Check it when I can."

"Not going to take it to Dumbledore?" Severus' voice was taunting, and Remus shot him a look.

"We both know that would be a terrible idea."

Silence grew between them, and Remus sipped his whisky, his eyes returning to the map. Merlin, that felt like a lifetime ago, enchanting that thing. He hadn't thought he'd ever see it again.

"He asked me not to call him 'boy'." Severus' quiet words made Remus jump, caught up in his memories.

"Pardon?"

"Potter," Severus explained at Remus' wrinkled brow. "I called him 'boy'. He had… quite the adverse reaction. I've never seen him like that before."

"When you say 'adverse'…"

"He acted like I was going to hit him." The words were resigned, and the bottom fell out of Remus' stomach. In the back of his mind, Moony growled.

"Petunia," he spat, grip tightening around his glass. "If she or that brute husband of hers have laid a *hand* on my cub."

"Calm yourself, Remus," Severus urged, his fingers brushing Remus' hand once more. He looked displeased as well, his lips curled in a sneer. "There will come a time when we will talk to Petunia. See how she's been respecting Lily's memory."

That didn't satisfy his inner wolf, but Remus knew he couldn't just run off to wherever Petunia lived and give her a piece of his mind. "I've failed him in so many ways, Severus," he breathed in anguish. "Ways he doesn't even realise."

"Dumbledore is the only one who has failed him," Severus corrected, "and we will do our best to rectify that."

Remus stared at the map, watching the dozens of dots flood the Entrance Hall as they returned from Hogsmeade.

He wasn't sure his best would be enough.

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That evening after dinner found Harry knocking on the door of Professor Lupin's office, biting his lip anxiously. The professor had a knowing look in his eyes when he answered the door. "Professor Lupin, about that, uh, parchment that Professor Snape took from me. I was hoping I could have it back?"