He found Severus in the smaller living room; the more private one that they liked to use when they wanted to be alone somewhere that wasn't their bedroom. The Slytherin looked up, sympathy veiled in his dark gaze.

"You do not want to be in that house right now. Hell, *I'm* glad I'm not in that house right now," Remus declared, dropping onto the sofa beside his partner. He had only stopped in for a couple of hours — dinner, and a little time after — but that was enough for the tension to wrap its way around him, making his hackles rise and his mind *itch* in the corner where the wolf lived. It wasn't just about Harry, either; the way Molly was treating Sirius made him want to yell at the woman, and while some of that was the approaching full moon, a lot of it was just his own frustration. Did she not realise what she was doing to Sirius?? She was lucky he was in a much better mental state than he was pretending to be, or she'd be driving him right to do something reckless just to get away from the house; away from her.

Maybe that was the point, he thought with a scowl.

"I can imagine, after the things Potter let slip on his arrival," Severus said with a faint frown. He had left by that point, but Remus had told him everything that had happened over dinner and after. Everything they'd been able to fill in the gaps about, regarding Harry's home life.

"I swear," Remus growled, eyes flashing gold, "if I ever see Petunia again…"

"She is not worth your anger," Severus told him, lips quirking ruefully. "Believe me. I have known that woman since she was a girl, and quite frankly she is worth very little indeed. Her husband… he is worth even less, but deserves a lot more," he snarled dangerously. The murderous glint in his eyes might have frightened another, but Remus could only agree with it. To know those *people* had treated his cub like that.

"At least he's away from them. He has us, now." Remus scowled briefly, knee bouncing restlessly. "It would be better if we could get him away from Molly and Dumbledore, too, but… it's a step."

"Indeed. And while there may be some less than ideal company at Grimmauld, at least he will have the three redheaded demons he actually likes. And Black," Severus added, far less contempt in his tone than there might have been a year ago. Remus grinned.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to him, and a heat flickered within him. There was a much more productive use for his restless energy, here.

"Meanwhile, the two of us get this place to ourselves," he drawled playfully, intentions clear. Severus' eyes darkened, his gaze trailing over Remus' form. Remus hadn't exactly been aiming for this when he'd come home, but it was a much better way of relieving his tension than punching or cursing something. And it seemed Severus wasn't too adverse, either.

"That is a benefit," the Slytherin agreed, setting his book aside. Remus pounced, sliding a hand into that fine dark hair and pulling Severus into a heated kiss. Severus didn't go easily, pushing back, dominating the kiss and swiftly moving both of them until Remus was pinned back against the arm of the sofa. "You're sure no one else is coming home?" Severus asked, and Remus smirked.