

And even if they did, Remus no longer saw it as the horrifying curse it once was. Not now he was at peace with his wolf side, now Dumbledore's spells were long gone from his body.

"I was never worried about your genes," Severus remarked. "It is my own that concern me far more. And my actions even further."

Remus sighed, reaching up to cup Severus' face tenderly. "How do you still not see what an incredible man you are?" he breathed, heart aching. "Severus—you risk your life, every day, so that others can be safe. You may be more reserved with your emotions, but they are certainly there. And as I said; seeing you with the boys, I know you would be wonderful with children."

Near-black eyes shuttered with grief. "My father—" Remus cut him off with a kiss.

"Your father was a bastard, and you are nothing like him," he growled insistently. "You need to stop carrying his sins as if they were your own. Do you think I would ever let you do anything he did, to myself or to our child? Do you think *you* would ever allow yourself to stoop to such a thing?"

The fact that Severus was so worried about it was one of the things that most convinced Remus he would make a fine father.

But he could see the urge to retreat growing in his love's eyes, so he smiled slightly, kissing him again. "We don't need to decide anything now," he assured. "It's hardly the best time for it. And it would likely take a while to find someone willing to carry for us." They didn't have Lily, anymore. "But... so many things we thought would be denied to us have fallen into our laps, Severus. I just— let's not rule anything out, yes? The future is full of possibilities." He grinned playfully. "I'm sure Sirius and Charlie will beat us to the punch, anyway — we can see how we do with their babies before we attempt to create any of our own."

Severus' eyes narrowed. "As if a child of the two of us would be *anything* like the spawn of those two fools," he shot back automatically, making Remus laugh.

"Don't pretend you weren't a mischievous little sod as a kid; you just hid it better," he teased, smoothing a hand down the front of Severus' t-shirt. "It's something to think about, isn't it?" Something to dream about, when he was feeling bold; the two of them as parents, not only able to love one another openly without fear, but able to raise a child together.

There was a long moment of silence, and then Severus nodded — before letting his forehead fall against Remus'. "I convinced myself for a long time that such things were not meant for men like me," he admitted in a ragged whisper that broke Remus' heart. The werewolf gathered his partner up in his arms, holding him tight, tangling a hand in that silk-fine black hair.

"You are a wonderful man," he insisted, "and any child that has your love will be a very fortunate one indeed." He pressed his lips to Severus', coaxing him to relax. "I know I am lucky, to have your love."