

“Indeed, but not until this evening. Plenty of time for Remus to gather his strength.” As Severus spoke, they heard muffled footsteps down the stairs, and soon a drowsy Remus Lupin shuffled into the kitchen, mid-yawn. He ran a hand over the back of Harry’s neck as he passed, then, to Harry’s surprise, draped himself over Snape’s back and buried his nose in the man’s neck, pressing a kiss to the skin there. Snape didn’t seem bothered, tilting his neck to bare it to the werewolf, who hummed in satisfaction.

“Smell good,” he murmured. Snape’s lips curled in the corners in what might have been a fond smile.

“Do sit down, you’re embarrassing Potter.”

Remus huffed softly, dragging his nose up Snape’s jaw and pressing a kiss to his cheekbone. “Don’t care.” But he did take his seat at the table, even if it involved him shuffling his chair closer to Snape’s and resting his head on the man’s shoulder, letting his eyes fall half-shut.

Ever since Snape had finally removed Dumbledore’s curse from Remus, allowing him to reconnect with his wolf side, he’d had the occasional day like this. Especially around the days of the full moon. Days when he let his wolf instincts out a little more keenly, when he was more aware of the scent and feel of pack. Harry had never see him be this affectionate to Snape, though. It was sort of sweet. And the way Snape wasn’t even batting an eyelash, Harry wondered if the couple were more tactile in private. Remus had told him that Harry’s parents and Sirius were the only ones to ever know the truth of their relationship, before; clearly keeping their distance in front of others was not a new thing for them.

As Remus slowly woke up, he started to come back to himself a little more, though he didn’t seem particularly embarrassed by his behaviour. He pressed another kiss to Snape’s jaw, then scooted his chair back to its usual spot.

Ceri set breakfast out, and none of them bothered waiting for Sirius to appear, tucking in with aplomb. He showed up about ten minutes later, dressed and ready for the day. “Morning, you lot. Moony, did you even sleep last night, or did Snape keep you up? Oops, sorry Harry,” he added when the teen blushed brightly. “I’m just saying, you look like you could do with a few more hours.”

“I’m awake,” Remus promised. “It’s just taking a bit for my human brain to kick in.”

“Pfft, human brains,” Sirius dismissed. “Who needs ‘em?”

“Is it hard to become an animagus?” Harry asked suddenly, the thought crossing his mind. Sirius blinked.

“I mean, it’s not *easy*. There’s a reason most people don’t do it. But most witches and wizards are capable.”

“How old were you and Dad when you did it?”

“Sixteen or so,” Sirius said, brow furrowed in thought. “Got the idea halfway through fifth year, managed the transformations by Christmas in sixth. So yeah, sixteen, seventeen-ish. So