

“Only if your boyfriend won’t get jealous,” George teased, wiggling his eyebrows.

“If they’re in as bad a shape as you say they are, I can’t see it being a problem,” Harry replied, deadpan. He frowned in thought; he did know quite a bit of healing magic now, after the three adults at Seren Du decided to cover all bases necessary for the occupational hazard of being Harry Potter.

“I’ll see what I can do,” Harry agreed, and was immediately tackled in a tight twin hug.

“Fantastic!” George slung an arm over his shoulders. “We thought we’d head down to the changing rooms early, if you’re willing? Probably the best place to, ah, get a good look in private.”

Harry sighed. “I’ll go get my stuff.”

The twins beamed at him, each kissing one of his cheeks. “Definitely our favourite little brother,” Fred declared firmly.

Across the common room, Ron scowled.

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Severus didn’t get the chance to see Remus until the weekend, when the werewolf flooded into his private quarters, immediately leaning in for a kiss. Severus relaxed into the embrace, a flicker of amusement within him as the greying man let his nose slide down Severus’ neck, scenting him quite blatantly. “Feeling possessive, are we?” he drawled. When Remus straightened up, his cheeks were flushed.

“It’s been two weeks,” he defended feebly.

The pair made themselves comfortable on the sofa, and Severus braced himself for what he was about to share with his partner. He could still hardly believe it himself.

“I promised you an explanation for why I did not visit last weekend,” he began, trepidation gathering. Remus frowned.

“You said something important came up.”

“I did,” Severus assented. “I... perhaps it would be best if I just show you.” He couldn’t quite find the words.

Remus’ frown grew puzzled, but he met Severus’ gaze without hesitation, his eyes warm and trusting. So trusting, Severus’ heart clenched. Would he ever get used to such a sight?

Pushing past his foolish flutter of emotion, he prodded out with his Legilimency, careful at first. As expected, the wolf reared to the forefront of Remus’ mind, growling protectively. Severus pressed no further, waiting for the mind to recognise his own.

*Mate*, came a quiet, satisfied rumble, and the wolf began to retreat. Not far, but far enough for Severus to offer up his own memory in Remus’ mind.