

Eventually, they parted for air, and a seagull screeched as it hopped right by Severus' leg to steal a chip off the floor. Severus kicked out at it, but as always the bird was far too fast for any of that, grabbing its prize and taking off. Remus snorted.

"Can't take points from Gryffindors, has to resort to kicking seagulls," he teased, earning a scowl.

"I take plenty of points from Gryffindors," Severus retorted mulishly.

"With our cub in your class, I don't doubt it." Remus was amazed Gryffindor had any points left, some of the things Severus had relayed back to him. The mouth on that boy when he was angling for detentions, honestly.

Remus blamed Sirius. And Lily. Even from beyond the grave, she'd somehow instilled her un-ending snark in her son.

Gods, he missed her.

"Come on, then," he said suddenly, hauling himself to his feet and dragging Severus up with him. "Let's go see what entertainment is to be had for a couple of old homos in Brighton on a Monday night." He shivered against the evening chill, no longer using Severus' body for warmth.

The next thing he knew, a leather jacket was draped around his shoulders. He glanced over, seeing Severus in just a dark green long-sleeved t-shirt. "Chivalry, from a Slytherin? Why, I never," he mock-gasped. He shoved his arms into the sleeves — it was a little tight across the shoulders, but other than that it fit just fine. "Sure you're not cold?"

"Warming charms exist for a reason, wolf," Severus pointed out. Remus nudged him gently.

"Why didn't you just cast one on me, then?" he retorted knowingly. Severus' cheek twitched, an attempt not to scowl.

Remus laughed, tucking himself under the taller man's arm, feeling like he was walking on air as they headed down the pier towards the city.

Now he just had to get a bit more alcohol in his partner, get him on a dance floor, and everything would be perfect. He grinned to himself — the night was still young, and Severus was feeling very obliging it seemed.

He may regret that in the morning, when he had to teach second years with a hangover. But Remus wasn't going to remind him of that. They had Hangover potion in the medicine cabinet, after all. And he hadn't seen vodka-drunk Severus in *years*. He missed that handsy bastard.

No *real* trip down memory lane would be complete without it.

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Harry was getting very good at conjuring beds.