

As A Man Should

by Alison

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Complete short story

Chapter 1 of 1

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As A Man Should

By Alison Venugoban

I love him. And I know he loves me. I know it. It's just that sometimes I feel ... a little sad.

Most of the time, he's strong for me. For the majority of the time, he loves me as a man should love a woman, and I'm happy. He's romantic and loving and in the bedroom is considerate and tender. Then I can forget for a little while. But as the moon grows round in the sky, he becomes restless.

During the first few months we were living together, I put it down to his lycanthropy. I told myself that of course he'd become snappy and easily irritated as the time for his change grew closer. I was understanding and resisted the urge to snap back. I used my contacts as an Auror to get a registered alchemist to brew Wolfsbane Potion at cost and found a small affordable house for us to live in, with a roomy basement where he could change comfortably and in privacy.

I was just so happy, back then, that he'd finally given in and agreed to be with me. The year after Sirius died was a dreadful time for all of us. Remus went from affectionate and easy-going to a man with haunted eyes.

For a long time, I thought it was his mission amongst the other werewolves that gave him that bleak aura of despair. And the way that he avoided me broke my heart. I'd grown to love him so much, that year we spent meeting with the Order at Grimmauld Place. The times we spent around Sirius's kitchen table, just the three of us after the others had left, Remus and Sirius and I, having a laugh, are some of my happiest memories.

But when Sirius died, it all fell to pieces around my ears. The Dark Lord and his Death Eaters were back and their reign of terror spread shadows and despair across the land once again. And Remus agreed to Dumbledore's insane scheme that he go undercover amongst the werewolves. I was frantic but nothing I said had any sway with him. When I screamed at him that he could get himself killed, he just looked down and mumbled something about letting Fate decide.

All that horrible time he held me off with some rot about his being too old for me, too dangerous, too maimed. He said he didn't want to ruin my innocence, that I deserved better, not half a man. It didn't matter how much I tried to convince him that it didn't matter, that I loved him despite everything, or how often Molly Weasley remonstrated with him, he kept me at arm's length.

It was only Dumbledore's death that finally broke down his defences. It seemed almost as if he were tired of everything, that he just didn't have the reserves left to hold me off anymore.

And in due course the Order of the Phoenix fought the Dark Lord and we won. History recorded that, and for a while we were heroes, high on victory. But life goes on, and even heroes fade into the background and once more return to being everyday people with everyday lives. I went on with my Auror work, Remus became a successful advocate working in the Ministry Office for the Rights of Magical Creatures. And we were together. I was happy, he was happy, life was good.

Except for that one night every month, the night before the change, when he would push me away when I tried to get close to him physically, when he would tell me angrily to stop pawing at him like a bitch in heat. Then he'd barricade himself in the basement and not speak to me until after the lycanthropy had run its course.

Afterwards he always apologised profusely, saying that he wasn't himself and that the lycanthropy hormones made him crazy. But once he admitted that during that one night a month, my body didn't appeal to him. He must have seen how my face fell, because he straight away said not to take it to heart, when he wasn't under the influence of the change he loved my body, particularly my pert, boyish bottom. He then proceeded to show me, by way of the bedroom, just how attractive he usually found me.

But his comments had hurt. The next month as his hormones again began to bite, I decided to do something positive about it. What's the point of being a bloody good Metamorphmagus if you can't use it to enhance your love life and get your partner into a better mood?

And Remus proved appreciative. Over the next few months, we experimented, with me adopting a number of different "looks", some of which had us in stitches of laughter. Once, just as a joke, I took on Remus's shape, not just the facial features, I went "the Full Monty" and changed everything, body, genitalia, the works. Transforming into a male was something I used to practice doing as a teenager, back when I was exploring the limits of Metamorphmagism. And I admit, as a typically horny teenager, I'd wanted to see how sex felt for a male, and tried wanking, not particularly successfully, as my body kept wanting to slip back into my female form whenever I stopped concentrating. The approach of orgasm, as you might imagine, proved particularly problematic!

But now that I was older, I had more control, I could hold the male shape for hours if necessary without thinking about it, as easily as any of my female personas. Distractions were no longer a problem. And the results were better than I could ever have anticipated. Remus appeared fascinated to be making love to his double. I'll admit I was surprised when he took the subordinate position so easily, whimpering and wanting and loving it beneath me, and that he climaxed twice before I'd finished with him.

Afterwards, as we'd lain together catching our breath, I told him that I'd been worried about hurting him. He'd looked a bit embarrassed, then explained that it hadn't been his first time with gay sex: apparently it was an "initiation rite" amongst the werewolves, but that he'd never enjoyed it before and that it was different with me as we were in love. I was still a little puzzled; could you be that enthusiastic for something which previously must have been an ordeal? But I love him, so I accepted his explanation, pushing the thought to the back of my mind and trying to ignore its logical inconsistencies.

Making love with me in male form soon became something of a monthly ritual; I wanted to make him happy, and had no trouble myself climaxing in that body, although I never enjoyed it as much as I do in my female shape. It was just too quick and explosive, with none of the sweetly languorous buildup and world-moving orgasm of female desire. Oh, it was good, just not my preference.

But Remus loved it. He always bottomed, and I did enjoy making him cry out and beg for it. As extra titillation, I began taking the shapes of other men, aurors, rock stars, anybody we knew of but didn't know well. Resembling a friend, we agreed solemnly, would have been just too creepy. Until one night, when in the throes of passion Remus pleaded with me to change into Sirius.

I remember I hesitated, and gave him some guff about not being able to recall his face clearly enough for transformation. Remus went to his wallet and took out an old photograph. It had been taken at Lily and James Potter's wedding, and Sirius looked young and handsome, not the man with the starved body and ravaged face he'd had after his years in Azkaban.

That threw me a bit, I admit. He'd kept Sirius's photograph all this time in his wallet? And it had been well taken care of - not creased or torn, carefully (lovingly?) bespelled to protect it. But once again, I pushed the thought aside. They'd been best friends, it was no wonder he'd kept the photograph; through all the years Sirius was in Azkaban, on past his death, until now...

I told myself it was only in my imagination that I felt a slight prickle of jealousy that Remus did not have my photograph in his wallet too.

So I became the image of the man in the photograph, with Remus watching hungrily and advising me on little changes I should make: Sirius had a small mole there, on his inner right thigh in the shape of an exclamation mark; Sirius had a tiny scar on his left buttock; Sirius had hair that started at the navel and traveled in a slightly wonky line down to his crotch; Sirius was uncircumcised. And I wondered, even as I changed, how did Remus know so much about Sirius's body? Could just sharing a dorm in school have resulted in such intimate detail?

And Remus totally lost it when we made love, weeping and crying out Sirius's name, urging me on, doing things I'd never have thought possible until I experienced them that night. At last we lay sated in each other's arms, me still resolutely holding the form of Sirius. Remus was cuddled up to me, one hand lying across my stomach possessively. I looked down at his drowsy face and felt a terrible stab of fear and loss. In a desperate bid for reassurance, I whispered, "I love you, Remus."

He didn't open his eyes, just sighed quietly. "I love you too, Sirius."

And then I knew. It hadn't been the lycanthropy that made Remus so reluctant to be with me. I have a rival - the memory of Remus's first love, the shade of Sirius Black. And I can never hope to overcome this competition, because I myself reinforce Remus's memory and love, every time I take on the form of his dead lover.

Now the full moon approaches yet again. And again, I will transform myself into Sirius. It's become our ritual - during the month Remus is mine, and he loves me as a man should love a woman. But for the night before the change, I lose him to my rival. And I do it, because I am the only person on earth who can, the only one who can make Remus happy, even for a short time.

I love him. And he loves me. But sometimes, I feel so sad...

The End

Author's note: If you liked this story, please have a read of my original story "Love Inhuman" at this link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=11932>

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