

“Be careful, Draco,” Severus warned again, squeezing the boy’s shoulder. Draco nodded, hurrying from the room, and they were alone once more.

Remus crossed the room, laying gentle hands on Severus’ shoulders, his chest pressing to the Slytherin’s back. “Look at you,” he murmured with amusement, lips dragging across the man’s jaw. “Two teenagers in one night coming to you for comfort. One of them a Gryffindor, even.” He grinned impishly. “You’ve gone soft, Severus.”

The Slytherin growled, turning sharply to pin Remus with a glare. “I have *not*,” he insisted. Remus chuckled.

“It’s okay to admit it,” he teased, a hand sliding down Severus’ lapel. “You can glare all you want, but I know the truth. I know there’s something here.” He gave a gentle pat to the man’s ribs, right over his heart. “I’ve been rather selfish with it all these years, but I suppose I can learn to share.” Honestly, seeing Harry start to warm to Severus, seeing the Slytherin let down his barriers in turn — Remus had never been more in love with him in his life. For the first time, it felt like he could truly have this. All of it. All the best parts of his life, *together*.

Suddenly, Severus’ arm snaked around his waist, pulling him in close. Severus’ breath was hot on his neck, sending a thrill down Remus’ spine. “I assure you, wolf,” he murmured, in that dangerously sexy drawl. “Despite what those foolish teenagers may believe, despite what you think — the last thing I am is *soft*.” His thigh slipped between Remus’, making the Gryffindor aware of a rather large bulge in his trousers. Remus smirked.

“Hmm, I suppose you’re not, are you?” he agreed, allowing Severus to push him towards the bedroom door, his blood running hot through his veins. In the morning, they’d have to deal with the oncoming shitstorm that was the Triwizard Tournament, and Harry’s unexpected involvement in it. But the morning was a long way off.

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There was a heavy knot of anxiety in Harry’s stomach when he woke up on Sunday morning, and it took him a minute to remember why. The events of the evening before came rushing back to him, and he pulled his duvet up over his head with a groan. What if he just didn’t get up? Ever? They couldn’t make him compete if they couldn’t get him out of bed.

Sadly, he knew better. A quick Tempus charm showed him it was well into breakfast time, and he grimaced. He had no hope of avoiding everyone at this time of day.

He was the only one in the dorm when he drew his curtains back, and he was glad for the silence as he got dressed. He wasn’t ready for another argument with Ron, yet.

Unfortunately, once he got down to the common room he was greeted by another round of raucous applause. The thought of going to the Great Hall and dealing with the people down there sounded like hell, but he needed to eat, and he couldn’t stay in Gryffindor Tower when it was like this. He could already see the Creevey brothers on their way over. Maybe he could sneak into the kitchens for breakfast; he’d seen it on the Marauder’s Map.