

As Always

by HogwartsHoney

Response to laurel_tx?s LiveJournal Mistaken Identity Challenge. Harry is mistaken for James or vice versa.
Remus Lupin recovers from his transformation to find James waiting for him.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JK Rowling owns the Potterverse. I merely play with her toys.

A/N: Thanks to Ali for her help with my rogue commas!

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As always, Remus Lupin lay naked on the ground, gasping. The pain hadn't been too bad this time.

The potions had been tweaked so expertly that, provided he took them precisely as instructed, his transformation was virtually routine. One blue vial two days before the full moon, two red vials the day before, and the still-awful tasting black vial twelve hours before moonrise. Severus would never tell him what the other potions were, but after the first cycle proved to be more successful than Wolfsbane alone, he thought it pointless to argue.

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Wearily, Remus had made his way into his room in the late afternoon of the full moon, therein to endure his transformation. He hated the way he felt when he turned, the pain of transformation had never been completely eased, no matter what potions or other remedies he'd tried over the years. He supposed that this was as good as it got. He recalled the days of his youth when James, Sirius and Peter would accompany him into the Shrieking Shack and transform into their Animagi selves so that he wouldn't be alone. The pain of transforming had been almost unbearable then, and he would often lose consciousness for many hours.

Grimmauld Place was certainly not the Shack, but he took the same precautions as always. He warded the doors and windows in the small room, ensuring that the Silencing Charms were strong, before he removed his clothes and placed them folded neatly on the battered wardrobe. His movements were automatic; transforming was a well-practiced ritual, regardless of his location. There was no sense in ruining any more clothes, he thought ruefully as he settled himself to wait.

He could feel the change as it began, a slow crawling of his skin, followed by an almost imperceptible lengthening of bones. This is when the pain would begin, and even with Severus' potions, the crackling of his spine and the morphing of his body was still just short of agony, and then the wolf took over his thoughts.

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Harry had noticed that Professor Lupin wasn't at dinner, and although his repeated glances were covert, he noticed that Hermione was casting quizzical looks in his direction. Harry was concerned at Remus' absence at first, feeling oddly protective of the gentle professor, but a quick glance outside told him that the moon was full.

Despite the danger that a transformed werewolf presented, Harry resolved to meet Lupin in his room after he had returned to his human form. Harry didn't know how long the professor would remain a werewolf, but he reasoned that, once the moon set, it would only be a matter of time before the professor would return. Harry was certain that the man would be in need of human contact and comfort then.

Harry awoke just before dawn, and noting the moon's absence from the dark sky, he ensured that Ron was still sleeping and grabbed his Invisibility Cloak. He tiptoed out into the hall, moving cautiously, and hoped that his calculations had been correct. The last thing he needed was a hungry and angry werewolf to attack him, although a hungry Remus would be quite another story.

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Harry didn't know when he began to have feelings for his professor, but he suspected that it was during his third year. His extra lessons in conjuring his Patronus must have been at the root of it. For Harry, it was a time in which he not only faced his greatest fears, but also found his happiest memories, and Remus had been there with gentle support and heartfelt encouragement. He was the closest link that Harry had to his parents, and at first he had thought that his complex emotions were based on that fact. He came to find out later that, whereas his initial feelings of acceptance and well-being were indeed linked to his parents, his subsequent feelings of longing and, dare he say desire, were linked solely to Remus J. Lupin.

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Harry pushed the door open and slipped quietly inside. He walked slowly into the small room and saw a pile of cloth in one corner. On the fabric lay Remus, groaning, and naked.

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As always, Remus Lupin slowly came to himself as he felt the animal inside him subside, and his carnal instincts receded slowly. His mind reeled with the changes, and, as always, even now, his thoughts turned to his friends. Sirius, Peter, James were they here with him? Both his animal and his human instincts reached out for them as he lay, wretched and naked as he was reborn a man.

His fading wolf hearing alerted him to a small movement in the room, but his eyes fought to focus in the darkness. He couldn't see anybody, but he felt their presence. Suddenly, James materialized before him from under his cloak, his face worried as always, as he knelt beside Remus. His heart leapt that it was James. James, always his champion, always first to his rescue, always first in his heart.

He felt James' hands on his shoulders, strong and warm as always, and he felt his body respond to James in a very familiar way. He felt so frantic after his transformation, almost as though he needed some way to convince himself that he was finally human again. James had always been there for him, as a friend at first, and then, later...

He moaned as James leaned over him, his troubled face masked by the darkness of the room, but Remus knew that face by heart. He'd memorized every curve, every hair, and every movement that James ever made, just as he'd memorized the feeling of his lips, hot and wet on his own. He pulled James down towards him, yearning to feel his hands on his body, needing to feel their connection once again, aching to be inside him.

He felt hot breath on his neck as he sank his own teeth into the tender flesh of James' shoulder, enjoying the thrill that ran down his spine at James' sharp intake of breath. Sexy, as always. He half rose, his muscles still weak from their recent abuse, and quickly divested the protesting James of his clothes. Half-hearted protests, as always, but tonight Remus was in no mood for anything other than flesh on flesh, and the rediscovery of things past, of things lost.

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Harry moved closer to Remus, the man's moaning and pain-wracked face a source of great concern. He remembered the horror of Remus' transformation at the Whomping Willow that fateful night in his third year, when they had all met at the Shrieking Shack, where Sirius Black turned out to be innocent, and where Peter Pettigrew had slipped through their collective fingers. Harry recalled how his gut had twisted then to see the man become the beast, all knowledge of his humanity forgotten, and shuddered to think of the consequences of that happening again.

He placed his hands on Remus' shoulders, gently, hesitantly, and he hoped that the transformation was complete. Remus' eyes seemed unfocused still, but he obviously knew that Harry was there. He was surprised when Remus pulled him down towards his face, and Harry could hear the ragged breath of the werewolf as it ghosted along his neck. The hairs on the back of Harry's neck stood on end as sharp teeth sank into his shoulder. The pleasure of the pain arced through his body as he felt Remus' hands over him, removing his cloak and clothes quickly, almost frantically. Harry heard himself mouthing words of protest, but his mind was occupied with the heat in his body, the yearning for physical contact and more.

Remus pushed him down onto the floor and met his lips in a savage kiss, the older man demanding entrance into Harry's mouth with his tongue and thrusting with a feverish desire. Harry was on fire, every inch of his body alive with the electricity that coursed through him. Remus slid his thigh in between Harry's legs and his hands were everywhere on Harry's exposed flesh, eliciting groans of approval. He slid along Harry's body, rubbing their cocks together, and they moaned in pleasure. Harry ran his hands hesitantly along the man's sides as Remus twisted above him, reveling in the feel of the older man's hard and sinewy body against his own. He had wished for this, dreamed for this, but to have his fantasies come to life in this most unlikely of all places went beyond anything he'd imagined. He moaned as Remus' mouth was everywhere, his neck, his chest, his stomach, trailing wetness all along his body that was gently chilled by the early morning air. He could feel his body vibrating with tension and anticipation, and his reactions to the savagely delicious caresses only served to spur his attacker further.

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Remus was almost beside himself with the sensations of James' hands on his body. As always, James knew just how to satisfy his hunger after a transformation, knew just how to bring out the animal in the man, but this time the animal wanted the sweet flesh below him. He turned them both, capturing James' naked body beneath his own, and he growled in pleasure as he kissed James, hard and demanding. James responded willingly, as he always did, his throbbing erection pressed so deliciously against Remus' own. Instinctively, they began rocking, rubbing their swollen cocks together just as they'd always done, exacting the same pleasure.

Remus' thrusts became harder, stronger, more insistent, and James responded. They were rubbing, harder, the friction bringing them closer to the edge until Remus felt the dam inside break, as the white heat of orgasm ripped through his body, pumping hot and sticky between them.

'Gods ... James!' Remus' strangled cry was barely audible.

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'Remus!' Harry moaned as he came, hard and hot, the pumping of Remus' cock on his drawing the word from him in a ragged breath.

Remus collapsed on top of Harry and they both remained, exhausted. Many minutes passed as they recovered from their exertions before Harry felt warm hands on his chest. Remus had rolled onto his side and was running his fingers along Harry's chest and up to his cheek. Harry sighed contentedly, and blinked his eyes against the first rays of the morning sun that shone through the windows, and bathed the small room in a gentle yellow light. Harry sighed again and turned towards Remus, who had a gentle smile on his face as he brushed Harry's hair off his forehead. Remus' smile suddenly faded and was instantly replaced by an expression of utter horror, and Harry felt his stomach constrict as he saw the truth in Remus' eyes.

'Harry?' Remus' expression was a mixture of disbelief and embarrassment as he hurried to get away.

'Remus.' Harry's voice was surprisingly firm as he grasped Remus' forearms, preventing him from moving as he regarded the taller man.

'Harry ... oh gods! ... What have I done?' Remus moaned, but his words were cut short as Harry covered his mouth with kisses, hard, fast, demanding kisses that left no room for arguments. Remus struggled against him, but Harry was already on his knees, pushing him onto the floor once more, as he prowled over him on hands and

knees.

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Harry felt the desire within him grow, swirling through his blood and possessing him with a fierce savagery that he'd never felt before. This was right, this was what he wanted, and in this, he would not be denied. He bit and growled his way down Remus' chest and sides, nipping mercilessly at the flesh as though marking his property. He pushed Remus' knees apart and crawled between his thighs, sucking and biting his way to the erect penis. Remus was hard already, hot and ready, and Harry wasted no time with teasing. He wanted to taste the wolf, taste the man, and he ran the flat of his tongue across the tip, enjoying the reaction in the flesh beneath him.

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Lupin sucked his breath through bared teeth, barely able to contain his body's tremors. Harry would not be denied, and hot suction enveloped every inch of Remus' length. Despite their recent tryst, he was ready again, and when Harry began moving his head up and down while sucking and licking, Remus quickly surrendered to the ecstasy of orgasm. He shuddered as he came, hands clutching wildly, entwining in Harry's hair as he nearly howled with pleasure.

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Remus Lupin lay naked on the ground, gasping. Maybe the pain wouldn't be too bad this time.

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