

a growl, and he knew his eyes were glowing gold. “We’ve wasted so much time, Severus. So much time fighting the inevitable, pushing each other away to try and stop future pain. We’re too bloody old for that now.”

“*I can’t lose you again.*” Severus’ voice was a heartbroken whisper. Remus pressed closer to him, like he was trying to crawl inside the man’s chest and call it home.

“You won’t,” he promised, though it was a vow he could never keep. Anything could happen. But he knew only death would tear him away from the man he called his own. “You won’t lose me. I’m yours. I’ve always been yours. My heart beats the rhythm of your name, my soul has your magic threaded through it, there is no part of me that isn’t entirely devoted to you. *Severus, please.*”

Severus let out a low growl, and all of a sudden Remus was being pushed back, through a door that quickly slammed behind him. He looked up — they were in a bedroom. It wasn’t theirs, but it wasn’t Sirius’ or Harry’s either, so that was good enough for him. With a sound that was more wolf than man, he tossed his Slytherin lover onto the bed, crawling after him with hooded eyes. One of them threw a hand out, he wasn’t sure who, but he heard the lock click firmly, and then he stopped caring about anything that wasn’t Severus’ skin, Severus’ voice, Severus’ scent. Moony howled in the back of his head. Severus met him at every move, ripping at clothing and tugging hair. Remus was lost. But it was fine, it was *perfect*.

Severus would find him again. He always did.