

Remus snickered; he probably would have done the same, at Draco's age. "They're good boys, and they love each other. I don't think we've anything to worry about." Both those boys had difficult times ahead; let them get joy where they could. "But, ah, let's not tell Sirius, yes?" The poor kids didn't need any more teasing than they already got.

Severus huffed a quiet laugh, and finally let the light above their heads go out. "Quite," he agreed, tilting his head for one last kiss before the pair of them laid down properly, Remus sprawled over Severus with his nose tucked into the man's neck, as always.

As they drifted off to sleep, Severus' arms were a fraction tighter around Remus than usual, and the werewolf was unsure which of their conversations had prompted it. Their boys were growing up and taking big steps, which was terrifying in itself, but... there was a bigger step waiting on the horizon, and perhaps if Remus was lucky, Severus would maybe be willing to take it with him.