

Moony's Got a Problem

by guiltysecret79

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter, wish I did.

Moony's got a problem.

Being a werewolf isn't as much hassle as having friends, he muses.

He wasn't spying on her, he tells himself. He only noticed there was something going on because he'd needed to speak to her about that Potions essay they'd been set. He'd found her on the map and gone rushing to catch up because of all his friends, only Lily Evans cares about assignments the way he does.

Maybe he should have stopped to think. Maybe he should have noticed that she wasn't alone. Maybe he should have walked quietly away after turning that corner and finding them kissing.

Instead he'd blundered in, "Hey Lily, can you give me a hand.... Oh shit! Sorry!" and turned tail and ran. He's not even entirely sure that they noticed who it was who'd interrupted, they were so engrossed in each other. They'd certainly known that they'd been caught though, as by the time he glanced at the map again they had both fled.

It's all because of that damned map, he curses. Sirius' bright idea; the project that he'd worked on so diligently, Peter had risked detention or worse to gather the pieces for and *bloody, bloody* James had appropriated for himself.

He's hidden it somewhere on his desk. That should buy him some time to work out what to do, as there's no way any of them will volunteer to tidy that phenomenal mess, even to find such a wonderful prize. If there's one thing he really does not need, it's James spotting their names tucked together in some secluded corner and jumping to the right conclusion. Now all he has to do is find a way to talk to Lily about this. Well, that should be a piece of cake, he thinks with a frown.

He's got a sneaking suspicion that had the Sorting Hat placed them in a different house, say Ravenclaw, the three of them, Moony, Snape and Lily would have been friends. Although, from what he's just seen, he'd probably have ended up being the odd one out. Ha, what's new? But, he thinks, wouldn't even that have been easier than spending his every waking moment trying to keep Sirius and James from bringing the school down around their ears?

But more than anything else, he's furious. What does it say if even a reject from Slytherin has more luck with girls than him? In Lily's words, "You're like my brother, Remus." A brother. He's sick of being like a brother. But the only other option for him is monster, and that's not so great either. And really, who is going to go for serious, bookish Lupin who gets worse PMT than she does?

He heaves a resigned sigh.

Yeah, Moony's got one hell of a problem.