

# Tale As Old As Time

*by articcatt621*

This is their story, of the girl who tamed the beast within.

## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 6*

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A/N: I'd like to give a huge thanks to Krissy and Muggle Jane. You both are such great helps! I hope everyone reading enjoys this new story!

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### *Chapter 1*

Hermione sat in a small corner of the Black library. She was writing in her journal, enjoying a rare moment of being alone. Lately, she couldn't stand anyone at number twelve, Grimmauld Place. Putting her pen down, she reflected on the last few months.

Hermione, the rest of the Dumbledore's Army, and the Order of the Phoenix had barely made it out of the Ministry alive, and it was all for nothing. Well, maybe not. They had learned about the prophecy, which was slightly helpful. They had finally learned why Voldemort was so keen on killing Harry. They had learned he was the only hope the Wizarding World had.

None of them left the Ministry unscathed, though. Sirius lost his life. He was a reckless man to begin with, always running into things headfirst. She didn't want to say it, but he deserved it because of his foolish and irresponsible behavior. *No*, she quickly banished that thought from her mind. How could she even think something like that? No one deserved to die. Sure, Sirius wasn't responsible at all, but that didn't mean he deserved to die. No, he was just a victim, much like the rest of them.

But she didn't feel bad for him. She didn't mourn him. No, they were all warriors, fighting for what they believed in. They were all prepared to die for the cause. They all knew what they were getting themselves into. She couldn't let herself become distracted by grief. None of them could, especially Harry. Grief made you blind, and being blind in a war was dangerous.

There just wasn't time to mourn. They should all be planning. There was a war to be won, battles to be fought, evil to be vanquished.

Her fingers brushed against her collarbone, tracing the outline of her scar. She didn't escape the battle unhurt either. Dolohov had attacked her viciously. She shuddered as she remembered the malicious glint in his eyes as he circled her, his prey.

She frowned, remembering Madame Pomfrey's words. If Dolohov hadn't been silenced, the spell would have killed her. She was thankful she was alive.

Her parents would be furious when they found out. They didn't want her returning to the Wizarding World to begin with. "It was too dangerous for their precious baby." Hermione resisted the urge to roll her eyes. She was a grown woman. She could take care of herself. She was almost an adult. She was going to be seventeen, and that was the legal age in the Wizarding World. She would be able to care for herself.

Her parents wouldn't agree. So, as much as she hated to do it, she left in the middle of the night, leaving only a note. She belonged here, at headquarters. She wanted to be a part of the war. She wanted to fight for Muggleborns and their rights. She needed to be by Harry's side.

She began to scribble in her book once more. She heard the door to the library creak open, and from the corner of her eye, she watched as someone entered the room.

Hermione relaxed once the familiar scent of leather and bourbon filled her nostrils. She inhaled gently, taking in the smell. She knew her crush was getting bad when she could recognize him by his scent.

"Hermione," he said huskily, taking the seat across from her.

"Hello, Remus," she said lightly. She gave him a smile.

He smiled at her, and she blushed, knowing he could hear the rapid beating of her heart.

"You've been locking yourself up a lot lately," he said, starting a conversation.

"Honestly, I can't stand being around anyone else right now," she huffed. "I swear this house is full of zombies!"

"You're not affected by Sirius's death?" he asked.

"Of course I am, Remus, but we're in the middle of a war. Moping around isn't going to make things any different. I just can't stand to be around any of them!" She stood, crossing her arms angrily.

Remus stood as well, crossing the room and pulling her in for a hug. Hermione was too stunned to speak. Not wanting to ruin the moment, she wrapped her arms around him. He felt as wonderful as he smelt. She momentarily wished she could stay in his embrace forever.

Remus chuckled, but froze when he realized something. Hermione's heartbeat was beating erratically. He thought it was from her nerves, but as he sniffed the air, he realized it was something else completely — arousal.

He quickly broke away, looking down at her. Her cheeks were flushed as her heart thumped quickly. There were small beads of sweat dripping down her neck, disappearing below her sweater.

"Her—" he went to speak, but found his voice was raw and dry. No words would come out.

Hermione's eyes opened in horror as she realized what happened. He knew she was attracted to him. He knew. She tried to speak, but he quickly rushed from the room.

She collapsed into her seat, pulling at her hair. All that remained was his lingering scent. She groaned, putting her head into her hands. Why did she have to be attracted to someone who was obviously out of her league?

## Chapter 2

### *Chapter 2 of 6*

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### *Chapter 2*

Hermione sat on the steps as she waited for the rest of the Order to arrive. There was going to be a meeting later on tonight, discussing what would happen next in regards to the war.

Ron and Harry were both playing chess in the living room. Neither of them had any interest in being involved with the Order, but Hermione did. She wanted to be a part of the war. She wanted to fight, but no one else wanted her to.

She was almost an adult. She could make her own choices, why couldn't anyone else see that?

Remus walked past her, going into the kitchen. Hermione inwardly groaned once more. For the past week, she had been trying to talk to him. She wanted to explain herself. Hell, she just wanted to talk to him and hear his voice, but no, he was acting as if she didn't exist. Real mature of him. Rolling her eyes, she stood, brushing the dust off her hands.

She made her way towards the boys. Harry was talking, which was strange because he usually just stayed shut up in Sirius's room. He didn't usually want to talk to anyone; he'd rather just bottle his emotions up. He could be a real idiot sometimes, but she loved him, nonetheless. He was the brother she never had. They were family.

She sat down, watching as Ron's knight smashed Harry's rook. "You know, Hermione, we really don't understand why you're so upset that Mum's not going to let you into the meeting."

She crossed her arms. "You don't understand, Ron. I want to fight. I want to be a part of this."

Harry shook his head. "I've had enough fighting for now. I just want to go back to Hogwarts. I just want a bit of normalcy again."

Hermione rolled her eyes. They would never understand. But she couldn't blame them. They wanted to stay innocent. "Well, we have different views on things, and that's all."

Ron shook his head. "Whatever you say." He knew better than to push Hermione when she obviously didn't want to change her mind.

She heard the front door swing open and then voices. "Wotcher guys," Tonks said with a smile, standing in the doorway. Ron grinned up at her, his cheeks turning red. Hermione smirked. She didn't understand what Ron saw in her, but then again, what did she see in Remus?

Everyone was making his or her way towards the kitchen. Molly stood in the doorway, watching Hermione. "You're not coming in," she huffed.

"Molly, that isn't fair. I have every right!" Hermione protested.

"You're a child. This is no place for you!"

"I'm almost seventeen!" Hermione cried, resisting the urge to stomp her foot like a child. "I fought in a battle. I've held my own against Death Eaters! There's no reason I shouldn't be in that room."

"She's right. You know that, Molly," a husky voice spoke out.

Hermione looked up to see Remus standing in the doorway. Her heart fluttered nervously.

"See? Please let me in, Molly," she begged.

"Hermione, you don't understand. By every right, you should be here, attending this meeting. However, you're not old enough. Until you actually are seventeen, you can't attend a meeting. There's a spell in place to make sure people don't join when they're too young," Remus explained.

Hermione frowned. "Oh. I see. No one ever told me that."

"Sorry," Remus responded, giving her a sympathetic look before turning back into the kitchen.

Hermione walked away feeling dejected. The door to the kitchen closed, and the meeting began. Once more, she was being left out. She made her way back towards the living room.

"Is Dumbledore here?" Harry asked, looking up from his game.

Hermione shook her head. "No, he's at the Ministry with Kingsley and Mad-Eye. There were some issues earlier today."

Ron looked up. "What kind of issues?"

Hermione frowned as she shrugged. "The bad kind. I think Voldemort infiltrated the Ministry."

"Really?" Harry frowned. He pursed his lips, an angry expression appearing on his face.

"Yes," Hermione responded, sitting on the couch. "Something isn't right, though. He should be here by now."

Suddenly, a silver fox appeared in the hallway. Hermione immediately stood, grabbing both Ron and Harry. "Remus!" she cried.

The door to the kitchen burst open. Remus, Molly, and the others were pouring into the hall to hear the message.

*"The Ministry has fallen. Dumbledore has fallen. They're coming"*

"What?" Harry cried, angry tears now falling down his face.

Hermione whipped around. "Don't you understand? Dumbledore's the Secret Keeper, if he's dead—"

"They'll know where we are," Ron finished in a whisper.

There was an explosion in the street. The building shook and the lights flickered.

"Everyone run! You have to get past the block in order to get past the anti-Apparition wards!" Molly shouted.

Hermione's heart started pounding. "Come on boys!" She yanked the two of them out the door.

Hexes were flying in every direction. The night sky provided the perfect cover for the enemy. Hermione quickly broke into a run, dragging the boys along.

A loud cackle broke out. Harry skidded to a stop. "Bellatrix," he breathed, running off towards her.

"Harry, no!" Hermione cried. Ron took off after Harry.

She went to run after them, but felt a pair of arms wrap around her. "Let go!" she cried, throwing her head back. She heard the satisfying crunch of bone breaking. She turned around quickly, pulling out her wand.

"You filthy Mudblood," the Death Eater growled.

Hermione pointed her wand in his face. "Dolohov," she spat. "Back for more I see."

"I won't rest until I've had the whole thing," he growled in response.

The two of them began dueling, sparks flying every which way. Sweat was pouring down her body, adrenaline pumping through her veins. She grinned in triumph as her hex sliced through his legs, blood pouring outwards.

He looked at her, fury in his eyes. *"Aeternum nonmagico!"*

Hermione cried out as a black mist wrapped around her body and then seeped into her skin. She tried to get away from the mist, but couldn't. She screamed in pain.

Dolohov slowly began to approach her. She pointed her wand at him, crying out, but nothing happened. She tried to back away, but it was too late. Dolohov lunged at her, tackling her to the ground.

Hermione screamed in pain. Dolohov gripped her head and pulled it forward, only to slam it backwards into the concrete.

"Hermione!" someone shouted.

Dolohov wrapped his hands around her throat, tightening them. "I'm going to enjoy this," he whispered. "Watching the light leave your eyes."

He tightened his grip, and then Hermione knew no more.

# Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 6

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## Chapter 3

Hermione groaned. She sat up suddenly and looked around. She was in a bedroom, but not one she had ever seen before. Silently, she mentally checked herself. She had a pounding migraine and her limbs ached, but other than that, she felt fine. Quietly, she lifted the covers and moved to get off the bed. She lifted herself up but immediately sat back down. It seemed she didn't have her strength back yet.

Her heart was pounding. She had no idea where she was or who she was with. Remembering what had happened, her hand went up and gently touched her neck. It was sore and felt like it was bruised. Did Dolohov capture her? Is that where she was now?

Her wand! Where was her wand? Feeling frantic, she looked around, spotting it on the table beside the bed. Her insides jumped with joy, and she quickly bent over and grabbed it. She tried to conjure a glass of water, but nothing happened.

Hermione scrunched up her eyebrows in confusion. Why wasn't it working? She tried it again, but nothing. Starting to feel worried, she closed her eyes and thought of the happiest moment of her life: the moment she found out she was a witch. "*Expecto Patronum*," she whispered. Opening her eyes, she was once again met with disappointment. Nothing. No fun little otter, no shield, not even a mist.

Hermione then did something she hadn't done in ages: lost control. She immediately burst into tears, throwing her wand across the room. It clattered to the floor. Her magic wasn't working! Why wasn't it working?

Suddenly, there was a small pop. Hermione looked up and saw a small house-elf near the edge of the bed.

"Where am I?" Hermione immediately cried out.

The house-elf held her hands up in defense. "My name is Pipsy, Miss. You're safe here, not to worry. The master will be up shortly."

"The Master? Who is your master, Pipsy?" Hermione asked, getting her emotions under control.

Pipsy shook her head. "Sorry, Miss, I can't say. Don't worry, though." And with that, the small elf disappeared.

Hermione let out a cry of frustration, falling back onto the bed. The tears poured freely. She thought of the others and hoped they were all right. She hoped Harry and Ron got out all right.

Suddenly, the door burst open and someone came in.

Hermione sat up immediately but relaxed as she saw him. "Remus," she sighed, leaning back against the headboard.

"Hermione," he said, moving closer and taking a seat on the edge of her bed. "How are you feeling?"

Hermione frowned. "It feels like my head is splitting open, my throat is killing me, and my body aches."

Remus sighed. "Good."

"But, Remus, my magic is gone." A tear slid down her cheek.

He inhaled deeply, running his hand through his hair. "I know, Hermione. Dolohov invented the spell himself. I've tried to find some information on it, but I've been coming up empty handed." Remus frowned, looking down at the small witch.

She nodded, tears running down her face. "So it's permanent?"

"For now."

Hermione nodded, swallowing the lump in her throat. "How are the others? Is everything okay?"

Remus nodded. "As far as I know, yes. I don't know what will happen to the school since Dumbledore's dead. He's left Harry something to do to help end the war, but I'm not sure what it is. He isn't sharing any of the details."

Hermione sighed. "Well, where is he? I need to meet up with him to help him."

Remus silently got off the bed, moving towards the window. He gazed out over what appeared to be the garden.

Hermione immediately sensed something wasn't right. "Remus?" she asked timidly, but he didn't respond. "Remus, please, tell me what's wrong."

"You're not well enough to leave," he stated. His voice was flat, absolutely no emotion in it.

Hermione smiled. "Oh, well, once I've healed, I'll join Harry."

"No."

Hermione was startled. "No?"

"No," he repeated more firmly.

"What in Merlin's name do you mean no?" Hermione said, a little louder than she usually would have.

"Exactly what I said," he said. "You're not leaving this house."

"Why?" she angrily shouted at him.

"It's too dangerous out there. The Ministry is rounding up Muggleborns. Hermione, I can't let anything happen to you."

She was touched that he cared so much, but couldn't realize it over her anger. "You can't keep me here!" she argued.

"I can, and I will. Hermione, you're not leaving this house, and I mean it."

"Like hell you won't!" she argued. "Who do you think you are?"

Remus growled loudly, his eyes flashing dangerously. "No!" he roared. He quickly exited the room, locking her in.

Hermione remained frozen on the bed. She sometimes forgot that Remus was a werewolf. Hearing him growl in anger that was directed at her made her heart stop. She was frightened of him. He had a side that he kept buried deep, one that she never saw, and that scared her. Lost in her tears, she quickly pulled the covers over her head and disappeared from the world.

## Chapter 4

*Chapter 4 of 6*

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### *Chapter 4*

"Please, Miss, eat."

Pipsy was begging her once more to eat, but Hermione refused. It had been a day since Remus had yelled at her. Pipsy brought food every other hour, but Hermione didn't touch it. She was too angry. *How dare he tell me what to do! He can't keep me here. He has no right.*

She had gotten most of her strength back and was now able to get up and move about the bedroom. She took a long shower earlier and reveled in the feel of the hot water on her sore muscles. Hermione had then spent the rest of her day looking out the window. The garden went out for as far as she could see.

Pipsy had left, realizing that nothing she said would make a difference to Hermione. Hermione felt a stab of pity at the house-elf. It wasn't Pipsy's fault that she was trapped here. The elf was only trying to help.

Hermione looked back out the window and watched as two bluebirds flew around each other. She chuckled silently as the male chased the female around. She wished she could be free as well, flying around to her heart's content.

There was a loud banging on the door, and Hermione immediately frowned. She didn't want to see him right now.

"Hermione, open the damn door!" he growled from the other side.

Since Hermione had lost her magic, she had pushed the dresser in front of the door because she didn't want to see him. "Go away," she mumbled.

"Damn, Hermione, let me in," Remus ordered angrily once more.

"No." She crossed her arms stubbornly, knowing that he couldn't see her.

"Stop pouting and open the door. We need to talk," Remus said, a bit more softly this time.

"I have nothing to say to you!" she shouted angrily.

"Hermione, you need to eat something," he said, his voice sounding like normal now.

*Oh, so that's why he's here. To make sure I eat something* Hermione pursed her lips. "Why do I need to eat? Eating is stupid."

Remus huffed. "You're acting like a child. Hermione, you'll never get fully better unless you eat something."

"Why do I need to get better? It's not like you're going to let me leave."

"Damn it all, Hermione! You need to get better so I don't have to worry about you constantly."

Hermione froze. He was worrying about her? That didn't make any sense. She didn't understand any of this.

Remus groaned at the silence. "Hermione, I just want you to get better. Please come out and eat dinner with me tonight? Please?"

Hermione bit her lip, tears falling down her face. "I can't."

Remus growled, pounding on the door. "Fine! Why can't you realize that I'm doing this for your own good? You're so stupid sometimes, Hermione."

She breathed a sigh of relief as it was quiet. She moved back towards the bed and crawled beneath the covers. Once there, the tears poured freely once more.

Hermione felt so confused. This whole situation was so confusing, and she didn't even know what to think. Feeling as if she were being pulled in two directions, she let out a frustrated scream.

She cared for Remus. He was so brave, smart, and he was always so selfless. He was handsome and always smelled nice. She was head over heels for him, but why? Sure, they had some things in common, but there were so many negative things that would get in the way. He was much older than her, old enough to be her father. She didn't care but knew he would. He was a werewolf, and while that frightened her, she would never turn him away strictly because of that.

A part of her was so touched that he cared about her safety so much. She didn't really think he cared, but this was proof that he did. He might not care for her the same way she did for him, but he cared in some way. And that was all that mattered, right? She strived for his acknowledgment, but not in this way.

Another part of her burned in anger. She wasn't a child. She was an adult, one who could make her own choices. And yet here he was, bossing her around. He had no control over her. He wasn't her parent.

He couldn't keep her imprisoned here; surely there was some law against that? Could the Order really agree that this was the best course of protection for her? Did the Wizarding World really decay so quickly? She shuddered at the thought of it.

But that was why she needed to be with Harry and Ron! They needed her help! She was the brains, after all.

Her stomach growled loudly, and Hermione pressed her hands against it. She was getting hungry, but she refused to let herself eat. No, she was trying to prove a point. However, she wasn't sure how long her hunger strike would last. But for now, her resolve was strong. Her emotions were giving her strength. However, there was one major drawback.

Her anger was blinding her.

## Chapter 5

*Chapter 5 of 6*

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### *Chapter 5*

Hermione sat in the chair, looking out the window once more. There was nothing else to do there. She huffed, watching the clouds roll by. It looked so beautiful out... She honestly didn't see any harm in going out there.

*Remus is just trying to protect you,* a small voice hissed at her in the back of her mind.

Hermione sighed once more. She had been at war with herself. It had been three days since she'd eaten, and her hunger was getting the best of her. It was probably why she was feeling so irritable.

Pipsy had stopped bringing her food, most likely because she knew Hermione wasn't going to touch it.

She knew Remus was doing a good thing, and that she should be thankful that he cared about her so much, but her pride was getting in the way.

With a groan, she stood. Maybe she could sneak away later on tonight and try to find the kitchens. Yes, that sounded like a good plan. Hopefully she didn't run into Remus though... She didn't want to deal with him yet.

Now she just needed to find something to do in order to pass the time. Rolling her eyes, she fell backwards, landing on the bed with a thud. She was bored. She figured he would have brought her a book, something, anything, but he hadn't. "Some host he is," she scoffed to herself.

*Well, you haven't exactly been a good guest* her conscience scolded her once more.

Rolling her eyes, Hermione knew her conscience was right. But he was just so infuriating! And he had hurt her, even though it had taken her awhile to realize it. She was angry because he had hurt her.

He thought she couldn't take care of herself. He thought she was a child that needed protection. The thought was like a slap in the face. She was a child to him.

She felt her cheeks grow hot and willed herself not to cry. She didn't want to be a child to him. She wanted to be an adult. She wanted to show him that she wasn't useless!

Closing her eyes, she began to count her breaths.

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She awoke a few hours later. Glancing out the window, she saw it was dark outside. The moon was shining brightly onto the grounds. She grabbed a sweater that she had found in the closet and moved towards the door.

Pushing the furniture out of the way, she pressed her ear against the door, and she listened for any noises. She smiled when she didn't hear any.

She slowly opened the door. She peeked left and right and saw that the coast was clear. She decided she would head left and hopefully find the kitchens.

Walking along the corridor, she looked around. It was beautiful, and she imagined that it was definitely some sort of castle. There were paintings on the walls, Muggle, not magical. She wondered why. Hermione had always assumed that Remus came from a pureblood family, but looking back, she couldn't remember him ever saying what his blood status was. The carpets were red and incredibly soft. She walked along the corridor silently, the carpet cushioning her steps.

After wandering for almost twenty minutes, she heard a noise. Listening intently, she realized it was a lot of little noises. They were coming from behind the door. Feeling brave, Hermione pushed the door open, bracing herself for whatever laid on the other side.

She sighed in relief when she realized it was the kitchen. She walked in, immediately surrounded by the warmth of the stoves.

"Mistress!" a small voice cried out.

Hermione turned and saw Pipsy scooting through the crowd of house elves towards her.

"Pipsy." Hermione smiled. "Could you maybe get me something to eat?"

Pipsy smiled, her grin spreading from ear to ear. "Oh yes, Mistress! Right away!" Pipsy turned around and started ordering a few other elves around.

Hermione took a seat at the table that was in the middle of the room. Pipsy appeared a few moments later with a tray of finger sandwiches and a cup of tea. Hermione smiled, offering her thanks.

She stared at the food, licking her lips. She hadn't realized how hungry she was exactly, but now that she was here, she realized she was famished. Her stomach growled loudly as if to agree. She picked up a sandwich and was about to bite into it when she realized there were hundreds of eyes on her.

"Pipsy?" she asked nervously.

"Yes, Miss?" Pipsy asked, puffing her chest up as if she was so happy Hermione was calling for her specifically.

"Why are you all staring at me?" Hermione felt a bit silly asking.

"Oh!" Pipsy smiled once more. "They are happy to see a Miss in the castle. It has been so long, and we've been waiting for someone to serve."

Hermione frowned. Her S.P.E.W. efforts weren't forgotten. "You know, Pipsy, I don't really need to be served. I can handle things on my own."

Pipsy looked as if she was going to burst into tears. Looking around, Hermione saw many of the elves looked that way. Her heart constricted.

"But I can be served if it's what you really want," she added, trying to appease the elves. They all grinned once more, and Pipsy held a look of relief.

Hermione smiled, but it was forced, so it came out like a grimace. Turning back to her food, she quickly ate. When she finished, she pushed the plate away and stood.

"I can take you back to your room now, Mistress," Pipsy said.

Hermione shook her head. "No, I think I want to look around a bit."

Pipsy bit her lips. "That's not a good idea, Miss," she said gently.

Hermione scrunched her eyes up in confusion. "Why not? It's just a castle."

The elf bit her lip once more. "A castle full of dangerous secrets, Mistress."

"It'll be fine," Hermione said. She wanted to explore. She could only imagine the secrets this place held.

Pipsy shook her head. "No. I must insist."

Hermione sighed. "Fine, I'll return to my room, but I'll walk there alone."

Pipsy still seemed nervous, but knew it was good enough.

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Hermione was wandering down the hall. Of course she hadn't listened to Pipsy. Why on Earth would Hermione Granger do what she was told?

Looking around, she noticed she had entered a darker part of the castle. She shivered, pulling her sweater around herself tighter. The whole atmosphere was cold and dark. The carpet was torn, and a few paintings were scratched. She wondered what had happened here. A terrible feeling began in her gut, and Hermione decided she would turn and go back to her rooms.

She had made it about halfway when she heard labored footsteps coming straight at her. Her heart caught in her throat as she saw him.

## Chapter 6

*Chapter 6 of 6*

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Hermione felt as if her heart had jumped into her throat. She couldn't breathe or think. She couldn't do anything but stare.

And he stared back, his eyes narrowed and breathing labored.

She couldn't figure out why he looked so angry.

And then he growled.

It hit her like a herd of stampeding Hippogriffs. She was so stupid. She had looked outside, looked at the moon, but didn't even think to connect it to him.

She backed up slowly until she came into contact with the wall. She stopped breathing, afraid to move.

Remus stepped towards her, growling. He sniffed the air around her, and then took another step.

Her heart pounded against her rib cage so hard, she feared it might break the bones. This was Remus, but *it wasn't*. It was Remus, in his human form, but it was obvious that Moony had already taken over.

The last time Hermione had seen him like this was in her third year, and she was just as frightened now as she was then. She knew Remus would never hurt her no matter how angry he was with her, but with Moony, she couldn't be sure.

She cursed herself for not having any magic. She should have listened to Pipsy and gone back to her room. The elf had warned her that the halls weren't safe, but she didn't listen.

Slowly, she tried inching her way down the hall. But once Remus realized what she was doing, he took another few steps towards her.

Hermione gasped, and he stopped. Hermione eyed him warily, unsure of why he stopped, and then she knew.

Remus let out a fierce howl, his head thrown backwards. He clawed at his skin, tearing some of his clothes.

*He's changing.* Hermione knew she stood no chance with a werewolf. Turning, she started running down the hallway, realizing it was the opposite direction of her room. But there was no way she was turning back.

She heard a howl and started running faster. She could hear the steps and heavy breathing behind her. He was catching up.

She looked left and right and then quickly tried opening one of the doors. To her surprise, it opened, and she tumbled in. She slammed the door shut behind her and quickly locked it.

She took a few steps back and held her breath. Remus was outside the door, sniffing around. There was a bang against the door, then silence.

Hermione let out her breath when she heard his footsteps take off in the other direction. She was safe for now. Realizing she had no idea where she was, she looked around. It was a bedroom, which distinctly smelled like Remus.

"Good job, Hermione, you've locked yourself in Remus's bedroom. He'll be really happy with you now," she chided herself.

But it was better than risking her safety, her conscience reminded her.

Since she was trapped in the room, she decided to take a few looks around. There were a few pictures here and there, mostly of the Marauders, but a few really stuck out to her. Lily. There were pictures of Lily buried underneath the ones of his friends.

Hermione scrunched her eyes up in confusion. Why would Remus have pictures of Lily in his room?

She walked a bit towards the balcony where something caught her eye. There was a flower inside of a glass case. She placed her hands on the glass and could feel the magic surrounding the flower. A surge of jealousy flared up within her; this flower had magical abilities, yet she did not.

She bit back tears, knowing that she couldn't help it. Crying wouldn't bring her magic back, and she would be foolish to think that. She stared at the flower for a bit longer when she realized something. It was a lily.

Lily. First, there were the pictures and now this flower. It couldn't just be a coincidence, could it? She figured it could be, but she highly doubted it.

There was something going on here concerning Lily, but she wasn't sure what. And a small part of her was afraid to ask.

She stepped away from the flower, as if she was suddenly afraid of it.

Looking around, she noticed there was a painting on the wall, a very old one. Walking over, she looked at it. There were two adults and two children. One of the children was obviously Remus. His eyes were as vibrant as ever. She smiled a bit, knowing that Remus was adorable as a child.

Standing next to Remus, there was a little girl who was tightly holding his hand. She had big blue eyes and blonde hair. Hermione bit her lip. *didn't know Remus had a sister. He never mentioned her.*

*And then these must be Remus's parents* she mused. They looked strict, the father's eyes cold and hard. Were they cruel to Remus? Did he have a bad childhood growing up? She had never asked him, but that's not something you really ask someone during a normal conversation.

Stifling a yawn, she walked over to his bed and crawled in. She inhaled deeply, burying her face into his pillow. It smelled just like him. She pulled the covers up over her head, as if she was hiding from the world.

Hermione had never really given any thought to his family life. Were his parents still alive? Was his sister? Where were they now, if they were? Why hadn't he mentioned them before? Did he grow up here, in this very castle?

All these questions and more swam around her head. She groaned, tossing and turning. Finally, she fell asleep, with images of a small, copper-haired boy running through these halls.