

Draco's grip grew tighter, almost painful, but Harry was still very confused about what was going on. Snape pushed his chair back a little, facing Remus properly. The werewolf looked just as bewildered as Harry felt.

"I am not a man prone to dramatic gestures," Snape said, his voice full of emotion in a way that Harry had never heard before. Remus went tense, dropping his fork, scooting his chair back as well. "Nor am I one for excessive words — unless those words are in the destruction of someone's character." He smirked, and so did Remus, sharing some kind of in-joke. "But I am lucky, because despite my flaws you have never hesitated to accept me as I am, every part of me. You have seen me at my worst, and I sincerely hope my best is yet to come."

Things were rapidly piecing together in Harry's brain now, and he didn't seem to be the only one, as Sirius murmured a quiet 'oh, fuck me' before Charlie could shush him.

Snape got out of his chair, dropping to one knee in front of Remus. Remus made a soft choking noise in response, eyes bugging out of his head. "Since we were foolish teenagers with no idea what the world had in store, I have promised you a life together, Remus Lupin. It has taken a while to get here, but... I would very much like it if you would begin that life, with me. As my husband."

Then, from the pocket of his jeans, came a ring. A simple gold band, set all the way around with small amber gemstones. He held it up to Remus, his face appearing impassive at first glance — but Harry could see the naked hope in those ink-dark eyes.

"*Severus*," Remus breathed shakily. "I have waited twenty years to hear those words, and my answer still hasn't changed. Yes, I'll marry you."

For the second time in his life, Harry saw Remus Lupin and Severus Snape kiss each other, Remus' hands cupping Snape's cheeks.

No one spoke as Snape slid the ring onto Remus' finger, kissing it once it was there and then rising to reclaim his chair. Then Remus turned, looking ten years younger as he beamed at them all.

"So," he said, shifting his chair back up to the table. "Who's for dessert?"

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The morning of September first was a warm one, the summer lingering unseasonably late, as if it was aware the students of Hogwarts had not truly been able to enjoy the start of it. Harry's bedroom window was open, but even so the duvet had been kicked down to the bottom of the bed, Draco's feet tangled up in the edge of it. His bare chest was pressed to Harry's back, spooning up behind him, and Harry would have happily stayed there forever.

"Don't wanna get up," he murmured petulantly, Draco's warm breath tickling the back of his neck.

"It's early yet," Draco told him, hand sliding languidly up his side. "We don't have to."