

"I am always yours," Severus whispered fiercely. The words came harder to him, they always had, but for as much as Remus Lupin was devoted to Severus Snape, Severus was twice as devoted in return.

Lips pressed against his jaw. "Shall we go to bed?"

"Please."

One spell had the bathtub draining, and another had them both dry. Remus shrugged on his dressing gown and wrapped a towel around Severus' hips, just in case Harry happened to be wandering the halls. Severus left the towel on the floor as he crawled into bed, Remus joining him without bothering with new pyjamas. On nights like this, both of them preferred as much skin as possible.

It had been almost a decade and a half since Severus' last meeting, but the routine was still as familiar as breathing to them both, as automatic as Remus' post-moon rituals. Before the light went out, Severus met Remus' gaze. "I will always come back to you," he vowed, fingers still trembling ever so slightly as he cupped Remus' jaw. "He will not have me."

"Damn right he won't," Remus agreed, eyes flashing gold. "You're mine." Remus' mouth met his, and Severus lost himself for a moment, Remus' body covering his own, his tongue sliding languidly between Severus' lips. They were both too tired to do anything more, but Severus needed to ground himself, and Remus needed reassurance. When they parted, Remus turned off the light. "Sleep," he urged, settling into his preferred sleeping position, sprawled on top of Severus. Severus set a hand low on his partner's back, letting the weight of him anchor him back to reality. The Dark Lord couldn't touch this, couldn't have this part of his life. Voldemort, Dumbledore; neither of them could have Severus, truly. His soul belonged to one man only.

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Harry awoke with a gasping breath, his chest heaving and his pyjamas damp with sweat. He sat up, reaching for his glasses. His pulse thudded in his ears. When he squeezed his eyes shut, he saw Cedric Diggory's empty grey eyes.

It wasn't the first nightmare. Harry doubted it would be the last. They took various forms, but they all ended the same; Cedric dead, and Harry unable to do anything about it.

At least he'd stopped having the ones where Cedric blamed Harry for his death.

A quick glance at his bedside clock told him it was almost seven; a little early for breakfast, but not by much. He grabbed clean clothes and hurried across to his bathroom to rinse off the sweat and try and make himself feel human again. It only sort-of worked, but he felt a little better.

To his surprise, Remus and Snape were up as well when he entered the kitchen, both with mugs in front of them. Snape's copy of the *Prophet* sat on the table beside him, unopened. Both of them looked weary, too.