tried to suppress it, knowing that until he told her about himself, this could all come crashing down on him. The wolf inside reassured him how wonderful it was to be getting attention from a woman, that she had chosen her clothing specifically to get his attention, and that she was flirting with him with all the gentle touches she was giving him. He was no longer quite sure what to think about her behavior.

Finally dinner was over, and she settled the check. "Ready for a little fun?" she asked as she smiled mischievously.

He fought back the urge to growl at her; He was ready for more than a little fun after all the flirting that had been going on during dinner. "Of course," he replied a gleam in his eye. He rose and offered her his hand. She led him to a nightclub a few doors down from where they had been eating. The music was loud, the club was crowded and the dancing was vigorous.

She wiggled suggestively to the music and the wolf inside him growled in approval. She rubbed up against him as they danced, and he found he could not keep his hands off her, caressing her sides and brushing her firm breasts. The beat of the music reverberated around him, through him, in rhythm with their bodies. It was intoxicating, the sight of her, the feel of her in his hands, more inebriating than the scant liquor in his last drink. The music soared in his blood, feeding the wolf in a way he had never experienced. As her body swayed and moved with the music, he could hear the bass as well as his increased heartbeat in his ears. Finally he could take it no more and pulled her close for a hungry kiss. She returned it, and he slowly guided her through the crowd until they were along the periphery of the club. He grabbed her arse and pulled her close to him, letting her feel his need.

"Remus," she said breathily, desire clear in her expression, her hands rubbing his chest, moving lower.

Her voice was music to his ears, her touch electric. He involuntarily growled with desire. His hand went between her legs and rubbed her. She moaned at his touch, driving the wolf inside into a frenzy. She approved, and he needed her, needed to feel himself inside her. He noticed a door which presumably went to some sort of storage closet, and he guided her that way, pleased to find the door was unlocked.

Pressing her against the wall, he kissed her hungrily, and she eagerly returned the kiss, her hands moving across his back and lacing into his hair. He wanted her and she wanted him. The wolf inside had never been so happy. Her moans of desire were driving him wild. Moved by the cravings of the wolf, he lifted her skirt and slid his hand into her panties, eager to feel her wetness, her hot flesh. As he rubbed her, reveling in the wetness between her legs, his mouth probed hers hungrily, pressing his lips against hers to the point of pain. She writhed against his fingers, moaned in desire, and he throbbed with need. She was pushing against him and he didn't notice. All he knew was that he had to have her. The wolf had taken control.

He tore her panties off and frantically undid his trousers with one hand.

"Remus, no, not here," she protested.

"It has to be now," he nearly growled. She had unknowingly driven the wolf past the point of no return and the wolf would not be denied, he could smell her, her desire.

She started struggling, looking for a way to get free. She pushed against him, hoping to get him to back off, but he was stronger than her. "Remus, please, no," she pleaded, more forcefully this time.

He took hold of her hands and pinned them against the wall over her head with one hand. "I know you want this. After the way you danced with me, looked at me, touched me, the way you smell." He licked the fingers he had been using to fondle her and growled at the taste of her arousal, anticipating the sexual conquest he was about to make. Using his free hand, he pulled her hips forward so that he could enter her.

"Not here. Not like this. Please, stop. No, no, NO!" she shouted, but with the music pounding the club, no one could hear her.

She squirmed but he held her tight. Roughly he thrust into her, ignoring her screams to stop, screams for help. She had awoken the wolf, and the wolf had needs. Roughly and quickly he took her against the wall, driven by his primal urges. Finally he could feel the ripple of orgasm coursing through his body. Once he had spent his seed inside her, he leaned in for one more hungry kiss before releasing her.

Only then, with the wolf retreating did he notice that she was crying and curling up against the cold brick wall. He realized that he had lost control, that he had hurt her, and he stepped back in horror. "Sarah? Dear Merlin, what have I done?" he asked quietly as he tentatively reached for her.

"Get away, you monster!" she screamed through her tears and cowered away from him, trying to cover herself.

He pulled up his trousers and quickly Disappeared. She was right, he was a monster.

Once home he figured it would only be a matter of time before law enforcement came for him. Quickly he packed his few meager possessions and disappeared into the night. He knew it hadn't been wise to go out the night before full moon, but he had done it anyway. Now he would pay the price.

After the moon he would send Sarah a letter, let her know what he was, but he knew that would never take the pain away, nothing ever could. He wasn't fit to live in decent society; the wolf inside was too dangerous. James and Lily had been wrong about him. He would find a way to survive, but he would never put himself in a situation where

he would hurt others again, where the wolf would hurt others again. Never again.

A/N: Many thanks to my wonderful beta beawesley2 for sticking with me on this one. Her input was invaluable. I'd also like to apologize to everyone for doing this to poor Remus. I know it seems at odds with the timid and reserved Remus who was so afraid of admitting his feelings for Tonks we saw in the books, but the way I see it is that he did something horrible when he succumbed to the wolf and he vowed he would not lose control again.