

man. "Potter led Gryffindor to victory at quidditch, and has only had four detentions with Umbridge since you left. And two detentions with me," Severus added, smirking faintly.

"Two detentions I'm sure he absolutely deserved," said Remus with a roll of his eyes.

"Naturally," Severus agreed without hesitation. He reached back for the bottle of shampoo, tipping Remus' head back and gently lathering his hair. Remus sighed, slowly going boneless at the ministrations. Merlin, Severus had such wonderful hands.

"Order done anything interesting?" he asked, though he cared less and less every passing second.

"Not even slightly. Were you successful?"

It took Remus a second to remember what Severus was talking about, lost in the sensation of the fingers massaging his scalp. "Hmm? Oh. Wolves. Well, they're much more receptive to Harry than Dumbledore. Especially when I told them the only thing Harry wants them to do is not join Voldemort." Albus, the idiot, was expecting the wolves to somehow fight for the light, put their lives on the line for wizards that would happily see them dead. "They like the idea of someone pack-adjacent being in power, promising them rights. I'll write to Harry in the morning, let him know how it all went." Remus tried valiantly not to drift into a complete puddle of goo, but it was hard now Severus' hands had moved to his neck and shoulders. "How's Harry's little club going?"

"I've not heard hide nor hair of it, so they're succeeding at secrecy," Severus replied. "I would imagine it's going well, however; Potter looks far too smug for it to be failing."

Remus chuckled softly, cracking one eye open to glance amusedly at his lover. "Don't front, you're proud of him." It was written in the lines of his face, for someone like Remus, who was an expert at reading that particular map.

"I am pleased that finally someone is taking the protection and defence of the students seriously, and treating them with at least the hope that they may become capable adults. Even if that someone is Potter."

That was Severus-talk for pride. He needn't try so hard with Remus. "It does sound ridiculous at times," he confessed. "I could hardly believe it myself when I began telling the werewolf elders that I would happily follow a fifteen year-old boy into both an all-out war and a political minefield."

"It's absurd," Severus said. "Trusting a single teenager to succeed in thwarting the two most powerful wizards in magical Europe."

"And yet," Remus murmured, looking knowingly at Severus.

"And yet," the man echoed, hand lingering at Remus' jaw.

Watching Harry now was the most hopeful either of them had been about winning the war in their entire lives.