

anything to achieve that in decades — other than employ one singular werewolf, and allow him to be harassed from his post when the truth came out — his promises fell flat.

“Good luck, then, I suppose. Stay safe.” *Come back to me.*

Every time Remus went to the werewolves, Severus didn't know which fear grew stronger — the fear of him getting into a dominance match he couldn't win, or the fear of him deciding he belonged there after all.

Remus leaned up, kissing his cheek, gaze as knowing as ever. Severus never could hide from him for long. “I'll be back in time for Christmas,” he vowed. “Harry can actually come home for this one. Well, Grimmauld.” Against Severus' cheek, the werewolf's nose wrinkled. “But close enough. I wouldn't miss it.”

Severus hoped that would be the case.