

I'll be good

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I'll be good

by [AnnaPsy](#)

Summary

Lupins thoughts after the fight with Harry.

Notes

Please be kind. This is my first fic and english is not my first language....

Also: The song is called I'll be good by Jaymes Young

He was angry. Furious. How could Harry say those things? He had no right to use James' sacrifice against him. He suffered enough already. Harry had no right... The words echoed around his head.

I see, so you're just going to dump her and the kid and run off with us?

Of course not. He could never just dump her. Tonks was the love of his life. That's exactly why he left. He was not good enough for her. He'd never be. She deserved so much better! He was a werewolf for crying out loud! He didn't deserve her from the start. She was so kind and good. She always saw the best in him. He shouldn't have listened to all of them. Molly was furious with him after he turned Tonks down. But it was the right thing to do, he should have never gone back. She'd probably be married to another man. Someone better.

I'd be pretty ashamed of him.

Yes, his kid would be ashamed of him. And rightfully so. He was a werewolf. People were disgusted by him. He was no good. Just a dirty mudblood.

I'd never have believed this. The man who taught me to fight Dementors - a coward.

He was a coward. Harry was right after all.

Lupin just stood still for a moment. He had no idea where he was. He just stormed off. After apparating from the doorstep of Number 12 Grimmauld Place into muggle London he just kept walking. Now he was far away from everyone who would recognize him. He thought about his next step. He couldn't face Harry again. Nor could he go home. He had none. He left the only home he had. Tonks. She was his home.

Looking up he saw that he stood outside a shabby looking muggle pub. He nodded to himself, as if to say 'This is probably the place you belong now'. He walked inside and straight to the bar. Sitting down he ordered a whisky. Probably not as good as Firewhisky. But he hoped the effect would be the same.

He drowned the first glass in one go and ordered a new one.

If his parents could see him now. They would be so disappointed. He let them down. He promised that he would be good. A good man. At least he never bit someone. But he was close a few times. Snape would have been his first victim if James hadn't saved him. James. His best friend. Dead. Sirius. Dead. He would have been his best man. Or Dumbledore. But he was dead too. Everyone he loved was dead. With two exceptions. Tonks. The love of his life. And Harry. He never told Harry that of course. But Harry was a good man and so much like his father and godfather. But also a lot like Lilly. Another close friend he lost. Lilly was always kind and never judged him. She defended him at Hogwarts if James and Sirius weren't there. She knew his secret and never just once was she afraid of him. She always stood by his side and told him over and over again that he was a good person. Despite the beast that lived inside him.

A single tear rolled down his cheek. He looked probably like a ghost. He hadn't eaten since he left Tonks. And he always looked more or less like a homeless guy. Especially while he

lived with his kind. He couldn't go there now either. Voldemort would have him killed the moment he showed up. He had no place to go. No one left. Harry didn't want him and he couldn't go back to Tonks.

After the third glass of whisky he felt his anger subside completely. It was his own fault. He had nobody to be angry with beside himself.

The pub was nearly empty now and the only people still in looked a lot like him. Shabby and sad. Lupin looked down at his hands. The hands of a coward. Suddenly he noticed the music that was playing. He had never listened to muggle music before. It was a male singer and he sounded nearly as sad as Lupin felt. But also kind of hopeful.

*I thought I saw the devil, this morning
Looking in the mirror, drop of rum on my tongue
With the warning to help me see myself clearer
I never meant to start a fire,
I never meant to make you bleed,
I'll be a better man today*

Yes. He knew that feeling. Looking in a mirror and seeing the devil looking back at him. And he never meant to hurt everyone. Least of all people Tonks. But he did. He knew he did. He saw her heart break the moment she realized that he would leave her.

*I'll be good, I'll be good
And I'll love the world, like I should
Yeah, I'll be good, I'll be good
For all of the times that I never could.*

He wished he could be good. He wished he could make it up to the people he hurt. But how? He wished he could love the world. Could love himself.

*My past has tasted bitter for years now,
So I will deny and face crazes just weakness
Or so I've been told.
I've been cold, I've been merciless
But the blood on my hands scares me to death
Maybe I'm waking up today*

His past tasted bitter indeed. He looked back and the only time he could remember being happy he spent with people who were dead now. And Tonks. He was happy with her. How could he not be? She was the epitome of happiness. He looked at his hands again. He understood the singer. He was so scared that he would wake up someday and see blood. He was dangerous. He could kill everyone he loved while being controlled by the beast inside him.

*I'll be good, I'll be good
And I'll love the world, like I should
I'll be good, I'll be good*

*I'll be good, I'll be good
For all of the light that I've shout out
For all of the innocent things that I've doubt
For all of the bruises that I've caused in the tears
For all of the things that I've done all these years
Yeah, for all the sparks that I've stomped out
For all of the perfect things that I've doubt*

Could he be? Could he be good? Lupin shook his head. He was a coward. And suddenly he understood what Harry meant. He wasn't a coward for marrying Tonks. He wasn't a coward because he tried to be happy. He was a coward for walking away and let her deal with the mess he made. But she would probably never forgive him for leaving. But he had to try hadn't he?! He had to try to be good for all the people he hurt. For all the people who were good but still died. He was alive. He had to try to be the person they saw in him. James. Sirius. Lilly. Dumbledore.

He stood up and fished some muggle money out of his pockets. With a quick nod in the direction of the barkeeper he left.

Standing outside the pub he breathed in and out. He had to try. Harry was right after all. He had to fight for the love of his life and his unborn child. He had to try to be good. To be the man Tonks deserved and to be a good father. He had to try to be the man his kid could look up to. Not the coward his kid would be ashamed of. Yes, he was dangerous and he was stupid and Tonks could do so much better. But she chose him. He had no idea why. But he would try to be the man she saw in him.

,I'll be good' was the last thing he thought before apparating.

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