

like the person who would lift a full grown troll corpse off a school child — and exactly like the werewolf he was, the predator everyone forgot he could be.

Then he straightened his back, gold eyes looking around the hall as if daring anyone else to try him. “I did not fight this goddamn war just to lose the man I love to your fucking prejudice.”

And then he turned on his heel, fisted his good hand in the front of Snape’s robes, and pulled him in for a fierce, passionate kiss.

Harry could do nothing but stare — Snape didn’t even argue, tilting his head for better access, arm sliding around Remus’ waist as the werewolf utterly devoured his mouth right there in front of everyone.

He’d known these men for *years*, known about their relationship, the truth of their lives, everything, and yet it was just hitting him now that he had never actually seen them kiss. Not more than a peck on the cheek, not in front of him, and always so careful never to get caught around the house unlike Sirius and Charlie, who didn’t give a single fuck.

Looking at them, Harry was sort of glad for that — if he’d seen them kiss, if they were always like *this*, back when he’d been a fourth year, well... it may have led to some very confusing dreams for him. *Damn*.

The hall was nothing but stunned silence. Until finally, a wolf-whistle pierced the air. “Put the man down, Moony!” Sirius called, barely holding in his laughter. “There are children about!”

Harry was sure that if his hands weren’t otherwise occupied, Remus would have flipped off his best friend there in front of everyone, but he did end the kiss, pulling back slowly and looking at Snape with so much love it made Harry’s breath catch. “I’ve waited all this time,” he said, still with a bit of the wolf in his voice, carrying clearly through the expanse of the hall. “They can’t have you. You’re *mine*.”

Snape’s kiss-swollen lips twisted in a smirk. “Yes, I think you’ve made that quite clear,” he agreed wryly.

Harry tore his eyes away, looking back at the man who had started the whole argument, who was utterly gobsmacked. “Walk away,” he warned, voice quiet but threat very clear. “Don’t involve yourself in situations you know *nothing* about.”

Finally, the man slumped, and allowed his fellows to lead him back to the table.

When Harry turned around, a smug grin took over his face, seeing Remus and Snape still in a loose embrace, Snape more dishevelled than Harry had ever seen him in public. “Well, that’s that cat out of the bag, then,” he remarked. Both men turned to look at him, Remus having the grace to look just barely embarrassed.

“It was going to happen sooner or later,” he said, shrugging, then wincing as he remembered he was still healing. “Can’t say I’m sorry about it.”