

“Perfect,” he sighed, whole body feeling sluggish. “Fuck. I needed that.” They’d both been tense lately, with Severus now back at Death Eater meetings and both of them having to deal with Dumbledore and the Order. Remus realised belatedly that they’d hardly had any time alone together in weeks — no wonder he was so wound up.

Severus helped him to a sitting position, pulling Remus into his lap, uncaring of the sticky mess between them. He massaged Remus’ shoulders, soothing any aches that might have come from having his arms up like that. Remus leaned into him, humming softly. “I’m not that old and fragile,” he teased, though he didn’t move to stop his partner’s ministrations. “You used to have to do a whole lot more than pin me down to hurt me.” Merlin, some of the things they used to get up to... not all of the injuries Remus blamed on the full moon were actually due to the wolf.

“And I used to be able to fuck you on the floor without my knees aching,” Severus drawled in response. “Things change.” Remus eyed him worriedly, but Severus shook his head ever so slightly. “I’m fine,” he assured, softening into another kiss.

“Good. I’d hate to break you when we’ve just got the house to ourselves,” Remus teased, earning a harder kiss and a bite to the lip.

“I do not *break*, wolf,” Severus muttered, and Remus’ eyes flashed.

“That sounds like a challenge,” he replied flirtatiously, knowing that he was the only person in the whole world Severus would even *consider* doing anything that could be considered breaking for. It was a heady feeling indeed.

“Need I remind you, we are not eighteen anymore,” Severus pointed out, fingers digging into Remus’ shoulders. “If you’re trying to get me going again, it’s going to take considerably more time to recover.” Then he glanced down between them. “Though evidently werewolf stamina counts for something.”

Remus smirked, though he wasn’t actually looking for a round two. “Not right now,” he dismissed. “I’m just thinking, for the rest of the summer... both of us are going to need a hell of a lot of stress relief, with everything we’ve got ahead. Maybe I should take a shopping trip next week.” There was a weight to his voice suggesting exactly what kind of shopping he had in mind, and he felt Severus tense.

“That... would not be a bad idea,” the Slytherin agreed, and Remus felt triumph flare within him.

“For now, though, I think we should run the bath,” he suggested, leaning back to stretch out his back. He wasn’t ready to make Severus put clothes on, yet; a bath sounded like a perfect idea.

As they stood, Remus looked down at the pair of them, naked and still sticky with come and lube, some of the mess staining the rug. He snorted, shaking his head. “And you say we’re not eighteen anymore,” he joked lightly, raising one eyebrow. “Merlin. Well, thank God for this house; we couldn’t do that at Grimmauld, or Hogwarts.” Bless Sirius’ family for being so