

## In the Light of the Moon

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# In the Light of the Moon

by [Bitchslapthatboy](#)

## Summary

Hermione knew she should be terrified. That she should be running in the opposite direction as fast as her legs could carry her. But something kept her feet planted upon the soft earth of where she stood. Something kept her there, frozen in place, staring back at him. Daring him to move against her.

And curious as to why he hadn't.

A story inspired by the myths and legends surrounding werewolves and the one girl unlucky enough to be caught in the middle of it all.

\*sporadic updates\*

## Notes

fuck.

it.

all.

to.

H E L L .

There I was, trying to enjoy a relaxing bath and block out the stress of applying for jobs, apartment hunting, finalizing my departure from my old job, helping my little sister move into her apartment, dealing with the insomnia and PTSD that's been invading my life, and finishing the three WIPs that I've posted when fucking inspiration hits. She's a stone cold bitch, that one. Doesn't like to be ignored. And of course, she leaves me scrambling for a pen and a pad of paper and all but lunging (soaking wet) out of the tub to write down the general idea so that I could write it out for real later (preferably AFTER I finish one of the aforementioned stories, that's the deal I made with myself).

But lo and behold, the bitch wasn't satisfied with just the spark of inspiration. She's been haunting me all day and now it's over twenty-four hours later, at nearly 3 in the morning and I've just finished writing down this whole fucking thing. Gods, I just wanted to watch Lucifer and eat pizza in peace. Why do I have to be plagued with all the best story ideas when I'd

rather be doing anything but? And why can't I just sit down and write the rest of the three other stories I'm trying desperately to finish instead?

Anyways, this is just a short little one shot to hopefully appease the beast. If not, I'll probably be back here for another late night session of frantic typing on the keyboard as I try and fail not to strain my eyes with the brightness of this fucking screen in the middle of the goddamn night.

But as always, I own nothing. If I did, I'd be in bed at a reasonable hour. Preferably tucked in beside the straight DADDY that Tom Welling has become. (Can I just say damnnnnnn?) That man was a snack, is a snack, and always will be a certifiable SNACK. I'd simp so fucking hard. Like fuckkkkkkk. He's just fucckkkkkk. (Add him to the husbands list, boys. There's a new (old) Superman in town). Seriously though, what is it about superman that has me like "eh, whatever" about the characters but has me yelling "fuck me sideways" about the men who play him (here's looking at you Henry Cavill).\*

Anyways, this is definitely not beta'd because I'd pity the poor soul who'd ever be tasked with deciphering the madness within the pages of my google docs and all but refuse to burden someone with my perfectionistic (is that even a word?) craziness.

In conclusion, I love you guys and hope you enjoy this weird little ficlet (cause it's barely long to justify calling it anything else) and don't want to murder me for posting something new instead of one of the WIPs that y'all have been waiting so patiently for.

\* If you're new here, please don't be alarmed by the sentiment. I have no desire or intention of ever being married or otherwise engaged with some ridiculously hot celebrity, I just \*sigh\* am so very lonely with quarantine and can appreciate the beauty of men so unattainable.

# But They Just Can't Kill The Beast

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

## Chapter One

### *But They Just Can't Kill The Beast*

Remus had always been sunlight. Golden and warm. A startling contradiction of longing. A curse and a wanting. He had ached for the normalcy, for the mundane. He dreaded the moon and the counterpart that came with its fullness, the wolf he was forced to become. And whether intentional or not, it was a trait that carried over into his wolf's form. It was as if they were both aching for the sunlight and relief that came with morning. To bring a little bit of those golden rays into the night that consumed their being.

And though no one could deny that he was powerful, as both man and wolf, there had always been a hesitation to his actions. An all-knowing sense of guilt that he carried with him wherever he went. A haunting in his eyes. It was what had drawn Hermione to him, the lost man that struggled through life with a keen eye for impending disaster. He was careful. Watchful. Patient. Another trait that he carried over into the wolf that tore to the surface with every rise of the full moon. Though no one could deny the terrifying crux of power that he held between his shoulders, or the rawness of his strength that twitched in his jaw, even as a wolf, he was still Remus. He was still burdened with the curse he'd never asked for, never wanted.

But Fenrir... Where Remus rejected the night, the elder alpha reveled in it. Slinking beneath the shadows, hunting prey and reflecting the moonlight back upon itself. He was the night, the moon and the wolf. Like he was intended to be just that. A monthly cycle of fleeting royalty among the trees and monsters. He was haunting in his silvery coat, shimmering in the full moon. Like a million glittering diamonds had been embedded into his skin. A moon over still waters. He had embraced the night. He had become it. And the swirling mess of constellations that seemed to draw their luster from his coat, only proved the theory further. He had fathered the night. He had breathed it into existence on the nights when his howl broke through the canopy of trees above them. Blinking stars into being and drawing the tears of angels with his low growl of authority.

And the power, raw and heady, rolled off of him in waves. Demanding the fear and respect of anyone who came across the beast. Because that's what he was, the very monster of her nightmares. As much as she tried to deny it, to claim that werewolves were just as human as the rest of them and not to be feared or rejected, she knew that he was not like the others. He luxuriated in the skin of the wolf that claimed him once a month. He was the king of the wild landscape that surrounded them, a monster who had claimed the throne with pain and terror. A forgotten god who left carnage in his wake.

Hermione knew she should be terrified. That she should be running in the opposite direction as fast as her legs could carry her. But something kept her feet planted upon the soft earth of where she stood. Something kept her there, frozen in place, staring back at him. Daring him to move against her.

And curious as to why he hadn't.

She didn't dare speak, Didn't dare to risk the moment of stillness that stood between them, but the question still picked at her mind. Struggling to fit the pieces of their interaction together, to determine why she still lived, why she still stood unharmed before him.

It was what he was known for, after all. His unending brutality against all those who came across him. The victims he claimed in the glowing light of the full moon. Cruel intentions and drawn out pain had formed the legends that followed after him. A ravaging of darkness that ignited terror in all who heard the tales. A warning to all against the night. A reason to remain unheard and unseen. To him, death was a sport best indulged slowly. A drawn-out game of agony that only ended when the first rays of sunlight finally peeked over the horizon.

She'd faced him before. Not as the wolf, but as a man. A brutal kidnapper that had whispered twisted promises against her scalp, had inhaled the scent of her skin as he ran his nose along her neck. Who'd gripped her harder when Bellatrix had tried to pull her away, laying his claim upon her with the dark bruise that had bloomed around her arm. And out of all of the events that had transpired that day, he was the one that had haunted her. He was the one who stood out in her nightmares. He was the one who kept her vigilantly checking her windows and doors, assuring herself that a simple deadbolt would keep him out.

She didn't know how she recognized him, the wolf before her. She didn't know how she could tell that it was the beast of her nightmares staring back at her, but she knew instinctively that it was. And while she was watching him, he was studying her with eyes that looked like molten mercury, swirling with intelligence and darkness as he stood over her, tall and imposing. She barely recognized that the forest had gone quiet around them, the animals fleeing and hiding with the arrival of the fearsome predator. The silence echoed around them, amplifying the sound of her erratic heart beating against her ribs as she tried and failed to reign in her own terror. She knew he could hear it. That he could smell her fear, see her terror.

But still, he didn't move.

She recognized now, the colossal mistake she'd made in stepping foot into the forest that afternoon. How naive she'd been in thinking she'd be safe in the woods she'd often frequented with her parents. As if she was back in the muggle world, far from the magic that invaded every aspect of her life. Far from the memories of war that still lingered in the streets of Diagon Alley, the halls of Hogwarts, the offices of the Ministry. Removed from the pain of losing so many to a man obsessed with their demise.

He'd likely been there even then... watching her as she relaxed into the comfort of her escape. Lingered in the shadows, waiting patiently for the inevitable rise of the moon that would grant him the form he spent all month longing for. She knew that now. She knew that she should have kept a better eye on the lunar calendar, that she shouldn't have grown so

comfortable in the peace that followed the war. The sense of resolution and safety that lingered in the air long after the Dark Lord's demise. She shouldn't have snuck out of the city for an afternoon of solitude with a good book and a packed basket. She shouldn't have allowed the warm sunshine that reminded her so much of Remus to lure her to sleep against the trunk of an old oak tree, the half-read book long forgotten in her lap.

He'd been standing over her when she woke, stirring her into action as she grabbed for her wand and launched to her feet, his jaw ticking in what could have been amusement as she fought to regain her sense of the world, to shake the fuzziness that had welcomed her in slumber. But he hadn't made a sound as she'd braced herself against the solid oak, holding her wand aloft in front of her as she waited for his inevitable attack.

Logically, she knew that there would be no point to a defensive attack against him. Magic flowed through his veins more potent than any spell she could conjure against him. His very life force was grounded in the power of the moons, as consistent and powerful as its pull on the tides. He would win the fight. He would be at her throat before she could even speak her plea.

She was so tired of fighting, so weary of another battle. If she was going to die, she decided, she was going to greet Death as an old friend. A long-overdue reunion with oblivion. She would not die in agony or drawn-out pain. She would not die clinging to life as she had for so long. She would die with acceptance of what was to come. She would succumb in peace knowing that the war had been won, the battle had been fought. That she could rest now, her job was done.

So she lowered her wand, preparing herself for the inevitable.

The inevitable that didn't come.

Instead of tearing out her throat with the small admittance of submission, Fenrir lowered himself down to the forest floor, never tearing his gaze away from her own as he let out a contented sigh. A far cry from the savage wolf only spoken of in hushed tones and whispered warnings.

She watched him still, wondering if it was part of his plan. To keep her on edge through the night as he prolonged her wait for death. To keep her guessing at his intentions. At his game. She kept her position against the tree, now standing over him with her wand still clutched in her hand. Her fingers twitched to raise it once more against him, to take the life of the monster who'd hurt so many. To end the reign of terror he'd long since held over the night.

He stared back at her in what looked to be a challenge, all but daring her to raise the stick against him. To end the delicate truce that he had erected between them. To end the life of the one monster she'd sworn to hate for all eternity. But she didn't... she couldn't bring herself to follow through on the promise she'd unconsciously made him that night in Malfoy Manor. She couldn't kill him.

Just as he couldn't kill her.

Slowly, she lowered herself to the ground in front of him, resuming the position he'd found her in, curled against the trunk of the old oak tree. Still he didn't move. Simply watching her through those same eyes that continued to follow her even when he was nowhere to be found. She wouldn't be surprised if he'd kept tabs on her following the war, eluding the aurors that were intent on tracking him down as he hid himself away in whatever dank place he called home. She'd often thought that she'd caught glimpses of him in the crowds of London, blending in with the hustle and bustle of society despite his hulking build and feral demeanor. But as she stared at him under the light of the full moon, she knew that she had. He'd been there, just out of sight as she went about her daily routines.

Shivers crawled up her spine at the very thought of it, wondering how someone could invade her life without her even recognizing their presence. She pulled the picnic blanket up around her shoulders as the chill of the spring evening tangled with the adrenaline of their encounter. She counted the seconds between the breaths that left his muzzle. Wondering once more why he had not ripped out her throat, why he had not snuffed out the life that lingered in her lungs with the quick snap of his jaw.

But still, he did not attack.

Instead, he shifted closer, stretching out lazily on the forest floor. Like a docile cat warming itself in the sunshine, he soaked up the light of the moon, mesmerizing her once more with his dense coat of starlight. Silvery and glistening against the warm soil beneath him. She eyed him warily as his own eyes drifted shut, basking in the night he was so fond of.

And though she knew she should sneak away, she didn't want to. He intrigued her. He'd piqued her interest with his lack of brutality against her. She was curious now. Curious as to why he hadn't ripped out her throat the very second she'd lowered her wand. Curious as to why he was lying out vulnerable before her as if he trusted her not to harm him. As if he was proving his loyalty just by her continued survival.

She didn't understand where the thought had come from, how she could think it was anything but an elaborate scheme to get her to lower her guard. How she could imagine that she would even survive the night after resigning herself so quickly to death, a notion that felt all the more foreign now, just minutes later. But it was there all the same, a burgeoning understanding with the beautiful monster before her.

It wasn't long before she was lured back into sleep, a contradiction of every instinct that had been ingrained into her from the very first time she'd fought at Harry's side. Every part of her that insisted she stay awake, that she stay alert, faded away into nothingness as her eyelids fluttered heavily with the call of sleep. Slipping her back into a world of dreams as tension left her body and slumber overtook her senses once more.

And still, he didn't attack.

So what do you think?

I still have no idea what this even is, but I'm exhausted and grumpy and just want to crawl in bed and sleep for a week so I don't even care if it's the least bit coherent at this point. I'm locking the inspiration away and getting some rest while I can.

Leave a comment down below with your thoughts and suggestions. But please, if you hate it don't tell me. I've got too many issues as is to add disappointing people on the internet to the list at this point in time. Either way, I may be back with more. Maybe... I don't even think God knows at this point what I'm gonna do next.

Anyways, I love you guys with my whole heart and am sending you all of the imaginary hugs and cookies as a thank you for sticking through it until the end. You have my heart and I'd definitely give you a kidney if you asked for it.

Catch you on the flip side, motherfuckers.



# I'm What's Left When Children Go To War

## Chapter Notes

\*appears out of a murder of crows holding a shovel, looking as nonchalant as one can when covered in dirt and blood\*

Well hello there.

It seems inspiration has struck once more.

\*shoves this chapter in your general direction\*

No I definitely didn't just dig it up from the pits of hell after sacrificing a few dozen politicians to the devil... what would make you think that?

Anyways, as always I own nothing. If I did I could get away with carrying around a spray bottle just to spray people who refuse to wear masks. What fucking assholes.

And per usual, this is not beta'd in the slightest. Or edited. Or even proofread. Fucking sue me.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Chapter Two

### *I'm What's Left When Children Go To War*

When Hermione awoke curled against the trunk of the oak tree, the sun was just peeking over the horizon and Greyback was nowhere to be seen. She almost wondered if she had imagined the interaction, if it had been some weird lucid dream brought on by her memories of time spent in these woods.

But paw prints pressed into the soft earth in front of her quickly disproved that theory, terrifying and large, a perfect match for the beast of her nightmares. The sight of them pulled her breath from her lungs in swift little pants, her mind jumping into overdrive once more with questions and theories and worries over how bizarrely docile the gruesome werewolf had seemed as he'd laid before her on the forest floor.

She pulled the blanket down from her shoulders and checked her watch, recognizing the earliness of the hour before tucking the basket and the book into the little bag that she still carried everywhere with her. It was quiet in the forest as she gathered up her things, almost unusually so. Almost as if the werewolf's presence still lingered in the air.

*Almost as if he was still there.*

She rose quickly from her spot on the ground, her eyes dashing wildly around the still quiet woods, suddenly wondering if he was still out there somewhere watching her from afar. Her skin prickled at the realization that he probably was, that he was stalking her by daylight once more. She searched the treeline anyways, recognizing that he was more than skilled at staying out of sight and once again wondering what had come over her to the point where she'd surrendered so quickly to the brutal wolf.

"I know you're still here." She called out, trying and failing to project confidence and power in her voice as she slowed her perusal to a more careful pace, picking over the surrounding treeline as she sought out his unfamiliar form.

Still silence continued to encompass the forest around her as she grasped her wand tighter in her fist, determined not to show her fear despite the tremors threading through her fingers. If he hadn't attacked her yet, she reasoned with herself, there was no reason for him to attack her now.

She steadied herself with the thought, loosening her grip on the wand, but not lowering it as she turned on the spot and disappeared to her parent's house back in London. Though they'd long since disappeared into Australia, with no hope for ever recovering their memories, she couldn't bear to let go of the home she'd grown up in. Though the furnishings were gone and the only pictures left were the ones she'd taken with her, it was still home.

She set about checking the wards as she stood in the middle of the room, pushing all other thoughts from her mind as she picked over every crook and cranny of the home, searching for any hint of malfeasance or disturbance as she tried and failed to steady her breathing.

"You're a war hero, Hermione." She chastised herself in the silence of the empty house, "Get ahold of yourself."

But the strangeness of the night still pervaded her senses like an overwhelming perfume, so potent she could taste it in the air. She shook herself once more, pushing all thoughts of the wolf and everything he represented far from her mind as she shrugged off her sweater and headed upstairs to shower. Keeping her bag tucked up next to her person until she'd locked and warded the bathroom door, content in her spellwork as she shed off her clothes and stepped under the spray.

*But why hadn't he attacked?*

Was he simply toying with her? Intent on driving her mad with worry as she waited for his inevitable arrival? The neverending barrage of questions continued to roll through her mind, taunting her, teasing her as she tried and failed to block them out.

*And how had she even recognized him?*

It's not like she'd ever seen his were-form before. It's not like he was the only werewolf left in the entirety of the United Kingdom. And yet she'd known, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it was him. Like she'd seen him before, like her mind had recognized something she

could not. Like it'd fit the puzzle pieces together quicker than she could follow. Just a whirl of movement in the peripheral. And if that was the case, what did that mean for the future? Would he grow bolder in his stalking? Would he hunt her down and kill her?

She cursed aloud and shoved her head under the spray, drowning out her thoughts in the monotonous routine of showering as she scrubbed the shampoo through her unmanageable curls. If only she'd ever managed to learn how to occlude. Then she could block it all out. She could shove it into some forgotten recess of her mind. She could rest. But no, her mind was too scattered for that. Too busy, too mobile. Jumping from one train to the next before she'd even had time to process. It was funny, really, how people seemed to assume her brain was organized like a filing cabinet, neat and orderly without an ounce of disarray. When in reality it seemed to thrive on chaos. To hyperfocus on one thing only to jump to the next at the blink of an eye. She herself could barely keep up with the mind that existed just beneath the wild curls that she also seemed to be known for.

But Greyback. He was an altogether mystery. A thread she dreaded unraveling, despite the fact that her mind jumped at every new angle, every possible facet of possibility. But, like an ill-timed alarm, forgotten until it goes off once more, her mind travelled back to the one thought haunting her above all else.

*Why hadn't he attacked?*

It didn't make any logical sort of sense! She'd been there, relatively unarmed, submissive to the heady power that his presence provoked. She'd lowered her wand and slept before him, had surrendered herself to the beast without thought or hesitation. She'd -

"If you think any harder, love, you might just break that renowned head of yours." She startled at the words, at the voice so familiar in her ear.

*He was here .*

She froze in her shower, her hands shaking at her sides as her mind ran wild with both questions and accusations. A minute seemed to pass before she even had the sense to reach for her wand. She steeled herself as she ripped the stick of vinewood from its holster and flung open the curtain, not caring of her nakedness as she confronted her worst nightmare. The man, the monster, who'd invaded her life. Who stalked her by day and haunted her by night.

Yet all she found was an empty bathroom.

An empty bathroom and fully functional wards. She thrust herself into the magic that she'd poured over the house, the wards that she'd painstakingly erected with her own blood in the days that followed the war. There was no disturbance, nothing remotely concerning as she picked her way through them. Nothing to answer for the voice she'd so clearly heard. Nothing to account for *him* .

She sagged against the wall, her breath coming in gasps as she sunk down into the tub. Had she imagined it? Had the stress and the anguish of the war finally caught up with her? Had she finally lost her mind? Her sanity?

The walls were closing in as her breath came quicker, panic filling her mind as she fought to bring the air into her lungs.

*He'd been here.*

She was sure of it. He'd been in her bathroom. He'd been in her home. He'd been within reach, with her at his mercy and nothing but a magic stick and a flimsy shower curtain had stood between them. Tremors wracked through her body as the reality came crashing down on top of her. But what if she'd imagined it?

*She wasn't crazy.*

She dropped her head between her knees, trying and failing to make sense of it as sobs racked through her frame. Frantic gasps tore from her lungs as she tried to make sense of it all. Panic taking over as the world grew dark around her, her eyes fluttering closed as her brain pounded against her in retaliation.

*She wasn't crazy.*

## Chapter End Notes

So yeah, short and sweet. But I've already got the first bit of the next chapter written so maybe you won't have to wait six months for the next one.

Anyways, I love you guys.

X.

Alison

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!