

“Nope,” he said, popping the p. “Just us, all night, I promise.” The look in Severus’ eyes made his blood race, and he reached up to undo his tie, tossing it to the floor. Severus’ long, talented fingers were already working on the buttons of Remus’ shirt.

Remus wasn’t letting himself be the only naked person in the room, and he hurried to match Severus button for button, peeling the black shirt off his lover’s pale skin. The firelight cast long shadows over them, highlighting the dips of Severus’ collarbones and the flex of his arms. Remus bit his shoulder lightly, feeling the man’s hips jerk against him.

“What are you after, wolf?” Severus growled, and Remus smirked; what an excellent question to be offered.

“Whatever you’re willing to give me,” he returned, relaxing back against the sofa. Severus wasn’t often the more aggressive one of the two of them, but sometimes Remus needed to be taken out of his own head before the tension within him ate him alive, and his Slytherin was excellent at that.

Dark eyes brightened with arousal, and Severus reached for his wand. Within moments the pair of them were naked, and Remus’ breath hitched as cool air hit his flushed arousal. Then Severus’ body was over his, pressing hard against him, those amazing hands wrapping around his cock as lips hungrily devoured his own.

As the kiss deepened, they both realised it wasn’t *quite* enough. Parting with a ragged gasp from Remus, Severus stood, and Remus had a split second to admire his naked form before he too was being pulled to his feet. He wondered if they were moving it to the bedroom — and then Severus firmly but gently manoeuvred them both down onto the plush rug, straddling Remus’ hips. Remus smirked. “In front of the fire? Such a cliché,” he teased, arching up as Severus grabbed his hands and raised them over his head, pinning them to the floor with one hand. Remus whined, arousal shooting sharp through him; with his werewolf strength he could easily break Severus’ hold if he wanted to, flip them over and change the dynamic, but half the fun was *letting* Severus pin him down like this.

Besides; Severus knew spells that would keep Remus in place, if he really didn’t want him moving. This was more for show, but it was enough.

Severus was methodical as he kissed his way down Remus’ body, avoiding the one place Remus wished he’d touch most. But then he summoned a vial seemingly out of nowhere, and Remus didn’t mind at all, amber eyes glowing as a pillow was shoved unceremoniously under his hips.

There was no holding back between them; Severus knew exactly how to make him fall apart, driving into Remus with abandon, every thrust utterly perfect as stars burst behind Remus’ eyelids. Remus couldn’t remember what he’d been angry about, could barely remember his own *name*, all that mattered was Severus inside him, over him, holding him down and fucking him. He came with a loud shout, and Severus followed not long after with one last powerful thrust, his hand almost painfully tight around Remus’ wrists as he rode out his orgasm. When he was finally ready to move, he pulled out and leaned down for a hard kiss. “Better?” he growled, and Remus chuckled breathlessly.