

Not that Severus would have let him brew for the school anyway — as he'd told Remus, he didn't trust the man to make so much as a Pepper Up in bulk.

"Bastard," Remus muttered with a faint scowl.

"Merlin forbid I have anything else to do with my summer," Severus agreed wryly. Remus smirked, arm sneaking out to latch around Severus' waist, pulling him over until the Slytherin was stood in front of his seated partner.

"Little does he know," Remus teased, amber eyes dancing. "How much longer do these have left?"

Severus didn't even bother looking back at his cauldrons to check how they were doing. "Twelve minutes." He raised an eyebrow at his lover, one hand resting on the back of Remus' neck, leaning over him just a little. "You don't have to stay down here if you're bored."

"I'm not bored," Remus assured, arching into the touch. "But no one else is home, and I was quite hoping to use that opportunity to do something other than watch you brew." His gaze turned intent, and Severus swallowed.

"We have the house to ourselves for at least another two hours." For once, everyone else had scheduled things to do all on the same day. Severus bent down just enough to plant a whisper of a kiss on Remus' eager lips. "Be patient, wolf," he drawled, eyes alight. "I assure you, it will be worth it."

Remus let out a tiny whine as Severus pulled back, chasing his lips hopefully. Severus resisted the urge to give in — if they got distracted now, the last hour and a half of work would be wasted.

Eleven minutes. They could control themselves for eleven minutes.