

The Things I Did for a Few Galleons

by ZahariaCelestina

"I won't shut up, no matter how much I'd like to! You've made sure of that!" exclaimed Remus.

"I sure did," hissed the voice venomously. "And I will make sure your humiliation is complete. You will keep disclosing all those nasty little details about your life until I am completely satisfied. So unless you want to kiss the floor again, werewolf, or make me hex your chair upside down for the next hour, I suggest you resume your tale."

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 5

"I won't shut up, no matter how much I'd like to! You've made sure of that!" exclaimed Remus.

"I sure did," hissed the voice venomously. "And I will make sure your humiliation is complete. You will keep disclosing all those nasty little details about your life until I am completely satisfied. So unless you want to kiss the floor again, werewolf, or make me hex your chair upside down for the next hour, I suggest you resume your tale."

Disclaimer: All the characters and magical paraphernalia are the property of J.K. Rowling. I'm just borrowing them for a while!

Warning: This short novel has depicts both heterosexual and homosexual (slash) scenes.

Author's note

I had the idea for this plot after I watched "Yo puta", a movie that mixes a documentary about prostitution (most, if not all, of the interviewed sex workers portray themselves) and some fictional plot. It is not a movie that will change your life, but it gave me a much deeper, and probably much more accurate, idea of what that world is like. Many of the details I incorporated to this novel are inspired by the true stories of sex workers, men and women, from all around the world.

This story has a peculiar format, and I thought I would explain it to you so you do not get confused as you read it. The story is told from a third point of view. Remus is being interrogated by someone; he reports facts and events, but also whole conversations. Therefore, each time you see a paragraph break begin with "" you know that Remus is still the one talking, but he is reporting his or someone else's words. The interrogator is labelled "the voice" almost each time he/she intervenes. I hope this makes things clear. Enjoy!

~)*(~

"Tell me the first thing you remember about that night," inquired the voice.

"I remember him saying: 'You want to survive in this shite-filled word, lad? Then, listen to me. If you think you're a beast, take a hard look around you. Humans treat their

bloody dogs and cats better than they'll ever treat you, me, and the rest of us. *They* are the beasts; *they* are the monsters," Remus explained, a hard glint flashing in his golden eyes.

"*Humans are beasts... Humans are monsters...* I repeated mentally. I wanted to make my maker's words become a part of my very identity," he continued.

"So you admired him, then," commented the voice.

"I didn't like him, let alone admire him. In fact, I *loathed* him. He showed me no mercy when I came face-to-face with him in the middle of my uncle's crops. I thought I was about to be found by one of the neighbours with whom I was playing a game of hide-and-seek. A very discreet one, for we had all deserted our beds without our parents' consent, obviously. I can still smell the putrid odour of his breath as it brushed against my petrified form. I can still remember the primal fear that seized me when his powerful jaw seized my left leg... same for the pain that came with it... same for the shame that soiled my pyjama pants."

Silence.

"Go on," said the voice simply.

"Years had passed since that cursed night, and I thought I would never have to see him again. My parents kept me well-protected from him, and he soon abandoned his hopes of taking me away from them. Later on, I found another form of guardians. James, Sirius, Lily... even Peter, to a certain extent. They all kept me away from the horridness of my deepest nature, and it did me good. I had a roof over my head, and food was never lacking on my table, thanks to our joined efforts. That is, until I decided to start being on my own, telling them it was time I acted my age and stopped being a burden for them. James and Lily had other things on their minds, especially since they were expecting their first child. They still had not made the news public because Lily was in her first trimester, but I had smelled the change in her the minute she had walked into the Headquarters. Peter did not argue much when I refused his help; he had been a little distant in the preceding weeks. Sirius was a real pain at times. He practically forced his way inside my cupboard to give me food, but I eventually managed to make him understand that I did not need it. Stupid fool."

"Some would say so," commented the voice.

"When I think about it, it almost makes me sick. Eleven months, it took. Eleven months since I had begun my brand-new autonomous lifestyle, and I was already no longer able to support myself. I thought I could live on small jobs on farms or in little stores for a while, counting on the understanding and good nature of my fellow humans. A few hexed and jinxed welcomes forced me to lose that illusion pretty quickly. Money was running alarmingly low; my ribs were starting to betray my state of starvation. I had very little choices left, so I sought the last person I ever thought I would speak to again: Fenrir Greyback."

"How did you find him? I thought he was deep in hiding..."

"Finding him was not easy. Aurors had been after him since his Death Eater robes were found in his previous flat a few full moons before. He had barely managed to escape from them on his return in the morning. Thanks to my schoolmates' constant presence at my side during my adolescence, I had not formed any bond with other people from my kind when I left Hogwarts. My involvement with the Order, however, gave me access to some lists that proved to be very helpful. Pubs where some of them met... clearings where they transformed... hiding places. Luckily for me, I soon retraced some of Greyback's victims. I wove them a tale about me wanting to join his pack, and I finally got his whereabouts. I had to pay the price of a few brawls in seedy establishments or on back streets when my informers had unfinished business with Greyback, but it was worth it. By the end of September, I was knocking at his door. And asking myself what the bloody hell I was doing there."

"How did he react?" asked the voice.

"Again, my luck did not fail me. He was totally drunk when he answered the door; disarming him was ridiculously easy. He calmed down at once when he recognized one of his kind and smelled the remains of his mark oozing through my skin. I can say that I played my role very well. The second I lowered my wand, I showed him the repentant face of a lost child returning home."

"And it worked?" The voice was filled with doubt.

"It did. Greyback had failed to lure me into embracing his principles while I was young. He never missed a chance to enlarge the size of his pack. I told him that I was in a bad situation, a tale he had heard on countless occasions from fellow werewolves. He rambled on for about an hour. He talked about the injustices of the wizarding society, about the pains he had personally been through to make a living, and so on. Nothing I had heard so far was very helpful."

"Didn't you come for a compassionate shoulder to rest your head on?" sneered the voice.

"Don't be ridiculous!" exclaimed Remus, who was starting to get impatient. "Had I wanted compassion, I would have turned to my friends!"

"Ah, yes, your friends... but you could not turn to them anymore. Not now that you had stated your need for autonomy. As strange as it may appear to you, I do understand that. Continue."

"Why are you asking me all this?"

"Lupin, I will say this only once," purred the voice in threateningly low tones. "I am the one asking questions here."

"I don't see how *this* is relevant to--"

"It is for me to decide," hissed the voice against Remus' ear. "Continue. What were you seeking that night?"

"My friends' advice was good, but it could not replace the advice of someone who had personally been through the same situations," answered Remus after a short pause. "I hoped that he would have better ideas, tips, I don't know. I was desperate for advice at that point."

"Ah, despair... it can lead people to do *so many* things they wouldn't normally do..." sighed the voice with a touch of delight. "What advice did he give you?"

"He suggested a few factories where some of the werewolves he had made worked, but I had already tried them. They had fired me after a few months because I missed too many days after the full moon. He laughed when I told him about this. 'Had you come to me when it was still time instead of being pampered by that bird in that bloody school, you would be tougher today, lad!' In a way, he was right... but had I joined his pack sooner, there are many things I would have lacked."

"Such as?"

"Education," Remus answered without hesitation. "Culture. Refinement. Resourcefulness."

This time, the voice snorted.

"You may make fun of them, but they have always had their usefulness," Remus retorted firmly. "So, as I said, Greyback's first advice did not help me at all. What's more, he was getting drunker by the minute. I pressed him with more precise questions."

"The more I listen to you, the clearer it gets in my mind," he said, tapping his temple with the neck of his cheap vodka bottle. "I might have a job for you."

"What kind of job would that be?" I asked.

"The dream job, mate," he replied. "Flexible hours... no obligation to show up for work on the days surrounding the full moon... a very comprehensive boss..."

"What... work for you?' I exclaimed, incredulous.

"For me, for me... yes and no, er... What's your name again?"

"So much for an adoptive father," taunted the voice nastily.

"I would never even consider calling him that," Remus replied, stiffening on his chair.

"Go on," urged the voice. "Who knew you were such a good storyteller? I want to know every detail."

"Greyback said, 'I'll only take a small percentage of your profits for filling up your schedule and making sure things go smoothly,'" explained Remus obediently.

"Be more precise... What would my tasks be?" I asked with the nasty feeling that my suspicions were right."

"And what were these suspicions, if I may ask?" said the voice haughtily.

"I'd have told you already if you hadn't interrupted me again," retorted Remus, impatience now clear in his voice.

"I will *not* tolerate that kind of attitude very long, werewolf," hissed the voice while Remus felt a harsh hand grab his hair and pull his head backward while the tip of a wand pressed against his throat. "I have been more than gentle so far; don't make me show the *other* side of me."

"I know more about people's *other* side than you think..." Remus commented insolently. "Tricking me into *this* came straight from that *other* side of yours. I'd have preferred a few well-felt hexes, if you ask me."

"We might come to that," replied the voice patiently, the hand letting go of Remus' hair. "For now, answer my question."

"As I said, I was about to," continued Remus, repressing a grin. "At first, I thought Greyback would offer me to be one of his men for Vold--"

"Don't say his name!" hissed the voice with venom.

"For one of *his* missions," said Remus, the grin definitely floating on his lips now, "or involve me in some illegal potions deals, but I was wrong. When I asked him what my tasks would be exactly, he cocked his head to the side and said, 'That depends... which side are you on... er, Remus?'"

"I'm not sure I get the meaning of your question, Greyback," I replied, feeling suspicious.

"Which one do you like to shag?" he asked straightforwardly. 'Bitches? Poofsters? Kids?'

"Consenting adults, that's for sure," I blurted out, which made him give out a hoarse laugh that disgusted me. 'As for my preferences... they still go on both sides for now. I hardly see why that's relevant, however.'

"That's very relevant, and that's even good news, lad. From this day forward, you're going to be an escort.'

"And that would make you what," I replied, fighting the urge to chuckle, 'my pimp?'

"You'd need one anyway," he declared matter-of-factly.

"Look, I think there could be other options left, right?" I said, trying not to stammer. 'I mean... that's a bit...'

"What? Low? Degrading?" grunted Greyback. 'How about the last time you ate out of a garbage can, mate?' I did not reply, but my eyes drifted aside. 'We've all had to do it one day or another. That's what *they* force us to do, right? But there's a way around this; we can still get the better of them. You don't look fit for stealing or even intimidating. You've got a sweet face; let's take advantage of this.'"

"I didn't know Greyback was so prone to giving compliments," commented the voice sarcastically.

"He wasn't complimenting me," replied Remus calmly. "He was just calculating where his greatest profits could be. Don't take him for more stupid than he is. Even by that time, he had seen enough of his 'children' to size me up well. I would have refused to steal, attack or kill for him: I was not ready to sink *that* low. He didn't waste his time and went straight to an offer he knew I could eventually come to accept."

"Maybe that's exactly what you were looking for," suggested the voice.

"That's a good question," said Remus after a grave pause. "I don't know."

"It was not a question. Keep talking."

"Whatever you may think, I did not really know what to say, even if I was not completely surprised by his offer. I told him that I needed some time to think about it, but it only made him laugh again. 'Either you take my offer or you don't, mate, but you won't walk out of this flat without giving me a clear answer.'"

"So," Remus sighed, "I tried to buy some time, and I asked him how things would work if I accepted his offer. He told me that I would have to work the streets a lot at first, but he was pretty sure that he could also give me a few more substantial contracts from time to time: private parties, bribes or just gifts for officials! I doubted they were from the Ministry-and so on. He said that my sexual versatility would be an asset and that if I acted cleverly, I would get a clientele and a good reputation in no time."

"And you believed him?"

"I wanted to. I can't say Greyback and I have ever had a relationship marked by mutual trust. But, no matter how often he denigrated my education, he saw the potential it had and the profit he could make from it. Only a very small number of his 'pups', as he called us, could ever hope to be given a contract with the wizarding elite. They were more or less condemned to walk up and down the Knockturn Alley sidewalks and the vicinity, hoping that their next client would not beat them to a pulp. Even as wasted as he was that night, he could still see that, with a minimum of experience, I could become more popular and expensive than the rest of his... employees."

"It seems to me like a horribly *vain* estimate of your worth," commented the voice sullenly.

"I thought vanity was a language you have always understood better than any other," Remus replied cheekily.

A moment later, an angry growl resounded behind him. Remus felt a strong kick miss his ribs by less than an inch; his chair was pushed to the side and fell to the ground, pulling him along with it. Fortunately for him, Remus' muscles tensed from the surprise of the assault; it kept his head from being knocked too hard against the wooden floor. His shoulder and knee, however, took the shock. He was still hissing from the searing pain that ran through his body when the sole of a boot was pressed against his cheek, keeping his face down firmly.

"I thought we already discussed your attitude, werewolf," said the voice in a tone that rang with cold fury. "I will *not* tolerate your insults!"

The threat only made Remus chuckle louder.

"You could have done like any insecure spinster and drugged me with cheap Lust Potion, but no! You chose *this*!"

"A very wise choice indeed..."

"You wanted my transparency and my honesty? You're stuck with it now, whether you like it or not!"

"Yes, I have insured your transparency and honesty, werewolf," confirmed the voice a little more calmly, "but in my great generosity, I have not robbed you of the little intelligence you have. You can still choose your words. I suggest you choose them a bit more wisely."

"Or else?"

"Or else, I shall be forced to perform one or two curses that will make you."

"I know you don't want to kill me," Remus replied more seriously, his jaw starting to ache at annoying intense levels. "I know you *can't* even kill me."

"Try me."

"That's not what I meant... I know a few of the things you've done in the past, and I'm sure you have it in you. But that's not what you're here for... though I'm really having a hard time figuring that out. What are we really doing he--"

"I'm the one asking questions, remember?" interrupted the voice. "All I want for now is information, and I'm getting plenty. I can keep getting it smoothly, or I can start getting it the rough way, but I'm still going to get it. It's all up to you, werewolf. Behaving courteously will grant you the same from me. Admit it; I've got the better of you, fair and square."

"I would be stupid to think the opposite," commented Remus, looking at the boot against his face and the magical binds that encircled his body from his shoulders to his thighs. "Could you remove your foot now, please?"

"But certainly," replied the voice in a syrupy tone. "And I can even help you sit straight again. There; I'm sure our pleasant conversation will be far more comfortable to carry on this way."

"Speaking of which, could I have a glass of water? I have been talking a lot, and--"

"Don't push your luck, Lupin," said the voice warningly as its possessor sat back on a chair opposite him.

"Fine, then. Where were we?" asked Remus evenly.

"Your vanity..."

"You can choose to call it that way, but it's not the way I see things. Greyback preferred to bite his victims when they were very young. I cannot know for sure, but I think I am the only one who was ever able to complete a magical education. Vanity would make me proud of this fact, but I am rather as grateful as I am sad when I think about it."

"So Greyback had grand plans for you," cut the voice with a hint of impatience. "Did you accept to be a part of them or not?"

"I hesitated. Greyback did not tolerate it for long, and he made me understand that I had little to sell other than my body, so..." Remus answered genuinely, shrugging his shoulders. "What finally convinced me was his word that I could end our agreement whenever I wanted if I found a better job. I did not believe him capable of letting me go that easily if I represented income to him, of course. But he made me realise that I could choose to make that choice short or long term; I trusted my duelling and hiding skills enough to escape from him if needed."

"The same duelling skills that put you at my mercy tonight, you mean?"

"Oh, we did not duel... but we don't want to start arguing about this again, do we?"

"It would be a waste of my precious time," replied the voice through a smirk. "So once you accepted his terms, what was the first job he gave you?"

"A classic... 'If you want me to find you nice jobs, lad, you've got to show me what you're worth,' he said, unbuckling his belt. 'You do well, you get a hot meal and a bed. Give me rubbish and you only get that old rug over there to sleep on. Get on your knees now; you'll soon get used to the way it feels.'"

"How was it?" asked the voice with certain mockery.

"You know how the man smells with his clothes on," replied Remus a bit harshly. "Try imagine rubbing your nose against his crotch. Keep in mind that my sense of smell is about forty times more developed than yours, and you'll get a pretty accurate idea of how it was. He had body odour; it was revolting. At that time, however, I imagined that he would probably not be the last person that I would encounter with that kind of problem. I held my breath, shoved his prick into my mouth and tried not to wince."

"It does not sound very arousing for a first job," sneered the voice.

"How astute," Remus sneered back. "Nevertheless, once his genitals got properly lapped and well coated with my saliva, the smell was a bit more bearable. I might have even enjoyed it if I had not been so hungry; the hunger definitely added to the general feeling of nausea."

"Was it the first time you gave a blowjob?" asked the voice without the smallest trace of sympathy.

"No, it wasn't. I had my first experience at school during my sixth year."

"With whom?"

"Thomas Wilkins; he was in Ravenclaw, seventh year. We sneaked out of the castle on one of the first warm nights of the year, and we did it by the lake."

"How very romantic," mocked the voice.

"We were two randy teenagers who barely knew what they were doing; neither of us wanted it to be romantic," continued Remus grudgingly. "It was over quickly, and we only repeated the experience a couple of times before he left Hogwarts."

"You are drifting, werewolf. We were talking about that night with Greyback. How did the rest of it go?"

"That one was a little less quick, unfortunately. He was very drunk by then; I was surprised he could even get it up. Apparently, getting hard was not a problem for him, but coming... that was another story. I must have sucked him for fifteen minutes straight before I finally tasted something promising, but it was still far from being over."

"Maybe you were just incompetent..."

"If I was, he was a bloody good actor," retorted Remus with a bitter smirk. "He grunted and growled as if we had been on a full-moon night. Alcohol helped me, in a way: he was so uninhibited that I got all the feedback I needed without any effort. He was not into delicateness, as you can imagine, and I learned how to please him pretty quickly."

"What did he prefer?" asked the voice, filled with perverted curiosity.

"Ironically, he preferred to be bitten. When I started nibbling his penis, he throbbed hard against my mouth and grabbed my hair with both hands. I worked his arousal gradually, alternating bolder nibbles with hard sucks, until he got up and started pumping my mouth as deep as he could. He was sweating like a pig by then and started grunting insults between hoarse moans. I knew I was getting closer to my goal."

"What insults did he tell you?"

"Filth... beast... fucking queer... motherfucker," Remus enumerated in a dull voice before adding cynically, "he put so much emotion into it that you would have believed he was talking about himself. I freed my head from his hands and sucked his whole sac into my mouth, a thing he did not appreciate. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw his hand poised to strike, but I bit pretty hard, and it stilled him totally. He staggered a little and threw his head back, panting deeply, loudly, and I saw his hand wrap around his prick. He started fisting himself quick, chin still up, knees bent and ready to give in; I released him only to scrape my teeth along his scrotum and grab it again below. Then I pulled away, stretching his skin as much as I could with my front teeth--"

"Like a dog fighting for a piece of raw meat..."

"... and I sucked him back in once more," continued Remus, imperturbable. "He could only take a minute or two of that treatment before he finally gave in. He gave out a loud scream and spurted his semen all over my hair, his taut testicles still trapped between my jaws. Once he was done, he crashed back onto his armchair and..."

"Yes?" prompted the voice.

"Unless you want to hear about how the remains of his supper ended on the floor, there is not much to say. I managed to obtain his permission to prepare myself a meal and Transfigure a piece of furniture into a bed before he fell asleep."

"What happened from then?"

"During the first weeks, I did like all the novices do: I spent my free afternoons, evenings and nights on Knockturn Alley, inventing demanding clients each time I was on some Order business. I was eager to have my own flat, but Greyback did his best to keep me in his the longest he could, for reasons that I will let you deduce. He kept fifty percent of my income, so it was difficult to save enough money for a rent. Nevertheless, because I was not trapped in a dependence to any kind of potion, illegal or not, I could still save a few Galleons here and there. Sirius forced a small amount of money on me at the end of the month, and it allowed me to rent a small studio in London. It was not much, but it was better than living with Greyback."

"Who were your clients then?"

"Men, at first; referrals from Greyback I think... and then, a few women, even a 'colleague' once," added Remus with a wink before his eyes lit up with a strange sparkle. "And in early November, I learned that a well-known witch was about to marry a Death Eater. Some of her close friends organized a bridal shower in which my services were requested. It was my first fancy job, and I was eager for that Saturday night to come. I could have *never* imagined what they had in store for me."

~)*(~

Author's notes

As always, special thanks to the irreplaceable Vaughn, who is the beta for all my fanfics. Thanks for reading; comments are always appreciated, for they make me progress as a writer!

Chapter Two

Chapter 2 of 5

"I won't shut up, no matter how much I'd like to! You've made sure of that!" exclaimed Remus.

"November 1979... who got married in '79?" murmured the voice contemplatively.

"Well, obviously it could not get as much attention as the one that took place in January the same year, as I'm sure you'll agree," said Remus with a knowing smile.

"Of course."

"The soirée was organized for Penelope White, who was about to become Mrs Evan Rosier."

"Is that so? And what *had* they in store for you?" asked the voice in a very interested tone.

"The bridal shower took place at the house of Sylvia Finnegan, the witch who hired me. It was in Yorkshire, a really lovely place. The party was to be pretty fancy in appearance, so I was officially hired as a barwizard."

"Good bar wizards are awfully hard to find," commented the voice haughtily. "Most of them make drinks that taste like camel piss, if you ask me."

"I had a little experience," intervened Remus, interrupting what looked like the beginning of a long series of frustrated remembrances. "Really, all it takes is the proper instructions; no need to be a potions expert. So I showed up there at six o'clock and made sure the ladies present never lacked hors d'oeuvres or champagne. There were about twenty witches there, if I remember well. A little before seven o'clock, just before dinner was served, the last two guests showed up. You'll never guess who they were..."

"Oh, but I know. Cissy and Bella," said the voice with a trace of bitterness.

"Exactly. Narcissa Malfoy and Bellatrix Lestrange.... Under other circumstances, I would have expected to see them at such a fancy party, but having more or less figured out what would be asked of me later on in the evening, I was a little surprised."

"Had you been exposed to... nobler surroundings and society, werewolf, you would not have been surprised at all. Continue."

"There is not much to say about the dinner. All the guests retired to the dining room, and I was left alone in the living room. I did some cleaning, and then I simply enjoyed

one of the books that I found there."

"Skip the uninteresting details, Lupin," urged the voice.

"It's difficult to know what *details* you want to hear about," retorted Remus, shifting on his chair. "I still don't know what we're doing here."

"Let me help you. I suppose they came back from the dining room in a festive mood, maybe a tad tipsy from all the wine that had been served and consumed during the meal. The future bride unwrapped her gifts while you made sure everybody had another drink. Narcissa probably stayed true to herself and drank champagne, while Bellatrix was a bit bolder... a Dragon's Breath, maybe?"

"It was long ago... I don't remember. But you're probably right."

"So the bride-to-be was showered with lingerie, sex toys and books, and cute little beauty items, each of them more useless than the next. Then came the moment when the house-elves were told to retire for the night. What happened?"

"Merlin!" chuckled Remus. "You speak as if you had been there, too. Are you sure you were not hiding somewhere? Unless you were told the whole story by--"

"Don't be ridiculous," retorted the voice. "Clearly, I am blessed with a superior sense of deduction. Pick up from where I stopped."

"All right. As you said, the gifts were opened and the house-elves cleaned everything and left. The hostess stood up and addressed the group. 'We have one more gift for you, Penelope, one that couldn't be wrapped... but one you can certainly unwrap!' she began, eliciting giggles in the whole room. 'This is David, and in addition to his bartending talents, he--'"

"Wait a minute... David?" asked the voice, genuinely puzzled.

"Yes... that particular night, it was David. Why, you don't think I used my real name, did you?"

"Obviously not," snapped the voice sourly.

"So Mrs Finnegan told the group that, in addition to my bartending talents, I was also a stripper, to which everybody applauded, of course. Women... they complain at the way men comment on them at times, at the obscene manner in which men stare at them on the street. You should have seen their faces! They were all eager to see me naked, imagining me naked... the hunger in their eyes and the dirty comments they whispered to each other, unaware that I could hear everything! Believe me, they are no better than any given man."

"Especially when they regroup in a flock," commented the voice with amused irony.

"Exactly," agreed Remus. "So my employer for the night waited a few seconds until everybody calmed down."

"'You know I am not a cheap witch,' she began, a strange smile on her lips. 'I made sure I did not hire some Muggle filth, like someone hired at another party we had last year.'"

"Apparently," commented Remus, "the hostess of that particular party was not present because everybody just laughed and cheered."

"'David here is a wizard, and he is, I am told, very good at Transfiguration. Penelope darling, you can choose any wrapping for your gift!'"

"Penelope was a sweet witch, really," said Remus with a fond smile. "She blushed furiously when I knelt in front of her and asked her what kind of outfit she wished for. I think the poor girl had never been exposed to that kind of show before because she had absolutely no idea what to say. She was obviously not comfortable with telling her fantasies to a total stranger, let alone saying it in front of her snobbish friends. Guess who came to the rescue?"

"Bellatrix, no doubt," said the voice assuredly. "Narcissa is far too introverted in these situations to speak up... and she knows it would not be in her best interest to make suggestions like that in public. People could use it against her later on."

"Are you sure you weren't hiding in her purse?" teased Remus, but a very threatening glare made him understand that he was walking on thin ice. "Yes, Bellatrix is the one who intervened."

"'Why don't you dress up as an Auror, David?' she said, grabbing my rear without any sense of decorum. 'Wouldn't you like it, ladies?'"

"The others approved with loud whoops, and I got to my feet, which rid me of Bellatrix's grip. She had been involved in enough underground fights with Order members for me to know that she was a Death Eater, along with her husband Rodolphus. Knowing this, her choice was particularly amusing."

"She likes flirting with danger, no doubt," commented the voice. "Look where she ended up..."

"Indeed. So I verified with Mrs Finnegan that a music selection had been prepared, and I left for the adjacent room. I Transfigured my clothes the best I could, and the final result was very convincing, I must admit."

"The facts, Lupin," growled the voice softly. "Not self-flattering babbling."

"I heard music in the other room barely one minute after I had left; the ladies were getting impatient," Remus continued with a smile. "So just before I dressed, I double-checked that all my scars were Concealed properly."

"Were you nervous or did your arrogance keep you from such a futile disposition?"

"I was nervous as hell," Remus confessed, his reddening cheeks betraying his embarrassment. "It was the first time in my life I was asked to strip, and I had not the faintest idea how to proceed."

"I would imagine it's self-explanatory, on the contrary," commented the voice condescendingly.

"It's not that simple. Women have high expectations when it comes to male strippers, you know. Taking your robes off and wiggling your arse under their noses won't do; they want a good show. I was not used to being in the limelight, and the whole situation gave me performance anxiety. Nevertheless, like in everything I do, I took some time to prepare. I went to a few stripping clubs the week before and took what you could call "informal lessons". It was extremely useful."

"By the time I was ready to come back into the living room, they were chanting. Most of the witches present came from noble families, but the whistles and howls that welcomed my entrance made me forget that detail instantly. Mrs Finnegan turned the music up with a flick of her wand and strangely, it gave me more confidence, even if the sound was a bit too loud for me."

"I started dancing. It was so odd, dancing with all those pairs of eyes staring at me, but at least they were all smiling. I fussed around for a while, took each of them in turn by the hand and made them dance with me a little. It bought me time and it made them anticipate what was to come a little more. That is, until Bellatrix started screaming, 'Take something off, David! We want to see some skin!' Which, of course, the others seconded loudly."

"So I took my cloak off and threw it to the group, but they were already eager to see my robes follow. Nevertheless, I felt almost unable to do so. I started worrying that my scars would betray me or, at least, disgust some of them."

"A very legitimate concern," commented the voice cruelly.

"I disagree," said the werewolf with dignity. "The people who saw my scars in intimate situations never expressed disgust. Fear, pity... I received those and didn't like them, but disgust, never. It was completely irrational of me to worry the way I did, but I could not help it."

"What did you do, then?" asked the voice, betraying its possessor's fascination with Remus' tale.

"I needed a drink, but I didn't want to show it too much. I had to think fast... so I Summoned a shooter glass from the bar, kneeled in front of the future bride and gave it to her. 'What do you say we make magic happen, Penelope?' I offered. 'Let's play a little game... I want you to Transfigure this glass so it takes the length you think I have....' The other witches started whistling again and Bellatrix's hand found her way right back to my rear, but I didn't move away this time.

"You're in for quite a drink, by the feel of it," exclaimed Bellatrix, grabbing my privates shamelessly while the others burst out laughing. Penelope took her wand out and Transfigured the glass to a series of impossible shapes, much to the others' amusement, until she settled for something more reasonable. I took the glass from her and went to the bar, getting rid of Bellatrix's insistent but agreeable nonetheless groping. I prepared us a strong cocktail and filled the glass to the rim.

"When I came back to her, she had already gotten to her feet, having understood what I was getting at. I motioned her to come next to me, which she was only too happy to do, and I slid the glass into my mouth, kneeling down again. She took the other extremity and swallowed half of the drink, her hands cautiously pressed against my chest. The intake of alcohol vanished a bit of her shyness; however, I did not need to explain what was to come next. She took the glass from me and gave it a seductive lick that was everything but reserved. She put her arms around my neck and jumped, wrapping her legs around my waist as I trapped her body against mine. She slid the glass into her mouth and gave me my drink at long last, doing her best to keep our lips touching in the process."

"Were you aroused at that point?" asked the voice bluntly.

"She was quite pretty, and the way she rocked her hips against mine was agreeable, yes," Remus was forced to admit. "I was much less self-conscious by then, but I was still quite aware that I was a show. So, no, I was not really aroused at that point. I walked to Penelope's chair, and I let her slide against my body until she was properly seated. I took a few steps back and started unbuttoning the two rows of golden buttons on the front of my robes.

"I took my time, as you can imagine, and by the time I uncovered my chest, they were all impatient and eager to see more. I danced close to them, but just far enough so their extended fingertips could not touch me. I teased them for a while until a witch, I don't remember which one, got bolder and grabbed my robes. They were on the floor a second later."

"It must have been incredibly flattering for your ego," purred the voice dangerously, "to have all these witches adoring you the way they did. Wasn't it, werewolf?"

"I can't lie, so you know I'll say yes," answered Remus with a sad smile. "Even if they are vulgar, even if they do treat you like a sex toy while they purr and wiggle in front of you the way they do, they still purr, and it's flattering and rewarding. And... personally... it felt good to feel so wanted for a change. Some men will stick to stripping almost exclusively in order to renew these feelings over and over. It's a bit addictive indeed. But when you're intelligent enough--"

"As I am sure you like to believe you are," commented the voice.

"...you realize that it's not you they scream for; it's just the whole glamour that comes with the show. Just the illusion that they can possess that sex toy if only for a little while, the illusion that the sex toy in question might, in fact, dance just for them, make them feel special. The witches who were in front of me that night, and all the others on any other given night, were like a pack of alley cats in front of a single wool ball. The fact they were a group of friends only stimulated their sense of competition and possessiveness. A part of them hoped, craved to see me give them that special glance, that discreet wink, that unique caress they would imagine I had in reserve for them only. I had begun to understand that principle when I went to stripping clubs, but it was only during my first professional striptease that I fully grasped its meaning."

"No doubt you used it to your advantage," said the voice knowingly.

"Oh, yes," answered Remus genuinely, the sadness of his smile vanished. "Once my robes were gone, I let them touch my chest and arms as they wished, but I did not take anything else off. I let them coo and howl at will, sliding money in the pockets of my trousers, before I made my next bold move. I Summoned a chair to the middle of the room and I sat on it, motioning Penelope to come sit with me. I let her roam her hands over whatever she wanted and, stroking her back and hair, I whispered some nonsense in her ear about how incredibly beautiful and desirable she was.

"It had the effect I was waiting for; she started kissing me, giving in to the loud encouragements of her friends. I quickly kissed my way to her neck and made her fall backward against one of my arms while I took off my boots with my free hand. Removing these pieces of clothing was never really sexy, and without the "lessons" I had taken, I would have chosen a method much more obvious, and much less pleasing to the eye, too. Once I was barefoot, I got up, Penelope still clinging to my body, and I made her sit on the chair like before.

"This time, however, I stayed in front of her. The other ladies could still see everything, but my attention was all on the future bride. I took her little hand in mine and pressed it against my heart. Then I took it lower, looking at her pupils that grew bigger with each passing second, and I finally put it over my belt.

"Come on, Penelope!" screamed a very enthusiastic Narcissa.

"Yeah, take it out!" approved Mrs Finnegan in the same tone.

"Show us some real action!" shouted Bellatrix in a hoarse voice.

"So, what do you want us to show them?" I murmured to Penelope, looking her in the eye. "It's up to you."

"I want you to show me how you'd shag me if I wasn't engaged," she replied huskily, unbuckling my belt and unbuttoning my trousers."

"It's a wonder her marriage lasted until Rosier was killed," commented the voice with irony.

"She was very inebriated at that point; it's usually the consequence of being the star of that kind of party. Her friends always made sure she had more to drink. I doubted that her real request was a full intercourse in front of the other guests, so I chose to interpret it more lightly. I let her open the front of my trousers and I kissed her neck again. Then, I made her turn around, bend forward, and I pressed my crotch against her rear. It had quite an impact on the group, obviously. None of them could close their mouth shut, and all eyes were fixed on that small hidden point where our two bodies touched.

"This time, the attention and situation had the desired effect. I felt my penis throb to life against her firm little arse and believe me, she felt it as well. She started moving back against me, stroking me harder and faster in hopes I would reward her efforts with a stronger erection. After a few minutes of that little game, her friends were aching to see me take off the rest of my clothes to see more of what was going on within the opening of my trousers."

The silence was complete in the room each time Remus stopped talking to probe his memory or choose his words. His interlocutor was listening with unquestionable interest.

"I caressed Penelope gently and made her understand that I wanted her to stand straight for a little while, which she obediently did. I turned to the rest of the group, and they all saw the promising swelling that emerged from the opening of my trousers. It made them cheer and shout even louder. I took a few steps towards them, dancing again, my self-confidence all inflated by the good vibe I felt in the room. I retrieved my wand and attempted a charm I had seen in a club the night before, something that seemed to please the ladies a lot. So I flashed them my most charming smile, aimed at my trousers and shouted the spell... except that it did not Vanish my trousers at all. It set them on fire instead."

"What?" exclaimed the voice, choking on a strangled laugh. "You set your trousers on fire? That's probably the stupidest magic glitch I have heard of in a long time," added

the voice, laughing openly.

"Yeah, well, I don't exactly advertise it, you know," said Remus, smiling at his own clumsiness despite himself. "I have no idea what happened, but in my defence, I covered it up quite well. The witches barely had the time to gasp in surprise before I Vanished both the fire and the trousers in two quick flicks of my wand. And no, I did not suffer any burns, thanks for asking."

"It would have taught you a lesson," said the voice in a serious tone as its possessor regained a more austere composure. "So, what came next?"

"All that was left were my underpants... well, more of a string, really."

"Dear Merlin, how could you wear that aberration?" exclaimed the voice in sheer disgust.

"Part of the job, I guess," answered Remus philosophically. "You get used to it after a few days.... Besides, I doubt the underpants I normally wear would have been appropriate for that kind of show."

"Your attempts to play the victim are futile, Lupin. I hardly see you as such. Nobody forced you to wear that... house-elf loincloth."

"I am not playing the victim at all," replied Remus earnestly. "It's just that my choices were guided more by my customers' expectations than by my personal tastes."

"They were still your choices."

"And I assume them... and they seemed to be the right ones, from the comments I got," retorted Remus with increasing firmness. "They were not interested in seeing my arse and privates hidden and lost in a loose wrapping of cotton! They wanted to see my bare arse cheeks and stare at a nice, obvious, and revealing bulge on the front. My choices were quite limited, as you see!"

"Careful, werewolf," warned the voice icily. "You don't want to kiss the floor again, do you?"

"No, I don't," Remus articulated, the words slipping through his lips before he could hold them back.

"Then I suggest you resume your tale at once."

"Fine. There is not much left to say about the striptease itself. As you can easily guess, I played a few more games with Penelope and her friends. They were all similar to the ones I had used before: sharing drinks, picking up a Galleon with my mouth from between their teeth, having Penelope sit on my lap, and so on. A witch, probably one of the Black sisters, Vanished my string at the end of a song. I Summoned my clothes and retired to a boudoir a few minutes later among the mixed applause and protestations of the guests."

"Something tells me you were foolishly proud of your little act," commented the voice arrogantly.

"I was. It had gone pretty smoothly for a first show, and I was still thrilled from the experience."

"I heard nothing extraordinary in your tale, however," continued the voice in a critical tone. "You told me earlier that unexpected events took place. What were they?"

"They took place just after I retired, you see," said Remus with a little smirk. "I was still Transfiguring my clothes back to their original state when I heard the door open and close behind me. Narcissa and Bellatrix were there. The first one was blushing furiously; she looked like she was still unsure about whether she wanted to be there or not. The other looked quite the opposite... her smile was almost carnal."

~)*(~

Author's notes

As always, special thanks to the irreplaceable Vaughn, who is the beta for all my fanfics. Thanks for reading; comments are always appreciated, for they make me progress as a writer!

Three

Chapter 3 of 5

"I won't shut up, no matter how much I'd like to! You've made sure of that!" exclaimed Remus.

~)*(~

"So to summarize," intervened the voice with renewed interest, "you were trapped starkers in a boudoir by a very randy and slightly inebriated Bellatrix Lestrange."

"And Narcissa," corrected Remus pointedly.

"Have you never heard of locking charms, Lupin?" continued the voice as if Remus had not spoken at all.

"After what I had done right before, I don't think I had much to hide, did I?"

"I was apparently mistaken in thinking that people like you, werewolf, keep a certain sense of decency, even in private."

If Remus was offended by his captor's remark, he did not show it. There was a long pause, and he rested his golden eyes on a random point between the two of them. His expression was a complex blend of emotions. He seemed to be struggling with an inner debate that rendered him both serious and annoyed, and yet his forced genuineness also revealed that a part of him was laughing at his own private little joke.

"Are you sure that you want me to tell the rest of this particular tale?" he asked prudently at last, his words giving birth to a very hard glimmer in his interlocutor's eyes.

"You think you know things about me," replied the voice with a calm iciness, "and some of your assumptions are correct. You know how many... confessions I gathered over the years, for what purpose, and following whose orders. You know the lengths I went to, the means I employed, means that granted me more than a fair level of respect. It gave me a reputation. A standing, werewolf, and you are well aware of it. Do you really think that anything you could tell me tonight about Bellatrix's behaviour

could possibly be too difficult for me to hear?"

"And Narcissa's..." added Remus, his expression unchanged.

"Oh, but I doubt that Narcissa..." the voice began spontaneously, before it marked a perplexed pause. "It is my understanding that Bellatrix has done far more in her life to offend prude ears than Narcissa ever did. And yes, I am more than interested in hearing what the Dark Lord's favourite did to deprave herself that night."

"Your doubts are misplaced," commented Remus implacably.

"Speak!" came the order, as sharp as a slap. "Tell me what happened after they closed the door behind them!"

Remus did not answer. His eyes were boring in those of his interlocutor, and he refused to lower them, no matter how threatening the shadows that passed in them were. He was starting to put two and two together, and his racing mind had just been struck by an idea. If he was right, then everything made much more sense.... So much indeed, that he felt a discreet shiver run through him and erect the hairs on his forearms and nape.

"Oh, but I know why you brought me here," he articulated in a low voice that rang with self-confidence. "That's the real reason, isn't it? What I'm about to say could be gold to you. I bet you could use all of this to your advantage.... It would be like dropping a bomb in the family, wouldn't it? I can only *begin* to imagine all the things you could obtain by brandishing that kind of threat under the right noses."

Remus' interlocutor leaned forward, elbows leaning on thighs, so close that he could feel the other's body heat irradiate everywhere on his face.

"You may think what you wish, werewolf," purred the voice in an equally low tone. "I have little care for the petty conclusions of your useless mind. You shall know, nevertheless... that you are wrong. But, now that I think of it... how come an opportunist like you has not used this knowledge for *himself* then?"

"And what advantage would that represent, pray tell?" asked Remus, tolerating the uncomfortable proximity the best he could. "You think blackmailing Narcissa or Bellatrix might have profited me in any way? I would have embarrassed the Order at the very least, or worse, put it in jeopardy. Either way, the last thing I needed was a group of Death Eaters at my heels."

"It is curious how honesty can transform a man," purred the voice snidely. "Had you been yourself tonight, you would have probably managed to weave me a tale about professional ethics.... Fascinating, isn't it, how true genuineness brings out humans' darker nature?"

"Correct me if I'm wrong," replied Remus, a whisper away from the other's lips, "but I thought you wanted to hear the rest of the story. Shall I continue?"

"By all means," said the voice, before its possessor leaned back again.

"Fine. So Bellatrix and Narcissa walked into the room and closed the door behind them. I did not even have the time to ask what they were doing there before Bellatrix warded it as well. I didn't particularly liked being locked in a warded room with a Death Eater and a Death Eater's wife, but I decided to wait, wand at the ready, until they gave me some explanations.

"My sister and I have decided that the show is not over," said Bellatrix playfully, but with an authority that sounded very arrogant. 'We want more.'

"I wonder what more I could give you, ladies," I replied politely, smiling and sitting on an armchair while draping my robes strategically over my lap. 'I can't take off more than I already did.'"

"Surely you were not brainless enough to ignore the reason of their intrusion," intervened the voice sarcastically.

"I was not *that* naïve, obviously. I knew what they wanted, though the details of it were impossible to guess precisely. Nevertheless, I did not want them to believe that they could just burst into a room and take what they wanted without asking. And without paying."

"Ah, of course..." said the voice in the same tone.

"Bellatrix got the hint at once, and her smile broadened.

"How much?' she asked simply, leaning against the door and crossing her arms over her chest while her sister threw me the haughty glare she probably reserved for her house-elves.

"It depends on what you want,' I replied.

"What we want depends on what you can offer, David,' said Bellatrix, casting a quick side-glance in Narcissa's direction. 'Can that big prick of yours handle two very naughty girls?'

"For a hundred Galleons, sure I can,' I replied, flashing them my most confident smile.

"Narcissa's cheeks flushed with a very strange blend of emotions at my answer. She looked at her sister in what I interpreted as alarm, but Bellatrix's eyes cared little for her. They were far too busy trying to peek underneath my robes. Nevertheless, Narcissa regained her composure in a heartbeat, and she gave me that evaluative glare again.

"It is far too expensive for your worth, young man,' she said, making me gulp down a chuckle.

"What are you saying, Cissy!" retorted Bellatrix. 'It's a very standard price for that kind of service.'

"Oh, and now you're to be considered a connoisseur in matters of this kind?" hissed Narcissa, flushing even more."

"I would not be surprised if she were indeed..." commented the voice with a nasty smile.

"If she was, she was very discreet. I neither crossed her on Knockturn Alley nor did I hear any bloke mention having her as a client, ever. But then, most of them were very professional."

"Drifting again, Lupin," warned the voice. "What did Narcissa do?"

"She turned to her sister and they retreated in a corner of the room. They started whispering and bickering like teenage girls; it was like being back in Hogwarts!"

"Did you hear them?" asked the voice. "What were they arguing about?"

"I didn't know you had *this* in mind, Bella!" exclaimed Narcissa. 'I don't want to go this far!'

"Come on, Cissy!" purred Bellatrix. 'It will be fun! You're green with envy that I got to feel his bollocks and you didn't.'

"You and your crazy ideas!" hissed Narcissa venomously. 'I am a respectable witch! And I am a respectable wife, too!'

"And, if I may add, she also believed herself to be a respectable mother-to-be," commented Remus with a frown. "I don't know what spell she used to keep showing such a

slender figure, but from the smell that hung in the air, it was obvious that she was at least halfway through her pregnancy. Knowing this, I was not particularly keen on having sex with her, and her reticence made much more sense."

"Pregnant or not, she would have behaved in a manner that preserved the family's reputation," corrected the voice self-assuredly. "The same cannot be said about her sister, evidently. I guess Narcissa argued with her a little longer, and seeing that she would not change her stubborn mind, she exited the room?"

"Many things will surprise you about that night," replied Remus with a mocking smile. "She did not exit the room though, of course, both pride and etiquette made her take her wand out and try lifting Bellatrix's wards. The latter Shielded all her attempts. However, she was much calmer when she spoke to her again.

"Look; this is silly. We are arguing like two schoolgirls and probably look as such; it's below our rank. Nobody forces you to do anything, Cissy, but I really want this. I have that bloke on a silver platter and I'm not going to miss the chance to get him."

"You do not need me, then," replied her sister in a very stuck-up way. "I see you're capable of committing adultery alone."

"That's strictly between my husband and me!" hissed Bellatrix. "Besides, he's just a prostitute; he's no one! If you ask me, it's no different than charming a well-polished broom handle and using it the right way."

"How did you react when you heard her speak of you with so little consideration?" asked the voice with sadistic interest. "You were nothing more than an object to her."

"It would have been very immature of me to be shocked, you know," admitted Remus easily. "I already told you that I was very much aware that most women saw me as a sex toy. She just illustrated that principle in a more literal way. So, as I explained, Bellatrix stopped being playful and she made her sister understand that she would not leave the room before buying what she craved for.

"You can watch, I don't mind," she concluded firmly. "It will be the same as watching him strip, and you *did that* fine, didn't you? You're more than welcome to join the party if you change your mind later. As for me, I don't intend on wasting one more minute of my time."

"And without further ado, she plunged a hand into her robes and retrieved a small bag from it. She dropped it on my lap a minute later, after having taken the change out. Not only was I bewildered that she carried that much money with her, but I still could not believe that she agreed to my price without trying to bargain first."

"Being the Dark Lord's pet comes with high expectations, lots of responsibilities and a fair amount of stress. She probably needed to release some steam," said the voice with amused irony.

"Narcissa was still standing next to the door, her fingers fiddling nervously with her wand," Remus continued. "Bellatrix took her robes off and tossed them onto the floor. She was wearing tight black trousers and a dark red corset that was laced with black on the front. It exposed her throat and breasts beautifully."

"So you found her attractive?"

"I found her very sexy. Her face would have been lovelier if she had gotten rid of that superior smirk and that vile hunger in her eyes, but her body was splendid."

"Tell me... how does Remus Lupin, werewolf and sex worker, please a woman?" asked the voice, obviously eager to jump to the spicier details.

"I'd rather say, how did David, werewolf and sex worker, please Bellatrix Lestrange," he corrected with biting wit. "She was no ordinary woman, and I say this both in a positive and a negative way."

"Oh?"

"She walked to me and ran her fingers through my hair with a sweetness that I had not expected from her. Then, she leaned forward, levelling her generous cleavage with my nose, and put her mouth next to my ear.

"You might want to count my money right now, David," she cooed. "I want to get it out of the way so you have your mind all set on your clients' satisfaction."

"I always asked my clients to pay before the act," Remus explained. "She seemed to see my point, too: it was better to get it out of the way indeed. So I let her stroke my hair at will, and I started counting the Galleons I found inside the leather pouch. I never saw it coming..."

"What happened?" prompted the voice impatiently, due to Remus' hesitation.

"She waited until I was well focused on my task, and she hexed me. I took the hit on my left shoulder; I still have a star-shaped scar on it today. I must have risen a couple of feet in the air, and I landed flat on my back in the middle of the room. I was not quick enough to Summon my wand; the Galleons were still jingling on the floor when she had my arms and legs splayed and tied down."

"One of the Order's bravest knights, no doubt," observed the voice nastily. "It is really a miracle to see you here today... alive. Was it humiliating to be hexed and tied to the floor, naked and helpless?"

"Yes... yes, I was very humiliated," admitted Remus, after losing a brief fight with a controlling force that came from deep within him. "I was at her mercy completely. She was laughing... and her sister, too. I even think that's what finally made up her mind; she decided to stay so she could watch her sister play with me."

"Were you scared?"

"Shaken... and scared," answered Remus with an angry and resentful glitter in his eyes this time. "When I recovered from the shock of hitting the floor, I immediately thought that they had unmasked me. I thought, 'It's over. They know who I am and they're either going to torture me themselves or call for reinforcements.' I believed myself dead already."

"And rightfully so," approved the voice in a slightly exasperated tone. "Any Death Eater with a minimum of self-respect would take pity on such a poor dueller and finish him off. For everybody's sake."

"Must I repeat myself?" retorted Remus mordantly. "Again, this was not a duel. Besides, Bellatrix would have disagreed with you that particular night."

"She is definitely not known for her compassion and mercy," argued the voice.

"I offered you money and you accepted it, David," she said, taking a few steps towards me. "That makes you mine. I can use you in whatever way I fancy: you belong to me. Whether or not you *leave* with the money is entirely up to you."

"What would you like me to do?" I asked, trying to sound calm and cooperative despite my dread and the searing pain in my shoulder.

"She turned to her sister and smiled. They seemed to understand each other in a very intimate way, for Narcissa smiled as well and squirmed with anticipation on her seat. Bellatrix walked around me, slowly, and crouched next to my head.

"I know your little secret," she whispered, her face very close to mine. "You should be exterminated for it, but it would be too easy and boring. Let's promise something to each other, okay? No more lies from now on."

"And with a wave of her wand, she lifted the Concealing Charm from my body, revealing all my lycanthropy scars."

"How humiliating," mocked the voice.

"I was relieved," replied Remus, looking his interlocutor in the eye. "Incredibly relieved. She had probably felt the presence of my charm while groping me during the show and figured out my condition from my hair or my eyes. Either that, or Mrs Smith had told her that I was sent by Greyback. It was annoying, yes, but a thousand times better than her linking me with the Order."

"What did you tell her?"

"You know my little secret indeed," I said softly. She rested her left hand on my chest and traced a scar that disappeared in my back. The Dark Mark was right above my nose.

"And now you know mine. I guess that makes us even, David," she said. "But then, I'm sure it's not the first time you've seen it, given what I know of your employer. I'm sure I can count, like him, on your entire discretion. Should you prove me wrong, werewolf, I guarantee that the treatment awaiting you will make full moon transformations seem like a day at the spa."

"A fair warning indeed," commented the voice. "What did she do once she made sure she had your mouth sealed?"

"She sat on my belly and started roaming with her hands all over me. True to her word, she was like a customer examining her new purchase. She took her time, tracing every scar, touching every inch of my skin except what ached to be caressed. I started to wonder where all this was leading us, so I tried to interpret her wishes myself.

"Your hands feel so good," I said, while she pinched one of my nipples delicately. "What can I do for you tonight?"

"I certainly don't want you to recite bloody Shakespeare!" she growled, twisting my flesh painfully. "You'll speak only when addressed to; is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear," I articulated through clenched teeth.

"Let's play a little game together," she began, releasing my nipple and rolling her wand between her fingers. "My sister and I have no secrets from each other. She knows what I like and I know what she likes. And you, given your career choice, clearly believe you know what women like. Let's compare our knowledge! Each time you guess right, you'll get a reward. Each time you guess wrong... you'll have a little taste of my wand."

"This sounds promising," intervened the voice in an anticipatory tone. "Don't you agree?"

"I was not particularly excited at the prospect, no," answered Remus genuinely. "I feared that Bellatrix would use the Cruciatus on me."

"What questions did they ask you?"

"Oh, more or less relevant details. They had me guess what kind of men they preferred, how many lovers they had had in the past, what positions they preferred in bed, what fantasies they had, and so on."

"Did you get punished?"

"Yes. Each time I answered wrong, I received a small hex that felt like a pinch. It was not too painful, and the witches were clearly having a good time, laughing and playing around. I eventually got a little more relaxed and started playing, too. However, when Narcissa asked me to guess what part she preferred in a man and I replied 'his Gringotts vaults', the pinches started to feel more like blows. I sure felt them the following morning."

"What happened after they, inevitably, got tired of their little game?" asked the voice with no trace of sympathy.

"Bellatrix was getting aroused by the sex talk; her cheeks were slightly blushed and she spoke more animatedly. She apparently expected that it would have the same effect on me, for she threw me a dissatisfied glare when she saw that my genitals were completely indifferent. I was just still too much on my guard to be turned on.

"Looks like I bought a faulty sex toy," she commented spitefully, looking down on me again.

"Not at all," I replied, trying to sound self-assured. "I am enjoying this immensely, believe me, and I'm really eager to do all the things we talked about. I am just keeping myself for you, darling. I want to be able to last as long as you need me to."

"What a big pile of rubbish!" snorted the voice, its owner's eyes rolling exasperatedly.

"I know, but it worked," replied Remus with a smirk. "Not only was her self-esteem preserved, but she caught my drift. She rose and started to undress herself, and I tried to focus on her attributes in hopes that I would finally be able to get a proper erection."

"What did you find the most arousing on her?"

"Her breasts were what I wanted to see the most. Unfortunately, instead of showing them, she started by taking her boots and trousers off with a very annoying slowness. She visibly believed that the sight of her firm little arse would do the trick, but she was wrong, and I started to get frustrated. The bindings were keeping me in a very uncomfortable position, and I was tired of her games."

"Did you want it to stop?" asked the voice.

"I wanted to get the job done, take my money and leave," answered Remus succinctly.

"What finally did it for you?"

"When she turned back and finally faced me, I tried to imagine how her breasts looked like under that corset, and I promised myself that I would see them before long. I became nearly obsessed with the thought that she would take them out for me, even if I had to *make her* do it. That's when it hit me. The simplicity of it was so striking that I almost slapped myself mentally for not figuring it out sooner.

"She wanted me angry.... She wanted me so enraged that I would break free from my binds and take what I craved for in the most selfish way possible. Had I been more experienced, I would have not taken that long; most dominant personalities secretly fantasize about being dominated."

"And that is your expert advice, I presume?" asked the voice sarcastically.

"It is. I'm sure even Vol..."

"Don't you say his name!" barked the voice, a split second before a hex hit Remus hard on the side of his head.

"...demort would not have minded a good spanking if someone had been daring enough to offer it," he continued daringly in a terse voice. "But let me guess. We're drifting again, aren't we?"

The voice remained deadly silent.

"Let me resume my tale, then.... Bellatrix kept her corset on to tease me, of course, and her black lace knickers as well. She crouched over my thighs and looked into my eyes, taking in the embers of rage she had lit up in them. I was sure she was getting wet just thinking of them, and it definitely did wonders to my prick. She looked down

when it throbbed before her and smiled more excitedly this time.

"Ah, we come to it at last... a first show of appreciation, you selfish little thing,' she said, while her sister craned her neck to get a better view. 'Here, let me show you how generous I can be...'

"She leaned one knee on each side of my thighs and grabbed my testicles. Her touch was so firm and confident that I could not help but grunt in response. She knew exactly what she was doing... and it felt so good! She massaged me for a while, and when I stopped grunting and closed my eyes, she ran her hot tongue all the way up and sucked the tip a few times.... Just enough to make me grunt again, and then she stopped.

"Tell me how much you like it, David,' she ordered, her hand still against my skin.

"I love it... it feels so nice...' I panted, my prick aching to feel her tongue again.

"Do you want me to suck you, David?' she asked, squeezing me pleasantly hard.

"Yes! Yes, please!' I exclaimed, hearing Narcissa's chair scraping the floor as she pushed it to the side and sat down again.

"Good boy...' meowed Bellatrix, swooping down on my rigid flesh.

"She took it a bit deeper this time, but did not suck it past my glans. She sucked wonderfully well, however, massaging my bollocks again, and I closed my eyes in delight. She even extended a finger and ran it down, dangerously close to another part of me that needed to be touched. And just as she was about to reach it, she stopped again, her wet mouth suspended just an inch away from my prick. I didn't wait for her to question me.

"Suck me again, please!' I asked, feeling both aroused and turned off by the shortness of her attentions. It made her giggle quite viciously.

"You're asking too nicely, David...' she said in a disappointed tone. 'I'm afraid I'll have to take back a little of what I gave so generously a minute ago...'

"And she stayed there, waving her hips from left to right, knowing that I imagined what pleasure the friction of her panties was giving her. She even started blowing her warm breath over my glans, chuckling each time it throbbed. I was getting more impatient with each passing second; she was driving me crazy."

"Let me guess... you found more despicable ways to beg, werewolf?" asked the voice, breaking the thick silence of Remus' pause for the first time in long minutes.

"No... I was still too much aware of her true wishes to do that. I tried to lift my hips, and that's what changed everything," explained Remus with a clever smile. "She moved away and found herself very naughty in doing so, but I realized that my right ankle could stir quite freely. I tried to free myself and struggled discreetly but, to my surprise, the bind wrapped itself even tighter around me. I was puzzled for a while, but then Bellatrix risked a very calculated lick. My hips followed her movement to get more, and the same thing happened again: the binds slackened around my ankles. I figured out that the binds did not react to my movements, but to my intentions. If I struggled to break free and escape, they tightened. If I struggled to take something I craved for, they loosened."

"A tricky little charm, but very useful," commented the voice with a hint of admiration. "Had you not been so soft-tempered, it would have had practically no effect on you. I am not surprised you did not know of it: that kind of magic flirts far too much with the Dark Arts to interest you..."

"Oh, I learned it after that episode, and it earned me substantial tips," Remus retorted, huffing at the voice's remark.

"What did you do once you finally figured out how the spell worked?"

"Bellatrix deprived me of her attentions and took the same from me instead. She kneeled over my face, tossed her panties aside and pressed her moistness against my mouth.

"Lick me,' she ordered in a thick voice that matched the state of her arousal.

"I obeyed, letting her silky skin slide against my tongue and tearing involuntary growls of approval from her throat. I let her enjoy herself for a while, guiding me with harsh orders so I caressed her exactly as she wanted, and slapping me each time I did not comply quickly enough. Meanwhile, I was concentrating. I formed a little plan of my own, thinking of the things I wanted to do after I was freed from my bindings. When I found an image that exactly captured the object of my lust, I moved my limbs all at once in one firm pull. The magical binds vanished and Narcissa gasped in surprise.

"I pushed myself down and sat up. A moment later, Bellatrix was laying flat on her back, my fingers gripping her throat and keeping her still. Narcissa had jumped to her feet and was retrieving her wand when her sister spoke.

"No, Cissy!' she exclaimed in a strained voice, extending a shaky hand towards her. 'Don't!' Narcissa reluctantly complied and sat down, her wand at the ready, nevertheless."

The voice was still completely silent. Its possessor was listening raptly, all questions forgotten.

"The look on Bellatrix's face!" exclaimed Remus almost fondly. "I shall never forget it. They were gleaming with victory and satisfaction, and yet they were still fierce with hatred and anger at being dominated the way she was. She was breathtaking, really. I moved my face very close to hers and uttered a single word: 'Lick.'

"And she did. Her glance boring into mine, she lapped the remains of her arousal off my face and did not even try to break free from my grip, which was probably painful by then. She enthralled me as much as I enthralled her, I admit, for I stopped thinking by then and let my senses take control over me. My prick ached because of my too great patience, and I wanted to take what I believed was rightfully mine.

"My free hand slid down her corset until it met bare skin. I parted her labia with my fingers, slowly, exerting more pressure only when she started kissing me properly. When I finally inserted two fingers inside her, Bellatrix's moan intertwined with another."

"Narcissa?" said the voice at last, surprise piercing through it.

"We both turned our heads towards her. She had slipped a hand inside her cleavage and was kneading her breast, knees parted, nobility and decorum enthusiastically discarded. Bellatrix chuckled and started nibbling my earlobe. That is something I particularly liked, and my prick throbbed again against her skin. I even released her throat in my enthusiasm. She twisted her lower body and tried to level her moistness with it, but I stopped her with a hard stare. Straightening up and grabbing my member, I pressed it against her mouth and ordered her to open it.

"No,' she retorted, her glance supporting mine.

"Surely you don't want us to play with hexes again,' I warned, jerking my chin in the direction of my wand.

"I don't care. I won't suck you,' she replied stubbornly. 'Give me what I want.'

"Is *that* what you want, princess?" I growled, giving her a light slap. 'You like being roughed around, don't you?"

"Fuck you!' she barked, pleasure still obvious in her voice despite her anger. 'Give me what I paid for!'

"That witch... she knew how to work things at her advantage, and she knew exactly how and when to push them too far. Her insult triggered something in me that I have experienced very rarely in my life."

"Having a backbone?" said the voice with eagerness.

"Some... violent instinct that I did not know was in my human nature," Remus explained with emotion. "All the urge she had created reached its peak the moment she uttered these words, and I lost it. I grabbed her corset with both hands and ripped it open; she nearly screamed out of joy. I swooped down on her full breasts with perverted eagerness and mistreated her nipples with my teeth until her fists started beating my shoulders and arms.

"Once I had abused her bosom as I wanted, I grabbed her waist and made her lean on all fours. I trapped her hair tight in my fist and pressed the tip of my prick against her flesh, hard enough so she would feel how swollen it was, but just lightly enough so she would crave to have it in deeper.

"Is *that* what you want?" I growled in a low voice that I did not know I possessed.

"Yes!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"You'll have to ask it nicely," I hissed, seeking revenge for the way she had treated me.

"No! Just do it!" she replied, her voice breaking.

"Do what? Say it!" I barked, giving a firm pull on her hair and a slight push with my hips.

"It was a fight you were sure to lose," interrupted the voice. "She never gave up, right?"

"I will never know," answered Remus enigmatically. "We argued for a while indeed. I spanked her, probed her with my fingers, my tongue, even her own wand. Nothing did the trick. She clung to her stubbornness desperately... and enjoyed it as much. But after a few minutes, someone else intervened.

"Take her, David," rasped Narcissa's voice beside us. "Take her now! I want to see you take her!"

"I turned towards her and my jaw dropped. She had unbuttoned the front of her robes and exposed her breasts to both my glance and her delicate hands. Her fingers were buried into her knickers and she was moving them frantically, panting, her eyes fixed on my erection. When she groaned and arched her back, it was already too late. Bellatrix had taken advantage of my inattention and rammed her arse against my hips, taking me all in."

"How did she feel?" asked the voice huskily.

"She was so aroused that I entered effortlessly, but she tightened around me the minute my bollocks crushed against her skin. Arguing and fighting was pointless by then. I possessed her with my prick, with my fingers... with both, at times. Each time I feared hurting her and thrust more conservatively, she moved back harder against me. She was still in control, the little minx, and it drove me mad with lust. Her hoarse moans turned into screams and drowned out the harsh orders her sister was giving me. I felt her tighten stronger around me and clasped my hand on her nape, clenching my teeth, desperate to last longer than they would. Bellatrix gave in a few thrusts later, her climax sucking my orgasm out of me until we both collapsed onto the floor. Narcissa's faint moans reassured me that she was as content as we were."

"One question remains about that episode, however," said the voice, expressionless. "Did you leave with your money or not?"

"With each and every hard-earned Galleon," answered Remus with a tired but genuine smile.

~)*(~

Author's notes

As always, special thanks to the irreplaceable Vaughn, who is the beta for all my fanfics. Thanks for reading; comments are always appreciated, for they make me progress as a writer!

Chapter four

Chapter 4 of 5

"I won't shut up, no matter how much I'd like to! You've made sure of that!" exclaimed Remus.

~)*(~

"Let's focus on the more... trivial aspects of your new job," continued the voice, taking long pauses between sips of Firewhisky that made Remus envious. "Tell me about what an average day looked like."

"I can tell you right away that it's not like the things one reads in books or sees in Muggle theatres. It has nothing to do with it."

"No kinky red stilettos, mini-robes and fishnet stockings?" mocked the voice. "I was doubtful; now I am disenchanted."

"No matter how much I regret to have to contradict one of your most cherished fantasies, I never wore such things... on the street," completed Remus, stopping yet another blow in midair.

"Rest assured that this image will stay in my mind forever, then," said the voice with irony. "Keep going; I'd hate to interrupt you."

"Some people are there because they are in love with money. Literally. More, more, more; it's all they think about, mostly the younger crowd. One does make money pretty easily after a while; it's all the life around it that's hell for so many of them. Some pimps take people's papers when they 'hire' them so they can't escape. Others will take incriminating pictures and threaten to show them to their families should they betray them."

"That is completely illogical," commented the voice, which drew surprise on Remus' features. "They don't mind doing an illegal job, but they wouldn't risk being caught in another city or country without their papers. They bear the shame of letting complete strangers use them as they please but would not tolerate their relatives knowing about it. This is absurd!"

"It is absurd..." replied Remus contemplatively. "But so many things are absurd in that way of life; I guess you stop noticing after a while. It's not the darkest side of it, you know. I've seen people of all ages get beaten raw if they didn't bring back enough money. Facial destructions, genital mutilations... and not just Greyback's 'staff'. I've seen

it all and it crushed me each time. I never got used to it. They were completely trapped there."

"They? Weren't you trapped as well?"

"Of course I was," answered Remus bitterly. "Like the others. But I eventually broke free."

"You became your own boss? How gratifying..."

"After a couple of years, I had enough regulars to keep me busy and fed; I was sick and tired of having to share with Greyback. So I went to his flat and challenged him. He didn't let me go easily, but he eventually did."

"The casualties?"

"Him, I don't know, but he was unconscious when I left. I had two broken ribs, several bites, three broken fingers and a black eye. I had to take a whole week off."

"I conclude you fought like beasts rather than men," said the voice with contempt. "I didn't expect much more."

"You're wrong," retorted Remus with obvious pleasure. "I got those injuries because I knew how to use my wand. I blocked all his hexes."

"From what I know of Greyback, he's not a great dueller anyway."

"His latest protégé's fists, however..." continued Remus, imperturbable, "I never saw them coming. It could have been worse, though."

"It could have been a Death Eater."

"It was about a year after the end of Sirius' trial, or rather, its absence. I had chosen my moment carefully; I was not a fool. By then, most of them were either on the run, six feet under, in Azkaban or wrapped tight in their politically correct identity. Greyback was not as threatening as he was during the war. I had my chance, I seized it. But you already know most of this. What do you want to know now?"

"Look how *tame* you've become, finally," commented the voice with delight. "We were talking about your routine, before you drifted away once more. You have made it sound quite... business-like, so far. Still, things must have been more complicated than that. Have clients ever fell in love with you, for example?"

"Some, yes. Mostly women. From my personal experience, most of the men were there for the sex. The conversations were rather limited. How much? Where? And it was settled. If they wanted friends or confidants, they would have gone to their wives, their mates, their partners... or a female sex worker, if they were really desperate."

"What about you? Were you foolish enough to have feelings for one of your regulars?"

"Are you kidding me?" scoffed Remus with bitter amusement. "I was very lonely after my friends' death and craved for at least one meaningful relationship that could bring me comfort, but I had absolutely no option. Even if someone miraculously accepted my... condition, I could not have a partner knowing that he or she would never accept my lifestyle."

"Who would blame them..."

"...and lying about it was not an alternative. If you went to Knockturn Alley, grabbed one of them by the sleeve and asked them what their ideal life would be, they'd all say a normal job, a normal life. Marry, have kids... I had pretty much given up hope on all that at the time."

"There, there," said the voice, as comforting as a knife against his throat. "No need to be so melodramatic. Let's change the subject. Once you looked more presentable, what did you do with your new independence? Were there still clients?"

"More than I could manage, sometimes."

"How did you attract them?"

"I was good because I could rely on smell," explained Remus with a very irritating smirk. "I just knew when they found me attractive or not. I knew what kind of sex they craved for even before they chose to open their mouths and tell me... or not. It's a gift I soon learned how to develop and master."

"Like a bloody beast..."

"You can twist my words as you want, but it doesn't change my skill... and it doesn't change the fact I can smell that you want me right now."

"That's not what we're talking about!" snapped the voice angrily.

"I just thought I'd mention it, you know... get it out of the way."

"Rubbish!"

"Oh yeah? You think I don't see how your pupils dilate when you look at my crotch? My mouth? You think I don't smell the change in your blood right now? In its flow? Your blood is racing, my dear--"

"Shut up!" barked the voice, trying to obtain obedience with a blow to the side of Remus' face.

"I won't shut up, no matter how much I'd like to! You've made sure of that!"

"I sure did," hissed the voice venomously. "And I will make sure your humiliation is complete. You will keep disclosing all those nasty little details about your life until I am completely satisfied. So unless you want to kiss the floor again, werewolf, or make me hex your chair upside down for the next hour, I suggest you resume your tale."

"Very well," said Remus, his eyes still smiling even if his mouth did not. "After I broke free from Greyback, my reputation was established quickly. A couple of months later, I didn't need to hang around in the streets anymore; all my free time was booked by owl. Even then, from time to time, I was stopped in the street and a man would ask for my services."

"I guess those shags were less sophisticated than the ones you gave your nobler clients."

"Don't think that... it was quite the contrary." Remus' eyes were sparkling now.

"Tell me about the one that was memorable for you," asked the voice, curiosity alleviating its aggressiveness for a while. "I want to know everything that happened."

"Memorable... many encounters were memorable, in their own way," said Remus, his glance drifting to the side as he searched his memory. "I have entertained some celebrities, and I've had some really crazy requests, but I don't think that's what you want to hear about. Let's see... oh, of course! I know."

"It was during the fall, in nineteen ninety-one. I was in a pub near my flat and I wanted to be left alone. I had recently accompanied one of my clients on a business trip; a full week, all expenses covered plus two thousands Galleons. An occasion that would allow me to live comfortably for a long while. The only thing that client had not mentioned was that we would share the room with three of his friends, one night."

"You could have Apparated your way out of there..."

"Try Apparating without a wand," replied Remus with a sad smile. "I should have suspected something, though; it was too well paid. Maybe my years of experience had made me a little careless. I'll spare you the details, but let's just say people can go really far when they know you can't report them. I was still pretty shaken, two days after coming back from that trip, and I needed some time to regroup. I was sulking in front of a pint of beer, and suddenly, just as I was telling myself that it was great to think about something else for a change, I started having flashbacks about that night. I wanted to stop them, but the flashbacks played scene after scene, just like the way they had been happening since my return. I was sweating and feeling nauseous and I wanted to leave. Just as I was about to do so, however, I saw a man sitting next to me."

"Who was it?"

"Thomas, one of my regulars. We usually met at my flat, but I had practically fled from it without realizing that we had an appointment.

"Did you follow me here?" I asked, quite annoyed to see him there.

"No', he said, with the warm and raucous voice I knew well. 'I Apparated to your flat and saw you weren't there. I made a lucky guess.'

"Look, Thomas, I will not be able to accommodate you tonight. Sorry.'

"Someone else booked you for tonight?"

"I'm in no shape to book anybody for the moment,' I replied, turning toward him so he could see the bruises and cuts on the other side of my face. They looked even worse a couple of days later. 'I really should have owed you to cancel; my apologies.'

"He said nothing. He just sipped his drink and kept his eyes on the bar, as if he was weighing his choices.

"I'll pay you double,' he declared, looking at the bottom of his glass to avoid my eyes. Once again, I declined regretfully and told him he would waste his money. This time, he looked me right in the eye when he spoke.

"I... look. This is a shitty time for me, too. Believe me. I deserve a break.'

"I will be delighted to see you next weekend, but tonight is impossible, I regret. I could owl John if you want; he might be able to make room in his schedule for you, even tonight. As for our appointment, we can postpone it until next week.'

"I don't give a rat's arse about John!' he insisted, gruffly this time. 'I came here to get something and I want nothing else. Any flying teacher will tell you that the best way to recover from a bad fall is to just hop back on your broom and give a good kick off the ground.'

"I tried to protest again, pretending that his remark wasn't right on spot, but he wouldn't hear any of it. When he got up, I thought he would leave and I was relieved. I didn't even care if it meant crossing him off my list. But he didn't leave. He took a step closer and told me, 'There will be no next week for anybody if you keep hiding. Give it a try. A genuine one. You won't regret it.'"

"That Thomas saw right through you, it seems. Didn't it make you cautious?"

"There really was nothing extraordinary about his deductive capacities," replied Remus matter-of-factly. "I had shown him the injuries on my face; it was easy to put two and two together. Since I must be honest, it annoyed rather than actually impressing me."

"It has little interest to me anyway," said the voice. "Get to the point."

"Fine. I agreed to let him come to my flat. We had sex for about an hour and it was unforgettable. There."

"Elaborate, you stupid idiot!"

"As soon as we passed my flat's doorstep," continued Remus with an satisfied smile, "he took out his wallet and put eighty Galleons on the table in the dining room. He was not kidding when he offered to pay me double.

"Am I in trouble?' I asked, forcing myself to be agreeable. 'What are you buying, exactly, with that much money?"

"Nothing fancy; I told you already,' he said, suddenly looking very tired. 'As long as you keep my mind off work, I couldn't ask for anything sweeter.'"

"What did Thomas do for a living?" asked the voice.

"He said he worked at the Ministry. I never needed to know more and he didn't volunteer the information. His face was familiar the first time I saw him, though. We looked the same age; I wouldn't be surprised to learn that we both studied at Hogwarts around the same time."

"Very well. Continue."

"He asked for us to go into my bedroom and I was relieved; it was more comfortable than the couch. He sat on my bed and he unbuttoned his robes, his eyes riveted to the floor."

"A shy man, I presume?"

"Not at all. I can't say that I knew him very well, but he was generally very composed at the beginning of our encounters. Though it tended to change later on," he commented, his eyes twinkling. "That night, I'd rather say he was absent, that his mind kept going back to a place that seemed very gloomy. He looked genuinely lonely that night, and it was quite touching."

"Spare me your amateur psychoanalysis and get to the point, for crying out loud!" said the voice with annoyance.

Remus, even though he had started to enjoy using his captor's weaknesses to his advantage, suddenly no longer felt like complying. He was tired. He was thirsty. There wasn't a single muscle in his body that did not hurt from his forced stillness. He wanted to ask what he was doing there and what was the meaning of the weird turns that the interview was taking, but he knew he would not get any answers unless he figured it out himself or waited patiently until his captor was satisfied. All things considered, it was better to swallow his pride and discomfort, comply the best he could, and see what disclosing private information would grant him. Freedom, perhaps. It was worth a try.

"I didn't let him do the job all by himself," continued Remus in his normal tone, no longer teasing. "I kneeled in front of him and helped him take off his boots, socks, and then his underpants. I could smell right away that he had showered before he came, a gesture I appreciated particularly that night."

"You mean more than his eighty Galleons?"

"I really could not say," huffed Remus with a tired smile. "But it sure made the eighty Galleons easier to earn. With Thomas, unless he was in a hurry, it was more or less the same thing each time. He would ask me to give him a blowjob, and then he would ask me...more or less nicely...to get on all fours... I'll let you decide the rest."

"So there was an established routine between the two of you."

"Exactly. I'd say it was more comfortable than boring. He treated me well enough, so I'd let him become a regular. So that night, thinking we would just replay our well-known little act, I started caressing the inside of his thighs, spreading them open, and took his penis into my mouth."

"You almost speak of 'it' with deference," observed the voice, half-curious, half-sarcastic. "Had nature particularly favoured him?"

"He was rather average-sized," replied Remus. "Not big enough to make me worry, not too small either. And I liked the fact that he kept his pubic hair trimmed, but not shaved. It preserved a very manly look without having me coughing up hairballs for hours after he left."

"Tell me more about how you sucked him," asked the voice, apparently unaffected by Remus' attempt at being humorous.

"Thomas did not like being teased, I remember that very well. I guess I made no detour and took him all into my mouth, bollocks included."

"You like feeling a bloke get hard inside your mouth, werewolf?"

"Yes, I love it. I love the feeling of a prick coming to life against my tongue, getting bigger, longer, harder as I suck until I almost choke on it. But it's not what happened that night."

"Oh?"

"It gave a few promising throbs at the beginning, but even after ten good minutes it was as dead and inert as when I had begun my administrations."

"Was it the first time that happened?" asked the voice, forgetting to mock Remus' incompetence.

"With Thomas, yes, definitely. I had faced that situation countless times before. Some clients were too nervous, too uncomfortable, too busy trying to perform or they were just not totally at peace with their sexual preferences. I always did whatever I could to preserve the bloke's dignity when it happened. Some of my clients tended to get quite violent if they were humiliated; others just never came back, which was equally bad."

"So what did you do?"

"I continued sucking, adding some moans here and there, faking interest the best I could and hoping it would stimulate him better. Nothing worked. And just as I was about to ask him if there was anything else I could do to please him, he put his fingertips on each side of my jaw and disengaged himself from my mouth."

"You never ask me anything," he remarked out of the blue, looking me in the eye. "Why?"

"I figure it's because you pay me to put your needs first and mine second," I replied honestly.

"You're wrong. That's never what I wanted. In fact, I hate our arrangement, the way it has always been."

"Well... what can I do to make things more agreeable for you?" I asked, and I thought *Why do you keep coming back if I am that bad?*

"I see you can't appreciate the value of constructive criticism," commented the voice mordantly. "So, what did he want from you?"

"Gesturing at the bed with his chin, he asked me to stop kneeling in front of him and to get up. Still surprised by that turn of events, I sat on the bed next to him. He proceeded to take my robes off, and he never stopped scrutinizing my face while he did, to the point that it made me a little uncomfortable. It was as if he expected me to call the whole thing off the second he did something wrong."

"Things would be more agreeable for me if you really enjoyed yourself tonight, for a change."

"Faking it would be difficult," I chuckled, trying to hide that his insinuation petrified me. "I've never faked an orgasm with you, Thomas. You're a good lover."

"Was he?" asked the voice.

"I was being sincere! Of course I had made some of my orgasms a little more dramatic than I really felt them. But try having three or four clients in a row and see if you're as genuinely enthusiastic at the end of the evening."

"Did you convince him?"

"No; he was annoyingly talkative that night, and perspicacious as well. He said, 'I'm not stupid; I know the difference between enjoying yourself and getting the job done. You've faked a couple of times in two years. Don't try to deny it.'"

"Thomas' resigned tone suggested he understood that my reasons had nothing to do with him personally. 'But if I'm the lover you say I am, then... just... you know. You can ask me things, too, if you want.'"

"I can do that, sure," I replied right away, eager to get things going again so that unexpected chat would end. And then my mind went blank. There we were, both completely naked, sitting on my bed, and he just wouldn't stop staring at me. He was obviously waiting for me to ask him to do something, but I just didn't know what to say. I didn't know where to begin, and at the same time, I had absolutely no idea what I really wanted from him. I was completely unsettled."

"Surely you had been asked to play the alpha male in some S&M role play before."

"Of course, but you said it, I was asked to play a role, and I was fine with giving orders. Some of my regulars also behaved in a way that made it clear they wanted to become my lovers, but again, they were still only falling for who they thought I was. Namely, the closest thing to their fantasy I could act out. Thomas... that night, in the way he stared at me, in his voice... he looked like he was taking a risk. He did not assume that he knew me like the others did. He was talking to *Remus*, even if he did not know he was."

"Did you like it?"

"Not at first. I had no intention to let him come that close; I was not ready. People who wanted *Remus* to make love to them... didn't pay him for it."

"The remark insulted you..."

"Caught me off-guard," Remus corrected. "At the same time, there was this other part of me that needed exactly what he was asking. I didn't feel like working that night; I rather felt like enjoying myself, and he was handing me that possibility on a silver platter. I think it finally worked its way through my brain when he started caressing me... in a way that felt like he was *giving*, and not *taking*, this time."

"What happened next?"

"I hinted that one of my weak spots was my ears," replied Remus with a fond smile. "He didn't waste a second and started nibbling on my earlobe.... Let me tell you, that got the first genuine moans out of me in no time."

"My hands landed on his chest in a more natural way, and I started to relax. His skin was soft, and I loved the thin dark hair that covered his pectorals and formed a little trail that started just below his abs. It was a path I knew well, and when my right hand followed it once again, it bumped against a very promising erection. I wrapped my

fingers around it and pulled down. Just above my fingers, his foreskin parted and let his glans through. I felt his blood coursing through his member, making it even harder, and I heard him grunt a long moan in my ear."

"Were you aroused at that point?" asked the voice softly, entranced by Remus' tale.

"Oh, yes, very. His smell was changing; he was getting increasingly tense sexually, and I could not help but respond to that. I started stroking him slowly, lubricating him with his own arousal while I buried my nose in his hair. He seized me with a strong and slightly sweaty hand, and he practically devoured my neck with his lips and his teeth. He was sending shivers all over my back and I was soon as stiff as he was. Before we knew it, as if we had made a tacit agreement, he lay on his back and I climbed on top of him. His hardness was already buried deep into my mouth when his lips parted to suck mine in, but that did not stop me. I groaned my pleasure all over it."

"So you were enjoying the... reciprocity?"

"It was as if he washed away all the unpleasant memories of my last contract with each stroke of his mouth. Merlin... he was good! Then he started suckling my bollocks, hard.... I liked it so much I thought my knees would give in. My legs were shaking; I was pumping him madly. He almost got me there; had he not stopped at some point, I think I would have come all over his face. Shamelessly."

Remus' captor listened greedily, fascination rendering the voice speechless all of a sudden.

"But as I said, he did not let me," continued Remus. "He panted, 'Turn around.' I thought he wanted me to sit on him, so I grabbed my wand on the night table and prepared to cast a Lubricating Charm on myself. When I twisted around to get a better aim, what I saw halted my wand in midair. His legs were parted and his knees bent toward his chest, offering me both his arousal and his entrance. 'You might want to aim your wand right here,' he said in a voice that he wanted to sound self-assured."

"It was not?" asked the voice in a slightly startled tone.

"I had perceived some inflexions that sounded like doubt," Remus explained. "I became sure after I cast the charm and kneeled between his legs. He was nervous, I could smell it; he was even holding his breath when I pulled on his hips to make him come closer. Don't get me wrong; he really wanted what he had asked for, but he was not used to getting it. Or maybe he was just unsure as to whether he wanted to let *me* do it. Either way, that warned me against rushing things. I put my hands on his knees and lowered them until his feet rested on the bed, making him more comfortable. Then I took both our members in my hand and started moving slowly. I immediately felt him become more comfortable and his hardness practically sprang back to life against mine."

"His head sank into the pillows and he closed his eyes. He looked like he was abandoning himself to my touch and it just drew me to him. I bent forward and put my open mouth on his stomach. His hands landed on my shoulders, massaging them the best they could given that his attention was trapped elsewhere. I slowly worked my way up his chest, enjoying the taste of his skin on my lips, on my tongue. When I finally found one of his nipples, already fully erect, he bucked his hips upward and arched his back, hissing in delight and increasing the wonderful friction of our two pricks. The feeling was heavenly."

Remus paused. He had closed his eyes without even noticing, and he revelled in those intimate images for a long moment. The voice, curiously, did not interrupt. Remus never knew what his captor was doing, or thinking, during those few minutes.

"Before I knew it, I was kissing him avidly. I had lain over him completely, his arms keeping me in a feverish embrace and refusing to let go of me. His hands were roaming my hair, my back, my arse.... There was no doubt left in my mind. I had to possess him."

"I want to shag you, now," I said. He responded by sliding a very naughty tongue deep into my mouth, and I felt his legs glide up my sides. I sat back on my heels and parted my knees; he did not stop breathing that time. His eyes were scrutinizing my face again, but with eagerness and I knew that he trusted me. When I pressed the tip of my member against his entrance, the only resistance I felt was caused by his being unaccustomed to that kind of attention. I grabbed his legs and had him rest his ankles on my shoulders. Slowly, little by little, I pushed my way in, back and forth. Never forced it. It was amazing to feel his muscles relax and let me in, until his mouth opened and let out a long sigh of satisfaction. My prick was buried to the hilt."

"I stayed there at the beginning, and started by massaging his testicles. No matter how much I craved to make him startle and have those muscles grip my prick tight, I fought that urge. His eyes were closed; either he was miles away from my bedroom, playing and replaying some fantasy in his mind, or he was just letting the sensations sink in, savouring them. His eyelids snapped open the moment I grabbed his prick and took mine out; he groaned loudly when I pushed my way back in, more assertively this time. There was the tight grip I was looking for! I intended to make sure I would keep him with me for the whole ride."

"And how was the ride?" asked the voice with barely concealed interest.

"Very wild at first. Once he was fully accustomed to me, I pumped him without holding back. At some point, I even grabbed his ankles and pulled up, lifting his hips so I could have him at my mercy. He caressed himself and welcomed each of my thrusts with a grunt, letting me do as I pleased. After a while, however, we calmed down. I was a bit exhausted and I lay back over him, his legs still on my shoulder so I would stay inside. We were both sweaty and hot, but the feel of his embrace, his kisses, was a pure bliss. It was powerful, virile and intense... it crashed all over me like a giant wave. And I let it carry me away."

"After that, he had me roll on my side and lay on my back. He took me back in easily and started moving up and down, stroking himself hard and fast. I knew I wouldn't last long in this position, and he seemed determined to have me come before him. So I grabbed his firm arse and let him ride me till I climaxed, my shaft buried deep inside him and my nails digging in his skin. A minute later, his sperm was coming in hot splashes all over my chest. It was amazing."

"And then?" prompted the voice after Remus took another contemplative pause.

"He went to the loo to wash himself a little bit while I cleaned myself with my wand. He had taken all his clothes with him but, to my surprise, he was still naked when he came back into the bedroom. He sat next to me on the bed and asked, 'Mind if I cool the room a little bit?' I nodded and, a couple of waves of his wand later, the room was pleasantly chilly. Even at the very end of September, the weather was very hot and humid that year. We went under the covers and he pulled me toward him, kissing me again. I think he felt like me.... What had just happened was too good to let it end so quickly. We wanted to make it last for as long as we could."

"I don't quite know how it happened, but we were both fast asleep about half an hour later. The last thing I remember is him letting me scoot behind him and put my arm around his chest to hold him close to me."

"You never let your clients sleep at your place?"

"Rarely; I usually needed some privacy and alone time after I was with a client. I was okay with them using my bedroom and my loo, but seeing them in my kitchen in the morning would have been too... intimate for me."

"What made Thomas so different?"

"I don't know... I think we gave each other exactly what we needed that night, and the feeling of fulfilment it gave us made me let him get closer than the others. It just felt so natural, then!"

"And not when you look back?"

"Ah, but you see, Thomas never stayed for breakfast with me. He woke up before me, and I vaguely remember him stepping out of the bed and coming back. I was still emerging from a very deep and dreamless sleep when he started caressing me, his member already hard against my lower back. I ended up screaming and biting into my pillow with Thomas doing the same on my right shoulder, his weight all over my back, pushing me into the mattress and his hips grinding against my arse. When I emerged from the shower, some time later, he was dressed and ready to leave. He fumbled his pockets to find his wallet, but I stopped him with a long kiss and he got the message."

"Thank you," he whispered, and then he left. Just like that."

"You wanted him to become your lover?" asked the voice.

"There was definitely potential for a more... normal relationship, but it was the last time I saw him. Either I scared him away with that kiss, or what it suggested... or he scared himself, I'll never know. I waited for owls that never came, and eventually, my usual routine occupied my body and thoughts enough so I wouldn't think about him so often."

Remus became silent once more. His thoughts were much more sombre than his words suggested. In fact, he was grateful that his captor did not seem inclined to question him further, because Remus might have been forced to elaborate on subjects he had avoided at all costs since that night. Like the way he had kept the pillow cover on which Thomas had slept, put it on his spare pillow every night... and held it tight against his chest before he drifted to sleep. Like the comfort he felt when he painfully crawled into bed the morning after a full moon and buried his nose in it, because it reminded him how it felt to be human... a feeling one. Like the bitter tears he had shed when, realizing that Thomas would never be on his agenda again--professional or personal--he had exterminated the remains of his smell from the fabric, cursing the solitary nature of his life... whether it be professional or personal. Even then he was a little surprised at his reaction. It was unexplainably intense, given that it took its origin in barely a few hours of bliss. Thomas had just been a client, after all... and had obviously chosen to remain one.

"From the current state of your robes, however, I deduce that the success you had deserted you somehow," commented the voice, snatching Remus' thoughts from a very dark place within him.

"By choice, only by choice," replied Remus with assurance, knowing where his interlocutor was trying to go. "One day, I just stopped returning owls."

"How long ago was that?"

"About two years... not long after my night with Thomas. One of my former regulars owled me from London and offered me to work in her new restaurant. I missed London, so I accepted. The offer was genuine and I started working the following week. She even let me move in with her."

"And how did you pay your share of the rent?" asked the voice.

"By working for her, just like I told you. I began as a dishwasher and eventually became a server. It was great to have my evenings off from time to time."

"But it didn't last."

"It lasted for almost a year," said Remus. "But then, she met that bloke, Paul... he didn't mind me at first, but when he moved in with her, that was another story. He made her choose between him and me... guess what?"

"Lost the roof and the job."

"The old story. I could live from my savings and a few odd jobs I got here and there, but it was not much. And with thirteen full moons a year..."

"You could have resumed your former lifestyle," commented the voice.

"I..." Remus let out a long sigh and his head fell back for a moment, his eyes lost in some distant place. "Let's say that I would really have to be in trouble before I do that."

"Am I to understand," purred the voice caressingly, "that you are trying to maintain a more respectable image? To stay on the right path?"

"That's a way to see it, yes. And I must say, your job offer for the Defence Against the Dark Arts teaching position could not have come at a better time."

Author's notes

As always, special thanks to the irreplaceable Vaughn, who is the beta for all my fanfics. Thanks for reading; comments are always appreciated, for they make me progress as a writer!

Epilogue

Chapter 5 of 5

"I won't shut up, no matter how much I'd like to! You've made sure of that!" exclaimed Remus.

"That's not *my* job offer, you nitwit!" huffed Snape haughtily. "You know I was sent by Dumbledore. He would have come in person if he had not been held back by the board of Governors."

"A part of me will always believe that the offer is partially yours," replied Remus with a smirk. "We both know how much you want that position, and we also know that I would not have the competence to teach Potions, which renders a trade impossible to make."

"Some say the job is cursed... Maybe Dumbledore sees your sacrifice as more benign than mine would be."

"No matter what Dumbledore's personal views are, I doubt his idea of a job interview included tying me to a chair for hours and force-feeding me Veritaserum!"

"You drank the potion on your own accord, Lupin, as for..."

"I should have known better than to accept any drink from you, Snape!" exclaimed Remus, sounding half-amused, half-outraged by the other wizard's hypocritical ways.

"As for the tying part," continued Snape in the same cold tone, "I didn't hear you complain about it."

"I guess I was busy talking about other matters," retorted Remus, looking Snape right in the eye.

"I rather guess," said Snape very slowly, breaking eye contact and positioning himself behind Remus so his lips were right against his left ear, "that you like being roughed around and tied up, you little whore..."

"I might, Severus, I might," he articulated, the erected hairs on his nape betraying that their proximity made him shiver. "Speaking of which, you seemed eager to hear what that little whore had to say..."

"I was doing a thorough interview; there's nothing wrong with checking your background. Hogwarts has very high standards when it comes to choosing the persons who will take the children's education into their hands. Would you have volunteered the information if I had not tricked you?"

"Not at the beginning, that's for sure."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Snape with a frown, now standing in front of the lycanthrope with his arms crossed tight.

"Poor Severus, it looks like you've lost track of time," murmured Remus, his eyes bright with a victorious glitter. "Veritaserum wears off after a while... So does every spell."

What followed happened so fast that Snape barely had time to react. Remus broke free from his binds in a heartbeat and stood up. His wand leapt from the inner pocket of Snape's frock coat a moment later and landed in his outstretched hand. Snape regained his composure quickly enough to cast a Shield Charm in front of him, but it was unnecessary: no hex or jinx exploded from Remus' wand. Both men stood there, holding their breaths, their glances fiercely trapped in each other.

"I do not wish to hex you, Severus," said Remus calmly after long minutes of heavy silence.

"Prove it," murmured Snape, his jaws locked together so tightly that his words were almost inaudible.

"Fine, here... let me put it back in my pocket. I won't seek revenge for what you did tonight, Severus. In fact, I'm rather grateful."

"Grateful? Why?" asked Snape, lowering his wand with bewilderment.

"You have not been very understanding, to say the least, but it was great to get all this off my chest, to share the secret with someone. That's why I kept telling you the truth even after the potion loosened its grip on my mind. Yet... there is one more reason for my gratitude."

"Tell me." Snape's voice had lost a bit of its commanding inflection all of a sudden.

"Had we not discussed all this tonight," said Remus slowly, taking a step forward that raised Snape's wand at once, "who knows if I would ever have figured out the truth?"

"The... what are you talking about, werewolf?" spat Snape.

"It was you, wasn't it?" whispered Remus, his eyes glued to the darkness in Snape's. "All these times a client stopped me unexpectedly on the sidewalk for a quick shag in a back street on weeknights or for more elaborate nights during weekends... it was you. You were Thomas and many others, too."

"You're delusional, Lupin!" he huffed, rising his arms in disbelief and turning his back to him. "Did they look like me, even remotely? Did they even share a resemblance with each other?"

"Brewing Polyjuice was well within your reach, Severus... A few charms for your voice, a few well-calculated trips to the loo every hour or so, and the disguise was nearly perfect."

"Nearly?" asked Snape, straightening tensely and addressing the wall in front of him.

"Nearly... I felt something familiar when I was with these clients," explained Remus softly. "At first, I thought I was going mad, thinking that they might be one man... or woman, for that matter. But... there was something so strong coming from them.... The way they all kissed me, grabbed me... caressed me... It just pulled so much *need* from deep within me.... Sometimes, I could have begged for some of them to stay longer..."

Silence. Snape kept looking ahead, his shoulders squared and his head high.

"I think I did beg a couple of times, now that I think of it. Either way, from the way you touched me tonight, from your smell... the way you look at me... I know that I was not mad. I just would have never expected all these clients to be, of all people... you."

Remus risked a hand on Snape's shoulder. He startled violently and disengaged his shoulder gruffly as if Remus' touch was made of red-hot iron. He reached the hallstand in three long and rapid steps and snatched his cloak from its top hook, nearly knocking the whole thing down. Putting it on, he turned and faced Remus again. His eyes were as cold and hard as steel when he spoke.

"You know Dumbledore; this interview was merely a formality. I'll inform him that you accepted the post, and he will expect you to show up in the Great Hall at six o'clock the evening of September first. I can already tell you that half the staff, me included, is fiercely against the idea of having a werewolf teaching at Hogwarts, but D..."

"I'm sure he has managed to convince them; otherwise, he would not have sent me an offer. As for you... There is still something I can't quite figure out, Severus," said Remus, sliding his hands into his pockets.

"And what might that be?" he asked, his tone very cautious.

"Dumbledore didn't send you just because he was too busy to come; he sent you because you asked to be his messenger. Minerva was probably the first person he thought of; she is Deputy Headmistress after all. Why do you keep denying that what we shared for years was something unique and satisfying, something that you shouldn't be ashamed of?"

Snape's glance hardened even more, but he remained silent and seemed to hesitate for a minute or two. Then, his lips rendered almost invisible by the tense sneer that pressed them together, he put his wand in his pocket and retrieved his wallet. Sliding his long fingers into its opening, he took a few Galleons and threw them in front of him with an air of disgusted arrogance. The pieces of metal jingled and rolled on the floorboards between the two wizards, but Remus did not even look down.

"This should cover the expenses for your train ticket, werewolf," he said in a voice that matched his features. "Take it as my welcoming gift. Good night."

"We could still make it happen, you know," resounded Remus' hoarse voice, stilling Snape on the doorstep. "Just for tonight. Just one last time."

"Why, Remus, can't accept my money without doing your usual performance?"

"You could make me beg again, Severus... Think about it..." he said slowly, moving toward the door. "That is... if you're man enough to fuck another bloke without a disguise."

"How much do you cost these days, Lupin?" sneered Snape, leaning against the doorframe and crossing his arms defiantly.

"I don't want your money, Severus..." Remus was standing in front of him now, and Snape did not move away.

"Really? What do you want, then?" he murmured, his large nose a whisper away from Remus'.

"I want you... you, with your face, voice and smell unaltered.... Just the thought of it makes me hard... Don't you want to feel how hard I am for you right now? Don't you want me to start asking, for a change? I could ask some pretty naughty things; I'm sure we could find a way to enjoy ourselves, don't you think?"

Snape's face was impenetrable, as usual, but this time it hid a turmoil of considerable amplitude. It was all in the shaky glimmer in his dark eyes. But Remus did not even

waste time trying to decrypt the gloomily still features; he knew better. His nose was far more reliable, and it gave him loads of information. So much indeed that he wanted to wrap himself in the combined heat of their bodies and revel in their merged scents. Thomas was somewhere in there; he could feel it. So were other men, even some women, within his reach. He craved to make their acquaintance again, let them drive him crazy with lust again, figure out their complexity at last and see them as they had always been: united, amalgamated, fused into a unique force inside the wizard in front of him. They were now standing so close to each other that he could barely contain himself. To feel those hands on his skin again... to explore Snape's body for the first time while enjoying the peculiar feeling of years of complicity, built furtively, despite them, over so many years...

"Come on," cajoled Remus, a flirtatious smile floating on his lips. "I bet you're still as tight-arsed as you were two years ago.... I remember its feel... Do you remember mine? There's a hundred things we still haven't tried. I sure played with a few ideas after you had me think about our last night together. But you know that, don't you... You couldn't resist the urge to sneak in and take a peek! Did you like what you saw, Severus? How about making it happen right now?"

"No wonder why you made a living at this, werewolf," whispered Snape huskily before Remus' hands grabbed his clothes and pulled him inside.

Snape's back landed heavily against the door and slammed it shut, and his head made a dull sound when it hit the wood, Remus' lips crushing against his in a merciless kiss.

That night, Remus begged indeed. First, he begged Fate to keep him from waking up and realizing this was all just a dream. He begged for the pace to go faster, for more, then for things to never stop. Before he fell asleep, content, sated and peaceful to an extent he had rarely felt in his life, he begged for that feeling to linger forever. As incredible as it may seem, the voice begged too, though it begged in silence. It begged for the strength to wait, quiet and imperturbable, until September 1st would finally come and allow it to be heard again... countless times.

Finite Incantatum

Author's notes

As always, special thanks to the irreplaceable Vaughn, who is the beta for all my fanfics. Thanks for reading; comments are always appreciated, for they make me progress as a writer!