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Remus stared at the boy in the bed before him. Sleeping — or unconscious — the blanket pulled up over his bare chest, several thin pink lines tracing across his dusky brown flesh.

Harry was lucky. Whatever he'd done, wherever he'd apparated in from, he'd been so close to magical exhaustion he'd splinched himself to high hell. Chunks missing from his arms, his legs, his sides — only that damned Potter luck had kept him from losing anything important.

He'd been lucky, too, that Severus had been at the house for the night, the pair of them headed back out for another day of searching — Severus to the school, Remus to talk to Aberforth Dumbledore and see if he knew where his brother might be hiding away. Any later and Harry would have laid there all morning and bled to death. Much earlier and he'd have done the same all night.

So many things could have gone wrong; so many ways he could have lost his cub. Remus swallowed back a sob, squeezing the bony hand wrapped securely within his own.

The door creaked. He looked up, something in his chest easing at the sight of Severus sweeping in, black teaching robes billowing out behind him, The Slytherin's dark eyes trailed over the unconscious boy, lips pursing in a worried frown. Then he turned to Remus, gaze softening. "No change, then?"

"Not so much as a twitch," Remus reported. Two long strides had Severus across the room, standing at Remus' side. The werewolf leaned his head against Severus' hip, shoulders slumping. "I just want him to be okay, Severus."

"You and I both," Severus agreed quietly, his hand settling on Remus' shoulder. "Word has reached the school — of Harry's return, and Albus' betrayal. The headmaster's office has been emptied; he's fled, it seems. In and out before anyone even knew to look for him."

Remus scowled. "Fucking coward."

"Quite." Severus' long fingers squeezed his shoulder, sliding up to stroke the back of his neck. "But at least we no longer have to put up with him. He will never set foot on Hogwarts grounds again — Longbottom and his compatriots have promised that much."

That cheered Remus up a bit — Severus had told him all about Neville standing up to the headmaster at lunch the day before, even going so far as to trying to hex him. Harry would be proud of his friend, when he woke up.

If he woke up.

He shook the thought off — Harry was stable, they'd healed his injuries. He only had the magical exhaustion to recover from, and that would come with time. He would wake up.

He leaned further into Severus' side, burying his face in the soft wool of the man's robe, inhaling the scent of potions ingredients that always lingered on his partner. Severus stood as