

“Well, you’re welcome to go to bed early,” he drawled. “But we get so little time together these days...”

Harry laughed as Snape glared at his partner, unimpressed at the blatant attempt at emotional manipulation.

And yet, he followed them to the living room, letting Remus lean back against his legs as he sat on the floor to play chess with Harry, pretending to ignore them while he read a book and Harry gushed about Draco. Harry knew better, though; he could tell the man was listening, as his lips quirked whenever Harry mentioned something Draco did that was particularly Slytherin.

He cared. He just refused to admit it. But Harry was starting to learn his tells.