

Remus sipped at the large mug of hot chocolate Ceri had given him, smiling at the sight of Sirius sprawled in front of the fire. It was a rare evening they could both get away, and they were making the most of it.

Suddenly, Sirius tensed. “Snape’s here,” he announced, scrambling into a sitting position. Remus’ eyes widened, but before he could ask further, the living room door opened and the man himself strode in. He was still dressed in his teaching robes, obviously come straight from dinner.

“What’s happened?” Remus asked, fearing the worst. Severus rarely left the castle on weekdays, just in case he was needed.

“That *brat*,” the Slytherin declared, and Remus let himself relax; he sounded annoyed, not worried or angry, that was okay.

On the floor, Sirius snorted. “What’s he done now?”

Severus sank down on the sofa beside Remus, waving off the offer of a sip of hot chocolate. “*Your godson*,” he told the pair of them, dark eyes narrowed, “has decided, at the behest of his peers, to begin teaching his own underground Defence Against the Dark Arts club. Apparently, several of his year mates worried about their ability to pass their OWLs under Umbridge’s instruction — and their ability to face what may greet them outside of Hogwarts’ walls.”

A slow grin crossed Remus’ lips; there was *pride* in that tone, buried under annoyance, and dare he say it, even *fondness*. Severus couldn’t fool him, not for a second.

“That’s my boy!” Sirius crowed in delight. Gently, Remus bumped his shoulder against Severus’.

“I think you’ve got at least *some* claim to his actions, after the last two summers.” Severus had put in more time instructing Harry than either him or Sirius combined. No doubt it was that knowledge which gave Harry the confidence to teach his peers.

“Absolutely not,” Severus groused. “I’ve got enough on my plate with Draco deciding to date the bloody Chosen One right under the Dark Lord’s nose. Potter is all your responsibility.”

But the fondness was still there — Sirius might not recognise it, but Remus did, and it made something warm settle in his chest. Hiding his smile with his mug, he leaned against Severus’ side. Having him close in the middle of the week was a nice surprise, one he would take full advantage of, no matter how many childish faces Sirius pulled.

“If you say so,” he placated, pressing a brief kiss to the Slytherin’s sharp jaw. “Tell us what our boy has got himself into now, then.”

Severus could deny it all he wanted, but he couldn’t hide it from his partner. Harry was as much his as he was Remus’, by now. And that was exactly how it should be.