

of the food was gone, both of them were too full to even *think* about doing something so vigorous.

They cleaned up, sharing lazy kisses, abandoning their underwear now there was no risk of getting hot things on sensitive bits. Tonks amused himself by cycling his body hair through all the colours of the rainbow, taking requests from his snickering partner. They listened to the Wireless together — some audio drama about a quidditch player solving crimes, fun for them to pick apart for how utterly inaccurate it was. Kingsley pillowed his head on Tonks' flat chest, Tonks' hand absently rubbing his bald head like a strange, hairless cat. When the Wireless show ended, Kingsley announced that he was ready for dessert, and before Tonks even had the breath to point out that they didn't *have* dessert Kingsley's head was between his thighs, swallowing down his cock like it was the greatest thing he had ever tasted.

He brought Tonks off with his mouth, making his toes curl with pleasure, then crawled up his body and went back to his chest-pillow, throwing a leg over him and falling asleep before Tonks had even fully finished feeling the aftershocks, Kingsley's semi-erection jutting into his thigh.

Tonks stroked the smooth skin of his head again, heart full with how much he loved this man, how fucking lucky he was to get to see him in a way no one else in the world ever would.

And then he fell asleep, too. On top of the covers, Kingsley sprawled over him, before the sun had even finished setting.

It was the best Valentine's Day Tonks could have possibly imagined.

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The waxing moon was high in the sky, its silvery light overshadowed by the yellow-tinted glow of the fairground-ride lights at the end of the pier. Most of the attractions were closed by now, the noise level barely a hum around them as the few late-night tourists went about their business.

Remus leaned his head against Severus' shoulder, cheeks aching from the force of his continuous smile. "No one would ever believe me," he murmured, playing with Severus' fingers in his lap. "I could show them a million pensieve memories and still no one would believe me if I told them about this."

Severus laughed, tilting his nose down to Remus' temple. "As it should be, wolf," he returned. "No one but you should ever know."

"What, that Severus Snape is an absolute demon at the penny arcade?" Remus teased, the sea breeze tickling his face. They were sat on a bench, facing the water, and not a single person who passed by gave a damn about them sitting cuddled up like that. It was Brighton, after all.

No one knew anything about them. They were just two ordinary men in their thirties, on a date at the pier. Remus had held Severus' hand in front of people, even kissed him on the cheek a few times, never having to worry about who might see them.