

# One Night in London

*by phoenix*

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## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**A/N:** This is a little bit of PWP fluff that's been bouncing around my brain for a few weeks now and finally reached the breaking point where it had to be released. I kind of feel sorry for Remus and the solitary existence forced upon him, so I gave him a brief moment of happiness.

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Remus Lupin sat in his usual seat in the corner of the Leaky Cauldron. This was one of the few places he could get a bite to eat. Tom was sympathetic to him and not only allowed him to run a tab, but he also discounted the bill. He kept hoping it would get better, that he would be able to find something more than temporary work. Unfortunately, asking for time off during the full moon quickly drew the wrong sort of attention, and he generally ended up quitting rather than facing discovery. The one time he had been discovered, he had barely escaped with his life.

Tom had hired a new barmaid, and out of the corner of his eye, he noticed her looking at him again. The last couple of weeks, she had been watching him quite frequently, though discretely. Rowena Morgan was her name. He thought that she wasn't bad looking, rather plain, but who was he to be picky? Female attention was not something he received with any frequency. Most were unable to look past his tattered robes. She was small and slight with mousy brown hair. What caught his attention most were her large amber eyes. The color was mesmerizing, not that he had a lot of time to look into them.

As he sopped up the gravy with his bread, he heard a tankard getting set down on his table. He looked up and saw her nervously smiling at him. "I didn't order any ale." It was a frivolity he could not afford.

"It's on the house. I, er, get off in ten minutes if you'd like some company," she said sheepishly, unable to meet his eyes.

Returning her smile, he replied, "I think I'd like that." He could hardly believe that a witch wanted to spend time with him.

When she returned in ten minutes, she sat nervously in the chair across from him. "My Uncle Tom says that you are a regular."

"He's kind to indulge me on a nightly basis. I'm Remus Lupin."

Her hand shot across the table. "Oh, sorry. I'm Rowena Morgan."

He found her nervousness endearing and returned her handshake by gently holding her hand in both of his. "Rowena, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'd offer you something to drink, but..."

"Oh, that's okay. I'm not really thirsty. So, what do you do?"

He had hoped for more time before she asked that question. "A little of this, a little of that. I take work as it suits my fancy," he answered evasively.

"Ah, a free spirit. I like that." She smiled warmly at him.

Suppressing the guilt he felt for his deception, he changed the subject. "What did you do before you started working for your uncle?"

"I was out on the farm with my dad, but it's not for me. He decided to send me here and see if I did better in the city." She quickly glanced over her shoulder. "Did you want to go for a walk in the park?"

He was momentarily taken aback by the forward nature of her question. "That would be splendid."

Her expression brightened. "Great. I'll get my cloak."

They stepped outside the pub, and she looped her arm in his and Apparated them before he could react. "Sorry. I just thought that standing around outside might attract attention."

"Not a problem, but are you always so forward?" He thought he saw her blush.

"I'm sorry. I sometimes act a little odd when I get nervous."

"And I make you nervous?" he asked cautiously.

"Well, it's not often I find a handsome wizard willing to go out with me."

Now it was his turn to blush. It wasn't often that he found a witch who would call him handsome. Most only saw his worn clothing and obvious lack of wealth. "Well, then, you will forgive me if I act a bit nervous around you. I don't go out on many dates and almost never on one with a witch as lovely as you."

She stopped and looked into his eyes. "You think I'm lovely?"

The moonlight caught her eyes, and he found them most alluring. The moon was nearly full, which did boost his confidence. "Enchantingly lovely and you have the most amazing eyes."

She looked away from him. "I hate my eyes."

Placing his finger under her chin, he tipped her head up so that he could look into her eyes. "You shouldn't. They have captivated me since the first time I saw you."

She giggled nervously and tried to look away from him, but he had her chin. "Remus..."

"Yes, Rowena?" He felt something that he had not felt in a long time, and he thought she felt the same way. Deciding to test his theory, he bent down and brushed his lips against hers. He pulled back slightly and saw that her lips were pursed, expecting more and her eyes were shut. Not wanting to disappoint her, he once again pressed his lips to her, and shifted his hands to lace them through her hair. He was somewhat surprised when he felt her tongue trying to part his lips, though he didn't resist, and he deepened the kiss.

When they finally broke the kiss, he asked, "You really didn't want to go for a walk, did you?"

"Not really. I just wanted to get you away from my uncle. Want to go to my flat?"

His heart skipped. Was this a one-night stand or something more? He knew it could never be anything more, not with what he was. The man inside told him that he shouldn't take advantage of her. The wolf inside argued that he would not be taking advantage of her, that she wanted him every bit as much as he wanted her. He had his answer when he felt her hand cupping his balls. "Let's go." This time, he wasn't bothered when she Apparated them somewhere.

Once they were inside her flat, they tore into each other's clothes.

"So many scars," she whispered as she ran her hands along his naked chest.

"They're nothing." Admiring the first naked female body he had seen in years, he found that she was not as boyish as he had first thought. Knowing he wouldn't last long, he tried to think unsexy thoughts, but his mind kept drifting back to the erotic. Her skin was soft and she was young.

She shoved him onto the bed and straddled him. "Oh, Remus," she moaned as she lowered herself onto his erection.

He had forgotten how wonderful it felt to be with a woman. She was hot, slick and very tight. As she started moving up and down, he again tried to force unsexy thoughts into his mind, but it wasn't working very well. Not wanting to come before she did, he gently pushed her off, rolling her over so that she was on her back and he was over her.

"What?" she asked, the disappointment clear in her voice.

"Just wait." Reaching down he rubbed between her legs, watching her squirm, before he slipped his finger into her, searching for her nub. As he rubbed her, she started twitching and gasping.

"Remus, please, take me," she pleaded as her hands balled the sheets on her bed.

He teased her a little while longer. With his tongue he circled her nipple, which was already hard. When he felt she was nearly there, he withdrew his fingers and gave her a playful nip. As he thrust into her, he couldn't suppress the moan of ecstasy.

Rowena gripped at his back and wrapped her legs around him.

In response to her urging, he pounded harder and harder into her. He could feel her nails digging into his back, but he didn't care. Just a little bit longer... He cried out as she nipped at his chest, but the pain didn't matter. Pulling her tight against him, he felt his seed spill into her. He wasn't sure if she was done, but when she relaxed in her grip, he assumed she was.

Unable to support his weight, he collapsed atop her and showered her with kisses. "Rowena," he whispered.

"Thank you," she replied.

When he tried to pull away, she grabbed him. "Stay with me."

"Rowena, I..." He couldn't finish because she placed her finger on his lips.

"Just for the night, nothing more. I want to feel you holding me."

Rolling next to her, he wrapped his arm around her. He could definitely get used to this feeling, but he knew it would never be a possibility. Kissing the top of her head, he

decided to live in the moment.

"I don't want this to be anything more," she offered. "Well, it can't be anything more. I'm like you."

He stiffened from the shock of what she had just said. When he recovered, he pulled away from her and gently pushed on her shoulder so he could look into her eyes. They were amber, wolfish eyes. "What do you mean, 'like me'?"

She seductively ran her finger down his nose and tapped his lips. "My uncle told me what you are, because we are the same. He thought I might like to know one of my own kind."

"He knows we're..." He found he couldn't finish that thought.

"Don't worry about it. He knows I get a little wolfish right before the moon. And he trusts you. I think he would rather have me with someone he knows and trusts than with just any old bloke." She nipped at his ear.

Now that the shock was wearing off, he found he was all right with this. "And next month?"

She played with the hair on his chest. "We'll see. If I'm still here, I may look you up. That is, if you're still here."

For another night like this, he could be in London next month.

~The End~