

Lying down on the mattress beside Remus felt like coming home for the first time in *years*. Their bodies were different, older — Severus wasn't as bony, and Remus was bonier than ever — but they curled into each other like two halves of a magnet, Remus tucking his face into Severus' neck, sprawled heavy over the Slytherin like he was scared Severus might leave as soon as he fell asleep. The weight was comforting, and Severus' hand settled low on Remus' back, beneath the cardigan, cool fingers pressing against warm skin. "Sleep," he urged in the barest whisper, burying his nose in the man's greying hair. He smelled like the forest, like wilderness. Severus' tame wild thing. Always Severus'. Even when neither of them wanted it that way.

"I missed you." Remus' words were muffled by Severus' collarbone, but he felt them all the same, shaking him down to his core. This felt like the first thing he'd done right since he'd turned spy against the Dark Lord.

They would have a lot to talk about in the morning. They would have plans to make, and headmasters to avoid, and lies to weave. It would be difficult, and dangerous. But they would do it. Together.

For now, Severus closed his eyes, breathing in the scent of his wolf, the comforting weight across his chest.

For now, they could sleep, like the world didn't exist. In that room, with the two of them finally reunited *properly*, after twelve years apart, it was enough. It had to be.

For now.