

Severus sighed quietly, hand resting on Remus' back. "I fear the love I have for you is all I am capable of offering," he confessed, eyes closed. Remus snorted softly.

"Now that's just not true at all," he murmured, thumb stroking the line of Severus' jaw. "You have much more than just your love for me. You wouldn't put up with half the shit Harry and Draco do if it were otherwise," he joked, feeling a rush of triumph when those thin lips quirked in a reluctant smile. "Come on, now. Let's get some sleep. We can talk this over again when the time is right." When the war was over, when things were safe, when Remus could freely admit his love of Severus Snape to the whole world.

Severus adjusted them both until they were comfortable, but before he turned out the light, he paused. "I will admit, though I am... *glad* the conversation took the turn it did, that isn't actually what I wanted to talk to you about."

Remus looked up, blinking in confusion. "I— it's not?"

"No, but it was clearly on your mind," Severus said with one raised eyebrow, and Remus blushed. "I merely wanted to let you know that I caught Draco brewing lubricant in the lab yesterday. The lemongrass variation."

Remus went wide-eyed — that was *not* what he had expected. "Oh."

"Indeed." There was the slightest flush across Severus' cheeks. "I merely thought that considering your relationship with Harry, you should be aware that the boys are clearly planning to... take that step."

The werewolf swallowed against the instinctive protest in his mind, the little voice that screamed the boys were far too young to be doing such things and they should intervene. They were sixteen — or close to it — and they knew what they were doing; Remus had had enough conversations on the matter with Harry to know that neither was going to be pressured into something they weren't ready for.

That didn't mean Remus wanted to think too hard on the specifics, or acknowledge any of it. Having an enhanced sense of smell gave him more information than he ever wanted, and not just on the teenagers in the house.

"Well, then," he said, forcing himself to remain calm, to think it through properly. "At least... at least they're adequately preparing. The lemongrass variation, you said? That's the same one you used when we..." Severus blushed, but nodded, fighting a smile. Remus smiled back; Merlin, they had been so nervous back then, tucked away in the Gryffindor dorms one Christmas when all the other Marauders had gone home for the holidays. "That's, *ahem*, good, then." The lemongrass variant had a muscle relaxant, and was specifically designed for... *starting out*, with these things. Merlin only knew where Draco had found the recipe; Remus suspected the book George Weasley had given Harry in his fourth year.

"I told Draco he could come to me if he had... concerns," Severus said, his discomfort plain, though he smirked. "He told me everything was fine and ran out of the lab like his cauldron was about to explode."