

to flinch. If anything, it made him smile a little. Some things never changed. “What do you want?”

Remus edged into the office just far enough to shut the door behind him. Severus was sat behind his desk, a potions journal open in front of him. He didn’t look particularly pleased to have been interrupted.

All throughout the feast Remus had forced himself not to look down the other end of the staff table. Now he couldn’t bring himself to look away.

He hadn’t seen Severus in over a decade. The other man had certainly aged far better than Remus had — going grey at the grand old age of thirty-three. Considering... everything, Severus looked good. Older, harder, his hair a little longer, but still Severus.

“Did you come here just to stare at me, or did you need something?” The words were biting, but Remus didn’t avert his gaze. Severus was scowling at him, a familiar expression but for the lines a little deeper in his face. Remus tried not to think about the last time they saw each other. He definitely wasn’t ready for that yet.

“I just wanted to thank you,” Remus replied, his voice still a little hoarse. The last moon hadn’t been a particularly pleasant one. Hopefully it’d be the last like that for a while. “For agreeing to provide the Wolfsbane potion while I’m working here. It means a lot to me.”

“Dumbledore insisted,” Severus said, lips pursed. “Don’t think I did it out of the kindness of my own heart.”

Remus actually chuckled. “Of course not, Severus,” he replied easily. “I know you don’t have one of those.” The words could’ve been harsh, but they were fond if anything, and it made the Slytherin’s scowl deepen.

“Is that it?”

“I’m going, I’m going,” Remus assured. Even after all this time, the Potions Master’s sharp tongue didn’t quite cut the way it was supposed to. Not to say it didn’t hurt, but... it was a different hurt. “I just thought I’d stop by and let you know how grateful I am.” He paused, screwing up his Gryffindor courage for the minute. “It’s good to see you again, Severus.”

“Goodnight, Lupin,” Severus replied flatly. He looked away, jaw clenched. Remus took a step back, knowing when he’d pushed too far. It had always been a delicate game, that. He could hardly believe he was playing it again; could hardly believe he *wanted to*. He hadn’t been sure, until he’d seen the man. But yes, he wanted to. After all these years, he couldn’t quite shake Severus Snape.

He left the office, finally retreating to his quarters, letting out a sigh of relief when he stretched out on his mattress. He closed his eyes, thoughts turning to the incident on the train. To the one student he hadn’t been truly ready to meet yet.

He was so *small*. Certainly bigger than the last time Remus saw him, but still. James hadn’t been that small at thirteen. Even Lily had been taller, he was pretty sure. Still, Harry Potter