Undisclosed Desires

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**Undisclosed Desires**

by **AnimalCops, MysticEyes2987**

Summary

Fenrir made sure the coast was clear before leaving the cover of the forest. He moved across the grounds swiftly, the ache in his muscles weren’t bothering him as bad when he focused his mind on this delicious prey. The werewolf came to a stop next to the pretend wizard, his heavy boots crushing the grass beneath them. He crouched down beside the seventeen year old, a pleased purr ripping itself from his throat as he spoke, causing his voice to come out deeper, ”Hello, Pup.”

Notes

Welcome to our fic! This has been a writing Collaboration between AnimalCops and myself for quite some time. Since it has grown so long, we decided to post it for posterity sake. We also gifted it to TTBret, because without them, none of this would be possible ^_^ We do want to note that the Dubious Consent tag is only present through the first few chapters. After that, it is not applicable to the story. But we wanted everyone to be warned in case that is not your cup of tea.

So without further ado, here is the story that is still ongoing. We hope you enjoy!
Fenrir inhaled sharply, his working eye scanning the area. Forest: trees, tall grass, rocks, insects, and animals. He growled low in his chest, a deep rumbling vibration that verbalized his frustration. He moved forward, swiftly and near silent. Peeking around the trunk of a large oak tree he saw his prey. That pitiful wolf in wizard’s clothing sitting by the large lake on the school grounds. Alone. Perfect.

Today was a beautiful day. It wasn't too cold, not too warm, and the breeze still carried a hint of winter's chill that made the entire day perfect. They had all agreed to meet here after their respective tasks. James and Sirius were at the Quidditch pitch, Peter was finishing up a detention with McGonagall and Remus was enjoying the few minutes of quiet to catch up on the reading for Slughorn. He wasn't nearly as talented at potions as James and Sirius were, so he needed every advantage he could get. That was, until a sound echoed off the surface of the lake. His head lifted looking for the source, thinking that maybe Padfoot and Prongs had gotten back early. It wouldn't be the first time that he had been tackled by the bear sized dog. But upon seeing nothing, he frowned and returned to his reading.

Fenrir made sure the coast was clear before leaving the cover of the forest. He moved across the grounds swiftly, the ache in his muscles weren't bothering him as bad when he focused his mind on this delicious prey. The werewolf came to a stop next to the pretend wizard, his heavy boots crushing the grass beneath them. He crouched down beside the seventeen year old, a pleased purr ripping itself from his throat as he spoke, causing his voice to come out deeper, "Hello, Pup."

That voice.... the one that haunted his dreams and dominated his nightmares. Hearing it while he was awake made him jump. He scrambled to his feet, wand out and aimed at Fenrir’s heart.

"What are you doing here?"

"Wooah, now." Fenrir smirked, got to his feet, and held up his hands at chest level in surrender. "No need to be so rash, Little One. I'm just here to talk. You looked so alone." Remus' grip tightened on his wand before he slowly

"You never want to just talk." Remus snapped back, keeping his wand lifted. He knew Fenrir, he wasn't here without a reason. "And I won't be alone for long. What. Do. You. Want?" The elder of the two smirked, showing elongated canines. He shrugged his shoulders, hands staying up as though to defend himself.

"Just checking on my favorite little Pup. Is that so terrible to do? How did you fare the blood moon? Not too well by the looks of it, hmm?" Remus' grip tightened on his wand before he slowly
began to lower it. He didn't put it away, but he wasn't going to get any answer if Fenrir didn't want to give it.

"You didn't come all this way to check up on me, Fenrir." He said softly. Yes he was still sore, still healing. He had refused to let the others be with him for the blood moon. It was too dangerous for them; there was too much that could have gone wrong. He had a new scar cutting across his nose, one that still ached if he slept on its wrong.

"Of course I did." Fenrir’s working eye scanned the area beyond Remus every so often, making sure no one was approaching. He lowered his hands from their defensive position when the younger wolf lowered his wand. "I could smell you from the forest. The blood, the sorrow, the woe is me." He took a step forward, his boots crushing the neatly trimmed grass, leaving marks in their wake. "Such a rare occasion, the blood moon. You're never quite ready for it, are you?"

Remus didn't like Fenrir moving closer so he took one step moving back, his eyes never leaving the man in front of him. It disturbed him that the older wolf could smell him like that and Remus didn't detect him at all. Though, he wasn't able to smell much since he had clawed his face. But each step Fenrir took, he took another back. Where were James and Peter? Where was Sirius?

"So you came all this way to check up on me because the blood moon was three days ago?" He found that hard to believe.

"I was in the area..." Fenrir waved a hand in the air idly. He stopped moving forward when Remus moved back, he just had to be patient. "The pack needs growing, so I was out and about. Scouting the area." His smirk became a smile, showing slightly blood stained teeth. "It's a shame they can't put up anti-werewolf wards because you're taking classes here, Little One. A real shame."

That made his blood drain away from his already pale face, his mind racing. Who had he turned? Where were they now? Was it another child? The thought made him sick, nausea curling in his stomach.

"Who did you turn?" Remus whispered, his fingers tightening on his wand. Why hadn't anyone come outside? Where was everyone? It felt as if the entire world had stopped and he and Fenrir were the only two living beings left. Fenrir moved closer but Remus couldn't move. Not when his mind was scrambling to figure out who his presence had condemned.

"Oh, no one. Not yet, Pup. Like I said, I was just scouting. I've got until you graduate." He stepped forward again, inhaling deeply, smelling the fear that was dripping from Remus like sweat. "Everywhere you students get to go, I can go now. It's refreshing, don't you think? Hogsmeade is
fair game. The grounds of this castle is wide open to my pack." He spread his arms, motioning to the grounds. "And you can't say anything because you're a wolf too. No hiding behind wards from me, Remus."

Remus tried to stop himself from trembling. He had to tell Dumbledore, McGonagall. Someone. He couldn't put the people of Hogsmeade or the students of Hogwarts in danger. Fenrir was less than a yard away, and Remus couldn't bring himself to move away. If sacrificing himself meant that the others would be safe, then he would do it. In a heartbeat.

"Is that really all you came for?"

"Today?" He arched a brow, far too elegantly and smoothly for someone like him. Fenrir felt that pleased rumble grow in his chest again, a deep sort of purring noise. "No, not today. Like I said, I came to check in on you." He waved his hand again, dismissively, "Blood moon, injuries, and all that."

"Okay, well, I'm fine thanks. You can go now." Before the others get here. Before someone looks out the window and sees them. All it takes is one witness. Just one to recognize Fenrir's face to know what he's here for. "Next time you could just send an owl." He was standing too close. The deep rumble sounded like the sounds that Padfoot would make when he was relaxed. It made Remus feel equally safe and sick. Fenrir chuckled, a deep and rough sound. He crossed his arms over his chest.

"I don't use your wizard methods of communication, Pup. When I want to speak to someone, I find them." He smiled, those fangs glistening, "And you can be sure that I always find who I want to speak with."

"Don't call me that." Remus snapped, voice barely over a whisper. He couldn't understand it, why it felt like the air was thinner, why it felt like he wanted to move closer to the elder wolf rather than farther away. His knuckles bled white, the uneven wood of his wand digging into his hand. The pain brought some clarity, however it wasn't enough to quell the want rising in him. "And I think you should go now. Before one of the professors see you."

"No one's going to see me. No one's going to see you. I have all the time in the world. I've planned this, Pup." Fenrir tilted his head to the side, nodding subtly at Remus. His voice dropped lower, that rumbling from his chest grew louder. "Drop the wand."

He almost nearly did. His fingers twitched, loosened on the polished holly and Remus couldn't mask his surprise quick enough. What was this? He had never felt the sudden urge to obey anyone
like this. He had never thought to find out if there truly was a connection between a werewolf and his sire. A problem that he would rectify immediately. If only Fenrir would leave ...

"You planned this?" Remus repeated, heart pounding in his chest, in his ears. In fear or want, he didn't know. He couldn't tell the difference anymore. Where was Sirius?

"Of course I planned this, Little One. Have you ever known me not to plan something?" The soft sort of lilt to Fenrir's voice was gone, replaced with something more feral. More instinctual. More wolf. He took another step forward. He bared his teeth and drew his lips back in a snarl; the growl erupting from his throat as he spoke. "Drop. The. Wand."

The wand fell through numb fingers, Remus not even recognizing that they moved until he clutched empty air. But he couldn't move, couldn't even look down to see where it had fallen. He was frozen, trapped in the glowing gaze searing into his own like a deer. Words were gone, thoughts were useless, and there was nothing Remus could do to snap out of it. He had only felt helpless like this on nights of the full moon, just before and after the change. Fenrir knew it.

And Remus hated it.

The single working amber eye looked him up and down. Fenrir purred, "Good. Very good, Pup." He moved forward swiftly, catching the younger wolf's chin in his hand, forcing his head to raise. "And just now... what will you do?" The long claw-like fingernail on Fenrir's thumb pressed harshly to the flesh of Remus' chin, cutting in, drawing blood. "You're pack. You're my pack. You belong under my control."

The touch, the first brush of contact made it so much easier to breathe, like the first gulp of air after breaking the surface of water. The pain only heightened the high and Remus was helpless against the surge. A soft whimper slipped from his lips, his head lifting up to meet the single golden gaze. His legs weren't working, they barely supported his weight but Fenrir had not given him permission to move yet. Somehow Moony understood. Moony knew that Fenrir spoke only the truth. And the wolf, so close to the surface still due to the waning moon, wanting nothing more than to obey.

"Good." Fenrir whispered, low and soft. He forced Remus' head to turn to the side slightly, then back the other way, examining the extensive scarring on his face. So much more so than Fenrir had himself - the only scars one could see on his face were the harsh jagged ones that ruined the vision of his other eye. But Remus had not treated his wolf right. So Remus had paid dearly in body and mind. "Your wolf wants to come home, Remus. I see it there, hiding in your eyes. But is it only that? Or do you want to come home as well?"
It was right there, on his tongue trying to get out. Moony wanted nothing more than to go with him. To go home to be with the pack. Because that's where they belonged. They didn't belong here with humans, locked in chains and in shacks that were too cold for humans to survive in. They were never meant to be alone, and yet Remus refused to let them run free with their own kind. The need curled in his stomach, so much that his hands rose to clench in Fenrir's dirty clothes.

"I...I don't." His voice shook, his body trembling as he fought to push the wolf back into the recesses of his mind where he belonged. But Remus had never felt power like this. He never felt complete like this before. Fenrir was Alpha, Fenrir was pack. He was home and it felt more complete and right than anything else did.

"You don't?" That soft lilt to the voice was suddenly back, begging to soothe the younger man. Those dirty, sharp claws pierced deeper into soft flesh as Fenrir forced Remus' gaze back up. Back to meet his own. Back to gaze into the milky blind eye and the sparkling amber one. "It sure sounds like you do, though, Pup. Like you're fighting. Haven't you fought all your life? Isn't it time to submit?"

Yes. It would be so easy. So easy to just let go and let someone else make the decisions. To not have to worry about getting loose, or being a monster. Fenrir, Alpha, understood. Another whimper pushed past his lips, his fingers tightening on the dirty flannel not to push Fenrir away, but to pull him closer. He smelled of dirt, of sweat and blood and home.

Fenrir was home.

Fenrir purred, deep and low in his chest, once more. He pulled his hand from Remus' chin and moved it to take purchase in his hair. Soft, slightly messy, curled hair was gripped tightly in one hand. Fenrir's other arm wrapped around the younger wolf and pulled him close. He inhaled, smelling the heavy fear give way to more pleasant emotions. Ones that told him that the wolf was, indeed, submitting to him.

"Very good, Pup. You'll come with me, yes? Your classes are over for the week. I will return you to your peers by the time your classes pick up again next week. You need your education, after all. How does that sound, Little One?"

Remus could barely speak, barely even think with the Alpha, his Alpha so near. It was like the final piece of the puzzle slipping into place. His hands moved to Fenrir's chest so they wouldn't be crushed between their bodies. He needed to fight this. He had to... but it was hard to remember why. He felt his head tilt back with Fenrir's encouragement, baring his throat in submission. Remus fought once, twice before the control snapped. This was right. This was home.

"Yes..." He whispered, eyes closing for a brief moment, overcome with the wolf's pure joy.
"Good." He pulled himself away, breaking himself away from the younger man. Taking one step back toward the forest but not turning away from Remus. He kept their eyes locked. "Come, Pup." He held one hand out for Remus to take. "We need to go to the forest and cross the barrier to apparate to my territory. Leave your things. You won't need them."

Remus' mind was in a fog, he barely knew what his body was doing. But all he knew was that he was going with his Alpha, back to his pack, his home. Remus stepped forward, his hand sliding into Fenrir's and when the alpha ran, Remus had no trouble keeping up with him. This was how it was meant to be. Just like this, running wild and free through the woods. He left the Hogwarts grounds without a second glance, drowning in the acceptance, the rightness. This was where he was meant to be. And he never wanted to leave. Upon crossing over the invisible barrier that protected the school grounds, Fenrir pulled Remus tight to his chest. He wrapped his arms around the younger man and let out a possessive growl.

"Hold tight to me, Little One." He closed his eyes and, with side-along apparition, he got the two of them to just outside the border of his pack's territory. He stepped back once more, keeping an eye on Remus. "Just a short walk. And then, you're home."

Remus didn't respond, instead he looked around in an attempt to figure out where he was. They hadn't learned to apparate just yet. That was supposed to come later in the year. Moony brushed it off as useless, Remus wanted to make sure that he could find this location again.
It wasn’t a long walk; the roar of a waterfall nearby drowned out most of the other sounds, but it lessened as they entered a cave opening that Remus would have never found if he didn’t know it was there. Their footsteps echoed through the tunnel before more hurried footsteps began making their way closer to them.

"Good, you’re back." Kurt stopped before them, frowning at Remus. "You brought the Pup along?"

Fenrir gripped Remus's shoulder tightly with one hand, making it clear who owned the new treat. He stood taller and looked down at his Beta, who was just about a head shorter than he was, though equally as powerfully built. The tone of his voice immediately lost the soft lilt he had with Remus on the school grounds and went back to its normal harsh gravel.

"I did. He will be staying with me, not with the rest of the pack. In my quarters. He will go back to his wizard school on the dawn of the new week." Kurt looked confused but nodded, lowering his head.

"As you say. I will spread the word." He was gone in a flash, and Remus' mind began to clear slightly. The feeling of rightness was still there, the pure pleasure of Fenrir's hand on his shoulder was still pulsing, but being away from the moon's light was helping the fog clear. He looked back to Fenrir, wondering what he was actually doing here.

“Come, Pup.” Fenrir growled low. He steered Remus in the direction of his own private quarters. Fenrir, as Alpha, got his own private sleeping arrangements and personal space while the rest of the pack largely had what was more like military barracks. Fenrir’s area was a small pathway carved into the cave’s wall that led to a door and a large room within. “You’re the only one allowed in here, Pup. Because you’re special.” He pushed the door open. The room was surprisingly spacious. It held a large bed, a tall wardrobe, what seemed to be a bathroom of sorts off to the side, among other more trivial things. Fenrir may hate wizards and humans but, he still
used magic where he found it useful.

"Why?" He asked softly, the wolf within much too pleased to allow him to feel fear yet. But he felt it there, a whisper in the back of his mind. "What makes me different than the others?" Because he could smell them now, their scent overpowering even the damage to his nose. There were at least ten other wolves in this pack, and yet when the door slammed closed, it rang with a tone of finality.

"You’re special. You’re my special little favorite.” Fenrir purred. “I love a good chase, and I have been chasing you for a very long time, Little One. You should have been mine when you were a Pup.” His grip on Remus’ shoulder tightened. “But your fool of a father decided to keep you, turn you human.” He relaxed his grip. “You are not human, my pet. You are wolf.” The thought had Remus shivering again, and it had nothing to do with the cooler air. There was a small opening in the ceiling, allowing a small stream of weakening sunlight through. He knew that it was meant for moonlight, and the thought of the unfiltered rays falling on his skin was a pleasure that he didn't know he needed.

"I'm both." He answered, looking up at his Alpha. He knew how to walk among the humans, a wolf in sheep's clothing so to speak. He loved the wizarding world and yet....

And yet, he hated them. Hated the looks, the whispers, the secrets. He hated having to hide who he was to be accepted. Moony readily agreed, whispering that this is where they belonged. With the wolves, with the Pack. Fenrir let out a low chuckle at Remus’ reply.

“Such a human response, Pup. You’re not both. You are the anger, you are the power, you are the rage that builds under your skin only to be released at the rise of the Full.” He let go of Remus’ shoulder and walked toward the middle of the room. “You are not the world that thinks of our kind as a disease. You are not the noble wizard that you wish so much to be. And soon enough, they’ll turn on you. You can’t push down your wolf forever. He cannot be tamed, my pet.” Remus shuddered again, his skin erupting with goosebumps. He knew his friends didn't think of him that way. But he wasn't going to make them targets by trying to convince Fenrir how wrong he was. Now that the alpha wasn't so close, he could think more clearly.

What on earth had he done? He didn't even have his wand to protect him. Which meant he had to be very careful if he wanted to get out of here alive.

"I think I've done a solid job thus far.” He was glad he was able to maintain his nonchalance. Remus vowed to look up everything he could on werewolf bonds once he got back.

"Yes, of course." Fenrir smirked. "But you're here now. You even came willingly." He moved
close to the younger man once more. Leaning down slightly, he purred, his hot breath ghosting over Remus' skin as he spoke. "And now? You're here. And now? You don't have any idea where you are. You're stuck here with us. Here to live your life as a wolf. To run, to play, to hunt, to fuck. Just as we do." He pulled back and stood straight, crossing his arms over his chest. Willingly wasn't the word that Remus would have used but those thoughts fell to dust when Fenrir approached him again, confirming his suspicions. The closer Fenrir was, the harder it was to resist doing everything he said.

"You said you would return me back to the grounds once the break was over." Merlin, he hoped Fenrir was telling the truth, and not just another lie to lure Remus away.

"Indeed. I did. And I am a man of my word." He smiled, looking down on Remus. "I intend to return you to the school when the weekend passes." Fenrir cocked his head to the side, "Even if you ended up loving it here, I would still return you. I want to see you... succeed, Pup." That somehow didn't feel true. Remus knew that Fenrir was actually a genius. He had to be to have a pack this large go undetected for so long. But having those plotting eyes or, well eye, turned on him made him feel uneasy. And strangely excited.

"So, what do you do now? I'm sure you don't stay locked in this room all the time." Remus dodged, pushing the thought away and trying to see just what he had gotten himself into. Fenrir snorted derisively,

“Of course I don’t. I have a pack to run, my special little pet.” He stepped close to Remus once more, almost too close for comfort. Reaching out with one hand, he gripped the younger wolf’s hair tightly in his fist, forcing his head to tilt to one side. He growled low and harsh, “But unless you are by my side, you are not to leave this room. I don’t trust the others around you.” Remus' first instinct was to take a step back but before he could, his head was tilted back and to the side. It was just shy of pain and yet... The wolf, still so close to the surface, was completely content. This was Alpha, and he was showing submission. It didn't sit well with Remus, but Moony loved it.

"S- So, you brought me all this way to keep me locked in your room...." It wasn't a question because he already knew the answer. Remus doubted that the entire reason for Fenrir to keep him separate from the pack was because of the other members. That possessive, rumbling purr rose in Fenrir’s chest once more. He leaned closer, inhaling Remus’ scent. A hint of fear, of panic, of worry. But it was buried under the scent of Wolf. The slow and gentle tone of Fenrir’s voice was almost jarring compared to the one he had used with Kurt.

“Unless you are by my side, yes. And I promise you, I will be sure you never leave my sight, Remus.”

His eyes slipped closed, another shudder shooting down his spine. He could probably break out of
this hold. After all, how many times had he done so with Sirius? But the threat of what would happen, and what it would mean, kept him still. This had been one of his greatest fears, never being able to escape the monster that had come to him that night, the one that his father had claimed wasn't there. And now...Remus swallowed thickly before nodding as much as Fenrir's grip would allow.

"I understand." Just survive. He could break down when Fenrir returned him to Hogwarts unharmed.

“Very good...” He set his jaw suddenly, the overwhelming instinct to bite down on that exposed throat rushed through his system. Instinct screamed at him to bite, claim, control. But, no. Not yet. Patience, Fenrir reminded himself. Patience is key when working with a Pup like Remus. He pulled back slightly but gripped the younger man’s hair a bit harder. “Now, Pup, will you obey?”

“Yes.” The word left his lips before he had made a conscious decision to answer. Remus supposed he would have to follow Moony’s lead for the next three days. The thought made Remus sick, but if it meant getting out of here without the others getting involved..... Too many people had been hurt on his account. As the elder wolf said, Dumbledore had to adjust the wards to let him enter the grounds. It wasn’t possible to set up wards for one person but not the rest of the race.

“Delightful.” He purred, the rumble in his chest growing louder, causing his voice to get more rough. “I won’t return you too damaged, Little One, don’t worry your pretty little head over that.” His free hand moved to trace one clawed finger down Remus’ cheek, cutting into flesh; causing small, shiny orbs of crimson blood to surface like perfect pearls. Fenrir knew his strength, knew just how much pressure to apply, knew what would cause the blood to begin to roll down the already damaged skin. He wiped the blood away with his index finger and smiled, showing elongated canines. “Wounds made by a werewolf never truly fade, my pet. But I will try my best not to leave too many marks.” Remus’ eyes drifted closed again. He already had so many... why would Fenrir want to create more? But Remus knew why. Just as the Alpha said. The mark would never fade. It would be a constant reminder of what happened.

"Please..." He whispered, to scared to open his eyes and see the emotions glittering in Fenrir's. "Please don't."

“Wouldn’t... a nice F look lovely? Right here...” He traced the claw of his index finger down the side of Remus’ neck slowly though not hard enough to leave a mark yet. His other hand tightened in Remus’ hair, warning him not to move, telling him who was in charge. “Or,” the finger stopped when it reached the collar of the younger man’s shirt. “I could give you a new bite,” Remus couldn't stop trembling. He knew better than to reply; anything he said would only encourage the Alpha before him. His eyes remained closed as he cursed Moony for being so weak. For allowing this to happen. His breathing hitched when he felt the clawed finger move again. All he could do was pray. Pray that Fenrir wouldn't do anything permanent.
“Such a pretty little thing you are,” Fenrir pulled one hand back, but kept the other firmly locked in those brown curls. “Trembling like a leaf. That’s not very wolf. Try harder, Little One. You will learn in the next few days. Maybe what you learn will allow you to stand up to those humans of yours when they finally turn on you.” His voice deepened with distaste for the subject he was speaking about. “I promise you, they will. Wizards are all the same when it comes to werewolves. We’re just pests to them, to get rid of with a flick of the wand. Sooner or later, that will happen to you too.”

“They aren’t all bad.” Remus countered. He couldn’t blame Dumbledore when the elder wizard went out of his way to make sure Remus could attend school. Even if it wasn’t the best conditions, it was the thought that mattered. And then there were his friends: Peter, James and Sirius. They had accepted him without batting an eye. They had learned very complex, very dangerous magic in order to help him on full moons. And Madam Pomfrey…. the old witch was writing down everything that worked and everything that didn't. If only to help other wolves that were stuck on their own with no support.

Remus continued, ”You can't blame the whole because of what the few do.” There was a heartbeat of silence before Fenrir barked out a harsh laugh.

“Do you hear yourself? Isn’t that what they do to us? We all hide because of the actions of a few.” He smirked, knowingly referring to himself and his pack. “You hide your gifts because wizards think all werewolves are scum beneath their boots. If they didn’t think that, you wouldn’t have to hide. If they didn’t think that, you wouldn’t be the first wolf in that school.” He leaned close again, snarling in Remus’ face, his teeth bared as he spoke. “Don’t defend wizards when they treat your kind like rats. Whether you like it or not, Pup, you are a wolf. And the Wizarding society will always treat you differently because of it.”

Remus hated that Fenrir was right. Hated that in less than a year he would be forced to register himself. Hated that just being a dark creature would prevent him from ever leading a normal life, or even being able to find a job. He remembered Snape, knew that it was only the threat of expulsion that kept him from screaming Remus’ secret from the rooftops. How many of his friends would look upon him with fear if they knew? How many wizards would send owls, crying for Remus’ own expulsion because he was too dangerous to be around normal people? He sighed softly, opening his eyes to look at Fenrir. He wouldn't be afraid anymore. Not of his society or the man in front of him. The hand in the brown curly hair let go and moved suddenly. His dirty, blood stained hand moved to cup Remus’ jaw, clawed fingernails digging in without breaking skin.

“Your life will fall away once you graduate, Little One. Either you will sponge off your successful wizard friends or you will come .... crawling back here. To me. My pack will always offer you a spot, my special little favorite.” He wanted to bite. Oh, how he wanted to bite. To sink his teeth into warm, soft flesh. To feel so powerful over someone he claimed so long ago. He wanted to get this stubborn Pup to truly submit. He wanted to mark Remus’ skin with another bite from his teeth.
Human this time. Fenrir felt a shudder run down his spine just thinking about it. A wolf bite and a human bite, joined together on his favorite victim. Oh, how sweet that sounded.

Remus couldn't move, his hands hanging limply at his sides. He knew Fenrir was right. He and Sirius had already had this discussion, this argument really because Remus refused to continue to let people pay for him. The wolf within him was strangely silent, its presence a constant warmth in the back of his mind, however for the first time Remus wished Moony would do something.

"You don't know that." He answered softly, meeting Fenrir's gaze, the last bit of stubbornness making it easier to speak. "The Ministry said that no dark creature could attend Hogwarts and yet here I am." If he worked hard enough, proved that he wasn't his condition, proved to the world that he was just as good or better than normal wizards, maybe he could change things, change his life for the better.

“Oh,” Both working and blind eye went a bit wide at the defiance in Remus’ voice. It was soft, but it was there. Then the blind eye fell closed once more and the working eye glittered in the light streaming from the ceiling. “But I do know. It’s the story I hear, time and time again from my pack members.” Fenrir opened his mouth, tongue teasing his fangs at all the scents pouring from Remus. Patience. He took a step back, letting his hand fall from the younger man’s face. His teeth gnashed together in anger at himself. He wanted it, so so badly did he want it. He clenched his jaw for a moment. Patience.

The need Remus saw in that amber eye concerned him. Greatly. But if there was one thing Remus had mastered, it was his poker face. He watched Fenrir closely, hoping that he was simply jumping to conclusions.

"Have any of your pack members been accepted into school?” He answered. It wasn't that he was trying to win an argument, just prove a point. He was useful, in more ways than a simple pet. Even the thought caused a ripple of disgust to shoot down his spine. Even Moony didn't like the idea of being someone's pet wolf. Maybe Remus could use that to convince Moony to help him get out of here. Fenrir snorted a laugh.

“Accepted, of course. Many of my pack can do magic, including me. The difference is, they were bitten during or after their schooling. So they were forced out of Wizarding society by the very people they thought they could trust.” He leaned close once more, breathing in deeply. “That’s why you are special, Remus.”

Bite, bite, bite. Fenrir moved swiftly, almost too fast to notice, fistng those brown curls again and tugging Remus’ head back. He snarled, baring teeth. Patience. He exhaled, long and slow. Shaking his head slowly, he met Remus’ eyes. He fed on the fear there, no matter how far the
younger man pushed it down. *Bite, bite, bite.* Fenrir felt the growl rise in his chest, louder than it had before. He was having trouble pushing back his instinct. That want, need, desire. That Alpha wolf drive to control and order. **Patience!**

“You’re so... so very special, Remus.”

Fenrir was moving and before he could react his head was being forced back again. He was too close, way too close. He was drowning in the scent of earth and sweat and *Alpha*, so much that his knees nearly collapsed beneath him. The tug of his hair pushed a whimper through his lips as much as he tried to hold it back. If Fenrir bit him again... Even with his uniform it would be so much harder to hide.

"I- If you want me to be the first wolf to succeed," He started, voice cracking by how far back his head was angled. "Then I can’t have any new marks that can't be covered by my uniform." His cloak was back at school, but his shirt and tie was probably the only thing keeping the alpha from biting his neck. If he found the one spot that Sirius had... Remus didn't even want to think about the consequences.

Tempting. It was as though the little wolf were *tempting* Fenrir. Teasing the Alpha like a dog with a bone. The larger man, tugged on Remus’ hair, forcing him to walk backwards as he spoke. “But you leave oh so many marks on your own body. I can cut you as much as I want and no one would think it was anything other than little Remus that did it.” They stopped moving when Remus' back hit the thick metal door of Fenrir’s room. The elder werewolf studied his prey.

*Bite, bite, BITE.* And he shook his head once more to rid himself of the thought. He snarled, low and deadly, more at himself than at anything else, and his fist tightened on Remus’ hair. Why was this so difficult? He never had such trouble controlling himself around others. Why was this mutt causing him so much strife? “I *know* you won’t succeed. But I want to see you try. I want to see you go out into the Wizarding world as a graduate and try to find *anybody* that treats you as an equal.”

"*Some* will notice, Fenrir." He reassured. "The nurse that.. " His words cut off when his back hit the door. "The healer. She catalogs my scars. Where they are and when I get them. She'll know." He decided to ignore Fenrir's second comment. It wasn't worth going in circles. He was dizzy enough with the heat pulsing beneath his skin. Godric, please, don't let him notice....

"*Catalog..."* Fenrir swallowed hard, the smells nearly becoming too much for him. The fear smell was ebbing away, making for a much, *much*, sweeter scent. Fenrir thrilled at this. Remus' wolf must be coming through, fighting the human in his mind. *Bite*. He moved his free hand, tearing at cloth. He ripped at the collar of the younger man's uniform, causing the fabric to fray and come
apart at the seams. *Bite!* He leaned in, inhaling the scent deeply. **BITE!** With a loud snarl, Fenrir bit down hard on Remus' pale flesh. Fangs sank into the juncture of neck and shoulder, piercing, drawing blood.

Remus gasped when he felt his shirt tear, the tie snapping beneath the sharp claws. He tried to lean back, away, something, but when Fenrir pressed his nose against his skin he couldn't stop the full body shudder. He had one moment to silently ask Sirius to forgive him before he heard the growl. The next minute, blinding hot pleasure shot through him, causing his legs to buckle beneath him. It was only because of the door and Fenrir's body pinning him in that he didn't collapse to the floor. But the worst part was the cry, the moan that the bite pushed from his lips. It echoed faintly off the stone and, Merlin, he somehow had enough blood to flush.

How had he known? Remus was sure that the only one who knew about that spot was Sirius. He felt tears of shame prick the back of his eyes, even as the residual pleasure jolted through him. Fenrir's groan was muffled against Remus' skin. He bit down a little harder before pulling away. His tongue soothed over the fresh wound, licking up the blood that spilled from the puncture marks. Fenrir couldn't stop the shudder that ran through him at the taste of the blood and the sound of Remus' pleasure. He stood straight, towering over the younger man once more. He studied the young wolf's face, examining the pleasure written there.

"Pup... that was quite the reaction..." He purred, the copper smell of blood even stronger on his breath now. Remus tried to ignore it. Tried to glare at the man before him. The scent of blood was too strong to ignore now, and seeing Fenrir's grin saturated with it.... Instead of replying, he glared at the man, trying to remember the hatred, the pain, anything other than the pleasure gliding against his mind like silk. Fenrir rolled his shoulders slowly, and cocked his head to the side. He leaned down to be closer to the younger werewolf.

"You look good like that... Dripping crimson."

"You think that the healer won't notice?" There was a flash of anger in his voice and one hand rose to cover the still bleeding wound in his neck. "It's not like I can bite myself, Fenrir. For someone who wants me to succeed you are making it much more difficult than it already is." Fenrir's lips quirked into a smirk.

"I’m sure your little healer will notice. I’m sure my name will be whispered around your school. But what can be done? Nothing when you’re there. Just *fear.*" He pushed Remus’ hand away with his free one. "Don’t cover it, Pup.” Remus could already feel his body knitting together, healing the wound slowly but surely. Remus knew that it would scar. And Remus knew that Sirius would know exactly what had happened. The lingering pleasure turned to ash in his mouth.

"What do you want from me?" He finally asked. He never knew why Fenrir took an interest in him.
Why he never seemed to be too far away. Why he claimed to want Remus to succeed in life only to make it near impossible to do so. And Remus was so tired of being afraid. So tired of wondering if today would be the day he'd be helpless again. Fenrir purred, the sound one of pure pleasure as he watched Remus’ werewolf healing in action. He licked his lips free of the blood that remained there and smiled.

“What do I want? I want *everything*. Every hair, every gasp, every pulse of blood through your veins. *Every* part of you.” That..... was a very disturbing thought. Remus leaned heavily against the door as he studied Fenrir.

"But why me?" He pressed on. "You could have had anyone you wanted. Why did you choose me?" Fenrir made a noise in the back of his throat. He leaned forward so their faces were an inch apart,


"I want the truth." Remus whispered, focusing on Fenrir's good eye. "After everything that has happened, you owe me that much." Maybe he was testing the waters too soon. But he may never have another chance like this again. And Remus knew if he didn't try, then he would regret it for the rest of his life.

“Do I? Do I really *owe* you anything?” He snarled. “Or is your fate the result of shitty anger management and saying the wrong thing to the wrong *fucking* person? Can you really blame me for what happened to you?”

"I was five, Fenrir." Remus snarled back. "I had done nothing to you or your kind. I was actually fascinated about dark creatures and wanted to help make a better life for them one day but you stole that chance from me the day you decided to use me to get back at something my father did."

“But it worked,” Fenrir breathed, “Your father learned his lesson. The Ministry learned from it as well. You think I feel remorse for the things I’ve done? You’re wrong.” He yanked on Remus’ hair and forced his head back further, breaking their eye contact.
The air left Remus’ lips in a rush, the sudden movement tearing open the wound on his neck. He never should have come here. He should have done more research, taken more precautions, something to prevent this from happening.

Instead, he was trapped here, torn between despair and desire for two more days. The things that Fenrir could do within those 48 hours were something Remus didn't want to think about.

The elder wolf let out a low guttural noise and leaned down to lick up some of the fresh blood with a swipe of his tongue. He pulled back and snarled to himself. He was acting like a Pup on its first hunt. He let go of Remus’ hair and took a step back, standing to his full height.

“You are here to live as we do. So perhaps you will learn your place in the world, Pup.”

Remus wanted to snap, to lash out but he knew that Fenrir was not only much older, but also that much stronger as well. He would never win in a one on one fight with him. So he bit his tongue, and hoped for the best.

He crossed his arms over his chest, his tattered, bloodstained shirt doing little to keep him warm.

"Alright then. May I have another shirt? Or do I have to suffer from the cold as well?” His voice was softer, resigned. Healing always took so much out of him and he was suddenly exhausted.

Fenrir snorted a laugh. “Can’t have the Pup get sick can we?” He walked to the large standing wardrobe and opened the doors. Pulling out a flannel top, he tossed it in Remus’s direction. He glanced over at him and he smirked, showing red tinted fangs. “Need a bigger pair of pants too? Those look a little tight .”
Remus flushed, the shirt falling to cover his still half hard cock. He still didn't know how he could be turned on by such a violent act. He could explain it as a natural bodily reaction. But even he didn't really believe that.

"These are fine, thank you." He wasn't about to strip down with Fenrir watching his every move.

“Ah, to be young again and so easily aroused,” Fenrir cooed. He shut the doors to his wardrobe and smiled in Remus’ direction. “I take it as a compliment. Not the first fight I’ve ever gotten into that ended like that.”

Remus stayed by the door, but started shrugging out of his shirt. He had done this hundreds of times, being able to change while showing the least amount of skin possible. Once he had the flannel on, he had to admit that it did feel much warmer. His shirt and tie lay in tattered remains at his feet, and Remus shuffled awkwardly, not sure of what to do now. Obviously do something to hide his slowly ebbing erection. But other than the huge bed there really isn't anywhere else to sit beside the floor.

"It's not a compliment." Remus muttered, moving away from the door. Somehow he knew that everyone outside the door had heard him, and knew exactly what it meant.

He watched as Remus changed his clothes, studying the carefully planned way he did so. “But I take it as such.” Fenrir said, moving back over to Remus, fluid as any wild animal moved. “You look so good in my clothes.” He inhaled deeply, “And you smell fantastic.”

"Don't get used to it.” He muttered, avoiding Fenrir's gaze. The shirt was much warmer and it actually didn't smell of anything else but water and earth. It was.... well, Remus wouldn't allow himself to think of it as nice.

"This is only temporary."

“Temporary, yes. But it is a thing to treasure. Little Remus Lupin in my pack, in my clothes, in my den, covered in my scent and my marks.” His chest rumbled, a pleased smile softening his features - as much as they could be softened. All harsh lines, jagged scars, and blind eye; the smile may have made him look scarier. “Perhaps... you should meet the rest of the pack, hm?”

Is that the reason he bit Remus? To make sure none of the other wolves approached him? He
wasn’t sure if that was comforting or disturbing. He tugged the collar of the shirt higher up his neck, biting back a wince when the soft fabric brushed against the wound. At least the flannel was red. Blood stains would be easier to hide.

"I suppose." He wondered if the rest of the pack was as disturbed as their leader. Merlin, he hoped not.

Fenrir growled and reached out to tug the collar back down, allowing some of the wound to show. “Don’t hide it, Pup.” He moved his hand to Remus’ shoulder and steered him away from the door so he could open it. “And don’t think about running. You don’t know this forest or what calls it home. And we will catch you.”

He swung the door open and guided Remus out, keeping a possessive hold on his shoulder. He walked him over to the communal area that the pack shared. A few of them, men and women, seemed to be preparing food. Children were running about, playing and laughing. Other adults were supervising this or dressing and attending to injuries from the blood moon a few days prior. There were cots strewn about for the wolves to sleep on, animal fur blankets draped over each one. There were small hallways off the main cave that seemed to lead to other rooms like Fenrir’s private quarters.

Fenrir gestured to the werewolves and spoke to Remus, not minding that his pack paid them no heed. “The pack. And you’ve met Kurt, he is my Beta.” Fenrir’s hold on Remus tightened, “They aren’t as scary as I am, Pup. Fear not. Maybe they can teach you a thing or two about being happy about being here.” He leaned in closer to Remus to purr, “When you aren’t in my den, that is.”

Merlin he wished he had more control over his body. He wished he could stop the shudder at the thought of the type of things that would keep him (Moony) happy in Fenrir’s den. He quickly tried to push the thought away, hating himself as he enjoyed the warmth the Alpha’s body emitted.

It didn't look as bad as he had imagined. If he were more of a nature enthusiast he'd say it actually looked comfortable. There was definitely a sense of family here. One that Remus only ever felt in their dorm at school. His eyes caught sight of the children playing and he stilled.

"Are they..." He couldn't finish it. He could imagine too easily what it would feel like if they were.

Fenrir snorted, “Are they wolves? Of course they are, we wouldn’t have them here if they weren’t.” His grip on Remus’ shoulder tightened more, clawed fingernails nearly breaking through the thick fabric of the flannel. “Some are like you, some are not. We raise them here, as equals in a society made for them. They learn just as we all do, how to survive out here.”
"What do you mean 'some are like me'?" He couldn't help but ask, his heart going out to each and every one of them. And yet... he couldn't help but notice that they weren't nearly as scarred as he had been at that age. In fact, he didn't see any scars on them at all, save for the one boy whose night mark was clearly visible against his neck and shoulder.

"Some of them are a product of my bite. Just like you." Fenrir watched the young wolves and he growled possessively once more. "But unlike you, they will be raised among us and thrive."

A part of him, he blamed Moony, wish he could have been raised like this. Where being a monster was celebrated rather that cursed. Where he could have remained carefree, scarless, happy. But then if he had, he would have never met James, Peter. Sirius... that was far more worth it to him than living like this. He continued to watch them, shocked when the two boys and a little girl struggling to keep up ran up to them.

"Alpha Alpha, who's this?"

"Is he a new wolf?"

"Why does he have so many scars?"

"Is he staying with us now?"

They were beaming up at him, excited. Not scared or hateful. They were happy he was here, blindly accepting him into their world like only a child could. He honestly didn't know how to react.

Fenrir crouched down, to the children's level. He tugged on Remus' sleeve to force him down as well, but made it look gentle so he wouldn't scare the kids. His voice was soft when he spoke to them, the constant low growl turning into a somewhat comforting sound. "This is Remus, Little Ones. He is a wolf but he will only be staying here for a couple days." He reached out and tapped one of their noses. "He lives with the wizards. He learns magic at a big castle."

There was a unison "awww" at the news that he would only be here temporarily. The girl giggled and rubbed her nose before beaming up at Remus.
"Really?"

"Just like aunt Nakita!" One of the other boys exclaimed, running around them. "Do you have a magic stick too? And explore tunnels?!" Remus found himself smiling at the children, wanting to answer them, but knew that Fenrir would be listening to every word.

Fenrir looked at Remus. "A handful of the adult wolves in the pack have some knowledge of magic. A few of them have a very good understanding. Some, like me, can do wandless magic." He looked back at the youngsters. Fenrir lowered his voice playfully for them, "It seems like our visitor doesn't want to talk. He may feel shy."

Fenrir reveled in this: his ability to change and adapt to his situations. None of the children in the pack knew his true nature. None of them had ever been subjected to the violence of werewolves apart from their own change. Even the adults had very little idea how Fenrir truly was. He thought that only Kurt, Remus, and a few others had any idea of his true nature. These children were growing up happy and loved, and Fenrir was not going to ruin that - so as long as they followed the rules of the pack.

Remus frowned at that. It wasn't that he didn't want to talk. If Fenrir wanted to play this game....

"Actually, I have explored the tunnels. All of them." He grinned, knowing it would irritate Fenrir to know that there were several ways into the castle undetected and he didn't know what they were. "I'm one of the only people who know about them." His smile widened as he saw their eyes grow huge in wonder.

"Do you use them to get away?"

"Do they have a dragon?"

"What about a princess tower?"

Remus couldn't help but chuckle at their eagerness. Sirius and James would love to talk with them. And that... That reminded him of where he was; of who was clutching him to their side, preventing escape. But he made sure that the children didn't notice a change. If anything, his voice brightened.
"I bet you haven't heard of the huge entrance hall. Where the very ceiling is magic. Sometimes it will be a night sky filled with all the stars you can imagine. Or others, it will have clashes of lightning and big claps of thunder."

Tunnels? The elder man would certainly have to speak to Kurt privately about that. Fenrir growled to get the children’s attention and to get them to calm down. He didn’t want them getting any ideas from Remus’ little stories about the castle. The eldest wolf reached out to ruffle one of the boys’ mop of curly blond hair. He smiled at the kids and stood up, dragging Remus to stand as well.

“Go ask Aunt Stephie for stories of the wizard world, Pups. I need to continue showing our guest how we spend our time here.”

The children waved goodbye before running off, calling for Stephanie. Remus watched them, his smile fading.

"They don't know do they?" He asked so softly that only Fenrir would hear it. "They don't know what you can truly be like."

Fenrir snorted a laugh, “Of course not. Not many living people know what I’m really like, Pup. I wouldn’t be a very good pack leader if I didn’t pretend to care about others.” He looked at Remus, the smile he had on for the children was gone. Replacing it was a scowl. Both eyes were open now, Fenrir preferred to keep the blind eye shut but sometimes he didn’t see the point in it.

He gestured to the two hallways that were off the main communal room. “Bathroom. Pantry.” He looked back at Remus. “That’s the grand tour.” He felt off. A bit anxious and angry. Remus speaking to the children as though they could someday see these wonderful things in that magic castle made him furious. But he pushed it down because they were still in public.

Remus couldn’t help but raise his eyebrows. If Moony wasn't sensing Fenrir's disapproval this might have been entertaining.

"Alright. So what are you going to do now?" Because obviously he would drag Remus wherever he was going to go anyway.

“Den.” Fenrir growled, gripping Remus’ shoulder once more. He dug his fingernails in harshly, nearly breaking through the fabric. He forced Remus to move, heading back the direction they came from. “Now.”
He really didn't have a choice but to follow along, Moony all but quivering in anticipation. For what, Remus really didn't want to think about. The door slammed closed again and Remus tried to ignore the pain in his shoulder. He was going to have bruises again. Which admittedly was nothing new.

Fenrir slammed the younger man against the door once more as soon as it was closed. He snarled, loud and fierce. “Fucking idiot! Why would you tell them shit like that?” He was angry, furious even.

He should have been scared, terrified at the snarl that echoed off the walls. But he stared back levelly back into both eyes.

"Because it's true." He answered simply. "And they are all, what... five, six years old? They won't remember me, Fenrir. Nor will they remember anything I say by the time it matters."

Fenrir roared, moving so fast it could barely be tracked, he slammed his fist into the metal door to the left of Remus’ head. The thick iron folded in on itself slightly, a dent the size of the werewolf’s fist left in its wake. His eyes narrowed, lips drawn back to bare his teeth.

“Don’t get their fucking hopes up, Remus Lupin.”

The sound more than the action made him jump, heart in his throat. And yet....

Yet he was so confused. The children wouldn't remember him. Even with his werewolf genes he had trouble remembering every detail of his life at that age.

"How can I get their hopes up when they believe that they are just stories? And besides, I believe you were the one who brought up Hogwarts in the first place. I was following your lead Fenrir. I thought that was what us wolves are supposed to do."

Fenrir growled, “I told them you were from the fucking castle. You are getting their hopes up about some extraordinary bullshit. We use magic for necessity. Not for lighting up the fucking ceiling!” He leaned in closer, “They'll be asking fucking questions for weeks now. And my wolves will have to be the ones to tell them no.”
Remus had to bite his cheek to keep from laughing. "Oops. Guess you don't want me around after all, do you?"

He hadn't meant it to use as a way out. But since the opportunity had presented itself..... Sirius and James would be proud.

The elder wolf gave a low, commanding growl. The moon was rising, and Fenrir could feel its pulse through the hole in the ceiling that allowed it to come through. His jaw clenched and his claws scratched angrily against the iron door, releasing a grating noise into the room.

"Not around the pups, no. If you think I’ll be returning you early for insolence, you’re wrong. You just won’t leave my Den. Aren’t you lucky?"

Remus sighed, well there went that plan. It was worth a shot. "Lucky isn't the word I'd use." He replied, wishing that Fenrir would at least back up. The scent of the Alpha coupled with the rising moon was making his head swim. It was pleasant, however not in a way that made Remus comfortable.

"Isn’t it interesting, Little One?" Fenrir purred, moving close, just inches away from Remus. “That you seem to have grown a backbone since coming here. You’re fighting. It’s like you’re learning from just being here, how to be a real wolf.”

"Or maybe I'm just tired of being afraid of you." Remus shot right back, not backing down. Seeing Fenrir like this, seeing what he could be.... it didn't negate how vicious he knew the wolf to be. But it made him realize that there was no reason for him to constantly be scared of someone he couldn't control. He could only protect himself and the ones he loved.

The elder werewolf laughed in Remus’ face. He lowered his voice, deep and deadly. That rumble was back and more dominating than ever in his tone. “You’re tired of being afraid of me, but you’ll never stop being afraid of me, Pup. I am your walking nightmare. I am your fears come reality. I am stronger than you, faster than you, more than you. I have all that you desire and fear, Remus Lupin.” His eyes went a bit wide, a bit wild, before narrowing again. “I am what you fear and what you desire.”

"No you're not." He didn't desire the man, the wolf in front of him. No, he desired stormy grey eyes and wild ebony hair. He desired comfort and safety and warmth and the man standing before him was none of those things.
"Just because you're able to manipulate the wolf in me does not mean that I want to be anything like you." His expression hardened. "If it hadn't been so close to the full moon, your little hypnosis trick wouldn't have worked. The blood running through me has nothing to do with what I want."

"Oh, you're so cute, Pup. The power I hold over you has nothing to do with the moon. Yes, the moon heightens your senses and your feelings... But the power you feel coming from me is because I am your Alpha. You know it and your wolf knows it. You will obey me, you will bend how I see fit." Fenrir finally pulled his hand from the door, drying blood crusting his knuckles. He cupped Remus' cheek and teased the skin there with sharp claw-like fingernails. Not applying pressure, not yet. "You don't have to be like me. You're still a wolf. You're still pack. I am still your sire. I still command and control you. It's in your nature, Remus."

"I will not." He snapped, jerking his hand out of Fenrir's grasp, nearly slamming his head back against the door in the process. "And I don't care about whatever power you have over me. I will never stop fighting you."

"Will you?" Fenrir dug his bloody fingers into Remus' curly hair once more and tugged hard, fist clenched tightly. He snarled, "Don't tempt me, Little One. Or you'll surely regret it."

Remus grunted, the bones in his neck popping at the sudden movement. Moony (damn him) was more excited that he should be. Remus did the best he could to push him back to the recess of his mind, but it wasn't working.

"You brought me here." Remus replied, forced to stare at the ceiling. "What did you think was going to happen?"

"Ah, I had hoped... so hoped that you would behave yourself, my pet." He leaned down, the unmarked juncture of neck and shoulder begged to be bitten. The pale flesh was calling to him. Remus' fear-smell was being overrun by his wolf's lust. Fenrir thrilled. He inhaled the scent deeply, the mix of terror and desire sent shivers down his spine. "But... I know you won't behave yourself. You're just as obstinate as your fucking father." And teeth sunk in - a deep mirror image of the other side of his neck. Fenrir purred, low and pleased.

Somehow it was even worse than before, the pleasure even more blinding. Remus bit his lip to keep the sound in, his entire body tense in an effort to try and make it look like the pain didn't affect him. After the first initial wave ended, Remus panted heavily, weathering through the residual pain fused pleasure. He couldn't stop it. It was Moony, his body just naturally reacted to the stimuli. That was it. But now, having been marked twice, he felt his strength leaking out through his feet and away.
"Please... please stop." He whispered, eyes closing as he tasted blood on his tongue.

Fenrir eased off of the wound after a few long moments. His tongue soothed over the area, cleaning it of blood, before moving to watch as it healed. "You plead so nicely, Little One.

Remus couldn't stop the shudder, all but limp against the cold door. He didn't want this. He really didn't, but it felt so bloody good. How was that even possible? He wished he could say he was dizzy, that the blood loss was becoming dangerous but both of them would know it was a lie. Plus the last thing he wanted was an excuse for Fenrir to guide him to the only bed in the room.

“You don’t seem to be... fighting... as much as you were a moment ago, Pup,” Fenrir purred, licking over the wound once more. He pulled back and stood straight, pressing himself close to the younger man. “You seem to be going through quite the mood changes. It isn’t even the Full, my pet.”

He couldn't stop the whimper of pleasure this time, his eyes closing as he felt Fenrir licking his neck again. Why was it so sensitive? It was as if a nerve was hitched from his neck to his cock.

Another gasp left his lips when Fenrir pressed against him. There was no way the Alpha couldn't feel it. And it took all of Remus self control not to grind down against the body pinning him in.

"I don't want this. Please stop."

Fenrir licked his lips, cleaning the blood from them, before running his tongue over his teeth. "You shouldn't say things you don't mean. I can feel it, Remus." He said the younger man's name with a purr, the lilt in his voice almost musical in nature. He ground his hips forward, pressing hard against Remus'. "Just focus on your wolf..."

It would be so easy, so easy to just fall to the background and let Moony take over. And it would feel so good. Because Fenrir could take him in a way that Sirius never could. Fenrir knew.

A broken moan fell from his lips as the friction sparked between them. It wasn't fair, he shouldn't be enjoying this. It didn't feel.. Oh, God he wished that the older wolf would stop moving for just a moment.

"Please..." Remus panted, not even sure what he was asking for anymore.
"Please what, Pup?" He purred, forcing Remus' head to the side more, baring more of his throat. He pushed his hips forward once more, his free hand moving to hold Remus' hip. "Tell me."

The spark of friction along with the order was too much. He was drowning, in both pleasure and heat. His head stayed back, tilted to reveal the expanse of his throat without the alpha's influence. He wanted to submit, to be taken. To know what it all was supposed to feel like. And not an echo of what was.

Fenrir shifted slightly, both hands fistng harder. One of the werewolf's claws slipped between fabric of flannel and pants and scraped lightly against pale flesh. He moved and nipped his teeth lightly against Remus' jawline. He was careful, overly careful, not to break skin with these light, toothy bites. He did not want to leave too many bite marks. "Tell me, Pup." The demanding tone ripped itself from Fenrir; the moonlight fueling his need for control.

The angle of the thrusts changed for the better, his hips moving to meet Fenrir's. Remus fought for control, struggled against the onslaught of sensation. But once the order came, along with another perfectly aimed thrust, Remus' control snapped.

"Please..." he panted, hands fistng against Fenrir's hips. His pants were way too tight, making the friction between them just shy of painful. Another growl left the Alpha's lips and Remus looked back at him, honey brown eyes tinged with gold. "Fuck me."

The elder werewolf let out a loud rumbling purr, his chest seeming to vibrate against Remus'. He scraped his fangs down Remus' neck and thrust his hips forward roughly. His fingers released brown curls and fell to hold the younger man's hip. He slipped his hands up and under the too large flannel and groaned at the warmth. "Ask nicely, my pet." He hissed, thrusting again. "Tell me exactly what you want from your Alpha."

Remus eyes drifted closed, his head falling back to give Fenrir more room. It was too much and not enough. Teeth scraped against the bite on his shoulder and Remus very nearly came right then.

"I want-" A gasp cut off his words, followed by a moan as he felt hands sliding against his skin. "I want you.... I want you to fuck me. Please..."

Fenrir moaned deep in his throat at those words. He scratched his fingernails down Remus' sides as he spoke. "Good... now strip."
He waited until Fenrir had moved back, giving him the space to do what was commanded. The loss of friction was near painful, but it took no time at all for Remus to shrug out of the flannel, the tattered remains of his shirt and tie. The original bite peeked out from the hem of his trousers and he shivered at the cold air brushing against his skin. He didn't feel self conscious around Fenrir. He was pack, he knew all about what the scars meant.

Fenrir stood to his full height, watching the younger man closely. He growled and waved his hand to tell Remus to continue. "More." He studied all the marks, each and every scar that covered the young man's body. The cluster of harsh marks that covered Remus' chest, the thin lines that wrapped around his sides, the self-inflicted bites on his arms. Fenrir himself had very few self-inflicted wounds but rather boasted the wounds from victorious fights with other wolves. The elder man shifted his weight from one foot to the other and growled. "Strip."

Remus took a breath, let it out slow and braced himself for the cold. It felt immensely better to have finally removed the too tight pants. He pushed them and the underwear down to pool at his feet. He stepped out of them, looking back to his Alpha, waiting.

A pleased hum passed Fenrir's lips. "Delightful." He licked his lips and his working eye flicked up and down, searching the other man for any weakness or tell. "Bed." He jerked his head, indicating the large bed in the room. It was definitely proof that Fenrir was higher in rank than anyone else in the pack. It was a large plush mattress but instead of blankets and sheets, the bed was delicately covered in warm furs. "Now." He growled impatiently.

There was a split second of hesitation, one that was quickly shattered when Fenrir growled irritably. Remus sat down on the edge of the bed, fingers twitching to wrap around himself. If only he could alleviate some of the tension, the need boiling beneath his skin.

"Please..." He whispered, leaning back slightly.

Fenrir walked over to the bed, stripping as he did so, leaving a trail of clothes and boots. He stood before the bed wearing nothing but his own scars. While Remus' self-inflicted wounds were mostly light markings left by himself, Fenrir's were large and had previously been gashes rather than scratches. The worst of them - besides the obvious one that blinded his eye - were gracing his left shoulder. Three large marks that trailed down from his shoulder and onto his chest.

He smirked down at the wolf on the bed, chest shuddering as he inhaled deeply. He was pleased to find that the fear-smell had nearly been erased by the lust-smell. "You look so... incredible."
Remus shuddered under the praise, his hands lifting to draw Fenrir closer. He was lost, drowning in the pure power that the Alpha exhumed. And he wanted nothing more than to have that power saturate his skin.

"Please... hurry." The lust was biting at his heels. If he didn't do something soon, Remus would be in serious pain.

"Prepare yourself," Fenrir snarled. "I wouldn't dream of hurting you, my pet." He held up his hand to indicate the sharp claw-like nails, smirking. "Don't want to tear you up inside. Why don't you put on a little show for me?" He moved closer to the bed, relishing in the moonlight that fell there.

Remus smirked. This he could do. The homemade spell left his lips in a whisper, his fingers suddenly glistening. He sighed as he eased the first finger in, his hand moving slowly.

If Alpha wanted a show, he'd give him one.

Fenrir groaned low, eyes lingering on the way Remus moved his hand. He moved closer, fluidly, until he was inches from the bed. He reached out with one hand, pushing against one of the younger man's legs, causing them to spread wider apart. "More."

Remus huffed out a chuckle, slipping a second finger in. The burn didn't last long, not with the pleasure sliding through him. Not with the Alpha watching him hungrily. He was so turned on it hurt, and Remus sped up his hand, adding a third finger.

The elder werewolf smirked; it seemed as though the Pup wasn't as weak as he had expected. If he could take so much so quickly, there was definitely some fun to be had. Fenrir purred his pleasure. He dug his nails into the soft flesh of Remus' thigh, testing how he would react. No reason to push the Pup into the thresholds of pain while he was behaving himself.

The sudden flare of pain made his hand falter for a moment, but he recovered quickly enough. He wouldn't complain if it meant that the Alpha would fuck him already. He whispered the charm that would lubricate himself as well before pulling his fingers out.

"I'm ready." He panted, widening his legs further.

“Turn over.” Fenrir purred as he climbed onto the bed. He watched Remus closely, his good eye
lingering between spread legs. He looked back at the younger man’s face; it was flush with
pleasure, lips parted as he panted through his need. “Show me what a good little bitch you can be.”

Words meant nothing to Remus. All he knew was that he needed his Alpha, needed to feel claimed.
It had been so long and he needed it.

He turned over, presenting himself as best he could. He couldn't wait much longer. The lack of
contact was more than painful now, the need to just let go making it hard to think.

Fenrir released a deep rumbling noise as he moved swiftly to kneel between Remus' spread thighs.
He gripped the younger werewolf's hips, claws digging in, leaving pin prick marks in pale flesh. He
lined up his cock and pushed home in one brutal thrust. Fenrir's hands tightened their grip on slim
hips as he stilled his own. This felt so right; he wanted to howl out his pleasure to the moon. But
he kept himself under control, growling softly to show his content to the younger wolf.

There was the ache of emptiness, the quiver of anticipation and then....

Then the world went white. Remus tensed at the initial thrust but only because he was so
overwhelmed by how good it felt. His arms nearly collapsed beneath him, but he held firm, mouth
open in a silent gasp as he tried to make sense of how this felt so good, so right. It was only when
the Alpha began to move that he couldn't stay quiet. His moans seemed to be echoing everywhere,
so that the entire world could hear how right this was.

Fenrir thrilled at the noises that escaped the werewolf below him, chills of pleasure at the sounds
shot up and down his spine. The elder man left hand kept its tight grip on Remus’ hip while the
right hand moved. Sharp nails trailed up the younger wolf’s body before a heavy hand settled
between pale shoulder blades. Fenrir pushed Remus’s chest down, forcing it to the bed as his
thrusts sped up. He snarled, hips moving at an oddly inhuman pace.

He wasn't expecting the hand to push him down, so his arms buckled beneath the weight and oh....

The new angle had Alpha slamming into his prostate and his voice hitched higher. There was no
way to keep the sounds in, his eyes closing to feel even more of the pleasure being thrust into him.
It felt so good. Nothing- no one had ever taken him this high. No one had ever taken him like this
and he found himself quickly becoming addicted.

Fenrir let loose a low content purr from within his chest. His hips moved quicker, chasing what he
knew would come soon. He reveled in the noises that spilled from the younger man. Claws dug into hip. The elder werewolf basked in the moonlight that was shining down on the bed, feeling it tug at him, warm him, even though the full had just come and gone. Fingers trailed from shoulder blade to the back of Remus' neck. He didn't wrap them around that pale throat, but just rested his hand on the back of his neck. Yes. This was the power he wanted. This was the control he needed.

It was too much, too good. He couldn't even give a warning before he was cumming, the climax crashing into him like a wrecking ball. The world fading to white around him and there nothing but the wave of heat, of pure bliss. It seemed to last forever, and slowly, so slowly the world drifted back into focus.

The elder werewolf groaned deeply when Remus came. He bucked forward hard, following him over the edge. His hips stilled and he leaned over the younger man's body. Moving his hand, he bit hard into Remus' neck. Tasting the crimson blood as he came caused his head to swim slightly. Once the feeling was over, he moved. Pulling out of the other werewolf's body and moving off the bed in a fluid movement.

The sharp pain of the bite only pushed more pleasure through him, a groan was muffled by the furs. He felt the larger body leave him and Remus collapsed to the bed in a boneless heap. His muscles twitched, the residual pleasure still making it difficult to think straight. Actually it was hard to think at all. Moonlight fluttered across his skin, and Remus could never remember a time he felt more alive.

That one amber eye watched carefully as Remus collapsed into what just seemed to be a puddle. He tugged his worn jeans back on near silently, his body humming with pleasure. Fenrir certainly wasn't a cuddler. Certainly wouldn't comfort the other man if need be. He rolled his shoulders, and looked up at the hole in the ceiling. Then the eyes moved back to Remus; blind and working both fell upon the younger wolf, waiting. Waiting for something to happen.

He slowly came back to himself, more satisfied than he remembered ever being. And yet.... yet something was horribly wrong. Moony tried to convince him that nothing was. That everything was just fine. But Remus knew. He knew what had just happened. In less than 24 hours, not only did he willingly follow the monster who turned him into something he hated. But he actually....

Revulsion swept through him, making him suddenly feel sick and dirty. He needed to get clean. But he couldn't convince himself to move. He saw Fenrir watching him and Remus turned his face to bury in the furs, hating how comforting Fenrir's scent was.

He just wanted to be alone, to wash the feeling of the Alpha from his skin. But he knew that Fenrir wouldn't let that happen. Not until he was returned to the Hogwarts grounds. And that was still two, very long days away.
Fenrir growled low, his voice breaking the silence. “Comfortable?” His arms were crossed over his broad chest. He walked to the bed and crouched by the side of it. If Remus turned his head, they would be eye level. He purred, a smile curving his lips slowly. “Told you that you are my special favorite, Remus.”

Remus couldn't stop the shudder and told himself it was due to the revulsion. What would Sirius think? What would he do? The bites on his neck seemed to burn, as if they were brands. He might as well have been, for what they represented.

"Just leave me alone. Please." His words were barely audible through the furs. The air was freezing, he was suddenly so cold but he didn't want to move. Seeing Fenrir now... with the triumphant smirk on his face... that would break him. And the last thing Remus wanted Fenrir to see was him breaking.

“Leave you alone?” The elder werewolf shifted slightly as he spoke. He moved a hand to weave through the younger man’s hair and force his head to the side, to face him, to see the red eyes and flush cheeks. “But you look beautiful like this, Remus.”

"Stop it!” Remus could barely hold the tears back, slapping Fenrir's hand away. He had to get away, had to get clean. It didn't matter how good it had felt, didn't matter if his panic was at war with the residual pleasure still gliding through him.

What mattered was that he willingly did the one thing he had sworn to Sirius he would never do. Even if he tried to tell himself it wasn't him, it was Moony, Remus knew the truth. He had wanted it. Part of him still did, very much so. Remus felt his skin crawl.

"Don't you have a pack to run?” Remus snapped, not caring what the consequences were. He had hoped that Fenrir, on some level, cared enough about him to never force him to do something against his will. Manipulate yes, lie, yes but never this. Never using their bond or whatever the fuck it was to do something like this. "Go tend to them. Lie to the children just like you do with me. I don’t care what you do but leave me the bloody hell alone.”

“Oh, Pup ,” Fenrir gave a deep chuckle. He pulled his hand away from Remus’ hair and stood up, stretching his arms, popping bones. He crossed his arms once more, looking down at the form on the bed. “I rarely lie. I am a man of my word, I never seek to tell lies. Especially not to the children. They will grow up learning the truth about their kind. I protect them, I do not lie to them.” He gave a small shrug of his shoulders. “I have a Beta wolf for a reason. Kurt can tend the pack tonight, while I tend to you.”
"Stop. Calling me that!" He was furious, disgusted, freezing and sick. He could still feel Fenrir's release dripping out of him because he had- that was all it took for Remus to throw himself on the other side of the bed, throwing up the little food he had left from lunch earlier that day. He couldn't breathe, couldn't think past the panic of what Sirius would do.

Fenrir let out a deep, displeased, growl. “Lovely.” He stood and walked toward the lone wardrobe in the room and took an old wand off the top of it. He moved back to the bed, lazily pointed the wand at the puddle of vomit and hissed “Scourgify.”

He snarled at the younger man. “Must you always make a mess?”

There was no stopping the tears now. The room felt so far away as his breathing came out in quick short pants. He couldn't stop, Sirius would never forgive him for this. James and Peter - Hell, the entire bloody school would be revolted if they found out, when they found out. And Dumbledore.... that thought alone almost made him sick again but he managed to keep it down.

He wanted to disappear, for the ground to open up and swallow him whole. His fingers began going numb, signs that he knew he needed to calm down but he couldn't. How could he when his entire world was coming apart at the seams again? How many times did he have to watch his life shatter?

Weak fingers curled slightly into the furs but he didn't feel them. He could never look Sirius in the eye again. Never truly be with him again.

“So unfortunate.” Fenrir rumbled, toying with the wand in his hand. He watched the younger man carefully, head cocked to one side slightly. He felt a bubble of regret begin to surface within him but he shut it down with a loud snarl. He would not feel sorry for this- this pseudo-wolf. This traitor that thought of his gift as though it were a disease. He refused to feel remorse for showing the other man what being with Pack felt like.

The loud snarl made him jump, curl into the smallest ball he could make.

*Just breathe. Put your head between your knees and focus on the sounds around you.*

His heart broke at hearing Sirius' voice in his head, but he managed it. Laying on his side, knees resting against his forehead, he focused on everything outside the room. The children's laughter,
the roar of the waterfall, the soft hum of conversation between the ten some odd adults outside. The sound of a heartbeat that was slow, steady and strong. Even if he knew it was Fenrir's, knew that this.... this man had used him in the worst of ways, Remus pretended it belonged to Sirius. And ever so slowly, he began to breathe again.

Fenrir leaned against his wardrobe. He set the wand back up top, out of sight and out of mind. His eyes were narrowed. Just slivers of the bright amber and milky white were visible in the shimmering moonlight of the room. He kept watch on the werewolf that occupied his bed, ready to step in if he did anything stupid.

Finally, silence descended upon the room. The tears were still there, slipping down silently. But he was able to breathe again. He could feel Fenrir watching him, but he ignored the man for now. He continued to listen, to let the sounds of the world around him guide him toward a better future.

The strange thing was, he could see himself here. Teaching the children little magic tricks, laughing with the adults around the fire. Living off the beautiful land around them. Remus had always believed that these were Moony's wants and desires. Maybe they still were. It would make sense, especially now.

With everything that had happened in just the last few hours, Remus had never felt more drained. He usually only felt like this after a full moon. And Siri- his friends were always there to help him.

But there was no one to help him this time. No friends or kind witches and wizards to piece him back together. No, this time he had to do it alone.

Fenrir felt the rumble in his chest grow and he sighed audibly. He pushed himself away from the wardrobe and walked over to the side of the bed. He looked down at the pathetic form of the younger werewolf and cursed himself mentally. He was feeling sorry. He was feeling remorse - no. No, he was feeling pity.

He scooped the young man up in his arms and carried the limp form to the bathroom that was attached to Fenrir's private quarters. He set Remus down in the moderately sized tub, magic was certainly useful when it allowed running water in a cave. And if Fenrir could use the bathtub comfortably, it would be more than roomy for most people. He turned the water on, his kindness not going so far as to allow the water to warm before putting Remus inside.

Part of him wanted to fight. To get away from the touch that wasn't Sirius' but he was too tired. No, he was too broken. He didn't care what Fenrir did next, it wasn't anything worse than he already had done.
The tub was a surprise, Remus had just enough time to frown at the pristine porcelain before icy cold water was splashing against him. He curled tighter, shivering violently as the tub slowly filled. It took a moment for him to notice but... was it? Yes, the water was getting warmer. Slowly, but it was. Remus stared at the faucet, confused as to how they could get something like plumbing all the way out here. And warm water no less. Remus slowly relaxed as the water warmed, the feeling returning to his toes and ankles.

This... it was unexpected. He would have thought that Fenrir would try to use their bond to manipulate him again. Or use him or... something other than this. As the tub filled, Remus focused on the faucet. He couldn't look at Fenrir, not when he was terrified of what he would see.

The elder werewolf turned the water off when it was about halfway full. He didn't need Remus trying to drown himself to get out of this situation. He moved to sit on the closed toilet lid. Fenrir kept his eyes on the younger man, and felt the ever present alertness buzzing in his bones. He did not trust the other wolf. No, he couldn't. Not yet.

He cleared his throat to break the silence. After a few moments pause he mumbled, “Soap and shampoo. To your right.”

Remus didn't know what to think. After everything he'd done, Fenrir was almost... gentle. It was a word that Remus would never have associated with the man before.

It was the same as when he had been around the children. Remus didn't know what to think. This was a side of the Alpha he had never expected to see. And yet...

Remus reached for the soap first. With one short glance toward the alpha, Remus quickly slid down the tub until his head had fallen beneath the surface. He pushed himself back up a moment later, the water dripping from his hair down into his eyes. He used the bar to scrub against his skin. He still felt dirty but... it felt different now. He didn't know how to explain it.

Remus winced when he ran the bar over the still healing bites in his neck. Human teeth or not, they would still scar. Sirius would know what he'd done. What he had allowed to happen.

That amber eye scanned the man in the bathtub slowly, almost in a calculating way. Fenrir watched as Remus scrubbed at his body with the soap, eye tracking the movement. The elder werewolf felt a thrill run down his spine when the suds thinly coated the bite wounds he caused. He clenched his jaw and felt that involuntary rumble rise once more.
He sat there, leaning forward slightly with his forearms on his thighs, his hands folded together. The man, so typically a giant in nearly every sense of the word, was keeping mostly silent aside from that constant noise that was out of his control. He studied the werewolf before him. Remus. Oh, Remus, usually so in control and stoic when it came to his true nature. Fenrir wondered what was going on in that head of his; now that the younger man had felt the true bond and tug and warmth of being a wolf, What was he thinking about the rest of the pack? Fenrir vaguely pondered if Remus would be able to track the location of the Den. Would they have to move territories to keep the children safe? Would Remus risk the children’s lives at all even to get back at Fenrir?

All the while his thoughts raced, he watched the other man. He followed the bar of soap with his eye as it danced gracefully over scar both old and new. As it cleaned the grime of the cave. As it brought a sense of distance between them once more.

It was so quiet, save for the sounds of the forest around them, as well as the deep rumbles that seemed to reverberate from Fenrir. It was almost easy to pretend that he was back in the dorm, to mistake the scuffling of the children for James and Sirius.

Remus cleaned himself, methodical in his movements. Save for the new scars, it was if he was able to wash away every trace of the Alpha away. He washed his hair next, his head bowed forward as he massaged the soap through the strands. He wasn't as good as Sirius was, his lover's fingers knew just how to massage his head. But the action still helped him relax. This time, when he went under the water rinse the soap out, he stayed for a moment. Eyes closed, heat swirling around him, all sounds muted. Part of him wanted to stay here. It felt so nice. But suicide was something that moony would never allow, so he pushed himself up again, taking in a deep breath and stilled when he noticed that Fenrir was closer than he had been before. Had the man really thought he would drown himself? He should know that was something the wolf would never allow.

Fenrir had moved swiftly to the side of the bathtub when Remus took a bit too long to surface. When the younger man surfaced once more, Fenrir relaxed briefly. But he was still alert as he watched, like a hunting dog stalking prey, ready to snap down his jaws.

“Don’t.” He bit out. His voice had mostly lost its harsh quality and adapted the tone he used with the children. The tone that pushed the Alpha Wolf vibes. The tone that made the little ones apologize for misbehaving and quickly move to help the adults with chores.

"Sorry." He wasn't sorry for the action, but in that one word, Remus could tell that he had been right after all. Fenrir cared, in his own sick and demented way. And Remus was sorry that he had
worried him. "The silence was nice." All of the previous anger was gone and now he just felt.....
hollow. Numb in a sense that the more human part of him was still in anguish about how he was
going to face his friends. Sirius. Remus put the soap back, glancing toward Fenrir without actually
looking at him. He wouldn't mind staying in the warm water a little longer. But since Fenrir was
watching him, Remus doubted that the Alpha wanted to watch him get lost in his thoughts.

Fenrir crossed his arms over his broad chest, looking down at the other man. He frowned. “It’s
never truly silent, Pup. There is noise all around you.” He glanced over at the open doorway
between his room and the bathroom for a moment before looking back at Remus. “You cannot
truly live in silence no matter how much you may crave it.”

Remus studied Fenrir for a long moment. For the first time he truly studied the man before him.
Not as a monster or an adversary. But as another human being. It shocked him, how a single
moment could entirely change his perspective.

"I meant in here, Fenrir." Remus lifted a hand to tap his temple. The air was much colder outside
the water, and his hand fell down into the warm depths again.

The elder wolf gave a small shrug of his shoulders. “It cannot be silent in your mind either. Not
truly. You just-“ He broke off for a moment, trying to think of how to word what he wanted to say.
This... this traitor . Fenrir shook his head slightly to dislodge the thought. No, not traitor. He never
learned. He was never in a pack. He grew up hiding, not thriving. “You just learn to accept it, to
push the noise into the background of your active thoughts. But despite all your struggles, the wolf
is always in your head, and you will always hear him, Pup.”

He knew that. Oh, Merlin, how he knew that. But Remus was always able to feel his wolf more
than hear him. The emotions, the highs and lows, ups and downs, the shifts that made him look
like someone with multiple personalities to outsiders. He knew all too well what it was like. But
the way that Fenrir talked about his wolf...

"Do you..." Remus started before he hesitated. Did he really want to know? Granted there weren't
many books on werewolves, or at least not helpful ones. They never spoke about what it was like,
only what they were like.

"I've never really heard my, my wolf I suppose." Talking about it still felt foreign to him. "I've
always felt him though. The emotions are stronger, closer to the full. But if you're talking about...
voices in your head, I've never heard him speak to me.” He looked up at Fenrir, genuinely curious.
"Is that.... is that normal?"
Fenrir scratched idly at his chest, long nails raking tanned flesh lightly as he thought. "Wolves are as different as humans are, Little One." He moved suddenly then, speaking still as he went to pick up a towel from a hanger on the wall. "Some speak, some don't. Some, like you, feel. Some are taken over by their wolf even without the full. Some can ignore their wolf so much that they, themselves, go mad from the separation within one body." He brought the towel back with him and stood by the tub again. "Your experience is normal for you. But you have never learned as a Pup in my pack learns. You shut away a part of you that you needed to accept and you paid the price for it in blood."

Remus stood, shivering slightly as he took the towel and began drying himself. He knew Fenrir was right, and he wholeheartedly agreed. But that didn't stop the fact that he had more scars now than anyone else in the den, Alpha included.

"Yeah well, I really didn't have a choice." It wasn't an accusation, more of a statement. Being a child left him to the whim of his parents. Of his father. Remus stepped out of the tub carefully, wrapping the towel around his waist before looking up at the man before him.

Fenrir could teach him. Fenrir knew more than anyone what it was like. Sirius wouldn't like it. But there were questions that Remus needed answers to.

"Could you teach me?" He asked softly, meeting the amber eye.

Fenrir paused. He blinked a few times, obviously confused by what he had heard. "Teach you?" He arched a brow in question, "You want me to teach you about your wolf?"

Remus shrugged, suddenly more self conscious than before. "Well, most of what I know is trial and error. And all the books I've been able to find just tell me what I already know." He met Fenrir's gaze again. "They don't exactly teach this stuff at Hogwarts so, I figured you are the best person to ask."

The elder man snorted, "I'm sure all your books merely tell how to kill a werewolf, not how to be one." He set his hand on Remus' head, gently running his hand through drying curls. "Ask your questions, Pup. You are here with the pack for a couple days. You can ask myself, ask Kurt, ask any of the others. They'll all answer you, I'm sure. My pack readily accepts new wolves, they will not push you away." He growled possessively, "None of them will touch you, as long as they see my marks. Do not cover them."

Remus did his best not to lower his head. It was a sweet gesture that he didn't deserve, hadn't received since he has been bitten. His parents tried, but they never came anywhere near his mouth.
Having Fenrir run his fingers through his hair so fearlessly... it meant more to him than he could describe.

"It feels like the wolf is becoming more possessive over things and...." He swallowed before continuing. "And people. Is that because of the blood moon?"

Fenrir gave a small nod, pushing gently on the younger man's head to get him to start walking back into the bedroom. He walked alongside Remus, fingers not leaving hair. "Yes... in a sort of way. You will find, as you grow older, your wolf will grow stronger within you. There are many types of fulls, Pup. Each will affect you differently."

"But it's not just with the full moon, it's," Remus paused, not knowing how to put the feeling into words. That and the hand in his hair was distracting. "I can't stand to see other people touching my things. It's more than just jealousy, it's... possessive."

Remus continued, hesitantly, "The feeling burns, even in a new moon. That... that can't be normal, can it?"

The elder man hummed low, the sound was soft and calm. It sounded odd coming from Fenrir. But he felt he needed to treat the younger werewolf gently. He laid claim to what was his as a wolf would, and now he needed to do so as a human would. He would help the lost soul. Of course, as he was pack. As an Alpha, Fenrir was devoted to helping his pack thrive.

“It is.” He began, moving away from Remus and going to the wardrobe. “It is normal in a sense, Little One. You act as all wolves do. You just do not know how to control it. So you likely feel it dozens of times stronger than a wolf that grew up in a pack.” He found some clothes he thought would fit Remus - old, torn jeans, a loose t shirt, and, of course, a flannel jacket. He brought them to the younger man and held them out. “But you can learn.”

No one will touch you, as long as they see my marks.

Remus continued, hesitantly, "The feeling burns, even in a new moon. That... that can't be normal, can it?"

It seemed so impossible. How could he learn to control something so overwhelming? He took the clothing, thankful that Fenrir hadn't torn his underwear during their last..... activity. He slid that on before the jeans, then the shirt and flannel. He also gathered up the scraps of his school clothes. He could repair them later.
"How can I start?" He asked, ready to learn. He wanted to soak up everything he could in the next two days.

Fenrir looked down at him, both amber and milky white eyes seemed to search him. “You need to accept it. You’ve been pushing it away all your life, you’ve been denying what you truly are. To start, you need to accept that you are a werewolf. You are not normal. You are special. You have a gift.”

For the first time in his life, those words didn't make him cringe. His gaze dropped, staring at nothing. He knew he was, he figured that he had accepted it a long time ago. But now he realized that he hadn't really accepted it. And that was probably due to his father.

But Lyall wasn't here, and Remus knew he had to do this for himself. So he closed his eyes and reached deep down. Taking a deep breath, letting it out slowly.

He was a werewolf. And that was not a bad thing.
“You can learn a little bit in these couple days you are with the pack, Pup. You can ask your questions, you can see how we live. You will be welcomed back if you ever care to come back. You are mine; and the pack is yours. It is how we work.” Fenrir closed the blind eye again, moving a hand up to rub at it. “It will take time to accept fully. But you go at your pace.”

Remus met his good eye, smiling slightly. It felt like the entire world had shifted, and nothing was the same. He glanced back at the door, listening to the sounds of the pack.

"I thought you didn't want me talking to the children?" He commented, glancing back at the Alpha before him.

“Don’t give them ideas.” Fenrir growled low, meeting his eyes. “Don’t tell them about your castle... not in detail. They might be like you in some ways, but they are not in others. Some of them have been showing some signs of magic but, you must remember, Pup, they aren’t growing up like you did. They live here. They live under my rule. Dumbledore,” He spat the name, voice suddenly full of venom, “would never accept them like he did with you.”

Remus couldn't help but frown in confusion. He wasn't trying to challenge the Alpha but some things didn't add up.

"Dumbledore took me in simply because I was a child with magic who needed to learn how to use it. He knew who turned me and he didn't care." His tone was soft, almost hesitant as he asked the question burning in his mind. "How are they any different than I am?"

Fenrir sighed and ruffled Remus’ hair again. “Yes. But your parents kept you. You lived under a wizard’s roof. The children here... their parents gave them up, left them, after they were bitten. Not that I blame them.” Fenrir chuckled darkly. “Werewolves should be raised by werewolves. But that headmaster of yours would never set foot in my territory. He would never come get a child from my pack. He never has before, and I am sure he never will in the future. You learned a life of secrecy and hiding and lying. But the children here have not. This is all they know.”

His eyes widened in shock, his head snapping back to the door. He hadn't realized... he had thought that the children were born into the pack and turned. He never imagined....
"They're all...." orphans. His heart bleed for them. He couldn't imagine what they must have felt. Turning for the first time, terrified and alone. And having the people you thought were supposed to protect you just be...gone. Remus swallowed around the burning lump in his throat, eyes shining as he turned back to Fenrir.

"Allow me to then." He met Fenrir's gaze, never wavering. "After school, I could come back, bring my books. They should know how to defend themselves, how to apparate. Don’t you agree?"

“That... that is a very kind gesture, Little One.” Fenrir said with a nod. “But they would need wands, yes? I have no access to wands for each of the children, nor do I have access to the gold to buy them. Anyway,” he said with an offhand gesture, “They learn to use their natural werewolf abilities to defend themselves and better their lives.”

Fenrir took a moment after he spoke in silence. He watched the other man, saw the shadow - albeit distant - of his wolf in his eyes. He tilted his head to the side slowly, in question. “Have you learned to do this?”

Of course they would need wands. And it wasn't as if Remus had the funds to procure them. Maybe.... Remus wanted nothing more than to make life easier for them. They have had such tough lives as it was. He was relieved in some way that they were able to still laugh and have a childhood. Something he was never allowed to have.

He looked back toward the door before Fenrir's words broke his thoughts. "Have I learned to do what?”

“Surely you’ve noticed,” Fenrir said, “you’re not like your friends. Even not around the full. You’re stronger, you’re faster. You have unnaturally quick healing abilities.”

Of course he had noticed. It was impossible to not notice when his magic would suddenly explode from the end of his wand. Even the simplest spells became dangerous if he wasn't careful.

"Of course I've noticed. But it's not like I can just take a trip to the dark forest, meet up with a random werewolf and figure out how all this works." Remus had meant the statement as a joke, sarcasm. But the thought of meeting Fenrir regularly in the forest.....

There would have to be some conditions of course. But maybe.... maybe it could work.
Fenrir snorted, "You could have. I'm sure it would have been easy to find a wolf in that forest. There were rumors weren't there?" He shrugged. "Now is your time to learn, yes. Just like any other Pup in my pack. Do you want me to teach you?"

Remus nodded. "I'd honestly feel more comfortable If you were the one teaching me. I'm sure your pack is wonderful but, I don't know them."

“And you know me?” He gave a slight smirk, fangs glistening in the moonlight. “I would be happy to teach you, Pup. When do you want to learn?”

"I know you better than I know them." He didn't want to admit it, but he felt much more comfortable with Fenrir than he did with Kurt or the others. "Why not start now?" After all, Remus was only here for a few more days.

Fenrir felt a thrill run down his spine at the words. He purred low and walked to the heavy metal doorway. He opened it and held it ajar. “Come, Pup.”

Remus nodded, following Fenrir through the door and out into the main area. Almost everyone was sitting around a fire pit, the children sitting closer to the flames. Something smelled amazing and Remus realized that he hadn't eaten anything since lunch time.

Fenrir snorted a laugh when he heard a rumble come from the smaller man. “Are you hungry, Little One? It is dinner time.” He set his hand on Remus’ shoulder like he had the first time they walked into the communal area. Control? Or possessiveness? He clenched his jaw and dug his fingernails into the fabric slightly. “We can eat.”

"I'm starving." Remus' lips twitched into a half smile, meeting the eyes of the Beta and nodding slightly. The Beta nodded back before his eyes shifted to Fenrir.

It was strange, how the boy's attitude seemed to change after one fucking. But then again, they all had been pinned by the Alpha in one way or another. It only made sense that the boy would react the same way.

Fenrir guided the younger wolf over by the fire, eye trained on Kurt. He pushed lightly on Remus' shoulder to have him sit on one of the fallen logs that made up the largest portion of the seating around the fire. Fenrir kept his eye on Kurt, overly cautious of the Beta, overly possessive of the new addition to the pack. He patted Remus' shoulder lightly before pointing at the food and the
chipped stack of plates. "Eat, Remus."

Remus watched Fenrir for a second before he moved to get himself a plate. It looked like someone had hunted, the meat smelling like venison. The kids were all crowding around him once they saw him there, all talking excitedly. Remus smiled, sitting with them closer to the fire. The venison was really good, and Remus had to chuckle at all the questions.

He kept an ear out for Fenrir though, making sure to keep the conversation away from Hogwarts.

Fenrir waited, he always did. He always ate hours after the rest of the pack, making sure that the wolves under his command were well fed. He watched everyone carefully. The children were talking animatedly but they were eating. The adults were eyeing Remus, whispering, but socializing nonetheless. Fenrir gave a subtle nod to Kurt, silently thanking him for taking charge when he had Remus there.

Kurt nodded in return, before slowly moving toward Fenrir. Everyone seemed enamored with the new wolf and yet.... Kurt didn't like it.

"I know he's yours," Kurt started, his voice barely a rumble. "But is it wise to allow one of Dumbledore's dogs to see where and how we live?"

Fenrir turned his head to growl back at his Beta, his voice low enough that only Kurt could hear. "I do not think the Pup would risk the children. He is curious how we live. Jealous, I think, that we live freely. He already offered to come back after his schooling to teach magic to the children. Plus," He said with a satisfied smile. "We may get a spy out of this."

"A spy?" Kurt couldn't keep the surprise off of his face. "You honestly think that he would turn against Dumbledore? Against everything he knows for this?" He gestured toward the strange wolf, laughing with the pups. "For us?"

"Who knows?" Fenrir purred low. "He's coming to terms with how much he was lied to all his life. He's accepting his fate. He wants to help the children. He sees himself in them." He smirked slyly. "I've been watching him. You know this. I've seen how much he has, how much he craves, and how much he is missing in the Wizarding World."

Kurt nodded in agreement. He knew that while the children didn't want for nothing here, the Wizarding World was not the same. He watched the pups, the younger girl whom he had
practically adopted giggling when Remus mused her short hair. He could never understand why Remus would want to be a part of a world that treated him so badly.

"Well, I'll follow your lead as always. But I still think this is a bad idea."

“Do tell why you think it’s a bad idea, Kurt?” Fenrir looked over at his Beta, brow arched in question. “Be it instinct or valid reason, you know yours is the only opinion I value when it comes to such things involving the pack.”

Kurt studied Remus for a long moment. "He's from their world. Even if he's willing to take interest in our pack he has preconceived notions that, no matter how unconscious they are, they will color his opinions of us. Of them." He nodded toward the pups. "What happens if the whispers are right? If there is a wizard out there that's planning to change the world, who's to say that he won't join them? That his choices wont put him on the other side of the line?"

“His preconceived notions are mostly of me, not of them.” Fenrir growled low, arms crossing over his chest. “Whether the rumors be true or not, only time will tell. It would be good to try and get a spy. Dumbledore,” Fenrir spat on the dirt ground at the name, as though it were poison in his mouth, “wouldn't have any idea. This Pup has put so much faith into wizards that, if we were to sway him to our side, he would be able to infiltrate so easily.”

Kurt again nodded in agreement. That was also true. He felt slightly better about him. He cracked a small smile.

"You know me, Alpha. I don't trust outsiders right away." He had been living too long, seen what mistrust could do to a pack. He refused to let it happen to this one.

"Yes. And you know me, I don't like betrayal." He growled, turning back to look at Remus, amber eye narrowing. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other and exhaled slowly. "He wants me to teach him. About his wolf."

Kurt's eyes widened in shock, his eyes snapping back to look at Fenrir. "Really..." he huffed out a laugh. He knew how the Alpha could be when he was teaching. Every lesson was beneficial, however sometimes it tended to be.... rough. As much as the elder pups wanted to join the adults while training, it was still too soon. Fenrir didn't like to pull punches.

"So I guess that we'll be seeing much more of him." Kurt still didn't like the possibility of
something happening, and having to explain to the pups why their newest wolf was no longer amongst them."Don't suppose he knows what he's in for does he?"

Fenrir snorted a laugh, "I doubt it. He does not know how we work. He knows me. Knows stories of me. But his opinions of me seem to be changing." He shrugged slightly, "You know how the first night is." Fenrir watched Remus closely. Watched as he spoke in soft tones with the children, not minding how the younger ones climbed on him and tugged at his clothes and hair. The Pup was laughing with them, and he seemed happier than Fenrir had ever seen him before. "His wolf will tell him what needs to be done. But that may take time, considering how far he has pushed his wolf back in order to fit in with the wizards."

Kurt shook his head with a sigh. "I can't even begin to imagine how painful the moons are for him. Or any other day for that matter. I mean it's been, what, twelve years? Twelve years of repression for that poor pup..." he met Fenrir's gaze. "Better you than me when he finally breaks free. But if things get too bad I will step in. You know that."

The elder wolf gave a nod and clapped Kurt heavily on the shoulder. "Yes, and I appreciate it. It will not be easy on him, nor will it be on myself. I imagine it could go one of two ways. Either his wolf will come out submissive as he is, or his wolf will come out furious at being locked up for so long. We will likely keep to my quarters for these... lessons. If something sounds off, you do have my permission to come crashing in as you like to do."

Kurt's smirk turned sharp, almost as wicked as Fenrir's. Oh, the times that he had barged in, thinking that the Alpha was in danger only to join them in his bed. But this Remus looked a little too submissive for his taste. But then again, seeing what the Alpha could do to him, turn him into...

Kurt would love to watch.

"What can I say?" He shrugged, lifting Fenrir's hand with it. "When it's good, it's good."

Fenrir released a low rumbling purr, squeezing his Beta's shoulder lightly. "And it is so very good with him. You should've seen it, Kurt. Like his wolf just woke up for the first time."

Kurt hummed, closing his eyes for a moment. "So we heard. He changed his tune so very quickly. But then again who wouldn't?" His eyes met the Alpha's in a knowing glance. He glanced back toward the pups, who seemed to be hanging on to Remus' every word.
"Alright pups, time for bed. Let's go." He nodded to Fenrir before slipping out of his hold. He had heard the Alpha's displeasure the first time. They did not want a repeat performance.

“Kurt.” Fenrir said, causing his Beta to pause before he got too far. “He mentioned some things about magic to the little ones earlier. Do shut them down gently if they bring anything up. I do not want them thinking that they may have the same chance that he had.”

"Of course." Kurt nodded before turning back toward the pups, scooping his own pup up into his arms. "Come on. You know the rules. You'll see Remus tomorrow." He smiled, herding them toward the back of the cave where the cots were.

Remus watched them go before turning to glance at Fenrir. The children had made it so he couldn't overhear what Kurt and Fenrir were talking about. But whatever it was, he would have to do whatever he needed to.

Fenrir walked to where the food was, gathering up the last healthy portion of meat and bread. His pack may eat first but they always left a good amount of food for him afterwards. He sat beside Remus, eating the meal rather quickly. “You like them?” He asked, nodding his head toward where the pups were swarming Kurt.

Remus nodded, watching the pups tugging at Kurt's shirt and pants. They were adorable, and Remus felt his chest warm. He had always loved helping others, younger ones especially. And they were all so cute. It hurt him that their parents no longer wanted them just because of something they couldn't control.

But at the same time.....

"I get the feeling that your Beta doesn't like me very much." He mentioned softly, turning back toward Fenrir.

“He is cautious.” Fenrir grunted, chewing on a piece of bread. “He is always wary around newcomers. Especially since we do not have them very often. The pups are the most important thing to him. If there were to be anything that may put them at risk... let’s just say that he is always on alert.”

Remus frowned, looking back toward the alpha. "I would never do anything to put them at risk.” And he meant it. Meeting them, getting to know them in these few hours... it didn't matter who
spoke the order. Remus would die before he let anything happen to those kids.

"Kurt has always been the-" He hummed, broke off, trying to think of the correct way to say it. "He's the one people go to for things like emotions and feelings." Fenrir set his plate on the pile of dirty ones and picked his teeth with a claw. "He's always been good at those sorts of things; things I'm no good at, obviously."

He watched as a male werewolf in his late 30s walked over and took the stack of plates as soon as Fenrir had placed his own down. Someone always did this, this routine. The pack worked the same day in and day out. A small group of them would clean the dishes with no complaints. A few more would clean the remains of the dinner at the same time. They got chores done quickly and efficiently and never said a word about it. Fenrir relished in this comfort. He rarely had to speak a thing on chores or duties. He sent the hunting parties, he organized the full moon nights, he decided who would be stationed where. But Kurt handled all domestic responsibilities. And he was good at it.

Fenrir picked a bit more meat from between his teeth with the claw-like nail on his index finger. He ran his tongue over his teeth and glanced over at Remus. "Kurt doesn't trust easily. Some say he takes longer to get through to than I do. That's why I like him."

Remus thanked the wolf who took his plate. He had never thought about it before, the mechanics that went into running the castle. The food always appeared perfectly cooked, their clothes always cleaned. He knew that the house elves took care of things but... did anyone really thank them for doing everything? Remus made a mental note to do so once he returned.

"He seems like a good man." Remus glanced back at Fenrir. It was shocking, how quickly he was adjusting. It had been less than 12 hours, and yet he felt as if he had been living here for years. The thought was slightly unnerving.

"He is. Too good, sometimes. Sees the good in everyone, that man. Loyal 'til the day he dies." Fenrir sighed, looking into the fire. He stood up and clapped his hands together before brushing them off on his worn jeans, cleaning them of filth from the dinner he ate. "Well. It's late. You sleep in my quarters with me while you're here."

Remus' eyes snapped up to look at Fenrir. He had thought that he would be out here, with everyone else. Not given special treatment. The images of the last time they had slept - fucked... - in Fenrir's quarters flashed unbidden before his eyes and he looked back toward the fire, flushing.

"Oh. I thought..." He trailed off, knowing now how silly the idea was. Of course, Fenrir wouldn't
want Remus left vulnerable. But still... the idea of sharing the Alpha's bed…

Fenrir glanced down at Remus, his bright amber eye meeting the younger man's. "I don't trust them around you. Not at night. Not with the moon high."

Remus glanced back at the hallway where the children were resting. There were still soft sounds of the other adults cleaning up from dinner but it was muted. They didn't seem like a bad bunch, not nearly as dangerous as Fenrir was hinting at. But Fenrir would know them best.

"Alright then." He stood, brushing his own pants off before following the Alpha back to the room.

The elder man held open the thick iron door to his private quarters. His eyes scanned the whole of the cave and met Kurt's for a moment. He gave a short nod of farewell for the evening and looked back at Remus. He waited for Remus to enter before following and shutting the door in his wake.

"Are you tired?"

Tired wasn't the word he would use. Exhausted was more accurate to how he felt. He was still sore from... earlier. Not to mention how long this day had been.

"I am." Really he wanted a moment away with his thoughts, if only to process everything that had happened.

Fenrir nodded toward the bed. "Sleep then. And your training will start tomorrow."

There was a moment of hesitation, of wondering if Fenrir had a hidden motive. (Didn't he always?) But when the Alpha gestured to the bed again, Remus was too tired to resist. He laid down on the bed, only having a moment to question what training truly meant before he slipped into oblivion.

Fenrir ran a hand through filthy hair and growled low to himself. He watched the younger man curl up on the bed and his eyes narrowed slightly. After a long moment of hesitation, of deciding where to sleep, of mental curses at himself, Fenrir moved from his spot. He, too, slipped into the bed. He turned on his side, facing the younger man, and pulled him close to his body. His arms wrapped around Remus tightly, possessively.
What was he meant to do? He had to fight every instinct trying to surface not to push the sleeping wolf down and claim him again. He had to *play nice* around Remus. He had to teach Remus what it meant to be a wolf. He had to wait until Remus’ wolf forced its way out, and he could make it submit. A deep growl reverberated in his chest, and Fenrir held the sleeping man tighter. Just because the human was submissive did not mean the wolf would be.

He closed his eyes and drifted to sleep, his hold on Remus never loosening. He didn’t trust the other wolf. Couldn’t.
Our version of how werewolves work is a little different. Especially Remus, since he's distanced himself so much from Moony. So we hope that you like it!

At first when he awoke, Remus had no idea where he was. The sounds and smells were completely different. And the arms around him, the body pressed against him was much too large to be Sirius. He had a moment of panic before it all came back. He was with Fenrir at his cave, with his pack.

Remus opened his eyes slowly, shocked to see nothing but black and red. That flannel that Fenrir liked so much. Sometime during the night he had curled toward the only real heat source in the room. One arm was pinned beneath his head, the other… The other was draped across the waist of the Alpha still sound asleep next to him. The panic was still there, but it died away to fascination when he looked up into the face of the man next to him.

Sleep had softened all of the harsh lines on the man's face, making him look at least 10 years younger. Even the scarred eye, half buried against the plain pillow looked less harsh than it had before.

Remus, not knowing how to feel about his current situation, tried to slowly slide away, only to realize that Fenrir's grip on him was tighter than he thought.

Fenrir let loose a warning growl when Remus began to shift. His eyes cracked open and he frowned at the sunlight coming into the room from the ceiling. He let go of Remus slowly, now that he was awake and could chase the younger man down if he tried to run.

Fenrir sat up in bed, deer fur blankets pooling around his waist. He rubbed the sleep from his blind eye, watching Remus with the amber one. “G’Morning, Pup.”

Remus slid back slightly, just enough to put space between them. The cold air burned his skin, and part of him wanted nothing more than to curl back up into the warmth.
"Good morning."

“Up, Pup.” Fenrir growled. He got out of the bed and stretched lazily. “We have duties to get done before your training.”

He wandered to the dresser, stripping off the clothes he slept in as he went. “Lucky you, you get to tag along, yes?” Wardrobe doors were opened and Fenrir grabbed cleaner clothes than he had been wearing. “Afterwards, lucky you again, I will start teaching you about what it is truly like to be a werewolf. We will get as much done in two days as we can.”

Remus couldn't stop his eyes from trailing over the skin as it was exposed. Fenrir had fewer scars, but the few he had were much deeper and more ragged than his. Probably due to the lack of healing. Remus wondered if he should teach them that spell as well. Although he wasn't as good as Sirius or Madam Pomfrey.

"Duties?" He echoed, following Fenrir toward the wardrobe. "Is this a pack thing or an Alpha thing?"

The elder man snorted a laugh. “An Alpha thing.” He tugged on clothes, more jeans, more flannel, as if it were all he owned. It probably was. He dug through the wardrobe, finding smaller fitting clothing again for Remus. Fenrir pushed the fabric to the younger man’s chest. “I assign duties for the day. Who goes on the hunting party and who stands guard, the most important things. It won’t take long, and then we have all day to discover your feral side.” He smirked, showing blood stained teeth, “I can’t wait to see that.”

Remus suddenly regretted asking Fenrir, because it was obvious that he was in way over his head. Just the grin had him shuddering with fear, excitement, and Remus didn't know how to respond. He let Fenrir pass, slowly sliding the borrowed clothes off.

Fenrir walked to the thick, dented, iron door as Remus undressed and changed into the new clothes. The elder man opened the door, waiting for him. "We've an early start to the day. I hope you're a morning person, Pup. While I assign duties, you can eat breakfast, if you're hungry. If not, you will wait until lunch. Pups eat three times a day, always."

He watched closely as Remus changed, the amber eye never flickering away, not even blinking it seemed. He met the younger man’s gaze when he was done and gave a sly smirk. “I wonder, after being here and realizing what you truly missed out on... will you even want to go back to your castle? I’ve no choice but to return you... but, do you think.... will you miss it here, Remus?”
Remus had never heard Fenrir hesitate before. Not in fear but... Remus could not place it. He met Fenrir's gaze head on, debating his answer before ultimately telling the truth.

"Yes. I think I will." Granted it was completely different from Hogwarts but it was nice, not trying to hide what he was.

Fenrir gripped Remus’ shoulder tightly, as seemed to be tradition for when they left his private quarters, and led him out of the room. The heavy metal door swung shut behind them. Fenrir’s chest swelled with what must have been pride as he spoke. "You know, Pup. My pack is the largest in Britain. You aren’t seeing the entirety of it here of course. I have small groups all around England. We rarely get newcomers like you, and we always like to see the pack grow. If you were to come back to us after your education, I’m sure the Pups would enjoy that.” He let out a deep rumbling noise, of pleasure, of contentment, the thought alone sending a shock of excitement through the elder man. “Your wolf seemed to fit very well with mine yesterday.”

Remus couldn't stop the shudder at the thought of just how well his wolf seemed to fit with the Alpha’s. A soft whine slipped from his lips before he could stop it, and his eyes closed for a moment. It was maddening, how badly he wanted Fenrir to pin him down and take him again. It was like breathing for the first time, and Remus- his wolf was addicted.

Fenrir inhaled deeply before leaning down to purr low in Remus’ ear. The grip he had on the younger man’s shoulder tightened. “You smell so sweet, Pup. You aren’t very good at hiding your scents, are you? Not yet anyway... How any of your classmates got any work done with you smelling so good is a mystery.”

Remus shuddered again, Moony wishing they were alone back in the room, just so he could feel the Alpha again.

"My classmates' sense of smell leaves much to be desired." Even if Padfoot was starting to realise the different scents, but that was only when he was transformed.

The elder wolf chuckled low and forced Remus to sit by the fire where he had been the night before. He squeezed the other man's shoulder, claw-like nails digging harshly into fabric, and growled. "Eat. I will speak to Kurt for a moment and then we will go back to my quarters for your lessons, understood?"

Remus couldn't respond other than the faint nod. How was he so affected by the man? Usually he
only felt like this right before a full moon. But as Fenrir left he was thankfully distracted by the pups that ran up to him. The breakfast consisted of fruit, bread with honey and more cooked venison. It was pretty good, surprisingly. Remus wondered if the pack farmed their own food or...

Well, he didn't want to think of the alternative.

Kurt nodded to the Alpha, eyes shifting over to where the pups were crowding around Remus.

"Here are the assignments." He handed Fenrir the parchment to approve. "I can smell him from here, so I put Tom and Michael on guard as well. Just in case."

"Good thinking. Those two..." He snorted derisively and took the parchment from his Beta. Fenrir glanced at the parchment. "Hn... I'd like to see Steph be put on hunting duty. She's our best tracker. It's getting colder, I suspect food will be scarce, we could use her more often. Otherwise it looks fine." He handed the parchment back, meeting Kurt's eyes, "Only disturb me today if something is going on that you cannot handle, understood?"

"Of course." He barely concealed his smirk, glancing over at Remus. "I'll make sure the pups are properly distracted." The last they needed was unnecessary questions.

Fenrir let loose a deep purr, "Very good. Thank you, Kurt." He flashed a toothy smile before moving over back to Remus. He watched in silence for a few moments as Remus spoke softly to the children, their enthusiasm at seeing him on the new day was evident. He lay his hand on the young man's shoulder to let him know he was back. "Pup. Are you finished eating?"

Remus looked up at him, suddenly nervous and excited at the same time. "Yes, I'm finished." He glanced back at the children. "We'll finish the story later okay?" They agreed before running off to answer Kurt's calling. Remus stood slowly and followed Fenrir back to the bedroom.

"I thought we were... helping me with my wolf." He muttered as the iron door slammed shut.

"Oh, we are." Fenrir purred. He turned and advanced on Remus, putting his hands on the metal door to both sides of the younger man's head, keeping him still, keeping him contained. He leaned close, studying the shadows in Remus' eyes. He breathed in the scents deeply, his own wolf howling at the combination of fear, of excitement, of curiosity, of want. Fenrir gave a sly smirk, "We need to get your wolf out to play. We need to get you to work with it, not control it. You are two beings of the same body right now. We need you to be one. You need to be whole."
Remus’ back hit the door with a soft *thud*, eyes wide in shock. It sounded so simple, so easy and yet Remus had no clue as to where to start. He swallowed before answering.

"And how should I go about letting him out?" The suppression was unconscious by this point. Having to consciously revert something that he did without thinking about it seemed impossible.

"Focus." Fenrir growled, "It's instinct, Pup. What do you feel right now? What is your feral side thinking? What does your body want to do without your mind forcing it?" He cocked his head slightly to the side in question, that sparkling amber eye locked onto Remus’. "Explain to me what you're feeling. How you're feeling. How your wolf is feeling."

He couldn't look away from that one eye. It was hypnotizing almost. But Remus took a deep breath and closed his eyes, focusing inward. It was easier than he thought, finding Moony. Moony wanted nothing more than to have the Alpha pin him against the door and take him again. Remus felt the tips of his ears burning.

No.

Remus wasn't ready for that yet. It was too much too soon. But Moony pushed against him, fighting to be free. Taking another deep breath Remus slowly, *slowly* began to relax. He suddenly felt so much warmer, almost too warm with the heat coming off of Fenrir.

"I feel warm. Moo- the wolf is trying to take over too fast." It was the only way he could explain it.

"Then *slow him*." Fenrir snarled, baring his teeth. "You are one. You must work together." He ran his tongue across his teeth, pushing back his own desires, his own instinct. He could swear that the scents coming off the younger man were getting stronger, so much stronger than it was moments ago.

Remus' brow furrowed in concentration. It was easier said than done, Moony was pushing so hard his hands twitched at his sides. He tried to reason with Moony. He'd let him out but slowly. Because Remus was not about to jump the Alpha standing two inches from him.

*Please.... let's just do what he said. Work together and then.... then maybe...*
Apparently that was enough for Moony because his push lessened until it was manageable. Remus let out the breath he didn't know he was holding. When he opened his eyes, the hazel was tinged with gold.

One of Fenrir's hands moved to cup the younger man's cheek, he ran his thumb under Remus' eye, the nail gently grazing the skin there. The elder werewolf let out a pleased purr, "Good. I see him there. Very good, Pup. How does it feel? What is your wolf speaking to you about?"

*Mate.*

Remus bit his lip, looking off to the right at nothing and unconsciously turning into Fenrir's hand. He wished that Moony would think of something else than fucking.

*MATE!*

"He um..." Remus started, closing his eyes again, silently telling his wolf to knock it off. Moony only growled in response. "I'm not quite sure, it's... it's a lot at once."

"Focus." Fenrir growled low. He ran his thumb over the pale flesh subconsciously when Remus pushed into his touch. "Tell me. Explain to me." His voice dropped deeper, Alpha energy coming into his tone. "Speak out loud how you are feeling, *Remus*. If you do not *lean on me*, how will I be able to assist you and your wolf?"

Remus really didn't want to say it out loud, for fear of what the response would be. But Moony really wasn't giving him much of a choice.

"*He wants* you." Remus whispered, keeping his eyes closed for a moment. "It's all he can think about right now.... all he wants is you."

Fenrir's smirk showed that sharp fang that flashed in the sunlight for a moment before he let out a breathy laugh. His hand moved down slightly, sharp nails putting pressure on pale flesh but not drawing blood. "And what do *you* want? Are you fighting him? Enabling him? Talking back to him?"

"I..." Remus sighed, opening his eyes to see Fenrir's grin. Of course the Alpha would be enjoying this too much. Remus knew he shouldn't have said anything. And yet with Moony so close to the
surface now, he couldn't seem to stop. "I think it would be too much too soon. He doesn't agree."

"You are not two separate minds in one body, Pup. You are more alike than you think." He studied the gold in Remus' eyes. "But you have pushed your poor wolf into such a separation you fight with him. Work with him. Find a solution that you both agree on. This is why you have so many scars. You deny your wolf his rightful place and you pay for it in blood."

Remus wanted to snort. Rightful place, right. But then again, not a single person in the pack had half the scars he did. Even if he allowed himself to let go, he knew once he did..... there was no telling when he would gain control again.

"And if he refuses to agree?" Remus' voice was soft, terrified. He was terrified of letting go and losing himself. Moony loved blood, loved violence. He was too much like Fenrir than Remus was comfortable with, and letting someone, something like that go free... Remus knew he wasn't strong enough to take control again.

Fenrir arched a brow and cracked a grin, "If you think that I cannot overpower your wolf and contain him, you are mistaken, Little One." He inhaled deeply, the scents from the other man were so strong he could almost taste them. "You need to work with your wolf. If you learn to work together, you will not be nearly as damaged as you are. Accept it. Accept that you are a wolf. You are not a human. You are something better." He purred low, chest rumbling, "You have a gift."

Remus met Fenrir's gaze, studied it for a long time. If he went through with this, it meant trusting the man before him. Trusting him not to manipulate him in some way, not to convince Moony to stand with him instead of compromising with Remus. Could he truly trust the Alpha like that? Was he really willing to gamble on Fenrir's affection toward him against the need to control his wolf?

He wasn't sure. But obviously what he was doing wasn't working. He wasn't living, he was simply surviving.

"Do I have your word, your vow that you are telling me the truth? That your intentions are what you say they are?" He needed to know. If he was going to release full control to Moony, he needed something to hold to. Something to guarantee that Fenrir won't let him be lost for longer than necessary.

"What exactly do you think my intentions are, Pup?" Fenrir growled. "I have a duty as an Alpha to help little lost whelps like yourself." He clenched his jaw and growled, keeping silent for a long moment before speaking once more. "I am planning on doing what needs to be done to make you understand how to stand as a werewolf. How to accept what you are and stop masquerading as a
I promise to be better just... please let me come back.

There was the flash of heat that usually only happened on the full moon a growl in the back of his head. Moony wasn't going to let him back. This was a bad idea.

Please... Another growl, softer this time, and before he could change his mind, he let go. At first nothing happened and Remus was tempted to open his eyes again. But then he heard it.

We'll see won't we?

Suddenly, his entire expression shifted. His shoulders relaxed, expression shifted into neutral, and when he finally opened his eyes, he wasn't looking up at Fenrir, but was now nearly the same height as the Alpha. He was standing straight, no longer slightly hunched over like he was submitting.

Alpha had proven himself, but Moony wasn't sure if he wanted to obey yet.

This was going to be fun.
Chapter 6

Chapter by AnimalCops

Chapter Notes

Bolded words are Moony! Violence and smut beware.

Fenrir felt the energy change, watched closely as Remus surrendered to his wolf. Almost as sudden was the scent. The fear-smell was leaving slowly, and a new smell had come into play. It was sharp. Almost a lust-smell, Fenrir thought, but not quite. He grinned, baring fangs, and growled low in his chest. The noise he used to command the troops, the noise he used to force obedience. His tone lowered as he spoke, "Why hello there. And just who might you be?"

Moony watched the Alpha, recognizing the power in the growl and yet... It had been so long since he had been able to roam free. What he really wanted was to stretch his legs, so to speak. To poke and prod until he knew where the line was and then blow past it just because he could. But at the same time, he knew this was his sire. That bond demanded respect, no matter what he wanted.

His friends call me Moony. But I hate that name. The corner of his lips twitched as he relaxed against the door. Unlike his feeble human counterpart, he wasn't afraid of the wolf before him. I was hoping that maybe you could give me another, Alpha.

"A new name? What do you call yourself then?" Fenrir moved his hand back to cup the side of the younger man's face. He traced that thumb just under the eye again, watching as the gold overtook the hazel. "Where has the Pup gone?"

Instead of answering Alpha, Moony leaned casually against his hand. The touch was nice, even if he wasn't sure about the wolf behind it. For someone who was so focused on bringing him forth, Alpha was awfully concerned about the human.

He's not here right now. Moony smirked then, gold eyes flashing. As you said. It's my turn to play. Even if he was playing with fire, Moony wanted to see how far he could push the Alpha before he snapped. If Alpha was as feared as Remus knew him to be, then Moony wanted to see it for himself.

"To play?" Fenrir repeated with a snarl. "How do you want to play, Moony?" He applied a bit of
pressure with his thumb, breaking skin just under Remus' eye, warning the wolf not to move, not to act rash. He growled, eyes narrowing. "Just what have you planned during all those years you've been locked away?"

He barely felt the pain, not concerned with a little blood when he already felt it healing. But at the nickname, his grin fell. He really did hate that name.

**Don't worry, Alpha. Your Pup is perfectly safe. He's just having a taste of his own medicine.** Moony's gaze didn't waver before he answered again. **Faelen. I prefer the name Faelen.**

"Faelen, then. *Lovely.*" Fenrir purred. "Some of my finest work, *Faelen*, though, I was not expecting the result." The purr turned low, deadly, angry. Fenrir did not like to repeat himself. "How do you want to play?"

**What if I wanted you to fuck me?** He asked, lips twitching again. **After all, your pup didn't fully enjoy it the first time. He was too busy trying to shut me out.**

Fenrir moved his hand to hold the younger werewolf's chin, turning his head to the side smoothly. He watched the wolf as he did so, alert for any objection, any fight, any disobedience. Fenrir smirked, "And you would enjoy it, Faelen? You want a place in this pack?"

Faelen bit his lip, eyes closing for a moment as his hands moved to close around Fenrir's hips. He knew better than to pull the Alpha, but the intent was there.

**Damn right I do. That school with its rules and chains...** He growled at the thought of being locked up in that god forsaken shack again. **Even you don't know how truly insufferable Dumbledore is. He believes he's tamed me.** Faelen chuckled, the sound anything but pleasant. **Not to mention the little bitch your pup has in his bed every night...**

Fenrir bristled at this. He snarled, claws pressing harder into pale flesh but still not breaking skin. "Someone has laid claim to my Pup? Who?" He clenched his jaw, anger bubbling inside him. Remus was *his* to own. He was Remus' sire and that meant ownership. How dare someone steal away what was rightfully Fenrir's. Something he marked as his own years before. Something that was meant to join the pack and live out his days in harmony with the wolves. "*Tell me.*"

Part of him didn't want to tell the Alpha. If he was going to be part of the pack, he needed some sort of insurance if only to make sure the Alpha wouldn't cast him aside as he had before.
A pure blood of all things. From the famous house of Black. He laughed harshly. Of all the wizard houses your pup could have picked... It was so funny, so ironic. It was like Remus purposely fucked Sirius just to piss the Alpha off. After all, Faelen had been awake when Remus was studying about his kind. The house of Black had a long history of taking dark creatures and forcing them into servitude.

"And you allowed this?" Fenrir hissed. His lips drawn back to bare his teeth in anger. He moved his hand off the younger man's face and drew his arm back before slamming his fist into the iron door once again. Just about in the same spot as before, as well. The metal crumpled forming a bigger dent as the new mark melded with the old. He brought his hand back from the door and growled low, flexing fingers, testing the damage - there was none save for a bit of torn flesh and drawn blood.

Faelen looked back at the Alpha. It wasn't fair for the Alpha to blame him of all people. Faelen had tried to warn Remus, tried to prove to him that the Blacks were not to be trusted.

It's funny that you think I had any choice in the matter. Although.... Faelen smirked as he met Fenrir's anger head on. The bitch is a pretty good fuck when he wants to be. Though you will be pleased that your pup dominates him more often than not.

The hand moved again, wrapping around Faelen's throat, pushing him hard to the door. The growls were still there, still furious, still loud and rash. "And yet... You want me? When you have a bitch back at your castle?"

You're not a bitch now are you? Faelen responded without hesitation, throwing the anger right back at him. The entire time you have been here. Wild, untamed, free to fuck who you want when you want. Your pup is just that. A pup is too weak to take what he wants. Instead, he waits until the pressure he keeps explodes. Faelen smirked.

I take what I can get. Especially since Remus refuses to venture past the barrier. Faelen smirked at the recognition in Fenrir's eyes. Oh yes, I've seen you out there in the forest. Even if Remus was too blind to notice.

Fenrir tightened his grip on the younger man's neck, snarling low. Oh, this little pup could get the best of him, but not for long. "Of course I'm on the grounds of that fucking school. I watch him. I watch him whenever I'm able." He studied Faelen, watching the eyes. Always the eyes. "But you... You do want to be here. To be mine. You want your Alpha to take you."
That's what I said. Faelen smirked, tilting his head back and exposing as much of his neck as he could. He needed this. To be free to feel, to taste and smell and run without having to look through someone else's eyes. He wanted the pain, the control the Alpha would give him. And then he wanted to run headlong against it, just to see if he could make it budge. Your pup learned what it was supposed to feel like, thanks to me. But it's time I felt it for myself, without a translator. Don't you agree, Alpha?

“Of course.” Fenrir growled. He inhaled deeply, before moving his hand away from the young wolf’s neck. He shifted, moving his left hand to Faelen’s shoulder, the right one to his hip. “You deserve it.” He leaned in and bit harshly down on the younger Wolf’s neck, perfectly covering one of the bites from the day before. Fangs sunk in, drawing blood, and Fenrir purred out his pleasure at the taste.

As soon as he felt the teeth pierce his skin, Faelen groaned. Yes... Yes this is what he wanted. He wanted to belong, to be free, to be owned. Remus carried enough around to kill them both at an early age. Faelen much preferred to live his life before the fates decided to cut it short.

The leg that wasn't currently pinned against the door wrapped around Fenrir's hip, hitching him up the door to grind down against the Alpha. There was nothing like being taken by their sire. Remus might fear the man but Faelen.... Faelen knew how addictive that power was.

Fenrir pulled back. He soothed his tongue over the bite, lapping up the freshly spilled blood greedily. His hips thrust forward and ground against the younger man, pushing him harder into the door. When the blood around the wound was cleaned and it was beginning to stitch itself together once more, Fenrir pulled away.

He watched Faelen, blind and working eyes half lidded. He licked the remaining blood from his lips and gave a low purr of pleasure. “Is this how you wish to play?”

Fuck yes. Faelen moaned, his hips moving to meet Fenrir's. He wanted more, needed it. The pleasure, the simple taste of it, wasn't enough. Though I'd- Ahh... wish you'd stop teasing me. He leaned forward, golden eyes staring directly into the Alpha's. I want. You. To. Fuck me.

“Then strip.” Fenrir purred, “And move to the bed.” He disentangled himself from the younger man and took a step back. He crossed his arms over his chest, his eyes never leaving Faelen.

Never being one to break away from a challenge, Faelen pushed off from the door, moving his
arms so that the flannel shirt slipped from his shoulders in a smooth glide. He walked slowly
toward Fenrir, nimble fingers popping the button on his jeans just enough to reveal a sliver of flesh
before he passed by Fenrir to the bed.

He knew how to tease as well, two could play at that game. His back hit the furs, his eyes never
leaving Fenrir as he eased the jeans over his hips, dragging the underwear down with it.

Fenrir let a low growl rise from his chest. He moved swiftly over to the bed, stripping from his
clothes as he went. He liked this new Pup. Confident, proud, strong. He strode to the foot of the
bed, where he stood, looking down on the other man. The amber eye trailed down Faelen's body
and Fenrir smirked. It was almost as though he were an entirely different person just by how he
was holding himself taller and more proud. If it weren't for those telling scars or the mop of curly
brown hair, Fenrir would believe it were another wolf all together.

"Give me a show." Fenrir purred, holding up his hand, showing the sharp claw-like nails, just as he
did with Remus the day before.

Faelen smirked, stripping off his shirt. He laid bare before the Alpha, letting him take in the show
before he whispered a spell. Being in the body of a wizard had its perks sometimes. With his
fingers now slick, he wrapped them around his erection, stroking himself slowly.

Fenrir growled louder. “Prepare yourself, Pup.” Eye moving from slowly teasing strokes to meet
golden eyes. “I’ve no plans to damage my favorite pet.”

A growl echoed from Faelen's lips as he sat up, eyes narrowing. I'm no one's pet. Not even
yours. He never would be again. He wasn't Fenrir's, not Dumbledore's or Remus'. A sort of manic
grin spread his lips as he slid his slick fingers down his thigh before easing the first finger in. And
unlike your pup, I don't mind the pain.

Fenrir snarled, baring red-stained teeth. “I am your Alpha. You are my pet. You are my pack. You
do as I say when I say it.” He watched that hand move smoothly and easily. “You may not mind,
but that is a body you share.”

Will I? Faelen's grin widened. You've never been able to control Remus. He obeys because he
fears you. I have no such restriction. And- Faelen continued when Fenrir snarled again. As you
said, we share a body. And you don't wish to hurt your pup now do you?
The elder wolf moved swiftly, crawling onto the bed to hover over the younger man. He wrapped a hand around that pale throat and squeezed, growling low. "I have killed braver and more loyal wolves than Remus fucking Lupin."

Faelen coughed, tilting his head back slightly. The pain only added to the pleasure and he slipped a second finger in. **I don't doubt that. But you do have a soft spot for your pup. I've seen it.**

Fenrir curled his fingers, claw-like nails raking against the pale column of the younger man's neck. He inhaled deeply as blood bubbled from the wounds, coloring the air between them with a coppery scent. "I have no qualms against punishing those that deserve it. But this Pup lives amongst people that would have no guilt about hunting down my pack and slaughtering them like rats."

**And whose fault is that, Fenrir?** His hand paused for a moment, all teasing aside. The playful nature of the wolf dropped away. **You talking about that as if we had a choice. You take in pups whose parents abandon them? What about the parents that abused us?** He leaned up, strangling himself on Fenrir's hand to get closer to the Alpha.

You bit us and then you abandoned us. To the same man who wanted to see you dead. You talk about being free, about being equal. And yet you left your so called prized pet in a prison of your making. And you wonder why he fears you. Faelen huffed out a laugh. **You are the reason behind every single scar. Because instead of taking us, you abandoned us to die.**

Fenrir put enough pressure to keep Faelen from talking, but not enough to completely cut off air flow. He lowered himself just inches from the younger man's face, the rage evident in that single amber eye. "Your life was the result of the Pup's father's mistakes and misdoings. I take the pups when their parents abandon them after the bite. The Pup's father did not. That is not my fault and I do not feel remorse for what I have done. The scars are your doing, Faelen." Fenrir hissed, teeth clenched, "Your pent up anger, your ferocity and rage because you couldn't work with Remus. Couldn't be a team, so instead, you forced separation. And you're marked from it."

**That's... where you're wrong...** Faelen gasped out, refusing to back down. **We tried, Remus... and I. Remus did...what he... could.. to survive in... that house.** Faelen's head twisted in an attempt to breathe easier. **You don't know.... what.. the moons... were like.. Because... you ... weren't ... there ..**

Fenrir snarled, claws digging harder into the younger man's neck. "You act as though I take the time to fret over each wolf I bite that hasn't joined the pack. You know, children that have been bitten have a very low rate of survival." The elder wolf shifted himself over Faelen's body, knees to
Did you even come back to see if we did? Faelen snarled back, forcing the air through his restricted throat. One would think that you would want to see the expression of anguish on your enemy’s face. He leaned back, closed his eyes and took a breath before continuing.

Countless experiments. Countless attempts at making a cure, locked in a cellar three feet beneath the ground to keep the neighbors from hearing the screams. Golden eyes opened, tinged with red. Not once did you come back. Not until you realized that Dumbledore took us in.

"You think so much of me, yet you put no logic to your thoughts." Fenrir hissed, "You think your fucking survival is paramount in my thoughts when I have a pack to run? When I'm dealing with the slaughter of my people? When I have children to feed? When I have medicine to find?" He snarled, low and deadly, baring fangs. The scent of blood was getting stronger. The anger, the lust-smell, and the blood was enough to make his head swim if he wasn't so focused. "I have more important things to worry about than a Pup that tries to play wizard. A Pup that does not want his gifts. How can I convince such a person when they are too young to understand?"

Do you honestly think he would hate me if you had taught him how to be a wolf? Fenrir was not going to win this argument. Even if he had valid points, it didn't change the fact that Fenrir left them. The only perspectives he had were Lyall's. He didn't know any other life was possible. Faelen's hands moved, palms up and open. You wanted to know what I thought. I think you assumed that we would die. And by the time you realized we didn't it was too late. The damage has been done, Alpha.

Noting that the younger man's hands moved, Fenrir situated himself between still spread legs. He held onto Faelen's neck still, grip tightening in warning. This little one is just proving ignorance and lack of thought. Thinking the picture is small when, really, it is a whole world to consider. "If you had the experience I do, you would never assume anyone bitten would live." He growled. "You're a pup. You're young. You haven't learned. Life isn't as simple as you want it to be, Little One. This is why you're learning now. Your time at your Wizard school is coming to an end and you have a choice to make."

There is no choice to make for me. The one you have to convince is your pup. Faelen smiled again shifting his hips against the Alpha's. If it were up to me, I wouldn't return to that school at all. I'd stay right here.
"I have to convince him?" Fenrir snarled, bucking his hips forward to rut against the other man. "You will have an easier time talking him into the benefits of living life as we do than I. He sways so easily around me, but when he is away from me... cannot smell me... that falls to you."

The shot of pleasure pushed a moan from the younger man's lips, his legs tightening around the Alpha's hips to pull him harder, faster. He was ready, ready and aching and needing.

**I vow to do what I can.** Faelen panted, his hands cupping Fenrir's sides. **But it will... be easier if you... plant the seed.**

"Then you need to give back control..." Fenrir growled low, pushing into the younger man with one long slow thrust. He stilled his hips when he bottomed out, grinding his hips against Faelen's. He moved his hands to grip Faelen's hips and he growled. "If you want me to convince him... you need to let him back out, yes?"

Faelen frowned at the thrust, the pleasure he needed sparking through him. This was what he needed, to be one with his Alpha. **Yes, but you have... no idea how long I've waited for this.** He rolled his hips up, taking more of the Alpha in. **Besides, you wanted a show didn't you?**

Fenrir growled, rolling his hips, grinding forward at an agonizingly slow pace. "What kind of show do you want to give your Alpha, Pup?"

Faelen smiled, fangs revealed as he tightened his hands on Fenrir's hips. In a movement that even Remus would be proud of, he flipped them over and began to grind down, fucking himself on the Alpha's cock. This... oh, this changed everything. The new angle had Fenrir brushing his prostate with each thrust.

**A good one.** Faelen grinned, his tongue running over his fangs slowly.

Fenrir snarled, a loud rumbling breaking through from his throat. He dug his claws into Faelen’s hips, pushing him down completely and forcing him to stay put. The single amber eye narrowed as he looked up at the younger man. He couldn’t deny that this would be a lovely show; but the Alpha in him was raging against being held down on his back.

He clenched his jaw, a strained moment of silence between them before he spoke as he fought with himself. "As long as you still know who is in charge here, Little One."
Oh, I wouldn't dream of challenging you, Alpha. Faelen sighed as he began to move, the pleasure making it harder to think. This felt so good. And they could have this every night, day, hour. Whenever they wanted, if Remus stayed. A moan pushed from his lips as he lifted himself up and down again.

"Good." The elder werewolf moaned deeply, that amber eye never straying from Faelen's form. Fenrir kept shifting his gaze from the younger man's rocking hips to his flush, panting face. He bucked his hips up when Faelen lowered himself, trying to push more noises from those perfect lips.

Faelen gasped, arching with renewed pleasure before leaning slowly. He wondered what Fenrir thought, seeing his pup's body, his pup's face, and seeing it take what it wanted for once. He leaned back again, still slick fingers stroking himself in a tempo half the pace of the thrusts.

This is what he missed, what Sirius could never give them. Faelen's head fell back as he drowned in the pleasure.

Fenrir breathed deeply, inhaling the thick lust-smell that the younger wolf was releasing. He felt a deep moan crawl up from his chest as he continued to thrust into the other man. He thrilled at this, the pleasure rippling across Faelen's body. Wolf right now or not, this was Remus. And Fenrir needed to see more of it, needed to hear more. His nails dug harder into Faelen's hips, deep red liquid slowly tracing its way down pale flesh as a few of his claws broke through the skin. "Gorgeous..." He mumbled, eyes on the blood, on the sharp contrast of color. His chest swelled as he took in the sharp copper tang that added to the strong lust-smell.

Every thrust pushed a moan through his lips. Faelen's voice rose in pitch, his hand tightening, speeding up because he was so close. It was too much, it wasn't enough. They wanted more. Fingers curled tighter. Thumb brushing the head to smear precum. The iron ball of need curling tighter and tighter in the pit of his stomach and then....

Remus cried out as he came into his hand, the world going white instead of dark. Thought was impossible, he had no strength left. His hand stilled, small gasps still escaping as he bounced, hazel eyes looking down into Fenrir's amber. Lust and pleasure had the pupil blown until there was no color left. Even as he was coming down from his high, he couldn't stop the aching need to have the Alpha fill him.

Fenrir let a low growling moan rip from him as he watched the younger man climax. He thrust up several more times, pulling the hips he was holding down to meet him each time. On a final brutal thrust, his hips stuttered and he came, filling up the younger man.
He took in a deep breath, eye searching the man atop him. He licked his lips, head falling back onto soft furs. Fenrir’s hands slowly released bruised and bleeding hips, and he trailed his nails up Remus’ sides as he purred low. “That was certainly a show.”

Remus opened his eyes, unsure of when he had closed them. But feeling Fenrir cum in him, feeling it filling him... it was something he never wanted Sirius to do. And now, without even a thought. He heard Moony chuckle in the back of his head, more clearly than he ever had been before.

You're welcome.

Remus looked down at Fenrir, watching him. His entire body had shifted. Shoulders curled in and down, hands clutched at the furs. He liked this. And none of it made sense.

It will if you listen.

“Pup..?” Fenrir mumbled low, watching Remus shift slightly. He watched as the eyes, clouded as they were in lust from just moments ago, drained of gold. The hazel was coming back, and that meant: “Remus?”

He met Fenrir's eye, studying him for a moment. He wanted nothing more than to lay down, to sleep with the Alpha, his Alpha beside him. But with Moony so close to surface, he could no longer distinguish his wants from his wolf. So he focused on breathing for a moment, studying Fenrir's expression. Was that.... if he didn't know any better, Remus would have thought Fenrir looked concerned.

"Yes." He answered, voice barely audible.

Fenrir heaved a heavy sigh and shifted to sit up. He held Remus by the sides and lifted him up and off of his lap, moving him to lay on the bed. He closed his eyes and ran a hand through his long knotted hair. After a moment he opened his eyes again and looked at Remus. “He let you back then?”

He frowned. Fenrir was not one to feel anything about anyone except mild acceptance and downright hate. But he felt something toward this Pup, lost and battered as he was. He felt the same thing when he looked at the other members of the pack. Responsible. This was something
that he had to take care of. Something he had to handle. But, Fenrir reminded himself, the bigger battle is inside the Pup’s head. Fighting himself like he would another person in battle. It could tear him apart.

He searched Remus’ eyes carefully for any remaining trace of the wolf but found none. Faelen had fallen back far enough. “He was... something.”

Remus felt better when he was laying on the furs beside Fenrir. The wounds on his hips were already closing and yet… Yet he craved Fenrir's touch. He curled on his side, facing the Alpha but not looking at him.

"I never knew what it was like for him. For Moony to be locked up like that...." Remus curled himself tighter. "No wonder he hates me."

Fenrir turned to look down at the younger man. He sighed once more and reached out to gently pat the mop of brown curls. He was no good at this. Not good at feelings. Emotions. He didn’t do heart to heart conversations. That’s what Kurt was for. But he couldn’t just ship Remus off to Kurt. Fenrir mumbled. “I do not think he hates you, Little One. He is frustrated. But those things fade over time. You can learn to work with him rather than against him.”

Remus was quiet for a long moment, allowing the soft movements in his hair to soothe him. His mother used to do this when he was younger, and Remus had forgotten how much he missed it.

He lay there for a long moment, lost in his thoughts. With his body satisfied, he was more than comfortable with falling asleep right there. "I don’t blame you." He whispered after a moment, eyes slipping closed. "Not like he does." No.... if he was being honest, he blamed his father for everything.

Fenrir snorted and rolled his eyes. His hand stilled in Remus’s hair but didn’t move away. He looked up at the hole in the ceiling, frowning at the daylight that streamed into the room. He was glad he did not do this at night when Remus’ wolf would have been stronger. He glanced back at the young man curled up in the furs that graced his bed. “Well, I suppose that’s good. Though that wolf of yours certainly did seem to take a liking to me.”

Remus huffed out a laugh. "Yeah. I could tell." He opened a single eye to look up at Fenrir. "He always was impulsive around you. For the longest time I thought it was my thinking."
Fenrir smirked, showing fangs. "Wolves can be impulsive, Little One. I'm sure some of that is your thinking as well. Though," He said, ruffling Remus' hair once more, oddly comforting, which was about the only thing about Fenrir that could be called such. "I do think that your wolf wants to come out more. Perhaps you can speak with him about that."

He hummed, almost liquid on the bed. Even if he was starting to feel disgusting. He started to reach for his wand before remembering he didn't have it.

"Well, I'm sure that wasn't the only lesson was it?" He asked as he sat up. He bit back a wince. Sirius usually wasn't this enthusiastic. And twice in less than 24 hours was pushing his limits.

"No, Pup. Far from it, really." He got up from the bed and stretched, arms over his head, rolling his shoulders for a moment after he lowered them again. He glanced at the younger man and nodded toward the sorry excuse for a bathroom. "Do you want another bath?"

"Seeing as someone refused to let me bring my wand along..." Remus shot back, actually joking with Fenrir. He stood, sighed as his bones cracked. Merlin, he was such an old man. One would think that Moony would be more gentle. Maybe they could talk about that as well. "I would appreciate it."

"Oh," Fenrir's eyes went a little wide at Remus' joking tone. "Well, Little One, that's a shame, yes?" He walked to the bathroom doorway, waiting for Remus before entering and turning the tap in the bathtub so the water began to run. "We have potions to get you feeling better if you need one. But, a bath for you first. And afterwards, we will continue the lesson. Understood?"

"Okay." He was too tired to argue. Or well. Maybe tired wasn't the word. He was relaxed enough to feel sleepy. Something he never thought he would feel around Fenrir. He found a small towel, dampened it with the water pouring into the tub and began to clean himself. The drying cum was beginning to itch and he didn't want to wait until the tub was full.

Fenrir watched him. He studied the almost methodical way that the younger man cleaned himself of the evidence of their previous activities. It was almost as if it were something he had done dozens of times before. And Fenrir snarled to himself, remembering what Faelen had said about the *bitch* at the castle. Just another reason to try and sway Remus to stay at the Den. The elder man turned the water off when it was nearly full; Remus was done fighting. He did not have to worry about the wolf drowning himself.

"You can get in. It's warm and full up." He moved away from the bathtub, sitting down on the closed toilet seat as he had done before. The porcelain was fiercely cold against his naked flesh
since he hadn't pulled on any clothes before coming into the bathroom. But he paid it no heed besides a low sigh as his eyes tracked Remus' movements.

He had cleaned most of himself when he heard the water shut off. He slipped into the tub and sighed as the heat began to relax his muscles even more. Then, a thought hit him.

"How do you have plumbing all the way out here?" He asked, turning to look at Fenrir. And in a cave no less.

Fenrir smiled slowly and tilted his head to the side, watching Remus carefully. "Wizards and magic can be useful. I do hate them so very much. But I went to that loathsome castle just as you did. Myself and a few other of the werewolves that can do magic were able to get running water. It's not exactly plumbing but," He shrugged. "It's close enough."

That... was not the reaction he was expecting. He knew Fenrir was a wizard but.... to have gone to Hogwarts.... he distantly wondered if Dumbledore had been headmaster at the time.

"You did?" He was still shocked. "What house were you in?" He couldn't help but ask. And if he went to school that meant that he had a wand around somewhere.

“I assume you think I was put into Slytherin, hm?” Fenrir mused. He leaned forward, setting his forearms on his knees. He kept his eye on the other man, studying him. “I’m an evil person so people always assume as such.” He gave a small shrug of his shoulders once more. “The hat got stuck on me for a while, couldn’t choose between houses. But I was placed in Gryffindor ultimately. Leadership qualities, bravery, determination, all that nonsense. I never got to graduate though.”

"I've learned that not everyone in Slytherin is evil." Remus thought of Sirius' brother, someone who was thrust into a world he never wanted to be a part of simply because he had no other option. How many other slytherins were stuck in the same boat? James and Sirius hadn't understood but he did.

"And honestly, I would have guessed Ravenclaw." He began to wash himself, slowly dragging the cloth against his skin. As nice as baths were, he almost desperately wished for his wand. He felt emotionally naked without it.

“Hn, intelligence ,” Fenrir hummed softly. “That was one of them.” He held up three fingers, “The hat couldn’t decide between Slytherin, Ravenclaw, or Gryffindor. I’m not much for books though.
I’m more of a street smarts sort of person.” He tilted his head to the other side, “Don’t need book smarts when you live in the woods anyway.”

Remus shrugged. "I'd beg to differ. Books are useful for what herbs, mushrooms and berries are edible. Also learning about the wildlife around you. Well, for us city folk anyway. Knowledge is knowledge, no matter where it comes from."

"So wise, Little One. And why weren't you put in Ravenclaw?" He quirked an eyebrow. "Surely you're brainy enough. Was it because those smart little birds would so easily find out your secret?"

Remus shrugged again, resting against the edge of the tub. "The sorting hat didn't hesitate. He was on my head barely five seconds before sorting me." He gazed up to the ceiling. "I don't like to study, but I'm good at it because I have to be. And besides, my father is a Ravenclaw. I don't know, I guess I like being in a house that's different from his."

"It suits you, Pup." Fenrir mused, watching closely as the younger man shifted. "And those lions accept a wolf in their pride, it is quite impressive. Didn't happen like that in my time." He leaned back against the tank of the toilet and crossed his arms over his bare chest.

Remus' smile was gentle as he nodded. "I never thought they would accept me. I never thought I'd have friends." or a lover. But Remus left that part unsaid.

"They not only accepted me they're..." He paused, thinking about how to word it. "They're with me through everything. I see them right before the moon and when I wake up again they're there. Right beside my bed." He couldn't tell the wolf they were animagi. If he couldn't tell Dumbledore, he certainly won't tell Fenrir.

“Ah, how touching.” Fenrir huffed a breath. “Times are certainly changing, yes? Soon enough, a werewolf in the Ministry.” He gave a snort of laughter at his own comment. “Gryffindors are so stupid and loyal.”

Remus flushed, feeling a pinprick of hurt. That's what he was planning, not that he'd think it would actually work. But if he could prove that he was just as good, if not better than the rest of them, that his condition didn't define him...

"I think a werewolf in the Ministry would be a good thing. It would give not only us, but possibly all dark creatures a voice, you know?" He glanced up at Fenrir. "I've already decided that I'm not
going in the registry. Not until I absolutely have to."

Fenrir snorted again, meeting Remus’ eyes with his own narrowed. “Dark creatures don’t get a voice, Little One. That’s why we hide. And you’ll have to register either when you’re discovered - though that will go quite bad if you’re discovered and unregistered - or when you turn 18.”

He let out a long sigh, moving a hand to rub absentmindedly at his blind eye. He frowned. Dark creatures getting a voice. It was laughable. But the boy didn’t know. He had no idea how the world outside that school was going to treat him. And when he found out he would surely be begging to join the pack.

So Remus had 4 more months of freedom. Four more months of everyone believing he was just like them. He sank lower in the water which was now starting to chill. He should get out but....

Would Dumbledore force him to register? Or McGonagall? That was a thought that he really didn’t want to think about.

“Just keep hiding best you can, Pup. If you hide, they can’t make you do anything.” He gave Remus a small smile, not comforting when it came from him. Not really. “Many of the wolves here, including the children, are unregistered. The Ministry has a tough time keeping track of werewolf attacks on the full. It’s why we spread ourselves so thinly across the country when we need to grow, you see.”

That... made a lot of sense actually. Remus was already warming to the idea of being part of a pack, but he couldn’t leave James, Sirius and Peter behind. Not when they had so many plans. Not when Dumbledore was already trying to enlist them.

"All I can do is my best." He sighed and stood, standing for a moment so that the water ran off of his skin. The air was freezing and he shivered, crossing his arms tightly over his chest as he stepped out of the tub.

Fenrir moved swiftly, standing from his seat on the toilet to move across the small room and pick up a towel. He brought it over to Remus and held it out. He frowned. “You need to do better than your best. You don’t know what’s beyond your school years. You don’t know Wizarding society, Little One. Ask any of the wizards here, they’ll tell you.”

"I have an idea." He replied, taking the towel and drying himself off. He thought of Snape, of the
vile, thinly veiled hints he kept throwing at him.

He knew finding paid work would be hard. He knew surviving on his own would be near impossible. McGonagall had told him as much at the meeting that had decided his future. But at the same time...

"I can't leave them, Fenrir. Not with the impending war brewing. I can't just... hide away and do nothing."

Fenrir snarled and crossed his arms. “War,” He spat venomously. “This war is no good. Two sides that want ill for my pack. One wants to kill us like vermin, one wants to use us as bloodthirsty war machines. It’s all about picking the lesser of two evils.” His mind strayed to the children and he let loose a loud, angry growl. This war was coming and his pack was in danger, lives were at stake. He knew he would have to choose. But for now, he would continue avoiding either side. “I don’t trust any of it.”

"Neither do I to be honest." He wrapped the towel around his waist, looking up to Fenrir again. "But it's not like we can avoid it forever."

“We can do our damndest to try.” He growled. “Give me a moment.”

He walked past the younger man and drained the bathtub of dirty water before turning the shower head on and watching water rain down. He waited a few moments, hand under the falling water, until it warmed. Stepping into the bathtub, Fenrir sighed softly when the water hit him. He didn’t take long; he washed quickly and efficiently as he always did.

“We can continue your lesson. Or you can eat. Decide.” Fenrir murmured as he washed his hair.

"I'd rather continue." Remus bent down to pick up his clothes and shrugged them back on, trying not to get distracted by the water running down Fenrir's skin.
Remus had no idea how he was going to go back now. Hogwarts felt years away. Most disturbing was that he hadn't thought of Sirius since the first night. Remus frowned, not sure how he was going to explain this.

The elder wolf turned off the water when he deemed himself clean enough. He walked to the towels and grabbed one, drying his hair first. He glanced over at Remus and quirked an eyebrow. “Have you ever gotten into a fight before, Pup?”

That... Remus didn't like where this was going but he turned slowly. If Fenrir was going to suddenly attack him....

"Are you speaking in wolf terms or human terms?" He had gotten into his share of scuffles, relying on his wolf instincts to obtain the upper hand. But it was usually to dispel a fight already in progress. Only once did he purposely start and finish a fight with Lucius Malfoy. That bastard needed to rot in hell.

“I’m speaking in both terms, Little One.” Fenrir said, meeting Remus’ eyes. He looked away again, drying his body with the towel as he walked through the doorway back into the bedroom.

“I met your wolf,” He continued, pulling on clean clothes. “From his attitude, I’m sure you’ve lost control a few times if pushed too far. Unable to hold him back.”

Remus frowned, wondering what exactly Moony had said to give Fenrir that impression.

"I've only initiated a fight once. Against one of the Malfoy heirs." Remus shrugged. "He made a comment about mixed blood on the eve of the full. But otherwise I'm pretty good at holding myself
back. It would be too easy to seriously hurt someone. I don't need any more rumors about me than there already are."

Fenrir blinked and then laughed; a harsh, throaty noise that sounded as though it hurt him to release it. But there was a toothy smile painted on his face. “A fight with a Malfoy? Oh, you daring little Pup!” He turned to face the younger man, motioning offhandedly. “Can you think of what our next lesson is?”

Remus sighed, rubbing a hand against his forehead. "I already have enough scars... isn't there some other way we can do this?"

Fenrir moved closer to him, looking down at him. "You don't want to fight me, Pup? Well, we're working on training your wolf.” He leaned down, his voice lowering, "If you really don't want to fight me, I have other ideas."

Remus couldn't look away, Moony shivering in anticipation. If... well they did need to help him with Moony.

"No.. no it's fine. I just. I don't like to fight unless there is a reason."

The elder man moved his hand and traced along Remus' jaw with his finger. He purred low, "There is a reason. You need to learn to channel your wolf. Become one with him. Not separate yourself. Not wait until you snap," He took Remus' jaw in his hand, "Not hide and wait and regret until the full."

Remus gently pushed Fenrir's hand away. He didn't like this. He wasn't a violent person and he didn't want to become one for the sake of becoming one with his wolf.

"Alright then. How do we start?"

Fenrir took a step back and raised his arms. "Hit me."

Remus had to bite back a laugh. How many times had he wanted to beat the man before him to a bloody pulp? It was amazing how much had changed in 24 hours. Remus breathed in and let it go.
Let's give him what he wants shall we?

But if he finds out we've been holding back-

Exactly. Pretend it's that pure blood bothering your loverboy.

Remus frowned at that but didn't respond. Then, he took a step forward and put his entire body into the punch. It was faster than he usually moved, probably because Moony was helping him, and slammed his fist into Fenrir's jaw.

The elder man's head moved with the punch but he didn't move from his spot. He turned his head back from the side and he smiled slowly. He touched his lip and moved his hand to look at it. He smirked when he saw the lack of blood on his hand. "Weak." He spat. He moved swiftly, fluidly, faster than Remus could track. He moved to stand behind the younger man and leaned to purr in his ear. "You can go faster. You can be stronger. You can be a wolf when you're still human."

Remus shuddered when he felt the hot breath brush his ear. He had barely seen Fenrir move, and he was sure that was due to Moony's reflexes. He turned his head slightly, the hint of gold edging around the hazel green.

"I guess I have to let him have control then?"

"No," Fenrir said softly, tilting his head to the side slightly. He met Remus' eyes and studied him. "He does not have to be in control. You need to channel him. You need to work together. Try to move as I did. Speed and stealth, Little One."

Remus studied Fenrir for a moment before he closed his eyes. He could feel Moony there and Remus tried to relax, to let Moony in enough. To see what the wolf would do. He could feel it.... Moony wanted to impress Alpha. Moony wanted to stay with the pack.

I do too. There was a chuckle in the back of his mind and then he was moving. It almost felt like he floated instead of moving, turning around and slamming Fenrir back against the door, hand around his throat. He only stayed there for a moment before letting him go. He didn't want to initiate a challenge.

Fenrir laughed, fangs glinting in the sunlight that shone down from the ceiling. He kept his eye on
Remus, and he moved forward so he was just inches from him. He leaned down slightly, so their faces were mere inches apart. The elder man breathed out, his voice a pleased purr. "Wonderful, Pup... You're meant for so much more than magic. How did that feel?"

Remus thought about it, trying to put the feeling into words, "It felt... odd. Like it was me but, I was moving faster than should be possible." It was slower than apparating but at the same time,... no, he had felt this before. Everyone had always said that he had some of the fastest reflexes in the school. James had been trying to get him on the quidditch team as a keeper until he found out about Moony. Even then he still dropped a comment now and then. "It also felt natural. I didn't have to think about it."

Fenrir purred, reaching out to trace under Remus’ eye with a clawed finger. He watched the gold dance within the hazel and smirked. “Because you are a wolf, my pet. There are reasons that the Dark Lord wants my pack on his side of the war. We are not just useful on the night of the full. We have extraordinary skills every day. Speed, stealth, strength, and healing that wizards cannot compare to.”

"But you're not thinking about joining him, right?" He couldn't imagine. Being torn in two separate ways. He knew James and Sirius were already planning to convince Dumbledore to let them fight. Remus had previously agreed to join them, but if that put him on the opposite side... of the Alpha before him....

Remus didn't know what he would do.

“I must do whatever will protect my pack, Little One.” He frowned and moved back to stand in front of Remus. “I am sure Dumbledore will never ask me of all people to join the side of the light.” He snorted and crossed his arms over his chest, suddenly looking uncomfortable. His brow furrowed and frown deepened. “If the Dark Lord threatens my pack, I have a duty to protect them.”

Remus nodded, knowing that was the answer he would have to accept for now. Because for now, he needed to continue training.

"What's next?"

“I think,” Fenrir exhaled slowly, watching the younger man carefully for any sign of weakness. “I want to put you on the hunting party tonight. I will have to speak to Kurt as we already had someone else but... it would be good for you. If you think you can handle that, Little One?” He arched a brow in question.
If he were to take the young wolf on a hunt, he would learn so much faster. Faelen would be able to show Remus how to track prey, how to make killing blows, how to move silently and in the shadows. But Fenrir was not quite sure if the human side of Remus could handle such a thing.

Remus' eyes widened in surprise. Fenrir wanted him on the hunting party? Was he insane?

"Are you sure that's wise? I don't know... anything about hunting." Not to mention that Kurt already didn't like him. Remus really didn't want to make things worse.

"I will teach you." Fenrir looked Remus up and down. This Pup could learn. He walked around the younger man, slowly, as if circling prey. Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest and felt a low rumble rise up. "You will need to learn eventually, yes?"

"Well, yeah, but the first night? Don't you think that it's a little soon?" He could feel Moony stirring in the background, but he couldn't tell what the wolf thought about it.

**Free. We would be free to run. Not like on the moons.**

Remus bit his lip nervously. "Kurt already doesn't like me. I don't need to prove how inept I am as well..."

Fenrir felt a smirk curve his lips and he purred low. He stopped in front of Remus and looked down at him, "Afraid my Beta dislikes you, Pup? Why is that? As long as I *like* you, you will be able to stay in the pack."

He didn't want to admit that he wanted Kurt to like him. Because Kurt was Fenrir's second, his right hand. It almost felt like he had to fight for the Beta’s approval for a place in the pack.

"It's not that. It's...." He couldn't look up at Fenrir, not when he could already feel the need stirring up in him again. He gave Moony a shove and focused.

"I've always had to prove myself to everyone. But you and your pack, it's different." It was more important than the wizarding world. Because they would fall away, and eventually Remus knew he would need the pack at some point to survive. Both he and Moony knew it was inevitable.
"Different? Why? The pups and much of the pack already enjoy your company, Little One." Fenrir traced a claw lightly down Remus' cheek and lowered his voice, "Worry not, my pet, if I go hunting with you, we will not return home empty handed."

Remus shivered, beginning to lean into the touch before he caught himself. It had to be the bond. The wolf and his Alpha. Remus couldn't think of any other reason why he was drawn so strongly to Fenrir.

Remus bit his lip again, meeting Fenrir's gaze. He was terrified, Moony was excited. It was a whirlwind of emotions tugging him in vastly different directions.

The elder werewolf stood straight and walked around the other man. "Come, Pup. It's getting late, we need to go hunting before it gets dark, and I need to catch Kurt before he hands out the orders." He glanced over his shoulder as he paused by the door. "He just needs to warm up to you. I have never had any problem with Kurt, but if he does something to you; I expect you to tell me."

"Of course." He honestly doubted he would actually say anything. He was too good at keeping things buried. But the look in Fenrir's eye had him nervous. So when Fenrir led the way out, Remus stayed back, letting the Alpha talk to his Beta in peace. He couldn't stop the smile when the children ran up to him, tugging him toward the corner they had claimed to show him a game they created.

Fenrir moved over to where Kurt was standing toward the back of the large communal area. He kept his eyes on Remus as he spoke, not trusting him to go far. The elder man crossed his arms over his chest and growled, "I know I told you to give hunting duties to Stephanie, but I want to bring Remus instead." He narrowed his eyes, watching the young man speak enthusiastically to the children. "His wolf... hm... His wolf is one I would quite like to keep in the pack."

Kurt's eyes narrowed as he studied the Alpha before switching to look at the new, unknown wolf. Granted, he was good with the pups. Surprisingly. But including him in the hunting party was dangerous.

"Are you sure that's wise?" He asked softly. Hunting parties... well, they were technically at their strongest and most vulnerable. They were using their wolf's senses while retaining their human minds.

"Wise?" Fenrir smirked, his voice lowered to a pleased lilt, "No, not wise. I think it may be quite
fun, though. I will be going with him, so we will bring back food for the pups." He looked from Remus to Kurt, noting the look that his Beta had written across his face. "I've been needing some fun, Kurt. This... This will be fun."

Kurt didn't think it would be much fun, however it was not his place to say. Fenrir did need to relax a little. With the growing wizard threat, the one thing they all needed was to have fun.

"Alright then. I'll get the hunters ready then. I sure hope he knows what to expect." He started to turn before he noticed Fenrir's grin. "Is there anything I need to tell the hunters before we move out?"

Fenrir stood straight and rolled his shoulders, eyes moving back to Remus. "If they hear the Pup screaming, don't bother coming to the rescue. Tell them to go North."

"Of course." Kurt nodded and left with the corner of his lips twitching. The screams might upset some of the other wolves, he knew that Sophie had taken to Remus rather quickly. But orders were orders. And they would follow no matter what.

Fenrir strolled over to where Remus was speaking with a few of the children and he set a heavy hand on the younger werewolf's shoulder. "Enjoying yourself, Little One?" He glanced down at the teenager and smirked.

He was ready for the young man to realize how much he belonged in a pack, how much his wolf needed what the pack could provide. All the pieces were falling into place, and Fenrir thrilled at it. The boy may have thought pack life to be animal before, but with success, Fenrir could make him see that it was what he needed in life. Werewolves did not belong living amongst wizards. Werewolves needed their own. Werewolves needed the comfort and safety and home of others like them. If Remus kept to his wizard life, he would soon learn just how they really thought of monsters like him.

Remus glanced up at Fenrir, halting in one of the Beedle the Bard stories he had been telling the children. Some of them rose to stand around the Alpha.

"Alpha, he was telling us fairytale stories."

"Is it time to go?" Remus asked hesitantly, the iron ball in the pit of his stomach tightening with nerves.
"Ah," Fenrir said, voice swiftly transitioning to the tone he used with the children. That soft, almost musical tone, that pushed the Alpha vibes he gave out. "I'm sorry, Pups. Remus is going to learn to hunt. He can tell you more stories when we return, alright?" He gave a squeeze to Remus' shoulder, claws digging through cloth, a subtle warning about the type of stories to be told.

Stephanie came over, calling the pups back further into the den. She nodded at Fenrir. "Happy hunting, Alpha." In a moment she was gone, with the children relaying the Babbity Rabbity story Remus had been telling them.

He stood, watching them go. "I remember your warning. I've kept to the stories of Beedle the Bard." Remus glanced toward Fenrir. "At least they know that those stories are just that."

"Good." He grunted, pleased that Remus was obeying his previous warnings. "Now, come." Fenrir moved toward the entrance of the cave, speaking to Remus as he walked. "We will walk a bit, and I want you to work with your wolf."

Remus took a deep breath and let it out slowly as he followed Fenrir out of the cave. The other wolves, hunters he assumed since they were donning small knives to their belts, were off toward the side of the mouth; Kurt looking up as they passed. Remus nodded in greeting and was surprised when Kurt nodded back, even if his expression was reserved.

"So will it be like before? I have to relax and let Moony in?"

“Indeed.” He grabbed a single dagger off a shelf toward the entrance of the cave. He stopped and held it out for Remus to take, holding the blade between his fingers. “You’ll need this.”

Remus didn't like the feeling of the knife in his hand. It felt wrong. It was lighter than he expected despite it's weighted appearance. The blade looked like it had been sharpened from stone, the hilt made of wood.

The hilt hit his hand perfectly and somehow that made him both uneasy and encouraged.

"Okay." He replied slowly as he met Fenrir's gaze, his own hazel eyes hazed with gold. "Now what?"
“Now we move.” Fenrir growled. He left the cave, ducking under the branches that helped shield the entrance from view. Fenrir turned his head to watch over his shoulder as Remus left the cave behind him. He jerked his head, motioning toward the forest. “You need to focus on your wolf. Tell me; what are you feeling, Little One? Focus.”

It was hard to describe what Moony was feeling when he was so terrified.

Then let me take over.

Remus didn't like it, but he had to admit that Moony had more experience with things like this. Or well, he wanted to learn. So Remus closed his eyes, opening them a moment later. He could still feel his body moving, but he wasn't in control of it. It was a very odd feeling indeed.

"Free." A small smile flashed across his face as they moved. "Being out here, away from stone walls it's...." strange. Because Remus was talking while Moony was moving. Was this what Fenrir meant? "I don't think I've ever felt so free."

Fenrir purred low, “Wonderful, my pet. And feel the wind, smell it. Can you scent anything?” He glanced over at Remus as they moved, noting when he began to walk more fluidly, as though he had suddenly become one with the forest around them.

He smelled the dirt, the sun warmed leaves, the scent of water, but not rain. And, Moony noted, he smelled another animal. But not another wolf, even if he did hear the rest of the pack coming up behind them. He could almost... yes. Another deer, maybe even a fowl.

"I smell the forest, the foliage and.... venison? He looked to Fenrir for confirmation. Moony knew what animals smelled like. He didn't.

“Good. Come. Quietly.” Fenrir growled low, slinking between two trees and walking a small distance. He stopped suddenly, holding an arm out to halt Remus as well. He watched through the branches of ancient trees, and nudged Remus.

A large buck had its head down and was grazing. It chewed slowly on a mouthful of grass, lifting its head as it did so. The large brown eyes blinked slowly and the ears atop its head twitched every so often. That small tail flicked as the wind ruffled its fur. The antlers posed a risk to the wolves that were seeking it, but Fenrir would pay them no heed.
He kept his voice low, speaking just loud enough for Remus to hear. “Delicious, yes..?”

Moony was about to agree when the buck looked at him. Remus froze, paralyzed. No… no, no, what was he doing out here? Or…. or maybe he wasn't as far from the castle as Remus thought. Which that in of itself was terrifying.

He had to play this carefully. Even Moony could understand that attacking this particular stag was not a good idea.

"It actually looks kind of small, don't you think?" Golden eyes glanced toward Fenrir. "This one is hardly worth the effort."

Fenrir turned his head to look at the younger man. He arched a brow in question. “Too small? There’s enough meat on him to feed the pups for days.”

His lips slid into a grin. "I've seen bigger." He whispered leaning closer to Fenrir. "After all, this isn't the first time I've been in these woods. Is it, Alpha?"

Fenrir smirked. “Oh, my special Little One, fear not. My pack is still so far from your school.” He shifted, turning away from the deer to face Remus. He walked forward slowly, threateningly, forcing Remus to take steps back. “I would not risk my pack. I wouldn’t put them somewhere dangerous.” He reached out and gripped Remus’ chin, forcing their eyes to meet. “Would you tell? Would you tell your wizards where my pack lives? Would you put the pups in danger?” He lowered his voice even more so, forcing out a low growl. “I’d have to kill you.”

"Of course not." Remus growled back. He would never put the lives of innocents in danger. The fact that Fenrir could even suggest a thing had a growl pushing from his throat. "But if you expect me to trust you, you need to trust me." His eyes narrowed as his voice lowered. "You do not want to harm that stag."
Chapter 8

Chapter by AnimalCops

Chapter Notes

A dash of violence, a dash of smut, and oh! What's this? A plot point!

Kurt caught up with the Alpha some 20 yards down wind and he saw it. The stag was magnificent, bigger than most others in the area and could easily last them twice as long. He hadn't seen the Alpha give the order to move in, so Kurt motioned for the other hunters to encircle it.

“What’s so special about this one?” Fenrir snarled at Remus. He twitched suddenly at the sound of a branch snapping. He turned his head and realized the buck had heard the noise as well. It was frozen in place, staring in the direction the noise came from. He glanced at Remus and hissed. “You better act fast then. I hear the others. They must have spotted the stag as well.”

He couldn't reveal their secret. They had all sworn an oath. If anyone found out what they did..... but Fenrir wouldn't harm the pack. He hated wizards and their world so if Moony told him the truth then why would he care if the animal before them was breaking wizarding law? Especially when he was doing so to help moony out during the full?

"Because that isn't a stag.” Moony growled, jerking his face out of Fenrir's hand. He had timed it perfectly, making it look like he had lost his balance to stumble backward. Even if Fenrir caught him, Moony’s hand shot out against the bushes, making a noise loud enough to snap the buck out of its fright. It ran off into the woods.

Kurt growled when the stag suddenly shot off through the thicket. The hunters moved as one, following the beast in a tight formation as if they shared one mind.

Fenrir growled low, “What the fuck are you talking about?” He clenched his fist and watched the stag run off. He huffed an irritated breath when a few members of his pack crossed into the opening it had been standing in to follow it. He looked down at the younger man who had fallen to the ground in his stumble. “Can your special stag out run them or do you need to go help it?”

Faelen didn't wait to answer Fenrir. As soon as he saw the other wolves give chase, he went after them with a dangerous growl ripping from his lips. No one hurt his pack. The stag may not be wolf, but he was still part of Faelen's pack. And he would kill anyone who attempted to hurt him.
Including the Alpha now chasing him.

It didn't take long to catch up with the Hunters, Moony running past them to the Beta. Because if he stopped the Beta, he would stop the pack in general. He could still see the stag, running as quickly as his legs could carry him but he wasn't fast enough.

*Hurry*

Faelen roared, leaping onto Kurt to force him to the ground. Kurt snarled in response, trying to throw Faelen off as they tumbled onto the ground in a tangle of limbs and claws.

It had worked, the hunting party had stopped and the stag disappeared into the forest. After what seemed like no time at all, Faelen had pinned Kurt to the ground, however the Beta didn't stay there for long. He threw the much younger wolf off with a flash of claws, drawing three thin lines of crimson across Faelen's cheek. Faelen didn't fight him, but he wasn't going to let the Beta go after the stag either. The two stood, Kurt rubbing the blood away from his split lip.

"What the *fuck* was that for?"

"That is not a stag you want to kill."

"Oh yeah, and why in the bloody hell would we take orders from *you*?"

Fenrir roared when he caught up with the others. "What the *fuck* was that?!" He snarled, baring fangs, temper exploding. Immediately he turned on Faelen, bearing down on him furiously. "Taking food out of my pack’s mouths without a fucking explanation?!"

He turned his head to look at Kurt and growled through clenched teeth. “Go. Home. **NOW**.”

The other wolves didn't hesitate, they immediately moved back toward the cave. Kurt didn't however, he stayed where he was for a moment. He knew that Fenrir could handle himself, but part of him wanted to stay, simply because the Alpha's *pup* was much stronger than he first appeared. But with another growl at Remus, he followed the other hunters back through the trees.
"There wasn't time for an explanation." Faelen roared back. "That stag isn't an animal, he's a wizard. A student at Hogwarts and part of my pack. There is a reason he is larger than the others in the surrounding forest. If your hunters had killed him, Dumbledore would have noticed. I just saved your entire pack from having to relocate."

Fenrir wrapped a hand around the younger man’s throat, digging claws into the pale flesh. He moved heavily and forced Faelen’s back into a tree, holding him there, making sure he couldn’t move. Couldn’t weasel out of this.

A wizard running around his forest as a stag. How many more were there? How much had they seen?

He snarled loudly, tightening his hold on Faelen’s neck. “How many more? It fucking knows we’re here now. We’ll have to fucking relocate anyway, goddamn fucking-“ He let out a fierce roar in Faelen’s face, rage pouring from him.

"He's the only one that is a stag. There are two other animagi in the castle and Dumbledore doesn't know about them. The stag won't tell anyone. Not since he knows I'm with you." He held up his hands in surrender, even as the world started to blacken around the edges.

Remus continued, "That's why I thought we were closer to the grounds. It doesn't make sense for him to be out this far, especially since it isn't a full." His voice was barely a whisper, but Faelen didn't make any sudden moves. He didn't want to have to fight the Alpha in front of him. He knew he wouldn't come out of that fight without serious injuries, if he came out of it at all. His eyes met the Alpha's. "He only transforms to help me on the fulls. It's easier being around the others." He strained, trying to get enough air in his lungs to speak. The black had now blocked out everything but Fenrir's face. "Don't... hurt Remus... when around."

Fenrir roared again, and he threw the teenager to the ground. He clenched his fists and stood there, seething for a moment. Just a heartbeat. And then he struck out, clawing the tree that the teenager had just been pressed against, ripping bark away from the it and leaving enormous marks. He looked down at Faelen.

“How do you fucking know he won’t say anything?” He snarled, fists clenching again, taking a heavy step toward the boy. “If anything happens to my pack, I will find you. I’ll fucking rip your throat out. I’ll skin you. I’ll turn your fucking friends.”

He couldn’t remember the last time he felt this furious. This betrayed. He should have listened to Kurt.
The moment he was free, Faelen sucked in the first gasp of sweet air, coughing even though his throat was on fire. He was pretty sure he hadn't been wrong. Oh, if he was wrong, and he had done all of this for nothing...... Remus agreed with him. That was a first. But Faelen didn't respond to his host as he turned to look at the Alpha. He knew the threats were real, and despite Remus' objections, he felt the same way. But he knew Remus was the best one to calm Fenrir down, so he didn't mind slipping into the background.

"Fenrir..." His voice was raw, but Remus pushed through the pain. he needed to know. The Alpha deserved to know how he felt.

"I'm sorry. I had no idea that he would be out here. If I had, I would have told you. But that...." Remus closed his eyes, wincing as he swallowed before opening them again. "He's my best friend. We already have held back secrets from Dumbledore. From the entire school. He won't say anything because we have a pact, the four of us. They wouldn't do anything to jeopardize my safety while I'm with you. And once I return, I swear to you I'll make sure nothing happens to your pack." He stood again on shaky legs. "I would never let anything bad happen to them. And I'm... We're sorry for attacking Kurt. It was the only way we knew of to stop the hunters."

“You will apologize to him and the others when we get back. You got what you deserved.” He snarled, reaching out and running a finger down the harshest wound across Remus’ face. “We need to find food. I will not let the children go without because of a mangy fucking mutt like you.” He bared his teeth. “I swear to the moon, pet. If you cause any ill to come upon my pack...”

Remus had to fight to resist flinching, and the pain was almost a welcome relief to the Fenrir's fury. He had never been on the receiving end of it before, not really. And both he and Moony agreed that they never wanted to witness his anger again.

"If any ill befalls your pack it won't be because of me or my friends. You have my word." He was more than willing to help the Alpha with the hunt. Moony still wanted to learn, was eager to, and was severely annoyed at Prongs for making the Alpha suspect him. They would have to get back on his good graces, and both Remus and Faelen were willing to go whatever it took to do so.

Fenrir felt a low growl escape him and that sparkling amber eye narrowed even more. “We’re moving. Let’s go.” He turned and walked back toward where they had come. He let out a shaky exhale and growled low to himself. He was still angry and it wouldn’t subside. He paused a moment in his walk to strike out at another tree, leaving harsh gashes in the bark of it. And after a short pause, he began to walk again.

He called over his shoulder to Remus. “And don’t fucking think about running away.”
"The thought never crossed my mind, Alpha." Remus' voice shifted as Moony took over. There was another deer nearby. He could hear it. And if he knew James the way he did, he wouldn't be a stag anymore.

He made sure to follow the Alpha's lead. He wanted, needed to get back on his good side, earn his trust back.

Fenrir growled low, anger still coursing through him. He desperately wanted to punish the younger man the way he would with any other pack member, but that was just it. Remus wasn't a pack member; he had to return to that school, he had to face wizards. He froze suddenly and took in a deep breath, eyes closed. A second later, he moved again, turning right and ducking under branches to follow the scent of a doe. He stopped walking when he had the animal in his sight and waited for Remus to catch up.

"What will you do, pet?" He snarled, nodding his head toward the doe.

Faelen glanced toward Fenrir before he took his knife in hand. The trees were clear enough for a clean throw. And if he timed it to when the breeze died down. He looked back to his target. The doe had her back to them, her neck bent down as she ate. But thankfully that was exactly where Faelen wanted it.

He took a deep breath, let it out slow then threw the knife from the tree line. The knife flew blade over hilt before embedding itself in the doe's lowered neck. The doe could barely utter a noise as it fell, dead a moment later.

He felt a pleased purr leave him; he looked at the younger man and huffed out a breath. He felt too many contradicting emotions. Fenrir didn't do emotions. That's what Kurt was there for. 

"Fuck." His eye followed the healing wounds that newly graced the teenagers face before he looked at the crumpled deer.

"Good. They teach knife throwing at your wizarding school?" He snorted and moved into the opening between clustered trees. He ripped the blade from the doe's neck and held it out for Faelen to take.

"Of course not." Faelen could help the smirk. "One of the muggleborns in another house taught me that." He bent down to wipe the blade off in the grass. The doe wasn't too big, not more than 30 lbs.
"We take it back to the cave? Or do you prefer to skin it here?"

"We take her back." Fenrir hefted the animal over his shoulder and looked at Remus. "We have a few older pups learning to prepare meals." He suddenly growled low and deadly, to himself and his thoughts. He couldn't shake the image of that stag prancing to the school to spill all the secrets about his pack. Secrets the stag couldn't possibly know, but his mind told him that it did.

He barked out a sharp "Come." before moving toward the direction the cave was in. He would cast stronger charms on the entrance to hide it. Or get one of the others to do it if he didn't have the time. He gnashed his teeth in anger, wondering just how the Pup was going to make it up to Kurt and the others. This measly doe wasn't half of what that stag had been.

Faelen frowned, knowing that the doe wouldn't feed them for more than a day. Not with the amount of wolves they had. But by this time tomorrow, Remus would be back at school. And the pack would no longer be his concern. It was something that didn't sit well with either of them, Remus sending his agreement in the back of his mind.

"Surely we are going out again." He looked up into Fenrir's face. When silence was his answer, Faelen pressed on. "There has to be more we can hunt, Alpha. That doe won't last more than a day."

Fenrir growled, digging his claws into the doe's side in anger. "I know. But I told the others to go home, did I not?" He clenched his jaw and walked faster. "We will see how much meat they can get from her. We can send Steph out if need be; she is quick and efficient. You will not leave the cave again until you leave for your school."

Faelen knew better than to respond. The power of the Alpha's command was undeniable, there was nothing he could say to wiggle out of it. By the time they returned to the cave, it was to hushed whispered and guarded looks. The pups were nowhere in sight, and Remus was sure he probably would never see them again.

The thought made his chest ache, but he followed Fenrir deeper into the den, watching as he passed the doe onto another wolf.

Fenrir spoke to the young wolf that he passed the doe to quietly. Once she walked off carrying it, the elder man turned to Faelen and snarled. He moved forward, gripping the teenager's shoulder and forcing him to walk. Fenrir knew where he would find Kurt.
He led Faelen to the far back of the communal area, growling loudly if any wolf were to not move out of their way. Kurt sat on one of the cots and he glanced up when they approached. Fenrir forced Faelen to his knees before the Beta wolf, pushing down hard on his shoulder. "Apologize."

He tensed under the grip, knowing better than to resist the Alpha now. When he was forced to his knees, Faelen bit his lip to keep the growl in. At least they were alone. Even if it was humiliating, Faelen was relieved that they were more or less alone. He receded a little, knowing that Remus was better with words.

"I'm sorry, Kurt. I never meant to hurt you. But I didn't know what else to do to make you stop."

Kurt's gaze shifted from the wolf kneeling before him to the Alpha, relieved to see that there wasn't a scratch on him.

"Want to tell me why we traded a 30 lbs doe for an 80 lbs buck?" He asked Remus, even if his gaze remained on Fenrir's.

"Because it wasn't a buck." Remus answered. "It was an animagi. He attends Hogwarts with me."

Kurt froze, his gaze snapping down to study Remus. He knew the pup couldn't be trusted. But before he could respond Remus was speaking again.

"I know him very well, Kurt. He never changes except for the nights of the full moon. When he's with me. I don't know what he was doing this far away from the school but I swear.... " Kurt met Remus' eyes, studying the emotions carefully.

"I swear he didn't know I was here. He won't say anything to anyone. And I swear that this pack is not in jeopardy." Kurt was quiet for a long time, giving Fenrir a meaningful glance.

If what the pup said was true, and the stag had been an animagi, then what Remus did saved the life of the pack. But if he was wrong...

"Fine. I accept your apology." He murmured, gazing back down to Remus.
Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest, a low constant growl coming from him. He felt relieved that Kurt could forgive the boy. He glanced from Remus’ kneeling form to Kurt, trying to read him. Failing, as usual. "The doe will be dinner, Kurt. If more food is needed, I told Steph to let you know and she will get something more. The children are to be fed first. Understood?"

"Of course, Alpha." He stood, his jaw all but healed now. With one last glance at Remus, he moved closer to whisper into Fenrir's ear, voice barely a whisper so Remus wouldn't overhear.

"I told Sophie to keep the pups distracted until your order. I wasn't sure how to play this out so I've ordered the hunters’ silence. The pack has their suspicions but I figured you wanted to give the official answer." He clapped Fenrir on the shoulder, gave it a squeeze before sitting back on the bed. "Your pup is a hell of a lot stronger than he looks."

The elder man snarled. "Indeed." He moved close to his Beta. He spoke low, but made sure Remus would be able to hear him. Testing him, making him think, making him question. "I want more guards. I do not trust this." He spoke through grit teeth. "I want more wards on the entrance of the cave. I want someone watching over the pups tonight. If there is any scent of a human, I want to know about it immediately. We do not know what they'll do to get Remus back. We're vermin to them," Fenrir hissed, "If the stag gives us up, we need to be ready to fight."

"It will be done." He couldn't believe that a Hogwarts student would be this far away from the grounds, but like Fenrir said, they didn't know what the wizards would do to get their pet dog back.

Remus had to bite back the retort. He knew that James wouldn't say anything to Dumbledore. That didn't mean that they wouldn't try to rescue him themselves. Remus looked toward the ceiling. He wasn't religious, but he prayed anyway. He only had one more night here before he could talk to them. Any effort before then would only make the situation worse.

*God, please keep them at school... please.*

“Get up.” Fenrir snapped, turning to look at Remus. “We’re going back to my quarters.” Whispers floated in the back of Fenrir’s mind and he couldn’t shake them. *Punish him.* He growled low to himself. If any other wolf in the pack had pulled this stunt, they would pay dearly for it. For ripping food out of their mouths. For injuring his Beta. For risking the lives of all of them.

He looked back at Kurt, meeting his eyes. “If anything happens, let me know immediately.
"Of course." Kurt nodded. He gave his Alpha a reassuring smile before he glanced toward Remus. The affection immediately fell away, and Remus had never seen a colder look. He shuddered, wondering just how deep he was. He still believed what he did was right. If only he could get Fenrir to see that as well.

Claw-like fingernails pierced through the cloth covering the younger man’s shoulder once again when he got to his feet. Fenrir gave a small nod to his Beta before steering Remus away, shepherding him to his private quarters. He bared his teeth and snarled at the others, forcing them to fall back and not approach. He would deal with them and their rumors when Remus was back at that school.

He opened the heavy metal door, pushed Remus into the room and swung it shut behind them. The door let out a shuddering clang, sending a rattle through the stone wall that held it. Fenrir let a deep breath go, trying to calm himself down, trying to ground himself, trying not to tear the boy in front of him to pieces with his bare hands.

He narrowed his eyes. “You’re lucky Kurt forgave you.”

Remus took a deep breath, let it out slow as he faced Fenrir. "I still stand by my decision. Even if he wasn’t my friend, if that student had gone missing, the entire wizarding world would know.” He had to stand strong now. To help Fenrir see the repercussions of what had almost happened.

"I never wanted to hurt your Beta. But there wasn't time to explain."

“They still know ,” Fenrir hissed, jabbing Remus in the chest with a clawed finger. “and he saw us. He saw me. He saw at least four members of my pack. What are you going to fucking tell him, Pup? ‘Don’t hurt the werewolves’? That’s not how wizards work. That’s never been how wizards work when it involves us !” He moved forward as he spoke, taking heavy, threatening steps closer to Remus. He leaned down, face inches from the younger man, blood-stained teeth bared. “You don’t get it .”

"I get it, Fenrir. But unlike you, I trust people. Not wizards, people ." He squared his shoulders, standing his ground. "Yes, he saw you but he also saw me. He saw that I was with you willingly you weren't forcing me to be there.” Remus looked right back into the golden and dead eyes.
"He won't say anything because he knows you're right. The ministry won't care. They would come here and slaughter everyone, including me. James won't risk it. He's not like the others, he can be trusted and I trust him. Besides, it's been at least an hour. Don't you think if he was going to go running to Dumbledore he would have by now?"

Fenrir snarled, turning away from Remus suddenly. The rage felt hot in his blood and he forced himself away from the teenager before he could lash out. "I don’t know what they’re thinking."

He growled, hands clenched to fists, claws digging into his palms and drawing blood. But he didn’t seem to notice. “Your little- Your pack - I don’t trust easily, Pup. I haven’t trusted anyone but Kurt in a very, very long time.” He turned back to look at the young man. “So why should I trust you?"

"That's the question isn't it?” He answered softly. Brown eyes were looking up at Fenrir, pleading with him.

"There is nothing I can do in this moment to ease your fears. All I can do is give you my word.” He gestured to the door. "I've seen your pack, Fenrir. The people, the children. I would never do anything to bring harm to them. They are innocent. Why would bring the wrath of the wizarding world down upon them for being what they are?” He took a step forward, hands out and open.

"Please believe me. I will die before I let anything happen to your pack."

Fenrir ran a shaking hand through his hair, leaving a streak or two of blood from the punctures his claws caused. He took a breath, why did Remus’ soft tone have such an effect on him? He growled low, taking a step back. “Why?” Fenrir snapped out, refusing to let his anger fade. “Soon enough, you’ll be back to your life as a wizard. I’ve a duty to teach you about your wolf. I’ve done it. You’ve no reason to care about the people here. You want to live among the wizards, don’t you?” His eyes narrowed.

"But I do have reasons.” He couldn't explain it. Not properly, not in a way that would seem genuine to the Alpha but he had to try.

"I know it doesn't make sense. I know that it's only been a day and a half, but in that time they have shown me so much. You have shown me so much. I mean,” He huffed out a laugh. "Everything that I have ever been told about you has been a lie. I realize that now. And coming here, seeing the life that they could and will have...” He paused, looking from the door back to the Alpha before him.
"There has been a part of me that really wants to stay. And it's been growing in me since time I first met them."

Fenrir stood his full height and rolled his shoulders. He felt the outrage slowly diminish. He watched the younger man before him and growled. “They liked you before this. But now?” He gave a firm pat to the side of Remus’ face with his hand, hitting the nearly healed wounds. The fresh scars. “Your wizards are going to notice new marks.” He stepped forward and moved his hand to tug at the collar of Remus’ shirt, examining the bite wounds he had left there. “I’m just as your stories say. But now you know I’ve reasons behind what I do. It doesn’t change the fact that I do what I do. I know how wolves work. Wizards do not. So they think what they do out of ignorance and fear. And you- you’ve learned how it really is.”

Remus gave a one shoulder shrug. "I was with you for two days. They're going to think the worst, no matter what I tell them." But he would make damn sure that the Alpha before him and his pack didn't receive any backlash. "It does though. It changes everything."

He whispered, covering Fenrir's had with his own. "All my life I've been told that you are a cold, ruthless monster who kills for fun and targets children for amusement. But none of that is true. You're ruthless when you need to be. The only child you bit was me and that's because you thought I wouldn't survive the change. You take in the wolves you find abandoned and give them a home, a life and a future." He shook his head slowly in amazement.

"Your pack is said to be the largest in Britain. You accept the rouge wolves you find and command them, instead of letting them run wild. If anything the Wizarding World should be thanking you."

Fenrir was taken aback. Usually so quick with a comeback, the elder man just shook his head for a moment and he backed up. This was strange, this... this was new and it felt wrong. He frowned. “You can’t think me so... so gentle. I’m not.” He bared his teeth and growled. “I’ve a status to hold. A lot of what those wizards tell you is true, Pup. I don’t accept lone wolves into my pack for the Wizarding World’s benefit. And now-" He snarled and lashed out suddenly, slamming his fist back into the stone wall near the door. “Now there’s a war. I can’t show weakness. I can’t allow myself to seem soft. Weak.”

"I never said that you were gentle because you're not. And I never said you did it for the wizards’ benefit." Remus countered, needing him to understand. "What I'm trying to say is that you aren't the mindless monster they think you are. Yes, you are someone to be feared. But there's a reason for everything you do. They believe you to be a mindless animal and you're not. If anything you can use that."

Fenrir gnashed his teeth, snarling low. He hated admitting that others were right. But Remus had a point. “They’ll never see otherwise. You’ll get caught up in this some day, Pup.” He met Remus’
He knew it was inevitable. For the general population anyway. But... his mind flashed to his three friends: James, Peter, and Sirius. They hadn't turned on him. After nearly six years, when they finally approached him about it, they didn't fear him, even though they should.

"I have friends at school that know. Only a couple, but they haven't abandoned me. I know most wizards aren't like them but I do want you to know. There are at least three Hogwarts students that know. The stag is one of them. They transform into animals and stay with me during full moons, against my better judgement. But Moony seems to enjoy their company." He looked back at Fenrir. "You're right, of course. I know that world will eventually shut me out. But I'd like to wait until I get to that bridge before I start planning on how to cross it."

The elder man exhaled slowly, he ran a hand over his face in frustration, rubbing at his blind eye. "You're braver than you look, Pup. I suppose that's the lion in you. I would say you're welcome back here but after that stunt you pulled, I'm unsure of how the others feel." He glanced over at the door and frowned.

"I'll earn their trust back. Whatever I have to do." He smirked, gold hinging on green. "Even if you have to kick my ass just to prove a point." He knew that anyone else wouldn't have gotten away with what he pulled today. And Remus didn't want to be the reason the other pack members started thinking they too could do whatever they wanted.

"I do want to come back." Remus mentioned, slowly moving closer to Fenrir. "I only have a few months left. There is a very high possibility that Mcgonagall will force me to register myself once I'm of age, and that will hinder my ability to obtain a job, wizard or muggle." He met Fenrir's gaze. "But... I want to come back here. I've never felt this... at home I suppose."

Fenrir watched Remus closely. He was a bold one, this Pup. "You don't know how punishments are dealt out in my pack, Little One." He growled. "I can't do much to you since you need to go back to that school of yours." He clenched his fists again, anger bubbling beneath the surface. Anger and anticipation. "You sound like you're so desperate to be welcomed to the pack you want to be punished."

Remus shrugged, chuckling lightly. "It would definitely be a first but... I think that's Moony's enthusiasm, not necessarily mine." Remus' smirk died a little before he continued.

"I won't deny that wounds would make my story a little more credible. I can't tell them that you treated me like a pup the entire time. It would ruin your image. So," he shrugged again. "The way I
Fenrir moved forward and gripped the younger man's chin between his fingers. He purred low, "Oh, they heard you before, my pet. And they'll hear you again before you leave. If punishing you will keep your wizards far from my pack... it, indeed, will be killing two birds with one stone."

"It's worth a shot, is it not?" He couldn't help but shudder at the idea of Fenrir taking him again. He shouldn't, especially since he would have to explain to Sirius what happened. "It will only reinforce their idea of you being a monster."

"It's what I am." He hissed, leaning close to Remus' face, searching his eyes carefully. "A monster with a purpose. Your wizards..." He snorted a laugh, "They'll think the worst of me, that is fine. But they'll believe your story, yes?"

"They'll believe anything I tell them." He whispered back, his hands rising to cup Fenrir's waist. "I just need to make sure that the story doesn't make them do anything rash."

Sirius was really the only one he had to worry about. To say his lover would be livid would be a grave understatement. He would need to tell him the whole story eventually but... not when the wounds were still fresh, so to speak.

“And what would make them act rash?” Fenrir purred low, moving his hand. He traced the harsh scars that Kurt had left on Remus’ cheek. “You bare my marks all over your body. If your wolf was telling the truth, you have a mate at your castle. Won’t he act quite rash when he sees my teeth and claws all over your body?”

"He's the one I'm concerned about, yes. The others.... they don't like it but...." Remus sighed, closing his eyes. The panic that had struck him the first day was beginning to bubble up again. "I'll find a way to reassure him. To keep him at the castle. I don't want to think about the consequences if he tried to find you."

“And yet, you want to be punished, my pet?” His claw-like fingernail traced the worst of the marks, putting pressure but not quite opening the wound back up. “I think you look lovely covered in my marks.” His other hand moved to tug at the collar of Remus’ shirt, exposing one of the bite marks. “Especially these.”

"I want to be punished to gain favor back with the pack. If there's a way to do it without pain and
blood then I'd prefer that route. But," he sighed, resigned. "I also know you. And I know that
would never be enough."

A shudder ran down his spine as Fenrir fingered the bite marks. He still didn't understand why
Fenrir's touch affected him so much. But he was quickly losing the battle to resist the Alpha before
him.

“No,” Fenrir purred, leaning closer so their noses nearly brushed. “But I can fuck you, and you can
scream, you can howl, you can let the pack know you’re being punished. You can let me leave
more marks. Claim you as only your Alpha can.”

A soft whine left his throat and Remus couldn't tell who was more turned on at the moment, him or
Moony. Probably both to be honest. The words had shot a line of liquid heat from his head to his
cock and Merlin he had never become so hard so quickly.

"Yes," He all but panted, golden brown eyes looking up at the Alpha, his Alpha. "I suppose that
could work."

Fenrir cocked his head to the side slightly and felt a smirk curve his lips. The fingers tracing those
new scars moved to run just below Remus’ eye, “Has Remus left? Or do I get to have you both
tonight?”

"We're here." Faelen answered, his head moving to nuzzle closer to the hand. "We are both here,
even though he's allowed me to take over." Faelen definitely didn't want his host to miss this.

The elder man pushed claws to flesh, but was careful not to break skin. Not yet. He purred low.
“Why don’t you strip, Little One? If you’re so eager.”

He took a step back, breaking all contact between them. His eyes trailed up and down the younger
man’s form, grin growing wider and more wicked as the seconds ticked by.

Faelen would have retorted but Remus stopped him. He wasn't so far gone to instigate Fenrir's
pain. Not yet.

His fingers moved to unbutton the flannel shirt slowly, revealing inch upon inch of skin, watching
Fenrir's expression as he did so.
Fenrir’s eyes flicked down when pale flesh was revealed. He focused for a few long moments on the two bite scars at the base of Remus’ neck. A possessive growl let loose from his throat and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He exhaled slowly, eyes moving back to meet the younger man’s. “Faster.”

"Who’s eager now, Alpha?" Faelen grinned, his shoulders rolling to allow the material to drop to the floor. His fingers trailed down his torso, over the litany of scars before finally resting at the hem of his jeans.

The elder man didn’t bother to reply, he didn’t feel like denying it. Fenrir felt his fingers twitch, eager indeed. Eager to reach out and rip the fabric from the other man’s lithe form, eager to push him down and put him in his place. But he held himself back. He rolled his shoulders and tilted his head to the side as his amber eye followed those hands moving south.

Faelen’s lips twitched wider, his fingers popping the button of his jeans. He could see that Fenrir wanted to pin him down, to take him right then and there. And oh, how Faelen wanted him to.

Eventually he had loosened them enough to slide them downward, revealing for the first time that he was bare beneath the denim.

The elder man inhaled deeply, the lust-smell becoming quite strong in the room. His eyes trailed up and down the other man in quick movements. He bit his lower lip, fang catching the skin lightly as he tried to ground himself. Fenrir growled low in his throat. “Bed. Now.”

Faelen kicked the jeans away and moved backward toward the bed. He wasn't brave enough to turn his back to the Alpha, not when he was ready to pounce at any moment.

Once he had reached the furs, he laid down upon them, stretching out with his arms over his head.

Fenrir removed his own clothes quickly, leaving them on the floor. He moved swiftly onto the bed, kneeling at the foot of it. He watched the other man closely. Narrowing his eyes, he purred low.

“Are you working together now? To test me and my patience?”

"Maybe.” He arched his back slightly, eyes glinting playfully. Remus warned it was a dangerous game they were playing but Faelen simply told him to sit back and enjoy it. "Is it working?”
The elder man crawled over the other’s body, settling himself to straddle lean thighs. He leaned forward and traced a deadly sharp claw down the column of Faelen’s neck. He let out a low, pleased, groan when he watched crimson draw to the surface and trickle down the throat. He breathed deeply, the coppery metal tinge that the blood gave off mixed so sweetly with the lust-smell that dripped from the younger werewolf.

“Are you sure you want to test my patience? This is meant to be a punishment, not a reward.”

"Oh, it's definitely going to be a reward, albeit a painful one." Faelen grinned before it suddenly fell.

*I'd rather not have anymore permanent scars if you don't mind.*

*Fine... killjoy.*

"I'm sorry." He replied, his tone not sounding very sorry at all. "I will not test your patience anymore."

“You’re learning to listen to each other.” Fenrir observed, sitting upright and looking down at the younger man. He was impressed at how fast the boy and his wolf were learning. But he still felt that sharp pang of anger ring in him at his earlier actions.

"Sometimes I think it's a bad idea." Faelen muttered, pouting slightly. Remus was no fun. Faelen wanted to see how far he could actually push the Alpha, wanted to see how far the Alpha could push him.

"So are we starting this thing or what?" Faelen asked with another grin.

The elder wolf narrowed his eyes and let loose a low growl. “A glutton for punishment, aren’t you?” He leaned forward again and wrapped a hand around the other man’s throat. “It is unfortunate that I can’t brand you how I would any other wolf. I think that *bitch* of yours would hold objections.”

"Stop calling him that!" The words suddenly burst from his lips and he felt Remus quickly fall
back into the background. Faelen's expression evened out again and he tried to smile up at Fenrir.

"With all due respect, Alpha. I may not like him much. But he is mine." He shifted his neck a little as Fenrir's grip tightened. "And honestly... he's going to hold objections... no matter what you do."

“Oh, I do love when you get feisty, my pet.” Fenrir purred, pulling his hand away. His nails scraped teasingly along Faelen’s throat, catching in places but not drawing blood. That amber eye narrowed; the blind eye too, open a crack, showing startling white. He dug his claws into the younger man’s right side suddenly, the action nothing more than a flash of movement. His nails broke skin with the force of the strike, just above the boy’s hip.

“**You are mine.**”

Faelen jolted, eyes flashing with pain as a soft keen left his lips. He knew this was necessary but damn it hurt. Instead of responding to the comment, Faelen kept his hands clenched above his head. Merlin only knew what Remus would do if he freed them.

Fenrir snarled loudly, like an agitated dog. He pulled his hand away from the other man's body. He watched slow streams of blood fall from the wounds before his eyes moved back to met Faelen's. He hissed, "You're lucky I'm kind. I won't damage that pretty face of yours. Kurt already did enough damage." His head leaned to one side slowly, fangs flashing in the growing moonlight as the night was upon them. "But I have plenty of canvas left to work with, don't I?"

He could feel Remus' fear in the back of his mind, but Faelen once again reminded him this was necessary.

"Yes, Alpha." Faelen murmured, his nails digging into the furs. He had to relax, otherwise the blows would hurt even more.

"Do you know what you did wrong, Pup?" Fenrir growled, teeth bared suddenly in anger. He placed a hand heavily on Faelen's chest, fingers curling, claws digging at already scarred skin. He didn't put too much pressure, not yet. Didn't draw blood. Just held his hand there, putting enough weight behind the action so he was sure the teenager could feel each of his dagger-like nails.

Faelen was quiet for a moment. He wasn't wrong. What he did was to protect both his friend and the pack. He would not apologize for that.
So he settled on the offense that was the biggest.

"I attacked the Beta."

"Tell me why what you did was wrong." Claws dug a little harder, and Fenrir growled louder.

Faelen allowed Fenrir to see him wince. The pain was nowhere near what he felt on the moons, but he knew seeing him like this would pacify the Alpha much quicker.

"I did so without your permission, Alpha."

"No." And he put enough weight on Faelen's chest to pierce the skin there, his claws digging harder. "You're just a pack member. Your Beta is better than you in every way. You never go against your higher ups. You obey your Beta. Is this understood?"

The pain fell away at the words and Faelen looked up at Fenrir in shock. He.... just like that he was part of the pack? He had to bite his cheeks to keep from grinning.

"Yes, Alpha." He nodded, knowing this already.

Fenrir pulled his claws free of the younger man's chest, not caring to do it gently. Fenrir moved and gripped the boy's jaw, leaving marks with Faelen's own blood on his skin. He snarled low and deadly. "Tell me. Who do you never go against, Pup?"

"You, Alpha." The words slipped from his lips before he had even thought about responding. He was drowning in the bond between them, in the need for friction, for something. It was becoming painful and they needed something.

“Say it.” Fenrir snarled, “Tell me. Who do you obey?” He needed Remus to say more. Needed the boy to speak those words. He studied the gold in the other man’s eyes, growling louder.

Faelen whined, his hips trying to move, to arch up to get any sort of contact. But Fenrir was too far away, pressing down on him with his hands only.
"You, Fenrir." He looked up into the gold eye of the Alpha above him. "Fenrir Greyback. Alpha. Please." He all but keened, sharpened nails puncturing the furs in an effort to keep from reaching out to the man.

The elder werewolf held Faelen down against the bed, he kept their eyes locked. "Tell me. Repeat. ‘Fenrir, I will never go against you’." He bared his teeth in an angry snarl, hissing through them. "Say it!"

Remus distantly wondered why this was so important but he supposed the Alpha wanted to make sure they understood. The need only heightened when Fenrir's fingers tightened against his face.

"I will never go against you, Fenrir." They repeated, his eyes darkened with lust with only a sliver of gold left.

The amber of Fenrir's eye suddenly flashed brightly at the words. He turned Remus' head to the side, leaned down slightly, and bit hard into the boy's neck. He felt his head swim, closing his eyes as the world around him pulsed slowly. Thin tendrils of wispy magic curled around them, dancing across naked flesh, tracing scars. He pulled his mouth from Remus' neck, blood dripping down his chin and into his facial hair, causing the peppering of grey hairs to turn crimson. The silvery ribbons of magic around them moved a bit faster. Fenrir purred low, holding his forearm to Faelen's lips.

"You want to be part of the pack so badly? You want to learn and grow in the safety here? Want a society that treats you as an equal instead of like vermin? It's time. Bite me."

At the bite they screamed, nearly cumming right there. But at the words, Faelen didn't hesitate. They both wanted this, so badly that it hurt as much as the need did.

The taste of blood had never been so sweet as this. Now he understood why Fenrir liked to bite and mark and lap up his blood. It was so good. Remus could only handle a little however, and Faelen was pulling back, panting, as a small rivulet ran down the right side of his lower cheek.

Fenrir groaned deeply at the stab of pain. He thrust his hips down, grinding against the younger man's cock. Fenrir leaned in and licked the blood from Faelen's cheek, a satisfied rumble leaving his chest. The magic around them circled faster, and it pressed closer to them. Silver wisps soon melded into flesh as the pack bond was completed; werewolf magic at its finest.
The first brush of contact with Fenrir _burned_ , and yet was so satisfying that Faelen couldn't help the loud moan that fell from his lips. His hands left the furs, nails digging into Fenrir's hips to keep the man close. This was what he wanted. This contact, this bond.

His hips moved up against the Alpha's, lost in sensation.

He groaned low as the magic sunk deep within him, binding Remus to him as it bound countless others. But to the boy, it was such a strong sensation that Fenrir could see it in those golden brown eyes. The elder man growled, mouth opening again and clamping down in the same spot on Faelen's neck. He moved his hands to grip tightly at Faelen's sides, shifting himself to rut against the man under him.

The sensation was too much, they downed in the pleasure the Alpha gave them. As soon as Fenrir bit him a second time he was cumming with a scream. His nails dug into Fenrir's hips, breaking the skin as he spilled across their torsos. When the rush ended, Faelen slumped back against the furs, panting heavily.

Fenrir let out a deeply muffled moan as his hips ground against Faelen's once more. He followed the younger man over the edge, painting their stomachs even more thickly. He pulled back from Faelen's neck and licked over the wound slowly, satisfied, until the blood stopped flowing from it.

Faelen's eyes closed, his skin shuddering with residual pleasure. It was times like these that he never wanted to leave. He knew they belonged here. With Fenrir, with his Alpha and the pack.

His eyes opened again, watching as the moonlight fell gently through the hole in the ceiling.

"I thought you were supposed to punish me." He murmured, his hands moving from the Alphas hips to his back.

Fenrir felt a smirk curve his lips and he met Faelen's eyes. "You really are a glutton for punishment." He cocked his head slightly to the side, moving a hand to the middle of the younger man's chest once more. He dug his claws in roughly and purred, staring into the gold laced brown eyes. "Do you want punishment?"

"Not particularly." He answered back, but then he nodded toward the door. "But they need to believe I got punished right? Or was the last session enough?" He shifted slightly against the
Alpha's jab. He would definitely have more scars.

"I just meant to say that the thing before this...." he looked down at their sticky torsos. "Really didn't feel like a punishment."

Fenrir snorted, shifting to sit up, straddling Faelen's thighs. He dug his claws into the pale chest and tugged lightly at the caught flesh. "Oh, pet, did you not hear yourself screaming? I'm sure they did."

Faelen hissed, his chest lurching with Fenrir's claws. Even if he felt himself healing already, the amount of scars he would have would no doubt be troubling.

"Oh, I know they did. But was it enough?"

"Of course." Fenrir purred, fangs glinting in the moonlight as he grinned. "You're a bonded pack member now. They've no choice but to trust you."

He couldn't help but stare at the Alpha in disbelief. "So I'm insubordinate, and you punish me by binding me into the pack?" It didn't seem like a punishment at all, not when that was ultimately what he wanted in the first place. "Won't that seem like you let me off too easy?"

"Do you know," Fenrir growled low, digging his claws a little deeper into the teenager’s chest. He slowly moved his hand down, the claws embedded in pale skin tugged and pulled and ripped. Blood began to fall as Fenrir moved his hand just a fraction, drawing the beginning of five deep wounds. "How a werewolf bond works? That werewolves have a special brand of magic? Do you know what just happened?"

He gasped in pain, looking down at the Alpha's hand before shifting his gaze back upward. Remus didn't have a good feeling about this but Faelen pressed on.

"You had me join the pack. You-" his words cut off when Fenrir continued to slice his chest. "I'm part of the pack now." He was so confused. What else had that meant? What else did Fenrir do?

"You aren't bound to the pack; you’re bound to me." His head slowly tilted to one side, claws moving a fraction more. He inhaled deeply, relishing the pungent smells of sex and blood and residual magic. "You will never go against me. You are a pack member now, yes. But more
importantly,” he leaned forward, purring low, “You’re bound to obey me. You’re mine.”

He stared at the Alpha above him in shock. His mind working quickly as to what the implications of Fenrir’s words actually meant.

No matter what Fenrir said, no matter what he wanted, they would be forced to do. What if he ordered them to attack someone they cared about? It was like the bond back at the lake, here in the cave. But now it was permanent.

"Why?" The words were barely whispered, the pain forgotten. What If he ordered them to kill Sirius?

I won't let him.

We already did.

"Why would-" It dawned on him then. How every one of the wolves jumped to obey him. Faelen had thought it was because he was Alpha but this? "So everyone out there... the children. You've done this to all of them?"

Or...

Some of the gold receded from Remus' eyes. "Or am I the only one?"

Fenrir snorted. “No, I do not do this with all of the pack. Only the ones that misbehave. The children listen with no argument, and they learn to obey their superiors. Most of the others obey without question.”

He tugged his hand a bit further down Faelen’s chest, wanting to hear the noises it would draw. The marks would make such a pretty scar as well, Fenrir thought. His eyes moved to watch as the wounds opened further and more blood spilt before he looked back up to meet the other man’s gaze.

“If you do not obey willingly, you are going to be forced to obey. This is how the pack works. And
you *so badly* wished to be permitted to join my pack, Little One.”

The pain pushed another whine from his lips. He tried to push the Alpha off, but that only made the claws dig in deeper.

"Stop." He whimpered, eyes closing as he tried to relax. The drying cum on his stomach now seemed to burn as it mixed with the blood. "Please stop."

“You beg so prettily, my pet.” Fenrir purred. His hand stilled but he pushed the claws in deeper. “But you *wanted* punishment. You wanted them to hear you receive the retribution for your misdeeds. So *scream* and let them hear you.”

His entire body jolted with pain, the claws seeming to dig so much deeper than they actually were. It wasn't just the physical pain that brought tears to his eyes, but the thought that Fenrir would use their bond to manipulate him like this. Remus had been counting on Fenrir's affection for him to keep him safe. And yet, here they were.

"I'm sorry," He whimpered, fighting against every instinct to throw the alpha from him. But he couldn't now could he? The bond.... whatever Fenrir had done would prevent him from doing so. "Please stop. It hurts."

“*Scream.*” Fenrir hissed, teeth clenched in anger. The hand did not move, it kept stationary. Fenrir studied the man beneath him. Weak and useless. Full of empty threats. A wolf masquerading as a wizard. But now he was Fenrir’s. “Scream. And then I will stop.”

There was another flash of pain and Remus' body arched. A scream ripped from his throat, eyes clenched as the tears fell. It hurt. It all hurt so much and he just wanted it to stop.

The sound seemed to echo off the stone, hanging in the air. There was nothing but the pain of betrayal, the scent of sex and blood was drowning out everything else.

Fenrir let out a low purr and pulled his hand away. He shifted slightly to sit up fully over Remus’ thighs. The elder werewolf watched the man beneath him, eye tracking every movement. Fenrir pauses a moment before he brought the blood covered hand to his mouth, licking away the crimson that was there.
Remus panted, trying to float through the waves of pain. He opened his eyes to see Fenrir licking his fingers clean. It was something that should have terrified him, something that normally would terrify him but now he could only watch. Especially seeing as Fenrir was still pinning him to the bed.

"What happens now?" He asked, almost afraid to hear the answer.

“Now? You go about your life as normal. I expect you want to take a bath.” He glanced down, drinking in the sight of blood and cum on Remus’ body. “Tomorrow, I return you to your castle and you keep those wizards far from my pack.”

He was going to do that anyway, if only for the sake of the children and the other wolves. But now... now it was no longer his choice.

"Yes." He nodded slowly. "I would like a bath. Very much." He didn't comment on the other command. After all, they both knew that he couldn't do anything else but follow it.

Fenrir got off the bed swiftly, His amber eye staying locked on Remus. He jerked his head slightly and growled. “Get up then. You can have a bath, then we will go out and you will have dinner with the pack. Understood?”

Remus nodded, wincing as his abs pulled at the still healing wounds. How could he have been so stupid? He walked into the other room, not even bothering to see if Fenrir was following him - but of course he was.
Remus started the water, having seen Fenrir do it enough times to know how the magical tub worked. And as the tub filled he sat on the lip, staring at nothing.

Sirius was going to be so hurt by this. How could he have let this happen? He knew that someday, one of them would do something to push the other away but Remus never thought it would end up like this.

Fenrir followed the teenager to the bathroom and leaned heavily against the doorframe. He crossed his arms over his chest and watched Remus closely. The demeanor had shifted and Fenrir could only assume that Faelen had been pushed back by the wizard.

The air between them felt thick. He could feel the residual magic buzz beneath his skin. He rarely reverted to werewolf magic so it always took its time for the feeling to fade away.

“Regretting asking for your punishment, Little One? Isn’t this what you wanted?”

Remus shut off the water, slid into the water and bit back a wince. Moony liked pain but this? This wasn't okay. Moony mumbled his agreement in the back of his mind.

Remus craved solitude. He wished that Fenrir would leave him alone just for a few minutes. He had always craved solitude when he was stressed, and the fact that Fenrir refused to give him some privacy was fraying his nerves.

So instead of answering Fenrir, he gave him his best defense. Silence.

Fenrir snorted. “A pup through and through, aren’t you? Talking is good for the soul, don’t you know? Helps get out those nasty feelings.”

His eye stayed on Remus, only able to see the back of him from how he lowered himself in the bathtub. The elder man shifted against the doorframe but did not move away from it despite his want to do so. He so badly wanted to go over and force the boy to meet his eyes and accept things. But this was not just any wolf. This pup didn’t even know what werewolf magic was, didn't know
how it worked, and had just been bound with it. Fenrir exhaled slowly out of his nose. He could let Remus speak to one of the others during dinner. That might work. Help ease his mind.

Remus leaned back against the tub and closed his eyes. If he tried hard enough, he could pretend he was back at Hogwarts. Back in the blissful silence of the room that Sirius had charmed with an never ending silencing spell. In third year of all things when he realized that Remus' hearing was keeping him from sleeping.

But he could still hear the wind in the trees, the rushing of the river nearby. The soft murmur of the wolves outside the room he was in.

He focused on those sounds, waiting as his wounds slowly healed.

Fenrir snarled, frustrated that he couldn’t get a rise out of the younger man. He turned on his heel and went back into the bedroom. He muttered low under is breath, growling and angry.

The elder man walked to the wardrobe and reached to take the wand off the top of it. He lazily pointed it at himself, murmuring a spell that would allow him to skip a shower; he sighed softly when the blood, cum, and sweat magically vanished from his body. He gestured the wand at the bed next, ridding the furs of their mess. Fenrir did this efficiently and quickly, the wand always felt heavy and wrong in his hand.

He put it back on the top of the wardrobe and glanced toward the bathroom, letting out an angry growl to himself.

Remus couldn't help the twitch of his lips when he heard the growl. He knew better than to piss Fenrir off any more than he already had. But he would take this small victory for what it was.

The bond might make him unable to go against the Alpha, but he was still himself. And that.... that's what mattered most.

He had heard Fenrir casting, felt the familiar feeling of the residual magic in the air. So Fenrir did have a wand. That was good to know too. When he heard the second growl he sighed.

"No, I'm not regretting my decision. I am entitled to feeling angry because you didn't tell me what it entailed." He made his voice loud enough to carry, his eyes still closed and expression neutral.
"You didn't tell me because you knew I wouldn't have agreed if you did. And I understand that. I am, however, entitled to my anger."

Fenrir walked back to the doorway of the bathroom, ripped jeans now hanging low on his hips. He growled, “You wanted to be one with the pack. Now you are. They cannot deny you despite your little display in the forest because now they can all see you’ve been bonded. They’ve no choice but to trust you.” He crossed his arms over his broad chest and leaned against the doorway again. “I’ll set you up to speak with one of the others during dinner. Alec. You can ask your questions about how the bond will affect you.”

He held his arm out and glanced at the wound that Remus’ teeth had made. His eyes moved slightly upward on his arm, more near the crook of it, to a wound that looked so fresh and new, although it was many years old.

“He was bonded. He can answer anything for you. Will that make you feel any better?”

Remus didn't respond right away. The wounds on his torso had healed, the pain reducing to a constant ache. But he opened his eyes to look at the Alpha in the doorway. He couldn't understand how Fenrir felt. Because one minute he was snarling, the next he was worried about what would help him feel better.

"If I ask you a serious question, will you give me an honest answer?"

“I am not one to lie, Little One.” Fenrir locked eyes with him. “Ask your question.”

Remus sighed, trying to figure out the best way to ask. It was hard, mostly because there were so many ways it could go wrong. And yet he had to know.

"How do you feel about me?” He asked softly, meeting Fenrir's gaze. "I mean, when you think of me, see me. What is your opinion of me?"

Fenrir arched a brow at the other man and shifted his weight slightly against the doorway. "And you want the truth from me?” He watched as Remus gave a small nod. Fenrir sighed. "I think you're trying too hard. I think you shouldn't trust wizards and you're foolish to do so. I think you're ignorant of the truth of the world. You're blind to anything going on outside that school because Dumbledore keeps you all sheltered. ... But I also think you’ve got strength inside you that you aren't putting to work. I think you'd be valuable in my pack. Right now, you're weak and helpless
and you have tendencies to lie. But I think you have something you're hiding from me. Maybe
you're hiding it from yourself and you don't even know what it is."

He frowned deeply and gave a small shrug of his shoulders. "I have a lot of opinions on you. I'm
no good at emotions and feelings; but I'm good at observations."

Remus nodded again, taking in all the information. He leaned forward slightly, resting his arms on
his knees.

"I think you are." He countered. "I think you try to shut that part of you away because it makes you
seem more intimidating, makes people fear you more. But I've seen it, Fenrir. The way you care
for your pack, your beta, the pups." He nodded to the door. "But my main question is why do you
care for me? What made me different from everyone else in your pack?"

Fenrir snorted a laugh. "Kurt is the one that is good at feelings, Little One." He gave another shrug
of his shoulders. "Every wolf in my pack is different and every wolf is valuable in their own way.
They all find a purpose here. I care for you because I made you and you are my responsibility.
You..." he narrowed his eyes slightly, "You are a unique case."

"Why though?" He needed to know. He needed to know what drove Fenrir to check up on him
every few months. He needed to know if it truly was a pack bond or if it was something more. "I'm
not trying to pry, just understand. You treat me differently, Fenrir. You act differently around me
and I just..." Remus looked up into the golden eye. "I just want to know why. Why me?"

"Because you’re mine." Fenrir said with a frown. "Because I am your sire. Because I feel the need
to see you survive. I need to make sure you don’t anything stupid."

He moved into the bathroom and over to the bathtub, looking down at Remus. "I act differently
around you because you are different. You and your wolf. All the werewolves here have never
been in the state you're in, Pup. And if you never learn to work with your wolf, he can kill you.
The separation can kill you. One full moon, it might just be too much and your wolf will do too
much damage and you will die. But as I said, you are my responsibility and I refuse to stand by and
watch a wolf kill himself because he never learned how to manage his gift."

Remus knew he was right. He could already feel the tension leaving his body. Even with the new
wounds, Remus could feel the difference. And with Moony closer to the surface, he felt his senses
were heightened as well.
"Thank you." It both answered his question and left him with even more. But he wouldn't push the Alpha anymore. Not when they had so much time left. And yet it felt like it was so little time as well.

Fenrir put a heavy hand atop Remus’ head and sighed. “You are welcome, Pup. Now, finish washing. You can eat your supper and speak with Alec about your bond. He can answer your questions on that subject. I will need to speak to Kurt in the meantime.”

He lifted his hand from Remus’ curls when he was finished speaking. He walked to the towels and took one, moving to set it on the side of the bathtub for Remus whenever he was done.

“I am sure you are hungry. And you will eat the meat you, yourself, brought home. That is always a good feeling. Your first kill.”

He was hungry. Famished actually and he quickly washed himself, not wanting to delay the opportunity to get some of his questions answered.

In no time at all he was dressed in fresh clothes and towel trying his hair. The water made his curls stand out in all directions, but he knew they would dry soon enough.

Fenrir tugged at the collar of Remus’ shirt to be sure the mark from their bond was visible. The wound still looked fresh, it always would, even though it was fully healed. “Don’t cover it. They need to see it.”

He pulled on a plain black t shirt before setting his hand on Remus’ shoulder and steering him out the iron door. It swung shut behind them with a harsh clang. Fenrir walked into the communal area with Remus. That amber eye scanned the area; wolves were puttering about, some eating dinner already, others talking, some wrangling pups. His eyes fell on his target. A young man with shaggy strawberry-blond hair that was sitting with two women. He had a series of harsh scars down the side of his face that he was trying to hide with his hair subconsciously and Fenrir knew they cut through a disfigured ear.

Fenrir steered Remus over to them and he growled and spoke louder than usual. “Alec stays.” And the two women quickly left the area.

Alec startled at the sudden voice and he looked up. “Oh, hello, Alpha.” He glanced over at Remus for a moment before looking back at Fenrir.
Fenrir pushed Remus down to sit to Alec’s right side. The side void of scarring. The elder wolf snarled. “You will answer any and all of Remus’ questions while I go speak with your Beta. Is this understood?”

“Oh, oh, yes. Yes, Alpha, of course.” Alec replied with an eager nod.

“And you will answer his questions truthfully. You know how I feel about liars.”

Alec startled again and covered a bite mark on his wrist with his other hand. “Yes, Alpha. Only the truth.”

“Good.” He turned to Remus and met his eyes. “Stay here while I speak with Kurt. I’ll come get you when I’m finished. Understood?” And he waited until Remus nodded before he turned and left the two alone.

Remus watched Fenrir leave, not agreeing with how short he had been with the other wolf. It was becoming blatantly apparent that the Alpha treated Remus differently. And Remus wasn’t sure he liked it.

But once Fenrir was out of ear shot, he turned to smile at the other wolf. He held out a hand, smiling gently.

"It's nice to meet you, Alec."

Alec smiled broadly, his eyes crinkling slightly as he did so. He shook Remus' hand gently. "Hello. Remus, Alpha said? You have questions? About what?"

Remus nodded, glancing back toward where Fenrir had disappeared. He bit his lip before turning back to Alec.

"About the... the bonding? I think that's what he called it." Remus fidgeted slightly. "I just.... I'm a wizard, who still goes to school with other people who don't know what I am. So I'd like to know what it's like... being bonded."
Alec gave a quick nod. "Yes, yes." He held out his right hand to show Remus the scar on his wrist. "I was bonded too. Long time ago- Few years, maybe?" He hummed softly. "It depends- Depends what you mean, 'what it's like'?

Remus studied the bite. It looked so fresh, the skin still a darker pink than the flesh around it. Which meant that the one on his neck.... his hand twitched to cover it but he stopped at the last second.

"I mean, have you noticed any changes? To your personality? Are you still able to be you?"

Alec shook his head, "No. No changes. I don't think- I just can't break the bond. Just can't go against it, you know?" He tilted his head a little, bright blue eyes moving to look at Remus' bond mark. "What's yours for?"

Remus frowned at the question, a jolt of unease shooting down his spine. What had Alec meant by that? "I'm sorry, I'm not sure what you mean..."

Alec smiled kindly. "What did he make you say? Before he bit you. Before you bit him. What did you agree to?" His voice was gentle and light, as though he had explained this before to other people.

Remus couldn't help but stare at him, mind working too quickly for him to process everything. Had Fenrir lied about this too? Or maybe it wasn't a lie, maybe Remus hadn't been asking the right questions.

He tried to think back. It had all happened so fast, and amidst the pain and pleasure he barely knew what he had even been agreeing too.

*Idiot. We're both idiots.*

*Maybe not. Let's hear him out.*

"I-I swore I would never go against him." He was pretty sure those were the words that Fenrir had him repeat. He looked at Alec now, pressing on even though he was almost afraid of the answer.
"Why? What was yours for?"

“I mustn’t ever tell lies.” Alec replied, hand covering his bond mark once more. “They’re interesting things, werewolf bonds. I’m not a wizard, you know. Learned all this myself, I did.”

That gentle smile never faltered as Alec spoke. His soft tone and calming nature helped ease the tense air. He met Remus’ eyes. “You can’t go against it. There’s magic in place. Special magic. But aside that, everything is just the same. You’re the same you. Just- Just with a new rule. You see?”

"Yeah but..." Remus glanced toward where Fenrir was, shocked to see the Alpha looking back at him. He could see Kurt's lips moving as he talked, but Fenrir's good eye was trained on him for a good moment longer before he looked away. Remus swallowed thickly before turning back to Alec.

Werewolf bonds. At least now he knew what to look for when he returned to school. There had to be something in the library about them.

"Has he ever...." Remus paused, lowered his voice before continuing. "I'm still at school. And a lot of people in the wizarding world believe him to be a monster. I don't think I could handle it if something happened, and he ordered me to attack someone I knew." He glanced back at Alec. "Has he ever done that to you? Made you tell him something that put someone you loved in danger?"

Alec shook his head. “No, Alpha’s never. Doesn’t use the bond against me- not like that. Not bad things.” He licked his lips a little and shifted in his seat on the fallen log. “Far as I know he uses them to help.”

He continued, “I used to lie a lot; told all kindsa stories to make people believe me. Alpha didn’t like it one bit. I pushed it too far once’n’he got angry.” He gave a little shrug. “And so he used the bonding magic to make me stop. It’s helped me, it has. Can’t tell ya why he made you say what he made you say though. Alpha’s head’s a mystery.”

Remus had a feeling he knew exactly why Fenrir bound him to that particular command. But since Alec was a muggle, there was no sense in explaining it to him.

"So, Fen- the Alpha only uses the bonds to protect the pack?"
“‘Course,” Alec smiled. “Everything Alpha does is to protect the pack. I been in the pack... nearly ten years. Got bit when I was fifteen. Alpha took me in, I learned how it works here. He always knows what’s needed. Never seen him do anythin’ that’d put the pack at risk. Thinks things through, Alpha does.”

Remus couldn't help but smile softly in return. There was something so... innocent about Alec. So carefree that Remus couldn't help but relax around him.

"Yeah. I think I'm starting to understand that." He would just have to be careful. Especially with the impending war, it would be all too easy to get stuck in a situation that he couldn't get out of.

“Yeah. Alpha’s usually right... and yeah, it’s tough.” Alec gave a little shrug but smiled still. “The bond, I mean. It’s gonna feel weird ‘til you get used to it. But after. After, it’ll be like it was just always there and it’ll be easy.” He nodded to himself. “It’s easy when you get used to it.”

Maybe he was overthinking things. It wouldn't be the first time, but Remus figured that at least he could try to rest easy. As long as Fenrir didn't abuse the bond, Remus supposed he could live with it.

"Thank you. Alec. Your reassurance has helped a lot." Remus smiled back at him. Even if he was older than Remus himself, Remus still felt a sort of paternal protectiveness forming.

Alec smiled brightly and gave Remus a quick nod. “Oh, you’re welcome. Anytime, anytime. I’m not- I don’t know anything about wizard things. But anytime you need werewolf things. I can help, if you want. Alpha’s taught me a lot. Though- though he can talk to you too, of course.” He let out a little laugh, nervousness burning away and escaping. “Do you need anything else, Remus?”

"I’d love your help actually.” He smiled, relaxing into the conversation. "I'll take all the help I can get. I, uh... kind of had a rough start.” He was sure Alec noticed all the scars on his exposed skin. "I would actually like to know more about you. Where are you from?"

Alec nodded, understanding. "It's okay. I did too." He turned his head to the side slightly, moving his hair a little so Remus could see the damage to his ear. He glanced around, a blush creeping onto his cheeks, and quickly let his hair fall again to cover it. "But... you want to know 'bout me? I'm from Wales. Where're you from?"
"Wales. Or rather my mother was from there. My father is from London. But it's always surprising to find someone from there." His smile brightened and he leaned forward on his knees. "How long have you been with the pack? You said ten years?"

"Oh- Oh, yes, about ten years." Alec smiled at Remus' eagerness, not used to it. "Alpha found me. I was homeless. Then got bitten 'cause of it. Didn't have any place after. I think Alpha could smell it and he found me. Explained everything an' took me here after. Keeps me safe, Alpha does."

Remus' smile softened. Fenrir really did seem to care about his pack. Even if he refused to acknowledge it.

"Yeah. He does." Thinking back now, Remus realized just far Fenrir went to do so. He felt guilty about being angry at him now, at jumping to conclusions about how he would use the bond to his advantage.

"Seems all mean," Alec went on, chuckling softly, "but means well, you know? 's more patient with me after the bond. Knows I'm not lyin' when I tell him things. Talks loud 'nough when I'm around so- so that I can hear him proper. Kurt too. Knows I'm no good on hunts. They put me on jobs around the Den. They know what they're doin'."

Remus smiled gently, nodding in agreement. He glanced toward Fenrir again, nodding to let him know he was finished. He didn't want Alec to ask too much about his past.

Fenrir turned to look fully at Remus when his good eye picked up the movement. He looked at Kurt, "Thank you for the talk. I'll be on my way. I still want extra security... until the Pup leaves tomorrow. To be cautious." He turned away once Kurt gave him a nod and walked toward Remus and Alec.

Alec smiled at Remus, and he shifted in his seat. "How'd you get turned anyways? Do you know?"

Fenrir let loose a loud growl when he heard the question upon walking over to the two men. He laid a heavy hand on Alec's shoulder and squeezed, his voice low and tone dangerous. "Don't think those are the sort of questions we ask our guests, do you, Alec?"

The younger man startled violently and looked up at Fenrir with wide eyes, "No! No. No, Alpha. I- I just- I just was curious is all."
"Curiosity killed the cat, Little One." Fenrir narrowed his eyes at the strawberry-blond. "It can kill dogs too, if you aren't careful."

"Y- Yes. Yes, Alpha. I'll be careful."

"Good." He lifted his hand from Alec's shoulder and looked at Remus, "Are you ready to go?"

Remus, having returned his gaze back to Alec, froze at the question. He opened his lips to answer but Fenrir's growl made him jump suddenly, cutting off the words.

"Yes." He could see how terrified Alec was and he tried to smile gently. "I hope we can talk later alec. It was nice speaking with someone else from Wales."

Alec smiled gently at him, "Yes. Yes, it was nice meeting you. Goodbye Remus." He looked up at Fenrir, biting his lip nervously. "Goodbye, Alpha." He got to his feet and quickly went over to collect dirty plates that had piled up near where the food lay on a large table.

Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest and watched Alec go before turning to look at Remus, "What did he say?"

Remus shrugged. "He answered the questions I had. He was very polite actually." He glanced toward Fenrir. "I was the one that started, Fenrir. I wanted to know more about him. He brought up the turning first. And even if you hadn't appeared when you did, I wouldn't have told him the entire truth, just a version of it." He looked back toward where Alec was cleaning.

"I know you don't want it known in your pack that you bit and nearly killed a child." Remus' voice was soft, matter of fact. He didn't have an ulterior motive, more just wanting to confirm with Fenrir that he wasn't blind.

Fenrir growled low, narrowing his eyes at the younger man. "The pack doesn't know a lot of what I do, Little One. Nor will they ever find out. They know one version of me. Just as you know one version of me."

And Fenrir knew Remus wouldn't ever tell anyone; not with the bond humming in his bones. The werewolf magic that coursed through his veins and held onto him would keep him from going against Fenrir in any way. He knew it would hum and buzz and quickly take control if Remus were
to try and say or do anything that would go against Fenrir.

"Did you ask your questions? Or do you have more?"

"Would you force me to go against something I believe is right?" He asked softly. These were questions he knew Alec would never be able to answer.

Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest and frowned at Remus. "That depends on the situation, Little One. If your 'something right' were to put my pack at risk, yes, I would."

"But if that something right was to protect a wizard who doesn't pose a threat to the pack." He pressed. "Or wizards in general who don't pose a threat. What about them?"

"If my pack is in not in danger, I do not care what your 'something right' is, Pup. My concern lies with my pack's safety." He watched as the desperate sort of concern flashed across Remus' features. "Your bond is to stop you from going against me, Remus. If you feel the need to do something stupid and noble as all little lions do, you go and do that. As long as that something does not go against myself or the pack. If my pack is in need of you, I will take you. As you are now a part of the pack, it is a priority for you. You will work to protect it and its members just as all the wolves here do."

"So if I'm in school and the pack gets attacked...." It wasn't so much a question but a need for confirmation. If that was so, he would need to tell someone. One of the teachers would need to know.

The Marauders of course. Merlin, Sirius....

Fenrir shrugged. "You're part of the pack. If I call for you- If the pack gets attacked, you will hear me no matter where you are. Your wolf will be drawn to us. You will be able to find us through the call no matter where you are. It's werewolf magic."

Remus nodded. "And you couldn't wait until I graduated? Fenrir, if I'm in class or in the middle of a test.... if you thought hiding what I am was hard before, you've now made it much, much harder."

He set a hand on Remus' shoulder, squeezing gently. He ushered Remus and walked with him out of the communal area and back toward Fenrir's private quarters. "Look, Pup," Fenrir opened the
heavy iron door, steered Remus inside, and closed it behind them. "Are you expecting my pack to be attacked soon? Do you have some kind of inside knowledge? Is Dumbledore planning something?" He met Remus' eyes and searched them. "You need to tell me if you know something. Because it’s sounding like you do."

"I don't know anything for certain." Remus held up his hands. "But the dark lord... this Voldemort. He's recruiting dark creatures, Fenrir. Vampires, trolls. Anyone he can get his hands on. Dumbledore already has a resistance but they are losing far more than they are winning." His shoulders slumped slightly as he looked to the hole in the ceiling.

"It's all happening so fast and I...." He turned back to Fenrir. “I know you don't like him, but Dumbledore's trust means everything to me. I don't want to be stuck between having to choose you or them, Fenrir. I wouldn't survive it.”

Fenrir frowned, studying the boy that stood before him. Defeated. That’s how Remus looked. As though all the pressures of the world were on his shoulders and he was failing to carry them.

Fenrir heaved a heavy sigh and reached out to gently pat the top of Remus’ head. “I can’t control your Wolf’s urge, Pup. Your desire to return to the pack to help it is not part of your bond, understood? You are bound to me. But now that you have spent time here and your wolf has been growing stronger and you understand each other, it means you are going to be feeling it more.”

“You’ll feel the tug if the pack needs you. If we call you.” He let his hand fall from Remus’ hair and crossed his arms over his chest. “It’s like the pull when the Full is about to reach its peak. That tug on your bones and itch under your skin. I don’t control if you listen to it; but if you don’t, you’ll still feel it. It’s constant until it’s stated. Does that clear things up, Little One?”

Remus leaned into the gentle touch against his curls. His parents hadn't done that since before he had been turned and, Merlin, did Remus wish he had received those touches more.

"It does." He nodded, suddenly overly tired. And famished, as his stomach took the cue to growl loudly.

“Come,” Fenrir rumbled, taking hold of Remus’ shoulder once more and turning him to face the iron door. “You need to eat. Then sleep. And tomorrow... tomorrow, you will return back to your castle.”
Hogwarts. It felt like it had been years since he was at school. But he followed Fenrir's guidance, sitting down beside the fire a moment later. One of the women, Sophie, Remus remembered, handed him a plate with the venison and some cooked potatoes. It was a plain meal, but it was everything he needed. In no time his plate was cleared.

Fenrir sat beside Remus, leaning forward with his forearms on his knees. He stared at the fire, frowning, thinking of what the younger man had said in his private room.

The dark lord was collecting dark creatures. Fenrir was sure Voldemort would come to him soon then. Any army would be nothing without a force such as his pack. And how could Fenrir possibly protect his pack against a war? How could he bring it up to them in the first place? Who would be sent to fight on the front lines? Who would stay to protect the pups? Would he have to call the lone wolves and the smaller packs back to the Den?

He straightened up and stretched his back, rolling his shoulders. He placed his hands on the log to his sides. He turned his head to look at Remus. “Will you get into trouble at your castle?”

Remus frowned at him, not exactly sure where he was going with the question. He swallowed the bite he had taken before answering.

"What do you mean?"

“For being here. Will you get punished?” He studied Remus for a moment before looking back at the fire. “You’re already a werewolf, they accepted that. I doubt they’d kick you out of school. But-I don’t know. I don’t know how wizards work.”

Remus couldn't help the smile, soft and gentle. "No. They will most likely believe that you kidnapped me and held me here against my will. If anything it would make them hate you even more than they already do." Which isn't fair, but beneficial.

Fenrir gave a little shrug. “What’s a little more hate?” He ran a hand through his shaggy hair. “But you said you will keep them from coming after my pack? You will keep the stag silent?”

"Yes, Fenrir. I promise. I will do everything in my power to keep them from finding you or your pack." It helped that he didn't know where they were. At least that was one lie he didn't have to tell.
Fenrir glanced at Remus and gave a small nod. “Thank you, Pup. That gives me one less thing to worry about.” He rolled his shoulders slightly, shifting in his spot. He was never one to stay in one place for long. “Are you finished eating?”

Remus smiled softly, nodding. It still shocked him, how drastically his feeling toward the Alpha had changed in 24 hours. He pushed that to the back of his mind. He'd panic about the consequences later. No use wasting time stressing about it now.

"Yes. Will I be able to learn how to cook like this? Eventually?" He didn't know how the pack dynamics worked.

Fenrir stood, brushing his jeans off with his hands. He gave a nod. "Yes, if you choose to return to the pack. Everyone here learns the basics so we can find where they are best suited. Some are no good at cooking, but excellent at hunting; some are the opposite. It all depends on where your skills are."

Remus stood and hesitated when a wolf came up to take their plates. He didn't mind helping but the male smiled and gently took the plate from Remus' limp hands.

"There is a high possibility that I will return." He murmured, watching the wolf turn a corner and disappear.

"Oh?" Fenrir arched a brow and turned to look at Remus fully. His head tilted to the side in a very canine-like way. "Why's that, Little One?"

Remus' gaze snapped back to Fenrir, confused as to why Fenrir had to ask.

"I'm not so delusional to believe that I will be able to support myself once I graduate. And even if my friends accept me, that doesn't mean a future employer will. So you and the pack..." He shrugged. "It's my best option don't you think?"

The elder werewolf let out a deep chuckle. "Pup, to me? You're the type of person that's stubborn and devoted to following that path you choose." He shrugged, beginning to walk toward his private quarters and expecting Remus to follow him as he was still talking. "But, it is good that you're coming to terms with the fact that your wizarding world won't accept what you truly are. It's why we hide. Any of the wolves here can tell you their story and you'll come to realize how distanced we are from the rest of the world."
Remus shrugged, keeping pace with him. "I mean, in a perfect world, I'd want to join the ministry, try to reform the rules on dark creatures. But the moment they know what I am..." He shook his head, pausing when they reached the iron door. "It's not a perfect world." Not by a long shot.

"No, it isn't. If it was, many of us would have graduated from our schooling. We wouldn't have to live in the forest to hunt and survive. But," He opened the heavy iron door of his private rooms and held it for Remus. "We do have family here. We have our own power and way of government. We have protection and acceptance of our own. A separate society. One that you will be welcome to, despite your bout of fun in the forest earlier."

"I'm never going to live that down, am I?" He sighed, entering the room. Hopefully, when he came back he would have a room of his own. He desperately craved solitude and knew that he wouldn't get it for a long time, even once he returned to the castle.

Fenrir shrugged, following Remus inside and slamming the door behind them. "Probably not. Not until you show the hunters you have more to your name and skill than what you did back there. The bond is protecting your place in the pack." He stripped off his shirt and scratched his chest with those long nails, leaving light marks in their wake. "Are you tired? It is late." He tossed the shirt to the corner of the room, into a small bin that held the rest of the dirty clothes from the weekend.

He was suddenly hit with just how tired he was, now that Fenrir had brought it up. He was sore, still healing and, Merlin, he wanted to sleep. So he nodded, glancing back toward the bed of furs. He felt hesitant, and yet was almost too tired to care. The earth floor would have felt like a cloud then.

Fenrir nodded toward the bed. "Lay down and sleep, Pup. I will deliver you back to your castle in the morning. You can have breakfast here or not, that will be up to you."

Again he was struck by how gentle and caring Fenrir could be. Could the Alpha really not see how his actions could be viewed?

"I will lay down. But maybe you could help me think of a cover story. Something that Dumbledore will believe." He didn't want to lie, and say that he had been held against his will. But in a way he had. Fenrir had never left his side. And he was the only one who knew how to get back to Hogwarts.
Fenrir leaned his head back and sighed. He closed his eyes and thought for a moment. “You could say you had been taking a walk. Didn’t realize you had passed the barrier of the wards. Big bad wolf scooped you up. And you managed to weasel yourself away?” He shrugged and looked at Remus. Then he frowned. “But your wand and things were likely found by the lake. So... maybe see if it was the stag that found them. He could say he found them in the forest.”

Remus had laid down on the furs as Fenrir talked. It suddenly hit him how soothing the rumble in the Alpha's voice was. He felt his eyes growing heavy almost instantly.

"It would make more sense if I wandered into the Forbidden Forest." He murmured softly. "My friends know how I crave solitude. One of the best places to find it is to go somewhere forbidden."

Fenrir watched the younger man. “Then there you go. A fine story to tell the wizards. The Den is hidden well and won’t be found easily if they decide to sweep the area looking.” He ran a hand over his face and rubbed at his blind eye. “Will you tell your stag the truth about why you were here? Why you were in the forest with me and a dozen of my hunters?”

"More than likely." His eyes opened when there was a moment of silence. Remus hadn't even realized he had closed them. "I swear, Fenrir. He can be trusted. He may be a right git sometimes but he's kept my secret for over four years. He won't go running to Dumbledore if I tell him the truth.”

Fenrir gave a nod, moving over to the bed slowly. “The bond won’t allow you to do it if it would set you to do something against me. That’s why I can trust your claims.”

"And here I thought you trusted me." He was drifting quickly now, the world sliding out of focus. His eyes closed once more and this time they didn't reopen.

It felt so good to drift off, to let go and sleep. Remus didn't think of anything else as he fell into unconsciousness.

Fenrir watched as Remus drifted to sleep and he sighed softly. “You should know I don’t trust easily, Little One.”

After waiting a long moment to be sure Remus had truly fallen asleep, Fenrir crawled into the bed as well and slipped under the furs. He fell asleep in a sea of unease and worry, his mind overly occupied on the war to come and Remus’ earlier hints about it. He felt no need to hold onto Remus
this time, certain that the boy would not run away.
Chapter 10

Chapter by AnimalCops

Hours passed as they slept, until morning came, and the sun shone through the hole in the ceiling and sensitive ears twitched at the sound of birds singing.

It all happened so quickly. Remus woke up, ate breakfast with the pack, the pups relieved to be able to talk with him again. His actions in the woods seemed to have no effect on them, if they even knew in the first place.

In another blink, he and Fenrir were walking through the forbidden forest in the early morning light. They stopped a ways away still and remus sighed.

"So I guess I'll see you around." He knew now that Fenrir would be in the woods more often than not. Maybe not though with the impending war.

Fenrir gave a small nod, looking from Remus to glance in the direction of Hogwarts. "Take care of yourself." He looked back at the younger man and met his eyes. "Protect the pack." And with that he turned his head to glance away and he vanished with the typical crack! of apparition.

Remus stood in the forest for a moment before he took a deep breath and began making his way toward the castle again. He knew that the marauders would see him first on the map. And sure enough, when he was about half way up the grounds, the front doors opened and Sirius, James and Peter burst out. Remus smiled slightly, winded as it had been a very long walk and his hip was beginning to protest. But he forced it to move faster. He didn't count on the force of Sirius slamming into him, James and Peter joining in the hug a moment later.

"Merlin, mate. Thought we'd lost you." James whispered, his glasses askew due to Sirius' shoulder.

"The fuck happened, Moony?" Sirius asked, his grip on Remus tightening as though he thought he would vanish again. His voice sounded watery as though he were moments away from crying. But he pressed his face to the crook of Remus' neck, eyes closed tightly.

"I'll explain later. I need to see Madam Pomfrey." He stated, even if he held onto Sirius tighter. Merlin, it felt like forever since he had been held like this. Moony didn't even mind, remaining a quiet presence in the back of his head.
"Pomfrey? Why? What happened, Moony?" Sirius pulled back, forcing James and Peter back as well. His eyes met Remus’ and then trailed a little south. He gasped softly, moving a hand to cup Remus’ face, fingers tracing gently over those ragged marks that Kurt had left. "Remus..."

"It's fine. They don't hurt anymore. Let's just go okay?" He was feeling too much. Relief, shame, fear and adrenaline. All he wanted was solitude and yet he craved their touch.

He started walking toward the castle when Peter piped up.

"Moony where are your robes?"

"He said he'd explain later didn't he, Wormtail?" James snapped, though there was hardly any venom in his voice. "I'm sure Dumbledore will want to know everything."

Remus didn't respond, instead he slowly made his way up the staircase, hoping that Sirius won't look too closely at his scars.

Sirius followed after Remus, keeping close to his side, not wanting to let him out of his sight. "Moony..." Sirius wasn't sure at all what to say and he kept his eyes on the ground for a short while. He just wanted to say it. Moony. Remus. He knew it had only been a couple days but Remus had been kidnapped. He had been taken from the school, where they were supposed to be safest. And how had he escaped?

"Moony, do you want us to come with you to see Pomfrey?"

He almost said no. But he supposed that Pomfrey would be able to shoo them away if he asked. So instead he nodded, smiling gratefully.

"Yeah. That would be great." His fingers wove their way through Sirius' unable to keep from touching him.

He’s going to find out, Remus.
Sirius let out a breath of relief, having not realized he had been holding it. He squeezed Remus' hand gently and bumped his shoulder against Remus' affectionately as they walked. The group of boys made their way for the hospital wing and Sirius moved to open the door for the rest of them.

"Boys!" Madam Pomfrey's abrupt voice echoed through the medical wing and the heels of her shoes rang out loudly and almost soothingly. "What is going on here- Remus?" She paused before them before moving over to Remus and batting the other boys away. "You're back! What on Earth happened?" She looked him over with the perception of someone who had training in taking care of injuries. "Where did you get those wounds?"

Remus knew this was coming, and he was glad his friends were standing behind him so he couldn't see their faces.

"Fenrir gave them to me." His voice was almost a whisper, completely drowned out by James and Sirius' cries.

"What?! That's where you been?"

"How did he get on the grounds?" Peter asked fearfully. "There are wards."

Sirius sucked in a sharp breath and squeezed tighter on Remus’ hand. “He marked you?!”

Madam Pomfrey swatted at James, Sirius, and Peter abruptly once more, making them step back from Remus. She set her hand gently on Remus’ arm and she led him into the room. “You’ll have to answer them sooner or later, my boy.” She said softly, so the others couldn’t hear. “But you do need to explain to me what happened so I can help you. You’ll need to tell Dumbledore. I can call him here or you can go to his office when your wounds are taken care of, that’s your choice.”

Remus was immensely grateful for Poppy in that moment. Already, the guilt was eating at him. And he knew that Sirius would only be angrier once he saw the full extent of the scars he had.

He waited until Poppy had settled him down in a bed and drew the curtain closed before starting to speak.
"He came onto the grounds. It was..." His cheeks darkened. "I think it had something to do with the fact that he's the one who changed me. When he said things a certain way, I followed every order, even if I didn't want to." He saw her expression tighten as she helped him remove the flannel shirt. The wounds on his stomach were still tender and pink. The bite marks on his neck were paler but still darker than the surrounding skin. He couldn't remember what the scars on his face looked like, but he saw Poppy studying them all.

The matron bustled around, examining wounds and applying potion that would help the pain. She tsked gently. "Nothing can be done about him coming into the grounds, Remus." She gently prodded the bond mark, it still seemed fresh and new. "Unfortunately, I can't do much at all about the scarring. You know how it is." Scars made by werewolves wouldn't never heal fully. "Is this one recent?" She examines the bond mark more closely.

"Yes." He leaned his head back to give her more room to examine them. "One was on Friday night, the other Saturday."

He truly hoped that his friends had gone, and they weren't just under the invisibility cloak, listening to this. He wanted to tell them, and Sirius especially, on his own terms.

"This should have healed already." She frowned. She moved to the side to check potion bottles, still speaking quietly. "Do you know why it hasn't healed like the others? Werewolves are usually very fast healers."

Remus bit his lip, glancing behind him to make sure the coast was clear. "The way he described it, it is a werewolf version of an unbreakable vow." His vice was barely a whisper now. Saying it out loud only made moony irritated. They still didn't like that Fenrir did this without telling him the whole truth. Even if they understood why, it wasn't right.

Poppy sighed softly and put a few drops of potion on the wound to no effect. She shook her head. "You'll have to let Dumbledore know, Remus. That's... that's far out of my knowledge."

He didn't want to though. He didn't want Dumbledore to think he could use the bond against Fenrir. But he simply nodded, waiting until Poppy had her fill of healing attempts before he laid down.

"Do you mind if I stay here for a while?" He asked softly.
“If you stay, I’ll have to let Dumbledore know. He’s been trying to track you. I should have told him the moment I saw you but...” she motioned at his wounds vaguely. “more pressing matters, obviously.”

*He's been trying to track you.*

The words seemed to echo as if Madam Pomfrey had bellowed it. Could Dumbledore really have guessed where he was and who he was with? And if he had managed to succeed, did that mean that he knew where the den was?

A chill shot through him and he tried to keep his expression neutral.

"That's fine. I just... I need solitude. And I won't get it if I go back to the common room."

“Do you mind if I call him now then?” She asked gently. “If your friends are still here, I can send them out or allow them to stay, that’s up to you as well.” She gave him a gentle smile, not pity, but worry. This boy has had to go through so much and he was so strong. But where did that strength end? She wasn’t sure she wanted to find that out. Wasn’t sure if she could help him as much as she wanted to. She was so attached to the boy now after caring for him for so many years.

"No. You can call him now. But I don't want the others to overhear. I want to tell them on my own." It was better to get this over with now than to put it off for later.

“Alright, Remus.” Poppy turned and opened the curtains around the bed. She stepped out and noticed the three boys still standing by the entrance of the hospital wing.

Walking over to them, She shooed then out of the large oak doors. “Remus needs to rest. He’ll go back to your common room when he’s feeling better.” With a flick of her wand, the doors closed and locked. She didn’t want to have them asking questions that she couldn’t answer. Didn’t want to have to try to think of lies.

Poppy went to her office, threw a dash of floo powder in the fireplace and called out to Dumbledore. “Headmaster, I have Remus here with me. Could you please come through? I’m sure you want to speak to him.”

While Poppy called Dumbledore, remus took the moment to enjoy the silence. This is what he had
been craving. Silence and solitude. Enough so that he could sort through all the information that had been shoved in his head over the last few days.

He had started drifting off when the sound of footsteps echoed outside the door, which was followed by a brisk knock.

Poppy bustled to open the door and let the Headmaster into the room. He followed her inside and over to Remus’ bed. The old man sat in the chair that was to the side of the hospital bed.

Dumbledore looked at Remus, the blue eyes kind and sparkling behind the half moon spectacles. “Welcome back, Remus.” He began softly. As he spoke, Poppy left the area and locked the door once more. “Do you mind filling me in on where you have been this weekend? You’ve caused quite the stir amongst the students. Rumors travel fast, you know.”

Remus flushed, seeming to sink into the bed. He had to be careful. The bond might not let him speak like he normally would.

"I was with Fenrir, Professor." He answered softly. Moony wanted to know what the rumors were, and honestly so did Remus. "... What rumors?"

"Oh," Dumbledore leaned back in his seat and waved a hand idly in the air. "You know how children get when they've got nothing better to whisper about. Death, violence, et cetera." The old wizard watched Remus carefully for a moment before speaking. "Would you be willing to tell me what Fenrir Greyback wanted you for? You know as well as I that he is quite the dangerous person, Remus."

"I..." He started, but Moony whispered that he didn't like how Dumbledore was studying him. "I'm not sure, exactly. He never told me." It wasn't exactly a lie. There could have been numerous reasons other than showing him how to merge with his wolf. "This entire weekend was very bizarre."

Dumbledore's eyes flickered down to the base of Remus' neck, taking in the sight of the bite wounds, before they moved back up to meet with hazel eyes. "Is there anything you wish to tell me about what happened this weekend? Anything important?"

Remus bit his lip nervously. He knew he should probably tell Dumbledore. He had already told Poppy. But... it felt wrong. Moony agreed.
"I resisted. And he bit me. Again." Dumbledore kept watching him and Remus had never been a good liar. "He called it a bond mark. It makes me part of his pack."

The Headmaster let out a low hum, steepling his fingers on his lap. "I see." He fell silent for a moment, gaze never straying from Remus. "Did he explain what that meant for you? Wizarding society is not... very tolerating of dark creatures. Did he do this on purpose so you cannot hide among wizards any longer?"

"I don't think so." Remus replied slowly. He could tell Dumbledore, couldn't he? What he had seen? The thriving community Fenrir had created. The pups with their eagerness to learn and endless curiosity. Even Kurt, Alec and Sophie and the countless other hunters. He bit his lip slowly, debating before speaking again.

"I saw the rest of the pack professor. I met his Beta and the other wolves and... I felt accepted." He knew Dumbledore would know the weight of that statement. "I've never truly felt that way anywhere. Even here. And besides, just because you've accepted me, and allowed me to learn here doesn't mean I have any chance once I graduate. Not to mention I have to register once I come of age. I won't be able to hide who I am even if he hadn't marked me."

Dumbledore gave a slow smile. A sad smile. But it was a happy one at the same time. The blue eyes sparkled and showed dozens of other emotions that the smile didn’t convey. But the Headmaster spoke simply. “It sounds like you’ve found a family, Remus."

"Maybe. I don't know. But I know that what the wizarding world thinks and says about him is wrong." He met Dumbledore's eyes, held them. "I didn't know what the full extent of the bond would do. But... But I want to go back. Eventually. If only to visit, you know?"

Dumbledore gave the slightest shrug of his shoulders. And he shook his head, long beard moving gracefully. "Wizards look down upon any magical being that they deem lesser than themselves. For purebloods, they look down on muggleborns and even half-bloods. But as for wizards as a whole, dark creatures are viewed as being lesser than themselves. So visiting, even once you register yourself, will definitely bring some looks your way."

The Headmaster stood from the chair smoothly, still talking. “I imagine you aren’t to say where Fenrir is hiding, nor how to get there?”

"I can’t." Remus answered truthfully. "He apparated us once we were outside of Hogsmeade. I
honestly don't know where we were." He had no idea how to find the cave, and even if he did, he knew the bond wouldn't allow him to tell anyone.

“Alas,” Dumbledore said, patting Remus’ shoulder gently. “I suppose I’ve to keep looking then. Do get some rest, Mr. Lupin. Think of some way to dispel those silly rumors. I heard an interesting one about you going to live in the lake alongside the Merfolk. Fascinating what the imagination can do.”

Remus didn't know how to respond to that so he simply nodded. "Thank you, Professor." He would have to be careful, make sure that Dumbledore didn't follow him somehow.

Dumbledore bowed his head in a slight nod. “Be careful of what you take to heart, Mr Lupin. You never know who is telling the truth no matter how well you think you know them.” And with that, he swept away, his long robes trailing on the floor as he left the hospital wing.

Poppy bustled over moments later, “Get some sleep, Remus. You can go back to your common room when you’re feeling better. Sound good?”

He nodded, curling deeper into the blankets. He had missed this. The silence, the solitude. In no time at all, he was drifting off.

He awoke later to a dimly lit hospital room. The sun had mostly set and he immediately got up. Remus felt more rested than he had in days, but he needed to get back. To tell the others what happened. He told Poppy that he was leaving and began heading back to the common room.

It was mostly empty, everyone was seemingly still down at dinner. And despite how hungry he was, he didn't want to get food before speaking to his friends. So he laid down on his bed, curtains open, and waited for them to return from dinner.

After what seemed like a long while, Sirius was the first to reach their dormitory. The door squeaked open and the animagus gasped when he saw Remus in his four-poster bed. He moved over to Remus, speaking softly. "Remus... you're back."

"Yeah." He smiled at Sirius as he sat up. "I'm sorry, I feel asleep." He was so used to Poppy letting them stay, within reason, and one of them waking him up after a few hours. But this time...
"Where are Prongs and Wormtail?"

"Don't be sorry." Sirius sat on the side of Remus' bed and reached out to hold his hand carefully. "Prongs had his Prefect rounds, Wormtail had one of his clubs... Gobstones, I think." He shook his head and looked into his boyfriend's eyes. "Moony, how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine, Padfoot, I promise." He weaved their fingers together, missing the contact and feeling guilty all the same. Moony didn't, of course, but Remus did. "He didn't..." He trailed off, knowing that was a lie. "It's nothing that my body can't heal."

Sirius frowned, "Are you gonna tell me all of what happened? You were gone for days, Moony. You didn't just take a stroll for a couple hours. You got kidnapped for days."

Remus breathed in and let it out slowly. He couldn't. He couldn't tell Sirius that Fenrir had fucked him. That he had liked it. He couldn't tell him that he wanted to go back, even now. If only for the pups. It was so easy to see it for Sirius' point of view. To see Fenrir as evil and twisted even if he knew different.

"He, uh..." Remus glanced down at their hands. "I don't know what happened." Remus bit his lip but continued before Sirius could interrupt. "He told me to drop my wand and I did. He told me to follow him and I wanted to. My legs were moving and I couldn't stop them and..." This was so much harder than he thought it would be. Sirius' skin seemed to burn where it touched Remus'.

"I had no idea where I was. He apparated outside Hogsmeade and I just... I thought if I did what he wanted... say what he wanted just until he brought me back, then it would be okay." But it wasn't. It never would be again.

Sirius set his jaw and frowned. He squeezed Remus' hand gently but kept silent for a long moment. When he spoke, his voice cracked, "What did he do to you?"

Remus took another slow deep breath. And another before slowly releasing Sirius' hand to behind unbuttoning the narrowed shirt. He couldn't look at Sirius as his neck was exposed, his shoulders, his stomach. The angry pink scars that were slowly healing, the darker bond mark that never would. When he finally let the material fall to the bed, the silence was ringing so loudly in his ears that it seemed to block out everything else. And sitting there, he waited for the inevitable.

Sirius swallowed hard. Once, and then twice. He tried to get words past his lips but his throat
wouldn't work, he wasn't even sure he was breathing for a minute. He reached forward and touched one of the bites with gentle fingertips. His hand moved lower, fingers tracing over the five long claw marks that were in the center of Remus' chest.

He tried to blink back tears, tried to keep them away, tried to be strong. But he couldn't help the convulsion in his chest and the choked noise that escaped him. At the thought of what might have happened to the person he loved more than anything in the world, he couldn't keep the façade he usually had. "Moony... Moony, why'd this happen to you?"

He hated seeing Sirius like this. The same guilt that flooded the first time now came back, though he supposed it didn't come back as strong due to Moony’s influence.

"Because I resisted." He whispered, still unable to look at Sirius. "He took me out with the hunting party. We stumbled across Prongs and I... I attacked his Beta. I had to, otherwise they would have killed Prongs." His own vision started to blur. "And because of that I was punished."

The mixture of horror and grief was suddenly overrun by a swift charge of anger at the words. Red hot sparks left Sirius' fingertips and he jerked his hand away from Remus. Uncontrolled magic. He quickly moved his hands to his lap and curled them into fists. "I'll kill him, Moony. I'll do it." His voice was tense and harsh as he forced himself to hold back on his feelings. "I'll do it. Soon as we're out of here. I'll kill him for you." If there was one secret thing that Sirius Black was good at, it was revenge.

"No." Remus replied firmly, meeting Sirius' eyes then. "You can't. I can't let you." He reached out for Sirius hands again, covering them with his own. "The pack needs him, Sirius. Without him, the wolves... the children wouldn't survive. Please..."

"What the fuck're you talking about, Moony?" Sirius snapped suddenly, searching hazel eyes. "Look what he did to you. He deserves to die for this!"

"You don't understand, Sirius! I can't let you harm him! I can't because of this!" He gestured to the livid bite on his neck.

"It's called a bonding mark. It's like the... the werewolf version of an unbreakable vow." Remus shook his head slowly. "I physically cannot allow anything bad to happen to him. I can't go against him, I can't harm him in any way, whether directly or indirectly." The pressure behind his ears grew and he blinked the tears back.
Remus continued, "He was trying to help me with Moony, okay? He was trying to make it so we worked together instead of being at war and Moony... he really wants to go back, Sirius. He wants to be part of the pack but Fenrir lied and didn't tell is what that truly meant. Not until after it was already done."

Sirius stood abruptly, fists clenched by his sides. "You're one of them now?" He choked out, "One of Fenrir's? Wh-What? Did he... Did he make you bite kids too? Make you kill people?" He threw his arm out to the side, pointing violently at the window in their dormitory that looked over the Forbidden Forest. "That's what he does, Moony! You- You're part of that now!"

"Silencio!" Remus shot the spell at the door and stood up, tossing the wand back on his bed. The last thing he needed was someone overhearing this conversation.

"I'm the only child he has bitten and that's because he thought I wouldn't survive it. But I did. The children there were bitten by other wolves, abandoned by their families. He saved them, Sirius!"

"He's a monster! And he's brainwashed you!" Sirius shouted, "He's a murderer! He's the most brutal werewolf in history, Moony! It- It's Stockholm Syndrome or something! You can't honestly think that Fenrir Greyback is some kind of family man."

"Stop..." Remus pleaded softly while Sirius yelled. Moony was strangely silent, refusing to help the flood of anxiety now coursing through him. This is what he had been afraid of. This reaction right here.

"You didn't see what I saw, Sirius. He's different around the pack. Everything that the Ministry says about him is wrong." He walked toward Sirius, pleading. "Please. Just... you have to trust me on this."

Sirius frowned and took a step back. "How can I? You come back after going missing. You say Greyback took you away. You have all... all these marks all over you. And you're saying he's actually a good guy?"

Remus knew this was a losing battle. He was never going to change Sirius' mind. He bit his lip and looked away, a hand coming up to rub his face and he hoped Sirius wasn't keen enough to see him shaking. He didn't know what to say. However he didn't have a chance to respond, as James entered the room and stopped when he saw the pair of them.
"Should I come back later?"

"Yes." Sirius snapped at the same time Remus sighed, "No." Remus frowned at Sirius.

"It's his room too, Pads. Besides he's just as much a part of this as you are."

“More than!” Sirius shouted, pointing at James in anger. “The fuck were you doing in the forest last night, Prongs? Without telling me and Wormtail? You saw Moony and didn’t say a damn word!”

James' eyes flickered to Remus, meeting his gaze for a moment before he closed the door. "Is the-"

"Yes, I silenced the room." Remus reassured him, sitting back down on the bed, pulling his shirt back on. James did the same on his own, shrugging off his cloak and loosening his tie.

"It was an accident. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't focus on anything so I transformed to silence the thoughts. Prongs helped. I figured I could explore the forest for a while when.... when I stumbled across the..... hunting party?” Remus nodded his agreement.

"It was pure coincidence, Pads, I swear. Moony attacked the leader and I was able to escape. I didn't bring it up because I didn't understand what I was seeing. And Moony, he..." James looked back at Sirius. "He saved my life Pads. I swear I didn't know they were that close to the castle. You were already so distraught, what would you have done if I had said something?"

“You could have died, you idiot!” Sirius yelled, tears falling down his face in a crash of anger and heartbreak. Emotions overwhelming him suddenly. “I could have lost both of you!”

"But you didn't, Pads." James shot up, moving to cradle Sirius' face in his hands. "Moony's back, I'm safe. I promise we're not going anywhere mate. We're brothers for life. You know that."

Sirius wrapped his arms around James and broke down, crying into his shoulder. “Can’t lose you, mate.” He said, breath shuddering in his chest and causing his voice to tremble. He turned his head to the side and reached out to Remus with one hand. “Can’t lose Moony either. Don’t do something so fuckin’ stupid ever again!”
Remus joined them, burying his face into Sirius' shoulder. It was awkward and Sirius' grip hurt. But he never wanted to let go.

They eventually broke apart, James telling them how proud of Moony he was for attacking the Beta the way he did. He was also able to give a semi location as to where they had been, and Remus had been right. They weren't too far from the school at all. But he pushed it to the back of his mind, eyes on Sirius. He couldn't let anything happen to those pups. He couldn't.

Sirius licked his dry lips and seemed to be thinking hard for a moment. He broke the silence they had all been in after a handful of minutes. He swallowed hard, looking into Remus’ eyes. “Can we take a walk... talk quick...?”

James started to object but Remus shook him off.

"I'm fine. Besides, Pads will be with me." He smiled, ruffling James' hair and taking Sirius' hand. Once they were out of the portrait hole, Remus glanced toward his boyfriend.

"What else did you want to talk about?"

Sirius shook his head and held tighter to Remus’ hand. He quickly walked down the hallway, dragging Remus behind him. They wandered up a staircase and down another hallway before Sirius stopped.

He turned to face Remus and sighed. “What really happened to you?”

Remus' eyes narrowed in confusion. Hadn't they already talked about this? What more did Sirius want to know? But he already knew, he just didn't want to accept it. he didn't want to have this conversation now. Not when he had just gotten Sirius back.

"I told you everything already, Sirius." He replied, his head tipping slightly in confusion.

Sirius shook his head. "I know you're hiding something. Me and James can always tell when you're lying. You're a shit liar. What aren't you saying, Moony?"
Remus shook his head slowly, the blood slowly draining away from his face. He couldn't say it. He couldn't. The words were getting stuck in his throat, the lump burning and making it difficult to talk. To breathe.

"Not now." He whispered, meeting Sirius' gaze. "Please."

"If not now, then when?" Sirius sighed. "I know you'll just keep giving me that as an answer until I don't ask it anymore. You know I've already been thinking of all the things that might've happened, Moony. So why won't you tell me?"

"Because I can't. Not because of the bond mark, but because it will hurt you and..." He shook his head again. "$I$ can't hurt you, Sirius. Not after everything that has happened."

Sirius quickly lowered his gaze to their clasped hands. "$I$ can kinda guess what happened then, yeah?" He gave a sad smile, meeting Remus' eyes again. "$You..." He motioned to Remus with his other hand vaguely before reaching out to touch the new scars on his face. "Doing this wasn't enough for him?"

"That was his Beta, when I stopped him from attacking Prongs. It wasn't Fenrir’s doing." He whispered when Sirius' fingers brushed the new scars on his face; the four neat lines that slashed across his right cheek toward his nose, narrowly missing his eye didn't hurt nearly as much as they once had. But Remus also knew he was dancing around the subject. He couldn't keep the tears back now as they slipped silently down his cheeks.

"I didn't try hard enough to stop it." He whispered, Moony reminding him in the back of his head that he hadn't done anything to stop it. Not really. Remus shoved him further back but not enough that he still couldn't see or hear what was going on. No matter what, he would never do that again.

Sirius pulled Remus into a hug. "$I... Moony, I’m not mad. I can’t be mad. You didn’t- you didn’t want it. I can’t be mad at you because- because he did... things. I-" Sirius broke off, his voice cracking, and he hugged Remus tighter.

Of course he was broken over this. But it wasn’t cheating. Remus hadn’t cheated on him. It had been against his will, Fenrir is scary and strong and evil and forced Remus to do things. Sirius could never blame Remus for any of that. His heart clenched painfully and he clung to his boyfriend. He loved Remus.
He loved Remus so much but it felt like something in their dynamic had shifted. Of course, he had expected Remus to act off. He had been through something terrible. But, that wasn’t the thing. It was something else and Sirius couldn’t put his finger on it.

"But I did want it, Pads." He shook, burying his face into Sirius' neck. "Part of me really did want it. And I have... no idea why. Even Moony doesn't know." His voice broke at the last word and he clung to Sirius, as if he was afraid of his lover slipping away.

"I didn't try hard enough because it felt good and...and I couldn't, couldn't stop it and I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry." He was sobbing now, the full weight of the weekend hitting him, crashing around him. He was going to lose everything and it was all his fault.

Sirius felt himself tense as Remus spoke. But he didn't let go; if anything, he held onto Remus even tighter. "I..." He wasn't sure what to say. He couldn't be upset. He couldn't be angry. He couldn't. It didn't feel right to be angry about this, but Sirius could feel it rising inside him. "Moony..."

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..." He couldn't lose Sirius. He couldn't. He wouldn't survive it if he did. He pulled away enough to meet Sirius' eyes, hating the anger he saw there and deserving it all the same. "I didn't mean for it to happen. And you have a right to be angry but please... Please don't leave me. Please."

"It... It's alright, Moony." He leaned forward to brush his lips against Remus' in a gentle kiss. "I'm not mad at you. I won't leave you. I- I wanna kill the fucker that did this to you. I..."

He didn't deserve Sirius Black. He really didn't. He cradled Sirius' face in his hands, smiling gently at him as he slowly, slowly began to calm down. "I know you do. I wish... I wish you could see them. The children, Sirius. The other wolves. I wish you could.. could see them like I do."

He took a deep breath and let it out shakily. "But what you can do is help me research the bond between a wolf and their Alpha." He sniffed, releasing Sirius only to look into his eyes. "The way he talks... it's almost like imperio. My body will just... obey. And some unconscious part of me wants to. And if I can figure out how to resist that then ... then I can keep it from happening again."

"You... learned all that stuff from Fenrir? There's kids... and he's not eating them or anything? Remus- Moony... I- This goes against everything anybody says about that fucker." He moved one hand to settle gently over the bond wound on Remus' neck. "He did these things to you and you believe what he's saying? What if he's tricking you? Trying to get you to join Voldemort and all the bad guys?"
"I told him about Voldemort. He doesn't want to join him. He hates wizards. He only wants what's best for the pack, no matter what that means."

"But what are you? Are you 'pack', Moony? Will he protect you? What if he's leading you to slaughter? I just... I can't wrap my head around you saying that Fenrir Greyback is a good person."

"I am part of the pack now, yes." He gestured to the bond mark. "This mark is.... well it proves that I am. So just as I can't let anyone hurt him, he can't let anyone hurt me."

Sirius frowned, his fingertips trailing over the bond mark lightly. “Can he hurt you still?”

Remus sighed. "I don't know... he gave me these before the mark." His hand fell over the scars on his chest. "He hasn't hurt me since, so that is a possibility. And honestly, he gave me these because if he didn't, the pack might have realized they can get away with things they can't."

“There was no other way?” Sirius pressed, “You... how’re you gonna hide these?”

Remus shrugged. "They are low enough that my scarf should hide them. And I've already asked Madam Pomfrey about-" He suddenly cut off and looked to the end of the hallway. Someone was coming. They weren't out of bounds yet, but he still moved to tug Sirius against him, pressing himself against the wall.

"Follow my lead." And then he kissed Sirius hard, guiding his hands to cover the bite marks on his neck.

Severus appeared a moment later, and sneered as he saw them. "Can't you do that somewhere privately?"

Sirius felt himself smirk into the kiss when he heard Severus’ voice. Despite how badly he wanted to flash a rude hand gesture, he kept his hands covering Remus’ scars. He broke the kiss and glanced at the Slytherin that had appeared. ‘Bugger off, Snape. We’re busy.”

Severus sneered, walking closer to them, and Remus began nipping his way down Sirius' jawline. He had forgotten how much fun this was. Maybe it made him a bad person, but right now he was too
relieved to care.

"We aren't bothering anyone. I suggest you keep walking, Snape, before I have to dock points." But Snape kept looking at them, Remus specifically.

"Everyone has been wondering where you were, Lupin. Wondering why you would suddenly run off without the rest of your friends." His sneer grew. "Getting tired of wizards are you? Thinking about going back to your roots?"

Sirius grit his teeth in anger. He hissed, “Leave now, Snivellus. If you know what's good for you.”

"Or what? You going to sick your wolf on me?"

"Ten points from Slytherin, Severus. And I suggest you get moving before I decide to dock ten more." Remus growled, his eyes glowing slightly. A look of fear passed over Snape's expression before it hardened with anger.

"Just because Dumbledore made me swear not to tell doesn't mean I don't know what you are, Lupin. I'd watch my back if I were you."

Sirius gripped onto Remus even tighter, and it was taking everything in him not to launch himself at the Slytherin and sink his fist into that greasy face. He snarled, narrowing his eyes. “Keep fuckin' walking. You've got more than your back to watch, Snape.”

"Final warning, Severus." Remus growled, his hands keeping a tight hold on Sirius' hips. He didn't want to have to dock points from Gryffindor as well.

Snape glared at them before moving on with a sweep of his robes. When he was finally out of sight, Remus sighed.

"Merlin, I hate that man."

Sirius let out a low sigh, head falling to press his face to the crook of Remus’ neck. “We should go
"Only if we can continue what we started." He smiled gently, hopeful. "I've really missed you pads." Remus whispered.

Sirius smiled against scarred skin. “We’ll have to kick Prongs and Wormtail out of the dormitory. You’re not in too much pain?”

"I can handle it. And they both should have known this was bound to happen." He pressed a gentle kiss against Sirius' lips. "Besides, there's always the silencing spell."

“I’m not mad at you,” Sirius said suddenly, “You know that right? Don’t want you going around blaming yourself.” He smiled gently. “I know how you are.”

Remus blinked at him, stunned for a moment. It always seemed to surprise him how well Sirius could read him. He sighed as they began to walk back.

"You have every right to be, Pads." He answered back softly. "I should have fought him harder."

Sirius walked with him, giving a tiny shrug of his shoulders. "I wasn't there, Moony. I can't... I can't judge you. I'm angry. Yeah, I'm angry, but I'm angry at Greyback, not you."

Remus didn't say anything until they were climbing the last staircase to the common room. "If there is anything I can do..."

"Let me kill him?" Sirius said hopefully, glancing at Remus. He sort of meant it as a joke, to lessen the heavy air between them. But inside, he truly meant it. He wanted to be the one to kill Greyback for this. He wanted to get back at the werewolf somehow. To avenge Remus in some way, however he could.

"Two days ago I would have let you." He responded in the same teasing manner before giving the password for the fat lady. The portrait swung open and they walked into a moderately inhabited common room. "Anything else I can do for you?"
Sirius shook his head, "No... No, not really." He nodded his head toward the stairs up to their dormitory. "Wanna go upstairs?"

"Please." He could feel the stares, hear the whispers. It was so much worse than it had been before. And Remus felt himself wanting to disappear.

Sirius quickly ushered Remus up to their dormitory, sending heated glares to anyone in the common room that seemed to be staring at him too long. He quickly followed the werewolf up the stairs and into the dorm.

“I’ll teach them to stare at you, those bastards.” Sirius hissed through grit teeth, finally finding an outlet for his pent up anger at the situation.

"Next time we'll have to give them something to stare at." Remus grinned, pushing the door open and pulling Sirius in with him. James and Peter were in mid conversation but looked up when they entered.

"Was wondering if you were going to come back. Saw you had a run in with Snivellus." His eyes landed on Sirius, the map open in his bed. "You alright?"

“Uh- Yeah... yeah, fine.” Sirius crossed his arms over his chest and shrugged his shoulders. “Moony docked him points. Responsible one, Moony is.”

James nodded and looked over to Moony. Remus nodded before pulling Sirius along to his bed.

"Night, everyone. Please don't let us sleep through breakfast." And with that he snapped the curtains shut and cast the silencing spell.

Sirius kneeled on the bed once the curtains were closed. He reached out and cupped both sides of Remus’ face with his hands. “Moony... are you sure you're alright?”

"Bloody hell, Pads, if you ask me that question one more time..." He leaned up to kiss Sirius softly. "I'm perfectly fine, I promise." Another kiss, this one lingered. "Please stop trying to ruin the mood."
Sirius kissed Remus back gently, barely pulling back to whisper against his lips. He pressed his forehead to his lover's and spoke softly. "I love you. I'm just concerned. That's perfectly right of me, innit? Just worried is all."

"Well I guess I will just have to distract you. Wont I?" He then kissed harder, cutting off any conversation between them. It was going to be a long night, but Remus wouldn't trade it for the world.

The night passed in gentle touches and heated whispers. Months passed afterwards, years even. Sirius and Remus were closer than they had been before.
Three years after Remus had been given the bond mark, the Marauders were fighting for the Order of the Phoenix. They were fighting for good, against a dark force that wanted to take away the light in the world. And though they felt out numbered at times, though they had to mourn the deaths of friends, they kept fighting. They kept fighting because they had to and it was what was right in the world. The Marauders were 20 now, and Sirius felt their maturity had even grown with them - though they were still the ones to bring smiles on stressed and anxious faces with a joke or a prank.

"Remus, Sirius. I’ve a mission for you.” Dumbledore stated after the meeting. After a number of them had left.

“Mission?” Sirius questioned.

“There is activity going on in the Forest of Dean. We aren’t sure what exactly is going on, but we would like for you to take a look at it.” He glanced from Sirius, to Remus, and back again.

“Yes, sure, Albus. We can do that. Right, Moony?” Sirius smiled, looking over at Remus.

Remus nodded, having already been used to being sent on missions back to back. These were trying times.

"Anything we should know beforehand?"

"I, unfortunately, do not have much information to go on. Other than the fact that some muggles have gone missing."

They nodded again.

"We'll look into it then." Sirius glanced at Remus and nodded his head toward the doorway of the meeting room. “Shall we?”
The two of them left the room, then the building itself. The secret headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix was heavily warded and that included allowing members to apparate and disapparate from within the house. Sirius held Remus’ hand, and they walked a fair distance from the house, turning down the same alleyway they always did so they would be away from any Muggle or Wizards watching. Focusing on their destination, Sirius took Remus with side-along apparition and they appeared in the Forest of Dean.

“Not much to go on,” Sirius said, “But let’s do our best to figure it out, I suppose.”

Remus nodded, keeping his eyes and ears on alert for any sound. His brow furrowed slightly as they walked deeper. He felt like he knew these woods. But Dumbledore wouldn't send him on a mission like this would he? Surely he wasn't that short sighted.

A branch snapped beneath something heavy within the darkness of the trees and Sirius startled. “Merlin, it’s spooky in here, huh?”

He walked alongside Remus for a few long moments. Rustling of leaves and snapping of branches kept ringing out in the trees. It must have been deliberate. Nothing would try to sneak around while making so much noise.

And suddenly a voice rang out. A deep growl of a voice, raspy and guttural, but Sirius couldn’t tell which direction it was coming from. “Well well well... Remus Lupin, it has been a while hasn’t it?”

Remus froze, closed his eyes as his fears were confirmed. Of course Dumbledore would pull something like this. But maybe they were wrong. Maybe Fenrir was innocent.

"It has." He admitted, opening his eyes and reaching out to keep Sirius from pulling out his wand. "I don't suppose you could help us out, could you?"

“Moony..?” Sirius looked down at Remus’ hand holding his arm down and then at his face, noting the fear that flashed over his features for just a moment.

“Oh.” The deep voice echoed through the woods around them. “What do you need from me, Pup? Don’t you think it a little silly to be asking me for a favor after all these years?”
"There's a rumor that several muggles have gone missing in the surrounding areas. You wouldn't happen to know what happened would you?" Remus didn't look at Sirius, didn't acknowledge him except to keep his wand arm down. The contact helped with the fear thundering through his veins. His tone was casual, and in no way suggested that the Alpha was the cause for the disappearances.

"Muggles vanish, Little One. It’s what they do.” Fenrir stepped out from the shadows to lean heavily on a tree’s trunk in front of them. He crossed his arms over his broad chest and breathed out a harsh chuckle. “They come and go as they please. They aren’t as easily tracked as you and I.”

The single sparkling amber eye trailed up and down Remus’ body before moving to look at Sirius. “And you brought a little treat. Oh, how lovely. After three long years, you’ve come to find me and you bring me... a peace offering?” He flashed a blood stained grin in Sirius’ direction.

"No." Remus frowned slightly. "This is Sirius Black. A fellow Auror. We are investigating the disappearances. I would have a mountain of paperwork if he were to disappear, Fenrir. Not to mention that the Aurors would want to apprehend you more than they already do. That would endanger the pack would it not?"

“You think you’re being clever with me, Pup?” Amber and dead eyes both narrowed viciously. “You’re a werewolf, not an Auror. They’d never make someone like you an Auror.”

“Moony...?” Sirius whispered again, concerned.

Remus' hand tightened on Sirius' arm. He shrugged nonchalantly. "It doesn't change the fact that his disappearance would only bring about problems for you and me. But since you don't have any information for us, we'll be on our way and continue our investigation.”

In the blink of an eye Fenrir was in front of Remus, glaring down at him. That familiar lilt flowed into his voice - the Alpha tone; the powerful, commanding air around him growing thick. "What makes you think I'm willing to give you up just moments after you've come home, Little One?"

Sirius tried to move his hand to the pocket of his robes to take hold of his wand but Remus' grip was too strong. The animagus narrowed his eyes at the big man before him. "It's you, isn't it? You're Greyback."

"Oh, very clever, this one." Fenrir snorted. "Putting all those years of schooling to work with that deduction, aren't you?"
Sirius stiffened, and kept talking despite Remus' warning squeeze. "You're the one that gave Moony all those marks."

"You know," Fenrir turned on Sirius and leaned closer to him, the growl in his voice backing the powerful commanding tone, "He doesn't like the name Moony."

Sirius blinked and Remus stepped forward, nearly putting himself into Fenrir's space. He and Faelen, as Remus had learned to call him, had come a long way in learning how to coexist. It was almost seamless now, and Remus wasn't quite sure where he ended and Faelen began.

And despite the Marauders continuing use of the name Moony, eventually Faelen had found it endearing rather than insulting. But usually that endearment was reserved for Sirius only.

"You're going to have to move, Fenrir." He growled softly, his eyes beginning to shine. "We have a job to do. There will be more than enough time to chat once we report back."

“Ah,” Fenrir purred low, studying those gold tinged eyes. “But if you came here because your Master thinks I’m the cause of these disappearances, then you have no work to do.” He smirked, showing fangs. “So you have more than enough time to talk to me now.” He raised his voice a bit louder, putting more force into his tone. He stepped closer to Remus, snarling down at him. Bearing down on him with invisible power and pure dominance. “Back down, Pup. Now."

Remus continued to glare at him. He felt the tug of the bond. It grew more intense the longer he resisted. But eventually he sighed and stepped back. He had to, the pain was beginning to become unbearable. He also wanted to test the boundaries, to see what he could get away with.

"Just because our boss believes that you are the cause of the disappearances doesn't mean that I do." He growled. "Allow me to prove your innocence. Then we can talk."

“Prove my innocence?” Fenrir scoffed. “Your little wizards all believe what they do about me, Little One. You know how the stories go. Why waste your time trying to prove something your pack will never believe?” He growled low, that deep rumbling from within his chest.

Fenrir took another step forward, heavy boots crushing what lay beneath them. He snarled, bearing his teeth, dominance and power seeping from him as if it were something they could see in the air. “Wizards don’t change. Have they turned on you yet, Little One? Have they started suspecting
you? Have they been acting strangely toward you? We’re *vermin* to the lot of them. You know this. Biding their time before they call *pest control.*"

Most of the order knew about his condition. McGonagall, Dumbledore, the Longbottoms and the Weasleys. And of course James, Sirius and Peter knew. But he knew Fenrir was right. Knew that some, like Snape and Fletcher, didn't trust him. They likely never would. But that was beside the point.

"Because it benefits your pack, Fenrir." He growled softly. "Even if they don't believe our report, they abide by their rules. They can't launch an investigation if there is no proof to support it. No matter how much they may dislike or distrust the person." His head tilted slightly. "Or have these long years eroded your ability to trust me?"

Fenrir snarled, “I do not *trust* easily, Pup. Or have you forgotten? I never trust fully.” He glanced at Sirius, meeting stormy eyes, before looking back at Remus. “You bring a wizard to my territory and you expect me to trust you?”

“I’m not just going to go crawling to the Ministry about this, Greyback.” Sirius said, his voice sounding much stronger than he felt as he stood face to face with the werewolf. Remus stood between them but Sirius was still terrified.

“He speaks again.” Fenrir purred.

“He does.” Sirius said back quickly.

Fenrir moved closer to them, causing them both to step backwards. He reached out to run a sharp claw down Remus’ cheek, pulling his hand back moments later. “You brought this Wizard into my territory, Pup. Now what?”

"Now we leave it, just as quickly as we came into it." Remus responded. "And after I report back, I swear I will come back here and we can talk." If only he could let Sirius apparate away. If only he could explain.

"He's not your pup." Sirius snarled, growing bolder even if Remus gave his arm another painful squeeze in warning. "And we aren't here for you. We just need to take a look around and then we'll leave."
“Oh, but he is.” Fenrir grinned, showing bloodstained fangs in the dim light of the forest. He moved quickly, stepped close to take hold of Remus’ jaw in his hand and turning his head to the side forcefully. His other hand moved to tug down on the collar of Remus’ robes, baring the bond mark to open air. A thrill shot through Fenrir to see it again, the scar looking fresh and new as it always would. “See this, Wizard? He is mine.”

Remus jerked his head free, stepping back and snarling at Fenrir. But it stopped a moment later, even if the gold in Remus’ eyes hadn't receded.

"Fine. Allow him to investigate and I'll stay here with you until he returns." He heard Padfoot protest but Remus ignored him. Getting him out of here unscathed would be a miracle.

“And what if your pet stumbles upon my pack members, Pup?” Fenrir growled. “Not thinking things through are you? Where did that clever mind of yours run off to? This may not be where the main pack is, but as you know I have smaller groups stationed in several different territories.”

He cocked his head to the side just slightly, the amber eye almost predatory as it studied him. “Send your little treat home, Remus.”

"I can't do that Fenrir. It would send up an alarm if he came back without me." He took a step forward, in peace this time. "I give you my word-"

"Remus-" Sirius gasped.

"-that the moment we get back safely, I will come back and we can talk privately. I've never lied to you before have I?" And he knew that Fenrir knew he wouldn't. Not with the bond mark in place. "Let me see him back safely first. Please."

Fenrir snarled. “I know you will have to now, Pup. You’ll come back alone.” He glanced at Sirius and frowned.

The animagus stiffened in his spot when he met Fenrir’s eyes. Sirius quickly glanced down at his wrist being held by Remus’ hand before looking back at his lover. “Moony. You can’t come back alone!"

Remus nodded to Fenrir before he turned to Sirius, pushing him away from the other werewolf.
"It's the only way to keep you safe." He whispered into Sirius' ear. "I can't protect you if you're here. I need you to trust me, and curse Dumbledore for me, okay?"

“But what about you?” Sirius hissed back at him. “What if the nutcase does something to hurt you again?”

"He won't." Remus glanced back at Fenrir, hating the grin on his face. "Please, Sirius. Just trust me."

“Of course.” Sirius whispered. “Of course I trust you, Remus.”

Fenrir rolled his eyes dramatically from where he stood. His hearing could easily pick up on what the two were whispering about but he wasn’t about to tell the Wizard such a thing. Fenrir growled loudly, causing both of them to turn and look at him. He smiled at Remus, chilling and vicious. “If you do not return within twenty minutes of leaving, I will find you myself. I will hunt down your little treat," He growled deeply, looking from Remus to Sirius. “And I will teach him the lessons you didn’t grasp.”

Faelen growled more than Remus did, his eyes shining brighter than before. He stepped in front of Sirius, glaring hard at Fenrir.

"I don't care if you don't trust easily, but in case you've forgotten, you've made sure I can't lie to you remember?” Faelen wanted to rip the smile off Fenrir's face, but Remus held him back. "Even if I'm not back in 20 minutes, You don't get to touch him, Fenrir. He's mine."

“Oh, please,” Fenrir snorted. “I don’t give a fuck about your little bitch, Remus. Your bond doesn’t keep you from lying, it keeps you from going against me. You aren’t Alec, Pup.”

Sirius bristled at the insult, and he tugged his arm free from Remus’ grasp when he could sense Remus about to retort. He couldn't take it anymore. He felt all his pent up anger toward this man come to a peak. The man that marked Remus so deeply, the one that took him away and hurt him. He couldn't stop himself. He pulled his wand from his pocket. He retaliated without thinking, sending angry red sparks shooting from his wand in Fenrir’s direction, his wand aimed from around Remus’ side.

The Alpha werewolf flinched as the magic hit him, burning small places on the exposed flesh on
the blind side of his face. He snarled loudly, lips curling back to bare teeth in a feral rage. The werewolf shoved Remus out of the way in his anger and he advanced on Sirius. The animagus fired a series of sparks again, but Fenrir was ready now. He held his arm up, the flannel charring in places and burning away where the sparks hit.

But he didn’t slow. Fenrir kept moving forward, causing the wizard to scramble back, immediately regretting his stupid decision to strike out. And his muddled mind couldn’t have thought of a better spell to strike out with?

Fenrir grabbed Sirius by the front of his cloak and lifted him easily, just as he had hefted the carcass of the deer so easily all those years ago. He slammed the younger man’s body hard into a tree and held him there. Sirius’ head knocked against the trunk of the tree and his hands moved to claw at Fenrir’s, doing little actual work against the dirty skin.

Stormy grey eyes clenched shut and breath caught in Sirius’ throat. He could obviously still breathe, and Fenrir wasn’t moving to strike again. He held the younger man hard to the tree, easily keeping him trapped.

Fenrir’s arm burned suddenly where Remus had marked him in turn. The mutt was thinking of striking out against him, but the bond wouldn’t allow it. The Alpha wolf could always feel the intense burn whenever one of his bonded wolves were trying to break what had bonded them. Fenrir turned to look at Remus, smiling slowly.

“I’m not going to harm your little toy, Remus. How’s your bond mark feel now that you want to do something against me. Your first time feeling it, yes?”

It was like his feet had been glued to the grass, the bond mark burning as if it were a brand. He tried to move even one step closer but he couldn't.

"Let. Him. Go. Fenrir." Faelen growled, baring his teeth and looking more wolfish than he had since the full.

"Oh, I know that voice. Protective of your bitch now, aren't you, Faelen?" Fenrir purred. He let go of Sirius, the wizard stood on shaky legs, hands moving to grip the tree trunk. Fenrir kept his eyes on the other werewolf; dead white and glowing amber didn't move from the other man at all. "I don't know if you saw that, but he attacked me first. I didn't do a damned thing to him." He spat on the ground and snarled the word, "Wizards."
"I told you to stop calling him that." He still couldn't move and the more he tried the hotter his mark burned. But he continued to glare at Fenrir, watching Sirius in his peripheral vision. "And I know what I saw. But unlike us, he doesn't heal quickly. The bruises will rouse suspicion and he is one of the elite families." Faelen tilted his head slightly. "I'm sure you don't want them on your tail, do you?"

Fenrir growled low, "Is that a threat? I sure hope not, Pup." He glanced at Sirius and bared his teeth before looking back at Faelen. "There's not a mark on the whelp."

Sirius looked at Remus and swallowed hard. It didn't feel like Remus. Fenrir had called him another name and Sirius didn't know why. He quickly moved to stand behind his lover and whispered a panicked, "I'm sorry!"

"I wouldn't have been able to say a threat if it were, now would I?" Once Sirius was behind him, he was able to breathe easier. "It's a simple fact. The purebloods don't like dark creatures touching their own." He should know. He always had to be careful when he went up against the Lestrange's, Malfoy's and Black's. Faelen's expression calmed down. "I will be back as promised. As soon as I can." And with that he took Sirius' hand and apparated back to London with a crack.

Once they appeared back in an alleyway, Faelen moved to hug Sirius tightly.

"Don't you ever do that again."

Sirius hugged him back, and now that they were far from the situation, he realized he was trembling. "Moony... Moony, what the fuck just happened?"

"What part of 'I can't go against him' do you not understand?" He growled softly, gold eyes searching his lover's face. "I can't attack him in any way, Sirius. You know this."

"I'm sorry!" Sirius croaked out, his voice watery. "I'm sorry, Moony, I- I just didn't think. I... don't know why I did it."

"I know why you did it. But think the next time will you? Fenrir was playing with you. If he wanted to hurt you, he would have and I wouldn't have been able to stop it." His expression softened, his eyes returning to their hazel color. "Please, don't force me to do that again. Please?"
Sirius swallowed hard, nodding slowly. “I promise. I won’t do it again. I just—” He pressed his forehead to his lover’s and sighed. “I’ve wanted to get back at him for so long, Moony.”

“I know you did. But I can't be with you when you do.” He was quiet a moment, drinking in Sirius’ touch, his presence before pulling back. "Come on. I have to get you back so I can get back to Fenrir.”

Sirius began walking with Remus back to headquarters. He frowned, “What if he hurts you again, Moony? What if he takes you away again?”

"He won’t." He took Sirius' hand, lacing their fingers. "He won't be able to keep me there against my will. He probably just wants to talk, Sirius. Nothing more. I promise."

Sirius gave a weak smile. He knew Remus couldn’t hold that promise. If he couldn’t go against Fenrir, there was no way that Remus could ever hold that promise. But Sirius gave a small nod and said, “Alright, Moony.”

They made it to the headquarters quickly and gave Dumbledore a vague run down of what happened. No, they didn’t find any of the missing muggles. No, they don’t know how the muggles have been going missing in the first place. No, there was no sign of activity from Voldemort.

Dumbledore left them afterwards and the two young men stood in the meeting room by themselves. Sirius looked at his lover and gave him a weak smile. “Be safe.”

Remus kissed Sirius, letting the emotions talk for him. He didn't really want to leave. But he knew that Fenrir's threats were very real.

"I'll be back before you can miss me." He whispered against his lips, kissing him once more before leaving the room. He had to walk a ways to be able to apparate, but once he did he found Fenrir leaning against the tree right where they left him.
"Right. What do you want to talk about?"

Fenrir looked up as the sound of the apparition echoed in the forest. He stood straight, no longer leaning so heavily on the old oak tree. "The pack was compromised, Pup."

All of his irritation drained at the news. Someone had.... someone had willingly endangered the pack? But...

"How is that possible?" He breathed, walking closer to Fenrir.

“Not everyone is bonded, not everyone obeys. I do not have an all seeing eye as many believe I do.” The werewolf ran a clawed hand through shaggy black hair. “We’ve had to turn to Voldemort; he was threatening us, he had people in the pack already, he was holding my pack’s safety above my head. I had no choice.”

Remus stared at him, as if finally seeing him for the first time. Fenrir suddenly looked so much older, so tired. He actually looked his age and Remus was struck mute and numb by shock.

"But...." Remus let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. It didn't matter how it happened, only that it already had and there was no way to stop it. "What do we do?” He asked softly.

“There’s not much to do, Pup. We’ve been involved in the war for a year and a half now. I’m sure you’ve seen werewolves in the news lately. We’ve been quite active.” Now that the wizard was gone, Fenrir felt less inclined to push that appearance of an angry, feral werewolf. He still felt overly angry and quite agitated but now he could tack on exhausted to that list. He sighed. “Kurt and I had a long talk about this. We didn’t call you to the pack purposefully. Kurt recently advised me to find you but you found me instead.”

Fenrir met Remus’ eyes, the amber one less bright than it had been just half an hour before. The werewolf rolled his shoulders, as if they were stiff under the weight of his pack’s safety. “Listen, Little One. You mustn’t risk fighting werewolves. Not all in the UK are part of my pack. But if you were to come upon pack and Wizards were around- Just- Remus, do not risk it.”
Remus was shocked. Fenrir so rarely said his actual name. It was either Pup or Little One. Or Faelen's name but so so rarely was it his. It only made him realize how severe the situation was. He couldn't help the smile.

"You know, if you acted this way around Sirius, I'm sure he wouldn't hate you. As much." He added, seeing Fenrir's scowl. "I tried to tell him that the Wizards are wrong about you. He agrees to disagree, but if he saw you like this...." he trailed off with a smile. "Just a thought."

Fenrir frowned. “I refuse to act different around wizards. They need to know to fear me. They should fear me.” He growled low in his throat. “And now I’m backed in a corner like a trapped animal. Now, I have no choice but to follow a wizard’s rule.” He clenched his fist in anger. “And my pack thinks me weak for it.”

"Do you know who they are? The wolves that are in league with Voldemort?" Remus asked softly. If he knew them, it would be easy to either banish them or kill them. Then the Dark Lord wouldn’t have any leverage over them.

“If I did, don’t you think I’d have taken care of the traitors already?” Fenrir snarled, gnashing his teeth. “I don’t know who they are, but I know they’re there. Voldemort knew too much.”

Fenrir pushed away from the tree and began pacing, needing to get his frustrated energy out of his system. “He called on me to meet with him, so I did. Not wanting to cause any bad blood between the pack and his so called army. And he knew too much. He knew names, Little One. He knew the names of every last pup in my care.”

Remus felt a shiver shoot down his spine. He racked his brain, thinking of a way to weed out the perpetrators.

"What about this..." He turned to face Fenrir. "I know you don't like wizards, but we have a recipe for a truth serum. Three drops and they are sprouting their deepest secrets. I'm not saying to drug the water." He continued when he saw Fenrir's expression. "Talk about it with Kurt and let me know. I can make some for you. The innocent ones will be for it. The guilty ones won't. Even if we don't use it, the threat should be enough."

Fenrir paused in his pacing, his crossed his arms over his chest. “If we kill the traitors, we need to have somewhere to move to. They likely told Voldemort where my Den is. He could come and kill every last one of us.”
Fenrir knew it all too well. He knew strategy. He knew war. He knew to wrap his mind around all possible outcomes. “There is not much option, Pup. Not one that can happen quickly. It will take time, and that time can claim lives.”

"Then don't tell them what's going on." Remus shrugged. "I'll make the serum, we can divide the pack into two large groups, and you and Kurt can question them, separately all at once." He was sure he could get Lily to help with the potion. Or maybe she could... well, her and Snape weren't on speaking terms. But maybe she could convince him to make a vial or two. Both of them were in the Order after all. "Or if you trust me enough, three groups. I can take the pups. There are options, Fenrir. We just haven't thought of them yet."

Fenrir grit his teeth and fell silent. He watched the younger man, Remus was eagerly spouting off plans like he knew what he was doing. As though he had experience. Fenrir didn't think he had any at all, but definitely wasn't sure. He didn't know how he felt about this truth serum; anything and everything could go wrong.

"Little One," Fenrir said with a sigh, a breath escaping that he couldn't swallow. "You're tied to the opposite side that the pack is now. Don't you see? If you're seen by your people, helping the pack- Who knows what they will accuse you of. Are you willing to risk that?"

Remus smirked, the expression looking more sad than humorous. "It can't be any worse than they are already saying, Fenrir. Most of the wizarding community already believes that I am secretly in league with you. So all I would be doing is proving them right." He shrugged.

"I joined Dumbledore to save lives, Fenrir. It doesn't matter what kind of blood runs through their veins. Voldemort threatens everyone. Even if he promises freedom now, do you honestly think that he, someone who believes that only the pure bloods should rule wizards and muggles alike, will honestly allow dark creatures to run around as they like?"

Fenrir growled low, "No, I've never believed him. Do you know what he does to my wolves, Remus?" Fenrir looked at the younger man, eyes narrowed, fists clenched at his sides.

Remus had a feeling that he really didn't want to know, but he shook his head, signaling for Fenrir to continue.

"He uses them on Fulls." Fenrir snarled, lashing out to strike a tree with his claws as his anger hit its peak. Large chunks of bark dropped to the forest floor as the tree was marred by the attack. "He locks my wolves up in rooms with people he wants answers from. If they do not answer how he likes, he allows my pack to turn them - or devour them. As you know, we can never control
ourselves on the Fulls. A wolf locked in a small room with live prey on a Full... not many of Voldemort's victims survive that."

He pointed a clawed finger at Remus; the digit now lightly speckled with blood, now with a quickly healing wound from striking at the tree. "He doesn't even take the hunters to do this. He takes the meek. He takes the caretakers and the domestic bunch. He takes the ones that hate themselves come sun up. He's using my pack for his own wants and needs. He's using blackmail and threats to turn us into monsters. To turn them into exactly what wizards think of them."

"Don't get me wrong," Fenrir continued, "I know what I am. I know what I've done. And I've no regrets. But we have never been monsters like this. We've never been forced to turn people, never been forced to murder and eat and destroy. My wolves have options - or they used to. We used to live free. Those who wanted to be safe and alone on Fulls had the option; those who wanted to run free, could. ... Now look at us."

The blood drained away from Remus' face. The gentle ones, Sophie, Alec, the pups. They were being forced, bred into monsters. They were slaves, and had been for over a year. Remus suddenly felt sick. Not with fear, but with raw fury.

"All the more reason to weed out the spies, Fenrir." He walked up, taking Fenrir's barely trembling hands in his. "Let me help you. I know much more about Voldemort than you do. We've been fighting him for three years." He looked up into the amber and white eyes. "I know you don't trust easily, and you have every reason not to. But sometimes doing the right thing isn't easy. And yes, we might lose some of them. But if you- if the pack can get free, then isn't worth trying?"

Fenrir couldn't help his surprise at the gentle touch and soft words from the younger man. He pulled his hands away as though he had been burned. He crossed his arms over his chest and glanced away from Remus. "Are you sure you weren't in Ravenclaw, Pup?"

The Alpha frowned. “I need to get the pack away from harm. Your truth serum, you can make it? Make enough for those Kurt and I suspect? We have been watching. And we have Alec as spy within the pack itself. We ... we have thoughts on certain wolves that may have turned traitor. How long will it take you?"

"No more than a few days." He replied eagerly. "Well before the next full." The dark moon had just passed, so they still had time. "If you want to meet me here in 3 days time, I can bring a few vials with me. With a pack your size, we would need a lot."

Fenrir drummed his fingers lightly against his bicep as he thought. “Three days,” he repeated.
Three long days of suspicion and mistrust and calming the pack. “You can’t tell Dumbledore, Little One. Don’t give yourself away, don’t let them suspect you any more than they already do. I told you it would happen someday, let us not make the day come sooner.”

"For the amount you might need, I can't get it any sooner." He frowned, wishing he could. At Fenrir's sudden, albeit soft outburst, Remus smiled again. "I've kept many secrets from Dumbledore. One more is not a problem." He rested a hand on Fenrir's shoulder. "If you need me back sooner, please let me know. I'll meet you here."

Fenrir felt a growl rise in his chest. He met Remus’ eyes, studying them. “No. I cannot risk it. We will meet in three days time, Pup. I thank you for your help, I hope it will work.” He breathed deeply, the growl surfacing louder. “I need to find a good place where we can move to after the traitors are dealt with."

"As long as I know where you all are, so I can visit." Or come home. But the last part was in a distant future that Remus didn't want to think about yet. "But I mean it. Please call me if anything else happens." He frowned, a soft growl in his voice. "Voldemort has killed too many people, be them wizards, muggles or dark creatures. I don't want you added to the list."

Fenrir snorted, “I won’t be killed easily. Not by a long shot.” He frowned. “I told you, we won’t call you. Kurt and I discussed it. For the same reasons we did not call you when Voldemort came for us in the first place. You might be part of the pack, Little One, but you are far different than anything we have in our ranks.”

Remus huffed, knowing better than to feel insulted, but feeling it all the same. It wasn't Fenrir he was worried about, not really. He knew the Alpha was more than capable of taking care of himself. But he also knew Fenrir was far more stubborn than anyone else he knew, apart from James and Sirius. Speaking of....

"Well, then I'd better get going. It seems I have a potion to make."

Fenrir gave a firm nod. “Indeed. I will not call for you; but if you need the pack, do call for us. Understood?” That Alpha tone snuck into his voice suddenly, and he did not even mean to call it.

Remus frowned but nodded. "Isn't that a bit hypocritical?" There was a hint of humor in his tone. "Besides, it's just as dangerous for you to be seen with me as it is for me to be seen with you."
Fenrir shrugged his shoulders slightly. “People fear me.” He said, smirking slightly. “It is likely that if I come to your aid, your enemies will leave you be. Even wizards under Voldemort’s command fear me. So if you are in dire need, you know what to do?”

"Yes, yes. Now get going before the pack misses you." He gave Fenrir an affectionate smile before backing away slowly. "How many are suspect?" He asked, needing to know how much potion to make.

Fenrir frowned and growled loudly. “Fifteen.”

Adding together subtle actions, innocent remarks from the pups, things himself and Kurt have heard, as well as nothing but truth from Alec; Fenrir had a list of wolves that could be spies. He had a hunch that there were definitely more than one. He also had a feeling that it may be older pack members that want to challenge Fenrir’s rank in the pack.

“We’ve narrowed it down that much.”

Well.... that was a larger number than he had thought. His eyes widened before he nodded. "Three days time. At dusk." Because it would be much harder for Death Eaters to follow him at night.

Fenrir gave a stiff nod. “I will be here. Get back to your mate, Pup. I need to get back to my pack as well; you never know when Voldemort will come knocking.”

Remus nodded and for a moment didn't want to leave. Looking at Fenrir like this, it felt like this was the last time he was going to see him. He desperately wanted to reach out, to feel that Fenrir was alive and healthy and whole. But Remus knew he was just being paranoid.

He gave Fenrir one last smile before he apparated back into London. Only to find Sirius waiting there.

"Pads? What are you doing here?"

Sirius startled at the sudden appearance of his lover. He whipped around to face him. “Moony! You were gone for ages, I didn’t know what to do.”
Remus moved to hug him. Now that he was away from Fenrir, he felt the stress settle in.

"We need to get inside. I need to ask you and Lily a favor."

“Uh, Yeah, of course, Moony.” Sirius glanced around and quickly walked with Remus back to the headquarters, slipping inside the building and warding the door behind them.

They walked into the conference room where it looked like a meeting was about to start. Lily was talking with McGonagall and Remus approached them.

"Excuse me, Professor, but can I borrow Lily for a moment?"

"I told you not to call me that anymore, Remus." McGonagall said with a huff.

Remus shrugged. "Old habits. Lily?"

"Of course. Tell Dumbledore I'll be right back." She told Minerva before following Remus and Sirius to an abandoned bedroom. Remus closed the door and cast the silencing spell. He didn't want anyone else to know. He felt bad enough bringing Lily and Sirius into it.

"I need a... a huge favor." He glanced at the two of them and relayed the information that Fenrir had told him. Lily looked horror struck by the end.

"You both know I'm shit at potions. So I was hoping one of you could make me a large batch, enough for about fifteen people. Or... or Lily, if you could ask Severus for me."

Her expression melted into one of hardened sympathy. "Remus, you know we're not on speaking terms."

"I know you're not. But people's lives, children's lives, are at stake. This is bigger than who you are or aren't talking to. And Severus might do it if you ask him."

Lily sighed and looked to Sirius, wondering what he thought. "You're being uncharacteristically
quiet, Sirius."

Sirius had listened to Remus’ story in a frustrated silence. His frown deepened and body grew more stiff as his lover reached the end of the story. He met Remus’ eyes and shook his head slowly. “I just- I can’t believe we’ve got to help that bastard. But like you said, there’re kids involved. Voldemort’s involved. We have to do this. I’m good at potions, I can start working on it if you want.”

Remus smiled at him gratefully. He wished that he could show Sirius what he knew. What he saw. If he saw Fenrir acting like he had, he knew Sirius’ opinion of him would change.

"Thank you, Padfoot. The sooner you can make it, the better."

Sirius gave a small nod. “‘Course, Moony. I’ll get working right away. Snape’s got a potions room here, I’ll use it.” He looked over at Lily and smiled softly. “Wanna help? It’ll be easier with two people. Could get it done faster.”

"Of course. Why don't you get started while I finish the meeting?" She gave the two a smile before heading out of the door. Remus watched her leave, feeling as if Lily wanted to do anything but make a truth serum for a known enemy of the order.

"Thank you." He whispered, reaching for Sirius hand.

Sirius squeezed Remus' hand and lowered his voice to match his lover's. "Anything for you, Moony, you know that. Do... You're sure he's not going to do anything to hurt you right? He's not gonna give you up to Voldemort? Not going to risk your life to save his?"

"No." He answered without hesitation. "I don't think he will. I'm part of the pack, and everything he does is to protect the pack."

Sirius released a soft breath of relief and he kissed Remus gently, "Good. What are you gonna do now? Do you need to go to him?"

"No. Not until three days time." He kissed Sirius again, is only for the contact. "Now we continue on business as usual."
Sirius chuckled softly. "What'll you do when I'm busy making potions, Moony? You aren't allowed anywhere near - I don't know how you manage to ruin potions while not even touching them, but I definitely can't risk it if I've got to make so much in such a short time."

Remus snorted. "I'll manage, Pads. I'm sure there's plenty of things that need to be done." He kissed Sirius' nose before moving away. "Thank you again for doing this."

"Anything for you, Moony." Sirius repeated softly. He smiled gently at the kiss, meeting Remus' eyes. "Why don't you go eat something? I'll start the potion while I've got the motivation."

Three days after the surprise meeting in the Forest of Dean, Fenrir was back and waiting. He leaned heavily against the same tree, eyes closed but all other senses alert in case someone were to approach. He had no idea what time Remus was set to appear so he had been stationed in the area since early morning.

The previous day, Fenrir had been at Voldemort’s side, sat by like a guard dog as the dark wizard discussed his plans for future attacks. And then he had said it; the next full moon, Fenrir was to station his hunters in a small town. A fear tactic. A plan for the wolves to bite and turn as many people as they could in the long hours of the Full. A plan to create an army. To create fodder for the war. Fenrir had looked at him, mildly alarmed at the request but refusing to show it. He had agreed, he had to agree. It was all he could do.

Fenrir needed those potions. Needed to find out who the traitors were. He wiped a hand against a raw new wound that Voldemort’s magic had left on the blind side of his face. The mark cut a jagged line over the curve of his jaw and onto his cheek, just barely reaching the corner of his mouth. He wasn’t sure what magic Voldemort had under his power, but nothing the pack’s healers tried could close the wound fully. His natural werewolf healing wasn't working either.

He opened his eyes, the blind one no use in the shade of the forest anyway. He hoped Remus would arrive soon, but he could wait longer. It gave him more time to think, more time to plan.
True to their words, Lily and Sirius created enough of the truth serum to fill four vials each. It was more than enough, but Dumbledore had sent him on a mission early in the morning. The mission, much to Remus' annoyance had been a complete waste of time. And instead of following Frank back to headquarters, Remus apparated to his and Fenrir's meeting place. He landed about a mile away, just in case someone had tried to follow him.

He also made sure to make as much noise as possible. If Fenrir knew he was coming, he would be less likely to attack on sight. Within half an hour, as the sun hung low in the sky, Remus finally spotted the Alpha.

"I am so sorry I'm late." He bent down, hands on his knees fighting for breathe. "Had to double around, just in case I was being followed." He looked up at Fenrir, his smirk dying away instantly. "What the.... what happened?" He asked, straightening and staring at Fenrir's newest injury.

Fenrir shook his head. He moved toward Remus. “Not important. Did you bring your truth serum, Little One?”

"Of course it's important." He corrected, moving closer to inspect the gash that looked at least a few hours old. Either that or it looked like someone had tried to heal it and failed.

"Of course I brought it. Eight vials." He began to take out his wand but halted, his hand still in his robes. "I can heal it, you know. If you let me. I will have to use my wand though."

Fenrir growled low in his throat, eyes immediately moving to where Remus’ hand was. “The pack healers tried. Didn’t do much of anything. Dark magic used on a dark creature.” His eyes moved to meet Remus’. “How many people can I use eight vials on?”

"I still might be able to heal it." But he could see he wasn't getting anywhere so he pulled his hand free of his coat. "I have enough for you to question the entire pack. Twice." He smirked. "Each person needs no more than three drops. That will be more than enough for them to reveal every secret they have," He pulled out one of the vials. "Colorless, odorless and tasteless. Stick it in whatever you like but direct contact is best."

Fenrir reached out to touch the vial, taking it from Remus. He held it up and peered at the liquid
within the glass. “Thank you, Remus.” Fenrir murmured, looking at the younger man again. He lowered the vial, holding it gently in his hand, almost as though he were worried he may break the glass. “I do appreciate the help. I’ve scouted a place to live after the traitors are found and dealt with. It needs to be done before the next moon.” He frowned. Less than a week. To question the entire pack if not just those fifteen suspected. Probably the entire pack, just to be safe. He knew that would be Kurt’s choice.

"We can do that. Dumbledore can kiss my ass for the next few days. This is more important.” He smiled and nodded toward the direction of the cave.

Fenrir arched a brow. “We?” He frowned, lowering his voice. “You do know what will happen if one of the traitors can recognize you? This is risky for you, Pup. This is a war; your life's on the line at every moment.”

"My life has been on the line since the moment I graduated, Fenrir." He replied. But he honestly hadn't thought about that. His brain worked quickly and then it hit him.

"Which is why we are going to act as if I’m a spy for you, isn’t it?” His lips twitched. "They will know from the mark that I am part of the pack. Who's to say that I didn't slip into Dumbledore's resistance under your orders?"

“Clever little bird, you are.” Fenrir growled, always slightly curious about if Remus really should have been a Ravenclaw. He handed the vial of potion back to Remus. “Does your mate know you’re going to be with the pack?”

"Yes, he knows." Remus smiled fondly. "I really wish he could see you as I do." Because he knew Fenrir wasn't as evil as the wizarding world believed him to be, even as he took the vial. "I'm not saying to ruin your reputation with every wizard in the world." He continued as they started to walk. "Sirius has kept my condition a secret, as well as the fact that he is an animagus from the Ministry." He glanced at his Alpha. "He knows how to act in public, is all I'm saying."

“Little spitfire, your mate. He would make a good wolf. Alas, current times would be one of the worst to tell the wizards that I am not as they think I am.” Fenrir snorted. “But do remember, their rumors stem from truth.”

He looked Remus up and down. “Come, Little One, we must go back to the Den.” He reached out, wrapped a hand around Remus’ wrist and they vanished from the spot with a sharp crack. They appeared just a short walk from the Den’s entrance. “Be cautious who you talk to and what you tell them, Pup.”
"Of course." He nodded. The cave was in the same place it had been before. Remus stopped Fenrir, grabbing his arm gently in the mouth of the cave.

"Be watchful of the pack when I enter. That might help isolate the traitors." He let go and continued down the long entrance. He was not expecting, however, to hear his name echoed loudly.

"REMUS!!" The pups, now looking so much older that Remus' heart gave a painful thump in his chest, ran towards him, their previous tasks all but forgotten. Remus smiled brightly as he handed the bag to the Alpha and bent down to greet them.

"Oh how I've missed you." He stated, hugging the girls and ruffling the hair of the boys. There were new pups of course, they were much more shy and held back. But still edged toward them cautiously.

Fenrir watched him idly as the pups ran at him. Then he looked up, met Kurt’s eyes and he couldn’t read the emotions behind the look he was given. Many of the elder wolves glanced up at the scream of Remus’ name; the majority of the ones who had met him before simply soon returned to their tasks. Others seemed to linger on watching him. And newer wolves watched both warily and interested. He locked eyes with one of the wolves that Kurt had pointed out to be suspicious and the blond man quickly averted his eyes and returned to skinning a rabbit.

Fenrir looked back down at Remus and set that all too familiar hand on his shoulder. “They missed you quite a lot. Wouldn’t stop talking about you for weeks after you left.”

The boys hugged him too, the younger ones peering around the older ones cautiously.

"This is Remus." The oldest boy, Sam, was telling the younger ones. "He's a friend of Alpha's, and he can do magic."

Fenrir snorted softly. He reached out and patted Sam on the head. "Your Alpha needs to bring Remus to speak with your Beta, Little Ones. Remus can catch up with you later, understood?"

Fenrir seemingly shifted smoothly from what Remus had seen in the Forest of Dean to what he was three years ago. He stood tall, strong, and fierce; putting off Alpha energy without thinking, using that lilt in his voice to get others to obey. The sparkle was back in that amber eye and that constant
rumble was resonating deeply in his chest.

Remus had to bite back a smile as they all groaned but obeyed, taking the younger ones by the hands.

"I can't believe they're so big." He murmured to Fenrir as they too began walking toward Kurt. "They... they aren't part of the group going into town... are they?" He asked tentatively. He wasn't sure he wanted the answer. But he needed to know, all the same.

Fenrir growled, glancing at Remus momentarily before focusing forward once more. "A couple of them. Not something I chose, Pup, believe me. He told me my hunters were to be stationed. The eldest pups had been in the hunting party as they learned in the past months to gather food. This needs to be done before the next Full otherwise..." He trailed off as they reached closer to where Kurt was standing.

Ice trickled through his veins. Yes, he understood the urgency now. Why hadn't Fenrir told him sooner? But the question went unanswered as they met up with kurt.

The Beta seemed to have aged nearly as much as Fenrir did. There were deep lines on his face and he looked exhausted.

"Remus. Good to see you again." They clasped hands, Remus shaking them before letting go.

"It's good to be back." He replied honestly. He wondered how much Kurt knew about his cover story, but brushed the thought away after a moment.

"Kurt," Fenrir said, subtly nodding toward the wolves around them, "Mind if I borrow you for a moment? Stephanie can make sure nothing happens while you're away."

"Of course." Kurt nodded to Stephanie before moving with them back toward the edge of the cave. They all filed into Fenrir's room, closing the door before Remus pulled out his wand.

"Silencio ." He immediately put the wand away and took the bag from Fenrir's shoulders. Kurt looked back toward the Alpha.
"Is it wise? Bringing him back here? The traitors are bound to notice."

“I told you I ran into him,” Fenrir jerked his head in Remus’ direction, “and his mate in the Forest of Dean. He made a truth serum. To help weasel out the traitors. We find out who they are, we kill them, we move the Den. We need it done before the next Full.”

The Alpha wolf exhaled heavily and looked over at Remus before meetings Kurt’s eyes again. “The Pup is willing to risk himself to help the pack.”

"Yes, I know that, but to bring him here now...." Kurt shrugged and smiled gently at Remus. "Thank you, Lupin. Your support means more than we can say." It tore him apart to see the domestic wolves and the pups forced to maim and kill. The repercussions after those nights were horrible.

Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest, “So we need a plan. We cannot just bring wolves into a room, drug and interrogate. That would be suspicious and send the traitors running. It wouldn’t go well for our actual pack members either. We’re losing people left and right as is.”

He looked at Remus, then at Kurt, and then back to Remus. “Do you have any ideas?”

"Well," Remus started. "The serum is odorless, colorless and tasteless.” He pulled out a vial and popped the cork for Fenrir and Kurt to see and smell.

He continued, "So, we can put it in anything. If we have a communal water system, or someone makes tea..." He gave a shrug. "Three drops per person, and no more. Otherwise the effects aren't good. If we make something like a tea kettle, I'd say to use no more than 6 drops for a full kettle."

He looked to Kurt and Fenrir. "I have plenty if you need more, or if someone is out and ends up coming back. They won't know they've been intoxicated until you start asking questions and by then it's too late."

Fenrir frowned. “If we do that to a large group, won’t they be spouting their secrets to everyone in their direct vicinity? I’m all for finding the traitors, but not if it means we will lose the trust of the rest of the pack.” He looked at Remus, meeting the younger man’s eyes. “It is a delicate situation. We have many wolves on the fence. Most everyone out there believes me to have gone to Voldemort willingly. I did not tell them any details surrounding the threats or blackmail. I did not tell any of them that we have spies within the pack.”
He rubbed at his blind eye with one hand, idly and absentmindedly. “The pack is in a fragile state and I cannot risk breaking it. If a wolf, frustrated by my actions, leaves the pack and gets captured by a wizard—” He broke off with a loud, angry growl at the thought.

Remus nodded, having not thought of that. After another moment, he shrugged. "They have to swallow it for it to work." He looked to Kurt. "Any ideas?"

Fenrir ran a hand through his hair, frustrated. He growled low to himself for a moment before speaking up. "We can call the suspicious ones individually for a meeting. Drug them there." He ran his claw-like fingernails down the side of his face anxiously, feeling the need to do something. "It will take time. But it may be the best way. This is... This is going to be difficult." He crossed his arms over his chest, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

He looked at Kurt, "I may ask for your help. I do know that there are six of Voldemort's men in the pack. He mentioned that yesterday. He may have been lying, but- That's all I know. That's all we can go off of."

Kurt nodded. "We'll compare names, and bring them in." He handed the vial back to Remus. Remus took it and stuck it back with the others.

"So what if the six who are picked are wrong?" Remus asked, wanting a contingency plan just in case.

Fenrir drummed his fingers against his arms absentmindedly. “We keep questioning until we have our six. We come up with excuses for meeting with them. We need something to cover why we are calling people individually.” Fenrir looked at Kurt. “Is there any reason you would call people in? Duties?”

"Well," Kurt started slowly. "I can call in the hunters. We usually have meetings before we go out."

He glanced at Fenrir. "Perhaps you could question the domestic wolves while Remus questions the pups?" He glanced toward Remus who nodded in agreement.

"If we question them all at the same time. They won't think it suspect, would they?" Remus was sure he could distract the pups long enough to get a few answers out of them.
Fenrir gave a nod. "Sounds fine to me." He glanced at them. "When the six are found, I will take care of them personally. I found a suitable new cave in Delamere Forest. In Cheshire. It seems big enough. We will move from here as soon as we are able."

He fell silent for a moment before meeting Remus' eyes. "How long are you to stay with us, Little One?"

"For as long as it takes." Remus answered without hesitation. At Kurt's frown, Remus smiled softly. "My mate, as Fenrir likes to call him, knows I'm with the pack. He also knows not to come looking for me unless I give him the signal."

Kurt nodded, not liking it but he had warmed up to Remus as of late. He knew that if Fenrir trusted him with this, than he was trustworthy.

"We start our questioning tomorrow." Fenrir stated firmly. It was getting late, the pups had to be ready for bed. "I'll announce ... we'll call them 'duty meetings'- I'll announce them tomorrow. We'll take everyone one by one. It shouldn't take us more than three days to question everyone. We'll have time to pack up and move if we use magic." He glanced between the two of them. "I refuse to allow any wolf from my pack to be used as a wizard-created monster."

The two others nodded. Time was of the essence now, and Remus refused to let Voldemort mess with his pack.

"Will both of you be present during the questioning?"

"Do you think you can handle asking the pups on your own, Little One?" The Alpha asked, "If so, you can do so alone. It will be more efficient if we can each take our groups by ourselves. Stephie can watch over everyone while Kurt is occupied."

Remus nodded. "I don't know how much you have told them, though. I'm not sure if I'm the one to tell them."

"The hunters are already asking where you've been." Kurt smirked but then looked back to Fenrir. "He's bound to have come across some of the spies before now. Do we have a cover story for him?"
“We haven’t said a word of where you have been besides back to your school. As far as any of the pack knows, Remus has been a spy in Dumbledore’s ranks under my command.” Fenrir looked at both of them, but settled his gaze on Kurt. “This is his cover story for his being gone. Is that understood?”

Kurt’s eyes widened in surprise and nodded. “That’s actually not a bad idea.” If they believed Remus was a spy, then it would make perfect sense to them.

"Thanks. And I actually meant telling the pups about what’s going on with Voldemort." Remus explained, his eyes fixed on Fenrir. "How much, if anything, do they know?"

“They know nothing. That’s the tricky part. You need to keep them innocent, Little One. They’re just pups. The less they know what is actually going on, the better.” Fenrir growled and scratched idly at the open wound Voldemort had given him the day before. He stopped when pain sparked through him and quickly swept away the blood that began to fall anew.

Remus scoffed, moving up to Fenrir. "For goodness sake, Fenrir, just let me heal it will you? Kurt's here, do you honestly think I'm going to try anything now, much less with your Beta around?"

"What are you talking about?" Kurt asked, frowning.

"I can heal the wound with my wand. It's magic that caused it, so it makes since that only magic can heal it. But Fenrir won't let me." Remus scowled at him.

Fenrir snarled, bristling like an affronted dog. “I don’t like magic. I don’t trust magic. I only use it when need be.” He narrowed his eyes at Remus. “How do you know your magic can fix it? Dark magic caused it. You don't use dark magic.”

The Alpha wolf frowned; he didn’t like this change of topic. He especially didn’t like that the change of topic might make him appear weak to Kurt. He could handle a minor wound. He hadn’t meant to open it again. Fenrir growled to himself. He just wanted to get the traitors out of his pack, who cared how many wounds he got on the way to that goal?

"Because unlike the wizard who cast it, I want to help, not hurt you." Remus frowned, looking to Kurt for help.
The Beta sighed. "We have tried everything and it's not healing, Alpha." He reassured, his own arms crossed. He didn't like it either, but if it helped Fenrir.....

"You are not weak." He continued. "If you run into Voldemort again, and he sees the wound is not healed, he will know how to hurt you. It could be much worse the next time around." He stepped closer, whispering into Fenrir's ear. "Besides I am right here. The boy is right. If he's foolish enough to hurt you in this room, I will be here to stop him."

The Alpha wolf snarled loudly, mostly to himself. He wiped away more blood with the back of his hand. “Fine.” He bit out, teeth gnashing together in anger. “Fine. Do it.”

Remus beamed and pulled out his wand. Turning to them, he looked at Kurt and Fenrir in turn.

"The spell I'm going to use is a basic one. Anything further is out of my experience, I'm afraid." He stood back a few steps, pointed his wand at Fenrir and announced. "Episkey!"

At first nothing happened. Then slowly, the bleeding stopped and the skin slowly began to knit itself back together. The other scars above his eye seemed to grow lighter, not as gruesome before the healing stopped. The newest gash left not a trace.

Kurt nodded, impressed as Remus put his wand away. "How do you feel?"

Fenrir worked his jaw, testing the pull of the skin where the wound had been. “Good. Better.” He ran his fingers over where the wound had been. “... Thank you, Little One.” He looked at Remus, still not approving on the magic, but seemingly more accepting of its presence. “A shame marks made by werewolves cannot be removed like that.”

"Of course." Remus smiled.

Kurt nodded. "You may make a healer yet." There was a chuckle in his voice as they returned to the topic at hand.

Remus looked back to Fenrir. "So what should I say? Do you need me to ask them anything specific?"
Fenrir gave a nod. "Avoid saying his name to the pups. Ask things like... You can ask them if they've heard any stories that the elders are telling. If the elders are treating them well. Maybe if they have been feeling safe. Just do not scare them; I do not want the pups frightened. I need them to trust that we will keep them safe."

Remus nodded. That he could do, and it was simple enough.

Kurt spoke up, "Also, try not to make the elders seem too suspicious. If they don't trust the older wolves, they may lose faith in the Alpha. And that, even if they don't understand yet, will breed contempt."

"Yes, thank you, Kurt." Fenrir nodded his head toward his Beta. "There is so many things that can go wrong. So many factors that can tilt the situation in one way or another. And we have so little time to get this done." He crossed his arms over his chest, gritting his teeth. "The only other wolf we can truly trust is Alec, and that is because he has no choice but the tell the truth."

"But that could also backfire. If he somehow does get one of the six and they ask if there is anything suspicious with the tea or water or whatever, then he will have to tell the truth. Unless he wants to help me with the pups." Remus mused, running a hand through his hair.

"I think we can manage in three groups. But only if we manage to do it at the same time without suspicion." Kurt glanced toward Fenrir. That would be the toughest challenge. Remus' thought hard for a moment before he turned toward the other two.

"Is there someone in the domestic group we can trust? Sophie maybe?"

"Alec would be the domestic wolf we trust. If he is to help with the pups instead, we would rely on Sophie. We would also need a hunter to trust." He glanced at Kurt, meeting his eyes. "Are any of your hunters trustworthy?"

Kurt thought for a moment, running through his hunters actions through his mind. "Stephanie." He met Fenrir's gaze. "She still stands with us. With you. She can be trusted."

"Good. Alright." Fenrir gave a firm nod. "We can start tomorrow, then. It is getting late."
He fell silent for a moment. But he spoke up once more, glancing over at Remus. "Pup, you are to stay in my quarters while you are here. If our traitors have seen you fighting with Dumbledore, I am sure they will try something against you when no one is looking. Understood?"

Remus nodded. This time he didn't mind the command. It actually comforted him. Because if any of the wolves found the serum, then they would be in serious trouble.

Kurt nodded and made his way toward the door before stopping. "You might want the pack to see you two conversing quietly. It might make the traitors... uneasy." He smirked before sliding the door open. When it closed, Remus debated on canceling the silencing spell.

Fenrir watched Kurt leave silently, digesting what he had said. He looked over at Remus, “Are you hungry, Little One? I am sure there is food left. The pups may like to see you before bed. ... and you can drill some unease into the traitors.”

Remus smirked, the expression almost mirroring Fenrir’s except for its sweetness. It made him furious, that Voldemort would force his pack into servitude.

"Anything I can do to help, Alpha ."

Fenrir felt a thrill run down his spine at the word. He stepped closer to Remus, voice lowered to a purr. “Don’t tempt me, Little One.”

Fenrir moved swiftly around the younger man and opened the heavy iron door, holding it for Remus to walk through.

"And why on earth would I do that?” His eyes flashed gold for a moment before he moved through the door and out into the common room where the rest of the pack was beginning to dish out the supper. The pups made this part easy, running toward him and requesting that they sit with them for dinner. Remus told them that he would in a moment and went to sit beside Fenrir, making sure that the bond mark was clearly visible.

He watched them carefully, and was surprised how well he recognized a few of them. The blond with dark blue eyes, the female whose hair was matted into dreads with green eyes. The older man with dark eyes and graying hair. Those three he had seen at Voldemort's side. It didn't mean they were, Voldemort could have forced them. But it was a start at least.
The Alpha werewolf handed Remus a plate that had a healthy portion of meat and potatoes on it. He did not take any food himself, wanting to be sure everyone else got some first. He kept his voice to a quiet whisper, “Werewolf hearing. Be wary, Pup.”
Fenrir looked around to see how everyone was reacting to Remus’ presence. Most of them seemed curious but none would speak up. Fenrir had his eyes narrowed as they swept the communal area, sure that no one would oppose his decision or meet his fury.

“Will you speak with the pups after you eat? Or anyone else? Or are you quite tired after your journey to get here?” He kept his voice low and questions vague, knowing that any of the others could hear what they were talking about if they focused hard enough.

"I'll speak with them tomorrow. If I entertain them now, they will never sleep." He smirked, offering Fenrir a piece of meat before continuing to eat his own meal. "As you said earlier it is quite late." And he wanted to alert Fenrir to the wolves he recognized.

Fenrir took the offered meat, tearing it into smaller pieces and eating it slowly as he spoke. “Yes. They will get quite excited about spending time with you. We will turn in after dinner. Be wary if you choose to take a stroll in the middle of the night, Little One, we have much tighter security since you were last here.” It was mostly meant to be a reminder warning to anyone listening more so than a warning to Remus. He hoped the wizard would have more sense than to take a walk among possible enemies.

"No need to worry. I am much too exhausted to wander around at night." And he was. Much more tired suddenly than he had felt before.

He continued eating his meal and once he was finished, he handed the dish to Sophie. "Make sure you eat something." He whispered to the Alpha. "I'll meet you back in the room."

Fenrir let out a breathy chuckle at Remus’ whisper. He smirked slightly, a fang catching the skin of his lip momentarily, and shook his head. He would love to get up and chase down that sly pup, but he was rather hungry.

He glanced up when he heard footsteps approaching him. Alec was smiling softly, holding out a plate of the last of the night’s food. It seemed like there was too much considering Remus had joined them so they had an extra mouth to feed.

“Did you eat?” Fenrir asked, taking the offered plate.
Alec shook his head, still smiling. His eyes crinkled at the sides, a faint blush appearing on freckled cheeks. “No, Alpha. But you need- you have to eat. To heal. And to fight. I can- I’ll just wait for breakfast.”

Fenrir studied the meek wolf for a long while. He had been even more jumpy and skittish ever since he was one of the chosen on last month’s full. Fenrir wasn’t sure what was keeping him here, truth be told. He could tell that something was deeply wrong. Kurt kept telling Fenrir of reports of several wolves waking, screaming, from nightmares and Alec had been one of the worst afflicted. But the wolves that had been chosen wouldn’t explain the details of what happened. Fenrir wasn’t about to ask.

But Fenrir gave a small nod. “Thank you, Alec.”

The shy wolf beamed, always so happy to serve his Alpha, and quickly left. Fenrir ate in silence, observing the wolves around him. Once finished, he set the plate down and headed to his private quarters, closing the heavy iron door behind him.

Remus had washed his face and hands, laying down on the bed of furs. He was in a half doze when he heard Fenrir open the door, turning to look at him through heady lids.

"Is it me, or did Alec look more nervous than usual?"

Fenrir looked over at him and frowned. “Alec was taken during the last Full. He was always jumpy. It’s worse now. He hasn’t really been the same since. Kurt says he wakes from nightmares more often than he sleeps through the night.”

Remus’ heart broke for the wolf. People like that shouldn't be turned into monsters, shouldn't be forced against their will to hurt others. Rage boiled in him as he sat up, hands clenched into fists.

"You know, I used to believe that I could never intentionally kill someone but....." He drifted off, shaking his head. "I would give anything to rip that bloody bastard's throat out." He looked to Fenrir as he approached. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

Fenrir moved closer to the bed, his eyes never straying from Remus’. He cocked his head to the side, eyebrow arching smoothly. "Why would I tell you? You are a pack member, yes. But Kurt and I decided to keep you at arm's length for a reason. We did not call to you when we were
compromised. We didn't tell you what was happening. We talked it through and we decided we
would only ask your assistance if need be. We did not want to risk Voldemort thinking that we side
with wizards, that would have made things a lot harder on the Pack."

He shrugged slightly before running a hand through has knotted hair. "As time moves, we are
getting more threatened. Our weak are being targeted and we are being used as nothing more than
fodder and fuel. Many in my pack are not built for war. Some are, yes. I have many fighters and
hunters here. But we have a large group of domestic wolves and pups that are only being hurt. That
is why I am desperate to end this. Wolves like Alec... They would have died a long time ago
without the pack. I cannot risk their lives any longer."

Remus nodded in agreement. It made sense. But he still felt hurt. He could have helped stop this so
much sooner if he had known. He took his wand and cast a silencing spell on the door before
continuing.

"I can identify 3 of the wolves. I don't know if they are the spies or are being forced. But I've seen
them fighting alongside the Death Eaters."

Fenrir inhaled sharply, his eyes going wide for a moment. He moved closer, growling low in his
chest. "Do you know their names or just what they look like? Tell me who they are."

"Just what they looked like." Remus answered softly. "Two males, one female. One has blond hair,
blue eyes. He was the one who was handing out the plates tonight. The girl with the dreads and
green eyes and the older man with graying hair. Dark eyes. The last one I've seen more than the
other two." Remus looked up into Fenrir's eyes. "He’s bitten a few people. The wizards believe it's
under your orders of course. But I don't believe it."

Fenrir ran a hand over his face, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose. He ran
through the pack in his mind, fitting faces to names. "Does the blond have long hair or short hair?
The female is likely Constance... and the older man is Theo." He growled low to himself. Traitors
so easily detected by Remus and Fenrir had never known. He was furious. He moved his hand
from his face and crossed his arms again, digging the claws of one hand into his forearm as he felt
his stomach clench suddenly. "Constance and Theo are in the hunting party. We have many blond
males, I need more description on that one."

Remus bit his lip, thinking. "Short hair. I noticed he kept staring at me during dinner." He
shrugged. "When we go out again, I can point him out." He really hadn't looked closely before, and
all the other times he was fighting for his life. "There was another, but I recognized their voice. I
have no idea what they looked like. It was a female though."
Fenrir growled deeply, claws drawing blood from his arm in anger. He started pacing, walking back and forth beside the bed, and those growls slowly got louder and more feral. He clenched his jaw, silent for a short minute, before speaking up. "Do point them out during breakfast tomorrow. The faster we can get this over with, the better. Then we have one mystery traitor and four possible known ones. I am glad you can narrow this down for us, Pup. Saves valuable time."

Remus nodded. "I could be wrong, and not understanding their part of the story. They will still need to be questioned." Because everyone deserved a chance to explain themselves. "You should get some rest. You look like you haven't slept in days."

Fenrir snorted. "I haven't. And yes, everyone will be questioned. And everyone will be dealt with. Worry not, Pup, I do have a plan." He pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it into the basket in the corner of the room. He moved to lay on his back on the bed, one arm under his head. "I do apologize if I keep you awake, Pup. And, I do ask that you not leave the room if myself or Kurt are not with you." He stared up at the stone ceiling, eyes drawn to the moonlight streaming down into the room from the carved hole in the stone.

Remus was quiet for a long moment. He had turned on his side, easier to study Fenrir's face in the moonlight. He could only see the ravaged skin, the white blinded eye. But he was struck by how utterly beautiful Fenrir was. He felt his lips twitch as his hands reached out to slide over the firm torso.

"If you keep me up, it will be my choice wouldn't it?" His voice was soft, but the meaning behind it was as clear as day. Not to mention that Remus had let his hand still right above Fenrir's navel, biting back a grin as he felt Fenrir's breath hitch for a split second.

Fenrir shifted slightly at the touch and he let loose a low purr. The previous angry rumble turning lighter and melodic and soothing. He murmured, "I suppose so... unless I jostle you too much in the night, hm?"

"I wouldn't mind the jostling." When Fenrir didn't pull away, Remus moved closer; edging his way along the furs until he was straddling the Alpha's hips. He had stripped down to his undershirt and pants, seeing as he hadn't really brought spare clothes with him. But even now the pants were beginning to grow unbearably tight.

"As you said," his voice was the faintest of whispers. "It has been so long since we have... seen each other." He finished after a moment's debate. Fenrir's scent was permigating the room, and Remus found himself drowning in it.
The Alpha wolf looked up at the younger man and smirked. He moved his hands to settle on Remus’ hips. He slipped one hand up and under the younger man’s undershirt, claw-like fingernails tracing gently along pale flesh.

He purred low, “Years. And have you missed me this much, Little One?”

The touch made Remus shudder, his hips moving involuntarily against the nails. Not enough to break skin, but enough to leave red lines in their wake.

"I have missed you, Fenrir." Remus whispered, his hands sliding over Fenrir's chest. "How much is not something I can put into words." His eyes drifted closed, his breath hitching as Fenrir's hands continued to glide against his skin.

The deep rumble in Fenrir’s chest grew a little louder as he stroked the skin of Remus’ sides with his nails. “I’d love to hear you try, Pup.” He watched the younger man shift and relax on his lap. “You’re beautiful.”

Remus smiled, his hips rolling slowly against Fenrir's. Against his Alpha's. His eyes began to shimmer, Faelen rising to the surface with him as the first spark of pleasure shot through him.

"How about I show you instead?” He leaned forward, never looking away as he stopped a breath from Fenrir's lips. "And we stop talking?”

“Do show me,” Fenrir whispered against Remus’ lips. He held the younger man’s hips still so he could grind upwards into him, eye never straying from the flush face.

A soft groan left his lips at the jolt of pleasure as he closed the gap between their lips. He supposed he should feel guilty, anxious over what Sirius would think. But being with Fenrir like this, something about it felt so right . It felt the same as being with Sirius did. It felt like coming home.

At another pointed thrust, Remus pulled away to gasp, his head falling back as his hips tried to move with Fenrir's. However with the grip the Alpha had on his hips, he could barely move at all.

Fenrir’s eyes went wide at the kiss, shock and fire running through his veins. He watched Remus closely for a moment when he pulled away. Then the Alpha wolf shifted, rolling them to push Remus firmly into the furs on the bed. A predatory glint sparked in that amber eye.
Fenrir leaned down and whispered against Remus’ lips once more. “That was unexpected.”

"But enjoyable I hope." Remus whispered back, catching the bottom lip and tugging on it gently. "As I have said..." The gold in his eyes began to trickle through the hazel. "We've missed you."

Fenrir let loose a deep rumbling purr, “And I've missed you, my special Pup.” He moved one hand to run fingers loosely in Remus’ curls. He crashed their lips together, kissing the younger man hard.

His legs wrapped around Fenrir's hips, moving with them as the Alpha ground against them. Merlin he had missed this. He had missed this so much that he was louder than usual.

His hands were already working at Fenrir's pants, popping the button and edging them off of his hips.

Fenrir leaned forward and bit Remus’ ear gently, shifting to kick his jeans off the edge of the bed and revealing nothing but skin beneath them. He growled low, hot breath tracing along Remus’ ear, “You’re wearing too much, Little One.” His hands moved to trail down the younger man’s undershirt.

"Then I suggest you help me out of it, Alpha." Remus teased, lifting his hands so Fenrir could take the shirt off. "And keep them in one piece this time, if you'd be so kind."

Fenrir felt a sharp thrill run down his spine as Remus moaned out his rank. He shifted himself and moved his hands to rid Remus of his undershirt. Once he disentangled himself from the younger man’s legs, he quickly and skillfully got rid of the rest of the man’s clothes as well. Fenrir’s amber eye was clouded with lust as he looked Remus up and down, not wanting to miss a single detail.

Remus couldn't help but smile as he watched Fenrir undress him. he could feel Faelen relaxing, feel them both sigh as they felt Fenrir's hands gliding over his skin.

There was nothing else but this, nothing else but them in this quiet room. The only sounds came from the whispering of trees, of the wind flowing over the hole in the ceiling.

Fenrir dragged his hands down Remus’ sides, feeling soft flesh and smooth scars against his
calloused hands. The content purring that caused his chest to vibrate slightly was soft but deep. He dragged his claws from Remus’ sides to his hips, never pushing too hard but leaving a light sensation in their wake. And he rubbed the skin there idly as he met the younger man’s eyes. He reveled in the lust-smell that was dripping from Remus into the air.

“Do you want to give your Alpha a show, Little One?” Fenrir said, holding up one of his hands to remind Remus of just how sharp his claw-like nails were.

"Kinda hard to put on a show when you're pinning me to the bed, don't you think?" But he still rolled his hips, grinding up against the Alpha.

There were still things he could do like this. His hands pulled Fenrir closer, moaning at the spark of pleasure with each thrust.

Fenrir let out a deep groan and ground himself against Remus. He leaned down willingly when Remus pulled him closer. He dragged teasing fingertips against the younger man's throat, touching the bond mark lightly. The Alpha wolf gave a possessive nip to Remus' ear and whispered, "Would you like me to move... or do you have other plans?"

Remus chuckled breathlessly, riding out the thrusts as bursts of pleasure exploded behind his eyes.

"I think I can figure something out." He pulled Fenrir closer to silence any further words, drowning in the man before him.
Fenrir’s good eye cracked open in the morning when the harsh sunlight that shone in from the ceiling finally broke through his sleep. He shifted slightly, looking down and smirking as he saw the still sleeping form of the younger man wrapped around him. Remus was pressed to his side, arm slung over his chest. Fenrir ran fingers through Remus’ sleep and sex mused hair and purred low. “It’s time to get up, Little One...”

Remus growled softly in his sleep, burrowing his head deeper against Fenrir's side. The light wasn't bright enough, it was too early to wake. With another gentle shift he settled back down and stilled again.

Fenrir stroked Remus’ hair gently, his purring growing louder. And then he moved, sitting up but holding onto the younger man so he won’t fall. He looked down at Remus and moved the hand that was in the younger man’s hair. He gently touched Remus’ face, claws brushing over the scars that Kurt had left the last time they had seen each other.

“Time for breakfast, Pup. We have a lot to do today.”

The movement had Remus' eyelashes fluttering before they blinked open. His expression stilled; riddled with sleep, Remus yawned widely before rubbing his eyes. It was then that he seemed to notice he was upright and slowly slid away from Fenrir's side.

"Oh, it's later than I thought it was." He mumbled, glancing toward the sun lit room. "Is it okay that we slept so late?"

“Kurt may scold you.” Fenrir said with a tiny smile. “But otherwise, everything is alright. Would you like to bathe?”

"If I can manage without making Kurt more annoyed with me than he already is." Remus stretched, sighing as he felt his bones pop in multiple places. Merlin, he was old. "What about you?"

Fenrir rubbed the sleep from his blind eye, the amber one watching Remus carefully. "I'd like to wash up. And Kurt can't be annoyed with you; you're helping the pack dig its way out of a hole, Pup."
Remus gave Fenrir a flat look that clearly stated he didn't believe the Alpha. "That's why I said annoyed, not livid. He still doesn't like me." He stretched again, feeling his back pop before he rose out of the bed. "Either way, I'll make it a short bath, hm?"

The Alpha wolf nodded, getting out of bed as well. He rolled his shoulders to get the aches out. "Sounds fine, Little One." He walked toward the doorway that led to the bathroom and turned the water on to let the bathtub fill. Fenrir scratched his chest idly as he watched it fill slowly. Of course, their makeshift plumbing wasn't fantastic, the water wasn't the most clean and there was a bit of sediment in it. But it was so much better than nothing.

He looked at Remus when he walked into the room. "Are you upset that Kurt doesn't like you?" He asked curiously, brow arching.

"Well, yeah." Remus shrugged. "I mean if I'm going to be a true part of the pack one day, it helps if the Alpha and Beta aren't at odds because of me, doesn't it?" He didn't mention that it meant something to him, that Fenrir's Beta would at least accept him. It almost felt like it was required since he was sleeping with the Alpha.

But he didn't voice those thoughts. Not if he didn't have to. He could already feel his ears, mostly covered by his hair, burning.

Fenrir watched him as he turned the water off and slipped into the bathtub. The elder man leaned against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest, not ashamed in the least to be standing there nude. He tilted his head to the side slowly, eye never moving from the younger man. "It takes him a while. Kurt is a good man, very loyal to me. Once you prove yourself as you surely have aims to do, I can only assume that he will warm to you. I do not lie, so I cannot promise anything, of course." He gave a small shrug of his shoulders. "My Beta cannot refuse my orders; so, no matter what, he will accept that you are part of this pack."

"Yeah but I don't want him to be forced to like me, Fenrir. That defeats the whole purpose of getting him to like me." But Remus leaned against the tub, studying the Alpha before him. "Is there anything specific I should focus on doing?" He picked the bar of soap and began to wash himself.

"To get him to like you?" Fenrir let out a low breath, falling silent for a moment as he thought. "Kurt takes his duty as the leader of the hunting party quite seriously; perhaps show interest in joining him for hunts? I believe your interest and popularity with the pups is helping you, definitely. They are his pride and joy."
Remus scoffed. Well that certainly explained things. "So the fact that I attacked him during a hunt in front of his hunters really made an impression...." He sighed and ducked under the water to wash his hair. He came back up a moment later, pushing all the water out of his hair. Without thinking, he held out his hand, muttered "Accio!" and stood when he felt the towel fly into his hand.

Fenrir flinched slightly and snarled at the use of magic - and without a wand as well. The Alpha wolf shifted against the wall and growled. "Yes, certainly. But, show you are capable during hunts and that may help change his mind."

At the snarl Remus jumped slightly, frowning before it dawned on him.

"I'm sorry. It's become second nature now." But he took in the words, pushing down the nerves curling in his stomach. "Right. Well, let us hope that I manage not to fuck that up too." He gestured to the tub, the water still hot enough to have a faint mist rising from it.

“Hopefully your Stag won’t be wandering the forest again. There’s much worse than my hunters walking these woods now.” Fenrir frowned. “Just avoid using magic around the pups, yes? We try to do without. A number of my wolves are not wizards, so we do our best to keep everyone included and only use magic for necessities.”

Remus' expression hardened at the mention of James. "No. He won't be coming around this way." He was too busy with the Order, trying to stay alive. He made a mental note to keep the magic to a minimum, at least for the time being. "Should I wait for you to finish? Or is it alright if I go out and help with breakfast?"

“Wait.” Fenrir pulled the drain and started the water for the shower. “Even with everyone there for breakfast; I do not trust the traitors.” He waited a moment for the shower to warm before stepping under the water and sighing softly when it pounded on his aching back. He watched Remus as he washed his hair.

The Alpha growled low, “When you hear the voice of the one you didn’t see, do point her out to me, yes?”

"Well, pointing her out might be a little obvious," He mused, pulling on his clothes again. "What if I just.... I don't know. Tug my ear or something?"

“Sounds fine. I just need to know who it is. I will be addressing all the wolves as we eat. To tell
about the meetings. Make sure you look around for suspicious behavior. Just in case someone acts out, I may have to take care of some insubordination.”

Remus nodded, now taking Fenrir's former place against the wall.

"The blond one I am almost completely sure about. But the others may not have been acting of their own free will.” He sighed, running a hand through his already graying hair. "We'll see.”

“Free will or not, they will be dealt with.” He snarled, aggressively rinsing the soap from his hair and quickly washing his body. “Wolves should know better.”

"Not if he's using the Imperious Curse, Fenrir. Very few wizards can resist it, much less someone without magical abilities. If they were under the curse then they had no control over their actions.”

Fenrir growled loudly, shutting off the water when he was finished cleaning himself. He squeezed the water from his hair and ran his claws through it a few times to rid it of knots. He stepped out of the tub and moved to grab a towel, drying his hair with it.

“I know what the curse is. I know what it feels like and I know what it makes you do. That does not mean we can break it, if wolves have fallen under it. If we leave them to go about their business, they will just keep betraying us.”

Remus couldn't help but nod. Fenrir was right. Even if they were able to break the spell, they would still be more likely to fall under it again.

"Fair enough." As hard as it was..... Merlin, he hoped it was no one they knew. No one who was a crucial part of the pack.

The Alpha walked into the bedroom and pulled on a pair of jeans, black t shirt and flannel. He walked over to Remus and set his hand on the younger man’s head. “Your heart can not override your brain, Little One. Amongst your wizards, maybe you have better solutions; but that is not how it works here. Maybe you can think of something, but otherwise, they will be dealt with as any other traitor would.”

Fenrir moved toward the big iron door, speaking low still. “I know that curse. Voldemort has used it on me in the past as an example of what he can do. And I feel for any wolf that was placed under
it. But I do not know how to lift it.”

Remus leaned into the touch, closing his eyes. "I don't know either. That magic is above my understanding, I'm afraid." He opened his eyes to look up into the golden eye. "Given more time I could try to find out but..." He trailed off. He knew they were on borrowed time as it was.

“Time is certainly one of the things we do not have. If we do not get this all solved within the three days before the next Full-" He broke off, his mind quickly working to show him everything that would fall into place if they didn’t find the traitors. His hunting party would be forced into turning an entire town. Who knows who would survive that night or the nights that came after? The attack would be big enough for the Ministry to get involved. If they could be tracked, the entire pack could be wiped out like vermin.

“We cannot take any risks.”

"I know." Remus placed a hand over Fenrir's, drawing it down to his lips and kissing the knuckles gently. "Let's find out who those bastards are."

Fenrir looked at him strangely, not at all sure how to react to such a gentle gesture. He was frozen for a moment before giving a firm nod and taking his hand back to open the thick iron door. “Yes... yes, let’s.” He nodded toward the door, so Remus would go through first.

Remus stepped out of the bedroom, eyes immediately looking at the three wolves he recognized. The blond looked away as soon as he was caught staring, the other two were better at acting. One of the younger pups, Sam, cried out his name and ran toward him. Remus bent down to scoop him up before carrying him back to the others that were now starting to crowd around him.

Fenrir moved closer to the center of his pack and let loose a very loud rumbling snarl. Nearly everyone immediately fell silent and the few left that made noise were pups that Remus quickly shushed.

The Alpha wolf crossed his arms over his chest and spoke loud enough for everyone to hear him. “It has come to my attention that some of you are wishing for duty changes. Perhaps you are interested in learning new things or expanding your use around the Den. Today, Kurt will be speaking to his hunting team, I will be speaking to the domestic group, and Remus will watch over the pups while everyone is busy. I know what is going on outside the pack is concerning. During these meetings you may ask whatever questions you have.”
An older male with deep green eyes, graying orange hair and tanned skin stood suddenly, pointing a finger in Remus’ direction. “You’re letting a wizard watch over the pups with no-one watching over him? Who knows what he’ll do to them!”

Fenrir bristled at the uncalled for exclamation. It was bad enough that he had to get people to obey his demands of the meetings without people doing this. He walked over to the man and fisted the front of his shirt, lifting him off the ground slightly. “Do you not trust your Alpha’s decisions, Michael?”

“I-“ The other wolf gasped.

“If you didn’t know, that wizard has been marked. He is bonded to the pack, and I know what I am doing when I give orders. Is that understood?”

The man gasped desperately, hand moving to claw at Fenrir’s, needing air. He gave a forced nod, breathing out a weak “Yes!”

And Fenrir dropped him; watching as he landed, stumbled, and fell on his backside in the dirt. He turned to address the rest of the pack. “Does anyone else think I don’t know how to run my own pack?”

The silence was all but tangible, one of the older girls curling closer to Remus for comfort. Remus gave her a smile and rubbed her back reassuringly. He didn’t want to frighten them any more than they already were.

“It will be done after breakfast. Kurt will collect the hunters, I will collect the domestic wolves, and Remus will babysit the pups. Is that understood?” He stood, snarling, as a murmur of agreement echoed in the cave. Fenrir gave a single nod to the group and finished the meeting with a “Good. Resume.”

At the word, the pack immediately went back to doing what they had been doing; some went back to eating, others gathered plates of food, and others went back to talking amongst themselves. Fenrir moved over to where Remus was stood with the pups and he set a hand on Remus’ head momentarily, before pulling it away. “Are you hungry, Little One?”

"Starv-" the word had barely left his mouth before several of the older pups jumped up.
"I can get you food, Remus!"

"Me too!"

"Alpha, can we bring him the food? Please?" Sam looked up at his Alpha with pleading eyes.

Fenrir gave a low chuckle. "Yes, Pup." He patted Sam on the head gently. "But be careful not to drop anything. Ask Sophie if you need help. Understood?"

Sam beamed before running off, some of the other pups joining him. Remus felt his chest expand, a soft smile on his lips. He loved the pups so much. It only made today's mission that much more important.

"I'll make sure to ask them in a way they understand." He looked up at Fenrir. "You need not worry."

The Alpha wolf gave a firm nod, watching the children for a moment before looking down at Remus, meeting his eyes. "Just try not to frighten them. They must be kept safe from all of this... We need to do all of this quickly and efficiently."

After they had eaten and observed the pack, Fenrir announced the separation of the groups. He had an almost silent conversation with Remus during breakfast and knew their plan very well now. Kurt took the hunting party into the large pantry area - the group was small enough to fit comfortably in there. Fenrir took the domestic wolves into his private quarters, as much as he hated the idea of his personal territory being intruded. And Remus took the pups into the far back of the large communal area of the cave.

It took hours to question all the wolves under the wizard truth serum and get any valuable information. By the time they had finished, it was getting dark and the hunting party were anxious about not having gone out to catch dinner yet.

But after all the stress of questioning pack members, Fenrir used a swift *Obliviate* on those in the domestic group. Remus used the same spell on the pups after trying to get information from them, and the young wizard headed into the pantry when Kurt called to him to cast another *Obliviate* on the hunting party. Kurt knew magic but it was drastically limited to the basics. Afterwards, Remus and Fenrir used spells set to Remus’ clever plan.
All the spells were set to specifics. The pack’s memories were erased since breakfast. They would be groggy and blurry but, using a secondary spell, their memories would be altered so they would believe they had just gone about their daily lives after hearing from Fenrir and Kurt. Remus had planned spells out so carefully and detailed, Fenrir was confident in the success of the plan.

After the meetings were all over, Kurt granted the hunting party permission to go catch dinner. Everyone was let back into the communal area and within minutes of awkward, groggy confusion it was like everything was just back to normal. The pups started playing and the domestic wolves started talking, cleaning, and preparing a fire for dinner.

The Alpha wolf moved over to Sophie and told her to watch over everyone for a short while. He was now confident that the head of the domestic wolves could be trusted and he was grateful for it.

Fenrir called Kurt and Remus over and murmured low, “Meet in my private quarters.” And he quickly turned on his heel and went to his room.

Remus and Kurt shared a glance before Remus followed the Alpha to the bedroom. Kurt hesitated, letting a few moments pass before he too went into the bedroom, to lessen suspicion.

Remus had his arms crossed over his chest against a chill that had nothing to do with the temperature. "The pups are all clear. Sam admitted that he saw Theo acting strange during the full moon, but he couldn't say why he thought that way."

Fenrir gave a small nod and cast a silencing charm on the room before setting his wand down on his desk. He brushed his hands together as if getting rid of dirt or grime.

“Theo, Constance, and William are traitors in the domestic group.” He nodded toward Kurt. “What did you find out?”

Kurt looked so much older than he had this morning. He too had his arms crossed tightly over his chest.

"Bill, Ted." He met Fenrir's eyes. "And Stephanie." He felt the nausea surge in the pit of his stomach. Stephanie had been their hunter for the longest amount of time, practically there from the beginning. If something happened to Fenrir, and he was made Alpha, then Stephanie would have been his Beta. He never suspected her. And yet out of the three, she was the most devoted to the
Fenrir’s eyes widened slightly in surprise. “Stephanie? Are you positive, Kurt? The others I can... I can ignore the others. But Stephie has been with us for so long and-“ Fenrir broke off. He wasn’t sure what he was feeling. Betrayal and hurt and a sharp mix of things that just ended up building up to anger.

Kurt's expression hardened, but Remus could tell how much the next words cost him.

"I wish I wasn't, but she...." He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "She seemed to be the most supportive of the bloody bastard." His eyes were shining when he looked up again.

"She was going to take the pups, Fenrir. She said that Voldemort had promised to spare them if she and the others could form their own pack once this damn war was over." He shook his head slowly.

Remus hated to make matters worse but Fenrir had asked so...

"It was Stephanie's voice I recognized. From the alley." He had never hated himself more than he had in that moment.

Fenrir looked from Kurt to Remus and back again, growling low. The Alpha wolf drew his lips back in a sudden, loud snarl, fists clenching by his sides. "We do not allow anyone to touch the pups. We take care of this tonight. I will take care of this tonight."

He crossed his arms over his chest and dug the claws of one hand into his arm. His brow furrowed angrily, thinking in silence for a moment. Stephanie was likely the one that put all of them at the most risk. She was Kurt's responsibility but Fenrir knew Kurt wouldn't be able to stomach killing her. He knew this was likely hurting his Beta far more than anything else in recent years. Between Stephanie's betrayal and the pups' lives at risk; Fenrir was glad Kurt hadn't gone ahead and done something stupid.

Fenrir looked at Kurt, meeting his eyes. "We need to pack everything. After dinner, I will take the traitors to the forest and get rid of them. While I am gone, you, Remus, and anyone else that wants to... You need to pack up. We need to move. We will go to the cave I found. Our wolves that are advanced in Magic can use side-along apparition. When I am gone - you can explain why the traitors will not be coming back."
"Is that wise, going alone?" Kurt asked, the shine in his eyes gone for now. "It will be six against one, Alpha. Three of the best hunters we have. You should take Remus with you."

Remus' gaze snapped to look at Kurt, shocked into silence. "What?"

"After everything that has happened, the pack won't listen to you. You're an unknown element to everyone but the pups. But Alpha does not need to go alone." At Fenrir's growl, Kurt glared at him.

He continued, "If you are lost, we all are. I can't protect the pack if you're dead. Especially if Stephanie still lives. You know I don't doubt your ability, but we need you to look up to. You have to be the strongest Wolf here. If you come back like you did last time, it will create more doubt than there already is."

Fenrir bristled at the thought of his pack thinking him even more weak than they did. He grit his teeth and growled deeply, looking between the two other men. He looked at Kurt and gestured to Remus with one hand. "What will happen to us if something goes wrong and he gets injured? His mate will have the wizards on us faster than you can say 'wolfsbane'.' He ran his hand through his hair and drew in a deep breath. "Look. I know, you're right. But no matter where we turn, our backs are against a wall. Whether Stephanie will take the pups or Dumbledore's dogs want to hunt us down or Voldemort wants us as bodies for war."

He frowned and turned to look at Remus, "What is the likelihood of your mate retaliating against us if you get injured, Little One?"

"If it's not your doing, none." Remus answered honestly. "He knows that I'm helping you with the pack. Injuries are a normality for me. He'll be more pissed at me than he will be at you."

“Good. Fine.” Fenrir gave a firm nod. “Will you be willing to assist me, Pup? It will not be pretty, I warn you now.”

"All the better for me to go then." Remus replied. It still shocked him that Kurt of all people had suggested he go. Maybe Fenrir had been right.

With that they all nodded in agreement. Now that they knew the traitors, they needed to be dealt with. Now.
Fenrir let loose a pleased purr and glanced over at the door. “After dinner then. I will gather the traitors in the domestic group who believe they want to be on the hunting party thanks to the spells. Kurt, you can send the traitors from the hunting party to see me. And myself and Remus will take them for a little stroll. Sound good?”

Kurt nodded and turned toward the door before he stopped. "Keep him safe." He murmured, keeping his gaze fixed on the door. It wasn't until Remus nodded that he opened the door and closed it behind him.

Remus sighed, rubbing his eyes with the palms of his hands. How had this turned into such a mess?

Fenrir moved over to Remus and looked down at him, cocking his head to the side slightly. “Are you alright?”

“No. I'm not.” He answered honestly. The burning sensation in his eyes lessened, which helped. But the rubbing made it look like he had been crying anyway.

“I hate this bloody war. I hate feeling like no matter what I do, the people I care most about are never safe. I could lose them in any moment and I-” He huffed out a laugh without an ounce of humor.

"There's not a bloody thing I can do about it. I have to kill people in order to keep the ones I love safe. So no," Remus answered, running a hand through his hair. "I'm not okay." But he will be. He would have to. People were counting on him. The pups were counting on him. James and Sirius and Lily and Peter and little Harry. They were all counting on him.

Fenrir took in a deep breath and moved closer to Remus. He surprised himself as he pulled Remus to him, wrapping his arms around the younger man; one hand resting on his head, in his hair, and pressing him to Fenrir’s chest. He felt himself crumble a little as he knew he was actually falling for the boy, but he certainly wouldn’t ever voice that. Fenrir Greyback didn’t feel love. Never.

But he stood there and held Remus close, soothing his hair gently. He growled. “War is never a good thing, Remus. Both sides always end up losing. Kurt and I... we both appreciate your helping the pack. It’s more than we could have done alone. But we cannot force you to do this. If you do not wish to go along with this, you are allowed to leave. And I can handle it myself.”
Remus all but melted against Fenrir, the tears he was trying so desperately to hold back burning in his eyes. His arms wrapped around Fenrir's waist as his head buried against the Alpha's shoulder.

"No. I would never be able to forgive myself if something happened and I wasn't there." Merlin, how he loved this man. It had taken all these years to realize it. But he loved him just as fiercely as he loved Sirius. But that was a thought for another day.

Fenrir kept petting his hair, trying to calm him. “It is not your responsibility. It is mine. Myself and Kurt- We hold the pack’s safety in our hands, Little One. It is not up to you. We foolishly allowed traitors into our pack and now we are paying for it. That is not your fault. You put blame on yourself for problems that you did not cause.”

"Who is to say it's not my fault?" He asked, raising his eyes to look into Fenrir's. "Who is to say that one of your wolves didn't know who I was the moment I walked through the door? Or the moment I let slip that I went to Hogwarts?" He shook his head, closing his eyes. "I have been a bloody idiot."

Fenrir felt a low growl rise in his chest. “We all make mistakes, Little One. But you are not the cause of Voldemort blackmailing the pack. Kurt and I both know you would never risk the pups.”

He pulled back from the embrace and touched the scars on the side of Remus’ face that Kurt left there. “If not for you, my pack would... we would likely be hunted down by your Ministry come the Full. If not for you, all the lives here would be snuffed out like candles in a strong wind.”

Part of Remus (Faelen) knew Fenrir was right. But the guilt still burned like a brand that was stuck in his throat. He nuzzled into Fenrir's hand, taking comfort in the contact before meeting Fenrir's eyes again.

"I can't kill them. But I can incapacitate them. That way you can deal with them how you want.”

“Perfect. Allow me to handle the rest. You know how I dislike magic. The amount I did today was enough for the next year.” He huffed, stroking Remus’ cheek with his thumb. “Now, come, Pup. Let us get you fed before we take care of business, yes?”

"I'm not hungry." It was bad enough that his nerves were tying his stomach into knots. It was another thing entirely to try and force it to keep down food. "I'll eat afterward. I promise." He continued when he saw the slight frown in Fenrir's eyes.
“You will likely feel worse afterwards, Little One.” He cocked his head to the side, studying Remus. “But yes, fine. Do you wish to wait for everyone to finish eating? Or do you want to go out now?”

Fenrir paused, frowning. He pulled his hand back from Remus’ face. “I... am sorry you have to go through this, Pup. You are too young to fight in a war. Far too young to take a life.”

He knew Fenrir was right. But at the same time, he couldn't imagine trying to eat something right then. Remus shrugged at the mention of war.

"I've been fighting since I was 17, Fenrir. It's just something you never get used to." He wished for Sirius, wished he could bury himself into his mate as Fenrir liked to call him and block out the world.

"We should go out now. Before the others get wind of what's going on.” His fear had melted, raw resolve taking its place. He would defend this pack the same way as he defended his family.

“Just because you have had to do it, does not make it right. Anyway,” Fenrir picked his wand up off the table and stowed it in his pocket just in case. He moved toward the door and opened it, holding it for Remus. “We have a training hunt to go on, yes?” A smirk curved his lips, he knew any wolf in the area could overhear once the door was open and the spell was broken.

Remus nodded, making his way through the door. Stephanie had perked her head up at the word 'hunt'. Kurt must have already spoken to the traitors, letting them know where they were going.

Remus made sure to keep his wand hidden in the sleeve of his shirt so that no one could or would see it.

"Yes, Alpha." His lips smirked at Fenrir's almost invisible twitch. "I'm eager to learn and aid the pack. After all, I suspect I won't be able to stay with the wizards much longer. Not after what happened the last time.”

Fenrir snorted and spat on the floor of the cave. “Wizards. Magic. We get along fine without. Your information is valuable, it is good you can blend in.”
He growled loudly and looked out at the pack. He raised his voice, “Those we spoke to during the group meetings, come. It is time for the training hunt.” And he watched as each one of the traitors stood and approached them. Fenrir locked eyes with Kurt briefly before looking over those that approached himself and Remus. He nodded toward the mouth of the cave and growled. “Let’s get going.”

Fenrir walked out with them, picking up a hunting knife on his way out without anyone noticing.

Remus was the last one to leave. He nodded to Kurt before following the wolves out. Stephanie and the other hunters were speaking with Fenrir, asking what was needed of them and Remus couldn't help but glare at the she wolf. If he didn't know any better, he would have never guessed she was a spy. She was completely at ease, smiling and laughing with the other hunters as they walked. They all turned quiet once they were far enough away from the cave, and Remus made sure to have his wand in his hand, ready for whenever Fenrir decided enough was enough.
After a while of walking, being sure they were a fair way from the cave, Fenrir beckoned them to stop. He gave a subtle jerk of his head toward Remus. Stephanie arched a questioning brow and opened her mouth to ask what was going on; but she was not fast enough. Remus pulled his wand out and gave a quick twist and shout of *Petrificus Totalus!*

Each traitor was completely bound by magic; their bodies stiffened, limbs locking, and they each dropped down to their knees by Remus' magic. Their jaws refused to open, their fingers wouldn't twitch. But all their eyes suddenly moved to focus on Fenrir. The Alpha wolf snarled loudly, baring his teeth at his victims. Remus took a quick step backwards, not wanting to get involved with the actual violence.

"It has come to my attention that we have an *infestation* in the pack." His voice was harsher, the tone dripping with that Alpha dominance. He played with the knife in his hand, twirling it, as he began to pace in front of the staggered line of traitors.

Fenrir moved close to one of the men, one of the hunters. He fist ed the blond hair and yanked the head back, exposing the man's throat. "Perhaps you could tell me a bit more about the roaches that came upon my territory? No? Oh, what a pity." The hunting knife moved like a flash, ripping into pale flesh and letting dark blood flow free. He let go of the blond locks and the body fell to the ground in a crumpled heap.

"Oh, I so do love the smell of blood in the evening." Fenrir purred low, moving to the next two men, slitting their throats and letting them fall.

He kept moving among the traitors, killing them with a swift cut of the hunting knife's blade and letting their blood spill onto the grass. All until Stephanie was left.

Fenrir gave another nod to Remus. The wizard flicked his wand, muttering something low under his breath that allowed Stephanie to work her jaw and speak again. Her body was still locked and
she had no way to get away.

Fenrir gripped her long auburn hair in his fist and pulled her head back like he did to the others. He pressed the bloody knife's blade to her tanned throat and growled. "What do you have to say?"

"Say?" Stephanie croaked, a panicked laugh bursting from her. Her green eyes moved to meet Fenrir's as her head was pulled back further. "The Dark Lord was going to give us power, Alpha. We were going to get what we deserve! We were going to get success and prey! We would be feared, just as we should be!"

The Alpha wolf leaned down to hiss in her ear. "We are not vermin that hide behind stronger beings, mutt. We are proud and powerful. We do not fall to obey wizards like you have caused us to."

"You sure obey that one," She hissed, gritting her teeth. "You seem to fall to him pretty easily, don't you, Alpha?"

Fenrir snarled. He ignored the jab at himself and Remus. "Don't think we'll burn your body. You're nothing. You don't deserve the pack or its rights."

Before she could answer, he drew the blade across her throat. She gasped and spluttered out her response, but it could not be understood. Fenrir let her fall to the ground and snarled at the body as it slowly grew cold and stopped twitching.

He looked at Remus, realizing the scene and letting a harsh laugh escape him. He must look every bit the monster that the wizards talk about. The feral, bloodthirsty werewolf king. Blood speckled his skin, clothes and even his hair from the aggressive spurts from some of the traitors. The hand that held the hunting knife was saturated and dripping crimson onto the green of the grass.

His voice came out in a tight growl when he finally spoke. "Ready to go back?"

"Are you?" Remus asked without hesitation. He knew this side of Fenrir existed. He knew he signed each and every one of the wolves' death warrants the moment he lifted his wand. But hearing what Stephanie said...

*The Dark Lord was going to give us power, Alpha. We were going to get what we deserve.*
It had shaken him more than he thought it would. He saw death every day, had seen it for over three years. But to have it be one of their own, one of his own....

Stephanie wasn't wrong. Sure the way she went about it was wrong but... he couldn't fault her for wanting something better for the pack. For her, the ends justified the means.

Remus stayed where he was, waiting for Fenrir to make the first move. He had just slaughtered a wolf who, according to Kurt, had been there from the beginning. No matter how angry Fenrir was now, that fire would eventually run out, leaving nothing but anguish behind.

Fenrir snarled, breaking eye contact with Remus to look around at the bodies of the traitors. His grip on the hunting knife tightened. He lifted his foot, growling louder when he realized that the blood had soaked into the worn leather of his boots. He moved toward Remus, the dominance and just pure wolf that dripped off Fenrir and into the air was almost thick enough to see.

He snarled loudly, the amber eye looked strange, almost wild. "We need to go back." Fenrir said harshly. "Understood?"

The raw power in the air made Remus shudder, made the world tilt on its axis, but he felt himself nod. Outwardly, nothing had changed.

"Yes, sir."

Fenrir stalked toward Remus, making him back into a large tree trunk. The Alpha wolf's head cocked sharply to the side, almost animalistic in nature. The amber eye quickly scanned the man in front of him. He threw the hunting knife to the ground and moved the bloody hand to settle against the tree's trunk beside Remus' head.

The Alpha leaned close, just a breath away from Remus' face. "You smell good, Little One."

Remus' breath caught in his throat, the pure scent of Alpha making his head swim.

"Do I?" He answered with a question, his hands already settling on Fenrir's hips. Not to pull him closer, but to keep him from slipping away.
"Yes." Fenrir purred low, head tilting to the other side now. He pressed his face close to the column of Remus' neck, inhaling his scent deeply. And the purring grew even louder. The scent of blood and Remus mingled so perfectly in the air, it made Fenrir's head spin.

Remus' head fell back against the trunk, eyes drifting closed. He wanted nothing more than to pull Fenrir against him and take the pleasure he so desperately needed. His head was swimming, thoughts were all but nonexistent and when he felt the first brush of teeth against his bond mark he jolted.

"Please, please, Fenrir… I need..."

The Alpha licked slowly over the bond scar that graced the base of Remus' neck. He let loose a loud guttural noise - not quite the purr and not quite a growl, but somewhere in between, a noise of dominance and pleasure. His bloody hand dug powerful claws into the bark of the tree, causing chunks of it to fall and gently hit Remus' shoulder on their way to the ground.

"Tell me." He whispered, moving slightly so he could nip at Remus' ear with his teeth.

He couldn't hold back anymore. Remus pulled Fenrir flush against him, legs spreading to fit the Alpha as close as he could possibly allow.

"I need you." Another shudder wracked him as Fenrir used a sharp fang to tug on the lobe of his ear. "Please... please fuck me..."

Fenrir nipped harder at the younger man's ear. He moaned low and as he spoke he thrust forward against Remus. "Prepare yourself for your Alpha." And he pulled away from the wizard, shifting to unbutton and unzip his jeans, pushing them down slightly to free his throbbing cock. He stroked himself slowly, eye on Remus. In the back of his mind, the part that wasn't fogged over with animalistic lust, he realized that he certainly didn't want to drop his clothes on the forest floor and get more blood on them.

Remus wasted no time kicking his bottoms to his ankles. He kicked them off after a moment when they had become too restricting, sending them behind the tree so they wouldn't be soaked in blood.

Watching Fenrir's hand working his cock, Remus groaned as he silently lined his fingers with magic, groaning as the first one slid in effortlessly.
Fenrir cocked his head to the side again, watching Remus closely. He stroked himself in time with Remus' pumping finger. He licked his lips, the sight was intoxicating. But he wanted so much more. He needed to see Remus pleasure himself, but at the same time, he wanted it to get done fast so he could sink himself into that tight heat and claim what was rightfully his.

"More."

Remus moaned as two fingers slipped into his hole, and then three. The burn was dwarfed by the pleasure of the Alpha before him. The scent was suffocating, and yet Remus found himself happily drowning in it.

"Please.... Alpha, please..." His lust filled eyes glowed golden, his back arching against the trunk to get his fingers in even deeper.

The elder man ripped his eyes away from Remus' pumping hand to meet those golden eyes. He felt a fresh rush of heat, realizing that both wizard and wolf were there. Both of them were submitting to him. Both had seen what he can do and both bend to his dominance.

Fenrir growled, "If you're done; turn around, bend over."

Not a moment later, Remus has turned around, presenting himself to the Alpha. The need burned within him, and he wanted nothing more than to feel the Alpha's cock thrusting into him again and again.

"Please." He pleaded, short nails digging slightly into the bark of the tree.

Fenrir groaned deeply. He moved, gripping Remus' hip with one hand and lining up his cock with the other. He pushed home in one brutal thrust and stilled for a moment. The Alpha let out a pleased groan; the smell of blood, the smell of Remus, the overwhelming sensation of being balls deep in the younger man. It made his head pulse and a sharp thrill ran down his spine. His hips snapped forward, grinding hard against Remus after a moment of stillness. He leaned in and bit down on the base of the younger man's neck, the opposite side of the bond mark.

His moan seemed to hang on the air, bouncing off trees as he felt the punch of Fenrir's thrust. He wished the Alpha would move, the pain slowly ebbing into pleasure. By the time his Alpha started moving, moans were falling out of Remus' mouth at regular intervals.
It was too much, it wasn't enough, and Remus arched back when he felt the sharp teeth teasing his skin again. His head fell against the trunk as they moved, Remus meeting every one of Fenrir's thrusts head on.

Fenrir pulled back from the wizard's neck to bite at his ear again. He groaned deeply, "So good. So good, my pet."

He began to thrust harder into the younger werewolf. His claw-like nails dug into the pale flesh of Remus' hips as he began to move faster. He released the torturous hold he had on Remus' ear and nipped at the back of his neck. He slowly bit harder and harder as his hips moved. When one bite drew blood, he immediately soothed his tongue over the wound, moaning low at the taste.

He's drowning in pleasure. His moans reach a higher pitch, echoing off of trees and earth and air as he meets Fenrir's thrusts again and again and again. It's all he can do to keep his hands on the tree before him and not reach behind to grasp Fenrir's hips, to drive against the thrusts harder. To take his Alpha deeper.

The words of praise only heighten the pleasure. They make him want to be good, to please his Alpha. He wants nothing more than to bring Fenrir pleasure.

One hand slipped from the tree to curl in Fenrir's hair, to encourage him to continue marking him. Because they needed everyone to know who he belonged to.

Fenrir growled out a possessive moan and began to bite harder at Remus’ neck. He peppered it in little bite wounds and soothed over them with his tongue afterwards. The only spot he bit hard on purpose was that same mark on the base of his neck.

The Alpha’s thrusting sped to an animalistic pace as he pounded into the younger man. He held tight to Remus’ hips, claws drawing pinpricks of blood and leaving marks. His head was swimming in the pleasure of it and no matter how long he wanted it to last, he didn’t think he could hold off much longer.

It was all Remus could do to hang on, to hold out for a little while longer. But he couldn't take the bruising thrusts, the pleasure being shoved through him. Remus lasted one, two thrusts before he was cumming. Spilling over the tree's bark and parts of his stomach. He tightened around his Alpha's cock, wanting to bring him just as much pleasure as he was receiving.
Fenrir groaned deeply at the feeling. Through a haze of instinct and lust, he bit down hard on Remus’ neck. He thrust hard, stilling his hips flush to Remus’ as he came.

After staying stock still for a moment or two, Fenrir pulled away. His hands left slim hips and fangs were removed from pale flesh. His softening cock slipped from Remus’ body when he stepped back and he tucked himself back into his jeans, doing up the zipper. He didn’t move far. Fenrir shifted and started to lick over the wounds he caused, a deep rumbling purr ringing through the air.

Remus was all but boneless against the tree trunk. He couldn’t even muster the strength to recall his pants but then Fenrir was there, all power and warmth and the feeling of the Alpha's tongue on his skin sent small bursts of residual pleasure through him.

"Thought you said we should head back.." he teased softly.

Fenrir hummed softly. He pulled back from licking Remus’ wound when it began to quickly heal. He purred low in the younger man’s ear, one hand moving to run down his back.

“Surely, you cannot expect me to keep my mind in such a moment? The smells ,” He groaned, “You have no idea how good you smell, Little One.”

Remus chuckled softly, glancing over his shoulder at the Alpha. He was still covered in dried blood, and Remus was sure some of it had spread to him, but he still smiled.

"I should be saying that." He nudged Fenrir back slightly so be could pull on his pants. "Let’s find somewhere to clean you up. Then we can continue this conversation at the cave."

Fenrir took the step back so Remus could dress. He ran his tongue over his fangs while he watched the younger man. "We can clean up back in my quarters, yes?"

Remus gave him a flat look, golden hazel eyes scanning the blood splattered across Fenrir's shirt, face and hands.

"Do you really want the pups seeing you like that?" He asked gently. "Even if Kurt explains it to
them, if they know that you are the one that killed them, it might not have the reaction you're hoping for."

Fenrir let out a low growl. He tossed a glance over his shoulder at the crumpled bodies of the traitors. He met Remus' eyes again after a moment. "Come, then. I know a place."

He started walking further from the direction they had come from, confident that Remus would follow after him. "The pups will learn sooner or later," He called over his shoulder to the younger man, "Just who their Alpha is and the dangers that lie with being what they are. But you are right; they shouldn't know those things just yet."

Remus followed him silently, away from the bodies of the people he barely knew. They walked in silence for what seemed like a long while and no time at all at the same time. Then he could hear it. The roar of rushing water.

Fenrir stood at the shore of a small lake that gave way to a stream at one end of it. The water flowed beautifully down small rocky levels of earth, almost creating several minuscule waterfalls. He stripped off his bloodstained shirt and flannel and tossed them aside. Looking over at Remus, Fenrir gave a smirk. "Not many know about this place."

Remus was shocked into silence. It was beautiful. But more than that, he realized just how special this place was. Fenrir had showed him one of his places. And Remus was touched beyond words.

"It's beautiful."

Fenrir let loose a low purr. He crouched down and untied the laces to his boots, taking them off. "Indeed. It is quite a relaxing area. And good for a bath without scaring the pups, yes?" He glanced over to Remus when he stood again sans boots.

Remus smiled and began to strip out of his shoes as well. It hit him a moment later that this would be the first time they would be bathing together. Something that Remus only reserved for Sirius. With a moment's debate, he settled down on the bank, watching Fenrir.

There were some things that he was willing to break, but not this. Bathing with Sirius was something that was special between them.
Fenrir finished stripping, throwing his jeans onto the rest of his clothes. He walked into the water and submerged; quickly coming back up, rubbing the blood splatter from his face with his clean hand as well as he could. He kept the other one under the water.

He looked at Remus. “Thank you, Little One. For all you’ve done for the pack.”

"Of course.” He didn't think that any thanks were in order. It was his pack too after all. And he would protect his own. "We are supposed to protect our pack are we not?"

Fenrir hummed softly, looking down and now washing his hand free of blood. He rubbed the fingers of his clean hand against the blood that was dried to the one that had held the hunting knife. Slowly, the dried blood flaked from his skin. "I suppose so. You are devoted to two, though. So," He shrugged his shoulders, "I appreciate the effort toward this one."

He didn't respond right away. Instead he studied Fenrir, taking in every inch of the exposed skin. Watching the way water dripped over hard muscle and healed scar tissue.

He really needed to sit down, to talk to Sirius about this because... because he loved them both. Remus never thought it was possible, never thought he would be sitting here, feeling his chest tighten for more than one person.

After a long moment, Remus finally broke the silence. "If I wanted Sirius, only Sirius, to meet the pack, would that be something you would allow?"

Fenrir snarled suddenly, baring his teeth at the water he was staring at. He didn't speak for a moment, only rubbed at the blood on his skin more aggressively. He looked up at Remus after a long moment of silence, both eyes narrowed. He growled, "Would I be able to set restrictions and rules to this visit?"

"Of course." Remus replied instantly. "And it's not something that would happen for a long while yet. I just wanted to know if you were open to the idea."

"But why?" Fenrir asked, cocking his head slightly. "Why do you want your wizard mate to meet a pack of werewolves? That is... not something that wizards desire, Little One." He finished scrubbing the blood from his skin as best he could and ran a hand through his hair. He moved to leave the water of the lake and went over to his clothing.
"Because the pack is part of my life. Will, be a part of my life. But Sirius is part of my life too." He met Fenrir's gaze. "Eventually, I will have to make a choice and I can't, Fenrir. So the only way I can think of is trying to see if the two parts of my life fit together."

“We did not leave a good first impression on each other, Little One.” Fenrir said with a snort. He pulled on his jeans, wiping at the blood on them to try and get some off. “Your mate attacked me and I retaliated. However, if I can set rules to his visit, I do not see why he cannot visit the new Den.”

"He sees you as the wizarding world does, because that is the only truth he knows." Remus replied softly. "But he doesn't share the view of his family. If he sees you the way I do, then I'm sure he'll come around."

Remus stood, wiping the flecks of grass and dirt from his jeans. "I know it's a lot to ask. But I wouldn't have been able to live with myself if I didn't ask."

“"The pack will smell him and know him for what he is. That is the dangerous part of this. If your mate comes, he will never leave our sides. He will sleep in my private quarters if he stays the night. He leaves his wand with the wizards to show he is not a threat.”"

Fenrir pulled on his black t shirt, slipped on his boots and picked up the flannel. It was more soaked in blood than anything else so he didn't bother pulling it back on.

“I will need to speak with Kurt before you invite your mate. Just to be sure I did not forget anything important.”

Remus nodded. He wasn't sure about how Sirius would react to leaving his wand behind. But Sirius was better at wandless magic and casting spells silently than Remus was. He was sure Sirius wouldn't mind too much.

"Those all sound very reasonable."

Fenrir looked over at Remus. “But we need to move the Den first. We have only two days before the Full.” He rubbed at his face again, wanting to be sure all the blood was gone. Then he used the grass to try and rid his boots of the drying blood on them. He could clean them at the cave but didn’t want to leave a path of footprints back.
“Are you ready to head back?”
That night was a frenzy of activity. Fenrir used side-along apparition with several of the more advanced magic using werewolves to show them the exact location of the new cave. These wolves helpfully began apparating the others to the new cave one by one. That was the tricky part about moving such a large group. They all had to be transported so slowly. First the wolves and then all their supplies.

One of the more magic advanced wolves, a female by the name of Tess, had helpfully created a bag to store items using an extension charm. It was not bottomless, but it was certainly easier to begin moving all the cots and supplies to their new location. She made one for Fenrir’s personal use at his request and he had taken it into his private quarters.

Fenrir glanced over at Remus as he stood in the center of the room, the bag over on the desk. Sophie, Kurt, and Alec were overseeing the moving and packing of wolves and supplies so he had no concerns about not observing.

“It’s a tough thing. Moving somewhere new.” Fenrir growled, uncomfortable as he glanced around the bedroom.

It was sparse; he wasn’t one to keep knick knacks or trinkets. But it was home and he hoped he could use magic to create a room like it in their new cave.

"It is." Remus nodded and looked around the room. "But think of it this way: you'll be in a new place. You'll be able to create it however way you want."

Fenrir gave a firm nod and moved forward, taking the charmed bag with him. He began pushing the liberal amount of furs that covered his bed into the bag.

He glanced over at Remus for a brief moment before focusing on his task once more. “Will you be spending the Full with us, Little One? Or, now that your mission is done, will you be going back to your wizards?”

Remus sighed softly. "I think it would be better for me to spend it here. I mean, otherwise I'd have to lock myself up again wouldn't I?” He tried to make a joke out of it. At least he no longer had to take the wolfsbane potion. He had tried it once and Faelen had given him a massive migraine in
protest. "It's not as bad as it sounds. It's more for my protection than anyone else's."

Fenrir growled deeply at the thought of a wolf being locked away during a Full. He moved to his dresser to toss clothes into the bag once all the furs were packed away. "You will not be locked up when you are with us. You will run free as you were meant to."

"I know. Sirius expected me to stay for the Full. It's easier on him... if we're both being honest." Remus smiled and began picking up some of the small items that sat atop Fenrir’s rickety desk and bringing them over to him.

"And," Remus continued, "I have been wanting to see what it's like."

Fenrir arched a brow at Remus. "Have you?" He took the items from the younger man and put them inside the bag. Once everything in the room was packed away, Fenrir hefted the bag over his shoulder.

He looked at the younger boy and cocked his head. "You've been thinking about running free on a Full? I believe I remember you saying you did the same thing with the Stag while you were in school? Or," He moved closer to Remus, looking down at him. "Did you mean you wanted to see what it's like when you're part of a pack?"

"I want to see what it's like to be part of a pack. Don't get me wrong; Prongs. Padfoot and Wormtail are great but, it's not the same." As much as his friends had learned, as much as they wanted to help, it wasn't the same as being with a pack that was like him. That knew what it was like.

Fenrir arched a brow at the strange names but didn’t say anything about them. He traced over the scars Kurt had left with a claw. "Your wolf will enjoy it. We all keep each other in line. The pups remain hidden and safe. Some of our wolves prefer to stay in the cave. Others run free and hunt. You have choices. None will be going to Voldemort this moon. It’s a new start."

Remus smiled. It was such a relief knowing that Voldemort had no claim on his pack. He didn't realize how heavy the concern was until it had been lifted.

"I'm guessing that the pups will be changing as well?" He figured it was a silly question but he wanted confirmation.
Fenrir gave a nod. "Yes, of course." He shifted the weight of the bag on his shoulder and arched a brow at the younger man. "Would you prefer to stay with them than run with the rest?"

"No. I was just...." He paused, searching for the right words. "Maybe eventually, yes, but not this time. I would like to be with the hunters." With you. But those words he kept back. They were dangerous, not physically but emotionally.

Fenrir let out a breath. He closed his eyes for a moment, as if he were reveling in something satisfying. “There is truly nothing more freeing than a hunt on the Full, Little One.”

He opened his good eye and glanced at Remus. Then toward the door. “We should set up at the new Den.” His brow furrowed. “I suppose... now that you’re safe in the pack, you do not have to sleep in my quarters if you’d prefer not to.” He didn’t look at Remus, but moved to open the door to the room instead, almost as though he were concerned about the response he might receive.

Remus felt the tips of his ears warm. Faelen was already protesting the idea. Remus had to agree. At least while he was staying here. But at the same time.... Sirius.

**He will understand.**

**Will he?**

Remus wasn't so sure. The first time it hadn't been Remus' choice per se. After everything that's happened, he doubted that Sirius would forgive him a second time. After all, the heir to the famous House of Black wasn't stupid.

Remus followed the Alpha to the door, wondering if he could conjure another one at the new cave for the man before him.

"The pack already knows we're sleeping together." He responded after another long moment's debate with Faelen. "There's no reason to take up a cot when there's a perfectly good bed in your room. And besides, I may be younger than you, but my back would suggest otherwise."

A smirk curved the Alpha Wolf’s lips slowly and a low rumble of a purr escaped him. “Good. Good. You will stay with me then.” He opened the door with his free hand and held it for the younger man. “We don’t want you getting too many aches at night, now do we?”
Remus gave him a flat look before moving through the door. "You are no better than the cots." He reprimanded. Not that Remus or Faelen were complaining. Well, Remus complained a little the morning after.

After all, Fenrir was so much more enthusiastic than Sirius had ever been.

Fenrir gave a snort of laughter, following the younger man through to the communal area. He glanced around. The pack made quick work of moving their supplies. Nearly all the cots were gone, the door to the pantry room was open and being emptied and wolves around the area kept apparating in and out.

With one hand busy holding the bag of furs, clothing, and other necessities over his shoulder, the other hand moved to seize Remus' wrist. Fenrir looked at him, arching a brow, "Are you ready to go to the new Den, Little One?"

Remus nodded and braced himself. Even if he could apparate and do it well, it still made him feel sick. Although it was always preferable to flying.

Fenrir pulled the younger man close, closing his eyes and focusing on their destination, and they vanished with a *crack!* When the world stopped spinning, he opened his eyes again, glancing around to see the cave he had chosen for their new home.

It was enormous inside; much bigger than the one they had occupied previously. He glanced around at wolves trying to calm the pups, at wolves setting up a new fire pit, at wolves setting up the sleeping cots and the furs. There were the same three rooms off the main one that their original cave had. Tess obviously had got to work. She was always the one to do these advanced spells. The large iron door of Fenrir's personal quarters was the closest to the cave's only exit. The exit itself was blocked by branches so one could not easily see into it. The other two rooms, Fenrir assumed, were the pantry and the bathroom. Just like their old home, only bigger, more roomy.

Considering Voldemort was getting werewolves on his side, Fenrir was glad for the space. Any recently turned wolves would be able to find a home here.

Fenrir let out a deep breath. His hand moved and settled to pat Remus gently on the head. "This is home now, Pup. Well," He shrugged one shoulder, the other almost aching under the weight of the bag. Though he wouldn't show that. "It's our home. Your... vacation home, yes?"
The thought hurt somehow. Remus wanted it to be his home too. Maybe when this stupid war was over, it would be.

"I'd like to make it my home one day." He admitted, leaning into Fenrir's hand. "But for now, I would like to think of it as my home away from home."

“You... would?” Fenrir startled a little at Remus’ statement. To have his pup here always? To have his favorite pup at the Den, loving life as a werewolf, finally accepting who he was? To have his special favorite pup sleep in his private quarters indefinitely? Those thoughts seemed too good to be true.

“Well,” He continued, running his fingers through brown curls slowly. “We would like that. Someday. I know the pups would.”

Remus glanced at him and lowered his voice so that the other wolves wouldn't overhear them. "Only the pups?” Remus didn't really need Fenrir's approval but it was nice to receive anyway.

Fenrir let loose a low purr, the hand in Remus’ hair stroking through the brown curls slowly. “I wouldn’t mind you staying here either, Little One.”

The elder man was surprised at how softly his voice escaped him. He hated showing weakness and that’s what this was, this attachment - this possessive feeling he had over the younger werewolf. He had to force it back, lest the rest of the pack notice. Fenrir did not want anyone noticing this. He didn’t care so much about knowing the possessiveness he felt. Remus was his after all. But he did not want anyone seeing the underlying gentleness he was beginning to realize was there.

A soft smile seemed to light up Remus' face. It was such a small thing, but oh how it made him happy. He knew that this was dangerous territory. Faelen wasn't complaining per se, but they both knew they would be in deep shit with Sirius later.

"Good." He moved, letting the hand fall from his head. He could hear some of the wolves coming back, and Fenrir had an image to maintain after all.

Fenrir bristled at the sound of footsteps approaching the cave entrance. He turned to look behind him and met eyes with Tess, the only wolf with magic just as advanced as Fenrir’s. The wolves that had followed her into the cave walked past them and into the communal area.
She was an older female, with graying blonde hair tied back in a long braid that nearly reached the base of her spine. She had an air of superiority that caused her to clash with Fenrir on more than one occasion, leading to fights and arguments.

But she merely stood there, an old battered wand in her hand, and gave Fenrir a slight nod. “We set up your quarters how you like, Alpha. Myself and the others with magic should be able to get the water situated by tomorrow if we work through the night.”

Fenrir gave a nod in response, grip on the bag of furs and supplies tightening. Tess always gave him a bad feeling, it was a surprise she wasn’t one of the traitors. He supposed it must just be her bad attitude. “Very good. See Kurt when you are done.”

“Yes, Alpha.” And she strode past them, pushing her way past Remus and knocking him slightly to the side.

Remus glanced after her, a bemused expression on his face. "I sense a story with that one." He started, looking back at Fenrir. "But by the look on your face, I'm guessing it's better not to ask."

Fenrir snarled after Tess. He set his free hand on Remus' shoulder and steered him to the thick iron door that marked the Alpha's private quarters. He spoke just low enough, knowing that at the right volume, Tess would be able to hear him. He only wanted Remus to hear. "She's challenged me in the past. If she was younger I think she would do so again. We butt heads now, time to time. Nothing more than that... no more fights for leadership. She doesn't like the fact I beat her when she challenged me.” He opened the door to his quarters, holding it for Remus.

Remus shrugged and was about to answer, but he caught sight of the cave. There was something iridescent in the rock because there were small bursts of light all over the walls.

However there was no hole in the ceiling to let in the moonlight. Remus felt a slight pang, suddenly realizing how much he loved the opening. He turned to Fenrir as he closed the door.

"How deep are we?" He asked softly.

Fenrir moved over to where a simple bed stood, just like the one in his old room. He set the bag on it and opened it, beginning to dig around for furs. "Quite deep. The cave is deep in a forest and we are deep in the cave. It should be rather difficult for anyone other than pack to find... Or so I dearly
Well, there went that plan. Remus huffed as he wracked his brain. Anything more than 10 feet would risk a cave in.

"I suppose there's no way to open up the rock to the sky then, is there?" He understood the precaution, supported it even. But he missed the sun spilling across his face in the morning. The ability to smell the wet earth after the rain.

Fenrir arched a brow at the younger man. "You miss the skylight, Little One?" He glanced up at the ceiling, arms moving to cross over his chest as the furs on the bed lay temporarily forgotten.

"Surprisingly. But if we're more than 10 feet down, it would risk collapsing. Especially if this room is located anywhere other than the center." He looked at the ceiling, thinking hard.

Fenrir snorted a laugh and moved over to Remus, taking his chin in hand and moving his head to meet his eyes. "Are you forgetting magic, my dear little pet? A lovely little charm to get you your skylight. My wolves have already protected the cave tenfold. If you're concerned, surely you know how to check such things? We have rambunctious werewolf pups just coming to terms with their magic capabilities, surely you don't think we don't protect our home?"

Of course he had felt the wards the moment they apparated into the new Den. But he hadn't thought.... it hadn't even occurred... a grin split his face.

"Do you want to do the honors or shall I?"

Fenrir cocked his head to the side, drawing his thumb over pale flesh, watching as the claw-like fingernail left a small trail of a mark. "Hmn," He pulled his hand away and glanced up at the ceiling, "Do the honors, Pup. Just remember the charm to keep out the rain. Do go slowly with your spellwork so our wards hold up."

"Of course. That's why you're here while I'm casting." Because Fenrir could monitor the wards while Remus focused on casting. He held out his wand, pausing enough for Fenrir to get used to the sight of it before he focused his attention upward. There were multiple ways of doing it. Levitation, transfiguration, simply blowing a hole in the rock. Or maybe, he could....
"Diffindo." He drew his wand in an arch, creating a thin slice in the rock. Once a circle roughly the size as that one had been, Remus took a deep breath and whispered the next spell.

"Wingardium Leviosa." There was a loud crack, like two boulders crashing together. He pushed again, and slowly the circle began to move upward. It was a long process, his arm was aching like a bad tooth but he held on. Who knew what would happen if he let go of the spell? The entire segment could come crashing down on them. No, he would finish this. Because he had to.

Fenrir watched as Remus worked his magic. The rocks cracked and ground and grated until an opening as made. Fenrir flicked his own wand a few times, wordlessly flinging away rock that threatened to land on the younger man. He cast a stronger ward on the room to keep the room from falling.

After what seemed like ages, the task was done and a stream of moonlight fell into the room, casting itself on the bed, just as it did in his old quarters.

“Very nicely done, Pup.” Fenrir praises the younger werewolf, putting away his own wand before Remus could see he had been using it.

Once it was finished, Remus' wand arm fell to his side, burning as if it had been branded. He was slightly out of breath, but there was a smile on his face.

"You're right. We are much deeper than I thought." But he lifted his right arm, and cast a water ward charm before he forgot. He slipped his wand back into his pocket and all but collapsed on the bed. It had been a long time since he had put that much effort into magic.

Fenrir glanced up at the hole in the ceiling, “But it is well done, well warded, and you didn’t kill us both.” He moved over to the bed, looking down at Remus, eyes scanning over him slowly. “Do you need to rest?”

"Not if you need help with something." He smirked up at Fenrir. "It's nothing to worry about. I'm just getting old."

After all, his body did feel like it was a good 20 years older than it was. But he had always felt like
that. It was better now that he and Faelen were on speaking terms. But it didn't help the injuries that were incurred before their mutual agreement.

Fenrir arched a brow at such a statement. “Old? Little One, you are hardly what anyone would consider old. Unless you are speaking to one of the pups.” He began taking furs out of the bag and setting them in a pile on the bed near Remus’ feet. “Is it your aches from the Fulls?”

"That's part of it." Remus admitted softly. "Before Faelen and I had come to terms. Some of the wounds he would inflict never healed correctly. My hip and my back are the worst of it.”

He moved his arm, stretching the muscles gently. The muscles were still sore, but it didn't burn nearly as had been.

Fenrir looked the younger man up and down. “Has it gotten any better since you first came to the Den?”

"It has. It doesn't change the fact that the injuries I had previously still affect me." He shrugged, looking up at Fenrir. "It's really not that big of an issue, Fenrir. I'm alright."

“Tomorrow you will run free, Little One.” The elder man said, crossing his arms over his chest. “Tomorrow you will know what it is to truly be a werewolf. Tomorrow you will see how we prepare for the night and how we live it out.” He purred low. “If you would like, you may rest now. It is late.”

He couldn't wait. For the first time in a long time he was looking forward to the Full instead of dreading it. Maybe now that he knew where they were, he could spend every Full here. It was better than the borrowed cell at home.

"But there is still so much more to do." He protested, standing even as his body screamed at him. "I should help you."

Fenrir arched a brow in question at the statement. The younger man certainly did look tired - but it was so like a stubborn wolf to push past that feeling. "Are you sure, Pup? There is quite a lot to get done and situated before the Full tomorrow." He drummed the fingers of one hand against his forearm. "We have a Den to secure, protect, and prepare."
Remus nodded, ignoring how the room spun. "I can help with the wards. You said that only a few wolves have magic, right? Besides, there are probably about 100 different places you need to be right now, not fussing over me."

Fenrir watched as the color drained from Remus’ face the longer he stood on his feet. The elder werewolf rolled his head to the side slowly, that amber eye never straying from the man before him. “You wore yourself out, Pup.” He stated evenly, almost ignoring what Remus had said.

"No, I'm fine, really.” He waved the Alpha off as he started to walk toward the door.

He continued, "I just need to keep moving. Once the wards are up I'll..." His words trailed off as the room suddenly tilted. Gravity seemed to release its pull on him and he felt like he was floating. A soft 'oh...' left his lips as his legs collapsed beneath him. He heard a voice, muffled as if coming through water before the blackness edging on his vision overtook him completely.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake.” Fenrir winced slightly when Remus crumpled to the ground by the door. He walked over and scooped the younger man up into his arms. “You’re a stubborn little whelp, Remus Lupin.”

Fenrir brought Remus back over to the bed, setting him down on it and draping a few furs over him. It got chilly when there was a hole in the ceiling, he knew that well. He gently prodded at the young werewolf’s Head, forcing it to turn. He checked for any injuries and couldn’t find any.

He stood straight, glancing down at the unconscious man in his bed. “You’re surely going to cause much more trouble for me in the long run. You’re lucky I like having you around.” He muttered under his breath.

The Alpha wolf left the room, closing the door behind him.

Hours later, when the nearly full moon was high, spilling its light into the bedroom, he returned from his duties. He was tired, irritated, and frustrated. He crawled into the bed beside Remus and pulled him close, closing his eyes and falling asleep after a few long and silent moments.
Chapter 18

Chapter by AnimalCops

The sunlight spilling through the gap in the ceiling was enough to pull Remus back into the land of the waking. He couldn't remember what had happened at first. Wasn't it night time? Hadn't he been walking toward the door?

You fainted.

Faelen's voice somehow sounded both insulted and amused. Right, the hole in the ceiling. Magic that powerful was something that he hadn't done in so long. The toll must have been too much. But... he did remember something before he had slipped away completely.

>You're a stubborn little whelp, Remus Lupin.<

Maybe he had dreamed it, but he could have sworn that Fenrir had actually called him by name. By his full name this time. That small, little, insignificant thing made a soft smile tug at his lips.

It was then that he felt the strong arm around his waist, the gentle warmth of breath against the back of his neck. Part of him didn't want to move and instead slip back off to sleep. He could do it; he was far more comfortable than he had been. But at the same time....

He shifted slowly, turning over that he was now facing the Alpha next to him. Fenrir's arm had tightened from the movement, a low sound slipping through his lips before he fell silent again.

Fenrir shifted himself with Remus’ movement; his arms wrapped tighter around the younger man and he huffed out a low growl of annoyance. He fell back into a dreamless sleep for about a half hour before the strength of the sunlight became too much to ignore.

The amber eye cracked open, a little dazed from just waking up. He startled a little at the sight that met his gaze. Remus? Shifting back, he found himself letting go of the younger man. Fenrir growled loudly at himself, frustrated.

>Weak, weak, weak. You don't show weakness, Fenrir Greyback.
He shook his head and snarled, clearly having an argument inside his own head. Moving to stand up, he moved swiftly over to a slightly less shabby wardrobe than the one he had in their old Den. He busied himself, looking for clean clothes for the day.

Remus had always loved watching his lover sleep. He loved seeing their face free of the weight of the world around them. Fenrir was no different. Though scars still ravaged his face, the Alpha looked more handsome than ever.

He was not, however, expecting the reaction Fenrir gave him. Frowning, he watched the wolf prowl around, moving his clothes so violently they almost tore.

"Fenrir?" He asked softly, knowing how cruel the man could be when he was angry, even to those he cared for.

Fenrir twitched at his name and snarled low. He quickly tugged on clean clothes and tied his hair back. “Up, Pup.” He growled. “We have work to do. A moon to prepare for.” His tone was sharp, and he was still growling at himself.

Remus had never been more confused in his life. Had something happened while he was unconscious? Had there been an attack that he couldn't help with?

He pushed the furs off, and righted them before moving toward the Alpha.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Fenrir turned to look at the younger man and watched then concern and apprehension draw along his features. He felt an odd squirming of something in his stomach and bristled like an affronted dog. The elder man growled, rubbing a hand over his face.

“No, no. Nothing happened.”

Remus' frown deepened and he moved closer to the Alpha. If Fenrir attacked him, fine. He could handle a new scar and blame it on the moon. But he refused to leave Fenrir like this.
"Then tell me, what's wrong?"

“A bad feeling.” Fenrir snapped, unable to control his temper. He refused to try and explain the clenching of his chest or the squirming feeling of his insides. “The first full moon in a new location.” He tossed clothing at Remus, a distraction and an underlying urgency that he needed to get out of the room. He felt like a trapped animal all of a sudden.

Remus wanted to press, but being around James and Sirius for years on end taught him to realize when someone really didn't want to talk about it.

"Alright." He nodded. It was understandable after all. He changed his clothes quickly, noticing that Fenrir's clothes were a little larger on him than normal but didn't mention it.

"What can I do then?"

Fenrir walked toward the door and opened it, "You'll eat breakfast. I need to speak to Kurt... about preparations for tonight. We need to set up wards to keep the wolves contained within our territory. You can help with that, yes?" He looked over at Remus. The open door suddenly helped relieve the tightness in his chest.

"Of course." Remus nodded again, moving to follow Fenrir out of the door. But before he went too far he turned back. "Whatever it is, I'm sure it will work itself out the way it is meant to." He offered a small smile before turning back, welcoming the pups that were now running toward him and dragging them away with them.

The elder werewolf growled low and quickly shook his head to rid him of the thoughts that began to bubble to the surface. Happy thoughts. Happy? Fenrir didn't do happy.

He quickly looked around and spotted Kurt alone, looking through some papers he was holding. Fenrir made a bee-line over to him and hissed low, "I need to speak to you. Privately."

Kurt looked up in alarm, the papers long forgotten. "Of course Alpha." He nodded to Sophie who nodded in return. He still felt Stephanie's betrayal but he was moving past it. They all were.
Once they were alone, he folded the papers and put them in his back pocket. "What's wrong?"

“I... I need advice.” He crossed his arms over his chest, clearly uncomfortable. “With... feelings.” He hissed after a few moments.

He was out of his element, like a dog scrabbling on ice. He rubbed a hand over his face in frustration, a low growl rising in his chest. He was so infuriated with himself, he couldn’t stand it. It took all his effort not to strike out at something.

Kurt blinked at him, shocked into silence for a moment. This was completely out of character for Fenrir. He didn't do emotions. He had often said that was why Kurt was his Beta. It took all of his control to keep the amusement off of his face.

"Does this have anything to do with Remus?" He asked softly, knowing well enough that this cave tended to echo more badly than their last one. It was a double edged sword.

Fenrir snarled. The amber eye narrowed in anger and Fenrir quickly checked to make sure no one was trying to eavesdrop on their conversation. He hadn’t brought his wand, a silencing charm was a no-go here.

“Yes, okay?” The elder man growled, voice now, features contorted in anger. “Yes, and I do not know what to do about it.”

Kurt bit his lip to keep from chuckling at the Alpha's expense. He knew better than that. But now that he knew there was no one in immediate danger, he leaned back against the rock.

"Fenrir, we've known each other a long time, and not once have I known you to take on anything even remotely close to a lover but this?” He pushed off the wall, rested a hand gently on Fenrir's shoulder. "You don't have to do anything. Remus is already quite taken with you. Anyone with eyes can see that. You don't have to do anything. Except maybe talk with him about it."

“I don’t- I don’t do these sorts of things, Kurt.” Fenrir growled, jaw clenched and teeth grinding together for a quick moment of frustration. He met his Beta’s gaze and frowned. “The pack already thinks me weak for falling to Voldemort. What next? Rem- The Pup is trouble. He as a mate already, Kurt. I’m just his sire. He doesn’t want this- It’s just instinct.”
It was almost a relief, as though an enormous weight were slipping from his shoulders. Anxiety left him as he quietly hissed his concerns to his Beta.

"You and I both know that's not true." Kurt growled, all of his humor gone now. "No one here thinks of you as weak. It took balls to kill the traitors, to kill wolves who have been in our pack for decades."

Kurt crossed his arms over his chest and met Fenrir's gaze. "Remus is an adult. He's been terrified of you for years. Don't you think that if it was because you were his sire, he would have been drawn to you long before now? Has it occurred to you that maybe, just maybe, he has realized that how his world views you, views us, is wrong? He might simply be realizing how much easier it is to be himself around us. Around you. You know that wizard or even human/werewolf lovers don't last long."

Fenrir pinched the bridge of his nose and hissed low. "None of this has occurred to me. I don’t think about these things, Kurt. I think about the pack, and about the war, and about being sure we have enough food and medicine and supplies."

He closed his eyes and sighed heavily. "And now I’m having these reactions to him. I don’t do these things, Kurt." He repeated forcefully. "Feelings and emotions... I’m not good at this."

"And that's what makes you a great Alpha. But in all the years I've known you, you have never taken the same lover more than a couple of times, myself included. But I've told you this before, you have to take care of yourself too." At the soft admission, Kurt's lips twitched. "Reactions? Like what?"

The elder man opened his eyes and met Kurt’s. He had always avoided taking a mate; he found it to be taxing and draining. A waste of his resources and energy. He had always thought that if he took a mate, it would be a weakness. It would be something that would take his attention away from the needs of the pack as a whole. But Remus was different.

Fenrir uncrossed his arms to put his hand on his chest, clutching at it lightly, claws picking at the fabric. "Like my chest is tight. Like it’s being pulled. He looked concerned this morning and asked me if things were wrong. And I felt trapped. Like- Like if I was locked in a cage."

Kurt arched his eyebrow, waiting for Fenrir to make the connection. When the silence drew on. He sighed. "I can't believe we're having this conversation." He huffed out a laugh but bit the inside of his cheek again.
The Beta wolf gave a soft smile, "First of all, your chest is tight because you like him. And the trapped part is probably because you tend to view having a mate as a weakness. And you have this... *distorted* opinion that having a weakness means you need to drop it like a hot coal and run the other way." He took a step closer. "Having someone care about you isn't a weakness, Fenrir. Loving someone is not a weakness. Yes, they have now become a tool to be used against you, but look at what just happened. Anyone in this pack could be considered a weakness for you. The pups, the hunters, me. Remus." He ran a hand through his hair.

Kurt shook his head. "What you need to do is talk with him about this. It's not uncommon for someone to have more than one lover. And if he likes you the way you are now, what makes you think that he would ever want you to change?"

Fenrir jolted slightly when Kurt spoke the word he was dreading to hear. *Loving someone*. Love. The word echoed in his head and he shook it violently to get the word out. But it continued the whole time Kurt was talking. Love. Love. *Loving someone*.

The elder werewolf frowned. “So I have to talk to him about this?” He rubbed his blind eye out of irritation. “Is it worse because of the Full, or will it always be this way?” He knew it was stupid to ask. He felt so *stupid* asking Kurt all of this. But if it was because of the Full, maybe he could ignore the feeling otherwise.

"I think the Full might influence how strongly you feel, yes. But I would see if you feel this way after the moon. If you do, then yeah it will always feel like that. If not." He shrugged. "Then you don't mention it and Remus is none the wiser. But I've been watching him for a while now. His feelings for you are genuine. Why else would he go out of his way to help us? It's his pack too, yes, but I believe it had more to deal with helping you then it was to help us."

“You’re right.” Fenrir growled low, “So I have to talk to him.” He met Kurt’s eyes again, genuinely still frustrated. “Things are so much easier without a mate, Kurt. Why am I doing this to myself?”

"They're easier yes. But you're the one who told me that we are not meant to be solitary creatures. Having a mate can be just as beneficial as it can be a hindrance. Look at Maia and Simon. Do you think that they see each other as weaknesses?"

The two hunters had been mates for decades, and Kurt always envied their effortless bonding.

The elder man shook his head and sighed. “No, they work well together. Very well.” He fell silent
for a moment, thinking everything over. “Yes, I need to talk to the Pup about this all. The greatest boundary is that he already has a mate, I suspect. But,” He shrugged his shoulders slightly. “We’ll see.”

"Like I said, he's an adult. Even if he doesn't know what he's doing, it's his decision to make. Though if he hurts you in any way, I will add a few more scars to his flesh.” His smirk darkened as he held up a hand. His nails weren't points like Fenrir's were, but they were sharp enough.

Fenrir felt a small smirk curve his lips. He clapped Kurt on the shoulder gently. “You’re a good Beta, and a better friend. Thank you, Kurt. This conversation... it definitely helped.” He glanced over to where Remus was playing with a few of the younger Pups. “Do you think I should speak to him now or after the Full? How much more needs to be prepared for tonight?”

"Not too much.” He answered softly. "The pups’ pen is all set up. Sophie has agreed to stay behind this moon." Usually, Stephanie would but...

The Beta shook the thought from his mind. "I have the hunters out finishing the rest of the wards. You picked a good place. There seem to be plenty of wildlife around or passing through. Hunting will be almost too easy with the stream nearby.” He followed Fenrir's glance. "Do you wish for Remus to come out with us? Or stay and help with the pups?"

The Alpha nodded slowly. “He wants to run with us. I do not know what he usually does for the Full but... even if he runs with that stag, it will be much different running with a pack.”

"Oh I'm sure it will be much different from what he is used to." There was a touch of amusement in his voice, and Kurt glanced back toward his Alpha. "Does he know what to expect? Or are you going to see if he can swim first?"

“I haven’t told him a thing.” Fenrir met Kurt’s gaze. “He’ll be fine. I’m sure his wolf will be able to manage; he’s smart, that pup.”

Kurt's smile widened as he nodded. "He is. I can see why you favor him." He rolled his shoulders, letting his arms fall to his sides. "Was there anything else you needed to discuss, Alpha?"

Fenrir shook his head, “No... no, that was all, Kurt. Thank you for the talk. Really, it was a big help.” He looked over at Remus once more. “I’ll speak to him... If you think the preparations are almost done.”
"I think they're almost done..." He nodded toward the hunters that were returning, pleased to see that Simon had a doe draped over his shoulders.

"Looks like they caught dinner for the pups." Kurt clapped Fenrir on the shoulder, muttering a soft 'Alpha' as he left him behind. There were other responsibilities to see to, and Fenrir had a conversation to have before the moon was full, if he wished it.

The elder man gave a small nod to Kurt before he turned and left. Fenrir moved over to where Remus was talking with a few of the elder pups. He set a heavy hand on Remus' shoulder, mentally chastising himself for wanting to run his fingers through the soft brown curls. Fenrir growled low, "The pups need to eat what the hunters have brought. We do not eat now, we will hunt during the Full. I need to speak to you... To fill you in on some things. Come." He jerked his head slightly toward the direction of his private quarters.

Remus ruffled Sam's hair before standing and moving back toward the room. Once the door was closed, Remus turned to Fenrir.

"Are you feeling better?" He asked softly, not wanting to push again.

The elder man moved over to his desk and picked up his wand. He flicked it lazily and muttered a silencing charm. He set the wand back down and ran his hand over his jeans, as if he were wiping off grime. He kept silent for a few long moments, unsure of what to say or how to say it. Finally he turned to face Remus, arms crossed over his chest. He leaned against his desk. "Do... you still want your mate to come to the Den?"

This was not the question Remus was expecting but once the shock wore off, he nodded.

"I think he would really like you, once he knows you as I do. And if you're worried about his lineage, don't be. They disowned him years ago."

Fenrir drummed his fingers against his arm lightly. He worked his jaw for a moment before responding. "And what will your mate think of... this?" He asked the question vaguely, hoping Remus understood, not wanting to voice things himself.

Remus frowned, watching the Alpha carefully. "Of what, you and me?"
He gave a sharp nod in response. He felt himself tense up, the squirming in his stomach was back. "Yes," he growled, trying to push these new and frustrating feelings behind him. "You belong to your mate... and he does not like me very much."

"Well, that's because he doesn't know you." Remus smiled, stepping closer. "I mean, you haven't really given him much reason to, other than the times you helped me."

He shrugged and crossed his arms over his chest. "I'm sure if he saw the pack, and saw you like I do, then he'd like you in no time." His eyes narrowed slightly in suspicion. "Why do you care if he likes you or not?" He genuinely asked. "I thought you didn't want him to see you the way I do."

"I don't care if he likes me." Fenrir growled, wishing he could take a step back, but he was trapped against his desk. "But, I do not want him to do anything rash. If your mate comes here. And hears of... us. From any of the others." He quickly looked away from Remus. "Our activities are certainly not a secret here."

A soft smile tugged at lips. "No, they are not." It fell as quickly as he came. That was something that he had been avoiding. Sirius knew to an extent of what their relationship was. But... "I will make sure he understands. If it is a problem, then he simply will not come to meet the pack." He shrugged. "He could go either way. And I would not put the pack in danger for something so trivial."

Fenrir looked up at the hole in the ceiling. They had a few hours left before the moon would hit its peak. Two hours until they would all meet in the communal area. He looked back at Remus and sighed softly, the exhale coming out short and rushed. "And... how do you feel about it?"

Remus couldn't answer for a long time. He wanted to be as honest as he could. Fenrir deserved that much.

"I don't know what I would do if he doesn't understand, Fenrir." He whispered softly, his arms tightening over his chest. "I can't just...pick between you anymore. You both are so important to me and I... I don't know what I would do if he forced me to choose."

Fenrir pushed off from his desk and took a step toward the younger man. He looked down at Remus, head cocked to the side slightly. "You understand you are mine, yes? If your mate does not understand... what will you do? This is your home, Pup. These are your people." He growled as the squirming in his stomach flared up, but he pushed it down hard, replacing it with anger that
bubbled up in a low growl.

And Remus knew that. He knew that but he couldn't leave Sirius behind. The mere thought had pain sparking through his chest.

"I can't just leave him, Fenrir. He was my first friend. The one who came up with the idea to become animagi. He's the one who has always been there. I can't just leave him. Not like everyone else in his life has."

He looked up at the Alpha. "Could you leave Kurt behind? If roles were reversed?"

Fenrir growled again, eyes narrowing slightly. "You don’t realize how werewolves work just yet, do you?"

He cocked his head to the other side and a hand slowly moved up to tangle in Remus’ brown curls. That amber eye widened slightly as he spoke. "If I had to kill Kurt in order to protect the pack as a whole or to protect myself, I would do it. He knows it, and I know it. So if it came down to it, would you kill me? Or your mate? Or would you do something else entirely to fix this situation?"

The image of having one or both of them dead had the blood draining away from his face. He couldn't, it wasn't something that he could even imagine having to deal with. One hand reached up to cup Fenrir's hand as he leaned into the touch, suddenly needing the contact.

"I would find another way." He met Fenrir's gaze, eyes shining slightly. "There has to be another way, Fenrir." There had to be. He couldn't live with just one. Not anymore.

Fenrir ran his fingers gently through Remus’ hair. His heart felt tight when the younger man’s hand touched his own. He cut off the shudder he wanted to let free - releasing a deep growl instead. "Can you think of one? If your mate threatens my pack... does harm to them..." He let the threat hang in the air, allowing Remus’ imagination to craft an end to it.

"He wouldn't." Remus didn't hesitate. "I know that. He wouldn't do anything to harm the pack. I am talking specifically about you and me and him. If he is not okay with us, if I... I will find a solution Fenrir. I just...I can't live without you anymore."

“And.. if he is okay with us?” Fenrir purred, leaning closer to the younger man.
The amber eye sparkled brightly, the rising moon was sending the blood rushing through his body. He felt wound so tight he wanted to burst from it. He needed the full to come so he could run, and hunt, and get out all this energy that he kept locking away.

Remus' breath came out in a rush. The idea that Sirius would be okay with this was... well, relief was too calm a word.

**What if he joined us?** Fealen whispered, sending an image before Remus eyes that nearly made his legs collapse beneath him. He cleared his throat and blamed the sudden rush of hormones on the coming moon.

"Then I would ask you if I had died and gone to heaven, to be honest." His eyes drifted open, shocked and pleased to see how close Fenrir was.

“You do not have high hopes for your mate?” Fenrir asked, that Alpha lilt in his voice as he succumbed to the moon’s light that seeped into the room. The amber eye seemed to flicker as it studied different parts of Remus. It moved rapidly from the younger man’s eyes to his lips to the light freckles that graced his cheeks to the hair that fell over his forehead and then back to his eyes. The hand in brown curls tightened its grip slightly. “Maybe your mate would enjoy himself here.”

"Merlin..." His voice was barely a whisper, his hands falling to Fenrir's hips. He could feel the moon's pull, knew the pain was coming. But this time it was different. He was with the pack. Think time the pain would be worth it. "Don't tempt me." If he got his hopes up too far, it would only hurt that much worse in the long run.

“What is going on in that active little imagination of yours, Pup?” Fenrir cooed. He drew away slowly, fingers leaving soft hair with a final light tug. His hand moved and his index finger came to rest under Remus’ chin. With the tip of his finger, Fenrir shifted the angle of Remus’ head. He looked down into the young werewolf’s eyes. “I’d love to know.”

Remus shrugged, trying to keep the image from showing on his face. Seeing as Sirius liked it a little on the rough side, Remus knew he would enjoy himself here. If he was willing to share Remus that was.

"A daydream. Nothing more." He whispered, his gaze falling helplessly to Fenrir's lips.
The sharp claw-like fingernail dug lightly into Remus' chin. Fenrir pushed Remus' head up just a fraction more and he purred low, "Daydreams can come true, my special little Pup. You just need to push it into reality, yes?"

"It's much easier said than done," he could feel the gentle brush of air against his lips, felt his head begin to drift off to the pleasant haze it usually undertook whenever Fenrir was close enough to taste. "Neither one of you like to share."

Fenrir moved his head slightly. He whispered low in Remus' ear, nipping the skin gently. "I've been known to share on special occasions. Ask Kurt."

And he pulled away from Remus completely, taking a step back and glancing at the moon. The peak was close and his body was humming with the excitement it sent rattling in his bones.

He shuddered at the nip, wanting so much more, but Fenrir was already pulling away. Remus knew the Moon was close, and it caused a breath of clarity to clear the fog.

"So... the full." Remus started, stepping away as well. "What should I expect?"

The elder werewolf looked at him, a smirk curving his lips. "Fun? Freedom? Release? You'll have felt nothing else like it, my Little One. There is nothing that compares to the freedom of running with your pack on a full moon night. Nothing that compares to your wolf taking down prey. Letting him rule his domain for an evening. You'll be free of worry, of pain, of everything. We have taken precautions as always, so you do not have to stew in your mind and upset your wolf. Just... let him be."

Remus nodded, feeling Faelen's excitement in the back of his mind. He couldn't help but be excited as well. This was his first full moon since Hogwarts that he was going to run free. It would feel so good, Remus just knew it.

He only wished that Sirius could be here with him.

Fenrir felt a thrill run down his spine as moonlight moved and filtered through the hole in the ceiling and it fell on his skin. He turned quickly. "We need to go. I need to debrief the pack and we need to prepare to transform. You’ll hear everything when the pack does." He walked to the door and held it.
Chapter 19

Chapter by AnimalCops

The elder werewolf walked out of the room after Remus had left, the iron door slamming behind them, heavy on its hinges. He always so loved the sharp clang of the metal door.

The two of them made their way to the large open communal area. Fenrir glanced around at his pack. They were all nearly ready for the transformation. The last of the pups were being placed in their secure pen, and he noticed Sophie placing a ward on it to keep them contained. He knew they would just play and sleep all night so there was no worry there.

But his eyes traveled to settle on a group that was off to the side. Alec and a few of the other domestic wolves that had been used as Voldemort's play things. Fenrir felt a growl rise in his chest, anger fueled by the moon. He watched Alec nearly leap out of his own skin when an older female set her hand on his knee. She was trying to comfort him, and he was scared. Terrified. Fenrir gnashed his teeth. His main focus of the pack was to make his wolves feel safe, and the so called Dark Lord had ripped that away from him.

He tore his gaze from them and moved inside the room more, making a sharp growl noise that echoed through the room. Everyone turned to look at him, pausing in their actions, some even halting mid sentence in conversation.

"We are in a new location," Fenrir began, his voice ringing loud and clear. "Precautions have been placed in our domain. Our territory has been clearly marked. Sophie will stay back with the pups tonight. We have new wolves running with us. Prey and water will be available in our new territory. Everything should run as planned. As usual, muggles and wizards will steer clear of this place thanks to a few well placed charms. You will all be safe. May you run free and strong. Resume." He ended his speech and at the last word, the pack went back to their business. They had less than a half hour.

Fenrir moved close to Remus, a purr ringing through his chest, vibrating his very words. "Come, Remus. Let's run."

It was like nothing he had ever experienced. Running, wrestling, eating, bathing, even playing with the other wolves. Never before had he felt such freedom. The times in the forest were nothing like this. They were close, similar even. But there was always the underlying fear Remus had.

What if he escaped? What if he had bitten someone? What if someone had seen him? Everyone
knew that there were no werewolves in the Dark Forest. Dumbledore had made sure of that for his students' safety. Not to mention that the Centaurs would never allow it. They barely tolerated Remus and his friends' presence.

But Faelen knew this was where they belonged. The feeling of rightness had never been stronger. And running through the woods, the various scents of earth and pine and water flooding his nose, feeling the wind through his fur....

He never wanted to return to the cave. But daybreak came soon enough, and he graciously fell back to give Remus control again. Because even if the night was his time, the day belonged to Remus Lupin.

The wolves changed back, whining and crying with the pain that always came alongside the transformation. Fenrir slowly got to his feet and he looked around the cave at the pack members who had come back to the cave to transform. His own body ached and several joints popped as he stretched but he pushed that aside. His focus remained on his pack. Everyone was nude, of course, but no one really minded. It was their nature.

A few of the domestic wolves rushed about with bandages and potions to help those that had gotten hurt during the night. Some of the pack play too roughly and others lash out during the transformation process. The pups were laughing and running about in their pen as Sophie tried to wrangle them.

Fenrir’s sensitive ears picked up a soft whimper and he turned to look at several wolves bunched together. Again, he realized it was Alec and the other domestic wolves that had been Voldemort’s victims. A few of them were crying, curled in on themselves. The majority of them had self inflicted wounds. Some were trying to comfort others but Fenrir didn’t think it was working.

And the Alpha hadn’t a clue what to do.

He looked over his shoulder to see Remus slowly coming into the cave. He growled a low, “G’morning, Pup.”

It had been just as freeing as he had hoped. But seeing Alec and the other wolves turn on themselves.... it was hard to witness especially when he knew they were blaming themselves. Coming up beside Fenrir, he gave the Alpha a small smile.
"Morning." His gaze shifted toward the other domestic wolves. His heart went out to them. It really did. He knew what it was like to hate yourself, to wish that the wounds would finish you off instead of heal.

The cool air against his naked skin made him shiver, his arms wrapping around his torso.

"Are you okay?"

Fenrir gave a low sigh. He absentmindedly moved his hand to settle upon Remus’ head, slowly stroking soft curls. He gave a half hearted shrug. “I'm fine. They aren't.” He gave a nod toward the group. They were fighting weakly with the healer wolves, not wanting to be touched but at the same time needing the potions and bandages.

"Should I help?" He asked softly, leaning into the touch. Maybe he wouldn't be able to but he knew that Kurt and Fenrir would be too busy to devote their full attention.

Fenrir gave a nod. “Yes. I need to go speak to Kurt about the Full. Summon some clothes. Maybe your wand too. You can do wandless magic to get them, yes? Go help the healers, don’t let them get frustrated.” Fenrir frowned, letting his hand fall from Remus’ hair. “That domestic group - they need help. And you’re far more gentle than I am.”

Remus nodded, glancing toward the metal door. They wouldn't be able to bust through iron, but he made his way quickly toward the private room.

The moment he opened the door, his clothes and wand flew toward him. Only after he was dressed did he jog over to the corner where the domestic wolves were.

There were four of them, one of them was Alec and it made Remus' heart break.

"Here... let me help with that." He took one of the salves from the healer and approached Alec first. He stopped a few feet away and crouched down.

"Hey Alec, it's me, Remus." The poor man was shaking, still naked with deep gashes on his arms and neck. "May I come closer?"
Fenrir watched Remus leave and then went to find Kurt. The wizard could handle himself just fine.

Alec stared at Remus blankly for a few slow moments when he approached. His breathing was quick and shallow and he kept blinking back tears that threatened to fall.

“Remus...?” Alec whispered, his voice almost desperate. He glanced around at the others who were being treated by healers. Alec shifted himself close to Remus, moving carefully. He clapped a hand over the side of his neck where a wound started to bleed again. He kept turning his head at the smallest noises and the action irritated the gashes. “Remus. Remus... I... Remus, what do I do?”

"It's alright, Alec. I'm going to help ease the pain, okay?" He edged closer, showing the jar of salve in his hand. He wouldn't use his wand, not yet. He needed Alec to trust him first. "Just focus on my voice. I promise everything will turn out like it's supposed to."

Alec twitched; his entire body jerking suddenly away from Remus as he raised the jar. He started shaking his head, clutching at his wounds with his hands.

“Supposed to be good, Remus.” Alec whined, his voice watery and weak. “Supposed to be safe and it’s not.”

"I know. I know, Alec. But we can make it safe again, right? You and me," He slid forward a few more inches, lowering the jar on the ground between them. "We can make it safe again, but I will need your help. Can you help me, Alec?"

“It hurts. Don’t like it. Remus, help.” He reached out for the younger man, clutching at him with a bloody hand. “Please. Please, it hurts. It didn’t used to. It didn’t used to hurt, Remus.”

Remus clutched Alec's hand, held it tightly. He could break down about this later. Right now he steeled his expression and nodded.

"I can help make the pain stop, but you have to trust me, Alec. Can you do that? I promise everything I do will help you feel better."

The elder man gave a slight, jerky nod of his head. “Please. Make it stop.” He moved his free hand to his neck. “It hurts. Here.”
"Okay." Remus dipped his fingers in the salve with his free hand, holding onto Alec's hand with the other. "Just breathe for me, okay?" He rubbed the ointment on as gently as he could. He was pleased to see that the effect was almost immediate but it would be faster and easier with a wand.

The strawberry-blond closed his eyes tightly, turning his head away. His grip on Remus’ hand tightened. “Why’s it like this..?” Alec breathed softly. Almost too softly. “I don’t understand.”

"I don't know, Alec. But it won't stay this way for long. You'll see." He finished wiping the salve on the more serious wounds, but still knew the wand would be better. Taking a deep breath, he met Alec's eyes.

"Alec, I have a spell that will make the healing faster, but I will have to use my wand. Is that okay?"

“The people Alpha gave us to- they used magic, Remus. And it hurt.” He searched Remus’ gaze, bright blue eyes moving rapidly. “Does... it... will your magic hurt?”

"No. It will not. See?" He pointed his wand at one of his own scratches and muttered the healing spell. A warmth tingled over the scratch as it stitched itself closed. "It will feel warm, and may tingle a bit. But it won't hurt, I promise. If you don't want me to, we don't have to. But it will make the pain go away faster." He would address the other statement later. When the wolf wasn't terrified.

Alec reached out and touched where the wound used to be, fingers grazing over a light scar now. He traced his fingers over the scar and glanced up at Remus. "If... it won't hurt..." He mumbled low. "It's okay. It's fine. It hurts now. But your magic is good and safe." He nodded, more to himself than anyone else. "It's okay."

Remus smiled, pointing his wand at the worst of Alec's wounds. The wounds on his neck slowly stopped bleeding, and began to knit themselves closed.

"How does that feel?"

Alec twitched a little at the feeling; it was sudden and foreign and he hadn't ever felt anything like it before. "Warm." He whispered, his brow furrowed and he licked his dry lips. "Good. Feels good. Doesn't hurt anymore, Remus."
Remus smiled at him. "Good. Let's get the rest of you patched up okay?" It took no time at all to heal the rest of his wounds, and while he was at it, Remus whisked the dried blood off of Alec's skin. His hand never dropped Alec's, and only once they were finished did he conjure up clothes for him.

"See? Not all magic is bad, Alec. And... And your Alpha didn't give you to those wizards. He had no other choice." He brushed Alec's hair back gently.

"Why..." Alec whimpered, the sound of a wounded dog. "Why didn't he fight for us?"

Alec was a few years Remus' senior but he felt like a pup in this moment. Broken and afraid; unable to pull himself together. He knew he was always a bit scared and jumpy around others but he felt like he couldn't even pretend right now. The moon had spat him out in his most vulnerable state.

He blinked back the tears that threatened to fall, "Why...? Alpha is strong. Alpha- He could have fought. But... he let them take us away."

Remus sighed, trying to think of the best way to handle this. Then he met Alec's gaze.

"Alec, look at me. Alpha did fight for you. I know it doesn't seem like he did, but he did. I saw it. The wizard is very, very, strong. But Alpha is going to make him pay for every ounce of pain that he has inflicted on the pack." His free hand cupped Alec's cheek, brushing the tear that fell away. "On you. You know Alpha better than I do. Do you think that he will allow Voldemort to get away with what he did?"

Alec sniffled a little. He shook his head, nuzzling into the touch of Remus' hand. "No... no, Alpha wouldn’t. Alpha fights back. Always."

He closed his eyes momentarily, squeezing out a few more tears. He opened his eyes, blinking a few times to get free of the blurry vision. “And... and you’re back now.” Alec continued softly, moving a hand to cover Remus’, pressing the other man’s hand to his cheek. “Alpha’s stronger. When you’re here, it's better. I’ve noticed."

Remus didn't know how to respond to that. But the thought made his chest feel too small. Even if he wasn't going to be staying (even though he might have to now) at least the thought helped Alec
calm down a little.

"That's right." He squeezed his hand before letting go. "Are you okay now? I want to help the others too."

Alec gave a small nod, clutching the clothes that Remus had summoned for him. "Yes... yes. Yes, I'm fine. The others." He glanced around them at the other injured wolves. "Please, help them..."

Remus smiled and ruffled Alec's hair before moving to the others. The other wolves were just as terrified of Remus' wand as Alec had been. But once he had shown them it was safe, they were better. In no time, all the domestic wolves were healed and resting. Remus traveled over to the pups pen, laughing as they all tackled him.

He figured that Fenrir would summon him when he was done.

After about fifteen minutes, Fenrir approached the Pups’ pen. He had pulled on low hanging jeans at some point when he was gone, but that was all he wore. He watched Remus in silence for a few moments; the boy would make for a good caretaker in the pack, that was for sure.

Eventually he broke his own silence. "Pup. Are those domestic wolves alright?"

Remus stopped mid sentence to look at Fenrir. It was downright sinful, how good Fenrir looked in the low hanging jeans. He swallowed as he nodded.

"Yes. I was able to heal most of their wounds. The healers are taking care of the rest." He smiled and the pups, shooed them on before standing and approaching Fenrir. "I usually sleep after the full but I'm too wired."

Fenrir purred low, raising his hand to run fingers slowly through Remus' hair. "What do you want to be doing instead of rest, my Little One?"

Remus leaned into the touch, giving Fenrir a small smile. "If you're up for it, I think I know a way we can burn off some energy..."
A smirk curved the older man's lips and the rumble in his chest grew louder. He tightened his grip on Remus' hair for a moment before releasing it entirely. "Come, Remus." He said with a low chuckle as he started walking toward his private quarters.

"That's the plan." Remus replied softly so that only Fenrir could hear him. The clothes he was wearing were suddenly too hot, too tight, which only made him move faster.
Chapter 20

Chapter by AnimalCops

Fenrir held the door to his private quarters and once Remus walked inside, he closed it. The sharp metal *clang!* of the door rang out against the stone walls. He pushed Remus against the iron door and leaned forward so their lips were only a breath apart. "What is your naughty mind thinking, my pet?"

Remus leaned in to just barely brush his lips against Fenrir's. "Nothing we haven't done before." His hands were sliding up Fenrir's exposed sides, feeling every inch of skin he could.

"Besides, didn't you say that you were going to show me what it really meant to be a wolf?" He grinned, eyes flashing briefly.

Fenrir felt a shiver run up his spine at the younger man's words. He nipped at Remus' lower lip with sharp teeth. "Is that what you want, Little One? You want to bend to your Alpha and really *feel* part of the pack?"

"Yes." The word was more of a sigh, one hand tangling into Fenrir's hair to pull him closer into a kiss. He blamed it entirely on the moon and Faelen, but it had been too long since he had been at Fenrir's mercy.

The elder man growled into the kiss, hand moving to over Remus' throat, thumb brushing over soft skin. The kisses Remus tended to spring on him were still surprising; he was not used to the gentleness that came alongside the actions. The claw of his thumb scratched at Remus' neck, leaving a mark but not cutting into flesh.

Remus gasped, arching his neck at the surge of pleasure. Ever sense Fenrir had found that spot he had abused it. And Remus loved it.

His hands were working at his shirt, trying to shrug it off while pinned against the door.

Fenrir broke the kiss abruptly. He moved his hand and dragged sharp claws down the thin shirt that Remus wore. The cloth tore easily and the elder man ripped the remnants from the other's body. He shifted to growl into Remus' ear. "I'll replace it. Don't worry." He bit Remus' ear sharply, tugging on the skin with his teeth.
Remus shuddered, clutching Fenrir's his closer to him. His head was a fog but he could still huff out a chuckle.

"You better. You're running out of clothes in my size." His fingers popped the button on Fenrir's jeans before grinding against him. He needed skin on skin. What was revealed wasn't enough.

Fenrir growled low, thrusting against Remus and pushing him harder to the door. "Go without."

He leaned down and licked over the bond mark that marred Remus' flesh. The wound still looked fresh, as though it had just happened even though it had been years. He nipped at the skin beside it, growling low in his throat as the bites drew blood and he tasted it on his tongue.

"Fenrir...." Remus groaned in disapproval, trying to think past the pleasure for a moment. "There are- ahh!" His body arched at the nip to his neck. The next thrust hit just right, pushing another moan from his lips before he was able to continue. "I can't... go without... The pack... the pups.. They'll see." He pushed out, breaths coming out in pants as his hips moved against Fenrir's.

"Who said I would allow you to leave my quarters, Pup?" He snarled, rumbling chest pressed against Remus. "You would not have the energy to leave the room if you went without." He moved his hand and wound it tight in Remus' hair, tugging his head back. It wasn't a harsh movement, but it was far from gentle. He scraped pointed fangs down the side of the younger man's neck.

"Bloody hell..." He was limp against the door, the pleasure attacking all of his senses. He was unable to do little more than hold on. He loved it when Fenrir took over, when he didn't have to think.

The idea was certainly tempting and Remus couldn't find the will to dispute the notion.

"Do you wish to move to the bed, Little One?" Fenrir purred against Remus' neck. "Or do you just want me to fuck you against the door?" The purring got louder for a moment and he licked a line up the younger werewolf's neck. "Reminds me of our romp in the forest."

Merlin, the forest. Remus moaned at the memory. That was possibly some of the best sex he had ever had. But it was so hard to think when Fenrir was grinding against him so perfectly.
"I’d... fuck, I...bed." He finally managed, even if he knew his legs wouldn't be able to support him once Fenrir moved away. He only hoped the door could keep him up for a moment.

Fenrir inhaled the lust-smell that dripped from Remus’ very being. He bit sharply at the crook of his neck once more before he pulled back. His hand left Remus’ hair and he watched for a moment as the younger man’s legs shook and he clutched at the iron door.

Fenrir snorted and moved swiftly to scoop the submissive werewolf in his arms. He carried him to the bed and dropped him into the pile of furs unceremoniously. He cocked his head to the side and purred low, bright amber eye traveling south on Remus’ body. “You’re wearing too much.”

Remus huffed out a laugh as he stretched out on the furs. His pants were way too tight but it was more fun this way.

"Well, you already shredded the shirt..." He could feel Faelen's presence right beside his own, his voice deepening with the combined personalities.

Fenrir growled deeply, amber eye moving back to lock with Remus’ eyes. He watched the gold seeping into the hazel and smirked. “Oh, but you did say we are running out of clothes for you. Do you really want to lose a pair of pants as well?”

He leaned over Remus slightly from where he stood beside the bed, claws moving to pick at the fabric. “Or perhaps you want to be trapped, naked, in my quarters?”

"Well, I wouldn't be complaining per se, but then neither one of us would get any work done." His smirk widened as his hands lowered to pop the button open, sighing at the relief.

Fenrir slipped his hand under the fabric, touching bare skin teasingly. He purred low, “I have Kurt around for a reason, my pet.”

He felt his skin jolt under Fenrir's touch and he arched into it. "But having him do all the work will make him a dull boy." Remus eased the jeans over his hips, kicking them off a moment later.

He laid there, naked, beneath the Alpha, his Alpha, and the anticipation was killing him. "You don't want a pack of dull boys now do you?"
Fenrir's head cocked to the other side; his amber eye scanning the younger man's body. "Oh... no, I would certainly not want dull boys in my pack." He trailed his claws down Remus' torso, "I much prefer... lively boys . Boys that will shudder, and fight, and quiver beneath my fingers."

"That's what I thought." Remus' grin faltered as Fenrir stopped just above his cock. "S- So you won’t... want to have... Kurt doing all the work then." He arched his hips, seeking contact and knowing better than to pleasure himself with Fenrir so close. "Which means... as fun as it would be to never.... leave the cave...." He was losing his train of thought, Fenrir's fingers driving away every thought before it passed his lips. "Um.... we would... need to leave at some point."

The elder werewolf purred deeply, sharp claws brushing over the sensitive skin of Remus' cock. The touches were light and gentle; a grazing contact that he hoped would draw a reaction from the younger man. Fenrir tilted his head to the side, blind eye closing and amber eye falling half lidded. "I enjoy watching you struggle."

Remus groaned at the touch, arching in need for more. Feeling Fenrir teasing him, pinning him only made him harder.

"Only for you." Remus huffed back, his hazel golden eyes near black with lust. He needed more, he wanted Fenrir to make him forget everything else.

"Tell me," Fenrir hissed, voice low and gravelly. "Tell me what you want from your Alpha." He ran his claw-like fingernail over Remus' cock again, that feather light touch lasting only seconds. "Use your words."

"Fuck me." They growled, bright eyes gazing up into Fenrir's eyes. He needed the friction, needed something . The lust was becoming painful.

The elder werewolf snarled, "Then get ready, my pet. Show me. Show me how much you want it." He shifted to kneel at the end of the bed, giving Remus the room to move. He reached out and pushed one of Remus' thighs to the side, spreading his legs when he didn't move them fast enough. He undid his own jeans and pushed them down just far enough to free his erection.

Remus whispered the spell, feeling himself loosen, his fingers moisten. He slid in the first with a sigh, pushing it to the knuckle and out again in quick movements. He wanted this, needed it. He needed to feel dominated by his Alpha. To know he belonged. That he was part of the pack.
Fenrir licked his palm before reaching down to stroke himself. That amber eye never strayed from watching Remus' moving hand. He tilted his head to the side slowly, licking dry lips absentmindedly. The younger man looked delicious laid out for him to devour. He was mildly frustrated that the wolf before him wasn't *his* to keep. He would have to return to his wizards soon. Fenrir snarled at the thought, lip drawing back to reveal fangs.

The growl only turned Remus on more, a groan leaving his lips as the second finger pushed in. He brushed his prostate, arching at the sudden sharp jolt of pleasure that shot through him. It was too much, it wasn't enough, and Remus slid the third in a moment later.

The burn didn't last long. He was becoming accustomed to Fenrir's girth and needed less time to prepare himself.

Fenrir kept the stroking of his cock to a slow rhythm; oh, so badly did he want to yank Remus' fingers out and fuck the other wolf into the furs that made up the bed. He cursed at himself mentally, he was becoming too soft with Remus. Before he started feeling his chest grow tight at the sight of the younger man, he would have followed through on his desires. But now, he didn't want to hurt him too much.

But he bared his teeth further and snarled, "Faster."

Any faster and Remus would cum on the spot, untouched. But maybe that was what Fenrir wanted. He moaned, breath quickening as he brushed his prostate again and again. Stars flashed before his eyes and he was so close to coming it hurt.

The older werewolf inhaled deeply, the lust-smell in the room heightened. He felt a low rumble in his chest, the thought of the younger man losing control as he fucked himself with his fingers would be such a nice sight. Fenrir reached over with his free hand, pushing one of Remus' thighs once more. He wanted a good view of the show.

"*Good.*"

The stretch burned, heightening the pleasure and Remus arched as he thrust his fingers in again and again. One more thrust, two more, and with one last glance at the Alpha above him, he came, spilling across his chest and stomach. His fingers slowed as he shuddered, lying limp against the furs.
It amazed him how Fenrir could influence him so much that he could come untouched on his own fingers. But it was a feeling that he never wanted to lose. It was the same feeling that stirred in him when Sirius was gazing down at him, lust eclipsing the grey eyes so that they were almost completely black.

Remus panted, gazing up at Fenrir. "And here I thought you were going to join me."

Fenrir moaned low in his throat at the sight. Remus looked feral; his chest heaving, streaks of white on his lightly tanned skin, hair mused, golden eyes flashing. The elder wolf growled out his pleasure, stroking himself a bit faster, with a more firm grip.

“There are other ways... to mark you as mine, my pretty Pup.” Fenrir’s head tilted to the side slowly, half lidded amber, not wavering from gold.

Gold eyes slid down to watch Fenrir pump himself for a few moments before he met the Alpha's gaze again. His head tilted, mirroring Fenrir's.

"Oh, I know." His lips twitched into a smirk as he watched the hand pump again, and again. And again. "I'm waiting."

Fenrir felt a harsh shudder take him over. The feral side of him, the wolf, pushed forward suddenly. His hand sped up. The wolf in him keened and whined and demanded to mark what was rightfully his. Make him smell like us, the wolf hissed in his ear. Fenrir groaned at the thought. Make it so everyone can smell who he belongs to.

The werewolf howled as he came, head tossed back, eyes closed tight. His cum mixed with what was already drying on Remus’ chest and stomach. He sucked in a deep breath before opening his eyes and looking down at the younger man. Inhaling sharply, he took in the mix of smells, and he purred.

For someone who was normally so obsessed with cleanliness, he didn't care about how tainted he was. For the moment, he reveled in it, closing his eyes and drowning in the simple realization that he belonged to the Alpha above him. That he was part of the Pack, just like everyone else.

He opened his eyes, studying Fenrir and waited for something to happen. The drying cum was beginning to itch, but it wasn't enough to drive him to clean himself. Not yet.
Fenrir’s chest rose and fell heavily and he kept a watch on Remus in silence for a few moments. He breathed in the scents of the room. The sharp tang of sex and the overwhelming musk of wolf. He crawled over Remus’ body, using one hand to turn the younger man’s head to the side. Fenrir bit down hard just a small bit above the bond mark, fangs sinking into flesh. He stayed put for a moment, feeling the pulse and the heat and then withdrew.

He licked slowly over the wound, tending to it as it healed itself. He purred deeply. “You’re mine, Little One. I do hope you remember that.”

The bite pushed a soft moan from his lips, his back arching at the sharp jolt of pleasure shot through him. The skin beneath Fenrir's tongue shuddered from both the pain and friction, and Remus hands rose to cup Fenrir's sides.

Again the thought of Sirius drifted through his thoughts. Despite the fact that he loved being part of the pack, loved being claimed by Fenrir. He also loved the wizard who had stolen his heart so many years ago. How was it possible to love two people so completely at the same time?

"I could never forget it." He whispered back, leaning back against the furs. It would be perfect if they could bring Sirius in, if the wizard would be willing to share. But at the same time, would Fenrir be willing to share? That was the bigger question.

He slowly licked over the wound until blood stopped flowing. And then he pulled back. That squirming tugged at his stomach, the clench in his chest was back with a vengeance. He growled low, nipping at Remus' ear with his teeth before getting off the bed.

He wasn’t sure how to help the tightness in his chest but it was quite bothersome to him. He scratched at his chest idly with his cleaner hand. When that didn’t work, he rolled his shoulders slowly. Fenrir looked toward the doorway that led to the bathroom. “The water... it should be working now. Do you want a bath, Pup?”

"Yes please." Now that the residual pleasure had faded, the itching was driving him mad. He stood, resisting the urge to brush the cum off of his torso as he followed Fenrir back into the bathing room.

He wanted to figure out a way to make this work. After all Fenrir would be the biggest hurdle to overcome. As the Alpha started the water, Remus leaned back against the cold stone.
"Have you ever been interested in more than one partner, Fenrir?" He asked softly, watching the Alpha closely.

Fenrir glanced up at him from his crouched position next to the bathtub. His hand was slightly under the running water, waiting for it to warm. His sparkling amber eye looked Remus up and down briefly. He looked and smelled perfect to the older wolf. He smirked slowly. "I have had multiple partners before. Yes, at the same time. Like I said, ask Kurt. He should know. He was one of them."

He figured that much, but now was the true test. He shifted against his spot on the wall, biting his lower lip nervously before continuing.

"Would you be willing to do so again? With me?"

Fenrir was silent for a few long minutes. He turned the water off when he deemed the bathtub full enough. He got to his feet and scratched at the tightness in his chest once more. "With your mate, you mean."

Remus nodded. "Of course it also depends on if he's willing to but..." He shrugged. "I'm trying to find a way to manage this without being torn between the two of you. That... and I know you. You don't tend to share things that are yours."

The elder werewolf moved over to where Remus was standing. He took the younger man's chin in his hand and forced their eyes to meet. Fangs flashed as Fenrir grinned slowly. "But if your mate is willing, he will belong to me as well."

Remus studied Fenrir for a long moment before he answered. "You are not allowed to turn him." It was the one term Remus refused to compromise on. "Not unless you have his explicit, unhindered consent." He refused to subject Sirius to this life just because it would make it easier. Not to mention, he was positive it would kill James.

"I will mark him." Fenrir snarled. "You want your mate to spend time in the Den with the pack, he will be marked. I cannot promise any safety to him here otherwise. The others will smell that he is human."

Fenrir pulled back, giving Remus a clear path to the bathtub. "Bring him to meet with me today. In
the forest. We will all discuss things. I should bring Kurt but will not do so, if you do not wish it.”

"Today?" Remus blinked, dumbfounded, shock gluing his feet to the floor. When Fenrir arched an eyebrow in question, Remus pushed off of the wall. “I didn't think you would be so eager. I have not yet spoken to him about this.”

"No time like the present, yes, Little One?" Fenrir's grin fell into a frown, his brow furrowed. "We do not know if or when Voldemort will find our new home. I prefer not to waste time when time is all we have." He crossed his arms over his chest.

He fell silent for a moment, watching Remus, but only doing so half-heartedly. His mind was elsewhere, sudden thoughts coming to him. What would become of them if Voldemort found them again? As much as Fenrir hated to admit it, the wizard was stronger than he was. Fenrir had no way of protecting his pack from a wizard that wanted them all dead.

"Your mate." He said suddenly after what seemed like a long time of silence, "He is not going to go talking about where my pack is, yes?"

"Of course he won't." Remus replied instantly. "Sirius is many things but he is not one to spill secrets. Not when it truly matters."

He knew that Sirius would never hurt Remus like that.

**He did already didn't he?**

*He was young and stupid. You and I both know that he won't do it again.*

"Then we will meet today. You can fetch your mate, and I will meet you in the forest. How does that sound?" Fenrir looked Remus up and down and then jerked his head toward the bathtub. "The water is getting cold, Pup.

Remus didn't respond, a prickling of dread pooling in his stomach as he slid into the hot water. It felt amazing and he sighed.
It wasn't that he thought that Sirius would betray them by revealing the location of the den, but rather refusing to compromise. Remus didn't know what he would do if Sirius made him choose.

Fenrir leaned against the wall of the cave beside the bathtub. He crossed his arms over his chest, eye on Remus. “And do remember, he is to leave his magic away from my Den.”

He wanted to take every possible precaution. He could see hundreds of ways this could go wrong. But it would make his Pup happy. Fenrir growled to himself, irritated that he had the sudden urge to please Remus.

"Yes, I remember." And he did. But the more he thought about it, the more he began to panic. If Sirius didn't agree, if Sirius didn't leave his wand behind, if Sirius didn't listen....

There were too many ifs and Remus had to take a deep breath and let it out slowly. He wouldn't overthink this. He couldn't.

Fenrir’s frown deepened. He crouched on the balls of his feet beside the tub and he reached out to run his fingers through Remus’ hair. “What is going on in that pretty little head of yours, Pup? I can smell it, something is wrong.” He cocked his head to the side, carefully studying the younger man. “Do you not wish for your mate to meet the pack anymore?”

Remus opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. The fingers in his hair were far more soothing than they had any right to be.

"No, it's not that. I'm not sure if Sirius will allow this... I've never really spoken to him about what I ultimately wanted. And I fear that blindsiding him will only push him away."

Fenrir exhaled slowly. *Feelings.*

He growled under his breath; every atom in his body was telling him to leave and avoid any talk of emotion and feelings. He didn’t *do* that. It made him want to lash out, to fight back. His fingers tightened in Remus’ hair briefly. Just for a moment, he fisted those brown curls, before he let go entirely.

He stood abruptly. “Then we wait. But it would be best to happen within the three days that follow the Full. While the pack is still recovering and weaker than usual. While their wolves retreat.”
He didn't want that either. Sooner was better than later with Sirius. "No. I'll talk to him after I'm done here. If I return alone well..." He shrugged in the water.

"You'll know why." He began cleaning himself, making sure the water was still warm enough for Fenrir when he was done.

Fenrir gave a nod, keeping an eye on the younger man, "Yes... I can wait in the forest. Where the three of us met the first time. You know the place?"

"Yes. I remember." How could he ever forget that day? He had never been more scared in his entire life. Both for Sirius and his pack.

"I will meet you there then." He called for his clothes before drying himself off. It was only a moment later when he was ready to depart.

"We'll be there by sundown." Or he would. Either way....

Fenrir moved closer to him. He ran his fingers through Remus' thick brown curls and leaned down to nip at his lower lip with sharp teeth, growling possessively. "I will meet you there, Little One. Just remember the rules for his visit." He pulled his fingers from Remus' hair. "I'll speak to Kurt and warn him of our possible visitor."

Remus didn't know how to react. He was usually the one who initiated the kisses, never Fenrir. His chest swelled and he had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from grinning like an idiot. He was 20 for Merlin's sake.

"Of course. See you then." Before he could do anything to embarrass himself, Remus turned and walked out of the room.

Fenrir watched Remus leave before sighing heavily. He rubbed his hands over his face and groaned. What the fuck was he doing?
Sirius stretched out at the table in the Order's Headquarters. He assumed someone was going to stop by at some point. He was off duty for the day and was bored out of his mind. He leaned back in his chair, feet propped up on the seat across from him. He flicked idly through a magazine.

Remus had first stopped by their flat only to find it empty. The only other logical place Sirius would be was the headquarters. If Remus remembered right, Sirius had taken the day after the full moon off, as usual. Normally, he would be helping Remus heal. But not this time.

Remus stood just inside the door to the Order's headquarters, trying to school his face into being as calm as possible. The stress seemed to make the very air thicken. He took another deep breath, and another before slowly walking toward the common room.

This will work. This had to work. Failure was not an option at this point.

"Pads?" He called out as he ascended the stairs. "Are you here?"

"Moony?" Sirius perked up at the voice. Now, that was unexpected. He stood up from the kitchen chair abruptly and rushed toward the main door of the building. Near the common area, he slid to a stop on old hardwood floor in his socks. He cupped Remus' face in his hands and looked him up and down, checking him over quickly before meeting his eyes.

Sirius smiled; he couldn't help it. “You're back!”

"Of course I am." Remus cupped Sirius' waist, holding him closely. It was so strange. Sirius and Fenrir were so vastly different. And yet he needed them both just as badly as he needed to breathe. Merlin, please let this work.

"I expected you to be back home. What are you doing here?"

Sirius gave a little shrug. “Thought someone might've been around but no one was so I was gonna wait until someone came ‘round for lunch. But you showed up instead.” He grinned brightly. “Everything went fine? During the Full?”
The smile that brightened his face was just enough to have Remus smile in response. Sirius had always been handsome, but today he seemed to be glowing. The guilt in the pit of his stomach tightened, making him feel sick.

"Yes. Honestly it was one of the best moons I've had in a long time." Since Hogwarts, really. He refused to think about what happened after the Full, both positive and negative. Instead he distracted himself by leaning in and capturing Sirius’ lips in a kiss. He had missed this. In the time he had been gone, he had missed Sirius dearly.

Sirius smiled into the kiss, his thumbs stroking against the stubbly skin of his lover's cheeks. He pulled back after a few long moments and let out a breathless chuckle. “’S good, Moony. You don’t look like you got hurt at all. And uh, how’d the Veritaserum work out?”

Remus smile faltered but he nodded, holding Sirius close. "It worked perfectly. I can't thank you and Lily enough." He was truly in their debt for saving his pack. "I actually uh.... I wanted to ask a favor of you." The guilt churned in his stomach and he had to swallow to settle the rising nausea.

"I've already cleared it with Fenrir but... If you wanted, I'd like you to come and meet the pack." He paused, watching every emotion that flickered in the grey eyes. "Right now."

Shock overtook Sirius’ features suddenly. Eyes went slightly wide and smile faded. His hands fell from their spot on Remus’ face. ‘Meet Fenrir’s pack?’ He laughed nervously, “Moony, I’m not a werewolf. They’ll- I don’t know, won’t they kill me? Fenrir- Well, I mean, I know you changed your mind about him but... he’s Fenrir Greyback.”

"No, they won't." Remus shook his head quickly, grabbing hold of Sirius' hands. "They aren't the monsters the Ministry thinks they are. I just...."

He sighed, looking down at their hands. "I want.... no, I need you to meet them. To see them as I do. Fenrir has given me his word that you won't be touched. By anyone." He glanced back up to Sirius' eyes. "You would have to leave your wand here. Or at the flat but-" He continued when Sirius' snorted in disbelief. "I will have mine. And there are only a handful of wolves that can do magic and fewer still that have wands. I just..." He stopped the words from tumbling out in a rush, took another deep breath. He needed Sirius to do this.

"Please, Sirius. It would mean so much to me. And right after the Full is the safest time to go see them. You know that." Sirius had nursed Remus back to health enough times to know how long it
took to recuperate from the Full.

Sirius glanced down at their hands and he squeezed Remus’ gently. He was silent for a minute before meeting those hazel eyes. “This is really important to you, huh?” And Remus nodded slowly. “I... alright, Moony. I’ll go. I’ll leave my wand here, it’s alright. No one’s gonna steal it anyways. Where um... where’s his pack live? Some forest right?”

The relief was overwhelming. The room seemed to spin with it and a smile split his face. He wanted to jump out of his skin, to kiss the breath out of Sirius and hold him tight enough to never let go.

"Yes. We can apparate there. I know where to go." Merlin, he couldn't believe it. Succumbing to the feeling, Remus cupped Sirius face and kissed him again.

"Thank you." He whispered, softly against his lover's lips. "Thank you for trusting me."

“Of course, Remus. I have no reason to not trust you.” He said softly, pressing their foreheads together. “I don’t really know what to expect and everything is telling me that Fenrir’s tricking you- but... I’ve got to trust you on this.”

"He's not." Remus leaned back to brush his lips against Sirius' forehead. "I wouldn't have asked to bring you to meet them if I thought otherwise." He pressed another kiss to his lips before taking his hand. "Come on. It's easier to find the cave while it's still light out. Not to mention we have to walk a bit because of the wards."

Sirius nodded. “Right. Oh! Wait a second, Moony.”

He pulled his wand from his pocket and strode into the sitting room. The room had two lumpy looking sofas, a coffee table, and too many books for the shelving. Glancing around, he noticed a table that sat under a lamp. He opened the little drawer built in and stowed his wand there, closing it safely. No one would look in there.

He walked back to Remus, kissing his cheek gently. “There. All set. Shall we?”

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Remus held Sirius' hand as they walked through the woods. He explained all of Fenrir’s rules to his lover, and the reasons behind them too. He had never felt more elated in his life. Both of the people he loved, both of them were going to try to get along for his benefit. God he hoped this worked.

It wasn't long before they passed through the wards and stumbled across Fenrir, standing there as he always did. Arms crossed, eye alert. Remus smiled at him as he pulled them to a stop a few yards away. Enough space to give Sirius time to collect himself.

"Don't push yourself. If it's too much for you, please let me know okay?"

Sirius gave a small nod, watching Fenrir warily from behind Remus.

Fenrir pushed off the tree he was leaning against and stalked forward, that overwhelming air of Alpha following him. He cocked his head to the side in a very animal-like action. He looked Remus up and down before setting his hand on the younger man's shoulder and moving him slightly to his side. Then, that amber eye looked over Sirius as well, like a predator tracking his prey. "He came."

"He did." Sirius replied, his voice a little watery out of fear.

The elder werewolf stood to his full height, crossing his arms over his broad chest once more. "And did he follow the guidelines?"

"... He did."

Fenrir looked at Remus, "And what have you told him? Everything he needs to know?"

"Yes, I did. Remember what I told you. Please." Remus asked softly, his fingers tightening on Sirius'. "He bares my mark." Remus whispered, soft enough for Fenrir to hear. "Can that please be enough?"

Fenrir's lip drew back in a snarl. He narrowed his eyes. "Fine." He looked at Sirius for a moment before moving forward, closer to the wizard. He growled low, "I do not know if the Pup mentioned it, but, you must not make reference to your magical world around the children."
"Uh." Sirius took a step back, shrinking from the domineering werewolf. "Right. Yeah, I won't."

"There are a number of adult wolves that are in a fragile state. You will not mention any use of magic around them."

The wizard looked confused but quickly nodded, "I won't."

Fenrir turned on Remus, "I will not tolerate rule breaking. You know the pack's laws. You will be sure your mate follows them, yes?"

"Yes, Fenrir." Remus reassured him. He knew the risk Fenrir was taking, even if Sirius didn't. Not yet. But he would. All he had to do was see. "I swear to you. If anything happens, it will be on me." He wanted to reach out, to reassure the Alpha, but he couldn't do that. Not yet.

**Baby steps, Pup.**

*You aren't allowed to call me that*

Remus knew that Faelen was kidding, but also that he wanted this to work just as much as Remus did.

"Good." He ground his teeth, forcing himself not to make a move toward the younger werewolf. He wanted so badly to lay claim when the wizard was around. "Come. We are not far from the Den. Kurt knows your mate will be in the pack and has warned the others." Without waiting for a response, he pushed past them with a snarl in Sirius' direction, headed into the trees in the direction of their new Den.

Sirius looked at Remus, "Who's Kurt? Is... Is Greyback always like that or is it just because I'm here now? What did he mean some of them are fragile? I'm so confused, Moony."

Remus let Fenrir walk out of earshot before responding. He took Sirius' face in his hands, met his lovers eyes in the kindest expression he could muster. "You have to understand, Pads. This... Fenrir is vulnerable like this. His pack.... our pack has already been fucked over by a wizard once. He doesn't trust easily."
He pressed a gentle kiss to Sirius' cheek before releasing his face. "Kurt is the Beta of the pack. Like a second in command." He took Sirius' hand and began to follow Fenrir's path through the trees. "Voldemort has really hurt the pack. A few of them have scars, and not all of them are visible. So please no mention of magic around them okay? Or else they might lash out. And I don't want you to get hurt."

Sirius walked with Remus, swinging their hands gently as they walked. He took in the information, remaining quiet for a moment after Remus had finished. When he spoke, his voice was soft. "He must like you if he's letting himself be seen like this, Moony. I won't say anything about magic, I solemnly swear it. Isn't he.. working with Voldemort?"

The vow made him smile and they managed to catch up with Fenrir, at least enough to see him up ahead. "No. I can assure you he is not. Voldemort has no idea where the Den is. And it has to stay that way." He met Sirius' eyes. "James and Peter can't know, okay? No one can. Not even Dumbledore."

It took Sirius as a little bit of a shock. He couldn't even talk to James about it? It must be really serious then. He told James everything and Remus knew that; Remus knew how close he and James were. He nodded despite himself. "I won't say anything, Moony. It means a lot that you want to show me this- to show me this side of you." He kept back his distaste for Fenrir though, knowing he shouldn't insult the man. He didn't know how that superior werewolf hearing worked anyway.

He knew how much it took to make Sirius swear to such a thing. And Remus felt guilty to ask his lovers for so much. But if this worked, if Sirius could see... Merlin, it would make all of their lives so much easier. Fenrir would gain an extremely talented ally, Sirius would gain the support system he always needed. And Remus....

Remus would no longer be the piece of meat that was being fought over by two starving dogs.

Fenrir had paused outside the mouth of the cave and Remus understood his look. This was the point of no return. Remus looked toward Sirius and smiled.

"Stick to me. Never venture by yourself. You must always be with either me or Fenrir, okay? And let them come to you. The pups will be the easiest. If they like you, then most of the adults will as well." He shared an amused look with Fenrir.
Sirius gave a slow nod. "Yeah... Yeah, alright, Moony. I won't wander." He thought he could feel his hands shaking. He tried to remain calm - dogs could smell fear right? Could werewolves? He looked over at Fenrir before looking back at his boyfriend.

Fenrir settled a heavy hand on Sirius' shoulder and the wizard flinched. The werewolf growled low, "My Beta will also be on the lookout but he has many other matters to attend to. If you have any troubles, you call for myself, Kurt, or your mate. Is this understood?"

"Y- Yeah." Sirius looked up at him, wanting to glance away immediately when he met that blind eye.

"Good. Come." And he ducked under the hanging branches that obscured the entrance to the cave.

Remus looked back to Sirius when Fenrir disappeared. He could tell that Sirius was terrified. His fingers tightened on his lover's hand.

"It will be okay. It was a shock to me too, to realize how wrong they are." He brushed Sirius lips with his own. "Thank you, Pads. For trying."

With one last smile, he led Sirius into the cave. The cooler air hit him at once, along with the smell of damp rock. Eventually, the smells turned into something that made Remus' mouth water. "There are three groups," he whispered as they walked. "The domestic wolves, the hunters, and the pups. The pups will-"

"Remus!"

Remus' words were cut off as they came around the corner and into view of the rest of the pack. Remus smiled at Sirius before releasing his hand to bend down as the pups tackled him. It was hard to keep the smile off his face as he greeted them.

"You're back so soon!"

"Where did you go?
"Is this your friend?"

Remus smiled as he picked up the little girl who tugged on his pants. "Yes. This is my friend. His name is Sirius. But you may call him Padfoot." He smiled as the kids pooled around Sirius as well.

"Are you a wolf too?"

"A human?"

"Do you do magic like Alpha does?"

"Oh, uh," Sirius glanced over at Remus quickly before looking down at the children that swarmed them. *No magic talk.* He reminded himself. "I'm just a human, not a werewolf, sorry, kids. But I've been friends with Remus for a really long time."

He smiled at them. They *were* really cute; all excitable, loud, and just... just kids. Just normal kids. That threw Sirius off for a moment. He looked over at Remus again, really unsure if he was allowed to say he could do magic so he just kept quiet on that.

The pups began to ask questions all at once, their voices echoing over the stone. Remus ruffled the curls of one of the boys before setting the little girl down.

"Why don't you all help Sophie with dinner like you're supposed to be doing?" He winked at the eldest boy who began to corral them back toward the fire. "You'll see Padfoot later, okay?" Once they were gone, he placed his hand against the back of Sirius' back.

"Sorry, they can be a lot. You haven't heard the end of their questions, I'm afraid, but if you don't know how to answer a question, tell them to ask the Alpha. They'll know what that means."

Sirius chuckled softly, "They're cute. I wouldn't think that Fenrir would, y'know, put up with kids. Wouldn't think he's got the patience. Who's Sophie? Is she important like Kurt is?"

"Kind of." Remus nodded, leading him closer to the fire. "She's the main caretaker of the pups.
And takes care of things when Fenrir and Kurt are out hunting."

He had them sit on one of the furthest logs out, just so Sirius could take everything in. "All those kids are orphans. They were abandoned by their parents when they received the bite. And no, Fenrir wasn't the one who bit them." Remus cut in quietly when Sirius opened his mouth to interject.

"There were only five of them when I first came here." He gazed toward the group of nine now, the older pups helping Sophie to look after the youngsters.

Sirius frowned, looking around the large center room of the cave. "There's more than that now. So... Fenrir takes kids in? I... I know ... I know families don't usually keep," He lowered his voice, not sure what subjects were taboo, "those that were turned. But I never thought about what happened next, you know? I only know... what pureblood families do."

He watched as the pups attempted to help Sophie set out plates by the fireside. He jumped a little when a few men walked a little ways past him, one of them with a deer slung over his shoulder. And turning his head just slightly, he met with the eyes - or eye - of Fenrir Greyback. He was talking with another man but had that amber eye on Sirius.

Sirius leaned closer to Remus, looking at him, "He remembers that I'm pureblood? He probably doesn't like that, Moony."

"Yes, he knows, Pads." Remus met Fenrir's gaze and nodded before turning back to Sirius. "But he also knows that you are nothing like your family. Or at least, that's what I told him. And that," Remus added, tapping Sirius' nose with his finger. "Is what you are here for. To show each other that neither one of you are what the wizarding world says you are.” He looked out to the pack, to the hunters as they began to strip the buck, to the domestic wolves talking and laughing amongst themselves, to the pups playing in their own corner of the room.

Remus watched them as they giggled and ran about, "Our world would believe them to be monsters. But they're just people, Pads. Just like I am."

Sirius rubbed at his nose after Remus poked it, a little tickle running through his body. He avoided watching the deer and looked at the others instead. He nodded slowly at his lover's words. "Yeah, Moony. I know- I know they are, really, I do. But if the only other wizards that they've all come into contact with are Voldemort's lot? I've got a lot of work to do, don't I?"
He couldn't stop watching everyone. There were quite a number of people here and they all seemed to know exactly what to do, as though they have always done such a routine. Which, Sirius assumed, they had. He spoke quietly, "Do you have friends here? What do you usually do when you come here?"

Remus shrugged, watching the pack. "It's not so much that we have to show them that magic is good. Fenrir doesn't want them exposed to too much, simply because they don't need it. But having you around might help them learn to trust wizards again." His arm wrapped around Sirius shoulders as he met Alec's gaze and smiled.

"A few. Of course, I know Kurt. I don't think he likes me much. And Alec's over there. He's one of the domestic wolves." He leaned closer to whisper.

"He is one of the few that Voldemort took. So move slowly with him okay?" As for what he did.....well, other than keep the Alpha happy, Remus wasn't sure he did much of anything.

"I pitch in where I'm needed. Sophie over there is trying to teach me to cook. Sometimes I help with the hunting or the pups. Wherever Fenrir wants me, really."

"So he's one of the fragile ones? Alec? Why doesn't Kurt like you?" He watched as the man Remus pointed out quickly turned away when making eye contact with him. "Sophie's going to learn quick that you can't cook, Moony." Sirius grinned playfully at him, trying not to ask too many questions. But he was so curious all of a sudden. It was like he had stepped into a completely new world and his natural curiosity made him want to know everything about it.

Remus grinned at the questions and answered them all one by one. He knew that once Sirius got comfortable he would love it here. It just took some time.

He thanked Maia when she brought the cooked venison around, watched as Sirius realized how good it was. He felt like he was dreaming. This.... this was everything he had ever wanted. It couldn't be real...

Sirius rattled off a few more questions as they ate, pleased that Remus answered them readily. He looked around at the others as they ate their meals; some tore into the meat like animals and others just ate slowly, picking at the food.

He jumped suddenly, nearly dropping the plate on the floor, but managing to catch it in time.
Fenrir had settled a large hand on his shoulder. He purred low and Sirius had never heard such a strange noise come from a person.

“And how are you enjoying yourself in our home, Wizard?”

“I- I... it’s nice.” He stuttered slightly, the sudden shock of Fenrir appearing had his hands shaking a little.

But Fenrir ignored it if he had noticed. Instead, he looked at Remus. “Your mate. He isn’t showing your mark.”

Remus’ mouth opened and closed again. It was true that he had marked Sirius just.... it wasn’t in an area that could be seen by the general public. Remus had hoped that his presence would be enough but apparently not. He knew why of course but it wasn’t something that he had explained to Sirius yet. Not to mention there wasn't time to give him a visible mark before they had apparated.

"That's because he can't, not really." At Fenrir's arched eyebrow, Remus reached across and tugged Sirius' shirt up. The mark was there, on his left side just above his waist. But Remus knew that Fenrir would not accept that. "Please don't. Not now. I'll add another one later okay?" He whispered softly, even if he knew Sirius could still hear them.

Sirius squawked when Remus tugged his shirt up. He glanced between the two werewolves. Marks? Why was the bite mark so important?

Fenrir’s hold on Sirius’ shoulder tightened and he growled angrily. “The pack is talking. I do not just let little rogue wizards infiltrate the pack anymore. They fucked me over once, not again. Either he shows your mark, or he will be showing mine, Little One.”

"I didn't have time to explain it to him okay? Just..." He sighed, looking around. Some of the hunters were watching him, Kurt as well. "Let me just.... I'll add it. Just let me do it, okay?"

Fenrir stood straight, taking his hand from its spot on Sirius’ shoulder. He snarled, showing teeth. “Lay claim to your mate; I do not want whispers among my pack about how I am growing to be a wizard lover.” He spat in disgust.

Sirius looked up at Fenrir, courage in his voice that he didn’t quite feel so sure of. But he said what
he needed to anyway, to protect Remus. “I’ll do anything you need me to, Fenrir. I’m not like Voldemort’s lot. I’m not going to hurt your pack.”

Fenrir snorted. He looked at Remus. “Your mate needs a history lesson.” That amber eye turned on Sirius once more. “It isn’t just Voldemort that has ripped into my pack in the past, Wizard. All of your kind has done damage here.”

“Well... well, I- Thank you for accepting my presence, Fenrir. I don’t know what others have done in the last to you, but I’m not going to- to do anything bad here.”

Fenrir rolled his eyes, turning to look at Remus. “Quite skilled with words, isn’t he?” He growled sarcastically.

Remus inclined his head before standing. "He has his moments.” He wasn't sure if Fenrir would let them use his room, so instead Remus took Sirius' hand and guided him back toward the community wash room.

"I'm sorry. I should have explained sooner."

Sirius glanced around the public bathroom quickly, needing to take in the new space. There were toilet stalls, sinks, shower stalls, and even a large bathtub in the far back corner of the big room. Sirius assumed that was for the kids. It was all so interesting, how they lived- He shook his head.

Now wasn’t the time to analyze how they lived.

His eyes searched Remus’, “What’s going on, Moony?”

He sighed, backing Sirius up towards one of the walls, hiding them from view. "Every visitor in the pack must be marked. Either by another wolf of the pack or the Alpha. And the mark has to be visible. Otherwise any wolf in the pack can claim you." Remus rested his forehead against his lovers.

"I didn't want to force this decision onto you. If I do this, you will be tied to the pack for the rest of your life. But if I don't do it, then Fenrir will."

Sirius swallowed hard, "Claim me? Tied to the pack? Moony...” He pressed his forehead back against Remus', moving a hand to weave into brown curls. "If you bite me, I'd be tied to you, and I
already am. It's alright."

He didn't understand. And Remus needed him to. If he somehow regretted this later, then Remus would never forgive himself.

"The entire world would know, Sirius. Don't you understand? Any chance of you getting a job as an Auror would be gone." He pulled back to look at Sirius. "I... I didn't want you to make a choice like this. And I'm so sorry for not thinking of it earlier."

Sirius' eyes went wide and his breath caught in his throat. "Can... you do it somewhere that robes would hide?" He pulled back slightly and rolled his t-shirt sleeve up a little more. "Like here? The werewolves will see it... but I can hide it. Would... can that work?"

Remus stared at the spot, mind working quickly. It could work. But if it didn't, then Fenrir would mark him. And Remus couldn't stand for that.

"I think it might. But you must keep it visible at all times. Do you understand? And if Fenrir disagrees, I'll have to add one more.... Claiming."

"But if it works... it works." Sirius said softly. "So... so do it." He held his arm out, sleeve rolled up all the way. "I trust you, Remus."

"Way too much, I think." He muttered but lifted Sirius' arm to his lips. He kissed the skin gently once, twice. He met Sirius' eyes, a silent warning before he bit down on the skin, drawing blood and then licking away the pain.

Sirius flinched, arm jerking when Remus bit down. He didn't expect how badly it would hurt and he let out a soft yelp of pain. But he was so glad it was Remus doing this and not Fenrir. He swallowed hard, licking dry lips, and looked down at Remus as he licked up blood.

“Shit..” He laughed nervously, trying to play off the pain, "That all it takes to be accepted?"

Remus licked the wound once more, before straightening. He took his wand, muttered the healing spell and watched as the scar formed.
"That's all it takes to walk amongst us." He kissed the now healing scar before looking back at his lover.

"You won't be accepted as long as you are human." He gave Sirius an apologetic smile. "I am so sorry to put you through all of this."

“Hey,” Sirius said softly, cupping Remus’ face with one hand, not wanting to move the arm that got bitten. “Don’t apologize. It’s how werewolves work, I have to follow how they do things, yeah? I want to know this side of you. So quit with the guilt, yeah, Moony?”

Remus wanted to argue, but he knew that look. Sirius wasn’t going to back down anytime soon, if at all.

"Okay." He sighed, turning to kiss Sirius’ palm. "Let's get back before they think you've run off."

“Oh, yeah. I don’t want Greyback to chase me down. He can definitely catch me,” Sirius said playfully.

He left the bathroom area with Remus and glanced around the common room. “Do you have chores or anything..? Like they’re cleaning and stuff. Do you do that too, Moony?”

"Sometimes," He nodded as Fenrir and Kurt looked down at Sirius’ arm. He knew Fenrir would have preferred it on the neck but Remus would avoid that at all costs.

"Think of me as a jack of all trades." Remus weaved their fingers together as he walked back toward the fire.
They sat down and Sirius rattled off a few more questions in rapid succession. It made his heart swell when Remus used some of those werewolf terms in his answers. He toyed with Remus’ fingers in his hand as they spoke and then he looked up and noticed Alec coming over to them warily. The older werewolf kept his distance from Sirius but moved a little closer to Remus.

“Moony, your friend.”

"Is not going to hurt you." He answered softly.

He held out his hand to encourage Alec to come closer. "It’s okay. Alec. He's like me. He only uses the good magic. But he doesn't have his wand with him today."

Remus smiled as Alec sat on the other side of him. "He's actually been hounding me with questions about our life here. Since you've been here longer than me, could you help me answer some of them? If you want to, that is."

Alec gave a small nod. "I... Yes, I can help." He offered a gentle smile at Sirius before he turned to look at Remus. "I... just- Thank you." His already quiet voice grew softer suddenly, "For earlier. For this morning. For healing me... I- You had left. Earlier, you left. I was going to say thank you. But you had gone- and I didn't know- I wasn't sure if you would be back."

Sirius studied the man on the other side of Remus. He was rather twitchy and seemed nervous and Sirius remembered Remus saying that this person was one of the ones Voldemort took. Sirius had trouble seeing this timid man becoming a monster once a month. But that could also be said about Remus. Some people were just such opposites of what the Ministry showed werewolves to be.

"Yeah well, Alpha didn't give me much of a choice." Remus chuckled, knowing that Fenrir always tensed whenever he called him Alpha. Sure enough, Fenrir had his arms crossed tightly across his
chest. "But you're welcome. I can't mend bones or anything like that but I can heal the small stuff."

"Alpha looks out for us." Alec smiled softly. He fell quiet for a moment before glancing over and meeting Sirius' eyes. It was only for a brief moment; Alec quickly looked down at his own hands in his lap. "If your friend has questions- I don't mind answering them."

"You can call me Sirius." The wizard kept his voice gentle and light, not wanting to frighten off Remus' friend.

"Sirius." Alec tested the name on his tongue. He looked up and met his eyes again, but he didn't look away. "You- You're magic. You can do magic."

Sirius gave a small nod. Well, if the werewolf brought it up first, Sirius can talk about it, right? "I can; I'm like Remus. Well, sort of like Remus. I'm not a werewolf like you."

"Oh, oh. I know. I- I can smell it. That you're human."

"Your noses are quite sharp, hm? No wonder I can't ever slip sweets past Remus, he always smells them."

Alec's smile grew and he cocked his head to the side slightly, "He likes sweets? Remus does?"

"Oh you have no idea, this one time-"

"Oh no, we are not here to talk about me." Remus gave Sirius a playfully stern look.

"Why not?" Alec asked softly, seeming to have more interest than Remus had seen in a while.

Remus sighed and signalled for Sirius to continue.

Sirius grinned cheekily at his lover, "He's your friend, Moony, you can tell him stories."
"Moony." Alec echoed. "Moony is Remus?"

"Yeah, it was his nickname in school and just kinda stuck. It's a good name, isn't it?"

"I don't know. Don't know about good." Alec said, smiling nervously at Remus, trying to be playful.

It relieved him to see Alec relaxing. Remus couldn't help but tell him about the time that he ate his weight in chocolate, or when James and Peter set off fireworks for Sirius' 17th birthday. Sirius chimed in with his own tales of their adventures and soon, Remus was laughing harder than he had in a long time.

"Besides," He added, clapping Sirius on the shoulder. "You can't make fun of my nickname when yours is Padfoot."

Alec leaned closer, a happy smile on his face. “Why Padfoot?”

Sirius was pleased to see that Remus’ werewolf friend had stopped trembling while they were sharing stories. He pinched Remus’ cheek but kept his eyes on Alec as he spoke. He spoke with a specific tone, hoping that if he wasn’t allowed to share the information, Remus could play it off as a joke. “Because I can turn into a great black dog.”


"The wizarding world call them animagus. Or animagi if there are more than one." Remus explained. “He couldn't help me on full moons as a human so he used magic to turn himself into a large dog. Not a wolf. Just a dog but twice as big."

“Can- Can you show me?” Blue eyes were sparkling with excitement.

“I... I’m not sure,” Sirius looked at Remus, biting his lower lip a little. “Greyback said no magic.”

Remus glanced over to the Alpha who was watching them while talking with Kurt and Sophie. At
least he was finally eating.

"How about this, if Fen- if Alpha says it's okay, we can show you tomorrow, in the woods. How does that sound?"

Alec nodded quickly. "Yes!" He quickly quieted himself, smiling shyly. "Yes. I want to see. I hope Alpha says yes."

"I hope I can show you too." Sirius smiled gently.

He reached out and settled a hand on Alec’s knee. The strawberry-blond startled violently at the touch. He froze up for a moment but he watched Sirius with wide, terrified, eyes. The wizard didn’t move. He kept still, and was watching Alec closely. Those stormy grey eyes were soft and welcoming.

The werewolf looked down at Sirius’ hand. He raised his own hand and gently patted the top of Sirius’. “S- Sorry. I- I’m- I’m a little- I’m sorry.”

“You’re fine, Alec. Don’t worry.”

Remus lifted a hand to ruffle the reddish strands before he stood. He had some things he needed to talk to Fenrir about.

"I need to speak to Alpha. Alec, can you watch over Sirius for me?"

“Oh. Oh, of course. Yes, of course, Remus.” Alec nodded, honored to be asked to watch Remus’ friend.

Sirius arched an elegant brow at Remus. “Everything alright, Moony?”

"Of course, Pads. I'll be right back." Remus smiled and moved over to where Fenrir and Kurt were standing. Kurt nodded in greeting and Remus was relieved to see that they were beginning to warm up to each other.
"If I remember right, you'll require Sirius to sleep in your quarters?" He asked softly. He didn't want his lover to overhear them.

Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest and looked at Remus. His eye quickly flickered over to the wizard who was chatting animatedly to Alec. His eye met Remus’ once more and he gave a firm nod. "Of course. Unless you wish for your mate to sleep out in the open where anyone could get at him?"

Remus nodded, biting the inside of his lip nervously. "Normally having only one bed wouldn't matter. But I don't believe that Sirius would be comfortable sharing a bed with you." It actually was amusing to say out loud. Kurt certainly thought so if his glittering eyes were any indication. "So I came over to see if either of you had any suggestions."

“I may not have graduated from that silly little school; but I can transfigure something as simple as a spare cot for the whelp." Fenrir frowned, fingers began to drum idly against one arm. A purr rose in his chest suddenly. “Though I’m sure your mate would put up very few objections if I were to tell him he will be sharing my bed.”

Remus gave Fenrir a flat look. He hadn't told Sirius about him and Fenrir yet. Even if the Alpha was open to it didn't mean that Sirius would be. But this was the best way to find out wasn't it.

"I'd rather keep Sirius from having a heart attack if it's all the same to you." His expression softened slightly.

"I can help transfigure a bed for him." His gaze met Fenrir's in a searching look. Would Fenrir require that Remus share his bed? He knew how possessive both his lovers could be. This.... might not be a good idea after all.

Fenrir moved swiftly, cupping Remus’ chin with his hand. He tilted Remus’ head to the side slightly and purred low. “You have concern in those pretty eyes. Why? Your mate seems to be getting along with everyone.”

"I'm not worried about everyone ." He answered softly. This could go sideways in so many ways, so quickly that Remus wouldn't have time to do damage control. "Can you give me one night with him? Please?"
Fenrir snarled suddenly. He bared his teeth, claws digging into the soft skin of Remus’ cheek. Jealousy flared within him at those words and it curled into anger. He twitched, his head cocking to the side sharply, amber and blind eyes both locking into Remus. “You wish to bed your mate in my quarters?” He hissed, bristling like an angry dog.

Remus’ brow furrowed in both shock and confusion. "What? No! Merlin no, that is not what I meant at all."

He pulled his head from Fenrir's hand, heedless of the scratches that were now burning. "I simply meant that I would not be physically sleeping in your bed but his. Merlin, what do you take me for?” He hissed softly, anger making his own voice bristle.

Fenrir growled angrily. “You are in my Den. You are sleeping in my quarters. You are a member of my pack. You. Are. Mine.”

He went to move forward, to force Remus backwards, but Kurt reached out and set a hand on Fenrir’s shoulder. The Alpha wolf had forgotten that his Beta was there beside them, watching this happen. Fenrir jerked his head to the side, peering at Kurt and feeling a rush of calm settle over him at the look in his Beta’s eyes.

“Fine.” Fenrir ground out, looking at Remus again.

Remus’ expression hardened when Fenrir growled at him. The silence was suddenly deafening and Remus could feel the eyes of every wolf in the room on them.

He smiled to Kurt in thanks as the chatter resumed, though much more subdued than it had been before. Remus moved closer to Fenrir, eyes hard.

"May I talk to you alone for a moment?"

Fenrir narrowed his eyes and gave a firm nod. He pushed past the younger man and swung the door to his private quarters open, walking inside. Once the two of them were inside and the door slammed shut, Fenrir took his wand off the desk in the room and cast a silencing charm so the rest of the pack couldn’t hear.

“What.” He snapped, jealousy igniting anger again and no Kurt to stop him.
"I brought Sirius here to see if we could work this out. Not for you to assert your claim over me as if I'm nothing more than a prize to be won. You and I are a very recent thing, Fenrir. But Sirius and I have been mated for years." He growled, his own anger making him reckless. "He claimed me long before you did. If anyone has a claim to me, it's him." Remus gestured back to the door. "I'm trying to find a way that I can be with both of you at the same time. I can't do that if you don't allow me some leeway."

Fenrir snarled, baring his teeth angrily. "I staked my claim on you when you were a child. I am your sire. You have been mine all your life."

He reached forward and tore at the collar of Remus' shirt, ripping the fabric to show the livid looking bond mark. "You are bound to me. You are mine!"

His breath hitched in his chest suddenly, and he jerked away from Remus. Everything he was feeling crashed together hard. A crazed spark glittered in that amber eye, the color draining from his face in an instant.

"Fuck!" He snapped angrily, turning away from Remus and walking more into the room.

Remus was about to snap back when Fenrir jerked away. He could hear the quickened breaths, see Fenrir's hands shaking and some of the anger simmered into concern.

"Fenrir. Hey!" He rushed forward and turned the Alpha around so that he could face him. Was Fenrir having a panic attack? "Look at me. Try to match my breathing okay? Just look at me."

He breathed in deeply and let it out slowly. He repeated again, and again, all while holding Fenrir's arms in case he lost balance.

Fenrir growled loudly and gnashed his teeth, grinding them in his anger and panic. He watched Remus carefully, eyes moving rapidly like a trapped animal that was assessing its situation. His rapid breathing slowed as he synchronized with the younger man. He shook his head quickly but stopped that when his vision began to swim.

"Fuck." He growled, voice furious. "Fuck. Fuck!"
"Fenrir just focus on me. Don't think about anything else." He cupped the scarred face, brushing the sharp cheeks gently. "Breathe with me."

He didn't know how long he stood there, whispering softly to his Alpha. But he hated seeing him like this. And Fenrir's health meant more to him than winning an argument.

The elder werewolf's chest felt like it was tightening into a vice as his eye searched Remus’ face. His breathing hitched a few times but otherwise remained quite calm. He was in a state of slight shock; this sort of thing has never happened before. He’s never felt this panic and anxiety. Not even when Voldemort approached him and threatened him.

But he was reduced to this just because of Remus? If his pack could see him now, they would certainly try to knock him out of his rank. And that thought sent another wave of panic through the werewolf.

“Remus...” Fenrir heard his own voice and it didn’t even sound like him. It was strained and tight. He knew he spoke the word but it sounded as though it had come from someone else. But it was calmer as he kept his eyes on the younger man.

He pushed his face gently into the feeling of Remus’ hand and slowly closed his eyes as he calmed his breathing. He focused on the feeling of Remus’ skin against his and suddenly a low rumbling purr blossomed from his throat.

“Remus...” He repeated the word softly.

Hearing his name was always strange. It felt like something special between them. Like a secret. Remus felt his chest expanding, pulsing with pain and happiness and he leaned forward to kiss Fenrir gently. The purr was what he was waiting for. Because that meant that Fenrir was feeling more like himself.

"See?" He whispered. "I'm not going anywhere."

Fenrir’s good eye opened, half-lidded, and met with Remus’ hazel. He leaned forward and nipped lightly at the younger man’s lower lip with sharp teeth. “Your mate.... He will have to share sooner rather than later.” Fenrir murmured. He felt calmer now, but almost as if he were standing on a high ledge and could tip over at any moment.
"I know." He whispered against the kiss. "But we need to tread lightly okay?" He pulled back enough to look into the amber eye. "Trust me. It will work. We just need to show him."

The elder werewolf growled softly, "He does not know how we live." He lifted a hand and ran it through Remus' hair, feeling the soft curls between his fingers. Then his hand left the hair, moving down Remus' face, then his neck, to settling against the bond mark. "He does not know our ways. He learned how you are; but not how werewolves are."

"Then let's help him understand. Let's teach him. But we have to tread gently. Being with me has always been a bit of a rebellious streak for him. But being a part of us, of this pack. It needs fineness." He leaned against the touch on his bond mark, shivering at the spark of feeling it gave him.

"I don't want to choose. And if we do this wrong, I will have to." He met Fenrir's eyes. "I won't make it if I lose him, Fen. Just as I will if I lose you."

Fenrir looked at him, confused at the nickname Remus used. He shook his head slightly. "But you must understand, I need to show myself in a specific way to the pack, Little One. I cannot bend to your mate. I never know if someone will attempt to fight for my spot as Alpha. I will not lose my rank. You must understand, we both have things to lose."

He glanced over to the door, frowning. "The Fenrir you see is not the Alpha that they see."

"I'm not asking you to." Remus responded softly. "As you said, we'll be in your quarters." His lips twitched into a smirk. "He wanted to see this side of me. With the pack, with you. He doesn't know that we are involved. I had to lie about the last time he found out, remember? So until I have a moment to talk to him about it, and I will as soon as possible. But until then... well..." his head tilted in thought. "Maybe we can show him slowly. A touch or a look. But if I don't go back out there soon, he's going to start thinking things that I'd rather not pass his mind yet." But he did lean forward, kissing Fenrir hard, as he had wanted to do since he returned.

Fenrir cupped Remus' face with his hands, kissing him deeply for a handful of heartbeats before breaking away. The purr left his chest again but he was still frowning. "And if the pack talks? The pack knows of us. Do they know he is your mate? You are not out there stopping their chatter and rumors from reaching him."

"I'm hoping you'll release me before it spreads." He kissed Fenrir again before pulling away. "I'm leaving now. If you choose to stay behind and collect yourself, then I can tell Kurt I was too harsh on you."
Fenrir bristled, leaning forward to nip at Remus' lower lip quickly before backing away. "You were not too harsh on me."

Remus smiled, kissing Fenrir quickly before pulling away completely. Either way, he had to leave and checkup on Sirius.

He pulled open the door and held it open for Fenrir to pass through.

The Alpha wolf huffed a breath and snarled at any werewolf that happened to glance over at them. He searched for Kurt and once he spotted his Beta, he stalked away from Remus.

The room was quiet again and Remus huffed as he sat down beside Sirius again.

"What was that all about?" Sirius asked before Alec could form the words.

"Nothing. We just had a disagreement about where you were sleeping."

Alec jumped violently when Fenrir suddenly snapped out the harsh command of “Resume!” into the silence of the cave. Immediately, as though the Alpha had flipped a switch, the pack went back to their business.

Alec looked nervously back at Remus, “Are you- Are you okay?” He shifted slightly in his seat. “Are there no beds left? Sirius- He can have mine. I- He can use mine. If he needs a bed.”

Sirius offered Alec a warm smile. “I won’t take your bed, Alec.”

"Of course not. Alpha and I have worked out an arrangement. But I thank you for the offer Alec.” Remus reached out to ruffle the reddish strands. He glanced toward Sirius and nodded back toward the bathroom. He needed to tell Sirius now. Before the wolves went to bed.

"And speaking of, I'd like to discuss it with you, Padfoot. Come with me."
“Oh, ‘course, Moony.” Sirius nodded and stood up, stretching a little bit. He checked to make sure the bite that Remus gave him was still showing. He looked at Alec and smiled gently. “It was nice meeting you.”

A little surprised, Alec quickly got to his feet and nodded. “Yes. Yes, and you too. It was nice.”

Sirius watched as the other werewolf quickly went about his business before turning to look at Remus. “Is something wrong, Moony?”

"Not wrong. I just want to tell you what to expect tonight." He caught Sirius' hand and with one last look at Fenrir, guided him out of the room.
Chapter 23

They entered a small concave and Remus cast a silencing spell over the both of them before turning toward his lover.

"I need to tell you something. And please wait until I finish explaining okay?"

Sirius blinked a few times at his lover, confused. But he nodded all the same and muttered a soft, “Yeah, Moony.”

Remus took a deep breath and released it slowly. Knowing Sirius, he wanted to get the hardest part over first. So, here goes nothing.

"For your protection, you'll be sleeping with Fenrir and I in his private quarters. I'll conjure a small cot for us, but..."

He took a moment before meeting Sirius' eyes. "I need to tell you that Fenrir and I are involved ." He saw the expression on Sirius' face change so quickly and he rushed to explain. "I will be sleeping with you. Fenrir will be in his own bed, but I wanted to bring you here to see if there was any possibility for all of us to be together. I'm... I'm trying to keep from having to choose between the two of you. I love both of you. You are my first but... he's important to me too." He sighed, bracing himself for the inevitable explosion.

Sirius had bit down hard on his lower lip to keep himself from yelling when Remus was talking. He tasted copper when he bit too hard. His eyes narrowed and when Remus seemed as though he was finished, Sirius moved forward, closing the distance between them. Though it wasn’t a far distance.

“You fucked him ? After what he did to you when we were in school? You started doing it willingly ?” He felt anger and panic swirl together in a harsh tidal wave of betrayal. “You love him ? He’s a murderer! He’s a child snatcher! He- He turned you !”

"It's not like that, Sirius." Remus tried to remain calm, even with the panic clawing its way up his throat.

"I'm the only child he ever turned. I told you before that he is not the person that the wizarding
world has portrayed him to be." He cupped Sirius' face with his hands. "He turned me to punish my father. He didn't think I would survive the first moon but I did." He pleaded silently with his mate, his lover. It was getting harder to breathe but he pushed on anyway. "He is not manipulating me, nor is he trying to take me away from you. But, please, Sirius, please, try to understand."

“I- I don’t know how I’m s'posed to react, Moony.” Sirius said, blinking back tears. “Did I do something to make you go to him?” He swallowed hard, pressing his face into Remus’ touch. “He hates wizards anyway... he’s probably just toying with you.”

"Of course not." Remus rested his forehead against Sirius', hating that he was being so selfish. Hating that he was forcing Sirius to make a choice just so he wouldn't have to. "It's a wolf thing. And it's something I couldn't ignore anymore. It was nothing that you did. I just..."

He closed his eyes. "I can't lose you, Padfoot. I can't." His fingers tightened in Sirius' hair, holding him as close as he could. "But Fenrir isn't keen on letting me go, and I hate being torn between you two. And Fenrir hates wizards on principle, because of how they treat the wolves. The fact that you are here, in the pack, in the Den proves that he doesn't hate you. If he did, nothing I would have said or did would have allowed you clearance."

Sirius wrapped his arms around his lover and let out a shaky sigh. He was so torn between upset and love in the moment. His heart ached with it.

On the one hand, he loved Remus with everything he had. He had been to hell and back with the werewolf; going through school, trauma, war, everything. Remus was his one solid point in life. Remus was the love that he had always needed; the love that grounded him when he felt lost.

On the other hand, Sirius’ was heartbroken that Remus wanted another. Not only did his boyfriend want someone else, but he wanted Fenrir Greyback. Sirius knew that his views were tainted by how he was raised and he hated that. He met some very nice werewolves this evening. But Fenrir was a whole different level.

He eventually whispered softly, “Will it make you happy, Moony? If I gave it a chance?”

"That's all I'm asking for." The werewolf whispered. "I just want to see if this will work. If it doesn't, then we'll figure out when we get to that bridge. But I couldn't live with myself if I didn't at least try.” He wrapped his arms around Sirius, returning the hug fiercely. "I know I'm asking a lot of both of you. And I am so sorry. But I'm sure that once you see him as I do.... you'll understand."
Sirius gave a small nod of affirmation. “Yeah... yeah, for you, Moony. You know I’d do anything for you. I just...” He chuckled nervously, unable to keep it from bubbling up. “He isn’t going to- You won’t let Greyback turn me, right?”

“No. I made him swear not to.” He chuckled, kissing Sirius’ forehead. "I’d do anything for you too. If you don't feel comfortable please just let me know. Because I never want to force you to do something you don't want to.”

"Besides, I told him he couldn't turn you unless you explicitly gave him your permission." He chuckled as well, feeling elated. "You know I would never subject you to this life."

“Some of them like it. I was talking to that one bloke, your friend. He was telling me all about all the good things.” Sirius pulled back to look into Remus' eyes. “And... you seem happier too. Surrounded by your friends. They understand what you’re going through... even Greyback, I bet.”

Remus nodded, searching the grey eyes he loved so much. "A part of it, yes. They know what it feels like to transform, to have what seems like another being in your head. But you." He cupped Sirius' cheek. "You grew up with it. With me. You know more about me than any of them do."

Sirius chuckled nervously again, pressing his forehead against Remus’. “Good... good, I don’t think I’d survive if Greyback knew more about you than I did.” He sucked in a shuddering breath. “I’ll try. I’ll try to do this. For you, Moony.”

Remus kissed him, helpless to do otherwise. He loved Sirius so much, so much that his chest seemed too small to contain it all.

"I love you. You know that right?”

Sirius felt his heart swell and he smiled softly at the kiss. “I love you too.” He fell silent for a moment before glancing back toward the communal room. “Is there... a set bedtime? What do we do?”

"I usually go to bed when Fenrir does. And he's one of the last to go.” He leaned back against the rock, holding Sirius close. "He really does care for them. For us. And hopefully, he'll let his guard down enough for you to see it. He promised me he would try. He doesn't trust easily for obvious reasons. Oh, and don't bring up Dumbledore. They don't like each other.... very much."
Sirius seemingly melted into Remus’ touch, leaning heavily against his lover. He closed his eyes, mumbling softly. “He’s sort of terrifying, Moony. I really don’t want to do anything that would upset him... He was the thing that goes bump in the night, you know? He could probably rip me apart with his bare hands.”

"So could I. Yet you don't fear me do you?" He trailed kisses along Sirius' jaw. "He's terrifying because he as to be. Once he realizes you aren't a threat, well. You'll see. Hopefully."

Sirius gave a small nod, letting out a soft breath at the kisses, “Y- Yeah... hopefully. I’ll do my best, Moony.”

"You." He stated, kissing Sirius' nose. "Just need to be you. I know he'll like you once he gets over his prejudice.” He smiled, enjoying the closeness because it had been far too long.

Faelen whispered how they needed to be getting back but Remus ignored him for now. He needed this. And he knew that Sirius did too.

"You sure..?" Sirius opened his eyes to look into Remus'. He moved a hand to touch just under one of Remus' eyes, watching as flecks of gold flickered occasionally in the hazel.

"If he can allow me to bring you here, it is a first step down that road." He pressed a kiss to Sirius' palm, eyes never leaving his lovers.

"You have nothing to fear if you don't mean any harm to the pack. And I know you never hurt the innocent." He pressed another kiss to Sirius' wrist, right above his pulse point. With Faelen stirring, he wanted nothing more than to turn them, to pin Sirius against the wall and take him. At least then it would be out of his system for later. But he also knew they needed to be getting back before Fenrir decided to look for them.

"Besides I'll be here to make sure things don't make a turn for the worse."

"Your eyes, Moony..." Sirius whispered softly, suddenly changing the subject.

Remus paused, studying Sirius closely. "What about them?" He asked, Faelen shifting just behind
his consciousness now. He felt the urge to mate, to make Sirius his again. Sure, if they returned and Sirius reeked of him, Fenrir would be pissed. But at the same time.... it could have an amusing result. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah... Yeah, everything's fine." His hand trailed down Remus' jaw and stayed put, thumb gently stroking the skin of his cheek. "They just look... They look really pretty right now."

His lips twitched into a smile, leaning into the touch he pulled Sirius closer, kissing him again. He wanted so much, and yet he knew that this hunger, this need would never be satisfied. He would always want Sirius, and Fenrir. He would never be satisfied with one or the other.

Sirius felt his breath hitch and he let out a soft groan. Leaning closer, he pressed into the kiss, deepening it. His hands traveled again to settle on his lover’s hips. The wizard pulled Remus closer, nearly overbalancing them. He broke the kiss off and chuckled softly, “Sorry.”

"Don't apologize." He whispered against Sirius' lips. His hands curling in the dark strands to pull him back. He could kiss Sirius for the rest of his life.

He flipped them, pressing Sirius back against the stone and sliding a leg between Sirius' thighs. The friction was just enough to take the edge off, but not enough to satisfy the growing need for skin. His hips ground slowly against Sirius', teasing them both.

Sirius gasped into the kiss when he was suddenly pushed against the wall of the cave. He broke the kiss and leaned his head back against the cold stone. He muttered a soft, “oh fuck ...” before tugging Remus’ hips impossibly closer.

Remus bit his way along Sirius' jaw and neck, enough to mark, to claim him without breaking the skin. He needed to claim him, to let the entire pack know that Sirius was his. His hips ground down against his lover's, hands cradling his thighs as he lifted Sirius for an easier reach.

Sirius moaned and it escaped his lips in a low, shuddering breath. He arched himself, wanting to get closer to Remus.

A voice broke through their silencing charm suddenly; their magic had obviously been disrupted by another’s. It was a low snarl of barely controlled anger. “Just what is going on here?”
Remus' hands tightened on Sirius' thighs, his hips stilling even as they pressed hard against his lovers. He turned his head to look at Fenrir, golden eyes flashing with amusement. It was thrilling, seeing Fenrir all but quivering in anger. Even as he felt Sirius tense against him, Faelen refused to let him go.

"Do you really need me to answer that, Fenrir?"

Fenrir growled low, moving toward them. His fists clenched, digging sharp claws into his palms and drawing blood. “Rutting against each other like bitches in heat,” Fenrir spat, furious. “Aren’t you lucky it was me to stumble across you instead of one of the pups?”

A dark flush crept along Sirius’ pale skin and he tried to hide his face in Remus’ neck.

“This wizard is a shitty influence on you, mutt.”

Remus frowned inwardly at the term and Faelen's smirk fell. That was rude. Not to mention uncalled for.

"Are you honestly telling me that every single wolf here knows the silencing spell and the pups have no idea what goes on in the dark?” His pressed tighter against Sirius' reveling in the soft sound it pushed from his lips. "Or are you pissed that I didn't invite you to watch?"

Fenrir moved forward in a blur of movement, winding his fingers into Remus’ brown curls and tugging back hard. He snarled angrily, baring his teeth. “Faelen, so good of you to make an appearance here.” He drawled, his voice an eerie calm compared to his explosive temper.

Faelen chuckled as his head snapped back, the collar of his shirt falling away to reveal part of the bonding mark.

"I'm always here, Alpha, even when Remus is the one in control." He met Fenrir's gaze, resting his head against the man's shoulder. "Now are you going to join us or can I continue to pleasure my mate in peace?"

“You're always here, but whenever I tend to hear your fucking voice, there’s trouble. Do tell why that is.” His fingers fist Remus’ hair tighter, but not enough to only cause pain.
“F- Fenrir-” Sirius’ voice was soft and those grey eyes were wide with fear despite the aroused blush that ran across his cheeks and down his neck.

“Quiet!” The Alpha snarled loudly, turning that angry amber eye on the Wizard. “This is a matter between werewolves!”

"It's alright, Sirius." Faelen grinned, his eyes never leaving Fenrir's face. He couldn't help but tease the wolf, simply because Fenrir made it so easy. "As for you, Fenrir, I recall you didn't mind my voice the last time I surfaced." His smirk grew as that golden eye looked back at him. "And seeing as Sirius is currently in your den, and my mate, I think this pertains to him as well, don't you?"

Fenrir bristled like an angry dog. He gnashed his teeth, grinding them, clenching his jaw. “He is not a wolf. He will not be one until I make him one.”

A fresh wave of panic swept over the wizard and he looked from Fenrir to Remus.

“He fucking reeks.” Fenrir hissed through clenched teeth. “Any of the pack will be able to fucking smell it.”

"Well, either they are all taking it exceedingly well, or they don't care." He retorted, nonchalant despite the warning growl in Fenrir's voice. But Faelen knew when he pushed too hard and he was quickly approaching the line.

"I will make sure he is presentable when we return." He continued, lips twitching into a small smile. "Besides, they already know about us. What is the problem with me claiming him?"

“Insolent little whelp,” The Alpha growled. He fist Remus’ hair tighter and forced his head to the side, exposing the vivid bond mark. “You are mine. You will obey me or you will pay for it.” Not that Remus’ mark would allow him to go against Fenrir, though. His eye flashed with rage and he turned slightly to look at Sirius. “Or he will.”

And that pushed a growl from Remus' throat. Even if he obeyed his Alpha, he wouldn't just sit by and let Fenrir hurt Sirius.
"You're not to touch him without his explicit permission. That was a vow you agreed to."

“I told you I wouldn’t turn him, Pup.” Fenrir snarled back. “I can do plenty without turning him.”

“Please,” Sirius gasped, looking at Fenrir with wide eyes. “Please don’t!”

The Alpha werewolf inhaled sharply, the scent of fear on the air mixed tantalizingly with the fading scent of arousal. His free hand trailed over the younger werewolf’s throat until he pressed hard against the bond mark with his claws, not quite breaking skin there. “You need to recognize your place, Pup. For the sake of your frightened little mate.”

"Stop it." Faelen growled softly when he heard Sirius pleading with the Alpha, the sharp request directed to the wolf behind him. He couldn't help but tense when Fenrir pressed against the bond mark. A sharp pang of pleasure shot down his spine as he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, the gold had faded from the irises.

"Fenrir, please..." He whispered, looking back to the man behind him. "Sirius has agreed to try. But I won't force him to stay if you keep scaring the wits out of him."

Fenrir felt a purr rise in his throat at the sound of Remus' voice returning to its normal pitch. He stroked over the younger man's bond mark slowly, pushing down lightly but careful not to puncture his skin. Leaning down slightly, the Alpha purred in Remus' ear. "I won't need to scare him if you would just behave."

Remus relaxed when he heard the purr and let some of his weight rest against the Alpha. Being trapped between the two yielded a very tempting image that had Remus shuddering when he felt the breath against his ear.

"You and I both know how he gets. He wouldn't misbehave so often if you weren't so easy to tease."

"I am not easy to tease, Little One." Fenrir nipped at Remus' ear sharply, hand curling around the younger man's throat. "Your wolf needs to learn his place. It is not enough to get along, if you cannot control him."

Sirius' breath hitched in his chest. His eyes were wide as he watched the two werewolves before
him. He swallowed hard, his blush growing darker as his eyes zeroed in on Fenrir biting Remus.

The werewolf Alpha sniffed at the air, turning to look fully at Sirius. He smirked slowly, "Your mate likes seeing you like this, Pup."

Remus' chuckle was breathless as he opened his eyes (when had he closed them?) To gaze at Sirius. The grey eyes were near black with lust and the bite to his ear had him hardening.

"I know he does." His lips twitched at how the flush was reaching well below the collar of his shirt. He could feel how hard Sirius was, the momentary fear seeming to have faded. Remus, feeling Fenrir pressing equally hard against him had to bite back a moan.

"I was... hoping that he would be able to see this part of you."

“You wanted him to see you bend under me, hm?” The Alpha nipped at the younger werewolf’s jaw before pulling away from him completely. “Meet me back in my private quarters.” He looked the two up them up and down, purring. “What I want to see isn’t for public eyes.”

Sirius stared in silence as the older man walked back the way he had come in the first place. Once he was out of sight, Sirius shuddered and leaned heavily against the wall of the cave. “Oh shit...”

Remus couldn't help the chuckle as he kept Sirius supported against the wall. It certainly was quite a turn of events wasn't it?

"Are you okay?" He asked more seriously, cupping Sirius' cheek with his free hand.

"Yeah..." Sirius met Remus' eyes and smiled softly, "Um... we gonna follow him, Moony?" He asked softly, trying not to sound too eager.

Remus picked up on his tone and he couldn't help the smile. "We'll have to. That is where you and I will be sleeping after all." Though whether a separate cot would be necessary was now up in the air. He kissed Sirius softly before letting him stand on his own.

"Come on." He took Sirius' hand in his own, banishing the silencing spell with his free hand. "It's
best not to keep him waiting."

Sirius nodded quickly, "Yeah, let's, uh, go to bed?"
Chapter 24
Chapter by AnimalCops

Chapter Notes

This is the smut chapter in which Fenrir has zero chill and 100 jealousy.

Remus guided Sirius back through the common area toward the metal door near the entrance of the cave. He opened it without knocking, knowing that Fenrir had heard them approaching.

Before he got too distracted to cast, Remus summoned a cot over towards one end of the room. "Just in case." He told Sirius, even if he was looking at Fenrir.

Fenrir locked eyes with Remus from where he was, tossing his t-shirt to the floor near the bed. He smirked, fangs shining in the light of the moon that shimmered down from the hole in the ceiling. The Alpha crossed his arms over his broad chest. "Your mate smells so sweet, Little One."

Sirius swallowed hard, licking his dry lips. He whispered softly, "Can he smell... everything?"

"As far as I know." Remus whispered back. He was so relieved to see Sirius taking this so well, but he would wait until his lover wanted to move forward. Until then Fenrir could wait.

Sirius gave a slow nod, taking a step closer to the center of the room, plainly still cautious. "Moony... He's not going to hurt me.. right?"

Fenrir rolled his eyes but kept still by the bed.

"No. He will not." Remus stressed, meeting Fenrir's gaze. "He will not do anything without your consent." He wasn't about to stand by and let Fenrir do whatever he pleased. Remus might be Fenrir's, but Sirius was his.

"Right..." Sirius whispered, moving forward until he was just a few steps away from the older man. He looked up at Fenrir, who towered above the both of them. He swallowed hard, trying to force himself not to shy away as the amber and white eyes turned to look at him. "Can... I touch?"
"Depends what you wish to touch, Wizard." Fenrir purred low.

"Just..." He raised a trembling hand and set it on Fenrir's side, moving it down slowly to setting just above his hip. His fingers trailed over scars, feeling the large wounds from battle. They were so different to Remus' own self-inflicted wounds. Sirius let out a trembling breath, his fingertips skimming over hard muscle.

Remus stood behind Sirius, watching closely. He wanted to be close to help if something went wrong for either one of them. But seeing Sirius like this, curious like this was exactly what he had been hoping for.

Fenrir ran a hand through Sirius' thick black hair, fingernails scratching at his scalp lightly. The werewolf let loose a low growl, "Has my Pup taught you any tricks, Little One?"

"Tricks..?" Sirius said, holding back a wince from the grip on his hair.

The Alpha's amber eye shifted to glance at Remus. "Do tell, Pet. What does your mate know? What does he like?"

"The basics." Remus moved up behind his lover slipping his hands beneath Sirius' shirt to stroke the skin beneath. "He likes it a little rougher than usual, but not as much as I do."

"He likes it rough does he?" Fenrir purred, tugging the black hair in his fist sharply.

Sirius gasped, his breath catching in his throat. His hands moved to hold onto the Alpha wolf’s forearm. "Fenrir...."

The werewolf smirked, "I like how he says my name." He leaned down a little, so their faces were just a breath apart. "I want to hear him scream it."

"O- Ohmygod..." Sirius shuddered, Fenrir's words sparking pleasure down his spine.
Remus shuddered behind Sirius, grinding his hips up against his lovers. He had never been much of a watcher, but he was tempted to see what Fenrir had planned.

"What if we shared him?" He met Fenrir's gaze, flecks of gold making their way into the brown. Fenrir knew Remus had moved to submit. But if Fenrir was fucking Sirius at the same time Sirius was fucking him.....

Remus leaned in to kiss Sirius' neck, hitching the wizard's shirt higher.

Sirius moaned softly, trembling between the two werewolves. His hands moved to desperately hold onto Fenrir's shoulders; his head shifting to pull against the hand in his hair, moaning low at the spark of pleasurable pain.

Fenrir stood straight once more, glancing over at Remus. "Share him? Do tell what is going on in that naughty imagination of yours, Pup."

"You take me while I take him..." He smirked, one hand reaching out to cup Fenrir's hip. The image had so much potential, so many ways they could share. "Or you could watch..."

Fenrir purred low, tilting his head to the side slowly. "I want to fuck you, Little One." He smirked when he felt Sirius tremble against him at that word.

Remus smirked, grinding down against Sirius. He looked so good between them. But he wanted to make sure that Sirius was okay with it.

"Does that sound okay, Pads?" He whispered against his lover's ear. "Or would you rather watch this time?"

Sirius moaned low, "I want... please." He looked up at Fenrir, blush tinting his cheeks, making him feel hot, too hot. He groaned, leaning his forehead against the werewolf's furry chest.

"Now, now, Pet." Fenrir crooned, that rumble in his voice growing deeper. "Let's not cause your mate's mind to falter." He stroked his fingers through that long hair for a moment before grabbing tight and pulling Sirius' head back.
The wizard groaned, grey eyes hazy with lust. "Fuck ..."

"Articulate, isn't he?" Fenrir snorted, looking over at Remus.

"When he wants to be." Remus kissed his lover's exposed neck before pulling away. Taking Sirius' hand, he guided him back toward the bed.

"Remember the safe word okay?" He whispered, helping Sirius out of his shirt. "If it gets too much, tell me."

Fenrir arched a brow, watching the two of them walk toward the bed of furs. "Safe word? Should I know your little word in case the wizard needs to stop?"

Sirius felt his cheeks grow hot once more, embarrassment coursing through his system. The last thing he wants the big scary werewolf to think would be that he's weak enough to need a safe word. But he just looked at Remus, licking his lips a little.

Remus gave Fenrir a flat look, his calves hitting the edge of the bed. Ignoring the comment, Remus cupped Sirius' face and kissed him slowly. He needed to distract Sirius, to help him forget there was a third person in the room.

Once Sirius was comfortable, he knew that the wizard would have no trouble getting his confidence back.

Sirius moaned softly into the kiss, moving his arms to wrap around Remus' neck. He pressed himself close to the other man, eyes fluttering closed as the kiss deepened.

Fenrir huffed, stalking closer to the bed and moving around the younger men to watch them. He frowned slightly, "You're both wearing far too much clothing."

Remus ignored the Alpha, focusing on Sirius. A softly muttered spell helped relieve Sirius of his shirt, and Remus was already popping the button of Sirius' too tight jeans.

He knew that Fenrir had a knack for shredding clothes, but Remus wasn't sure if Sirius was ready
Fenrir made a pleased hum deep in his chest. He shifted to the side, running a clawed hand down Sirius' porcelain back. The wizard jumped slightly at the sudden touch before moaning low against Remus' lips. He pressed himself against his lover, urging his hands to work faster on his jeans. The older werewolf was distracted by the barely marred skin, so smooth and perfect under his fingers. Sirius had a blemish here or there - a small scar from a childhood incident or a little cluster of freckles - but he was otherwise unmarked. Fenrir wanted to leave his own, and his mouth watered at the thought. But he knew that Remus would never allow that.

Remus pulled back to breathe, panting against Sirius' lips. The jeans were proving difficult to remove, and eventually Remus whispered the soft spell again. Now bare, Remus lifted Sirius into his arms, wrapping the slender legs around his hips as he looked over his lover's shoulder at Fenrir.

He had left his pants, knowing that the Alpha would want to remove some things as well.

Fenrir met Remus' eye with a low growl caught in his throat. He trailed his hand down Sirius' spine before pulling away completely. He jerked his head towards the bed, offering it to place the Wizard on. The scent of the young man was enough to make his head grow fuzzy. How could Remus stand how sweet his mate smelled?

Remus carried Sirius over to the bed of furs and set him down gently. Any doubts about moving forward were banished when Sirius drew him back down for a kiss.

He gently rolled his hips, knowing the friction from his jeans would drive Sirius mad. Fenrir would join them when he was ready. For now Remus focused on Sirius' pleasure.

Sirius moaned softly against Remus' lips, his hips moving jerkily to get as much friction as he could. He wrapped his arms around Remus' neck, losing himself in the feeling.

Fenrir watched them for a moment, a low rumbling purr rising in his chest. They looked enchanting together. Sirius' pale, near flawless skin was pressed hard against Remus' slightly tanned scarred chest. Fenrir huffed his breath testily when he noted that Remus' jeans were still on. With a low mutter under his breath and a wave of his hand, Fenrir used wandless magic to vanish the rest of the clothes that Remus had on.

The younger werewolf was beginning to wonder how long Fenrir would wait to join them. With his
pants suddenly gone, Remus gasped softly, breaking the kiss, at the colder air brushing his skin. He glanced back at Fenrir and smirked. "Those pants look a little too tight to be comfortable."

Sirius glanced over at the older werewolf at Remus' words. He moaned low, eyes half-lidded.

A slow smirk curved Fenrir's lips. "And what a shame you're so far away that you can't assist me, Pup." He tilted his head slowly to the side, that rumble in his chest escaping his lips, "Leaving me out in the cold like a dog on the street. Is that any way to treat your Alpha?"

Remus rolled his eyes. "So dramatic." What was it about dramatic men that drew him? They were sometimes more trouble than they were worth. Whispering the same spell again, he vanished Fenrir's pants. "There. Now come on and join us before I decide to give you a show instead."

Fenrir chuckled deeply, moving closer to the bed smoothly. He took Remus' jaw in his hand, turning the younger man's head up so he could meet his eyes. "A show would be nice some other time. But I would quite like to mark my claim on you."

Sirius swallowed hard, eyes trailing up and down the older werewolf's muscled body. He licked dry lips. "Fenrir..."

"Yes? What is it, Little One?" Fenrir purred, shifting his attention to the wizard on the bed.

"You... fuck ... You look... a lot different than I expected."

The Alpha snorted, "Oh? Do I?" He rolled his head on his neck slowly, to look back at Remus, "Just what had you been telling the little pureblood about me?"

"Absolutely nothing." Remus replied honestly, trailing kisses and soft nips against Sirius' neck and collarbone. He had no idea how his lover was going to react. Why would he ever tell Sirius that Fenrir was more attractive than most wizards?

Sirius groaned softly, leaning his head back to give Remus some more space at his neck. He kept those half-lidded, foggy grey eyes on Fenrir and trembled slightly when Fenrir crouched beside the bed. A heavy hand settled on his head and long fingers tangled in black hair. Fenrir pulled Sirius' head back sharply to give Remus even more access to that pale throat.
"Quite a bit of real estate, is it not, Pup?" Fenrir purred, his free hand dragging a claw down the column of Sirius' throat. He was careful not to push down too much, not wanting to draw blood, not wanting to leave marks. Not yet.

"It is." He glanced sideways to watch Fenrir closely. The lack of friction was beginning to bother him, but he could hold for a few moments longer. "You'll be sure to remember our agreement."

He wasn't ready to see Fenrir's mark adorning Sirius' neck. The very thought of it almost pushed a growl from his lips. Sirius was his. If anyone was going to mark him, it was Remus.

"Yes, yes. Of course, Pup." Fenrir said, his voice a low thrum of pleasure. He let go of Sirius' hair and moved to weave his fingers into Remus' hair instead, tilting the younger man's head to the side. Tongue trailed over Fenrir's sharp fangs before he grinned widely. "But nothing is stopping me from marking you."

Sirius' breath hitched at the words, looking at the two of them. He flushed darkly, a deep red coloring his cheeks once more.

Remus shuddered at the thought, at the memory of how well Fenrir liked to mark him. The marks that were already present were now clearly visible, and Remus seemed hyper aware of them.

"No... there isn't." Remus whispered, moving his hips against Sirius as if distracting him with pleasure.

The wizard moaned low, leaning his head back again as his hips arched up to meet with Remus'. He forced his eyes open to look at Fenrir and Remus. He didn't want to miss it. He didn't know what was driving him to want to see it, but oh, he wanted to see it. The air that Fenrir was giving off felt dense in the room. Sirius had never felt anything like it before; as though his dominance made the room heavier, made the air thick with arousal.

Fenrir's purr seemed to echo in Sirius' ears as the werewolf replied, "He's feeling it now, my pet. Can you see your mate? The look on his face, the red tint of his skin, the heat in his eyes. Can you smell him yet?"

"I've smelled him since you discovered us in the bathroom suite." He grinned, glancing down at Sirius as much as Fenrir's grip allowed him to. "Why do you think you caught us in the act?" His
hips rolled harder against his lover's, eyes closing briefly at the sensation.

Fenrir purred deeply, moving to kneel on the bed beside Remus and Sirius. "You both smell ... intoxicating." He leaned in to inhale sharply at the crook of Remus' neck. He scraped his fangs teasingly over the young man's neck, over the muscle that was tense from being pulled taut. Amber and white eyes moved to meet hazy grey before Fenrir bit down hard, fangs piercing slightly tanned flesh. Sirius moaned deeply at the sight of it.

Remus jolted, a loud cry falling from his lips as his hips thrust against Sirius' in response. All thoughts vanished at the feeling of being claimed, of being taken and knowing that Sirius was watching only took him higher.

He almost came right then and there. But it wasn't quite enough to push him over the edge. Not yet.

Fenrir pulled back and licked slowly over the blood that fell from the wounds. He moaned at the sharp tang of the iron taste, rutting himself against Remus' hip. The Alpha purred low, "The wizard might be yours, Pup, but you are mine."

Sirius let out a soft noise, his eyes following Fenrir's tongue as it swept along Remus' skin. He rolled his hips up against Remus'. "M- Moony..." He whispered desperately, wanting more, needing more.

It was almost too much, definitely enough to make his thoughts slow as if trying to walk through mud. But he was able to move slightly, to whisper the spell to slick his fingers before pushing the first into Sirius.

He could do this. He hadn't found a spell that prepared his partner safely. So they would just have to do it the old fashioned way.

Sirius let out a shuddering gasp, spreading his thighs a little wider in welcome. He leaned his head back at the feeling, immediately regretting it. He was staring at the ceiling of the cave now, instead of the tantalizing sight of Fenrir grinding against Remus. He forced his head up again, not wanting to lose the sight, almost worried that he'd never see it again if he lost it now.

Fenrir was peering around Remus' shoulder now, his hips still rutting, still grinding against the younger man. But he was watching now. He had that lust glazed amber eye focused on the spot where Remus' talented fingers were pushing in and out of Sirius’ body. The wizard trembled at the
idea. The big, strong werewolf leader was watching him like he was a delicious morsel that he wanted to devour, and the thought brought a fresh wave of heat and pleasure through Sirius' system.

He added a second finger without warning, curling the tips to brush against his lover's prostate. Only then did his free hand reach back and try to guide Fenrir closer. If he was going to rut against him, Remus might as well get some sort of pleasure out of it.

Sirius groaned loudly, reaching out and grabbing at whatever he could reach. His hand landed atop a few of Fenrir's fingers in Remus' hair. His fingers curled against Fenrir's and his moans got louder.

The Alpha werewolf snarled through his pleasure, thrusting hard against Remus, shifting to grind up against the younger wolf's backside. He released his grip on the younger werewolf's hair and grabbed onto Sirius' wrist. He moved the wizard's hand to press hard against the new mark that adorned Remus' flesh.

The contact with the bond mark pushed a soft moan from his lips, the pleasure tightening in the pit of his stomach. It was too much, it wasn't enough, but he would be damned if they forced him to finish first.

His fingers circled, brushing against Sirius' prostate with every thrust. If he was going to fall, he was going to bring at least one of them with him.

“M-Moony...!” Sirius gasped, pushing his hips back against Remus’ fingers. His chest rose and fell quickly, face flush with arousal. He had his eyes glued on the Alpha wolf who was situated behind Remus, watching their hands pressed to his lover’s neck.

The elder werewolf held onto Sirius’ fingers, forcing the digits to curl. Forcing his blunt nails to scratch teasingly against the vivid bite scar.

Fenrir purred, feeling the younger werewolf’s muscles tense as he continued to grind himself against him. His voice was deep, gravelly, with a vibration to it that sent chills down Sirius’ spine. “Come for your pretty mate, Little One... Show him how good you can be...”

Try as he might, the words, added to by the feeling of the nails against his mark, caused his control to snap. Remus came a moment later with a cry, spilling across Sirius' torso. His fingers stilled
only for a moment as his mind blanked. But once the barest of thoughts returned, his hand started again, adding the third finger to stretch Sirius further.

Sirius let out a strangled moan. The added finger sent a rush of burning pleasure through him. The look on Remus' face as he came was like a special treat that he was blessed with. Sirius came with a stutter of his hips, bucking up momentarily before pushing back hard against those talented fingers.

Fenrir snarled, thrusting a few more times against Remus' soft skin. He bit down on the back of the younger man's neck, his free hand digging claws into Remus' hip. A muffled growl of ecstasy left him as he followed the other men over the edge into mind-numbing completion.

Remus slowed his hand, stopping eventually before sliding his fingers free completely. The arm that was supporting his weight trembled with the effort but he wouldn't move so long as Fenrir was behind him. He was strong enough to support them both.

His eyes drifted closed as he felt Fenrir's teeth worrying the skin along his neck and shoulder. It felt so good. He wanted nothing more than to lean back, to allow Fenrir and Sirius to mark every inch of him.

"Good..." Fenrir purred low, taking his hand from atop Sirius' and moving it to run down Remus' side, stroking the scarred flesh slowly. "Very good, my little pet."

Sirius let his head fall back against the furs that lay on the bed, his chest heaving still. He whispered a soft "Wow..." before closing his eyes.

The Alpha wolf licked soothingly over Remus' new bite marks, whispering praise so low that only the other werewolf would be able to hear it. "You did well, Little One. Your mate looks so pleased. Your Alpha is pleased as well."

Remus shuddered at the praise, eyes closing again as he savored the residual shocks of pleasure. This was so much better than he had ever thought it would be. He never thought that Sirius would be okay with him and Fenrir, let alone want to join them. But then again, Sirius was always the one person who continually surprised him.

"I thought he might like it." Remus whispered back just as softly. "Once he opened himself to the possibility." He turned his head, looking at Fenrir over his shoulder. "But you... I figured you 'd get too jealous."
Fenrir growled, his chest vibrating against Remus’ back. “I told you... I can share. I just do not like to do so.”

He startled slightly when Sirius let out a snore. Arching a brow, Fenrir looked at the wizard. “Not much stamina. One reason werewolves are more fun.”

Remus chuckled, nudging Fenrir's hips so that he could move back and off of Sirius. He whispered the spell to sciphen the cum off of his lovers stomach. Knowing Sirius as he did, the man would be out for a good while.

"He has plenty of stamina when he wants to. It's been a long day for him." Remus gazed affectionately at his lover before turning to the Alpha. "Of course, that doesn't mean that our fun has to stop." Remus commented casually as he stretched.

The Alpha wolf growled, and it was clearly a pleased noise. He watched the younger man, eye trailing down lean muscle. Remus wasn’t as muscular and bulky as Fenrir was, and the Alpha appreciated it. It was much easier to bend and mold the younger man when he was smaller.

Fenrir ran his tongue over his sharp fangs and he cocked his head to the side. “Is my little Pup still feeling energetic?”

"I'd like to think that I'm not your 'little pup' anymore but yes." He smiled, sliding from the bed and moving back toward the bathroom. "I still have plenty of stamina left."

Fenrir growled, watching him go. “So come back and we can play.”

Remus paused by the door before he turned around and leaned against the frame.

"Sirius is many things, but a deep sleeper is not one of them. Just because he enjoyed the entertainment before does not mean he will accept us fucking each other right next to him." He crossed his arms over his chest. "I still have my manner, Fen. Baby steps, remember?"

Fenrir got off the bed and moved swiftly across the room to be beside Remus. He tilted his head sharply, single amber eye wide, studying the younger man. “Why do you call me that?” It was as
though he hadn’t paid any attention to anything else that Remus had said.

Remus shrugged, though a frown tugged at his lips. "It was Faelen's idea. 'Said you needed a pet name as well since you rarely use my name.' He met the golden eye. "If you don't like it, I'm sure he'll think of something else."

Fenrir snorted, leaning down slightly to nip at Remus’ ear and whispered into it. “He needs to learn his manners.”

"Well, I guess you'll have to be the one to help me teach him, won't you?" Remus' arms uncrossed and his hands settled on Fenrir's hips. The nip sent another shudder down his spine and he leaned more fully against the wall.

Fenrir pressed the younger man against the doorway to the bathroom, trapped inside the little arch that led from the bedroom to the bathroom. He nipped and licked at the welcoming flesh of his jaw and neck, purring low in his throat. “He does not listen to me.”

"He does, actually." Remus whispered, his head falling back to give Fenrir all the room he wanted. "He just likes to push your limits." Honestly, Faelen loved it when Fenrir got angry and punished him. Remus however didn't like the pain that washed up in the aftermath.

“He likes to test my patience, you mean.” Fenrir growled, pressing a leg between Remus’. He licked over a newly forming bruise just under the younger man’s jaw.

Remus gasped at the friction, fingers curling into Fenrir's hips. It would be so easy, to brace himself against the wall and let Fenrir do with him what he pleased. Maybe it was Faelen's influence but Remus didn't want to make it that easy for the Alpha.

"Y- Yes." He stuttered when Fenrir moved his thigh higher. "Yes, that's exactly what I mean."

The older man purred low, pressing his rumbling chest closer to Remus. “And you don’t stop him. Why is that, Little One?"

"You... You honestly think I could stop him?" Remus' chuckle was breathless, his hips moving of their own accord against that powerful thigh. Merlin but he loved how good Fenrir always made him feel.
One hand moved to tangle into the thick brown hair, always loving the grip he found there. He tugged Remus’ head to the side, biting sharply under his ear. “Can you not control him? Do you need more training?”

He pressed harder against the younger man with his leg. His free hand traveled down Remus’ chest and a single claw traced teasingly up the younger man’s hard cock. Fenrir smirked. “Dogs are easy to train if you have a firm hand, my pet.”

Remus barely managed to keep the moan down, his eyes slipping closed as he felt the teeth scraping his skin.

"I honestly don't know. That would be a question for- Fuck." His entire body jerked, shuddering against Fenrir and the wall as the first brush of contact with his cock sent white hot pleasure through him.

“ Oh, ” Fenrir cooed, a smirk curving his lips. “What a naughty mouth you have, Little One.” He took Remus’ cock in a firm grip and gave a single stroke, immediately stilling his hand afterwards to see the reaction.

The first stroke felt glorious, relieving the bubbling well of need clawing in the pit of the younger man's stomach. But the moment Fenrir's had stopped, that need came slamming back, more intense than ever.

" Bloody hell , Fenrir, don't stop. Please don't..." He tried to thrust forward, to get even a spark of friction but Fenrir's thigh was high enough to pin him in place.

Fenrir growled low. “I’m glad you keep your manners , Pup. Even when you’re wrecked.” He shifted himself slightly, moving his thigh so he could move his hand easier. He stroked the younger man’s cock slowly, allowing sharp claws to tease along sensitive flesh every so often. He tilted his head to the side, that sharp animal-like movement. He wanted to hear every noise that fell from the younger man’s lips.

Remus moved his hips as much as he could, meeting every one of Fenrir's strokes. His breaths came out in soft pants and suddenly he remembered Sirius.

"We need...ah, need to cast the... silence spell." He gasped, moving so his legs were now wrapped
Fenrir pushed the younger man hard against the doorway, purring low in his throat. “Will you stop trying to quiet yourself then?”

He waved a hand, the air sparkling around them. Wandless and wordless, but it wasn’t a silencing charm he cast; no, it was merely a little show of sparks. A slow smirk curved his lips, and he pressed his fangs to Remus’ neck once more, nipping at scarred skin. He wanted to hear the younger werewolf’s noises, but most importantly, he wanted the wizard to hear them. He wanted Remus’ mate to hear him screaming out Fenrir’s name.

"Yes." Remus nodded to the question and waited to see the shimmer in the air before Fenrir pushed another moan from his lips. The nip pushed a louder cry from his lips, his body arching as the pleasure shot through him like a bullet.

"Bloody hell, Fenrir, hurry and fuck me already." He felt so empty, he needed to feel Fenrir fucking him. Filling him until he could no longer think straight.

“Ah, but you need preparation, do you not?” The Alpha wolf purred, grinding the younger man’s writhing body against the cold stone wall. “My claws are much too sharp, my dear Little One.”

Remus groaned, both in pleasure and frustration, as he cast the lubricating spell, both in him and on his fingers before he slid the first two in. It burned, but it didn't last long.

Fenrir chuckled low against Remus’ neck, shifting himself so the younger man could move easier. The older werewolf dragged his fangs against that tempting throat, soothing the marks with his tongue. He rolled his hips against Remus slightly, impatient to thrust into him.

Another moan left his lips, his hand hurrying to prepare him. His fingers weren't enough, weren't nearly enough to satisfy him. He hastily added the third, stretching his fingers before he pulled them out.

"I'm ready." He whispered, moving his hips so that the head of Fenrir's cock was pressed against his entrance.

Fenrir released a rumbling growl. He took hold of Remus’ hips with both his hands, tugging the
younger man down as he thrust up. He pushed hard into Remus, pressing him roughly against the stone wall. He didn’t wait even a heartbeat before he started thrusting in and out of the body he was holding against the cave.

Each thrust pushed a cry from his lips, his arms wrapped around Fenrir's neck, holding on for dear life as if he would fall through the wall if he let go.

Fenrir knew his body almost as well as Sirius did. Perhaps even more so by now. Each thrust struck his prostate head on and Remus could barely breathe in enough for the sounds to escape him. In seemingly no time, he felt the tell tale tightening in his stomach, his fingers curling into the meat of Fenrir's shoulders.

The older werewolf snarled in Remus’ ear; his hips moving faster, pushing deeper. “Howl for me, Pup. Scream to the moon. Tell her who makes you feel this good. Say my name.”

His moans hitched higher with each surge of pleasure, with each thrust. His eyes had slipped shut, savoring each burst that exploded behind his eyes.

Right as he felt the pleasure heightening, Fenrir's name fell from his lips. First a soft gasp and then louder with the next thrust.

Fenrir bit down hard on Remus’ neck, teeth lining up almost perfectly with a bite scar that had already been left there. He pushed in as deep as he could go, the tight heat around his cock was like heaven. His claws drew blood from the younger man’s hips.

“Good.” Fenrir growled, voice muffled by blood and flesh.

Sirius awoke alone in the bed of furs to a sharp cry of Fenrir’s name. He glanced over in the direction the noise was coming from. He couldn’t see much since his two lovers were in the doorway between the bathroom and bedroom. Just a little bit of Fenrir’s shoulder and Remus’ hand, and perhaps what he thought was a thigh. He felt a blush crawl up his neck.

Remus cried out when he felt the bite to his neck. He was so close, it took all of his strength not to give in and come right there. He wanted it to last longer, needed to savor the feeling of Fenrir filling him, claiming him. It was too much, but Remus's nails dug into Fenrir's shoulders as he fought to hang on.
Fenrir licked over the fresh bite wound, soothing the injury. He thrust rapidly, claws digging harshly into Remus' hips as he moved. He inhaled deeply, thriving off that lust-smell that the younger man gave off. It made pleasurable sparks shoot up and down his spine.

"Oh... fuck ," A soft voice broke through to Fenrir and he jerked his head to the side, amber eye meeting with hazy grey. Sirius stood in the doorway, watching them move, gaze taking in the scene before him. And it drove Fenrir to thrust even faster.

Remus was nothing more than a mass of sensation. Every nerve was alive and burning with the pleasure being thrust into him. Wave after wave was crashing against his senses, blinding him to everything but the man before him, in him. Remus tried to move his hips, to meet Fenrir's for each and every thrust, but he was too close, his control hanging on by a thread as moans and cries of pleasure fell unbidden from his lips.

"Fen... ahh, Fenrir, I... I can't..." His fingers tightened, entire body tensing as the pleasure crested, rising in a sudden crescendo of need . He needed to wait, to last for as long as Fenrir needed him to. But Merlin the pleasure was beginning to become painful and he just wanted the release. Needed it.

The elder werewolf broke eye contact with the wizard and looked back at the beautiful treat he was thrusting into. Fenrir's left hand moved from Remus' hip to his hair and tugged his head to the side roughly. His thrusts lost their rhythm as he felt himself get drawn closer to his release. He leaned close, snarling into Remus' ear. "Come for your Alpha ."

Before Fenrir had even finished his sentence Remus was coming with a cry. The entire world went white, the roar in his ears fading until all he heard was silence. The cave suddenly seemed devoid of oxygen, and Remus all but collapsed against the stone. Every nerve seemed to be moving under his skin, his muscles twitching as he tried to tighten around Fenrir's cock, to make it just as good for his Alpha.

Fenrir moaned low in his throat, releasing a harsh guttural noise as he slammed his hips forward one last time. He bit down harshly on Remus' shoulder, unable to control himself, as he came hard into the convulsing body that was pressed against him. He was vaguely aware of the shaky breaths from the wizard that had stumbled across them but chose to ignore it for this brief moment of bliss.
Slowly, the world was coming alive around them again. Slowly, Remus was able to get the much needed oxygen back into his body. And after a moment or two, his eyes blinked wearily open to look down at the man pinning him to the wall. A soft smile tugged at his lips, gold flecked eyes drifted closed again as he fought to get his breathing back under control.

Words, thoughts, they were still just out of his reach, and his arms wrapped around Fenrir's neck. If the Alpha was going to move them soon, then he wanted to be ready. Even if he was exhausted enough to fall asleep right here against the stone.

The older werewolf kept himself still for a moment, gaining control of himself rather quickly. He shifted himself, pulling out of the warm body he had pinned to the wall. He glanced over at Sirius, meeting his eyes, and jerked his head to the side, in the direction of the bathroom. Fenrir gathered himself and moved his arms to wrap around Remus, hefting his weight and moving into the bathroom.

He heard Sirius walk in behind them, could smell the mix of feelings in the air, but no smell could overwhelm that of sex and lust and desire. Fenrir looked at the wizard and growled. "Turn on the water."

Sirius startled, moving to the bathtub to do as he was told. He turned the water on and watched as it slowly filled the rather large tub. He supposed it had to be large for Fenrir. A million questions entered his mind suddenly that had nothing to do with the situation he was in or what he just saw, but rather, what kind of magic was in place to allow running water here? He tested the water with his hand before he looked up at Fenrir and swallowed thickly. "The water's warm..."

Fenrir moved forward and nudged at Remus' cheek with his own. "It is time for a bath, Little One." He purred low, disentangling the younger man from around him and setting him down gently in the warm water.

Remus was already close to dozing when he heard the command, and the water turn on a moment later. That was odd. He didn't think Fenrir knew magic *that* well. The gentle nudge had Remis raising his head and he froze when he saw Sirius hunching over the tub.

How long had he been there? How much had he seen? The warm water seemed to burn as Fenrir set him down in the large bath, and he all but collapsed against the edge.
"Sirius?" he whispered, trying to keep his voice as nonchalant as possible. "How long have you been awake?"

"Uh... Not long, Moony." He crouched beside the bathtub and smiled gently, awkwardly. "You feeling alright?"

Fenrir rolled his eyes and stalked out of the bathroom. Now that the wizard was awake, Fenrir could cast a cleaning charm or two on his bed's furs. He was sure that Sirius wouldn't allow Remus to drown or do anything stupid, so he didn't mind leaving them be.

Remus watched as Fenrir left, feeling both hurt and relieved. He wasn't sure if he wanted Fenrir to hear the likely argument that was about to explode in his face.

"I'm fine. What about you?" He asked softly, cupping Sirius' face with one hand. "How are you feeling?" How much did you see? That was the question he really wanted to ask. But unlike the rest of his house, he was terrified of the answer.

Sirius leaned into the touch, shifting to move closer to the bathtub so Remus didn't have to stretch so far. "I'm good, Moony." He smiled gently, his voice was light, it held no malice or anger. It was just slightly laced with concern. "You sound off, are you hurt?" His eyes immediately moved to look at the fresh bite marks gracing his boyfriend's neck and shoulder. He looked back at Remus, noticing that the gold in his eyes was slowly going away. He kept seeing the little flecks of color amongst the hazel, but he didn't know what it meant.

Remus studied Sirius closely, his thumb brushing over his cheekbone. He didn't look angry, or frustrated or even hurt. He just looked concerned.

"No. Not anymore than usual." He took a deep breath before continuing. "I didn't want... you to find out like that." His head bowed slightly, ashamed. "I'm guessing he didn't put up the silencing charm like I asked him to."

"I dunno, Moony. Maybe it was just a bad one? I only woke up... when you were almost done." Sirius blushed faintly, "It's... It's okay, Moony. I get it. And you… already told me. So at least, there’s that?"

He did get it. Well, he was trying. He wanted to try now, after seeing the two of them together. It
was something else entirely than what he thought it would have been. He thought he would have felt angry or jealous - well, he felt a little jealous - or hurt. But he was more curious and concerned than anything else. Curious; Moony looks so beautiful pinned by Fenrir. He looks so lost in the moment and almost like he's not there at all, he's so buried in the pleasure. Concerned; but Fenrir could hurt him. Fenrir can do so much damage without even trying to and Remus was getting littered with new marks, what would that mean for them in Wizarding society? Would Remus - Could Remus still be accepted?

"I'm trying, Moony. Promise." He said, meeting his lover's eyes. "You said it's different because... it's a wolf thing. Something like that, you said it, yeah?"

Remus nodded, before shrugging. "Kind of. It's.... it's freeing, being with him. Because doesn't treat me like I'm about to shatter. He knows what my limits are, and he sticks to them. What you saw was... well, more or less typical. The entire pack knows were sleeping together, only because there are times we forget the silencing wards."

It was Remus' turn to blush now. "But still I know you're trying. And trust me when I say that Fenrir and I will have yet another conversation about manners. But I don't want to make this harder for you than it already is." Having more strength than before, he leaned forward to brush his lips against Sirius'.

"With you I can be Remus Lupin. With him I can be Moony. I love you both dearly because both of those people are me. Does that make sense?"

Sirius blushed and gave a small nod. “Yeah. Yeah, it makes sense, Moony. He... does he always hurt you? I don't think he has 'manners', you know. He’s-“ Sirius dropped off, trying to find a word that accurately described how he felt about the older werewolf. He ended up just finishing with “… him.”

Remus couldn't help it. He burst out laughing, the sound echoing of porcelain and stone. That comment was such a Sirius remark that Remus couldn't help but love him more.

"Most of the marks he makes heal normally. They aren't that big of a deal. And the... well, these." His free hand brushed the bond marks. "You remember when I got these. These are dark creature marks. It's going to look the same no matter how many times he bites them."

He smiled at his lover. "People already know I'm a werewolf, Pads. A few more marks won't do any permanent damage. I'm okay, really. Besides," Remus leaned closer, whispering in Sirius' ear so Fenrir couldn't overhear them. "I doubt he would seriously hurt me. If he does well, there are
ways to make him pay for it, aren't there?"

Sirius frowned, “Damn right. If he hurts you- really hurts you... I’ll make him pay, Moony.” He glanced over at the doorway, he couldn’t see Fenrir through it but that really meant nothing. He looked back at Remus, his brow furrowed. “I understand... sort of. I sort of do. With him I mean, it’s... you could have picked anyone else, Moony. That ginger bloke we talked to seemed nice?” He shook his head, dislodging that thought and plowing on to the next. “I want to learn more. About your life here. Will you let me?”

"Alec and I would never have worked. He’s a little too much like Pete for my tastes." He leaned back and gestured for Sirius to join him in the tub. He was far too exhausted to do anything sexual, so Fenrir wouldn’t have to worry about that. Not to mention Remus knew his lover loved baths.

"Of course. That is the entire reason why I convinced Fenrir to allow you to come." Once Sirius joined him, Remus leaned back against the tub with a contented sigh.

"What would you like to know?" He asked.

Sirius sat across from Remus in the bathtub. It was easily large enough for the both of them to be comfortable and stretch out if they wiggled around in the right way. He tapped his knee against Remus’ in a loving little gesture, just a little contact to let Remus know he was there. In every sense of the word.

He gave a little shrug, “Everything? I don’t know... well, I don’t know much of anything as far as the truth goes, do I? I know you. I know how the fulls make you. And that’s really it, innit? Everything else is just the bad shit we learned at school or stuff the Ministry and my mother drilled into my head.” He gave a soft smile. “I want to learn the reality. I want to experience it.”

Remus smiled and let his knee tap Sirius' in return. He loved moments like this. Comfortable, seemingly mundane moments that meant so much to him.

"Well, obviously we aren't the vicious monsters the ministry thinks we are. In fact, all we want to do is live out here in peace. Fenrir and Kurt do a lot to make sure the pack is protected and provided for."

“I already knew you weren’t.” Sirius smiled. He met Remus’ eyes. “Why’s the Ministry got it out for Greyback if he’s not the bad guy they say he is?”
Remus thought hard about his answer, choosing his words carefully. Because what he said now would determine how both he and Sirius saw the world from here on out.

"I think it's because then they would have to admit that they were wrong. That all dark creatures, no matter what species they are, are just as intelligent and capable of thought as they are." He met Sirius' gaze. "They see something in us that they don't understand. And whatever they don't understand, they fear." He reached out, tangling his fingers with his lovers.

"I'm not saying that all dark creatures are misunderstood. What I am saying is that, how can we ever learn to accept them as part of our world if we refuse to understand them? To even entertain the possibility that maybe they aren't as bad or as scary as the Ministry would want us to believe?"

Sirius squeezed Remus' hand gently. "They won't admit that werewolves are smart or... human."

He took in the man before him. His lover of so many years; the scars that riddled his body, both self-inflicted and dealt upon him by others, no one would see them as anything but what they were. Not those bites. Not with how severe they looked.

"They can't control you. Werewolves. They can't control Fenrir’s lot. And... Werewolves are strong and fast and... everything’s so much more than wizards. I bet it frightens them." He fell silent for a moment, realizing he had been rambling. He broke eye contact with Remus to glance at the doorway again. "But they seem peaceful here. It’s nice here. And... he saved those kids, didn’t he?"

"Yeah he did. They were turned and their parents abandoned them. They would have died if Fenrir hadn't taken them in." He smiled softly. "Everything Fenrir does is to protect the pack. Who is to say that the people, the wizards, he has killed weren't threatening one of the wolves, or the pack in general?"

Sirius gave a slow nod. "Yeah..." He understood. He has killed and injured his fair share of people in order to keep his friends, his family, safe during the war. Of course he could understand that.

He idly played with Remus’ fingers in his own. "I get where the Ministry sees what they see in him though. Especially since... well, even the Order has seen him working with Death Eaters. Maybe that will change now, since you helped them. Fenrir doesn’t have to obey Voldemort anymore."

"As much as I hope it will change, I don't think it will, Pads. I mean, look at me. Even within the order, I'm avoided. I think you, James, Lily and Pete are the only ones who actively talk to me."
It was sad, but he had long accepted this would be his reality once they left school. He knew this would happen, but it didn't stop the fire of oppression from burning in his gut.

"Moony..." Sirius squeezed his hand. His chest tightened at his lover's words, a wave of hurt washing over him. He knew what others thought of Remus; but Remus was the one that had to live through that. "Moony... Do you like it here? Are you happy here? Maybe... when this is all over... maybe we can- I mean, I-" He blushed faintly, "I don't mean to force myself to be included but I'm staying by your side, Moony. Maybe when this is all over, we can live out here. Near the pack. And you'll be happy, and you'll feel... accepted."

Remus couldn't respond for a moment. He knew how much Sirius loved the city, loved being around James and Lily, especially since Lily is expecting. He had never felt more torn in his life.

"I would never ask that of you, Sirius." He whispered, leaning forward slightly. "I know how much of a city boy you are." But oh, the image of living out here, of actually living here was... well, it would be heaven. Having Fenrir and Sirius with him.... It was a daydream.

Sirius let go of Remus' hand and reached to cup the werewolf's cheeks with his hands. "But your happiness is the most important thing to me. I can always apparate to the city if I miss it. But we can live out here, make a little cabin or something, yeah? It'd be nice. Right?"

"Yeah." He agreed, leaning into the hand. He could use the same reasoning. He could always apparate to the pack from the city, come and see them whenever he wanted. But there was something in him (Faelen probably) who wanted to take a more active role in the pack. Who wanted to help bring up and nurture the pups, to go hunting with Kurt and the others. To live off the land and be surrounded by people who understood.

"Yeah, that would be nice." He could already see it. The small cottage, with enough rooms for the three of them, if Fenrir could be convinced to spend a night or two away from the den. And Sirius... waking up to Sirius every day. "But I've already asked so much of you. I don't need anything more. Really."

Sirius gently stroked Remus' cheeks with both his thumbs; he smiled warmly. "How about we just... let it play out, Moony? Teach me about life here. About Fenrir and the rest of them. We'll go day by day, we don't have to plan years in the future."

He met Remus' eyes, the hazel was so warm and welcoming. Remus was his home, it didn't matter
where they were. He would miss Peter, James, Lily, and the new baby when it came. But they could always visit. There was nothing stopping the visits and fun they could still have. Sirius stroked Remus' cheeks again, a few times, running his thumbs over soft skin and prickly stubble.

"They've got to accept me here first, anyway, right? ... or, at least tolerate me."

Remus hummed, leaning forward to brush his lips against Sirius'. The water was beginning to cool and Fenrir had been quiet for way too long.

"Get the pups to like you. If they like you, everyone else will come around eventually. But in the meantime, we need to hurry. Fenrir has been quiet for too long."

Sirius looked over at the doorway quickly. “Do you think he’s doing something? Like- I don’t know, what does he do?” His brow furrowed, actually confused about what Fenrir could possibly be doing.

"Godric only knows.” He sighed, kissing Sirius again lightly before he began washing himself. The fact that Fenrir hadn't stormed in here was odd. But then again he could always be tending to the pack.

Sirius glanced around the bathtub and grabbed a bar of soap sitting on the edge. He started washing as well, trying to be rather quick. “He’s odd, yeah? Can’t get inside his head. I can only think of- you know, of what the Ministry would think he’s up to.” He laughed nervously, splashing water on his chest to wash off the soap.

"It takes time. But once you do, he's stuck there. Fair warning.” Remus grinned, motioning for Sirius to turn around and he began to wash the strands.

Sirius smiled, loving the feeling of Remus’ hands in his hair. “I kinda felt like he’s that sort of person. I’m already thinking about him quite a lot and... well, it’s been one day, innit?” He gave a small shrug of his shoulders. “He’s interesting. Scary, but interesting.”

"He's only scary if you believe him.” Remus whispered before kissing Sirius' cheek. He rinsed the ebony strands before standing up.

"Come on. We don't want you getting pruney."
Sirius gave a nod and stood up from his spot in the bathtub. He cupped his lover's face gently, kissing his lips softly. "Let's go see what that old wolf is up to?"

Remus hummed into the kiss before handing Sirius a towel. Since all of their clothing was in the other room, Remus wrapped the towel around his waist before leading Sirius back into the bedroom.

Sirius covered himself with the towel before following Remus. He let out a soft squawk when he saw there was a new person in the bedroom.
Chapter 26

Chapter by AnimalCops

Fenrir had tugged on low hanging sweatpants and had tied back his hair. He was having a low conversation with a man that was just a head shorter than he was, though almost equally as fierce looking. Sirius realized it was the second in command of the pack - Remus called him Kurt.

Fenrir obviously heard their footsteps and he whirled on them. His lip pulled back in a snarl. “You.” He moved forward, the air around him almost crackling with electricity at his ferocity. “You didn’t tell me you were fucking talking about magic. You were talking about him being like the fucking Stag!”

Sirius’ eyes went slightly wide. He whispered softly, “I didn’t tell him anything, Moony, I swear.”

“Of course you didn’t tell me, you dense whelp.” Fenrir snarled. “Kurt told me.”

“I didn’t say anything to him either!”

“Alec did.” Fenrir growled. “Kurt asked Alec what he had been talking to you about, and as you know,” he shifted his gaze to Remus, “he can’t lie.”

Remus stared at Fenrir in shock and confusion. Why was this a big deal? Fenrir had known about his friends. About they transformed into animals to help him on the full moon. This information wasn’t news to either of them.

"I believe I did tell you before. When we met the so called fucking stag in the woods." He spat the words Fenrir had used to describe his friend before continuing calmly. "I told both of you how my friends, plural mind you, transformed into animals to help me during the full."

His gaze then locked onto the Alpha. “Fenrir you know enough about magic to know that a wizard cannot turn him or herself into an animal without the use of magic.”

Fenrir reached forward, his movement a blurr. He wrapped a hand around Remus’ throat and slammed him into the wall beside the doorway to the bathroom. It all happened too fast and Sirius has hardly even noticed as the flashes of movement happened. But he was struck still by shock,
unable to react.

Fenrir held Remus to the wall by his throat. He leaned forward, teeth bared and snarling. “Do not treat me like a fool. I know what your friends and your Stag are. But you broke one of my rules. You were talking about magic.”

Sirius found himself shaking, voice caught in his throat. He looked pleadingly over at Kurt. Sirius knew this was, as Fenrir had put it, a matter between werewolves. But he so badly wanted to step in. But he couldn’t do anything other than get torn to shreds by Fenrir’s anger. He didn’t have his wand. Hell, even if he did, was he really a match for Greyback?

The grip wasn't enough to cut off Remus’ air completely, but was tight enough to be uncomfortable. He was used to this by now, and his hands didn't even bother to hold the slipping towel in place; instead he rose them up in a slight surrendering gesture. But he kept his expression and voice calm.

"I didn't think to stop that conversation. However, I apparently did not explain the rules clearly enough, and for that I apologize."

Fenrir growled low in his throat. He looked over his shoulder at Kurt and barked. “You’re dismissed.”

Sirius watched helplessly as the werewolf second in command turned and left the room, swinging the iron door closed after him. The wizard quickly moved over to Fenrir, setting a hand on the forearm of the hand that was wrapped around Remus’ throat.

“Fenrir,” Sirius breathed desperately, “Fenrir, it’s my fault. Please don’t hurt Remus!”

Fenrir met the young wizard’s eyes, the working amber eye was crazed and wide. “He took responsibility for your rule breaking when I agreed to let you come here.” He looked back at Remus.

"Sirius, it's okay." Remus' hands fell slightly, hanging parallel to his chest. His eyes never left Fenrir's face. "Can Kurt confirm if the pups heard any of it?" He asked softly, wanting to help Fenrir assess the damage."
“He did. And they know they can ask Alec shit. They know they get answers from him. Of course he told them *fucking everything*.” Fenrir snarled angrily, grip on Remus’ neck tightening a fraction. His hand twitching as though he was holding himself back.

“H- How can I fix it, Fenrir? What can I do?” Sirius asked quickly, “Tell me what to do.”

Fenrir turned his head sharply to look at Sirius, his eyes narrowed. With his mate in danger, this wizard was willing to offer himself up. Was willing to do whatever it would take to let Remus go. Wizards were weak. Mates were a weakness. The werewolf Alpha pondered it for a moment. And then, just as suddenly as he had grabbed Remus, he let him go. He took a step back.

Fenrir didn’t stop watching the wizard. “You will speak to the pups. You will tell them why you cannot do your magic here. You will explain to them why magic is not used except under *necessity*.” He jabbed a sharp claw at Sirius’ chest, breaking skin. “You will not allow them to get any fantastical ideas in their heads. They will *never* be able to become what *he* is.” He pointed at Remus with his other hand.

Well, shit. That's why he was so angry. Remus winced in guilt as Fenrir's hand tightened. He knew that Sirius was still new to all of this, and all of this was changing too quickly for him.

"Fenrir, please." Remus sighed, his throat hurt slightly but it wasn't unbearable. "There's no need to hurt him, okay?” He walked over, separating the two.

"He didn't know about Alec because I didn't tell him. I didn't think you wanted him to know those types of things just yet. It was a simple mistake, one that *we* will correct. But if you want or need to hurt something, then hurt me. Please. I can take it. He can't."

Fenrir snarled louder, meeting Remus’ eyes. “Your mate’s actions are your responsibility. You will speak to the pups as well. You will be the one to tell them no. You will be the one to tell them they can never learn magic at that school of yours.”

“Why...?” Sirius glanced between the two werewolves, his grip on the towel around his waist was so tight that his knuckles were white. He winced a little, shrinking back when he heard Fenrir’s louder growl.

"Because they're werewolves, Sirius." Remus met his mate's eyes. "Just because Dumbledore allowed me to attend, it doesn't mean that he will allow multiple wolves to attend. That is
something they won't be able to keep quiet about."

Sirius swallowed hard. “I didn’t- I didn’t think about that.”

“Wizards never fucking think.” Fenrir spat angrily. “Now I’ve got nine pups that are pestering everyone. Now I have a fucking bond mark I need to alter.”

Remus’ expression tightened. "Alec didn't do anything wrong Fenrir. He shouldn't be punished for this."

He moved closer to Fenrir, cupping his face gently. "I will take care of this, okay?” He whispered softly. "This is nothing that we can't fix. And the pups are smarter than you think. They know the difference between reality and fairytale stories. If they believe what Sirius told them was a fairytale, then they can talk about it all they want. We just have to make sure they don't believe it. Right?"

Fenrir grit his teeth. He fell silent for a moment, thinking it over. That amber eye locked onto Remus’ hazel before moving to Sirius’ grey, and back again. His voice was low and angry, a bite to it that sent shivers down Sirius’ spine, and he wasn’t quite sure why.

“If you can make them believe that... do it. Just get them to stop thinking they can learn magic. Half of them are fucking muggles, Little One. They can’t learn magic and my wolves do not like being the bad guys when it comes to the pups.” He growled, pulling away from Remus and running a hand over his face in frustration. “What a fucking mess.”

"I know, Fen. I know that. We will make this right again." He looked to Sirius and sighed. He loved his men dearly. But Merlin they could both be bloody block heads sometimes. He called for his clothes, and clothes for Sirius before starting to get changed.

"Is Kurt speaking with Alec?” Remus needed to know how many people they needed to speak with. "As for the pups, I can take them to the pools. We can make a fun activity out of it. But I do want to warn you, Fenrir. Claire and Jaime are showing signs of magic. What are you going to do if I convince them that magic is a fairy tale?"

“Don’t tell them all magic is. They’ve seen magic here. Some will learn the basics from Sophie.” He growled to himself, rubbing at his blind eye suddenly, aggravated. “Just make them believe your fucking wizard isn’t like the Stag. There’s no such thing .”
“No such thing as a person that can turn into an animal? Fenrir, you’re werewolves.” Sirius was confused, meeting the amber eye.

“You don’t fucking get it,” Fenrir said, moving forward threateningly, pushing past Remus to move closer to Sirius. “You and that Stag. You change with magic. We change through a curse. You control it, you keep your mind, your change is painless. How am I meant to explain to the pups? How do you want me to look them in the eye and tell them that other people don’t have their bodies rip apart to change? That they have to go through pain as their bones break, but you don’t?”

Remus’ expression hardened. He wanted to defend his mate but he couldn’t. Not when Fenrir was telling the truth. He nodded, and finished dressing.

"I will talk to them, Fen." He whispered into the Alpha's ear, hand resting reassuring on his shoulder. "No harm will be done." And if there was, then they would handle it then.

Fenrir tore his gaze from the wizard and looked at Remus; drawing back enough to search the hazel eyes. He cupped the younger werewolf’s cheeks and leaned forward, nipping at his bottom lip firmly.

Fenrir growled low, overprotectiveness suddenly in his voice. “They don’t know a change can be painless. This is all they know.”

"I know. And they have learned to love this life, just as I have." He smiled gently, as he held out his hand for Sirius so he would also feel included. "But did I not make the same mistake, when I first met them? And look how they turned out." His fingers tightened on Sirius' in reassurance. "They will soon forget this as well. You're a good Alpha. They know you take care of them."

Fenrir’s lip twitched and he glanced over at Sirius. “But they know he isn’t one of us. The pups are observant. They can smell him. He has the stink of wizard with nothing weighing it down.”

“Is... is there anything I can do?” Sirius asked cautiously, feeling more sure of himself now that Fenrir’s violence seemed to pass for the moment. The older man was unpredictable, and if Sirius was being honest with himself - he liked that.

Fenrir stood to his full height, crossing his arms over his bare chest. He shrugged slightly. “It is not like you can disguise your scent now that they know it. I did not plan for this to happen. You smell
like Voldemort’s lot. That’s probably not helping you with the pups. But now they think you change like they do.” He pinched the bridge of his nose, growling low and closing his eyes tightly. “But you don’t fucking change like they do.”

"Would his scent lessen? The more he is with us?” Because maybe if Fenrir marked him.... but no. A bite would turn him into a werewolf.

A thought hit him then.

"That might be to our advantage, Fenrir. Sirius will never be around the pack during the full moon. So even if you, Kurt, Alec, Sirius and I know that Sirius doesn't change like them? What's the harm of letting them believe that Sirius does change like them?" He then met Sirius' gaze. "If it's never brought up again, and they never see you transform, then wouldn't they just pass it off as he's a wolf but different?"

He looked back to Fenrir. "They listen to you. If you tell them that Sirius can change but they don't need to know how or why, would they really question you further?"

Fenrir frowned. “He does not smell like us. You want me to lie to the pups? To tell them that his magic changes him the same way our curse does to us?”

Sirius looked between them, not knowing what to do. He licked his lips quickly. “They... the kids don’t know that magic is painless, Fenrir. I never said if it hurts or not. I just... I just said I can change.”

Fenrir grit his teeth, clenching his jaw. “If you said nothing other than that...” He trailed off, looking in the direction of the iron door. His sharp claws drummed against his bicep. “They don’t know the details, then.”

Remus was about to respond when Sirius started talking. Well, that worked out then. Remus looked from his mate to his lover and back again.

"Don't mention anything else about it, Pads. Nothing, understand? Claire, Jaime, and Sam are the eldest and the smartest. They will pick up on the smallest inflection in your voice. Can you swear to us you won't mention animagi or shifting ever again?"
Sirius gave a rapid nod. “I swear it, Moony. I won’t say anything about it. You won’t hear a peep from me about animagi.”

Fenrir looked over at Remus. “You take care of the Pups. Tell them I sent you to talk to them. I need to alter Alec’s bond.”

That sounded painful, but Remus knew it was necessary. He made a mental note to do something nice for Alec afterward.

"Until you know more about the rules, Pads, let's just say that the topic of magic is off limits. If they have a question you don't know how to answer then send them back to Kurt or Fenrir." He looked to Fenrir for confirmation. "Is that correct?"

Fenrir gave a stiff nod. “Correct. That goes for anyone asking a question. Not just the pups.”

“Yeah.. yeah, okay. Understood.” Sirius said quickly.

Fenrir looked at Remus briefly. “Get dressed. Then go speak to the pups. Tell them what you need to tell them. Do not let them think they have a chance of leaving this place and being safe. The world out there? It’s an enemy. It will kill them given the chance. Don’t let them think they’re safe out there.” He turned and walked toward the door, opening it and slamming it shut behind him with an echoing bang.
Remus sighed, rubbing his forehead. Well, it could have gone worse. But at least this was fixable. The pups were much better than the older wolves. He could spin this. He knew he could.

"Are you okay, Pads?" He asked softly, once they were dressed.

Sirius dressed in the slightly too large clothes that Fenrir had thrown onto the bed furs for them. He looked at Remus, slightly wide eyed, with a blush tinting his cheeks. "I didn’t mean to, Moony. I really didn’t mean to do anything wrong."

"I know you didn't, Sirius." He smiled gently, leaning down to kiss his lover's lips. "I should have explained the rules better."

He took Sirius' hand. "Just like I can't physically attack Fenrir because of our bond, Alec really can't lie. To anyone. I suspect that's why the traitors were always questioning him. " He led them to the door and opened it softly.

"Just be mindful of what you tell them okay? They will never be able to have the life you do." Remus guided them to the pups' area, smiling when he heard their yells and laughter as they played. The older ones were helping the youngest keep up. There were so many now, at least nine and Remus cleared his throat to gain their attention.

Sirius watched as the lot of them paused in their playing when Remus made noise. A few of them stopped so suddenly, they tripped over their own feet. One of the oldest boys quickly moved to help them up.

A little girl with frizzy black hair moved closer to where Remus and Sirius stood. She was so small. Sirius forgot that people came in such small sizes sometimes. He thought she must be just around five. But she was definitely small for her age. She looked up at him with huge innocent green eyes and he felt his heart clench.

These children had to go through what Remus did? He reached out and took Remus’ hand in his, squeezing gently.
Remus smiled, and picked up small Jane as he guided the pups over toward a corner. "Alpha wanted me to speak with you. I know Alec has been telling you stories about my friend Padfoot here."

"Yeah! He can change like us!" Aidrien explained excitedly. Remus nodded.

"He can shift, yes. But Alpha wanted me to tell you to keep this a secret." He pressed a finger to his lips, meeting the wide eyes. "You can't ask to see him change, and don't tell any of the other wolves okay?"

"But why?" Claire, one of the older pups asked. She was nearing 11, and Remus wished he could see her off to Hogwarts.

"You don't need to know why, Claire. This is what the Alpha wants. And you know that he always does what's best for the pack right?"

One of the little boys nodded slowly. "Alpha does always."

Sirius took in the scene; Remus holding a child as if she were his own, with the group of other kids surrounding him, looking up at him like he's the most important thing to them. He swallowed hard. All these kids go through Hell, and their lives aren't going to get any easier. He had never considered what the kids would have to go through - they're just like Remus, but Remus had the chance to do so much more. These sweet children would never get that chance.

A tiny girl moved forward and tugged on Sirius' pant leg, looking up at him with big eyes that made Sirius think of a deer. "Are you gonna stay here?"

Sirius didn't know what to say, he didn't want to say anything wrong. He looked over at Remus, silently begging for help.

"That depends on Alpha doesn't it?" Remus smiled. He put Jane down before taking one of Sirius' hands and squeezing it. "But he'll come visit, just like I do. Now, enough heavy stuff. Who wants to play tag?" He asked and the pups cheered before running off. Jaime, fiery red curls and all, called back that Remus was it.

A smile curved Sirius' lips and he pulled his hand from Remus' grip. "You're it, Moony!" He
jogged off to join where the kids were all gathered a fair distance from the werewolf.

Fenrir watched the game of tag from a distance after he had finished with Alec, his features drawn tight. He always thought that Remus would make for a good caretaker; the pups loved him and he fell into step with them so easily. The wizard also was popular with the pups, and that surprised Fenrir slightly. The pups liked him, they swarmed him like thestrals on meat. But he stank of wizard. He wasn’t sure how the pups could handle that smell. It was too strong according to Fenrir’s sensitive nose. He much preferred when Sirius had been covered in Remus and his scents - marking him as werewolf property.

A low purr rose in Fenrir’s chest and he moved forward, silent as he always did. When he spoke, loudly over the giggling and squealing pups, Sirius jumped so suddenly he almost toppled over.

"It is getting late," Fenrir said, eye moving to look over the pups, "far past the pups' bedtime."

The little girl with the big green eyes looked over at Fenrir. She stomped her foot on the cold stone ground and stuck out her lower lip in a pout. “No, Alpha!”

Fenrir moved forward, entering the pups’ area and scooping the girl up in his arms. He nudged at her nose with his and let a low rumble of a purr escape him. “You’ve stayed up long enough, Little One. You can play with Remus and Sirius tomorrow, yes?”

She sniffled suddenly, her tiny hand touching Fenrir’s scarred cheek. “But.. what if they don’t wanna?"

Fenrir looked over at the two men that were among all the other pups. Remus was hushing a few and Sirius was looking very awkward, as though he wasn’t really sure what to do around children. The amber eye shifted back to look at the little girl in his arms. “They might be busy, we don’t know yet. But maybe they can make room for you. But you have to be good. All of you need to be good or Remus will not want to play.” He sent Remus a sharp look, urging him to speak up on the matter.

"That's right. If you all want to grow up big and strong like Alpha, then you need your rest." Remus ruffled Jaime’s flaming red curls before straightening. "And I promise I will stop by tomorrow okay? I'm not planning on leaving yet." There was a chorus of tired cheers before Remus and Sophie began to herd the pups to their cots.
Fenrir set the little girl in her cot and tapped her nose with a claw. She giggled and he couldn’t hold back a soft smile. “Rest easy, Little One. Tomorrow will be another day full of play and learning.”

She let out a tiny yawn, reaching out to poke Fenrir’s nose with a little finger in return. “Goo’night, Alpha.”

Fenrir stood back to his full height and watched as she turned on her side and curled into herself a little. Shifting his gaze to Sophie, he watched as she waved her wand and settled a silencing charm over the pups’ area so the talking adults outside of it wouldn’t wake them. Fenrir jerked his head to the side, silently telling Sirius and Remus to follow him out.

Sirius watched everything like an outsider. Well, he was one, he reminded himself. But it was so odd; watching the supposed evil cannibalistic werewolf leader act so sweetly with a child. He knew what his mother would say about such a thing. He knew what the ministry would say about it too. But he looked over at Remus, saw Remus act that way with the kids too. And his heart warmed. When Fenrir made to leave the kids’ designated area, Sirius took Remus’ hand in his and gently smiled at him.

He whispered, “C’mon, Moony.”

He didn't want to leave. He wanted to stay and watch them sleep. Because Merlin help the man who put them all in danger. Voldemort was amongst the top contenders, and Remus had never hated another man more. When he felt Sirius' hand in his, he turned and smiled softly.

He had never wanted kids. Not with the curse he had pumping through his veins. And yet....

And yet, now he felt like maybe he could. Maybe he could finally have the family that he always had dreamed about.

He followed Fenrir out to the main area, and saw it in a new light. It was no longer 'the Den.’ No... now, now it was home.

Sirius squeezed his hand, walking with Remus at a slow pace, watching Fenrir stalk ahead of them. The elder werewolf would occasionally stop to talk to someone or overlook a task that someone was doing. It was very odd seeing him like this now; when Sirius knew very well that Fenrir could snap at any moment. Could wrap one of his huge hands around Sirius’ throat. Could push him hard against the cold stone wall. Could pull his hair and bite at his skin.
He swallowed hard, a blush tinting his cheeks. Sirius shook his head quickly to dislodge the thoughts and he looked over at Remus.

“You alright, Moony?”

"Yeah." He nodded, sitting down alongside the fire and taking a plate of food. He offered the first to Sirius before taking one for himself. "I am." This... this was always how he wanted to live, even if he didn't know it when he was younger. This love, this acceptance and understanding. That was all he wanted. "Are you okay? I know the pups can be a handful sometimes."

Sirius smiled softly, turning to look at Remus. He leaned forward and kissed his lover’s cheek. “I’m great, Moony. The kids are all wonderful. This place is wonderful. You’re wonderful.” He let out a happy little noise, shifting on the makeshift bench, moving a little closer to Remus. “It’s all so different, but it's really nice here, innit? Peaceful.”

"It is. That's why I love it here." His eyes met Fenrir's from across the room and he couldn't but feel utterly happy. He never wanted to leave. But like all things, he must eventually.

Sirius’ gaze followed Remus’ and he hummed softly. “He’s acting different now.” The wizard said after a moment of comfortable silence.

Fenrir was across the fire from them, and he looked away from Remus when he noticed Sirius watching as well. The Alpha werewolf murmured something low to a pretty young woman before getting up and stalking over to Kurt. To Sirius, it felt like Fenrir was always moving, always talking to someone about something. No wonder Fenrir was always so testy. He was stressed.

"He always acts like this around the pack." Remus smiled gently. "This is the side of him I wanted you to see. Because when I saw him like this, then I knew everyone else was wrong." His fingers sought out his lover's, lacing with them as they ate.

Sirius picked at his food, finding it to be pretty tasty. He had his doubts, really. About all of this - about everything here. But Remus had been right. Sirius was warming up to it.

He gave a small shrug. "He's... nice? No." He shook his head slightly. "No. I wouldn't really say nice . He's just... He's... I'm not used to this. Seeing someone like him... like this . You know what I mean? Like," He set down his bite of food and waved his hand vaguely, not wanting to let go of
Remus' hand to do the movement. "He's got this weird energy about him that we should be scared of him. And then- then, he acts so nicely to those kids?"

Remus nodded, eating his own food. He knew exactly what Sirius meant. And it was good that his lover was conflicted because that meant his perspective was shifting.

"The pack knows that he will do anything for them. Just as they know that there are consequences if they go against him. He has to be both, Pads, don't you see? Without order there is only chaos. But a leader without compassion for those in his care is no better than Voldemort."

Sirius frowned. “Yeah...”

And he watched Fenrir closely from across the fire. As the big werewolf spoke in low whispers to Kurt. As he moved on to speak to a younger man, as he pointed toward the entrance of the cave and his lips curved into a frown. As he bared his teeth, obviously snarling in anger, and shoved past the man to go speak to a woman.

"Is he always like this? Always moving around and talking to people? Doesn’t he ever rest?"

"The pack is about to turn in for the night. He has a lot to check up on. Wards, making sure the pups are safe, knowing that the guards are taking their shifts, things like that." He took the plate that Sophie had made for the Alpha with thanks and made sure to set it aside. His own plate was used as a cover. He could heat it up for Fenrir later.

“Sounds like a lot.” Sirius mused, watching all the people putter around them. He looked over when the nice young lady that Remus had called Sophie walked over to them. She was the one that was helping with the children. Sirius smiled softly. "They act like you’re Greyback’s mum, Moony."

Remus chuckled, unable to help himself. "Well, I had plenty of practise with you lot, didn’t i?" He nudged Sirius' shoulder.

"Don't say anything but.... they know that Fenrir has a.... well, tendency to listen to me a little more than the others. Save for Kurt of course. If Sophie tries to hand him food hell dismiss it. But if I do it, I can at least get him to eat something."
"You're a great mum, Moony, so really, I can understand." Sirius smiled, leaning against Remus a little. "Does he not eat a lot? He's a huge bloke, you'd think he'd eat a ton."

"He refuses to eat until the entire pack has eaten. Sometimes there's food left, sometimes there isn't. I usually save some of my food for him, just in case." He leaned his head against Sirius', the exhaustion hitting him like a brick. "Sophie usually keeps a plate for him regardless. She's a good lass."

Sirius moved slightly, shifting himself so he could stroke Remus' hair gently. "She seems nice. She's nice to all the kids. She watches out for Fenrir, yeah? Did she used to, um... y'know, mate with him?" He rolled his eyes at himself, feeling stupid, but wanting to use the right werewolf terms. He wanted to show Remus he was learning and trying his best.

Remus hummed his agreement. "Save for the pups, I don't think there's a wolf in the pack he hasn't mated with." He closed his eyes, reveling in the fingers running through his hair. It would be so easy to fall asleep here, just like they used to.

Sirius felt a blush creep onto his cheeks. "Really? Is that just... an Alpha thing? Or is it more of a Fenrir thing?"

He ran his hand through Remus hair absentmindedly, gazing into the fire as he spoke. He noticed as people walked by; they were picking things up and it seemed like the activity was closing out for the day. Sirius wondered how late it was. There weren't any windows in the cave, obviously. He was sure it was getting late, he could feel that in his bones, he was so tired. The excitement of the day was crashing with his ever present anxiety about being in the werewolf Den.

Remus huffed out a chuckle, fighting to stay awake now. "That's a question you'll have to ask him."

He felt eyes on him, and Remus opened his to see Alec watching them. He smiled and gestured him to come over.

Sirius blushed a bit more, “I can’t ask him something like that, Moony.” He looked over at Alec as he walked over.

The strawberry blond, nervously made his way over to the two of them. Sirius noticed he had a new, vivid bite mark on his forearm. It looked like it hurt, and there was a bruise that was forming
around one of his wrists and around the bite itself.

Alec smiled softly. “Hello.”

"Hey Alec." Remus sat up straight, sighing as his back cracked in a few places. "I wanted to make sure you are okay." He didn't have to say anything else, Alec's reddening ears were proof enough.

Sirius moved a hand to rub slowly at Remus’ back when he heard the noise. He did it almost without a thought, putting slight pressure down to help soothe his lover.

Alec blushed and quickly looked away. His hand immediately moved to cover the new bite wound. “Of- Yes, of course. I’m fine, Remus. I’m okay. It’s okay.”

Knowing Alec couldn't lie, Remus didn't press the issue. Well maybe he could now to a degree, he would have to ask Fenrir if there were new boundaries for conversation with Alec. Still, Remus gave him a soft smile and reached over to ruffle the fiery curls.

"You know nothing's changed right?" He whispered softly. "Between you and Sirius and I?"

Alec whispered, keeping his voice low. "Alpha said... I got you in trouble." He glanced at them, eyes quickly meeting theirs before looking down at the ground again. "I- Well, I- I didn't mean to. Alpha- He said- Alpha said that the pups knew ."

"Hey, Alec look at me." Remus waited until Alec's tentative gaze met his own. "We are all to blame for that okay? I didn't tell Sirius what your bond meant. And he didn't know the consequences they would have. What happened was not your fault. Do you understand?"

"Plus, we can handle getting into a little trouble, yeah?" Sirius said with a soft smile.

Alec nodded quickly, his hand clutching at his skin over the new bite. He swallowed, licked his lips, obviously nervous, but he didn't pull his gaze from Remus'. His voice shook a little when he spoke again, "I understand... But, I didn't- No, but- I should have said something . Something-Something to make- to not know. If I don't know then I can't- then I don't have to tell people."
"We've already spoken with the pups, Alec. There was no harm done. And it is not your fault." Remus reiterated, making a mental note to speak with Fenrir later, possibly with Sirius so he knew.

"There was nothing more you could have done, Alec, don't you understand? It was not your fault."

Alec’s hand twitched suddenly and he couldn’t help but look down at the floor again. “What do- I don’t know what to do. Alpha- He is- Alpha is very protective. Over the pups. Always has- He has always been.”

Sirius shook his head slowly, “But that doesn’t mean you had to be punished for what happened.”

Alec shrunk back a little, trying to physically get smaller. “I had- I needed to.”

Remus frowned, looking up and spying Fenrir across the Den, still speaking with Kurt. Yes, they would definitely have to talk about this. But for now....

"Okay, but for now let's talk about something else. Alec have you eaten yet?” He signaled to Sophie who quickly brought over a small plate. "Eating will help, right?"

“No, I- Oh!” He took the plate that Sophie silently offered him and he blushed brighter. “Thank- Thank you.” He picked a little at the food, eating some of the meat that was on the plate. “I... how are you?” He looked at Remus and Sirius, trying to change the subject entirely.

"We are okay. I'm exhausted though, so I might turn in early tonight." He smiled softly, still feeling like there were weights attached to his eyelids. "But I can't leave Sirius out here alone now can I?" He grinned at Sirius. "This one is known for getting himself into interesting situations."

“Hey!” Sirius grinned playfully, “I’m not so bad that you have to give warnings to people.”

Alec gave a small shrug. “It has- It’s been a long day. Too much new. A lot of explaining, yes, Remus?” He licked at his fingers briefly, ridding them of the leftover sauce that they had cooked the meat in. “A lot of new. How long- When is Sirius going home?”
"Tomorrow most likely." But he felt bad, because it was his fault that so much was changing. It never would have if he hadn't joined the pack, if he hadn't fallen in love with Fenrir AND Sirius. If he hadn't insisted that they all found a way to live together. He had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep the guilt at bay. "But if he wants to, he'll be back sooner or later."

“Of course I want to.” Sirius looked at Remus. “I want to be here more, if that’s okay, Moony. To learn and see everything.”

Alec smiled softly, “You’re a good mate, Remus. To teach. To let him see.”

Remus shrugged. "Not always, but I try to be." He smiled, ruffling Alec's hair again. "You're a good friend. And an even better pack mate." He smiled and nodded to the food in Alec's lap. "Eat. It will help. Believe me. Food always helps." He actually wished he had chocolate, but that was one thing he couldn't transfigure.

The strawberry blond smiled softly and picked at his food once more, eating it in small bites. The wound on his arm still gave tiny sharp pangs of pain, but focusing on eating the meat and potatoes on his plate seemed to distract him from it, at least a little bit. Remus was his favorite person in the pack, and he hoped that the younger man wouldn't be going away for years again. Maybe he just had to drop his mate off with the wizards and then he would be back. Alec felt his ears grow hot as his blush deepened and spread.

He tore a rather big piece of meat into smaller chunks with his fingers; it was an anxious tic that he was able to hide easily in moments like this. "Do... Will you be going- Are you leaving again, Remus? Like last time?"

It broke his heart to hear it, because the pups had asked him the same question. Remus shook his head, but he tried to soften his next with a smile.

"I'm not able to stay full time yet. But I will be back much sooner than last time." He ruffled Alec's hair again. "I'll be back before you can miss me."

“I hope... not years again.” Alec mumbled softly, “Alpha- When you’re here- Alpha is more relaxed. Happier.”

“Relaxed?” Sirius echoed, a little shocked, “This is him relaxed?”
Remus couldn't help the chuckle. He loved Sirius, and watching his reactions to things was becoming more amusing than he thought it would be.

"Oh yes. Usually he's constantly growling and looking to be on the warpath." He clapped Alec's shoulder and squeezed gently. "But no, Alec. I won't be gone years this time. Like I said, I'll be back before you can miss me."

Sirius looked over at Fenrir, trying not to be suspicious as he did it. The werewolf leader looked angry as he ever did, and Sirius couldn’t imagine him being worse than that.

Alec smiled softly, giving a small nod, and he leaned slightly into Remus’ touch. “I’m glad. It’s good- I like having you around. Everything... it’s nicer. Brighter. You- nothing bad ever happens. You fix it. You always fix the bad.”

Remus wasn't sure about that. But he did know that Fenrir seemed more lenient when he was there. Not to mention that he never felt at home unless he was with the pack. Or Sirius, but even in downtown London, he still felt like an outsider.

"I do my best, Alec."

Alec nodded, finishing the last bit of food on his plate. He licked his lips of the taste of meat and chuckled softly. “You do well, Remus. Very well.”

“Yeah, Moony.” Sirius said, finally taking his eyes away from Fenrir. “Take the compliment. You’re a great pack member. Especially if you can calm the Big Bad Wolf.” He grinned playfully.

Remus nudged him hard in the ribs, frowning as Sirius laughed. Let him make fun now, but the moment Remus allows Fenrir to actually touch him, Sirius will certainly not be laughing.

Speaking of, Remus caught Fenrir's eye as he was passing through again. He lifted the plate of food, showing the Alpha that he indeed have some to be eaten. It was getting late, and Remus wanted Fenrir to eat before he collapsed from exhaustion.

Fenrir rolled his eyes when Remus held up the plate, but he stalked over to the three of them nonetheless. “... Hello.”
Sirius smirked, snorted a little, but held back the real laugh that almost slipped out. “Hey.”

Alec shrunk back a little, lowering his eyes. “Alpha.” He said the title in greeting, quickly meeting Remus’ eyes and giving a nod. “I will... I’ll see you around.”

And he was gone in a flash, leaving the area so quickly, Sirius would have thought he disapparated.

"I hope you didn't hurt him too much.” Remus muttered, low enough that only Fenrir would be able to hear him. It wasn't condescending, but more out of concern. He did like Alec, and hated it when he was hurting. He picked at his own plate, but would most likely end up giving the rest to Fenrir. "He looks more skittish than normal."

Fenrir sat on the makeshift bench beside Remus. It was the first time in several hours that Sirius had seen him stop moving. The werewolf Alpha took the plate of food that Remus saved for him and ate a good chunk of the meat on the plate.

Fenrir growled, voice as low as Remus’, “I had to re-bind him. He tends to struggle.”

Remus sighed before scraping the rest of his food on Fenrir's plate. "Did you at least tell him it wasn't his fault? He seemed to believe that it was." His voice remained soft, making it look like he wasn't speaking to the Alpha at all.

Fenrir purred low as Remus dumped more meat on his plate. “I do not lie to my pack, Little One. But, nevertheless, it should not happen again.”

"It's not a lie, Fenrir.” Remus turned to him now, watching him. "What happened wasn't Alec's doing. You bond him not to lie so when the pups asked about what Sirius told him, how is he supposed to tell them anything different? It wasn't his fault Sirius told him about magic."

“It was the whelp’s fault that the pups learned.” Fenrir snarled. “He should know better than to let himself get overwhelmed by them. Do you think this is the first time they have weaseled information out of him?” He picked at his teeth with a sharp claw, running his tongue over the area afterwards.
Remus couldn't argue that point, as much as he wanted to. But at the same time, he didn't think it was fair for Alec to suffer so much.

"Well, the blame still falls mostly on Sirius and I. So please don't punish him too harshly. And before you ask, no, he did not put me up to this."

“He already got what was dealt to him. I don’t intend to do anything else unless he acts up again.” Fenrir snorted.

Sirius opened his mouth, wanting so badly to speak up. But he closed it again quickly, teeth clacking together.

Remus nodded, accepting the statement for the promise it was and moving on. His heart went out to Alec, but if he knew one thing, it was that Fenrir always did what was best for his pack.

"Are the wards set up for tonight?" He asked, wanting to finish their duties and head back to the room. It was a battle to stay awake. And he wanted nothing more than to curl up and sleep.

Fenrir gave a small nod, finishing his meal. “Yes, and the guards are stationed.” He waved a hand at the cave’s entrance.

Sirius looked over at it and saw two rather large, intimidating werewolves standing with their backs to the rest of the pack. He wouldn’t want to happen upon them in the darkness of the forest, they looked big enough to snap him in half. He looked back to Fenrir when he heard the empty plate set down against the stone ground with a little clink. Fenrir stood up and stretched, arching his back enough that his bones cracked a little. Sirius winced automatically, not used to the sound even after being with Remus for so long.

“Are you two ready to turn in for the night?” Fenrir asked, amber eye falling on Remus.

Remus looked to Sirius before nodding. "We are. Today has been a very long day." Not to mention that all of the anxiety, all of the worry and concern was now slipping away. He had never expected to be here, with the two people he loved most in the world.

Sirius gave a nod as well, “Yeah. Definitely has been.” He stood up as well, holding a hand out for Remus.
Fenrir rolled his eyes at the little human gesture. “Come, then.” He growled, moving past the large fire and to his own private quarters.
Remus smirked, taking Sirius’ hand and following Fenrir back to his quarters. Once the metal door rang shut, Remus drew out his wand to conjure a small cot for them. He wouldn't expect Sirius to actually sleep with Fenrir, no matter how well things had gone earlier.

Fenrir let out a sharp rumbling growl deep in his chest, as he always did when magic stunk up the air. He shot a look over at Remus and Sirius before making his way over to his bed, dropping the low hanging sweatpants he had on, to reveal nothing underneath. It was his room after all, he wanted to be comfortable.

Sirius squeezed Remus’ hand, his eyes suddenly locked onto Fenrir as the older werewolf shucked off his clothes. His breath hitched a little bit. The muscle beneath Fenrir’s battle scarred skin moved like liquid steel and Sirius could hardly hold back a tiny noise of pleasure.

Remus turned at the growl, shaking his head a moment later. Fenrir knew what his plans were for tonight. It wasn't like Remus was whipping his wand out for everything. Just as a precaution he also cast a silencing spell upon the room. If anything were to happen, he was sure they would be told.

His head snapped back to Sirius when he heard the small gasp. His eyes shifted back the bed of fur.

"You don't have to sleep on the cot if you don't want to, Pads." He whispered softly. Paying Fenrir no mind at the moment.

Sirius licked his lips, they suddenly went dry. He tore his gaze from Fenrir and looked Remus in the eye. “I... Moony?” His voice cracked and his felt himself grow hot all over. “But we should?”

"But do you want to?" He asked again. He could smell Sirius’ arousal, knew how badly he wanted
this. It pleased him more than he could properly explain, making him lightheaded with excitement. But he would never push Sirius into something he wasn't comfortable with. Remus glanced over his shoulder toward Fenrir.

"Would you mind if we all shared your bed, Fenrir?"

Fenrir smirked, shifting on his feet to stand his full height. He inhaled sharply, taking in the tantalizing scent that was starting to fill the room. “I would never object to you sharing my bed, Little One.”

Sirius felt a shudder run down his spine and he let out a whimper of a moan.

Remus smirked, taking Sirius' hand and guiding him slowly from the cot toward the bed of furs. He was on the verge of being too tired to participate. But he could make an exception if it meant Sirius got to have fun.

"Just let us know if it's too much too soon."

“Yeah..” Sirius agreed breathlessly, moving forward with Remus.

Fenrir moved forward suddenly, crowding Sirius. The wizard backed up slightly, taking a single step backwards. He looked up at Fenrir, heart hammering in his chest.

“Your mate smells so sweet .” Fenrir purred, glancing over at Remus.

"Just remember the rules, Fenrir." Remus spoke through a yawn. The exhaustion was settling into his bones, but he so wanted to watch this. To make sure Fenrir didn't do anything that Sirius didn't want.

“You didn’t follow my rules.” Fenrir growled, stalking over to them. He stopped in front of Sirius, taking the younger man’s chin in his hand and forcing him to look up. The elder werewolf heard the hitch of his breath; could smell the hot and strong scent of arousal in the air. “Rules... are an odd thing, are they not?”
"Fenrir....." Remus frowned, crossing his arms over his chest. He wasn't about to stand by and let Fenrir mark up Sirius the same way the Alpha marked him. "You need his uninfluenced consent, remember?"

He knew how imposing Fenrir could be, knew how drunk Sirius got on arousal if he wasn't careful. Remus refused to let Fenrir ruin Sirius' dreams of being an Auror simply because he wanted to get off.

Fenrir purred low in his chest, “And there is, unfortunately, no chance of that.... look at your mate.”

Fenrir’s large hand forced Sirius’ head to turn this way and that. The wizard’s hands came up and clutched desperately at Fenrir’s forearm. Those grey eyes were glassy and the plump lips were slightly parted as Sirius took in a shaky breath. Fenrir moved his hand down from the man’s chin to trace a claw lightly over the pale column of his throat. Sirius shuddered, eyes locked on Fenrir.

“Your mate is so weak to pleasure. He submits so easily.” Fenrir smirked.

"I know he does." He moved closer to them, hand resting on Fenrir’s shoulder. "That is why I phrased the rule the way that I did."

Fenrir licked his tongue along his fangs, itching to bite the man before him. His single working eye followed Sirius’ own tongue as it licked dry lips. The younger man looked utterly lost in what he was feeling. The air was so thick with his scent, Fenrir was sure that it must be leaking out the door. The other wolves in the pack could no doubt pick up on the tempting smell.

The older werewolf curled his fingers around Sirius’ neck, “It wasn’t kind of you... to trick me like that, Little One.” He looked over at Remus.

"There was no tricking involved, Fenrir." Remus responded coolly. "I just know my mate very well. I also know you. So before you start, you have to have his uninfluenced consent. Otherwise, we will take the cot."

He met Fenrir's gaze."He is not a member of the pack yet, Fen. You are not allowed to mark him as such without his permission. You do have to remember that he needs to be able to function in the wizarding world without suffering our prejudices."
“And that’s why our society is so much better.” Fenrir’s hand squeezed out of reflex when he snarled angrily. Sirius gasped, eyelids fluttering closed.

"Fenrir..." Remus growled, his hand tightening on Fenrir's shoulder. If protecting his mate meant fighting against the bond than so be it. He knew Sirius. In this state, Sirius would agree to anything. Be anything he needed to be just to make his partner happy. As nice as submissive Sirius was, Remus wasn't going to let Fenrir use and abuse that to get what he wanted. "I'm not disagreeing with you. But I have not heard Sirius give his consent yet. And until he does, you cannot do anything to him."

The elder werewolf snorted, relaxing his grip on Sirius’ throat, but not pulling his hand away. His eyes narrowed slightly. “What do you say, Little One?” Fenrir purred low, stroking his thumb against pale skin.

It took Sirius a moment to realize that Fenrir was talking to him. His head was pleasantly fuzzy and he felt warm all over. He licked his lips, hazy eyes searching the two men before him. “Please...” His voice came out in a rasp that surprised even himself. “Fenrir... Moony... please...”

"Please what, Sirius? You need to be very specific about what Fenrir and I can do." He held his mate's gaze, trying to make him understand the severity of the consent. "Is there anything you don't want us to do? Places you don't want marked?"

Sirius swallowed hard and Fenrir could feel the bob of his Adam’s Apple against his palm. The werewolf purred low but didn’t make a move.

“I...” He paused, thinking before speaking up again. “You.... just don’t bite...”

Fenrir growled low, clearly displeased. But he made no violent movements to act out on that displeasure. Sirius vaguely thought that he was behaving himself for Remus in that instant. The wizard held back a little chuckle that wanted to escape at how tame Remus made the scary werewolf Alpha.

"Is there anything else?" Remus prompted, his fingers so slowly relaxing against Fenrir's shoulder. "Anything at all. You need to be explicit, Pads." He knew what Sirius wanted and didn't want. But the whole point was for Sirius to say them. He could tell Fenrir exactly where to best mark the skin, where the wounds and bruises would be hidden by the wizarding cloaks. But Sirius was the one who needed to explain that. If he didn't... well, there was nothing that Remus could do to stop the Alpha from doing whatever he wanted.
Sirius’ fingers gripped at Fenrir’s arm a little tighter, blunt nails scratching lightly at his skin. Those hazy grey eyes, so dark with lust, met Remus’ hazel. He whined softly, “Moony, please ....”

He just wanted more, his mind was screaming for it. Why was Remus not giving him more? Why was Fenrir just standing there. Sirius had said what Remus wanted. Now he wanted more. He wanted everything that the two werewolves could give him. He wanted their rough, feral, heated desires focused on him.

Sirius blinked a few times. “Just.... nowhere that can’t be covered, Moony.”

Remus nodded, looking to Fenrir. "With a robe, Fenrir. It must be able to be covered with wizarding robes. Other than that." He smirked, semi gold eyes flashing at Sirius. "Be my guest.”

Fenrir moved in an instant, as though those words released some sort of hold on him. He stepped forward, causing Sirius to stumble back several paces. Until the Wizard was pressed harshly against the stone wall near the bed. Fenrir snarled, baring his teeth, gnashing them, still angry that he couldn’t bite. He wanted to taste that so-called pure blood.

Sirius gasped, his eyes fell half closed at the press of the stone through the ragged shirt he was wearing. “Moony...” he whispered, even though his eyes were locked onto Fenrir’s.

His eyes rolled upward, a small sigh left his lips as he moved to follow them. "You know, Fen, it's best that you don't scare him. Otherwise, he might not want to come back." He slid to their sides, sitting on the edge of the bed by the pillows and taking one of Sirius' hands.

Fenrir leaned forward, pressing his face to the crook of the younger man’s neck. He inhaled sharply, feeling a shudder run down his spine. “He doesn’t smell afraid.” He licked at the younger man’s neck, tongue skimming the pale flesh that wasn’t covered by the werewolf’s own hand.

Sirius sucked in a deep breath, trembling at the feeling of Fenrir’s mouth on him. He let out a desperate moan, his hands twitched. One of them squeezed Remus’ hand, the other dug blunt nails into Fenrir’s muscled arm.

Remus didn't respond. Instead, he raised Sirius' hand to his lips, kissing the palm gently. He knew that Sirius would fall prey to the pleasure Fenrir could and would provide, just as he had. But there was nothing stopping him from having some fun as well.
Fenrir clenched his jaw, his urge to bite was almost overwhelming. He pulled back, releasing his grip on the younger man’s throat and feeling the wizard’s grip fall from his arm. Sirius stared at him; his lips were parted, a little flush to his cheeks, his pupils blown so big that the grey of his eyes was almost gone. Fenrir felt a bloom of pride in his chest that he caused this.

He shifted, manhandling the wizard to pull off that tattered, old t-shirt that he had found for him. He threw the fabric to the ground and purred loudly, moving forward to draw his claw down the length of Sirius’ torso. He wasn’t given permission to bite, but no one told him he couldn’t draw blood. A few droplets of crimson came to the surface of the claw mark and Fenrir dove in to lick them up eagerly. And he moaned low. It was like an overly expensive meal; like a delicacy he was rarely permitted to taste.

Remus hummed the moment he smelled Sirius' blood in the air. Looking up, he watched as Fenrir licked the pearls before they could stray too far. He wanted to say something, but Sirius never said that they couldn't make him bleed. Remus had tried to tell him. But maybe now he will know. As long as Fenrir didn't mark him where the wizards could see, then it would be okay.

Sirius let out a low groan, his chest stuttering with the little breaths he was taking in. Long fingers found purchase in Fenrir’s inky black hair, tearing strands from the tie that held it in a ponytail. The elder werewolf growled in response, but something in Sirius told him it wasn’t an angry growl. That soft tongue continued to lap at his chest even after Sirius was sure he had stopped bleeding.

Sirius looked over at Remus, whispering low like his words held a secret he shouldn’t speak aloud, “Moony.... he looks so fuckin’ good like this...”

"I know.” Remus responded with a smile, his gaze switching to the Alpha before him. "Now you understand why it was so hard for me to resist him." He moved his lips to Sirius’ inner wrist, scraping his teeth against the skin.

Sirius gasped, fingers twitching as a shock of pleasure raced through him. He leaned his head back, a little harder than he meant to, letting it thump against the stone of the wall.

Fenrir smirked, licking his lips free of the wizard’s blood. He stood to his full height once more and licked a path up Sirius’ neck to purr in his ear. “You look good too, Little One.”

He certainly wasn’t expecting the violent shudder that resulted from his words. The full bodied tremble that caused the wizard’s knees to buckle and almost made him collapse.
Remus huffed out a laugh, allowing Sirius' hand to slide free as he laid back against the furs. Watching the two was just as arousing as being in the middle.

"Might want to help him, Fen, before he slips away."

Fenrir took a firm grip of Sirius’ shoulder with one hand to pin him against the wall. The wizard gasped softly at the strength of his grip. He dug sharp claws into the meat of Sirius’ shoulder, not trying to leave marks, but the claw of his thumb drew blood anyway. The little rivulet of crimson carved a path on pale skin that drew Fenrir’s attention immediately. He watched it for a moment before moving and licking it up greedily.

Sirius moaned, looking up at the ceiling. He mumbled almost as if Fenrir wasn’t there. As though he were only speaking to Remus. “Moony... oh *fuck*, Moony, his tongue....”

This was so much more amusing than Remus ever thought it would be. They had always had a very active relationship, but Remus knew that Fenrir could do things that Remus couldn't. Or wouldn't.

Fenrir gave a last lick and pulled back, leaving Sirius panting and flustered against the wall. The elder werewolf looked over at Remus and smirked. “Your mate is vocal. I like it.”

"Oh yes. Much to our flatmate's distaste." Remus shifted into a more comfortable position, watching the two closely.

"But I've already put up the silencing spell. Sirius can be as loud as he wants."

Sirius gasped a little, “Good.”

Fenrir ran a hand through his hair, pulling out the tie that held it back. He locked eyes with Remus and purred. “Do you want to play too, Pup?”

Part of him did. But at the same time, he was *so tired*. But seeing Sirius like this..... he sat up, looking at Fenrir.
"Do you want to share?"

A smirk flickered across Fenrir’s lips. He purred, still speaking to Remus, but turning his attention back to Sirius. “I have some... ideas.”

Sirius moaned, almost desperately, at the words. His hands moved to hold onto Fenrir’s shoulders and he whispered. “You can share... you can share me with Moony, Fenrir.”

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?” Fenrir growled, leaning forward and scraping his fangs against Sirius’ jaw. He made sure it was light enough. Made sure there would be no marks, no matter how badly he wanted to sink his teeth into the pale flesh. “You want to be held down by two strong werewolves, don’t you? Such a filthy wizard.”

“Fen- Fenrir...”

“You just want to dirty that pure blood of yours.” The werewolf growled, dragging a sharp claw down Sirius’ side, causing the scent of iron to become stronger in the air.

"Oh?" Remus stood, coming over to them and watching his mate trembling like a leaf. "And what might those ideas be?" He could certainly imagine. Between Alec and Kurt, he knew some of what Fenrir was into. But he had no idea what he would want to do to a pureblood.

Fenrir reached for the younger werewolf, causing Sirius to let go of his shoulders. Fenrir touched his cheek with clawed fingers, leaving blood along the years old scarring that Kurt had left on Remus’ face. "Your little mate... he likes feeling this way, does he not? Likes feeling powerless? Likes being controlled?"

A soft whimper of a moan passed Sirius’ lips and he pressed himself against the wall, hands shaking at his sides. Blunt nails scratched lightly at the stone behind him as he watched the two werewolves before him. He didn't trust himself to speak. It was bad enough that he had the fleeting thought that he was going to burst into flame as the heat of arousal licked at his bones.

And the sight and smell of the noble born wizard made Fenrir purr louder, the noise ripping from his chest.

"You could say that." Remus answered, catching Fenrir's hand and licking his fingers clean. The
taste of his mate's blood on his tongue was heavenly and he sighed in pleasure.

"But that still doesn't answer my question.

"I want you to do it." Fenrir shifted to lick the blood off Remus' cheek. "I want you to act your nature. I want to see you pull his hair. I want to see you lick his blood. I want to see you fuck him."

The elder wolf bit sharply at Remus' ear before purring low. "I so badly want to fuck your mate against my wall, Little One. But I will not be able to stop myself from biting."

Remus couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. He knew what it took for Fenrir to share. But for Fenrir to watch? To not participate? that was not something that he was expecting.

"You want to watch..." It was a statement, not a question. And Remus wasn't sure if he would believe the answer even when he heard it.

"And.. you'll allow me a taste." He purred low, reaching over and dragging his hand down Sirius' chest and stomach, his claws catching a few times and drawing blood at random spots. "Of him or of you... I'm not picky."

Sirius shuddered, he wanted to close his eyes; he was so overwhelmed by what was going on. But he couldn't stop watching what was happening before him. The two werewolves - strong, powerful, could throw him through a wall - were talking like he wasn't even there. He moaned softly, wanting more attention, wanting more than the tickle and light prick of Fenrir's claws. He wanted their attention on him. He wanted their eyes on him. He wanted them on him.

Fenrir twitched at the noise, that amber eye moving to stare at the wizard. He moved his fingers, smearing blood lightly against pale flesh. He licked over his fangs with his tongue. "Listen to the desperate noises your mate is making, Little One. Delicious."

Remus hummed, his hands cupping Sirius' hips to make sure he didn't fall when he and Fenrir switched places. In no time at all, he was the one bressing Sirius back against the stone.

"You have a say as well, pads. What do you want?" His hips moved slowly, grinding against Sirius' in a slow circle. "You want to be taken here?" Remus' lips nipped their way along the sharp jawline.
"Or on the bed?"

“OhdearfuckingMerlin,” Sirius gasped in a single breath. His hands quickly moved, one wound its way into Remus’ hair and the other grasped at his shirt. “Moony...”

“Use your words ,” Fenrir growled, fingers twitching but restraining himself. Maybe this was a bad idea, but he wanted to test his own resolve. He did swear to his beautiful little Pup that he wouldn’t bite the wizard, and if he were to be tempted and accidentally mark him... well, Fenrir doubted that Remus would be pleased with that.

*But his blood. It tasted so good.* His Wolf reared up in his mind. Something that didn’t happen often, something that was a treat. And Fenrir merely responded with a rumbling purr deep in his chest.

Sirius was watching them both, his eyes flicking between them. “Moony... *here.*”

The moment he decided, Remus closed the distance between them. He kissed his lover hard while his hands dipped below Sirius' thighs to lift him up. It was much too easy to pin him against the wall, and he couldn't help the soft moan when his hips pressed flush against Sirius'.

They were both wearing too much clothing. Pulling apart to breathe, Remus whispered the spell against Sirius' skin, vanishing the clothing to the far sides of the room.

Sirius let out a desperate moan against Remus’ lips. As soon as his lover lifted him, he wrapped his legs around the werewolf’s waist. Once their clothes were gone, he rolled his hips, grinding his cock against his lover. Sirius broke the kiss with a gasp, arms wrapped around Remus’ neck, one hand firmly staying in his hair.

“*Moony ....*” He moaned, cheeks flush with arousal. He wanted to stay in this moment forever.

Remus bit the skin of Sirius’ neck gently, right over the bond mark that he made the night before before whispering the spell to make his fingers slick. God bless Sirius and his shortcut spells. He thrust the first finger into his lover, nipping the skin of his shoulder hard at the same time.

Sirius moaned loud - Remus said he didn’t have to hold back after all. He finally let his eyes fall shut and his head tip back, losing sight of the two others in the room. His nails clutched desperately
at Remus, fingers tugging at his hair. Sirius’ hips pushed back against his lover’s fingers, wanting more.

His voice cracked, “Remus!” He could feel that amber eye on him, it made him feel like prey. A shudder shot through his spine and he let out a long drawn out moan. “Fenrir...”

Remus smirked against the skin. Part of him was annoyed to hear Sirius calling out the name of the Alpha. But he was more amused by the situation. This was going so much better than he had dared to dream. And he couldn't wait until he felt Sirius pressing against him, sheathing him. He added a second finger, teasing that bundle of nerves that would make Sirius writhe.

Sirius felt a shudder run through his body. His legs around Remus pulled him closer and his nails scratched uselessly against skin. He couldn’t stop the whining groan that ripped itself from his throat - but he tried. He bit down on his lip a little too hard, drawing blood to the surface.

Fenrir was by their side in an instant. He quickly grabbed at the wizard’s slick black hair in his fist and pulled his head to the side. The werewolf leaned in and licked along Sirius’ lower lip, catching the falling blood on his tongue. He let out a loud, dominating growl of a moan that Sirius could feel shake his very bones.

Remus leaned back when he felt Sirius' head suddenly jerk to the side just in time to see Fenrir licking the blood away from the small punctures.

He added the third finger, trying not to let on how hot it was to see Fenrir licking Sirius' skin. The air felt too thin, and all to soon he felt like his lover was ready.

"Ready?" He asked softly against Sirius' ear, sliding his fingers from Sirius' body.

"Please..." Sirius whispered against Fenrir's lips. His legs pulled Remus closer to his body. "Moony..." He looked at Remus as well as he could from where his head was trapped by clawed fingers.

Remus' hand joined Fenrir's in Sirius' curls, tugging his head back to reveal more of his neck. His free hand lifted Sirius' hips, waiting a breath before sliding in. It felt so much better than it had before, he wasn't quite sure why. Maybe it was because he felt Fenrir's eyes on him, the Alpha scent gliding against his senses.
Sirius let out a deep moan, back arching, hips pushing down against Remus’ cock. He gripped so hard onto Remus’ shoulder that his blunt nails drew blood. A pleasure laced sob of a moan ripped from his throat with a garbled mixture of both werewolves’ names.

Fenrir purred in delight, taking a step back, watching Sirius and Remus’ mating. They looked good together. Sirius’ porcelain white skin pressed tight against the tanner, more battle worn werewolf. But they were both desperate and needy in their movements. It made Fenrir smirk, tongue smoothing over his fangs. They acted like overzealous teenagers with their sharp thrusts and their clawing hands. Sirius’ loud, keening noises were music to Fenrir’s oversensitive ears. He would happily go deaf if those noises were the cause.

“Moony!” Sirius gasped, a sudden shudder wracking his body.

He started moving, slowly at first before picking up speed. His teeth found his mate's neck again, teasing the mark that was still so fresh he could taste it. Everything else in the world was forgotten; only the sounds falling from his mates lips mattered.

Remus couldn't stifle the muffled groan when Sirius tightened around him, pulling him closer. One hand braced against the stone behind Sirius’ head if only to dive into his mate harder. But some part of him knew there was an audience so he slowed the thrusts, drawing them out as long as he could stand.

As Fenrir studied the men before him, he smirked when he noticed Remus visibly shift and begin to move slower. Less desperate, trying to gain his control. But Fenrir knew all too well the feeling of losing himself when buried within his mate. He knew exactly how much effort and concentration it was taking Remus to move slower.

Fenrir moved closer, leaning in to purr in Remus’ ear, speaking loud enough that the younger werewolf could hear him over Sirius loud moaning. The older werewolf nipped sharply at Remus’ ear.

“Little One, give your mate what he wants.”

Sirius trembled at the words, his hips pushing down, trying to take in more of Remus’ cock. “Moony... please .”

Fenrir chuckled darkly at Sirius’ desperation. “You’re making your mate suffer just so you can
The bite caused a shudder to jolt down his spine, pushing a main through his lips. He glanced over to Fenrir, semi-gold eyes meeting their sire's. He thought Fenrir wanted a show. But if he was more interested in seeing Sirius come apart.....

The grip on Sirius' hips shifted, lifting him higher before he slammed in again, aiming straight for the bundle of nerves that would give them all what they wanted.

Fenrir purred deep in his throat, pulling back from Remus as the younger werewolf picked up his pace. That amber eye grew alight with desire as the wizard’s head was tossed back with so much force that it made a dull thump against the stone wall. For a wizard, for how much Fenrir despised wizards; this one looked good enough to eat. And so badly did Fenrir want to take a mouthful.

He ran sharp claws teasingly down Remus’ side, settling a firm hand on his rocking hip. “Good.” Fenrir purred, watching as Sirius gasped out his pleasure. “You make him look good, my pet.”

The build came upon him suddenly, curling in the pit of his stomach like a hot coal. He didn't have to see Sirius to know what he looked like. Head back, neck arching. Hazed, grey eyes near black with lust that were half closed and lips open to let every single sound fall through. The image in his mind's eye made it harder to hang on, pushed his control that much tighter. Fenrir's words in his ear weren't helping either, neither were the nails digging into his side. But Remus would be damned if he fell first.

The hand that wasn't holding Sirius steady slipped between them, stroking his mate's cock in alternating time with the thrusts. Just like Sirius loved it. It wouldn't be long now, and part of him wished that Fenrir would cease his teasing and fuck him already.

Sirius let out a sharp noise when Remus' calloused fingers curled around his cock. He hissed through his teeth, hips fucking up into his grip before pushing back down against the werewolf's cock buried inside him. He couldn't hold himself back; he came on their stomachs with a sharp cry of Remus' name, painting their skin with white.

The older werewolf shuddered. That noise was so akin to a howl, it sent a thrill through Fenrir's bones. He snarled, moving to bite down hard on Remus' shoulder, blood filling his mouth, the scent of iron seeping into the air.
Remus only had a moment to savor the sight of his mate coming before there was a sharp bite on his shoulder. The pain, mixed with Sirius tightening around him, had his control snapping. He spilled into Sirius, hips stilling as the very energy seeped out of him. If he had been tired before.....

The silence was broken only by their harsh breathing, Remus resting his head against Sirius' shoulder as the residual pleasure bounced up and down his spine.

Sirius fisted his fingers against Remus' skin, holding on for dear life. His breathing was shaky and quick and Fenrir thought vaguely that he might faint.

The Alpha soothed the wound on Remus' shoulder with his tongue, licking the blood, savoring it. He stroked himself slowly, twisting his hand just slightly, careful of his claws. He had Remus assaulting all of his senses with just a hint of Sirius in the background. The sharp tang of Remus' blood in his nose, mixed beautifully with the young werewolf's musk. Sirius' light smell floated in the back of his mind, making him purr. His tongue moved slowly over salty flesh, and his hips jerked forward into his fist.

"Remus..." Fenrir groaned low, fangs scraping lightly against Remus' shoulder.

Hearing his name fall from Fenrir's lips pushed a low moan from his lips. He was too tired for this, too spent and yet hearing his name caused him to twitch. His head turned on Sirius' shoulder, brown eyes black with lust meeting Fenrir's.

"Say it again." He whispered, his hand slipping from Sirius' cock to wrap around Fenrir's. His hand moved slowly, drawing out each and every stroke while remaining buried in his mate.

Sirius cracked his eyes open and looked over; his breath hitched in his chest at the sight. Licking his lips, Sirius kept his eyes on Remus' hand.

Fenrir growled, his own hand moved away from his cock when Remus reached out. Bracing himself, one hand pressed against the stone wall and the other dug sharp claws into lightly tanned skin, drawing blood. The sharp metallic tang clashed with the lust-smell in the room. And Fenrir's moan fell from his lips, low and deep, a harsh grating noise that ripped from his throat.

He bucked his hips sharply, voice rumbling, growling again as the younger man wished. "Remus..."
He never broke eye contact, his fingers tightening as they twisted. He was already half hard again, watching Fenrir fuck into his hand, his name on his Alpha's lips. The pain of the bite had settled into the back of his mind, much more focused on every single emotion that flickered behind the golden eye. There was no doubt that Fenrir was a master at hiding his, Remus doubted Sirius would be able to recognize them before they were gone. But he could. Remus saw every single one.

Hearing his name again and again made it impossible not to react. Even if his hips stayed tortuously still, his hand continued to move, his thumb brushing the head of Fenrir's cock on the upstrokes.

Fenrir snarled, gnashing his teeth. His hips rocked faster, fucking into Remus' hand. He turned his head to the side sharply, sinking his teeth into Remus' neck once more as he came. As his mind went blank at the rush of pleasure and the taste of blood, he leaned forward slightly, fangs still deep in tanned flesh.

He breathed heavily for a moment, panting against Remus' shoulder. He pulled back, licking his lips, lazily watching the crimson fluid drip down the younger werewolf's shoulder.

The Alpha wolf purred softly, his voice rough but pleased. His lips moved gently against the shell of the younger man's ear. "Remus...."

The bite had pleasure shooting through him, a moan falling from his lips. His head fell back, giving Fenrir all the room he wanted. And then....

The moment he heard his name he came, spilling into Sirius once more with a cry. Remus' eyes drifted closed, his breath coming out in harsh pants. It was too much, and he was all but boneless against his lovers.

Sirius gasped out, digging his fingers into Remus' skin. He moaned low, trembling slightly. "M-Moony..."

"Remus." Fenrir said again, wanting the attention that was going to be focused on the wizard. He pressed his face to the crook of Remus' neck, slowly disentangling the wizard from around Remus.

Sirius gasped softly as Remus' cock slipped out of him, and he braced himself against the wall as his legs trembled beneath him. "F- fuck..."
His legs threatened to collapse beneath his weight, his muscles trembling with the effort as his arm wrapped around Fenrir for support.

Never before had he been so bone wearily exhausted in a way he viewed as positive. There was always the painful exhaustion that hit him after a full, but this....

He leaned against Fenrir, his eyes closing as he tried to remain upright.

Fenrir purred low, wrapping his arms around Remus to support him. He glanced at the wizard, meeting his eyes. “You stay put.”

Sirius gave a small nod. He watched as Fenrir scooped Remus up in his arms. Like Remus was weightless. Like he was just a feather in his arms. The big werewolf moved to the bed and placed Remus down onto the furs. He leaned down and nipped gently at the younger man’s ear before standing up again.

Sirius couldn’t help his little startle as Fenrir stalked back over to him. He looked up at the man, meeting that cold dead eye. And he swallowed hard, biting his bottom lip and trying to keep calm.

“Fenrir..?”

The werewolf huffed, moving abruptly and scooping Sirius in his arms as well. He moved the young man over to the bed and settled him down beside Remus. Fenrir didn’t say anything, but that purr grew louder and more fierce. A growl that dared them to remark about how soft he was acting.

He made himself furious sometimes.

The moment he hit the furs, sleep was pulling him under. He made a soft sound at the nip, turning his head toward the Alpha before stilling again.

He knew he should say something about Sirius. Something, because surely the three of them could not sleep comfortably on the large bed. But then he felt the furs dip, felt Sirius being laid down beside him and he smiled.
Fenrir was being far more kind than Remus deserved. Turning onto his side, he wrapped an arm around his mate's waist and was asleep before he drew the next breath.

Fenrir watched them; that amber eye trailed over their forms for a short while before he glanced over at the cot on the other side of the room. Fenrir didn’t know why he was offering up his bed to a whelp and his mate. To people that didn’t deserve it. But Fenrir shook those thoughts from his head and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Kurt would laugh. Kurt would find this hysterical. Fenrir was whipped. Why was Remus in charge? Why was Fenrir so close to giving up his own bed? His right as pack leader?

He took a step back. He could take a shower. He could just think while they were asleep.

But he noticed the grey eyes peering at him. The wizard was awake.
Fenrir growled. “Sleep, Wizard.”

Sirius watched Fenrir for a long moment, watched as the man seemed to have some internal struggle before noticing he was being watched. It was.... very unFenrir-like.

Was this what Moony was talking about? Seeing a different side of the Alpha?

"I can't." He whispered, not wanting to wake Remus. Then again, he was sure that even James' exploding dung bombs wouldn't be enough to wake him at this point. "You see, unlike Moony, I'm energized after sex. Sleep is near impossible."

Fenrir snorted, crossing his arms over his chest. “You are more wolf than your mate.” He glanced at Remus before meeting Sirius’ faze again. “Rest. We do have a strict schedule here. There is no sleeping in.”

"What about you?" Sirius replied, glancing toward the cot. "Can't see why you choose to give up your bed simply because I'm in it." He had seen the bed, been fucked in it. He knew it would fit the three of them comfortably. "And Moony always sleeps, no matter what time it is." He had his own theories about that. But he wasn't sure sharing them with the Alpha was a good idea.

Fenrir clenched his jaw, staring down at the wizard. “Pup didn’t originally want you to share my bed with me, Wizard.” He shook his head. “And he always wakes with the sun.”

He looked up at the hole that Remus had put in the ceiling of the room. It seemed like so long ago. As though life had been crawling after they had fled Voldemort. Fenrir was no longer forcing himself to stay awake, to keep guard. He could relax, if he wanted to. But rarely did he want to.

“Your mate does well here.”

"Moony also didn't want me to see the two of you together but I did, and he took that well enough." Sirius' smirk fell as soon as it had flashed across his face. He studied the Alpha for a long moment, taking in every line, every scar.
"And yeah, he does do well here, doesn't he?" Sirius followed Fenrir's gaze to the hole in the ceiling. He couldn't imagine that was nature made. There was a story there, but he held the question back for now. "I hated you, you know. For a long time."

He refused to look at the Alpha now, terrified about what he would see in the worn expression. "I hated that you forced him to live like this. Hated you for causing pain to an innocent child for the sins of his father. And when you just... took him in 7th year, Dumbledore was the only reason that I didn't leave to search you out." He was frowning now, staring ahead at nothing. "I hated you so much, that when he finally met with you again, I... " He had tried to kill Fenrir, right there in front of Remus, like some knight in the old muggle tales. "But, seeing him here, seeing him with you and seeing how you truly are..."

He finally met Fenrir's eye. "I'm starting to think that maybe the ministry is wrong about you too."

Fenrir gave a slow nod. “My name isn’t a good one, Wizard. Not out where you come from. And don’t think too much; I am not a good man. I never will be, no matter how much the Pup wants me to be."

He gave a shrug of his shoulders, his arms still crossed over his furry chest. “Others never see me here, where I am responsible for lives and the happiness of others. You see me out there, where I am supporting your... boogeyman legends.”

He looked at Remus, as the younger werewolf slept and clung onto the wizard. “He... He is well liked here.” He looked back at Sirius, “And much to my dismay, so are you. You both are welcome back at any time as long as you don’t fuck anything up.”

"I think it all depends on your definition of good, doesn't it?" Sirius' hand slipped down to lace with Remus'. "Many wizards believed my father to be a good man. Merlin knows that your so called boogeyman legends make you look like a saint compared to the likes of him."

They were quiet for a moment, Sirius studying Fenrir and Fenrir studying Remus.

"You love him." The wizard stated after a while, watching the amber eye snap back over to his own grey. "It's obvious to anyone who cares to really look." His lips twitched slightly. "Don't really blame you. Moony's a hard person not to love. But his moons... they became easier after his visit with you. So I guess that's another thing I should thank you for."
Fenrir snarled loudly. He heard nothing after Sirius said that word. He took a step forward, threatening, more tensed now, claws breaking his own skin where they dug into his arm. He bared his teeth angrily. “I don’t. I don’t love. Don’t you fucking spout that bullshit here, Wizard.”

Usually the snarl would have him curling back onto himself. It almost did; but at the same time, Sirius couldn't help but give the Alpha a flat look. "Well, call it what you want. But you do care for him. I've seen it." He shrugged his free shoulder, pausing when it caused Remus to stir slightly. "It makes me sleep better at night either way. With the war going the way it is... well. I'll know that there's someone to take care of him if I can't."

Fenrir frowned. “Your war is affecting all of us, Wizard. No one is safe from the pain your war is causing. We saw that very well here, did we not?”

"Yes, you did." He nodded, frowning. "Believe me when I say that I wish it would end just as much as you do." Sirius closed his eyes breathing out slowly from his nose. "I think Remus would love to wake up with you beside him. Regardless if I'm here or not."

Fenrir uncrossed his arms and ran a hand over his face. He rubbed at his blind eye, aggrivated. “You are his mate, Wizard.” He glanced away, “Voldemort wants us back. We are valuable to him. I have a ready made army. Your wizards... they need to end it faster.”

"Of course he does." He felt Remus shiver behind him and pulled up one of the furs to cover them both. It also felt better to have a civilized conversation when he wasn't as naked as a jay. "Wizards fear you. The very mention of your name strikes fear into them. Not to mention that the only way we can truly stop you is by stunning or killing you. Kinda hard to aim when you're running for your life."

He was trying to make light of it but it sounded flat even to his ears. So he moved away from the topic. "But going back to Moony." He met Fenrir's gaze again. "If you believe that he loves you less than he loves me you're as stubborn as he is." When Fenrir didn't reply Sirius sighed. "You made him cum untouched by only saying his name, Fenrir. I have never been able to do that."

A deep rumbling purr ripped from Fenrir's chest. He smirked, pride filling his chest at the words. "I am his sire, he feels it more. He and his wolf feel our connection." Fenrir moved closer to the bed, leaning down and tracing a claw along Sirius' jaw, stopping under his chin. "I was wary when the Pup said he wanted to bring you here. You are a wild card that could bring harm to my pack. More importantly, you had the power to take him from me."
Sirius couldn't stop the shudder that shot down his spine. The claw left a red trail in its wake, enough to pulse but not enough to break the skin. It made sense, what Fenrir said. He knew that there was a connection between the werewolves that he could never match. But hearing Fenrir's thoughts about him… it only made Sirius want to prove himself more.

"I can't deny that I wanted to." He whispered, too wary of the reaction to voice his thoughts any louder. "But that was before I saw how you two are together." Sirius swallowed, from nerves or fear he wasn't sure. "I don't want to force Remus to choose between us. I don't think he would survive the choice."

"Nor do I." Fenrir purred, "He has grown to enjoy his time here. The pups like him. Alec feels safe with him here. Many of my wolves felt cautious around him since he attacked Kurt when he was first here. That is not acceptable. My pack thought I gave him special permission to do things that they could not do."

He snorted, his hand shifting, thumb tracing gently along Sirius' lower lip. "Not that they are wrong. I let Pup get away with things that others would have been severely punished for."

That thought… It was far more exciting than it had any right to be. Sirius' eyes partially closed, saving the feeling of the rough skin against his lip. Even without the werewolf element, Fenrir seemed to have this unspoken power to make people submit to him.

"Like what?" He finally asked after a moment.

"Did he not tell you that he attacked my Beta?" Fenrir arched a brow. "That is where those pretty scars on his face came from. Do you think anyone else would survive doing something like that?" He moved his thumb slightly, his claw catching on the plump lip but not breaking skin. No, he couldn't risk breaking skin. "He is lucky that Kurt forgave him for such a blunder. My hunters were quite displeased."

"I...um..." He was having a hard time thinking straight. Merlin how did Fenrir do it? "I think you punished him plenty.... I've seen the scars you left on his chest, on his stomach."

"His wolf needed to be punished." Fenrir hissed, pressing his claw harder, not hard enough. Not as hard as he wanted to press it. "He pushed me too far. He was begging for it."

"He did it to save the pack, Fenrir. Even you can appreciate that." But as soon as he said the words
they were slipping away, every thought zeroing in on the pressure of the Alpha's finger against his lip. If it were Moony, Sirius would have sucked it into his mouth by now. But he didn't want to get in over his head with the Alpha before him.

"He thinks he's so noble ." Fenrir purred, locking eyes with the younger man. "But he liked it. I could smell it on him. Your mate likes being powerless as much as you do. And you like it so very much, don't you?"

"Yes ." The word slipped from his lips before he consciously thought about responding. But it was true, he loved it when his lover (lovers now?) took control, leaving him with no option other than to bear it. He wanted Fenrir to take him, like he had taken Remus. Sirius had never been more turned on in his life than when he had the chance to watch the two of them be together.

Fenrir chuckled, pulling his hand from Sirius' lip as he stood up straight. "Wizards seem to enjoy it quite a lot. Being taken by someone like me. Someone stronger than them. Someone they think lower than them." A smirk curved his lips, running his tongue over his fangs. "I know that from experience."

The lack of touch made it easier to think straight. Now Sirius understood what Remus meant by Fenrir's presence being overpowering. He shifted slightly, sitting up but not so much that it would wake the sleeping man beside him.

"I don't think those are the exact reasons. But I suppose for some people it's the fact that they don't have to make any decisions. They just have to react."

"Is that why you like it?" Fenrir pushed, wanting information. "Most wizards and witches enjoy a little fling with a werewolf. But you mated one."

He cocked his head sharply to the side, amber eye looking Sirius up and down. Following the arm draped over him. Amber gaze settling on Remus' sleeping face. "That's quite the rare thing, Wizard. Your kind don't even like us touching them on a normal given day."

Sirius looked back at Remus, unable to stop the small smile that touch his lips. "I knew him before I knew he was a werewolf. And by the time I figured it out... well, nothing has changed has it?" His hand moved to brush some of the dark curls around Remus' face. "He was one of my first friends that weren't of the same psychopathic mind as my family. Plus it pissed off my mother, which just made it that much better."
Sirius looked back at Fenrir. "He was an outcast. Just like I was within my own family."

Fenrir lowered himself to sit on the floor beside the bed, his back pressed against it. He leaned his head back, closing his eyes. "The Blacks. I know them. Walburga..." He laughed; the rare, harsh noise seemed to echo in the room. "She's a real fuckin' piece of work. But Bellatrix. Oh, I have history with her."

Hearing his mother's name made Sirius tense on instinct. But he couldn't help but chuckle when he heard about his cousin.

"Everyone has history with her, in one way or another. She's batshit if you know what I mean." He hated his family, but then again they hated him just as much. The black sheep in the black family. Ironic.

Fenrir snorted. "Oh, I know what you mean. I've seen her work. We had been at each other's throats for the years that Voldemort had me under his control." He chuckled darkly, tongue wetting his lips. "Not even at each other's throats in the fun way."

Sirius couldn't stop the full body shudder this time, causing Remus to shift again. It wasn't until he stilled again that Sirius responded. "I could have lived perfectly fine without that image my head, thank you very much.

Fenrir's lips twitched into a small smile. He shifted slightly, rolling his shoulders against the side of the bed, a soft deer pelt was against his skin. "Rein in that active imagination, Wizard. Though that is something that you and my Pup have in common."

"Where do you think he picked it up from?" Sirius knew he shouldn't be proud about it but damn if he was. "Besides, the less I think of my insane cousin, the better."

"Ah, tainted the innocent little puppy, did you?" He cracked his good eye open momentarily, searching the ceiling of the cave, before closing it once more. "What sort of tricks did you teach him?"

"We didn't really teach him so much as give him an outlet. Most of the pranks at school would have never worked if Moony hadn't thought out the mechanics." Merlin there were so many good days. So many pranks that would make them all live on in infamy.
Fenrir hummed softly. "I often think of how he should have been one of the clever birds in your little school. He is quite the smart Pup. Easily trained."

Fenrir's voice grew a bit softer, his mind slowly drifting off. He was oddly comfortable, seated on the floor of his private quarters. The side of the bed was cool against his back, the furs that he pressed against were soft against his skin. He assumed his neck would ache upon waking in the morning but he didn't much care.

He licked his lips absentmindedly, "He is good to have around."

Instead of answering, Sirius studied Fenrir. Merlin, and he thought Remus was stubborn. "Just come up here, Fenrir. I'll move to the cot if its uncomfortable for you."

"You're fine, Wizard." Fenrir said, a growl in his voice. "Pup didn't want you to share my bed, yes? Not in the sleeping way, at least. Get rest, we wake early."

Sirius didn't like it. Even if he had all but hated Fenrir less than 48 hours ago, that didn't mean he wanted the Alpha to sleep on the floor. But it looked like matter what he said would change the Alpha's mind. So with a sigh, Sirius slid back down to lay on his side. Curling into Remus, he closed his eyes and was asleep almost instantly.

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Fenrir woke with a groan as the sunlight streamed through the hole in the ceiling. He shifted, bones creaking and joints popping noisily. There was something off in the air around them and he didn't like it. A bad smell was seeping into the cave from outside. The werewolf rolled his neck on his shoulders, chasing away the aches from falling asleep how he did, and he stood up, stretching his arms above his head. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and kicked at the frame of the bed to jostle the two other men awake.

Sirius jolted upright, eyes snapping open wide, as the bed shook. He let out a shrill gasp, and reached out to grab at Remus out of sheer instinct. It took him a few good moments to come to himself and he looked up at Fenrir with a glare.

"What the fuck?!"
The werewolf rubbed at the back of his neck with one hand, kneading the stiff muscle. "It's time to get up."

The smell in the air was growing stronger, and Fenrir felt a growl leave his throat.

Remus shifted, a soft groan of resistance slipping from his lips as he shifted closer to the warmth. It was much too early, and he mumbled as much. It was soft enough that only Fenrir would be able to hear it before he began drifting back off to sleep.

The elder werewolf snarled, lip curling to show off sharp fangs. He rounded the bed and ran a hand through Remus' hair before tightening his grip on it and tugging. He didn't tug too hard, but it wasn't gentle either. He snarled. "It is time to get up, Little One. Do you understand me?"

Sirius' breath hitched a little as he watched the wolves before him. Fenrir snapped in an instant and Sirius was always thrown off by it. It was always so sudden and violent and he wasn't at all sure of how to react to it. One moment the man was calm and the next he was tugging Remus' head back. And they had only just woken up moments ago! Sirius licked his dry lips, wanting to make a move, but knowing better to do such a thing.

The snarl had Remus waking up immediately. If Fenrir was on edge already this early, there was a reason for it. He didn't fight the tug, but his eyes searched the Alpha's face.

"Of course." He leaned into Fenrir's hand, headless of the slight uncomfortable tug of his hair.

"I'm sorry, I didn't realize .... " He whispered, shifting away from Sirius and focusing solely on Fenrir. It looked like he had stayed up all night. He must not have slept well. What the hell had happened? "What's happened?"

Fenrir hissed low, "I smell something."

He released his grip on Remus' hair and stood straight, moving to his battered wardrobe to pull on a clean pair of jeans. He called over his shoulder to the two of them, "Get dressed. I am sure breakfast is ready. How long are you two staying?"

That.... that wasn't good. Remus was instantly up, joints cracking and arms slipping into clothes that Fenrir tossed him.
"Not too long. I was thinking of taking Sirius back tonight. We left without telling anyone so our friends will be worried."

Sirius caught the shirt and pants that were thrown to him and slipped out of the bed to pull them on. He kept himself quiet, something felt off about how the older werewolf was acting and he didn’t want to bring it up around him.

“Very good.” Fenrir grumbled. “Don’t want the wizards to be upset, yes?” He turned to look at them, frowning. He nodded to Sirius but spoke to Remus, “Your mate is welcome back as long as you are with him, Little One.”

There was a pause to the flurry of movement once they were all dressed where Remus approached the Alpha. He wanted to ask who it was that was threatening the pack. But it somehow felt wrong with Sirius watching. He wanted.... needed Fenrir alone.

"Thank you. I doubt he would ever come without me anyway." He grinned at Sirius, knowing full well how weary Sirius still was about the Pack. Old habits die hard after all.

Fenrir gave a toothy smirk. “Some day, Pup.”

He moved swiftly over to the big iron door of his bedroom and pulled it open, holding it for the younger men. “Come. You must be hungry, yes? I can smell breakfast. Best feed the wizard before you show him out, Little One. Don’t want Dumbledore thinking I’m mistreating his pets.”

Remus snorted but didn't answer otherwise. He laced his hand through Sirius' and led him out into the common area. Most of the pack was out and about, the pups could be heard but weren't seen. Remus guided Sirius over to a spare log before sitting down.

"Morning Remus." Maia smirked, a knowing look in her eye as she handed him and Sirius a steaming plate of food. Remus shook his head in resignation before taking the third plate. He casted the warming spell quietly before setting it beside him.

"Morning, Maia."
Sirius took the plate from Maia with a soft, “Thank you.” He felt so confused. Fenrir was snappy and then kind. This pack member was giving Remus these looks. And Sirius wasn’t sure what to think.

Fenrir strode past them to go speak to Kurt about the typical morning duties and catch up on anything. He caught that strange scent in the air again and just couldn’t shake it.

Sirius watched Fenrir before glancing at Maia. He looked down at his food for a moment, his brows knitting together in confusion. Finally, after several long moments, he looked at Remus, “What’s going on?”

"I don't know." He answered honestly, his eyes watching Fenrir and Kurt speaking together in low tones. Kurt currently had his hair pulled back in a low bundle at the nape of his neck, some of the curls already falling free into his face. Remus had never seen Kurt's hair pulled back before.

"Fenrir's uneasy this morning… normally he'd... well, it's weird." Remus finished after a moment.

Sirius was watching them as well, and he frowned slightly. He knew he wasn’t part of the pack, but he felt enough concern toward the wolves that made it because of Remus’ love for it. Fenrir and Kurt were talking quietly and if Sirius hadn’t seen how the Alpha had acted in the bedroom, he would think they were just talking as they would normally. Fenrir was really good at hiding any stress and worry.

“Do you think something happened, Moony? But Fenrir was in the room all night, wasn’t he?”

"I would assume so." Remus answered as the pups appeared for breakfast. "We'll find out when he wants us to. For now, nothing is wrong, okay?"

"REMUS!!" Jaime came tumbling over to them before sitting down next to him on the log.
"You smelled what?" Kurt hissed even if he already knew the answer. He had heard Fenrir the first time. "What would they be doing this far from the city?"

Fenrir snarled, his good eye quickly looking at the entrance to the cave for a brief moment. He looked back at Kurt and kept his voice low, calm, not wanting any of the pack to pick up on his concerns.

“I don’t know. I do not think they found where we are, Kurt. But I smell Wizards. It isn’t the Pup’s mate either. We need more wards. More patrols. Only send those that can defend themselves out of the Den today. And do not send anyone alone.”

He crossed his arms over his chest, claws digging into his arm in his frustration. “No one is allowed to leave except patrols. Every patrol must report to you or myself. Is this understood? I do not know if it’s Dumbledore’s dogs or Voldemort’s lot. But I smell an excess of magic.”

Kurt nodded in agreement. "I can send the mated pairs. They will be stronger together."

He watched Sirius as he continued. "And you're positive that Ramus' mate isn't responsible? It seems a little too coincidental don't you?" He looked back at Fenrir. "We go so long without any complications, but the wizard is here not two nights before someone comes sniffing around?"

Fenrir growled low in his throat, digging his claws harder into his arm to keep himself from lashing out. He bared his teeth. “I hope it wasn’t him. I do not think my Pup would like it if I slaughtered his mate.” He met Kurt’s eyes. “We may have more traitors. We will be wary. No one should be able to find this place without you or I showing them directly. But that does not mean the enemy will keep away from our forest.”

Kurt sighed. He sincerely hoped they didn't have anymore traitors. He knew their pack couldn't handle losing another third of their family. And the pups.... the pups barely understood the first time.

"Let us hope it's coincidental then.” He murmured. "I do not believe that Remus would bring someone who would harm the pups, let alone the rest of the pack."
Fenrir gave a small nod. "He cares too much about the pups to betray us on purpose." He looked over at Remus and Sirius, meeting Remus' eyes briefly before turning back. "I will let you get back to business. Try not to raise alarm. If we have traitors, we mustn't let them know we're onto them. If anyone gives you shit for not allowing them out of the Den, send them to me. Understood?"

"Of course, Alpha." Kurt nodded and clapped Fenrir's shoulder. He didn't want to believe that the dark lord had breached their pack again. But with the conflict worsening, it was certainly possible.

Remus frowned when Fenrir met his gaze. He didn't like this. Not at all. This wasn't Fenrir's usual demeanor. Something was wrong.

Fenrir gave a parting nod and turned away from his Beta. He walked back toward Remus and Sirius, settling a hand atop Remus' head, carding his fingers through the soft curls. "Have you both eaten?" He looked down at them, eyeing their full plates.

Remus gestured to the plate he had set aside for Fenrir. "I wanted to make sure you were alright first." He answered, but still picked apart the meat and popped a piece into his mouth.

The Alpha sat down heavily beside Remus and picked up his own plate. "I'm alright, Pup. Thank you for the food."

Sirius blinked a few times. That was definitely out of character, at least out of character for what Sirius had seen of Fenrir thus far. He didn't say anything about it, instead he looked down at his own plate, picking a bit at the meal that had been prepared for him.

Remus wanted to press the issue but not here. Not where there would be witnesses. He would have to wait, which was something he didn't mind. He began eating in earnest when Fenrir began eating, looking over to Sirius.

"What's the matter, Padfoot?"

Sirius flushed, his cheeks growing warm. "Nothing, Moony." He shook his head, "When will we head out?"
Fenrir cleared his throat, "I'm afraid you may have to stay an extra day here, Wizard."

"What?" Sirius looked over at him, confusion on his face. "Why?"

The Alpha lowered his voice, not wanting to be overheard. "We can discuss that back in my quarters."

"So it's that serious." Remus was afraid of that. Whatever had happened, spooked Fenrir and that was enough to put Remus on edge. He nodded toward Sirius' plate. "Finish eating, Pads. I have a feeling we'll both need the energy."

Fenrir set his plate down after eating a small bit of it, knowing well that Remus wouldn't let him walk off without eating anything at all. He stood up and stretched. "Meet me in my quarters when you're finished. We need to talk."

Sirius licked his lips free of some juices from the meat and watched Fenrir walk toward the heavy iron door. He frowned. "I wonder what's going on. It can't be good. He's acting off."

"I don't know. But I don't like it." Remus finished his food and waited for Sirius to do the same before picking up Fenrir's plate. The Alpha needed to eat more. It was a miracle that he had as much muscle on his bones as he did.

As soon as the iron door was shut behind them, Remus cast the silencing spell and handed Fenrir the plate again.

"You need to eat more. And you can do so while you tell us what has you so worried."

Fenrir took the plate, an expression of mild surprise crossing his features that almost made Sirius laugh. He set the plate down on the rickety old desk in the room. "I smell magic."

"Well," Sirius said quietly, "Me and Remus are probably more magic than you usually... smell."

"No." The werewolf snarled, baring his teeth suddenly. His nerves were shot and his patience was thin. The scent was so strong, stronger here than usual, and he looked up at the hole in the ceiling
that let the light and scent in. He stood in silence for a moment, his mind working overtime. Was the wind blowing the scent toward them? But in the time they have lived here, he's never smelled it like this before. And he had scouted before picking the area to live in, he knew that there was no Wizarding town nearby.

Fenrir shook his head and looked at Remus. "No. It's too much."

"So what are we going to do? I know we weren't followed." Remus crossed his arms over his chest, going over their trip to make sure. "I would have noticed them if we had." But he could also see where Fenrir was going with this. It was too coincidental.

Fenrir looked between them. "Do you think... Do you think that your wizards have tried to find you? Do they think we have taken you hostage?" Fenrir frowned. "It's either your wizards or Voldemort's lot. Neither are anything I want to come across my Den. Both situations will end very badly for my pack, Little One."

Remus shook his head. "He may have disappeared suddenly but his wand is back at the headquarters. James will know what that means." It wasn't unusual for the pair of them to disappear randomly, even if they haven't done it in several years.

"But we can scout around, Fen." Remus suggested. "That way, no matter who we come across, we can lead them away from the Den."

Fenrir frowned. "And if it’s Voldemort’s lot? If you both get taken?" He looked between them, a growl rising in his throat, his patience growing thinner. "If you get tortured into telling where my Den is? If you give the names of my pack members? The pups? How would anyone notify your wizards? Even if one of my pack or myself were to try to contact Dumbledore or one of the others, they all think us to be monsters under Voldemort himself. What then?"

Sirius blinked a few times as Fenrir rattled off possible situations. "You really think ahead don’t you?"

Fenrir turned to look at him. "Not thinking ahead can get you killed, Whelp. Not thinking ahead means you aren’t prepared for what may happen."

“But it’s not like- I mean, it can’t be Voldemort, can it?”
Fenrir ignored him, turning to look back at Remus. “This is a dangerous situation. I will not take unnecessary risks.”

"You won't." Remus stated simply, as if it was the simplest thing in the world. "If it's Voldemort's lot than we will handle them like we were trained to do." His lips twitched into a faint smile. "Besides, if he wants to torture us, he'd have to catch us first. And he hasn't managed to catch us yet." But he knew the reason behind his anger was concern. Concern for the pack and concern for the man in front of him. "We know how to handle ourselves, Fen. But if you don't trust me..." He held out his hand, fingers outstretched.

Fenrir gripped Remus’ hand tightly in his own. He pulled him forward, growling down at him, pushing off that Alpha dominance. “I trust you. If you betray that trust, I cannot be held responsible for what I do.” He bared his teeth, showing bloodstained fangs. “I trusted Stephanie.”

For a split second, those three words echoed in his head. I trust you. There was a rush of joy, adoration, excitement and love in the pit of Remus’ stomach but he pushed it down for now.

"And I know what that cost you." Remus gripped the Alpha’s hand just as tightly. "But I am not Stephanie. Nor will I betray you or anyone else in this pack. I can't, remember?" His free hand tugged against the collar of his shirt, revealing the bonding mark. "Just as Alec can't lie, I cannot harm you in any way, shape or form. Putting the pack at risk would harm you, would it not?"

“You’ll feel the price of that betrayal from your bond, Little One.” His head twitched sharply to the side and he glanced up at the hole in the ceiling. He was still for a few long moments and that stillness caused Remus and Sirius to be still and quiet as well. He snarled, his voice low, eyes still on the ceiling. “I smell magic.”

"Then let us go. Please, Fenrir." Remus pleaded, his fingers tightening on Fenrir's hand. "If they spy one of the wolves than they will know that their intuition is correct. If they see us first, then it will make them doubt."

His free hand cupped Fenrir's face. "Let us help the pack this time. Distracting and dodging people trying to catch us is one of our specialties."

Fenrir felt a rush of calm wash over him at Remus’ touch. He nipped lightly at the inside of the younger man’s wrist. “Go. Do not be seen leaving the cave. I will tell Kurt to bunker everyone down. I will have my wolves on alert.”
Remus smiled then, wanting nothing more than to kiss the deep creases off the old, worn face. But that would have to wait. For now they had a den to protect.

"Sirius, we're going delta, echo, delta. Do you understand?"

Sirius watched Fenrir quickly storm out of the room before turning to look at Remus. “Yeah, Moony. Be a good time to test my memory of wandless spells, right?” He chuckled, albeit a bit nervously.

Remus froze. He had completely forgotten that Sirius was unarmed. But of all the Marauders, Sirius was the best at wandless magic. Taking a deep breath, Remus nodded.

"Please don't take any risks. I'll run point on this one. Then, we'll go back and get your wand. If Fenrir has a problem with it, then he can deal with me."

“I can scout and fight as Padfoot, anyway. Let's go, Moony.” Sirius said, taking Remus' hand in his, walking quickly toward the door. “We don't have time to lose, yeah?”

He still didn't have a good feeling about this. But what could he do, really? He met Fenrir's gaze, nodded and then left the Den. Once they were outside and a safe distance away, Sirius transformed and bound off into the woods.

Remus followed slowly, carefully, listening to every sound that tickled his ears.

Padfoot darted a fair distance away from Remus, sniffing at the ground, trying to get any hint of a scent that felt unnatural to the area. He hadn't ever been in these woods as Padfoot before. Everything felt brand new to him but his heightened sense of smell did pick up the sharp tang of magic that he was sure Fenrir had been smelling.

The large black dog wound his way through the trees, occasionally barking loudly to let Remus know where he was in the dense forest. Hopefully it wouldn't draw the potential bad guys to him.

Remus followed, eventually jogging when Padfoot ventured too far. They were almost to the edge of the territory; Remus could sense the wards as they approached. And soon enough he passed them. And then...
And then he smelled it too.

"Bloody fucking Hell..." Remus muttered before running as fast as he could. He needed to reach Padfoot, Sirius. He needed to find his mate as soon as possible.

Padfoot barked loudly, excitedly, as he caught the scent he had been tracking. The wards had made it muddled and slightly different to how it usually was but once he pushed past the werewolves' magic, he could smell it more clearly. The enormous black dog wiggled all over and darted forward past a line of trees. He leapt onto the person he had smelled, large tongue lapping at the man's face happily. His tail never slowed from its rapid speed as he lay atop the source of what Fenrir had been smelling.

Remus heard the excited bark and pushed himself faster. Finally, he pushed past a ring of trees where the big black dog had the wizard pinned to the ground. However, unlike his mate, Remus was furious.

"What the fuck were you thinking?" He snapped, shoving Sirius off and hauling James to his feet. "Are you mad? What the Hell are you doing out here?"

"Well hello to you too, Moony." James answered back, rubbing the slobber from his face. "What do you think I'm doing? The pair of you vanished without a word, and Sirius without his wand for two days." Remus released James, catching Sirius' wand when James tossed it to him. Sirius apparently was content on staying as Padfoot for this conversation. "I was coming to find you."

Padfoot wagged his tail harder, his entire body shaking before bounding around the two of them in circles to burn off the sudden burst of energy he was feeling. He paused suddenly and changed back to himself, a big grin curving his lips. He threw his arms wide. "Jamie!"

Wrapping an arm around James' neck, Sirius pulled him down slightly to his level, patting his chest with his other hand. "Good on you, mate, but you got the Big Bad Wolf's panties all knotted up."

"It's not funny, you two." Remus snarled, handing Sirius his wand back. "If it had been the patrol who had come out and not us, you wouldn't be here." Remus didn't know what he was feeling. Anger, rage, relief, fear. What would Fenrir do if he showed up with another of his wizard friends without warning? One that is armed at that?
"We were planning on heading back today, before your arrival sent up the alarm. Now I have to reassure the pack that it's safe again before we can leave." He ran a hand through his hair and began to pace.

James held his hands up in defense. “I didn’t mean anything bad by it, Moony. We are all just getting a bit antsy and worried, y’know?”

“How’d you know we’d be here anyway, Prongs?” Sirius asked, pocketing his wand.

James shrugged, looking between them. “Dumbledore told me when I brought up that you both had gone missing. Said you might be here. I certainly didn’t know all on my own.”

Remus stilled, staring at James for a long moment. "Dumbledore knows where the pack is? How? How could he possibly know?" Remus knew that they had been careful not to draw attention to themselves if only to keep the death eaters away. How in the world could Dumbledore have found out.

"Well, yeah. Why wouldn't he? Dumbledore knows everything right?" But James knew when Remus was scared. "What is it, Moony?" He moved closer, resting a hand on Remus' shoulders.

Remus shook his head, and turned back toward the wards. "I have to return back to the pack before they send out a search party."

Sirius arched a brow at Remus. He gestured to James, “Do you want me or Prongs to come with you? Should we go back to the Order? Moony, Dumbledore just... well, he just knows things. Right?”

"Don't!" Remus turned around sharply. "Do not report back to Dumbledore. This is already bad enough." Running a hand through his hair, he glanced back at the two. He couldn't just leave them out here. "Did anyone come with you? Pete?"

"No, I came alone. I told Dumbledore that I'd let him know when I found you."

"Yeah, well, he can wait. Come on." He sighed and turned back around. This was going to be hell. They had just moved the pack and now…
Sirius walked beside James, following Remus back through the forest. He swatted at James’ hand and hissed low. “Put your wand away, Prongs. It’s bad enough Fenrir smelled you from so far away.”

“Smelled me?” James said, a little surprised. He looked at Sirius as he walked. “What do you mean he smelled me?”

“I guess we smell different because we ain’t werewolves, innit? But I smell like... I smell like Moony too, so I don’t think my smell is as strong or something?” He definitely left out that he must smell like Fenrir as well. Maybe he smelled like the lot of the werewolves because he had been in the cave? He wasn’t sure.

“Is Greyback gonna kill me? First I have death eaters after me, now rabid werewolves?” James groaned low, trying to inject a little humor into the situation. He knew it was no use to do so, however. But Remus looked so tense and... terrified. It was his natural reaction to try to lighten the mood with humor.

Remus ignored them, making his way back toward the den. They didn't understand. They never would because they couldn't, not really.

The two pureblood wizards would never understand what it was like to be marginalized, to be outcast. Remus was starting to think that they needed to move the pack to an island, something defensible. Like Askaban was, in a way. The isolation from everyone and everything definitely held its appeal.

"Stay out here for a moment." He growled softly, glaring at the two. "Let me talk to Fenrir first." and without waiting for a response, Remus ducked into the cave and out of sight.
Chapter 31

Chapter by AnimalCops

Fenrir bristled at the sound of footsteps coming from the cave entrance. He looked up from where he stood, holding one of the pups. Fenrir was her favorite so Sophie came to him whenever the pup needed to be calmed. He bounced her gently in his arms, trying to stop her soft whimpering cries but having no luck. Upon seeing Remus, he handed the little one back to Sophie and tried to ignore her cries getting louder when he moved away and toward Remus.

The Alpha kept his voice low. They hadn't told the pack the details of the situation, only that the Den was on lockdown until it could be handled. "Pup, did you find anything? Where is your mate?"

"He's outside." Remus whispered, running a hand through his hair. "You can relax. It's not a death eater."

But he was so angry at Prongs. Livid because he could hear the cries and the concerned whispers of the pups, of the older wolves. Prongs had made them fearful. Because of Voldemort's lot, they were terrified of wizards and Remus couldn't blame them. "It's someone I know, one of my friends from school. He was worried and went to find us but that's not the bad news."

He met Fenrir’s eye, bracing himself. "Dumbledore knows where the Den is. He's the one who told James to head this way. I don't know how he knows, because I've been so bloody careful, but he knows."

Fenrir stared blankly at Remus for a moment. He just kept himself silent. He wasn't sure what to say, all this news, it felt like it was far too much. He gripped Remus' upper arm in his hand and pulled him toward his private quarters, closing the door behind them with a sharp clang!

He felt a wave of conflicting feelings in his blood, all mixing into a low simmering anger. The Alpha werewolf grit his teeth, hand tightening its grip on Remus' arm. "What do you mean Dumbledore knows where we are?"

Remus cast the silencing spell before his free hand went to rest upon Fenrir's. "I mean that when James asked if he knew where Sirius and I were, Dumbledore told James we'd most likely be with you. And James could never have found this place on his own." He sighed, shoulders slumping. He had been so careful... "The only logical explanation for James showing up here is that Dumbledore knows where the Den is and sent James here to find us."
"Are you sure? Little One, we just moved here. I cannot... I can't move us again. I haven't had the
time to scout for another Den and-" He cut himself off, pulling away from Remus and taking a step
back. "Does he track you?"

Remus frowned at the thought, wanting to protest the thought right away. But the more he thought
about it, the more he realized that was in fact something that Dumbledore would do. The anger
burned deeper, hotter.

"That bloody son of a bitch." Remus snarled, pacing quickly. "I don't know how he would without
my wand. But that's the only explanation that makes sense. Or...." He paused, looking back at
Fenrir.

"Sirius. Sirius left his wand at the Order's headquarters. It would be easy to cast a spell to find out
where he went." Which meant that Dumbledore knowing where the Den was located was all
Remus' fault. He all but collapsed onto the bed of furs, head falling limply into his hands. "I should
have never brought him here."

Fenrir felt a crash of conflicting anger and sympathy. So furious at Dumbledore for finding where
he had relocated the pack. So sympathetic toward Remus for blaming himself. The way Fenrir saw
it, it wasn't Remus' fault at all, but his own. He had been the one to welcome the wizard into the
Den, after all.

He walked over toward the bed and sat down beside the younger man. Fenrir was not great when
trying to speak from the heart. He was not great at pushing back his anger. He was definitely not
great at trying to be gentle and nice.

Fenrir settled a large hand atop Remus' head, combing his fingers through soft curls. "It isn't your
fault, Little One."

"Bullshit." Remus snapped, but he couldn't stop from leaning into the touch. "I was the one who
convinced you to let him come here. If I hadn't been so... so bloody selfish, then we wouldn't be in
this mess."

Fenrir growled low in his throat at the snippy tone Remus used. He ran his fingers through the
younger man's hair slower, more calmly, wanting to soothe him but not knowing how. "I should
have not allowed it. But I can't seem to say 'no' to you, my special little favorite." He pulled Remus
a bit closer, trying so hard to calm him without treating him like one of the pups. "You did not know this would happen."

Remus let Fenrir pull him closer, allowed his head to rest upon one shoulder. He had done this. He had put the entire pack in danger simply because he didn't want to choose between two lovers.

It worried him that Fenrir couldn't tell him no. That was something that, as Alpha, he should be able to. He always needed to do what was best for the pack. Remus turned his head toward Fenrir's neck, breathing in the familiar scent. It was surprising how well this seemed to calm him.

"I'm so sorry, Fen. I should have known that this could happen. And I was so happy to have Sirius included that I... I put the entire pack at risk."

"I may detest Dumbledore to the very core of my being," Fenrir growled, "but, that does not mean that he will necessarily attack my pack. I am sure he believes we are under Voldemort's rule still. He- Well, the entirety of you wizards, believe that I side with Voldemort of my own will. Was your friend sent here as a threat?"

Fenrir was trying his best to keep calm. To keep his voice level. To not scream and yell and break things and go personally visit Dumbledore to ask why in the fuck he would threaten his pack. Fenrir swallowed hard, shaking his head of those thoughts. He simply stroked his hand through Remus' hair, murmuring, "It is not your fault, Little One."

"No. I don't believe he is." Remus all bit melted beneath Fenrir's fingers, the nails seemed to know just where to scratch and glide. "Dumbledore knows that one of us will never turn on the other. Besides, Sirius is a better dueler than James. If he was sent here to threaten, Dumbledore would not have sent him alone."

"Dumbledore... may simply be concerned for you, Pup." Fenrir mused. "Spending so much time here with me. It is sure to raise suspicion of you. Of your loyalties." He sighed. But it was more an exhale of all he had in him. All the frustration and anxieties and anger. "Should you return to your wizards?"

"Even so, with all the times I've come here and returned, relatively unharmed, he should know by now I'm in no danger here. And even if my loyalty was called into question, defending the pack still puts me against Voldemort." But he could see where Fenrir was going with this. If Dumbledore believed Fenrir to be working with the Dark Lord, then working with and for the pack would put them against the Order.
"They're waiting outside the entrance. I told them to stay there until I had a chance to speak with you." He pulled back just enough to look up at Fenrir. "I wasn't about to invite them in without your approval." His lips twitched, desperate to have a bit of fun after all the stress. "Though James does believe you're going to kill him. If you're interested in having a little fun....."

A smirk curved the older man's lips and he let loose a low rumbling purr. "Fun, hm? Little One, maybe I have tainted that clever mind of yours." He moved his hand from Remus' hair, down the side of his face to trace his fingers along the younger man's jawline. "What have you been thinking?"

"Well, I don't know about you, but I have an image to maintain. If we just let him walk in willy nilly... well..." He shrugged, fingers curling into the fabric of the flannel. "I wouldn't stop you if you wanted to... scare him a bit."

Fenrir ran his tongue over his fangs and chuckled. "Scare him." He gripped the younger man's chin in his hand and moved so his lips were a breath away from Remus'. "If there's anything I can do, it's scare people, Little One."

Remus' smirk grew and he inched his lips closer to Fenrir's. "That's why I suggested it." His lips just barely brushed Fenrir's, just enough for him to feel it. "Same rules apply, though. On James you cannot leave any marks at all. James' fiancee will kill me if I let that happen."

Fenrir nipped sharply at Remus' lower lip, breaking skin and licking away the small bubble of blood. He purred low at the taste. "As long as I know I can mark you, I have no real need to mark others, do I?"

"None whatsoever." Remus grinned and pulled Fenrir down into a proper kiss. Even if it had only been a few hours, it had felt like years since they had been alone. "I should... we should go out and let them know what the verdict is."

"We should rescue your wizards before my patrol returns and sees them hovering around the Den's entrance." Fenrir chuckled lightly. He stood from the bed, looking down at Remus. "Come, Pup. Let's go scare your little friend. I'll even put on my Big Bad Wolf face for you."

"Bloody hell..." Remus couldn't help the chuckle as he stood, knees popping as he moved. Once they were out of the room, Remus paused. "Do you need to warn Kurt first?"
"Indeed." Fenrir growled, his demeanor shifting as soon as they stepped out of his private quarters. "Go warn your wizards. I'll be out in a moment." He leaned down to nip sharply at Remus' ear with his teeth before walking off toward his Beta.

The bite caused a strong shudder to jolt down his spine and he almost pulled Fenrir back into the bedroom. But there were more important things right now. With his ear still tingling pleasantly, Remus made his way back out to where James and Sirius were sitting against a tree talking quietly. Sirius noticed him first and jumped to his feet, but Remus cut him off before he could say anything.

"Fenrir will be out in a moment." Remus leaned against the mouth of the cave, keeping his face impassive.

"Is he angry?" Sirius asked softly. Remus sighed.

"What do you think, Pads?"

“Uh,” James shifted his weight from one foot to the other nervously, all humor gone from his chat with Sirius. “Should I just... go? Before he catches me, y’know?”

"I wouldn't. He knows you're here, James. If he comes out and you're not here, then he'll have reason to send out the hunters." He had to bite his cheek to keep the amusement off of his face. Oh, this was going to be good.

"Moony, he's not going to... hurt Prongs, will he?" Sirius asked hesitantly.

"I told him he wasn't allowed to mark James in any way, shape or form. But you know I can't control him, Sirius. He's the Alpha remember?"

“The hunters ?” James gaped. He looked between the two of them. “He would send hunters after me? I’m not- Moony, tell him I’m not dangerous !”

"I did, James. But he's going to have to see for himself." He looked at Sirius.
"And you are not to intervene."

"But if he attacks James-"

"You and I will be ready with healing spells. Sirius, you remember the last time you tried to attack him right? And how I couldn't do anything to stop him?"

James paled. He quickly looked in the direction Remus had come from. "Moony, Lils doesn’t know I came here. She-"

“What do we have here?” Fenrir’s gravelly voice cracked through the air like a whip, jolting James.

The wizard watched the hulking werewolf move over to them. He couldn’t look away. Such a massive man moving so fluidly and silently through the trees to reach them. The bright amber and cold dead eyes settled on James and he swallowed hard, looking away immediately. The air felt strange around him, and he really didn’t want to meet those eyes. Didn’t want to see those scars, the fangs, the rage at him being there. All the stories he had heard about Greyback came back to him in an instant.

Fenrir settled a heavy hand on Remus’ shoulder. “Another wizard in my domain, Little One?”

Remus sighed, as though irritated. "I told you that he same searching for Sirius and I. This is James Potter, another friend from school." He wanted desperately to lean into the touch but Remus controlled himself. This was far more entertaining. "I didn't plan to bring another wizard along, Fenrir."

“Wizards crawling around my forest like rats .” Fenrir snarled, gnashing his teeth. “Look at me, Wizard.”

James startled, head jerking to meet Fenrir’s eyes. Oh, he really wanted to look away. The blind eye was gross all surrounded by harsh scarring. But he swallowed again, his jaw working but nothing escaping him.
Fenrir released Remus’ shoulder and growled loudly. He moved forward, toward James, causing the younger man to stumble backwards a couple steps. The werewolf snarled, baring blood-stained fangs. “Why are you really here?”

“T- To look for Moo- Remus. And Sirius. Just- Just looking for them.”


“N- No!”

Sirius was fighting a losing battle with himself. He couldn't just stand here and watch as the most powerful werewolf in England tore into his best mate. He glanced toward Remus. "Do something."

"I can't, Sirius. You know this."

"Yeah, but he listens to you. If you told him that James isn't a threat-"

"You seem to think I have more power over him than I actually do." Remus had crossed his arms over his chest, his lips twitching as James' back hit a tree.

"Like I said before. Fenrir has agreed to not mark James in any way, shape or form."

“Your little friends are fighting because of you, Wizard.” Fenrir cooed, moving forward, trapping James against a large tree. "Can you hear them?"

James’ breath caught in his throat. He pressed back against the bark of the tree, “Look, Fenrir. I’m not here to do anything bad. I’m really not.”

“You’re here for Remus.” The name fell from his lips like venom. The taste of it on his tongue was pleasant but he refused to show it.

“Yeah. Yeah, that’s right.”
“So sad for you, Remus is mine now.” The wolf smirked, puffing himself up with pride. “I claimed him. So you can just run along back to your master, Whelp.”

“Remus is his own person!” James frowned up at Fenrir, growing more brave.

“No.” Fenrir said flatly. “He’s mine. He belongs to me now. And you can’t do a fucking thing about it. Isn’t that unfortunate.”

He leaned in so he was just a breath from James. The werewolf could smell the fear in the air and it was delicious. The fear, the panic, the attempt at bravery. Remus’ little friends would make good meals. Lovely playthings too. The first Wizard was more fun than Fenrir had expected, what would this one be like? He licked his own lips and his growl seemed to grow louder.

“You look good enough to eat, Wizard.”

Remus waited a breath, watching James near piss his pants before he couldn't hold it anymore. A laugh tore from his lips, growing in intensity as he curled over. He already knew he was going to pay for this, James was never one to be out done after all. But the look on his friend's face was priceless.

"Fenrir.... I think that's.... enough, haha. Don't you?" He was still giggling, leaning heavily against the stone now as he tried to catch his breath.

James stared at Remus past Fenrir when the werewolf took a step back. “Mo- Moony what the fuck??”

Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest, still looking ever the imposing werewolf Alpha. He snarled down at James. “Think twice about sneaking into people’s territories, Wizard.”

James didn’t move from his spot against the tree. He nodded rapidly at Fenrir.

The older werewolf looked at the younger one, watching as he tried to calm his laughter. “Maybe you should have been a snake, Little One.”
Remus waved Fenrir off, gasping for breath. Sirius looked as amused as James did. But they would come around. Looking back at Fenrir he smiled.

"I'm not nearly cunning enough." Remus replied and pushed off from the stone. The sun was beginning to descend and if James was going to meet the pack and get back to London before nightfall, they needed to get a move on.

"Does James have permission to enter the Den, Fenrir?"

Fenrir held out his hand in James’ direction. The wizard stared at it blankly. Residual fear was still pulsing through him. Remus wanted him to go near more werewolves?

Tired of waiting, Fenrir snarled loudly and curled his fingers a little. “Give me your wand.”

“You can’t be serious,” James mumbled, looking over at Remus quickly. He watched as Sirius handed his wand to Remus.

Remus rolled his eyes. "Do you trust me, James?" It was a simple question, one he already knew the answer to. But he needed Fenrir to hear it as well.

“Yes... yeah, ‘course, Moony.” But he still stood still without moving for a long moment before taking his wand and placing it in Fenrir’s hand.

The werewolf moved immediately and handed it to Remus, wiping his hands on his pants afterwards. “He gets that back when he leaves, not a moment before. Understood?”

"Of course." Remus smiled, keeping both Sirius and James' wands in one hand while holding his free hand out to the younger wizard. "Come on, Prongs. It's time for you to see the truth about us monsters."

“I don’t think you’re a monster, Moony.” James said, almost automatically at this point in their lives.
Fenrir rolled his eyes and huffed a breath. “No need to spout lies, Wizard. We all know what your kind think of us. Come.” He jerked his head in the direction that he had come from earlier. James could vaguely hear him snarling under his breath about wizards infiltrating his pack as he walked off.

James looked over at Remus. “Is this a good idea?”

"You're asking me this now?" But Remus was smirking. "If you're anything like Padfoot, you'll like them all. They're just like me." And really it pleased him to have one side of his life meeting with the other.

Kurt was waiting at the end of the tunnel before the cave opened into the main living area. He nodded to Fenrir, but his eyes zeroed in on the new face.

"So this is the wizard threat?" He wasn't expecting someone so short.

Remus smirked. "A simple misunderstanding, Kurt." He stopped, letting Fenrir introduce his Beta.

Fenrir growled low in his chest, nodding toward Kurt. “This is Kurt. My Beta. Kurt, this is another of Dumbledore’s pets.”

“Uh, nice to meet you?” James replied. Are all werewolves so big?

The Alpha werewolf looked at his Beta, “Have the scouting parties come back yet?”

"Not yet. They're checking all the wards as well. Was this one found outside of them?"

"Yes. He didn't make it inside." Remus nodded, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Well, that's some good news." Kurt moved to say something to Fenrir when the wizard's scent caught his nose. No, there was no way. "You." Kurt whispered, looking back at James. "I've met you before."
Sirius frowned and then he remembered the yelling match in Fenrir’s quarters. *Stag. The fucking Stag.* “He’s the Stag.”

Fenrir whipped around the look at him. He snarled loudly. “What?”

“The Stag. You were yelling, yesterday. Because the kids knew I could change. And Fenrir said I’m ‘like the fucking Stag.’ That’s him. He’s the Stag.”

Kurt nodded. "Yes. That's right..." Well, well, it looked like Remus had been telling the truth after all. He made a mental note to take Remus aside later. "Are all of your friends shapeshifters, Remus?" Kurt asked, keeping his eyes on James.

"Not all of them." Remus replied coolly.

“Oh, so you’ve heard of me?” James said, a smirk curving his lips. “I remember you too, mate. Almost ate me. Moony was faster though, hm? And the magic stag got away.”

Fenrir jabbed a sharp claw at James’ chest. “No magic talk around the pack.”

“Merlin,” James grumbled, pushing Fenrir’s hand away from his chest. “I won’t say a thing. Quit stabbing me.”

"Why don't we go over the house rules so that we don't have a repeat of what happened the first time?" Remus suggested, only to be cut off by Kurt's snort.

"Assuming the wizards are even staying that long. I thought you and your mate were returning to London, Remus?" Remus frowned then nodded.

"True. Now that the danger has passed, I don't see why we should delay our return any longer." After all, they didn't need Dumbledore sending anymore people to find them.

Fenrir bristled at the words, a loud growl rising in his throat.
He didn't want his pet to leave. He didn't want his Pup leaving him. His Pup. That wizard was taking Remus away just like Fenrir thought he would. The amber eye zeroed in on Sirius. The wizard was standing close to Remus, almost glued to him, almost attached at the hip, he was standing so close. Jealousy flared in Fenrir's chest.

James arched a brow at the Alpha werewolf. "Alright?"

Fenrir snarled, "Fine." He turned his gaze on Remus. "Shouldn't delay, Little One."

Remus knew that tone. He met Fenrir's gaze for a long moment before turning back to Sirius and James.

"Prongs, would you mind taking Padfoot home? There's still some things that I need to do here. I want to say goodbye to everyone." He looked to Kurt next. "Would you mind sending someone to guide them back? I don't want the scouts to find them and think they're hostile."

Kurt looked at Fenrir, silently asking for either an approval or a denial.

Fenrir's lip twitched, eyes narrowed. He jerked his head in the wizards' direction. "Kurt. Go with them. See they get out safely."

Kurt nodded and Remus handed them their wands. "If anything happens, let Kurt defend you first. No magic, understand?"

"Of course, Moony." Sirius answered, coming up to hug his lover. "Be safe. Don't take too long, yeah?" Sirius brushed his lips against Ramus' scarred cheek before he and James followed Kurt out of the cave.

Once they were out of ear shot, he looked back at Fenrir. "Well?" He didn't want to be the one to lead the Alpha back to the room.

Fenrir swallowed a snarky comment and turned to walk into the Den, leading the way to his private quarters. He held the heavy iron door open for Remus and walked in after him, closing the door behind them. Fenrir moved to his desk, picking up the old wand that sat there. With a flick of it, he cast a wordless silencing charm.
The Alpha looked back at Remus but refused to be the one to speak first. He set the wand back down, hands moving automatically to scrub the magic residue off on his jeans. He crossed his arms over his chest, growling quietly.

Once the spell was cast, Remus followed Fenrir to the desk. He distantly wondered if it was sturdy enough before turning toward Fenrir. "If you wanted me to stay, all you had to do was say so."

"You should be with your *mate*." Fenrir spat the word. It felt wrong on his tongue. "You're Dumbledore’s pet. I can’t keep you here. If I did, he would send competent wizards after me."

"I am *not* Dumbledore's pet. " Remu snapped, hissing the words as revulsion pulsed through him. The very idea that Fenrir thought that of him was enough to make him feel sick. "He cannot dictate who I spend my time with anymore than you can." He wanted to reassure Fenrir, to calm the fear that Dumbledore knew exactly where they were. But he couldn't, not when the hurt, pain, rage pulsed through him.

Fenrir ran a hand through his hair, taking out the tie that held it back. He scratched at his head, sighing. The Alpha werewolf stalked away from the desk, moving toward the center of the room before pausing. He looked over his shoulder at Remus.

"He knows where the Den is." He growled. "What will he do with that information? I can't...." He sighed, falling silent for a moment and running a hand over his face in frustration. "I can't piss him off, who knows what he would do? I'm stuck between two wizards that want ill for my pack, Little One."

"Since when have you ever cowered before wizards?" He asked softly, moving to follow Fenrir. "Dumbledore may be strong but he isn't stupid."

Remus took Fenrir's hand in his. "The wizards are terrified of you. Your very name sparks as much fear as Voldemort. Dumbledore might seem like he's fearless but I assure you he isn't. You scare him. You are an unknown element that he can't control." His lips twitched. He never thought he'd be the one convincing someone of Dumbledore's faults. But here he was. "Your pack is as strong as you are. So what if he knows where the Den is? The fact that he went through such lengths to find it only proves how concerned he is over you."

Fenrir stared at his hands in Remus'. It looked absurd, how much larger and calloused and filthy his hands were. Remus' long slender fingers curled around his dirty ones. Fenrir almost laughed
aloud at the sight of it. Pure holding corrupt. Clean wrapping itself around dirty. Graceful, talented, clean hands holding loosely to violent blood-stained ones.

He looked back to Remus, frowning. "He is frightened of me? Good. But my location is valuable, Little One. Will your master- Will Dumbledore," He corrected after a stern look from Remus. "sell out that information?"

"I don't believe he will." Because Dumbledore hated loss of innocent life. He wanted to spare it at all costs. He wouldn't damn the pups for the sake of the Alpha. Remus had to believe that. But.... "But if he does,"

The brown eyes flashed gold. "Then we'll rip his throat out."

A deep rumble of a purr erupted from Fenrir at the sound of Faelen's voice. The older man leaned down slightly, loose hair falling over his shoulder. He stared into those golden eyes, almost searching them. "You've got to learn to fight first, Little One. The thought is appreciated but loss of your life is not on my itinerary."

Remus smirked, his head tipping up in a challenge. Fenrir had no idea did he? He had no idea how much Dumbledore trusted him. How easy it would be.

"Do you honestly believe that Dumbledore will ever see poor, scarred Remus coming?" He shrugged, his free hand moving to cup Fenrir's face. "But you're not wrong. I'm sure I can find an adequate teacher....no?"

"Ah," Fenrir purred, "But for me to teach, you would have to stay here. Away from that mate of yours. Away from the wizards. Unfortunate situation to have placed you in, hm? Stuck between a wizard and a werewolf, my precious Pup. And you tried so hard to not have to choose."

Faelen leaned closer, only a breath away now. It was true that he had just forged a bridge between his lovers. But that didn't mean what Fenrir thought it meant.

"Who's to say we would have to choose?" His fingers curled into the loose black strands. "We would have to come here for the full would we not? We have long accepted that the only source of income will be from Dumbledore. So there's no problem with us coming early for the full and spending time to train then?"
Fenrir bristled. He both enjoyed and hated the sound of that. “What would you give the pack in return, Pup.” He snarled, baring his teeth. “We offer you shelter and training, what do you offer in return? Pack members work for their place here.”

He nipped sharply at Faelen’s lower lip, growling low. One hand moved to settle around Faelen’s wrist. “What will you give to me in payment?”

"You mean besides me ?" He whispered, feeling the heat emanating from Fenrir's lips and wanting it on his skin. "I can give you information on Dumbledore. Nothing life threatening, of course, unless he does something stupid. But I'll be able to give you ample time to move if he decides to send more wizards your way."

“You’re willing to play spy for me?” Fenrir purred low, moving to force Faelen to take a step back. “Willing to be my spy and my mate?”

His grip tightened on Fenrir's hair, maintaining his balance as he walked backward. Hearing the word mate falling from Fenrir's lips.... Merlin, if that wasn't the hottest thing he had heard all day.

"Yes." He breathed, taking another step back. The back of his mind knew they were headed toward the bed, but he would gladly go wherever Fenrir led him.

“And what would your wizard think of that, Little One?” Fenrir purred, “Would your wizard allow you to mate with me?”

He forced the younger man back a few more steps, that amber eye never straying from the gold laced hazel. Fenrir inhaled Faelen's scent and his purring grew louder. His voice dropped lower. “Who knows what wizards are thinking.”

"If he wouldn't allow it, he would have kept you from fucking me earlier." Faelen smirked, leaning up to just barely brush his lips against Fenrir's. "The whole reason I brought him here is to see if he would allow it.... " His smirk grew when the back of his calves hit the edge of the bed. "He'd most likely let you mate him as well, given time..."

Fenrir’s hand moved in an instant to tangle in Remus’ soft curls, fingers rough but gentle at the same time. The werewolf knew how much control to use and when to use it. He forced the younger man’s head back sharply. “Your wizard is quite the lovely specimen, Pup. And you share him so willingly with me, I’m honored.”
Fenrir leaned down to drag his fangs over the bond mark that stood out against pale skin. He soothed it over with his tongue moments later, the rumbling of his chest growing louder in his pleasure.

“But would he return here? Would he come back here after you return to Wizarding society, where he remains powerful and you weak?”

The brush against the bond mark had pleasure shooting through him, pushing all the air from his lungs as he fought to stay upright.

"Of course he would." The words were but whispers, the anticipation of what was to come causing him to shudder. "Because I will be returning." Not to mention that although he was one of the last remaining Blacks alive, the power his family held was not one that Sirius wanted to wield.

“What a loyal mate you’ve got, my precious little Pup.” Fenrir pulled back, untangling his fingers from Remus’ hair. He settled a hand on the younger man’s chest and pushed him to fall back on the bed. The elder werewolf stood, crossing his arms over his chest. “And he remains loyal to you and you remain loyal to me?”

The action made Faelen chuckle as he landed, the furs cushioned his fall enough that he felt no pain. "I remain loyal to you both. Equally." His arms rose above his head, stretching his back in a slight arch. "And only you both."

The amber eye shifted down to the sliver of skin that was exposed when the younger man's shirt rose. The pale flesh and little trail of brown hair vanishing under fabric. It was a tantalizing sight, certainly.

He looked back at Remus’ face, a smirk curving his lips. “Not to Dumbledore? Oh, he would be disappointed. To think you are loyal to the bloodthirsty, man eating, evil, Fenrir Greyback…” He rolled his head on his shoulders and licked his lips as he stared down at his prey. “Now that’s just unheard of. It sounds like betrayal.”

"What Dumbledore doesn't know won't hurt me." He countered, rolling his hips as he kicked his shoes off. His pants were becoming unbearably tight, but he remained where he was until instructed to move. "Besides, is it a betrayal if you can no longer trust the person?”
“They might be thinking the same of you, Little One.” He shifted, pulling his shirt off and tossing it to the floor. He could pick it up later. He ran his claws through his hair. “Staying here for the full, helping the pack, mating with me. You’re finally coming home.”

*Home*. Merlin that world hadn't meant so much to him since his mother died. And now.... now it finally felt right again. It was a feeling that Remus never thought he would feel again.

"About time, right?" The gold laced hazel eyes slid over every inch of exposed skin he could see. Seeing Fenrir like this never failed to make his world spin. If only the rest of the world knew. But then again, if they knew, Remus wouldn't have the Alpha all to himself.

"Now are you going to stand there all night and gawk at me?" He asked, pushing up to his elbows. "Or are you going to stop talking and fuck me?"

“You’re wearing far too much, my beautiful little Pup.” He looked down at him, that amber eye scanning over the younger werewolf’s body. “And you aren’t ready for me. I don’t want to tear you up inside. I’d so hate to spill your blood.”
Chapter 32

Chapter by AnimalCops

Chapter Notes

I (AnimalCops) have also written some short drabble-like things that explore other bits of this story such as when Alec and the others got taken by Voldemort and when Fenrir heard Voldemort's plan to use his hunters as weapons. If you're interested in my posting these drabbles as part of the "Little One" series, let me know!

"Then why don't you help me?" He wanted to see if Fenrir would actually go as far as undressing him. There was something so intimate about his lover being the one to remove the barriers at their pace, and Remus wanted to see if Fenrir would be willing to play.

The older werewolf stood still and silent for a moment, thinking things over. But after a handful of seconds that seemed like an eternity, he climbed onto the bed. He moved swiftly, leaning down to seal their lips together roughly, one hand working on the button and zipper of Remus' jeans.

Remus barely saw the Alpha move before he was being pressed down into the furs. A groan passed from his lips to Fenrir's as his hips arched against the hand trying to loosen his pants. This is what he wanted, what he needed. For Fenrir to lose himself, just for a little while. His hips lifted to help Fenrir slide them off and away. Once they were gone, his legs wrapped around the older man's hips as he kissed his Alpha just as fervently in return.

Fenrir growled into the kiss, one hand holding him up above Remus, the other sliding fingers into soft curly hair. He didn't think he would ever get used to the kisses, but he had to admit that he liked it when Remus' lips met his own. He was starting to initiate more. Starting to chase the feeling that Remus' kisses sent sparking down his spine. He growled again.

Fingers tightened in the younger man's hair as Fenrir pulled Remus' head back, kissing him deeper, more aggressively. Desire to control and claim the younger werewolf pushed its way to the front of Fenrir's mind. His hips jerked, cock trapped in the confines of his jeans still but in no rush to separate from Remus in order to take them off.

The younger man couldn't stop the keen that he made when his head was jerked back. He had never been one for hair pulling, (that had always been more Sirius' thing) but now, ever since he met his Alpha- Oh, he couldn't help the shudder when Fenrir tugged on his hair.
Remus broke the kiss, leaning his head back to offer his throat to the wolf above him. As soon as he felt the teeth trailing along his skin, he whispered a spell that made the jeans between them vanish. The press of Fenrir's cock against his hip pushed another gasp from his lips, his hands moving now to cup Fenrir's sides, nails curling into flesh.

Fenrir growled low when he felt Remus’ nails break skin. The scent of Fenrir’s blood seeped into the air and it made the older man startle slightly. He moaned low in his throat and he gave a sharp rut of his hips against Remus’ soft skin. He knew Remus’ fingernails pierced his skin when he felt the tingle of pain on his sides, but he so rarely smelled his own blood.

Wanting to add to the metallic tang in the air, the older werewolf sunk his fangs into the other man’s neck. He targeted the unblemished skin just south of the bond mark. He moaned again at the taste, the sound muffled and pleased.

It was a high that Remus would be forever addicted to. The pain only added to the pleasure, and his fingers curled tighter into Fenrir's hips. He wanted Fenrir in him, fucking him, claiming him. Remus didn't know when he would be allowed to return and he wanted to savor every last second he could.

Fenrir pulled back slightly, licking over the fresh wound eagerly. He pressed his hips flush to Remus’, grinding their cocks together. He purred in the younger man’s ear, nipping the sensitive flesh with blood-stained teeth. “Little One... You are mine.”

"Yes," The whisper was barely audible, pushed forth by the moan of pleasure that followed. He could so easily come like this. But where was the fun of that? "Make me yours, ahh." He arched, his hips angeling to give Fenrir more room. "I'm ready, please, Fen."

Fenrir shifted himself, settled between Remus’ legs with his hands resting on the younger man’s hips. The Alpha werewolf pulled back enough to look into the hazel eyes, his own single amber one clouded over with lust. His hips twitched slightly, but Fenrir prided himself on his self control. His fingers twitched and his claws dug into tender skin.

“I do not want to hurt you, Pup.”

"You won't, I promise." A soft smile tugged at his lips, one bloodied hand moving away from Fenrir's hip to cup his face. "I told you. I'm ready. Please...."
Fenrir was still for a moment, obviously thinking it over. He either overthought things or acted on impulse. But lately there was too much to overthink. He didn’t want to add more to that list.

He ducked down and captured Remus’ lips with his own. He might not be used to the kisses just yet, but he found himself liking them quite a lot. At the same time, he lined himself up and pushed deep inside the younger man’s body. Groaning into the kiss, Fenrir’s fingernails dug harder into his hips. Remus was tight, and Fenrir so badly wanted to move. But he stopped, losing himself in the kiss, wanting to give Remus time to adjust.

As soon as he felt Fenrir, Remus whimpered to the room, and felt himself relax. He had slicked himself as well as he could (a spell that Sirius had taught him) but Fenrir made him feel so full. He groaned into the kiss, one hand curling into the dark strands.

"It's okay." He panted against Fenrir's lips. "You can move."

A low growl of a moan rose in Fenrir’s throat and he bucked his hips forward, claws digging hard into the younger man’s hips. He nipped at Remus’ plump lower lip, tongue soothing over the small wound seconds later. His mind was swimming, hips pumping in a steady pace, pushing as deep as he could. He wanted to claim Remus so thoroughly that he would feel an echo of him for weeks. The thought made him groan, made his hips falter in their smooth thrusts.

“Remus...” Fenrir purred, eyes closed, basking in the sensations.

He shuddered at the sound of his name. Hearing it fall from Fenrir's lips... it was a spell unlike any other. Moan after moan fell from his lips. His legs tightening to pull Fenrir closer and take him in as deep as he could.

Who knew when he would see the Alpha again? Who knew when they would have time to be together like this? It would only be during the full moons and that was still a few weeks away.

His hands moved to slide up Fenrir's back, along the scars and muscles to curl into the meat of his shoulders. He never wanted this to stop, he wished that he could just stay like this, with Fenrir and Sirius together.

Fenrir felt a shudder shoot down his spine at Remus' touches. Those soft and gentle hands running along his body, feeling every inch of him until they settled on his shoulders. He bucked his hips faster, chasing the sensation, pushing both of them closer to the edge. Sharp teeth scraped along
exposed skin, teasing marks that had already been left years ago.

Fenrir purred deeply, tongue lapping at the salty flesh of Remus' neck. He murmured against the younger man's skin. "Mine ..."

Remus was so close, so damn close, yet he didn't want it to stop. He never wanted this to end. The moans grew into soft keens, his fingers curling to hang on as long as possible. One thrust, two, then another and his control snapped. He came with the Alpha's name on his lips, arching against the man above him as he spilled between them.

Fenrir snapped his hips hard as he unraveled just moments after Remus. His head ducked down as he instinctively bit down on the younger man's shoulder.

He kept still as a few slow moments passed by him in solid heartbeats. Opening his good eye, he pulled back, not bothering to lick up the spilled blood. But rather, he kept his gaze to that spot, watching the crimson dribble over slightly tanned skin. Fenrir shifted slowly, slipping out of the younger man's body and he sat back on his knees.

He watched Remus curiously, head cocked to the side slightly. Something smelled wrong. "Little One...?"

It all ended too soon. Fenrir was already pulling away and... shit was it really showing on his face?

"What?" He asked, trying to play off the ache already blossoming in his chest. He untangled his legs from Fenrir's hips and moved to sit up as well.

Fenrir watched him, his good eye scanning over the other werewolf carefully. When the amber clashed with hazel, Fenrir spoke again. His voice rumbled, an eerie calm. "You're leaving." It wasn't a question. The air in the room suddenly chilled as Fenrir muttered the words.

The Alpha knew it was going to happen, knew Remus was planning it. Despite his wishes to make Fenrir play nicely with wizards, his little Pup was still leaving.

The ache in Remus' chest grew until it was a weight, slowly squeezing the air out of him. He opened his mouth to reply before shutting it again. But at the same time, he was confused. Fenrir knew he was leaving, that he had to report back to Dumbledore before he sent more wizards after
"You knew this... I mean..." He watched Fenrir's expression closely. "It's not by choice, Fen. I don't..... I don't want to leave."

Fenrir huffed an angry breath, looking away from Remus immediately as the words were spoken.

"You won't come back." And again, it wasn't a question.

Fenrir knew well how all this worked. He knew that the young wizard would go back to his society, the one he so desperately wanted to be a part of. He knew the wizards would drag him down. Push him in the dirt. And he knew Remus would let them. Because that's what werewolves did when they wanted to be accepted. They ended up tame. They ended up hurting themselves.

"Wha- of course I'm coming back." Was that what all of this was about? Fenrir was... he seemed genuinely scared. Remus leaned forward, cupping Fenrir's face in his hands. "What on Earth gave you the impression that I was leaving for good?"

"We all say things, Little One. You say you want to come back. You want to learn and train and be here for the fulls. But you won't." He frowned, a low growl rising in his chest. "You want to be one of them. You don't want to be one of us."

He wanted to pull away from the younger man's touches, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. The words he had said earlier felt like they were caught in his throat. He had uttered those words when he was high off Remus, off his desire and smells and warmth. *Mate*. He actually called Remus his *mate*. That realization crashed down onto Fenrir like an infinite weight.

"Your mate," Fenrir forced himself to say, "You want to be with him. In his society."

"I want to be with both of you." Remus snapped back. "I brought him here to see if the two of you could live together. Don't you see? I don't want to be part of a world that judges me based on something I can't control. I want to be here. With the pack and the pups and with you. Sirius is the only part of the wizarding world that I want and that's only because he gives me the things that you can't. Just like you give me things that he can't."

He studied the worn face, his thumbs brushing against Fenrir's cheeks. "I need you both, Fenrir.
But don't mistake my wanting Sirius for a need to be a part of the world that is currently trying to kill each other in the name of blood purity."

A rumble let loose in Fenrir’s chest. He leaned forward a little, pushing into Remus’ touch. He nipped lightly at the younger man’s lower lip.

“So why are you leaving?” The question escaped him before he had a chance to stop it.

He felt defeated. He felt so very un-Fenrir-like. As though he wasn’t being himself. He pulled backward again, mind reeling. There were too many feelings fighting within him right now. Because of Remus.

He shook his head, causing Remus to pull his hands away.

“I am not used to this.” He growled.

He allowed Fenrir to pull back, knowing that they both needed the space even if it only made the weight on his chest heavier.

"You think that I am?” He retorted with a humorless chuckle. Remus ran his hands over his face before pushing them through his tangled hair.

"I'm going back because Dumbledore knows where the den is." Remus leaned over, bracing his elbows on his knees if only to keep his hands from reaching out to Fenrir again. "Because if I don't go back or at the very least make an appearance, he will only continue to send wizards to come find me. And next time they may not be as friendly or accepting as James is."

The older man bristled.

He did not like the sound of that for one moment. Dumbledore send more wizards after him? Dumbledore threatening his pack? Dumbledore sending people after him like his hunters chased deer?

Because of Remus. His wolf hissed in his ear.
Fenrir shook his head hard to dislodge the voice. He snarled at the thought of it.

"It will not end well for Dumbledore if he sends more wizards to my pack." Fenrir spat angrily.

"I know that. Which is why I'm going to establish a more... peaceful solution." His fingers curled into loose fists, the need to reach out and soothe Fenrir's anger growing by the second. "Fenrir, I would like nothing more than to stay right here. But I care about the pack too. And if that means throwing myself to the metaphorical wolves to keep them and you safe, then that is the sacrifice I'm willing to make."

The amber of Fenrir's working eye flashed and he snarled, showing fangs. Quickly he got off the bed, kicking the furs to the ground in his haste. He pointed a finger at Remus. "There's no peace, Pup. You're ignorant in your youth. There's no such thing as peace for creatures like us."

You're growing weak. His wolf laughed, He needs to protect you now.

"I can protect my own pack." Fenrir hissed, his hand moved from pointing at Remus to scratch at the side of his own head. "I'm not weak. I keep my pack safe. You don't keep me safe."

"I never implied that you were! Fuck's sake, Fenrir, all Dumbledore has to do is prove to the Ministry that you've had dealings with Voldemort in the past and they will give him all the Aurors he wants! Hundreds of them swarming the forest and for what? For the sake of your bloody pride?" He stood as well, but not as a show of opposition. No, he wanted to know the true reason why Fenrir was snapping at him. This was an age old argument, one they had already danced around numerous times. "Dumbledore was there when my parents couldn't be. The last time I checked he trusted me, so until I know otherwise, I should be able to convince him to leave the pack alone. Violence isn't always the answer, Fen. Sometimes it makes things worse."

"Violence solved my problem with Voldemort, did it not?" The Alpha turned on his heel and walked to his wardrobe. He pulled on a pair of sweatpants and tossed another pair to Remus. He hissed low, "If you kill a problem, it's no longer a problem."

Going to get rid of the Pup? You've grown so attached. It's not good for you.

His wolf had never been so noisy. He always gave it what it wanted, it had never been so loud in his head before. He had always been one with his wolf, so much so, that they could communicate
without communication. A flare of panic rose in his chest at the thought that his wolf was growing distant.

*because of Remus*. It hissed.

"No." Fenrir snarled aloud, speaking to himself but not meaning to. He glared at Remus. "Dumbledore may have been there for you, but that means nothing here. He wants my pack dead just as much as Voldemort wants us for war."

Remus caught the sweatpants only to drop them a moment later. Instead he moved closer to Fenrir, resting a hand on his shoulder.

"Fenrir, if you kill Dumbledore, you'll only give the wizards that much more evidence against you. Is that honestly what you want?"

"No." He said, voice losing some of its rash anger. "But what if it's what needs to be done?"

"There are other ways, Fenrir." Remus hissed, his eyes flashing gold, not in anger but in comfort. "I know that violence has worked for you thus far, but Dumbledore is not a wolf that is technically under your command."

He cupped the back of Fenrir's neck, not ashamed of the softness of the words that came next. "I have no doubt that you can protect the pack. That much has been proven time and again. But if I can find out why Dumbledore went through all the trouble of tracking you down, isn't that something that you need to know as well? If Dumbledore can track you, if we find out how he did it and kill *that*, don't you think that would be better for the pack overall?"

"I can't make them move Dens again, Remus." Fenrir said softly. "They don't know what's happening out there. They don't know how fierce the war has gotten. They're just living out their lives here because they aren't welcome elsewhere."

His brow furrowed and he swallowed hard, licking dry lips. His chest felt tight and heavy with everything he was feeling, with all the emotions crashing together like waves. "Your Ministry wants us gone. Exterminated. We were meant to hide away. How can we hide if he can so easily find us?"
"I will tell you now that the Ministry severely underestimates your numbers." He whispered. Even if the room was still silenced, he felt the need for caution. Someone knew where his pack was and he didn't like it. Dumbledore was good, but he wasn't that good. There had to be an explanation.

"Yes, they want us gone, but you and I both know that they are terrified of us. Even with the Aurors, they are only as powerful as their wands allow them to be. ." Faelen smirked, gold bleeding into the hazel. "If we find how Dumbledore found out, we can stop it. Or kill it, as the case may be. Besides, we have a feeling that Dumbledore's little army is losing. Don't you remember him trying to recruit you before the war started?"

Faelen smirked. "He may know where we are, but that still means he has to come to us, doesn't it? He would still be venturing into unknown woods, as the case may be."

“They all just want bodies for war. Voldemort was the one smart enough to use spies and blackmail.”

Fenrir learned forward slightly and pressed his forehead to Faelen’s. His own wolf’s hissing voice grew quiet when Faelen spoke. Fenrir growled low in his chest.

“He shouldn’t be able to get past our wards... Even your little friend couldn’t do it until you took him beyond the boundary. We should be safe. We have our own brand of magic that they don’t know about.”

"Exactly." Faelen leaned in to nip sharply at Fenrir's lip. "He may seem calm and collected, but Dumbledore is terrified of what he doesn't know. Of who he can't control. Why do you think he sent James to check on us?" His hands lowered to grip Fenrir's hips. "The last place we want to be is back in that room of judgemental stares and hushed whispers."

He leaned back enough to look into his Alpha's eye. "I would much rather stay here and allow you to claim me again... and again." His eyes dropped to Fenrir's lips before they met his gaze again. "But Remus was correct. We need Sirius. Whether it be here in the cave, or in a cottage in the middle of the woods. We need him. We need to go back, if only to convince him to join us."

“And what then, Little One? The war is not ending any time soon and you are supposedly loyal to Dumbledore. What if he gets you killed?” He dragged his nails down Faelen’s sides, careful not to be too rough. Not to leave deep marks. “You’re just fodder for him. You’re a body for war. There’s
nothing stopping me from killing him if you die, Little One.”

"And we wouldn’t want you to. But, lucky for you, we are hard to kill." One hand moved to cup the back of Fenrir's neck, to pull him down until their lips met in a clash of tongues and teeth. They burned for Fenrir, for their Alpha. And if they were being completely honest, it was the same intensity, the same addiction as it was for Sirius. He pulled away with one last nip, breathless.

"If we stay out of the way long enough, then the wizards will forget about us. Or at least be too focused on killing each other to worry about what we're doing." His hand brushed some of the wild tangles away from Fenrir's face.

"And after what he convinced James to do...." Remus all but growled at the thought. "I am loyal to you and Sirius only. If Dumbledore wants to believe me to be his pet, then let him. It will be that much easier to prove him wrong when the time comes."

“He is going to get you killed, Pup.” Fenrir breathed, skin tingling from the kiss. He was getting more used to how much he liked those.

He ran a hand through brown curls, claws lightly scratching at the younger man’s scalp. “You must be prepared to run if he sends you on some suicide mission. I will not lose my m-- I will not lose you.” He frowned at himself, feeling foolish to have almost slipped up.

Remus noticed the pause, the sudden change of wording and couldn't tilting his head in curiosity. "Your what, Fenrir?"

He felt his breath catch in his throat. Shaking his head, he took a step back, hands falling away from remus, and Remus’ hands falling away from him. “Nothing.” He looked at the younger man. “Put on some clothes. You’ll die of illness before Dumbledore can send you to your death himself.”

He wanted to push the issue, to press until Fenrir told him what he was about to say because he felt, he knew it was important. But instead he nodded, moving back to pick up the sweatpants that Fenrir had tossed him earlier.

"He won't be the one to kill me, Fenrir." Remus looked back at the man who, despite his best intentions, had become so important to him. "If I allow anyone to kill me, it will be you."
Fenrir looked at him with slightly wide eyes for a moment before his expression fell back to his normal scowl. “Despite all my threats, I do not think I could ever do that, Little One.” He looked away, his gaze settling on the iron door as though he had heard something.

Maybe not intentionally.

Remus decided not to voice Faelen's thought, if only because Fenrir was obviously distressed enough. He reached forward before Fenrir could open the door, taking his hand.

"I will come back. I made a promise to you didn't I? Someone has to teach us how to fight properly."

Fenrir’s gaze was drawn to his hand in Remus’ and once again it almost made him laugh. He felt that tickle of harsh laughter in his chest but bit it back, refusing to release it. He looked back at the younger man’s face, his working eye meeting one of Remus’.

“I do not want to hear of your death, Little One. I do not want that rumor to find me.”

"And it won't. Not if I can help it." He knew he couldn't promise that this stupid war wouldn't take his life. But he had so much more to fight for than the others did. "I need to know how Dumbledore knows. If he can find out so can others, and if I know how, we can prevent it from happening again. I need to know that the pack is safe, Fenrir. That you're safe. Not because you're weak.” He continued when he felt Fenrir tense. "But for my own peace of mind."

“You will come back when you are able.” Not a question.

Fenrir frowned, brows knitting together as he studied the younger man. He pushed the hissing words of his own wolf out of his mind as best he could. That Remus was making him weak. That mates were not for Alphas. That he had things to do. He had people to kill. He had business to take care of. And Remus was ruining it.

"As soon as I can.” He vowed, feeling the magic binding to the words even if Fenrir didn't know about it. His fingers tightened on Fenrir's. Not wanting to let go but knowing that he must.
It's only for a little while... He felt FaeLen snort in the back of his mind, but he ignored it. His wolf was worried too, and that scared him more than anything.

Fenrir felt a low growl leave him. “If you say so, Little One. This is a time of war. We never know what war will bring.” He leaned down slightly to nip at the younger man’s lower lip with his teeth. And the growl rolled in his chest to leave as a gentler purr. “Go. You need to, before you make a bad decision.”

True words had never been spoken. Remus was already half tempted to pull Fenrir back to bed. But he caught Fenrir’s jaw and pulled him to another kiss, pouring everything he had into it before he pulled back.

"For the road.” He smiled, and slipped out of the room to say his goodbyes to the rest of the pack before he left.
Months had passed since Remus left the Den. He stopped by during the full moon nights, and the pack welcomed him with open arms and safety.

But the world had never felt so small to the young werewolf.

The air was too humid, hot with the fires that were still burning, saturating his skin and making his clothes cling to him uncomfortably. His ears were still ringing from the explosion, making it impossible to hear the sounds of screams, sirens and voices shouting over the high pitched noise.

The last few weeks had been hell. He should have known that things would turn for the worse, if only because the last full moon had gone so well. But no, the moment he returned to the Order, with suspicions and fear penetrating their very core, Remus should have known. And those feelings toward him had only grown as time passed.

All the signs had been there; the nervousness, the fighting, the fact that he had turned up in the oddest of places and was absent when he was needed. Remus should have known but how could he?

Peter was- he had been one of them. He was a Marauder and now-

Don't think about that. Get us back home.

Remus couldn't tell what emotion he was feeling more. Rage, betrayal, shock, fear.... Peter knew everything about the order. About them. Remus had arrived just in time to see the bloody traitor blow up the entire street before he was thrown back with the force. He had managed to get Sirius out of the street and into an alleyway before the Aurors arrived, just barely. The noise, the chaos, it was all a good cover. He had to apparate them at least two places in London before even daring to try outside the city limits.

If anyone were to follow him-

If the Aurors or the Deatheaters followed his trail-
He apparated again, the rain falling hard in a dingy alley; the talk, laughter and smoke from a nearby pub saturated the air. He allowed himself a moment's rest, tightened his arm around the motionless man next to him, took a deep breath, and apparated again. The black void felt so much more welcoming than the world that had appeared a moment later. It would be so easy for him to just allow himself to slip.

But no. He made a promise. And unlike one of his former best friends, he wasn't a fool enough to break it.

The final crack left him weak and shaking, although Remus wasn't sure if it was from the rage or exhaustion. Maybe both. All he knew was that he had never been so happy to smell the scents of the Den. Of home.

Fenrir looked up from where he sat by the dying fire. A sharp crack echoed through the cave and the werewolf Alpha stood up. Everyone was sleeping, who would be entering the cave by magic? His brows furrowed in confusion. October’s full was earlier in the month, there was no reason for Remus to come back. He thought hard of any other wizards that knew where the Den was located. Remus’ mate? The Stag?

He moved over to the entrance of the cave, the sound having come from just outside it. “Who’s out there?”

The Alpha sniffed at the air and caught an overwhelming waft of blood and smoke. He quickly took one of the hunting knives at was housed by the entrance to the cave and slipped out into the darkness of the night.

Glancing around, his good eye finally landed on the intruders. He felt himself suck in a sharp breath, feet stuck where he stood despite his mind screaming at him to move forward at once.

“Remus..?”

His head shot up, wand at the ready as a reflex before he realized who it was. His legs nearly buckled in relief, but he managed to remain upright. "Get him inside. And ask one of the wolves to keep him under until I say so."

He handed Sirius off to the Alpha, golden eyes glowing softly as he met the single one. "Then we
Despite his wolf raging at being given orders, Fenrir gave a firm nod. It wasn't the time to wrestle with his own pride and he knew that. He scooped the wizard up in his arms, trying to be as gentle as he could. Sirius seemed to be unconscious, but Fenrir didn’t want to risk waking him. The Alpha moved into the Den and placed the wizard on the stone ground near the fire, waving his hand to help it magically roar to life once more, wanting to keep the younger man warm.

The light of the fire flickered, highlighting the wounds that Sirius had somehow obtained. His left arm was bleeding, his robes were almost torn to shreds and Fenrir could see dark magic marks on the formerly unblemished face. His once clean, pale skin was dusted with ash and crimson spatters of blood.

The Alpha stood up straight and made a beeline for Sophie’s cot. He settled a large hand on her shoulder and shook her awake, urgent but gentle as he could.

“What...? Alpha?” Her voice was groggy from sleep but she sat upright immediately, her fur blanket settling around her waist. “What’s wrong? Is it one of the pups?”

Fenrir put a finger to his lips, telling her to quiet down. He didn’t want anyone else to wake up. “Remus’ mate was injured. I need you to look after him. I set him by the fire, he needs help, Sophie.”

Her breath caught in her throat and she nodded, swinging her legs over the side of the cot to stand up. “Consider it done, Alpha. Where’s Remus?” She glanced around, hoping to see him.

“I need to go speak to him. To figure out the story. Will you watch his mate? Treat his wounds?”

“Of course, Alpha,” She whispered.

He watched her pick her wand up from a small side table next to her cot. She moved to depart, walking over to Sirius and crouching beside him, waving her wand over him carefully to assess the damage done.

Fenrir looked away and made his way back to the entrance of the cave to find Remus.
The younger man had never felt more caged. Faelen was snarling in his head, now that Sirius was safe.

**We need to find him. Now.**

"We can't. We..." He could barely breathe. It felt like his skin was the only thing holding him together. He paced back and forth in the mouth of the cave, trying to find a reason to delay Faelen in the justice they all deserved but he couldn't. There wasn't a reason in the world that Peter Pettigrew should be kept alive. Not anymore.

**He killed James and Lily, Remus. He lead the bastard right to them-**

"I know!" His voice echoed along the rock, his fists slammed against the stone, the physical pain oh so refreshing to the emotional flood pushing against his chest with every breath, fighting to get out. But he couldn't leave Sirius. Not even to avenge the best of them. And Harry... Oh Merlin, they didn't even know what happened to Harry. Remus hadn't had time to check on the baby before he rushed after Sirius. If they had been two minutes earlier. If they had ignored their reason and went with their gut... he didn't know what would have happened.

Fenrir was surprised to hear the broken crack of Remus' voice bounce off the walls of the cave. He moved over to Remus and took the younger man's hand in his own. He watched the gold flash in Remus' hazel eyes, could see the other werewolf tremble with rage and fright, could smell the blood and ash and fear on him.

"Come, Little One." He said, almost jarringly gentle. "Sophie is taking care of your mate. Walk with me. Tell me what happened."

He tugged gently on Remus' hand, urging the younger man to walk beside him. After a few pulls, the werewolf took a shaky step and walked. Fenrir headed toward the rocky shore of a lake not far from the mouth of the cave. An area that Remus' wolf knew well from the fulls he spent at the Den. A place that would hopefully calm his frazzled nerves.

He was tempted to pull away from Fenrir, even as he started to follow him. Faelen had quieted down, but the silence was worse. Deadly. Remus fought to maintain control, hoping that if he couldn't, Fenrir could.
But where could he start? How could he push past his lips the very thing that he refused to accept as reality?

"James and Lily Potter were murdered." Merlin, it scraped his throat raw and Faelen let out a growl that seemed to echo through the woods. He couldn't stay still, no matter how hard Fenrir tried to make him. He continued to pace along the shore of the lake, not caring if his shoes or pants got dirty with sand and grit.

"Voldemort killed them, and..." He huffed out a chuckle that sounded mad, even to his ears. The world blurred and Remus didn't- couldn't keep them at bay anymore. The rage burned. Merlin but it felt so good to let it flow and take over. No wonder Fenrir loved it so much. Remus had never felt more alive, more powerful than he felt in that moment.

Fenrir felt a growl rise in his chest. He wasn't sure who exactly those people were. The name rang some kind of bell in his mind but he couldn't place it. However, he knew that Remus had important people besides his mate in the wizarding world. That amber eye followed the younger man as he paced. Fenrir could feel the air grow thick with the spark of anger. He felt on edge as well, almost as though he was watching for any stupid move that Remus would make. He had never seen Remus in this state and was not sure what would come of it. Fenrir was always on edge, always ready for what might happen. But right now all his senses felt heightened.

"And what, Little One?"

"And they were HIDDEN, Fenrir! They had a bloody secret keeper and he had the bloody balls to sell them to Voldemort!" He slammed his fist into the closest object, the tree trunk shaking violently. He could feel the skin on his knuckles tearing, leaving a bloody imprint in the wood. "He is.... he was our friend! He was one of us and he just-" He couldn't take it anymore. He hit the tree again and again and again until his hands went numb.

Part of him was angry at Sirius too. Because he was originally the secret keeper and even he really didn't know the whole story. But what he did know was that it had to have changed. Sirius would have never sold out the Potters. Never. The only other person it had to be was Peter. Sirius wouldn't have risked it with anyone outside of the Marauders.

Fenrir moved forward as soon as Remus struck out. He took the younger man's hand in his own, his palm situated over the wounds on Remus' knuckles. Pushing past his own surge of anger, Fenrir focused and let wandless magic stitch together the small wounds.

The older man frowned, a subconscious rumble in his voice that tried to calm the situation in a
"But you saved your mate."

"I don't know that he's guiltless either." Remus snarled, ripping his hand away from Fenrir's. "He was supposed to be their secret keeper! He was as far as I knew! But then again they've been shutting me out for months. Merlin only knew what they had planned because I didn't know anything!" He couldn't breathe. The anger, the agony, it was too much and punching things wasn't working.

Remus continued desperately, "I... I had to knock him out to get him out of there because I knew he'd fight me. We haven't said- haven't-" Remus ran his bloody hands through his hair. It was too much. In 24 hours, everything he had known was gone. All sense of stability was gone. His family, the very support system he had. His mother dead, his father estranged. His mate avoiding him like he was the plague. And now this. "I don't.... I don't know anything anymore."

Fenrir growled to himself, running his hand through his own hair in frustration. He didn't know what to do. He didn't know what to say. He wasn't good at this. He watched Remus closely. The trembling of his hands was getting worse and his breathing was getting more ragged. Even Fenrir knew that wasn't good.

The werewolf Alpha settled a large hand on Remus' shoulder and pushed down, forcing him to sit on the dirt and rocks of the makeshift beach. He then sat beside the younger man, his voice was low and he made sure to keep his eyes on the water. "Breathe. Slower. You cannot lay blame on your mate if you do not know his side of the story. He is your mate. Mates need trust."

Remus could feel himself losing it, his hands felt numb and his lungs felt like they were burning. But he took the order for what it was, forced himself to breathe through his nose. It took longer than he cared to admit, but eventually, Remus got his breathing under control. He couldn't stop the shaking. Not yet, not while the rage and pain pulsed through his veins like poison. At Fenrir's words he snorted.

"Tell that to Black. He was the one who started keeping secrets." He should have been more honest with Fenrir during the moon. Maybe then he could have seen this coming. But instead, he used the moon as an escape he desperately needed. A means to ignore his problems if only for one more night. And now two of his best friends were dead, their child....

**Not Harry. Not yet.** Faelen growled harshly in his mind. **Not until Sirius gives us answers.**

"How long have you been mates? Quite some time. You have trusted one another for a very long time, Little One." Fenrir criss-crossed his legs and drummed the fingers of one hand on his knee.
"Mates do not simply switch their loyalties. It is not how we work and it is certainly not how a wizard mated to a werewolf works. You are always forgetting that we have our own brand of magic. You marked him. You would have felt that magic leave if your mate were pulling away from you. Did you feel that?"

He didn't know. He knew that Sirius was hiding things from him. The man had never truly been a great liar. But no, nothing as serious as that. He shook his head before it fell into his hands.

"No. But he was their secret keeper. But I know that he would never betray James like that. He would have died first. Which only means that someone else must have known. Or he traded with someone at the last moment. And Harry...."

If a dozen witnesses hadn't seen him apparating away with Sirius, Remus would be back there making damn sure Harry was taken care of. He didn't know who to trust anymore, and the last thing he wanted to do was for Sirius to lose his godson.

"There was a child... James and Lily had a child. That's what Voldemort wanted. Dumbledore said that there was a prophecy about him. He's the one who can defeat Voldemort or- or something.. I don't remember. But if James and Lily are gone, then Harry's default guardian would be Sirius. And Voldemort will do anything to get to him, Fenrir. We need to find him and bring him here. He's only a baby, just over a year.

Fenrir frowned. “We need to find him? Or you and your mate need to find him? Little One, I understand you coming here because our wards can protect you. But, do you want our help? The pack’s help?”

He glanced at Remus, grateful that the young man wasn’t watching him in return. He was good at keeping calm but if he saw the tears that he could hear in Remus’ voice, he was not sure how he would react.

The Alpha werewolf continued, “Your mate is injured. Should that be top priority? Was there anyone to have taken the pup- the child after you left?”

"Dumbledore did… I'm sure of it. And I don't know if that is truly what's best for Harry. Sirius will not be pleased when he wakes up. He and Dumbledore haven't really seen eye to eye lately. He's already going to be pissed at me that I knocked him out."
Remus sighed, his fingers tightening in the dirty brown hair. How had everything spun out of control so quickly?

“Your mate will behave here. Sophie will see to that if he wakes when we are away. I will see to that if he wakes after we get back.” Fenrir looked back at the water of the lake, his eye following a fish that swam a little too close to the surface. “You will speak to your mate. Get his story, his truth.”

Remus didn't respond. He couldn't, not with the anguish beginning to overwhelm the rage. Each breath burned, dragging knives up through his nostrils and down through his lungs.

"I just... I can't believe they're gone. I spoke to them two days ago." The tears that had paused resumed once again, gliding silently down his cheeks. This fucking war was too much. Remus had never wanted to stay with the pack, to cut himself off completely from wizarding society more than he did in that moment. His fingers curled tighter, pulling the strands they were tangled in to the breaking point. The pain felt good. Merlin the physical pain felt so damn good, soothing compared to the ever growing ache in his chest.

Fenrir reached out with one hand and smoothed it over Remus’ back. “I... am sorry for your loss, Pup. War is a terrible thing. Both sides always lose. Lives are always lost no matter the side you stand with.”

His hand stilled on Remus’ lower back and he sucked in a deep breath, falling quiet for a moment. It was hard to know what to say. It was different to how he would try to comfort a werewolf in his pack. He definitely couldn’t avoid this and push Kurt on Remus. Kurt with his low rumble of a voice and his gentle words. Fenrir didn’t know how he managed to do it.

The werewolf Alpha’s hand began to stroke up and down Remus’ spine after a few silent moments passed. “War always takes what we hold dear. It’s why we fight so hard.”

Remus leaned into the touch like he was starved for it. And in so many ways, he was. The last few weeks with Sirius avoiding him and James forced into hiding, Remus had been mostly alone since the moon.

"Thank you, Fenrir." He would have never believed it a year ago. But Fenrir was probably the only person in the world other than Sirius that could make him feel safe and protected. His arm wrapped around the Alpha’s back, head resting on his shoulder. The pain still burned, choking him with every breath. But for the first time in what seemed like an eternity, he could finally breathe.
Fenrir stiffened a little when Remus seemed to cuddle against his side. He kept moving his hand in a soothing motion to calm the younger man. "I... You're welcome, Little One. Take the time you need to breathe. Panic will do you no good and will do your mate no good."

He focused on listening to Fenrir's heartbeat. Steady, strong, so much like the wolf himself. Little by little Remus began to relax. There were still wounds that needed healing, questions that needed answering. But for right now, in the cold autumn night, this was truly all he needed.

When he felt calm enough he straightened, rubbing the meat of his hands over his eyes.

"We better get back before Kurt sends a search party." Besides, tending to Sirius would give him something to focus on.

"If Kurt wonders, Sophie will have told him we are out here. He knows I can hold my own.” He looked at Remus. “Are you ready to go back or do you need more time?”

"If I stay here I'll go mad." He rubbed his face once again before standing and offering a hand to help Fenrir up as well. A blanket of numbness settled over him and, oh, it was such a relief. At least now he could breathe somewhat.

Fenrir stared at Remus' hand for the briefest moment before taking it in his own and standing up. The werewolf Alpha settled a heavy hand on Remus’ shoulder and squeezed it gently. “Will you be able to remain calm with your mate? We will bring him to my private quarters upon our return. He will need rest and we must not cause a scene amongst the pack.”

Remus nodded, soaking in the touch. "Yes, I can. It will be easier now that I've talked about it." He sent Fenrir a grateful smile as the cave entrance came into view.

The two of them walked into the Den and Fenrir was pleased to see that no one else had woken up in their absence. Sophie looked up upon hearing their footsteps and she stood, brushing the floor’s dust from her tattered sleep pants. She walked over to Fenrir and looked up at him, studying him before turning her sparkling green gaze on Remus.

“He’ll be okay,” She said, her voice soft, not wanting any of the pack to stir. “He will need rest. I treated him with magic and our herbal ointments.”
“Thank you, Sophie.” Fenrir nodded towards the Wizard lying still by the fire. “Is he able to be moved? I would like to put him in my quarters. So he can rest in silence.”

Sophie looked at her Alpha, a bit surprised by the calm and gentle lilt in his voice. She assumed he was forcing it to keep Remus calm. “He can. If you’re gentle. Don’t jostle him too much. He had bad wounds on his left arm. I healed as much as I was able with magic but the wounds are still quite bad.”

“Understood.” Fenrir said.

“If he needs more medical attention, don’t hesitate to call for me, Alpha.”

“Understood,” He repeated, softer this time.

“And Remus,” She turned her eyes on him once more. “He’ll be okay.”

Remus smiled gently, nodding his thanks. Hopefully she didn't look too closely and notice how red his eyes were. When she turned away, he looked to Fenrir for permission. He had a spell that could lift Sirius effortlessly, but he didn't want to cast it without permission.

Fenrir looked at Remus and nodded toward the fire. “You can get him, Little One. I’ll hold the door for you.”

Remus pulled out his wand, pointing it at his lover. "Mobilicorpus."

A moment later, Sirius was being lifted into the air, floating gently along before Remus into the room. It was easy enough to set Sirius on the bed of furs before he canceled the spell. But he was still at a loss of what to do when his mate awoke.

Fenrir shut the door once they were all in his room. He moved to his desk to pick up his wand and cast a silencing charm before hastily setting it back down.
The werewolf Alpha looked at Remus with a frown creasing his features. “Are you alright?”

Remus didn't answer right away. Instead he watched Sirius sleep for a moment longer before sighing.

"I suppose I will be, eventually."
Chapter 34

Chapter by AnimalCops

Chapter Notes

We got to delve a little into our headcanons for Fenrir and Kurt in this one. Fenrir can speak Irish fluently, and Kurt can speak Scottish Gaelic as well as enough Irish to understand what Fenrir says. They've known each other for over twenty years and use this as a private way to communicate when need be. Translations for what they say are in the end notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Remus moved from where he was standing and made his way toward the Alpha. He wanted to forget, needed to feel like he still mattered. Without a word, he came up and pulled Fenrir into a hard kiss.

Fenrir startled at the sudden movement. He pulled back from the kiss and blinked at Remus. He settled his hands on Remus' shoulders and held him at arms' length. "Little One... what are you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing? " He tried to pull Fenrir closer but the Alpha was stronger. "I want you to fuck me."

The older man kept him at a distance. "You need to think things through. You are being rash."

"How am I being rash?" Remus growled, frowning at the man before him. "I haven't seen you since the full, and Sirius will be out for a while." There would be plenty of time, and even if Sirius woke up before they were done, it wasn't like he could leave the room in his condition.

Fenrir snarled back, lip pulling back and baring his teeth. "Your mate is injured." He stepped forward, forcing Remus to move back at arm's length. He pushed the younger man against the wall of the room near the desk. "You are being rash." He repeated slowly.

"I'm not!" Remus snarled back, his voice slightly deeper. "What would you have me do? Sit there and watch him while he sleeps? Contemplate how isolated I've felt since I last ran with you? I can't just sit here caged in a room, Alpha." Remus growled at him. "And if you're not going to fuck me, then maybe I'll go out and see if one of the other wolves will."
Fenrir felt his patience snap like a twig under his boot. The Alpha's right hand moved from Remus' shoulder to wrap tightly around his neck. He snarled loudly, bearing down on the younger man. "You will not. My wolves know not to touch what is mine." His eyes narrowed, and he tensed as though his hackles were raised. "You do not go against me. Your bond will not allow you to fuck out of spite."

Fenrir was right, and Remus hated it. He needed the touch, to feel something. The anguish was welling up again, threatening to overwhelm him.

"Please, Fenrir..." He whispered, begged. He needed this, more than he needed air. "Please just... do this for me, please."

Fenrir twitches slightly, his fingers tightening around Remus' throat for a brief moment. They curled tight enough to feel the quick thumping of the younger man’s pulse before relaxing again. He stared at Remus for a moment, the amber eye searching for any fault in that desperate gaze. For any twinge of regret in the hazel eyes.

The Alpha werewolf licked suddenly dry lips. “You’re serious." He stated, more to himself than anyone else. "Mating will make you feel better?"

"Yes." Remus whispered, nodding as much as Fenrir's hand allowed him. He knew the risk of Sirius waking up to see them. He knew the repercussions of what that sight would bring but he didn't care. He needed this, he needed to feel something other than the black hole expanding in his chest. "Please, Fen."

Fenrir leaned in close, his voice growing deeper, rumbling with a growl. “Should we move elsewhere?” He didn't pull his hand from Remus' throat, but squeezed a little bit tighter.

"Only if you promise to raise the silencing spell this time." The corner of his lips twitched into the ghost of a smile, the first one in a long time.

Fenrir cocked his head to the side slightly, "Ah, you remember that, do you?" He ran his thumb along the pale flesh of Remus' throat as he spoke, the sharp claw scratching lightly. "But it sure was fun."

Merlin, he missed this. He missed the Alpha so much that he almost wanted those fingers to
squeeze tighter. "I don't know how he will react when he wakes up. He's not bonded to you. He may not listen to your orders. But if you want to risk it..... I just need you to fuck me. Now."

Fenrir exhaled heavily through his nose. His amber eye shifted and he peered over at the unconscious man on the bed. He definitely didn't look like he was waking up any time soon. Fenrir wasn't sure what risk it would be to fuck Remus into the wall right here. But something hissed in his ear to avoid doing that.

He moved his hand from around Remus' throat and instead bunched in the singed fabric of his clothes. He tugged the man closer and snarled "Bathroom." before pushing him in the direction of the small doorway off the side of the bedroom.

Remus followed Fenrir to the bathroom, having just enough time to cast the silencing spell before he was slammed against the wall. The wand fell through numb fingers, clattering to the floor as he pulled Fenrir back into a searing kiss.

Fenrir growled low into the kiss, hand wrapping around Remus' throat once more. He pulled back after a few moments, still not used to it, still a little on edge about kissing. He bristled like an affronted dog and met Remus' eyes. "Tell me what you want. What you need from me, Little One."

"I want you to fuck me." He growled in response. How many times did he have to say it? "Make me forget everything but you. I don't want to be able to walk afterwards. However way you want to do that doesn't matter to me."

The older man bared his teeth. "Get ready for me then."

He pulled away, taking a step back from the younger werewolf and releasing his grip on Remus' neck. Fenrir pulled his old t-shirt over his head and tossed it to the floor of the bathroom. He started removing the rest of his clothes, but paused and watched the other man.

"Now." He snarled, when Remus didn't move fast enough.

Remus wiggled out of his pants enough that they fell around his knees. He whispered the spell needed to slick his fingers. The first finger burned, proving how long it had been, but he thrust through the discomfort to hurriedly add a second finger. He wanted to get lost, to wipe his mind blank, to be able to focus on nothing but the pleasure.
Once Fenrir had removed all his clothes, he stepped closer to Remus again. His eye trailed from where Remus was pumping his fingers into himself, up to watch his face. To watch as those hazel eyes glazed over and the plump lips took in a shuddering breath. Fenrir huffed.

He slapped at the younger man's busily working arm and started tugging the sweater up his chest. "Take this off. I want to see all of you."

He rose his arms without hesitation. As soon as his shirt was off, he kicked his pants to the floor as well. The cooler air felt blissful against his heated skin and he nodded to the Alpha.

"I'm ready."

Fenrir growled low in his throat, crowding Remus against the stone of the bathroom wall. "Are you sure?" He hissed low in the younger man's ear. Needing the reassurance that Remus wasn't going to hate him for this. Needing to know that he wasn't taking advantage. He knew he asked before. Knew what Remus said before. But he just needed to hear it again. He needed to be positive.

This wasn't just a pack member. This wasn't a fling with any old person. This was Remus. This was his Pup. This was someone who was special to him.

"Yes, I'm sure, Fenrir. I know what I'm doing and I take full responsibility for my actions." His hands grabbed Fenrir's hips, pulling him closer. "Fuck me, please, Alpha." He begged in Fenrir's ear before nipping the lobe.

Fenrir swallowed a groan of pleasure at the bite. He pressed himself against Remus and ground their cocks together, his hands moving to settle on the younger man's hips for a moment before cupping his thighs and helping to wrap Remus' legs around his waist. The Alpha nipped at Remus' lower lip, a deep growl rising in his chest.

"My pet..." He growled low, pleasure lacing through his system as he bucked his hips against his lover's body.

"Always." He promised, swore as his legs tightened around Fenrir's waist, trying to angle his hips so that his Alpha could slip in. At the next thrust. His head fell back against the wall, exposing his throat and neck.
Fenrir snarled, rolling his hips hard and pushing as deep as he could into the younger man. He bit down hard on Remus' throat, fangs sinking into pale flesh easily, smoothly. He inhaled deeply, relishing the metallic scent in the air as he rolled his hips harder, pressing Remus hard into the wall. He pulled back enough to lap at the spilt crimson with his tongue greedily.

The thrust combined with the bite pushed a loud cry from Remus' lips. His arms wrapped around Fenrir's shoulders, nails digging into the flesh as his hips met each thrust.

"Harder, please, Fen."

Fenrir shifted himself slightly, adjusting his grip on Remus and finding a better angle to push into him at. He was so focused on the falling blood, he had barely registered Remus' voice. But he cracked open his eyes, unsure of when he had closed them, at the sound of the younger man's desperate whine. The Alpha werewolf growled loudly and began to thrust faster, pushing harder, putting all he had into his movements to please the man beneath him.

His head felt pleasantly foggy and empty. He pressed his face to the crook of Remus' neck that was void of fresh wounds and panted wetly against his skin as he thrust into the younger man. "Mine..." He murmured low, low enough that part of him thought he hadn't spoken at all.

Yes, just like that. The pleasure fused with the pain of not being completely prepared, driving out every thought other than the electricity surging through him. This was what he needed, this is the escape he had been longing for ever since the full. This was the place where he felt desired, wanted, loved. And like an addict, he needed more. Enough to hold him over until the next time he was able to be one with the Alpha, his Alpha, again.

The older werewolf moved one hand to trail his claws down Remus' side. He didn't push too hard, not enough to seriously scar the poor little wolf even more. But he pushed just hard enough in places that when he dragged the palm of his hand over the wounds afterwards, he felt small trails of wet blood smear against him. He let out a low, desperate, whine of a moan in Remus' ear. The scents were getting to him. Blood and sex and Remus. Making his head feel like it was stuffed full of cotton. Making his mouth water. Making his hips move impossibly faster as he slammed into Remus' body and forced him harder against the wall. Fenrir felt a thrill shoot down his spine at the mix of copper tang and thick musk as it swirled like a cloud around him.

The younger werewolf was sure he wouldn't last long like this. Every thrust slammed against his prostate, sending sparks shooting across his closed eyes. The pleasure burned, every nerve firing at once. He didn't bother to try and be quiet, not when he knew the silencing spell was in place and his mate wouldn't wake this time because of them.
Fenrir's name fell from his lips again and again, his fingers curling into the meat of his shoulders, his arms and sides. It was all he could do to hold on until his Alpha gave him permission to come.

Fenrir snarled at the feeling of Remus' nails cutting into him. He certainly didn't have the claws that Fenrir did, but it felt as though he had gone a little while since he had cut his fingernails last. Fenrir definitely didn't object to the action. He relished in the painful tingle that sparked up and down his spine, but the fog in head was growing thicker at each thrust.

He growled into Remus' ear, his own claws digging harshly into the younger man's side and thigh. "Come, Little One."

Remus couldn't have held on if he tried. The world flooded white as his entire body tightened, spilling between them a moment later. This... this was the bliss he needed. The escape he craved if only for a moment's peace. Where the world was silent, soft and oh so far away. A place where he was weightless, loved and held.

Fenrir managed a few more stuttered thrusts after Remus tensed around him and spilled between them. He bit down roughly on the more scar-free side of the younger man's neck and growled low, his voice muffled by flesh and blood. He pushed as deep into the other werewolf as he could and pressed him hard against the cold stone wall. A low, soft whine of pleasure escaped Fenrir's throat as he came. The foginess in his head slowly cleared as he panted, gently licking away the crimson that clashed with the pale skin of Remus' collarbone.

The younger man lay limp against the stone, holding onto Fenrir if only to keep him close. This is what he had missed, the contact. The feeling of another person pressed against him. He had felt so isolated, so alone these last few weeks and for one split second, he could pretend like everything was okay.

There was no war, his best friend's child wasn't an orphan, his best friend didn't kill his other best friend.

In this bubble he could just be.

Fenrir whispered softly against Remus' neck, "Little One..." His voice came out in a low purr, the comforting feeling of Alpha settling on them like a blanket. He kept himself still, claws still holding tight to Remus' body, softening cock still buried to the hilt within his warmth.
And he purred again, "My Little One..."

Remus rested his forehead against Fenrir's shoulder, basking in the protection that was gliding against his skin like silk. He never wanted to leave, not when everything he wanted was right here.

His arms tightened around Fenrir's shoulders, soaking in as much contact as he could.

The Alpha wolf shifted slightly, slipping out of Remus and moving his hands to wrap around the younger man. He held him tightly, face pressed to the crook of the other man's neck. It felt... nice. It felt like comfort and safety and it had been a long time since Fenrir had felt his control slip in front of another person but it was happening. He could feel himself slipping, falling, wanting to be caught by the younger werewolf. But he refused to show it outwardly. He just felt his heart beat faster, felt his body flush and warm in the pleasure of it.

"Little One..." He repeated gently. "Are you here with me, Little One?"

He nodded against Fenrir's shoulder, feeling the weight of the silence stealing his ability to speak. There was a yearning in his chest, one that would have him curl around Fenrir as tightly as he could and let the air of the Alpha press down against him, covering him.

Time seemed to stop completely in that moment. Where they shared the same emotions, the same contact and breath, they also seemed to share minds as well. Remus' movements were slow as he trailed kisses along Fenrir's shoulder.

Fenrir let loose a low rumble of a purr at the gentle kisses. He nipped at the skin of Remus' jawline in return. “Would you like a bath, my precious little Pup?”

"Only if you join me in it." He knew the tub was big enough, if they weren't worried about personal space. And Remus had never wanted to be closer to the Alpha than he was in that moment. "Then we can check on Sirius."

That took Fenrir a little by surprise. He pulled back enough to look in the younger man’s eyes. “We’ve never bathed together before, Little One.”

He felt stupid saying it aloud. As though bathing together was more intimate than mating or sleeping together or anything else they’ve done. But it made that nervous squirming sensation
return to his stomach. It felt like he shouldn’t be given that sort of permission. Like he wasn’t good enough.

“That... are you sure?”

"I wouldn't have suggested it if I wasn't, Fen." Remus murmured in response. "Besides, I really don't want to be alone right now." Even if he knew Fenrir wouldn't leave him alone, it was more than that. Remus needed the reassurance that came with contact. He needed to be able to touch and feel Fenrir.

Fenrir gave a firm nod, but he glanced over at the doorway of the room. He stared off at the entry to the bedroom for a moment before looking back at Remus. "Alright, Little One."

The older werewolf pulled back from the younger and moved over toward the bathtub. He turned the water on and watched as it filled. He idly scratched at his chest. It felt tight and warm and so uncomfortable to him. Remus wanted to bathe with him? It seemed bizarre. But the whole night had been bizarre. The entire night has been a mess and Fenrir was just trying to keep Remus calm.

Remus relaxed a little against the wall when Fenrir agreed. "Thank you."

He watched the tub fill, moving over to it on unsteady legs. Just close enough to feel the heat emanating from Fenrir's body.

He wasn't sure why he felt the sudden need to be so close to someone, to be in constant contact. Maybe it was the wolf's way of dealing with grief?

Fenrir turned the water off once the bathtub was full and stood to his full height, rolling his shoulders and stretching a little bit. He leaned over and nipped at Remus’ kiss swollen lower lip with his teeth before getting into the bathtub, groaning low at the hot water.

Fenrir wasn’t the biggest fan of taking baths. He always found that they took too much time in comparison to a shower and as Alpha of his pack, his time was valuable. He needed to spend this time with Remus though. This time by itself was so valuable and Remus was close to cracking and shattering. Fenrir shifted to the back of the tub, wanting to leave enough room for the other man. He knew how much space he took up.
“Come, Little One,” the Alpha purred softly. “Join me?”

There was no hesitation. The moment that Fenrir was situated, Remus slid into the water. It was a little cramped inside the tub but Remus hadn't felt this relaxed in a long time.

"Thank you." He whispered again, his head leaning back on Fenrir's shoulder. "For doing this. I don't mean to take you away from your pack."

Fenrir shifted slightly to make room for Remus. There wasn’t much. The bathtub was built for him, for his bulk and height and size. He wrapped an arm around Remus’ middle and shifted him to sit in a better spot on Fenrir’s lap. He moved his hand out of the water to gently stroke through brown curls.

“It is alright, Little One. I have a feeling that you need me more than they do at the moment.”

Remus felt his chest swell at the words. He should have come back a long time ago. He should have just... but he couldn't. If he hadn't caught Sirius when he did, there was no doubt in his mind that his mate would be locked up by now. No, he was right where he needed to be, then and now.

"Don't want them accusing you of favoritism...” His words slurred slightly as his eyes closed against his will.

How long had it been since he had slept more than a few hours at a time? Between the missions and the guard duty at James' place he couldn't remember the last time he had a proper night's sleep. The full was probably the last time, and even then he hadn't really slept.

His hand rested against Fenrir's thigh, needing all the contact he could soak up. Because this? This was too good to last. He should have learned that lesson a long time ago, when they had been drafted into this idiotic war. Nothing good ever lasts. He thought that he should warn Fenrir that he couldn't seem to stay awake, but the darkness took him before the words could form.

Fenrir shifted himself slightly in the bathtub, lightly jostling Remus to see if he would wake from it. But the younger man was out cold, finally sleeping after such a long time without rest. The Alpha leaned over to pick up the soap and washed Remus and himself as best he could in their position. He doubted Remus would wake, no matter how much he was moved around. But Fenrir really didn't want to test that. He didn't think the younger man would be able to handle being awake any longer. Not after everything he had gone through recently.
After washing as best he could, he gathered the younger man in his arms and carefully rose from the bath. He dried him as best he could with a towel before bringing Remus out into the bedroom and settled him down in the furs beside his mate. He covered the younger man with furs - Remus was already naked and wet, Fenrir didn't want him getting sick.

He took in a deep breath, looking at the two that lay in silent sleep on the bed; they looked too exhausted to even move or snore. Fenrir cursed under his breath. He hadn't signed up for this. He wasn't the caretaker of wizards. He wasn't a sanctuary for wizards.

He quickly pulled on sweatpants and tied his hair up before turning on his heel and moving to leave the room, closing the iron door behind him. The day was starting and pack members were waking up to begin their duties. Fenrir's good eye scanned the room before settling on his Beta. He stalked over to Kurt silently.

"Kurt. I need to speak to you." His voice was a rasp; he sounded more gravelly and exhausted than usual. "I need to show you something in my private quarters. Understood?"

He frowned at the Alpha in confusion but he nodded nonetheless. The pups were starting to wake and Sophie could easily take care of them for a moment.

"Is everything alright with Remus?" He whispered so that only Fenrir could hear him.

Fenrir spoke back quietly as they walked toward the thick iron door and opened it. "I do not know, Kurt. Did Sophie fill you in on what’s happening?"

"Only that Remus' mate was hurt. And that Remus was livid when he arrived here." He looked into the room to where the two were passed out on the bed and had to bite back a smirk. Wore him out did you? He didn't speak the words because he knew Fenrir's tone well enough. He was worried about something. Looking back at his Alpha, Kurt rested a hand on Fenrir's shoulder.

"What's going on, Ceann-Cinnidh ?"

Fenrir took in a slow breath. “Nothing good, deartháir .”
It had been so long. They hadn’t spoken more than business in a while, and Fenrir missed his Beta. Had missed hearing that name slip from Kurt’s lips. Had missed passing along his own word in return. Fenrir felt so tired, so weary down to his bones. But just hearing that name pass Kurt’s lips lifted his heart a little.

He gestured toward the open door. “After you.”

Kurt didn't move. Instead he guided the door mostly closed so that they were hidden again. Fenrir needed a break. Kurt hadn't seen him stretched this thin since they learned that Voldemort had spies in their pack.

"Sophie can handle things for a while. You on the other hand look like you're about to snap.” He kept his hand on the door, but didn't put any strength behind it. If Fenrir didn't want to talk, then Kurt wouldn't force him. But as Beta, it was his job to make sure the Alpha remained alive and well. Both in body and mind. "Tell me what's really going on?"

Fenrir forced himself to relax at Kurt’s words. If his Beta could read him so easily, he wasn’t doing a good job at controlling his body language. If he slipped up and caused the pack to panic, that was just one more thing he would have to handle.

He pushed the door open again, against Kurt’s own strength. “We can talk inside. I’ll cast a silencing charm. I don’t want anyone to overhear.”

Kurt nodded and slid into the room. The two on the bed were indeed out cold, and Kurt had a gut feeling that they wouldn't be waking any time soon. Even then.... it would be better with a silencing spell. Maybe within the room as well as outside of it.

Fenrir shut the iron door behind them and walked over to his desk. Picking up his wand, he gave it a flick and cast a silencing charm on the room. He set the wand back down before wiping his hand off on his sweatpants.

The werewolf Alpha moved back over to his Beta. “Kurt,” Fenrir’s throat felt tight, as though his body was actively fighting his talking. “I don’t know what to do.”

This... this was unsettling. Holding this position meant that he saw their fearless leader in situations that contradicted what the world knew. It was scary but like all the other times before, Kurt stood strong when Fenrir couldn’t.
"You know I can't help you if you don't tell me the facts, Ceann-Cinnidh."

“I was sitting by the fire,” Fenrir started explaining. And pacing. “I heard a noise. It was Remus and his mate. And his mate was all wounded, Kurt. His arm is still injured, Sophie did the best she could… But you know how difficult it is to heal wounds caused by dark magic.”

“Remus and I took a walk, I didn’t want his shouting to wake the entire pack. He said Voldemort killed his friends. James and Lily Potter, he said. I know I’ve heard the name. I know I have, but I can’t place it.” He gestured with his hand idly as he spoke. “Remus said there was a child. And he thinks the child was taken by Dumbledore? He was very concerned about the child.”

Fenrir stopped pacing and fell silent for a moment. He looked at Kurt, a frown creasing his features. “But I don’t know what Remus expects me to do. I assume he came here because it is safe, yes? But what does he expect me to be able to do for him? For his mate? For the child?”

Kurt listened, putting the scrambled pieces together to help form a picture. "James Potter is the stag. Or... I guess was the stag, in this case." He met Fenrir's gaze. "He told me once they were like his brothers. So without asking Remus directly, I can only assume that he came here because we're isolated, easily defendable and he feels safe here.” Kurt looked back at Remus.

"Ceann-Cinnidh, it looks like he hasn't slept in weeks. Maybe he wanted nothing more than a safe harbor to hunker down in. But do you think he might have been followed? Or will somehow lead the wizards to us?" Although he didn't think they would venture a visit this close to the full.

“The fucking Stag, how could I forget?” Fenrir pinched the bridge of his nose and let loose a low growl. But he shook his head a moment later. “I doubt the wizards even know where we’re located. Even if they did, they can’t get past our wards. We have too many for anyone to detect easily.”

He looked over at the bed. “The Full is soon. Less than a week. What will we do with his mate?”

"I'm not sure. We don't know what's really going on yet. So I think it's best if we keep them here for now." Kurt studied the two on the bed. "Looks like they've been through hell, Ceann-Cinnidh. Depending on the situation, their kind might be looking for them."

Fenrir ran a hand over his face and sighed. “We won’t allow them to be found. They have safety here if they are in need of it.” He looked back at Kurt. “Remus... Deartháir, Remus was acting
very strange. I do not know exactly what he had to see. But it was something terrible.”

Kurt looked back at Fenrir, concerned etched into his features. Whatever it was...scared his Alpha shitless.

"Well, regardless. You need to rest. We won't know anything until one of them wakes up."

Fenrir shook his head, running a hand through his hair so roughly that the tie holding it back came out. He started pacing again, his feet softly padding on the stone floor of the room. "No, there's no time for rest, Kurt. I've not got that sort of time. There's so much to do."

Kurt crossed the room and rested his hands on Fenrir's shoulders. "Mo charaid, why do you have me appointed as your Beta if you won't let me help you?" He smiled gently. "You need rest. And if you go out there right now I won't be the only one who will notice. You know smart Claire is, if she finds out the rest of the pups will know. Everyone will understand if you want to watch over Remus. So let me take care of the preparations, and please get some rest."

Fenrir met Kurt's gaze and fell silent for a few long moments. He so hated needing to rely on his Beta, but Kurt was right. He was Fenrir's Beta for a reason, and that status held responsibility just as much as Fenrir's own status held. He usually ran on empty anyway, and now that Remus was back in such a state along with his mate; Fenrir was definitely feeling exhausted.

The older man nodded, more or less defeated in his argument. "They're too smart for their own good, you know. I... No one but you and Sophie will know that Remus and his mate are here, do keep it that way. Understood? No one should question where I am but if they do, just make up something convincing. I do not want the news that Remus and his mate are here if it might end badly."

"Understood." He smiled, cupping Fenrir's neck before bringing their foreheads together. "Tha mi a 'mionnachadh dhut mo bhreitheanas agus m' fhual." He pulled back and made sure that Fenrir was okay before stepping back. "I will relay the message to Sophie. I doubt anyone other than the pups will ask. You need not worry."

Fenrir had known Kurt long enough to pick up some Scottish Gaelic. His Beta had a few select words and phrases he liked to use. Kurt, in turn, learned Irish in order to communicate with Fenrir in private. The werewolf Alpha always felt a pleasant warmth in his chest when dwelling on this. As though this was something special between them that no one would be able to intrude on. It was their secret way to communicate.
Before his Beta pulled away too much, Fenrir tugged him back. He pressed their foreheads together again and growled low, "Go raibh maith agat, deartháir. Is tú mo neart."

Pulling back from Kurt, Fenrir glanced over at Remus and Sirius. "They know so little of us and our ways. What will they do if they need to stay here?"

"We'll teach them. You know that Remus wants to stay. Whether his mate will is another matter entirely." He clasped Fenrir's shoulder before stepping away completely.

"Get some rest, Alpha. I will take care of the pack."

Fenrir gave a slow nod. "Right...Yes. Thank you, Kurt." He rubbed at his blind eye for a moment before smiling softly. "When I wake, after I understand more about what's going on, I'll be sure to tell you, of course. Thank you for watching over the pack, my friend."

"Of course, Chief. And I'm sure that I'll delve deeper into your thanks later." He winked in good fun before sliding the door shut. If the wizarding world was this far gone, maybe they will end up destroying each other. Wouldn't that be a relief?"

Fenrir watched his Beta leave the room before turning to face his bed. He ran a hand over his tired face and exhaled slowly. Sirius had barely moved if he had moved at all. Remus was pressed to the wizard's side, face against his injured arm. Fenrir was not entirely sure how he was meant to get any rest on the bed. He didn't want to jostle either of the young men that were sleeping there.

A low growl let loose in his throat, mostly at himself and he moved to settle in the cot that sat in the corner opposite of Fenrir's bed. He had kept it there just in case - or just because he had forgotten to get rid of it. Rolling to lay on his side, he closed his eyes and fell asleep as his exhaustion took him over.

Chapter End Notes

Translations used for Fenrir and Kurt (please keep in mind we just use Google Translate, so these might not be perfect translations):

Ceann-Cinnidh - Scottish Gaelic for "Chieftain"

Deartháir - Irish for "brother"

Mo charaid - Scottish Gaelic for "my friend"
Tha mi a ’mionnachadh dhut mo bheitheanas agus m’ fhuil - Scottish Gaelic for "I swear to you my judgment and my blood."

Go raibh maith agat, deartháir. Is tú mo neart. - Irish for "Thank you, brother. You are my strength."
Chapter 35

Chapter by AnimalCops

Chapter Notes

And... Well, we're all caught up to what myself and Mystic have written so far. Of course we're still working on it as it's amazingly fun to write. But this means that updates will slow down. I'm still debating if I want to upload small extra drabbles I've written for the UD universe, so you might be seeing some of those.

Thank you so much if you've read so far and have enjoyed the story. It means the world to us! Feel free to let us know how you are liking it so far.

Translations are in the end notes <3

Remus woke up slowly. Irritably slowly. It took several seconds to convince his eyes to open, and even then the light made them burn. He wanted nothing more than to curl back up and sleep for another few years but the events of the night before came crashing back down on him like a wave of ice.

James was dead.

Lily was dead.

James and Lily were dead and Peter was to blame.

The pain exploded in his chest and he forced his breathing to remain slow. Eventually, the pain had subsided enough for him to move. He was curled around Sirius, who was still out cold. Maybe Remus had hit him too hard. If he wasn't awake by nightfall, then Remus could start worrying about him.

Remus forced his body to move and oh it hurt more than usual. Maybe it was because of the mourning, maybe because he had been still for too long. Either way, his feet hit the stone and he rose to stand. Fenrir was asleep on the cot at the other end of the room which was… strange. Frowning, Remus picked up his discarded pants and moved over toward the Alpha once he was covered.
"Fen..." He crouched down to Fenrir's level and shook him gently. "Fenrir, wake up."

The older werewolf startled at the touch and sat upright immediately. He snarled angrily, teeth bared and eyes cracked open and narrowed. He looked up at Remus, slowly realizing who it was, blinking several times to fight off the need for more sleep.

"Céard atá mícheart?" He shook his head quickly and rubbed at his blind eye. "Fuck. I mean, what's wrong? Is something wrong, Little One?"

Remus was startled by the sudden movement, and fell back against the stone. He managed to catch himself, but the words Fenrir spoke was new. Was that... Irish?

"No, just... why are you sleeping on the cot?" He was genuinely confused. Fenrir had never forgone his bed to sleep on the cot before. "Are you alright?"

Fenrir got to his feet and stretched his arms above his head, feeling his back crack with the action. He made an off hand motion to his bed and arched a brow. "You and your mate were in my bed, Little One. It would have been too crowded. Plus, you needed the rest. I was going to go about my duties but Kurt put me on bed rest for the day."

Oh. Well, Remus wished he had been awake to see that. He made a mental note to thank Kurt later when he wasn't so exhausted.

Standing, he walked back to Sirius. His arm was healing well, Sophie was a better healer than he was. But that still didn't sit right with him, Fenrir sleeping on a cot. Remus took one on the smaller furs and draped it over the cot before he levitated Sirius over toward the cot. That should be enough for him. And if Sirius woke up with aches and pains well, then he would truly understand what Remus went through every day.

"Then who am I to discourage Kurt's order?" He stretched, stifling a huge yawn in the process. "Out of the three of us, Padfoot has the least amount of usual body pains." He sat down on the edge of the bed and extended his hand in invitation. "Will you rest with me?"

Fenrir frowned, watching Remus carefully. He moved over to the bed and ran his claws gently over the younger man's cheek. "Shouldn't we speak about what is going on, Pup? There are concerns to be discussed about what has happened and will happen as a result of last night's events." He moved his thumb to play along Remus' lips, claw gently tugging at the plump flesh there. "You and your
mate are welcome to stay here as long as you need, but it is nearly the Full."

"Yeah, I know." He sighed, and the pain came back, in a slow tide this time. "I don't know the whole story. But I know that the Aurors will be looking for Sirius. So some way, some how, he has to stay here." An idea hit him. "Or he could join us."

At Fenrir's start, Remus rushed to continue. "He turns into a big dog, remember? As long as the pups don't see him transform, it could be safe. He's used to running around the Fulls with me."

The werewolf Alpha's frown deepened. "If your mate is to stay for the Full. He will stay with the pups. It will be safer for him, they just play and sleep during the Full." He looked over at Sirius on the cot; the wizard was still as could be and the only reason Fenrir didn't think he was dead was because he could see his chest moving with each breath. "But beside your mate," He looked back at Remus, "You had other concerns last night when we spoke."

Remus frowned in confusion. The previous night was a blur of pain and exhaustion. But eventually he remembered.

"Harry. James and Lily's son." He nodded and looked over to Sirius. "In the event of their deaths, Sirius was to take him in and raise him. But with Peter gone...."

He sighed and ran a hand through his ratty hair. "This is such a mess. I won't know what the Ministry thinks until I can get close enough to get a copy of the Daily Prophet. Once we know if they truly are looking for Sirius, then we can focus on Harry. For now, I suspect he is as safe as can be with Dumbledore. Even if it does burn me to say it."

"Some of my wolves are to go to the wizarding town nearby to sell our goods and buy things we need. Should I have them pick up a paper for you, Little One?" Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest, growling out his words. As though the suggestion of giving any of the pack's money to a big wizard company pained him to do. "We don't often get them, as we don't really care much for wizard news. But, if you need one?"

Remus nodded. "I think I may still have a few Sickles left over. I don't need you to spend your own money." But he wouldn't be able to go out, not until he knew that the Ministry wasn't looking for them.

Fenrir waved a hand, brushing off Remus' offer. "Believe it or not, we are not that desperate for
money. The extra furs we collect from our kills and the spices we grow fetch a good price. Not to mention silly things that you wizards would use in potions. Do you know how much gold werewolf fur is worth after a Full? And with how much fur falls off the pups as they play? No one cares if we’re werewolves when we get them their potions ingredients. Do not worry, we have the extra money for a newspaper, Little One.” He purred low, fingers moving to cup Remus’ chin.

That actually made a lot of sense. It struck Remus suddenly that he didn’t know anything about how the pack ran. Something that he wanted to change as quickly as possible. After the- Well, after everything else blew over and he could breathe again.

"If you're sure. But yes, I think we would need one. At least to see what the Ministry is saying.” Or not saying. That could be just as telling.

“I told Kurt I would let him know what was going on when I knew. Will you be alright alone for a moment, Little One?” Fenrir tilted his head to the side slightly.

"Of course. I'm not going to break, Fen.” He smiled slightly, hoping the words came out stronger than he felt. "Go do what you need to do."

Fenrir studied Remus for a moment, watching for any sort of tell. He knew the younger man was in a fragile state. All of the wolves in his pack have gone through traumatic times be it being taken by Voldemort, seeing a loved one die, or just the event of their initial bite. Fenrir was no stranger to dealing with wolves when they are in this mindset. But he also felt something tug at his chest; something that whispered in his ear that Remus would tell him if he wasn’t to be left alone. And his shook his head slightly, willing the voice of his wolf to quiet down.

“Yes, alright.” The werewolf Alpha nodded. “I’ll be right back then. Would you like me to bring you some food? Drink? I do not want you leaving the room without me. There will be questions and I haven’t thought of an answer to those questions yet.”

"Only if it's not too much trouble." Though he was more sleepy than hungry. And Merlin only knew when Sirius had eaten last. "This way I can wake Sirius up and try to placate him with food."

It probably wouldn't work, but he had to try.

“Of course not, Little One. I will be back. Rest more if you need to.”
With that, the older man left the room, the iron door closing softly behind him. As though Fenrir was trying to be considerate. He looked around the communal area of the Den and moved to speak to Kurt as soon as he spotted him.

Kurt nodded when he saw Fenrir come out of the room. He looked better, less frazzled (which was a term Kurt never thought he would associate with his Alpha). He still looked concerned but that made sense. Especially if Remus was awake.

"Did either one of them wake?" He asked when Fenrir was close enough.

Fenrir gave a slight nod, looking around the Den to take in what was going on. He hated being out of the loop for too long. He had a need to know what his pack was doing, who was doing what, and what needed to still be done. He scratched at his chest idly.

“Remus woke me up not too long ago. When Maia and the others go to the town to buy supplies, I need them to pick up a copy of the Wizard newspaper.” He looked back at Kurt. “He wants to see what is there about what happened.”

That made sense. It wasn't like they could get the Wizard Wireless Network in a cave in the middle of nowhere. "So is Sirius awake as well?" He asked softly. Not many could wake up Fenrir without receiving a mark.

Fenrir shook his head, shifting to cross his arms over his chest. “No. No, he's still asleep.” He frowned, a low growl rumbling in his chest. “I do not know when he will wake up- if he will wake up. Remus did not really explain that part of things.”

"If Remus is the one to put him in that state, I'm sure he has a way to take him out of it as well. Either way, Sophie and I managed to keep it between the three of us. You might want to go see Jane though. She seems to think you're ill.” He couldn't quite keep the amusement from his voice, his lips twitching into a smile.

“Jane, hm?” Fenrir chuckled softly. “What did you tell her? Quite the worrisome pup for one so young, she’ll make for a good caretaker one day.”

Fenrir glanced over at where Sophie was trying to keep the pups contained and amused. They were running around as usual, the younger ones tripping over themselves in their excitement. Play time was all the time for the pups. Fenrir would have it no other way, childhood was precious to a
werewolf when adulthood was so stressful and complex.

He looked back at Kurt and frowned. “Remus also pointed out that his mate could stay during the fulls. He’s an animagus.”

"Yes, I remember hearing about that from Alec. As long as he shifts after we do or away from us, I don't see a problem with it. I don't think we want the pups to be asking how to change without the pain."

Kurt crossed his arms over his chest, mirroring his Alpha. "Jaime saw Remus come though. I told him to not let the other pups know, but I think Claire's figured it out too. You know how it is with them. We might want to tell them sooner than later."

Fenrir pinched the bridge of his nose and growled low, "Nosy little pups."

He looked at them again, watching as a few of them met his eyes. The only thing keeping the pups from running toward their Alpha was years of teaching them *not* to do that. But Fenrir thought that if they had been in their wolf forms, their tails would be wagging like mad.

"Shall I go speak to them then? Will you let Maia know I need a newspaper?"

"Of course, Alpha. Go say hi before the pups burst from the excitement." Kurt chuckled, meeting their excited gaze before turning toward his hunters.

This would hopefully all settle down once Remus and his mate were awake and ready to explain.

Fenrir gave a nod and moved over to where Sophie was trying her best to manage the pups. With so many of them growing older and the pack taking in pups whenever they're found, Sophie was sure to become overwhelmed by them soon. He wondered idly if Alec would care to try spending time with them since his bond was altered.

The Alpha wolf bent down slightly and scooped Jane up. The five year old squealed happily and put her hands on his chest, hitting him lightly in greeting.
"Are you pestering Sophie, young one?" Fenrir purred softly, running a hand through Jane's unruly black hair.

"Sophie not lettin' us say hi!" Jane whined, curling against Fenrir's chest, feeling more calm against the rumbling purr that was housed there.

"Sophie wants you to learn the rules so you can grow up to be proper adults."

"But yer sick." She grumbled against him.

"Your Alpha is perfectly healthy, young one." Fenrir rocked her gently in his arms. He glanced at Sophie and looked down at the other pups. "I heard that you had seen Remus come in."

Jamie nodded even as Claire shoved him. "I told you not to tell." Both pups were nearing thirteen, almost hunting age if Jaime had anything to say about it.

"I didn't tell anyone but you!" Jaime's protests were lost amongst the chorus of the other pups.

"Remus is here?"

"I wanna see Remus!"

"Can we, Alpha, pretty please?"

The werewolf Alpha let out a loud snarl and the pups fell silent at once. Fenrir patted Claire on the head with his free hand. He tightened his grip on Jane with the other. "Young ones, it is always right to tell someone if you see something. You must always be alert. It is how you will stay safe." He looked around at the lot of them but shook his head. "Remus is resting. He might be able to visit soon, but he needs to rest as much as he can. Is that understood?"

Every single head nodded with a unison "Yes, Alpha."

Some of the others, knowing that they weren't going to get anything else out of their leader went
back to playing. But Jaime and Claire stayed. A mated pair, Kurt had called them. They had been inseparable since they first met. It was something special among werewolves, something they treasured. It was shocking how tall Jaime had become, and how Claire seemed to match his height inch for inch. They would be strong wolves.

Claire stepped closer, lowering her voice. "I saw Sophie healing Remus' mate. I wanted to watch and help but she wouldn't let me. I can help, Alpha." She wanted to know everything there was about herbs and healing. If she could help someone feel better she wanted to do it.

Fenrir set Jane down on the ground and nudged her toward Sophie. He watched the youngster until she made it and was brought back into the group. He looked back at Claire, meeting her determined gaze. She was just like Sophie. She was definitely adamant to grow up like Sophie and learn how to be a healer and caretaker.

“You really want to help, don’t you? You want to learn how to be a healer?”

“Yes, Alpha. I know Sophie has too much to do sometimes. I could help! Besides, if Jaime is hunting I want to be able to help him when he's hurt." Her cheeks burned. "And the other wolves too. Please, I know I won't be in the way."

Fenrir crossed his arms over his chest and arched a brow at her. “And if I allow this, you will keep the situation silent. You can only speak to myself, Kurt, or Sophie about this. No one else, not even Jaime. Is that understood, young one?”

Her brow furrowed, torn. She did her best to never lie to Jaime. They didn't have secrets, not from each other. She fidgeted, shifting her weight from one foot to the other.

"Is this going to be about all things? Or just regarding Remus and his mate?" She really didn't want to keep things from Jaime if she could help it.

“Right now it is only about Remus and his mate. But sometimes, a healer needs to keep secrets. It will be a part of your job.” Fenrir tilted his head to the side just slightly, studying her. “If you are to follow in Sophie’s footsteps, sometimes there are only things you can tell your Alpha and Beta. It happens rarely, but it does happen.”

Claire bit her lip, torn. She wanted this, so badly. "Do you think Jaime will understand? If I have to keep secrets sometimes?" She whispered, blue eyes wide and hopeful.
“I would hope so, young one. We are a pack, and the good of the pack outweighs the good of one wolf.” Fenrir knew her dreams were strong and he wanted to help her achieve them if he could. But rules were rules. “If you can agree to this, I will let you come assist with Remus’ mate.”

She hesitated before nodding. She wanted this. And she was sure there were some times Jamie was going to keep things from her too. Like Alpha said, they were a pack.

"Yes, Alpha. I’d like to help. I agree to only tell you and Sophie and Kurt"

“Alright, young one.” Fenrir looked over in Sophie’s direction and called out to her, letting her know that Claire would be with him. Once Sophie gave him a nod in return, he looked back at the preteen. “Come, Claire. Remus’ mate’s bandages need to be changed and his wounds need to be washed.”

Food be damned, he could get them food later. He turned and started walking back toward his room, sure that she would follow him. He could feel some pack members watching but he snarled angrily in response and they quickly looked away. He stopped by the area that Sophie liked to store her collection of medical supplies and medication. He picked up some ointment and handed it to Claire, as well as bandages and a cloth.

“Sophie healed it with magic as best she could but now we will use our own medicine. It was dark magic that injured Remus’ mate. Dark magic can’t be healed entirely with regular magic. You know how we keep scars from our scratches? It’s like that.” He explained to her, his voice patient but stern. “Some wounds are best to be healed naturally. Remus’ mate is not a werewolf, so he will heal slower. Is that understood?”

"Yes, Alpha." Claire nodded. This was what she wanted to do, what she was meant to do. Jaime would have to understand. No, she knew he would understand.

She paused by the door, waiting for the Alpha to open it. She didn't want to overstep her bounds.

Fenrir walked over to the youngster and handed her a small bowl as well. “For water.” He said before he opened the door to his private quarters

Claire nodded, stepping into the room only to nearly drop the bowl at the sudden explosion of sound that hit her sensitive ears. She froze, blue eyes wide at the scene in front of her. Remus had
his wand (she knew he was a wizard but this was the first time she had seen it) pointed at his mate. The other wizard, the one she had been sent to help heal seemed frozen, one leg thrown over the bed, the good hand behind him as if he had been frozen in the midst of getting out of bed.

"Let me go, Lupin!" Sirius snarled, obviously now wide awake, and glaring straight at Remus. Blood was pooling against the bandaged arm, staining the white linen crimson.

"Not until you stop and listen to me." Remus snarled back, his wand held steady in his hand.

The amount of anger in his eyes scared her, and Claire took a step back toward her Alpha. She must have made a sound because Remus' head snapped toward her. The anger suddenly drained from his face and he hid his wand from sight.

"Claire, Alpha, I'm so sorry. I didn't hear you enter."

Fenrir shut the door and snarled loudly at them, instinctively moving in front of Claire. He looked from Remus to Sirius and back again. "What the fuck is going on here?"

Remus sighed and ran a hand through his hair. Sirius was blessedly silent, looking at Remus as if to say 'well go on.'

"Sirius isn't taking my knocking him out too well. I had to bind him in order to keep him from opening his wounds but as you can see, he's already torn them."

"Damn right I'm-"

"BE QUIET!" Remus and Fenrir snarled in unison, making Claire jolt and Sirius snap his mouth closed so quickly that his teeth clicked. The silence rang in the room for a moment before Remus turned to Fenrir.

"I cast a silence spell on the room because I figured this was going to happen. I didn't think that one of the pups would be accompanying you. If I did, I would have kept him under longer."

Sirius snorted but didn't say anything further.
Fenrir growled low in his chest, his eyes narrowed. "Claire wanted to help the wretched little wizard." He turned his attention on Sirius and bared his teeth threateningly, "And he will behave while she does so."

Remus waited until Sirius sighed before retracting the body bind spell.

Sirius lurched back from the gravity but caught himself. He was in a lot of pain. But they needed to find Peter. Sirius needed to find him.

"I know you didn't do it." Remus murmured softly, helping Sirius back onto the bed. "I saw what he did. But right now we need to stay here okay? And don't scare Claire anymore than you have already." The last part was whispered even as the young girl walked past them to the bathroom to get some water. She returned a moment later before eyeing the wound.

"Well, you tore something." She set the bowl down on the bed and began the slow task of unwrapping the mate's (Sirius. Remus had called him Sirius) arm. "I hope you're proud."

Sirius frowned at her. "Does it look like I'm fuckin' proud, kid?" He snapped; he knew well that it wasn't her fault this was happening but he couldn't stop the words from spilling from his lips. "Everything's gone to shit, everyon-"

Fenrir walked over to the head of the cot and crouched down, fist the wizard's hair and tugging back on his head. "Watch how you speak to my pack, Whelp. We're tending to your wounds, taking care of you, when we should just toss you in the forest to fend for yourself. You should be grateful."

Sirius gasped, tears pricking at his eyes. He squirmed a bit on the cot, trying to wiggle away from Claire. "It fucking hurts."

Claire didn't respond, but her lips twitched as her Alpha reprimanded Sirius. Once she had unwrapped his arm, she took the cloth and started bathing the wound.

"If you held still and didn't move so often, it wouldn't hurt as much now would it?" She stated nonchalantly. The gash wasn't too bad, but he had torn the stitches that Sophie had put into place.
"Alpha, do you have a needle and a thread?" She glanced towards Remus too, knowing just how familiar the wolf was with this room.

"I think I saw some over by the desk, Fenrir, if you don't mind me getting it."

Fenrir looked over at Remus and growled low. "Fetch it then, Pup." He shifted in his spot and pointed at one spot on Sirius' arm, "Claire, here too." It was a smaller gash, a deep puncture, though easy to miss amongst the mass of other wounds on the wizard's arm. "This will need a stitch, it is too deep to heal easily on its own."

Claire nodded, her face screwed up in concentration as she cleaned the rest of the wounds.

Remus returned a moment later with the thread and needle. "Here you go, Claire."

Claire smiled her thanks before looking to her Alpha. "Do we have something to numb the pain, Alpha?"

Sirius' eyes went a little wide at the question. "Pain?"

Fenrir fist ed his hair tighter and snarled, "Be quiet, and do not move, wizard."

He let go of the younger man's hair and stood, moving to the ancient looking wardrobe. Swinging one of the doors open, the werewolf Alpha took a small corked bottle off of a shelf that was near the top of the wardrobe. He swirled it for a moment, keeping an eye on the little amount of liquid there. Rolling his eyes, he growled to himself. He couldn't believe he was going to waste the last of his private stock on Sirius.

Fenrir walked back over to the cot, he handed the bottle to Claire. "Numbing potion. It's Sophie's creation. That's all I have left, it might not be enough to completely take away the pain, but it's something." He frowned. "Just pour it around the wound."

"For the stitches. It's going to hurt, Sirius." Claire explained when her Alpha moved back toward the wardrobe.
Remus knelt down next to the bed, taking Sirius' hand in his own. He wished he could heal the wounds magically but healing was never his forte. He was more likely to do more damage than help.

"I'm sorry, Pads. Just hang on a little longer, okay?"

Sirius bit his bottom lip, looking over at Remus, searching his eyes. His arm hurt all over, and he would like nothing more than to rip it off. He had no idea what stitches were, he'd never had to deal with the muggle way of healing wounds. He had always been able to stop by St Mungos for things he couldn't heal himself - but he supposed that wasn't an option anymore; not after what had just happened.

Fenrir reached over, sighing when Sirius flinched away from him. "Do not bite your lip." He growled, pulling the wizard's lip free from his teeth with a claw. "You'll bite clear through it if you think the pain is too much."

"How- How bad is it supposed to hurt?"

"Hopefully that potion will be enough, but it is always good to be cautious." Fenrir replied. He looked at Claire. "Use the potion, young one. It is best to be done sooner rather than later."

Claire nodded, and poured the potion gently. She listened to Sirius' hiss, to his breathing, to every sound he made. Once she let the potion set, she poked the surrounding skin with her finger.

"Do you feel that?"

He shook his head and whispered a soft "No..."

Fenrir moved to crouch beside Claire, allowing Remus to comfort his mate. It was a good time for Remus to feel that their mating bond hasn't faded, that they still need either other despite what had happened.

The werewolf Alpha picked up the needle and thread and prepared it for stitches. He snapped his fingers abruptly, causing a small flame to appear in his hand. "You must always make sure that your supplies are sterile." After using the fire to sterilize the needle, he handed it back to her. "And be very careful. I know you have seen Sophie do this dozens of times. Keep your hand steady. I am
here if you need help, is that understood, young one?"

Claire nodded and began to slide the needle through the skin, keeping an ear out for Sirius' breathing.

Remus rested his head by Sirius' whispering words of encouragement while he watched the pup. She was good, from what he knew of muggle medicine. She would make a great healer.

Sirius jerked, his arm twitching. He froze immediately afterwards at a low warning growl from Fenrir. He closed his eyes tightly and leaned his head back, not wanting to see what was happening. This was not okay with him; no wonder it had never been used by wizards before.

Fenrir urged Claire on gently, "Very good, young one. You can finish up with this one, clean it, and put ointment on it."

She worked quickly, following Alpha's instructions. And what seemed like no time at all, she was finished, and rewrapping Sirius' arm.

"All finished. I'll ask Sophie if she has something more for the pain?" She glanced toward her Alpha for confirmation.

Fenrir nodded an affirmative to the young girl. "Sophie has the proper potions."

Remus, on the other hand, was surprised at how mature Claire seemed to be for her age. Though he himself had always been more mature. Maybe it was a wolf thing.

"How are you feeling, Pads?" He asked softly, brushing his lips against his mates hand.

Sirius looked at Remus and blushed. "I... It's okay..."

Claire nodded and stood. She didn't need the Alpha to show her out. And it looked like he needed the room anyway.
Once the pup was gone and the door closed, Remus looked toward Fenrir. "Fenrir and I have a few questions, Sirius, that are time sensitive. Are you okay to answer them?"

"You gonna be a prick again now that the kid's gone?" Sirius frowned at the younger werewolf.

Fenrir stood up and snarled down at the wizard. "You'll watch your fucking mouth and answer our questions."

Sirius made to get up from the cot again, but was halted by Fenrir's foot against his chest, pushing him back down on the cot and keeping him there. The wizard bared his teeth. "Get the fuck off me!"

"ENOUGH!" Remus growled, pushing Fenrir's leg off of Sirius, eyes flashing gold for a moment. "We're all tense, okay, but being at each other's throats won't help anyone." He looked from Fenrir to Sirius.

"Pads, I know how you feel but I don't know the whole story. We need to know what happened. What really happened."

Fenrir snarled, but he didn’t make another move. He kept his eye on Remus rather than on Sirius.

The wizard met Remus’ eyes and swallowed hard. “They’re gone, Moony.” His voice had lost all its fight in an instant. It was just over a whisper. “I saw them. Dead.”

"I know, Pads." Remus' expression crumbled, and he pulled Sirius into a hug. This... this was what they needed. They needed to mourn, together.

"I know, and I know there is nothing I can do to help. But we need to know how it happened." He pulled back, brushing the ebony strands through his fingers. "Last I knew, you were the secret keeper. But that doesn't make sense if they're dead."

Sirius closed his eyes tightly, arms wrapping around Remus to cling tightly to him. He ignored the sharp pain in his left arm in favor of the comfort the hug sent rushing through him. “It was Peter, Moony. I- I’m a fucking idiot. I thought- I figured it would be better. No one would suspect Peter. But- He was working with them. He told Voldemort.”
"No, you're not. You're right. Everyone expected it to be you." Remus replied into his hair. He wanted nothing more than to hunt down Peter and tear him limb from limb. Because Sirius was right. No one had even thought to believe that Peter Petegrew would be spy.

"Did you see Harry?" He asked, hoping beyond hope that the little one wasn't gone as well.

“I was there too. He said he was takin' Harry to Dumbledore, Moony. Harry’s safe.” Sirius whispered softly.

He looked up at the sound of the door to the room opening. Fenrir snuck out quietly, moving as silently as he always did. Sirius presses his face into the crook of Remus’ neck and took in a shaky breath. “I’m sorry I got there too late, Moony.”

Remus sighed in relief. So that must have meant the plan didn't work. Then what happened to the Dark Lord if James and Lily were dead? Surely, the one year old couldn't have defeated the Dark Lord himself.

"Don't be foolish. There was no way you could have known."

“What do we do now?" Sirius asked desperately. His hands clutched harder at Remus’ skin. “Moony...”

"We wait. We can't move until we know what happened. Peter blew apart a street, Pads. The Aurors saw me apparate you. For all we know we're wanted men. Fenrir is going to have one of the wolves pick up the Daily Profit. If you think that Harry's safe with Dumbledore then I'll believe you. But I don't want him to stay there."

“Fuck.” His voice broke on the word. He felt hot tears drip down his cheeks. “We need to find him, Moony. He’s my responsibility now.”

"We have to wait, Sirius. If what Peter had screamed was heard by even one of the witnesses that survived, you'll be a wanted man. And I will too for helping you escape." He brushed the tears away gently with his fingers. "We can't help Harry if we're locked away in Azkaban."
“So we have to stay here? Moony, am I even allowed to stay here?” He furrowed his brow, a million questions racing in his mind. “Who knows how long we’ll have to hide. We can’t keep Harry here!”

"Hey." He gently cupped Sirius' face with his hands. "We will figure it out. We will get Harry back. But I think staying out of London is for the best right now. And you can just transform on the full like you always do. Fenrir thinks it's best you're with the pups. They're more your size and more likely to play with you like Moony does."

Sirius met his eyes and blinked slowly a few times. "Fenrir.. said I can stay? He already said that?" He looked over at the door. "He... Really, Moony?"

"Of course. Why would you think otherwise?" Remus asked, perplexed. He knew his two lovers often clashed heads but they had never had an outright violent argument. Not that he had been aware of. Not since the first time they had met.

Sirius gave a small shrug of his shoulders. “I just... didn’t think he liked me enough. He already wasted his time healing me and shit.”

"I think he's slowly beginning to realize that we're a packaged deal. If I want to be here, you're going to come with me." He smiled, continuing to brush Sirius strands back. "But Sirius, I'm sorry for knocking you out like that. There wasn't time and I didn't know what else to do."

Sirius quickly brushed tears from his face with his right hand. His left was still clutching at Remus’ shoulder and he didn’t want to move it in case the pain would spark through him again.

“It’s okay. Moony, you saved me...”

"Want to tell me why you switched with Peter at the last moment?" He asked softly. Because he knew Sirius would have died for James, one hundred times over. It didn't make sense unless he was planning on staying with James as added protection.

A bubble of a sob escaped Sirius and his voice cracked when he spoke. “I thought it would be safe. Who would think we’d trust Wormtail? Who- Who would go after him instead of me? Of course James and Lily would pick me so people would go after me. So- And so if it was Peter, they would be safe.... because no one would think it would be Peter.” He sobbed heavily, face pressing into the crook of Remus’ neck. “It’s my fault!”
"Stop it. Look at me." He pulled back to look into Sirius' eyes. "It is not your fault that you trusted one of our friends to keep James and Lily safe. Because that's what he was, Sirius. We grew up with him, we knew him. And no one could have known that he would flip. It is not your fault, do you understand me?"

Sirius felt his breath catch in his throat. Remus didn't blame him? He worried his bottom lip and tried to compose himself before responding. "M- Moony... they're gone."

"I know they are." The lump in his throat made it hard to breathe, but he had to be calm. He was the rational one of them, not known to act on impulse. "We couldn't save them, but we can save Harry. Once we know what the Ministry is doing, then we can take care of Peter once and for all. If he knows we're still alive, he will know that we'll be coming for him." His lips twitched into a ghost of a smile. "What would you do if you had a werewolf and the best pure blood duelist in the school coming after you?"

Sirius grit his teeth, tears welling up in his eyes again. "I'll fuckin' kill him, Moony. He did this. He made all this happen, he-"

Sirius' words were cut off by the sound of the door to the bedroom opening. Fenrir leaned against the doorway heavily, taking in the sight of them. When Remus looked over, the Alpha werewolf held up a wizarding newspaper. The images shifted and the text faded in and out.

Fenrir kept his voice moderately quiet, obviously a little uncomfortable to see the two men embraced and crying. He growled, "Your paper arrived. I assume you'd want to see it as soon as it came."

"Oh, thank you, Fen-" His words cut off as he reached out for the paper. The bolded words practically shouted at him.

*Dark Lord Destroyed. Potter Boy Survives Killing Curse.*

"Bloody hell..." Remus whispered, not sure if he was relieved or even more concerned. Of course Voldemort was going to kill him but how in the bloody hell had Harry survived? He had assumed that either James or Lily had fought him off before they died. Not... not this. He turned the page and the blood drained away from his face.
His eyes scanned the article and he felt the world sway around him. Over a dozen witnesses had heard Peter shooting that Sirius had killed them. Dozens of Muggles dead, dozens more injured, as well as witches and wizards alike. They were calling for Sirius' arrest, and his own as he helped Black escape.

He suddenly felt dizzy, the paper starting to fall through numb fingers. He would kill Peter, if Sirius didn't get to him first.

Sirius looked up at Remus from his seat on the cot. "What's it say, Moony?" His voice was rather soft, expecting the worst possible news.

Instead of answering him, Remus slowly walked toward the bed. They wrote an obituary for Peter. An Obituary. He had to bite back the growl as he handed Sirius the paper before he started pacing. He had never felt this angry, never. Even when Sirius had pulled that prank on Severus, he had never felt this hurt, this betrayed, this furious.

"We need to find him, Fenrir. We need to find the rat that did this." Faelen glanced up at Fenrir, hoping that the Alpha would let them hunt down the bloody bastard who had done this.

Sirius took the paper and quickly began reading it over, his hands starting to shake as he got further into the news.

Fenrir met Remus' eyes. "And what information do you know, Little One? You cannot just go charging into battle without any reason or means. Where will your orphaned pup be if you get yourselves killed?"

"Once Peter finds out that Sirius wasn't arrested, he'll go into hiding. He's an animagious just like Sirius and James, only his fits his title. He's a fucking rat. Which will make him that much harder to find." And as long as the Wizarding world believes that Peter was dead, Sirius would be a wanted man.

"The only good thing about this is that Voldemort is apparently dead." He gestured to the papers headline.
"So things should hopefully calm down. But we still have to be wary of the Death Eaters. I'm sure that not all of them will be apprehended. It will be like the Salem witch trials in America all over again."

Fenrir stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. “Your mate is injured, he would not be able to help you.”

Sirius made to get off the bed with a “I’m not-“ but he broke off with a groan of pain.

Fenrir looked over at him with a frown. “Do not pull out your stitches, Wizard. Or you’ll have to go through that all over again. And I haven’t anymore potion to numb it.”

“Fuck...” Sirius whispered, cradling his arm against his chest.

The Alpha werewolf locked eyes with Remus again. “If you have a plan, then speak now. If not, we will gather intel on how we can take care of your rodent situation. Am I understood?”

"Yes, Alpha." Faelen agreed even if it burned him to do so. "Right now we won't be able to do anything." He walked back over his mate, the gold slowly draining away.

"If anyone sees Sirius, the Aurors will be on him like that." Remus snapped his fingers. "And I'm now wanted as well for helping him escape. So if you'll allow it, we're stuck here. At least until we track down Peter. He's the only one who knows what happened and everyone believes him to be dead. If we can find him and prove that he's not, then that would clear both our names."

He sat down beside Sirius, taking his mate's free hand without thinking. The huge gap that had grown the last few months seemed almost nonexistent now.

“We will do what we can to assist you in finding your rat.” Fenrir watched them closely, Remus’ words almost seeming distant. “I’ve already given you my permission to stay here. Both of you. Your mate will stay with the pups come the full, if he is still here.” He crossed his arms over his chest. “If you are to stay here, you will act as the pact does. Understood?”

Sirius kept silent, not really knowing what Fenrir meant and not wanting to speak up. He leaned against Remus slightly, his eyes closing slowly.
"Of course, Alpha." Remus nodded, trying to ignore the roar in the back of his mind. It took all of his control not to pace, not to scream and roar and break something. Because Peter had been a part of the pack, his pack.

It suddenly struck him that this is how Fenrir had felt, when he learned that there were spies amongst his own pack.

"How did you do it?" He whispered softly, hoping that Sirius would go back to sleep. Hoping the sleep was dreamless. "How did you remain calm when members of your pack betrayed you?"

The werewolf Alpha arched a brow. He wasn’t expecting that at all. “Little One, traitors always get what is coming to them. Sometimes it takes time and people suffer during that time, but traitors never get away forever.”

He moved over to them, keeping his distance still. As though he were a predator stalking prey. “It took over a year for the pack to rid itself of its traitors. Because we needed a plan, something to help us. That is what you need as well.”

He didn't want to know what would happen if it took a year, if it took longer to find Peter. Surely they couldn't impose on the pack that long could they? And Harry.... Harry couldn't wait that long, nor could Dumbledore take care of a baby for that long.

"I meant.... during the Full. How did you keep from running and just...." He wasn't sure he could control Faelen. What if he decided to return to London? To seek Pettigrew out himself?

Fenrir cocked his head to the side. “As you recall, I did not know exactly who the traitors were. I couldn’t just go ripping apart my own pack on fulls.” He gave a little wave of his hand, “As for you, we take precautions during the Fulls. We lock ourselves inside. Our magic doesn’t let the wolves out.”

That actually made him feel better. He always thought the wards were for keeping people out. He never would have thought that they could also be used to keep wolves in.

"Still.... " He glanced down at Sirius, hoping that his mate was as unconscious as he looked. "I've never wanted to kill anyone before, Fen. Not like this, and I don't know what to do about it." Even when he learned that there were traitors in the pack. He never had actually wanted to kill someone
as badly as he wanted right then.

Fenrir moved over toward the younger man, crouching down so he was about eye level with Remus as he and Sirius sat on the cot. The werewolf Alpha reached out gently and ran his fingers through Remus’ curls. “You keep it in or you let it out, Little One.”

He studied Remus for a moment, watching the wolf flicker gold behind the hazel eyes. He watched the emotion flash across tired features. He moved his hand to run his fingers along Remus’ jawline. “You see me all the time when I want to lose my temper. Sometimes I do; we can’t help it. They say it’s in our nature, my beautiful Pup. But we can show them otherwise. If you hold onto your anger, your lust to taste blood; if you channel it into something greater and smarter, you will be more successful.”

It sounded so easy, so simple and yet Remus knew it was anything but. He leaned into the touch, gently as to not wake up Sirius, to kiss Fenrir's hand. If anything helped dull Faelen's roar, it was that he knew Fenrir would be there. If anything happened, the pack would keep him safe, by any means necessary.

"I only hope that Peter left something behind..." He glanced toward the paper again, making a mental note to go through each article with a fine toothed comb. "He wasn't the brightest of us, so he’s sure to make a mistake." And Remus would be there when he did.

Fenrir took Remus’ chin in his hand and forced his head up, causing him to look away from the newspaper. “We just need to find the mistakes he made, Little One. You have a pack that adores you at your side.” Fenrir took in a deep breath and released it; both working and blind eyes locked with Remus’ tired hazel.

“Mo grá,” Fenrir purred softly, stroking the skin of Remus’ cheek with his thumb. “Ar mo onóir, cuirfidh mé maolú ar do phian.”

His eyes snapped back to Fenrir at the foreign words, watching Fenrir closely. He had no idea what the Alpha had said, but the tone had his chest suddenly feel like it was too small.

"I didn't know you spoke Irish."

The werewolf Alpha chuckled softly. "There is a lot you don't know about me, Little One." He tilted his head to the side slightly, not breaking their eye contact. "I am surprised you know it by
"My grandmother was Irish." Remus shrugged with his free shoulder. "She would speak it when she was angry or annoyed." He wondered why Fenrir wasn't pulling away, but he wasn't complaining. He actually liked Fenrir like this. "But I'd like to know more about you, if you're willing?"

"And what would you like to know about me, my precious little Pup?" His lips curved into a smirk, his fangs showing. He ran the claw of his thumb over Remus' lower lip. "I will tell you what I am able to tell you, as long as you don't go ruining my reputation out in your wizarding world when you're a free man."

"And why would I ever do that?" But he was thinking quickly, wondering what he wanted to ask first. "Do you speak any other languages?" Honestly it was the most logical. But then, Remus wanted to know everything. He wanted to know his Alpha, truly, deeply.

"You're the only one to know this side of me - beside Kurt, I suppose." Fenrir chuckled. He pulled his hand away from Remus and shifted to sit cross-legged on the floor in front of him, his calves burning from crouching so long. He met Remus' eyes once more. "I can speak English and Irish. I know some select Scottish Gaelic but only enough to know when Kurt mutters to himself."

So Kurt spoke Scottish Gaelic. That was interesting to know. But knowing that the other wolves could speak different languages, that made him want to ask them about their backgrounds. Speaking of...

"If I asked about your past, would you be willing to tell me about it?"

"That would depend on what you're curious about, Little One." He purred low in his chest, "Some things must remain a secret, I'm afraid. But you never know until you ask."

He nodded, pondering his questions. Sirius was still unconscious beside him, he could feel the warm breaths against his shoulder. Part of Remus wanted him to stay asleep, just to keep this moment between them a little longer.

"How old were you when you were turned?"
"I was sixteen," Fenrir said, scratching his chest idly with his claws. "Still in that meddlesome castle of yours at the time. Well, I had been bitten on school break while I was away from the castle. News travels fast, you know. They didn't let me back in after that."

Part of that he had known, but he had imagined Fenrir so much younger. Maybe that was because he had been so young when he received the bite.

"Did you know who it was? The wolf who bit you?"

The werewolf Alpha shook his head slightly. "No," His voice came out in a low growl.

No matter how he felt about being a werewolf now, he remembered how he felt at first. Abandoned by everything and everyone he had known. The surge of fury and rage he felt toward wizards that kicked him from their society. And he would never even know who had cursed him in such a way. He would never know who had turned his life around so drastically. Now, in current times - as he locked eyes with Remus, as his sensitive hearing could pick up the laughter of the pups and the chatter of his pack, as he felt pride in knowing they were happy - he didn't much mind the life he was forced into. It was a gift. A sort of cursed freedom.

"I doubt I will ever know." He continued, the rumble of a growl in his chest still. "I am sure whoever it was is long dead by now, Little One."

Remus nodded, wanting to move away from topics that would make the growl deepen. He held his hand out to the Alpha, leaving the option of taking it if he wished.

"What are some of the things you like?" He asked, and chuckled when Fenrir gave him a blank look. "What I mean is: what are your likes? Foods, hobbies? What about things you dislike?"

"Those are the kind of questions for a first date, are they not, Pup?" Fenrir chuckled softly. He reached for Remus' hand and toyed with the long fingers for a silent moment before leaning forward and nipping at the index finger. He smirked up at the younger man. "I do not have much time for play around here; I have jobs to do and a pack to lead. I enjoy spending time with the pups. I enjoy hunting. I enjoy you."

He fell quiet for a moment, not really knowing what else he liked that would not be considered a duty he had as Alpha. All he did was his duties in the pack. "I feel as though you already know my dislikes."
"Well, they're thorough questions, are they not?" Remus replied, pleased at the contact. The small nip sent a jolt down his spine, the pad of his finger still tingling from the contact. He was about to counter, to say that leading a pack didn't mean that he couldn't have something simple like a hobby when Fenrir's words cut him off.

_I enjoy you_.

Even if he had known that, deep down, hearing Fenrir say it was oh so different. Faelen was blessedly silent in the back of his mind. In fact the whole world seemed to have stopped, holding their breath for what Fenrir would say next.

"I know the things that I've seen you dislike." He answered softly. "I know you detest laziness, liars and insubordination. I know you prefer showers over baths and your food slightly undercooked." He met Fenrir's gaze. "And I know you like to take on more responsibility if it means someone in your pack can take an easier load."

His hand turned, his fingers now curling around Fenrir's. "I know that you are a good man, regardless of what either world may think of you. And I know you would do anything for your pack. _Anything_ , even if it's something you would rather not do."

He paused for a moment, looking at their joined hands. "I know all of this and yet... and yet, I still feel as if I don't know you at all. That I'm struggling to keep up with your pack, even if they have accepted me. There is still so much I don't know how to do, even with magic." He glanced back at Sirius' arm. A child had done more than he ever could with a wand. He had come to realize that as much as magic helps, it also hinders. It makes sense why Fenrir wanted to limit its use within the den.

"A good man," Fenrir repeated slowly, weighing the words on his tongue. He tilted his head slowly to the side, studying the younger man. "You are good at observing people. I'm afraid you think too highly of how _good_ I am." He stated, closing his blind eye to only focus on Remus with the sparkling amber one. "You are set to stay here with your mate while you hide. We can give you jobs and you can learn the ways of the pack. Every wolf here pulls their weight; and I'm afraid that pleasuring the Alpha isn't a proper job." Fangs flashed in a smirk.

Remus' smirk grew to match his Alpha's. "Oh I don't know about that..." he leaned forward slightly, though not enough to wake Sirius.
"Happy Alpha, happy pack, isn't that right?" But of course he would pull his weight. He wanted to help around the den, feeling like he would fit in better with the pups.

Fenrir purred low in his chest, reaching up to drag a sharp claw over the younger man’s jawline. “You’re quite right. However, my previous partners still had to do their fair share of work no matter how often they slept in my bed.” He ran his tongue over his fangs. “Just because you have spent the most time in my bed, that will not excuse you from your pack duties.”

"I've spent the most time? Really..." he wasn't expecting that. Granted he wasn't expecting Fenrir to have a new lover every night either-

**Good. Because we'd have a problem if you did.**

- but he wasn't expecting to be the one who had spent the most time there. In a sudden burst of inspiration, he turned to nip at the pad of Fenrir's finger before it slipped away completely.

"I wouldn't expect anything else, Fen. In fact I'd be insulted if that's all that was expected of me to stay here."

"You sound surprised, Little One. Just what do you think of me?” Fenrir purred low in his chest. “Do you know what type of things you wish to do for the pack? Unfortunate that your questioning has turned around on you, my precious little Pup.”

"I think I'd like to help with the domestic side of things. Being part of the hunting party is fun but I think it would just wear me out you know? Besides you have Kurt, you don't need me out there too."

Fenrir smirked at him. “Sophie will be ordering you around more than I do. She will teach you what to do and how to do it. I assume your mate will be joining you on those sides of things? Or would he like to hunt?"

"That would be a question for him, once he awakens." He shifted slightly, moving so that Sirius was laying back down again. The man could sleep through anything. "If I had to guess, he would like the hunting. He likes dangerous and exciting situations. Much to my dismay."

"The real question would be if he can keep up with my wolves.” Fenrir purred low, learning
forward a little as if he wanted to be closer to Remus. “You have a lot to think about here now.”

"He can keep up with me." Remus replied. "And I'm faster than most of your hunters."

“Quite sure of yourself, we will have to see how that arm of his heals.” He cocked his head to the side sharply, the amber eye moving to study Sirius. He looked back at Remus and purred. “Mo grá, did you have any other questions for me?”

There it was again. The term that he had sworn he had heard his grandmother say before. But he couldn't for the life of him remember what it meant.

"Not at the moment. I wouldn't want to distract you from your duties." Even if he would like nothing more for Fenrir to pin him against the wall and take him.

“My current duties are to tend to you and your mate. The pack knows their daily duties. Kurt knows to fetch me if need be.” He stood up and stretched. He scratched at his chest, it felt tighten and warm once more. He looked up at the hole in the ceiling. “It is likely almost time for dinner, if you’re hungry. Your mate can keep sleeping, you can bring him back some food.”

"I'm famished, actually." Remus agreed and stood as well, his joints cracking loudly. Merlin but he was getting old.

"And yeah. I'm sure not even the dark lord himself could wake him up at this point." He listened to Sirius's soft snore and smiled fondly. Godric but he loved this man.

"Yeah, I think he would like that."

Fenrir watched the Wizard curl up on the cot, not looking like he was going to wake up any time soon. He turned and moved toward the door. Opening it, he held the heavy door open for Remus, glancing back at him. “Come, Pup.”

Chapter End Notes

Céard atá mícheart - Irish for "What's wrong"
Mo grá - Irish for "My love"

Ar mo onóir, cuirfidh mé maolú ar do phian - Irish for "On my honor, I will ease your pain."

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