

## Then Look at the Stars

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# Then Look at the Stars

by [lilac\\_harpie14 \(orphan\\_account\)](#)

## Summary

Remus Lupin had long since accepted that he'd be alone. Romance had hardly even crossed his mind recently, and when Lord Voldemort returned to power and the Order of the Phoenix reformed, he hardly expected it to lead to him falling in love.

Nymphadora Tonks was a force of nature, she liked to be independent, she hardly ever stayed in a relationship longer than a couple months, and she wasn't very interested in any sort of commitment when it came to her love life. That was before she joined the Order and was introduced to Remus, of course.

This fic is a canon compliant story, following Remus and Tonks's relationship all the way from the reformation of the Order to their tragic demise, with lots of highs and lows in between. Each chapter is named after a song, which I believe compliments that chapter well, and I would suggest listening to while you read.

# In the Embers

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is named after In The Embers by Sleeping At Last. Their music and lyrics are all so beautiful, and I even included a verse from the song in the text of this chapter. I hope you enjoy!! :)

The sharp whistle of the old, battered tea kettle pierced the air, and filled the small, quiet cottage it was sitting in with its unwelcome and contrastingly sharp noise. The kettle was set upon a small two-burner cooking stove, which was in a quaint, boring, and stale kitchen tucked into the corner of the larger of the two rooms that occupied the building. There was a yellowing counter depth refrigerator against the wall next to the stove, with worn out wooden cabinets above it and a small kitchen sink underneath the window on the adjacent wall. There was a bit of counter space beside the sink, and a few more cabinets with creaking hinges and missing knobs on the wall above it. The stone floors were clean, but not particularly appealing to the eye, and they continued throughout the whole cottage. In the opposite corner to the kitchen sat a saggy single sized mattress, with threadbare, but properly folded and tucked, bedding and a small night table adorned with a teetering tower of books and an old yellowing lamp. In between the kitchen and the front door, there was a small wooden table with two chairs, one much more worn than the other. There were boxes of possessions (mostly books) stacked neatly all around the room, and a small wardrobe held several jumpers, robes and pairs of pants, an old corduroy suit, and a long black travelling cloak. The door on the back wall led to the second room, a small bathroom with the bare necessities: shower, sink, toilet, and a cracked mirror. The walls all around held black and white photos. Most of them were of a group of four teenage boys, and some of the four boys, now grown men, and a woman holding a small baby boy with jet black hair. A few pictures were slightly older, of a couple and their son, a skinny boy who always wore his sweaters tucked neatly into his over-large trousers. In the back corner of the room opposite the bed was an old rug, clean but shabby, a set of mismatched armchairs, a coffee table, and a brown sofa. There was a chipped mug and a record player on the coffee table, and a record that had finished spinning several minutes before sat still and waiting under the stylus of the turntable's arm.

There was also a tall, lanky man laying back on the couch, asleep, with the book he had been reading for the hundredth time open in his lap. His hair was a sandy brown color, with grey strands sprinkled through it, and it flipped sideways on the top of his head, with one piece dangling on his forehead and crossing in front of his eye. The man had scars running all across his face, which was still young, but unusually lined and wrinkled for its age. The scars were long and thin, some straight like arrows and others sporadic and jagged, like a scribble drawn by a child. They looked almost as though they had been carved there by a chisel because they were the remnants of long and sharp claws.

When the kettle whistled, the man started, and woke abruptly from the peaceful sleep he had dozed off into. He was completely alone, and had been for quite some time, so it was easy for him to slip off while trying to read or listen to his records. He got up and stretched, marking his page and setting the book on the cushion beside him. As took the few short steps over to the stove, he noticed that a letter written on heavy parchment in emerald green ink had been left on the sill of his open window.

He didn't get mail particularly often, so he was immediately intrigued. A cool breeze from the moorland licked his forehead and lifted the wispy hairs that sat on the edge of his hairline as he took the envelope into his hands. It was a letter addressed to himself, Remus J. Lupin, from Albus Dumbledore, his former employer, headmaster of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and one of the greatest wizards of all time. He picked at the seal with his long, calloused finger and broke it, opening the letter and shaking out its contents into his hand. The letter wasn't short, it took up almost a full page of parchment, but as Remus read the letter his eyes widened and moved quicker and quicker across the lines of thin, slanted handwriting, until his head was swimming and the lines danced over and over in front of his eyes as he dropped into the chair at the kitchen table.

*Remus,*

*As you probably know, the third task of the Triwizard tournament was held yesterday evening. Both Harry and Diggory found the cup in the center of the maze, and rather than fighting over it, decided that they should take it together and divide the winnings between them. When they made contact with the cup however, it transported them to the graveyard of Little Hangleton, where Peter Pettigrew was waiting for them. The cup had been turned into a portkey by Barty Crouch Jr., who is not only alive, but has been impersonating Alastor Moody for the entirety of the school year, and is as faithful to Voldemort as ever.*

*When Harry and Diggory arrived in the graveyard, Pettigrew killed Diggory and restrained Harry, taking his blood to be used in a potion which successfully returned his master to his body, therefore returning him to his full power. Voldemort called his remaining followers to join him, and several turned up rather promptly. After giving a rather lengthy and dramatic speech, he tried quite hard to kill Harry, but was thwarted once again.*

*Harry was not going down without a fight, and when he and Voldemort's spells collided, their wands connected. Priori incantatem, I've never seen it before in my life, but I've certainly heard of it and I'm sure you have too. Their wands share a core, and when they connected, Voldemort's wand backfired on him. The images of Cedric, an old muggle man, Bertha Jorkins, and Lily and James appeared in front of him. With their assistance, Harry was able to escape and bring Diggory's body back to Hogwarts.*

*Unfortunately, Cornelius is refusing to see reason and believe Harry's account of events, so the Ministry is not likely to do much to acknowledge Voldemort's return. Regardless, we need to do something, so we are reassembling the old crowd immediately, and I sincerely hope you will agree to resume your position. Below is the new location for headquarters, courtesy of*

*Snuffles, and I ask that you report immediately should you wish to resume your post. It would be appreciated if you could live there for the time being, and if you are willing, please bring your things with you.*

*The headquarters of  
The Order of the Phoenix  
may be found at number  
12 Grimmauld Place, London*

*Best regards, Albus Dumbledore*

The letter burst into cool flames and curled into ash in Remus' hand as he finished reading it, but Remus wasn't even remotely shocked by this. He was too busy soaking in what he had just read, and trying to make sense of it, because at the moment *nothing* seemed to make any bloody sense.

*Voldemort is back. The Order is re-forming. I'm meant to report to London promptly, with my things, because evidently I'm to live there for the time being. Absolutely bloody brilliant isn't it.*

He had become quite used to solitude, and although he always knew Voldemort wasn't really gone, Lupin had always hoped he could live the rest of his life in peace. He didn't need to live through another war, the first one had been traumatic enough. He briefly considered declining for, but the thought soon passed, and he never doubted his commitment to the Order again after that. Soon he found himself bustling around the small cottage, gathering his few belongings and pulling his long black traveling cloak around his shoulders.

*This is my duty. I need to fight. For Lily and James, for all the others who died last time, for Harry. And hey, you'll probably be seeing Sirius tonight, and a lot more of him from now on. I suppose that's the silver lining.*

The late morning sunshine stung his eyes for a second as he stepped out of his run down little home. It was the only building around for a few miles, nestled in a small valley in the moorlands of northern England. A wash of color was still brushed over the grasses, the last of that spring's bloom. Soon all the purples, reds and blues would be gone to make way for the greens and golds of summertime, but Remus mused that he probably wouldn't be seeing this

place again for a while. His trunk, containing the entirety of his sparse wardrobe and a few of his favorite books, and his record player and vinyl collection were shrunk and stowed safely in his pocket, and he gripped his wand firmly in his right hand as he stepped and twirled into the compressing and uncomfortable void of apparition.

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With a faint *pop*, Lupin appeared in a shadowed alleyway, which was quite pungent due to the collection of overflowing dumpsters lining its sides. He checked that no one had seen him, then strolled out into the streets of London. Grimmauld Place was a block or two down, and when Remus surveyed the buildings crammed into it, he observed that number 12 seemed to be missing. He recognized that it must be under the fidelius charm, so he thought through the address again in his head. Before he could finish his thought, another building was emerging into the square, taking the form of a rather drab looking house, with dark heavy curtains drawn over all the windows and a large silver knocker in the shape of a snake.

Remus approached the house and raised his hand to rap his knuckles on the door, but before he could do so it was opened from the inside, and an arm reached out to grab his arm and pull him quickly into the hall, disregarding Lupin's gasp of surprise as he was swept into the building.

Sirius Black stood in front of him, one hand still on Remus's arm, the other held up to his own face, gesturing for Lupin to stay quiet. After a moment of shocked silence, both of the men's faces broke into wide grins, and they hugged and thumped each other on the back, very happy to see each other for the first time in several months.

"God Moony I haven't seen you in a while. We're meeting downstairs, and mind you try not to make a racket or my dear old mum might wake up." Sirius whispered, releasing his friend and gesturing to a pair of moth eaten curtains hanging on the wall.

"So this is your parents' old place then?" Remus asked as he followed Sirius down a dark set of wooden stairs. He remembered Sirius's constant grumblings and complaints that had ensued as the summer holidays grew closer while they were at Hogwarts.

"Sure is. What gave it away, the snakes or the elf heads?"

They both chuckled quietly as they entered the bleak, but large basement kitchen. Remus noted that the minute Sirius turned away from him, his grin fell off his face and he returned to his new permanent state of pessimism and general unpleasantness. He didn't say anything, but eyed his friend's scowl with a furrowed brow, if Sirius was in a bad mood, it tended to leech into everyone else's. The kitchen had a large wooden table in the center of it, and all the appliances along with a wood topped counter were in a back corner. There was also a narrow door that presumably led to the pantry, and another larger door at the back of the room leading down to the cellar. Dusty pots and pans hung from the ceiling, and there were chairs lined up the sides of the table, several already occupied, as well as one at the head.

That seat was occupied by none other than Albus Dumbledore himself, he looked more tired and troubled than Remus had ever seen him, but he looked up and smiled politely as Remus and Sirius entered the room.

“Ah there you are Remus, I trust you've brought your things with you?”

“Yes sir. I er- I apologize for my lateness, I didn't see your owl right away.”

“No worries Remus, none at all. Take a seat and we can begin our first meeting as the new Order of the Phoenix.” Sirius sat down in a chair halfway down the table and gestured for Lupin to take the seat beside him. Remus sat down and glanced around the room, taking in the group of people seated at the table.

The survivors. It felt very strange to see them all sitting there, nostalgia and déjà vu muddled with grief, and the familiarity of the faces present was confused by the lack of the faces he had missed the most. Everyone looked older, more worn, and there were about half as many people in the Order as there had been at the beginning of the last war. He could picture Lily sitting across from him, laughing at something Sirius had said and twirling her red hair in her fingers, and he could almost see James sitting right beside her, an arm wrapped securely around her waist, messing up his own hair and flashing a smirk worthy of his 16 year old self.

Dumbledore cleared his throat and addressed the group, “First of all, I'd like to thank all of you for coming on such short notice. I know it feels strange to be here when we are missing so many of our members,” Remus felt a lump settle in his throat “but I hope we will be able to find some new valuable additions, and that we'll be able to find a new routine.”

The room was so silent and the air felt so still that Remus's ears began to ring slightly. Everyone's attention was trained solely on Dumbledore, and no one moved a millimeter, they all sat rigid and solemn in their seats. Remus closed his eyes for a moment and focused on inhaling the damp and musty basement air.

*So many have died. And now it's all happening all over again. Who will we lose this time? Hestia? Minerva? Alastor? His chest tightened as the next thought came to him, Sirius? What would I do if I lost Sirius? I'd be completely and utterly alone, for one, but I suppose I was for twelve years. I've lost him before. We all live and we all die, rather for a brief moment and a single breath, or for a million breaths full of joy and pain and life.*

*We live and we die*  
*Like fireworks*  
*Our legacies hide*  
*in the embers*  
*May our stories catch fire*  
*and burn bright enough to catch God's eye*  
*We live and we die*

*James and Lily lived. They really did, they laughed and they fought and they loved.*

*Harry. Their son. Their flesh and blood. They loved Harry the most of all. We can't lose him to this war, I won't let it happen. He needs a chance to love, he needs a chance to be someone.*

*When Dumbledore spoke next, it was as if he had plucked the thoughts right out of Remus's mind.*

*"First and foremost, our priority at the moment will be to protect Harry while he resides with his aunt and uncle for the summer holidays. Once we have a few more members I would like to set up a rotating guard, so someone is always in Little Whinging with him. We have Arabella of course, but someone with magical abilities should be there too. However, we can't produce a schedule for such a thing without a few more members, so the priority of this meeting in particular will be to think of some new potential recruits. I've already sent an owl to Arthur and Molly Weasley, and I am assuming they will be more than willing to join."*



*Everyone just sat there, staring at Dumbledore, or their hands, or examining the scratches in the dark wood table. Finally Moody cleared his throat and spoke in his usual gruff bark, his normal eye trained on Dumbledore and his magical one scanning the room over and over,*

*“Firstly I'd suggest Kingsley Shacklebolt. He's a damn good auror, and I don't think he's all too fond of Fudge. He's also in charge of the hunt for you, which could prove useful.” His regular eye moved from Dumbledore to Sirius, who nodded his head toward Mad-Eye. Dumbledore contemplated this for a moment and then gave his approval,*

*“Yes I think Shacklebolt would be a very valuable member of the Order. Can you talk to him this week, and if he seems less than enthusiastic, do a good memory charm on him. I hate to do it, but we cant be too careful with the stance the Ministry is taking.”*

*“Yes sir.” Moody nodded, “I had one other suggestion too. An ex-trainee of mine, just qualified last year, and she's damn good at her job too. Nymphadora Tonks, she's a good lass, I trust her.”*

*Remus raised his eyebrows slightly when he heard such high praise from Mad-Eye, Moody hardly even trusted himself. He recognized her surname too, Tonks? Where have I heard that name before, she couldn't have been a student of mine if she qualified as an auror last year, she'd be much too old. I wonder-*

*But his thought was cut short by Sirius's rather sudden exclamation,*

*“Nymphadora Tonks? My baby cousin?” Sirius looked shocked, but as he spoke a grin quickly developed on his sunken and greyed face. “She's an auror now? Last I heard she was asking if she could go to Hogwarts 3 years early and force the sorting hat to put her in Hufflepuff by bribing it. Christ, I guess I hadn't thought about how old she must be by now.”*

*“Yeah, I think you are related, her mothers name is Andromeda, dad's name is Ted.”*

*“That's her alright. Andy was always my favorite cousin, and then she went and married a muggleborn and got herself shunned.” He let out a bark of laughter, “I suppose we're the two black sheep of the Black family.”*

*Sirius's mood seemed to be considerably lightened by the prospect of seeing his first-cousin-once-removed again, and Lupin was interested to see exactly who she was. He remembered hearing Sirius mention her and her parents while they were at Hogwarts, and he remembered Sirius visiting them from time to time before he ended up in Azkaban, that's where he had heard her name.*

*“I remember when Nymphadora was a student, I do believe she would be a very valuable addition to the Order.” Dumbledore said, “Alastor, if you could talk to her sometime this week as well, perhaps after you've spoken to Shackbolt.”*

*Mad-Eye grunted and nodded towards Dumbledore, who stood and gestured around the table, “Then I believe this meeting is adjourned. We will meet all together again in exactly one week, and I hope we will have a few introductions to make by then. Now, Minerva, Severus and I really must get back to Hogwarts. Goodbye, and remember to be cautious, we are of course, at war once again.” With that he stepped over to the large stone fireplace and flooed back to his office, closely followed by McGonagall and Snape.*

# No Hope

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is named after No Hope by The Vaccines, which is one of my favorite bands. The song doesn't necessarily DIRECTLY correlate to the plot of the chapter like In The Embers did, but I think it really fits Tonks's character, especially at this point of the story, and this is her grand entrance. Also THANK YOU for the kudos on chapter one. I thought literally no one would even bother to click on this if I'm being honest lol. Hope you enjoy!! :)

*Report date: June 30, 1995*

*Filed to: Auror K. Shacklebolt*

*Filed by: Auror N. Tonks*

*Subject of report: Sirius Black*

The young auror scratched the last bits of dating and filing info onto the parchment with a flourish, folded it carefully in thirds, and tapped it with the tip of her wand so it would magically seal itself. She dropped her quill down on her desk and leaned back in her chair, satisfied with her work, and relieved to finally be done with it. Giving reports was by far her least favorite part of the job. She wanted to be a dark-wizard catcher to do just that, catch dark wizards, not be trapped in a cubicle the rest of her life (which was *exactly* what she had been trying to avoid when she chose her career). Sirius Black's escape from Azkaban had been the most interesting thing to happen in the office since she had qualified, but she hardly even got to work on that case because Scrimgeour thought she'd be 'unfit' for the job, since Sirius was her mother's cousin. She was still determined though, and now with this *superb* report, she was confident Shacklebolt would let her in on the case.

"Finished another report T?" Proudfoot was peering over the cubicle wall that divided their desks and grinning at her.

"Sure did. And I swear on Merlin's sticky knickers, this is the one. It's not just a good theory anymore its actual *evidence* that Black's *in the country*." She popped a bubble of gum in her mouth and Proudfoot stared at her, obviously not very impressed.

“I don't know T. Shacklebolt seems pretty confident in his Russia lead, *and* Scrimgeour still wants you as far from that case as possible.” He furrowed his brow and tilted his head, “It's almost like he thinks you're irresponsible or something.” He began to chuckle and Tonks scowled at him.

“Oh fuck off Mick, it'll be fine. We'll catch Black by the new year. I'd bet good galleons on it.”

“Did I hear something about a bet?” Wilson, the newest recruit in the office, popped over his cubicle wall to join the conversation. Wilson never refused an opportunity to cause trouble (or have a good gamble).

“No one wants *your* money Wilson.” Proudfoot laughed

“Yeah we wouldn't want to be tracked down by the bloke you ‘borrowed’ it from.” Tonks added, grinning and chewing on her gum.

“Actually for your information, *Nymphadora*,” Tonks made a face and tossed her gum wrapper at his head when he put extra emphasis on her full name, “I made 20 galleons on last Sunday's quidditch match, so I don't owe anyone a single knut.”

“Yeah *for now*” Proudfoot retorted. Wilson rolled his eyes and Tonks and Proudfoot both laughed before they were cut off by Dawlish yelling from his desk 3 cubicles down.

“Aren't you four supposed to be doing something productive?”

“Oi! The *three* of them. I've been doing my report on the break in at Puddifoot's.” Savage supplied from his desk, kitty corner to Tonks's.

“Truly noble work Sav. Wouldn't want any of the doilies being swiped, would we.” Wilson said sarcastically, puffing up his chest and saluting Savage, who had stood up to peer over them all, and was looking very annoyed.

“Don't call me Sav rookie, it's *Savage*.”

“Oh of course, wouldn't want to hurt your precious masculinity.” Tonks retorted. The three of them covered their mouths or coughed to stifle their laughter as Savage disappeared back behind his cubicle wall, grumbling under his breath. Savage was only 2 years ahead of Tonks and Proudfoot, but he took his day to day work *much* more seriously.

“Wilson, didn't you have something you wanted me to proof read?” Proudfoot asked as he took the pink piece of Drooble's Best Blowing Gum Tonks offered to him.

“Yeah, it's on that Crouch Jr. nutter who attacked Moody.” Proudfoot grabbed the parchment out of Wilson's hand and scanned it over.

“Ah, you see the thing is,” He said passing the paper down to Tonks and tilting his head at Wilson, “that is absolute shit.” Tonks finished scanning over it and tutted, shaking her head and grinning up at Wilson,

“Oh bless your idiotic little rookie heart, this IS absolute shit.” She snickered slightly as she passed it back over to him. Dawlish walked by on his way to Scrimgeour's office and looked at his three colleagues.

“Bully the poor bloke more, why don't you?” He said, but Tonks could tell he wasn't really mad. He was a grumpy old vet from the first war, and tough love was kind of his forte.

“It's practically a right of passage to be bullied relentlessly by the aurors ranked a place ahead of you when you're a rookie.” Proudfoot offered the group as Dawlish walked past them, his usual smirk still on his tan face as he spoke. Wilson sat back down to fix his report draft, and Proudfoot looked back down at Tonks, who was still leaning back in her chair with her feet kicked up on the desk.

“So, T, when are you gonna show Kinsley your ‘actual evidence’ that Black's wandering around the streets of bloody London right under our noses.”

“*First of all*, I never said he was in London, just somewhere in the general vicinity of Britain,” she gestured with her hands as she said *general vicinity*.

“Right right, my bad.” he interrupted, sarcasm layered thick on his voice.

“And *to answer your question*,” she said pointedly, crossing her arms over her chest and sitting back up straight, “I was *actually* going to drop by his office this afternoon.”

“God’s speed, soldier.” Padfoot said, mimicking Wison’s salute and sitting back down at his own desk.

Tonks chuckled and turned back to her work, opening a new file on a recently reported assault in Diagon Alley. She was just dipping her favorite quill into her inkpot (which had been broken and repaired quite a few times), when someone knocked on her cubicle wall behind her. She swivelled around to see none other than Kingsley Shacklebolt himself standing in front of her. Tonks started and nearly fell out of her chair, but quickly righted herself and stood.

“Auror Tonks,” His voice was always deep and smooth, usually calming, but now it sounded plain *intimidating*. “will you please come with me to my office?”

*Holy shit what did I do. Is this about that stupid stakeout mission? I mean I did blow our cover but it's not my fault I tripped over Dawlish's bloody leg. He should be keeping his limbs to himself.*

She assumed a polite and professional expression and nodded, grabbing her Black report to bring along with her. *I mean it wouldn't hurt. Well, it might, but it's worth a shot.*

“Of course.” She followed him along the aisle to his door, and shrugged wide-eyed in response to Proudfoot’s raised eyebrow as she passed his desk. *What in fucking hell would Mad-Eye say if I got sacked? Christ, what would MUM say? She'd probably kill me. Bloody hell I better not be getting the sack.*

All too soon for Tonks's liking they had arrived at Shacklebolt's office door. He held the door open for her, then promptly followed her inside and firmly shut the door. The curtains were drawn, and the continuous chatter and babble from out in the sea of cubicles was immediately cut off. *Has he put a silencing charm on his office? Must like his privacy.* There was a gruff cough from a corner of the room, and Tonks started when she saw that a third person was standing in Kingsley's office.

Mad-Eye Moody stumped over to the shut door and waved his wand over it in a complex pattern of intricate movements, muttering incantations under his breath, and double and triple checking everything he did. She was pretty surprised to see her old mentor here *now*. I mean, he was retired, and although he regularly made house calls to the auror department she hadn't expected him to be privy to whatever trouble she was about to get into. He pointed a gnarled finger to one of the chairs in front of Kingsley's desk and grunted.

"Sit lass, this is going to take a minute."

"What the bloody hell are you doing here Mad-Eye?" The words slipped out before Tonks could stop them, and she took a cautious glance at Shacklebolt, who, to her surprise, chuckled softly as he sat back in his place behind the desk, his intimidating demeanor totally dropping. Mad-Eye sank into the chair next to the one Tonks had occupied, and scraped it along the floor to be facing her more than Shacklebolt.

"We're here" He gestured to Kingsley and to his own chest "on the orders of Albus Dumbledore."

"DUMBL-" Tonks started, eyebrows flying up her forehead

"Yes, Dumbledore." Kingsley cut her off "He's the founder and leader of a secret organization that we are both members of, and we certainly hope you will be as well when we leave this office."

"You don't mean-" she turned to Mad-Eye, an eager and questioning grin curving her mouth, who locked both his eyes with hers "I always figured there was someone else fighting You-know-who based on your war stories Mad-Eye. There were too many fuzzy details and secrets for them to all be from the auror office."

Mad-Eye looked at her in the eye for a moment, and almost hesitated before replying.

“Yeah, that's the one. I knew you were too smart to buy into that Ministry-taking-all-the-credit bullshit.” He paused again and studied the excitement apparent on her face (and in her hair, which had turned an even more fluorescent shade of pink), before casting his gaze to his hands, which rested on his staff, and continuing.

“You-know-who's back. And he's stronger than ever.” He said quieter, but not any gentler than he always spoke. “But we're fighting back. The organization's called the Order of the Phoenix, and we've been asked to invite you to join.”

“I was just inducted last week.” Kingsley added, showing her a thin feather etched on the palm side of his thumb. It glowed amber for a moment before dissipating completely, fading back into his chocolatey skin.

Tonks looked between the two wizards: her mentor and her boss, the latter being a rule abiding ministry man in her eyes, who were now asking her to join their secret (and presumably illegal- or at least not particularly liked) society, led by one of the greatest wizards of all time, that's sole purpose was fighting one of the most evil people of all time, who was supposed to be dead. And they were dead serious. She detected no hint of a joke (as if Mad-Eye would ever joke like that) or a ministry trick to weed out Dumbledore sympathizers. She was shocked; not that You-know-who was back, she'd always believed Dumbledore and Potter's story, but that the Order wanted *her*. She was just some jumped-up, clumsy, 23 year old auror, who's only been qualified a year and failed her stealth and tracking exam twice before passing. *Maybe this is my chance at Black. The Order's got to be tracking other dark wizards, and he's the biggest one at large.*

“So, what do you think kid,” Mad-Eye said “are you interested?”

“OF COURSE I'M BLOODY INTERESTED MAD-EYE” She practically yelled, before launching into a tirade of questions “So what is the Order doing? Hunting Black? I'd imagine that would be a priority of yours. Have you made more progress than the ministry? What's You-know-who doing? Do you even know? Who else is even in the Order? More people at the ministry?”



“Arthur Weasley from the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts office is our only other ministry employee.” Kingsley said, “and no, we aren't hunting Black. Quite the opposite actually.”

“Your cousin’s totally innocent.” Mad-Eye grunted, “He's never killed anyone out of combat and never betrayed the Potters. He’s one of our veteran members and one of the best fighters we've got.”

“Sirius inherited his childhood home while he was in Azkaban and it now serves as our headquarters, and his safehouse.” Kingsley added.

The room went completely silent. Tonks stared at the two of them like they'd just told her Umbridge and Dumbledore were to be married and Mad-Eye would be the flower girl. Her eyes bobbed between the two of them, trying to detect any hint of a joke, a lie, an exaggeration, an *anything*.

They found none. Tonks put her face in her hands and then tugged at the roots of her hair with her fists, her eyes clamped shut as she tried to remain calm.

“Are. You. Fucking. KIDDING ME?”

Rage bubbled up inside her. Not because she had spent so long on her report, or she wouldn't get to lock him up herself, or because she didn't believe Black's story. Tonks was *PISSED* because her *favorite* (and only) cousin when she was a kid, had been convicted of *murder* and she had *believed* that he was guilty. And Sirius had had to sit and *rot* in that horrible place for *twelve years*, right after his best friend had been killed, and now he was out, but he wasn't even free, because no one would ever believe him.

“He spent over a DECADE in AZKABAN for NO REASON? He lived in that HELLHOLE, around the dementors and our *dear, sweet* family, for TWELVE YEARS, and he didn't even DO ANYTHING?”

Her hair was the most aggressive shade of red Mad-Eye had ever seen, and even Kingsley, always so calm in demeanor, seemed to be shocked by her anger. Tonks inhaled slowly and spoke as calmly and evenly as she could,

“Can I tell my mum? She was devastated when we heard-” The images of her mother kneeling in front of the fire, tear stained photographs curling into ash, of her father holding the two of them on the sofa, of staring into the bathroom mirror and morphing any Black features she could off of her 8 year old face, flickered through her memory like an old film reel.

“He was the only decent family she ever had.”

“I’m sorry Tonks,” Kingsley said slowly, “but no one outside of the Order can know about Sirius. Not even Andromeda.”

“Ok. I understand, but will I be able to tell them *eventually*? I don’t want her to miss having a relationship with him again.”

“When he’s cleared. No telling when that’ll be.” Mad-Eye said. She sat back in her chair and looked at her mentor.

“I’m all in”

“First meeting is tonight, kid. I’ll get you at 7:25. Don’t be fucking late this time.”

# When it Started

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is named after When it Started by The Strokes!! I've also started to post updates/news on this fic regularly on my tumblr blog, lilac-harpie14, so I'd suggest following it if you're interested in that sort of stuff (as well as the occasional one shot or sneak peak for this fic). I hope you enjoy!! xx :)

Tonks studied her reflection critically in the mirror. She had been standing here for over half an hour, in her cramped London flat's bathroom, trying on every hairstyle and color she could think of and she still couldn't decide which one would be the most appropriate for the occasion. It wasn't every day that you were reunited with your prison-escapee long lost cousin, who you thought was a mass murderer and you were actively hunting down up until 6 hours ago. It also wasn't exactly *normal* to be picked up by your old mentor and taken to some underground, undisclosed corner of the country where you'd be initiated into a secret society.

The sounds of the bustling city slipped through the cracked window next to her and ran around the small room. A warm breeze tickled the hairs on her arm, and a low drum of thunder began to roll in the clouds above London. She checked her watch, *Shit, Mad-Eye's due here in 5 minutes*, slammed down on the window till it was shut all the way, and decided to settle for her usual shade of bubblegum pink and a simple, layered shoulder-length style.

Rain began to patter gently against the brick apartment building as she pulled on her boots and robes, her bluebird patterned sock getting a bit crumpled at her toe as she shoved her feet into the shoes. Tonks closed the window above her kitchen sink, which was much easier to shut than the one in the bathroom, and was throwing a few stray dirty dishes off the counter into the sink when she heard Moody's secret knock on her red door.

"Coming!" She yelled, as she meandered through the mess of her living room to get to the door.

"*Shit.*" Her knee collided with the sharp corner of a coffee table. "Christ I should just chuck this thing."

She went to open the door, but Mad-Eye held the knob firmly from the other side.

“Security questions Tonks.” He grunted.

“Right, ummm... bugger I’m really awful at coming up with these, you know that? Ok, what did I try to call you once which got me a sneakoscope lobbed at my head?”

Mad-Eye sighed, clearly not amused by the memory, and complied.

“Ally.” He replied, “Ruddy hilarious.” Tonks laughed and tried to open the door but Mad-Eye didn't release his grip on the brass knob. She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest.

“I saw that. What did I say to you after you failed stealth and tracking for the second time?”

“Hmmm, oh that I was a hopeless case and you shouldn't have ever taken me on as a student. Then you bragged to Scrimgeour about me and my arrest and capture score five minutes later.”

Moody grunted and let her swing the door open. He was wearing a grey bowler hat tilted down over his magical eye and he looked less than impressed with Tonks's attitude.

“This isn't a joke, girl. We'll have time for that later, but now I've got to get you to headquarters without being tracked or captured.”

“You know you love me.” Tonks jabbed at him, following Mad-Eye as he stumped along the hall and down the old wood stairs of her apartment building. Once they were out on the street they ducked into a mostly covered and dry alley and made sure there weren't any blokes taking a piss or snogging couples that might see them, before disappearing together, led by Moody.

With a faint *pop* they appeared in a dark side street of Islington, which smelled strongly of rotting garbage. Tonks pulled the hood of her robes over her hair and looked around.

“Hold on- we haven't even left London, Mad-Eye.” Moody just grunted and began to walk through the rain and into a small square, which had a sign labelling it as Grimmauld Place.

“You mean to tell me,” Tonks hissed under her breath, “that headquarters is *in London*? That *Sirius* is in London? Seems a bit of a bold move if you ask me.”

They stopped in the middle of the square and Moody took out a small silver object, clicking it several times and effectively stamping out all the street lights around. He pulled a slip of parchment out of his pocket and handed it to Tonks.

“House is under the fidelius charm. Read this and memorize.” He said, holding his lit wand tip to the paper and illuminating slanted, emerald green handwriting.

*The headquarters of  
the Order of the Phoenix  
may be found at Number 12,  
Grimmauld Place, London.*

Tonks looked up at the houses and found the fence line between numbers eleven and thirteen. *Number 12 Grimmauld Place, Number 12 Grimmauld Place, Numb-*. Before she could finish reciting the address a third time in her head a door appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, between eleven and thirteen. The door expanded and soon there were walls, windows, a roof and stone stairs leading right to the front step. The whole place looked pretty gloomy and rundown, especially next to the generally well-tended neighbors.

“Charming.” Tonks said, nodding at Mad-Eye.

“Get on, we don't have all day.”

She approached the door with all the cool, casual confidence she could muster, and went to raise the serpent shaped knocker, but Moody reached in front of her and opened the door before she could get to it. The front hall was dark and drab, with peeling, once intricate wallpaper and a large dusty, cobwebbed chandelier. She stepped forward and let Mad-Eye pass her, following him down the narrow hall.

Not two steps later, her foot caught the edge of a massive umbrella stand, and she fell flat on the dusty rug.

“Damn it Tonks!” Mad-Eye grunted, but his voice was drowned by a piercing shriek that stabbed at the air.

“BLOOD TRAITORS, SCUM, MUDBLOODS, CHILDREN OF FILTH! HALF BREEDS AND FREAKS, BESMIRCHING MY HOME! HOW DARE YOU STEP HERE!”

Chaos ensued. Several people burst through the door at the end of the hall as portraits all along the wall woke up and began to contribute to the ruckus, and the largest portrait of the old woman who had started it continued to shriek relentlessly. A man with long black hair was attempting to force the curtains of the portrait short, assisted by two brunette women. A red headed wizard was running about stunning the smaller portraits, and Kingsley was just coming through the door, exchanging an amused, *what-did-you-expect* kind of look with Moody.

“Are you ok?”

Tonks looked up and saw that another man had come over to her, still lying flat on the floor. He offered a hand to her and she took it, getting back on her feet with his help hoisting her up.

“Yeah.” She replied, looking down at her clothes as she fixed them. “Thanks. Christ, that was about the most embarrassing first impression I possibly could’ve made.”

“Don’t worry about it.” He grinned at her and she looked up at him. Tonks hadn't even really seen him before, she had been more focused on how mortified she felt.

The feeling only increased when she saw his face. He looked young, maybe in his thirties, but his face was lined and tired and *scarred*. Long scars ran across his face and smaller ones were sprinkled over his skin, a tiny line below his eyebrow, a spot on his jaw. His eyes were a beautiful grey, like misty water, and a bit of his hair fell over his forehead, light sandy brown and straight.

He was one of the most beautiful and intriguing people she had ever seen, and she forgot to act like a normally functioning person and actually reply to him for a moment. Tonks realized she had been staring when he gave her a bit of a funny look.

“Uh- sorry,” She shook her head slightly then grinned back, looking right at him as confidently as she could. “I’m Tonks.”

“Tonks?”

“Well, that's officially my surname, but no one other than my parents is allowed to call me by my first name.”

He held out his hand for her to shake.

“I’m Remus Lupin. It’s nice to meet you Tonks.”

She took it, it was warm and slightly calloused. It felt good in hers.

“It’s good to meet you too.”

She held eye contact for just another moment, he just seemed so *interesting*. She wanted to know the story behind every scar, behind the sadness in his eyes, behind the grey that was in

his hair, surely *years* too soon.

“So,” He said smiling, dropping her hand. “When do I get to know your first name?”

She laughed and crossed her arms over her chest, “Oh, feeling confident are we? The answer is *never*.”

He raised his hands in mock surrender, “Alright, alright.”

One of the people behind Remus caught Tonks’s eye, and her grin grew rapidly as she took in the man’s face.

“Sirius?!” She said (as loudly as she dared in front of the recently subdued portrait).

He looked around and his gaunt, exhausted face broke into a smile, a little more light showing in his eyes.

“Nym?” She nodded and walked towards him, “Nym! God, it’s good to see you!”

The cousins hugged and then pulled back to look at each other. It had been nearly 14 years since they had seen each other, and both of them were hardly recognizable, frankly. Tonks had been 8 (and a half, as she made sure to point out at the time), and Sirius had been his former, 21 year old, happy self.

“Holy fuck, look at you Nym, you’re an ADULT now!”

“I know, an auror too, I might add.”



“I heard. I also saw that you were talking to my friend Moony over there. Careful, or you'll be added to the long list of poor souls whose hearts he's broken.” Remus had made his way over to them and looked less than pleased with Sirius's comment.

“Come on Pads,” He said, exasperated but reddening slightly, “that's not exactly true.”

“Oh Moony, you may not see it but you are *quite* the heartbreaker.” Sirius winked and nodded at his friend in the most exaggerated way possible, delighted at the redness that was clearly spreading over Remus's face.

“Maybe I'll just have to find out myself and be the deciding vote.” Tonks said, raising an eyebrow at Remus and joining in on Sirius's game. She had known the two men (at least as adults) for less than 10 minutes, and she already felt totally comfortable with them.

“Shall we head into the meeting, then?” Remus said, obviously trying to change the subject, and gesturing to the rest of the group, which was disappearing through the door at the end of the hall.

The three of them walked down to the kitchen, which was buzzing with the conversations of the various people packed inside. It seemed that nearly the entire Order was in attendance, almost every place at the long, wooden table was occupied.

Tonks spotted Mad-Eye, who was sitting two seats down from the head of the table, occupied by Dumbledore, and appeared to have saved her a seat between himself and a tall, young man with a long ginger ponytail.

“Bill?” She asked, as she walked over to the man. He looked around and smiled when he saw her, standing up to hug her.

“Tonks! It's good to see you, probably haven't you since the summer before you and Charlie's seventh year!”

“Merlin, I reckon you're right. He's in Romania, then?”

“Yeah, he's a part of the Order but still can't attend any meetings.”

“Bugger, I'd like to see him in person for once. Owls are getting a bit old.”

The two sat down, and Tonks noticed that Sirius had taken the place across from her, and Remus was next to him, across from Bill. She also noticed that Remus's gaze kept flitting back to her when he probably thought no one was looking. She tried to focus back on Bill,

“God, how are your parents? They're in the Order too, aren't they? Kingsley mentioned your dad.”

“You can ask them yourself after the meeting.” Bill replied, gesturing over to his mother, who was standing at the stove in the corner, looking considerably disgruntled and rapidly whispering something into her husband's ear.

Just then, Dumbledore cleared his throat and called everyone's attention. The room immediately went silent, and everyone's attention was fixed on the head of the table.

“Our first order of business this evening,” He began, his fingers steepled in front of his face and his crescent glasses balanced on the tip of his nose, “is to introduce our newest member of the Order to you all, and to officially swear her in.” Tonks felt eyes flicker towards her before going back to Dumbledore, who looked to Mad-Eye and gestured for him to continue, “Alastor.” Moody nodded back to Dumbledore and addressed the group,

“Right. This,” He waved his hand towards Tonks in the seat next to him, “is Nymphadora Tonks-”

Tonks saw Lupin raise his eyebrow and grin slightly from his place diagonal to her at the table, but he never looked away from Mad-Eye.

“Its- its just Tonks.” She interjected. Almost everyone looked at her now, and she could've *sworn* she saw Snape roll his eyes the tiniest bit.

“Yeah, don't call her Nymphadora or she'll slit your damn throat. Anyways,” Mad-Eye continued on, not acknowledging his last statement, “she's one of the best young aurors I've ever trained, and is, *in my opinion*, one of the best in the office at the moment.”

“I second that.” Kingsley added in, giving her a smile and a nod from down the table.

Tonks could tell by their expressions as they looked at her that most of the people at the table were impressed. Sirius grinned and winked at her from across the table and Bill nudged her with his elbow. She grinned around at everyone a bit awkwardly, and felt a tinge of blush creeping across her cheeks, stopping it by morphing her skin before anyone noticed.

She glanced over at Remus, but he had his gaze fixed on Bill, who was grinning at her.

“Thank you Alastor.” Dumbledore said. He turned to look directly at Tonks, ignoring the presence of the rest of the Order completely. “Tonks, I have to give you one final warning: this is a very serious commitment. Your health, status, and life will be at constant risk. You could die a horrible painful death, you could be tortured into insanity, you may be forced into hiding or out of the country. The people we are fighting, they're monsters. They are cruel and pitiless and will use any means, however sadistic, to serve their lord. I need to know that you understand the weight of this decision and I need to know that you are *sure* you want to do this.”

The room felt as if it was holding its breath, still and heavy with silence. Every single pair of eyes in the room was trained on Tonks.

“I'm sure. Absolutely sure.”

Dumbledore tilted his head to her and smiled kindly, diffusing a bit of the tension that was still thick in the room. He then turned round to a small perch behind him, which Tonks hadn't

noticed before.

Standing upon the perch was a fiery red phoenix. It was small, around the size of a dove, so Tonks figured it had been reborn only a few days before. The bird's bright red and gold surface feathers shone, almost iridescent, reflecting orangey gold where the light hit them, and the smaller feathers that hugged its skin were a deeper red, like fresh blood. The phoenix hopped onto Dumbledore's outstretched hand, holding its head, adorned with a feather crown, high and proud.

"Tonks." Dumbledore said, "Your hand, please."

She extended it in front of her, and tried to keep still as the bird stepped lightly onto her palm.

"This is Fawkes." Dumbledore said kindly, introducing her to the bird as he coaxed it down to her. He then sat back in his seat and resumed his serious expression and tone.

"Do you, Nymphadora Tonks,"

She cringed inwardly at the use of her full name, but did not react outwardly; she figured this wasn't the appropriate moment.

"Swear to serve the Order of the Phoenix and every one of its members faithfully, to keep it's secrets, to honor it's trust, and to lay down your own life to it's cause if it becomes necessary for you to do so, and do you swear this in full understanding of the commitment and the magical bond you are creating?"

"I do."

Fawkes knelt his head down to her palm, a single, pearly tear sliding down his beak and landing on the palm side of her left thumb. It seemed to melt into her skin, and from where it landed, thin golden lines began to thread and twist together like shining rope. They formed a thin golden feather, like the one Kingsley had shown her, and now seemed to be a part of her

skin itself. Fawkes brought his head back up to look into her face, pausing to make direct and steady eye contact with her.

She nearly jumped out of her skin when the bird suddenly cried out, very loudly, filling the room with his song, and burst into flames in her palm. The flames lingered for a moment, bathing the faces around her in golden light. Red hair looked as bright as ever, Sirius's face was slightly less gaunt and pale, an expression of fervent pride fixed to it, and Remus's scars seemed to glow upon his skin.

She met his eyes, golden in the light, and he smiled encouragingly before fixing his gaze back on the bird.

And then Fawkes and all his fire vanished in an instant. Tonks's face felt cold without the flames so close any longer, but her thumb remained warm, tingling as the golden feather faded smoothly into the grooves of her skin.

Dumbledore took the same hand into both of his own and clasped it, looking into her face with a serious, but in no way intimidating expression.

“Welcome,” He said, “to The Order of the Phoenix.”

# Fluorescent Adolescent

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is named after Fluorescent Adolescent by the Arctic Monkeys! This is one of my favorite songs, but I'd definitely say it fits more for the third section (sections are divided by \*\*\*), which is the majority of the chapter. Hope you enjoy!! xx :)

“I’m his bloody godfather! Is that not good enough for you?”

“I never said-”

“Molly, Sirius, we all have Harry’s best interests at heart.” Dumbledore cut in, “But it is still only June. We need to wait until at *least* after his birthday.” Sirius crossed his arms and leaned back in his chair, looking annoyed but unwilling to argue with Dumbledore.

“Then I think that is all. This meeting is adjourned.”

Legs of chairs scraped on stone and conversations broke through the din of the basement kitchen. The third meeting of the new Order had just wrapped up, ending with a discussion over when Harry should be retrieved from 4 Privet Drive, which had sparked a *quite* heated debate between Sirius and Molly.

The former nudged Remus in the arm; he was the last person left sitting at the table, everyone else was making their way up the stairs to the hall.

“Mate?” Remus shook his head quickly and looked up at his friend.

“Oh- Sorry Pads, I zoned out for a minute.” Sirius gave him a weird look as Remus stood, but seemed to not find it *too* odd, because he returned to his default state of gloom and headed

for the stairs behind everyone else.

Remus had been lost in thought, as he had been for the last five minutes of the meeting, about a variety of things. There was the usually melancholy feeling of nostalgia that always came with Order meetings, longing to hear James and Lily's laughs and Marlene's clever jabs at Sirius, Frank and Alice comparing their latest parenting experiences with James and Lily's, or Fabian and Gideon cracking a joke over a firewhiskey. There were so many people who were never coming back.

The other thing he had been thinking about was Tonks. She'd certainly made quite the impression earlier by falling flat on the dusty old carpet, bright pink hair thrown around her face that she quickly ran her fingers through and fixed. Remus hadn't seen her coming at all, when he had heard Sirius mention she was his relative and Moody praise her skills as an auror, a pink haired blur slamming onto the floor wasn't exactly what he had expected. And when he talked to her, he had almost immediately become comfortable, she felt familiar, like they'd been friends for years. She seemed to share his sense of humor too, and seeing how she cheered up Sirius made him hopeful.

She was certainly amusing, that was for sure. Remus hoped she wouldn't react badly when she inevitably found out about his condition, he could use another friend.

At the top of the stairs the members of the Order were milling about in the hall, attempting to pull on cloaks and say their goodbye's as quietly as possible, slowly filtering out of the front door a couple people at a time. Remus took his place by the wall, trying to stay out of the way as he observed the socialization.

"So I guess you know my name now."

He looked around and saw none other than Tonks herself standing next to him, she was grinning and had her eyebrows slightly raised.

"But you're still not allowed to use it." She added, pretending to scold him and adopting a stern expression.

“Oh, well,” Remus replied, a twinge of marauder-mischief showing in his smile, “the thing is, I already knew your name.”

“What?! Why didn't you tell me?!” She hit him playfully on the arm.

“You seemed so determined to keep it from me, I just couldn't *bear* to crush you with the knowledge that I'd already heard it.” He said sarcastically.

“You *git*. Who told you?”

“Alastor and Dumbledore both mentioned it a couple weeks ago at the meeting where they discussed inviting you.”

“I'll need to have a word with them.” She replied, narrowing her eyes, and Remus's widened slightly as her hair turned a bit more red than pink.

“You're a metamorphmagus?”

Her nose lengthened to a long hook and her hair turned jet black and pin straight, hanging lank and thin around her shoulders. Severus Snape's face on Tonks's body scowled at him before morphing back to her usual appearance, her hair lilac now rather than pink.

“Yep.”

*I don't doubt at all that she and Sirius are related.*

\*\*\*



Sirius and Remus sat side by side on the once-elegant staircase of Number 12 Grimmauld Place. The last stragglers had left half an hour ago, and as the Weasleys wouldn't be moving in until they were closer to the new semester at Hogwarts, the two old friends were completely alone in the house. Except for Kreacher, but he was walled up in Regulus's old room. Sirius passed Remus a butterbeer.

“So,” He said, “what’d you think of the new recruit?”

“Tonks?”

“No, actually, Dumbledore. Yes I bloody mean Tonks.”

“She seems very nice.”

“That’s it?”

“I’ve only just met her Padfoot.”

“Yeah but you two already seemed pretty comfortable.” He nudged Remus’s shoulder with his own.

“Well, she is rather amusing, isn't she?”

“Understatement of the year.”

They sat in silence for a minute, sipping from their bottles.

“She was one of the funniest little kids I’d ever met. Nothing like Andy. She’d always boss the rest of us around and mother us when we were kids. I guess she takes after Ted.”

“I suppose so.”

They sipped their beers again.

“I’m so sick of this fucking house. I just want to be *free*.”

“I know.”

They sat in silence again, the awkward tension almost palpable on the air.

They had spent a lot of time separated, and things were never quite the same without James. Remus even missed Peter sometimes, at least the *old* Peter.

Those last few months of the first war still hung on strings between them in front of their eyes. The mistrust, the uneasiness, the grief. The arrest. So much remained unspoken between them.

“I’m gonna turn in mate.”

“Goodnight, Padfoot.”

“Night, Moony.”

\*\*\*

The snitch-shaped bell above the door tinkled, announcing the arrival of presence person in the shop. Remus’s muscles stiffened and he went rigid, trying to remain as still as possible,

crouched behind a large display of handle polish. *With one swipe of Sellman's broom wax, you'll never slip again!*

Footsteps treaded softly and slowly across the maroon carpeting, scanning for their prey. Remus could see the black cloak swishing around a pair of boots closer to the front of the shop.

He heard a small sound next to him, and turned to see Tonks, who was crouched right beside him, thigh to thigh, biting her palm and trying desperately to suppress a laugh.

*One hour earlier:*

It had only been a week since Tonks had been sworn in. This was her first mission, and Remus was worried that he had been a pretty dull partner so far. They were waiting, hidden outside of Malfoy Manor, anticipating an unidentified death eater to emerge any minute now. Their assignment was to follow him and see where he went every Thursday night after leaving the property. Hestia and Arthur had been watching the Malfoy property since the Order's reformation, and had picked up on the mystery-man's habit of coming and going weekly.

"There he is." Tonks whispered, pointing to a cloaked figure making his way towards the front gate.

"Let's go." Remus said, throwing Moody's invisibility cloak over them and casting a muffling charm around them like a bubble. The death eater wore a long cloak and kept his face covered at all times, not even a fingertip or a small patch of skin around an ankle peeked out from the black cloth. The figure made it past the gate and walked towards a large tree beside a creek, Remus and Tonks continuing to follow him undetected and invisible.

"Looks like he's going to apparate." Lupin whispered. Tonks nodded and grabbed his arm.

"I can follow him." She pointed her wand at the death eater from under the invisibility cloak, muttering a spell and twisting the wood between her fingers. The death eater spun on the spot and disappeared with a pop, unaware that he was bringing anyone with him. Tonks felt the

tug to apparate alongside the death eater and pulled Remus with her by his arm. Soon they found themselves standing in front of Florean Fortescue's ice cream parlor in Diagon alley, a few paces behind their target, who was already making his way down the street. They began to follow him down the winding cobblestones, still protected by the cloak and the silencing charm.

“So, you and Sirius were friends at school?” Tonks said after a little while. They had been walking in silence for a while, and the death eater was making his way down the street very slowly, stopping every other step to make sure no one was around. Remus looked over to her under the cloak, her hair was a dusty pink today, tied in a loose knot by the base of her neck. Her eyes were still fixed on their target, observing its every move, as she tried to make conversation.

“Yeah. We, James and Peter were a pack of sorts I suppose.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Hm?”

“About James. And Peter. I heard about the whole betrayal.”

“Yeah.” They walked in silence for another moment. The conversation felt rather stiff and forced, nothing like the night they had met.

“Tell me your most embarrassing Hogwarts story about Sirius.”

Remus laughed, “Oh, we’ll be here all night.”

“Oh come on,” She smiled, nudging him as best she could under the cloak, “what's the first one that comes to mind.” Remus thought for a moment.

“Probably when he and James blacked out after we won the house cup and ended up buck naked, swimming in the Black Lake, in front of half our house at two in the morning.” Tonks let out a loud shout of laughter and covered her mouth.

“Are you kidding?!” She said, eyes still trained on the death eater as they slowly made their way down the street. The death eater was stopping every few paces to check his surroundings, he definitely seemed like someone who did not want to be followed.

“Nope. We probably spent more time in detention than out of it.” Remus grinned at the memories and looked over at Tonks again, she was smiling and her eyes were now bright, dark blue, different from the hazel-y green they had been earlier that night. He wondered if they changed without her knowing sometimes, like her hair.

“Well. you're not alone there. My mother was so disappointed that I wasn't a prefect like her and Dad, but honestly, I don't know what else she expected. I was nearly expelled at least once a semester.”

“Really? What was the worst thing you did?”

“Hm... probably the time my friend Elliot and I tried to make yellow and black fireworks go off during a Hufflepuff quidditch match. We weren't very experienced in the art of pyrotechnics, and took down one of the stands on accident.” Remus looked at her with a concerned and shocked expression, and she took her eyes off the death eater for the first time to look back at him.

“No one was hurt!” She said defensively, “And, I mean it looked fucking *awesome*, before we nearly killed half the school.” She looked back to the death eater and so did Remus. They watched in silence for another moment before Remus added,

“We blew up a toilet once, so I suppose I don't really have room to talk. All three of them were covered in *actual shit*, but I used Sirius as a shield, so I was fine.”

Tonks laughed loudly and quickly covered her mouth with her hand after letting a snort slip out. Remus grinned and even chuckled softly to himself as he watched her hair turn an even

more fluorescent shade of pink as she laughed. She noticed him staring and grinned, tugging at a lock of hair to examine it.

“Oh, yeah. That happens sometimes when I laugh or get really excited. Turns bright red when I'm pissed off too.”

“It’s extraordinary.” He said, and her cheeks were tinged with the tiniest bit of pink as she faced defiantly forward again, focusing back on the death eater as he stopped to check his surroundings again.

As they began to move forward with the death eater again, Tonks’s foot caught the edge of a raised cobblestone and she tumbled forward. Remus caught her by the arm and she got back to her feet, but it was cramped under the cloak with two fully grown adults, and it tugged down on her side, exposing his lower half for a solid ten seconds while they tried to readjust.

“*Damn it.* Tonks, in here!” He whispered as he pulled them both into *Quality Quidditch* Supplies. The death eater was turning around to check his surroundings again and seemed to glimpse something whipping around the building corner that blocked his view of the front entrance of the store.

Thankfully, their silencing charm-bubble covered the bell on the door, and they quickly ducked behind a display, crouching as low as they could and double checking the cloak to make sure they were completely out of sight.

The snitch-shaped bell above the door tinkled a moment later, announcing the presence of another person in the shop. Remus’s muscles stiffened and he went rigid, trying to remain as still as possible, crouched behind the large display of handle polish. *With one swipe of Sellman’s broom wax, you’ll never slip again!*

Footsteps treaded softly and slowly across the maroon carpeting, scanning for their prey. Remus could see the black cloak swishing around a pair of boots closer to the front of the shop.

He heard a small sound next to him, and saw that Tonks was now biting her palm in an effort to stifle a laugh. Her laughter was infectious, even if it was irrational and completely inappropriate for the situation at hand, and Remus had to press his lips together tightly to keep himself from grinning as he tried to make out who the death eater that was slowly stalking towards them could be.

*This is serious Remus. Don't start bloody laughing.*

The footsteps were getting a lot closer now, and Remus didn't see any way for them to identify him, or to keep following him as he was probably sure he'd seen something and knew they were there.

“Tonks.” He whispered, “On three I’m apparating us back to headquarters.” She nodded and took a deep breath, still trying to stop herself from laughing and attempting to adopt a more serious, business-like expression.

“One.”

They were in a rather awkward position, crouched on the ground, so he wasn't sure exactly how they would be able to side-along.

“Two.”

He settled on reaching around her crouched form to grab her around the middle.

“Three!”

He held onto her firmly and twisted around as best as he could, praying neither of them would be splinched.

They appeared on the front step of 12 Grimmauld place, jumbled up in a heap with the invisibility cloak twisted all around them. Remus was flat on his back and Tonks was on her stomach, half on top of him with her leg trapping one of his arms. Parts of their bodies were invisible because of the cloak, and now both of them were overcome with laughter, cracking up and gasping for air as they disentangled themselves and sat up, Tonks leaning her head back against the front door as her chuckles died down a little.

“What is so bloody... *funny*?” He said, still laughing a little mid sentence.

“No fucking clue.” She said, lifting her head to look at him, still grinning and putting her face in her hands. “Christ I don't know why but I just-” she started to giggle a little again as she spoke, “couldn't stop... *laughing*.”

“Yeah *I noticed*.” He replied, raising his eyebrows at her as he stood and offered a hand to her. She took it and he pulled her up off the ground.

“Always hauling me up off the floor, aren't you?”

“I suppose so.”

They walked into the house and made their way down to the kitchen, where Sirius was nursing a bottle of firewhiskey and reading *The Evening Prophet*. He looked up as they entered, and his mood seemed to lighten considerably at the sight of them.

“What the hell are you two so happy about?” He asked, noticing the grins still etched onto their faces. “Did you catch the mystery-man?”

“No, he almost caught us, actually.” Tonks said, starting to laugh aloud again, covering her mouth and biting her palm, as she plopped down into the seat next to Sirius's. He looked thoroughly confused and turned to Remus, who was now sitting across from him.



“Moony, what the fuck is wrong with Nym?” Remus chuckled quietly again and put his face in his hands, prompting Sirius to whack him across the head with *The Prophet*. Remus and Tonks were both giggling now, and Sirius was looking more and more confused.

“Are you two drunk or something? What am I missing?”

“Sorry, sorry.” Tonks said, grabbing the bottle of firewhiskey and pouring herself a glass.

“We were watching Malfoy Manor and saw him walking out, right on schedule, face still covered and all, so we followed him. He ended up apparating to Diagon Alley and we trailed him there for a while. He was so fucking *paranoid* too, stopped to check that he wasn't being followed every other step.”

“Then Tonks tripped and the cloak slipped off-”

“And we ran into quality quidditch supplies-”

“Then she started having a laughing fit while we were hiding behind a display.”

“Hey! It's not my fault, I'm just a very joyous person!” She said defensively, crossing her arms over her chest and leaning towards Remus across the table.

Sirius looked between the two of them, remaining totally still with his glass raised half way to his lips as his eyes bounced back and forth. After a moment of silent thinking, he simply grabbed the bottle of firewhiskey and topped off his glass.

About an hour later Tonks noticed the time displayed on the kitchen clock and started, “Oh shit. It's already past midnight, I better be off. Supposed to be at work at seven tomorrow for a conference with Umbridge. Bleh.”

She got up and brought her glass to the sink, ruffling and messing up Sirius's hair as she passed him on her way back to the stairs.

“See you lot at the meeting Saturday, then?”

“Not going to run into you at the bank, am I?” Sirius said, joking, but his tone was slightly bitter.

“Remus?”

“Hm? Oh, yeah I’ll be there.” He wondered why she wanted to know that he, specifically, would be attending the meeting. *You're overthinking it. She's just being polite.*

“Good.” She smiled at him, making a point to hold eye contact with him, before turning back up the stairs and waving over her shoulder. “Night!”

*Good? Does that mean she wants to see me? That she's even looking forward to it?*

“Night Nym.”

“Goodnight, Tonks.”

A minute later, after hearing the front door close, Sirius broke the silence that they had fallen into in Tonks’s absence.

“You fucking fancy my cousin.”

Remus felt his face get warm and he tried to remain casual as he replied, but it came out very defensive. “*What?! I do not.*”

Sirius's eyes widened a little and he laughed at his friend's reaction, tilting his chair back on two legs.

“Oh my god. You've got it bad.”

“I do not.”

“Mhm.”

“Seriously Pads, we're friends, am I not allowed to have any other friends?”

“Oh, you two are *friendly* all right.” Sirius was still smirking at him as Remus stood up and headed for the stairs.

“I'm going to bed.”

“Goodnight, loverboy!”

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In his creaky old bed in his room, the smallest spare of 12 Grimmauld Place, Remus stared at the peeling ceiling and pondered over what Sirius had said. He was very adamant with himself that he did not fancy Tonks. Sure, she was very nice, and funny, and he always had a good time around her, and she was probably the most beautiful person he had ever seen, and he was absolutely and completely captivated by her every move, and his guard and armor which he worked so hard to keep up seemed to come down automatically and without him even noticing when he was with her, and he got a weird, tangled, swooping feeling when she looked at him, and that tangled, swooping feeling only got worse when she smiled at him, which was a lot.

But no, he *absolutely did not in any way* fancy her.

*You don't fancy her. She's Sirius's cousin, and she's what, 23? 24? You're just some broken old man. And she doesn't even know about your condition, she probably won't want anything to do with you once she finds out. You should tell her soon, too. It's not right to keep it from her; she shouldn't have to be around a monster like you if she doesn't want to. And she definitely doesn't want to.*

He thought about the way she'd smiled at him and said good. About the way her laugh sounded. *About the way her body felt tangled up in a heap with his after apparating out of Quality Quidditch Supplies.* About that tangled, swoopy feeling.

*Shit.*

# I Want to Hold Your Hand

## Chapter Notes

Chapter five is finally here! I know it took a really long time, but it's done now and I'm pretty happy with it. It's named after I Want to Hold Your Hand by The Beatles, which is probably one of my favorite songs to listen to on vinyl.

As Always, thank you so much for the kudos/comments, and I hope you enjoy! xx :)

Over the last couple of weeks, Tonks had seemed to spend more time at headquarters than away from it. She'd drop in to have a drink with Sirius and Remus after work, then stay for dinner, then sometimes (or half the time) when she was *just absolutely knackered*, she'd stay in one of the spare rooms, (a door down from Remus's) which had even acquired a few of her possessions; oversized sleep shirts, spare robes, an odd sock, a purple toothbrush. Sirius suggested every morning after she stayed over that she should just move in already, but Tonks maintained that she really shouldn't, because the Weasleys would be moving in soon, and she wouldn't want to be a bother, and she had other friends that might ask questions. *"Oh come on Sirius, how fucking lonely do you think I am?" "If you have so many mates why are you always here?" "I am not always here."*

Remus wasn't bothered at all by her frequent visits, he'd even begun to become quite fond of the sound of Walburga's shrieks following the crash of a piece of furniture toppling to the floor or the thumps of her heavy black boots being tossed into a corner of the hall. She fit in well with the old Marauders, and it almost felt as if she'd known them for years. Remus was glad to see how close she and Sirius were becoming too, and even gladder to see that Sirius seemed to be doing a bit better with her around. He was sick of being trapped in his childhood home, and was as temperamental as ever, drinking and joking around one minute, then drinking and brooding about the next.

Tonks had also been paired with Remus on several more missions, some continuing to attempt at figuring out the identity of the death eater that had nearly caught them and what he was doing in Diagon Alley. They got along together very well, and Moody seemed to notice that they were an efficient team and kept them together on most assignments. Remus secretly rejoiced every time he heard her name follow his own, and was disappointed if he heard it with Hestia's, Dedalus's, or *Bill's*. He was still determined to keep everything between them platonic, squashing down any tangled swoops or flutters or drumming fingers, and had convinced himself that he didn't have any sort of feelings for her. That would be absolutely *ridiculous*, wouldn't it? And there was no way she'd ever want anything like that with him.

No, they were just friends and would never be anything more, he was positive of it, but seeing how she laughed and joked around with Bill made something tug and twist in his gut.

“Well, I better be off. Thanks again for the tea, Remus.” Tonks yawned as she spoke, depositing her mug in the sink and pulling her auror robes over her clothes, fastening the clip at her neck, securing her silver auror badge.

“No problem.”

“You coming over tonight, Nym?” Sirius asked as she walked towards the stairs, looking hopeful and tipping his chair back onto its hind legs.

“Nope, I’ll be at work a bit late and then I’m going to have dinner with my parents. We’re getting new assignments today.”

Sirius’s front chair legs thunked back to the ground and he looked disappointed, with a thin frown on his face. “Shame.” He took a swig from his beer bottle and stared down at the table, not looking at Tonks or Remus. It was seven in the morning and he was already polishing off his unfinished drink from the night before.

“Alrighty then.” Tonks said, looking a little concerned about Sirius but smiling as she turned to Remus, “Bye!”

“Goodbye, Tonks.”

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“You should come to the pub with us tonight T. Oh, come on! You haven't been out with us in *ages*. What the fuck are you always so busy with anyways?” Proudfoot pleaded with Tonks, leaning over their shared cubicle wall.

“New boyfriend?” Wilson asked, “Or, you know, girlfriend. Whatever.” Tonks rolled her eyes at them and turned to Wilson.

“No. I do not have a new ‘special friend’, Rookie. And don’t ever ask me that again. The prospect of you being privy to my love life makes me feel nauseated.” She looked back at Proudfoot, “Can’t. I’m having dinner at my parents’,”

“Christ, you know you *used* to be fun, T,” he jabbed at her. “like when we were in training and we’d go on pub crawls with Charlie and the old group every weekend. You wouldn’t believe it, Rookie, she even did *karaoke*. Her song was *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds*, of all fucking things.”

“*I am still fun!*” She scoffed at him. “You’re just jealous of my brand-new-super-hot boyfriend that's taking up all my time.”

“I thought you said you didn’t have a boyfriend!” Wilson burst out, turning his head sharply to Tonks.

“Jesus, it was a joke, this little thing called *sarcasm*. Calm down Rookie, you’re going to give yourself a stroke.”

“Can you three be quiet, for like, *two seconds*?” Savage exclaimed from his desk, not taking the effort to actually stand and look at them.

“No can do Sav.” Proudfoot replied, “And you should probably go to St. Mungos to get that wand up your ass checked out, sounds painful as shit.”

“At least I’m doing my job. I’m trying to figure out how these three muggle and magical disappearances in the same area might be linked, while you lot are sitting back on your asses doing nothing.”

“There’s nothing much to do, Sav,” Proudfoot replied. “Sure there have been more little things the last couple weeks, but there's never anything big. I've been an auror for over a year, and I've caught some crooks but hardly anyone I'd classify as a *dark wizard*, as the job description states.”

“That’s a good thing, Auror Proudfoot,” said a deep voice behind Tonks. She swiveled around, kicking her feet down from her desk, to see Dawlish standing behind her with a hard, but not angry expression, holding a thin purple file sealed with white wax and the Ministry’s signature *M*. “We don’t need any more wars or Dark Lords. I know I certainly don’t, I had enough with the first one and now he's dead.”

“Right, sorry, Sir.”

“Don’t bloody apologize, I know what you meant. You want some action.”

“Yeah, I was actually looking at a rec —”

“Are we even sure You-Know-Who’s dead?” Everyone’s eyes turned to Wilson, who looked like he regretted saying anything. “Sorry, it’s just that ever since Dumbledore and Potter said he was back, there's been more *stuff* going on. Everything just feels *different*.”

“The Minister, Auror Scrimgeour, and nearly every other person above or below you, including myself, say he’s gone, and I don't care how scary your name is, there’s no coming back from death. Dumbledore’s claims are only supported by a 14-year-old boy’s word.”

Wilson nodded and Proudfoot shrugged, as if to say *sure, why not?* to the idea that the most powerful dark wizard of all time was *most likely* dead— even though he could still be out there.

We’re all just fucking sheep, aren’t we.

“Auror Tonks, Auror Wilson. Come with me, I’ve got your mission assignment.”



“We’re partnered up?” Tonks asked as she and Wilson both stood and followed Dawlish across the Auror headquarters to one of the empty briefing rooms.

“Seems to be so.” He replied gruffly, “In here.” He waved them into the room and shut the door, locking it and drawing the blinds. Tonks felt like she was in a muggle movie her dad had taken her to in the cinema, *Groundhog Day*.

*Deja vu, much? I don't think he'll be asking us to join any secret, dark wizard fighting, suicide mission-ing organizations though.*

“This mission is highly confidential. You may not speak to *anyone* but yourselves and Aurors Scrimgeour, Shackbolt, and I about it or any of the highly sensitive information surrounding it, as to avoid inciting any panic throughout the global wizarding community.”

*Holy shit. Is this something to do with Voldemort? Is he about to admit it?*

“We have received intel that there is a small group of individuals meeting regularly in an abandoned shop down Cartpool Lane.”

*Oh my God. He's going to say it. I'd bet my knickers they're death eaters.*

“We believe these individuals are forming a new group or organization of some kind that we’ve never seen before. Possibly similar to You-Know-Who and the death eaters, but not related to them or connected in *any* way. The assumption is that they are attempting to replace him.”

*God damn it. They probably really are death eaters too. I don't think Mad-Eye's going to be particularly fond of this.*

“Down *Cartpool*?” Wilson asked, “Do most people even know it’s there anymore? Everything’s boarded up.”

“Wait, yeah.” Tonks added, “Isn’t the start of it blocked up by a building too?”

“It is. We are presuming that they’re apparating directly into the building.”

“How’d we even find out about them?” Wilson questioned. Dawlish gave him a hard look, almost annoyed by the question.

“Do you think the ministry just stopped monitoring one of the few wizard-only locations in Great Britain just because it wasn’t a popular hangout anymore, Auror Wilson?” It seemed like a bit of a harsh reaction to Tonks, especially since Wilson was a rookie and this was his first major mission.

“Right, sorry, sir.” Wilson broke his eye contact with Dawlish as he spoke, and Dawlish gave him another long, almost analytical look, before turning back to Tonks and handing her the file.

“There isn’t much for you to do today except catch up on what we know. From Monday on most of your time will be spent going into the field and observing them.” He walked past them to the door, grasping Wilson’s shoulder and thumping his back as he passed. “Good luck, kid. I know this is your first big case, but Tonks is great, you’ll be fine.” He walked out onto the main floor and made his way through the aisles to his own office.

“Well, I guess we’ll be spending a lot more time together,” Wilson said. Tonks looked at him and was surprised to see a weird, almost comical expression on her colleague’s face. One of his eyebrows was cocked up slightly and he was grinning in a strange way. He had also moved a few steps closer to her. Was Wilson trying to *flirt* with her?

“Yeah, I’m gonna go.” She let out something like a laugh or a scoff as she spoke and pushed past him to get to the door.

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The next morning was yet another rainy one, as it seemed the trend was lately in London. It was a Saturday, and Tonks had just swung by a muggle bakery to get some pastries because today the Weasley's and Hermione would be moving into the house and she wanted to make sure they all felt welcome. Even though she didn't technically live there. Well, at least not full-time.

The white box was balanced precariously on her left arm, which was also holding her bulging canvas tote bag, recently collapsed orange umbrella, house keys, and to-go coffee. She reached out her now free right hand to push open the front door of 12 Grimmauld Place, keeping a book clamped down to her chest with her chin and her wand clenched in her teeth.

"Jesus Nym, did you take your whole flat with you?" Sirius asked as she shuffled into the front entryway. She kicked the door closed behind her and cringed as she heard it slam shut harder than she had intended. Luckily, Walburga slept on behind her moth-eaten curtains. She grabbed her wand and the book from her mouth, re-adjusting her grip on the pastries to be a bit more secure.

"No, I decided I'd be *nice* and pick up some sweets to welcome the Weasley's."

"Right, and the very old looking book and the tote crammed full of God knows what are for...?"

"The book is for Remus, bag's got a wide variety of shit I haul around with me."

"Why'd you bring Moony a book? He's got like 10 gazillion already."

"You ask a *lot* of questions." She walked past him along the dusty carpet and narrowly dodged the umbrella stand, then took the stairs very slowly to avoid stumbling and sending the croissants, scones, and muffins flying.

“Good morning!” she said brightly to the kitchen at large, which only contained two people, Remus and Mundungus.

“Good morning Tonks.” The former replied politely. Mundungus grunted and nodded to her, but he wasn’t totally visible due to a thick haze of funny smelling purple smoke.

“Shit Dung, it’s 8 in the morning.”

“Been awake all night. ‘aven’t slept.”

Tonks set the pastry box and her other various artifacts down at the end of the table and pulled out a chair beside Remus, who was sipping a mug of tea and examining *The Prophet*.

“Look what I brought.” She slid the battered old book over to him and he picked it up gently, examining the fading red cover and then looking back up at Tonks, who was smiling from ear to ear. “It’s the muggle book I was telling you about, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn*, The one my dad used to read to me at night. I found our old copy and thought you might want to read it”

“Tonks, you don’t need to-” He tried to hand it back to her and shook his head slightly, looking a bit stunned.

“But I *want* to.” She cut him off and pushed the book in his hands back towards him. Her palms felt warm and static when she touched his skin. “Enjoy it. You can use it as long as you need.”

“Thank you.” He looked right at her, and he was smiling, and it was one of the most genuine smiles she’d seen him wear. He looked at least 10 years younger.

“It’s really no problem.” She grinned and waved her hand, keeping her cool intact on the outside, but feeling her stomach swoop in a tangled sort of way on the inside.

Sirius poked his head down towards the bottom of the stairs, “They’re here!”

All three of the kitchen’s occupants stood and scurried back up to the front hall, Tonks especially was very excited to see the Weasley kids. Through the front window, the family could be spotted huddled in an alley across from the house, where they’d presumably just apparated or used a portkey and were now making their way towards Number 12 Grimmauld Place.

The rain had progressed from a drizzle to a pour, but Tonks could just make out Arthur, Molly, Fred, George, Ron, Ginny, and a girl with loads of brown hair who she assumed was Hermione. The group huddled up onto the front step and Sirius quickly opened the door and let them funnel in.

“Good morning everyone!” Arthur said jovially as he entered, grasping hands with Sirius, Remus, Tonks, and Mundungus in turn. Molly ushered the kids in ahead of her and then shut the door behind the group. The kids were all looking around curiously and examining their new home away from home.

“Hello dear,” Molly said sweetly as she embraced Tonks, “you’re looking a tad paler than usual, are you alright?” Tonks laughed and reassured her, “I’m fine Molly. Besides, don’t worry about me, you’ve got seven kids of your own to worry about.”

“Ooo stop it, you know you’re like one of my own. You, Elliot, and Charlie were hardly ever separated over the summers.”

“Tonks!” Ginny had just spotted her and hurried over to say hello, “I haven’t seen you in ages!”

“Hey Gin! Look at you, what are you now, 20?” When she had released Ginny from her hug she turned to Hermione, who was standing a bit awkwardly nearby and holding a meowing basket.

“Hello, I’m Tonks.”

“I’m Hermione Granger.” She smiled and shook Tonks’s outstretched hand. An orange paw pushed its way out of the basket, propping up the lid, and a squashed, fluffy face poked through.

“Is that a cat?” Tonks said, smiling down at the pink nose which was now probing the air of this strange new place.

“Ooh, yes. His name is Crookshanks.” Hermione said brightly. Just then the cat squirmed out of the basket and lept over onto Sirius’s shoulders. The twins and Ron had finished making some crude joke that made Molly scowl with Mundungus, and were now saying hello to Remus and Sirius. The twins had never met Sirius before and tried to ask him what the toilets were like in Azkaban before Arthur stopped them.

“Oh well hello there Tonks,” Fred said

“Or shall we say,” George continued slyly, “*Nymphadora?*”

“Don’t even try it, boys. Hello there Ron!”

“Hey.” Ron seemed to have entered the especially awkward phase of puberty, his arms and legs seemed a bit long for his body and he had a cluster of zits right between his eyes.

The kids all ran up the stairs to put their stuff away and claim beds, followed closely by Molly who directed them into the appropriate bedrooms, and once they had gotten everything sorted they clambered down into the kitchen. Tonks was showing Sirius the muggle video camera she’d brought over from her parents' house.

“I still don't get it.”

“Is it really that hard to understand what a video is, Pads?” Remus asked.

“Yes, it is. And don't you start laughing at me Moony, I didn't grow up with all this muggle shit like you two!”

*“Language!”*

“Sorry, Molly,” Sirius replied, then turned back to Tonks, who was laughing and zooming the camera lens in on him.

“Wait a second-,” Fred said, both he and George's eyes darted between Sirius and Remus.

*“Moony?”* George pointed at Lupin, who grinned and said nothing.

*“Padfoot?!”* Fred pointed at Sirius and tilted his head, eyes wide.

“Yes, dear?” Sirius laughed and flashed his best marauder smile.

“HOLY FUCK!” The twins said in unison.

*“BOYS! LANGUAGE.”* Molly snapped. Fred and George still looked absolutely dumbfounded and completely ignored their mother, staring at their old teacher and his friend in disbelief. Tonks laughed and swerved the camera over onto Ginny.

“Have anything to say to the mysterious future viewers of this tape, Gin?”

“Hmm, I don't know, but whoever you are I *really* hope you aren't a death eater because then we'd be pretty screwed.” Tonks turned the camera onto Remus next. “What about you, *professor?*” She asked.

“Oh I don’t know, who do you think will even be seeing this?”

“Probably just all of us, but a few years older.”

“Well, whoever you are, good luck in this world, it's a bit mental sometimes.”

“Why so serious Moony? Jesus, lighten up a bit.” Sirius shoved Remus’s shoulder and beckoned for Tonks to zoom back in on him. “I still have no idea how the fu- *heck* this thing works, but my best piece of advice is that Firewhiskey goes down easiest at room temp, not iced. You’re welcome.”

“Ok, and I think we’re done.” Tonks turned the camera around in her hand so that it faced her and smiled before turning it off. Molly was bustling around in the kitchen, putting away her various pots and spoons and things that she had brought from home, and critically examining what the house had to offer. Fred and George were berating Ron about why he never told them who the marauders were, Ginny and Hermione were talking, and Mundungus and Arthur were discussing something about the mission they’d been on two nights previous.

“Thank you again. For the book.” Remus leaned slightly toward her in his seat and spoke quietly, so only she would hear over all the activity in the kitchen.

“It’s really no problem at all-”

“I know, you already said that.” He chuckled slightly, sounding almost exasperated as he spoke. “But thank you. I really do appreciate it.” He was smiling again, a gentle smile that went all the way to his eyes.

*There’s that weird feeling in my stomach again.*

“You’re welcome.”



“There we go. I was waiting for you to say that so I’d know that you knew that I really do appreciate it.”

“Oh were you now?”

“Guilty.” He put his hands up slightly in surrender. He was still smiling.

“Is there anything else you’re waiting for me to say?”

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Late July turned into early August, and the last week had been a quite chaotic one for the Order. On the second Harry and his cousin had been attacked by two seemingly rogue dementors, and the Order had tried to contact Harry and get everything sorted out as quickly as possible. Luckily, Dumbledore was able to persuade Fudge into suspending his expulsion, at least until he had been tried at a formal hearing.

Tonight several members of the Order would be flying to Privett drive and fetching Harry, then bringing him back to headquarters. Tonks was rather proud of herself because she had come up with the idea to lure the Dursleys out of the house using a fake letter from the “All-England Best-Kept Suburban Lawn Competition”, a prestigious institution, which was of course, not real. The advance guard had gathered on the roof of Number 12 Grimmauld Place, accompanied by Sirius, who was trying one last time to persuade Mad-Eye to allow him on the mission.

“I’m his godfather, if anyone should be going to get him it should be me.”

“Sirius, you’re not bloody stupid. You know that leaving this house, by land or broom, is suicide. We’ll make sure Potter gets back safely, and the rear guard is already positioned.” Moody shot Sirius down promptly, clearly not wanting to continue the argument.

“Is everyone ready?” Remus asked the group at large, looking back at Sirius who was stumping back into the house. There was a general murmur of consent among them, and at his signal they took off in pairs, forming a V against the sky as the first couple of stars appeared. Mad-Eye was leading the pack at the point of the V, and Tonks and Remus were behind him on either side.

The flight was pretty uneventful, and Tonks thought it would have been plain *boring* in anyone else’s company. She always had fun making jabs at Mad-Eye and trying to get Kingsley to join in though, and now she frequently looked over to see whether Remus had happened to laugh or crack a smile at her snappy retorts and comments. She had gotten into quite the habit of watching him over the last couple of weeks, actually.

The Dursley’s house was a lot cleaner than she had expected. It seemed almost neurotic, the toaster gleamed from its precise position atop the sterile-looking tile counters, the hand towel draped over the oven handle was folded evenly and pressed flat, and the pillows and cushions looked as though they’d been placed on the sofa with a yardstick and level.

*God, how do people live like this?*

Tonks turned away from the kitchen counter and as she did so her elbow caught a plate that had been so precariously displayed seconds earlier and was now on the floor shattered into about a hundred pieces.

“*Shit*. Sorry about that, *reparo!*” She hastily set the plate back on the counter and made her way to the hall where the rest of the guard was mingling about and examining the Dursley’s possessions.

“Excited to see him?” she whispered to Remus, who was standing off to the side beside Mad-Eye. He looked around at her and grinned slightly before responding.

“Yes, I haven’t since he was thirteen. I see you’ve changed your hair on the way here too.”

“I thought the pink was getting a bit too consistent. What do you think?”

“Oh, I like the pink, personally. This violet is suitable too though, it brings out the dark blue in your eyes very nicely.” She smiled and raised her eyebrows at his attention to details like the shade of blue in her eyes, and he turned a bit pink.

“Noted.” she chuckled, and Kingsley tapped her on the shoulder, pointing ahead at the stairs. A figure stepped cautiously out onto the head of the stairs above them, and although it was quite dark, Tonks was able to make out dark messy hair and a pair of round glasses.

“Lower your wand, boy, before you take someone’s eye out,” Moody growled. Harry made his way down to the hall, and after a few explanations, Remus introduced Harry to her.

“And this is Nymphadora—”

“*Don’t* call me Nymphadora, Remus, it’s Tonks!”

“—Nymphadora Tonks, who prefers to be known by her surname only.”

“So would you if your fool of a mother had called you ‘Nymphadora,’”

He continued to introduce each of the Order members to Harry, and a little while later Tonks volunteered to go up and help him pack. She was afraid she hadn’t done a very neat job, but Harry had seemed indifferent to it. He was also quite interested in her abilities and especially her work as an auror.

*He seems like he’d be a fun trainee to have around a few years from now.*

Remus looked up from the letter he was sealing to the Dursleys as they came back down the stairs, luggage in tow, and Tonks saw his eyes linger for a second on her hair, which she had turned back to her brightest bubblegum pink.

“Excellent.”

# Death with Dignity

## Chapter Notes

Hi guys! I'm not dead! (physically). Yes I know this is the first update in 5 months. Oops. A lot has been happening. It feels so good to be back though. This chapter is named after Death with Dignity by Sufjan Stevens (PAIN PAIN PAIN), it's a really great song and I feel like it captures a lot of Remus's emotions surrounding his condition. Ok anyways, I HOPE YOU ENJOY I LOVE YOU ALL SO MUCH XXX

(fun fact this chapter was written in 2 different states and in mid air while i was flying between said states tehe.)

Everything hurt. His head, his neck, every one of his joints down to the tinniest knuckle. Remus was sitting up in his bed, trying to read *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn*, but the full moon would be rising in a few hours and the words just blurred and swirled together in front of his eyes. He shut the book and decided to go down to the kitchen to make himself a mug of tea, maybe that would help. And he should eat something, transforming on an empty stomach usually resulted in finding himself surrounded by the mangled carcasses of various small animals in the morning, which didn't sound particularly appealing. When he opened his bedroom door he found Sirius standing in front of it, as if he had been about to knock.

"Hey mate," he said cautiously, clearly apprehensive that Remus might be in one of his pre-moon moods. "I was just coming up to tell you that you could use the cellar tonight. We can make sure it's secure and that way you won't have to apparate in the morning. It'd be a lot safer,"

"You mean it'd be a lot safer for me,"

"Well yeah, that's-"

"It's a lot more dangerous for everyone else here. Pads, there are kids here now. Harry's here."

“Yeah, I bloody know Harry’s here, doesn’t that just show you how confident I am in my ability to shut you up down there till morning?”

“I’m going to the woods to transform, just like I’ve been doing for the last 18 or so years. It works, I don’t think another human-" he remembered that the term *human* didn’t exactly apply to him, “-another person has ever been anywhere near there. It's deserted, secluded, *separated*. I’ll be alright, and I’ll come back here as soon as I can so you can play nurse." He attempted a smile and a laugh, but the extra air made his ribs and head scream, and he opted to lean against the doorframe and focus on his breaths instead. Sirius moved forward slightly but Remus put a hand up to stop him.

“I’m fine. Just make sure no one else is down in the kitchen with you when I get back. I don’t need the kids or the Weasleys to see me like that. This moon has already been worse than usual and I haven’t transformed yet.” Sirius nodded and still seemed reluctant to let Remus leave the house, but he held his tongue and followed him downstairs.

Remus started to fix himself some tea and refused to let Sirius help him at all. Once he had sat down with his mug of hot chamomile with honey, his hands shaking as he took each sip, he didn’t think he’d be able to stand back up. Each time he raised the steaming concoction to his lips he tried to keep it steady, focusing all his energy on stabilizing his hands, but it was to no avail. Tremors sometimes came with the build-up to the moon, but it was unusual for them to be this bad. Remus set the mug down and tried to seem casual as he rested his head in his hands, shutting his eyes as his head began to throb again.

“It’s bad isn’t it.”

“I’m perfectly fine.”

“No, you aren’t. Come on, just stay here.”

“No.”

“Moony-”

“I said *NO* Sirius.” His head snapped up to look at Sirius and his voice came out as almost a growl. His face sunk back into its lines, more miserable than before. “I’m sorry, Padfoot. I just- I can’t stay here.” Sirius still seemed a bit annoyed, but he kept his mouth shut for another 30 minutes until it was time for Remus to leave.

“You’re sure?”

“I’m sure Sirius.”

“I’ll see you in the morning then. Don’t kill yourself out there, ok?.”

“Don’t kill yourself *in there* either.” Remus grinned weakly back at his friend before stepping out into the orange glow and gathering himself up to apparate.

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He liked to try to keep his thoughts as focused on good memories as he could. The only vivid happy memories he’d had for years were of his time at Hogwarts and the couple years after before everything fell apart. But even those had been tainted by looming threats of war, by what he knew had happened after and what would keep happening over and over in his head, by all the darkness that he had become quite accustomed to since the age of four.

Now so many of those old memories, fuzzy around the edges, had been moved aside for newer and clearer ones. Memories filled with three people’s laughter and Sirius singing off-key when he’d had too much firewhiskey and various shades of brightly colored hair.

*“Ok ok, what about checkerboard”*

*“Oo, I’ve never tried that before... God, you’re killing me Remus this is going to be hard. What colors?”*

*“Surprise me.”*

*“Blue and yellow!”*

*“She didn’t ask you, Sirius.” Remus laughed loudly, his words slurring together a bit as he gave his friend a stern look and slumped back in his chair.*

*“Yeah! Didn’t ask you!” Tonks’s words were even more heavily slurred together as she narrowed her eyes at Sirius. She sat back and concentrated for a minute, screwing up her face, and soon her hair was buzzed short and colored precisely with a neon green and black checkerboard design.*

*“I feel like the buzz cut is kind of cheating,” Remus said thoughtfully, reaching over and brushing his hand over the short prickly hairs. Each strand began to grow rapidly on its own and tangled itself through his fingers.*

A sharp, staticky pain shot up through Remus’s legs from the balls of his feet. He knew it was starting, he slumped down against an old tree nearby and curled into a ball. He tried as hard as he could to fix his mind on those good memories, those human thoughts and emotions.

*“Come on Wormy and Moony, the water’s nice!”*

*“I promise the giant squid doesn’t bite,” James added.*

*“I prefer my book.”*

*“Killjoy!” Sirius yelled, splashing water towards the tree Peter and Remus were sitting beneath.*



The pain was everywhere now, like hot needles, knives, and sandpaper, and he could feel it inside of his bones. Every muscle was cramping and flexing, all clamping down at once to try and force his skeleton to stay in its human form, but they were no match, they never were, and soon the pain of his bones twisting and contorting themselves into oblong and slender shapes was accompanied by the individual fibers of his muscles and tendons ripping and stretching.

*“What’s the J for?”*

*“John, after my grandfather. What’s your middle name?”*

*“Nice try, you already heard about Nymphadora before I’d even met you, you’re not getting the second bit.”*

*“Oh come on, just a hint?”*

*“Fine. It ends with an A but that’s IT.”*

*Blood. He craved the taste of blood, the feel of it on his lips.*

*No, he thought. He could not let the wolf get into his mind. Not yet. In my mind? It is my mind. I need blood, I need flesh.*

*NO.*

His skin was on fire as it stretched thin over his new skeleton, thick and coarse fur forcing its way through every tiny follicle on his body. His teeth morphed and moved in his mouth, forcing his jaw open as they lengthened and his face elongated into a snout. Yellowed claws pushed out of the skin now greying on his fingers and toes, and they already had his own blood streaked along them.

He just wanted it to be over. Everything was grinding and crushing and pushing on everything else in his body, and he was just so tired. He could feel the fight draining out of him, could feel his brain slipping away. He wanted to make himself feel something else, any other distraction. He wanted to make himself hurt any other way he could, to try and release.

*“Is there anything else you’re waiting for me to say?”*

It was like playing tug-of-war with a team twice your size while standing on one leg, Remus trying so desperately to cling to his sanity, to the tiny snatches of memory left flickering by. He was trying so hard to hold onto Remus John Lupin, professor, *Moony*, but he knew he could never win, and he was just exhausted.

*I’m alive again, I’m free. I need flesh to rip apart, to bite, blood to feel dripping down my chin. It’s been so long, too long since I tasted warm tissue and tore gristle off of bone. I’m free of that prison, that prison that the moon holds the key to.*

His mind was gone, it was no longer his in any way, no longer Remus.

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*Blood. I see blood, I feel blood. Is it my blood? I hope it’s my blood. Oh, oh God I hope it’s my blood.*

The smell of damp cold mud mingling with blood was filling Remus’s nose, it was almost suffocating. His breaths were slow and shallow, he tried to roll over onto his back so he could get some more air.

*It’s my blood. No one is hurt.*

The minute that the pressure on his body pressing into the ground was taken off of his ribs he could feel that at least a few were broken. Every tiny movement hurt, and he coughed several times, each on getting more aggressive and hacking up more bloody mucus.

After a few minutes he pushed himself up off the ground and staggered slowly to his feet, legs shaking and whatever scraps were left of his clothing stuck to him by mud or blood. Remus reached into the nook of the old oak he'd found last night and found his wand, stashed safely away from any monsters that might go looking. He conjured a pair of loose-fitting boxers and put them on, not bothering to try and salvage his other clothes or cover his chest. It was quite scratched and rubbed raw in places, and there was one particularly nasty gash stretching across his side and stomach. He grabbed a wad of what used to be his undershirt and used it to compress the wound.

He thought he'd be able to manage apparition now, and he really did need to get back to Grimmauld Place. However much he hated to admit it, he needed help. When he appeared on the front step he was thrown off balance a bit and his body hurdled forward. He turned around at the waist so that his back hit the door instead of his front and slid down to sit and lean against it. He didn't think he'd be able to stand back up, he felt worse by the minute.

*Parts of their bodies were invisible because of the cloak, and now both of them were overcome with laughter, cracking up and gasping for air as they disentangled themselves and sat up, Tonks leaning her head back against the front door as her chuckles died down a little.*

"Holy *shit* Moony." Sirius had opened the front door and was now looking down at his friend, crumpled and laying half over the threshold. "Jesus, come on." Sirius looped his arms under Remus's shoulders and lugged him inside. He was weak, very weak, but conscience, and perked up when he saw a familiar pair of black clompy boots in the corner.

"Tonks is here? I told you- I told you to make sure no one..."

"Yeah, well, she's here now and you need as much help as you can get so you're just going to have to deal with it."

Remus let out a groan and Sirius pulled him up on his feet and looped an arm around his neck. The wad of now blood-soaked fabric was held loosely in his hand, he had given up on applying pressure to his wound.

They hadn't even made it halfway down the stairs and Tonks was already right there at their side, looping Remus's other arm around her neck and taking his weight onto her own body for him.

"I've got you."

The second that he was near enough to a chair he collapsed into it, slumping back and trying to get a better look at his wound.

"How the fuck did you even get here Moony?" Sirius asked as he examined it himself, his voice strained and face tense, but his hands were gentle nonetheless.

"It must have happened right before I came back. I could stand and walk a bit at first but I reckon I've just lost too much blood."

He sounded weak. His voice wasn't soft, it was shaking and gravely. He was so pale, he looked like a ghost, like he could just be blown away as quickly as a birthday candle.

It was one of the most terrifying things Tonks had ever seen.

She shot a look at Sirius, confused as to how the hell Remus, a perfectly capable wizard, had ended up looking like this. He mouthed the words *full moon*, and Tonks understood. She stepped forward without another thought but faltered for a second when she noticed the blood on her own hands, on her clothes. There was just so much dark blood. She took the ruined wad of cloth from his hand and put it straight in the bin. Conjuring up a proper first aid kit she knelt down next to Sirius and looked over his various injuries. He shuddered when her fingers made contact with the skin that stretched over his lowest ribs, but she ignored his uneasiness that she was helping him and began to apply ointment, gauze pads, and tape to the larger and deeper wounds. Werewolf bites and scratches couldn't be healed by magic, so they had to be careful that he wasn't at risk for any infections.

Tonks worked around his torso and arms at all his smaller injuries, or at least they seemed small next to the gash in his side, which Sirius was working on. Attending to Remus's

injuries seems like second nature to Sirius, he was quick and gentle with his hands and knew exactly how to treat each and every injury.

“You've really fucked yourself up good and plenty with this one mate.” He’s still attempting to stop the bleeding from his side with one hand, which has slowed considerably, while treating cuts and scrapes with the other, ripping gauze with his teeth and holding the tub of ointment between his knees.

Tonks looked up at Remus’s face and met his eyes, which were a little more awake now and had apparently been trained on her. She tried to look confident, to not look as scared as she felt, to be reassuring with the way she held herself and focused on the issue at hand. He grinned at her in a way that said *“Its ok. I know I look pretty fucked up right now”*

Tonks spotted a split in his skin next to his left eye and stood up, now looking down at him rather than up, and tilted his face by the chin so that she could get a better look. It was small, no longer than half an inch, an inch, but it looked deep. She dabbed at it with a piece of cotton and rubbed ointment on it before applying a butterfly closure bandage.

He was looking at her again, but with a different expression, she couldn't quite place it. He mouthed the words *Thank you*.

About an hour or so later Sirius had retreated to Buckbeak's room and it was just Remus and Tonks left in the kitchen.

“What the hell happened?” she asked. She wasn’t stupid, she was pretty positive she knew the truth, but it was his secret to tell.

He was hesitant, but he knew there wasn’t a way around it, and he knew he didn’t really have much of a choice. He also knew that he could trust Tonks.

“I’m a lycanthrope. Have been almost as long as I can remember.”

Remus expected her eyes to fill with hatred for what he was, he expected her to bolt up out of her chair, to maybe hit him or to just storm out. He expected yelling and disgust and every insult he had ever felt that he deserved. He expected everything from her that he received from himself.

“I’m so sorry.”

He took his eyes off the floor and found that her face had fallen and her eyes were empathetic. She looked so sad for him.

That evening there was yet another Order meeting, where the main topic of conversation was strategy regarding protecting the prophecy. The other two pairs who had tried to tail the death eater from Malfoy Manor reported similar experiences to Remus and Tonks’s. Neither of them could follow him very far before having to make a quick get away. One pair hadn’t even made it off of the Malfoy’s property before they apparated back to headquarters.

# it's been a good run, but it's over now

## Chapter Summary

I've decided to orphan this work. I truly did enjoy my time writing it, but it was so long ago, and I wish I could've finished it but it's just never going to happen. I'm not super into the fandom/ship anymore either, and felt held back from posting anything else abt other fandoms bc i didn't want to disappoint anyone still waiting on this fic. so, here are my documents from planning/writing this fic, copy pasted with what i left on them last time i edited them months ago, so you can kind of get the gist of what i had planned for this story moving forward; a lot of it also might not make any sense and will be in weird short hand haha. thanks for all the kudos, comments, encouragement, and memories. it's been a wild ride xxx

## Chapter Notes

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

Then Look at the Stars - idea dump doc

includes song ideas for chapter titles, random bits of dialogue/scenes, etc.

(not in any particular order or really organized at all)

- Take a chance on me dance
- Louisa for return from the camp???
- sun by sal for something
- to build a home for death
- west by slal for something post wedding
- achilles come down for escape from camp
- Medicine as a song during depression chapters
- Mess is mine for somewhere around them getting together
- I always knew for first kiss/confession????
- Paper rings for something
- My heart is buried in venice for something
- Somebody else's child for a sirius childhood trauma chapter???
- One of them gives the other a gift of what the sky looked like the night of the stargazing thing
- dog days are over for when the depression finally ceases
- the escape from the camp is triggered by greyback smelling tonks on lupin (he had just seen her at his last report) and threatening her
- a lack of understanding by tV for something
- La belle fleur sauvage for something
- a scene like that night after the transformation fan art
- “‘i love you \_\_\_\_.’ to say it out loud. ‘i love you \_\_\_\_.’ the hear it back’
- happiness (evermore) for the preggo 🏃♀️💧??

- meet me in the woods for something stargazing chapter???
- Palpable :)
- Wolf pack for something...i mean i have to
- Norgaard for something????
- like real people do for wedding
- the night we met for when they meet again in the afterlife
- British bombs for a fun/fluff chapter (maybe like walking around london or something idk)
- neptune by sal ('i want to love you but i don't know how' 'i want to tell you but i don't know how')
- when he first has feelings: 'she's young, and talented, and kind, and she's absolutely bloody mad, and beautiful, and...deserving of every good thing that this world can give her. And I could never be self-deluded, arrogant or irresponsible enough to make myself believe that I could ever, in a million years, be even close to adequate'
- post hospital wing: 'you know you're absolutely bloody mad right?' 'hmmm and why do you say that?' 'because you chose me' 'i did. but you chose ME too, so i suppose we're both a bit mad.' 'dora?' 'yes?' 'are you sure' 'yes' 'i love you' 'i know' he raises his eyebrows teasingly and then she rolls her eyes 'yes, i love you too, you git'
- from the dining table during the depression
- after a close call on a mission: "you DIED tonks, you were on the ground and you didn't move and you were dead and i couldn't- i couldn't- "(his voice is breaking and he's choking on his words, his breath speeding up and catching in his throat as he paces and tugs at his hair) "remus- REMUS" she tries to stop him and he shrugs her off but she grabs his face and turns him towards her, "I'm OK. i didn't die i'm ok," he's shaking his head and still panicking, his eyes not looking right at her, "look at me, remus LOOK AT ME. i'm alive, i'm ok, here" she grabs his shaking hand and presses it to her own chest, "I'm right here. I didn't leave. i'm ok." despite his better judgment and all the reasons always in his head why they shouldn't be anything more than friends, he grabs her and holds her as tight and close to him as he can, his whole body shaking as he clutches at her
- somebody else's child for sirius angst chapter and then a somebody else's child reprise for his death (either the death chapter or a poem after it dedicated to him)
- drift backward, graceful bend, sink into the oblivion, arching through, peace, finally, i've found my peace, and they're here, the ones we've lost, and he's here too, my mothers only child, because i was never hers, and he grins at me, and he says, hey sirius, welcome back, and our mother is not our mother, we are somebody else's, he is back with me, baby brother, beautiful boy, i'll hex you, not if i hex you first
- weirdo by tV for something
- soulmates are people made from the same stars
- Tonks was in a manipulative/abusive relationship in the past
- Cherry wine
- The ex comes up in the story at some point
- I will follow you into the dark by death cab for the chapter where he leaves for the BoH
- Letter from Mad-Eye after he dies
- Callback to chapter 2
- He says I love you for the first time  
[at the end of the letter] 'I love you, kid. Don't you die on me. -Mad-Eye'
- He mentions that he knows she's pregnant, and he's happy for her, and he hopes she's getting this letter after he's born because he'd really like to meet his grandson.
- Illicit affairs when remus tries to leave her and say they weren't ever serious before he goes



to the camp

- ‘Every reason no blurred into the background. She was here, in all her screaming color, just a step away. If he reached out he could touch her, and her dark blue eyes were looking right into his grey ones, and she was real and she was saying out loud that she wanted him. So why shouldn’t he? Why shouldn’t he tell her he had wanted her so badly for so long that it hurt him? Why shouldn’t he let her have him? Just a step away. Remus took the step, and it felt like a mile, but he took it, not looking away from her eyes as he reached down and stroked her cheek, one slow and tantalizing movement. He held her face in both of his hands, and he slowly began to lean down towards her. Before he could get even half way there Tonks had sprung up on him, hands locked behind his neck, and pulled him down, finally closing the space that always hung between them. He kissed her like a drowning man, like she was salvation, like he needed her to breathe. Any previous hesitations were blurred in the background with all his reasons no and his fortress had crumbled. All they knew were hands roaming bodies and fingers in hair and lips on lips.’

- End of ootp, before DoM, they have their usual argument but it ends like this:

“Listen to me. Remus do you know what the odds are of either of us even existing? The odds of both of us existing at the same time? The odds of us ever even meeting? Because they're slim. And I think it's pretty goddamn beautiful that during my time in this world I get to know you and laugh with you and love you but you won't let me. This is special, this is one in a million, this is OUR CHANCE and you're throwing it away because you're too scared to let me love you, and I know you love me so dont even try that bullshit with me, Remus. Don't throw us away. Please.”

He turned around to face her, a sad, longing look in his eyes. “You're right. I do, Dora, I-” He shut his eyes tight, as if it was taking all his strength to say it.

“I love you.”

Her shoulders sagged in relief, she took a step toward him, reaching out to touch his arm. He pulled away sharply, eyes fixed on the floor.

“Which is why, there's absolutely no way that I can justify being with you. I couldn't live with myself if I ever hurt you, I-” He inhaled, his breath shook, quivering like a bow on string.

“I cant hurt you. I won't. And the only way to be sure I won't is to stay away from you.”

Tonks’s eyes stung, but she would not let herself cry. She could not cry right now. She needed to fight.

I need to fight for us.

“Goodbye, Tonks”

Dora. It's meant to be Dora.

And then he was gone.

- west by sal for something
- Coffee for a night after transformation when they are actually happy
- good old fashioned lover boy for something
- Hostage for something
- Georgia for something
- Letter from tonks to remus in afterlife/post mortem
- Letter from remus to tonks in afterlife/post mortem
- The guy they're tracing in chapter 4 is involved in the case she and Wilson are assigned to
- should have known better by sufjan stevens for when he turns away from her AGAIN and she decides to just accept it and goes into her depression
- Wilson is death eater from chapter 4 that he and tonks were supposed to be hunting this whole time
- He and tonks have already developed a pretty good friendship when the reveal happens, and hes fallen in love with her (which caused a jealousy thing with remus earlier) but she never had feelings for him. He tried to get her to join the dark side with him when the reveal happens and she obviously refuses. Some sort of near death narrow escape (held hostage?)
- Happens before the department of mysteries, after christmas.
- Tonks and wilsons mission/what wilson was doing as a death eater/what he was doing in chapter 4:

The ministry is investigating what it thinks is likely a secret organization producing and distributing some substance illegally, or practicing dark magic, or trying to replace Voldemort and his death eaters, that they've noticed to be assembling in Cartpool Alley, which is connected to diagon alley like knockturn is (but the readers don't know that yet)

- The order is tailing a mystery death eater who keeps his face hidden, but for the first couple missions they can't follow him any farther than diagon alley. (chapter 4)
- It's actually a group of death eaters (wilson) meeting to capture and imperious ministry workers

Eventually the reader finds out that the death eater the orders been following is going to Cartpool Alley, so we make that connection but wilson still doesn't seem like an option because he observes meetings he doesn't attend with tonks

- When he is revealed to be a death eater, its because he was supposed to capture tonks and bring her in to be imperioused next, but since he had fallen for her he thought he could persuade her and she would side with him, but that doesn't work out great for him.
- she chops her hair during the depression when she can't morph anymore
- Maybe (luck of the draw) by the vaccines for something
- from afar for when he admits to himself/sirius that he's in love with her
- Wasted time by vj for post hospital wing
- 505 for first smut???

she reached into her pocket and ran a finger along the edge of the crisp envelope. "No." Harry said... (after mad eye died)

- after the battle of the 7p tonks asks molly to check something for her. she explains that she was hit at one point and she's afraid that the baby is lost. this is also the first time molly finds out abt the baby
- (in the muddle of transformation) but at least he had his dignity
- home again by carole king for the end

## Then Look at the Stars - Outline

(I'd work ahead a few chapters and wrote out more detailed outlines with the bullets and everything, but had a general idea of what the whole story would look like)

### Chapter 1

- Remus POV
- Early June Remus' cottage, morning: Remus receives a letter informing him of the events of the previous night (the third task) and that the order is re-forming.
- Description of his house
- Letter shares the location of 12 Grimmauld Place and tells him to report immediately. He's been asked to move in there
- He gathers his few belongings and apparates to London right away
- Same day, 12 Grimmauld place, morning: The Order re-forms and begins making plans.
- All the remaining members of the original Order of the Phoenix meet at Grimmauld Place
- Remus thinks about everyone they lost and it's very depressing
- They discuss exactly how Voldemort has returned, their approach going into the next school year, the need to watch over Harry, and new recruitment options.
- Dumbledore shares that he plans on inviting the Weasleys, Mad Eye suggests Kingsley and Tonks
- Sirius perks up when he hears Tonks' name; "Nymphadora Tonks? My cousin? She's an auror now?"
- This is also the first time Lupin and Sirius have seen each other since PoA. They have a wholesome reunion

### Chapter 2

- Tonks POV
- A few days later, early-mid June, Ministry Aurors office, afternoon: Tonks plans to approach Kingsley about a lead she thinks she's found on the Sirius Black investigation. - He comes to her first, and brings her to his office, where Mad-Eye is waiting. They tell her the truth about her cousin and offer her a place in the Order. We also get an introduction to the other Aurors.
- Tonks is in her cubicle, jotting a few final notes on the report she's prepared for Kingsley
- She and the coworkers in the nearby cubicles (Willson [OC], Dawlish, Proudfoot, and Savage) are all friends and they joke around a bit
- \* Wilson is a rookie, he just qualified, so he's one year behind Tonks. His personality is very Weasley twin-esque, constantly joking around but also able to take the serious shit seriously.
- \* Dawlish is their superior, a more serious and slightly grumpy veteran of the first war.
- \* Proudfoot is a couple years older than Tonks, but he was in her graduating class for Auror training. They were good friends in training but have grown apart slightly; they still get along easily and joke around though.
- \* Savage is two years ahead of Proudfoot and Tonks, but is still reasonably young. He's a bit more reserved and less outgoing than the others but he fits in well nonetheless.
- Kingsley approaches her desk and brings her to his office; she thinks she's in trouble.
- When she enters the office, her old mentor Mad-Eye is waiting there and the blinds are drawn. Mad-Eye puts several charms on the door and gestures for her to sit

- Kingsley and Mad-Eye explain what the Order is and that Kingsley has recently joined. She comments that the Order must be helping hunt Black
- They explain that her cousin is innocent.
- \* “Youre fucking kidding me? Sorry for the language but ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!” They assume she's upset because she wasted all that time on her report or because she doesn't believe them, but she's actually furious that he spent all that time in Azkaban for absolutely no reason.
- \* She wants to tell Andromeda but they tell her she can't.
- She agrees to join and they tell her the first meeting is that night

### Chapter 3

- Tonks POV
- Same day, evening, Tonks’ apartment: Mad-Eye picks up Tonks for her first meeting
- She stands in front of the mirror and inspects her appearance. She wants to make a good impression
- Mad-Eye arrives, asks his security questions, paranoid as ever, and apparates them to Grimmauld Place.
- Moments later, Grimmauld Place, night: Mad-Eye reveals the location of 12 Grimmauld Place to Tonks and they enter the house
- “Headquarters is in London? Seems a bit of a bold move if you ask me.”
- Moments later, 12 Grimmauld Place, night: Tonks immediately trips on the threshold, but Remus helps her up. They have a rather awkward introduction and Tonks is reunited with Sirius, Bill, Charlie, Molly, etc. The meeting starts and Tonks is officially initiated into the Order.
- She falls on her face and a stranger helps her up. She introduces herself and he does the same. She's rather intrigued by him, curious about his scars and prematurely grey hair and lined face.
- She catches sight of Sirius and runs over to hug him. - - They catch up and head into the kitchen
- She sees the Weasleys and greets them enthusiastically. She was good friends with Charlie at Hogwarts, and by extension, Bill too.
- The meeting starts and Mad-Eye introduces Tonks to the group.
- Dumbledore warns her of the seriousness of a commitment to the Order and asks her if she's absolutely sure she wants to do this. She is.
- She takes an oath to the Order and is officially initiated.
- Throughout the meeting, her gaze keeps wandering to Remus, sitting diagonal from her. She doesn't know what it is, but she's intrigued by him and wants to know more about him.

### Chapter 4

- Remus POV
- Later that night, 12 Grimmauld Place, night: The meeting wraps up and the inhabitants of Grimmauld place (sirius and remus) see everybody off.

- Oh i knew your name thing happens
- A little later that night, 12 Grimmauld Place, night: Sirius asks Remus what he thought of the new recruit.
- “She is a bit amusing I suppose.”
- They discuss the new Order and the old one on the balcony. Sirius is already sick of being trapped in the house
- A week later, Diagon Alley, night: Lupin and Tonks have found themselves crouched behind the shelves and displays in Quality Quidditch Supplies, listening to the slow, heavy footsteps of a death eater they had been tailing approach.
- Lupin and Tonks have found themselves crouched behind the shelves and displays in Quality Quidditch Supplies
- Scene backtracks to a couple hours before, when they had been trailing a known death eater as he exited Malfoy manor and apparated to diagon alley.
- They followed him, under an invisibility cloak and silencing charm, and talked about their days at hogwarts. - At first their conversation felt a little forced and awkward, but it soon flowed freely. Tonks accidentally trips and is exposed from the invisibility cloak for a second.
- The death eater thought he saw something, and turned to see an ankle quickly whip around the corner into Quality Quidditch Supplies.
- Now we are back where the chapter started, with Tonks stifling a laugh as they crouched behind a handle-polish display, and Remus struggling to suppress a grin and a chuckle as he tried to peer out at the approaching death eater.
- The death eater suddenly looked right over reums’ shoulder and walked deliberately towards them. Resmus immediately grabbed Tonks around the middle (the only way he could hold onto her in their awkward position) and disappeared them back to headquarters
- Moments later, 12 Grimmauld place, night: They return from the mission and tell Sirius what happened over beers. After Tonks goes back to her apartment, Sirius teases that Remus has a crush. Remus is shocked by the revelation, and denies it.
- They apparte on the front step, landing in the same awkward position they had been in before. Tonks starts to crack up and Remus can't help but chuckle with her as they get up and head into the house.
- Sirius wants to know what's so funny, and the trio discuss their failed mission over whiskey in the kitchen
- Tonks realizes the time and leaves
- Sirius makes a comment about Remus fancying his cousin
- Remus is shocked and immediately denies it. They both go up to bed.
- Remus wonders, alone in his room, if maybe he fancies her, just a little.

## Chapter 5

- (Was originally in chapter 4 so that's why the POV is wrong) Over the next couple weeks, 12 Grimmauld Place: Sirius is moody and temperamental, very sick of being confined to his childhood home. Tonks begins to drop by to hangout with them more often, and Remus is glad to see her getting closer with her cousin. He starts to look forward to the sound of the umbrella stand crashing, and Walburgas shrieks, followed by Tonks’ renewed apologies. He secretly rejoices when he's paired with her on a mission, but he is determined to stay platonic. She fits in perfectly with remus and sirius, it feels as though the three of them have known

each other for years. Every once in a while she stays in one of the spare rooms at 12 Grimmauld Place if it's gotten a bit too late to head home. The Order continues to assign people to trail the mystery death eater.

- Tonks POV

- Late July, Auror office: The Ministry is still refusing to accept Voldemort's back, and the other Aurors just kind of go along with it, so Tonks has to pretend to do the same. She and Wilson are assigned to investigate what the ministry thinks is a group of people meeting to try and be the 'next voldemort'.

- Dawlish approaches Tonks and Wilson in the morning and gives them the assignment.

- This is Wilson's first real mission without a high ranking supervisor watching him closely.

- Wilson also seems to have a bit of a crush on Tonks, and tries to flirt with her a bit.

- Next day (Saturday), 12 Grimmauld Place, late morning

- The Weasleys and Hermione move into Grimmauld Place.

- Tonks starts the video diary.

- An undefined number of days/weeks later, 12 Grimmauld Place, night: The advance guard sets off on their mission to retrieve Harry.

- Recap to catch you up, they heard about the attack and figured out a plan to retrieve Harry, etc

- Basically the order of events from the book, just from Tonks' perspective.

- She is definitely noticing Remus more

## Chapter 6

- Remus POV

- Early-mid August, 12 Grimmauld Place, afternoon: full moon is only hours away. Remus insists on apparating to a deserted forest for his transformation, rather than using the cellar in 12 Grimmauld Place.

- Sirius shows Remus the cellar, but he turns down the offer. It's not safe, especially now that the Weasleys and Harry and Hermione are living there.

- Sirius is annoyed with him but understands and sends him off that night

- Same night, abandoned forest, sunset: He transforms

- When he would usually fill his thoughts with his only happy memories, being at Hogwarts with the Marauders, to try and subdue the pain, he finds flashes of pink and the sound of Tonks and Sirius' laughter slipping in too.

- We get a nice emotional and violent description of how physically and mentally painful his transformation is.

- At the very end we see the wolf overlap with Remus for a moment, before his memory fades, because he isn't Remus anymore.

- Next morning, 12 Grimmauld Place, morning: He comes back in the morning, pretty beaten up, and is surprised to find Tonks there with Sirius. She finds out about his lycanthropy.

- Remus wakes up in the woods, most of his clothes badly torn or nowhere to be found, and severely injured.

- He uses a wad of what used to be his undershirt to try and stifle the bleeding from a deep wound at his side

- He takes a moment to collect himself, and then finds the strength to apparate to 12 Grimmauld Place.

- He stumbles into the foyer, and his stomach drops when he sees a pair of familiar battered boots on the ground
- Sirius comes rushing up the stairs and Tonks follows behind, looking extremely concerned.
- They help him into the kitchen and he sits down while Sirius gathers the proper ointments and potions and Tonks seems to be in quite a bit of shock at the appearance of his injuries. Her hair has turned white, and eventually she shakes her head, and addresses the wound in his side. "You're- Remus you're bleeding quite a bit."
- She steps forward to help and he recoils at first, but lets her attempt to close cuts and gashes in his skin,  
Sirius returns with the supplies, and begins taking care of his friend. It's like second nature to him.
- Once he's been mostly sorted out, Tonks asks what the hell happened.
- Remus tells her about his condition, expecting her eyes to fill with hatred, and for her to never want to be in the same room as him again.
- Instead she apologizes, and is so kind and empathetic it kind of shocks Remus.
- There's another Order meeting: they're focusing on the prophecy and trying to figure out who the guy who keeps coming from the Malfoy manor to Diagon alley is and what he's doing. No ones been able to follow him past Diagon alley

## Chapter 7

- Tonks POV
- Mid August, 12 Grimmauld Place: Tonks notices that Remus has been much more reserved since she found out about his lycanthropy. She tries to tell him that it's ok, she doesn't care and still wants to be his friend. The kids and The Order begin to work on cleaning the house and Harry has his trial. She's also living a double life, splitting her time between the Auror office and the Order.
- She and Wilson stake out on Cartpool Alley, where the suspicious activity is happening. It's clear now that Wilson fancies her, but she's good at gently rejecting him and they seem to be forming a pretty good friendship. They observe figures coming in and out of an abandoned shop, but they have no way of identifying any of them.
- Mid August, Department of Mysteries, night: She and Lupin guard the prophecy together and he tells her he wouldn't blame her if she was reluctant to be alone with him. She tells him it's perfectly fine, "I tend to look forward to spending time with you actually." Her curiosity gets the better of her and she asks how he was turned. He tells the story.
- When she asks about how he was bitten, at first she immediately regrets it and apologizes, "God- I'm sorry you don't have to tell me, that's totally none of my business, I shouldn't have asked."
- He does seem a bit surprised at first but agrees, "No, it's all right. My father..." It's out of character for him to tell someone he's known for such a short period of time the story, but he trusts her.
- September 1, 12 Grimmauld Place, morning: The Order sets out to drop the kids off at Kings Cross
- The guard meets down in the kitchen to go over the plan and get into position. As they are doing so the chaos of the morning ensues after Ginny is pushed down the stairs by the twins trunks and Mrs Black screams.

- Tonks waits at the corner for Harry, disguised as an old woman, and they walk to Kings Cross
- September 1, Kings Cross, morning: They drop the kids off and Lupin and Tonks have a bit of a moment.
- Tonks, Molly, and Harry arrive at Kings Cross
- The other sets of kids and order members begun to arrive, Lupin arrives with the twins and Ginny last
- The order sees the kids onto the train and Tonks transforms back into a younger woman closer to her age, though not herself so that she's not detected.
- She makes a joke about how she wishes she hadn't chosen to transform into someone so old because now her joints hurt
- The order starts to walk back through the streets of London, and Lupin and Tonks walk side by side, talking constantly and having a very good time.
- The two of them are also constantly unintentionally flirting, which Sirius notices. He thinks they're cute, but also feels a bit protective over Tonks.
- Sirius (in dog form) walks between them and almost knocks them over to prove his point
- Tonks is definitely developing feelings for him, and if it was up to her she would ask him out on the spot, but she realizes she has to go slow with him.
- Tonks is distracted by talking to Remus and doesn't notice when she begins to walk into Headquarters, even though she needs to report to the Ministry.
- Kingsley reminds her and she seems a bit startled, "What? Oh! Yes- uh sorry." she turned to Remus, "I- I've got to be off then." There was a bit of an awkward pause before they spoke at the same time, "right well I'll see you next meeting then." "Oh yes, well, I wouldn't want you to be late"
- Kingsley grins at this interaction and Tonks notices and is defensive about it, going off on a tangent. "What? Why are you grinning" "You seem to be getting along well with Lupin" "Well, yeah, I- I supposed, yeah. Remus is, well he's very kind and rather funny once you get through all that armor he's put up, well I don't know, am I not allowed to talk to other people? What's the issue? Were friends! It's not like we were flirting or anything Kingsley, honestly I think you're reading way too much into this. Unless, do you think he likes me? I mean not that I like him, I'm just wondering if you've noticed anything." Kingsley raises his eyebrows and gives her a look that prompts her to hit his arm. He laughs and says nothing and when they walk into the ministry they pretend to barely know each other again.
- Wilson asks why Tonks is in such an irritable mood.

## Chapter 8

- Remus POV
- October, 12 Grimmauld Place: Remus is impressed by Tonks, she's a very talented and capable auror, she seems to be handling her new double life extremely well, and she stays cheerful and continues to crack jokes through it all. He's also absolutely smitten. The two of them and Sirius continue to spend time together at 12 Grimmauld Place, and notices all the little things about Tonks. Sirius is with the shits, and asks Remus about it, alternating between wingman and protective older brother. Remus insists that he doesn't have any feelings for her, and even if he did, he couldn't act on them. He's a decade older than her, living off of Sirius' generosity, and a self-proclaimed monster. Sirius tries to argue with him but quickly drops it.



- October, 12 Grimmauld Place: Sirius is also getting more and more irritable and is VERY sick of being trapped in the house.
- October, 12 Grimmauld Place: Remus and Tonks have a conversation on the balcony over firewhiskey. They discuss Sirius, the war, Tonks' work, and then the conversation turns to their parents/families. They obviously have a connection, and there are moments where the tension and electricity between them is CRAZY. But neither one does anything. Remus is convinced (or rather he convinces himself over and over again) that she's secretly repulsed by him, and that there's absolutely zero chance of her returning his feelings. Eventually they both head down to bed, and Tonks spends the night in the spare room because it's gotten pretty late.
- When Tonks mentions that one of her coworkers (Wilson) has a crush on her, Lupin's first instinct is to be VERY jealous, but then he convinces himself that it's a good thing, that a strapping young auror is a much better option for Tonks.
- As she steps through the window back into the house (the door is jammed), she stumbles and he automatically grabs her arm to help her through. There's a moment when he doesn't let go of her arm, and then he snaps back to reality and says a hurried goodnight before heading back downstairs.

## Chapter 9

- Tonks POV
- November, 12 Grimmauld Place: Tonks talks to Sirius about her feelings and Sirius offers some advice.
- When she says she has feelings for Remus Sirius laughs and basically says 'you thought that was a secret'
- She hits him in the arm
- He (eventually) stops teasing her tells her to keep taking it slow, Remus isn't used to this whole romance thing (he never thought he'd have someone) and to not give up on him too easily
- She says she wasn't planning on giving up on him anytime soon
- He also tells her that, for the record, he's pretty sure he has feelings for her too.
- Tonks is very happy about this
- As she leaves the library Sirius makes a joke/comment asking if he can be the maid of honor when they get married and she flips him off
- Next day, Auror office, morning: She is in a very good mood the next morning, and her coworkers notice. She and Wilson go out into the field for a few hours to try and snoop around the abandoned shop but it ends up not giving them much info, which discourages Wilson a lot since it's his first time on a big assignment. Tonks reassures him and he also pretty obviously still has a crush on her. She brushes it off and tries to make it clear that they are friends.

## Chapter 10

- Remus POV
- November, 12 Grimmauld Place: It's full moon again, and now that the kids are safely at

school Lupin agrees to use the cellar of 12 Grimmauld Place for his transformation.

- He still refuses to have Sirius accompany him, even as padfoot, because it's dangerous without a third person.
- In the morning his injuries aren't as bad as they can sometimes get, so he walks himself upstairs instead of waiting for Sirius to help him.
- He finds Sirius passed out at the kitchen table by a bottle of firewhiskey.
- After sitting down for a few minutes to heal his own wounds, he wakes Sirius up (who remains half unconscious) and drags him up to his room, despite still being weak and exhausted from the full moon.
- He hauls Sirius onto his bed, takes off his shoes for him and collapses on the ground next to the end, panting.
- Sirius is already knocked out again, and Remus conjures a glass of cold water and a pain killing potion on the nightstand before retreating to his own room to recover.
- Next day, 12 Grimmauld Place, morning: Sirius doesn't emerge till the following morning, and he doesn't remember any of it. He doesn't remember that when he was supposed to be there to care for his friend, that friend ended up dragging his blacked out ass up to bed. Remus is becoming more and more worried about Sirius' drinking problem.
- Later that day, 12 Grimmauld Place, evening: At the next Order meeting they discuss Umbridge and how she's influencing Hogwarts. They also discuss the DA, which they have just heard about. Lupin notices that Tonks seems really happy, and he assumes something's gone well with a prospective love interest at work. The Order also discusses the mystery man further, and Emline proposes a theory she has that he's involved in some sort of illegal substance dealing and is giving the money to the death eaters so they can bribe other people.

## Chapter 11

- Tonks POV
- Early December, 12 Grimmauld Place/Auror office: Tonks continues to bounce back and forth between the Order and the Ministry. She's also optimistic about the whole Remus situation and finds herself looking at him, seeking out more conversations with him, and even asking him (and Sirius) what he wants for christmas.
- Early December (weekend), Andy and Ted's house, afternoon: Tonks is able to find the time to go have lunch with her parents. They aren't allowed to know too much about the order, but they've caught on to and assumed the general idea of what she's doing and where she's disappearing all the time. They understand that she wants to help, but they are concerned for her safety.
- They ask if she's sure she wants to be involved in all this.
- She tells them she's already in too deep
- They understand but, especially ted, they are still worried for her safety
- Andromeda also notices how cheerful her daughter is despite all the stress
- She asks if Doras been participating in any 'other activities' that she hasn't told them about
- Tonks chokes on her water and says no
- Andromeda presses on that she knows how someone acts when they're falling in love
- 'What? No mom, Jesus do you think i wouldn't tell you?' she laughs it off
- Andy, 'mmhmm', does not believe her
- December 21-22, 12 Grimmauld Place, night: tonks, sirius, and remus are in the kitchen

when a message comes from dumbledore explaining what's happened. Tonks and Lupin go to St. Mungo's to meet Molly there, and Sirius stays behind to receive and watch the kids.

## Chapter 12:

- Remus POV
- St Mungos, middle of the night
- Remus, Tonks, and Molly are waiting in a St Mungos family room for updates on Arthur
  - At one point a healer comes in to tell them that it's not looking good, but they shouldn't lose hope just yet
  - Molly is distraught obviously, and Remus and Tonks do the best they can to comfort her
  - She ends up needing to be productive, so she sits down and zones out knitting a sweater the muggle way, with a very set and determined but concerned look on her face
  - R and T sit on a couch and wait. The waiting feels like torture. T mentions that Molly and Arthur were almost like a second set of parents to her when she was friends with Charlie at hogwarts. R looks at her and sees a tear sliding down her cheek, and before he can stop himself he reaches up and wipes it away
  - She grabs his hand and squeezes it, and at first he stays very still, but then he ends up squeezing hers back
  - They stay like that on the couch, not looking at each other, until a healer comes in and asks to speak to Molly
  - They all stand and the healer takes Molly out to the hall
- R and T wait, holding their breath
  - Molly comes back in crying and Tonks begins to crumple, thinking Arthur's died, but Molly grabs her and gives her a huge hug, "He's fine, he's alive. He's not awake at the moment but-but he's ok."
  - Molly goes to see him and tells R and T they should head back to headquarters and get some sleep, they can come back when the kids come

## Chapter 13:

- Tonks POV
- Holidays at Grimmauld place
- Sirius has cheered up a lot and goes back to teasing R and T about how they fancy each other.
- Tonks spends christmas at her parents and then heads to headquarters to hang out from boxing day - new years
  - Andy and Ted notice she seems even more stressed and tired
  - She tells them it's fine but they don't seem convinced
- There's a new years eve party at headquarters
  - Molly asks Tonks about possible love interests and T mentions Wilson having a crush on her.
  - Molly encourages her to pursue it
  - R is definitely jealous

- T says shes not interested
- R asks her about it nonchalantly (or what he thinks is nonchalant)
- She makes sure to clarify that she's not interested in him at all
- Sirius tries to wing man her again in front of remus and they're both embarrassed
- S tries to get them to kiss at midnight but they don't
- On new years day there's another order meeting and R and T are assigned to do surveillance at malfoy manor the next night

## Chapter 14:

- Remus POV
- They have their first mission at malfoy manor

15: 1st mission at malfoy manor

16: angsty sirius (feb)

17: feb. reader finds out Cartpool is connected to Diagon. More auror mission

18: 2nd mission at MM (stargazing). and they kiss but in a kind of mission becomes danger

19: they make it out. You almost died dialogue from idea board happens

20: early april. More of auror mission. Tonks visits parents for her bday and she tells them she thinks shes in love but not with who. They have a small bday celebration at grimmald place and sirius gives her a cat that hes already named pads.

21: 3rd mission at MM (pottermore thing happens), they finally have a REAL ss. And fuck. oop.

22: in the morning, remus doesn't regret it, and that scares him more than if he had. He says it was a mistake later that day. awkward tension. The Order confirms that the group tonks and wilson are investigating has something to do with the mystery guy

23: I love you then stop loving me I cant argument/confession. Your safer without me blah blah blah

24: Tonks is captured

25: The order realizes shes missing and remus freaks out. Moody and kingsley are going to go find her but remus insists he goes, hes almost scary.

26: Wilson reveal happens. Tonks escapes. When M, K and R get to Cartpool and shes not there they think she must be gone or dead and they go back to grimmald place. When they get back shes there.

27: Remus being relieved, I thought i lost you, etc etc, she kisses him and he kisses back at first but then pulls back, we cant- i cant, i'm no good for you, why cant you just let yourself be happy? I cant

28: Sirius and remus have a talk, sirius tells him he just needs to be happy with her, and remus still pushes back. sirius brings up james and lily and shit to try and encourage him, but he still doesnt seem to budge. Sirius also talks more about how badly he wants to get out of the house and what he wants to do when he does so: live with harry, be maid of honor at he and tonks' wedding, be the cool uncle, make james proud and be a real father to harry and grandfather to his kids.

29: department of mysteries pt 1

30: department of mysteries pt 2 (bye sirius)

31: somebody else's child reprise (poem)

32: tonks is like half dead. Remus and kingsley bring her to st mungos (floo). Andy and ted get there and see kingsley and assume it was an auror thing. He tells them it was an order thing. They're worried, andy says she can tell remus must care about her daughter bc he looks so worried. They also have to tell them about sirius.

33: st mungos. T wakes up eventually and remus has to tell her about sirius. They don't have their usual argument or anything, they just hold each other because they're both so broken.

34: king's cross picking up the kids. Essentially like what happened in the book but more info and stuff from the order pov. Remus thinks about how he almost lost everything, and maybe, maybe, he can just let himself be happy and try with tonks again. This gets ruined when dumbledore tells him about the werewolf camp mission.

35: at the next order meeting remus's mission is announced. An already depressed tonks gets sadder and she tries to talk to him about it after the meeting, she says he doesn't have to do it and he says he knows that but he should. He also reinforces that it would be even more dangerous to associate with him now and rejects her AGAIN, throwing a little salt into the wound when he physically pulls her off of him when she's just trying to give him a hug.

36: tonks pov right after he leaves. She is left crying in the library, already losing her morphing abilities, and molly finds her. Molly gets T to talk to her and tries to comfort her and make her smile. She fixes tonks some food to bring back to her apartment and tonks thanks her and takes it, but doesn't eat it.

37: remus arrives at the ww camp. We meet luca, a young teen at the camp.

38: tonks discovers that her patronus has changed. She's also restationed to hogsmeade/hogwarts and moves into an apartment there provided by the ministry. Her co-workers ask what's wrong but she ignores them. She also visits the burrow and talks to molly.

39: ww camp. He misses her a shit ton. He gets closer to luca and starts teaching him stuff.

40: tonks rescues harry from the train. Pretty much like what happens in the books just from her pov. She goes back to her apartment and finds the home videos. She starts to cry and she hasn't even played them, bc she doesn't have a vhs player, and she debates destroying them but decides to just bury them in her other stuff so she has them but it doesn't have to think about them.

41: ww camp. He still misses her. Still getting closer to luca and tells him he's the spy greybacks been looking for

42: tonks writes him letters for dumbledore to give him when he does reports, and she writes a shit ton, like whole essays, and he hardly responds, still determined to stay away. She keeps patrolling around hogsmeade and being depressed, she talks to molly more.

43: ww camp. He still misses her. He and luca try to get more people on their side.

44: christmas at the burrow (pretty much like in the book). Later christmas day remus goes to see tonks. He's really concerned when he sees her. They kiss but it still ends in rejection.

45: andy comes to her apartment on boxing day bc she's worried abt her. She kind of ignores her mom at first but then she sort of breaks down and tells her everything.

46: back to ww camp.

47: escape from ww camp. Escape is triggered by greyback smelling tonks on him. Luca dies during the escape.

48: tonks hears there was a werewolf attacked and tries to get info. She ends up trying to get to dumbledore's office and sees harry. Whole thing that happens in the book.

49: remus (his pov) stays at the burrow for a while after the whole escape. Tonks goes to see him and hugs him bc she's relieved he's ok and he lets her. He tells her about luca and she

holds him while he cries. They still aint together tho.

50: pick back up at where we were in the previous chapter but from her pov. Thye have their fight again and tonks says she hasnt given up but he says she really should. She feels pretty defeated and turns bitter towards him, which seems to hurt remus but he also thinks he deserves it.

51: battle of the astronomy tower from remus pov

52: hospital wing scene from both of their perspectives (switching)

53: post hospital wing things, she storms out and he goes to find her, dialogue from idea board, go back to tonks apartment and end up hooking up but ROMANTICALLY

54: the morning after, he assures her hes going to stay, he gets sad abt dumble again and tells her about when dumble came to give him a spot at hogwarts, she comforts him, they hve to go to an order meeting to discuss what comes next. Tonks is informed that shes no longer stationed in hogsmeade and remus helps her move back into her place in london. He moves in too.

55: dumbledore's funeral

56: being cute decide to get married

57: tell the parents

58: elopement

59: short "honeymoon"

60: aye we got hitched

61: sick?

62: seven potters pt1

63: seven pottahs pt2

64: letter made eye left her :(

65: sick? BABY?!

66: fetus = confirmed. but issa secret

67: happy bday pottah

68: wedding tings

69: wedding goes no bueno

70: ahaha ur a dad

71: aight imma head out

72: return of depressed (and angry) tonks

73: pottah put u in ur place

74: plz forgive me

75: prego and cute

76: tell da order (molly minnie and kingsley cry)

77: ted dips

78: prego and cute

79: ted dead

80: prego + labor

81: birth

82: happy cute family

83: come home to me

84: two brightest stars

85: afterlife

86: epilogue

87: bonus tears

And finally, the idea that started it all. This singular scene that I randomly thought of well laying in bed sometime in early 2020 started this whole thing, and gives this fic its name. This is copy pasted from my notes app where I wrote the skeleton of it down, I never actually wrote it out as a full scene.

\*out stargazing\* (on a mission or something???)

t: \*points out or mentions that the crescent moon looks pretty\*

r: you know i hate the moon. even looking at it. \*little speech about how it's what ails him and even when it's not full he feels it hanging over him like a sword\*

t: then look at the stars

\*also pottermore thing maybe happens?? idk\*

## Chapter End Notes

So, that's it. that's what i've still got in my google drive and my notes app. If your seeing this and this work hasn't been orphaned yet, that's because I'll be leaving this update up before a week before I do so. If your finding this and it's already orphaned, then hello there internet stranger, I'm just a teenager who had big hopes, dreams, and expectations for herself and bit off more than she could chew with a whole ass novel of a very first fan fiction. I encourage you to write your stories, to publish them, to not worry about what anyone else thinks, and to keep imagining and creating, no matter how you choose to do so.

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