

hooked his ankles around Remus' hips, drawing him in quickly. "I'm awake *now*, you fiend," he muttered, as if it was such a hardship for him to have a gorgeous man staring at him like he wanted Severus to be breakfast, lunch and dinner. "Just don't expect anything dramatic."

Remus smirked at him, sliding onto the bed and straddling Severus' thighs, working the buttons of his trousers frustratingly slowly. Severus let out a sound he refused to classify as a whine. "Get on with it," he pleaded, sucking in a sharp breath when Remus' hand finally slipped beneath his trousers, fingers closing around rigid flesh.

The werewolf didn't even bother pulling Severus' trousers off, merely lowering himself down and opening the fly enough to get his mouth around him. Severus arched into the contact, moaning quietly. "Remus," he breathed, fingers clutching at bedsheets. "Remus, please."

Remus hummed around his length, tongue working expertly to send waves of pleasure shooting through Severus' body. He was going for fast and dirty, and Severus was thankful; Remus knew exactly how to play his body, and if the werewolf had wanted to drag things out Severus would have been powerless to resist. After all these years, even with over a decade apart, they still knew each other as well as they knew themselves.

A minute more, and Severus was coming into Remus' mouth with a bitten-off cry, slumping back against the mattress. When he could breathe again, he looked up at his lover with hooded eyes. "What do you need?" he asked softly. Remus shifted, pulling his own pyjama bottoms down just enough to free his cock from the confines, his pupils blown as he looked down at Severus.

"I need you to keep lying there, looking exactly like that," Remus told him, his voice hoarse as he wrapped his hand around himself, jerking quickly. Severus didn't blink, watching the man bring himself closer to the edge, shifting one hand to wrap possessively around Remus' thigh. Tiny little gasps were escaping from Remus' lips, and it was one of the best sounds Severus had ever heard.

Remus came with a growl on Severus' stomach, his eyes glowing gold as he looked at the man beneath him on the bed. Years ago, Severus would have been scared to see his lover with the wolf so close to the surface while they were in bed. Now, Severus just found himself wishing he had the stamina of his youth — and that it wasn't one in the bloody morning.

The tension leaked out of Remus' shoulders, and he slumped down onto Severus, ignoring the mess between them. "Sorry," he murmured into Severus' neck. "Got a bit... carried away."

"You don't need to apologise for *that*, Merlin," Severus assured, carding a hand through greying hair. "It's been a long day, but if I ever see you with that look in your eye and it *doesn't* end in this, take me out back and shoot me; I'm officially done for." Remus snickered, pressing a kiss to Severus' collarbone.

"And they say you're not a romantic," he teased. "How was the ball?"