"Remus." The quiet voice startled him — Severus sounded surprisingly serious. Remus tilted his head up, trying to push the sleepy fog from his mind.

"Hmm?"

Severus' mouth tightened imperceptibly; a sure sign that he was uncomfortable. Remus sat up straighter. "What's the matter, love?"

"I— Potter may be Black's godson, but it has become increasingly more clear to me that your relationship with the boy is equally… paternal." His words were stilted, like he was trying to word things carefully. Remus froze.

Was he finally going to bring up the elephant in the room? The one that had been lurking since the first night they had brought the pensieve back from the Potter vault, and Severus had told him which particular memory he had decided to show Harry?

To celebrate the boys' exam results they had taken another jaunt down memory lane that evening; perhaps bringing up the past was reminding Severus more and more of the good side of things, back then. The plans they had made, that may not be as hopeless as they once thought.

Severus seemed to be struggling with his next words, and Remus took pity on the man, carefully taking his potions journal and placing it aside so he could take both of Severus' hands in his. "Severus," he started, thinking through his next words. He didn't want to scare the man away, not from this topic. "It's true, Harry is like a son to me by now. And I won't deny, it's had me… thinking about things."

Severus tensed. Remus forged on.

"I know, back in the first war, back before everything went wrong… we talked about it." Only a handful of times, in the safety of their bedroom, just like this. When they could pretend the rest of the world did not exist. "I know you were always convinced it wasn't possible, that it wasn't advisable for you, but Sev, love; seeing you with Harry, and with Draco, it just makes me even more certain that you'll be an incredible father." He offered the man an earnest smile, squeezing his hands. Panic crept into those dark eyes he loved so much.

"I— both those boys are teenagers. And I am not solely responsible for either one of them," Severus protested stiffly.

"I should hope you wouldn't be *solely* responsible for any kids we had, either," Remus teased lightly, feeling the Slytherin tense further. "I'm— I'm not worried about passing my genes on, either, not like I was when we were young. Especially not with recent research." There weren't many studies done on lycanthropy, but with the higher number of infected individuals thanks to Greyback's efforts during the first war, people were discovering all sorts of things; namely, that a werewolf having a child with a non-werewolf was unlikely to result in a full werewolf child, unless the werewolf was the one carrying it. The child might have some wolf-like tendencies and sensitivities, but they were unlikely to change with the moon.