

hear, *and* his bloody dress robes were uncomfortable after several hours wearing them. Yes, he was definitely ready for the day to be over.

He walked silently down the hall, easing the bedroom door open as quietly as he could, not wanting to wake Remus. That turned out to be a moot point; the bedside light was on, and the werewolf was sat up in bed, bare-chested and reading a book. He smiled when he saw Severus, and then his eyes widened, his book falling into his lap. “Well *hello* gorgeous,” he greeted, voice a little husky. Severus’ pulse quickened instinctively. “I’ve not seen those robes before. Are they new?”

“Relatively,” Severus replied, reaching for the small buttons at the collar. Remus rolled out of bed, stalking over to him in nothing but a pair of low-slung plaid pyjama bottoms. He stilled Severus’ hands with his own, honey eyes dark in the low light.

“Leave them for a second,” he requested. Severus sighed.

“Remus, it’s been a long day and I just want to go to bed.”

“Well I want to rip those robes off you with my teeth,” Remus replied in a conversational tone. Severus choked. His outfit abruptly became much tighter in a whole different area.

“*Remus!*”

The Gryffindor leaned in, nuzzling at Severus’ jaw, fingers sliding up to undo the top few buttons. Severus couldn’t help but tilt his head back and sigh as Remus’ tongue traced his Adams’ apple, a few more buttons coming loose. “The things I would do to you in these robes if it wasn’t one in the morning,” Remus sighed, running a hand down Severus’ chest. “Gods, you’re sexy.”

Severus wondered if anyone would ever believe him if he told them that mild-mannered, bookish, old-before-his-time Remus Lupin was an absolute *minx* in private. Then he realised that he never wanted anyone but himself to know that about the Gryffindor; his wolf behind closed doors was an entirely different creature, and belonged to him alone.

“They’re not that different from my usual robes,” Severus pointed out, letting Remus slowly undo a button at a time, revealing the pale skin below. That style of robe didn’t allow for a shirt underneath.

“Oh, but they are,” Remus insisted breathily, finally reaching the end of the row of buttons. He pulled back, giving Severus an admiring glance, robes open over his bare chest. Severus would never be used to being looked at in such a way. Like he was *desirable*. “Merlin.”

Remus wheeled him around, shoving him gently until he was on his back on their bed, robes still over his shoulders but otherwise open, his black trousers straining at the fly. The Gryffindor’s gaze trailed over him hungrily. “I know you’re tired,” he rasped. “I just... Merlin, Severus. I can’t help myself.”

There was a little of the wolf in his eyes as he spoke — the moon was only two nights away. No wonder he was so damn excitable, Severus thought with a mental roll of his eyes. He