

Severus reached out of the water, sliding a hand into greying hair and twisting, yanking Remus down into the most ravaging kiss he could manage without accidentally pulling him into the tub. He pressed up into the kiss, and Remus gave as good as he got, meeting him beat for beat as he always did.

“If it does, that makes two of us,” he said eventually, breathless and dark-eyed. “Join me in the bath, wolf.”

Remus smirked, clambering into the tub, settling against Severus’ chest with a hand over the Slytherin’s racing heart. “Turns you on when I get all bloodthirsty, doesn’t it?” he drawled, knowing and fond and not at all judgemental, because somehow the universe had discovered all the weaknesses of Severus Snape and rolled them into one being, one cardigan-wearing chocoholic werewolf of a man.

Later they would talk about Potter, and how to keep him safe. But there was celebrating to do, first.

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Training down in the Chamber was the only challenge that actually seemed worth Harry’s time, these days. It was April now, three months until summer — four months until his birthday. Spending time doing Charms and Ancient Runes seemed... wasteful.

But everyone around him insisted he needed to keep as much normality to his life as possible, so Harry continued going to classes, playing quidditch and studying with his friends as if he was going to give even a single fuck about his end of year grades. And he mouthed off *constantly* in DADA, getting himself put in at least one detention a week, sometimes two.

His classmates clearly thought he had some kind of death wish, to act so brazenly against Snape. Some thought it was his own arrogance, his belief that he had nothing to learn from the man, that he could teach the class better. That always made Harry snort — if only they knew.

He’d heard a couple of Ravenclaw boys once discussing if Harry had some sort of masochism kink, if that was why he was dating someone like Draco Malfoy, if baiting Snape was some kind of a turn-on for him. There had even been a half-joking whisper of a threesome happening in Harry’s detentions.

Harry had laughed himself hoarse at that one, then called Remus over the mirror just to tell his godfather the *juicy gossip*. Which had backfired slightly, as Remus had suggested that while Harry might not have a masochism kink, Severus was no stranger to such things, which was *more information than necessary* *jesus fucking christ* Remus.

Forget Snape playing double agent. The biggest deception in the wizarding world was Remus Lupin convincing everyone that he was *mild* and *innocent* and *responsible*.

So he got himself in detention as often as he could, as often as Snape would let him; the Potions Master had his own things to do, after all. Potions to brew for Voldemort, things to do for whatever they were calling the Order now that it had broken away from the actual Order.