

fucking rich and pretentious, that there were living rooms with fireplaces he could have sex in front of like something out of a trashy period romance novel.

Severus looked up at him, amused. “Perhaps if we did, Albus would finally have that long-overdue heart attack,” he said with false consideration. “Molly, too, if we timed it right.”

Remus laughed, imagining what might happen if *any* of the Order could see what had just happened in that room.

Sometimes, he wished he could spill their secret, just to see the looks on their faces.

One day, the time would come. And he couldn't *wait*.