"I caught far too many couples in the bushes," Severus said with a scowl. "Your brat godson being one of them."

"If my brat godson was there, that means your brat godson was right with him," Remus retorted. "Unless Harry has a *lot* of explaining to do."

"He was there, he just had the good sense not to get caught." Severus had seen him, two minutes after Harry had left, creeping away into the shadows with his hair mussed and his buttons uneven. A disgrace.

"Or you were nice enough to let him slide by," Remus corrected. He muttered a wandless Cleaning charm to get rid of the mess between them, sitting up and pulling Severus with him. "I really do love these robes on you," he mused, pushing them from Severus' shoulders so they pooled on the bed. "Even if they're much better off you." He winked, and Severus rolled his eyes.

"Incorrigible wolf," he muttered, pressing their lips together before climbing off the bed, stepping out of his trousers and striding naked across the room to his dresser for pyjamas. Remus whistled quietly, eyes dancing.

"Sexy snake," he returned, pulling up his pyjama bottoms and laying back in bed with a grin. "Hurry up."

Severus went through his evening bathroom routine quickly, and when he returned to the bedroom Remus had his eyes barely open, the lamp still on. He slid beneath the sheets, welcoming the other man as he sprawled on top of Severus. It was becoming hard to sleep these days, without Remus' weight on his chest. "Nox," he murmured, plunging them into darkness. Remus' stubbled cheek tucked into his neck.

"Love you," he murmured, already half asleep. Severus placed a hand on the man's lower back, getting comfortable.

"And I, you," he said, so softly he would've thought Remus had missed it, if not for the curve of the man's lips against his throat.